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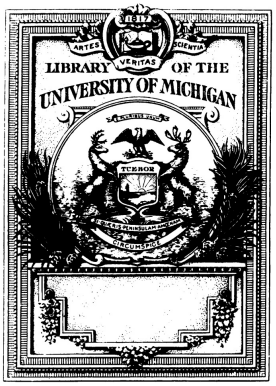

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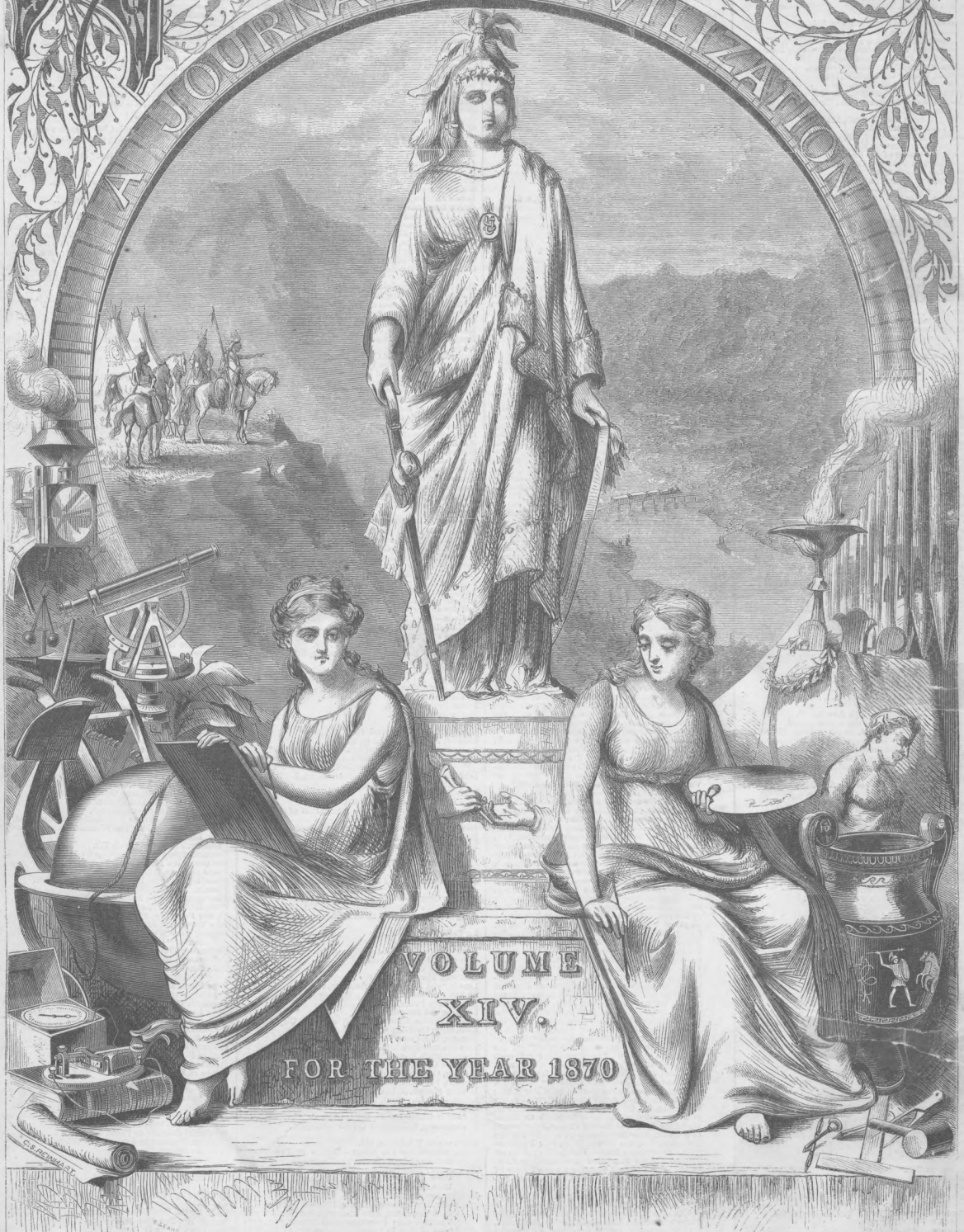
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION



VOLUME XIV.

FOR THE YEAR 1870

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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LORD LYTTON.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

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SANTA CLAUS.

He journeys, a guest,
To our gladdened West,
In the gay memorial season,
At the merry time of chime and rhyme
When pleasure romps with reason.

Strange tales we know
Of his beard of snow
And the reindeer steeds that draw him;
But not a man exists who can
Affirm that he ever saw him!

Always he pays
In secret ways
Those visits that delight us;
And drops by stealth his Christmas wealth,
Too cautious to affright us.

And though unseen,
Where his hands have been
Rare joyance follows after;
While his praises float from many a throat
In ripples of mellow laughter.

To us his name
Means more than fame,
With fairest memories round it.
He loveth well our Christmas-bell—
Oh, bid the steeples sound it!

And warm and free
Let the welcome be
As the flame of our brightest ingle;
For he comes, a guest, whither every breast
Pays homage to Kris Kringle!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1870.

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OUR NEUTRAL POLICY.

SENATOR CARPENTER undoubtedly presented the case of Cuba as strongly as it can be urged; but the very vital point of his speech was its weakest part. We are solemnly bound, he said, by the laws of nations and by our own pledges to stand entirely neutral between Spain and Cuba. But how can we stand neutral except between two recognized belligerents? For this most obvious question Senator CARPENTER has a reply. It is, that the acts of Congress of 1794 and of 1818 declare the policy of this country to be "neutrality, with the recognition of belligerent rights from the inception of any actual revolution." What is any actual revolution? This question, also, the Senator answers by saying that, in a legal sense, when the laws can not be enforced by civil officers, but only by military authority within a state, war exists. This may be a legal, but it is certainly not an international sense; for such a principle would foment and strengthen insurrection every where. It would practically abolish international comity.

Certainly Senator CARPENTER would not say that the necessity of enforcing the law in the presence of General PLEASONTON'S bayonets the other day in Brooklyn made a state of war between that district and the United States. He would probably admit that time and a certain display of force and evidence of purpose were necessary to elevate a riot into a revolution, and to justify the concession of belligerent rights to the rioters by foreign Powers. Until these things were apparent he would doubtless concede that there was not "actual revolution," although his words, as reported, are more peremptory, and seem to contemplate interference by recognition at the "inception" of actual revolution—such as the Boston massacre in 1770, or the firing on the *Star of the West* in 1861. Upon such a principle as this, Senator CARPENTER would not, of course, complain that at the inception of the revolution in this country, in 1861, England acknowledged the belligerent rights of the revolutionists. But if, as we assume, he would allow some evidence not only of purpose, but of power, to be essential to the recognition of belligerency to both parties in a civil war, he allows precisely what international custom requires. That custom demands that a belligerent claiming recognition shall have a corporate existence, a civil government performing its functions, ports, and prize courts; that is, that it be more than an armed body of men able to defy the ordinary authority.

The Senator's speech begs the question. He says that, if Cuba violated our neutrality laws by fitting out expeditions, Spain was equally guilty in doing the same thing. This argument asserts that we were bound to treat them both alike. But this is a total mistake. Cuba is not a Power. Cuba is not even a belligerent, so far as we are concerned, until we make her so by recognition; and when we do that, we do it upon evidence of the existence of the facts we have mentioned. The act of 1818 indeed forbids the fitting out, or arming in our ports, of ships to be used against any foreign prince, colony, district, or people with whom we are at peace. But, as Senator SUMNER stated, these qualifying words were introduced into the act subsequently, and with the specific intention of including the Spanish colonies then in revolt, but of whose belligerency there was no question. The principle which Senator CARPENTER asserted to be that of the policy of the United States, is unquestionably that which Mr. BANKS sought to introduce by the modification of the Neutrality laws; but his attempt shows that it is not our present principle or policy.

Indeed, all those who strenuously urge this practice are justifying upon what they call the loftiest grounds the action of England at the beginning of our rebellion. If ever circumstances authorized recognition at the "inception of actual revolution," it was at the time that England acknowledged the Confederacy as a belligerent. The President of the United States had virtually declared that there was no constitutional power to coerce States. It was conceded on every side that the Constitution did not in terms forbid secession. The world had seen the country paralyzed by the shot at the *Star of the West*, and apparently enduring it without a protest. The foreign representatives of the Government were friendly to the rebellion. The party whose leaders had begun the revolt was immense, and had long controlled the Government. There was no army, and the navy was dispersed. If ever there was a promising "inception of actual revolution," this was it; and according to Senator CARPENTER'S principle, as reported, Great Britain was wholly justified.

But upon this principle, how entirely right also would have been the assent of Great Britain to the proposition of France to recognize the independence of the Confederacy after the battle of Fredericksburg! If it be the true policy to grant belligerent rights from the inception of any actual revolution, it is certainly an equally just policy to recognize the independence of a belligerent which, for more than two years, has repelled the efforts of the antagonist, and has maintained a complete system of civil government, and after a decisive victory seems to be master of the situation. Great Britain, nevertheless, refused. Hostile as she seemed to us, she yet refrained from that final and disastrous step, which, it is but a fair logical inference from Senator CARPENTER'S speech, as reported, to say that she was, in his opinion, justified in taking.

The most delicate point in our situation today is the *Alabama* question. Our position upon it is very strong, and it is fortified by our best traditions. Every word spoken upon the subject of international relations, every act done, bears upon the question. Yet not for that reason, politically strong as it is, but for the general welfare of the world, and for the liberty in whose name Senator CARPENTER so eloquently speaks, let us take care to do nothing which shall authorize the eager interference of nations in foreign difficulties. If one nation may intervene for one purpose, another will intervene for another. The only reasonable and safe rule is that of the United States, avowed sympathy for all who are struggling for liberty, and non-interference until power as well as purpose is established by undeniable evidence, of a kind which is universally acknowledged.

MISSISSIPPI POLITICS.

THE result of the late elections in Texas and Mississippi, if, as now seems to be the fact, Mr. DAVIS is elected Governor of Texas, is very agreeable to those who see in it the evidence of a really Republican party in those States. It was a favorite theory of Governor ANDREW of Massachusetts that the real work of reconstruction at the South must be done by native or long-resident Southern white men. He foresaw the immigration from the Northern States; but he was not satisfied that it would be composed altogether of those who could do the work that was essential. This was a view shared by many thoughtful persons, who have been waiting to see if there were any signs of the appearance of such men. They would be those of whose coming our experience made us despair—Southern men who fought for the Confederacy, and who honestly and honorably accepted the defeat, and the consequent situation. In the nature of the case there could be few such men; but Governor ALCORN, the newly-elected Governor of Mississippi, seems to be one of them.

He did not conceal before the election that he had been a rebel; that he had served in the rebel army, and lost a son in it; that he had been a slave-owner, and was a large property-holder in the State where he had liyed for twenty-five years, and with which he was entirely identified. But General ALCORN seems to have been able to understand the logical consequences of the utter fall of the Confederacy and of emancipation. He saw also that Congress represented the supreme and resistless power of the victorious Government, and that to defy it was merely to dash his head against the wall. Looking around him, he saw that the hatred of the negro in consequence of emancipation threatened his annihilation, with the loss of the laboring population and endless woes. He saw also that the negro could not best be defended by a military force, but by the ballot. The old masters were, so to speak, the natural leaders of the freedmen. But they cursed the new citizens, who were obliged to seek leadership elsewhere, and they turned to the Northern settlers, many of whom were educated, and had various social and property ties to the South. But others were, as was to be expected, mere adventurers who would stop at nothing that might secure their selfish advantage.

The leadership of the new citizens by such men was for every reason not desirable, and in 1867 Mr. ALCORN called upon the white people of the South to accept the situation in good faith, and not to pout and sulk against the inevitable. He was universally denounced by them in consequence. But when a policy of general proscription was proposed in the State of Mississippi it failed. Then the Republican party of Mississippi was founded upon the platform of an intelligent union of all who heartily accepted the Republican national policy, including amnesty, and of this party General ALCORN was the candidate in the late contest with Judge DENT. The latter was the candidate of the irreconcilables—the "Conservatives" of every kind—as they are absurdly called, as if it were conservatism to refuse to rise out of the ruins of your wagon when it has been upset. The former was the candidate of the Radicals, the intelligent and perceptive part of the community. In his address before the election Governor ALCORN said:

"The reconstruction to which I go forward is a reconstruction which will make rich and poor equal *in fact* before the law. I move on with it, guiding a harnessed revolution over the ruins of an oligarchy, to the erection of a government *by* the people and *for* the people. I go forward, fellow-citizens, to build up in accordance with the spirit of the age, in accordance with the will of the nation, a party new to the history of Mississippi—a party determined, while raising the State from her prostrate position under the foot of power, to erect it, not upon its point, but upon its base—the masses of the citizens."

But he knows that the interests of all are inseparable. He grants that in the old day the oligarchy of slaveholders, of which he was one, controlled the voters of the State. Among his declarations, therefore, this is very significant:

"The 50,000 poor voters who have been dominated in the past by a wealthy class will strike now for their independence. The small farmer who had been dragooned formerly by an insolent oligarchy will refuse to vote any more in the interests of the few. The small trader finds his interests now with the masses. He is justified no longer in declining to assert his independence because of the terrors of a rich man's frown. The party I am laboring to form will unite these several classes of the whites with the masses of the tillers of the soil; and, hurling the dotards of a dead system from their seats, will go forward with me to the erection of a government based on education, prompt payment, equality before the law, and a general system of legislation, having its foundation in strict justice to the rich and to the poor!"

The Republican party in Mississippi polled fully a fourth of the white vote. But the majority for General ALCORN and his intelligent platform was so immense that many of those who voted against him will not necessarily remain opposed to an administration which, by insisting upon equal rights, will plainly promote peace and prosperity. For ourselves, however, we do not expect that the old rebel element of the Southern States will become a safe and valuable power. The very fact that General ALCORN and a very few others stand alone among their old associates, reveals the hopelessness of the position of the latter. They will be an obstruction. But there is no reason to suppose that the party in the State, which has shown such strength upon the declaration of so just and generous a policy, will decline. It has comprehended the situation. It has found a leader who could truly express its faith and its purpose; and a man who, under the circumstances that surrounded him, has done what General ALCORN has done, will naturally not wish to undo it.

RECENT GOLD SALES.

MUCH more than usual excitement was experienced in Wall Street on Friday, growing out of the sales of gold. It will be recollected that Mr. BOUTWELL, after the bids had been reported to him on the 30th of November, declined to sell gold at under 22 per cent. premium. Mr. COLGATE, who had put in his offers at 121 and $\frac{20}{100}$, being one of the parties whose bids had been rejected, proceeded to Washington after having tendered about $600,000 to the Sub-treasurer, and insisted that, as there were no higher bidders, he should have his gold.

Mr. BOUTWELL was immovable. He claimed that, although special notice had not been given on this particular occasion of the reservation of a right to reject, yet that it had been given before; that such was the understanding, and that this was to be gathered from the fact that at every sale there was delay in its completion until reported to him and approved.

The decision gave umbrage to Wall Street, which has waited for its opportunity when there was but little currency on hand at Washington—due to the purchases of bonds—to coerce the Treasury into a reversal of its decision.

Friday, the 17th, was the day for the trial of this scheme. A million had been offered for sale on that day, part of the sum announced at the beginning of December. The time having arrived for opening the bids, the Sub-treasurer, with his assistants, punctually appeared at 12 o'clock noon to ascertain the result. The announcement that there were but seven bids was received with derisive laughter, and when it appeared that offers for only $482,000 had been made, and that some of the bids were under that of Mr. COLGATE, the large crowd in attendance rushed to the Gold Room to operate, being certain that the offers would be rejected. The price rose to 121⅞; but amidst the tumult at the Exchange at a quarter to one, on ascertaining that the bids had been accepted, it fell instantaneously one per cent., and the market sank down to 120½, closing at about 120⅝, the lowest price reached at any time since the close of the war. Wall Street was jubilant over its supposed victory; but no one could tell during the day what principle of action the decision involved. Will the Treasury sell without limits hereafter, or will it raise or lower them? This was the question universally asked.

As the price of gold affects the price of imported goods—which are marked down with very rigid subserviency in proportion to its fall—and as it affects also the bulk of our exports, these transactions carry dismay to thousands. The merchant, whose goods have been reduced from a currency price founded on gold at 140 to one founded on gold at 120, is ruined if his margin of capital is absorbed. The farmer, whose wheat is sold here for export, finds that it is sold for gold, and that, instead of converting the latter into currency at 140, his agent here must do so at 120, with a loss to the principal of the difference. The disadvantage of the reduction arises from the fact that gold, which was withheld from the market before shipments of our produce commenced, was pressed for sale simultaneously with the period of greatest activity in our exports.

It was because gold was withheld from sale that the sharpers who are pastured upon Erie were enabled in September to carry up gold to 160–2½, and it is because of persistent sales since—doubtless with good intent—that the gold has fallen to 120–1, carrying with it the price of all descriptions of property which sympathize with gold. A change of a half or a quarter per cent. even is instantly communicated abroad, and often furnishes the basis of immense transactions connected with bonds, which are sold or purchased as they are high or low abroad as compared with New York, at the moment of a slight fluctuation in the price of gold. The sale or purchase of bonds abroad is conducted through cable telegrams, and is immediately completed—if a sale—by disposing of exchange in this market, and its resulting proceeds of gold.

The German bankers, who watch with the keenest interest for these fluctuations, have branch houses in the principal money centres of Europe, and operate with boldness, skill, and absolute certainty in this manner. They have been powerful aids without intending it to the Secretary of the Treasury in beating down the price of gold. They sell here the proceeds, in the shape of exchange, of our bonds sent abroad by them, which exchange being paid for in gold, they have for a long time been free sellers of gold in harmony with the sales of the Department.

The violent fluctuations which have occurred in gold, and which have been communicated to the trade of the whole country, are due not to the regular operations of commerce, but to action wholly independent of it, such as no sagacity could foresee. The bankers who urged the policy upon the Treasury of selling gold and buying bonds, admit their disappointment, as they expected that such a feeling of *confidence* would be created abroad as would place our bonds on a par with gold; but although this has not been accomplished, the plan is still pursued with disastrous effects upon our whole trade and industry. It will seldom happen in the experience of men that occasions will be afforded for affecting so powerfully the fortunes of the community.

If Mr. BOUTWELL had paid off the whole amount of three per cent. certificates the contraction in prices would not have been greater than has been produced by the sale of gold; and there would have been this difference between the two schemes, that one would have contracted the currency, and prevented a succeeding rise in prices; while the other exposes the country to the certainty of a subsequent advance when this temporary pressure proceeding from the Treasury shall be withdrawn, as it soon must be, and thus leave our paper currency to its unrestrained and complete influence.

The act of Congress which prevented contraction after Mr. M'CULLOCH had reduced the amount of legal tenders from $400,000,000 to $356,000,000, applied only to "United States notes," which were specifically mentioned, and did not, by its terms or by its necessary effect, apply to the three per cent. certificates. By the terms of the act creating them they were not to bear interest after they had matured, if the Treasury should so elect. Had it done this, the whole amount, with the exception, perhaps, of some portion of the twenty millions which have been stamped by the Sub-treasurer for clearing-house purposes, would have been presented for redemption, as they are held as a reserve in preference to legal tenders, because they bear interest. To the extent of that $20,000,000 those certificates constitute a tend-

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er between banks, although they do not as between the banks and individuals. They perform the purposes of money in promoting expansion, but not at all for the purpose of payment to bill-holders or depositors; and, being thus anomalous and dangerous, should be eliminated from the system. The Treasury was at liberty to pay off these; but it may be said that this would have been in violation of the spirit of the act of Congress, as it amounted to virtual contraction.

It was competent for Congress to have specified these, if it was intended that they should not be paid off; but Congress aimed at steadiness in the currency and in prices, and wished to prevent a contraction in the exchangeable value of commodities; and yet Mr. BOUTWELL, appearing to be governed by the supposed spirit instead of the terms of the act, has adopted a policy which has lowered prices in an extraordinary degree and produced an amount of suffering in all the walks of commerce and industry which could not have been equaled by contraction, and produced it without the permanent benefits to result from contraction.

We urge, therefore, upon those who are thus subject to violent vicissitudes in their affairs to support the policy which shall bring the country to *specie payments*. It will be found to be the only road to safety and prosperity, both for individuals and the public.

MURDER AND SENTIMENTALITY.

A FEW weeks ago, while the Boston Cadets were feasting General MAGRUDER, the rebel commander at Great Bethel, Union men in Georgia, according to General TERRY, were murdered at the pleasure of the Ku-Klux bands. There is, he says, no security for life or property, and magistrates neither will nor can do justice. Do the worthy members of the Company of Cadets see no relation between the two facts? Their invitation to General MAGRUDER does not, indeed, directly occasion the slaughter of innocent Union men; but it does indirectly. The lesson which the disaffected element in the Southern States is so painfully slow to learn is that we understand our own victory, not as one of vengeance, but of principle. And how can we expect them ever to learn it if we do not show it in every intelligible way? General MAGRUDER threw up the commission of his country to fight against his flag, at the command of a State, for the purpose of perpetuating human slavery. Is this an act which the Boston Cadets think worthy of especial honor? Or is it done to show that they have no ill feeling? But nobody charged it upon them. Or is it done because they think that General MAGRUDER was as honest as they were? Would they, then, have feasted JEFFERSON DAVIS and RAPHAEL SEMMES?

To bring the matter home, would the commander of the Cadets, when they went to the war, be now made the honored object of hilarious and respectful junketings by the Palmetto Guard and the Louisiana Tigers? We would not erect those bodies into models, nor do evil because our neighbor will not do well; but we would not certainly honor conspicuous rebels while the rebel spirit slaughtered our brethren; and we certainly should not expect the slaughter to stop until we showed that we respected ourselves and our power sufficiently to abstain from honoring those who might stop it. The country should have no time to consider the sentimental question, "Are you going to fight forever?" until it had stopped the crimes which General TERRY describes as rife in Georgia.

There is this advantage in the councils of extreme men, as they are called—that they understand each other. Set a thief, if you choose, to catch a thief. Fight fire with fire. These are exhortations that grow out of the depths of experience. It may not be an agreeable truth, but it is still a truth, that such a man as THADDEUS STEVENS understood better how to deal with rebels than any more moderate man; and for the reason that he was of a like resolution and temper with them, but patriotically and nobly directed. The policy of reconstruction which has been adopted was the result of a situation which Mr. STEVENS, and men like him, instinctively divined. When he spoke of confiscation and military rule and territorial condition, there was a general shuddering even among his own party friends. He was vigorously denounced as blood-thirsty and vindictive by the opposition. But he always quietly answered in substance, why is the blood of enemies more precious than that of friends?

He did not, indeed, advise bloodshed. But he was of opinion that the blood of rebels should be spilled rather than that of Union men of any color. He knew, also, that it was necessary, by a thorough and radical reorganization of society in the rebel States, to show the rebel spirit that the country fully comprehended its own victory, and would certainly secure it. He knew that the contempt of "the North" was ingrained and traditional in "the South," and that the shortest and surest way of peace was to show a perfect readiness upon the part of "the North" to use its superior strength to establish its policy.

His view of the situation was correct. It implied nothing vindictive, nothing unjust. Gradually events showed its wisdom. The conduct of the South when ANDREW JOHNSON began the reaction—the New Orleans and Memphis massacres—the black codes—the Ku-Klux—and finally, the total subjection of the Democratic National Convention of 1868 to the rebel chiefs—all revealed the actual facts and spirit with which the country has to deal.

That condition virtually remains. Nobody, of course, expects that any system will instantly pacify a State so long demoralized by the barbarism of slavery, and then so riven with civil war as Georgia. But because every thing may not be done at once, it would be extremely foolish to endeavor to do nothing. The removal of the colored members of the Legislature was a deliberate defiance of the authority of the United States. Had it been instantly accepted as such by Congress, and the territorial condition been restored, there would be at this moment much more security for life and property in that State than General TERRY reports. So, likewise, when it was proposed that the Cadets in Boston should honor General MAGRUDER, magistrates and juries in Georgia would have been stronger had the Cadets decisively declined.

The remedy is, first of all, moral, then physical. Let the South perceive that we regard the war as a very sober matter—as an enormous crime, the memory and lessons of which are not to be drowned in a slop of sentimentality. Then the leaders will act accordingly; and if not now, in the next generation. It is a very great mistake that we can not wait. Experience proves that we can. Then the immediate remedy is physical. It is a disgrace to the country that it suffers such a condition of things any where in its domain as that reported by General TERRY. If it is proved that Georgia does not protect lives and property, let the United States protect them by any necessary number of soldiers, and for any length of time whatever.

MR. HOAR AND THE SUPREME COURT.

THE nomination of Attorney-General HOAR to the Bench of the Supreme Court is one of the very best that could have been made. When Mr. HOAR was called into the Cabinet he was known in New England as one of the most able and upright of judges. He was universally respected in his State as one of the strongest men of his party; and not the least of his excellent qualities was his vigorous independence, which, with his soundness of judgment, a certain masculine good sense, and his legal learning, have undoubtedly warmly commended him to the President, who could not fail especially to like and to trust so clear-headed, able, and sincere a man as the Attorney-General. The Cabinet will be weakened by his promotion to the Bench; and it is not at all unlikely that it would be personally agreeable to Mr. HOAR to remain in his present position during General GRANT'S term. But he could not wisely decline the permanent and honorable position to which the President has nominated him.

It is now, however, reported from Washington that the Judiciary Committee of the Senate will report Mr. HOAR'S name without a recommendation. For their own honor, we hope that the report is incorrect. His spotless character, his ability, his professional accomplishment and experience are unquestionable. His political principle is of as decided Republicanism as that of any Senator. The real ground of objection, therefore, must be his hearty contempt of the system that makes the whole civil service party plunder. He has adopted perhaps the principle laid down by the President in his Message, of sustaining efficient officers "against remonstrance wholly political." He has possibly declined to put out one faithful and able Republican for the purpose of putting in another. He may have said that, when he found a better man for a particular office than the incumbent, he would appoint him. These are not exactly the grounds upon which a Republican Senate ought to decline to support such a man for such a position. Indeed, if there be any nomination which the Senate ought to confirm instantly, unanimously, and gladly, it is that of Mr. HOAR to the Supreme Bench.

MR. MUNGEN.

EVERY body is very much obliged to Mr. MUNGEN. Mr. MUNGEN is a representative from Ohio, and he read recently in the House a long and careful essay in favor of repudiation. There is no reason whatever to suppose that Mr. MUNGEN does not pay his own honest debts, and it would be interesting, if there were only time enough for unimportant inquiries, to know why he advises that the country should defraud its creditors. Yet, as a party man, Mr. MUNGEN might truly say that, as his party had appealed to the country upon a policy of *quasi* repudiation, he was merely following the party lead in proposing it. But the result showed that he reckoned without his party.

Mr. BROOKS, General SLOCUM, Mr. COX, Judge WOODWARD, and others immediately sprang to their feet, and, to Mr. MUNGEN'S dismay, vehemently repudiated Mr. MUNGEN'S repudiation.

General SLOCUM declared that no party tie, and no hope of political advancement, would ever induce him to favor any measure which did not look to fulfilling both the spirit and the letter of the law creating the debt. Mr. COX and Mr. WOODWARD also vigorously denounced the doctrine of Mr. MUNGEN, and sought to show that the Republican party was a repudiating party—an effort in which their success was not remarkable.

Seeing the Democratic party in the House upon the stool of repentance, Mr. GARFIELD suggested a resolution that the House, without distinction of party, declare that a proposition of repudiation is unworthy the honor of the nation. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 123 to Mr. JONES of Kentucky, who thought that, under some circumstances, he might favor some kind of repudiation. Of the sixty-three Democrats in the House, however, only twenty-four voted in favor of the resolution, so that it is only a minority which has pronounced against repudiation.

But the result is nevertheless significant. *Pur si muove*. The same conviction and good sense in the American mind that resisted the demands of the slaveholders, supported by the Democratic party, to extend and perpetuate slavery; that accepted the war in consequence of that resistance, and fought it steadily through to unconditional victory; that emancipated the slaves, and gave them civil and political rights; that rejected all the sophistries and disregarded all the menaces of the Johnsonian reaction, has now triumphed over the demand for repudiation.

It is proof of the fact that the public mind is still healthful, and that "moral ideas" are not fatal even to a political party. Had the Democratic candidates in 1868 been elected upon a platform of virtual or conditional repudiation, the House in 1869 would not have unanimously passed such a resolution as that of General GARFIELD. The election of Mr. SEYMOUR would have been as cogent proof of the essential demoralization of the public mind as the passage of the GARFIELD resolution is proof of the general conviction, even among the Democratic leaders, that the country believes honesty to be the best policy.

INTERNATIONAL GOOD-WILL.

GREAT BRITAIN just now loses no opportunity of showing her good-will to the United States. Not only is GEORGE PEABODY honored and mourned as very few British subjects would be, but Lord LYONS, the English Embassador in Paris, gives a dinner to General BANKS, and the London *Times* says that if Mr. MOTLEY proposes that the *Alabama* negotiations be reopened at Washington, at Washington it shall be. The *Times* further says, what is very evident: "We shall never arrive at the restoration of friendship if we are to begin in the spirit of pettifogging attorneys. American writers and statesmen may remember with advantage that our blood is, after all, not very different from their own. Englishmen have susceptibilities as well as Americans. It is not probable that we shall be drawn toward the Americans by the suggestion that we are insincere, and bent on hoodwinking those with whom we profess to be dealing openly. This is sensible; and indeed every thing shows a disposition which is very promising for honorable negotiations.

But it can hardly be agreeable to Mr. MOTLEY that the offer of the *Times* should be made as if a change of the scene of negotiations had been demanded; nor was its previous suggestion flattering, that other persons than our Minister should be called into the negotiation upon our side. The *Times* has certainly an ingenious clumsiness even when it apparently means to be friendly. To remove the negotiation from the capital in which our Minister resides, or to place it in other hands, would be simply to declare that he should be recalled. Now, when Mr. MOTLEY was appointed, the chief question between his country and England was that of the *Alabama* claims. If he had not been considered competent to deal with it, according to the views of the Administration, the *Times* may be very sure that he could not have been confirmed. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON was an opposition nomination from an opposition administration, and was confirmed merely because of a foolish custom of the Senate. But Mr. MOTLEY is heartily in accord with the Administration, and—is that where the shoe pinched?—he is the especial friend of Mr. SUMNER. In him, at all events, the *Times* and England can see a just representative of the American feeling—and they must have had quite enough of the other kind in his immediate predecessor.

NOTES.

THE Harvard crew, with the exception of Mr. SIMMONS, have published a card disavowing Mr. WILLIAM BLAKIE'S article upon the race in *Harper's Monthly*, and Mr. BLAKIE has replied. He thinks, as he was with the crew twelve hours a day through the preparation for the race, and upon the great day, and was really their Secretary, whatever he may have been called, receiving and answering letters in their name, that he knew their views and had expressed them. It is a pity that there should be any difference upon the subject; but if the article did not speak the sentiments of the crew, they have done right in saying so. It is almost impossible, under such exciting and remarkable circumstances as those of the race, that there should not be some suspicion or ill feeling. But there seems no reason to suppose that the Harvard men cherish any other feeling than that of honorable rivalry toward the Oxonians.

"The Brunonian" is the title of a comely little magazine published by the students of Brown University, which every graduate and friend of Brown will find very entertaining, not only from association, but from the shrewd comments in the department called "Home Matters," upon subjects interesting to all Brunonians. It is only a dollar and a half a year; and is there any of the sons of Brown who does not love her memory to that amount?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 13.—In the Senate, Mr. Morton's bill in regard to reconstruction in Georgia was reported as amended by the Judiciary Committee. It provides for convening the old Legislature, excluding from their seats such members as are ineligible under the Fourteenth Amendment, but no one on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; empowers the President to enforce the act, using the army and navy if necessary, and makes the Legislature provisional until further Congressional action. In the House, the mammoth New York petition for the recognition of Cuba was presented, under a suspension of the rules. A message from the President was received, containing the announcement of Secretary Fish of such States as had, up to December 9, ratified the Constitutional Amendment. These were: Missouri (defective), Kansas (defective), North Carolina, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Maine, Louisiana, Michigan, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, New York, New Hampshire, Nevada, Vermont, Virginia.

December 14.—In both Houses the session was mostly occupied with eulogies on the late Senator Fessenden.

December 15.—In the Senate, Senator Carpenter's resolution to detain the Spanish gun-boats at New York was debated. It was opposed by Senator Sumner, and after considerable discussion was laid over. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, made a long speech upon his bill amending the Eight-Hour law, making ten hours a day's work. In the House, the Avondale calamity was brought up, and the Committee on Mines and Mining was instructed to investigate the cause of the disaster.

December 16.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced favoring a line of American mail steamships to Europe and ports in India and China, by the way of the Suez Canal. In the House, messages were received from the President declining to furnish the correspondence with Minister Sickles in regard to Cuba, and giving notice of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by Alabama. On the House going into Committee of the Whole on that portion of the President's Message relating to the finances, Mr. Mungen, of Ohio, made a speech in favor of repudiating the National Debt, whereupon Messrs. Brooks, of New York, Randall, Potter, Slocum, Cox, Kerr, and Woodward—all Democrats—rose, one by one, and declared their opposition to repudiation. A resolution was afterward adopted in the House by a vote of 123 to 1 (Mr. Jones, of Kentucky), declaring repudiation a national dishonor. The Cuban question was also debated in Committee by Messrs. Fitch and Willard, the latter defending the policy of the Message.

December 17.—In the Senate, the day was taken up with the discussion of various bills; but no action of importance was taken on any of them. The House was not in session.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

It is reported that Minister Motley has proposed the transfer of the *Alabama* negotiations to Washington, and that the question of the neutrality of the seas be included. The British Government is said to have acceded to both propositions.

For some time quite a vigorous rebellion against the lawful authorities has existed in the Red River territory. Late advices represent that a large number of Swamp Indians and British half-breeds had been organized to support the Governor, and that they were about to march at once upon the insurgents at Fort Garry. The commander of the latter had called in his reserves, and hostilities were imminent. It was feared that if a conflict should begin, the Indians, from the Saskatchewan to the Rocky Mountains, would unite in a war of extermination against the white settlers.

The Methodist Episcopal State Convention, assembled at Boston on the 15th December, passed resolutions asking for a full report from the Committee who recently investigated the affairs of the Book Concern in New York, and urging the Sub-Committee to continue the investigation.

The Kentucky Legislature, on the 16th December, elected John W. Stevenson United States Senator.

On December 18 a coal mine at Stockton, Pennsylvania, caved in, filling up the tunnel and shaft, and choking the entrance. Several dwelling-houses were carried down a distance of forty feet, and the inmates instantly crushed to death. It is supposed that a number of people who were in the mine at the time were killed. The disaster is ascribed to working the mine too near the surface, there being a thickness of only twenty feet of earth between the foundations of the houses and the mine.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE remains of the late Mr. Peabody were, on December 13, removed on board the British man-of-war *Monarch*, at Portsmouth, and were consigned to the care of Captain Commerell, the commander of the vessel, by Mr. Motley, the United States Minister, in behalf of the relatives and executors of Mr. Peabody. During the ceremony minute-guns were fired from the ship *Duke of Wellington*, and the vessels in the harbor displayed their colors at half-mast and dipped their ensigns. The United States ship *Plymouth* is to accompany the *Monarch* across the Atlantic.

It is reported from Rome that the Pope urges the placing of Gallican Bishops on leading committees in the Council, and that the decree dissolving the Council in the event of his death is designed to prevent the election of any but an Italian to the Papal chair. A rumor that his Holiness had suffered a shock of apoplexy caused great anxiety in Europe. The Council will be reconvened on the 6th of January. The French Bishops have protested against the Pope's interference in the deliberations, but he is sustained by the Spanish clergy.

Cardinal Pantini, a native of Rome, died in that city on December 18, at the age of seventy-two years. This leaves sixteen vacancies in the College of Cardinals, none of which, it is said, will be filled while the Œcumenical Council is in session.

Late advices from Mexico give accounts of the festivities in honor of ex-Secretary Seward. The political affairs of the country were in a very unsettled condition. At Puebla a mob had attacked a Protestant congregation during service. The rioters are said to have been led by an ex-Imperialist, and urged on by the priests. A number of persons were fatally injured, and an endeavor was made to burn the Protestants alive, using Bibles for fuel.

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MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MR. BISHOPRIGGS.

THE knock at the door was repeated—a louder knock than before.

"Are you deaf?" shouted Arnold.

The door opened, little by little, an inch at a time. Mr. Bishopriggs appeared mysteriously, with the cloth for dinner over his arm, and with his second in command behind him, bearing "the furnishing of the table" (as it was called at Craig Fernie) on a tray.

"What the deuce were you waiting for?" asked Arnold. "I told you to come in."

"And *I* tauld *you*," answered Mr. Bishopriggs, "that I wadna come in without knocking first. Eh, man!" he went on, dismissing his second in command, and laying the cloth with his own venerable hands, "d'ye think I've lived in this hottle in blinded eegnorance of hoo young married couples pass the time when they're left to themselves? Twa knocks at the door—and an unco trouble in opening it, after that—is joost the least ye can do for them! Whar' do ye think, noo, I'll set the places for you and your leddy there?"

Anne walked away to the window, in undisguised disgust. Arnold found Mr. Bishopriggs to be quite irresistible. He answered, humoring the joke,

"One at the top and one at the bottom of the table, I suppose?"

"One at tap and one at bottom?" repeated Mr. Bishopriggs, in high disdain. "De'il a bit of it! Baith yer chairs as close together as chairs can be. Hech! hech!—haven't I caught 'em, after goodness knows hoo many preleeminary knocks at the door, dining on their husbands' knees, and steemulating a man's appetite by feeding him at the fork's end like a child? Eh!" sighed the sage of Craig Fernie, "it's a short life wi' that nuptial business, and a merry one! A month for yer billin' and cooin'; and a' the rest o' yer days for wondering ye were ever such a fule, and wishing it was a' to be done ower again.—Ye'll be for a bottle o' sherry wine, nae doot? and a drap toddy afterwards, to do yer digestin' on?"

Arnold nodded—and then, in obedience to a signal from Anne, joined her at the window. Mr. Bishopriggs looked after them attentively—observed that they were talking in whispers—and approved of that proceeding, as representing another of the established customs of young married couples at inns, in the presence of third persons appointed to wait on them.

"Ay! ay!" he said, looking over his shoulder at Arnold, "gae to your deerie! gae to your deerie! and leave a' the solid business o' life to Me. Ye've Screepture warrant for it. A man maun leave fether and mother (I'm yer fether), and cleave to his wife. My certie! 'cleave' is a strong word—there's nae sort o' doot aboot it, when it comes to 'cleaving!'" He wagged his head thoughtfully, and walked to the side-table in a corner, to cut the bread.

As he took up the knife, his one wary eye detected a morsel of crumpled paper, lying lost between the table and the wall. It was the letter from Geoffrey, which Anne had flung from her, in the first indignation of reading it—and which neither she nor Arnold had thought of since.

"What's that I see yonder?" muttered Bishopriggs, under his breath. "Mair litter in the room, after I've doosted and tidied it wi' my ain hands!"

He picked up the crumpled paper, and partly opened it. "Eh! what's here? Writing on it in ink? and writing on it in pencil? Who may this belong to?" He looked round cautiously toward Arnold and Anne. They were both still talking in whispers, and both standing with their backs to him, looking out of the window. "Here it is, clean forgotten and dune with!" thought Mr. Bishopriggs. "Noo what would a fule do, if he fund this? A fule wad light his pipe wi' it, and then wonder whether he wadna ha' dune better to read it first. And what wad a wise man do, in a seemilar position?" He practically answered that question by putting the letter into his pocket. It might be worth keeping, or it might not; five minutes' private examination of it would decide the alternative, at the first convenient opportunity. "Am gaun' to breeng the dinner in!" he called out to Arnold. "And, mind ye, there's nae knocking at the door possible, when I've got the tray in baith my hands, and, mairs the pity, the gout in baith my feet." With that friendly warning, Mr. Bishopriggs went his way to the regions of the kitchen.

Arnold continued his conversation with Anne, in terms which showed that the question of his leaving the inn had been the question once more discussed between them while they were standing at the window.

"You see we can't help it," he said. "The waiter has gone to bring the dinner in. What will they think in the house, if I go away already, and leave 'my wife' to dine alone?"

It was so plainly necessary to keep up appearances for the present, that there was nothing more to be said. Arnold was committing a serious imprudence—and yet, on this occasion, Arnold was right. Anne's annoyance at feeling that conclusion forced on her produced the first betrayal of impatience which she had shown yet. She left Arnold at the window, and flung herself on the sofa. "A curse seems to follow me!" she thought, bitterly. "This will end ill—and I shall be answerable for it!"

In the mean time Mr. Bishopriggs had found the dinner in the kitchen, ready, and waiting for him. Instead of at once taking the tray on which it was placed into the sitting-room, he conveyed it privately into his own pantry, and shut the door.

"Lie ye there, my freend, till the spare moment comes—and I'll look at ye again," he said, putting the letter away carefully in the dresser-drawer. "Noo aboot the dinner o' they twa turtle-doves in the parlor?" he continued, directing his attention to the dinner-tray. "I maun joost see that the cook's dune her duty—the creatures are no' capable o' decidin' that knotty point for their ain selves." He took off one of the covers, and picked bits, here and there, out of the dish with the fork. "Eh! eh! the collops are no' that bad!" He took off another cover, and shook his head in solemn doubt. "Here's the green meat. I doot green meat's windy diet for a man at my time o' life!" He put the cover on again, and tried the next dish. "The fesh? What the de'il does the woman fry the trout for? Boil it next time, ye betch, wi' a pinch o' saut and a spunefu' o' vinegar." He drew the cork from a bottle of sherry, and decanted the wine. "The sherry wine?" he said, in tones of deep feeling, holding the decanter up to the light. "Hoo do I know but what it may be corkit? I maun taste and try. It's on my conscience, as an honest man, to taste and try." He forthwith relieved his conscience—copiously. There was a vacant space, of no inconsiderable dimensions, left in the decanter. Mr. Bishopriggs gravely filled it up from the water-bottle. "Eh! it's joost addin' ten years to the age o' the wine. The turtle-doves will be nane the waur—and I mysel' am a glass o' sherry the better. Praise Providence for a' its maircies!" Having relieved himself of that devout aspiration, he took up the tray again, and decided on letting the turtle-doves have their dinner.

The conversation in the parlor (dropped for the moment) had been renewed, in the absence of Mr. Bishopriggs. Too restless to remain long in one place, Anne had risen again from the sofa, and had rejoined Arnold at the window.

"Where do your friends at Lady Lundie's believe you to be now?" she asked, abruptly.

"I am believed," replied Arnold, "to be meeting my tenants, and taking possession of my estate."

"How are you to get to your estate to-night?"

"By railway, I suppose. By-the-by, what excuse am I to make for going away after dinner? We are sure to have the landlady in here before long. What will she say to my going off by myself to the train, and leaving 'my wife' behind me?"

"Mr. Brinkworth! that joke—if it *is* a joke—is worn out!"

"I beg your pardon," said Arnold.

"You may leave your excuse to me," pursued Anne. "Do you go by the up train, or the down?"

"By the up train."

The door opened suddenly; and Mr. Bishopriggs appeared with the dinner. Anne nervously separated herself from Arnold. The one available eye of Mr. Bishopriggs followed her reproachfully, as he put the dishes on the table.

"I warned ye baith, it was a clean impossibility to knock at the door this time. Don't blame me, young madam—don't blame *me!*"

"Where will you sit?" asked Arnold, by way of diverting Anne's attention from the familiarities of Father Bishopriggs.

"Any where!" she answered, impatiently; snatching up a chair, and placing it at the bottom of the table.

Mr. Bishopriggs politely, but firmly, put the chair back again in its place.

"Lord's sake! what are ye doin'? It's clean contrary to a' the laws and customs o' the honey-mune, to sit as far away from your husband as that!"

He waved his persuasive napkin to one of the two chairs placed close together at the table. Arnold interfered once more, and prevented another outbreak of impatience from Anne.

"What does it matter?" he said. "Let the man have his way."

"Get it over as soon as you can," she returned. "I can't, and won't, bear it much longer."

They took their places at the table, with Father Bishopriggs behind them, in the mixed character of major domo and guardian angel.

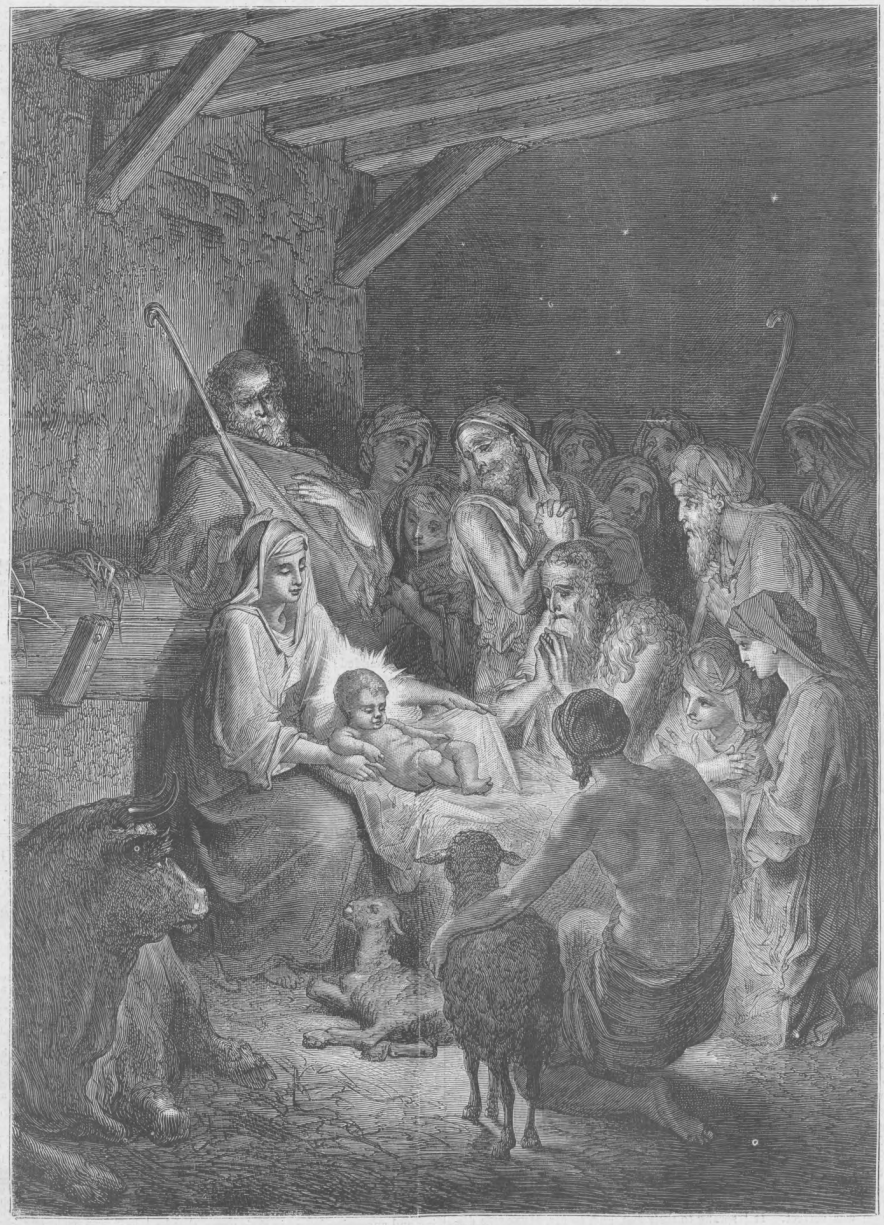
"Here's the trout!" he cried, taking the cover off with a flourish. "Half an hour since, he was loupin' in the water. There he lies noo, fried in the dish. An emblem o' human life for ye! When ye can spare any leisure time from yer twa selves, meditate on that."

Arnold took up the spoon, to give Anne one of the trout. Mr. Bishopriggs clapped the cover on the dish again, with a countenance expressive of devout horror.

"Is there naebody gaun' to say grace?" he asked.

"Come! come!" said Arnold. "The fish is getting cold."

Mr. Bishopriggs piously closed his available eye, and held the cover firmly on the dish. "For what ye're gaun' to receive, may ye baith be truly thankful!" He opened his available eye, and whipped the cover off again. "My conscience is easy noo.—Fall to! Fall to!"



THE NATIVITY.

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"Send him away!" said Anne. "His familiarity is beyond all endurance."

"You needn't wait," said Arnold.

"Eh! but I'm here to wait," objected Mr. Bishopriggs. "What's the use o' my gaun' away, when ye'll want me anon to change the plates for ye?" He considered for a moment (privately consulting his experience); and arrived at a satisfactory conclusion as to Arnold's motive for wanting to get rid of him. "Tak' her on yer knee," he whispered in Arnold's ear, "as soon as ye like! Feed him at the fork's end," he added to Anne, "whenever ye please! I'll think of something else, and look out at the proaspect." He winked—and went to the window.

"Come! come!" said Arnold to Anne. "There's a comic side to all this. Try and see it as I do."

Mr. Bishopriggs returned from the window, and announced the appearance of a new element of embarrassment in the situation at the inn.

"My certie!" he said, "it's weel ye cam' when ye did. It's ill getting to this hottle in a storm."

Anne started, and looked round at him. "A storm coming!" she exclaimed.

"Eh! ye're well hoosed here—ye needn't mind it. There's the cloud down the valley," he added, pointing out of the window, "coming up one way, when the wind's blawing the other. The storm's brewing, my leddy, when ye see that!"

There was another knock at the door. As Arnold had predicted, the landlady made her appearance on the scene.

"I ha' just lookit in, Sir," said Mrs. Inchbare, addressing herself exclusively to Arnold, "to see ye've got what ye want."

"Oh! you are the landlady? Very nice, ma'am—very nice."

Mistress Inchbare had her own private motive for entering the room, and came to it without further preface.

"Ye'll excuse me, Sir," she proceeded. "I wasna in the way when ye cam' here, or I suld ha' made bauld to ask ye the question which I maun e'en ask noo. Am I to understand that ye hire these rooms for yersel', and this leddy here—yer wife?"

Anne raised her head to speak. Arnold pressed her hand warningly, under the table, and silenced her.

"Certainly," he said. "I take the rooms for myself, and this lady here—my wife!"

Anne made a second attempt to speak.

"This gentleman—" she began.

Arnold stopped her for the second time.

"This gentleman?" repeated Mrs. Inchbare, with a broad stare of surprise. "I'm only a puir woman, my leddy—d'ye mean yer husband here?"

Arnold's warning hand touched Anne's, for the third time. Mistress Inchbare's eyes remained fixed on her in merciless inquiry. To have given utterance to the contradiction which trembled on her lips would have been to involve Arnold (after all that he had sacrificed for her) in the scandal which would inevitably follow—a scandal which would be talked of in the neighborhood, and which might find its way to Blanche's ears. White and cold, her eyes never moving from the table, she accepted the landlady's implied correction, and faintly repeated the words: "My husband."

Mistress Inchbare drew a breath of virtuous relief, and waited for what Anne had to say next. Arnold came considerately to the rescue, and got her out of the room.

"Never mind," he said to Anne; "I know what it is, and I'll see about it. She's always like this, ma'am, when a storm's coming," he went on, turning to the landlady. "No, thank you—I know how to manage her. We'll send to you, if we want your assistance."

"At yer ain pleasure, Sir," answered Mistress Inchbare. She turned, and apologized to Anne (under protest), with a stiff courtesy. "No offense, my leddy! Ye'll remember that ye cam' here alane, and that the hottle has its ain gude name to keep up." Having once more vindicated "the hottle," she made the long-desired move to the door, and left the room.

"I'm faint!" Anne whispered. "Give me some water."

There was no water on the table. Arnold ordered it of Mr. Bishopriggs—who had remained passive in the back-ground (a model of discreet attention) as long as the mistress was in the room.

"Mr. Brinkworth!" said Anne, when they were alone, "you are acting with inexcusable rashness. That woman's question was an impertinence. Why did you answer it? Why did you force me—?"

She stopped, unable to finish the sentence.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

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Arnold insisted on her drinking a glass of wine —and then defended himself with the patient consideration for her which he had shown from the first.

"Why didn't I have the inn door shut in your face"—he asked, good-humoredly—"with a storm coming on, and without a place in which you can take refuge? No, no, Miss Silvester! I don't presume to blame you for any scruples you may feel—but scruples are sadly out of place with such a woman as that landlady. I am responsible for your safety to Geoffrey; and Geoffrey expects to find you here. Let's change the subject. The water is a long time coming. Try another glass of wine. No? Well—here is Blanche's health" (he took some of the wine himself), "in the weakest sherry I ever drank in my life." As he set down his glass, Mr. Bishopriggs came in with the water. Arnold hailed him satirically. "Well? have you got the water? or have you used it all for the sherry?"

Mr. Bishopriggs stopped in the middle of the room, thunder-struck at the aspersion cast on the wine.

"Is that the way ye talk of the auldest bottle o' sherry wine in Scotland?" he asked, gravely. "What's the warld coming to? The new generation's a foot beyond my fathoming. The maircies o' Providence, as shown to man in the choicest veentages o' Spain, are clean thrown away on 'em."

"Have you brought the water?"

"I ha' brought the water—and mair than the water. I ha' brought ye news from ootside. There's a company o' gentlemen on horseback, joost cantering by to what they ca' the shootin' cottage, a mile from this."

"Well—and what have we got to do with it?"

"Bide a wee! There's ane o' them has drawn bridle at the hottle, and he's speerin' after the leddy that cam' here alane. The leddy's your leddy, as sure as saxpence. I doot," said Mr. Bishopriggs, walking away to the window, "*that's* what ye've got to do with it."

Arnold looked at Anne.

"Do you expect any body?"

"Is it Geoffrey?"

"Impossible. Geoffrey is on his way to London."

"There he is, any way," resumed Mr. Bishopriggs, at the window. "He's loupin' down from his horse. He's turning this way. Lord save us!" he exclaimed, with a start of consternation, "what do I see? That incarnate deevil, Sir Paitrick himself!"

Arnold sprang to his feet.

"Do you mean Sir Patrick Lundie?"

Anne ran to the window.

"It *is* Sir Patrick!" she said. "Hide yourself before he comes in!"

"Hide myself?"

"What will he think if he sees you with *me*?"

He was Blanche's guardian, and he believed Arnold to be at that moment visiting his new property. What he would think was not difficult to foresee. Arnold turned for help to Mr. Bishopriggs.

"Where can I go?"

Mr. Bishopriggs pointed to the bedroom door.

"Whar' can ye go? There's the nuptial chamber!"

"Impossible!"

Mr. Bishopriggs expressed the utmost extremity of human amazement by a long whistle, on one note.

"Whew! Is that the way ye talk o' the nuptial chamber already?"

"Find me some other place—I'll make it worth your while."

"Eh! there's my paintry! I trow that's some other place; and the door's at the end o' the passage."

Arnold hurried out. Mr. Bishopriggs—evidently under the impression that the case before him was a case of elopement, with Sir Patrick mixed up in it in the capacity of guardian—addressed himself, in friendly confidence, to Anne.

"My certie, mistress! it's ill wark deceivin' Sir Paitrick, if that's what ye've dune. Ye must know, I was ance a bit clerk body in his chambers at Embro—"

The voice of Mistress Inchbare, calling for the head-waiter, rose shrill and imperative from the regions of the bar. Mr. Bishopriggs disappeared. Anne remained, standing helpless by the window. It was plain by this time that the place of her retreat had been discovered at Windygates. The one doubt to decide, now, was whether it would be wise or not to receive Sir Patrick, for the purpose of discovering whether he came as friend or enemy to the inn.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

SIR PATRICK.

THE doubt was practically decided before Anne had determined what to do. She was still at the window when the sitting-room door was thrown open, and Sir Patrick appeared, obsequiously shown in by Mr. Bishopriggs.

"Ye're kindly welcome, Sir Paitrick. Hech, Sirs! the sight of you is gude for sair eyne."

Sir Patrick turned and looked at Mr. Bishopriggs—as he might have looked at some troublesome insect which he had driven out of the window, and which had returned on him again.

"What, you scoundrel! have you drifted into an honest employment at last?"

Mr. Bishopriggs rubbed his hands cheerfully, and took his tone from his superior, with supple readiness.

"Ye're always in the right of it, Sir Paitrick! Wet, raal wut in that aboot the honest employment, and me drifting into it. Lord's sake, Sir, hoo well ye wear!"

Dismissing Mr. Bishopriggs by a sign, Sir Patrick advanced to Anne.

"I am committing an intrusion, madam, which must, I am afraid, appear unpardonable in your eyes," he said. "May I hope you will excuse me when I have made you acquainted with my motive?"

He spoke with scrupulous politeness. His knowledge of Anne was of the slightest possible kind. Like other men, he had felt the attraction of her unaffected grace and gentleness on the few occasions when he had been in her company—and that was all. If he had belonged to the present generation he would, under the circumstances, have fallen into one of the besetting sins of England in these days—the tendency (to borrow an illustration from the stage) to "strike an attitude" in the presence of a social emergency. A man of the present period, in Sir Patrick's position, would have struck an attitude of (what is called) chivalrous respect; and would have addressed Anne in a tone of ready-made sympathy, which it was simply impossible for a stranger really to feel. Sir Patrick affected nothing of the sort. One of the besetting sins of *his* time was the habitual concealment of our better selves—upon the whole, a far less dangerous national error than the habitual advertisement of our better selves, which has become the practice, publicly and privately, of society in this age. Sir Patrick assumed, if any thing, less sympathy on this occasion than he really felt. Courteous to all women, he was as courteous as usual to Anne—and no more.

"I am quite at a loss, Sir, to know what brings you to this place. The servant here informs me that you are one of a party of gentlemen who have just passed by the inn, and who have all gone on except yourself." In those guarded terms Anne opened the interview with the unwelcome visitor, on her side.

Sir Patrick admitted the fact, without betraying the slightest embarrassment.

"The servant is quite right," he said. "I am one of the party. And I have purposely allowed them to go on to the keeper's cottage without me. Having admitted this, may I count on receiving your permission to explain the motive of my visit?"

Necessarily suspicious of him, as coming from Windygates, Anne answered in few and formal words, as coldly as before.

"Explain it, Sir Patrick, if you please, as briefly as possible."

Sir Patrick bowed. He was not in the least offended; he was even (if the confession may be made without degrading him in the public estimation) privately amused. Conscious of having honestly presented himself at the inn in Anne's interests, as well as in the interests of the ladies at Windygates, it appealed to his sense of humor to find himself kept at arm's-length by the very woman whom he had come to benefit. The temptation was strong on him to treat his errand from his own whimsical point of view. He gravely took out his watch, and noted the time to a second, before he spoke again.

"I have an event to relate in which you are interested," he said. "And I have two messages to deliver, which I hope you will not object to receive. The event I undertake to describe in one minute. The messages I promise to dispose of in two minutes more. Total duration of this intrusion on your time—three minutes."

He placed a chair for Anne, and waited until she had permitted him, by a sign, to take a second chair for himself.

"We will begin with the event," he resumed. "Your arrival at this place is no secret at Windygates. You were seen on the foot-road to Craig Fernie by one of the female servants. And the inference naturally drawn is, that you were on your way to the inn. It may be important for you to know this; and I have taken the liberty of mentioning it accordingly." He consulted his watch. "Event related. Time, one minute."

He had excited her curiosity, to begin with. "Which of the women saw me?" she asked, impulsively.

Sir Patrick (watch in hand) declined to prolong the interview by answering any incidental inquiries which might arise in the course of it.

"Pardon me," he rejoined; "I am pledged to occupy three minutes only. I have no room for the woman. With your kind permission, I will get on to the messages next."

Anne remained silent. Sir Patrick went on.

"First message: 'Lady Lundie's compliments to her step-daughter's late governess—with whose married name she is not acquainted. Lady Lundie regrets to say that Sir Patrick, as head of the family, has threatened to return to Edinburgh unless she consents to be guided by his advice in the course she pursues with the late governess. Lady Lundie, accordingly, foregoes her intention of calling at the Craig Fernie inn, to express her sentiments and make her inquiries in person, and commits to Sir Patrick the duty of expressing her sentiments; reserving to herself the right of making her inquiries at the next convenient opportunity. Through the medium of her brother-in-law, she begs to inform the late governess that all intercourse is at an end between them, and that she declines to act as reference in case of future emergency.'—Message textually correct. Expressive of Lady Lundie's view of your sudden departure from the house. Time, two minutes."

Anne's color rose. Anne's pride was up in arms on the spot.

"The impertinence of Lady Lundie's message is no more than I should have expected from her," she said. "I am only surprised at Sir Patrick's delivering it."

"Sir Patrick's motives will appear presently," rejoined the incorrigible old gentleman. "Second message: 'Blanche's fondest love. Is dying to be acquainted with Anne's husband, and to be informed of Anne's married name. Feels indescribable anxiety and apprehension on Anne's account. Insists on hearing from Anne immediately. Longs, as she never longed for any thing yet, to order her pony-chaise and drive full gallop to the inn. Yields, under irresistible pressure, to the exertion of her guardian's authority, and commits the expression of her feelings to Sir Patrick, who is a born tyrant, and doesn't in the least mind breaking other people's hearts.' Sir Patrick (speaking for himself) places his sister-in-law's view and his niece's view, side by side, before the lady whom he has now the honor of addressing, and on whose confidence he is especially careful not to intrude. Reminds the lady that his influence at Windygates, however strenuously he may exert it, is not likely to last forever. Requests her to consider whether his sister-in-law's view and his niece's view, in collision, may not lead to very undesirable domestic results; and leaves her to take the course which seems best to herself under those circumstances. —Second message delivered textually. Time, three minutes. A storm coming on. A quarter of an hour's ride from here to the shooting-cottage. Madam, I wish you good-evening."

He bowed lower than ever—and, without a word more, quietly hobbled out of the room.

Anne's first impulse was (excusably enough, poor soul) an impulse of resentment.

"Thank you, Sir Patrick!" she said, with a bitter look at the closing door. "The sympathy of society with a friendless woman could hardly have been expressed in a more amusing way!"

The little irritation of the moment passed off with the moment. Anne's own intelligence and good sense showed her the position in its truer light.

She recognized in Sir Patrick's abrupt departure Sir Patrick's considerate resolution to spare her from entering into any details on the subject of her position at the inn. He had given her a friendly warning; and he had delicately left her to decide for herself as to the assistance which she might render him in maintaining tranquillity at Windygates. She went at once to a side-table in the room, on which writing materials were placed, and sat down to write to Blanche.

"I can do nothing with Lady Lundie," she thought. "But I have more influence than any body else over Blanche; and I can prevent the collision between them which Sir Patrick dreads."

She began the letter. "My dearest Blanche, I have seen Sir Patrick, and he has given me your message. I will set your mind at ease about me as soon as I can. But, before I say any thing else, let me entreat you, as the greatest favor you can do to your sister and your friend, not to enter into any disputes about me with Lady Lundie, and not to commit the imprudence—the useless imprudence, my love—of coming here." She stopped—the paper swam before her eyes. "My own darling!" she thought, "who could have foreseen that I should ever shrink from the thought of seeing *you*?" She sighed, and dipped the pen in the ink, and went on with the letter.

The sky darkened rapidly as the evening fell. The wind swept in fainter and fainter gusts across the dreary moor. Far and wide over the face of Nature the stillness was fast falling which tells of a coming storm.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

ARNOLD.

MEANWHILE Arnold remained shut up in the head-waiter's pantry—chafing secretly at the position forced upon him.

He was, for the first time in his life, in hiding from another person, and that person a man. Twice—stung to it by the inevitable loss of self-respect which his situation occasioned—he had gone to the door, determined to face Sir Patrick boldly; and twice he had abandoned the idea, in mercy to Anne. It would have been impossible for him to set himself right with Blanche's guardian without betraying the unhappy woman whose secret he was bound in honor to keep. "I wish to Heaven I had never come here!" was the useless aspiration that escaped him, as he doggedly seated himself on the dresser to wait till Sir Patrick's departure set him free.

After an interval—not by any means the long interval which he had anticipated—his solitude was enlivened by the appearance of Father Bishopriggs.

"Well?" cried Arnold, jumping off the dresser, "is the coast clear?"

There were occasions when Mr. Bishopriggs became, on a sudden, unexpectedly hard of hearing. This was one of them.

"Hoo do ye find the paintry?" he asked, without paying the slightest attention to Arnold's question. "Snug and private? A Patmos in the weelderness, as ye may say!"

His one available eye, which had begun by looking at Arnold's face, dropped slowly downward, and fixed itself, in mute but eloquent expectation, on Arnold's waistcoat pocket.

"I understand!" said Arnold. "I promised to pay you for the Patmos—eh? There you are!"

Mr. Bishopriggs pocketed the money with a dreary smile and a sympathetic shake of the head. Other waiters would have returned thanks. The sage of Craig Fernie returned a few brief remarks instead. Admirable in many things, Father Bishopriggs was especially great at drawing a moral. He drew a moral on this occasion from his own gratuity.

"There I am—as ye say, Mercy presairve us! ye need the siller at every turn, when there's a woman at yer heels. It's an awfu' reflection—ye canna hae any thing to do wi' the sex they ca' the opposite sex without its being an expense to ye. There's this young leddy o' yours, I doot she'll ha' been an expense to ye from the first. When you were coortin' her, ye did it, I'll go bail, wi' the open hand. Presents and keep-sakes, flowers and jewelery, and little dogues. Sair expenses all of them!"

"Hang your reflections! Has Sir Patrick left the inn?"

The reflections of Mr. Bishopriggs declined to be disposed of in any thing approaching to a summary way. On they flowed from their parent source, as slowly and as smoothly as ever!

"Noo ye're married to her, there's her bonnets and goons and under-clothin'—her ribbons, laces, furbelows, and fallals. A sair expense again!"

"What is the expense of cutting your reflections short, Mr. Bishopriggs?"

"Thirdly, and lastly, if ye canna agree wi' her as time gaes on—if there's incompaitibeelity of temper betwixt ye—in short, if ye want a wee bit separation, hech, Sirs! ye pet yer hand in yer poaket, and come to an aimicable understandin' wi' her in that way. Or, maybe she takes ye into Court, and pets *her* hand in *your* poaket, and comes to a hoastile understandin' wi' ye there. Show me a woman—and I'll show ye a man not far off wha' has mair expenses on his back than he ever bairgained for." Arnold's patience would last no longer—he turned to the door. Mr. Bishopriggs, with equal alacrity on his side, turned to the matter in hand. "Yes, Sir! The room is e'en clear o' Sir Paitrick, and the leddy's alane, and waitin' for ye."

In a moment more Arnold was back in the sitting-room.

"Well?" he asked, anxiously. "What is it? Bad news from Lady Lundie's?"

Anne closed and directed the letter to Blanche, which she had just completed. "No," she replied. "Nothing to interest *you*."

"What did Sir Patrick want?"

"Only to warn me. They have found out at Windygates that I am here."

"That's awkward, isn't it?"

"Not in the least. I can manage perfectly; I have nothing to fear. Don't think of *me*—think of yourself."

"I am not suspected, am I?"

"Thank heaven—no! But there is no knowing what may happen if you stay here. Ring the bell at once, and ask the waiter about the trains."

Struck by the unusual obscurity of the sky at that hour of the evening, Arnold went to the window. The rain had come—and was falling heavily. The view on the moor was fast disappearing in mist and darkness.

"Pleasant weather to travel in!" he said.

"The railway!" Anne exclaimed, impatiently. "It's getting late. See about the railway!"

Arnold walked to the fire-place to ring the bell. The railway time-table hanging over it met his eye.

"Here's the information I want," he said to Anne; "if I only knew how to get at it. 'Down'—'Up'—'A.M.'—'P.M.' What a cursed confusion! I believe they do it on purpose."

Anne joined him at the fire-place.

"I understand it—I'll help you. Did you say it was the up train you wanted?"

"Yes."

"What is the name of the station you stop at?"

Arnold told her. She followed the intricate net-work of lines and figures with her finger—suddenly stopped—looked again to make sure—and turned from the time-table with a face of blank despair. The last train for the day had gone an hour since.

In the silence which followed that discovery, a first flash of lightning passed across the window, and the low roll of thunder sounded the outbreak of the storm.

LORD LYTTON.

LORD LYTTON, better known to American readers as BULWER, the name under which he first became famous in literature, was born in 1806. It is said that he obtained from his mother, a clever and accomplished woman, more of his early teaching than boys generally receive from their mothers. He was of a studious and rather pensive disposition in youth, and was wont to pass much time at Knebworth, thirty miles north of London, the old ancestral seat of his family; and he has described, with affectionate minuteness, the roomy and stately dimensions of that Elizabethan mansion, and the cool verdure of the park, with its trees, and with the placid sheet of water, upon the sedgy brink of which he used to lie and dream the waking visions of enthusiastic boyhood. He entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he paid more attention to the classics than to mathematics, and won the Chancellor's prize for an English poem on "Sculpture." On leaving the university he traveled extensively in his own country and in Europe.

He became an author at an early age. The list of his published novels begins in 1827 with "Falkland;" and from that time he wrote one or two every year. "Pelham," "The Disowned," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," and many others, followed each other in rapid succession, and each met with a flattering measure of popularity. In 1836 he first entered the lists as a dramatic writer. "The Duchess De la Valière" was a failure; but "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" were very successful, and have ever since kept possession of the stage as popular acting plays. "Money," a later comedy, was also very well received. His attempts at original poetry have not been very successful; "The New Timon," a satirical poem, and "King Arthur," an epic, both published anonymously, the latter in 1849, were coldly received; but his translations from SCHILLER, his adaptations of old Greek legends in the "Lost Tales of Miletus," and his recent translation of the "Odes" of HORACE, display poetic feeling and talent of a very high order.

LORD LYTTON'S substantial reputation will rest upon works of a very different character from his earlier novels, the tone of which was too often not merely questionable. "Pelham; or, the Confessions of a Gentleman," and "The Disowned"

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would scarcely be admitted now into a "well-regulated" family library; while in "Paul Clifford" he plunged into the lowest haunts of vice and vulgar villainy, where he literally fell among thieves by his own willful fault. But the works that are most characteristic of Lord LYTTON'S mind, and at the same time the most popular among his readers, are "The Caxtons" and "My Novel." The first named is, it is true, half an imitation of "Tristram Shandy," and half a rather commonplace though always interesting narrative; but "My Novel" is a work of thorough originality and enduring popularity. The author, who thought this book worth an affectionate dedication to his brother, may be assumed to have meant, by its title, that he put it forth as his own genuine view of the "Varieties in English Life." It is totally unlike every thing else he has written. A better book, in the spirit which it breathes, in the tone which it sounds, in the repose of feeling, the breadth of contemplation, the purity of style, has been written by no English novelist of our day. The inhabitants of the rural village of Hazeldean; the Squire's family; good Parson Dale and his quick-tempered wife; Dr. Riccabocca, the Italian exile, with his quaint sagacity and his Quixotic oddity, are perfectly alive; while the folk in London—Mr. Audley Egerton, the statesman; Harley L'Estrange, his generous eccentric friend; the ambitious schemer, Randal Leslie; wild John Burley, the hack writer; strong Richard Avenel, the Radical who has been in America—seem almost equally real. His novel "What will He Do with It" is greatly inferior to either of the preceding. Lord LYTTON'S latest work is a sprightly comedy in rhyme, entitled, "Walpole; or, Every Man has his Price," which will appear in the February Number of *Harper's Magazine*.

In 1838, Mr. BULWER'S literary and social distinction, added to his constant attachment to the Liberal party, induced Lord MELBOURNE'S government to confer a baronetcy upon him; and in 1843, by royal permission, he took the name of LYTTON, instead of BULWER, for his surname, on coming into possession, by his mother's will, of the estates in Hertfordshire, to which she was sole heiress. The LYTTONS, formerly the ROBINSONS, were an ancient Denbighshire family, allied to the TUDORS, and to the old sovereign princes of North Wales. In 1852 Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, having attached himself to the Conservative party, though in many points a Liberal, was returned to Parliament for the county of Hertford, after ten years' absence from political life. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord DERBY'S second Ministry, in 1858; and in 1866, when Lord DERBY was again Premier, Sir EDWARD was raised to the Peerage.

Lord LYTTON, having been married in 1827, has a son, the Hon. EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, born in 1831, whose poetical works, bearing the assumed name of "Owen Meredith," have been received with much favor. He is English Secretary of Legation at Vienna.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE custom of decking houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens is as old as the ancient Druids. It was an old and odd fancy that when the nipping frosts came, sylvan spirits flocked to the evergreen trees, and remained there, unchilled, until milder days. Ivy, holly, rosemary, laurel, mistletoe, hawthorn, and yew, were favorite trimmings at Christmas festivities, and bright berries and blossoms enlivened the deep greens. There was a famous hawthorn in the church-yard of Glastonbury Abbey, which always budded on the 24th and blossomed on the 25th of December. After the change of style, it was observed that it blossomed on January 5, which would have been Christmas-day, O. S. It is said that slips from this plant are still in existence, which blossom on that day. Another custom, indicative of social enjoyment and friendly hospitality, was the kindling of a glowing fire, made of great logs, the principal of which was called the Yule log, or Christmas block. This fire was kept burning brightly for many days, and sometimes for weeks.

Many of the old customs have come down to us—and where they have been changed, the significance remains. Christmas is not only as in Germany, emphatically the "children's festival," but the time above all others when peace and good-will should abound.

"O Peace and Love and Charity, *ye* are the Christmas flowers
Whose blossoms can make glad at Yule this garden land of ours!
What recks it, then, that Nature's face is wreathed in crown of snow,
Or that the crimson rose of June within her grave lies low?
Are there not springing in our hearts perennial flowers still—
Glad evergreens, bright evergreens, of friendship and good-will?"

There is a "fastest trip on record" across the Atlantic about every other week! The matter has become a standard controversy.

There are a goodly number of mothers in these days who are sensible enough to clothe their little girls comfortably, when cold weather demands warm flannels. Yet there is good reason why the following questions should be asked—and answered: Why should delicate, house-bred little girls wear upon their legs only thin muslin drawers and fine cotton stockings, while the great strong men, who are their fathers, wear stout, warm cloth both for drawers and pantaloons, and leather boot-legs besides? Why should the little girls go with their arms and shoulders bare, while their fathers have shirts and lined coat-sleeves on their arms? Why?

A Milwaukee bank was lately the scene of a curious incident, and only just escaped a heavy financial transaction! An elderly, well-dressed gentleman entered the bank and drew a check in a business-like manner, which he passed to the paying teller. Upon looking at the signature the teller was somewhat surprised to find it that of no less distinguished a person than C. Vanderbilt, and the check was drawn for the very handsome little sum of *ten million dollars*. The gentleman appeared unconcerned, as if he was accustomed to draw these little checks every day; and a scrutinizing glance convinced the teller that he was insane, and might be a dangerous customer. So he asked him if he was in a hurry, saying it might take some time to count the money. The stranger said he was not; that he had come on to Milwaukee to buy the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad; that he had made the purchase for $10,000,000, and if they would certify the check, it would answer all purposes. He continued to talk excitedly about what he was going to do with the route, and what a great thing it would be for Milwaukee, until a policeman, who had been sent for, came in. The stranger proved to be a Detroit gentleman, who was suffering under temporary insanity. He was perfectly harmless and went away quietly, though he created something of a sensation in the bank for a few moments.

A young and pretty lady in New Orleans has undertaken a novel missionary work, which is likely to expose her to criticism, though she is evidently sincerely in earnest. She is visiting the concert-saloons in that city for the purpose of reforming the *habitués* of those establishments. Her method is to sing a few hymns at each place, accompanying herself on the piano, when she can obtain the use of one.

How singular it is that any name which has become celebrated or notorious, no matter how disagreeable the associations connected with it, is attached to articles of dress, and the like, as a distinguishing feature, and to increase the sale! In Paris they now have Pantin buttons, Pantin handkerchiefs, and Pantin hats. The latest novelty is Pantin pipes. The stem is encircled with the inscription, "Crime de Pantin;" the bottom of the bowl represents Madame Kinck and her murdered children, while the bowl itself represents Troppmann with a pickaxe and spade in his hands. The sale of this ingenious piece of luxury is said to be immense.

The Italian opera, also the English and French operas, are standard amusements in our city. The Russian opera is a novelty, and will, at least, be a variety. The comic opera of "Ascold's Tomb" was recently presented by the Russian troupe.

A well-behaved young man entered a church in La Crosse a few Sundays ago, and was somewhat surprised to receive a bow as if of recognition from the minister. Still more surprised was he when the minister came to him, and asked him to take a place in the pulpit and make a prayer. "Guess you are mistaken in your man, Sir," said the young man. "You are the gentleman, I believe, with whom I had a conversation yesterday," returned the minister, confidently. "No, Sir," was the reply. "I am an agent for a wholesale liquor house in Chicago." The minister retreated to his pulpit precipitately.

Transfusion of blood is a dangerous and dreaded surgical operation, seldom resorted to even by skillful surgeons. This operation, however, was successfully performed a month or two ago upon a young German woman in this city, who was greatly reduced in strength after an attack of typhus fever, and was apparently dying. As a last hope, the physician proposed to her husband the transfusion of healthy blood from his body into her veins. The vein in the woman's arm was so protected and arranged that every flux and reflux of blood was impossible, as well as the influx of air. The blood was taken from the husband's arm, and the transfusion of about three ounces easily accomplished. The patient underwent the operation with ease, looked immediately refreshed, and said she felt better. She continued to improve, and according to the latest accounts we have seen, was doing well.

The attempt to introduce Hansom cabs into general use in this city is reported to be a failure. At any rate, the cabs, which were to be so cheap and convenient, are not to be found; and it is hinted that the "carriage men" have "bought up" the whole affair. What a pity that New York supplies her citizens with nothing between a six-cent crowded car or a ten-cent omnibus, and a carriage at one dollar and a half an hour!

"She was intensely, exuberantly, and above all things feminine. As one is conscious of the presence of flowers which he does not see, as one feels the air surcharged with electricity before the thunder-storm, so I always felt the influence of idealized womanhood when Christina was near. There was an extraordinary quality of quiet energy in her. It was not the energy which fusses and bustles—to most young men a terribly disenchanting and disagreeable quality. It was an energy which made itself silently felt—a great self-sufficing quality." Justin M'Carthy thus speaks of one of his heroines in "My Enemy's Daughter," which has been recently published as a serial in *Harper's Monthly*. As to the other heroine, "She was absolutely without hypocrisy or deceit of any kind. Whatever Lilla Lyndon was doing when you came in, she kept on doing as unconcernedly as before. You found her darning a stocking perhaps, and she continued the work. You found her in curl-papers, and she volunteered the admission that she was too lazy to take them out that morning, or else wanted her hair to be in particularly good curl that evening. She was ashamed of nothing she did." "My Enemy's Daughter" has been published in book form, and is well worth reading.

In honor of the birth of a son to Prince Humbert, heir to the throne of Italy, the municipality of Naples gave dowries to sixteen young girls, whose prospects of marriage are brightened by the recent event, but on these conditions: Six must bear the name of Margherita; six must be the daughters of veterans or invalids in the army, to be chosen by the commander of the Royal Hospital for the Invalids; and four must be daughters of honest workmen who are members of the Operatives' Society, to be named by the president.

The *Overland Monthly* very justly observes, in an article entitled "Those Americans," that few changes affect a man so disagreeably as changes in his dinner. It is amusing to observe middle-aged, well-to-do Americans at their first experiences of a continental *table d'hôte*. Accustomed to having a full dinner set before them, of their own ordering, and all at the same time, the European dinner, wherein each meat and each vegetable, each pie and each pudding, forms a separate course, finds little favor with them. Not long ago a whole family were stopping at one of the best hotels in Paris. An inquiry was made of the father whether he had not found the hotel satisfactory. "Satisfactory, Sir! Is it satisfactory to any man of sense to have his meat served without potatoes, lettuce and oil made a separate course; and boiled spinach without seasoning have eaten my last *table d'hôte*."

At the Hôtel de Tête Noir the orders and soliloquy of an American were overheard. His French (?) and English were oddly mixed; but his indignation was unmistakable. "*Garçon*, bring me some *pummes de ter-re* (*pommes de terre*) with my poison (*poisson*). Give me a demi-bottle (*demi-bouteille*) of wine. Confound those French; they do not know how to eat! *Garçon!* why don't you bring me the rest of my dinner?" Meanwhile the agonized waiter was replying, "*Out*," "*Certainement*," "*Tout de suite*," to every exclamation; and continued serving the dishes as he had from boyhood—his confusion and the wrath of his customer increasing with every moment. The observer hurried from the hotel before the climax was reached; so that he was unable to say whether the *finale* was a broken head or broken crockery, or simply a prolonged scream of the American Eagle and the flight of the terrified Frog-eater.

A correspondent of the *Lancet* anxiously inquires for a remedy for the stomach-ache. The patient has already taken, without effect, several preparations of opium, belladonna, cannabis indica, ipecacuanha, assafœtida, valerian, chloric ether, chloroform vapor, bromide of potassium, quinine, beberine, iron, zinc, hydrocyanic acid, bismuth, antacids, pepsine, pancreatine, hot drinks, and other remedies. He has also tried galvanic currents, hot fomentations, and cold cloths, hot baths, mustard poultices, croton oil, and small blisters externally; also, subcutaneous injections of morphia, atropine, strychnia, and caffeine. It is suggested that the sufferer be severely let alone for a while, and see what will be the result. Naturally, he must be uncomfortable for a time, after having been made such a medicine-chest.

CHRISTMAS-EVE OFF THE COAST.

OUR engraving on page 8 illustrates an incident of frequent occurrence on the fog-haunted coast of New England. The scene is the cabin of a small coaster, bound perhaps from Portland to New York. The night is "thick upon the sea," the wind high, and the captain and mate are anxiously consulting the chart that lies spread upon the rude table. They have just left the deck; rain and spray are dripping from their tarpaulin jackets, and glisten in the light of the cabin-lamp that swings above their heads. With feet spread wide apart, to resist the lurch of the little vessel, they peer over the chart in the attempt to make out their position. By the cabin fire sits the captain's wife, with her babe sleeping in calm unconsciousness in her lap. Her face betrays a shade of maternal anxiety, expressed also in the clasped hands and parted lips. Simple as the materials are, and simply yet forcibly treated, there is a strong dramatic feeling in the picture. The men leaning over the chart, the position of the cabin suggesting a stormy sea, the glimpse of the man at the wheel, and the starless night, and above all, the touching suggestion of family companionship in danger, compose a scene of most pathetic interest. The time, too, when we on land are sitting in warm and cheerful rooms, surrounded by children and friends, and all that belongs to this happy season, makes the contrast still more forcible and touching.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

THE pleasant German custom of gathering the family round a Christmas-tree, illustrated in our engraving on page 5, has become thoroughly domesticated in this country. The good old custom of hanging up a row of stockings on Christmas-eve, for Santa Claus to fill with presents, has gradually gone out of date with the disappearance of the old-fashioned fire-places, with their flaring, wide-throated chimneys, through which the kindly old fellow was wont to come with a huge sack full of toys on his fur-covered back. It was a pleasant old childish legend; and, though furnaces and steam-heaters have banished it from modern houses, its memory will never die out among the little folks. They will always credit old Santa Claus with their Christmas presents, whether they come by way of the fire-place or are hung on the branches of the illuminated Christmas-tree.

HOMELESS AND HUNGRY.

IN striking contrast with the cheerful gathering about the festive Christmas-tree, is the pathetic scene depicted in our engraving on page 13, which represents a group of London poor, homeless and hungry, gathered about a police station in search of shelter and food. It is a drawing from real life; every one of the ragged and shivering figures in the picture is the portrait of a living human creature, and each has its own story of want and misery. Such a sermon of charity as this should come home to the heart of every one to whom the Christmas season is one of rejoicing and festivity. How many thousands in our own cities are now "homeless and hungry" whom a little Christian charity (alas for its rarity!) might relieve. Let those to whom "homeless and hungry" is merely an empty phrase take pains to search out the truly poor and wretched; and, learning the real significance of those terrible words, learn also the true meaning of the Divine Master's saying: "The poor ye have always with you."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THREE young gentlemen from this city who were traveling in a Southern railroad car, and had made the acquaintance of the conductor, stopped him as he was passing through the car, the brakeman having just sung out, "O-pe-li-ka!" Not a house was visible among the pines, except a rambling shed called an "eating-saloon." "Hold on, conductor," said one of the youths: "come back, we want to ask you something." "Out with it," replied the official; "I am in a hurry." "What is the *size* of this place, conductor?" said one of the three, gravely. "It's about as big as New York," was the ready answer, "*but it isn't built up yet.*"

An old lady, on reading that an ice-house had been burned, remarked, "La, now. I suppose it was from spontaneous combustion. I often noticed that the ice in the wagons smoked."

CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

Three chickens went flopping out on to the ground,
Out on to the ground when the sun rose high.
Each went from the coop with a terrible wound,
A head chopped clean off and a ticket to die.
But men must work and women must eat,
And tender spring chicken makes very good meat,
And Christmas time is coming.

Three roosters they set up a horrible squawk,
And they stretched out their necks as the fowls went down,
And they looked at the hens and the tomahawk,
As much as to say, Don't he do it up brown!
But men have stomachs and women must eat,
And nice chicken pie it is hard to beat,
And Christmas time is coming.

Three corpses all cut up went into the dish.
The crust was put on and the edge scolloped down,
As juicy a pie as the stomach could wish
When the oven had baked it all through, nice and brown.
For men must kill and women must eat,
And good chicken pie is a very great treat,
When Christmas time is coming.

"And your father," said a boarding-school lad to his companion, "has only sent you two dollars; he must be a mighty mean man." "Well, I don't know; two dollars is considerable," replied the other. "Whenever my father sends, he never thinks of offering me less than ten." "How often does he send?" "Never."

A married gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, becoming weary of the grumblings of his son-in-law, the old gentleman exclaimed: "You are right; she is an impertinent jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

"I don't want mother to marry again," said a little boy one day at breakfast. "Why not?" was asked, with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."

"Mammy!" said a precocious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

A Scotchman, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. The master said to him, "Sandy, you take a long time at breakfast." "In troth, master," he answered, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten es ye may think."

A very little girl first seeing her mother use an opera-glass at a concert, asked to take it, saying: "Please, ma, let me have that thing that blinds your eye so you see better!"

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

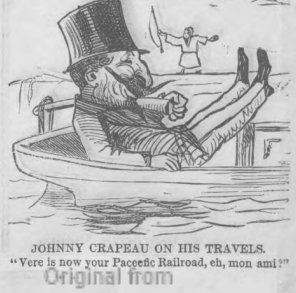
ANXIOUS MAMMA. "Well, Frank, darling, how did you enjoy yourself?"

FRANK. "Oh! first-rate, Ma. I eat six tarts, and four buns, and five apples, besides lots of other tings! Charlie was sick, he was. I wasn't. I got my popet full of candy, I have!"

A SLIGHT BREEZE RUFFLES THE AIR.

MRS. MAKEUP. "Oh yes! Johnny takes after his mother's family. At one time he had *beautiful* hair."

JOHNNY. "Yes, and Ma cut it all off, and wears it herself, she does!"



JOHNNY CRAPEAU ON HIS TRAVELS.

"Vere is now your Paceefic Railroad, eh, mon ami?"

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CHRISTMAS-EVE OFF THE COAST.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

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A RAINY SUNDAY IN BRITTANY.—[SEE PAGE 13.]

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I MIGHT HAVE DONE.

Is there a sadder word than this—
I might have done?
I might have filled life's cup of bliss,
At least for one!

I might have done! I might have made
One life so fair;
Reft from its robe of sombre shade
Each thread of care.

I might have done! So simple joy,
Love's word or wile,
Robs life of half its sad alloy,
Makes life a smile.

I might have done! While young life strewed
Her prescient seeds,
Each folded germ with love endued,
To bloom in deeds.

O love-fraught hours sail mutely on,
Die one by one!
'Tis life to sigh when all are gone,
I might have done!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATCHING AT A STRAW.

DURING the first three weeks of his stay at Naples Sir John Gale appeared to be better than he had been for a long time previous. He did not pay many visits, but he received a considerable number of guests twice a week. The guests were chiefly gentlemen, but a few ladies came also.

Veronica's magnificent toilets were criticised by the women, and her striking beauty discussed by the men. She received homage and flattery enough to satisfy even her appetite for such tribute. She drove out daily in an elegant equipage. She had servants at her command. Her vanity and indolence were ministered to as assiduously as though she had been the most pampered sultana who ever dyed her fingers with henna. But although these things did afford her real delight at moments, they utterly failed to make her happy. A ceaseless under-current of anxiety ran through her life. She passed hours of suffering from unspeakable apprehension of evils to come.

Her pain of mind spurred her on to pursue the one object she had in view, with a courage and energy which she wondered at herself. The prospect of humiliation, exposure, and contempt, in lieu of homage, flattery, and envy, was unbearable. It roused in her a passion of terror: and passion is powerful.

The strange indisposition which had so suddenly seized Sir John at the Villa Chiari had suggested to her the thought that he might die suddenly. For a time that anxiety was appeased by the improvement in his health after they had first reached Naples: it was appeased, but still it lived.

Her feelings toward him underwent strange revulsions. Sometimes she told herself that she hated him with all her heart; at other times she clung to him from the sheer necessity of having some human creature to cling to. She was unable to live solitarily self-sustained, and there were moments when she would rather have been reviled in anger than made to feel that she was an object of indifference.

But, to Sir John at least, she was not the latter. She occupied more of his thoughts than she was aware of. He had not forgotten the look of intelligence he had seen on its way from Veronica's eyes to Barletti's. He often thought of it: especially as he got better, and had leisure to direct some of his private meditations toward other objects than himself.

When he thought of that look Sir John was jealous; jealous not so much with the jealousy of Love as with the jealousy of Power. He would have been jealous of Paul if he had suspected him of diverting any of the attentions due to his master into another channel. It was not displeasing to Sir John that Barletti should admire Veronica. Sir John liked that every thing belonging to him should be admired. It amused him to see Veronica play off her pretty airs on the prince, and treat him with an alternation of condescending smiles and stares of cold hauteur. But that look he had intercepted implied no playing off of pretty airs: it expressed a confidential understanding, appeal, and reliance.

Veronica had been so perfectly prudent that it was difficult for Sir John to conjecture what opportunity there could have been for the establishment of any thing like a confidence between her and Barletti. She had not remained alone with him for a moment during dinner, and she had been careful to speak to him in Italian, so that the servants might understand what was being said. All this Sir John well knew, and was puzzled. He would have been glad to convince himself that he had misinterpreted that fugitive glance; but that could not be. It was such a look as Veronica had never given him—Sir John. The man who has a secret consciousness that he has injured you is, we know, very ready to find cause of offense or complaint against you. It balances matters somewhat.

Sir John was always telling himself how generous he was to Veronica; how he humored her caprices; what a dull, wretched, miserable, poverty-stricken existence it was he had taken her from; and so forth. And he compared the flattering graciousness of her manner in the old days with the languor or violence which made up the present time. And then she teased him. She importuned him for that which he was unable to grant; and he especially desired to avoid explaining the reasons of his inability to grant it. It really seemed hard. But now there had arisen a real and important excuse for his resentment, and lo! he was inconsistent enough not to welcome it! On the contrary, it absolutely disturbed him very seriously.

Had he really cared more for this girl than he had fancied? Was there a fibre of tenderness yet lurking in that tough heart? He, at least, began to think so, and to pity himself with quite a soft sympathy. But that which was sympathy for himself became very bitter antagonism to others. After all, what had he to complain of? He did not desire Veronica to be tenderly trustful and confiding in her manner toward him! He had never longed for a sad, appealing, questioning glance from her large, dark eyes! No; but he none the less resented the bestowal of such a look on another.

He had flattered himself that Veronica entertained a due contempt for a man so poor as Barletti. If poverty were not contemptible, why then what advantage did he, Sir John Tallis Gale, possess over Prince Cesare in the eyes of a young lady?

That was an unpleasant thought. It came unwelcomed, and remained without leave. It seemed to Sir John that unpleasant thoughts increased and multiplied with amazing fecundity. One produced another.

Then, after the first fallacious improvement in his health, which had been wrought by change of air, his bodily ailments returned upon him. And amidst all these troubles there was Veronica pursuing her own aim with the blind persistency of desperation. It had never entered into her head that Sir John could be nourishing any feeling of jealousy toward Barletti.

It was not long before the latter followed them to Naples, and he was received at Sir John Gale's house there on the same familiar footing as he had held at Villa Chiari. Sir John easily fell back into his old habit of relying on Barletti for his evening's amusement; and, besides, he had a hungry curiosity to observe his behavior with Veronica. He lay on his sofa in a kind of ambush, with his shaded lamp beside him, watching the two, evening after evening, and feeding high the fire of jealous hatred within his own breast.

It required no great acumen to discover that Barletti was becoming daily more enthralled by Veronica. He would sit and gaze at her like a man spell-bound; and the light gallantry, the high-flown compliments, the conventional flattery, had all disappeared from his speech and from his manner. He was silent in her presence, or, if he spoke, it was seldom to her that his words were addressed. He had grown serious, and almost sad—with the vague sadness that belongs to all deep emotion, and that no mere butterfly flirtation ever awakens.

Veronica's feeling was less easy to read.

It was not, at all events, deep enough to be self-forgetting. Sir John coming to his evening watch with a certain preconceived idea, interpreted many chance words and looks into a corroboration of that idea. Yet even Sir John's suspicion could not blind him to the fact that, let Veronica regard Barletti as she might, the prince was far from being the all-engrossing object of her life. He well knew what that object was. But it infuriated him to think that she was possibly urged on to pursue it by the hope of one day sharing her success with Barletti.

Toward Sir John himself Veronica showed a gentleness and an assiduity that were seldom interrupted. Sometimes, however, it did happen that her temper, unused to curb or discipline, broke forth into violent reproaches and even threats, and caused him much annoyance. But then, when the burning anger had cooled a little, she would come to him again with a penitent, tender, earnest pleading for forgiveness which would have been infinitely touching to an unbiased witness.

There had been a time when the vehemence of an angry woman's tongue, and the impotent rebellion of a woman's mortified spirit, would have mattered little to him. He would have opposed passion to passion, violence to violence, self-assertion to self-assertion, and would even have enjoyed his victory. But it was no longer with him as it had been. It was still dangerous to provoke him too far, and Veronica's cheeks had once been blanched by a torrent of invectives launched at her by his quivering lips. Still, such an ebullition of passion cost him too dear to be indulged in often. He had grown very feeble. He felt it, although he would not acknowledge it. For some time he made light of his illness, and refused to see a physician. But one day Veronica made the alarming discovery that he *did* see one of the leading doctors of the place daily. The doctor came in a secret sort of way, and was admitted to Sir John's apartment by Paul.

Veronica's maid (no longer Beppina, but a Frenchwoman, the Tuscan servants had all been dismissed on leaving Villa Chiari) found this out, and told her mistress: less by way of imparting information than as a means of discovering whether Veronica knew it, and co-operated with Sir John in keeping the servants ignorant of the gravity of the case.

Veronica was terrified. She turned her thoughts this way and that way in search of help. There was no one within reach, no one to be relied on, but Barletti. What better lot lay before her than an alliance with him? She had learned to like him; he was gentle, and he loved her. The latter she could not doubt.

But yet that would avail her little, if she missed her aim and failed in her great purpose. Any secret communication with Barletti risked utter ruin and loss of all.

But on the evening of the day on which she had learned the fact of the doctor's visits the need of sympathy and encouragement became paramount, and when Barletti was saying "good-night" she gave him her hand, and, with a warning pressure, conveyed into his a little folded paper with these words written on it, "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock I shall be walking in the Villa Reale. Be there. I wish to consult you."

The moment Barletti was gone, with the note in his hand, Veronica had a revulsion of feeling. She would have done any thing to recall it. She trembled at the thought of the risk she had run. But after a night's sleep she awoke, still uneasy and frightened indeed, but resolved to meet Barletti at the hour appointed.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE VILLA REALE.

"WHY do you not write to his family?"

"He has no living relatives; not one."

"To his friends?"

"His friends! I do not know any of his friends."

"You do not know any of his friends!"

"I—I—I know a man—a nobleman, in England, who knew him years ago in Rome. I know that Spanish attaché, and the Russian who came to Villa Chiari. I know the Duca di Terracina here, and his sister-in-law, the withered little woman with the pearls. These are scarcely the sort of friends who would be likely to afford one much comfort."

Barletti drew near her.

"I am only such a friend as these," he said, "if one counts by date of acquaintance. And yet you speak to me with confidence."

Veronica raised her eyes to his sadly as she answered: "Yes; because I think you care for *me*, and feel for me, and would, perhaps, do a friendly action for my sake, if not for his."

She was not without a consciousness of the effect she was producing on the man beside her, nor without an enjoyment of that consciousness. But there was truth enough in her words, and reality enough in her emotion, to send both the words and the look that accompanied them home to Barletti's heart.

The exhibition of herself as Beauty in distress, to an admiring spectator, had a certain pleasure in it that could not be altogether destroyed by the serious terrors and troubles that encompassed her.

Barletti glanced around him with the habitual caution of an Italian (and, be it said, of a lover. There is nothing that so speedily forms an accomplished hypocrite in small precautions as a clandestine attachment). Seeing no one in the long alley of the Villa Reale where they were pacing side by side, he took Veronica's hand and pressed it to his lips. He was very pale, and there were tears in his eyes, and his voice was unsteady as he said:

"Ah, Veronica! There is nothing in all the world I would not do for your sake."

"I think you are a true friend."

"No friend was ever so true, so devoted, as I will be if you will trust me."

Certainly the words thus written down do not display much eloquence on either side. But it seemed to both the speakers that they had said a great deal, and had been talking for a long time.

They walked on silently until they came to a little pier of masonry, railed in with iron bars, and abutting on the sea. They stood side by side, leaning over and looking out over the blue Mediterranean sparkling in the sunlight. A few fishing barks flitted across the horizon. Near at hand, a little gayly-painted boat, moored to the stone-wall, rocked up and down, and the waters made a lapping sound around the keel.

White garments fluttered on the beach, where a party of washer-women had established a drying-ground. The women talked and laughed loud and volubly, and the breeze carried the shrill sounds fitfully hither and thither. No other human being was within sight. Behind them were the green alleys of the Villa Reale; in front, the blue sea and the blue sky.

Veronica and Cesare de' Barletti stood quite silent, she staring straight before her, he with his gaze upon her face, and holding her hand in his.

It seemed to him as though it were all a dream. She broke the silence. He little guessed how far away her thoughts had been from him during all those minutes. He little guessed that they had been busy with persons and places he had never heard of. He had interpreted the tender melancholy in her eyes after his own fashion.

Her mind had flown away capriciously to the old days at Shipley, and the principal figure in her musings was Maud. But she broke the silence; and in the instant of opening her lips she was back again in the present, and nervously alive to every detail of her position.

"Do you think you could find out from that doctor—I can give you his name—whether Sir John's illness is really of an alarming nature; whether he thinks there is immediate danger?"

"Physicians will not speak of their patients to a stranger," answered Barletti. He, too, was prompt to enter into the prosaic actualities; but he came back to them out of fairy-land with a sigh, and a little shock, such as we feel in sleep when a long, delicious flight on dream-wings ends with a sudden jar, and we alight.

"But you may not be a stranger to this physician! You may know him! Besides, if you spoke with him, I think you could easily discover what his impression was, without direct questioning. It would be such a relief to my mind to know."

"Why do you not plainly ask Gale?"

"Oh, I dare not!"

"You dare not! Is he harsh? Is he cruel? I know his temper is furious, but *can* he be harsh to you? These Englishmen are sometimes very brutal."

"When I say I dare not, I mean for fear of exciting him too much. You need not alarm yourself for me; nor expend any indignation, on that score, upon Sir John."

"Oh! Veronica, the thought of your being treated with unkindness is insupportable to me. Veronica, there can be no tie of affection between you and that man. He can not value you, he can not understand you. It is horrible to see you bound to him!"

Barletti's horror of a loveless and ill-assorted marriage was of very recent date. It was not long since he had looked upon the union of the rich Sir John Gale with the beautiful Veronica as a quite matter-of-course and expedient arrangement, transacted on fair principles of exchange.

"You must not speak so to me," said Veronica, in a low voice.

"Veronica, I have told you that there is nothing in the world I would not do for your sake. And it is true. But there are some things beyond my power. One of them is to feign not to love you. I *would* even do that, if you desired it, but I can not. You might as well ask me to fly to Capri yonder."

The strength of passion brushed away her small reserves and affectations like summer gossamer before a great wind. She felt frightened at the potency of the spirit she had evoked. She desired to be loved, but within a convenient measure. She had thought to conjure up a sprite to serve her, not to rule her.

Her instinct taught her to appeal to his compassion. She did it genuinely, for she felt that she stood in need of help and forbearance.

"I trusted you," she said, brokenly, "and—and—you seemed to be true and gentle."

"You will not tell me that you did not know I loved you, Veronica! You did know it. Oh, mio Dio, how I love thee!"

"Men are selfish and cruel! There is none whom I can trust. You should not have said this to me now. You should not!"

The tears began to roll down her cheeks as she spoke. He was penitent when he saw tears, but he was perplexed too. She *had* surely known that he was deeply in love with her, and, knowing it, had come voluntarily to claim his help and sympathy! Why, then, did she call it cruel and selfish that he should speak to her of his feelings? He had no conception of the kind of hopeless devotion she wanted, and would have accepted, at any cost of pain to him.

She would fain have had him behave like Mr. Plew, at least for the present, or until the declaration of his passion should no longer be fraught with risk or trouble to herself. But Cesare de' Barletti was not in the least like Mr. Plew. And Mr. Plew's manner of loving—giving all and getting nothing—was inconceivable to him. And yet, after *his* manner, he did love her with the first deep and genuine passion of his life.

"What do you command me to do, Veronica? Tell me. I can not bear to see you shed tears," he said, speaking less vehemently.

"I can not command you—I do not wish to command you. But I ask you, as a friend, to ascertain what you can about Sir John's illness. It is not a very great thing to do, perhaps. And yet it is more than I have any right to demand."

"I will do it. Tell me, Veronica, do you—are you so *very* anxious about your husband?"

"About— Yes."

"Don't frown! Your frown chills me like a cloud coming over the sun. Ah, how coldly you look! There is some northern snow in your veins, even though you have Italian blood in you. And why should you be angry? You can not love that man! It is impossible."

"I said nothing of loving."

"True. But you seem so anxious, so distressed—"

"Can not you understand how terrible my position would be, alone here in a strange country, if—if any sudden misfortune should happen?"

"Alone! You would not be alone. Should *I* not be by your side? Ah, you speak of trust, but you do not really trust me."

"I do trust you. My presence here this morning is a proof that I trust you. But I must go back now. It is getting late. I came out quite alone. I did not bring even my maid."

"Oh, stay a while—a little longer! Let me look at you, and speak to you yet a few minutes longer!"

"No, no: I must go. I shall be missed. Paul is always on the watch."

"To the devil with Paul! You are not in fear of your servant! Will you go? Well, see how I obey you. There, I will not try to detain you. But, Veronica, one word. When will you meet me again? I must give you an answer, you know; I must tell you if I get any information. Will you come here to-morrow morning?"

Veronica mused a moment. "Could you not contrive to make me understand whether the doctor's answer is favorable or unfavorable, this evening when you come to *him*? A word or a look would suffice."

"No," said Barletti, resolutely. "Not a glance, not a quiver of an eyelash shall you have! I will impart no information unless you will consent to come here for it."

"Did I not say men were all selfish? *That* is your friendship; *that* is your devotion!"

"And you, Veronica, are you not very hard with me? What is that I ask? But to see you for ten minutes away from that blighting presence! But to speak one word to you of all that is in my heart!"

"Yes: you demand the price that pleases you for your service!"

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He started back as though she had struck him.

"Signora, I demand no price. It shall be as you choose."

She saw he was wounded to the quick, and was eager to soothe him; although at the same time she felt somewhat indignant at his indignation; as a spoiled child, accustomed to give way to its humors, is startled and hurt when its arrogant pettishness is taken seriously, and resented as an injury.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said. "I am very unhappy."

Those words melted him at once. But he had been deeply wounded. He could understand tears, caprice, frowns, even fury. But a bitter sarcasm, a pitiless probing of motives, was infinitely repulsive. It seemed to him so essentially unwomanly. A woman might die for you, if she loved you; or might kill you if she were jealous. That was in accordance with the arrangements of Providence. But to hear a satiric sneer from female lips was to the Neapolitan prince almost as shocking as to have beheld a lady with a dissecting knife in her hand, and ready to use it.

"I did not think you could have spoken so unkindly, Veronica, to one who is devoted to you heart and soul, as I am," he said, reproachfully. But he took her hand again, and kissed it.

"Perhaps," said Veronica, "it will be best that I should meet you here again, to-morrow. The place is a public promenade. There can be no reason why I should not enjoy the sunshine here of a morning. I will come."

"May I not walk with you now, until you are within sight of the Palazzo?"

"No. I will go home alone. It is best so. Addio."

"Addio! I shall see you this evening. But it will be like looking at the sky from behind prison bars. To-morrow! Until to-morrow!"

As Veronica neared the porte cochère of the house she lived in, she became aware of a step close at her heels. She turned her head at the sound, and saw Paul.

"Good-morning, miladi," said Paul, with his habitual grave and respectful salutation.

"Where have you been at this hour?" asked Veronica, startled out of her self-command.

"Sir John sent me to the Via Toledo, miladi. There is no more eau de Cologne in his dressing-case, and Sir John desired to have some got at once."

The Via Toledo was far enough from the scene of Veronica's interview with Barletti.

"The sun was so delightfully bright that it tempted me out early. I have been walking by the sea," said Veronica.

She could not for her life have resisted the temptation to make this sort of excuse for, or explanation of, her having been out at that unusual hour. And yet she hated herself the instant the words were said, and swept past Paul with intensified hauteur in her always haughty gait.

"I could not think what had become of ma—pardon, I mean of miladi," said the French maid, when Veronica re-entered her chamber. "And miladi dressed herself! Mon Dieu!"

The Abigail cast up hands and eyes at the tremendous thought.

"I had a caprice to go out by myself. I went to walk in the sunshine. This January sun is like June in England. It warms the blood in one's veins."

"Oh, it is very true, miladi. But it burns one's skin. See how basané all these Neapolitans are! But Monsieur Paul also had a fancy to go out this morning."

"I saw Paul. His master sent him out, to the Via Toledo."

"Ah, Sir John sent him? That is different. But he must have made a long détour, for I saw him from my bedroom window coming from the Villa Reale."

JACQUES LERONDE.

I.

JACQUES LERONDE was a French Canadian, and as fine a fellow as ever trapped a beaver, shot a bear, or trod upon a snow-shoe. He was tall, had a fine figure, a fine, manly counteuance, with good-nature and modesty stamped upon it; a fine intellect, though uneducated—at least in book lore—and a fine fancy. He was also fancifully dressed, but the dress was not of his own fancy; it was that of the region in which his lot had been cast, and consisted of a blue capote, with brass buttons, which was girt round him with a scarlet worsted belt. The skin of the marten formed his cap, that of the moose-deer his moccasins. Scarlet leggings clothed his muscular legs, and brilliant garters of bead-work bound them under the knees. His locks were black as the raven's wing, his eyes piercing like the eagle's, his nose was Roman, his chin large and firm, and his mouth per— But why go on? Is it not sufficient to say, in a word, that he was a fine, handsome fellow?

Jacques Leronde was in love—also in despair. The enlightened reader will not require to be informed that these two conditions are compatible. Indeed they are frequently, at one period or another, found resident in the same bosom.

At the time of which we write Jacques was a servant of one of the fur companies which, some forty or fifty years ago, opposed each other with all their energies in those wild wastes of North America which lie beyond the Canadas, and which were, and still are, the home of the red man.

Far, far beyond the utmost verge of the civilized world, in the lone wilderness, lies the great Lake of the Woods; and far beyond that, in the direction of the North Pole, stood Fort Matuan. The fort was, we may say, buried there; for little more than the roofs of the few wooden huts which composed it were visible, all else being whelmed in superabundant snow, through which passages had been cut to the windows, and beaten tracks led to the doors. Winter, hard, bitter, hyperborean winter, had been reigning there for three months; but he had five months still to reign, for it was only the Christmas-time of the year, and his dethronement did not usually take place until May.

At the gate of this fort Jacques stood one evening gazing anxiously at the setting sun and the snow-flakes which fell thickly around him. He beat one foot impatiently on the ground. Poor fellow! The snow on which he stood was cold, but at that time his bosom was colder; the ice on the adjoining river was hard, but his heart was harder; the river itself was deep and dark, but immeasurably deeper and darker were the meditations of Jacques Leronde.

The reason of this is easily explained. Twice in the year the lonely inhabitants of Fort Matuan were accustomed to receive letters from the civilized world, once by the boats which arrived with supplies in spring, and once by a packet which was sent express through the country in charge of two men near the close of each year. Mr. Ogilvie, who was in charge then, had told Jacques to hold himself in readiness to go forward with the express to Fort Chimo, an outpost which lay upward of a hundred miles still nearer to the pole than Fort Matuan. Now it chanced that Annette Weston dwelt there. She was the pretty daughter of the chief of Fort Chimo, a man who had risen from the ranks to the position, if not the character, of a gentleman. This Annette was Jacques's Annette, his adored one—the star of his hopes, the sun of his system, the bright centre of his being. Conceive, then, his disappointment when, a day or so before the time on which the packet was expected to arrive, Mr. Ogilvie summoned Jacques to his presence and told him that a band of Indians, with plenty of furs, had been heard of in the neighborhood, and that as he, Jacques, was the best "runner" in the fort, he meant to send him out after them.

"Bot, Monsieur," said Jacques, who spoke English so broken that it were vain for us to attempt to mend it, "w'at of de wintair packit?"

"Oh, I'll find some one else to take it on to Fort Chimo," replied Mr. Ogilvie; "the furs are of more importance. Our opponents are sure to get scent of them; so look sharp, and be off as fast as you can. Take Flinn with you, and be sure to turn your snow-shoes the wrong way."

"Oui, Monsieur," said Jacques, as he left the room crest-fallen, and wished with all his heart that he had not been the "best runner" at the fort.

That evening, in company with Flinn, Jacques started off, each man dragging a small sledge. They had not walked more than eight or ten miles when they came upon the Indian camp, and the sight that met their eyes caused them to look at each other in dismay, for the Indians were all lying about the fires in a state of helpless intoxication. The opposition fur-traders had reached the camp before them, and, of course, not a fur worth having remained. At least so they thought, but in this matter also Flinn and Jacques were mistaken; for no sooner did they appear than an old chief, who had purposely kept himself as sober as he could, staggered toward them, and said, while he swayed to and fro, blinking like an owl, and assuming a look of ineffable gravity, "My white children are welcome."

"Some other white children have been welcomed before us, it would seem," replied Flinn, somewhat sternly, in the Indian language, which he spoke fully better than his own.

"They have been here," said the old chief, drawing himself up, and extending his hand, while he spoke with the dignity peculiar to his race; "but the red men gave—hic—them no welcome. As the sun rises in a fog, so the red men showed their faces—hic—to their white visitors. But my white children of—hic—Fort Matuan see the sun clear as at noonday. They had fire-water; we could not refuse it; but we—hic—kept back all the good furs" (here he endeavored to look very knowing, but only succeeded in looking idiotic) "f-for our white—hic—children of Fort Matuan."

At this point, being apparently unable to concentrate his faculties any longer, the old chief turned slowly round, staggered gravely to his tent, and flinging himself on a buffalo-robe, fell fast asleep almost immediately.

"If him speak de troot, dat be good," said Jacques, as he and his companion blew up the embers of the fire in the chief's tent, and made themselves comfortable for the night.

An old squaw, who had partially recovered from the effects of the fire-water, soon afterward woke up, and assured the traders that they had only sold the worst of their furs to the other party, who had gone off supposing they had got all; but in reality they kept the best furs for their particular friends—the men of Fort Matuan.

Much delighted to learn this, the two traders sat down to smoke their pipes; and Jacques, who was somewhat talkative, gave his comrade a long account of a surly old uncle in Montreal—his only relative—who was said to be rich, and who was always writing letters inviting him to go to Canada and live with him.

"An' why don't ee go?" asked Flinn.

"Forcause me no live on nobody, s' long 's can vork for meself."

"More fool you," said Flinn, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, rolling himself in his blanket, and going to sleep.

Jacques sighed, followed his comrade's example, and dreamed of Annette. Being an enthusiastic trader, he dreamed of furs also, and he thought more than once in his dreams of what the missionary had said—that perhaps good might come of his disappointment.

II.

CHRISTMAS-DAY dawned; but there was no holiday for Jacques or Flinn. These energetic men spent the day in trading for the furs which the Indians had reserved. Toward the afternoon they set out on their return to Fort Matuan, with heavily-laden sledges and light hearts; for, in addition to the success that they had in securing a large quantity of valuable furs, Jacques now began to hope that he might, after all, be back in time to be the bearer of the winter packet to Fort Chimo.

In order to shorten the road they made a détour when leaving the Indian camp, and came down upon a frozen river. At a very lonely-looking and rugged part of the bank they were surprised to observe a thin wreath of smoke curling above the trees. Hastening to the spot they found a man, the embodiment of a living skeleton, lying beside a fire, and another man—scarcely less emaciated than the first—sitting beside him with his face buried in his hands. A glance convinced the traders that they were not Indians.

"Starving," observed Jacques to his comrade, with a look of compassion, as they hastened forward.

The man seated by the fire heard the sound, looked up, and, with an exclamation of "God be praised!" fell back in a state of insensibility.

"Must have been far gone, poor fellow, to faint so easy," said Flinn, stooping over him. "Hallo! what have we here?" he added, pulling a box from under a blanket. "I say, Jacques, why, here's the—*the packet!*"

"Nevair mind de packit," said Jacques, earnestly; "come, lend one hand."

Nothing more was said while the two men busied themselves about the unfortunate travelers, neither of whom was able to speak distinctly for some time; but when Jacques had roused up the fire until it roared again, and Flinn had brewed and administered a cup of hot tea, the tongue of one of them was loosed, and by slow degrees he told his tale. They had been sent off with the packet three weeks before, and would have reached Fort Matuan four or five days sooner had not his companion fallen and broken his leg. He had put him on the sledge along with the packet, and dragged him over the snow as fast as he could; but the snow was deep, and the way rugged. Provisions had failed. Animals were scarce at that time of the year. Day after day he had toiled on in the hope of falling in with Indians or reaching the fort. At last his strength had given way, and he had stopped to die! He had expected, he said, that they would both die that day—Christmas-day!

We need not say that Jacques and Flinn quickly transferred their furs to a place of hiding—put them in "cache," as fur-traders term it—and, lashing the half-starved men on the sledges, dragged them and the packet into Fort Matuan before that Christmas-day was ended.

We will not pause to tell of the delight experienced by those self-banished fur-traders when they wrenched off the lid of the box with trembling, eager hands, and tore open letters which had been written months before, and which contained the latest news of the loved ones "at home." Before Mr. Ogilvie had perused many lines of his dispatch from head-quarters, he summoned Leronde.

"I am desired, Jacques, to forward the letters and papers for Fort Chimo without a moment's delay. Get ready, therefore, to start to-night."

"Oui, Monsieur."

Jacques's manner was not now dejected.

"And here, Jacques, is a letter for yourself."

"From mes onkle, 'spose," said Jacques, as he received the epistle, and examined it with some interest. "Non," he added, "him's not dirty nuff for onkle's lettre."

"You can find that out at your leisure; meanwhile, be off, and tell Flinn he is to accompany you. Sorry to be obliged to make you work all the Christmas holidays; but it can't be helped."

Although the order had been given to get ready for a start that night, the men were not dispatched until the following morning, when, with the packet and their blankets and provisions lashed to a small sledge, they left the fort, and turned their faces northward.

They had a hard struggle to reach the fort in time, and on the last day were obliged to walk fully thirty miles; but they accomplished their object, and arrived late in the evening, just as the inmates had reached the height and full swing of what they termed a jollification. That outlandish fort was inhabited by Mr. Weston, the commandant, two clerks, an interpreter, and six men. These, with six Indian men, four Indian women, and the fair Annette—in fact, the entire population of the region—were, when the travelers arrived, dancing in the hall to the tones of a "home-made" violin, and a kettle-drum.

Those whose duty it is to correspond with men who dwell in the outlandish places of the earth would, perhaps, increase the length of their epistles in future, did they but witness the burst of joy with which the arrival of a "packet" is hailed in the Far North. Jacques opened the door of the "hall," and thrust his head in. Some of the dancers did not happen to know him; but they knew that he was a stranger. A *new face* was before them—a sight that had not greeted their eyes for such a length of time that it sent a thrill to their hearts. They also knew, instantly, that the new-comer must be the bearer of the packet; and, incontinently, a rush was made at him. For a few minutes he and Flinn were overwhelmed, almost embraced; but the opening of the packet diverted the current, and allowed the tired men to look about them.

Need we say that Jacques looked for Annette? Their eyes met, and those of the latter fell, as she advanced, blushing to the roots of her glossy hair, to welcome her lover. Well was it for both of them at that time that all the "white men" of the fort were absorbed in "news from home;" each exclusively intent on his own epistle, yet desperately, irresistibly anxious to read scraps aloud, and crave the sympathy of his fellows.

The lovers retired to a room which opened off the hall, where they confided to each other their mutual hopes and sorrows.

"Father won't let me marry you, Jacques," murmured Annette, sadly.

Jacques kissed her with as little noise as possible, and said, "Him must!"

"But I assure you he won't. He is kind and good, but very determined. He says you are too poor."

"Ah, me! an' hims would make me poorer, by taking you from me."

Hereupon Jacques sighed, and so did Annette; after which they— But it is not necessary to say more; enough has been said to show the hopeless case of the unfortunate pair.

Despite his sorrows Jacques danced that night with as much vigor as if he had walked only thirty yards instead of thirty miles; and he, with his friends and the Indians, kept it up till early morning, inspirited by the music of the drum and violin, and inspired only by tea!

Next morning Jacques, being a bold man, made a formal proposal to Mr. Weston for the hand of his pretty daughter.

"No, Jacques," said Mr. Weston, firmly; "you are not in a position to marry. You have no money. Annette can not live on air."

"Ah! Monsieur, bot I can vork."

"Very true, Jacques; but you must work to some purpose, before I can let you have my daughter. It will be time enough to think of her, when you have made some money. Besides, Annette is yet very young."

"Ah!—oui, Monsieur, an' bootiful!"

"Well, I believe she is," said Mr. Weston, with a laugh. "However, the thing is impossible. I'm sorry to refuse you, Jacques, for I believe you to be a good fellow."

"Bot, Monsieur," urged the disconsolate suitor, "she doos love me! Her felicity vill—"

"Come," interrupted Mr. Weston, sternly, "enough has been said. We will drop the subject; it is a disagreeable one."

Poor Jacques sighed heavily, and rose to quit the room; but, stopping suddenly, thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a letter, which he handed to the fur-trader.

"I vill ask von favor, Monsieur. Vill you read me lettre? I can not read him."

The trader ran his eye over the epistle. As he did so, an expression of increasing surprise crossed his features, and awoke Jacques's curiosity. Suddenly he grasped the hand of the rejected suitor, and shook it warmly.

"Have you any idea of the contents of this letter?" he asked.

"Non, Monsieur—can guess noting."

"It is from a Montreal lawyer, telling you that your old uncle is dead, and has left you all his possessions, which, it would seem, amount to two thousand dollars in cash, and a small farm near the Lachine canal! I congratulate you, Jacques, with all my heart."

This intelligence was received by the fortunate man with a gaze of surprise and incredulity. For several minutes he did not speak. By degrees, however, his expression changed. A beaming smile lit up his handsome countenance, and a gleam of humor twinkled in his eyes, as he said, with an air of profound respect: "Bot, Monsieur, to retoorn to de disagreeable sobject. May I have de honor for prepose to de hand of your datter *now?*"

Need we inform you, reader, that the subject was no longer disagreeable—that Mr. Weston had no objection whatever to the proposal, provided Annette was willing—and that, when Jacques soon afterward made the same proposal to Annette herself, he found that *she* had no objection whatever, provided her father was willing?

Before that week was out, Jacques had fitted up a dog-sleigh with the most gorgeous harness of yellow leather, scarlet cloth, indescribable trimmings, and little brass bells. In this vehicle he packed the fair Annette, with warm buffalo-robes, and, walking behind on snow-shoes, drove her down to Fort Matuan. Flinn drove a less ornamental sleigh, containing an Indian girl—Annette's companion—and Mr. Weston, with one of his clerks, followed them, having resolved to be present at the wedding. The missionary was, of course, delighted to perform the ceremony; and he did not fail to point out to the bridegroom how fortunate it was that he had been thwarted in his wishes on the last Christmas-eve; for, had it been otherwise, the packet would probably have lain undiscovered for many months, and the happy issue of events might have been indefinitely postponed. Jacques gazed at his bride, and willingly admitted the great truth, that, while man arranges his plans, a higher Power directs his steps.

When genial spring unbound the icy fetters of the Far North, Monsieur and Madame Leronde stepped into a light canoe, and, leaving the wilderness behind them, went down to Canada to take possession, as Jacques was wont to say, of their "onkle's estates."

In after-years, when Jacques and Annette were gray, and their children's children swarmed in and around their dwelling, the retired fur-trader used to discourse enthusiastically of his adventures during the "opposition times," especially of that adventure—the most fortunate of his life—which occurred to him on a certain Christmas-time in the Far North, and put him in possession of Annette and happiness.

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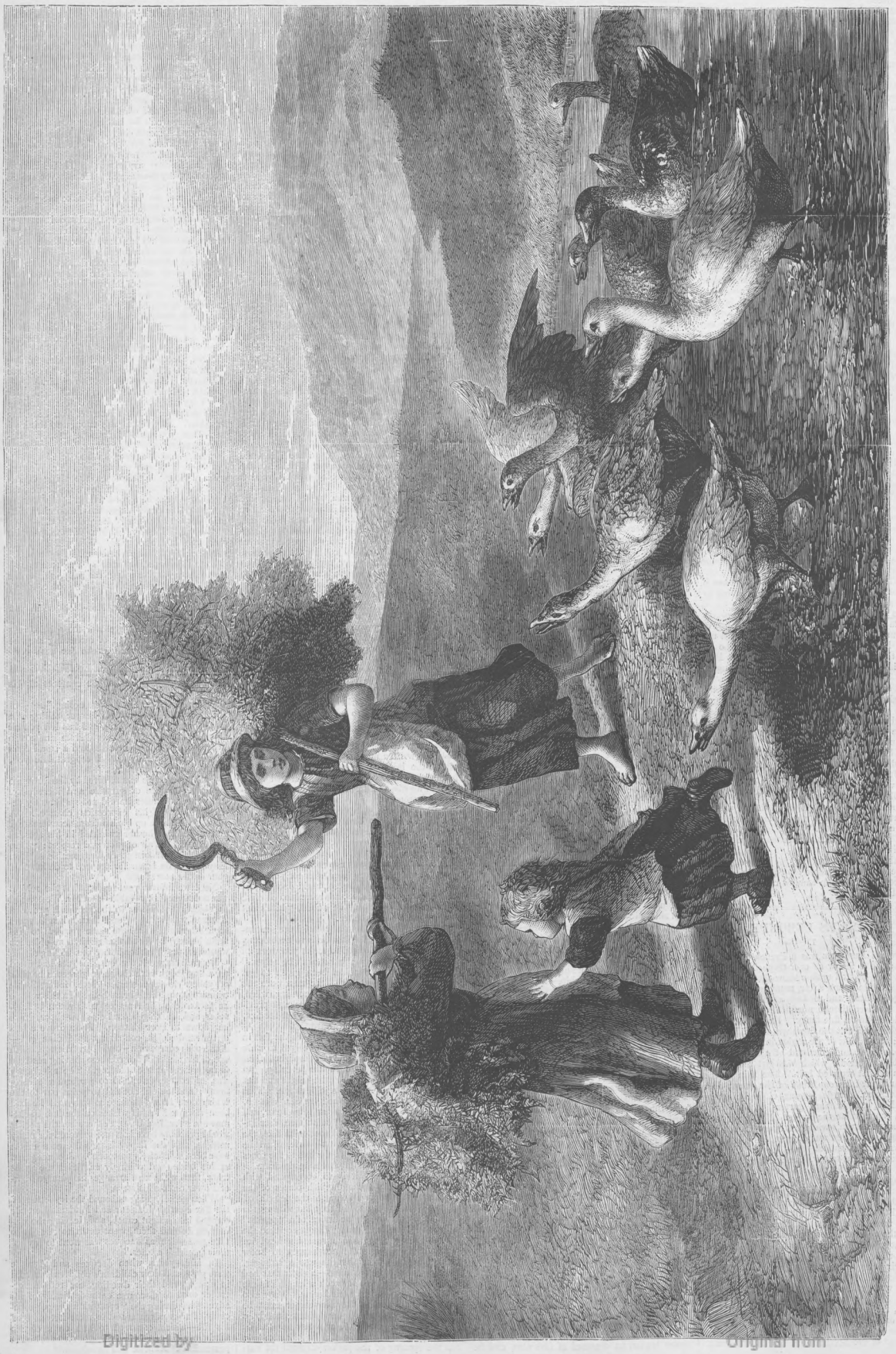

AN ATTACK.—[SEE PAGE 13.]

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QUEEN VICTORIA.

WE present our readers this week with an admirable portrait of the English Queen, who is scarcely less revered for her amiable qualities by republican Americans than by her own subjects. It is engraved from a portrait drawn from life, and represents that eminent sovereign as she appears to-day. Nearly all the photographs of the Queen fail in conveying an impression of the singular mingling of sweetness and sadness that pervades her countenance, and which only at rare intervals gives way to a cheerful and animated expression. It is said that no sovereign's face has been so often painted, engraved, and photographed as VICTORIA'S, and that a "Victoria Gallery" would fill many portfolios. In Europe the traveler rarely enters a public room without finding her portrait beside that of the reigning sovereign of the country. It is scarcely less popular among ourselves; and it is said that in the most wretched hovels in Mexico—though we can not vouch for the truth of the statement—three portraits, generally coarse lithographs, can almost always be found; they are those of GEORGE WASHINGTON, ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, and VICTORIA of England—a worthy triad of Patriotism, Wisdom, and Virtue. It should be borne in mind that the homage paid to the English Queen does not arise from a spirit of servile adulation, but from the genuine admiration which her womanly qualities command in the hearts of all people.

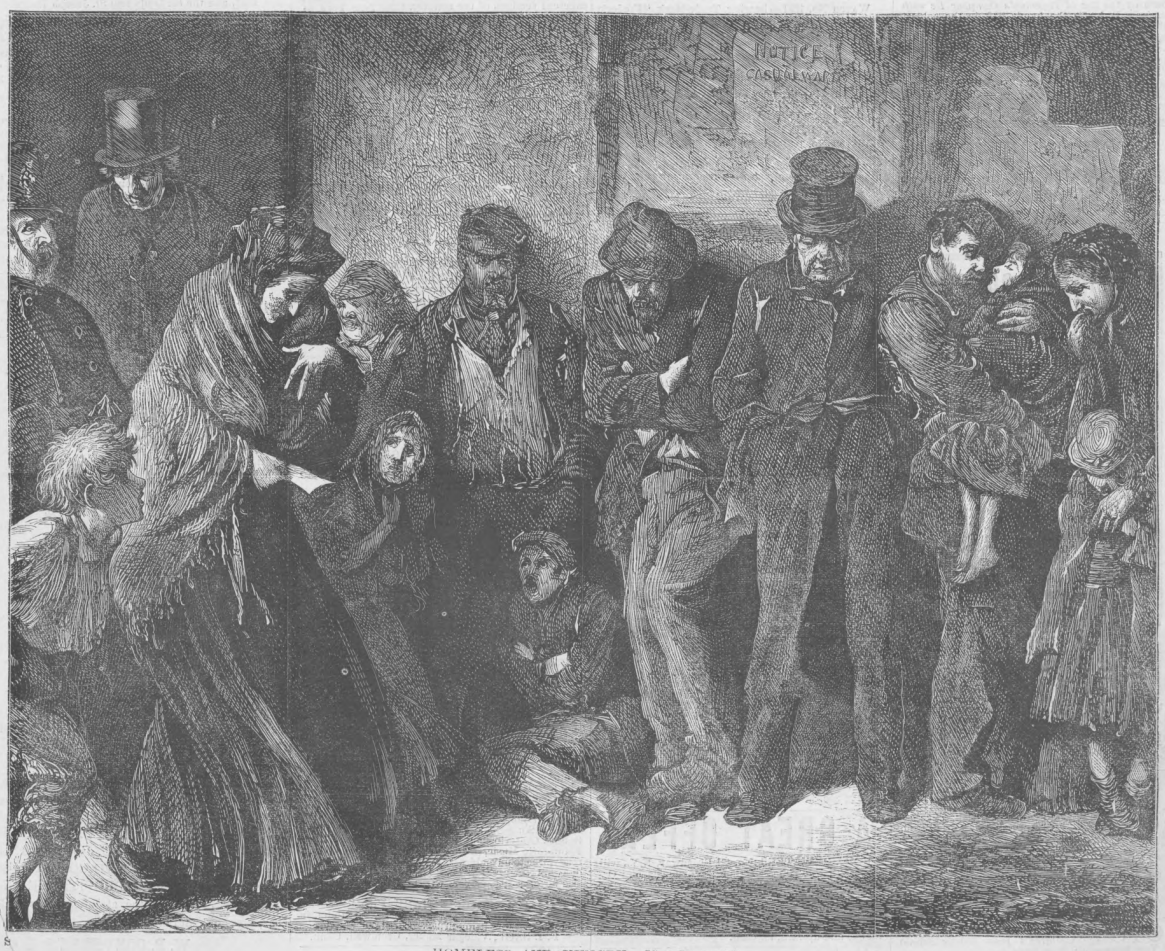
QUEEN VICTORIA.

AN ATTACK.

ALL the little folks among our readers who have ever had the happiness to pass a summer in the country, where the farmers' geese are allowed to wander by the road-side and on the common, will recognize the truth of our illustration on page 12; and children of a larger growth, who have not altogether outgrown the remembrances of early years, will doubtless smile, as it recalls a similar adventure of their own. Who has not been frightened, in the helpless inexperience of childhood, by the strange, angry chorus of hissing and gabbling, raised in evident menace by a flock of geese, straggling toward the intruder on their society with outstretched necks and gaping bills? The children in our picture have given no provocation to the enemy. They are passing quietly homeward through the pasture, with no intention of disturbing the feathered foe. The younger child has toddled on in advance, and so has received the brunt of the attack, from which she retreats in babyish terror to claim the protection of her older sister. As no creature understands better than the goose that "discretion is the better part of valor," we may be sure the flock will keep at a safe distance from that upraised sickle and determined attitude.

A RAINY SUNDAY IN BRITTANY.

THE pleasant little picture of which we give an engraving on page 9 is one of the finest works that has recently come from Mr. BOUGHTON'S easel. To appreciate fully the disappointment and annoyance depicted on the face of the fair Bretonne belle, it must be understood that the peasant girls of Brittany take special pride in their snow-white "coiffures," which are often costly as well as curious. We may not unfrequently see old point lace on the heads of these peasants, and caps so precious that they descend as heir-looms from mother to daughter; and when caught out in the rain, the women instantly cover their caps with a colored handkerchief. Of course this must disfigure and disarrange their dress; and we can well understand that, after making her elaborate toilet, our pretty Bretonne does not wish to be seen at church with her best Sunday cap all awry, and her dress draggled and wet. She evidently would like to wait in the porch until the shower is over; but unhappily, when it once begins to rain in Brittany, there is



HOMELESS AND HUNGRY.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

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little hope of its leaving off in a hurry, and there is no telling how long the disappointed belle may be kept imprisoned on the door-step.

The artistic merits of this picture are very great. The details are all in admirable keeping, and nothing of the kind could be finer than the drawing of the massive carved timber porch, which affords the necessary shelter, and which is characteristic of the old houses found in the towns of Brittany, with their projecting stories resting on grotesquely carved brackets.

THE PIONEER TOBACCO FACTORY constitutes the entire block on Hicks Street, between Warren and Baltic Streets, Brooklyn.

The main building is of brick, and is two hundred feet long, seventy feet wide, and five stories high, being the largest Plug Tobacco factory in the United States. In the rear of the factory is the Machine and Box shops, Engine-room, etc.

The buildings are all occupied by the Pioneer Tobacco Company, who own the machinery in use, including some valuable improvements secured by letters patent, of which they have the exclusive use and control.

Over five hundred people are employed in the manufactory, which is under the personal superintendence of GEORGE H. LYFORD and WILLIAM J. FOUNTAIN.

The Company have manufactured and sold during the current year over two million pounds of plug tobacco, and have paid the Government nearly seven hundred thousand dollars in taxes, being more than the amount collected on tobacco in the whole State of Virginia for the year ending Dec. 30th, 1868.

The old impression that, because a portion of the raw material happens to be raised in Virginia, tobacco must necessarily be manufactured there, is giving way to the idea that Northern industry and capital can as well compete with Virginia in the manufacture of tobacco as with other Southern States in the manufacture of cotton goods.

The Pioneer Tobacco Company is incorporated under the LAWS of the State of New York. H. W. HUNT, President; J. H. SANBORN, Secretary. H. W. HUNT & Co., Agents, 167 Water Street, N. Y., and 16 Central Wharf, Boston.

The business of the Company is thoroughly systematized, and conducted in a manner which places them among the few tobacco manufacturers who have had no differences with the Government. The reputation of the Company and their goods is known and established.—[*Com.*]

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE, SORE LIPS, &c., cured at once by the use of *Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine*. It keeps the hands soft in the coldest weather. See that you get the genuine. Sold by Druggists. Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.—HEGEMAN & Co., New York.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS should be cured, as they often can be, by a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.—[*Com.*]

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SWISS WATCHES,
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FRENCH CLOCKS, BRONZES,
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Sole Agents for the
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for the stomach is absurd. It mixes with the food, and enters with the blood in all parts of the system, and weakens every part. Stop it, and try, free of cost, WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT, at 181 Chatham Square, N. Y. A pint sent, free of express charges, on receipt of $5, or a gallon for $20, double strength.

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253 Feet Front—Iron and Glass.

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The finer grades all having three pairs **Conical Pivots, Cap Jeweled,** in **Gold Settings,** and accurately adjusted to *Heat, Cold, and Position;* and all, even in the cheapest grades, have the STRAIGHT-LINE Escapement, with Exposed Pallet Jewels, and Hardened and Tempered Hair Springs; and for our late improvement in STEM-WINDING mechanism, we claim a *STRENGTH, SIMPLICITY,* and *SMOOTHNESS* hitherto unattained in any other manufacture, at home or abroad.

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Of Derby, Snow, & Prentiss, Jersey City, N. J.

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A. L. DENNIS, President N. J. R. R. T. & T. Co.

WATCH No. 1251—bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me four months; its total variation from mean time being only five seconds per month.
F. A. HASKELL, Con. Hudson River R. R.

WATCH No. 1117—bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being only an average of two-thirds of a second per day.
B. F. PHELPS, Con. N. J. Central R. R.

WATCH No. 1037—bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me since June, 1867; its total variation from mean time being only five seconds per month. HENRY SMITH,
Treas. Panama R. R., 88 Wall St.

WATCH No. 13012—bearing Trade-Mark, "United States Watch Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me five months; its total variation from mean time being only twelve seconds. GEO. LOVIS, Gen'l Eastern
Pass'gr Ag't Toledo, Wabash, & Western R. R.

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E. RICE, of Whitney & Rice, 179 Broadway, N. Y.

SUNBURY, PA., *Feb.* 26, 1869.

WATCH No. 1176—bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me three months; its total variation from mean time being only five seconds during that time.
HENRY DE LANCEY, Engineer Phila. & Erie R. R.

WATCH No. 1105—bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me eleven months; its total variation from mean time being only seven seconds in the entire time.
A. H. KING, 7 Park Place, N. Y.,
Vice-Pres't Elastic Cone Spring Co.,
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UNITED STATES WATCH CO.,
Of MARION, N. J., retailed and sent to any part of the country, by **C. A. STEVENS & CO.,** Jewelers, 40 East 14th Street, Union Square, New York. ☞ Call or send for Price-List.

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There are many ailments, trying in their nature, but the symptoms of which are not sufficiently specific to enable physicians to classify them under any particular head. As a general rule, they arise from a general debility of the whole organization; but their primary cause, in at least three cases out of five, is a lack of brisk vital action in the stomach and liver. Stimulate and tone the relaxed digestive and secretive organs, and bodily ease, health, and vigor will follow the treatment. Among all the medicines which have been recommended as conducive to this end, none has been administered with such uniform and entire success as

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Its ingredients were selected from the vegetable kingdom, originally, with a view to the invigoration of the physique and the constitution, and also for their anti-bilious and slightly laxative properties. Twenty odd years of experience has proved that these herbal restoratives were wisely chosen and have been judiciously apportioned in this celebrated preparation. Not only as a specific for indigestion and all kindred complaints, but as a *household remedy for all the minor ailments* incident to humanity, it has obtained a reputation based on unimpeachable testimony, which fairly eclipses that of any other proprietory officinal medicine in use.

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HORACE WATERS, No. 481 Broadway, N.Y., will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, at **extremely low prices for Cash during the Holidays,** or will take from $5 to $25 monthly until paid; the same to let, and rent money applied if purchased. New 7-Octave Pianos for $275 and upward; New Organs for $45 and upward, for cash.

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$290 for first-class **new 7-Octave Pianos.** Sent on trial. U. S. PIANO Co., New York.

Eight per Cent. Gold

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OF THE ISSUE OF

$1,500,000

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in denominations of $1000 and $500, bearing Eight per Cent. per annum Interest, payable in Gold on the 15th of February and August, in each year, in New York, London, or Frankfort-on-the-Main, at the holder's option, free of U. S. Taxes. The interest for six months on $1000 Bond is payable as follows:

In New York.....$40 Gold.
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In Frankfort-on-the-Main. 100 Florins.

On a $500 Bond, one half these amounts, respectively.

These Bonds have thirty years to run from August 14, 1869, payable at maturity, in Gold, in the City of New York: are Coupon Bonds, but can be registered, or converted into Registered Bonds.

They are secured by a first and only mortgage on 111 miles of the Company's Road, from St. Joseph, Mo., to Marysville, Kansas, known as the Eastern Division of the Company's main line, which runs *from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney, on the Union Pacific Road,* including the Company's equipments, rolling stock now owned or hereafter possessed, rights of way, franchises, real estate, and personal property in Doniphan, Brown, Nemaha, and Marshall Counties, Kansas, now owned or which the Company may acquire by reason of the extension of their line to the City of Marysville.

This mortgage is executed to the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company as Trustees. At the same time, the whole issue of $1,500,000 Bonds have been executed by the Railroad Company, placed in the custody of the Trustees, who have absolute possession, and *can only issue them,* or their proceeds, in accordance with the terms of the Mortgage Deed, which is *upon a completed road,* and then only at the rate of $12,000 per mile.

Bonds, to be valid, must be countersigned by the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company.

The rate per mile of a completed road, which is mortgaged to secure these Bonds at their par value, is **$13,500,** while the *actual cost* of construction and equipment is more than double this amount.

This line is mainly the extension of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, with its connections North and East, and the St. Louis and St. Joseph Railroad, with its connections South and East, both lines converging at St. Joseph and connecting at once with the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad, running West, through Eastern Kansas, into the heart of Nebraska, where it connects with the Union Pacific Railroad at the City of Fort Kearney, making the shortest route known to California and the Pacific States.

The Company's Capital Stock is $10,000,000, to which nearly $2,000,000 is subscribed and paid up by local subscriptions, which amount has been and is being expended on the road. The Company have 1,600,000 acres of superior lands, immediately adjoining the line, which was a grant from the United States Government, the alternate sections of which are selling for $2 50 per acre, cash. At this low price, the Company have an asset of value in

Lands	**$4,000,000**
First Mortgage Bonds	**1,500,000**
Capital Stock	**10,000,000**
Total Resources	**$15,500,000**
Total Length of Road	**271 Miles.**

While the only debt against the Company is this issue of First Mortgage Bonds, amounting to $1,500,000—all that can be issued.

A large portion of the road West from St. Joseph is now in successful operation, showing earnings, per mile, sufficient to meet the interest liabilities on this loan.

A Branch Company is building a line from this road to the Kansas Pacific Road, thereby giving a direct route to Denver City.

We are authorized to offer these Eight per Cent First Mortgage Bonds at 97½ and accrued interest in currency, with the reserved right to advance the price without notice. Pamphlets, maps, and information furnished on application.

Bonds sent and packages received free of express charges, and marketable securities converted without commission, to parties investing in these Bonds.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO.,
Commercial Agents,
54 Pine Street, New York.

TANNER & CO.,
Fiscal Agents,
49 Wall Street, New York.

Having had all the papers and documents relating to the loan examined by competent counsel and pronounced complete and sufficient, and having personally examined the same, which we find regular and perfect, and having had our own engineers examine the road and property, whose reports are satisfactory, we do, with the utmost confidence and satisfaction, recommend the EIGHT PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS OF THE ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY as A SAFE, SURE, AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT, worthy the attention of capitalists, investors, and others.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO.
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TO ADVERTISERS.

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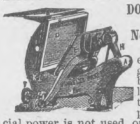

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Send stamp for specimens and premium list.
R. P. EATON & CO., Boston Mass.

THE PIONEER TOBACCO FACTORY, Brooklyn, N. Y.
(See page 14.)

The celebrated IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, "Collins Metal" (Improved Oroide). These justly-celebrated Watches have been so thoroughly tested during the last four years, and their reputation for time and as imitations of Gold Watches is so well established as to require no recommendations. Prices:—Horizontal Watches, $10, equal in appearance and for time to Gold Watches worth $100; Full-Jeweled Levers, $15, equal to $150 Gold ones; Full-Jeweled Levers, extra fine and superior finish, $20, equal to $200 Gold ones.

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We charge only $25 for these magnificent watches. All our watches are in hunting cases, gents' and ladies' sizes. Chains, Collins Metal, $2 to $8. Also, all kinds of Jewelry, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

From the New York Weekly Tribune, Sept. 8, 1869.

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The Collins Metal is the best imitation of gold we have seen. It can be made to assume all the varieties of shade of which gold is capable. In the Collins factory, at No. 335 Broadway, can be found watches, rings, pins, bracelets, and all the styles of jewelry to which gold can be worked. His diamond jewelry is especially attractive.

The diamonds are found in California, and seem to rival the brightest Koh-i-noor. They are afforded at extremely low prices, and, set in the Collins Metal, are fast growing in popularity. How a man can afford you a chronometer that is as exact as the American or Swiss gold watch, with all the appearance of the best time-piece, for $15 or $20, is a marvel to us. As they keep such excellent time, they must increase in public favor, and make great encroachments upon the sale of gold watches.

The Collins Metal has won for the originator of it a reputation as the successful modern alchemist. The dream of the seeker for the philosopher's stone seems likely to be realized at last. For if Mr. Collins has not been able to make gold out of a metal not gold, he has succeeded in imitating every shade with his metal. The composition of the metal is a secret, and no published account can be relied on as worthy of confidence.

TO CLUBS.—Where Six watches are ordered at one time, we send a Seventh watch free. Goods sent by express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., No. 335 Broadway, New York.

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[Trade-Mark of our Watches and Diamond Jewelry.]

Are manufactured on scientific principles; none but experts can detect them; they have all the *brilliancy, durability, and exact appearance of the most costly description of Genuine Gold Watches.*

Railroad Conductors, Engineers, Expressmen, the most exacting of our customers, have thoroughly *demonstrated the Strength, Durability, Accuracy, and Utility* of the *Fac-Simile Waltham Watches*, and pronounce them *invaluable* as reliable time-keepers. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Swiss Movements, $15 each; Gentlemen's Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, *Fac-Simile United States and Waltham*, $20; *Chronometer Balance*, $25; Extra-fine finish *Chronometer Balance*, $30 and $35. Magnificent Heavy Rolled-Gold Plated Watches, Patent Levers, $25, $30, and $35 each; Patent Stem-Winders, $40, $50, and $60 each. Each Watch guaranteed by a special certificate. The Latest Styles of Chains for Ladies and Gentlemen, $3 to $10 each. Sent by express, to be paid for on delivery; customers must pay all charges. Clubs ordering Six Watches at once will receive one extra as a present. Beware of imitators, as we can not be responsible unless orders are sent direct to us.

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The recently-discovered crystalized carbonized quartz, equal in brilliancy to the real Diamond, mounted at our own Factory in artistic Diamond settings, **guaranteed Solid Gold,** and sold by us at **one-sixtieth** of the cost of real Diamonds, to which they are equal in every respect except intrinsic value.

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Solitaire Ear-Drops, with Pendants	5,	10,	15,	20	" " Rings	6,	8,	10,	15,	20	
Cluster Finger-Rings	5,	10,	15,	20	" " Cluster Rings	6,	10,	15,	25		
Cluster Ear-Drops			10,	15	Cluster Pins			10,	12,	15	
Cluster Sets	15,	20,	25,	30	" " with Shank			10,	15,	25	
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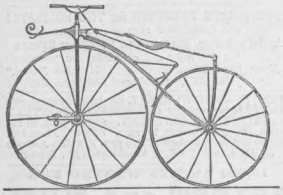

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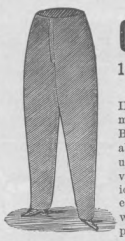

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 680.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE new year opens with the world outwardly at peace, except in Cuba and Paraguay. At home, the administration of General GRANT, which began with such high hopes, is stronger in public confidence than ever. The eager expectations of "a splendid administration" may have been chastened; for to compose the country after a civil tempest, to encourage the return of industry to its proper channels, and to pay the debt, are not precisely a "splendid," although the most necessary policy. Those who anticipated splendor meant probably annexation. It was their hope that Canada and the West Indies would fall under our control. That is, perhaps, still their hope. It would not be surprising if President GRANT himself should expect or wish to signalize his administration by an extension of the national domain. Perhaps it has occurred to him that in some honorable way Canada might fall to us out of the *Alabama* complication. Perhaps he has supposed that Spain, no longer suspicious after the release of the gun-boats, might not be unwilling to think of selling Cuba.

But whatever the President's hopes or wishes may be, his character and his conduct equally show that the country has nothing to expect but what is most fair, most reasonable, and most patriotic. After ten months' strictest observation of General GRANT in his great office, for which it was alleged that, however good a soldier he might be, he was certainly not fitted, his sturdy honesty, his natural rectitude of feeling, his remarkable sagacity and alert apprehension, have impressed the country with a profound conviction that the public welfare is peculiarly safe in his hands, and he is trusted as President LINCOLN was trusted, and as few other Presidents have been. His Cabinet, although not composed of party leaders, is evidently a body of wise counselors; and General GRANT would not be where he is if he were not capable of selecting sound advisers and following good counsels. Undoubtedly the general feeling is that the Administration has no other purpose than the public good, and that the character of its members is an earnest of its devotion to that object.

During General GRANT'S Presidency the Union will be wholly restored, equal rights secured, the debt greatly reduced, taxation diminished, and the foreign questions satisfactorily adjusted. These results are foreshadowed by the experience of this year, and without territorial extension these certainly supply real "splendor" enough to any Administration. Yet to increase the national territory is always a popular policy. Unquestionably Mr. SEWARD believes that he will be as gratefully remembered for acquiring Alaska as for defending freedom in California and Kansas. But, however inevitable the extension of our limits may be, the addition of a population foreign in race, language, and traditions of every kind is not an unmixed blessing. The consciousness of this fact evidently subdues the popular impulse that demands annexation. Formerly the impulse seemed more positive, for annexation was the political policy of a faction to strengthen slavery. Now, fortunately, it has only its normal play. And, we repeat, if increase of territory is to be added to the trophies of the GRANT Administration, it will be in the most honorable and satisfactory manner.

Abroad, there is not only peace between the great states, but there is an especial friendliness toward us. If it is to be explained by the proved power of this country and certain accusing reminiscences elsewhere, let us now at least remember that as a slaveholding republic we did not conciliate other nations, and that we have as carefully avoided sentimentality in international relations as any foreign government. The Christmas sun shines upon the English war steamer bringing respectfully to America the body of a noted American who had made both countries his home; while the best known and most beloved of all our English friends during our struggle is a conspicuous member of the British Government, which modifies at our wish its old doctrine of allegiance. In France LOUIS NAPOLEON speaks us fair. Spain sees that we are friendly. Germany also allows expatriation at our request. Austria gives her hand to us in freeing her schools from ecclesiastical control. Russia is our ally, and little Denmark, unwilling to be deceived, waits to see that our plighted faith be fulfilled.

So friendly and full of promise opens the new year. But for us its chief glory is that it dawns not only upon the Union restored, but consecrated to equal liberty and pledged to its defense. If any where in the land—in Texas, in Georgia, in Mississippi—the old tyranny asserts itself to abuse a single friendless citizen, the power of the whole is bound for his protection. Let us make that the American practice as well as the American principle. Let the cabin of the most unfortunate and forlorn of our brethren feel our protecting hand—feel that they are to have an honest chance to rise as men out of the brutishness into which we suffered them to be trampled, and they will indeed feel that the light of a new year shines upon their long night, and that they hear, as the Syrian shepherds heard, the divine gospel: "Peace on earth: good-will to men."

EDWIN M. STANTON.

SINCE he left the War Department the health of Mr. STANTON has been so uncertain that nobody could have been very much surprised by the news of his death. But there was no patriotic household in the land whose Christmas was not saddened by it, and which did not feel the singular felicity of the President's words in announcing the event—words that should be carved upon Mr. STANTON'S tomb. "He was unceasing in his labors; earnest and fearless in the assumption of responsibilities necessary to his country's success; respected by all good men, and feared by wrong-doers." A nobler epitaph for a public man could not be written, nor truer words spoken of Mr. STANTON. So true are they that there was not an honorable American who did not feel that the highest praise of the dead Secretary was the vulgar and futile abuse of the New York *World*, poured out unconsciously upon his corpse. Had Mr. STANTON devoted his great powers and tireless energy to perpetuating slavery and destroying the government, the *World* would have saluted him as a constitutional hero and a Christian gentleman.

Mr. STANTON'S services to the country during the war, like Mr. LINCOLN'S, like Governor ANDREW'S, like those of all the chief men of that time, are incalculable. It can never be known, indeed, that there were not others who would have been as indomitable and efficient in the most trying and laborious of positions; but it will always be historical that his administration of his office was an inspiration to the whole country, and that every heart was stronger and every hand surer for the consciousness of the unquenchable energy at the centre. The worth of one such intelligent will at such a time is immeasurable. Happily among the most faithful and eminent of the soldiers and civilians of that tremendous hour the country can not divide its gratitude. Its love and respect unite them. What Mr. LINCOLN thought of Mr. STANTON is well known. How General GRANT trusted and honored him the country has seen. They were worthy of each other, and the latest generation of faithful Americans will associate them in hallowed remembrance.

To the salvation of the Government Mr. STANTON gave every thing: talent, time, health, fortune, and at last life itself. He spared neither himself nor others. Controlling millions of men and enormous sums of money, not a thought nor an act, however peremptory, was sullied with a suspicion of selfishness. In so vast and incessant an activity injustice was inevitable, but it was not culpable. Such men at such times are tested by purity of motive and by beneficence of results. Nor will it ever be forgotten that the man who, in a post like that of Mr. STANTON, is "earnest and fearless in the assumption of responsibilities necessary for his country's success," inevitably outruns a limited sympathy, and appeals to the general reason. He is in too close contact with prejudices and passions of every kind to be invested with the least personal glamour. His immediate career has, therefore, a certain undue austerity of aspect which time will touch tenderly and soften into truth.

Mr. STANTON was greatest upon great occasions. With personal urbanity and magnetism he would have been a great leader of men. In the crucial hour of our history, when the President was assassinated by the spirit that sought to turn this country into a slave-pen, the spirit that jeered at LINCOLN as a gorilla, and at GRANT as a butcher, and that now spits at STANTON as a bloated blackguard, the Secretary steadied the heart of the people, and showed us all that our Government, when intrusted to such men—and only then—is superior to every adverse shock. Besides the soldiers who died upon the field, the three most illustrious victims of the war are LINCOLN, ANDREW, and STANTON. They will all rank among the most famous and honored Americans. ANDREW, STANTON, LINCOLN—the conviction, the will, the benignity of the better America. In their characters we read the prophecy of our career. By their deaths let us be bound even more solemnly to fulfill it.

JONATHAN AND JOHN.

THE statement of the American view of the *Alabama* controversy made by Secretary FISH in his September dispatch to Mr. MOTLEY is clear and comprehensive, and of excellent temper. It tells what is certainly an old story in a way which shows that the feeling of the United States is still fresh and warm, and in a way also which will perhaps show our friends in England, more plainly than Mr. SUMNER'S speech, the exact nature of "the wrong" which is felt in this country. A letter to the *Tribune* from one of the best known and most faithful of our English friends during the war, Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, written upon the receipt of the President's message, expresses his inability, and that of all our other English friends, to understand what we mean by alleging unfriendliness upon the part of England at the time of the rebellion. He states many of the facts which were mentioned by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH in his speech at Ithaca last summer, and insists that, although a party in England was unfriendly, we ought not to call their sympathy the English feeling.

The dispatch of Secretary FISH is as good a reply as could be made to this inquiry and wonder of Mr. HUGHES. What the people of this country have always felt and still feel is this—that although England may, of course, as a sovereign power, assume a neutral attitude at her pleasure, yet that the circumstances under which she did so, in this case, necessarily implied an unfriendliness toward one of the belligerents which was incompatible with fair neutrality; and that the facts prove that fair neutrality was not observed. To declare the rebels equal belligerents with the United States after a single act of war like that at Fort Sumter—to refuse the least delay of the declaration—to issue it, despite remonstrance, upon the very day of Mr. ADAMS'S arrival, and all this without any necessity whatever, whether measured by the conduct of all other nations under similar circumstances, by the precedents of Great Britain herself, or by right reason—all this was unfriendly, and however technically excused, can not be construed otherwise than as unfriendly.

This action, of course, was an immense encouragement of the rebellion. It raised a domestic insurrection into a civil war, of which England became virtually the maritime base. The destruction of our commerce and of our commercial marine, by a belligerent who had no ships and no ports and no prize courts, is therefore immediately and justly attributable to this eager and unprecedented and, upon its face, unfriendly recognition. Then, in consequence of the unfriendliness which such a recognition implies, we say, and Mr. HUGHES says it in terms, England "might have stopped the *Alabama* and didn't." Now if her municipal law was defective, and she had been friendly, Parliament would have amended it. Instead of that, however, a member of the House of Commons exults in the defective law, and Parliament cheers.

The people of the United States certainly did not suppose that Mr. BRIGHT cheered, nor Mr. COBDEN, nor Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, nor Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, nor Professor CAIRNES, of whose masterly book Mr. HUGHES makes such just mention. But the official organs of England were the Ministry and Parliament; and the Ministry, in hot haste, had issued the unfriendly proclamation, and Parliament cheered the ravages of the *Alabama*. It was a liberal Ministry. But Lord PALMERSTON, its chief, was notoriously unfriendly; and Earl RUSSELL, its Foreign Secretary, had publicly prejudged the case against us; while Mr. GLADSTONE was, at the best, indifferent. Can Mr. HUGHES fairly complain that the loyal people of the United States regarded Parliament, the Ministry, the action of the Government, and the general voice of the press as England, rather than the workmen, whose conduct was truly noble, and the few conspicuous men, like himself, whose faith in us did not falter, and all of whom we most gladly recognized? When we say that England was unfriendly, we point to the action of the Government and to the speeches of our English friends at the time denouncing it. When we say that in consequence of England's unfriendliness she was an unfair neutral, we point to the *Alabama*, and say that she might have been stopped, and Mr. HUGHES himself says: "No serious statesman or writer has maintained the contrary since the excitement of the war has cooled down."

Now we do not ask for moral damages. We do not ask that England shall apologize for exercising an act of sovereignty. We merely assert that the circumstances attending that exercise are a cardinal consideration in the estimate of her neutrality. And we are sure that any fair Englishman will not deny it. But such an Englishman certainly ought not to say that he does not understand what we mean by asserting that England was unfriendly. If the United States had declared Ireland an equal belligerent with England after SMITH O'BRIEN'S rising, would Mr. HUGHES have thought it unfriendly? If not, he has a right to be surprised that we consider the English action so. It is very true, as in these columns we have often said, that the war in this country was inevitable, and that there was good reason for a foreigner to doubt the issue. But that is not the kind of consideration upon which neutral action proceeds. That contemplates actual facts, not surmises and probabilities.

Meanwhile, now that this Government thinks the time has come when negotiations may be resumed, we hope that, if England is of the same mind, we shall state frankly what we wish. Lord CLARENDON, in writing to Mr. THORNTON of Secretary FISH'S dispatch, says, with perfect courtesy and with great force, that as the method of settlement proposed by the United States Government through Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, which was unreservedly accepted by the English Government, although against a decided public opinion, was subsequently rejected by that of the United States, the former can not make any new proposition nor run the risk of another unsuccessful negotiation until it knows upon what basis the United States would like to treat. This is not unreasonable, but it is unavailing. The correspondence has now reached a point at which the two nations are like the French army at Fontenoy, politely bowing, and entreating the enemy to fire first. The renewed correspondence brings the negotiation no nearer. Mr. FISH virtually says to Lord CLARENDON: "If you choose to leave the question open with all its contingencies, we are content." This is, of course, skillful diplomacy; but there is a better, because a friendlier way.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

MR. WELLS, in his very able and elaborate report submitted to Congress, estimates the average adverse balance of indebtedness of the United States to foreign countries at about two hundred and ten millions of dollars per annum. The particulars of this amount are chiefly the following:

Excess of imports over exports	$73,666,738
Obligations for interest	80,000,000
Excess of freight in foreign bottoms	24,000,000
Expenditures of Americans abroad	25,000,000
	$207,666,738

To meet this annual balance he states that, under the present condition of prices and cost of production in the United States, there remains but one resource, viz.: "to remit certificates of indebtedness — national, State, or corporate." "This process," he adds, "is undoubtedly adopted, and goes on month after month, and year after year, without occasioning, thus far, any marked disturbance in the trade and commerce of the country."

Assuming that these figures are correct, which appears to us to be the case from a careful examination of the report, and the conclusion is inevitable that this ruinous drain must be stopped either voluntarily or compulsorily.

If the people of the United States are willing to continue it, foreign people, when they come to possess themselves of Mr. WELLS'S estimates, will know that they can encourage such imprudence only at their own peril. In the 4th of December number of the London *Economist*, regarded in financial circles as a high authority, it is stated that speculators in our securities are considered as fully supplied. The process adopted by Mr. BOUTWELL of purchasing our bonds, and the well-known fact that our revenue from all sources exceeds largely our expenditures, has unquestionably given to the United States securities a high degree of credit, and it will be very difficult to decide when this process will come to an end through foreign instrumentality; but not only the country, but foreigners, will be able to discover from this report that our enormous receipts of internal revenue are collected with serious injury to our whole industry, and that our customs duties are made large through unparalleled extravagance and imprudence.

It is said that if we attempt to restrain our voluntary imports foreign manufacturers will press them upon the country by consignment; but it is well known that since the raid in September large losses have been made upon consigned goods, and the foreigner will now ascertain, from Mr. WELLS'S showing, that this trade can not be repeated on a large scale except with the certainty of continued loss. We hear with satisfaction that orders for the purchase of foreign manufactures have been placed with more than ordinary prudence, and we look, therefore, for a considerable diminution in our imports.

The Secretary of the Treasury, however, estimates our receipts from customs for the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June, 1871, at very nearly the same rate as for the last fiscal year and for the one now progressing, and instead of attempting to check this ruinous policy of excessive imports, seems disposed to allow it to proceed, in order to further his scheme of ultimately placing a four and a half per cent. loan upon the markets of Europe in lieu of our present securities.

An ambitious banking-house, with branches at Frankfort, Paris, London, San Francisco, and other important money centres, has undoubtedly created the impression that if the Treasury can obtain from Congress the authority to hypothecate bonds drawing that rate of interest, money could be temporarily borrowed upon them to clear the market of the Five-Twenties—these may now be paid off at any time—so that thus we should be in a condition to offer the new loan at some rate under par to capitalists in Europe. The late telegram from Frankfort showing uneasiness among the holders of our six per cents was due probably to discussion promoted by the Frankfort branch of the house in question on this point.

No well-grounded hope of changing the loan can exist until the country has developed its power under other circumstances. We must first reform our currency, stop excessive importations, and establish our whole industry upon a sound and profitable basis. We will then command

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the confidence of the world. All intelligent travelers abroad are informed by the leading bankers of London and the Continent that to begin to pay off our bonds while our currency is depreciated is beginning at the wrong end; the opinion is general among them that we should commence with lopping off our excessive issues of paper. When it is considered that our paper-money still stands at about seven hundred millions over and above the three per cent. certificates, and that the latter amount to over forty-nine millions, and now constitute, to the extent of over forty-five millions, the reserve of our national banks, it can not be doubtful that the whole total is monstrously excessive.

In our recent article upon specie payments it will be recollected that we expressed the opinion that, although the Attorney-General, in a recent letter, had stated that it was the duty of the country to return to specie payments, yet it was apparent from the tone of his letter that no steps in that direction had been decided upon by the Treasury. Mr. BOUTWELL'S Report clearly shows that the policy of placing a new loan is expected to precede that event. The time for returning to specie payments is thus indicated in the Report:

"So long as it is necessary to pay for merchandise imported by the transfer of *government bonds* or other evidences of indebtedness to other countries, so long it will be impracticable to resume specie payments. When the products of industry exported shall be equal substantially to the products of other countries imported, there will be no demand for specie for export, except what may arise from the circumstance that our bonds held abroad are sent home, sold in our markets, and the proceeds exported in coin. When the credit of the country shall be fully established in Europe, and there shall be no doubt either of our ability or disposition to meet all our obligations, bonds heretofore and now to a large extent held by merchants and bankers will be transferred to capitalists for permanent investment. When this change shall have taken place, the probability of our securities being sent home under the influence of political or financial disturbances in Europe will be very slight; and when, as a concurring fact, our exports, *exclusive of public securities*, shall be equal to our imports, specie payments may be resumed without even a temporary embarrassment to the business of the country."

The continued sale of gold and purchase of bonds in this market by the Treasury arise from the effort to carry out this scheme, by which the European capitalist is to be astonished with the power of this country. But when he shall learn, as he will from Mr. WELLS'S showing, that our internal revenues are collected with ruinous effects upon our industry, and that the gold applied to the purchase of the bonds is a contribution derived from our imprudence in imports, and that these and other follies are paid for by an export of our securities, amounting to two hundred and ten millions of dollars per year, payable in gold, the delusion must vanish.

The loss incurred by the people of the United States by pressing down the price of gold without any corresponding reduction of the currency, and with the certainty of its ultimate advance to a price which shall conform to our paper circulation, is immensely larger than the whole amount of nearly eighty millions of dollars by which the public debt has been reduced. The loss falls most heavily upon the producers of grain, as the foreign buyer pays for it in gold, which the seller changes into currency. The loss to the farmer prevents his payments for debts incurred to local merchants, and they in turn fail in their payments to the jobber and importer. Throughout the country goods are marked down in subserviency to the fall in gold, but no expedients can animate trade while the sales of gold continue. The policy is favorable to the foreigner who sells his products now held in excess in Europe, and obtains payment in our securities, and who at the same time buys our grain at prices below those of *ante bellum* times. The planter in the South, enjoying the advantage of a staple not produced in excess, and of a financial situation of greater than usual strength, deals out his crop of cotton with such scantiness, in pursuance of an extensive combination, that his loss is moderate compared with that of Northern agriculturalists; but the expectation is quite general among them, as we learn from discussions in the press, that gold will rise, and thus enable them to dispose with greater advantage of the crops which, it appears, substantial planters are now purchasing. The depression which now prevails in all foreign manufacturing districts abroad may ultimately present a new difficulty which the South should deliberately consider. But we do not propose to discuss the question.

We feel assured from the well-known high character of the Secretary of the Treasury that he has no motive but that of benefiting the country. The time is ample for maturing a plan of Congressional action which will prevent a strong reaction in prices, and a renewal of suffering hereafter when that reaction shall be followed by the depression which must attend a return toward specie payments if that return shall be deferred.

The three per cent. certificates, which are held as a reserve by the banks, constitute the portion of the currency—if currency it can be called—upon which the process of reduction in amount may well be employed. If they were cut off at the rate of two millions a month, without substituting any form of paper in their place, this decision to diminish their quantity would have great effect in preventing the reaction that otherwise is inevitable. If accompanied with the declaration on the part of Congress that the legal tenders after, say five or six years, shall not be tenderable for debts, we should be placed on the road to ultimate safety.

The national banks—relieved as they might be in that case from some portion of taxation—would be induced by these measures to hold on to a part of their receipts from the Government for gold interest; but if this is doubtful, they should be compelled by law to do so to the extent necessary, so that the requisite amount of gold to meet the emergency would certainly accumulate in their coffers.

Contraction such as this would pay the regard which is due to the debtor interest, and would not only save us from the larger portion of the annual debt of $210,000,000 we are now incurring, but would secure what is the most important object now before us—a return to specie payments on the strength of the gradual improvement it would encourage in the condition of the people.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

DURING the debate upon the Georgia bill a very pertinent question was asked by Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts—a question which will be more pointedly asked hereafter than it has been hitherto. Mr. VOORHEES, a gentleman somewhat associated in the public mind with the State sovereignty doctrines of the rebellion, asked in his speech by what authority the United States directed a State to organize its Legislature in one way or another. Whereupon Mr. DAWES inquired whether the Constitution, in requiring the United States to guarantee a republican form of government, did not require the maintaining such a form. Mr. VOORHEES did not give a direct reply, but asked whether unconstitutional acts of a Legislature justified armed interference by the United States. Mr. DAWES replied that it depended upon the character of the acts. They might be such as to require the National Government, with all its functions and capacities, to interfere. Mr. VOORHEES thought that the judiciary was the proper resort.

While slavery was the controlling interest of the Government and determined its policy, of course the constitutional clause cited by Mr. DAWES was not quoted. It was too searching and terrible. Nothing but the conviction, which had been inculcated as of the very essence of the Constitution, that a State had supreme power over the subject of slavery within its limits, prevented the political anti-slavery reform beginning and ending with the declaration that the United States were constitutionally bound to put an end to slavery in every State. But it was felt that to do this would be too heroic a method. The country had been drugged with sophistry, and was wholly unprepared. Shall the United States maintain the republican form which they have guaranteed to each State? It was a question which, under the circumstances, was so awful, that nobody dared seriously to ask it. The original Fugitive Slave law was held to be an action of the fathers interpreting the Constitution, and to determine that slavery was recognized as compatible with republican government. Therefore, regarding it as a guarantee of slavery, the Abolitionists rejected the Constitution.

Indeed, the event had more than justified the declaration of ALEXANDER HAMILTON in the *Federalist*, that without the guarantee of a republican government usurpation "might rear its crest in each State and trample upon the liberties of the people, while the National Government could legally do nothing more than behold its encroachments with indignation and regret." The guarantee was adopted; but, notwithstanding its necessarily implied power, at the end of seventy years usurpation had deprived nearly half of the States of a republican government, and the national authority, in the hands of the usurpers, favored them with all its force. In that guarantee lay the lawful solution of the slavery question. But it could not be applied. Had it been seriously attempted the war would have begun then.

When the war ended, and the rebel States were to be reorganized, Mr. SUMNER, with great propriety and power, claimed that this clause should be the corner-stone of reconstruction. And it was made so. By insisting upon the ratification of the amendments, and upon constitutions recognizing equal rights, the United States guarantee a republican government to each of the reorganized States. If any of those States proceed to overthrow that government the duty of Congress is clear. It is clear in the late rebel States, and no less so in all the others. If the people of New York should change their Constitution so as to make the executive power of the State hereditary in the heirs male of Mr. PETER B. SWEENEY forever, and should disfranchise every man with blue eyes in the State, is it the duty of the United States Government merely to behold such "encroachments with indignation and regret," or to maintain the republican government which it has guaranteed? This is a political, not a judicial, question. Yet such an act in New York would not be more an overthrow of republican government than the slave code of every old slave State. If the United States Government, in the case we suppose, would be bound to interfere in New York under the guarantee clause, not less was it bound to interfere ten years ago in Mississippi to establish the republican form which had really never existed there.

The object of the clause is evident. It is to secure the political homogeneity of the Union. And this also is the urgent argument for the Fifteenth Amendment. The power of the United States under the guarantee was not formerly exercised because the party of State sovereignty was supreme in the Government. But with the final interpretation of the Constitution as a bond of national union, not as the treaty of certain independent powers, comes the era of the assertion of the national supervision which is essential to harmony. Mr. VOORHEES speaks for the principle and practice that surrendered at Appomattox; Mr. DAWES for those that took possession of the Government with General GRANT. The words of the first are the dying echo of the ignoble Union of the past; those of the second the prophecy of the free Union of the future.

NOTES.

THE Senate has virtually rejected the nomination of Attorney-General HOAR to the Supreme Bench. The correspondent of the *Times* says, and undoubtedly truly, that the opposition is due to "a sense of the affronts which Senators and Representatives have received at his hands." The correspondent adds, "He has no one to blame for his discomfiture but himself." This means that Mr. HOAR has refused to be a mere party tool. When we heard, soon after his appointment, an authentic story of his reply to a committee, we suspected that there would be consequences. He was waited upon by a representation of party friends, who asked him to remove A. and appoint B. "Gentlemen," he replied, "A. is a perfectly satisfactory officer. When you can show me that he is not, or can find a better man for the place, A. shall be removed." Of course Mr. HOAR knew that a man who considers the public service before party interests is not an agreeable man to party managers, and he is probably not surprised by the result of his nomination. We hope that a judge as able, learned, and upright, a Republican as steadfast upon the profoundest conviction, a man of as spotless and lofty character may be found by the Senate to fill the place of which Judge HOAR is not thought to be a proper incumbent; and meanwhile it will be interesting to see whether a Senate which declines to confirm Mr. HOAR will confirm General SICKLES.

ANOTHER illustration of the charms of our civil service lately came to our knowledge. A thoroughly trained scientific man, always and by conviction a Republican, was placed at the head of a certain office, of which the assistants must be also men of special knowledge and experience. Upon his appointment he was waited upon by the party committee—that is, by a body of persons with private axes of interest to grind—and asked to appoint as subordinates certain men whom they named. "Certainly, gentlemen, when there are vacancies, I will see what can be done." "But we expect you to make vacancies and put in our men." "That, gentlemen, is impossible. My subordinates are honest, able, and faithful men. I don't know, nor care, what their politics are; nor should I appoint your friends because of their politics; but only for their character and capacity." The next week *his* head dropped into the basket.

IT seems that it was the request of our Government that the *Alabama* negotiations should be resumed at Washington. The reasons for the request, however, do not appear in the published correspondence, nor is the assent of the British Government evident. But it may perhaps be assumed that the article in the London *Times* expressing a willingness to yield that point was "inspired." It is difficult, however, to regard such a proposition in any light that does not reflect upon our Minister in England. There is an inevitable impression arising from the transfer of the negotiations that domestic English influences are considered too seductive for American diplomacy. This would not be so, of course, if the career of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON had not been just what it was; and it is certainly hard that Mr. MOTLEY should pay the penalty of Mr. JOHNSON'S dinners. On the other hand, the graver view is that it is a subject of mutual interest; and as it could not be satisfactorily settled in England, it is but fair to try to settle it satisfactorily in America.

A VOLUME of the truest scholarship and completeness in its kind is the handsome quarto "Catalogue of the Collection of Engravings bequeathed to Harvard College by FRANCIS CALLEY GRAY: by LOUIS THIES." (WELCH, BIGELOW, & Co., Cambridge.) Mr. GRAY was a gentleman of extraordinary knowledge and cultivated taste, and with a fortune so large that he could make both directly available to the public. Mr. THIES tells us that he went early and often to Europe, and gradually acquired this noble collection of engravings. They illustrate the history of art in every country and at all periods; and are not only transcripts of beautiful pictures, but are often valuable in themselves for especial merits. The Gray Collection is, therefore, the result of the utmost intelligence and the richest opportunities; and as Mr. THIES, a gentleman of singular accomplishment in similar studies, was familiar with Mr. GRAY'S wishes and plans, he has prepared, in accordance with Mr. GRAY'S request, this remarkable Catalogue. It is undoubtedly one of the most thorough and satisfactory works of the kind ever written. It is the result not only of an exhausting study of all existing literature upon the subject, but of the most intelligent and constant personal observation in the European galleries and collections. And as Mr. THIES has very wisely added a list of the works and published collections consulted by him, his Catalogue is an invaluable manual for every student of engraving. The price of a work of such immense labor and trained knowledge is necessarily great, and its appreciating audience must be small. But Mr. THIES may have the satisfaction of knowing that henceforth he will be a recognized authority in his department of æsthetic study, and his book indispensable to every collector and student.

IN lately alluding to the State Fair at Macon, to which we were courteously invited as to a great feast of reunion and fraternity, and at which it was hoped that General GRANT and General LEE would appear in the renowned attitude of General COUCH and Governor ORR—was it?—at the Philadelphia Johnsonian Convention, we said that we could hardly believe that the flag of the United States was not displayed. But it seems that it was not only so, but much worse than so. The officers of the garrison at Macon sent a national flag to the Committee in charge with a request that it be raised. But the Committee—after a zealous debate—resolved not to raise the flag of their country because they did not wish to give the Fair any political significance! What a beautiful compromise it would have been to display the late rebel flag lovingly intertwined with that of the United States! It was surely a comical feast of reunion at which the flag of the Union could not be shown for fear of hurting the feelings of the guests!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 20.—In the Senate a bill was introduced to charter a company for another ocean cable, to be laid between this country and Holland, under concessions granted by the King of Holland. In the House, among the more important bills introduced, was one in reference to the constitutional power of Congress to regulate the tariff of rates of railroad companies the lines of which run through two or more States, also bills to abolish the franking privilege and to regulate labor contracts with immigrants.

December 21.—In the Senate the bill for the suppression of polygamy in Utah was reported favorably from the committee to which it had been referred. A joint resolution was passed indemnifying loyal owners of steamboats and vessels taken by the Government during the war. The claims amount to $398,000. In the House a resolution authorizing the President to make suitable arrangements for the reception of Mr. Peabody's remains was adopted, as was also a resolution to provide cannon for the purpose of casting a bronze statue of General Grant, to be placed on the south terrace of the Treasury.

December 22.—In the Senate Mr. Sumner introduced a new bill for reconstruction in Virginia, which, he gave notice, he should move as a substitute for the one reported from the committee. The House resolution in regard to the late Mr. Peabody was concurred in, and the one in regard to a bronze statue of General Grant was referred. The President transmitted the *Alabama* correspondence, which had been called for by resolution. In the House the session was chiefly occupied by a general debate, in Committee of the Whole, on various subjects. After the committee rose a bill was introduced to amend the Internal Revenue law, repealing the clause allowing street railway companies to add the government tax to the fare of passengers, and gas companies the right to charge the tax to consumers. Both Houses adjourned to January 10.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

On the 21st of December General Babcock, of the President's staff, who has been chief commissioner in the Samana Bay negotiations, returned to Washington from San Domingo, and laid the results of his labors before the President and the Secretary of State. A treaty has been made whereby our Government takes possession of the bay and peninsula of Samana for a period of fifty years, at an annual rental of $150,000 in coin, with the privilege of purchasing at any time for $2,000,000. The negotiations have progressed so far that actual possession has been taken by our Government, and a treaty covering the concession will shortly be transmitted to the Senate.

Advices from San Domingo represent great excitement to have followed the announcement there of the lease of Samana to this country.

Negotiations for the cession of St. Thomas are reported in that island to have been reopened.

The "Red River Rebellion" progresses. The insurgents have captured Fort Garry, near the southern extremity of Lake Winnepeg, with a number of General M'Dougal's agents. The Provisional Government of Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territory have issued a Declaration of Independence, to the effect that the people, having been released from their allegiance to the Hudson Bay Company, have a right to be independent, and that Canada has no right to coerce them as subjects of the Dominion. They hold themselves in readiness to treat with Canada as a free province. Colonel Dennis, who organized the Indians in support of Governor M'Dougal, is said to have disbanded his forces.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported that the British man-of-war *Deer Hound* was recently wrecked while on a voyage from Athens to Malta, and Sir Stafford Northcote, formerly British Secretary of State for India, who was on board, is believed to have perished.

A bill has been drafted, and will be introduced in the British Parliament at the next session, to enable British subjects to divest themselves of national allegiance. This is stated in connection with the question of American naturalization.

The *Monarch*, with the remains of Mr. Peabody, sailed on the 21st for this country.

In the Œcumenical Council the advocates of infallibility are reported to be losing ground.

A Republican Society has been discovered among the soldiers of the Paris garrison, and seventy-four of them have been arrested.

It is reported that General Sickles has submitted to the Spanish Government a project for securing the neutrality of ocean cables, to which scheme the British Government had previously given its approval.

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TOLL YE THE CHURCH-BELL SAD, AND SLOW, AND TREAD SOFTLY AND SPEAK LOW, FOR THE OLD YEAR LIES A-DYING.

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ARGUING THE POINT.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH. (*Continued.*)

"WHAT's to be done now?" asked Arnold.

In the face of the storm, Anne answered without hesitation, "You must take a carriage, and drive."

"Drive? They told me it was three-and-twenty miles, by railway, from the station to my place—let alone the distance from this inn to the station."

"What does the distance matter? Mr. Brinkworth, you can't possibly stay here!"

A second flash of lightning crossed the window; the roll of the thunder came nearer. Even Arnold's good temper began to be a little ruffled by Anne's determination to get rid of him. He sat down with the air of a man who had made up his mind not to leave the house.

"Do you hear that?" he asked, as the sound of the thunder died away grandly, and the hard pattering of the rain on the window became audible once more. "If I ordered horses, do you think they would let me have them, in such weather as this? And, if they did, do you suppose the horses could face it on the moor? No, no, Miss Silvester—I am sorry to be in the way; but the train has gone, and the night and the storm have come. I have no choice but to stay here!"

Anne still maintained her own view, but less resolutely than before. "After what you have told the landlady," she said, "think of the embarrassment, the cruel embarrassment of our position, if you stop at the inn till to-morrow morning!"

"Is that all?" returned Arnold.

Anne looked up at him, quickly and angrily. No! he was quite unconscious of having said any thing that could offend her. His rough masculine sense broke its way unconsciously through all the little feminine subtleties and delicacies of

"THE PONY SHOOK HIS DARLING LITTLE HEAD, AND DASHED THROUGH IT."

his companion, and looked the position practically in the face for what it was worth, and no more. "Where's the embarrassment?" he asked, pointing to the bedroom door. "There's your room, all ready for you. And here's the sofa, in this room, all ready for *me*. If you had seen the places I have slept in at sea—!"

She interrupted him, without ceremony. The places he had slept in, at sea, were of no earthly importance. The one question to consider was the place he was to sleep in that night.

"If you must stay," she rejoined, "can't you get a room in some other part of the house?"

But one last mistake in dealing with her, in her present nervous condition, was left to make—and the innocent Arnold made it. "In some other part of the house?" he repeated, jestingly. "The landlady would be scandalized. Mr. Bishopriggs would never allow it!"

She rose, and stamped her foot impatiently on the floor. "Don't joke!" she exclaimed. "This is no laughing matter." She paced the room excitedly. "I don't like it! I don't like it!"

Arnold looked after her, with a stare of boyish wonder.

"What puts you out so?" he asked. "Is it the storm?"

She threw herself on the sofa again. "Yes," she said, shortly. "It's the storm."

Arnold's inexhaustible good-nature was at once roused to activity again.

"Shall we have the candles," he suggested, "and shut the weather out?" She turned irritably on the sofa, without replying. "I'll promise to go away the first thing in the morning," he went on. "Do try and take it easy—do! don't be angry with me. Come! come! you wouldn't turn a dog out, Miss Silvester, on such a night as this!"

He was irresistible. The most sensitive woman breathing could not have accused him of

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failing toward her in any single essential of consideration and respect. He wanted tact, poor fellow—but who could expect him to have learnt that always superficial (and sometimes dangerous) accomplishment, in the life he had led at ...? At the sight of his honest, pleading face, ...me recovered possession of her gentler and ...eeter self. She made her excuses for her irritability with a grace that enchanted him. "We'll have a pleasant evening of it yet!" ...ried Arnold, in his hearty way—and rang the ...ell.

The bell was hung outside the door of that Patmos in the wilderness—otherwise known as the head-waiter's pantry. Mr. Bishopriggs (employing his brief leisure in the seclusion of his own apartment) had just mixed a glass of the hot and comforting liquor called "toddy" in the language of North Britain, and was just lifting it to his lips, when the summons from Arnold invited him to leave his grog.

"Haud yer screechin' tongue!" cried Mr. Bishopriggs, addressing the bell through the door. "Ye're waur than a woman when ye aince begin!"

The bell—like the woman—went on again. Mr. Bishopriggs, equally pertinacious, went on with his toddy.

"Ay! ay! ye may e'en ring yer heart out—but ye won't part a Scotchman from his glass. It's maybe the end of their dinner they'll be wantin'. Sir Paitrick cam' in at the fair beginning of it, and spoilt the collops, like the dour deevil he is!" The bell rang for the third time. "Ay! ay! ring awa'! I doot yon young gentleman's little better than a belly-god—there's a scandalous haste to comfort the carnal part o' him in a' this ringin'! He knows naething o' wine," added Mr. Bishopriggs, on whose mind Arnold's discovery of the watered sherry still ...elt unpleasantly.

...he lightning quickened, and lit the sitting-...n horribly with its lurid glare; the thunder ...d nearer and nearer over the black gulf of ... moor. Arnold had just raised his hand to ... for the fourth time, when the inevitable knock was heard at the door. It was useless to say "come in." The immutable laws of Bishopriggs had decided that a second knock was necessary. Storm or no storm, the second knock came—and then, and not till then, the sage appeared, with the dish of untasted "collops" in his hand.

"Candles!" said Arnold.

Mr. Bishopriggs set the "collops" (in the language of England, minced meat) upon the table, lit the candles on the mantle-piece, faced about, with the fire of recent toddy flaming in his nose, and waited for further orders, before he went back to his second glass. Anne declined to return to the dinner. Arnold ordered Mr. Bishopriggs to close the shutters, and sat down to ...ine by himself.

"It looks greasy, and smells greasy," he said ...o Anne, turning over the collops with a spoon. 'I won't be ten minutes dining. Will you have ...ome tea?"

Anne declined again.

Arnold tried her once more. "What shall ...e do to get through the evening?"

"Do what you like," she answered, resignedly.

Arnold's mind was suddenly illuminated by an ...ea.

"I have got it!" he exclaimed. "We'll kill ...e time as our cabin-passengers used to kill it ...sea." He looked over his shoulder at Mr. ...ishopriggs. "Waiter! bring a pack of cards."

"What's that ye're wantin'?" asked Mr. ...ishopriggs, doubting the evidence of his own ...ases.

"A pack of cards," repeated Arnold.

"Cairds?" echoed Mr. Bishopriggs. "A pack ...cairds? The deevil's allegories in the deevil's ...vn colors—red and black! I wunna execute ...r order. For yer ain saul's sake, I wunna do ... Ha' ye lived to your time o' life, and are ye ...o' awakened yet to the awfu' seenfulness o' gamblin' wi' the cairds?"

"Just as you please," returned Arnold. "You ...'ll find me awakened—when I go away—to the ...wful folly of feeing a waiter."

"Does that mean that ye're bent on the cairds?" asked Mr. Bishopriggs, suddenly betraying signs of worldly anxiety in his look and manner.

"Yes—that means I am bent on the cards."

"I tak' up my testimony against 'em—but I'm ...telling ye that I canna lay my hand on 'em ... I like. What do they say in my country? ...Him that will to Coupar, maun to Coupar.' ...nd what do they say in your country? 'Needs ...must when the deevil drives.'" With that excellent reason for turning his back on his own principles, Mr. Bishopriggs shuffled out of the room to fetch the cards.

The dresser-drawer in the pantry contained a choice selection of miscellaneous objects—a pack of cards being among them. In searching for the cards, the wary hand of the head-waiter came in contact with a morsel of crumpled-up paper. He drew it out, and recognized the letter which he had picked up in the sitting-room some hours since.

"Ay! ay! I'll do weel, I trow, to look at this while my mind's runnin' on it," said Mr. Bishopriggs. "The cairds may e'en find their way to the parlor by other hands than mine."

He forthwith sent the cards to Arnold by his second in command, closed the pantry door, and carefully smoothed out the crumpled sheet of paper on which the two letters were written. This done, he trimmed his candle, and began ...h the letter in ink, which occupied the first ...ee pages of the sheet of note-paper.

...t ran thus:

"WINDYGATES HOUSE, *August* 12, 1868.

"GEOFFREY DELAMAYN,—I have waited in the hope that you would ride over from your brother's place, and see me—and I have waited in vain. Your conduct to me is cruelty itself; I will bear it no longer. Consider! in your own interests, consider—before you drive the miserable woman who has trusted you to despair. You have promised me marriage by all that is sacred. I claim your promise. I insist on nothing less than to be what you vowed I should be—what I have waited all this weary time to be—what I *am*, in the sight of Heaven, your wedded wife. Lady Lundie gives a lawn-party here on the 14th. I know you have been asked. I expect you to accept her invitation. If I don't see you, I won't answer for what may happen. My mind is made up to endure this suspense no longer. Oh, Geoffrey, remember the past! Be faithful—be just—to your loving wife,

"ANNE SILVESTER."

Mr. Bishopriggs paused. His commentary on the correspondence, so far, was simple enough. "Hot words (in ink) from the leddy to the gentleman!" He ran his eye over the second letter, on the fourth page of the paper, and added, cynically, "A trifle caulder (in pencil) from the gentleman to the leddy! The way o' the warld, Sirs! From the time o' Adam downwards, the way o' the warld!"

The second letter ran thus:

"DEAR ANNE,—Just called to London to my father. They have telegraphed him in a bad way. Stop where you are, and I will write you. Trust the bearer. Upon my soul, I'll keep my promise. Your loving husband that is to be,

"GEOFFREY DELAMAYN.

"WINDYGATES HOUSE, *Augt.* 14, 4 P.M.

"In a mortal hurry. Train starts at 4.30."

There it ended!

"Who are the pairties in the parlor? Is ane o' them 'Silvester?' and t'other 'Delamayn?'" pondered Mr. Bishopriggs, slowly folding the letter up again in its original form. "Hech, Sirs! what, being intairpreted, may a' this mean?"

He mixed himself a second glass of toddy, as an aid to reflection, and sat sipping the liquor, and twisting and turning the letter in his gouty fingers. It was not easy to see his way to the true connection between the lady and gentleman in the parlor and the two letters now in his own possession. They might be themselves the writers of the letters, or they might be only friends of the writers. Who was to decide?

In the first case, the lady's object would appear to have been as good as gained; for the two had certainly asserted themselves to be man and wife, in his own presence, and in the presence of the landlady. In the second case, the correspondence so carelessly thrown aside might, for all a stranger knew to the contrary, prove to be of some importance in the future. Acting on this latter view, Mr. Bishopriggs—whose past experience as "a bit clerk body," in Sir Patrick's chambers, had made a man of business of him—produced his pen and ink, and indorsed the letter with a brief dated statement of the circumstances under which he had found it. "I'll do weel to keep the Doecument," he thought to himself. "Wha knows but there'll be a reward offered for it ane o' these days? Eh! eh! there may be the warth o' a fi' pun' note in this, to a puir lad like me!"

With that comforting reflection, he drew out a battered tin cash-box from the inner recesses of the drawer, and locked up the stolen correspondence to bide its time.

The storm rose higher and higher as the evening advanced.

In the sitting-room, the state of affairs, perpetually changing, now presented itself under another new aspect.

Arnold had finished his dinner, and had sent it away. He had next drawn a side-table up to the sofa on which Anne lay—had shuffled the pack of cards—and was now using all his powers of persuasion to induce her to try one game at *Écarté* with him, by way of diverting her attention from the tumult of the storm. In sheer weariness, she gave up contesting the matter; and, raising herself languidly on the sofa, said she would try to play. "Nothing can make matters worse than they are," she thought, despairingly, as Arnold dealt the cards for her. "Nothing can justify my inflicting my own wretchedness on this kind-hearted boy!"

Two worse players never probably sat down to a game. Anne's attention perpetually wandered; and Anne's companion was, in all human probability, the most incapable card-player in Europe.

Anne turned up the trump—the nine of Diamonds. Arnold looked at his hand—and "proposed." Anne declined to change the cards. Arnold announced, with undiminished good-humor, that he saw his way clearly, now, to losing the game, and then played his first card—the Queen of Trumps!

Anne took it with the King, and forgot to declare the King. She played the ten of Trumps.

Arnold unexpectedly discovered the eight of Trumps in his hand. "What a pity!" he said, as he played it. "Hullo! you haven't marked the King! I'll do it for you. That's two—no, three—to you. I said I should lose the game. Couldn't be expected to do any thing (could I?) with such a hand as mine. I've lost every thing, now I've lost my trumps. You to play."

Anne looked at her hand. At the same moment the lightning flashed into the room through the ill-closed shutters; the roar of the thunder burst over the house, and shook it to its foundation. The screaming of some hysterical female tourist, and the barking of a dog, rose shrill from the upper floor of the inn. Anne's nerves could support it no longer. She flung her cards on the table, and sprang to her feet.

"I can play no more," she said. "Forgive me—I am quite unequal to it. My head burns! my heart stifles me!"

She began to pace the room again. Aggravated by the effect of the storm on her nerves, her first vague distrust of the false position into which she and Arnold had allowed themselves to drift had strengthened, by this time, into a downright horror of their situation which was not to be endured. Nothing could justify such a risk as the risk they were now running! They had dined together like married people—and there they were, at that moment, shut in together, and passing the evening like man and wife!

"Oh, Mr. Brinkworth!" she pleaded. "Think—for Blanche's sake, think—is there no way out of this?"

Arnold was quietly collecting the scattered cards.

"Blanche, again?" he said, with the most exasperating composure. "I wonder how she feels, in this storm?"

In Anne's excited state, the reply almost maddened her. She turned from Arnold, and hurried to the door.

"I don't care!" she cried, wildly. "I won't let this deception go on. "I'll do what I ought to have done before. Come what may of it, I'll tell the landlady the truth!"

She had opened the door, and was on the point of stepping into the passage—when she stopped, and started violently. Was it possible, in that dreadful weather, that she had actually heard the sound of carriage wheels on the strip of paved road outside the inn?

Yes! others had heard the sound too. The hobbling figure of Mr. Bishopriggs passed her in the passage, making for the house door. The hard voice of the landlady rang through the inn, ejaculating astonishment in broad Scotch. Anne closed the sitting-room door again, and turned to Arnold—who had risen, in surprise, to his feet.

"Travelers!" she exclaimed. "At this time!"

"And in this weather!" added Arnold.

"*Can* it be Geoffrey?" she asked—going back to the old vain delusion that he might yet feel for her, and return.

Arnold shook his head. "Not Geoffrey. Whoever else it may be—not Geoffrey!"

Mrs. Inchbare suddenly entered the room—with her cap-ribbons flying, her eyes staring, and her bones looking harder than ever.

"Eh, mistress!" she said to Anne. "Wha do ye think has driven here to see ye, from Windygates Hoose, and been owertaken in the storm?"

Anne was speechless. Arnold put the question: "Who is it?"

"Wha is't?" repeated Mrs. Inchbare. "It's joost the bonny young leddy—Miss Blanche hersel'."

An irrepressible cry of horror burst from Anne. The landlady set it down to the lightning, which flashed into the room again at the same moment.

"Eh, mistress! ye'll find Miss Blanche a bit baulder than to skirl at a flash o' lightning, that gait! Here she is, the bonny birdie!" exclaimed Mrs. Inchbare, deferentially backing out into the passage again.

Blanche's voice reached them, calling for Anne.

Anne caught Arnold by the hand and wrung it hard. "Go!" she whispered. The next instant she was at the mantle-piece, and had blown out both the candles.

Another flash of lightning came through the darkness, and showed Blanche's figure standing at the door.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

BLANCHE.

MRS. INCHBARE was the first person who acted in the emergency. She called for lights; and sternly rebuked the house-maid, who brought them, for not having closed the house door. "Ye feckless ne'er-do-weel!" cried the landlady; "the wind's blawn the candles oot."

The woman declared (with perfect truth) that the door had been closed. An awkward dispute might have ensued if Blanche had not diverted Mrs. Inchbare's attention to herself. The appearance of the lights disclosed her, wet through, with her arms round Anne's neck. Mrs. Inchbare digressed at once to the pressing question of changing the young lady's clothes, and gave Anne the opportunity of looking round her, unobserved. Arnold had made his escape before the candles had been brought in.

In the mean time Blanche's attention was absorbed in her own dripping skirts.

"Good gracious! I'm absolutely distilling rain from every part of me. And I'm making you, Anne, as wet as I am! Lend me some dry things. You can't? Mrs. Inchbare, what does your experience suggest? Which had I better do? Go to bed while my clothes are being dried? or borrow from your wardrobe—though you *are* a head and shoulders taller than I am?"

Mrs. Inchbare instantly bustled out to fetch the choicest garments that her wardrobe could produce. The moment the door had closed on her Blanche looked round the room in her turn. The rights of affection having been already asserted, the claims of curiosity naturally pressed for satisfaction next.

"Somebody passed me in the dark," she whispered. "Was it your husband? I'm dying to be introduced to him. And, oh my dear! what *is* your married name?"

Anne answered, coldly, "Wait a little. I can't speak about it yet."

"Are you ill?" asked Blanche.

"I am a little nervous."

"Has any thing unpleasant happened between you and my uncle? You have seen him, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Did he give you my message?"

"He gave me your message.—Blanche! you promised him to stay at Windygates. Why, in the name of heaven, did you come here to-night?"

"If you were half as fond of me as I am of you," returned Blanche, "you wouldn't ask that. I tried hard to keep my promise, but I couldn't do it. It was all very well, while my uncle was laying down the law—with Lady Lundie in a rage, and the dogs barking, and the doors banging, and all that. The excitement kept me up. But when my uncle had gone, and the dreadful gray, quiet, rainy evening came, and it had all calmed down again, there was no bearing it. The house—without you—was like a tomb. If I had had Arnold with me I might have done very well. But I was all by myself. Think of that! Not a soul to speak to! There wasn't a horrible thing that could possibly happen to you that I didn't fancy was going to happen. I went into your empty room and looked at your things. *That* settled it, my darling! I rushed down stairs—carried away, positively carried away, by an Impulse beyond human resistance. How could I help it? I ask any reasonable person how could I help it? I ran to the stables and found Jacob. Impulse—all impulse! I said, 'Get the pony-chaise—I must have a drive—I don't care if it rains—you come with me.' All in a breath, and all impulse! Jacob behaved like an angel. He said, 'All right, miss.' I am perfectly certain Jacob would die for me if I asked him. He is drinking hot grog at this moment, to prevent him from catching cold, by my express orders. He had the pony-chaise out in two minutes; and off we went. Lady Lundie, my dear, prostrate in her own room—too much sal volatile. I hate her. The rain got worse. I didn't mind it. Jacob didn't mind it. The pony didn't mind it. They had both caught my impulse—especially the pony. It didn't come on to thunder till some time afterward; and then we were nearer Craig Fernie than Windygates—to say nothing of your being at one place and not at the other. The lightning was quite awful on the moor. If I had had one of the horses, he would have been frightened. The pony shook his darling little head, and dashed through it. He is to have beer. A mash with beer in it—by my express orders. When he has done we'll borrow a lantern, and go into the stable, and kiss him. In the mean time, my dear, here I am—wet through in a thunder-storm, which doesn't in the least matter—and determined to satisfy my own mind about you, which matters a great deal, and must and shall be done before I rest to-night!"

She turned Anne, by main force, as she spoke, toward the light of the candles.

Her tone changed the moment she looked at Anne's face.

"I knew it!" she said. "You would never have kept the most interesting event in your life a secret from *me*—you would never have written me such a cold formal letter as the letter you left in your room—if there had not been something wrong. I said so at the time. I know it now! Why has your husband forced you to leave Windygates at a moment's notice? Why does he slip out of the room in the dark, as if he was afraid of being seen? Anne! Anne! what has come to you? Why do you receive me in this way?"

At that critical moment Mrs. Inchbare reappeared, with the choicest selection of wearing apparel which her wardrobe could furnish. Anne hailed the welcome interruption. She took the candles, and led the way into the bedroom immediately.

"Change your wet clothes first," she said. "We can talk after that."

The bedroom door had hardly been closed a minute before there was a tap at it. Signing to Mrs. Inchbare not to interrupt the services she was rendering to Blanche, Anne passed quickly into the sitting-room, and closed the door behind her. To her infinite relief, she only found herself face to face with the discreet Mr. Bishopriggs.

"What do you want?" she asked.

The eye of Mr. Bishopriggs announced, by a wink, that his mission was of a confidential nature. The hand of Mr. Bishopriggs wavered; the breath of Mr. Bishopriggs exhaled a spirituous fume. He slowly produced a slip of paper, with some lines of writing on it.

"From ye ken who," he explained, jocosely. "A bit love-letter, I trow, from him that's dear to ye. Eh! he's an awfu' reprobate is him that's dear to ye. Miss, in the bedchamber there, will nae doot be the one he's jilted for *you?* I see it all—ye can't blind Me—I ha' been a frail person my ain self, in my time. Hech! he's safe and sound, is the reprobate. I ha' lookit after a' his little creature-comforts—I'm joost a fether to him, as well as a fether to you. Trust Bishopriggs—when puir human nature wants a bit pat on the back, trust Bishopriggs."

While the sage was speaking these comfortable words, Anne was reading the lines traced on the paper. They were signed by Arnold; and they ran thus:

"I am in the smoking-room of the inn. It rests with you to say whether I must stop there. I don't believe Blanche would be jealous. If I knew how to explain my being at the inn without betraying the confidence which you and Geoffrey have placed in me, I wouldn't be away from her another moment. It does grate on me so! At the same time, I don't want to make your position harder than it is. Think of yourself first. I leave it in your hands. You have only to say, Wait, by the bearer—and I shall understand that I am to stay where I am till I hear from you again."

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Anne looked up from the message.

"Ask him to wait," she said; "and I will send word to him again."

"Wi' mony loves and kisses," suggested Mr. Bishopriggs, as a necessary supplement to the message. "Eh! it comes as easy as A. B. C. to a man o' my experience. Ye can ha' nae better gae-between than yer puir servant to command, Sawmuel Bishopriggs. I understand ye baith pairfeckly." He laid his forefinger along his flaming nose, and withdrew.

Without allowing herself to hesitate for an instant, Anne opened the bedroom door—with the resolution of relieving Arnold from the new sacrifice imposed on him by owning the truth.

"Is that you?" asked Blanche.

At the sound of her voice, Anne started back guiltily. "I'll be with you in a moment," she answered, and closed the door again between them.

No! it was not to be done. Something in Blanche's trivial question—or something, perhaps, in the sight of Blanche's face—roused the warning instinct in Anne, which silenced her on the very brink of the disclosure. At the last moment, the iron chain of circumstances made itself felt, binding her without mercy to the hateful, the degrading deceit. Could she own the truth, about Geoffrey and herself, to Blanche? and, without owning it, could she explain and justify Arnold's conduct in joining her privately at Craig Fernie? A shameful confession made to an innocent girl; a risk of fatally shaking Arnold's place in Blanche's estimation; a scandal at the inn, in the disgrace of which the others would be involved with herself—this was the price at which she must speak, if she followed her first impulse, and said, in so many words, "Arnold is here."

It was not to be thought of. Cost what it might in present wretchedness — end how it might, if the deception was discovered in the future—Blanche must be kept in ignorance of the truth; Arnold must be kept in hiding until she had gone.

Anne opened the door for the second time, and went in.

The business of the toilet was standing still. Blanche was in confidential communication with Mrs. Inchbare. At the moment when Anne entered the room she was eagerly questioning the landlady about her friend's "invisible husband"—she was just saying, "Do tell me! what is he like?"

The capacity for accurate observation is a capacity so uncommon, and is so seldom associated, even where it does exist, with the equally rare gift of accurately describing the thing or the person observed, that Anne's dread of the consequences if Mrs. Inchbare was allowed time to comply with Blanche's request, was, in all probability, a dread misplaced. Right or wrong, however, the alarm that she felt hurried her into taking measures for dismissing the landlady on the spot. "We mustn't keep you from your occupations any longer," she said to Mrs. Inchbare. "I will give Miss Lundie all the help she needs."

Barred from advancing in one direction, Blanche's curiosity turned back, and tried in another. She boldly addressed herself to Anne. "I *must* know something about him," she said. "Is he shy before strangers? I heard you whispering with him on the other side of the door. Are you jealous, Anne? Are you afraid I shall fascinate him in this dress?"

Blanche, in Mrs. Inchbare's best gown—an ancient and high-waisted silk garment, of the hue called "bottle-green," pinned up in front, and trailing far behind her—with a short, orange-colored shawl over her shoulders, and a towel tied turban fashion round her head, to dry her wet hair, looked at once the strangest and the prettiest human anomaly that ever was seen. "For heaven's sake," she said, gayly, "don't tell your husband I am in Mrs. Inchbare's clothes! I want to appear suddenly, without a word to warn him of what a figure I am! I should have nothing left to wish for in this world," she added, "if Arnold could only see me now!"

Looking in the glass, she noticed Anne's face reflected behind her, and started at the sight of it.

"What *is* the matter?" she asked. "Your face frightens me."

It was useless to prolong the pain of the inevitable misunderstanding between them. The one course to take was to silence all further inquiries then and there. Strongly as she felt this, Anne's inbred loyalty to Blanche still shrank from deceiving her to her face. "I might write it," she thought. "I can't say it, with Arnold Brinkworth in the same house with her!" Write it? As she reconsidered the word, a sudden idea struck her. She opened the bedroom door, and led the way back into the sitting-room.

"Gone again!" exclaimed Blanche, looking uneasily round the empty room. "Anne! there's something so strange in all this, that I neither can, nor will, put up with your silence any longer. It's not just, it's not kind, to shut me out of your confidence, after we have lived together like sisters all our lives!"

Anne sighed bitterly, and kissed her on the forehead. "You shall know all I *can* tell you—all I *dare* tell you," she said, gently. "Don't reproach me. It hurts me more than you think."

She turned away to the side-table, and came back with a letter in her hand. "Read that," she said, and handed it to Blanche.

Blanche saw her own name, on the address, in the handwriting of Anne.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"I wrote to you, after Sir Patrick had left me," Anne replied. "I meant you to have received my letter to-morrow, in time to prevent any little imprudence into which your anxiety might hurry you. All that I *can* say to you is said there. Spare me the distress of speaking. Read it, Blanche."

Blanche still held the letter, unopened.

"A letter from you to me! when we are both together, and both alone in the same room! It's worse than formal, Anne! It's as if there was a quarrel between us. Why should it distress you to speak to me?"

Anne's eyes dropped to the ground. She pointed to the letter for the second time.

Blanche broke the seal.

She passed rapidly over the opening sentences, and devoted all her attention to the second paragraph.

"And now, my love, you will expect me to atone for the surprise and distress that I have caused you, by explaining what my situation really is, and by telling you all my plans for the future. Dearest Blanche! don't think me untrue to the affection we bear toward each other—don't think there is any change in my heart toward you—believe only that I am a very unhappy woman, and that I am in a position which forces me, against my own will, to be silent about myself. Silent even to you, the sister of my love—the one person in the world who is dearest to me! A time may come when I shall be able to open my heart to you. Oh, what good it will do me! what a relief it will be! For the present, I must be silent. For the present, we must be parted. God knows what it costs me to write this. I think of the dear old days that are gone; I remember how I promised your mother to be a sister to you, when her kind eyes looked at me, for the last time—*your* mother, who was an angel from heaven to *mine!* All this comes back on me now, and breaks my heart. But it must be! my own Blanche, for the present, it must be! I will write often—I will think of you, my darling, night and day, till a happier future unites us again. God bless *you*, my dear one! And God help *me!*"

Blanche silently crossed the room to the sofa on which Anne was sitting, and stood there for a moment, looking at her. She sat down, and laid her head on Anne's shoulder. Sorrowfully and quietly, she put the letter into her bosom—and took Anne's hand, and kissed it.

"All my questions are answered, dear. I will wait your time."

It was simply, sweetly, generously said.

Anne burst into tears.

* * * * * *

The rain still fell, but the storm was dying away.

Blanche left the sofa, and, going to the window, opened the shutters to look out at the night. She suddenly came back to Anne.

"I see lights," she said—"the lights of a carriage coming up out of the darkness of the moor. They are sending after me, from Windygates. Go into the bedroom. It's just possible Lady Lundie may have come for me herself."

The ordinary relations of the two toward each other were completely reversed. Anne was like a child in Blanche's hands. She rose, and withdrew.

Left alone, Blanche took the letter out of her bosom, and read it again, in the interval of waiting for the carriage.

The second reading confirmed her in a resolution which she had privately taken, while she had been sitting by Anne on the sofa—a resolution destined to lead to far more serious results in the future than any previsions of hers could anticipate. Sir Patrick was the one person she knew on whose discretion and experience she could implicitly rely. She determined, in Anne's own interests, to take her uncle into her confidence, and to tell him all that had happened at the inn. "I'll first make him forgive me," thought Blanche. "And then I'll see if he thinks as I do, when I tell him about Anne."

The carriage drew up at the door; and Mrs. Inchbare showed in—not Lady Lundie, but Lady Lundie's maid.

The woman's account of what had happened at Windygates was simple enough. Lady Lundie had, as a matter of course, placed the right interpretation on Blanche's abrupt departure in the pony-chaise, and had ordered the carriage, with the firm determination of following her stepdaughter herself. But the agitations and anxieties of the day had proved too much for her. She had been seized by one of the attacks of giddiness to which she was always subject after excessive mental irritation; and, eager as she was (on more accounts than one) to go to the inn herself, she had been compelled, in Sir Patrick's absence, to commit the pursuit of Blanche to her own maid, in whose age and good sense she could place every confidence. The woman—seeing the state of the weather—had thoughtfully brought a box with her, containing a change of wearing apparel. In offering it to Blanche, she added, with all due respect, that she had full powers from her mistress to go on, if necessary, to the shooting-cottage, and to place the matter in Sir Patrick's hands. This said, she left it to her young lady to decide for herself, whether she would return to Windygates, under present circumstances, or not.

Blanche took the box from the woman's hands, and joined Anne in the bedroom, to dress herself for the drive home.

"I am going back to a good scolding," she said. "But a scolding is no novelty in my experience of Lady Lundie. I'm not uneasy about that, Anne—I'm uneasy about you. Can I be sure of one thing—do you stay here for the present?"

The worst that could happen at the inn *had* happened. Nothing was to be gained now—and every thing might be lost—by leaving the place at which Geoffrey had promised to write to her. Anne answered that she proposed remaining at the inn for the present.

"You promise to write to me?"

"Yes."

"If there is any thing I can do for you—?"

"There is nothing, my love."

"There may be. If you want to see me, we can meet at Windygates without being discovered. Come at luncheon-time—go round by the shrubbery—and step in at the library window. You know as well as I do there is nobody in the library at that hour. Don't say it's impossible—you don't know what may happen. I shall wait ten minutes every day on the chance of seeing you. That's settled—and it's settled that you write. Before I go, darling, is there any thing else we can think of for the future?"

At those words Anne suddenly shook off the depression that weighed on her. She caught Blanche in her arms; she held Blanche to her bosom with a fierce energy. "Will you always be to me, in the future, what you are now?" she asked, abruptly. "Or is the time coming when you will hate me?" She prevented any reply by a kiss—and pushed Blanche toward the door. "We have had a happy time together in the years that are gone," she said, with a farewell wave of her hand. "Thank God for that! And never mind the rest."

She threw open the bedroom door, and called to the maid, in the sitting-room. "Miss Lundie is waiting for you." Blanche pressed her hand, and left her.

Anne waited a while in the bedroom, listening to the sound made by the departure of the carriage from the inn door. Little by little, the tramp of the horses and the noise of the rolling wheels lessened and lessened. When the last faint sounds were lost in silence she stood for a moment thinking—then, rousing herself on a sudden, hurried into the sitting-room, and rang the bell.

"I shall go mad," she said to herself, "if I stay here alone."

Even Mr. Bishopriggs felt the necessity of being silent when he stood face to face with her on answering the bell.

"I want to speak to him. Send him here instantly."

Mr. Bishopriggs understood her, and withdrew.

Arnold came in.

"Has she gone?" were the first words he said.

"She has gone. She won't suspect you when you see her again. I have told her nothing. Don't ask me for my reasons!"

"I have no wish to ask you."

"Be angry with me, if you like!"

"I have no wish to be angry with you."

He spoke and looked like an altered man. Quietly seating himself at the table, he rested his head on his hand—and so remained silent. Anne was taken completely by surprise. She drew near, and looked at him curiously. Let a woman's mood be what it may, it is certain to feel the influence of any change for which she is unprepared in the manner of a man—when that man interests her. The cause of this is not to be found in the variableness of her humor. It is far more probably to be traced to the noble abnegation of Self, which is one of the grandest—and to the credit of woman be it said—one of the commonest virtues of the sex. Little by little, the sweet feminine charm of Anne's face came softly and sadly back. The inbred nobility of the woman's nature answered the call which the man had unconsciously made on it. She touched Arnold on the shoulder.

"This has been hard on *you*," she said. "And I am to blame for it. Try and forgive me, Mr. Brinkworth. I am sincerely sorry. I wish with all my heart I could comfort you!"

"Thank you, Miss Silvester. It was not a very pleasant feeling, to be hiding from Blanche as if I was afraid of her—and it's set me thinking, I suppose, for the first time in my life. Never mind. It's all over now. Can I do any thing for you?"

"What do you propose doing to-night?"

"What I have proposed doing all along—my duty by Geoffrey. I have promised him to see you through your difficulties here, and to provide for your safety till he comes back. I can only make sure of doing that by keeping up appearances, and staying in the sitting-room to-night. When we next meet it will be under pleasanter circumstances, I hope. I shall always be glad to think that I was of some service to you. In the mean time I shall be most likely away to-morrow morning before you are up."

Anne held out her hand to take leave. Nothing could undo what had been done. The time for warning and remonstrance had passed away.

"You have not befriended an ungrateful woman," she said. "The day may yet come, Mr. Brinkworth, when I shall prove it."

"I hope not, Miss Silvester. Good-by, and good luck!"

She withdrew into her own room. Arnold locked the sitting-room door, and stretched himself on the sofa for the night.

* * * * * *

The morning was bright, the air was delicious after the storm.

Arnold had gone, as he had promised, before Anne was out of her room. It was understood at the inn that important business had unexpectedly called him south. Mr. Bishopriggs had been presented with a handsome gratuity; and Mrs. Inchbare had been informed that the rooms were taken for a week certain.

In every quarter but one the march of events had now, to all appearance, fallen back into a quiet course. Arnold was on his way to his estate; Blanche was safe at Windygates; Anne's residence at the inn was assured for a week to come. The one present doubt was the doubt which hung over Geoffrey's movements. The one event still involved in darkness turned on the question of life or death waiting for solution in London—otherwise, the question of Lord Holchester's health. Taken by itself, the alternative, either way, was plain enough. If my lord lived—Geoffrey would be free to come back, and marry her privately in Scotland. If my lord died—Geoffrey would be free to send for her, and marry her publicly in London. But could Jeoffrey be relied on?

Anne went out on to the terrace-ground in front of the inn. The cool morning breeze blew steadily. Towering white clouds sailed in grand procession over the heavens, now obscuring, and now revealing the sun. Yellow light and purple shadow chased each other over the broad brown surface of the moor—even as hope and fear chased each other over Anne's mind, brooding on what might come to her with the coming time.

She turned away, weary of questioning the impenetrable future, and went back to the inn.

Crossing the hall she looked at the clock. It was past the hour when the train from Perthshire was due in London. Geoffrey and his brother were, at that moment, on their way to Lord Holchester's house.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LECTURE ON NATURAL SCIENCE.

LUCIFER matches are generally made of stick. They are not good to eat. If you strike them, they bear it with Christian fortitude, and don't try to hit back. The chief use of lucifer matches is to light candles, and fires, and burn houses down. They are nice toys for children, and have been known to disagree with them when sucked. Butter is made of a good many things. In London, the only ingredient which is seldom known to enter into its composition is cream. The butter of commerce is largely used to grease the wheels of railway carriages—when it agrease with them better than it does with the human beings who eat it.

"AMANTIS RES ADVERSÆ:" OR, "A LOVER'S HARD LUCK."

A Homo ibat one dark night,
Puellas visitare,
And mansit there so very late,
That illum constant care.

Pueri, walking by the house,
Saw caput in fenestrâ,
Et sunt morati for a while,
To see qui erat in there.

Soon, caput turn'd its nasum round,
In visu puerorum;
Agnoscunt there the pedagogue,
Oh! maximum pudorum!

Progressus puer to the door
Cum magnâ quietate,
Et turn'd the key to lock him in,
Maratus erat sate.

Then pedagogus rose to go,
Est feeling hunky dore;
Ille non potest to get out,
The key's outside the fore.

Ascendit sweet-heart nunc the stairs
Cum festinato pede,
Et rous'd puellas from their sleep,
Sed, habent not the door-key.

Then, excitato domino,
By her tumultuous voce,
Insanus currit to the door,
Et obvenit the lady.

"Furentem place!" the master roared,
"Why spoil you thus my somnum?
Exite from the other door,
Si rogues have locked the front one!"

Puella tristis hung her head,
And took her lover's manum,
Et, cito from the other door,
His caput est impulsum.

Cum magno gradu redit home,
Retrorsum nunquam peeping,
Et never ausus est again,
Vexare people's sleeping.

A little boy was washed and dressed one morning, and sent to Sabbath-school, being warned not to pass the small-pox hospital. During the exercises the teacher asked Georgie if he had ever been baptized. Small-pox and vaccination happened to be uppermost in Georgie's mind, and being rather too young to know the difference between baptized and vaccinated, and being ashamed to be thought ignorant, he promptly and somewhat pompously answered: "Yes, Sir: I have been baptized five or six times, but it never took."

An ignorant but conceited fellow got aboard a steamer on Lake Huron. After standing on deck a while among the crowd, and seeing the captain approach, he inquired: "What is the name of this lake?" "The Lake Huron." "Yes, Sir," replied the man. But the captain going no further, the stranger said: "Well, what is the name of the lake?" "The Lake Huron," again answered the captain. "I want to know what lake I'm on—what's its name?" "Well, Sir," said the captain, "the name of the lake you're on is the Lake Huron. Does that satisfy you?" The crowd were now smiling quite audibly, and the man walked on, muttering low to himself: "The lake I'm on, is the lake I'm on. That's a polite captain, indeed."

A Yankee editor says: "The march of civilization is onward—onward—like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass toward a peck of oats!"

A Parisian beggar meets a gentleman on the street corner.

BEGGAR. "Give me a sou, my dear Sir."

GENTLEMAN. "Will a sou be enough for you?"

BEGGAR. "Yes, my dear Sir."

GENTLEMAN. "I have no sou, but here is a ten-sou piece. You will owe me nine sous."

BEGGAR. "Thank you, my dear Sir; I shall pray God to preserve your life until the day when I shall give them back to you."

"Is there any thing the matter?" "There is, Sir," was the host's savage reply. "Have I given any offense?" "You have, Sir." "Really I am ignorant of it." "Well, Sir, let me tell you such language won't suit here." "My dear Sir, what language? We were only talking of soup!" "Well, Sir, but you said *ox-tail!*" "Well, suppose I did?" "Why, Sir, it's that very word that sent all the ladies blushing out of the room—it's highly unbecoming language—very improper indeed!" "But, my dear Sir, what would you have me say? I called the soup by its proper name, didn't I?" "No, Sir, you did not; and whenever you have occasion to speak of that particular soup again, never say *Ox-tail soup!* Say *Fly-disperser soup!*—that's the proper word, Sir."

A merchant being unable to live as comfortably as he desired, and at the same time pay his debts, failed several times in business, and made assignments of his property. Finally he died. Among those who had cause to remember him was Mr. B——, who, meeting one of his neighbors, was informed that Uncle C—— was dead—had *paid* the debt of nature. "Is that so?" replied B——; "why didn't he make an assignment?"

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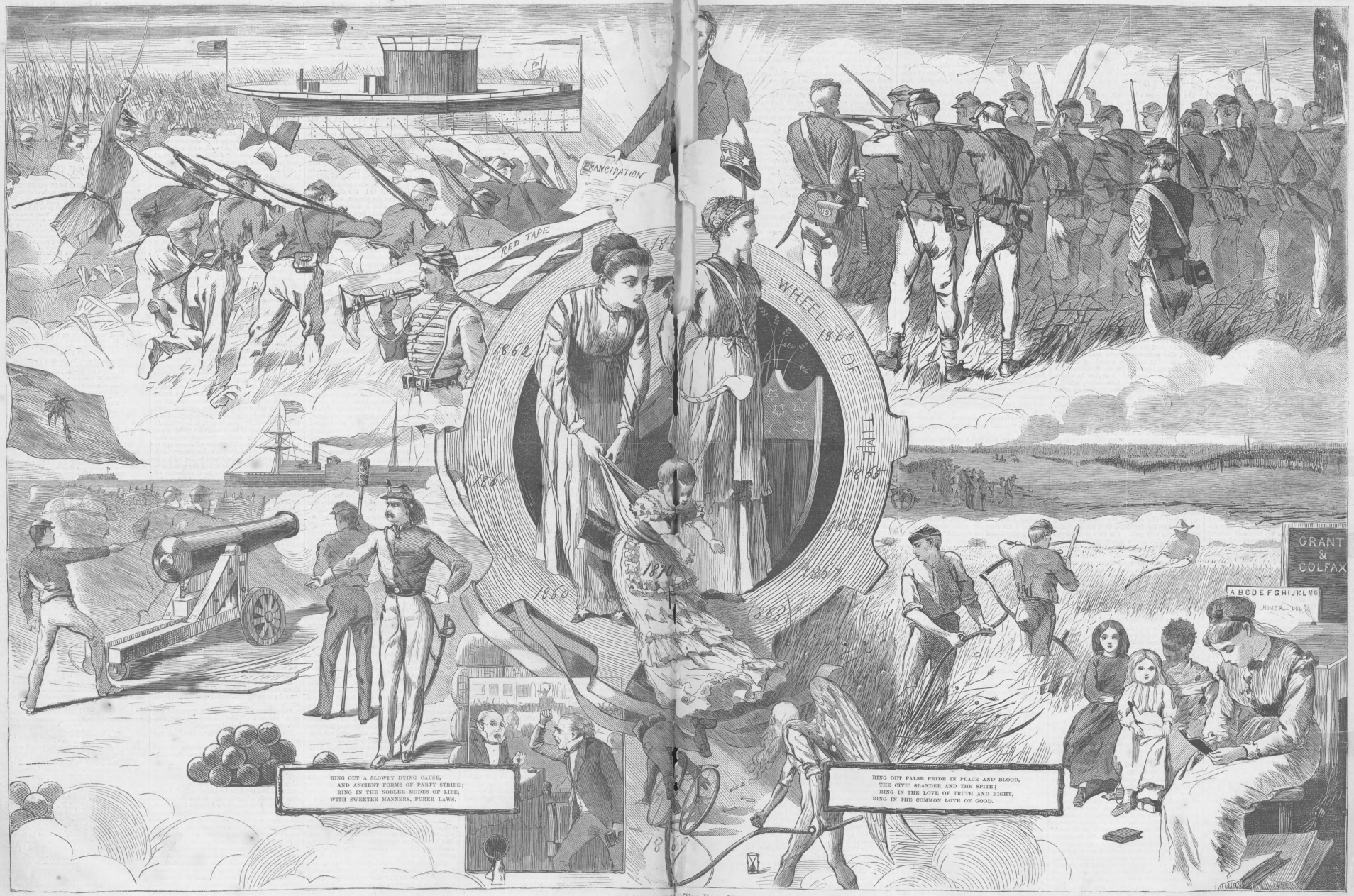

1860 - 1870.—[See Page 26.]

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1860—1870.

IN the striking cartoon with the above title which we present our readers this week, our artist gives an epitome of American history for the last ten years—a *coup d'œil* embracing the great events of the war for the Union and the period immediately succeeding the close of hostilities in the field. The year 1859 died with the shadow of war on his face. JOHN BROWN'S invasion of Virginia had roused the passions of the South; his ill-judged execution had strengthened Northern determination to resist the further encroachments of slavery. Then came Mr. LINCOLN'S election, and the fierce agitation that culminated in the firing on the *Star of the West* in Charleston Harbor and the bombardment of Fort Sumter, followed by a war beside whose magnitude all other wars sink into insignificance. Our artist, it will be seen, has aptly suggested the most important features of this great contest: the firing on Fort Sumter; the grand uprising in the North; the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac;* the proclamation of emancipation; the campaign in the Wilderness; SHERMAN'S march to the sea; the sinking of the *Alabama;* the capture of Mobile; the death of President LINCOLN; and the surrender of LEE. Following the war is suggested the progress of material and civil reconstruction, the rebuilding of the Southern cities, the construction of work-shops and factories, the education of the freedmen and the multiplication of common schools, and the general obliteration of the traces of civil war all over the land. The wheel of Time, turning on, rolls the years of strife out of sight, and ushers in a new decade that brings peace and prosperity to the nation.

FROST WORK.

THEY are the ghosts of flowers,
The blossoms of fairer hours,
I see on the window pane!
They died in woodland and heather,
But lo! in this wintry weather
Their petals unfold again.

O rare and wonderful flowers,
That bloom in these crystal bowers!
Now their splendors glance and gleam!
Now they glow where the silver sedge
Fringes the rivulet's edge,
And flush in the morning's beam.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER X.

ABSIT OMEN.

VERONICA dismissed the woman and sat down to consider the situation. She was frightened to the bottom of her heart.

Paul coming from the Villa Reale at that hour of the morning, and on that special morning, was alarming. But Paul denying that he had been there, and stating that he had come from an opposite quarter, was more alarming still! She had been watched—overheard; to what extent? How much had Paul seen and listened to? She sat twisting a ring round and round on her finger, and pressing it pitilessly into the tender flesh until a deep red mark grew beneath the gold circlet—she who was usually so sensitive to bodily pain, and shrank from it with such abject dread!

Above the great fear that seemed to fill her being, there flashed now and again a recurrent sentiment of anger; like white foam surging over a dark sea. She was angry with Barletti. Why had he chosen that time to speak to her so unguardedly? True, the appointment to meet him was of her making, but she had never contemplated having a love-scene. She wanted sympathy and service; not a passionate declaration! The passion was good in so far as it lent zeal to the service and fervor to the sympathy. The moment it lifted its voice to plead and demand on its own account, passion was a hindrance and an injury to her. It was inopportune. There might come a moment when it would be welcome. But now—! Who could tell the extent of the ruin that Barletti's rashness might bring upon her? She pushed her hair up from her forehead, thrusting her fingers through and through the rich rippling locks, and rocked from side to side on her chair.

"What shall I do? what shall I do?" she murmured, in a kind of chant over and over again, making her voice rise and fall in a regular monotonous inflection; as though she were trying to lull her terrors to sleep as a nurse lulls a baby, by the mechanical repetition.

The hours went by. All was quiet in the house. Every thing seemed to be going on as usual. It was nearly twelve o'clock when Veronica looked at her watch. She was a little reassured by the calm that reigned—unreasonably reassured, as she told herself; for the storm whose breaking she dreaded was not likely to burst forth in such sort as to startle the whole household.

Presently her maid tapped at the door, which Veronica had fastened on the inside.

"Will miladi please to dress for the déjeuner?" said the woman. She had been scandalized by the fact of her mistress having dressed herself, and chose to ignore the possibility of her appearing at breakfast in a toilet achieved without due professional assistance.

Veronica admitted her.

"I shall not change my dress, Julienne," she said. "But you can throw a wrapper over me and brush my hair. I have a slight headache, and that will soothe me."

In fact, the regular passage of the skillfully-wielded brush through her long hair did soothe her. And under its influence she was enabled to collect herself and to think a little, instead of merely feeling and fearing, as she had done hitherto.

"Is Sir John coming to breakfast?" she asked, after a while.

"No, madame—miladi; I believe not. When Paul took him his chocolate at nine o'clock he said that he was not to be waited for at breakfast. Ah—h—h!"

The woman gave a long sigh, so elaborate, and so evidently meant to attract attention, that Veronica asked, "What is the matter with you, Julienne?"

"With *me*, miladi? Nothing! But with Sir John—ah—h—h!"

It seemed to Veronica that her heart stood still for a moment, and then went on beating again with a great leap that sickened her. As usual she resented the painful sensation, and revenged herself on the maid. Veronica was a perfect conductor of pain. She transmitted it instantly to the nearest recipient.

"Julienne, you are insupportable! How dare you startle me in that manner? What do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"A thousand pardons, miladi, no; I am not crazy. But—"

Veronica saw the woman's face in the glass. It was a little sullen, but through the sullenness pierced an eager, self-important look. She had something to say, and would not allow herself to be balked of saying it by resentment at her mistress's asperity.

"Well? Is Sir John worse? Is any thing the matter? Do you know any thing?"

"Miladi, I know this much: I saw the doctor who has been coming every morning—*every* morning—so quietly slipping in and out, *I* watched him—well, I saw him this morning, but not alone. No, miladi, there was another with him—a consultation, you see! And as they were going away I heard them talking; and though I did not understand every word, I have Italian enough to make out that they thought it a very bad case. And the new doctor said to the old one as they went out, 'I give him a month.' Then the other muttered something, and the new doctor said again, 'Ah, but in this case the constitution is shattered.' And then he said—something else: I don't know what, miladi." Julienne checked herself just in time to avoid repeating to "miladi" sundry criticisms respecting Sir John's temper, manners, and mode of life, which were by no means of a flattering nature.

It did not strike Veronica that the maid's mode of revealing her news, or indeed the fact of her revealing it at all, was a proof that "miladi's" affection for Sir John was not deemed very tender or devoted. Julienne had obviously no fear that she might be dealing a heavy blow to her mistress's heart in repeating the verdict of the physicians. But that consideration did not occur to Veronica.

Her first fear that Paul had watched her, traced her to the Villa Reale, and revealed what he had heard to Sir John, was driven out; but it was only driven out by a second, and a greater apprehension. Sir John was very ill; despaired of; dying! She allowed the maid to coil up her hair, keeping, herself, a dead silence. Her cheeks were very pale. The face that fronted her in the glass was a strangely different face from that which had been used to be mirrored in her old bedroom at home. The rich coloring which had been its most striking charm had faded in a great measure. Under her eyes were dark tints that made their brightness ghastly. The whole face seemed to have fallen. There were even some haggard lines around the mouth. Her youth still asserted itself in the satin texture of her skin, and the rich abundance of her raven hair. She was still beautiful. But she was no longer that embodiment of Hebe-like, gladsome beauty that she had been a year ago.

She stared at her own image with a puckered brow, and pained compression of the lips. "I look old!" she thought. But she said no syllable.

"Dame! She seems quite to take it to heart!" thought the maid, much surprised. "Can she be uneasy about his will? But these great folks are always provided for by the contract of marriage." Mademoiselle Julienne had lived in very "good" families.

After breakfast Veronica went herself to Sir John's apartments to inquire how he was. The answer returned by Paul was, that Sir John found himself tolerably well; and would be glad to speak to miladi, if she would give herself the trouble of coming to his dressing-room in about half an hour. That half hour was a terrible one to Veronica.

Her thoughts seemed to be hurt which way soever she turned them, like a bruised body to which the slightest movement is pain. If he had sent for her to reveal the desperate condition of his health, that would be terrible. But, on the other hand, if that were not the object of this interview—if she were to be accused, reproached, how should she meet it? Resentment and defiance seemed her only resources. Reproach from *him!* That would be too monstrous! And yet the idea of defiance was frightful to her. It would be decisive, irrevocable.

Veronica had a constitutional antipathy to a clearly-marked and unwavering course of action. She loved to leave the outlines of her conduct blurred, so as to have some imaginary margin for escape from the legitimate consequences of her actions. The legitimate consequences of our actions are frequently cruel in their stern logic: and her unhappy, undisciplined nature shrank shuddering from the prospect of sustained endurance.

At the end of the allotted half hour she tapped at the door of Sir John's dressing-room; and the instant her fingers had made the sound she was overcome by an access of terror, and would have turned and run away had not Paul opened the door immediately upon her summons. He ushered her in respectfully; and she found herself seated—she scarcely knew how—on a low chair beside the sofa on which Sir John was reclining.

Their parts seemed to be for the moment reversed, for it was he who said in a tone of anxiety, "Good Heavens, how pale you are! Are you not well?"

He held out his thin, white hand to her, and lightly touched her fingers with his lips as he spoke. The words, and still more the action, caused a sudden revulsion of feeling in her fluttering heart. The blood rushed back to her cheeks and lips. Her eyes grew bright. The tension of the muscles of her face relaxed. He would not have greeted her so, had he suspected. She was safe! What a fool she had been to torment herself as she had done!

She answered sweetly, leaving her hand in his, "I was not well. I had a headache this morning. I went out early to get rid of it. Perhaps Paul told you?"

"Yes: Paul told me."

The tone of the reply startled her. She involuntarily glanced round at Paul, who was arranging his master's dressing-case. Paul looked grave, honest, melancholy, as usual.

"Basta! Go away, Paul, and don't come back till I ring for you," said Sir John, sharply.

Paul obeyed.

When they were alone together, Veronica said:

"I feared you were not so well this morning, so I came to inquire for you myself."

"How considerate you are!" said Sir John, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking at her from beneath that shelter.

It was not unusual with him to adopt a sneering tone, even in his best humors. But the ring of his voice now seemed to Veronica falser than usual. It might be that this was the effect of the fear which had left her nerves sensitive and quivering. At all events she would not display any mistrust of him at this moment.

"*Are* you feeling stronger this morning?" she asked.

"Stronger? Yes. Oh yes, certainly: a good deal stronger. Had you any reason for supposing the contrary?"

For a moment she hesitated in a little embarrassment. Then she answered, "My reason was, as I told you, that you did not come to breakfast."

"Ah yes: true! Of course. But now—tell me—you were out early this morning, you say?"

"Yes."

She began to play with a string of amber beads that hung round her neck, and she shifted her chair a little.

"You are not comfortable," said Sir John, still watching her from beneath his hand.

"The—the light. There is such a glare."

"Ah, the light? Yes: when one has such a headache as yours—or even has had such a headache—the light *is* disagreeable. I am ashamed that you should have the trouble of moving that chair for yourself. But you see what a helpless creature I am—comparatively, that is: for the fact is, I am stronger, really stronger. Your kind anxiety about me does me good. It acts as a cordial."

"Then you do care for my kindness still?" she said, glancing at him, and then letting her eyes fall again immediately.

"Care for it! What else have I to care for, Veronica? It is every thing to me. And it is so precious, so infinitely precious, in itself!"

She knelt down beside him. Her hand was still twisted in the string of amber beads, and she played with them nervously as she spoke. "And why do you not secure it, this kindness that you value, forever? Why do you not relieve me from the suspense that—I confess it—makes my temper fretful and my spirits dull at times?"

"You do not doubt me, Veronica?"

"No, no. But suspense and procrastination are wearing."

"You do trust me?"

"Yes."

"You trust me as—as I trust you. And you shall find that your confidence will meet with its deserts. Do you know what news I heard yesterday?"

"No. News? News from England?"

"Don't excite yourself. You will make your headache worse."

"Oh, my headache is gone."

"Ay, but it may come back. It is of a kind that may return at any moment."

Still the old sneer in his tone! And something subdued and *lurking* in his whole manner that she could not define to herself, but that made its impression upon her.

"Your news! Did you send for me to tell it to me?"

"Y—yes, partly, mia cara."

"Speak then!" she cried, with a flash of impatient temper that made him smile.

"Well, the news I heard yesterday is, that her Majesty's ship *Furibond* is here at Naples, under the command of my old acquaintance, Captain Reginald Burr."

"Well?" said Veronica, after a moment's pause of expectation.

"He is a very pleasant fellow, very pleasant indeed. I met him years ago at Spezia."

Veronica twisted her fingers more impatiently in the amber necklace, and drew her black brows together. She thought that Sir John had simply introduced this topic to avoid the turn their conversation had been taking, and to break the thread of it.

"What is his pleasantness to me?" she exclaimed, pettishly.

"His pleasantness? Not much. But his presence is a good deal to you."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Veronica, you know what I said just now about our trust in one another. Faith is to be crowned at last. It has not been my fault—as you ought to know—that you have been kept in suspense so long. You have blamed me, but unjustly, as you will find."

She seemed stricken motionless, with her eyes fixed on his face; only the breath came and went quickly between her parted lips.

"I am not well enough to travel to Florence," he continued, watching her eager face with a strange, gloating look. "But, listen, Veronica, mia bella!" He drew her head down to his lips and whispered a short sentence in her ear.

Her face glowed and changed like a scorched, drooping July rose after a summer shower. She sprang to her feet and clasped her hands together. In the sudden gesture of withdrawing her fingers from the necklace the string snapped, and the amber beads rolled scattered hither and thither about the floor.

"You consent?" said Sir John.

"Yes, yes, yes. I—I have wronged you sometimes in my thoughts. Forgive me!" she exclaimed, impulsively, taking his hand in hers and kissing it.

"You will remember that it was this day I conceived the plan. This day. You will keep in your memory the date of the day on which you went out so early to the Villa Reale for your headache."

"I am not likely to need any thing to remind me of to-day."

"No; but there is a good deal in association. Association aids memory so wonderfully. Now, tesoro mio, ring for Paul, and leave me. I am a little tired and overexcited."

"I will not disobey you to-day of all days," she said. Her countenance was radiant, her step elastic. Before she went away she stopped to gather up the amber beads.

"There is some superstition about losing amber you have once worn," she said, smiling. "They say it is unlucky. But I shall prove the fallacy of the notion. My amber necklace broke and fell at a moment of great happiness and good fortune."

"Yes. You will prove the fallacy of the superstition quite triumphantly. Ha! It is curious—*we*, at least, may defy augury."

CHAPTER XI.

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP THE "FURIBOND."

THE Prince Alberto Barletti passed the greater part of his time in Paris. He was a poor man for his rank, and if he could have found some way of increasing his income without risk, he would have been very glad to avail himself of it. But he shrank from the idea of speculation. As to earning money, that was out of the question. And a desirable way of increasing his income without risk or trouble had not yet occurred to him. One day, however, fortune seemed to remember him in a good-natured mood.

A company of English speculators commenced operations in Naples. They were to build and beautify. The first preliminary, of course, was to destroy. Many houses must be pulled down, and their proprietors reimbursed. A good deal of diplomacy was expended on the powers that ruled such matters. People who possessed influence were canvassed diligently.

It chanced that Prince Barletti was, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be one of the influential. But how to obtain his good-will? The English speculators, some of them, would have been a little clumsy in conducting the affair. But they had a clever man in their pay who knew the world. The clever man was Mr. Sidney Frost, of the firm of Lovegrove and Frost, solicitors to the company. Mr. Frost soon learned that Prince Barletti was not rich in proportion to the illustriousness of his rank. In plain words, he might be open to a bribe. But the mode of offering the bribe was all-important. Mr. Frost, in consultation with the architects and surveyors, discovered that it would be very desirable to run a new road right through a palazzo owned by Prince Barletti. No one had thought before that the road could pass within half a mile of the palace. But Mr. Frost's opinion was speedily adopted.

Negotiations were set on foot with the prince. He had hitherto been understood to express himself hostilely toward the whole undertaking of this foreign company of speculators. But Mr. Frost thought it so desirable to persuade his Signoria Illustrissima, and to bring him round, that he started off from Naples after he had been there but a short time, and went to Paris armed with a letter of introduction, and with schemes and plans in which the new road over the site of the Palazzo Barletti was not forgotten. The prince showed himself open to conviction. He became a strong partisan of the English company, and his change of mind was followed by a corresponding change of mind in sundry individuals in Naples. It was a pity, said the prince, to destroy the old house. It had been associated with the family name for several generations. But he understood what was meant by public spirit, and he would not let his private feelings interfere with it.

"This Prince Bah-letty charges a pretty long price for his private feelings!" observed one of the directors of the English company when Mr. Frost laid before them the result of his mission to Paris. But Mr. Frost said he thought that the prince's private feelings were not very dear, considering that he *was* a prince. And he added that he thought they would be found to come cheap in the end.

The arrangement of this affair caused Mr.

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Frost to come in contact with the prince's younger brother, Cesare. The latter was charged by the head of the family to watch his interests. Cesare became greatly impressed by the combination in Mr. Frost of business shrewdness with an engaging manner. This was another kind of man from the slow, snuffy, solemn old "legale" Dottore Chiappi, with whom he had transacted business for his brother in Florence. They met, Cesare de' Barletti and Sidney Frost, nearly every morning, either at the company's offices or at Mr. Frost's hotel.

About a week after the memorable day of the interview in the Villa Reale between Veronica and Cesare, the latter was sitting with Mr. Frost in his rooms at Santa Lucia. They were seated near the window; and were vaguely looking out at the blue, sparkling sea, and settling some few last particulars relative to their business. For Mr. Frost was to leave Naples by the steamer for Marseilles, on his way to England, the next day; unless—which he thought unlikely—a telegram should arrive from England to detain him.

"You and the English squadron will depart almost together," said Barletti.

"Ay? The queen's ships are going away?"

"So I hear."

"Have you ever been over an English man-of-war?" asked Mr. Frost.

"No: I don't understand ships. When we were boys we used to go out sometimes from Capri, my brother and I, with an old fisherman. But I never cared about it."

"H'm!" grunted Mr. Frost, eying his companion aside. "*I* don't understand ships either; but a British man-of-war is a fine sight."

And the lawyer broke out into a little national boasting.

"Ah, you like it because you are proud of your fleet. I am not an Englishman, and *I* should not be proud of it, you know," said Barletti, quietly.

"Look there!" exclaimed Mr. Frost, staring out to sea. "Do you see that boat putting off from the squadron? I think, from the direction, she must be coming from the *Furibond;* but without a glass it is impossible to see the ships. How they pull, the blue-jackets! Just watch them. It's artistic. Strength, and the kind of grace that comes from strength skillfully used. See how they bend and rise, and how the oars all flash together. They are pulling for this nearest landing-place."

Mr. Frost craned his head out of the window to watch. Barletti, too, rose and looked out. On came the trim boat manned by trim sailors. She seemed to scud over the sea like a living thing. As she drew near, they could see the dark blue uniform of an officer, who was steering. And they began to make out also two other figures—a man and a woman.

"Visitors to the squadron, whom they're going to put ashore," said Mr. Frost.

The landing-place to which the boat came was at a considerable distance from the hotel. They could not distinguish the features of the persons in the boat. But they saw a carriage which had been driving slowly up and down come to a stop close by. Two servants descended from it, and half supported, half carried the gentleman who had been in the boat into the vehicle. The lady followed, and they drove off. The ship's boat then was pulled back again toward the squadron, and swiftly diminished to a mere speck on the waters.

The carriage, however, passed close beneath the windows of the hotel, and Barletti gave a little exclamation as he recognized Paul seated on the box. The blinds of the carriage were down, and it was impossible to see its occupants; but Barletti had no doubt that they were Sir John Gale and Veronica.

"Tiens!" said Barletti. "I know those people who have just come from the *Furieux—Furibon*—what do you call it?"

Mr. Frost was looking at his watch. "I am sorry to turn you out," he said, "but I have an appointment with some of our directors at half past ten. It is a quarter past ten now. I must be off."

"Nay," replied Barletti, pulling out his own watch. "You are fast, I think. By my watch it is only five minutes past ten."

"Ah, you're wrong, prince. If minutes were as precious with you as they are with me you would regulate your watch better. You reckon your time as rich men reckon their money—in large sums; and know nothing of small subdivisions. But mine is a working watch, a busy man's watch, right to a second. And I set it last night by railway time. Will you go first, or shall I lead the way?"

"Che diavolo!" muttered Barletti, following the lawyer down stairs. "It didn't strike me at first, but now I think how early it is, what in the world could have brought him out at this hour in the morning!"

"Eh?" said Frost, half turning round on the staircase.

"Nothing. I was only wondering why my friends chose such an hour to visit the squadron."

"The gentleman seems to be an invalid."

"Yes, he is ill and regularly used up. I heard from his physician that his doom is fixed. He can't last much longer."

"Ah, indeed!" returned Frost, indifferently. His attention was more occupied in finding the hook in the hall marked twenty-seven, on which to hang the key of his room, than in listening to Barletti.

"He is very rich—one of your English millionaires. Perhaps you know the name—Baronet Sir John Gale."

"Gale! Tallis Gale?"

"Ah, you know him?"

"I know *of* him, and nothing to his credit. I'm sorry if he's your friend; but in England he bears a very bad character."

"Oh, *I* have no special love for him," answered Barletti. "I believe him to be a roué and a vaurien."

"He used that poor wife of his infernally ill."

"Used her ill? The brute! I have suspected it."

"Oh, it's not a matter of suspicion. The story is well known enough. Well, I must be off. I may not see you again, prince. But I suppose our little affair is settled. Good-by!"

"Good-by! You really start to-morrow? Well, bon voyage!"

Mr. Frost walked away briskly. Barletti remained in the doorway of the hotel. He stood there pondering with an unlit cigar in his hand; and was roused from a reverie by the consciousness that some one was behind him wanting to pass out. He looked round, and saw an officer in the uniform of the English navy.

"Pardon!" said the officer, raising his cap courteously. Barletti took off his hat.

The officer had moved away a few paces, when he stopped, came back, and said in French: "Excuse me, but are you staying at this hotel?"

"No. I came here merely to see a friend."

"Then you don't happen to know whether there is any one of that name here?" said the officer, showing a card with an English name on it. "The porter is very surly, or very stupid. I can make nothing of him. But I have an idea that my friend must be here, if I could but get at him."

Barletti good-naturedly went into the porter's little glass den, and began to speak in voluble Neapolitan to a man who was doing duty there. He proved to be the porter's deputy, that chief functionary being absent temporarily from his post.

"If you don't mind waiting a few minutes," said Barletti, returning to the doorway, "the porter will be back. That fellow knows nothing; understands only two words of French, and won't confess his ignorance. I have rated him in the strongest vernacular."

The officer made his acknowledgments, offered Barletti a light for his cigar, and waited beside him for the porter's return.

"You have had some friends of mine visiting the squadron this morning," said Barletti, glancing curiously at the square-jawed, smooth-shaven face of the sailor, who stood there with a certain massive imperturbability.

"Indeed? This morning?"

"Is your ship the *Furieux?*"

"The *Furibond*, yes. Do you mean that the lady and gentleman who were aboard the *Furibond* this morning are friends of yours?"

"The gentleman is old and feeble?"

"Yes; not so very old, perhaps, but awfully shady and used up."

"The lady young and beautiful?"

"Magnificently handsome."

"Yes, yes. Oh, I know them well. I was surprised to see him out so early."

"I suppose he thought there was no time to be lost. Besides, it is customary with us to manage these matters so that they shall be over before twelve o'clock."

"Before twelve? I had no idea that that was a rule in your navy."

"Oh, not exclusively in the navy," answered the officer, smiling a little.

"How? I don't understand."

"Afloat or ashore, marriages take place with us before twelve at noon."

"*Marriages!*"

The amazement in Barletti's face was so deep and genuine that the officer stared in his turn.

"Did you not know?" he said. "I thought you told me that the bride and bridegroom were friends of yours?"

"The—the—bride and—? Oh, it must be a mistake. I was speaking of the lady and gentleman who were rowed ashore at that landing-place, not a quarter of an hour ago, in a little boat."

"To be sure! I was steering. I am ashore on leave."

"He is an Englishman—a rich—"

"Sir John Gale."

"Sir John. And they were, you say—?"

"They were married by our chaplain. The old boy—the baronet, I mean—was not strong enough to take the journey to Florence, where they might have been married before the British minister. So, as he knows Captain Burr, he got him to allow the ceremony to take place aboard the *Furibond*. The young lady has the prospect of a speedy widowhood before her, it seems to me."

Barletti had felt like a man groping in a mist. Now, the last words of the Englishman came like a sudden ray clearing the dim confusion. They suggested a pathway for his conjectures to follow; whereas, before, all had been blank and formless. His first and most imperative impulse was to get away and think of what he had heard, alone. He touched his hat hastily in farewell salutation to the officer, hailed an empty fiacre that was passing, and jumped into it.

The driver, with that penury of articulate speech and abundance of gesticulation which characterizes the lower Neapolitans, asked in dumb show which direction he was to drive in.

"Any where," said Barletti, throwing himself back on the seat. "To—to—the Villa Reale. Drive on till I stop you!"

ARGUING THE POINT.

OUR engraving on page 21 furnishes an amusing illustration of the Irishman's proverbial fondness for argument. He is always ready to talk on any subject; and, as a general rule, his loquacity increases in exact proportion to his ignorance. Witty, ingenious, and imaginative, he rarely lets an opponent of another nationality get the better of him; while an argument with a brother Irishman is literally a contest of Greek against Greek, from which both generally retire victorious, unless, as is sometimes the case, the war of words ends in a set-to with cudgels, when the hardest head still wins the day. The scene of our picture is the interior of an Irish alehouse; and the argument appears to be between the old village schoolmaster and a well-to-do but chronically-disaffected tenant-farmer, who never has far to go in search of grievances. He appears to be "terribly in earnest," and to be getting the better of the mild old gentleman sitting opposite, who looks over his spectacles with an air of benign perplexity; while a third party, evidently impatient at being counted out in the argument, lays his hand on the speaker's arm in the hope of interrupting him a moment, and getting a word in edgewise. Even the barefooted waiter-girl stops to listen on her way to the kitchen, her attitude and the turn of her head expressing intense interest and curiosity. We are left in doubt as to the point of the argument; but whatever it may be, we may be sure that the sturdy farmer has his own mind made up on the subject, and that nothing the mild old gentleman can say will change his opinion in the least.

ENNUI.

"ENNUI" is enumerated by Dr. Noirot among things eminently destructive of life. We have scarcely its equivalent in the English language; but it is idleness in youth, surfeit in the adult, weariness and despair in old age. Whatever induces moral depression is as baneful to existence as that which induces physical depression. Firmness of will is, therefore, one of the most powerful sanitary means. The seven cardinal virtues were faith, hope, charity, temperance, justice, and *force*. The seven mortal sins, pride, avarice, idleness, luxury, envy, anger, and gluttony. The one are favorable to long life, the other fatal to it. The force of the will, by giving a high tone to the more noble faculties of the soul, strengthens the principle of life, and enables both mind and body to resist all that is pernicious and hurtful to it. Fear or indecision, on the other hand, delivers it up helpless to the enemy. Energy in doing good is still more sustaining than even strength of will devoted to mere selfish ends. It is the feeling which enables a medical man to perform his duties with cheerfulness and impunity in time of pestilence and plague. Fabrizzi, afflicted by a fatal complaint, withdrew to the country to die. A family of peasants supplicated his aid in the case of a disastrous accident, and their gratitude was so lively and sincere for the cure effected, that the physician felt that if his life was not utterly useless, he had no right to abstract it from that of others. He resumed his labors, recovered his health, and lived to a good old age. Barthez, Foderé, and Hufeland, all believed that great power of will could induce prolongation of life. It is certainly powerful to relieve. Kant used to say that most nervous disorders are due to idleness and mental inertia. Many conditions of debility, discomfort, distress, and sickness arise, indeed, from mere fretful and cowardly giving way to corporeal sensations. The great French Revolution roused many poor, sickly, and languishing persons to health and activity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE is no more appropriate New-Year's gift than some one of the exquisite volumes now offered to the public, in which real literary and artistic merit are happily combined. The most fastidious purchaser can not complain of the fine illustrated books produced in this country. Some imported works are more elaborately finished, it is true, in splendid and costly bindings, the result of patient hand-labor. But a little examination of the volumes, which at this holiday season are spread out in the sales-rooms of our book-stores, will cause every one to feel exceedingly well satisfied with American achievements in this department. The literary atmosphere of these rooms is delightful; and since in these days, when of making many books there is no end, no one, be he ever so devouring a book-worm, can hope to read one-half the current literature, the next best thing is to see the new books, to glance over the table of contents; or, if not so much as that is possible, at least to get a glimpse of the outsides. If you can not do even the latter, get a good general catalogue or publisher's circular, and you will keenly enjoy reading over the titles of new books with the brief notice usually appended. It will be as entertaining as a novel—if you are fond of knowing what is going on in the literary world.

When Thackeray died it was generally supposed that his daughters were left with very insufficient means of support. In this belief, Messrs. Smith & Elder, Thackeray's publishers, sent to them a check-book, with every check signed, for them to fill up as their wants should require. It afterward proved that the father left his daughters a competency.

Paul du Chaillu is making for himself a host of friends among the young folks. And we fancy a good many "children of older growth" will confess to reading "Lost in the Jungle," his latest work, with keen interest. The graphic narrative is most entertaining, and every boy will draw a sigh of regret when he reaches the last page.

The immense collection of paintings belonging to the estate of Thomas Thompson, Esq., late of Boston, will not be exhibited in that city, but are now being arranged to be sent to this city. They will be brought here some time in January, and after being exhibited to the public will be sold at auction.

The new Brooklyn Market is built of Philadelphia brick with Nova Scotia stone trimmings. It has a frontage of 135 feet on Adams Street, and contains eighty-eight stalls, which are handsomely finished. There is a comfortable restaurant attached to the building, and the upper stories are to be fitted up as a ball-room.

Last winter the course of scientific lectures delivered under the auspices of the American Institute was most favorably received by the public. The lectures this year promise to be equally interesting. The names of Professor J. C. Draper, Professor Bascom, of Williams College, Dr. Gould, of Cambridge, and Professor Newberry, of Columbia, who are the lecturers for January, are a sufficient guaranty. The subjects are: "The Air and Respiration;" "The Connection of Natural Science and Mental Philosophy;" "The Constitution of the Sun;" and "The Colorado Plateau, its Canons and Ruined Cities." The lectures occur on Friday evenings, at the Cooper Union.

Except to the jovial school-boy, and to the few young folks who indulge not only the wish but the expectation of a jolly sleigh-ride, snow in New York is generally regarded as a nuisance. So, indeed, it does seem in our crowded streets. But on the fields the fleecy snow is a protective covering to tender plants that would without it perish. In many sections of the country winter grain could not be cultivated without snow to protect the crops from the frost. Snow is also a valuable fertilizer, which thrifty farmers appreciate.

"Madame How and Lady Why" is the title of a forthcoming work of Charles Kingsley's.—Tennyson's new work is a second series of the "Idylls of the King."—A French translation of the complete works of Longfellow will shortly be published in Paris.—George Cruikshank is illustrating John B. Gough's book for the English market.—Two peculiar and valuable books have recently appeared in the foreign market—one a "New Syntax of the Chinese Language," the other an "Icelandic-English Dictionary."—A Japanese History of the British Parliament has been published in Japan.

Some enterprising Englishmen have purchased a large steamer and fitted her up with stalls for 1000 head of cattle, and she is now reported on her way to Indianola, Texas, to receive a cargo of Texas beef on the hoof. The intention is to supply the English market with good beef—that commodity so dear to the genuine English heart and palate—at a price within the reach of people of moderate means.

"The Birth-place of Whittier" is a new chromo just published, which will be likely to be a favorite, especially among the admirers of the poet. The original painting is by Thomas Hill. Another new chromo is from J. G. Brown's picture entitled "Why Don't He Come?" The fine effects of light and shade, so marked in the original, are admirably reproduced. Among other new chromos are "Sunset on the Coast," "Launching of the Life-Boat," "A Family Scene in Pompeii," "Rock of Ages," "Hope," and "Charity."

The progress of the age is indicated by the acumen of juvenile critics:

"Ma," said a three-year-old boy, "what is Mr. ——'s baby doing?" He pointed to the chromo of "Magdalena."

"She's reading," said the mother.

"No, she isn't," responded the boy.

"What do you think she is doing, then?" asked the mother.

"She's crying because Mr. —— won't buy her any clothes!"

A new and effectual remedy for small-pox is now universally adopted in the English army in China, and is regarded as a perfect cure. When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs.

Woman suffrage in Wyoming is established by the following act:

"Every woman of the age of twenty-one years, residing in this Territory, may, at every election to be holden under the laws thereof, cast her vote. And her rights to the elective franchise and to hold office shall be the same under the election laws of the Territory as those of male electors."

The opposers of woman's rights say that there are seven sisters who are enfranchised by this act, and that they are all "on the stump" for Congress!

"Rock Cream" is warmly recommended—perhaps we should more correctly say *coolly* recommended—as an ornamental and delicious dish for the table. This is the mode of preparing it:

Boil a tea-cupful of the best rice till quite soft in new milk, sweeten with powdered loaf-sugar, and pile it up on a dish. Lay on it in different places square lumps of either currant jelly or preserved fruit; beat up the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, with a little powdered sugar, and flavor with orange-flower water or vanilla. Add to this, when beaten very stiff, about a table-spoonful of rich cream, and drop it over the rice.

The meaning of the names given to some of our tea brands may not be generally known. "Hyson" means "before the rains," that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson Skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term for which is "tea skins." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region in which it is collected. "Pecoe," or "Pecco," means white hairs, the down of tender leaves. "Pouchong" means folded plant; "Souchong," small plant. "Twankey" is the name of a small river in the region from whence it is brought. "Congo" is from a term signifying labor, from the care required in its preparation.

Among the follies of the day may be mentioned a race-waltz which recently took place at a ball in Pittsburg. A gold ring was offered as a prize to the couple who should outwaltz all competitors. At midnight a dozen couples started off gayly; at one only three remained on the floor, and at two one of these gave up. At the end of the fourth hour blood began to trickle from the ends of the violinists' fingers; but still the dance continued. At three minutes past four one of the ladies fainted, and immediately afterward her partner followed her example, when the prize was presented to the winners amidst the tumultuous applause of the spectators. The foolish quartette, more dead than alive, were carried to their homes, with their limbs swelled up to an enormous size. All the four are now said to be in a precarious condition.

The radical signification of *étiquette* is a *ticket*. But as an adopted English word it means the code or rule of good-manners. Formerly, on cards of invitation, rules or instructions were given as to how the persons invited were expected to behave; or, in other words, they were furnished with a programme of the proceedings. From this custom it is said that the word has come to bear its present acceptation. It is a curious study to go back to the derivation of words, and see how far some of them have diverged from their original meaning.

A labyrinth of telegraph wires extends over house-tops in some parts of New York city. Two hundred lines converge here from abroad, and seventy-five telegraph offices are scattered over the city, which give employment to two hundred and fifty operators.

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THE LATE EDWIN M. STANTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY AND CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

THE LATE EDWIN M. STANTON.

THIS eminent statesman and patriot, whose great services during the most trying period of our history have entitled him to the nation's lasting gratitude, died at Washington, D. C., on the morning of December 24. He was known to be in a delicate state of health, brought on by exacting labors in the War Department, and the intelligence of his decease was not altogether unexpected.

The record of Mr. STANTON's life is honorable alike to himself and the nation which he served so faithfully and so well. He was born in 1815, in the village of Steubenville, Ohio; studied a year at Kenyon College in 1833; served as a bookseller's clerk at Columbus, while studying law; was admitted to the bar in 1836, and began the practice of his profession in Harrison County, where he soon acquired a high reputation for ability in the argument of abstruse questions of law, as well as for success with juries. He also became known as an active politician of the Democratic school, of which Senators ALLEN and TAPPAN were leaders in that State. In 1848 he removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and thence, in 1857, transferred his residence to the National Capital, where his ability in the management of cases arising under the patent laws brought him constant and lucrative practice.

Until the troublous times of rebellion and secession came upon the nation, Mr. STANTON was chiefly known as a successful lawyer and energetic political partisan. The people at large had little knowledge of him until he was called, toward the close of President BUCHANAN's term of office, to take the post of Attorney-General, vacated by Mr. BLACK, who had succeeded General CASS as Secretary of State. In this position he was associated with Judge HOLT, Secretary of War, and General DIX, Secretary of the Treasury; and it was chiefly owing to the patriotism and energy of these three men that the country was not involved in total ruin before the inauguration of Mr. LINCOLN relieved the country of an imbecile President. Mr. STANTON's eminent services in that trying time were well known to Mr. SEWARD and other leaders of the Republican party, with whom he was brought into close and intimate relations; and upon Mr. CAMERON's retirement from the post of Secretary of War, in President LINCOLN's Cabinet, about a month before the capture of Fort Donelson revived the drooping spirit of the North, Mr. STANTON was chosen to succeed him; not only on account of the ability previously displayed in dealing with secession, but also because it was thought desirable to give a prominent part in the work of the Administration to some representative man of the war Democrats, who were nobly sustaining the President in his efforts to maintain the integrity of the Union.

At this time Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. STANTON were known to each other by reputation only; and their first meeting took place when Mr. STANTON called at the White House to receive his commission. But from that day until the President was stricken down by the hand of the assassin, the intimacy between these two remarkable men was distinguished by a cordiality and confidence such as history rarely records. While Mr. LINCOLN was scarcely ever seen at the other executive departments, he was a constant visitor at the War Office. His tall, spare form, wrapped in his familiar gray shawl, was usually seen making its way along the back alley that leads there from the White House at from nine to ten o'clock in the morning, or about four in the afternoon; and persons who were admitted to see the Secretary in his private rooms at these hours would often find the President stretched out upon a sofa there, as if the discussion between him and Mr. STANTON had not yet been concluded. How well founded was the confidence reposed in his integrity and ability was proved by the manner in which the Secretary discharged his duties when the awful ca-

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tastrophe that robed the nation in mourning, for a brief space of time left the affairs of government entirely in his hands.

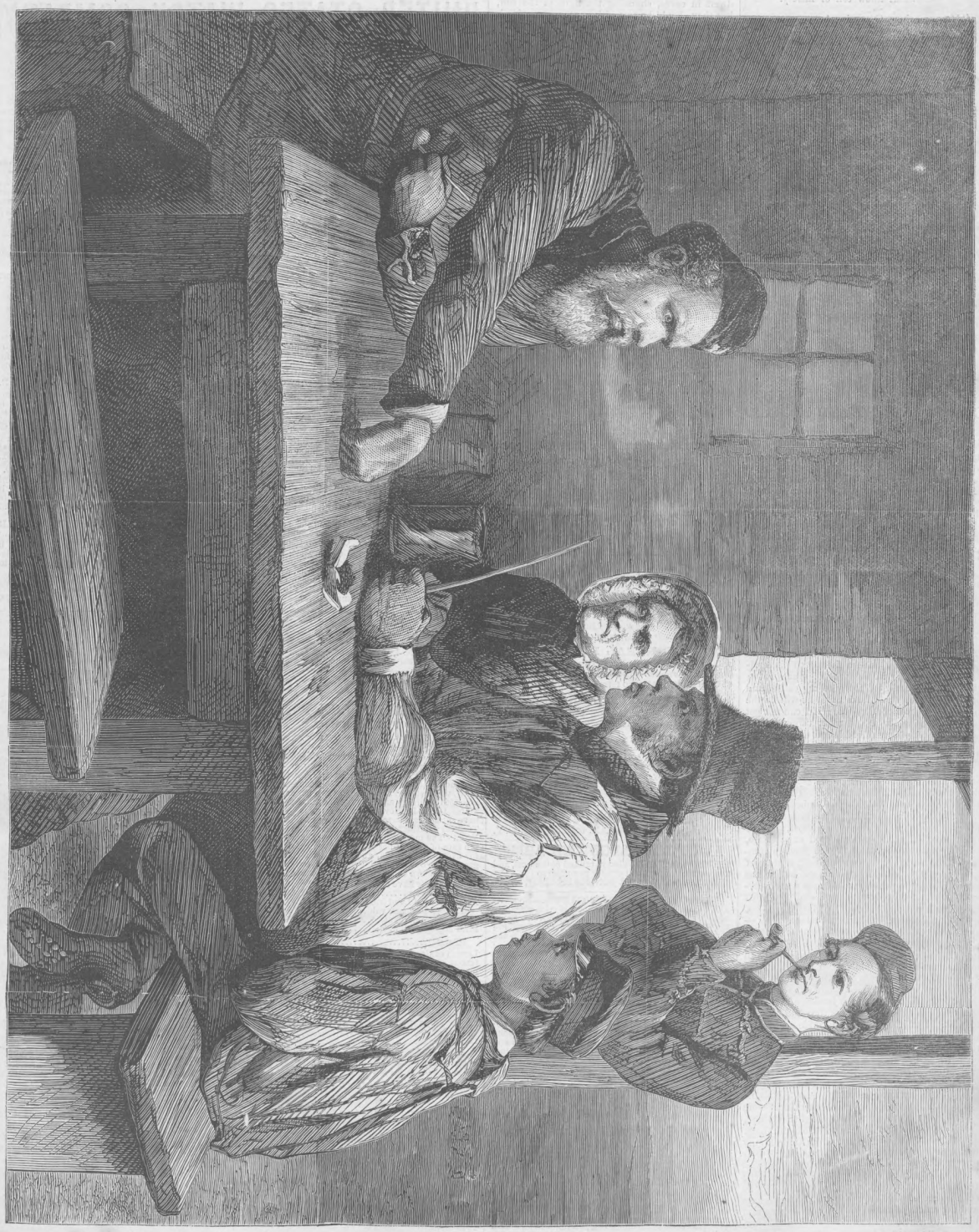
Of his history while in control of the War Department, of his tireless energy and pre-eminent ability in the management of the momentous trust committed to his charge, we have not space, nor is it necessary, to speak in detail. His record is written in the heart of the people, and it is not left for history to do his memory justice. Nor is it necessary to dwell at length on his course during the contest between Congress and President JOHNSON on the question of reconstruction, which resulted in his retirement from the post which he had filled with such great ability and honor. The facts of this memorable struggle are too fresh in the public mind to require repetition here. He finally retired from the War Department in June, 1868, on the acquittal of President JOHNSON, and since that time has held no public office. A short time since he was nominated by President GRANT to a position on the Supreme Bench of the United States, and was confirmed by the Senate, only a few days before his death, by a vote of forty-six to eleven.

In person Mr. STANTON was of heavy frame, broad-shouldered, and about five feet eight inches in height. When in health his features were round and full; his complexion was rather sallow, and his hair dark though thin. Though his ordinary expression was thoughtful, absorbed, and even stern, especially when he was occupied with important affairs, his smile was sweet and winning, and among friends his manners were gentle and engaging.

Mr. STANTON was twice married. His second wife, who survives him, was Miss ELLEN DICKENSON, of Pittsburg. He has four children: a son of some thirty years, by his first marriage; and one son and two daughters by the second.

HOME FROM THE WARS.

ON this page we give an engraving, from a picture by the eminent English artist, Mr. GEORGE THOMAS, representing a soldier lad, "home from the wars," narrating his adventures to his old father and mother, while his little brother listens, with eyes and mouth wide open, to the exciting story; and a regimental chum stands by, ready, if necessary, to corroborate his comrade's statements. The old farmer appears to be scarcely less interested than the little boy in the story—it may be of the Crimean or the Indian war; while the mother wears a look of calm contentment on her wrinkled face. She evidently cares more to have her boy back again safe and honored than to hear of the dangers and adventures through which he has passed. Not but that she is proud of him in his smart uniform and jaunty cap; and perhaps affectionately thinks of the difference between him and the rustics of his own age who have remained at home; for, after all that may be said against wars from a humanitarian point of view, it can not be denied that military discipline and the uniform do a great deal for a man. Our soldierly friend in the picture, with his big beard, his intelligent face, upright bearing, and frank, manly mien, was once probably a clumsy rustic, honest and good-hearted, but not overburdened with intelligence. It was a good day for him when he enlisted, and was sent off to fight the rebels in India or the Russians in the Crimea. Military drill and discipline and hard service have "made a man of him," as the drill-sergeants say, with justifiable pride in their profession. Our own recent war furnished thousands of incidents like this, and the truth and naturalness of our picture will be felt in many American households that still remember the happy day of proud rejoicing when the son and brother "came home from the wars."



HOME FROM THE WARS.—[FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE THOMAS.]

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THE SIREN.

"O MARINER, O mariner,
Oh, turn thy bark to land;
O weary, weary mariner,
Look on this pleasant strand!
Full of death the wide seas roll
Still between thee and thy goal.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee,
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.

"O mariner, O mariner!
The tempest broodeth black,
O weary, weary mariner,
About thy onward track.
Here no cloud of sorrow flies
O'er joy's ever-crystal skies.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee,
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.

"Here, mariner, O mariner!
Is life without a tear;
Here, weary, weary mariner,
Is life without a fear.
Here ambition never frets,
And hope e'en to hope forgets.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee,
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.

"Here, mariner, O mariner!
Nor honor, love, nor care;
Here, weary, weary mariner,
Nor trouble nor despair
Can with hollow echoes roll
Through the self-sufficient soul.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee,
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery."

"O Siren fair, O Siren false!
God's finger beckoneth me,
O Siren fair, O Siren false!
Across the stormy sea.
Peace dwells upon the mounting wave
More than in the living grave—
Grave of thy Elysian shore,
Death in life is life with thee;
Hearts outlive the tempest's roar,
Not thy false felicity."

GHOSTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WE shall appreciate more thoroughly the vast difference which has grown up between the genuine old ghost and the shadowy phantom to which he has now dwindled down, if we consider the means which were commonly adopted to get rid of each of them when the supernatural presence became insufferable. The average ghost of later times is a wicked soul that has escaped from its place of punishment, and has come back to trouble the living with merely spiritual terror; and he is encountered with the weapons of the exorcist, who raises about him a devotional and uncongenial atmosphere from which the evil being is glad to retreat even to his penal fires. A very different line of conduct was adopted toward the ghost of old. He was of the earth earthy, and so strictly local a personage, that it was as much the recognized duty of the landlord to see that a tenement was free from ghosts as that it was wind and water tight. "There is a ghost about the premises," said a farmer to his landlord one morning in the year of grace 1010; "he has killed a good many of my cattle, and one or two men; and folks think he will be the ruin of the whole country-side: if I can not get something done for me, I must throw up the farm." When the landlord heard this, says the old sagaman, he did not see his way out of the difficulty. If he was unequal to the task, the obligation devolved upon the lord of the manor, as the lawful authority who was responsible for the orderly state of the country. The way in which he proceeded to abate the nuisance varied with the habits and temper of the intruder. In the case of a tolerably reasonable ghost, the representative of public order would expostulate, pointing out the illegality of his conduct in coming out of his grave every night with a crew of dead men, and establishing himself before the fire in a house in which he had only a life interest which had now determined; and the ghost has been known to rejoin, "Well, we will go. I thought all along we had no business here"—an amount of law-abidingness which was not invariably displayed by the living Northman. But if, as usually happened, arguments were thrown away, somebody was obliged to undertake the more dangerous business of putting him out bodily, like any other trespasser; and old sea-rovers were fond of boasting to their juniors of the spectres which in their young days they had brought to book. But if after such a forcible ejection he would not be quiet in his grave, but prowled round the homestead, threw the shepherd over a cliff on a frosty evening, or on winter nights made such ghostly sounds outside the house as drove men mad, the family would at last make up their minds to lay him at once and forever. Now he could exist so long only as those objects were still in being in which he took delight: if these, therefore, came to an end, he perished with them. Thus nobler ghosts live on while their family flourishes, and bewail its impending ruin as their own extinction. If the departed have been violently attached to some piece of property, let the treasure be destroyed, and the spectre will be seen no more. If the dead man has been a base and degraded being, let his body be dug up and burned to ashes, and the ghost shall never trouble any one again. But some spectres there are which never can be effectually laid. If a man has been deeply skilled in forbidden arts, which he has exercised only to the injury of his fellow-creatures—if he can chant a song which drives his enemy to sleeplessness, to madness, or to death, or if his evil-eye can burn up the grass—the ghost of such a one will not perish with the body; for what the living man most loved is mischief; and although his corpse may be burned or buried in a pathless moor, or deep below the sea, "some *wicked* spirit still pervades the spot," and makes the neighborhood terrible forever.

The ancient ghost delighted in skulls, winding-sheets, and charnel-houses, haunted the scenes of former joys and crimes, could not cross a running stream, and so loved darkness that it swooned at the light of a torch. All this was very reasonable; for it had no new home in another world, was merely a fresh combination of earthly material, and derived much of its power from an unholy alliance with monsters who dwelt in caves, shunning the light of the sun, lest they should be turned into stone—a calamity which befell many a loitering elf. But matters do not stand thus with the modern ghost: the bodiless spirit which hankers after the foul prison from which it has been set free, which appears to be still subject to the laws of matter, or which condescends to restrict its visits to

> The silent, solemn hour
> When night and morning meet,

is plainly acting on no principle at all, but is only observing old forms from which life is departed, and is as unreal a being as the man in armor at the lord mayor's show. All his trappings had a formidable meaning once, but no one fears the obsolete creature now; and only antiquaries can guess the object of the stage-properties in which he is arrayed.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1870.

SENATOR SCHURZ'S CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

IT will be long before so favorable a moment as the present will be found for the reform of the civil service. The President indicates his sympathy with it in saying in his Message: "There has been no hesitation in changing officials in order to secure an efficient execution of the laws; sometimes, too, when, in a mere party view, undesirable political results were likely to follow. Nor has there been any hesitation in maintaining efficient officials against remonstrance wholly political." Secretary COX, in a most forcible and conclusive manner, urges the imperative necessity of some change in the system. He declares that for months after the appointment of the head of a Department it is almost impossible for him to become familiar with his duties because of the office-seeking pressure. Mr. COX'S testimony is most valuable, and confirms the judgment of all thoughtful men. Senator TRUMBULL, anxious, in the spirit of Mr. HENRY ADAMS'S article upon the subject in the *North American Review*, to keep inviolable the constitutional functions of the Executive in the matter of appointments, has introduced a bill to prevent Congressional brokerage in office; and Senator SCHURZ, on the 20th of December, presented a comprehensive bill for the thorough reorganization of the civil service, which he explained in a few concise and luminous remarks.

The bill of Mr. JENCKES, in the House, affected only the officers appointed by the heads of Departments, but that of Mr. SCHURZ includes also those who are appointed by the President and Senate, excepting the members of the Cabinet, foreign ministers, judges and clerks of the United States courts, and the officers of both Houses of Congress. The remarks of Mr. SCHURZ show that he fully comprehends the absurdity and the peril of the present system. The principle of his bill is that of Mr. JENCKES and of the English system, namely, examination and probation, which has been thoroughly tested and approved by experience. He proposes a board of nine commissioners—the Civil Service Board—to be appointed by the President and Senate. They are to be divided into three classes of three persons each: the first class to hold for four years, the second eight, and the third twelve, unless sooner removed, and their successors to be appointed for twelve years. The President may suspend a commissioner and report to the Senate, as under the present Tenure-of-Office bill. The annual salary of each commissioner is to be six thousand dollars, and there are to be three clerks and a messenger.

The Board is to prescribe the qualifications for appointment into each grade of the civil service; to provide for examinations and investigations of all persons who present themselves, dividing the country into convenient districts; to examine personally or by those especially designated; and to report annually all proceedings and results to Congress. The preference for appointments by the heads of Departments is to be given in order of precedence in examination and probation; and a list of the candidates for Presidential appointment, with the consent of the Senate, shall be sent to the President and Senate, with the certificate of the commission as to merit and fitness. When the Board begins its work any officer now in the service may be required by the President or head of Department to be examined, and if found incompetent may be dismissed; but if approved shall hold office for five years from the date of his commission, unless sooner removed according to the act; and all appointments hereafter made, with the exceptions named in the bill, shall be for eight years. The bill is very carefully drawn, and contains other provisions essential to a uniform and efficient system.

Mr. SCHURZ, like Mr. JENCKES, understanding where the opposition will be made, explained in his remarks that, of course, no examination can test business ability; but a year of probation and practice will do it much more surely than no trial at all, as at present. And during that year the appointing power may remove without question.

So, also, it would be unreasonable to order every candidate for a small post-office, for instance, before an examining board. The commissioners may, therefore, by general rules determine what inquiries concerning character and ability shall take the place of formal examinations—the result to be scrutinized by the commission.

Further, the bill preserves the constitutional prerogative of the President by merely presenting to him a list of candidates who have been found fit; or he may, at his pleasure, send a candidate to be examined. Thus the commission will not designate what person shall be appointed, but will simply certify that certain persons are fit for appointment.

The purpose of extending to five years the term of the present officers is to give a new administration, should it be composed of new persons, knowledge of the state of the service and experience. The term of eight years for Presidential appointments under the bill gives the country, in the first place, the services of experienced and efficient officers; and, secondly, will carry a large number of them through two administrations, and so practically show the people that the civil service need not be a mere party machine. And the provision that officers are to be removed only for cause, and upon fair trial, will inspire them to base their claims upon good conduct.

Mr. SCHURZ, in closing, said that the obstacles which such a reform must encounter were not unknown to him. Nor are they to any of its friends. The strength of the reform lies in its essential reason and good sense; in the economy and efficiency which it will introduce into the public service; in the consequently elevated reputation of that service and its officers; in the moderation of the perilous fury of a Presidential election; and in the purification of politics. Those who are persuaded that universal official corruption is unavoidable will wonder that any body should try to help it. Those who don't think so will try, and will reform it.

GOOD FAITH WITH DENMARK.

WE expressed the hope some weeks since that the Secretary of State and the Danish Minister would extend the time within which the St. Thomas treaty might be ratified; and we are glad to know that they have done so, and that the matter is now open until the 14th of April, 1870. Before that time we hope that the Senate will ratify the treaty. It must not be supposed, however, that little Denmark is a suppliant to the United States. The Executive of the United States begged Denmark to make the treaty, but Denmark declined. The entreaty was renewed more urgently, and Denmark, in the most friendly spirit, listened. And after ascertaining as accurately as possible what the probable action of our Government would be, submitted the question of separation to the people of St. Thomas, accepted their decision, and negotiated the treaty. We, on the contrary, have treated it with the utmost contempt. The Senate does not ratify, and does not reject. It permits the stipulated terms of action to pass unnoticed, and, while the Government refuses to conclude the negotiations for a West Indian station, in which the dignity of a friendly little power and its own honor are involved, it is understood to be bargaining to hire another station.

The argument against the ratification of the St. Thomas treaty is, that the Executive Department of the Government has no right to bind the country by its real-estate transactions, and that the Danish authorities knew that the Senate is the treaty-making power. But what Denmark knew was that the President may make treaties with the consent of the Senate; and it had a right to infer, when the President and his chief Secretary warmly urged a treaty for territory in the West Indies, just after the Senate had ratified a treaty for territory at the north pole upon exactly the same initiation, that the Senate would not reject it. Moreover, Denmark privately and properly consulted the disposition of Senators, and found it not unfavorable. If ever a country was drawn on by another to conclude a treaty, Denmark was drawn by the United States. The Senate had not, indeed, officially acted. Technically, but not morally or honorably, the defense is valid.

Nor is it reasonable to allege that, if this treaty is ratified every Secretary of State may bargain for territory at his pleasure. After the experience of this treaty, known to every government, it will be surprising if the overtures of the United States Ministers upon the part of the Executive are not every where and instantly met by the remark, "Sir, the St. Thomas affair warns us to take no steps whatever until we ascertain that you or the President or the Secretary are authorized to speak for the Senate of the United States." If neither the word and act of the President, who is a constitutional part of the treaty-making power, nor those of the Secretary of State, who is the foreign Minister, nor those of the embassador of the United States to any other government, confirmed by the Senate, can be supposed to furnish any clew to the feelings and wishes of the Senate, it will be but a sign of good sense and self-respect upon the part of other governments if they await some authorized expression of the Senatorial will. When it is proved that the embassador of the sovereign does not speak for him, that officer will, of course, become a wholly useless and unimportant personage. But, meanwhile, those who have believed otherwise will have all precedent and the proprieties of the case to plead for them.

If Mr. MOTLEY should propose a treaty to the English Government, to which that Government assented, it would be justified in believing that it was the will of the President, who had nominated him, and of the Senate, which had confirmed him. If the treaty should then be left in contempt by the Senate, or ignominiously rejected, it would be foolish to say that it was the duty of England to know that the Senate is the treaty-making power. England does know it; but it knows also that an agent unanimously confirmed, unless he is bribed or lunatic, necessarily represents the views of the principal. But to ask that other countries shall discriminate in the persons of our Ministers between those who do and those who do not sympathize politically with the majority of the Senate is ludicrous. Foreign governments know that the people are the government in this country; that the people elect a President; that the President nominates foreign Ministers; that the Senate confirms them; and those governments can not help supposing that, when the Minister arrives, he is actually the representative which his method of appointment implies. When he proposes, urges, entreats a certain course of that foreign government, it must, supposing him to be honest and competent, believe that he expresses the wish of his own government.

That is the position in which our little friend and ally, Denmark, finds herself at this moment. Trusting to our good faith, and yielding to our entreaties, she has polled the people of St. Thomas, and they vote to join us. She considers that our honor is fully pledged, and we can see why. Meanwhile, the necessity of a West Indian station has become so apparent that we are negotiating for hiring the Bay of Samana. Why, then, under all the circumstances, should the Senate hesitate to ratify the treaty which gives us a central and noble West Indian port, and a small and friendly population which is divided by no doubts of its desire of annexation to the United States? It is a question in all its bearings for statesmen, not for attorneys, to decide.

THE OPENING OF THE COUNCIL.

"WHOEVER has been in Rome is well acquainted with the Piazza Barberini," says HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, in beginning the "Improvisatore." But still truer is it that that happy traveler is familiar with St. Peter's, and today, as he reads the splendid story of the opening of the Œcumenical Council, at which he was not present, he may comfort himself by reflecting that most of the spectators were in the plight of Yankee Doodle, who "said he couldn't see the town, there were so many houses." The scene was memorable and unique, for it is but the nineteenth Council during all the duration of the Roman Church; but the throng was so immense, and the consequent obstruction so great, that undoubtedly the traveler who has seen the ordinary ceremonies of Holy-week at St. Peter's has better appreciated the peculiar pomp of the Church, and more fully enjoyed it.

Fortunately for those of us who are at home, our newspapers have had accomplished correspondents upon the spot, who could understand as well as see, and whose literary skill has enabled them vividly to reproduce the color and form of the great occasion. Indeed, nothing is more observable in the management of the daily papers than the increasing value and interest of their foreign correspondence. They are organizing the news of Europe as they have already organized that of the United States, and the two chief foreign events of the winter—the opening of the Suez Canal and of the Œcumenical Council—have been described with a freshness and fullness unrivaled by the English or French press. There was nothing like it hitherto, except Mr. RAYMOND'S admirable letters during the Italian War. But what in that case was exceptional has now become the rule. Indeed the ascendency in enterprise of the English daily press over ours, which was formerly undeniable, is now wholly at an end. And when the American press is as self-respectful as it is intelligent and enterprising, it will be what the press of a free country ought to be.

The most striking and suggestive fact in the descriptions of the opening Council is that St. Peter's was crowded; not only full but crowded—and so crowded that the swaying of the vast multitude was appalling and menacing to life and limb. Indeed, by the time the procession moved from the Vatican, which is a part of the huge pile of building, to the church, it was impossible to stir in half of the great square in front of St. Peter's, so solid was the throng. In the church itself the correspondent of the London *Times* was carried by the resistless, living current out of sight and sound of the ceremony. Of course very few of the eager and pressing multitude could see the spectacle. They knew that the procession of dignitaries, such as centuries has not seen, gathered from all the world—robed in violet, scarlet, and gold,

"Clothed in white samite; mystic, wonderful,"

was passing but a little way from them, yet invisible. Far away in the transept, which was the Council hall, screened from the nave, they indistinctly heard the lofty chant, and knew that the procession was entering, and the robed prelates seating themselves, like gorgeous clouds settling and clinging to the sides of the hall. Yet they saw nothing.

But we can fancy it all as well as the luckless wights who, standing in the glorious basilica itself and within easy seeing and hearing distance, were obliged only to imagine the scene which they had traveled so fast and far and furiously to behold. And again we say that those who on Easter-Sunday have heard the sublime summons from the Papal choir at the great doors of St. Peter's, answered by the choir within, and have then seen those great doors open and the Pope borne in his undulating throne with the barbaric *flabella*, above the glittering ecclesiastical multitude, then descending to kneel at the high altar beneath "the Pantheon hung in air," have seen the utmost splendor of spectacle of which even the Roman Church is capable.

For more than seven hours the ecclesiastical ceremonies of every kind at the opening of the Council continued, and then the Pope retired; all those in the hall who were not of the Council were ordered to withdraw, and the Council itself adjourned. Its sessions were resumed at the end of the week for preliminary and formal business; but the serious work will not begin until after Epiphany, the 6th of January. The air, of course, is full of rumors. The most interesting are those which relate to the great dogma of the Papal infallibility, one of the two points upon which the heart of the Pope has been fixed. The other, the exaltation of the Virgin MARY, he has decreed, and it has been accepted. But the Infallibility can not be promulgated without a convulsion of his Church. The allocution, or opening speech of the Pope, is like the Encyclical Letter and Syllabus of 1864. In the breaking of chains, in the increase of knowledge, in the higher welfare of the greater number of human beings, in the removal of abuses, in the extinction of superstition, in the emancipation of civilization from the mortmain of ecclesiasticism, the Pope sees only the ravages of Satan; and if only he were proclaimed infallible Satan might be bound!

As the allocution, or defiance of the nineteenth century, is read and pondered the benign face of PIUS disappears, the gold and scarlet pomp of the Council fades away, the vast multitude is dissipated, St. Peter's itself shrivels like a scroll, and the amused human mind sees nothing but SYDNEY SMITH'S Dame Partington at Taunton. "In the midst of this sublime storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

CONSULS TO FURNISH STATISTICS OF FOREIGN CROPS.

OUR article on this subject, published on the 23d of October, urging that our foreign consuls shall be required to furnish reports from time to time of the state and condition, before and after harvest, of those productions of the soil of foreign countries which enter into competition in British and other markets with our own, having been republished in the *Contra Costa Gazette*, of Pacheco, California, its editor has obligingly furnished us with the paper, and with information that Mr. SARGENT, Member of Congress from the district of which Pacheco is a part, had on the 7th of December, 1869, introduced a bill into the House of Representatives designed to accomplish that object. The scope of the bill is thus announced "to procure and disseminate information of the extent of the cereal and other crops in foreign countries, and to require our consuls abroad to furnish quarterly statements of the condition of the crops. The object of the bill is to furnish information to farmers, to enable them to sell or hold crops in view of the demand in foreign markets."

The success of all our industries in the United States depends, in great part, upon making the most we can of our cotton and breadstuffs sold abroad; but yet British India, which is regarded as our chief competitor in cotton, is known to us only through British sources, and our information of the quantity of food produced by important foreign agricultural states is derived also from that quarter.

It is clear, as we present full and accurate statistics of what we are expected to produce from time to time, as well as of the final production, that we ought to obtain equally full information of the crops expected and gathered in foreign countries. We shall not be on a footing of equality with purchasers from us until we are informed of their wants as they are informed of our means of supply.

In former years the Consular Department was required to give information of the growth of tobacco, etc., on the continent of Europe and in some other localities, and reports were published by one of the Departments of the government which contained some other, but not very full statistics of any production.

For the first time in the experience of this country the price of our crop of cotton was fixed in 1868–1869 by the planters in the South. The famine in India, occasioned by turning their cultivation from grain into cotton, to satisfy the want produced by the disturbances to industry in the lately Confederate States, called for a partial abandonment in Hindostan of the cotton

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cultivation, and before the proper equilibrium could be reached in India, the Southern planter had sold his crop. Although mills were stopped in Lancashire, and every effort was made to affect the price of cotton in America, the planter was firm, and he has been rewarded with contributions drawn from the cotton manufacturers of all countries.

Of the crop of 1868–1869 Europe took over fourteen hundred thousand bales; more than eight hundred thousand were consumed in the Northern and Western States; and the residue, less than two hundred thousand bales, was manufactured in Virginia and other Southern States.

Inasmuch as the manufacture of cotton, not only abroad but here, has lately been prosecuted, if not at a loss, certainly without the usual profit, it is not certain that the present price of the staple will be maintained during the year, unless the consumption of cloth shall be largely increased throughout the world. England is endeavoring to stimulate the production of the staple in India, with a view to obtain cheap cotton; and a powerful contest will arise between the producers in this country and the English as to which shall fix the price hereafter.

So far as concerns the market value of our breadstuffs, it has been ordinarily adjusted by the English, as they are the chief customers for what we export. Owing, however, to the scarcity of grain in 1867–1868, both here and in England, the price ruled high, as it was necessary, in order to supply the foreign demand, to induce the most distant farmers in Minnesota and elsewhere to haul their surplus to the nearest market. In 1868–1869, however, notwithstanding the severe drought in England and upon the Continent, the price of our grain was fixed at London and Liverpool, but it was from the use of uncommon activity, if not dexterity. Our agricultural reports had furnished exact knowledge of what our crops were supposed to be; and as they were thought to be large, the English, by abstaining from buying at New York, and by flooding all grain-growing countries with their agents, whose information was published by experts, produced the impression that they could obtain elsewhere all that they wanted; and they were ultimately able to purchase from us at their own limits. An active demand from England has largely been supplied during the present season from this country, under the disadvantage to us that her dealers have full information of the surplus which every region can spare, and that we know only what we have to sell.

The drought which visited the sea-board from June until the autumnal storm, and the heavy rains at harvest time, so damaged our crops of corn and wheat that the question is one of vast interest to the United States—what ought to be charged to the foreigner for our diminished surplus? If the opinion is correct that England will be pinched to obtain from other countries her required import of seventy million bushels of wheat for the year 1869–1870, then, as we can not supply this quantity, including what we shall send from California, it is very material to know what will be the surplus of other grain-growing countries. The duties of our consular establishment, now that our foreign commerce is so much less than it was in *ante bellum* times, will not interfere with the most active prosecution of this inquiry. The service is indispensable to the United States, and as it can be rendered with little expense, the appropriate means should instantly be used to obtain and spread the requisite information before the country.

We hurry our immense cereal productions to market, not knowing whether it is better to hoard or to sell. Sometimes they are pressed upon the sea-board in excess of foreign or domestic wants; and the keen dealers from abroad then studiously obtain their supplies from other parts of the world in order that our market may be slaughtered from the supposed want of foreign demand, when they become free purchasers.

The cry of cheap cotton, which now resounds over all England, means that the residue of the world is expected to supply their productions at the lowest point, while at the same time the rewards of her manufacturing industry are expected to be large.

Her command of capital, her grain agents scattered every where, and her influence over other producers, enable her to prosecute the contest with us with great advantage; and this will continue until our consular establishment is carefully arranged under a competent bureau, and precise information of the character indicated shall be obtained from foreign countries and placed before our people.

We most respectfully urge upon Congress to pass this bill or some bill which will accomplish this object, and enable our own farmers to obtain as accurate information of what other nations produce as we furnish to the world of our productions.

GERMAN WORKING-MEN AT HOME.

GERMAN "working-men," that is, mechanics and operatives as distinguished from agriculturists and laborers, now constitute a very important part of the European emigration to America. The treaties already negotiated between the leading powers of Germany and the United States greatly facilitate this; and there can be no doubt that the German emigration will hereafter largely increase. The character of these emigrants to this country, all of whom will become citizens, is therefore worthy of careful study. For this purpose we select Elberfeld and Barmen, two large manufacturing towns in Prussia, each containing nearly 70,000 inhabitants, and so contiguous that they may be considered as one city.

At the outset, the Prussian artisan, almost of necessity, must have received a fair education. Until he reaches the age of fourteen years, a boy is by law prohibited from being employed in a manufactory; he must be kept at school, and the Prussian schools are, without doubt, the best in the world. When he becomes a workman his hours of labor are indeed more than with us. Twelve hours is a regular day's work, and this is often considerably exceeded, the workman being paid extra for the overtime. The rates of wages for the different trades are much more uniform than with us. A *thaler* (say 70 cents) a day is a fair average. The rent for apartments may be set down at a thaler a week. Meat costs twelve cents a pound, and is eaten once a day by respectable artisans and their families; the bread is commonly of rye, costing two cents a pound; a light beer, which is the universal beverage, costs two cents a quart. Clothing is cheap; three or four dollars will buy a good everyday suit; a respectable Sunday suit of cloth will cost from five to six dollars. Putting these expenses together, it will be seen that the Prussian artisan has very little left for superfluities; but it is the unanimous testimony of all who have examined the subject that for his thaler a day he and his family have an amount of comfort and respectability greater than is enjoyed by a like class in any country except our own. No wonder that the Prussian workman who, coming to America, retains his sober and industrious habits, almost invariably accumulates property. We say "sober" habits, for while there is no country where so much beer is consumed, there is no civilized land in which there is so little drunkenness.

In Elberfeld and Barmen there are five prominent institutions, managed by workmen, specially devoted to their moral and intellectual improvement. Let us look at one of these, the *Allgeneiner Bildung's-Verein* ("General Culture-Union"). Its rooms are in a plain house in a quiet street. As we enter we pass a counter where beer, tobacco, and other refreshments are sold. The floor is strewn with clean white sand; and about the room there are many small tables. Passing on, we enter the assembly-room, a large airy hall, furnished in the plainest manner. At the farther end is a desk from which lectures are delivered upon scientific, literary, social, and economical topics, politics being absolutely excluded. The floor is occupied with small tables, around each of which are half a dozen plain rush-bottomed chairs. During the ordinary lectures beer, coffee, tea, and tobacco are allowed. But ladies are frequently present, and then smoking, though not forbidden, is by tacit consent discontinued. After the lecture of the evening there is usually a debate. There are other rooms devoted to various amusements, and a very good library. The principal amusements are chess and draughts, all games of chance being prohibited.

Upon week-days there are concerts and theatrical performances in this hall, but they are not largely attended by the artisans. A man who has labored twelve hours is rarely inclined for amusement after his work is over. Sunday, or rather the afternoon and evening of the day, is the artisan's time for recreation. The shops are closed from nine o'clock till four, after which they, as well as places of amusement, are open. A favorite resort is the Johannisberg, a pleasure-garden in the outskirts of the town. A saloon, open on one side, which overlooks the garden, is crowded with chairs and tables. There is a stage for theatrical and musical performances, so placed as to be in view from both the saloon and the garden, so that the audience have the choice of the open air or of shelter. The garden has many trees, mostly chestnuts and limes, each of which forms a shade for a table and chairs. The charge for admission is five cents.

There is at Elberfeld and Barmen a civil tribunal which is well worthy of imitation in this country. It is called *Gewerbe Gericht*, or Artisan's Court; and its duty is to decide all questions arising between employers and operatives. When such a dispute arises, the humblest artisan may summon the most wealthy employer before this court, the cost of a summons being six cents. During the year 1868 there were 1405 cases brought before this court. Of these 1012 were arranged by agreement or arbitration between the parties; and of the remaining 393 the greater portion were settled by the presiding judge, without litigation.

These Prussian artisans are certainly among the most desirable class of emigrants to this country. Every possible encouragement should therefore be presented to them to come to us, and every facility afforded them to become American citizens. To this end it is a wise treaty that we have made with Prussia, which absolves every emigrant from that country to this, who becomes a citizen under our existing laws, from all obligations and liabilities as a subject of Prussia. His rights, should he return to Prussia, are precisely the same as if he were a citizen of the United States by birth. When men so intelligent and orderly become American citizens, we may be confident that they will always be in the best sense conservative; and it behooves politicians, especially in the city of New York, to understand this, and to know that, by whatever name they may choose to designate themselves or their party, when they become instigators or abettors of fraud or outrage, they will find the present and prospective German vote arrayed in solid phalanx against them; and that this vote will soon be sufficient to turn the scale against any corrupt "ring" or "clique."

THE STATE OF WINNIPEG.

WHEN we said last week that the world was outwardly at peace excepting in Cuba and Paraguay, we forgot the Red River war, and the declaration of independence there: a situation which, it is already asserted, lays us under the obligation of declaring our neutrality. But apparently the war is ending before the Government has an opportunity to move, and, indeed, even before it is generally known what the war is about. The facts, however, are few and simple. The Red River country is that part of the British Northwest Territory which lies immediately north of Minnesota and Dakotah, and which is largely settled by French and half-breeds. The settlement has been subject to the Hudson Bay Company, within whose possessions it was included until its recent transfer to the Dominion of Canada. To this transfer the settlers object, and when Mr. M'DOUGALL, appointed Governor by the Canadian authorities, arrived with his council of Canadians to take possession, he was warmly resisted, and driven over the United States line. He has since been recalled, and the colony theoretically reverts to the control of the Hudson Bay Company.

The war seems thus far to have been very one-sided. There was a moment, indeed, when it was said that Governor M'DOUGALL meant to call upon the Indians as allies, and had he done so foolish a thing there might have been serious results. But it is at least doubtful whether the settlers will peacefully return to the old situation. The Company has shown that it has no interest in them, and a provisional government has been established under a declaration of independence, "in the name of the people of Rupert's Land and of the Northwest Territory." Who the leaders are who have made this declaration, or what their purpose may be, does not plainly appear. But if they persist, the result is tolerably clear. The character of the country forbids the expectation that the Dominion of Canada can obtain control of it; and when Canada relinquishes the attempt, should it make any, the State of Winnipeg will begin immediately to loom upon the northern horizon of the Union.

NOTES.

MR. SPARROWGRASS had become a name so familiar, and his book such a rural classic, that there must be a very large circle in the country that heard with sorrow of the recent death of FREDERIC S. COZZENS. He had been always engaged in business until late misfortunes, but his heart was always in literature; and he had a very sincere reverence for the Nestors of our letters, IRVING and HALLECK. His mind was quick and bright, and his humor was genuine. It was in quality not unlike that of "the Master," as he was fond of calling IRVING—a humor transparent as water, flowing, sparkling, pure; and at its best without satire, yet never rising into volume nor justifying a place among humorists. Mr. COZZENS's—or, as he was always called, FRED COZZENS's—delight was literary leisure, the company of men of a certain cultivation and apprehension, with whom he could talk of books and tell anecdotes, with many a quip and crank by the way, and with the sparkling glass not far off. His political sympathies, however, were different from those of many of his friends, and there was sometimes a touch of asperity in his partisanship. But yet it was with him as with many others, partly impatience with what he supposed to be assumed humanity and morality. In other years Mr. COZZENS was a constant frequenter of the Century Club; and those who knew him there will always pleasantly remember his clever sallies at themselves and others, and associate him kindly with many a lively and friendly hour.

A VERY ingenious New Year's swindle, and so common that the attention of the Post-Office Department has been drawn to it, is the sending through the mails to country postmasters and others specimen copies of periodicals, with tempting offers of enormous commissions to solicitors of subscribers, and the most urgent requests to forward names and subscriptions at once, so as to begin with the year. These offers are so tempting that thousands of subscribers are obtained and their money forwarded. Up to this point every thing goes well. But at this point every thing suddenly stops—except the proprietor of the magazine, who retires from business, and sets off upon his travels. A gentleman found in some offices, which he had unwittingly rented to one of these swindlers, scores of parcels of letters from every part of the country written in response to the circulars, and specifying the amounts of money inclosed. During the occupation of the rooms they were furnished in the most expensive and luxurious manner, so that if any body in the rural districts was suspicious and wrote to some friend to investigate, every thing should appear to be satisfactory. The Department will do what it can to baffle these swindling efforts. But the only safe way for country postmasters, and all who receive prospectuses of magazines, with "great inducements" to agents and solicitors, is, notwithstanding the specimen numbers, to satisfy themselves whether there are such magazines, and whether there is likely to be a February and March as well as a January number.

To those who knew Mr. PEABODY there is something very comical in the letter of VICTOR HUGO which associates JOHN BROWN and GEORGE PEABODY in a common honor. There could not be two men more curiously different in every way, nor more entirely unsympathetic in every thought and opinion. Probably Mr. PEABODY's view of JOHN BROWN was not very different from that of VALLANDIGHAM and JAMES M. MASON; and if the banker ever saw the poet's drawing of the Charlestown execution, he undoubtedly thought VICTOR HUGO a charlatan. Mr. PEABODY's political sympathies were those that VICTOR HUGO detested, while the one man in Europe who would have been especially antipathetic to the soft conservative soul of GEORGE PEABODY was the fiery red republican VICTOR HUGO. That HUGO should have been solicited to write "a word" about him is droll; that he should have replied, "coupling in one thought of gratitude and respect JOHN BROWN, the friend of the slave, to GEORGE PEABODY, the friend of the poor," is, however just the association, inexpressibly amusing.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A MEMORIAL, signed by a number of property holders and business men in Victoria, British Columbia, was on December 3 presented to the President by Mr. Vincent Collyer. The memorialists, while professing loyalty and attachment to the Queen, in view of the proposed severance from the mother country, are constrained by duty to themselves and their families to seek such political and commercial connections as will insure future prosperity. They set forth the disadvantages under which they labor, and view with alarm the intention to confederate them with the Dominion of Canada, for the reason that it can afford them neither protection, a market, nor population—their great want—nor can it satisfy any sentiment of loyalty or devotion, and that their interests are opposed, and the Canadian tariff would ruin Columbia; and, on the other hand, they detail the advantages to be derived from annexation to the United States. This memorial, it is said, will be followed by one of similar import, signed by the inhabitants of other British Columbian towns. The document was referred by the President to the Secretary of State.

Governor M'Dougall has been recalled, it is reported, by the Canadian Government, and has taken his departure from the Red River country. The territory reverts for the present to the control of the Hudson Bay Company, whose agents are suspected of instigating the revolt. Governor M'Dougall represents the insurrection as a trifling affair.

Governor Baker, of Indiana, announced his intention to recommend in his message to the next Legislature a reformation of the State laws governing the subject of divorce. The Legislature will not meet until January, 1871.

The Secretary of the Interior, in response to a resolution of Congress, states that the public land in the Southern States remaining unsold and unappropriated is 47,479,619 acres. The Virginias, the Carolinas, Georgia, Texas, Kentucky, and Tennessee have no public lands within their limits.

The funeral of the late Edwin M. Stanton took place at Washington December 27. The procession, notwithstanding a heavy rain, and the absence of official display, was imposing in the number, character, and official position of those present. The body was interred in Oak Hill Cemetery.

On the first day of the new year a man named V. W. Buckhout, in the village of Sleepy Hollow, on the Hudson, killed his wife and one Charles Randall, and seriously wounded Alfred Randall, father of the latter. Immediately after committing the crime he gave himself up. Insane jealousy is said to have been the cause of this tragedy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE new ministry of France is constituted as follows: *Minister of Justice*—M. Emile Ollivier. *Minister of the Interior*—M. Chevandier de Valdrome. *Minister of Foreign Affairs*—M. le Deputé Gaudin. *Minister of Commerce*—M. le Deputé Louvet. *Minister of Public Works*—M. Maurice Richard. The following members of the old ministry retain their positions in the new: M. Magne, Financial Secretary; M. Leboeuf, Minister of War; and Admiral Rigault, Minister of Marine.

The trial of Troppmann, for the murder of the Kinck family, closed in Paris December 30, in conviction and sentence to death.

The French Director-General of Telegraph Lines "corrects" the statement in President Grant's Message relating to the examination and control by the French Government of messages by the French cable, and says the Government does not control dispatches from America or elsewhere; but it is bound to see that messages are transmitted in the order in which they are filed or received at Brest, and that no clandestine dispatches are sent, and the Government thus defrauded of the revenue arising from its monopoly of the telegraphic business of the country.

The Œcumenical Council held a five hours' discussion December 29, on the question whether philosophy is heterodox. Letters from Rome to English journals assert that the Pope's influence in the Council is diminishing.

It is reported from Constantinople that the Sultan has renewed his demand upon the Viceroy of Egypt to abandon the project of an iron-clad fleet, and that the demand is now made in the form of a violent message.

M. Lesseps contradicts the stories of danger in navigating the Suez Canal, and adds that the depth in the shallowest parts has been considerably increased.

Port-au-Prince, Hayti, was captured December 17 by the revolutionists. Salnave's forces made but little resistance, and "nobody was hurt."

Advices from Cuba, in regard to the revolution, are as vague and contradictory as ever. Reports received in Washington announce that 700 Cuban insurgents had laid down their arms to Valmaseda, and that the chief Coca and his force had also surrendered. Other Spanish successes are also spoken of. A report that the Cuban Junta in New York had directed the insurgents to give up the contest in consequence of the unfriendly attitude of the Government of the United States is contradicted by authority of the Junta.

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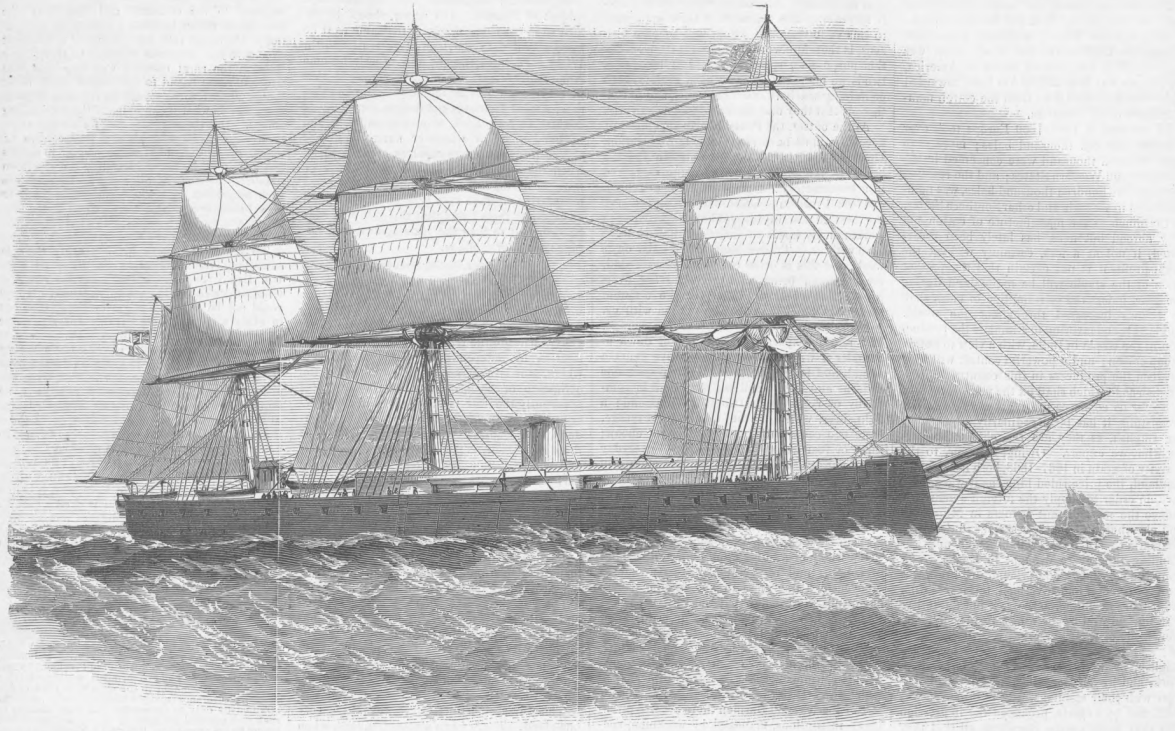
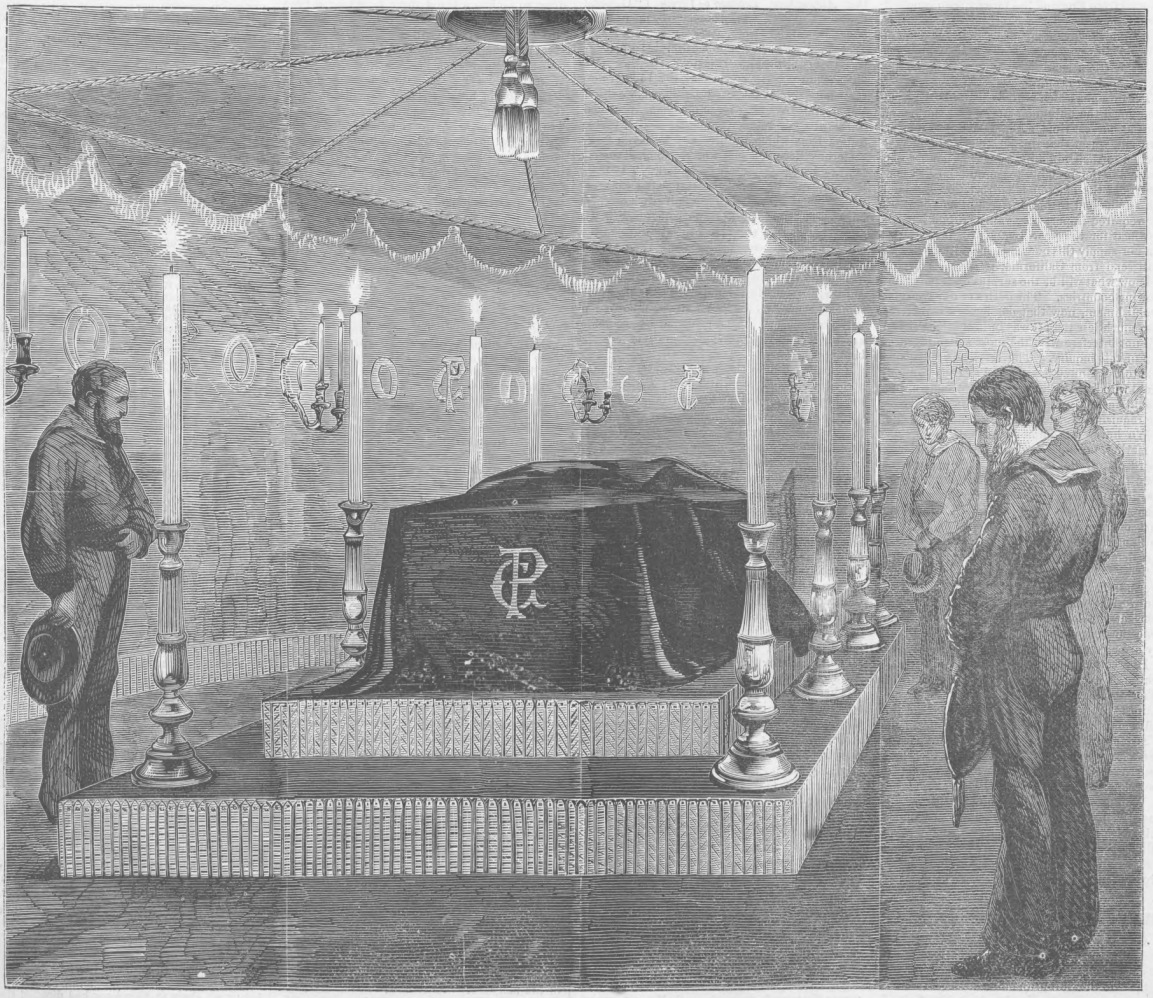


HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "MONARCH," BEARING THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MR. PEABODY TO THIS COUNTRY.—[SEE PAGE 37.]



THE MORTUARY CHAPEL ON BOARD THE "MONARCH."—[SEE PAGE 37.]

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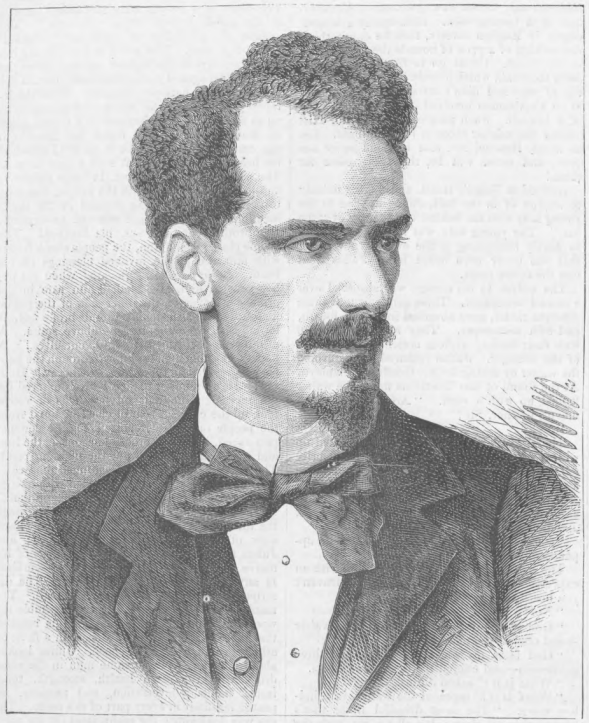

HENRI ROCHEFORT, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH CORPS LEGISLATIF.

HENRI ROCHEFORT.

ON this page we give a very striking likeness of HENRI ROCHEFORT, one of the most advanced, most audacious, and most dangerous of the radical politicians of France. Educated in newspapers, he first made his mark as a sharp, caustic, and fearless writer for the penny press of Paris, where his articles frequently drew down upon him the displeasure of the Government. The journals for which he wrote were often seized; but such was his popularity that the proprietors could well afford to lose an edition now and then, and regarded a seizure as rather a good card with the public. A few months ago he established a journal called *The Lantern* (*La Lanterne*), in which he attacked the Emperor and his government with great severity, and exposed them to the ridicule of the people. For this offense his paper, which speedily attained an enormous circulation, was confiscated, and ROCHEFORT was obliged to seek personal safety in flight. The Opposition party in Paris testified their confidence in him by electing him, while an exile, to represent them in the Corps Legislatif. It was supposed that the Government would prohibit his return, and certainly prevent him from taking his seat. Nevertheless ROCHEFORT ventured upon French soil again shortly before the commencement of the session; and beyond a slight annoyance from the police authorities when he made his reappearance, he has not been interfered with. The Emperor had learned wisdom, and came to the conclusion that the best way to deal with such a man was to let him alone. His popularity was, however, only partly the result of political persecution. Paris adores wit and courage, and ROCHEFORT possesses both in a very high degree. He is not a wise nor a great man, nor in any sense a statesman. He is only a smart and fearless partisan, on the right side of politics, who has the daring to seek popular notoriety by proclaiming aloud what thousands think in secret, but are afraid to speak above a whisper.

FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

OUR engraving on page 36 shows the British iron-clad *Monarch* on her voyage from England to this country, with the remains of the late Mr. GEORGE PEABODY on board. The body rests in a mortuary chapel, a view of which is given on the same page, erected in the stern of the ship, near the officers' cabins. The chapel is circular, with a cupola, and is draped with black cloth, looped up from the centre of the dome with white silk cords. Round the higher part of the structure are festoons of black drapery, fringed with white lace, and at the sides the initials "G. P." are picked out in white satin stitches. Alternately with the monograms are wreaths of *immortelles* and silver sconces of wax-lights. The coffin is placed on a bier in the centre of the chapel, and has on each side four huge silver-plated candlesticks, each three feet high, containing wax-candles of a proportionate size. Facing the entrance is an American eagle in a device of silver, with the inscription, "*E Pluribus Unum*." Heavy folds of black curtain separate this construction from the rest of the ship. During the voyage the chapel was closed, and a guard of royal marines was stationed at the entrance.

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MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THIRD SCENE.—LONDON.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

GEOFFREY AS A LETTER-WRITER.

LORD HOLCHESTER'S servants—with the butler at their head—were on the look-out for Mr. Julius Delamayn's arrival from Scotland. The appearance of the two brothers together took the whole domestic establishment by surprise. All inquiries were addressed to the butler by Julius; Geoffrey standing by, and taking no other than a listener's part in the proceedings.

"Is my father alive?"

"His lordship, I am rejoiced to say, has astonished the doctors, Sir. He rallied last night in the most wonderful way. If things go on for the next eight-and-forty hours as they are going now, my lord's recovery is considered certain."

"What was the illness?"

"A paralytic stroke, Sir. When her ladyship telegraphed to you in Scotland the doctors had given his lordship up."

"Is my mother at home?"

"Her ladyship is at home to *you*, Sir."

The butler laid a special emphasis on the personal pronoun. Julius turned to his brother. The change for the better in the state of Lord Holchester's health made Geoffrey's position, at that moment, an embarrassing one. He had been positively forbidden to enter the house. His one excuse for setting that prohibitory sentence at defiance rested on the assumption that his father was actually dying. As matters now stood Lord Holchester's order remained in full force. The under-servants in the hall (charged to obey that order as they valued their places) looked from "Mr. Geoffrey" to the butler. The butler looked from "Mr. Geoffrey" to "Mr. Julius." Julius looked at his brother. There was an awkward pause. The position of the second son was the position of a wild beast in the house—a creature to be got rid of, without risk to yourself, if you only knew how.

Geoffrey spoke, and solved the problem.

"Open the door, one of you fellows," he said to the footmen. "I'm off."

"Wait a minute," interposed his brother. "It will be a sad disappointment to my mother to know that you have been here, and gone away again without seeing her. These are no ordinary circumstances, Geoffrey. Come up stairs with me—I'll take it on myself."

"I'm blessed if I take it on *myself*!" returned Geoffrey. "Open the door!"

"Wait here, at any rate," pleaded Julius, "till I can send you down a message."

"Send your message to Nagle's Hotel. I'm at home at Nagle's—I'm not at home here."

At that point the discussion was interrupted by the appearance of a little terrier in the hall. Seeing strangers, the dog began to bark. Perfect tranquillity in the house had been absolutely insisted on by the doctors; and the servants, all trying together to catch the animal and quiet him, simply aggravated the noise he was making. Geoffrey solved this problem also in his own decisive way. He swung round as the dog was passing him, and kicked it with his heavy boot. The little creature fell on the spot, whining piteously. "My lady's pet dog!" exclaimed the butler. "You've broken its ribs, Sir." "I've broken it of barking, you mean," retorted Geoffrey. "Ribs be hanged!" He turned to his brother. "That settles it," he said, jocosely. "I'd better defer the pleasure of calling on dear mamma till the next opportunity. Ta-ta, Julius. You know where to find me. Come, and dine. We'll give you a steak at Nagle's that will make a man of you."

He went out. The tall footmen eyed his lordship's second son with unaffected respect. They had seen him, in public, at the annual festival of the Christian-Pugilistic-Association, with "the gloves" on. He could have beaten the biggest man in the hall within an inch of his life in three minutes. The porter bowed as he threw open the door. The whole interest and attention of the domestic establishment then present was concentrated on Geoffrey. Julius went up stairs to his mother without attracting the slightest notice.

The month was August. The streets were empty. The vilest breeze that blows—a hot east wind in London—was the breeze abroad on that day. Even Geoffrey appeared to feel the influence of the weather as the cab carried him from his father's door to the hotel. He took off his hat, and unbuttoned his waistcoat, and lit his everlasting pipe, and growled and grumbled between his teeth in the intervals of smoking. Was it only the hot wind that wrung from him these demonstrations of discomfort? Or was there some secret anxiety in his mind which assisted the depressing influences of the day? There was a secret anxiety in his mind. And the name of it was—Anne.

As things actually were at that moment, what course was he to take with the unhappy woman who was waiting to hear from him at the Scotch inn?

To write? or not to write? That was the question with Geoffrey.

The preliminary difficulty, relating to addressing a letter to Anne at the inn, had been already provided for. She had decided—if it proved necessary to give her name, before Geoffrey joined her—to call herself MRS., instead of Miss, Silvester. A letter addressed to "Mrs. Silvester" might be trusted to find its way to her, without causing any embarrassment. The doubt was not here. The doubt lay, as usual, between two alternatives. Which course would it be wisest to take?—to inform Anne, by that day's post, that an interval of forty-eight hours must elapse before his father's recovery could be considered certain? Or to wait till the interval was over, and be guided by the result? Considering the alternatives in the cab, he decided that the wise course was to temporize with Anne, by reporting matters as they then stood.

Arrived at the hotel, he sat down to write the letter—doubted—and tore it up—doubted again—and began again—doubted once more—and tore up the second letter—rose to his feet—and owned to himself (in unprintable language) that he couldn't for the life of him decide which was safest—to write or to wait.

In this difficulty, his healthy physical instincts sent him to healthy physical remedies for relief. "My mind's in a muddle," said Geoffrey. "I'll try a bath."

It was an elaborate bath, proceeding through many rooms, and combining many postures and applications. He steamed. He plunged. He simmered. He stood under a pipe, and received a cataract of cold water on his head. He was laid on his back; he was laid on his stomach; he was respectfully pounded and kneaded, from head to foot, by the knuckles of accomplished practitioners. He came out of it all, sleek, clear, rosy, beautiful. He returned to the hotel, and took up the writing materials—and behold the intolerable indecision seized him again, declining to be washed out! This time he laid it all to Anne. "That infernal woman will be the ruin of me," said Geoffrey, taking up his hat. "I must try the dumb-bells."

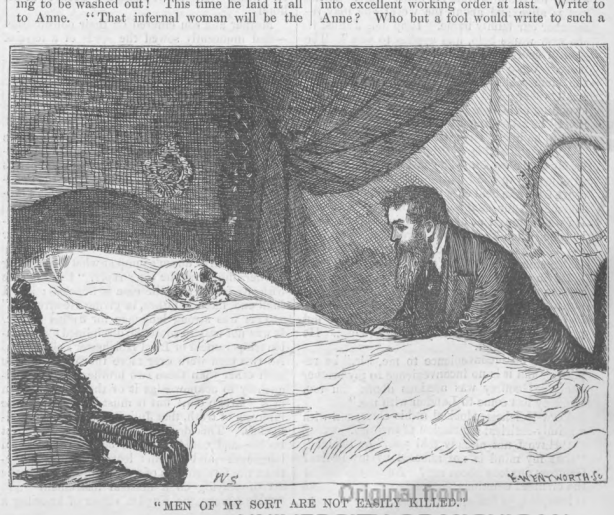
The pursuit of the new remedy for stimulating a sluggish brain took him to a public house, kept by the professional pedestrian who had the honor of training him when he contended at Athletic Sports.

"A private room and the dumb-bells!" cried Geoffrey. "The heaviest you have got."

He stripped himself of his upper clothing, and set to work, with the heavy weights in each hand, waving them up and down, and backward and forward, in every attainable variety of movement, till his magnificent muscles seemed on the point of starting through his sleek skin. Little by little his animal spirits roused themselves. The strong exertion intoxicated the strong man. In sheer excitement he swore cheerfully—invoking thunder and lightning, explosion and blood, in return for the compliments profusely paid to him by the pedestrian and the pedestrian's son. "Pen, ink, and paper!" he roared, when he could use the dumb-bells no longer. "My mind's made up; I'll write, and have done with it!" He sat down to his writing on the spot; he actually finished the letter; another minute would have dispatched it to the post—and, in that minute, the maddening indecision took possession of him once more. He opened the letter again, read it over again, and tore it up again. "I'm out of my mind!" cried Geoffrey, fixing his big bewildered blue eyes fiercely on the professor who trained him. "Thunder and lightning! Explosion and blood! Send for Crouch."

Crouch (known and respected wherever English manhood is known and respected) was a retired prize-fighter. He appeared with the third and last remedy for clearing the mind known to the Honorable Geoffrey Delamayn—namely, two pair of boxing-gloves in a carpet-bag.

The gentleman and the prize-fighter put on the gloves, and faced each other in the classically-correct posture of pugilistic defense. "None of your play, mind!" growled Geoffrey. "Fight, you beggar, as if you were in the Ring again, with orders to win." No man knew better than the great and terrible Crouch what real fighting meant, and what heavy blows might be given even with such apparently harmless weapons as stuffed and padded gloves. He pretended, and only pretended, to comply with his patron's request. Geoffrey rewarded him for his polite forbearance by knocking him down. The great and terrible rose with unruffled composure. "Well hit, Sir!" he said. "Try it with the other hand now." Geoffrey's temper was not under similar control. Invoking everlasting destruction on the frequently-blackened eyes of Crouch, he threatened instant withdrawal of his patronage and support unless the polite pugilist hit, then and there, as hard as he could. The hero of a hundred fights quailed at the dreadful prospect. "I've got a family to support," remarked Crouch. "If you *will* have it, Sir—there it is!" The fall of Geoffrey followed, and shook the house. He was on his legs again in an instant—not satisfied even yet. "None of your body-hitting!" he roared. "Stick to my head. Thunder and lightning! explosion and blood! Knock it out of me! Stick to the head!" Obedient Crouch stuck to the head. The two gave and took blows which would have stunned—possibly have killed—any civilized member of the community. Now on one side of his patron's iron skull, and now on the other, the hammering of the prize-fighter's gloves fell, thump upon thump, horrible to hear—until even Geoffrey himself had had enough of it. "Thank you, Crouch," he said, speaking civilly to the man for the first time. "That will do. I feel nice and clear again." He shook his head two or three times; he was rubbed down like a horse by the professional runner; he drank a mighty draught of malt liquor; he recovered his good-humor as if by magic. "Want the pen and ink, Sir?" inquired his pedestrian host. "Not I!" answered Geoffrey. "The muddle's out of me now. Pen and ink be hanged! I shall look up some of our fellows, and go to the play." He left the public house in the happiest condition of mental calm. Inspired by the stimulant application of Crouch's gloves, his torpid cunning had been shaken up into excellent working order at last. Write to Anne? Who but a fool would write to such a



"MEN OF MY SORT ARE NOT EASILY KILLED."

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woman as that until he was forced to it? Wait and see what the chances of the next eight-and-forty hours might bring forth, and then write to her, or desert her, as the event might decide. It lay in a nut-shell, if you could only see it. Thanks to Crouch, he did see it—and so away, in a pleasant temper for a dinner with "our fellows" and an evening at the play!

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

GEOFFREY IN THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

THE interval of eight-and-forty hours passed—without the occurrence of any personal communication between the two brothers in that time.

Julius, remaining at his father's house, sent brief written bulletins of Lord Holchester's health to his brother at the hotel. The first bulletin said, "Going on well. Doctors satisfied." The second was firmer in tone. "Going on excellently. Doctors very sanguine." The third was the most explicit of all. "I am to see my father in an hour from this. The doctors answer for his recovery. Depend on my putting in a good word for you, if I can; and wait to hear from me further at the hotel."

Geoffrey's face darkened as he read the third bulletin. He called once more for the hated writing materials. There could be no doubt now as to the necessity of communicating with Anne. Lord Holchester's recovery had put him back again in the same critical position which he had occupied at Windygates. To keep Anne from committing some final act of despair, which would connect him with a public scandal, and ruin him so far as his expectations from his father were concerned, was, once more, the only safe policy that Geoffrey could pursue. His letter began and ended in twenty words:

"DEAR ANNE,—Have only just heard that my father is turning the corner. Stay where you are. Will write again."

Having dispatched this Spartan composition by the post, Geoffrey lit his pipe, and waited the event of the interview between Lord Holchester and his eldest son.

Julius found his father alarmingly altered in personal appearance, but in full possession of his faculties nevertheless. Unable to return the pressure of his son's hand—unable even to turn in the bed without help—the hard eye of the old lawyer was as keen, the hard mind of the old lawyer was as clear, as ever. His grand ambition was to see Julius in Parliament. Julius was offering himself for election in Perthshire, by his father's express desire, at that moment. Lord Holchester entered eagerly into politics before his eldest son had been two minutes by his bedside.

"Much obliged, Julius, for your congratulations. Men of my sort are not easily killed. (Look at Brougham and Lyndhurst!) You won't be called to the Upper House yet. You will begin in the House of Commons—precisely as I wished. What are your prospects with the constituency? Tell me exactly how you stand, and where I can be of use to you."

"Surely, Sir, you are hardly recovered enough to enter on matters of business yet?"

"I am quite recovered enough. I want some present interest to occupy me. My thoughts are beginning to drift back to past times, and to things which are better forgotten." A sudden contraction crossed his livid face. He looked hard at his son, and entered abruptly on a new question. "Julius!" he resumed, "have you ever heard of a young woman named Anne Silvester?"

Julius answered in the negative. He and his wife had exchanged cards with Lady Lundie, and had excused themselves from accepting her invitation to the lawn-party. With the exception of Blanche, they were both quite ignorant of the persons who composed the family circle at Windygates.

"Make a memorandum of the name," Lord Holchester went on. "Anne Silvester. Her father and mother are dead. I knew her father in former times. Her mother was ill-used. It was a bad business. I have been thinking of it again, for the first time for many years. If the girl is alive and about the world she may remember our family name. Help her, Julius, if she ever wants help, and applies to you." The painful contraction passed across his face once more. Were his thoughts taking him back to the memorable summer evening at the Hampstead villa? Did he see the deserted woman swooning at his feet again? "About your election?" he asked, impatiently. "My mind is not used to be idle. Give it something to do."

Julius stated his position as plainly and as briefly as he could. The father found nothing to object to in the report—except the son's absence from the field of action. He blamed Lady Holchester for summoning Julius to London. He was annoyed at his son's being there, at the bedside, when he ought to have been addressing the electors. "It's inconvenient, Julius," he said, petulantly. "Don't you see it yourself?"

Having previously arranged with his mother to take the first opportunity that offered of risking a reference to Geoffrey, Julius decided to "see it" in a light for which his father was not prepared. The opportunity was before him. He took it on the spot.

"It is no inconvenience to me, Sir," he replied, "and it is no inconvenience to my brother either. Geoffrey was anxious about you too. Geoffrey has come to London with me."

Lord Holchester looked at his eldest son with a grimly-satirical expression of surprise.

"Have I not already told you," he rejoined, "that my mind is not affected by my illness? Geoffrey anxious about me? Anxiety is one of the civilized emotions. Man in his savage state is incapable of feeling it."

"My brother is not a savage, Sir."

"His stomach is generally full, and his skin is covered with linen and cloth, instead of red ochre and oil. So far, certainly, your brother is civilized. In all other respects your brother is a savage."

"I know what you mean, Sir. But there is something to be said for Geoffrey's way of life. He cultivates his courage and his strength. Courage and strength are fine qualities, surely, in their way?"

"Excellent qualities, as far as they go. If you want to know how far that is, challenge Geoffrey to write a sentence of decent English, and see if his courage doesn't fail him there. Give him his books to read for his degree, and, strong as he is, he will be taken ill at the sight of them. You wish me to see your brother. Nothing will induce me to see him, until his way of life (as you call it) is altered altogether. I have but one hope of its ever being altered now. It is barely possible that the influence of a sensible woman—possessed of such advantages of birth and fortune as may compel respect, even from a savage—might produce its effect on Geoffrey. If he wishes to find his way back into this house let him find his way back into good society first, and bring me a daughter-in-law to plead his cause for him—whom his mother and I can respect and receive. When that happens, I shall begin to have some belief in Geoffrey. Until it does happen, don't introduce your brother into any future conversations which you may have with Me. To return to your election. I have some advice to give you before you go back. You will do well to go back to-night. Lift me up on the pillow. I shall speak more easily with my head high."

His son lifted him on the pillows, and once more entreated him to spare himself.

It was useless. No remonstrances shook the iron resolution of the man who had hewed his way through the rank and file of political humanity to his own high place apart from the rest. Helpless, ghastly, snatched out of the very jaws of Death, there he lay, steadily distilling the clear common-sense which had won him all his worldly rewards into the mind of his son. Not a hint was missed, not a caution was forgotten, that could guide Julius safely through the many political ways which he had trodden so safely and so dextrously himself. An hour more had passed before the impenetrable old man closed his weary eyes, and consented to take his nourishment and compose himself to rest. His last words, rendered barely articulate by exhaustion, still sang the praises of party manœuvres and political strife. "It's a grand career! I miss the House of Commons, Julius, as I miss nothing else!"

Left free to pursue his own thoughts, and to guide his own movements, Julius went straight from Lord Holchester's bedside to Lady Holchester's boudoir.

"Has your father said any thing about Geoffrey?" was his mother's first question as soon as he entered the room.

"My father gives Geoffrey a last chance, if Geoffrey will only take it."

Lady Holchester's face clouded. "I know," she said, with a look of disappointment. "His last chance is to read for his degree. Hopeless, my dear. Quite hopeless! If it had only been something easier than that; something that rested with me—"

"It does rest with you," interposed Julius. "My dear mother!—can you believe it?—Geoffrey's last chance is (in one word) Marriage!"

"Oh, Julius! it's too good to be true!"

Julius repeated his father's own words. Lady Holchester looked twenty years younger as she listened. When he had done she rang the bell.

"No matter who calls," she said to the servant, "I am not at home." She turned to Julius, kissed him, and made a place for him on the sofa by her side. "Geoffrey shall take *that* chance," she said, gayly—"I will answer for it! I have three women in my mind, any one of whom would suit him. Sit down, my dear, and let us consider carefully which of the three will be most likely to attract Geoffrey, and to come up to your father's standard of what his daughter-in-law ought to be. When we have decided, don't trust to writing. Go yourself and see Geoffrey at his hotel."

Mother and son entered on their consultation—and innocently sowed the seeds of a terrible harvest to come.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

GEOFFREY AS A PUBLIC CHARACTER.

TIME had advanced to after noon before the selection of Geoffrey's future wife was accomplished, and before the instructions of Geoffrey's brother were complete enough to justify the opening of the matrimonial negotiation at Nagle's Hotel.

"Don't leave him till you have got his promise," were Lady Holchester's last words when her son started on his mission.

"If Geoffrey doesn't jump at what I am going to offer him," was the son's reply, "I shall agree with my father that the case is hopeless; and I shall end, like my father, in giving Geoffrey up."

This was strong language for Julius to use. It was not easy to rouse the disciplined and equable temperament of Lord Holchester's eldest son. No two men were ever more thoroughly unlike each other than these two brothers. It is melancholy to acknowledge it of the blood-relation of a "stroke oar," but it must be owned, in the interests of truth, that Julius cultivated his intelligence. This degenerate Briton could digest books—and couldn't digest beer. Could learn languages—and couldn't learn to row. Practiced the foreign vice of perfecting himself in the art of playing on a musical instrument—and couldn't learn the English virtue of knowing a good horse when he saw him. Got through life (Heaven only knows how!) without either a biceps or a betting-book. Had openly acknowledged, in English society, that he didn't think the barking of a pack of hounds the finest music in the world. Could go to foreign parts, and see a mountain which nobody had ever got to the top of yet—and didn't instantly feel his honor as an Englishman involved in getting to the top of it himself. Such people may, and do, exist among the inferior races of the Continent. Let us thank Heaven, Sir, that England never has been, and never will be, the right place for them!

Arrived at Nagel's Hotel, and finding nobody to inquire of in the hall, Julius applied to the young lady who sat behind the window of "the bar." The young lady was reading something so deeply interesting in the evening newspaper that she never even heard him. Julius went into the coffee-room.

The waiter, in his corner, was absorbed over a second newspaper. Three gentlemen, at three different tables, were absorbed in a third, fourth, and fifth newspaper. They all alike went on with their reading without noticing the entrance of the stranger. Julius ventured on disturbing the waiter by asking for Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn. At the sound of that illustrious name the waiter looked up with a start. "Are you Mr. Delamayn's brother, Sir?"

"Yes."

The three gentlemen at the tables looked up with a start. The light of Geoffrey's celebrity fell, reflected, on Geoffrey's brother, and made a public character of him.

"You'll find Mr. Geoffrey, Sir," said the waiter, in a flurried, excited manner, "at the Cock and Bottle, Putney."

"I expected to find him here. I had an appointment with him at this hotel."

The waiter opened his eyes on Julius with an expression of blank astonishment. "Haven't you heard the news, Sir?"

"No."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the waiter—and offered the newspaper.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the three gentlemen—and offered the three newspapers.

"What is it?" asked Julius.

"What is it?" repeated the waiter, in a hollow voice. "The most dreadful thing that's happened in my time. It's all up, Sir, with the Great Foot-Race at Fulham. Tinkler has gone stale."

The three gentlemen dropped solemnly back into their three chairs, and repeated the dreadful intelligence, in chorus—"Tinkler has gone stale."

A man who stands face to face with a great national disaster, and who doesn't understand it, is a man who will do wisely to hold his tongue, and enlighten his mind without asking other people to help him. Julius accepted the waiter's newspaper, and sat down to make (if possible) two discoveries: First, as to whether "Tinkler" did, or did not, mean a man. Second, as to what particular form of human affliction you implied when you described that man as "gone stale."

There was no difficulty in finding the news. It was printed in the largest type, and was followed by a personal statement of the facts, taken one way—which was followed, in its turn, by another personal statement of the facts, taken in another way. More particulars, and further personal statements, were promised in later editions. The royal salute of British journalism thundered the announcement of Tinkler's staleness before a people prostrate on the national betting-book.

Divested of exaggeration, the facts were few enough and simple enough. A famous Athletic Association of the North had challenged a famous Athletic Association of the South. The usual "Sports" were to take place—such as running, jumping, "putting" the hammer, throwing cricket-balls, and the like—and the whole was to wind up with a Foot-Race of unexampled length and difficulty in the annals of human achievement between the two best men on either side. "Tinkler" was the best man on the side of the South. "Tinkler" was backed in innumerable betting-books to win. And Tinkler's lungs had suddenly given way under stress of training! A prospect of witnessing a prodigious achievement in foot-racing, and (more important still) a prospect of winning and losing large sums of money, was suddenly withdrawn from the eyes of the British people. The "South" could produce no second opponent worthy of the North out of its own associated resources. Surveying the athletic world in general, but one man existed who might possibly replace "Tinkler"—and it was doubtful, in the last degree, whether he would consent to come forward under the circumstances. The name of that man—Julius read it with horror—was Geoffrey Delamayn.

Profound silence reigned in the coffee-room. Julius laid down the newspaper, and looked about him. The waiter was busy, in his corner, with a pencil and a betting-book. The three gentlemen were busy, at the three tables, with pencils and betting-books.

"Try and persuade him!" said the waiter, piteously, as Delamayn's brother rose to leave the room.

"Try and persuade him!" echoed the three gentlemen, as Delamayn's brother opened the door and went out.

Julius called a cab, and told the driver (busy with a pencil and a betting-book) to go to the Cock and Bottle, Putney. The man brightened into a new being at the prospect. No need to hurry him; he drove, unasked, at the top of his horse's speed.

As the cab drew near to its destination the signs of a great national excitement appeared, and multiplied. The lips of a people pronounced, with a grand unanimity, the name of "Tinkler." The heart of a people hung suspended (mostly in the public houses) on the chances for and against the possibility of replacing "Tinkler" by another man. The scene in front of the inn was impressive in the highest degree. Even the London blackguard stood awed and quiet in the presence of the national calamity. Even the irrepressible man with the apron, who always turns up to sell nuts and sweetmeats in a crowd, plied his trade in silence, and found few indeed (to the credit of the nation be it spoken) who had the heart to crack a nut at such a time as this. The police were on the spot, in large numbers, and in mute sympathy with the people, touching to see. Julius, on being stopped at the door, mentioned his name—and received an ovation. His brother! oh, heavens, his brother! The people closed round him, the people shook hands with him, the people invoked blessings on his head. Julius was half suffocated, when the police rescued him, and landed him safe in the privileged haven on the inner side of the public house door. A deafening tumult broke out, as he entered, from the regions above stairs. A distant voice screamed, "Mind yourselves!" A hatless shouting man tore down through the people congregated on the stairs. "Hooray! Hooray! He's promised to do it! He's entered for the race!" Hundreds on hundreds of voices took up the cry. A roar of cheering burst from the people outside. Reporters for the newspapers raced, in frantic procession, out of the inn, and rushed into cabs to put the news in print. The hand of the landlord, leading Julius carefully up stairs by the arm, trembled with excitement. "His brother, gentlemen! his brother!" At those magic words a lane was made through the throng. At those magic words the closed door of the council-chamber flew open; and Julius found himself among the Athletes of his native country, in full parliament assembled. Is any description of them needed? The description of Geoffrey applies to them all. The manhood and muscle of England resemble the wool and mutton of England, in this respect, that there is about as much variety in a flock of athletes as in a flock of sheep. Julius looked about him, and saw the same man in the same dress, with the same health, strength, tone, tastes, habits, conversation, and pursuits, repeated infinitely in every part of the room. The din was deafening; the enthusiasm (to an uninitiated stranger) something at once hideous and terrifying to behold. Geoffrey had been lifted bodily on to the table, in his chair, so as to be visible to the whole room. They sang round him, they danced round him, they cheered round him, they swore round him. He was hailed, in maudlin terms of endearment, by grateful giants with tears in their eyes. "Dear old man!" "Glorious, noble, splendid, beautiful fellow!" They hugged him. They patted him on the back. They wrung his hands. They prodded and punched his muscles. They embraced the noble legs that were going to run the unexampled race. At the opposite end of the room, where it was physically impossible to get near the hero, the enthusiasm vented itself in feats of strength and acts of destruction. Hercules I. cleared a space with his elbows, and laid down—and Hercules II. took him up in his teeth. Hercules III. seized the poker from the fire-place, and broke it on his arm. Hercules IV. followed with the tongs, and shattered them on his neck. The smashing of the furniture and the pulling down of the house seemed likely to succeed—when Geoffrey's eye lighted by accident on Julius, and Geoffrey's voice, calling fiercely for his brother, hushed the wild assembly into sudden attention, and turned the fiery enthusiasm into a new course. Hooray for his brother! One, two, three—and up with his brother on our shoulders! Four, five, six—and on with his brother, over our heads, to the other end of the room! See, boys—see! the hero has got him by the collar! the hero has lifted him on the table! The hero, heated red-hot with his own triumph, welcomes the poor little snob cheerfully, with a volley of oaths. "Thunder and lightning! Explosion and blood! What's up now, Julius? What's up now?"

Julius recovered his breath, and arranged his coat. The quiet little man, who had just muscle enough to lift a Dictionary from the shelf, and just training enough to play the fiddle, so far from being daunted by the rough reception accorded to him, appeared to feel no other sentiment in relation to it than a sentiment of unmitigated contempt.

"You're not frightened, are you?" said Geoffrey. "Our fellows are a roughish lot, but they mean well."

"I am not frightened," answered Julius. "I am only wondering—when the Schools and Universities of England turn out such a set of ruffians as these—how long the Schools and Universities of England will last."

"Mind what you are about, Julius! They'll cart you out of window if they hear you."

"They will only confirm my opinion of them, Geoffrey, if they do."

Here, the assembly, seeing but not hearing the colloquy between the two brothers, became uneasy on the subject of the coming race. A roar of voices summoned Geoffrey to announce it, if there was any thing wrong. Having pacified the meeting, Geoffrey turned again to his brother, and asked him, in no amiable mood, what the devil he wanted there?

"I want to tell you something, before I go back to Scotland," answered Julius. "My father is willing to give you a last chance. If you don't take it, *my* doors are closed against you as well as *his*."

Nothing is more remarkable, in its way, than the sound common-sense and admirable self-restraint exhibited by the youth of the present time, when confronted by an emergency in which their

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own interests are concerned. Instead of resenting the tone which his brother had taken with him, Geoffrey instantly descended from the pedestal of glory on which he stood, and placed himself without a struggle in the hands which vicariously held his destiny—otherwise, the hands which vicariously held the purse. In five minutes more the meeting had been dismissed, with all needful assurances relating to Geoffrey's share in the coming Sports—and the two brothers were closeted together in one of the private rooms of the inn.

"Out with it!" said Geoffrey. "And don't be long about it."

"I won't be five minutes," replied Julius. "I go back to-night by the mail-train; and I have a great deal to do in the mean time. Here it is, in plain words: My father consents to see you again, if you choose to settle in life—with his approval. And my mother has discovered where you may find a wife. Birth, beauty, and money are all offered to you. Take them—and you recover your position as Lord Holchester's son. Refuse them—and you go to ruin your own way."

Geoffrey's reception of the news from home was not of the most reassuring kind. Instead of answering he struck his fist furiously on the table, and cursed with all his heart some absent woman unnamed.

"I have nothing to do with any degrading connection which you may have formed," Julius went on. "I have only to put the matter before you exactly as it stands, and to leave you to decide for yourself. The lady in question was formerly Miss Newenden—a descendant of one of the oldest families in England. She is now Mrs. Glenarm—the young widow (and the childless widow) of the great iron-master of that name. Birth and fortune—she unites both. Her income is a clear ten thousand a year. My father can, and will, make it fifteen thousand, if you are lucky enough to persuade her to marry you. My mother answers for her personal qualities. And my wife has met her at our house in London. She is now, as I hear, staying with some friends in Scotland; and when I get back I will take care that an invitation is sent to her to pay her next visit at my house. It remains, of course, to be seen whether you are fortunate enough to produce a favorable impression on her. In the mean time you will be doing every thing that my father can ask of you, if you make the attempt."

Geoffrey impatiently dismissed that part of the question from all consideration.

"If she don't cotton to a man who's going to run in the Great Race at Fulham," he said, "there are plenty as good as she is who will! That's not the difficulty. Bother *that*!"

"I tell you again, I have nothing to do with your difficulties," Julius resumed. "Take the rest of the day to consider what I have said to you. If you decide to accept the proposal, I shall expect you to prove you are in earnest by meeting me at the station to-night. We will travel back to Scotland together. You will complete your interrupted visit at Lady Lundie's (it is important, in my interests, that you should treat a person of her position in the county with all due respect); and my wife will make the necessary arrangements with Mrs. Glenarm, in anticipation of your return to our house. There is nothing more to be said, and no further necessity of my staying here. If you join me at the station to-night your sister-in-law and I will do all we can to help you. If I travel back to Scotland alone, don't trouble yourself to follow—I have done with you." He shook hands with his brother, and went out.

Left alone, Geoffrey lit his pipe and sent for the landlord.

"Get me a boat. I shall scull myself up the river for an hour or two. And put in some towels. I may take a swim."

The landlord received the order—with a caution addressed to his illustrious guest.

"Don't show yourself in front of the house, Sir! If you let the people see you, they're in such a state of excitement, the police won't answer for keeping them in order."

"All right. I'll go out by the back way."

He took a turn up and down the room. What were the difficulties to be overcome before he could profit by the golden prospect which his brother had offered to him? The Sports? No! The committee had promised to defer the day, if he wished it—and a month's training, in his physical condition, would be amply enough for him. Had he any personal objection to trying his luck with Mrs. Glenarm? Not he! Any woman would do—provided his father was satisfied, and the money was all right. The obstacle which was really in his way was the obstacle of the woman whom he had ruined. Anne! The one insuperable difficulty was the difficulty of dealing with Anne.

"We'll see how it looks," he said to himself, "after a pull up the river!"

The landlord and the police inspector smuggled him out by the back way unknown to the expectant populace in front. The two men stood on the river-bank admiring him, as he pulled away from them, with his long, powerful, easy, beautiful stroke.

"That's what I call the pride and flower of England!" said the inspector. "Has the betting on him begun?"

"Six to four," said the landlord, "and no takers."

Julius went early to the station that night. His mother was very anxious. "Don't let Geoffrey find an excuse in your example," she said, "if he is late."

The first person whom Julius saw on getting out of the carriage was Geoffrey—with his ticket taken, and his portmanteau in charge of the guard.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE total average daily receipts of Stewart's great retail establishment on Broadway and Tenth Street are stated to be $60,000. This immense business demands an army of employés; and twenty-two hundred persons are usually required to perform all the duties connected with it. The most careful espionage is necessary from the fact that such a multitude are employed; and experienced detectives are constantly employed as a protection against the cupidity of both employés and customers. When dismissed at night all the employés pass through a private door opening into Ninth Street, and any suspicious package can readily be discovered. The clerks are required to be prompt both in coming and going, as well as to be attentive to business. Notwithstanding all the supervision which is necessarily exercised, there is a great demand for the places, and all are anxious to retain their situation.

The average daily number of persons visiting the store is estimated at fifteen thousand, and on some special occasions there have been as many as fifty thousand. The most polite attention is given to all, both rich and poor; yet one who has no wish to purchase may go all over the establishment without being spoken to, unless he exhibits some perplexity, when an usher will instantly give any desired information. Every thing is quiet and orderly, and multitudes do pass through the various departments from motives of interest and curiosity alone.

Mr. Stewart himself gives some personal supervision to this store every day; and his superintendent always goes through the whole establishment daily, so that he may understand the exact condition of each department. He never allows any class of goods to remain upon the shelves when they have become a drug in the market.

At the opening of a new industrial school at Leith, Dr. Guthrie said that there doubtless were no less than 1,200,000 children between the ages of five and a half and thirteen in England and Wales who are growing up like wild beasts, without any education whatever. And he strongly advocated the necessity of compulsory education, on the ground that no one has a right to bring up dangerous members in a community, and that the most dangerous of all animals is man with an uneducated brain.

One evening, about the time of the battle of Fredericksburg, Mr. Stanton was called from the dinner-table to receive intelligence from the "front." A letter was read containing the sad story of war and blood, death and defeat, to which he listened attentively, with his arm tenderly encircling his little girl, who had run from the dining-room, and stood by her father's chair. Toward the end of the letter was mention of a young lieutenant who had died bravely in action. "Read that again," said the Secretary. And when it had been read he remarked: "As good a boy as I ever knew, with a good woman for a mother," speaking the words with much emotion. When the reading was over he gave directions how to use the report, and asked the bearer to wait a few minutes and excuse him. There was a sweet light in his eyes as he returned, and a grave reverence in the tone of his voice when he handed the messenger a letter, with the words: "It's to his mother; will you mail it for me? I want it to go forward to-night."

Herr Klein, a German musician, has made a nice calculation, to the effect that since the year 1720 no less than one hundred and twenty thousand operatic melodies have been composed.

The death of Madame Grisi took place while she was on her way from Florence to St. Petersburg. When she left Florence she had a small carbuncle on her face, which rapidly developed during the journey, becoming so painful that she was obliged to remain at Berlin. The tumor was opened, and she became better. Afterward, however, she refused to have poultices applied. At her suggestion, and with the consent of the physician, the carbuncle was repressed, and thus the blood was poisoned, and her brain became affected. A second carbuncle formed near the eye, and symptoms of apoplexy set in, which soon resulted in death. Her own physician had been telegraphed for, but did not arrive until after her death.

"Rose of Sharon" was the pretty name by which the lady whom M. Lesseps has married was latterly known in Egypt. It originated thus: M. Lesseps brought from Suez an Eastern rose—a peculiar flower, which, on being twisted in one's fingers, was said to unfold, and disclose in the centre of the blossom the future consort of the holder. He gave this flower to his lady-love, asking her whom she saw in its frail leaves. The lady very soon said, "You!" and so the matter was settled. A very easy way, this, of "popping the question!"

Some of the old Œcumenical Councils did not confine their legislation very strictly to religious matters. For example, the Council of Trent enacted the following: "All Christian women are forbidden to employ a male hair-dresser for the embellishment of their hair. Those who do so will be excommunicated, and that without mercy."

Matrimonial matters are daily becoming more and more curious and strange; and one of the most curious recently transpired in a certain town in Ohio. A widow lady, who was a Spiritualist, became convinced that her affinity was the spirit of a gentleman who had been dead two years. She sought counsel of a medium, who advised her to be united to the deceased in wedlock. So the lady made all due preparations, such as brides are wont to make, and at an appointed time appeared at the house of the medium in bridal attire. She was placed in "communication" with the spirit of the departed, the ceremony was performed, and the two pronounced "man and wife:" after which the bride returned to her own residence, where she received the congratulations of friends, and a sumptuous repast was served in honor of the event!

Sardines—a favorite delicacy—are caught in immense numbers along the coast of France, in the Bay of Biscay. The fishing season lasts from July to October, so that it is easy to judge when the new crop reaches the market. They are shipped in immense quantities to places all over the globe, though more are sold in Bordeaux than elsewhere. They are put up for market in three sizes of tin boxes, and two kinds of labels are used to designate quality.

There are two very curious needles in the world. One is in the possession of the King of Prussia. He was recently visiting a needle manufactory in his kingdom, when the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in the needles asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished King. Queen Victoria has a second curious needle, on which, though very small, scenes in the life of the Queen are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

Jupiter has been undergoing some curious changes during the past year, and particularly within the last two months; and astronomers are deeply interested about the matter. The belts on the planet are more than usually numerous, and they display a greater variety of colors than has ever yet been ascribed to them. The equatorial belt, which has been for years the brightest part of the planet, is now not nearly so bright as the light belts to the north and south. Usually it has been free from markings; now it is often covered with markings, which resemble piled-up cumulus clouds. It has generally been colorless, shining with a silver-gray or pearly lustre; now it is of a rich, deep yellow, greatly resembling the color of electrotyped gold.

At Sandusky, Ohio, there is an extensive establishment for the freezing of fish by a new process, so that they can be kept any length of time, and be transported at any season. The usual time occupied in the process is two hours, although fish can be frozen solid in forty minutes. The great merit of the process is the celerity by which the fish are frozen. In ordinary methods they are frozen so slowly that their quality is impaired.

If a fibre of a spider's web one-four-thousandth of an inch in diameter will sustain fifty-four grains (as has been ascertained), how much will a bar of spider's silk one inch in diameter support? The *Chemical News* says, seventy-four tons.

Four experienced nurses undertook the task of watching the "Welch fasting-girl," who is said to have taken no food for two years and a half. Nor were these four to bear the responsibility alone—they were assisted by a medical committee, so that if the girl received secret nourishment, she was pretty likely to be discovered. The room underwent a very minute examination by the committee. The bed was removed and thoroughly examined. Cupboards and drawers were emptied, and the keys handed to the superintendent nurse. Every thing in the room was subjected to the closest scrutiny, and the examiners went so far as to tear some loose paper off the walls. The girl's bed was made by the head nurse, and the girl placed in it. The gentlemen signed a certificate that they had searched the room and found no traces of food anywhere. On the 9th of December the nurses began their watch. No food was discovered, but several days the girl showed symptoms of starvation. Her parents were urged to give her nourishment, but refused; and on the 17th of the month she died delirious—indicating by this awful result that there was doubtless fraud in the case.

An inmate of one of our insane asylums—a young man—has addressed a letter to President Grant, in which he offers to cement the union of the United States by marrying thirty wives of his own choosing, and also a wife from each State or Territory, selected by the respective Governors thereof. Moreover, he proposes, in order that "the chain of good-will and friendship may encircle the whole world, to marry a wife of every nation under the sun, each lady to represent the country she comes from, in the great international wedding."

An English chemist has been experimenting for the purpose of ascertaining how much of various kinds of food must be eaten in order to make a pound of flesh. He comes to the conclusion that it requires 25 pounds of milk, 100 of turnips, 50 of potatoes, 50 of carrots, 9 of oat-meal, 7½ of barley-meal, and 3¾ of pease or beans.

The *Woman's Journal* is the title of a new paper which has just been issued in Boston. It is a weekly paper in quarto form, and will receive contributions from some of the most prominent advocates of woman's rights.

Colonel George Gordon De Luna Byron, who was an officer under Fremont during the war, is said to have arrived in England and laid before Lord Wentworth his claim to be recognized as the legitimate son of the poet. He states that Lord Byron visited Spain during his youth, and there contracted a secret marriage with a Catholic lady of good family; but deserting her and becoming enamored of other fair faces, he determined to conceal an alliance which was legally not binding. As yet Colonel Byron has only asserted that he is the son of the poet and his Spanish wife, but has furnished no proofs to substantiate his romantic tale.

Queen Isabella is of a gay and easy disposition; she complains of nobody, and finds the life of a mere pleasure-seeker in Paris very agreeable. She is said to have declared to the Empress that nothing short of the most absolute power should ever induce her to take the reins of government again.

THE LANGUAGE OF OLD EGYPT.

THERE is every reason to believe that the native Christian population of Egypt read their Bibles and preserve their hymns and religious books in the same tongue which was used in the days of the Pharaohs. It has not been in common use since the twelfth century, but it would seem that there were persons who could speak it as late as the seventeenth century. This language has become a most important study, now that keys have been found for some of the hieroglyphics; for the country is absolutely covered with inscriptions, and most of these inscriptions contain information that we much desire to possess. Inscription, fortunately for the curious of this country, was a perfect mania with the old Egyptians. Not only did they inscribe great monuments, tombs, etc., but they put their mark on every thing that could carry it. There are, we firmly believe, the means of ample knowledge, if we can but find the wit to interpret. But, be it remembered, it is not so much the language (which, as has been said, is still preserved in sacred books) as the characters in which it was written, which present the puzzle. One perplexity arises from the fact that there were two languages—one for ordinary uses, and the other known only to the priests. Besides which there were varieties of writing, used possibly according to fixed rules, but very confusing till the rules shall be found. Three varieties are recognized thus far. One would appear to be alphabetical writing, although done in pictures—that is to say, there is a sign for every letter, and, unfortunately, more than one sign for each. A second is simply pictorial writing, wherein a drawing of the object stands for it. The third is a symbolical writing, where pictures do not stand for the objects which they represent, but for some other objects signified by them figuratively or arbitrarily. In this last kind, the representation of some natural object—as a bird, a serpent, a hatchet—may represent a whole word, a syllable, or a letter. There are no stops. It has, however, come to light that very often, besides the characters which form the word, a drawing of the thing intended is given. The three kinds of writing are often intermixed in one inscription—wherefore we know not—and thus a pretty complication was presented; indeed, it was no wonder that at one time the hieroglyphics were looked upon as little more than quaint devices of little or no significance. Great genius, however, and great patience having been exercised in respect of the writings, have at length solved some of the difficulties, and shown us how the rest may be solved. A stone was dug up at Rosetta in 1798 having on it an inscription in three different characters, wholly in each character, and repeated. One of the characters was the Greek, which could be read; and it being suspected that the other two were the Egyptian forms of the same words, the learned set to work, and before long had something like the beginning of an alphabet. It was not till 1822 that M. Champollion, the most successful discoverer, published his vocabulary, which gave at once a clew and a new impetus to the ingenious of all countries.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SERVANT applied to her mistress for a "loan" of paper and envelope. She received them, but soon brought them back unused. "What is the matter, Jane? Aren't they stylish enough?" "Oh yes, ma'am. But it's in *mourning* I am now, and these haven't got a black border!"

A Frenchman by will left all his property to his wife, on condition that she should put over his grave a stone with this inscription:

Here lies
Adolphe B——,
Who died at the age of — years,
in the possession of all his Teeth.
Thanks to the Dentifrice Wash
of the House of X. & Co.,
No. — —— Street.
Ten Francs a Bottle.

"You never saw such a happy lot of people as we had here yesterday," said a landlady in Indiana to a newly-arrived guest; "there were thirteen couples of 'em." "What, thirteen couples just married?" "Oh no, Sir, thirteen couples just divorced!"

A gentleman asked a lady, known to be utterly ignorant of languages, "How did you get along when abroad to make yourself understood?" "Oh, my dear Sir," replied she, with quite a French air, "we had an interrupter with us." The same lady having arranged some statues in an adjoining room, requested the same gentleman to "step into the next impartment and see her antics" (antiques).

Why is a sheep the most dissipated and unfortunate of animals?—Because he gambols in his youth, frequents the turf, is often a black-leg, and is fleeced annually.

A manufacturer of tombstones lately received a call from a countryman, who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother. After looking around for some time, and making sundry remarks about the taste of his deceased mother, he finally pitched upon one which the stone-cutter had prepared for another person. "I like this one," said he. "But," said the manufacturer, "that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. Perry's name cut on it—it wouldn't do for your mother." "Oh yes, it would," said the countryman; "she couldn't read! And besides," he continued, as he observed the wonderment of the stone-cutter, "Perry was always a favorite name of hers, any how!"

THE BEST COUGH—Coffee.

Three wild mud-larks were captured by a young divine and brought into a Sunday-school in New York, where they were severally questioned as follows: "What is your name?" "Dan," replied the untaught one who was first interrogated. "Oh no; your name is Daniel; say it now." "Daniel." "Yes; well, Daniel, take your seat." "And what is your name?" was interrogated of number two. "Sam," ejaculated the urchin. "Oh dear no; it is Samuel; sit down, Samuel. And now let us hear what your name is, my bright little fellow?" said he to the third. With a grin of self-satisfaction, and a shake of the head that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the young catechumen boldly replied, "Jimuel, your Honor."

THE POOREST TEA—Poverty.

An irascible old gent, who formerly held the position of Justice of the Peace, was one day accosted in the street by a youth in a manner that did not come up to his Honor's idea of respect due him. "Young man," said he, "I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, Judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," replied the Judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt."

The Mayor of New York, Hon. A. Oakey Hall, boasts of his descent from a regicide of Charles I.—Colonel Oakey. If the great ancestor was clever in curing the "king's evil," the great descendant ought to be able to remove a *ring*-worm.

LIP-WORSHIP AT ST. PETER'S.

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A DREAM OF TOYS.

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THE DREAM REALIZED.

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BY THE SEA.

LAST night I watched the old year die—
A wind swept once across the sky,
That seemed to me his parting sigh—

The tolling ceased. Then weirdly gay,
The bells rang forth across the bay—
Stealing a sea-charm on their way,

An echo from the hollow caves—
A thrill of music from the waves,
Where some that hear shall find their graves!

These changeful bells, I whispered, sure
Most like some cunning overture,
Give foretaste what we must endure!

O young babe year, that yet shall grow
To work us either weal or woe—
'Tis strange that men should hail thee so!

O dread, mysterious volume, sealed—
What fateful words lie there concealed—
Not till the end to be revealed—

O ship that sails the unknown sea!—
We guess not what thy freight may be—
What storms—what shipwreck—none foresee!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER XII.

NO LESS THAN KIN, AND MORE THAN KIND.

THAT a woman who has pledged herself solemnly before the world and her own conscience to be faithful to a man, should be false to him, did not seem, in Barletti's confused code of ethics, to be blameworthy. Veronica, false to her husband, would have sunk no jot in Cesare's esteem. It would all have been according to the experience of the world in which he had lived: a loveless, ambitious marriage, and a subsequent compensating attachment. The experience of the world in which he had lived was his religion; its opinion, his conscience. He would, no doubt, have acted in contradiction to his world's opinion under sufficient temptation: as men with a higher creed have acted against their conscience. But he would have experienced the same sort of pain in so doing as attends the conscious disregard of whatever we are accustomed to consider as a sanction.

Now he was called upon to readjust all his ideas regarding Sir John Gale and Veronica. His first strong sentiment in the matter was blame of Sir John. And it was not altogether unpleasant to find a justification for an even stronger dislike to the baronet than he had yet confessed to himself that he entertained. Sir John was an old villain! He had brought this girl away from her home. He must have deceived her basely. Poor, lonely, helpless, inexperienced girl!

This, then, accounted for her apprehension on hearing that Sir John's life was in danger! She knew how horrible her position would be should he die before making her his wife. It seemed pretty clear that the sentence of the physicians had fixed Sir John's wavering mind, and determined the performance of this act of reparation toward Veronica. She had conquered! Barletti felt some admiring triumph in that thought. But it did not soften him toward the baronet.

He believed Sir John to be thoroughly cynical and unprincipled; but that did not make it incredible that the old roué should have been frightened into doing right by the near approach of death. It was quite conceivable to him that such tardy reparation might avail him before the Tribunal to which Sir John must shortly be summoned. The priests taught the efficacy of a death-bed repentance. He (Barletti) did not much believe in the priests; but these were professional matters which they probably understood. It was no concern of his to inquire further. He had no more idea of arraigning the morality of such teaching than of repudiating all law because a thief might possibly escape punishment by a technical flaw in the indictment. And he was perfectly at liberty to detest the thief all the same.

This late selfish restitution could not obliterate the memory of the harassing anxiety to which Veronica had been cruelly subjected. And there was, too, the latent consideration—flavoring the whole current of his reflections—that he himself had narrowly escaped being placed in an unpleasant position. It was one thing to be the favored suitor of a wealthy widow; and quite another to be bound to a woman without rank, or money, or influence; whose sole dowry would be her beauty, and an imperious appetite for the luxuries that only great wealth can purchase.

What had he to offer to Veronica if she were poor? He might have lost her altogether! And his instinctive conviction that she was incapable of loving him with a love which should enable her to endure poverty for his sake, did not militate against the strength of his passion for her.

But suppose, after all, she were to throw him over, now that she was secure? She would be very rich—that he took for granted; and would have a brilliant position in her own country. He became nervously impatient to see her again, and yet he dreaded to find a change in her manner.

He had met Veronica twice since their first memorable interview in the Villa Reale. She had debated anxiously with herself whether she had not best break her appointment. But she had come to the conclusion that she did not dare to drive Barletti to desperation. He might in his rashness dash the cup from her lips, even at the last moment. They had met, therefore, and Barletti had given his report of the doctor's opinion, and then had claimed in reward of his zeal the privilege of protesting his devoted love. Veronica had made the interview as brief as possible on each occasion. But she had been gentle and soft in her manner to Barletti, and had professed herself very grateful for the trouble he had taken.

He tried to recall the minutest circumstances of these interviews; at one moment twisting and interpreting Veronica's looks and words into an acknowledgment of her love for him; at another telling himself that it was plain she cared no jot for him, and was only using his devotion without a thought of reciprocating it. All his meditations resulted in an impatient longing to see and speak with Veronica. He resolved to take the step of going to the palazzo she inhabited at once, instead of waiting for the usual hour of his evening visit.

The wretched little cab horse, which, like most of its class in Naples, seemed to have a mysterious force not derived from food, and which had continued its shuffling trot as though, poor beast, it were desperately trying to run away from existence, was pulled up with a sudden check at a signal from Barletti. He alighted, paid for his drive, and walked hastily away. The sum he gave the driver inspired in that individual sentiments of mingled contempt and self-reproach. The contempt was excited by the spectacle of a man—a native Neapolitan, too, per Bacco!—so soft as to pay him three times his fare. The reason of his self-reproach, of a rather poignant kind, was that he had not had presence of mind to demand double the money!

Barletti, on presenting himself at Sir John Gale's house, was told by the porter that his master could see no one. He had been out that morning, and was fatigued and unwell.

"Miladi, then?" asked Barletti.

The man looked a little surprised at the unprecedented circumstance of Barletti's asking for "miladi" at that hour; but he said he would send to ask whether the signora could receive the signor principe. While he waited for the message to be taken up, Barletti's mind misgave him as to the advisability of the step he had taken. He wished he could have gone without delay into her presence. This waiting gave one time to cool, and to take account of unpleasant possibilities.

When Veronica's maid tripped down stairs and invited Barletti to follow her to miladi's boudoir, he was in a state of great trepidation. The boudoir was untenanted when he entered it, and for the moment he felt this to be a relief. He sat down and waited, looking round on the evidences of wealth which met his eye, and feeling a very unaccustomed amount of self-depreciation and timidity.

The door opened and Veronica appeared. She wore a changing silk dress, whose hue deepened in the shadows of its sweeping folds from silver-gray to dove-color. Round the throat and wrists was a small frill of fine lace. There was not a gleam of jewelry about her, save on the third finger of her left hand, where a massive gold ring was half hidden in the blaze of a single splendid diamond set in a broad band of gold, and surmounting the plain ring. She was pale, and looked tired.

"What is it?" she asked, advancing with slow grace, and giving him her hand.

He forgot every thing in the enchantment of gazing on her beauty, and stood silently holding her hand in his, and feeling his heart so full of mingled emotions that the tears welled up into his eyes. A little faint color fluttered over her cheeks and throat. She slowly withdrew her hand, and motioned him to a seat. She was keenly alive to his speechless admiration, and it revived her like a cordial. She had been feeling languor and the reaction of intense excitement, like a runner who drops the moment after he has reached the goal.

"What is it?" she asked again. "You asked for Sir John. He is not visible. Is it any thing important that has brought you here so early?"

"I did not expect to see—your husband," said Barletti, not accepting the proffered chair, but standing before her as she sat, and looking down upon her.

A vivid blush crimsoned her face and neck. Barletti had spoken with intention, and she had noted that he had done so. She tried to mask her real emotion by a feigned one, and threw some haughty resentment into her voice as she replied: "You did not expect to see him? Why, then, did you come at this hour? I should not have received you but that I thought you had some real business with Sir John."

"I came to see you, Veronica."

"Then you acted imprudently and inconsiderately."

"Imprudently for myself, perhaps. It may be that the most prudent thing I could do would be to see you no more. But I have not acted inconsiderately toward you in coming. You have no longer any reason to fear Sir John Gale's anger or caprice. Yesterday it would have been different."

She put her hand on her breast, which was rising and falling quickly. She preserved the haughty attitude of her head as she looked up at him; but her lips quivered in spite of herself, and she could not trust them to frame a word.

"I saw you being rowed to the landing-place," he proceeded. "And then I accidentally got into conversation with an English officer of marine who belonged to the ship that you—visited this morning. I could scarcely believe my eyes or my ears at first. But then suddenly a great many things that had puzzled me grew clear."

Still she was silent; but her head drooped a little, and she turned her eyes away from him. He had not expected this. He had thought to see her triumphant, but she seemed downcast and oppressed. Or was this the beginning of the change in her toward himself, which he had dimly foreboded?

"Veronica," he said, pleadingly, "you might have trusted me! I should have been true to you. But you were so proud and so secret. How you must have suffered!"

She had been oppressed by a crowd of confused feelings: surprise, mortified pride, an undefined sense of relief in the knowledge that Cesare knew the real facts of her position and was still devoted to her; at the same time a hostile movement of amour propre which shuddered at the idea of falling from the high place she had occupied in his thoughts. His last words, and the tone of compassion in his voice, touched a morbidly sensitive chord in her overstrained nerves, and, suddenly dropping her face upon her open palms, she burst into a passion of crying. Perplexed and distressed he came and leaned over her chair, murmuring her name at intervals, and timidly touching the folds of her long sweeping gown. Her tears relieved and soothed her, and as she cried she thought. Even after the first burst of weeping had exhausted itself she kept her face hidden, feeling that her attitude and her distress afforded a kind of ambush wherein to collect her thoughts.

"Veronica, you are not angry with me?" said Barletti.

She had by this time been inspired with an idea which was as balm to her hurt pride. It was intolerable to her to be an object of pity to the man who had worshiped her. Sympathy—even compassion, so long as it were blended with sufficient admiration—she could endure. But she must regain the level she fancied she had lost. She would reveal to Barletti the fact of their relationship. She had concealed it until she could look her kinsman freely in the face without communicating any breath of dishonor to her mother's race! As the thought passed through her mind she began to believe in it, as an actor believes for the moment in his mimic sorrows. And she felt quite magnanimous with a sense of noble self-sacrifice. The anticipated enjoyment of her coming "point" gave her face an expression of exaltation as she raised it from her concealing hands, and pushed the clustering hair back from her forehead.

"Cesare," she said, in a voice which had not quite regained its steadiness, "I have something to tell you."

MEDORA LEIGH.*

IN September, 1869, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe published simultaneously in two reputable Magazines, one issued in America, the other in England, an article which purported to set forth the "True Story of Lady Byron's Married Life." As far as the question involved in the present paper is concerned, the essential facts stated by Mrs. Stowe are these:

In 1856 Mrs. Stowe, who was then in England, received a note from Lady Byron indicating that she wished to have some private conversation with her upon important subjects. Lady Byron had previously known Mrs. Stowe personally and by reputation. At this time Lady Byron was about 65 years of age. She had long been in feeble health, and had been advised by her physicians that she had but a very little time to live. Lady Byron announced that she had sought the interview with the purpose of setting forth the causes which had led to her separation from Lord Byron, forty years before. The interview lasted a whole day, giving Lady Byron ample time to say all that she wished to say upon the matter in hand. She also gave to Mrs. Stowe a paper containing a brief memorandum of what she had said, with the dates affixed. Whether this memorandum was written at the time, or had been previously prepared, does not appear. Mrs. Stowe returned this memorandum, apparently without retaining a copy of it; and it does not appear that she made at the time any record of the conversation. It seems to have been clearly understood on both sides that Mrs. Stowe was to be at perfect liberty to decide whether at all, and if so, at what time and in what manner, the information thus conveyed should be made public.

Thirteen years after, when Lady Byron had been dead for nine years, Madame Guiccioli—or Madame de Boissy, as she had become by marriage—a woman verging upon threescore-and-ten, put forth a stupid book in regard to the man with whom she had lived in open and avowed adultery half a century before. This book had very little to say about Lady Byron, and that little only affirmed what had been said and written by others a hundred times—that she and her husband were in every way unsuited to each other. The severest passage in relation to Lady Byron to be found in the book of Madame Guiccioli is this:

"Marriage alone drew upon him this new disaster [*i.e.*, pecuniary embarrassment], which he must have felt severely, and which doubtless led him to make reflections little favorable to the tie so fatally contracted. Then it was that he would have required to meet with kindness, indulgence, and peace at home; thus supported his heart would have endured every thing. Instead of that, what did he find? *A woman whose jealousy was extreme*, and who had her own settled way of living, and was unflinching in her ideas; who united a conviction of her own wisdom to perfect ignorance of the human heart, all the while fancying that she knew it so well; who, far from consenting to modify her own habits, would fain have imposed them upon others. In short, a woman who had nothing in common with him, who was unable to understand him or to find the road to his heart or mind; *finally, one to whom forgiveness seemed a weakness instead of a virtue.*"

The sentences above placed in italics seem to be mainly the ones which Mrs. Stowe thought it incumbent upon her to controvert, by showing that Lady Byron's whole life was one of sublime patience, charity, self-abnegation, and forgiveness, for which we may vainly seek a parallel among human beings; and that these virtues were especially manifested in her conduct toward that husband who had over and over again, in prose and verse, charged her with utter incapacity for the virtues of compassion and forgiveness. If the charges which she brings against Byron are well founded, no one will deny that Mrs. Stowe has fully proven her point. Of these charges we have at present to do with but two, which we give in Mrs. Stowe's own words:

First. "Byron fell into the depths of a secret, adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society. From henceforth his damning guilty secret became the ruling force in his life, holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish, and insane dread of detection."

Second. "There was an unfortunate child of sin, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and though the task was a difficult one, from the strange abnormal propensities to evil in the subject of it, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over till death took the responsibility from her hands."

Mrs. Stowe does not indeed say directly that the partner of this incestuous intrigue was Augusta Leigh, the half-sister of Byron; nor does she directly affirm that Lady Byron learned of the existence of this crime during the period of their married life; nor that the child of sin was the offspring of this particular crime. But there can be no doubt that she understood, and intended her readers to understand, that all these were facts in the case.

We do not propose more than to touch upon the manner in which the statements made by Mrs. Stowe were received. No one, we imagine, ever dreamed that these charges were invented by Mrs. Stowe, or doubted that she reproduced, as nearly as her memory would permit after the lapse of thirteen years, the substance of the statements made to her by Lady Byron. But the statement as published contained so many palpable and demonstrable inaccuracies, and was so inconsistent with facts, some of them long known, and others brought to light from independent and unexpected, but altogether unquestionable sources, that the almost universal judgment was that the first charge was not only not sustained, but was also wholly unfounded. If this was the case, the second charge, of which little mention was made, fell to the ground. But it also came to light that Mrs. Stowe was not the only, nor the first person to whom Lady Byron had made the same charge. But there was no evidence that Lady Byron ever made the charge until many years after the death of Byron. We suppose that of the multitudes of persons who gave the subject a careful and candid consideration an immense majority rested in the conclusion that Lady Byron entertained this belief under the influence of one of those mysterious hallucinations which sometimes accompany age and infirmity.

If the "History and Autobiography," the title of which stands at the commencement of this paper, be not just what it purports to be it is the most base and outrageous forgery that has been perpetrated within the memory of living man—a forgery also easily proven and fastened upon the guilty parties; and one which can not fail to subject them to severe if not adequate pains and penalties. It purports to be "edited by Charles Mackay." Whether the editor is the well-known author so named is not stated. It is issued by Richard Bentley, one of the foremost English publishers; and it is expressly announced that "The originals of the documents and papers on which this narrative is founded are in the possession of the publisher of this volume, and will be shown to any one who has any legal pretense to inspect them."

Assuming, as we are warranted in doing, the genuineness of the book, it is proposed to present a somewhat extended résumé of its contents. To appreciate the nature of the questions involved it is necessary to glance briefly at the previous history and family relations of the persons chiefly involved in the so-called disclosures. These are derived from sources wholly independent of the book in question, and of their accuracy there is no question.

George Gordon Byron, the poet, born in 1788, was the son of Captain John Byron, who was the son of Admiral Byron, a brother of William, Baron Byron of Rochdale, who in 1765 was tried for the murder of his cousin, Mr. Chaworth, whom he had killed in a drunken brawl. This Baron William, for the last twenty years of his life, which ended in 1798, was known as the "wicked old Lord." Dying without surviving children he was succeeded in his titles and estates by the poet, then a boy of ten. Admiral Byron, the father of John, was married in 1748 to a Miss Trevanion; but there was something so irregular in this marriage that when, sixty years after, it was necessary to be proven by the poet, in order to enable him to show his right to a seat in the House of Lords, this was done only with much difficulty and after considerable delay. This name of Trevanion will come up prominently in what is to be said of Medora Leigh.

John Byron, the son of the Admiral, was, about 1776, the handsomest and most reckless young Guardsman in England. "He was commonly known as Mad Jack Byron." Before he had fairly reached his majority he had become engaged in an adulterous intrigue with a peeress. This woman was Amelia D'Arcy, only daughter and heiress of Robert, Earl of Holdernesse and Baron Conyers. The earldom did not descend to heirs female, and became extinct with the death of her father. But the barony did descend in the female line, and she was styled Lady Conyers. She was married to Fran-

* *Medora Leigh; A History and Autobiography.* Edited by CHARLES MACKAY. *With an Introduction, and a Commentary on the Charges brought against Lord Byron by Mrs. Beecher Stowe.* London: Richard Bentley.

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cis, Marquis of Carmarthen, who in time became Duke of Leeds. By this husband she had two children, one of whom succeeded to his father's dukedom and his mother's barony. The names of D'Arcy and Leeds also became mixed up in the affairs of Medora Leigh. The Marquis of Carmarthen having, in 1779, obtained a divorce from his wife, she soon after married her paramour, John Byron. She died (in 1781, according to one account, but as stated by Moore, more probably in 1783) leaving a daughter, Mary Augusta, who subsequently married her cousin, Colonel Leigh of the army, and was usually known as Mrs. Leigh, although her proper designation was Lady Mary Augusta Leigh.

Shortly after the death of Lady Conyers, John Byron married Catharine Gordon, an heiress belonging to one of the noblest Scotch families, and connected not remotely with the royal line. The sole issue of this second marriage was George Gordon Byron, the poet. It is worthy of note that the Duke of Gordon was one of the godfathers of this infant. It thus appears that the Byrons were directly allied to not a few of the oldest families of the peerage and aristocracy; and also that there was a fearful taint of blood running through generations in the parentage of the half-brother and sister.

Of John Byron it is only necessary to say that in two years he ran through all the fortune of his second wife, and died in 1791, leaving her and their son almost destitute. Augusta, who was eight years the senior of her half-brother, appears to have been brought up by the family of her mother. They saw each other only occasionally until 1812, he being twenty-three years of age, and she thirty-one. She was married, and to all appearance a happy wife, and the mother of three children. She last saw Byron in 1816, just before his final departure from England. During the preceding two years they were much together. After that she lived for many years, and became the mother of four children; one having been born in 1815. That child is the Medora Leigh, the subject of this paper, and the one to whom Mrs. Stowe refers as the "child of sin," born of incestuous intercourse between her mother and her mother's half-brother, Byron.

Excepting in connection with this charge, now first publicly made, we are confident that no reproach or suspicion was ever directed against Augusta Leigh; while there remains evidence as abundant as can be brought forward in the case of any other private lady that she was regarded and treated as a woman of unblemished character and unspotted reputation. That such a woman fell into that abyss of infamy, as is deliberately and solemnly affirmed by Lady Byron, almost passes belief, and yet it is hardly more credible that she should be the mother of two daughters so utterly infamous as are set forth in this book.

We now at length come to the special case of Medora Leigh, drawing our materials solely and absolutely from this "History and Autobiography:"

In the summer of 1843 there arrived in London a woman evidently of considerable culture and education, of about the age of eight-and-twenty; with her was a girl of nine or ten, whom she represented as her daughter. She was accompanied by a "Captain De B——, a gallant veteran of the British army, who had served through the Peninsular war in the 71st regiment, and had received several severe wounds at Waterloo, for which he enjoyed a pension of £100 per annum." She claimed to be the daughter of Augusta Leigh, and had come from France, where she had for a while resided, in order to urge some claims upon the kindness of Lady Byron. Captain De B—— stated that he became acquainted with her in the south of France, where she was living in apparent respectability under the name of Madame St. Aubin. He had just lately met with her in Paris, in circumstances of utter destitution; had supplied her from his own scanty funds with means of immediate support, and to proceed to London. There he introduced her to Mr. S——, his legal agent. To this lawyer she confided her whole story, stating, among other things, that while Mrs. Leigh was her mother, her father was not Colonel Leigh, but Lord Byron. Mr. S—— took up the case. "Miss Leigh proved to his entire satisfaction, by documentary evidence in her possession, that she was indeed the daughter of the Hon. Augusta Leigh. She also detailed to him, and afterward gave him in writing the whole history of her unhappy life, and so deeply impressed him in her favor that he took measures, without divulging their object, to obtain confidential access to some of the high personages interested in her case."

The autobiography opens thus abruptly:

"I am the fourth child of a family of seven. My eldest sister, Georgiana, married Mr. Henry Trevanion, a distant cousin, in 1826, when I was eleven years old. The marriage, which met the approbation of no one except my mother, did not turn out very happily, owing to the smallness of fortune and the uneven temper of both parties. I was frequently called on to keep them company, and in March, 1829, after they had been married three years, it was decided that I should accompany them to a country house which had been placed at their disposal by my aunt, Annabella, Lady Byron, during the time of my sister's approaching confinement. The house was in the neighborhood of Canterbury." [It is stated in another place that Mr. Trevanion had been enabled to marry only by a sum of money, ostensibly a loan, but understood to be really a gift, from Lady Byron.] "The last injunctions and admonitions I received from my mother on starting were, in all things to devote myself to pleasing my brother-in-law, Mr. Trevanion; to get rid of the dislike I entertained for him, and to cease ridiculing him, as I had been in the habit of doing.

"My sister's illness, during her confinement, was the occasion of my being left much alone with Mr. Trevanion. I was with him both indoors and out by day and by night; and was frequently sent by my sister into his bedroom after every one else had retired to bed. Some months passed in this manner, during which Mr. Trevanion took advantage of my youth and weakness and effected my ruin, and I found myself likely to become a mother by one I had ever disliked."

The guilty pair threw themselves upon the mercy of Mrs. Trevanion; and it was agreed between her and her husband that they should take the frail sister abroad. Mrs. Leigh, who appears to have been wholly ignorant of the reasons for this step, consented, and the three went to Calais, in France, where Medora was delivered of a boy, who was taken in charge by the convenient doctor who had attended upon her. She was subsequently informed—most likely truly—that the child had died within three months of its birth. This was in 1830, Medora being then fifteen years of age. She returned to her mother, who endeavored to force her into society and to balls, to which she objected on account of her youth, and because that she was in mourning for a sister who had recently died. Here comes in a new Act of the tragedy.

She was still thrown much into the society of Trevanion, and the consequence was that early in the next year (1831) she found herself again likely to become a mother. Mrs. Leigh was now taken into the confidence of the parties, and it was arranged that Medora should accompany Trevanion and his wife into the country. Colonel Leigh appears soon after to have been made acquainted with the state of affairs, for in June he caused Medora to be shut up in a lunatic asylum. Up to this time she believed that Colonel Leigh was her father, although she had been told the contrary by Trevanion and his wife. She was allowed, before being taken to the asylum, to have a few minutes' private talk with Trevanion, and it was agreed that she should, if possible, make her escape and run away with him. She declares that her sister was privy to this arrangement; that she promised to obtain a divorce from her husband, after which he and Medora could marry if they pleased. It is added that a suit for a divorce was actually commenced by Georgiana, but that it failed because she was shown to have been an accomplice in the alleged crime.

While Medora was in the asylum means were found, as she believed through Georgiana, for communicating with Trevanion, and she at length escaped, joined him, and proceeded to the Continent, where they lived for two years as man and wife under the names of Monsieur and Madame Aubin. Then, although she was again to be a mother, she wished to separate from Trevanion and enter a convent. She wrote to Mrs. Leigh, who engaged to allow her £60 a year. She soon left the convent, gave birth to her third and only living child, rejoined Trevanion, living, as she says, "in an old chateau in a secret and unfrequented spot, in great poverty, but as brother and sister. Henry at this time gave himself up wholly to religion and shooting." Thus passed three more miserable years. Trevanion became unendurable, and she resolved to leave him, which she did, and went to a neighboring town, where she lived for some time, continually receiving from her mother "most affectionate letters, but very little money." She vainly urged her mother to allow her £120 a year, which she said was the smallest sum upon which she and her child could subsist.

It seems that at some time previous she had obtained a "Deed of Appointment," in virtue of which she was to receive £3000 upon the death of her mother and Lady Byron. This money was undoubtedly to come from Lady Byron, for Mrs. Leigh, by this time apparently a widow, was in very narrow circumstances, and was living in apartments in one of the royal palaces set apart as an asylum for a number of ladies of high birth and narrow fortunes. This appointment was bestowed upon her by Queen Adelaide, the consort of William IV., but was continued by Queen Victoria. We believe that it is never bestowed except upon ladies of unquestioned character.

Being reduced to great straits, Medora endeavored to sell the reversion of this Deed of Acceptance, which was in the hands of her mother. To obtain possession of this deed she wrote to Sir George Stephen, the attorney of Lady Byron, urging that he would endeavor to induce Lady Byron to prevail upon Mrs. Leigh to give up this document. This was in 1840, and brought about the first direct connection, as far as appears, between Lady Byron and Medora, since the time of the fall of the latter. She had, she says, been in childhood the playmate of Ada, the daughter of Lord and Lady Byron, who was born in the same year as herself.

From Lady Byron she received a most kind and affectionate letter, containing money and offers of protection for herself and her child; proposing, also, that she should accompany her to Paris, where Lady Byron proposed to reside for some time.

We now quote from the Autobiography, merely omitting matters of minor importance:

"At Fontainebleau, where she was detained by illness, Lady Byron informed me of the cause of the interest she felt, and must ever feel, for me. *Her husband had been my father.* She implored and sought my affection by every means, and almost exacted my confidence to the most unlimited extent... Her only wish, she said, was to provide for me, according to Lord Byron's intentions respecting me, and according to my rank in life. She evinced much anxiety for my health and comfort; expressed indignation for all I had suffered; spoke of the comfort I would be to her, and of the necessity that I should be a devoted child to her. There was a Chancery suit against my mother to obtain of the Deed. All these circumstances decided me on staying with Lady Byron till that should be settled. I received money from her in small sums and presents, but nothing was definitely settled.

"We continued nine or ten months in Paris. At the latter period of this time Ada and Lord Lovelace came over, and I received kindness and promises from both, and was made to feel that I was to be Ada's sister in all things, as I was in reality. In May, 1841, I accompanied Lady Byron to England, and remained for a few months, during which she showed me letters of Lord Byron relating to her separation, which, as she afterward said, might be useful in the Chancery suit.... All this rendered me the more anxious to comply with Lady Byron's earnest wish that I should not leave her, which she used to say would cost her her life."

But things did not run smoothly. The Autobiography continues:

"Lady Byron's temper caused me great misery, and her strange arrangements were often most painful.... In May, 1842, the Chancery suit was decided, in a way which showed me that I had been in a way sacrificed to my mother's interest. I openly expressed to Lady Byron all that I felt, and my determination of leaving England; and solicited from her the means of doing so. She again continued, as ever, saying that it was for her to provide as Lord Byron would have done; and so on."

Lady Byron, finding her protégée determined to leave England, spoke of the necessity of her having a lady to live with her abroad. To this the willful girl positively objected. Then Lady Byron proposed to give her £150 a year, besides paying the wages of a lady's maid whom she and Ada had selected.

"I informed Lady Byron," says Medora, "of my belief that it would be impossible for me to live where she proposed, at Hyères, for £150 per annum; that I would endeavor to do so, but that I would not, as in the past, suffer poverty and privation; and that whatever sum, in addition to the £150, should be necessary for my health and Marie's education, I should endeavor to procure in some other way."

The upshot, as we gather from the Autobiography, was that Lady Byron would furnish whatever money was necessary; but that it should be paid into the hands of the woman who had been hired ostensibly as a "lady's maid," but really as a guardian, and that she should account for the manner in which it was spent. Medora wished a man-servant also; and the husband of the "maid," who appears to have been a "courier," was hired for that purpose. The "Deed of Appointment" was deposited with Lady Byron, apparently by way of pledge of future good conduct on the part of Medora, also a box of letters and papers, which Medora says were of the utmost importance. These letters somehow disappeared, and further mention of them crops out in the "History" once or twice in connection with police proceedings for their recovery.

Lady Byron seems toward the last to have kept aloof from her wayward charge, leaving matters to be attended to by Ada and her husband, Lord Lovelace. Ada—so says Medora—"promising to watch over and protect me, assuring me that her mother was deeply attached to me."

Then, on the 22d of July, 1842, Medora, with her maid and man servant, furnished by Lady Byron with sufficient funds for the journey, set out for Hyères, which had been fixed upon as her place of abode. Here Medora spent about a year, during which time she became acquainted with Captain De B——. Then occurred some trouble about the receipt of remittances from Lady Byron. Medora set out for Paris to consult lawyers, and "to endeavor to obtain a more certain and suitable arrangement." She wrote to that effect to Lady Byron, and was not long after waited upon by Doctor King, on behalf of Lady Byron, who in the name of that lady offered to pay her £300 a year, upon certain conditions. What these were, and why not complied with, does not appear from the Autobiography. But Captain De B——, meeting her in the French capital, and utterly destitute, supplied her wants, and enabled her to go to England, where he introduced her to his lawyer, Mr. S——.

Here it should be noted that there is no intimation of any improper relations between Medora and Captain De B——. He appears to have befriended her from pure kindness and compassion, although, being himself a poor man, he was anxious to recover from her wealthy relations the money which he had advanced. The means which he adopted are set forth at some length, mainly in what purport to be, and have the appearance of being, letters from persons of repute. Mr. S—— applied to Dr. Lushington, who had been for more than a quarter of a century in Lady Byron's confidence; but after laying the matter before her ladyship, he returned for answer that he could not induce her to have any further intercourse with Miss Leigh. He, however, advised Mr. S—— to apply to Sir George Stephen, Lady Byron's attorney. Sir George consulted Lady Byron, and said that he would endeavor to obtain from the friends of Miss Leigh a comfortable provision, upon the condition that she would surrender to trustees the Deed of Appointment, as a sacred provision for her child; that she should give a written expression of her sincere contrition for her conduct to Lady Byron; and that she should return to seclusion in France. Medora was willing to agree to the last two conditions, but refused to accede to the first until she had received "an irrevocable obligation for her own support adequate to the surrender which she would thereby make."

For about four months Medora is traceable in London by the begging letters which she wrote to her titled kinsmen. These brought her little or no money. The Duke of Leeds sent her ten pounds, and for the rest she seems to have been wholly dependent upon the bounty of Captain De B——. She made an attempt to see her mother, but was met with the reply, "Not at home." She then wrote to her a letter, which she asked Mr. S—— to forward. This does not appear to have been sent, and is not published in the book; but the editor characterizes it as "haughty, unfilial, and cruel; and of such a nature that we [Mr. S—— and Mr. Mackay], after mature deliberation, have deemed it both expedient and proper to exclude it from these pages."

The last which Mr. S——, Captain De B——, or Mr. Mackay appear to know of this "unfortunate child of sin" is a brief note, dated October 12, 1843, addressed to Mr. S——, signed "Elizabeth Medora Leigh," an answer to be addressed to "Madame Aubin, 18 Aldenham Terrace, Old St. Pancras Road, London." It requests him to appoint a time for accompanying her to a police magistrate, for some purpose not specified. Mr. Mackay, indeed, says that she, "bearing with her her little daughter Marie, disappeared from the great, heartless, busy, cruel world of London, and soon afterward sank into that beneficent grave where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." But he suggests, what Mrs. Stowe's brief allusion renders more than probable, that she had "agreed to all the terms demanded by Lady Byron, and had ended her days in the receipt of her bounty."

It is difficult to imagine any reason why the "editor" of this book should have concealed under the initials Captain De B—— and Mr. S—— the names of two persons who bear an important part in the story. The former, "severely wounded at Waterloo," fifty-five years ago, may be fairly assumed to be no longer living. The latter is expressly affirmed to be still alive, at an advanced age, and unwilling to have his name brought before the public. But if there be such a man, and if, as is affirmed, the letters addressed to him are in the hands of the publisher, and will be shown, the address upon them will declare his identity. Moreover, there is nothing which appears representing the conduct of either of these in a light other than honorable.

The book throws no new light upon the question of the alleged criminality of Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh. It, indeed, shows—assuming it to be genuine—that at a somewhat late period of her life Lady Byron believed such to have been the fact, and that this girl was the offspring of that crime. The editor puts forth an intemperate criticism upon Mrs. Stowe's article; but he says nothing which has not been said before in a much better manner. He also enters into some speculations as to the source whence Lady Byron derived the information which led her—as early as 1840, and probably somewhat earlier—to believe in the criminality of her husband. He thinks it most probable that this authority was Georgiana Trevanion. This conjecture is, as far as now appears, as likely to be true as any other.

There is one circumstance relating to the relations of Lord Byron and his sister which we have never seen referred to in that connection, and which, properly followed up, may possibly throw some light upon the main subject.

On the 29th day of July, 1815, Byron executed his last will and testament. The date, it will be observed, is seven months, lacking three days, after his marriage, and not quite four and a half months before the birth of his daughter Ada. By this will the whole of his estates, except such part as had at the time of their marriage been settled upon Lady Byron, was bequeathed to his sister Augusta and her children. He thus, as far as lay in his power, cut off from all participation in his estate, his wife, their yet unborn child, and all children who might thereafter be born to them. He also disinherited that cousin who, in default of any son of his own, was the heir of his title. He appears always to have been on excellent terms with this heir, and more than once in writing had expressed his intention of making him the heir of his estates also. This will was never revoked; and soon after the death of Byron was proved before Dr. Lushington, judge and surrogate in the proper court, and the executors named in the will received due letters of administration.

The property thus bequeathed was great; for Byron at the time of his death was a rich man. How it happened that in a couple of years after the time when he was harassed by creditors and bailiffs—his very books levied upon and sold at auction—his debts seem to have been discharged, and himself in the receipt of a large income, we are not informed. But it is certain that from his first arrival in Italy his revenue was large. Two years before his death we find him considering whether to lend £60,000 (making allowance for the value of money then and now, nearly half a million of dollars) to Lord Blessington, upon mortgage of Irish estates. He lived in every way most expensively; yet, not long before his departure for Greece, we find him stating that his surplus income was 25,000 dollars a year—as much, he remarked, as the salary of the President of the United States. When he set out for Greece he was able, from the accumulations of income, to raise at once 100,000 dollars.

This inexplicable will was made at the time when (if at all) the incestuous intercourse between Byron and his sister was being carried on. It was made within a few weeks of the birth of the child who was the alleged offspring of that incest. If the charge was supported by any valid positive evidence, a strong collateral argument might be found for it in the fact of the will. Again, those who believe in the transmission of moral traits from generation to generation may be pardoned for thinking credible any charge brought against the woman who was the daughter of Lady Conyers, and the mother of Georgiana and Medora Leigh.

Again, notwithstanding this great bequest of Byron, we find, not long after his death, that Mrs. Leigh was living in circumstances far from affluent, and apparently, in a measure at least, dependent upon Lady Byron; while Lady Byron's fortune, as far as we can judge, was greater than is to be accounted for by her inheritance from her uncle, Lord Wentworth. Do not these circumstances indicate that the executors of Byron's will (Hobhouse, his early associate, and Hanson, his business agent for many years), who were sworn to execute that will, and who had the absolute power of selling or transferring the property, privately made it over to Lady Byron and her daughter, the natural heirs? If this were done it could only be with the consent of Augusta Leigh. Under the pressure of what motives could such consent be given?

But these and some other kindred topics open too wide a field for speculation to be here considered at length.

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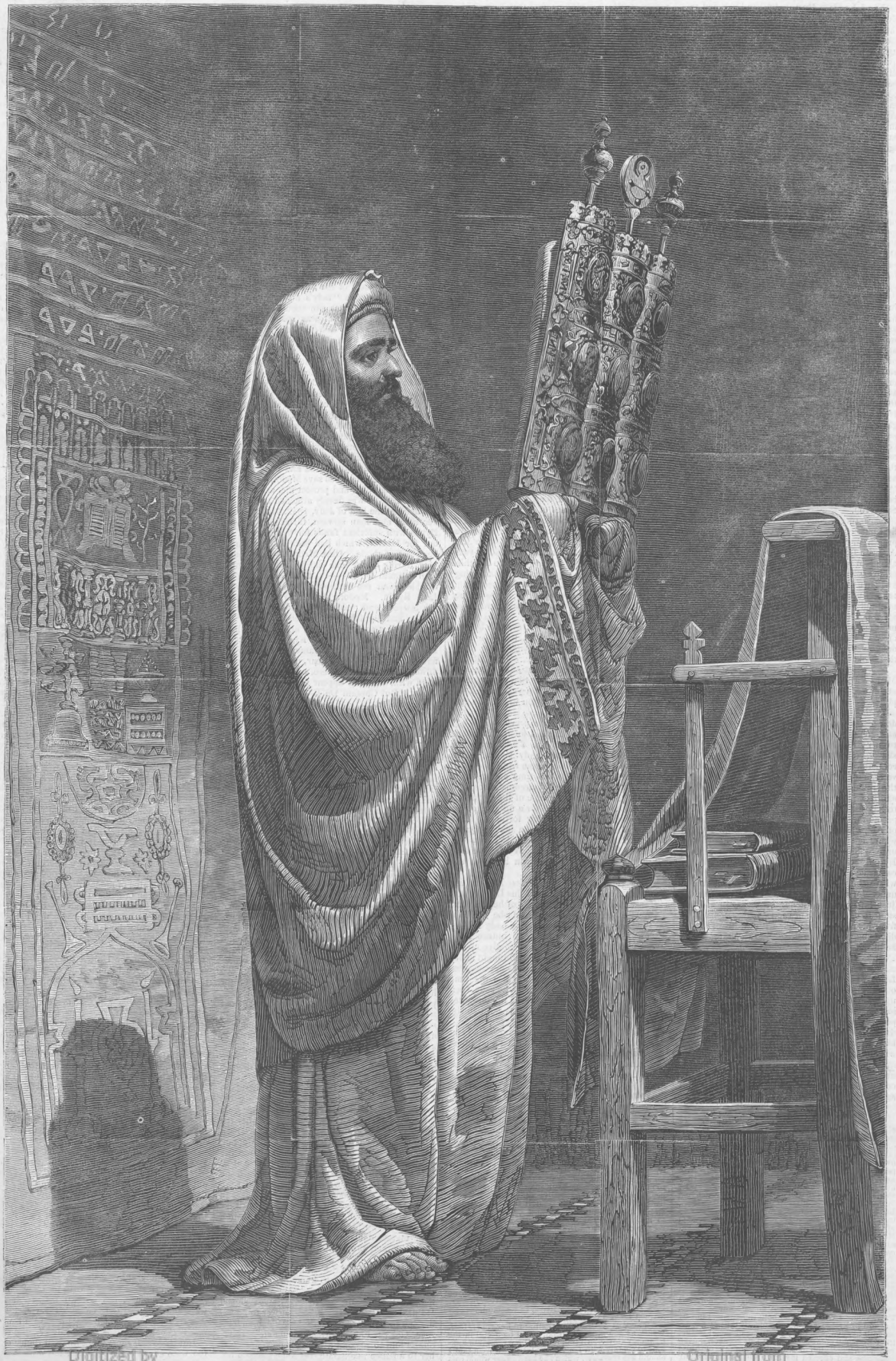

HIGH-PRIEST AT NABLUS READING THE PENTATEUCH.—[SEE PAGE 45.]

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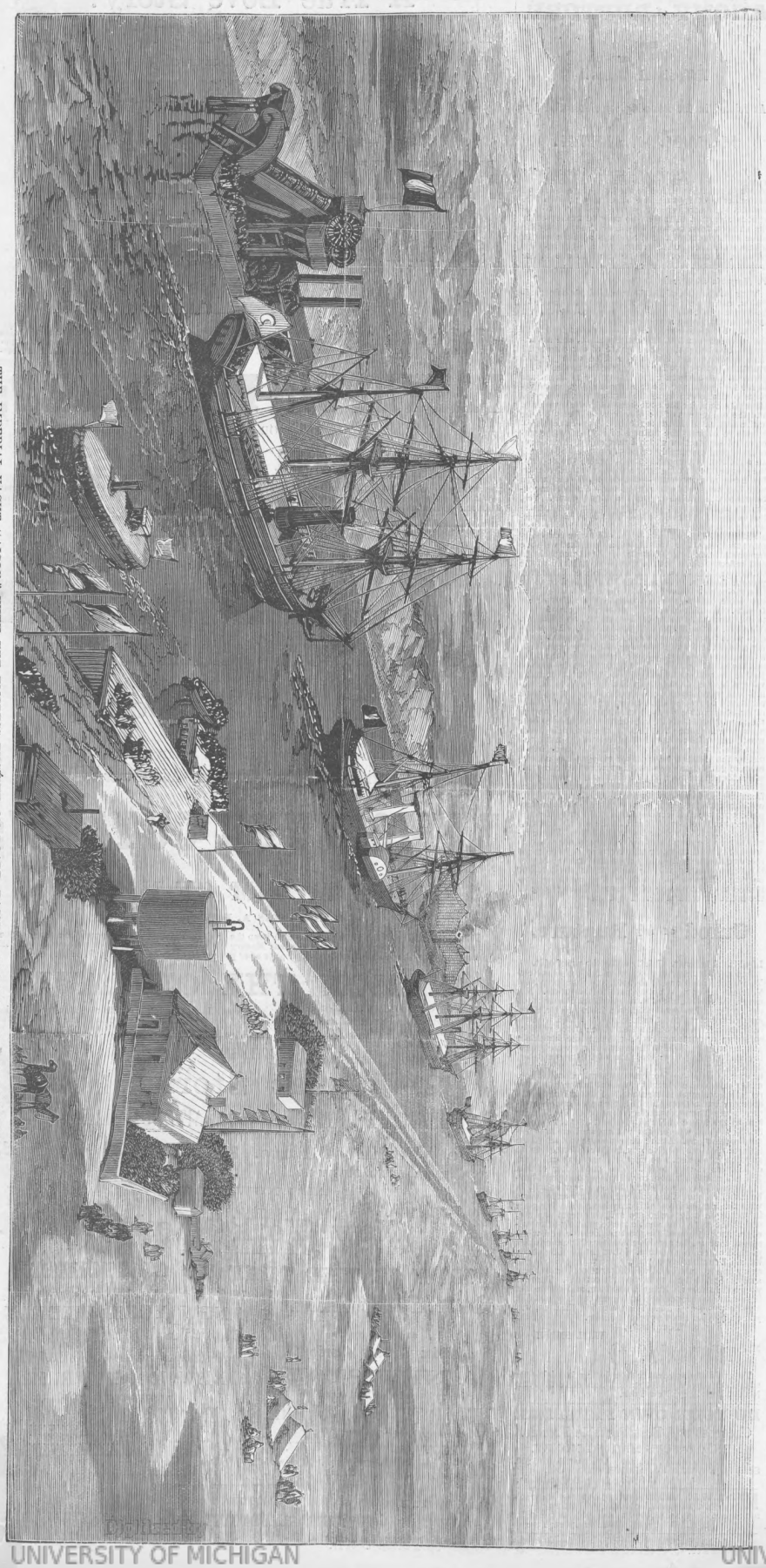

THE IMPERIAL YACHT "AIGLE," WITH THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE ON BOARD, PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

OUR illustration on this page represents the steam-yacht of the Empress EUGENIE, with the accompanying fleet, making the passage of the Suez Canal, on the formal trip which opened this vast enterprise to the commerce of the world. Whatever defects may be found in the canal, this trip proved that a channel of sufficient depth of water to accommodate vessels of considerable tonnage really exists from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, and that no obstacles to its navigation exist which money and engineering skill may not in time remove.

READING THE PENTATEUCH AT NABLUS.

IN a beautiful valley between Mounts Gerizim and Ebal, about thirty miles north of Jerusalem, lies a handsomely built town of very ancient origin, which now bears the name of Nablûs or Nabulus. The site is described as the most lovely spot in Central Palestine. It lies embosomed amidst groves of olives; and abundant fountains and streams, combined with the genial climate, make it a perpetual garden.

This charming spot has, however, a higher claim than that of natural beauty. Here, for upward of 4000 years—from before the time of ABRAHAM to the present day—the worship of God has been maintained, according to the traditions of the Hebrew patriarchs and the ceremonial established by MOSES. The modern town, which is large and well built, contains about 10,000 inhabitants, all of whom are Mohammedans, with the exception of a small community of Samaritans numbering about 170 souls. It stands on the site of the Sichem or Shechem of the Old Testament, the Sychar of the New Testament, and the Neapolis of the Greeks and Romans, of which name the modern word Nablûs is evidently a corruption. EUSEBIUS and St. JEROME say that the ancient Shechem was a suburb of Neapolis; St. JEROME also maintains that Sychar, in St. JOHN'S Gospel (iv. 5), is a corruption of Sichem. Here, it is probable, ABRAM sojourned when, at God's command, before his name was changed to ABRAHAM, he left his country and kindred in quest of the land of promise, and journeying through Canaan, came to the place of Sichem, and there for the first time pitched his tent and built an altar in the land to be given to his seed. Here, four hundred years later, his descendants, after their long servitude in Egypt and wanderings in the wilderness, first assembled and established themselves on taking possession of the promised inheritance. Here, nearly two hundred years after ABRAM first encamped, his grandson JACOB spread his tent and dug a well in the field he had bought of the children of HAMOR, SHECHEM'S father. Near to it stands at the present time a little village called Sâlim, which it is not very difficult to identify with the "Shalem, a city of Shechem," where JACOB bought the parcel of ground, nor perhaps with the Salem of the high-priest MELCHISEDEK, who set bread and wine before ABRAM and blessed him. Shechem fell to EPHRAIM, and was a Levitical city and a city of refuge. Here was JOSEPH'S tomb, and here also was the tabernacle in the time of JOSHUA, who set up a pillar near it shortly before his death. Here GIDEON defeated the Midianites, and REHOBOAM was made king. By the side of JACOB'S well Jesus sat, wearied with his journey, and conversed with the Samaritan woman, while his disciples went to Sychar to buy meat. The name Neapolis (new town) was given during the occupation of Syria by the Greeks, who probably extended the city to the westward on account of the abundant supply of water in that direction. SIMON MAGUS practiced his sorceries in Neapolis, and JUSTIN MARTYR was a native of the same city.

During the destructive wars waged by JUSTINIAN against the Samaritans in the first half of the sixth century the nation almost disappeared from history, and in modern times only one community of this people is known to exist—that at Nablûs. According to their local traditions they are doomed to extinction. This small community has in its possession a copy of the five books of MOSES which claims to be the oldest book in existence. The Samaritans themselves maintain that it was written by ABISHUA, the great-grandson of AARON, fourth high-priest of the Jews, which would make its age about three thousand three hundred years. The opinions of scholars as to its age vary greatly. Most critics do not venture to carry its date beyond B.C. 116, when the temple to which it probably belonged was destroyed. The manuscript Pentateuch is written on a large parchment-like scroll, which is rolled upon two poles, protected by an embroidered cover, and deposited in a richly-ornamented cylindrical case of precious metals opening upon hinges. The ornament at the top of the case is said by the Samaritans to represent the standards of the tribes; the balls represent pomegranates. There are spots in the MS. from the kisses of the Samaritans on the passages where the name of AARON occurs.

Our engraving on page 44 is taken from a very fine drawing by Mr. CARL HAAG, an eminent English water-color artist, who visited the synagogue of the Samaritans at Nablûs during his journey in Palestine; and being much impressed by the noble bearing, and handsome, intelligent, expressive, Semitic countenance of the high-priest, AMRAN, sought an introduction through Dr. GEORGE ROSEN, then accredited as Prussian Consul to Jerusalem, but at that time staying at Nablûs. The result was that Mr. HAAG was not only permitted to take his easel into the synagogue for the purpose of sketching the place, but the high-priest stood in person, in his robes, and Pentateuch in hand, to enable the artist to

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make a large finished study of him. The picture is consequently authentic, equally as regards the portraiture and accessories. The priest reads the MS. as represented, holding it high up before him; by turning the pole-handles he unrolls it off the left hand pole over to the right hand one—taking care not to touch the sacred scroll with bare hands. When he has finished reading, the scroll is placed in its case and returned to the tabernacle. The embroidery upon the crimson curtain covering the wall behind the high-priest professes to represent the ancient temple which stood on Mount Gerizim. At the bottom of the curtain appears the porch of the Temple, with two pillars, one on each side, called "Jachin and Boaz;" between which stand two golden candlesticks and a very large vessel in the middle. Higher up, amidst a profusion of ornaments, are trumpets, cymbals, and other ancient musical instruments. Above this, again, the embroidery shows the Court of the Priests, with a square plate in the centre representing the golden altar; on the right of which is a seven-branched candlestick; on the left, the vessel for burning frankincense; and beneath, the table whereon the shewbread is set. Over all, at the top, is represented the Most Holy Place, in the centre of which stands the Ark of the Covenant, with a large vessel on the left, and AARON'S rod that blossomed on the right.

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE, SORE LIPS, &c., cured at once by the use of *Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine*. It keeps the hands soft in the coldest weather. See that you get the genuine. Sold by Druggists. Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.—HEGEMAN & Co., New York.

IF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER from the dull stupidity that meets us every where in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with.—[*Com.*]

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AGONY of RUPTURE.

ITS

Effectual Cure.

As related in the following communication by

MR. WM. H. SMITH.

Believing that there is nothing more interesting to a large portion of the people than information concerning a reliable method for the immediate relief and perfect cure of rupture, we cheerfully publish Mr. Smith's statement, earnestly commending it to the serious attention of those who may be interested in the subject, from personal need, or in sympathy for some suffering friend. Mr. Smith is a gentleman in whose statement the most scrupulous can put implicit reliance, in proof of which he refers to one of the largest commercial houses in this city.

To Harper's Weekly:

Your publication of Mr. George Hodge's communication, concerning his sufferings from rupture, and final cure by Dr. Sherman, prompts me to address you the following facts, touching my case:

When I—yes, the whole North—was electrified with the splendid march of General Sherman, and his triumphs in overcoming the rupture of our country, I little dreamed that I should be filled with joy and gratitude toward one bearing a similar name, by his personal assistance in curing a rupture as important to me for health, and the capacity of enjoying the various comforts of life, as the former was, under the General's care, for the soundness of the body politic, and the enjoyment of the blessings of liberty by the entire nation. But such is the fact. I am in ecstacy—unable to express the fullness of my heart—the unbounded satisfaction which I now enjoy, from being relieved and thoroughly cured of rupture. It is truly an affliction, in comparison with which the cholera, the plague, the burning fever are delicate touches from the hand of misfortune—dew-drops in comparison with the weight of a heavy shower—the soft moonbeams to the intense rays of the noonday sun. Yes, rupture is dispiriting, disqualifying a man for the duties connected with active life. He knows his incapacity, his brain falters, his soul trembles, and he becomes a sensitive object of pity, when otherwise his every movement would be illuminated, and marked with the fervor and stamina of a Napoleon. Such comparisons and reflections are but the truth—too truthful to the thinking mind. Yes, I could go farther, and, from my present feelings, exclaim: To be ruptured is to be like the noble captive in chains; and to be cured, like the noble captive released and in the midst of his friends. Would to Heaven I could convey my felicity to every ruptured being in the country, and that Dr. Sherman, in the same instant, could apply his remedies with the same speed and beneficial results as in my case. What an overturning of old theories, what a cessation of woes would then be witnessed throughout the land! My rupture is cured! like the loudest peal of thunder would roll over the plain, through the valleys, leaping from hill-top to hill-top, from mountain-peak to mountain-peak, thence to the clouds, until earth and heaven would be ringing with the praises of Dr. Sherman's genius, in subduing and conquering the most dreaded affliction poor humanity has to bear up against. Indeed, I believe the Doctor's deeds would carry him as deep in the heart of the nation as the General's has, and the olive-branch of peace, borne out by the General, be no more esteemed as an emblem of glory than the wreath, entwined by a myriad of gladdened hearts, and placed upon his brow by the divine touch of gratitude. I write from my heart, and from its abundance could write volumes, did prudence not check me, by reminding me that this is but a simple communication concerning a good thing for the interests of the poor afflicted; for he who is ruptured is poor indeed, though he possess millions. These remarks may be repudiated by those who are not subjects of this affliction, or who have no knowledge of the wretchedness it entails upon its victims; but by the ruptured they will be accepted in their fullest bearing. I am cured. In those three words are embodied my future hope of success from engaging in the active pursuits of life. Yes, I am

Cured of my Rupture.

I feel it. I know it. I daily enjoy the proof of it.

I adopted Dr. Sherman's curative method as a New-Year's present to myself for 1869, and a happier New Year can never light up my path in the future. No, never. When I think of it, it is as Brick Pomeroy, of the *La Crosse Democrat*, said, in alluding to Dr. Sherman's cures: "Almost miraculous." Cured without restriction from my business exercise; cured without suffering or inconvenience; cured while laughing, joking, working, when others around me were groaning and sighing from the pain of irksome trusses, deriding my hope of cure—dubious, incredulous, disheartened dupes to the Truss system. Cured, I say, under such circumstances, awakens in the mind the reflection "almost miraculous." I think I have said enough; but as there may be some unreasonable creature, some Thomas wanting more proof, I will refer him to the house of Murphy, Grant, & Co., 18 Reade St., New York, where I am well known from my business connections. At the same time, it will afford me infinite pleasure to give any farther information to any one interested, who may be pleased to call upon or address me by letter. The publishing of Mr. Hodge's communication in your paper last year, having aroused my slumbering hopes, I now solicit, in behalf of humanity, the publication of my experience, with the impression that it may have a similar good influence on others who are suffering from rupture, and at the same time enable me to publicly acknowledge, through one of the most respectable and widespread sources, the specific character of Dr. Sherman's method of treating rupture. I thought I had finished; but no, I can not lay down my pen without saying to every one ruptured, and wearing trusses, Throw them away. I tried them to my heart's content. There is no good in them. Away with them, and secure Dr. Sherman's assistance, appliance, and curative, as I did, and be cured as I am. Then, and not till then, will you enjoy your heart's greatest desire.

Yours truly,
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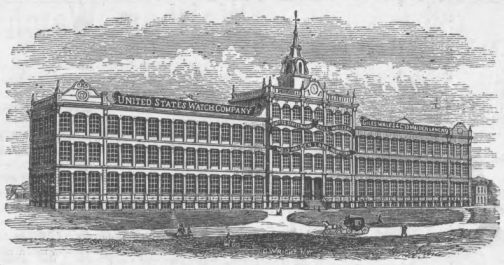

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 682.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.—HEAD OF THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE GRAND NAVE OF ST. PETER'S.—[SEE PAGE 50.]

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ENTERING ST. PETER'S.

THE 8th of December, the day fixed for the opening of the Nineteenth Œcumenical Council, dawned inauspiciously over Rome; "under a black and bitter and rainy sky," writes a newspaper correspondent, "a sky such as Dr. CUMMING might have ordered of his intimate friend, the Angel of the Apocalypse, for the express purpose of dampening and disheartening the Scarlet Woman," the solemn ceremonies began. The Eternal City presented, nevertheless, a holiday appearance. Every street was crowded and choked up with the throng of carriages. Vehicles of every conceivable description, from the scarlet chariot of the cardinal, with its golden trappings, to the rickety "hack," filled all the thoroughfares leading to the grand cathedral.

The scene before the entrance to the cathedral was extremely picturesque, notwithstanding the depressing influence of the rain, while the interior was crowded with representatives of "every people, and nation, and kindred, and tongue under the whole heaven." The variety of ecclesiastical and military costume, of every imaginable fashion and color, dazzled the eye. Here a band of monks, clad from head to foot in robes of solemn black, the face completely enveloped in a black hood, with places for the eyes, which glared through the apertures in weird brightness, threw a sort of spectral gloom around the scene. This was soon relieved by another company of *religieuse*, with costumes of a similar fashion, but of blue material, and enormous white capes over their shoulders. The brown dress and flowing beards of the bare-legged friars, whose brawny limbs did rare justice to their discipline, presented a strange contrast to the barbaric pomp and gold which often betrayed the representative of some Oriental clime. Tattered and dirty beggars mingled in the throng on terms of perfect equality, and not a few devout, not to say determined women, were observed struggling to maintain good positions for seeing the splendid pageant.

Soon after nine o'clock the grand procession, heralded by strains of solemn music, entered the cathedral, as depicted in our illustration on the preceding page, in the following order: 1. Chaplains in Ordinary. 2. Private Chaplains. 3. Consistorial Advocates. 4. Chamberlains of Honor. 5. Private Chamberlains. 6. Choir of the Pontifical Chapel. 7. College of Prelates. 8. Masters of the Saint-Hospice. 9. Incense Bearers. 10. Cross Bearer and Acolytes. 11. Abbés General Mitred. 12. Abbés *nullius*. 13. Bishops. 14. Archbishops. 15. Primates. 16. Patriarchs. 17. Cardinals. 18. The Pope, in his chair of state, borne on men's shoulders, in robes of the highest ceremonies. 19. The Prelates of the Papal Suite. 20. The Apostolic Prothonotaries. 21. The Generals of Orders, being Regular Clerks, Monks, and Mendicants. 22. Officers of the Council who have no rank in the Prelatical Colleges. 23. Stenographers. While the procession was moving toward the High Altar the Pope solemnly intoned the "Veni Creator Spiritus," which was also chanted by the choir. On reaching the High Altar, where the Sacrament was exposed, the Pope removed the costly mitre from his head and recited the Latin prayers which had been selected for the service. Thus the grand procession entered St. Peter's, and the Council was opened.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870.

☞ *New subscribers to* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be furnished with the paper from the commencement of* WILKIE COLLINS'S "Man and Wife," *in the Number for November* 20, 1869, *at the yearly subscription price of* $4 00.

THE CLOVEN FOOT.

THERE is a familiar story in the State of a conversation between Mr. SEWARD when he was Governor and a rural voter. Mr. SEWARD mentioned incidentally that he was the chief magistrate. "You!" replied the rural voter, in amazement. "Oh no! every body knows that THURLOW WEED is Governor of New York." Certainly the present chief magistrate of this State is very unlike any of his noted predecessors, JOHN JAY, the CLINTONS, TOMPKINS, or SEWARD. But whatever he may be, every body knows that PETER B. SWEENY is Governor of New York. Mr. SWEENY is the Dictator of Tammany Hall, and the first days of the session of the new Legislature showed that Tammany controls both the Executive and the Legislative branches of the government. Mr. HOFFMAN'S Message is merely a solemn presentation of Mr. SWEENY'S opinions and intentions. Mr. HITCHMAN, the Speaker, was Mr. SWEENY'S man for the chair; and on the first day of the session Mr. TWEED, the lieutenant of Mr. SWEENY, proposed to withdraw the assent of New York to the Fifteenth Amendment. Even Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY hastened to obey Mr. SWEENY, and led the Senate in the act, in which the House immediately concurred.

A more characteristic act was impossible. For a generation the Democratic party has devoted all its power to the inhuman oppression of the negro. It held the national government, and that became a vast conspiracy against the most unfortunate and helpless class of persons in the country. So relentless was the Democratic purpose, so thorough its organization, that there was not a little postmaster anywhere in the land who dared to call his soul his own by declaring the equal right of all men to liberty. Believing the public conscience to be totally demoralized, and the public spirit subdued, the Democratic leaders laid their hands upon the free Territories of the West, with the monstrous doctrine that the Constitution carried slavery every where. But the honor and manhood of the American people revolted against that last degradation; and then the chief Democratic leaders, many of whom were in the national administration itself, took up arms to destroy the government, and to found a new empire upon the abject slavery of the laboring population.

The result was the unconditional victory of the loyal country, under the leadership of the Republican party, the total abolition of slavery, and the elevation of the long-outraged colored population to equal civil and political rights. In the contest the Democratic party, whose great national policy had been the extension of slavery, and whose chiefs had been great slave-masters, lost power in almost every State. In New York it had occasionally elected a Governor or an Assembly; but it had not for many years controlled every department of the government. The hold of the Democratic party is firm only in the States least eminent for intelligence and most tainted with the barbarism of slavery. Its sure possessions are Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, Tennessee. Wherever the government is founded upon color, and the poorest class of the population is systematically outraged by the laws, there the Democratic party is in the ascendant, and there injustice and ignorance perpetuate each other.

The power of such a party in the State of New York is necessarily insecure. But by the most notorious and undeniable frauds the Democratic party elected a Governor in 1868, and have now also the Legislature and other State officers. Scarcely is the Legislature assembled, when, in hot haste, it shows its ancient hatred of equal rights by withdrawing its assent to the Amendment which would remove the negro from politics; and, at the same time, with the same spirit that brought the party to its knees before WADE HAMPTON in the New York Convention of 1868, Mr. SWEENY'S man, Mr. HITCHMAN, says that he should like to see Congress disregard the action of New York, "if it dare." Whether Congress—that is, the Legislature of the people of the United States—"dare" to disregard what they consider the unconstitutional action of a State, or of a "confederacy" of States, Mr. HITCHMAN is quite old enough to have learned.

The Democratic party went out of power in this State trying to make the negro a slave. It returns to power trying to prevent his becoming an equal citizen. Arrayed against justice, humanity, reason, and the American principle, the doom of such a party is sure. It defies equal rights, and its fate is written: "At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

IS HE ALSO A JUDAS ISCARIOT?

THERE are undoubtedly reasons why it is desirable that a Justice of the Supreme Court for a particular district should have certain associations with that district. Justice, indeed, is blind, but in the management of human affairs tact is indispensable. When, therefore, the President nominated Mr. HOAR to the Senate, it was to be presumed that he had found no person suitable for the appointment who was a resident of the district. This may be a matter of regret, but it certainly is not surprising. Least of all should it surprise the Democratic journals, for they have always assured us that all the men of ability in the Southern States were the most resolute and sincere of rebels. Nor should it be surprising to our own Republican friends, for many of the Senators from the Southern States who are understood to oppose the nomination of Mr. HOAR are living monuments of the difficulty encountered by the Republicans in finding old residents of the late rebel States who could be wisely called to high and responsible positions. Certainly the President himself would not be indisposed to find a proper candidate for the Supreme bench who lived in the district, as his well-known character attests, and as is shown by his nomination of Mr. STANTON to the Pennsylvania circuit. It must therefore be supposed that he found no satisfactory person within the district, and therefore named one of the most satisfactory persons in the country out of it.

Moreover, if the non-residence of Mr. HOAR had been stated as a conclusive reason against his confirmation, the feeling of the Senate would be more intelligible. But it was immediately announced, and universally believed, that non-residence would not have been a decisive consideration if other reasons did not exist. The correspondent of the New York *Times* wrote that Mr. HOAR had nobody but himself to thank for his rejection; and the *Evening Post* published an abstract of the arguments urged against the confirmation, in which it was easy to see that the moving cause was Senatorial dissatisfaction with Mr. HOAR'S political independence. And believing this to be the cause, we hope sincerely that the President, who has never made in all essential points a better nomination than this, will not withdraw it, but will leave it for the final action of the Senate. If perfect honesty and the most manly independence in official conduct are to be visited by party censure from the Republican majority in the Senate, it is desirable that it should be fully understood.

We have seen in letters from Washington suggestions of an intention "to kick" Mr. HOAR out of the party. But these, we presume, must have come from that orthodox virtue which confirmed Mr. ASHLEY, and which will probably vote to confirm General SICKLES. And we observe that party authorities which thought Senators GRIMES, FESSENDEN, and TRUMBULL to be Judas Iscariots, who had received their money and had better go out and hang themselves, are very merry over the probable rejection of Mr. HOAR. Mr. HOAR is indeed the cousin of Mr. EVARTS, and Mr. EVARTS is certainly not a favorite with the Republicans of New York. But the supposition that consequently Mr. EVARTS exercises a malign influence over Mr. HOAR is inexpressibly comical to any one who knows the Attorney-General.

It is, indeed, an interesting inquiry whether the Republican party can afford to treat men like Mr. HOAR as BRUMMEL treated his rumpled cravats, as "our failures." Who, then, are our successes, if not the ablest, honestest citizens, original Republicans of the very highest principle, men whose characters and careers are the richest possessions of any party? No man, indeed, as we have often said, has any "claim" upon the Republican party: for parties—at least according to a very respectable old theory—exist for the public welfare, and not for private advantage. But while men have no claims of this kind, has character none? Will it not be well for the Senate to look over the list of its confirmations and of the nominations before it, and reflect whether it can justify to the conscience and intelligence of the Republican party the rejection of Mr. HOAR?

PUBLIC OPINION AND CUBA.

SINCE the President said in his Message that there was not sufficient evidence of an established government and of serious hostilities in Cuba to justify recognition, it is remarkable that the accounts from the island communicated to the papers by the Junta are very careful to describe the "established government" and the "various combats." But all this painfully suggests news made to order. Hitherto the one conspicuous fact in the Cuban revolution is, that it expects the United States to do its work. It began by a much more vigorous assault upon public opinion in this country than upon the Spanish soldiers in Cuba. It established a Committee or Junta in New York, and appealed to public sympathy to allow it to violate our laws by sending expeditions from this port, when it was evident that many more native patriots were constantly arriving here than would have made a very respectable military force in Cuba.

But the attempt upon public opinion in this country has failed. There have been two meetings in New York; the first was one of inquiry, and of an expression of sympathy for any people struggling for independence. The second was a meeting wholly without significance. Since those meetings there have been the most unpardonable attacks upon the integrity of Secretary FISH, absurdly insisting that the foreign policy of the United States was determined by the private interest of the Secretary's son-in-law. The answer to this is the character of Mr. FISH—just as the character of General GRANT was the reply to the charge that he was interested in the gold speculation.

But these frantic and desperate assaults have not in the least affected public opinion. The truth is, that the people of this country are not especially interested in the Cuban revolution because the Cubans themselves do not seem to be. The American feeling for Greece forty years ago, and for Crete four years ago, was deep and warm, because events in those countries showed how vital to the Greeks and Cretans their struggle was. But in the Cuban movement the desire is so evident that this country by recognition or special favor should really achieve the independence of the island, the intention of annexation is so notorious and confessed, and the want of any serious engagements evincing an earnest patriotic purpose and of a government truly fulfilling its functions is so conspicuous, that there is a very general feeling of doubt and indifference.

This is unquestionably the fact, and the Administration in declining to interfere undoubtedly represents the desire of the country. But if the circumstances were different—if the country did not feel that the Cuban revolutionary news is "cooked" for us by the Junta as the American news was "cooked" by REUTER for England—if the Cubans, rising and demanding independence, had bravely and vigorously attacked the Spaniards in battles that, however small, could not be concealed, and which, like Lexington and Bunker Hill and Canea, showed the indomitable heroic will—if the movement had been more than a vague, smouldering, doubtful hostility of which it is actually impossible to know any thing except that some Cubans wish to be annexed to the United States, the popular feeling of this country, we believe, would have been very different.

The more thoughtful advocates of recognition urge that it is our duty because the revolution has proclaimed emancipation. But this is really to urge a policy of proselytism by arms. It is saying that if a Fenian insurrection in Ireland should proclaim the Republic, the United States ought to recognize it even if it were compelled in consequence to fight with England. If the United States declined, Mr. THOMAS C. FIELDS would probably taunt us with recreancy to republican principles. But should we wince, feeling the sting of truth? The question for the United States to decide is, what course under all the circumstances will most aid liberty every where? Will freedom and popular government gain more by the assertion of the principle that every power may interfere in every contest at pleasure, or that belligerents must acquire a certain evident status before they are acknowledged? Shall there be any attempt at an international practice founded upon reason and honorably observed, or shall that hope be abandoned? The American people heartily wish that other people may be as free as they are, and in all honorable ways they will prove their sympathy. But if it be the duty of the United States to recognize at any cost the belligerent rights of any party in any country that proclaims personal liberty or political equality, it is its duty to become the most aggressive, and insufferable power in history.

THE NEW YEAR IN FRANCE.

THE summons of EMILE OLLIVIER to form a Ministry in France shows that LOUIS NAPOLEON has at least one advantage over his predecessors, and that is that he can learn something. If M. OLLIVIER succeeds in the attempt to organize an administration, the constitutional system will have begun in France. But the difficulty of the situation is vital, and it is that it depends entirely upon the will of one man, and that man one who has risen to power by the most flagrant falsehood and disregard of oaths. If M. OLLIVIER succeeds, we shall have the spectacle of a Ministry agreeable to the Chambers, and removable with the change of sentiment of a legislature elected by general suffrage. This is the English constitutional system. But, unluckily for the further resemblance between the two countries, the British Constitution is a long tradition of precedents which have become the most impregnable of fundamental laws; while the French Constitution is really a charter granted by the Emperor.

It is not impossible that the Emperor intends fair play. It is easy to suppose that he perceives the hopelessness of the continuation of a merely personal government; that he has watched France for eighteen years, and finds that his only chance lies in the proposed change. But the humor of a despot is always incalculable. Character tells in politics as every where else; and a man whose whole career has alienated confidence can not regain it by a fresh word, however plausible; nor by a new policy, however reasonable. To an observer, undoubtedly, the best course for LOUIS NAPOLEON is that which he has chosen. But it will probably prove to be only a palliative. The fatal weakness of his position is that, however adroit and able, he has failed, after a prolonged and most favorable opportunity, to endear himself to the heart or to the pride of the French people. They do not love him. They do not trust him. They do not respect him. And a ruler of whom, at the end of a score of years of trial, such truths can be spoken is not a man who can found a permanent dynasty.

TRADE—ITS RELATIONS TO GOLD.

ACCOUNTS of stock have now been very generally completed, and computations made of the last year's business. Up to the raid on the 24th of September made by the Erie gamblers to run up gold, trade was good in all departments, but since that period it has been so bad in all quarters as to have absorbed much of the profits of the preceding three-quarters of the year. The raid was undertaken at a time when the Treasury had abstained from making sales of gold, and was undoubtedly planned through the connivance of some inferior officials, in a way to prevent any Treasury sales, simultaneously with the movement to "bull" gold. But for some unfortunate influence over the Treasury of this character, it is scarcely probable that sales would have been delayed until the evil had been done, since the intention to make an extensive corner in gold was known at Washington, and it was a blow, which, if successful, necessarily reached the credit of the United States.

A committee of investigation ought to ascertain precisely why it was that the Treasury remained inactive during the period when the clique was maturing its plans, and until they had gone so far as to carry up gold to 160–162½. The omission to meet this movement in time enabled the raiders to ride through Wall Street with the fury of a SHERIDAN, and with all the disaster, present and remote, which attended his

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sudden inflictions. Wall Street was wild with fear as the raiders entered each banking-house and stripped it of its wealth. It will, no doubt, appear that Mr. BOUTWELL is free of all complication with the clique, or with inferiors connected with the Treasury—no one doubts his purity—but the precise character of the influence which induced the withholding of the orders to sell gold ought to be ascertained, so that Congress may apply its remedies with wisdom.

The effect of this affair upon the trade of the whole country was instantaneous and severe. The difficulty has been prolonged and intensified by the subsequent fall in gold from 135, on the 24th of September, after Mr. BOUTWELL had made his countermovement, to about 120, near to which it has lately been fluctuating.

Inasmuch as nearly all descriptions of merchandise have been marked down in proportion to the fall in gold, an active trade is not expected until prices of all commodities, including gold, shall be readjusted so that they shall conform to the amount of paper-money in circulation. The reasons for marking down merchandise are various. Some supposed that we were going to specie payments, and this, in the phraseology of Wall Street, they *discounted*. Purchasers all over the country said to jobbers and importers, Gold is down; why don't you mark down your goods?

The miller and the farmer, whose price for flour and grain was fixed by the Liverpool market, and who, when they sold to the foreigner for gold, could turn it into currency on the basis of only 120, instead of 135, required the country merchant to lower his prices accordingly. This policy extended over the whole Union, producing distrust and dismay.

When gold shall rise to the price required by the amount of paper-money in circulation the process will be reversed, and instead of being marked down, goods will be marked up, and trade will become active. If gold had fallen by reason of a diminution in the quantity of paper circulation, it would have been a healthy and permanent fall; but it is mere folly to suppose that it will stand long at a price which has been made for it by means of the momentary power of the Treasury, and wholly irrespective of our paper circulation and the general laws of trade.

There is nothing in the situation of the country at this time, excepting the artificial and unnatural condition of financial affairs, to prevent an active spring trade; but there is much depression owing to this circumstance, from which recovery will be slow. Cotton, grain, and provisions are still to go forward in large quantities; but exports of these, on which the activity of business depends, will be light as long as gold is pressed below the proper level. These articles of export have all been produced at high currency prices; and so far as wheat and flour are concerned, they are sold in our market now at prices which do not remunerate the farming interest.

It appears by the English returns for the week ending December 19, that since the first of September there have been received into the United Kingdom 15,067,177 cwt. of wheat, against 9,540,446; of flour, 2,136,702 cwt. against 1,159,416; of Indian corn, 7,006,140 cwt. against 3,913,075—for the same period last year.

Private advices show that the stock of wheat on hand in Liverpool on the first of January is much larger than is usual; and it appears that much of the excess comes from the United States. California has sent heavy supplies. The concurrence of these shipments and the fall of gold here have affected trade in a most serious degree. But as the estimates of the whole quantity of wheat required from foreign sources for the consumption of Great Britain between the late and the next harvest amounted to between seventy and eighty millions of bushels, it is correct to assume that a large quantity will still be required from us. In the present condition of foreign and domestic markets it will be unsafe to press this article upon the sea-board in quantities which can not be conveniently carried. The fact that wheat and flour are below the average price in England and here would indicate that the farmer will be best rewarded by not pressing immediate sales.

Although the interests of a large class here are promoted by cheap food—such, for instance, as laboring men and those who live on salaries—yet when wheat and flour fall, as they lately have done, below the price which remunerates the farmer, the trade of the country becomes so seriously affected by it that the classes we have named lose more from want of employment than they gain by buying food at unremunerative prices. The general benefit is promoted when fair rewards attend all the great industries of the Union. It is a common observation now, that, as the farmer in the West and Northwest is losing by his crops, the trade of extensive sections is dull. It was lately stated in a Chicago paper that very unusual and large additions had been recently made to its population, owing to the discharge of laborers from farms. The necessity for discharging them is due to the condition of the market, and it will unfortunately affect the production for next year, as there will be fewer hands engaged in agriculture. The policy, therefore, which seeks to lower the market-price of food, for the benefit of manufacturers and others, may be carried so far as to weaken the demand for their productions.

The withdrawal by the Secretary of the Treasury of a portion of the eleven millions of gold offered for sale in December, and the offer of only four millions for January, indicate either that the supply of gold is not equal to what was expected, or that the Department perceives the effect upon our trade and industry of forcing down its price. It appears that less than twenty millions of what was on hand in the various sub-treasuries on the 1st of January was all that belonged to the government over and above what was payable for interest on that day, for overdue coupons, etc., and for certificates of deposit.

It was doubtless owing to this change of policy that a bull interest commenced operations in Wall Street on the 7th of January. The special order of the Treasury, issued on the 8th January, to sell on Monday the 10th $1,670,000 of gold received for interest, interfered for the moment with their plan. As the paper-money capable of circulation is fixed by law, it would seem that there is a tolerably precise relation between it and the proper market-price of gold, and that it should be the policy of the Department neither to raise nor depress gold below this mark. What the country wants is steadiness in the standard, instead of the violent and depressing fluctuations lately witnessed.

All the experience we have had since the termination of the war proves that more or less of severe fluctuation is unavoidable, either as the result of locking up currency, of its sudden and inconvenient removal to the West and South to permit the transfer of crops, of gambling on a scale of frightful extent, or of the action of the Treasury. From severe and repeated suffering the lesson is taught that the true road to safety lies in the direction of specie payments. Although it will be a difficult and unpleasant experience, it will be found far better in the long-run than to have our whole prosperity suspended, as it now is, "upon the wings of paper-money."

MRS. STOWE AND LADY BYRON.

THE remorseless, and in many cases evidently malignant vituperation of Mrs. STOWE which followed the publication of her BYRON article left her no choice but to state more fully both the story told her by Lady BYRON and the circumstances which induced her to publish it. No one who knows her could doubt for a moment that it was not a pleasant task for her to make such disclosures. To suppose that she was a sentimental jobber of "sensations" was simply silly. She knew that the general judgment of Lady BYRON, a friend whom she loved and revered, was that she was a prim, rigid, Puritanic monitor, who, by her hardness and want of sympathy, was really responsible for much of Lord BYRON'S immoral career. This judgment she believed to have been the combined result of the noblest forbearance and silence upon the part of Lady BYRON, and of the most subtle and elaborate slander upon the part of Lord BYRON, continued for years and addressed to a world which was fascinated by his genius. Lady BYRON died, but the harsh imputation against her was not allowed to rest. It was renewed some months since in *Blackwood's Magazine* and in a book written by BYRON'S mistress. The aspersions made by both upon the character of their grandmother did not seem to touch Lady BYRON'S descendants; and when convinced that they proposed to suffer such slanders to lie upon her grave uncorrected, Mrs. STOWE, indignantly feeling that if the ties of blood were satisfied those of friendship were not, resolved that the good fame of one of the noblest of women should be vindicated, and told the story that Lady BYRON had told her.

There was an immediate explosion of indignation that such a disclosure should have been made, whether it were true or false. But, being made, there was also a very general feeling that Lord BYRON was none too good for such a story to be true, while of his sister nothing was generally known. From the moment of the publication it was evident that if Mrs. STOWE had faithfully reported what Lady BYRON had told her, the story must be accepted as true, unless it could be shown that Lady BYRON had told an untruth, or was probably deranged. But it has never been questioned that Mrs. STOWE honestly repeated what she heard, nor has it been asserted that Lady BYRON could be guilty of so foul a falsehood. Was she then deranged upon this subject? No one who has followed the controversy will claim that Lady BYRON'S hallucination has been established. The only evidence, and that presumptive, is contained in the correspondence published in the *Quarterly Review* article. Mrs. STOWE accepts the authenticity of the letters, which were all written within the month after the separation, and she answers that it was subsequently to that time that Lady BYRON was convinced of Mrs. LEIGH'S complicity, believing until then the assertion, which Mrs. STOWE supposes Mrs. LEIGH to have made, that BYRON had only insanely attempted the crime. There is no doubt that at the time of the separation Lady BYRON did believe her husband to be insane, and that his nearest relatives were her chief authority. The letters, however, must be taken in connection with all the facts and probabilities, and then they will be found not necessarily incompatible with the truth of the original story.

The case must rest here, unless the papers of Lady BYRON are published, or Dr. LUSHINGTON reveals what was disclosed to him in 1816. Mrs. STOWE has been fiercely denounced as a hyena, tearing open the grave of a blameless woman, Mrs. LEIGH. But a moment's reflection will show that in Mrs. STOWE'S opinion Mrs. LEIGH was the accomplice—subsequently, indeed, repentant—of the foul traducer of her friend, Lady BYRON. Was her sympathy for Mrs. LEIGH'S offense—as she believed it to be—to overbear her duty to a slandered woman? If it be said that she should at least have had some evidence before she told so dreadful a tale, may she not ask, in reply, what evidence could possibly be so conclusive to her as Lady BYRON'S word?

MR. DICKENS'S DEMOCRACY.

IF there were ever a man whose character and published opinions should decide what his political sympathies are, Mr. DICKENS is certainly the one. Yet when, a few weeks ago, he said, in a speech something about the people governing and the people governed, which was susceptible of two interpretations, it was very generally interpreted against him, and he was accused of turning his back upon his books and upon the whole tenor of his life.

Mr. DICKENS has recently made another speech in which he has stated, characteristically and distinctly, that he has not turned his back upon his books and his life, nor forsworn himself, but that he believes as heartily as he always did in the people governed rather than in the people who govern. It seems a little hard that character is allowed such little weight in the decision of a doubtful point. There are men nearer home, whose lives and characters are stainless, who were recently denounced as if they had plotted the destruction of the moral bulwarks of society. It was much more natural to suppose that there was some misunderstanding. So, if the telegraph should report that JOHN BRIGHT has pronounced for the infallibility of the Pope, wouldn't it be better to believe that the story is not complete, and await further intelligence?

NOTES.

THE St. Domingo negotiation has ended in a treaty of cession. We are to pay $1,500,000, and St. Domingo is to become ours, if the people ratify the action of BAEZ. Meanwhile we have paid that gentleman $150,000 in advance for the rent of the Bay of Samana. And St. Thomas? When the Senate considers the new treaty, let it not forget the old. Denmark and the people of St. Thomas have been consulted, and agree to our proposition. Do we recede from it? Is the population of St. Domingo so much more desirable in addition to that of the United States than the people of St. Thomas? And is the necessity of increasing our territory and our population at this time so imperative that we must make fresh promises to pay besides the Denmark engagement, by which we are honorably bound? Territorial expansion is not necessarily an advantage. If it be inevitable is it worth paying for?

THE son of FRANCISCO SOLANO LOPEZ, and grandson of CARLOS A. LOPEZ, who, with Dr. FRANCIA, the uncle of CARLOS, have been for nearly fifty years Dictators of Paraguay, is in Washington, endeavoring to induce the Administration to renew diplomatic intercourse with his father's government. The objection to the success of his mission is stated to be the disappearance of his father and his government together. Should the subject be pressed by the young man, it is very desirable that Congress should be fully informed of the merits of the Paraguay question, and that the country should be fully disabused of the error that LOPEZ is in any popular sense a President, or that Paraguay is a republic. This will not be necessary if the steady, although slow, progress of the allies has, as is generally understood, resulted in the overthrow of the LOPEZ despotism. But an American war which has lasted so long, and has been so bitterly waged, deserves to be more truly understood in the United States than it has yet been.

ONE of the finest specimens of the noble art of line engraving that has been produced in America has just been finished by JOSEPH ANDREWS, of Boston. It is from ROTHERMEL'S picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims; "Plymouth Rock, 1620." It is the conscientious work of many years—bold and delicate and masterly; and fully vindicates the claim of Mr. ANDREWS to the highest rank in his art.

IN the second letter of Mr. SEWARD as Secretary of State to Mr. ADAMS, Minister in England, dated April 10, 1861, he said: "You will not consent to draw into debate before the British Government any opposing moral principle which may be supposed to lie at the foundation of the controversy between those States and the Federal Union." In Mr. SEWARD'S speech a month ago, in Mexico, he said, in allusion to the rebellion: "Slavery had taken up arms in alarm for its life, and had organized rebellion, aiming at the dissolution of the American Union." This was always the truth, and Mr. SEWARD knew it as well in April, 1861, as in November, 1869. But by not saying it in 1861, and instructing Mr. ADAMS to urge it upon the British Government, the whole moral force of our position was lost, and we were placed in precisely the attitude that Earl RUSSELL described, a Government fighting for empire, to maintain its authority over unwilling citizens. This, indeed, as nobody knows better than Earl RUSSELL knew, is, under the circumstances, in our case a perfectly legitimate and just policy. But if the Secretary of State had plainly declared what Mr. SEWARD and every other intelligent man understood, the moral aspect of the English conduct would have been intolerable. The conclusion is, that truth-telling is the best diplomacy.

A STRIKING illustration of the doctrinaire habit of Mr. SEWARD'S mind is found in the same speech, when he speaks of the alliance of all the republican states of the American Continent during the rebellion, and then adds that the alliance commanded confidence and respect in unexpected quarters, and that, with certain other countries, "*Turkey*, *Egypt*, *Morocco*, *Siam*, and *China*, became the friends and *moral allies* of the American republics." Our moral alliance with Morocco and Siam has hitherto escaped attention.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

January 4.—Both Houses organized by the choice of Democratic officers. In the Senate Mr. Tweed offered a joint resolution to repeal that of last session by which the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was ratified. The resolution was made a special order for the next day. Notice was given of a bill to repeal the Excise law. In the Assembly, among other resolutions offered, was one expressing sympathy with the Cuban revolutionists.

January 5.—In the Senate, after a warm debate, the resolution relating to the Fifteenth Amendment was passed by a vote of yeas 16, nays 15. In the Assembly the resolution was also passed by a vote of yeas 69, nays 56. Among the measures introduced were bills to repeal the "Conspiracy act," the Excise law, to amend the Metropolitan Police law, and compel gas companies to report annually to the Comptroller.

January 6.—No business of importance was transacted in either House, and the Legislature adjourned over to January 11.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The recent statement of the public debt shows that the entire debt is $2,658,134,670. The amount in the Treasury is $209,387,716 69, of which about $109,000,000 is in coin and coin certificates; the actual debt is, therefore, $2,448,746,953 31, or $4,812,781 92 less than on the 1st of December, and $76,716,306 70 less than on the 1st of March last.

The validity of an Indiana divorce is soon to be tested in a Massachusetts Probate Court, on the petition of Mrs. Harriet M. Shannon for letters of administration as the widow of the late Oliver M. Shannon, from whom she was divorced by decree of an Indiana court. The estate is valued at $200,000.

On January 1 a reduction was made on the tolls on cable messages to and from Havana. Messages of ten words are now sent to that city from any office of the Western Union Telegraph Company east of the Mississippi for $5 in gold, and west of the Mississippi for $7 50.

Mail-coach robberies have of late become alarmingly frequent in Colorado. Armed bodies of men stop the coaches, and rifle the mail-bags and the trunks and pocket-books of the passengers. These highwaymen are said to be well organized.

In his recent Message to the Pennsylvania Legislature the Governor of that State refers to the Avondale disaster, and recommends the enactment of stringent regulations to guard against the recurrence of such calamities.

"James Logan No. 2," whose name was connected with the mysterious Rogers murder, was shot and fatally wounded on January 6, in this city, by a man named Dunn. Just before his death he signed a paper declaring his innocence of the murder of Mr. Rogers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE singular rumor was recently started in Europe that President Grant was about to pay a visit to the reigning sovereigns, accompanied by a fleet of ironclads.

General Prim and the entire Spanish Cabinet resigned January 4, in consequence, it is said, of the failure of negotiations relating to the candidature of the Duke of Genoa. It was rumored that Serrano would be invested with sovereign power; but this plan is said to have been abandoned.

On the 1st instant the customary New Year's Address of the French Emperor to the Corps Legislatif was delivered. The recent political concessions were alluded to as circumstances which had augmented their prerogatives without diminishing the Imperial authority.

The recent Parliamentary election in Longford, Ireland, was marked by a serious conflict between the friends of the Fenian candidate and the opposite party. The troops fired on the Fenians, wounding several, but killing none.

Mr. Lorillard has blown up the wreck of the yacht *Meteor*, on the coast of Tunis.

The Portuguese Government has granted to an American company the privilege to land and operate a cable on the Azores, to be laid from New York to the Azores, thence to England, near Brighton, and thence by two lateral lines to France, near Havre, and Holland, near the Hague. The cable will probably be laid during the present year.

English correspondents continue their attacks on the Suez Canal. The London *Morning Post* contains the statement that vessels drawing more than fifteen feet must lighten before attempting to pass through the canal; that dredges obstruct and make the passage hazardous; and that the Company declines to take any risk whatever.

Thomas Creswick, an eminent artist, and member of the Royal Academy of England, died Jan. 1 in London.

The Cuban insurgents continue to burn the canefields. They are organized in large bodies, and the authorities find it difficult to check their movements. Two schooners, laden with arms and ammunition for the insurgents, were recently seized near Nassau, New Providence, by the British gun-boat *Lapwing*, for alleged violation of neutrality. The Spanish Minister at Washington has notified the State Department of the presence of the steamer *Annie*, a Cuban privateer, with some of the crew of the *Hornet* on board, in Charleston Harbor. The United States Marshal was directed to examine the suspected steamer.

Advices recently received from Paraguay, by way of Lisbon, say that Lopez has been driven out of that country, and has sought refuge in Bolivia.

The Committee of the Œcumenical Council on Dogmas has begun its sittings. The impression gains ground that the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope will be adopted, with liberty of dissent.

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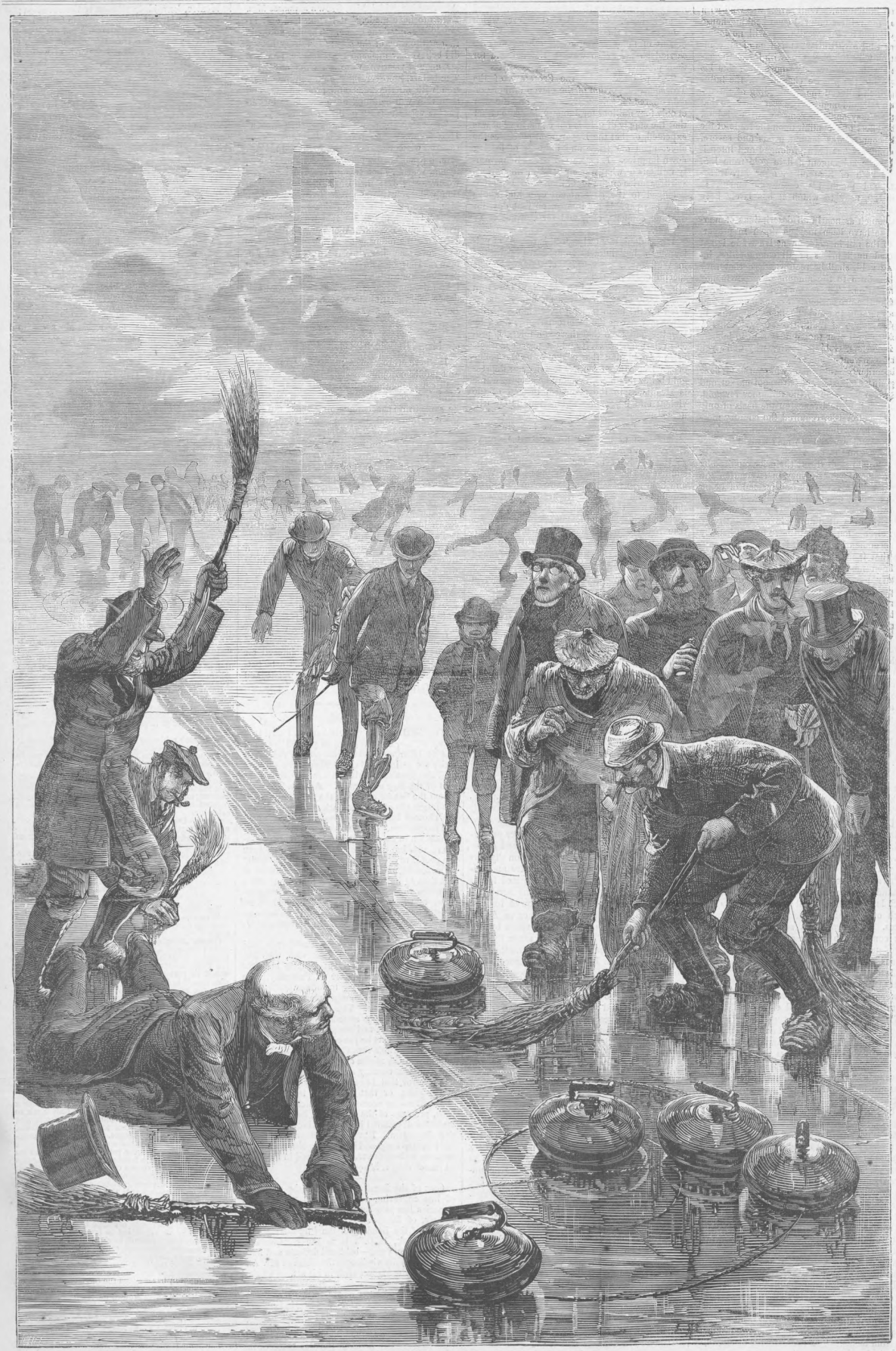

CURLING, OR BONSPIEL.—[SEE PAGE 55.]

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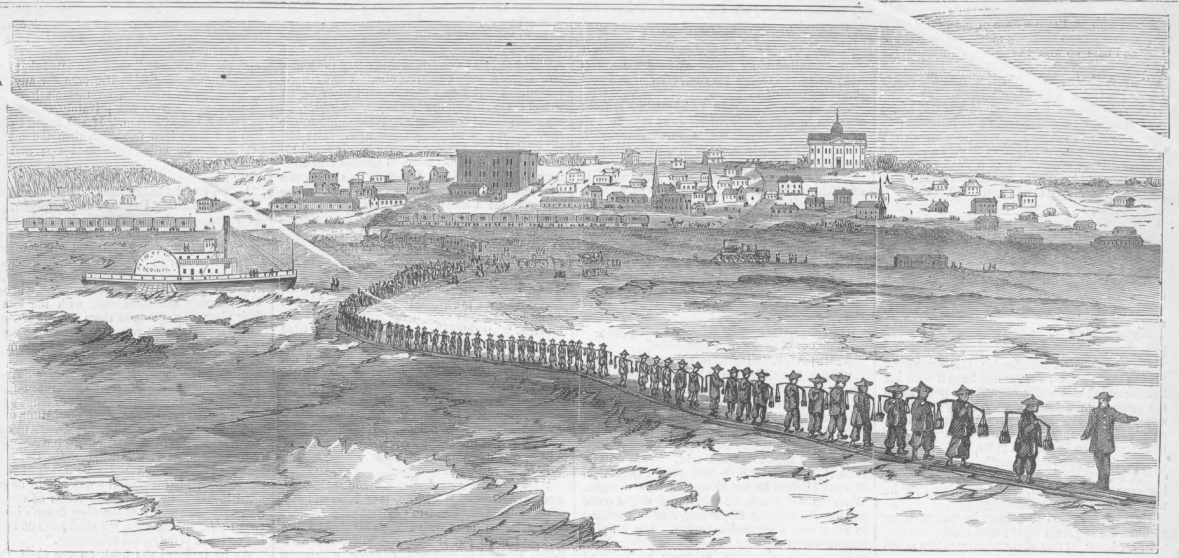

CHINESE COOLIES CROSSING THE MISSOURI RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY LEAVITT BURNHAM.]

COOLIES FOR TEXAS.

THE Mongolian invasion has begun at last in good earnest, and the advance-guard of the peaceful army has already crossed the Missouri River. On the 26th of December the first detachment of Chinese laborers engaged to work on a railroad now building in Texas, numbering 250 men, arrived opposite Council Bluffs, Iowa. The river was covered with a pack of broken ice sufficiently strong to prevent the passage of boats. A plank walk was laid across the uneven surface, on which the Celestials passed over to the eastern side of the river, as shown in our illustration, carrying their baggage on poles balanced over the shoulder, in true Oriental fashion. Most of these men were employed in the construction of the Pacific Railroad. They are under the charge of General J. A. WALKER, who expects to return in the spring, should this experiment prove a success, for a still larger detachment.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOURTH SCENE—WINDYGATES.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

NEAR IT.

THE Library at Windygates was the largest and the handsomest room in the house. The two grand divisions under which Literature is usually arranged in these days occupied the customary places in it. On the shelves which ran round the walls were the books which humanity in general respects—and does not read. On the tables distributed over the floor were the books which humanity in general reads—and does not respect. In the first class, the works of the wise ancients; and the Histories, Biographies, and Essays of writers of more modern times—otherwise the Solid Literature, which is universally respected, and occasionally read. In the second class, the Novels of our own day—otherwise the Light Literature, which is universally read, and occasionally respected. At Windygates, as elsewhere, we believed History to be high literature, because it assumed to be true to Authorities (of which we knew little)—and Fiction to be low literature, because it attempted to be true to Nature (of which we knew less). At Windygates, as elsewhere, we were always more or less satisfied with ourselves, if we were publicly discovered consulting our History, and more or less ashamed of ourselves if we were publicly discovered devouring our Fiction. An architectural peculiarity in the original arrangement of the library favored the development of this common and curious form of human stupidity. While a row of luxurious arm-chairs, in the main thoroughfare of the room, invited the reader of solid literature to reveal himself in the act of cultivating a virtue, a row of snug little curtained recesses, opening at intervals out of one of the walls, enabled the reader of light literature to conceal himself in the act of indulging a vice. For the rest, all the minor accessories of this spacious and tranquil place were as plentiful and as well chosen as the heart could desire. And solid literature and light literature, and great writers and small, were all bounteously illuminated alike by a fine broad flow of the light of heaven, pouring into the room through windows that opened to the floor.

It was the fourth day from the day of Lady Lundie's garden-party, and it wanted an hour or more of the time at which the luncheon-bell usually rang.

The guests at Windygates were most of them in the garden, enjoying the morning sunshine, after a prevalent mist and rain for some days past. Two gentlemen (exceptions to the general rule) were alone in the library. They were the two last gentlemen in the world who could possibly be supposed to have any legitimate motive for meeting each other in a place of literary seclusion. One was Arnold Brinkworth, and the other was Geoffrey Delamayn.

They had arrived together at Windygates that morning. Geoffrey had traveled from London with his brother by the train of the previous night. Arnold, delayed in getting away at his own time, from his own property, by ceremonies incidental to his position which were not to be abridged without giving offense to many worthy people—had caught the passing train early that morning at the station nearest to him, and had returned to Lady Lundie's, as he had left Lady Lundie's, in company with his friend.

After a short preliminary interview with Blanche, Arnold had rejoined Geoffrey in the safe retirement of the library, to say what was still left to be said between them on the subject of Anne. Having completed his report of events at Craig Fernie, he was now naturally waiting to hear what Geoffrey had to say on his side. To Arnold's astonishment, Geoffrey coolly turned away to leave the library without uttering a word.

Arnold stopped him without ceremony.

"Not quite so fast, Geoffrey," he said. "I have an interest in Miss Silvester's welfare as well as in yours. Now you are back again in Scotland, what are you going to do?"

If Geoffrey had told the truth, he must have stated his position much as follows:

He had necessarily decided on deserting Anne when he had decided on joining his brother on the journey back. But he had advanced no further than this. How he was to abandon the woman who had trusted him, without seeing his own dastardly conduct dragged into the light of day, was more than he yet knew. A vague idea of at once pacifying and deluding Anne, by a marriage which should be no marriage at all, had crossed his mind on the journey. He had asked himself whether a trap of that sort might not be easily set in a country notorious for the looseness of its marriage laws—if a man only knew how? And he had thought it likely that his well-informed brother, who lived in Scotland, might be tricked into innocently telling him what he wanted to know. He had turned the conversation to the subject of Scotch marriages in general by way of trying the experiment. Julius had not studied the question; Julius knew nothing about it; and there the experiment had come to an end. As the necessary result of the check thus encountered, he was now in Scotland with absolutely nothing to trust to as a means of effecting his release but the chapter of accidents, aided by his own resolution to marry Mrs. Glenarm. Such was his position, and such should have been the substance of his reply when he was confronted by Arnold's question, and plainly asked what he meant to do.

"The right thing," he answered, unblushingly. "And no mistake about it."

"I'm glad to hear you see your way so plainly," returned Arnold. "In your place, I should have been all abroad. I was wondering, only the other day, whether you would end, as I should have ended, in consulting Sir Patrick."

Geoffrey eyed him sharply.

"Consult Sir Patrick?" he repeated. "Why would you have done that?"

"*I* shouldn't have known how to set about marrying her," replied Arnold. "And—being in Scotland—I should have applied to Sir Patrick (without mentioning names, of course), because he would be sure to know all about it."

"Suppose I don't see my way quite so plainly as you think," said Geoffrey. "Would you advise me—"

"To consult Sir Patrick? Certainly! He has passed his life in the practice of the Scotch law. Didn't you know that?"

"No."

"Then take my advice—and consult him. You needn't mention names. You can say it's the case of a friend."

The idea was a new one and a good one. Geoffrey looked longingly toward the door. Eager to make Sir Patrick his innocent accomplice on the spot, he made a second attempt to leave the library; and made it for the second time in vain. Arnold had more unwelcome inquiries to make, and more advice to give unasked.

"How have you arranged about meeting Miss Silvester?" he went on. "You can't go to the hotel in the character of her husband. I have prevented that. Where else are you to meet her? She is all alone; she must be weary of waiting, poor thing. Can you manage matters so as to see her to-day?"

After staring hard at Arnold while he was speaking, Geoffrey burst out laughing when he had done. A disinterested anxiety for the welfare of another person was one of those refinements of feeling which a muscular education had not fitted him to understand.

"I say, old boy," he burst out, "you seem to take an extraordinary interest in Miss Silvester! You haven't fallen in love with her yourself—have you?"

"Come! come!" said Arnold, seriously. "Neither she nor I deserve to be sneered at, in that way. I have made a sacrifice to your interests, Geoffrey—and so has she."

Geoffrey's face became serious again. His secret was in Arnold's hands; and his estimate of Arnold's character was founded, unconsciously, on his experience of himself. "All right," he said, by way of timely apology and concession. "I was only joking."

"As much joking as you please, when you have married her," replied Arnold. "It seems serious enough, to my mind, till then." He stopped—considered—and laid his hand very earnestly on Geoffrey's arm. "Mind!" he resumed. "You are not to breathe a word to any living soul, of my having been near the inn!"

"I've promised to hold my tongue, once already. What do you want more?"

"I am anxious, Geoffrey. I was at Craig Fernie, remember, when Blanche came there! She has been telling me all that happened, poor darling, in the firm persuasion that I was miles off at the time. I swear I couldn't look her in the face! What would she think of me, if she knew the truth? Pray be careful! pray be careful!"

Geoffrey's patience began to fail him.

"We had all this out," he said, "on the way here from the station. What's the good of going over the ground again?"

"You're quite right," said Arnold, good-humoredly. "The fact is—I'm out of sorts, this morning. My mind misgives me—I don't know why."

"Mind?" repeated Geoffrey, in high contempt. "It's flesh—that's what the matter with *you*. You're nigh on a stone over your right weight. Mind be hanged! A man in healthy training don't know that he has got a mind. Take a turn with the dumb-bells, and a run up hill with a great-coat on. Sweat it off, Arnold! Sweat it off!"

With that excellent advice, he turned to leave the room for the third time. Fate appeared to have determined to keep him imprisoned in the library, that morning. On this occasion, it was a servant who got in the way—a servant, with a letter and a message. "The man waits for an answer."

Geoffrey looked at the letter. It was in his brother's handwriting. He had left Julius at the junction about three hours since. What could Julius possibly have to say to him now?

He opened the letter. Julius had to announce that Fortune was favoring them already. He had heard news of Mrs. Glenarm, as soon as he reached home. She had called on his wife, during his absence in London—she had been invited to the house—and she had promised to accept the invitation early in the week. "Early in the week," Julius wrote, "may mean to-morrow. Make your apologies to Lady Lundie; and take care not to offend her. Say that family reasons, which you hope soon to have the pleasure of confiding to her, oblige you to appeal once more to her indulgence—and come to-morrow, and help us to receive Mrs. Glenarm."

Even Geoffrey was startled, when he found himself met by a sudden necessity for acting on his own decision. Anne knew where his brother lived. Suppose Anne (not knowing where else

"ARNOLD TOOK A STOOL AT BLANCHE'S FEET, AND OPENED THE 'FIRST BOOK' OF PARADISE LOST."

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to find him) appeared at his brother's house, and claimed him in the presence of Mrs. Glenarm? He gave orders to have the messenger kept waiting, and said he would send back a written reply.

"From Craig Fernie?" asked Arnold, pointing to the letter in his friend's hand.

Geoffrey looked up with a frown. He had just opened his lips to answer that ill-timed reference to Anne, in no very friendly terms—when a voice, calling to Arnold from the lawn outside, announced the appearance of a third person in the library, and warned the two gentlemen that their private interview was at an end.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

NEARER STILL.

BLANCHE stepped lightly into the room, through one of the open French windows.

"What are you doing here?" she said to Arnold.

"Nothing. I was just going to look for you in the garden."

"The garden is insufferable, this morning." Saying those words, she fanned herself with her handkerchief, and noticed Geoffrey's presence in the room with a look of very thinly-concealed annoyance at the discovery. "Wait till I am married!" she thought. "Mr. Delamayn will be cleverer than I take him to be, if he gets much of his friend's company *then!*"

"A trifle too hot—eh?" said Geoffrey, seeing her eyes fixed on him, and supposing that he was expected to say something.

Having performed that duty, he walked away without waiting for a reply; and seated himself, with his letter, at one of the writing-tables in the library.

"Sir Patrick is quite right about the young men of the present day," said Blanche, turning to Arnold. "Here is this one asks me a question, and doesn't wait for an answer. There are three more of them, out in the garden, who have been talking of nothing, for the last hour, but the pedigrees of horses and the muscles of men. When we are married, Arnold, don't present any of your male friends to me, unless they have turned fifty. What shall we do till luncheon-time? It's cool and quiet in here among the books. I want a mild excitement—and I have got absolutely nothing to do. Suppose you read me some poetry?"

"While *he* is here?" asked Arnold, pointing to the personified antithesis of poetry—otherwise to Geoffrey, seated with his back to them at the farther end of the library.

"Pooh!" said Blanche. "There's only an animal in the room. We needn't mind *him!*"

"I say!" exclaimed Arnold. "You're as bitter, this morning, as Sir Patrick himself. What will you say to Me when we are married, if you talk in that way of my friend?"

Blanche stole her hand into Arnold's hand, and gave it a little significant squeeze. "I shall always be nice to *you*," she whispered—with a look that contained a host of pretty promises in itself. Arnold returned the look (Geoffrey was unquestionably in the way!). Their eyes met tenderly (why couldn't the great awkward brute write his letters somewhere else?). With a faint little sigh, Blanche dropped resignedly into one of the comfortable arm-chairs—and asked once more for "some poetry," in a voice that faltered softly, and with a color that was brighter than usual.

"Whose poetry am I to read?" inquired Arnold.

"Any body's," said Blanche. "This is another of my Impulses. I am dying for some poetry. I don't know whose poetry. And I don't know why."

Arnold went straight to the nearest book-shelf, and took down the first volume that his hand lighted on—a solid quarto, bound in sober brown.

"Well?" asked Blanche. "What have you found?"

Arnold opened the volume, and conscientiously read the title exactly as it stood:

"Paradise Lost. A Poem. By John Milton."

"I have never read Milton," said Blanche. "Have you?"

"No."

"Another instance of sympathy between us. No educated person ought to be ignorant of Milton. Let us be educated persons. Please begin."

"At the beginning?"

"Of course! Stop! You mustn't sit all that way off—you must sit where I can look at you. My attention wanders if I don't look at people while they read."

Arnold took a stool at Blanche's feet, and opened the "First Book" of Paradise Lost. His "system" as a reader of blank verse was simplicity itself. In poetry we are some of us (as many living poets can testify) all for sound; and some of us (as few living poets can testify) all for sense. Arnold was for sound. He ended every line inexorably with a full stop; and he got on to his full stop as fast as the inevitable impediment of the words would let him. He began:

> "Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit.
> Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste.
> Brought death into the world and all our woe.
> With loss of Eden till one greater Man.
> Restore us and regain the blisful seat.
> Sing heavenly Muse—"

"Beautiful!" said Blanche. "What a shame it seems to have had Milton all this time in the library and never to have read him yet! We will have Mornings with Milton, Arnold. He seems long; but we are both young, and we *may* live to get to the end of him. Do you know, dear, now I look at you again, you don't seem to have come back to Windygates in good spirits."

"Don't I? I can't help it."

"I can. It's sympathy with Me. I am out of spirits too."

"You!"

"Yes. After what I saw at Craig Fernie, I grow more and more uneasy about Anne. You will understand that, I am sure, after what I told you this morning?"

Arnold looked back, in a violent hurry, from Blanche to Milton. That renewed reference to events at Craig Fernie was a renewed reproach to him for his conduct at the inn. He attempted to silence her by pointing to Geoffrey.

"Don't forget," he whispered, "that there is somebody in the room besides ourselves."

Blanche shrugged her shoulders contemptuously.

"What does *he* matter?" she asked. "What does *he* know or care about Anne?"

There was only one other chance of diverting her from the delicate subject. Arnold went on reading headlong, two lines in advance of the place at which he had left off, with more sound and less sense than ever:

> "In the beginning how the heavens and earth.
> Rose out of Chaos or if Sion hill—"

At "Sion hill," Blanche interrupted him again.

"Do wait a little, Arnold. I can't have Milton crammed down my throat in that way. Besides I had something to say. Did I tell you that I consulted my uncle about Anne? I don't think I did. I caught him alone in this very room. I told him all I have told you. I showed him Anne's letter. And I said, 'What do you think?' He took a little time (and a great deal of snuff) before he would say what he thought. When he did speak, he told me I might quite possibly be right in suspecting Anne's husband to be a very abominable person. His keeping himself out of my way was (just as I thought) a suspicious circumstance, to begin with. And then there was the sudden extinguishing of the candles, when I first went in. I thought (and Mrs. Inchbare thought) it was done by the wind. Sir Patrick suspects it was done by the horrid man himself, to prevent me from seeing him when I entered the room. I am firmly persuaded Sir Patrick is right. What do *you* think?"

"I think we had better go on," said Arnold, with his head down over his book. "We seem to be forgetting Milton."

"How you do worry about Milton! That last bit wasn't as interesting as the other. Is there any love in Paradise Lost?"

"Perhaps we may find some if we go on."

"Very well, then. Go on. And be quick about it."

Arnold was *so* quick about it that he lost his place. Instead of going on he went back. He read once more:

> "In the beginning how the heavens and earth.
> Rose out of Chaos or if Sion hill—"

"You read that before," said Blanche.

"I think not."

"I'm sure you did. When you said 'Sion hill' I recollect I thought of the Methodists directly. I couldn't have thought of the Methodists if you hadn't said 'Sion hill.' It stands to reason."

"I'll try the next page," said Arnold. "I can't have read that before—for I haven't turned over yet."

Blanche threw herself back in her chair, and flung her handkerchief resignedly over her face. "The flies," she explained. "I'm not going to sleep. Try the next page. Oh, dear me, try the next page!"

Arnold proceeded:

> "Say first for heaven hides nothing from thy view.
> Nor the deep tract of hell say first what cause.
> Moved our grand parents in that happy state—"

Blanche suddenly threw the handkerchief off again, and sat bolt upright in her chair. "Shut it up," she cried. "I can't bear any more. Leave off, Arnold—leave off!"

"What's the matter now?"

"'That happy state,'" said Blanche. "What does 'that happy state' mean? Marriage, of course! And marriage reminds me of Anne. I won't have any more. Paradise Lost is painful. Shut it up. Well, my next question to Sir Patrick was, of course, to know what he thought Anne's husband had done. The wretch had behaved infamously to her in some way. In what way? Was it any thing to do with her marriage? My uncle considered again. He thought it quite possible. Private marriages were dangerous things (he said)—especially in Scotland. He asked me if they had been married in Scotland. I couldn't tell him—I only said, 'Suppose they were? What then?' 'It's barely possible, in that case,' says Sir Patrick, 'that Miss Silvester may be feeling uneasy about her marriage. She may even have reason—or may think she has reason—to doubt whether it is a marriage at all.'"

Arnold started, and looked round at Geoffrey still sitting at the writing-table with his back turned on them. Utterly as Blanche and Sir Patrick were mistaken in their estimate of Anne's position at Craig Fernie, they had drifted, nevertheless, into discussing the very question in which Geoffrey and Miss Silvester were interested—the question of marriage in Scotland. It was impossible in Blanche's presence to tell Geoffrey that he might do well to listen to Sir Patrick's opinion, even at second-hand. Perhaps the words had found their way to him? perhaps he was listening already, of his own accord?

(He *was* listening. Blanche's last words had found their way to him, while he was pondering over his half-finished letter to his brother. He waited to hear more—without moving, and with the pen suspended in his hand.)

Blanche proceeded, absently winding her fingers in and out of Arnold's hair as he sat at her feet:

"It flashed on me instantly that Sir Patrick had discovered the truth. Of course I told him so. He laughed, and said I mustn't jump at conclusions. We were guessing quite in the dark; and all the distressing things I had noticed at the inn might admit of some totally different explanation. He would have gone on splitting straws in that provoking way the whole morning if I hadn't stopped him. I was strictly logical. I said *I* had seen Anne, and *he* hadn't—and that made all the difference. I said, 'Every thing that puzzled and frightened me in the poor darling is accounted for now. The law must, and shall, reach that man, uncle—and I'll pay for it!' I was so much in earnest that I believe I cried a little. What do you think the dear old man did? He took me on his knee and gave me a kiss; and he said, in the nicest way, that he would adopt my view, for the present, if I would promise not to cry any more; and—wait! the cream of it is to come!—that he would put the view in quite a new light to me as soon as I was composed again. You may imagine how soon I dried my eyes, and what a picture of composure I presented in the course of half a minute. 'Let us take it for granted,' says Sir Patrick, 'that this man unknown has really tried to deceive Miss Silvester, as you and I suppose. I can tell you one thing: it's as likely as not that, in trying to overreach *her*, he may (without in the least suspecting it) have ended in overreaching himself.'"

(Geoffrey held his breath. The pen dropped unheeded from his fingers. It was coming! The light that his brother couldn't throw on the subject was dawning on it at last!)

Blanche resumed:

"I was so interested, and it made such a tremendous impression on me, that I haven't forgotten a word. 'I mustn't make that poor little head of yours ache with Scotch law,' my uncle said; 'I must put it plainly. There are marriages allowed in Scotland, Blanche, which are called Irregular Marriages—and very abominable things they are. But they have this accidental merit in the present case. It is extremely difficult for a man to pretend to marry in Scotland, and not really to do it. And it is, on the other hand, extremely easy for a man to drift into marrying in Scotland without feeling the slightest suspicion of having done it himself.' That was exactly what he said, Arnold. When *we* are married, it sha'n't be in Scotland!"

(Geoffrey's ruddy color paled. If this was true, he might be caught himself in the trap which he had schemed to set for Anne! Blanche went on with her narrative. He waited and listened.)

"My uncle asked me if I understood him so far. It was as plain as the sun at noonday; of course I understood him! 'Very well, then—now for the application!' says Sir Patrick. 'Once more supposing our guess to be the right one, Miss Silvester may be making herself very unhappy without any real cause. If this invisible man at Craig Fernie has actually meddled, I won't say with marrying her, but only with pretending to make her his wife, and if he has attempted it in Scotland, the chances are nine to one (though *he* may not believe it, and though *she* may not believe it) that he has really married her, after all.' My uncle's own words again! Quite needless to say that, half an hour after they were out of his lips, I had sent them to Craig Fernie in a letter to Anne!"

(Geoffrey's stolidly-staring eyes suddenly brightened. A light of the devil's own striking illuminated him. An idea of the devil's own bringing entered his mind. He looked stealthily round at the man whose life he had saved—at the man who had devotedly served him in return. A hideous cunning leered at his mouth and peeped out of his eyes. "Arnold Brinkworth pretended to be married to her at the inn. By the lord Harry! that's a way out of it that never strnck me before!" With that thought in his heart he turned back again to his half-finished letter to Julius. For once in his life he was strongly, fiercely agitated. For once in his life he was daunted—and that by his Own Thought! He had written to Julius under a strong sense of the necessity of gaining time to delude Anne into leaving Scotland before he ventured on paying his addresses to Mrs. Glenarm. His letter contained a string of clumsy excuses, intended to delay his return to his brother's house. "No," he said to himself, as he read it again. "Whatever else may do—*this* won't!" He looked round once more at Arnold, and slowly tore the letter into fragments as he looked.)

In the mean time Blanche had not done yet. "No," she said, when Arnold proposed an adjournment to the garden; "I have something more to say, and you are interested in it, this time." Arnold resigned himself to listen, and, worse still, to answer, if there was no help for it, in the character of an innocent stranger who had never been near the Craig Fernie inn.

"Well," Blanche resumed, "and what do you think has come of my letter to Anne?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Nothing has come of it!"

"Indeed?"

"Absolutely nothing! I know she received the letter yesterday morning. I ought to have had the answer to-day at breakfast."

"Perhaps she thought it didn't require an answer."

"She couldn't have thought that, for reasons that I know of. Besides, in my letter yesterday, I implored her to tell me (if it was one line only) whether, in guessing at what her trouble was, Sir Patrick and I had not guessed right. And here is the day getting on, and no answer! What am I to conclude?"

"I really can't say!"

"Is it possible, Arnold, that we have *not* guessed right, after all? Is the wickedness of that man who blew the candles out wickedness beyond our discovering? The doubt is so dreadful that I have made up my mind not to bear it after to-day. I count on your sympathy and assistance when to-morrow comes!"

Arnold's heart sank. Some new complication was evidently gathering round him. He waited in silence to hear the worst. Blanche bent forward, and whispered to him.

"This is a secret," she said. "If that creature at the writing-table has ears for any thing but rowing and racing, he mustn't hear this! Anne may come to me privately to-day while you are all at luncheon. If she doesn't come, and if I don't hear from her, then the mystery of her silence must be cleared up; and You must do it!"

"I!"

"Don't make difficulties! If you can't find your way to Craig Fernie, I can help you. As for Anne, you know what a charming person she is, and you know she will receive you perfectly, for my sake. I must and will have some news of her. I can't break the laws of the household a second time. Sir Patrick sympathizes, but he won't stir. Lady Lundie is a bitter enemy. The servants are threatened with the loss of their places if any one of them goes near Anne. There is nobody but you. And to Anne you go to-morrow, if I don't see her or hear from her to-day!"

This to the man who had passed as Anne's husband at the inn, and who had been forced into the most intimate knowledge of Anne's miserable secret! Arnold rose to put Milton away, with the composure of sheer despair. Any other secret he might, in the last resort, have confided to the discretion of a third person. But a woman's secret—with a woman's reputation depending on his keeping it—was not to be confided to any body, under any stress of circumstances whatever. "If Geoffrey doesn't get me out of *this*," he thought, "I shall have no choice but to leave Windygates to-morrow."

As he replaced the book on the shelf, Lady Lundie entered the library from the garden.

"What are you doing here?" she said to her step-daughter.

"Improving my mind," replied Blanche. "Mr. Brinkworth and I have been reading Milton."

"Can you condescend so far, after reading Milton all the morning, as to help me with the invitations for the dinner next week?"

"If *you* can condescend, Lady Lundie, after feeding the poultry all the morning, I must be humility itself after only reading Milton!"

With that little interchange of the acid amenities of feminine intercourse, step-mother and step-daughter withdrew to a writing-table, to put the virtue of hospitality in practice together.

Arnold joined his friend at the other end of the library.

Geoffrey was sitting with his elbows on the desk, and his clenched fists dug into his cheeks. Great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and the fragments of a torn letter lay scattered all round him. He exhibited symptoms of nervous sensibility for the first time in his life—he started when Arnold spoke to him.

"What's the matter, Geoffrey?"

"A letter to answer. And I don't know how."

"From Miss Silvester?" asked Arnold, dropping his voice so as to prevent the ladies at the other end of the room from hearing him.

"No," answered Geoffrey, in a lower voice still.

"Have you heard what Blanche has been saying to me about Miss Silvester?"

"Some of it."

"Did you hear Blanche say that she meant to send me to Craig Fernie to-morrow, if she failed to get news from Miss Silvester to-day?"

"No."

"Then you know it now. That is what Blanche has just said to me."

"Well?"

"Well—there's a limit to what a man can expect even from his best friend. I hope you won't ask me to be Blanche's messenger to-morrow. I can't, and won't, go back to the inn as things are now."

"You have had enough of it—eh?"

"I have had enough of distressing Miss Silvester, and more than enough of deceiving Blanche."

"What do you mean by 'distressing Miss Silvester?'"

"She doesn't take the same easy view that you and I do, Geoffrey, of my passing her off on the people of the inn as my wife."

Geoffrey absently took up a paper-knife. Still with his head down, he began shaving off the topmost layer of paper from the blotting-pad under his hand. Still with his head down, he abruptly broke the silence in a whisper.

"I say!"

"Yes?"

"How did you manage to pass her off as your wife?"

"I told you how, as we were driving from the station here."

"I was thinking of something else. Tell me again."

Arnold told him once more what had happened at the inn. Geoffrey listened, without making any remark. He balanced the paper-knife vacantly on one of his fingers. He was strangely sluggish and strangely silent.

"All *that* is done and ended," said Arnold, shaking him by the shoulder. "It rests with you now to get me out of the difficulty I'm placed in with Blanche. Things must be settled with Miss Silvester to-day."

"Things *shall* be settled."

"Shall be? What are you waiting for?"

"I'm waiting to do what you told me."

"What I told you?"

"Didn't you tell me to consult Sir Patrick before I married her?"

"To be sure! so I did."

"Well—I am waiting for a chance with Sir Patrick."

"And then?"

"And then—" He looked at Arnold for the

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first time. "Then," he said, "you may consider it settled."

"The marriage?"

He suddenly looked down again at the blotting-pad. "Yes—the marriage."

Arnold offered his hand in congratulation. Geoffrey never noticed it. His eyes were off the blotting-pad again. He was looking out of the window near him.

"Don't I hear voices outside?" he asked.

"I believe our friends are in the garden," said Arnold. "Sir Patrick may be among them. I'll go and see."

The instant his back was turned Geoffrey snatched up a sheet of note-paper. "Before I forget it!" he said to himself. He wrote the word "Memorandum" at the top of the page, and added these lines beneath it:

"He asked for her by the name of his wife at the door. He said, at dinner, before the landlady and the waiter, 'I take these rooms for my wife.' He made *her* say he was her husband at the same time. After that he stopped all night. What do the lawyers call this in Scotland?—(Query: a marriage?)"

After folding up the paper he hesitated for a moment. "No!" he thought. "It won't do to trust to what Miss Lundie said about it. I can't be certain till I have consulted Sir Patrick himself."

He put the paper away in his pocket, and wiped the heavy perspiration from his forehead. He was pale—for *him*, strikingly pale—when Arnold came back.

"Anything wrong, Geoffrey?—you're as white as ashes."

"It's the heat. Where's Sir Patrick?"

"You may see for yourself."

Arnold pointed to the window. Sir Patrick was crossing the lawn, on his way to the library, with a newspaper in his hand; and the guests at Windygates were accompanying him. Sir Patrick was smiling, and saying nothing. The guests were talking excitedly at the tops of their voices. There had apparently been a collision of some kind between the old school and the new. Arnold directed Geoffrey's attention to the state of affairs on the lawn.

"How are you to consult Sir Patrick with all those people about him?"

"I'll consult Sir Patrick, if I take him by the scruff of the neck and carry him into the next county!" He rose to his feet as he spoke those words, and emphasized them under his breath with an oath.

Sir Patrick entered the library, with the guests at his heels.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

WE had battled round the Horn, and up through the "roaring Forties." Decks had just been washed down, and both passengers and crew were rigging themselves out in smarter togs than usual, in honor of our first sunny, quiet Sunday at sea, when one of the men on the forecastle sang out: "A sail!" It was the first that we had seen since we had fairly got away from Sydney, and therefore it excited unusual interest. The captain bade the man at the wheel change the course a point to the westward, that we might make sure of speaking the welcome stranger; and when we came on deck again after breakfast every glass on board was leveled at her, and the signal-box was got out in readiness. We made the stranger out to be a low black brig, with a round stern, a white quarter-rail, and very rakish masts—the lower masts painted white. The spanker was brailed up, but all other canvas, except studding-sails, was set—even a cotton main sky-sail. The brig flew no bunting of any kind; but something in the cut of her double top-sails, and the build of her hull and white deck-houses, led the experts on board our ship to pronounce her a Yankee. In vain did we run up our fluttering lines of gay, party-colored little signal-flags. Up and down they went with good-tempered patience, but the brig's gaff still obstinately continued dumb. Not a man or boy could we get a glimpse of on board her; and the way in which she was sailed was most un-Yankee-like, unless there were some piratical purpose in it. Now she was kept full, now she fell off her course with flapping canvas, and sometimes she slewed round, head on to the wind, and she was regularly taken aback. Then presently she would forge round, fill again, and slant off on another tack. If vessels could get tipsy—and one *has* heard of a "tight ship"—you might have said that the brig had taken too much grog on board. Her remarkable manœuvres puzzled us sorely at first, but presently our captain said, contemptuously: "*Pirates!* Not much of that, I reckon. It's my belief that every man Jack on board is drunk. They were drinking 'Sweet-hearts and wives' a little too deep last night, I guess, and now they're all skulking, from the skipper to the cabin-boy. Mr. Largie," to the chief officer, "lower away one of the quarter-boats, and board her. I'll stand off and on till you've found out what's up."

"There's room for you, if you like to come," said Largie to me as he went over the side; and I followed him down into the boat.

The excitement of the trip was attractive after the confined monotony of shipboard life; but, not wishing to make myself out to be braver than I am, I will acknowledge that I felt "rather queer" at first when the davit-blocks were unhooked, and we had pushed off and were pulling away. For one thing, as the light boat was sent up like a foam-bell on the unfathomed waves, I began to fear as to whether I had not boasted too soon of never being sea-sick. For another, the waste of weltering waters, with no visible bottom or shore to reassure a landsman's eye, seemed so drearily boundless, in spite of the sunlight on them—the countless golden spangles on the countless ever-washing waves, indeed, rather intensified the feeling—that I more than half fancied that I had foolishly thrown away my chance of ever getting home across the watery wilderness when the little boat danced off from the big ship; itself looking so insignificant, when seen from the outside, heaving on the vast ocean, beneath the vast sky, that had only one another to limit them, and *that* with a dreamy vagueness which suggested limitless sea and sky beyond. I gazed ruefully at the familiar faces clustered along the bulwarks, and when these faces vanished, as the boat slid down into the trough of the sea, I seemed to be sinking down, down to the centre, or farther, as one seems to be falling through the bed in the same direction on waking from a momentary snatch of dyspeptic sleep. "Use is every thing," however, and use is soon full-grown. After some half-dozen sledge-like dips and cork-like rises, I ceased to look back regretfully at our good ship, and reserved all my curiosity for our "chase." A nice chase she led us, jigging and reeling about as she did. Time after time the mate had to alter the direction of the boat's nose. At last, however, as we topped a ridge crisping into white foam for its fall, we saw the brig bearing right down upon us. She was clipper-built below the water-line, but had bluff, almost apple bows above; and the spray which her sharp cut-water threw up painted their blistered tar with rainbows. About she staggered again, when she had almost run us down, and we pulled under her stern. "Heave us a line, you lubbers!" shouted Largie, as the boat bumped against her weather side. But no line was thrown; so the man in the bows hooked on to the main-chains; the boat was made fast somehow, and we scrambled on board.

The first thing Largie did was to send a man to the wheel, which was "bobbing around" in a very eerie fashion. The tiller-chains ground up and down; the spokes went backward and forward, as if unseen hands—some ghostly mariner's—were pulling and pressing at them. When the flesh-and-blood man at the wheel had had his course given him, the rest of us commenced our inspection. The brig looked most dismally lonely both aloft and alow. The only living thing above deck was a big ape in the foretop, which showed its teeth, and jabbered down at us, as if it had been frightened out of its wits, and then slipped through the lubber-hole, and curled itself up between the mast and the futtock-shrouds. Both the deck-houses were empty. The bunks had been stripped. A pair of sea-boots, a sea-chest with the lid smashed in, a black cutty-pipe, and a litter of rubbish, were the only contents in either. In the galley was half a bucketful of burned rice; and a pannikin, with a drop of something brown in it that tasted like rum and coffee, stood on the stove. The main hatchway was open; the combings and part of the deck close by were charred; a very little of the cargo had also been burned. When we had cleared away the greasy black ashes that lay on the top, we came upon charred hides. There were brown-red splashes and spots, plainly of dried-up blood, upon the deck; a sailor's greasy knife-sheath; a pewter watch-case, trodden out of shape; a heap of biscuit-crumbs, with footmarks in it; and a half-burned envelope, with "——gh——t P—plar" alone legible upon it. Here and there we found a bullet in the bulwarks, that must have been fired on board; and on one of the belaying-pins there was a bloody wisp of gray hair. The water-casks had been started, and we could find no stores. Before we looked for *them*, however, Largie had taken as much sail as he could manage off the brig, for the weather had changed, and the wind was freshening rather disagreeably. The men tried to catch the ape when they went aloft; but he swung himself from rope to rope, rested for a moment to jabber at them, and then again sought some unsociable nook of refuge. The blending of fear and ferocity in his eyes was something horrible to witness. "The muckle beastie is na canny," said a compatriot member of Largie's crew, sagely shaking his huge, gray-eyed, sandy-thatched, Aberdonian head. Before we hunted for the stores, too, we had been down in the cabin, and had seen a sight there which I shall not easily forget.

Upon the floor, under the table, lay a green-painted iron box, with the lid prized off the hinges. A cane-bottomed lounging-chair, with a taper white forefinger clinging, blood-glued, to a rail of the carved back, was overturned in one corner of the cabin. In another, on its back, lay the corpse of a man—a short, spare man, with a yellow "goatee" beard; the upper part of his head was frightfully battered in; and his shirt and green grass-cloth hip-jacket were stiff with the blood that had gushed, and dribbled, and clotted from the score or so of stabs and shot-wounds with which he was riddled. The flesh on the back of his hands was slashed with knife-cuts; clenched in one there was a fragment of frayed black barège. Among the jumble of disordered furniture lay a battered barometer. The cabin had been sacked; lockers and boxes had both been forced open. We found no papers—nothing that could give us the least clew. The brig did not carry her name upon her stern; her quarter-boards had been wrenched off, and all her boats were gone. The only thing we did find that shed any additional light upon the awful tragedy that had plainly been enacted on that cramped stage, was a photograph in the sleeping-berth. It had fallen between the battens of a tumbled bunk; but the open lid of its case had kept it from dropping to the floor. It was the likeness of an exceedingly beautiful young woman, nursing a plump baby, with a short, spare, goatee-bearded man leaning on the back of her chair. Interested—flesh-creepingly interested—as I could not help feeling in our gloomy search, I was very glad when Largie said that it was time to put an end to it. For some time the brig had been pitching and rolling in a manner very alarming to a landsman, who remembered that he had to be tossed in a cockle-shell of a boat before he could once more feel himself homeward bound. Our ship was taking in reefs; it was high time to get on board. Accordingly, Largie ran the brig in as near as he durst; and then, lashing the helm to keep her clear, we went over the side. The pull back was not a very long one; but I, at any rate, was very glad when it was over. The boat was nearly stove in when we got alongside. I never felt more thankful in my life than when I was pushed and hauled on deck, drenched to the skin. When safe back among cheerful faces and voices in our own good ship once more, I felt as if only in a nightmare dream could I ever have been on board the blood-stained floating hearse that was slanting away into the distance—left perforce to the wild will of the winds and waves; the murdered captain lying stiff in the cabin, with the jabbering ape in the rigging for sole mourner.

CURLING.

THIS, the national winter game of Scotland, illustrated in our engraving on page 52, is becoming very popular in the United States, the various curling clubs bearing on their rolls the names of many native-born citizens, although, naturally, Scotchmen are in the majority.

Curling is of considerable but uncertain antiquity. It was probably introduced into North Britain from the Low Countries about three centuries ago, some of the terms used in the game indicating a Flemish origin.

The players, four or five on each side, headed by a *skip*, who directs the play of his partners, are provided each with two round polished stones, having a handle inserted in the upper side, which they propel along the smooth surface of the ice; and the object of each side is to leave as many of their stones as possible in close proximity to the mark or "tee," which is generally forty-two yards distant from the starting-point. As the players on either side put each a stone in turn, the play is, of course, directed to "guarding" the well-placed stones of their own party, and to driving away those of their opponents. Each player is armed with a broom to clear the way for their stones when in motion. To a looker-on curling, like many other games, appears a simple, not to say rather an absurd amusement; but one has only to watch the intense excitement visible from time to time on many a wrinkled face topped by gray hairs, to be assured that there is more fun in "*a hog*," greater glee in "*jilting the port*," and more misery in being "*twisted*," than is dreamed of by those unfamiliar with the game and its queer terms.

Curling has its advantages and its disadvantages: the former, in that it conduces to healthful outdoor exercise at a season of the year when most of us are content to seek enjoyment in warm and too frequently overheated rooms; while it labors under the disadvantage of being entirely subject to King Frost, as, like skating, it can only be enjoyed when the ponds are covered with a thick coating of ice.

The stones used are very heavy, weighing each from thirty-five to fifty pounds. It sounds somewhat like a Hibernicism to say that some of the stones, made of iron, weigh seventy-five pounds each. We believe these are much used in Canada.

The Grand National Curling Club of the United States, having for its Patron (a curious title, by-the-way, in this republican country) ROBERT GORDON, Esq., of New York, and for its President DAVID BELL, Esq., of Buffalo, includes some twenty-two different clubs from Milwaukee to Jersey City.

Weather permitting, there is to be a Grand Curling *Tournament* in the New York Central Park this winter; but why, we ask our curlers, should they give up the good old term of *Bonspiel* for one in no way connected with the ancient pastime?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Metropolitan Board of Health is untiring in its efforts to rid our city from all that is unwholesome and noxious. Lately the subject of watered and "swill" milk has been before them—as well as before the public. In regard to "swill" milk the most disgusting and fearful revelations have been made, showing that milk from cows fed on distillery waste is sold in this city and in Brooklyn, and that the animals are kept in close, unwholesome quarters, and in many cases are in a hopelessly diseased condition. A recent visitor to one of these "swill-milk" establishments declares that the odor of the swill is sickening; and that to get good milk from cows kept in such horribly filthy places would be an impossibility, even if suitable food were given them. The laws of this State touching this subject are stringent, and if public officials will enforce them, the traffic in "swill-milk" can be suppressed. Not only is it illegal to adulterate milk offered for sale, but the law declares that "any milk that is obtained from animals fed on distillery waste, usually called 'swill,' or upon any substance in a state of putrefaction or fermentation, is impure and unwholesome; and any person offering such adulterated or unwholesome milk for sale or for exchange exposes himself to a fine, or imprisonment, or both, at the discretion of the court."

The Academy of Sciences at Paris received at its last sitting a curious paper from Dr. Scoutetten on a curious effect of electricity. The house of a vine-grower at Digne, Paris, was struck by lightning a few months ago. The fluid penetrated into the cellar and broke several casks, the wine of which flowed into a small vat which was purposely sunk into the floor to receive any liquid spilled by accident. The proprietor, thinking his wine was spoiled, at first sold it at the rate of ten centimes a litre; but on tasting it some time after found it excellent, and sold it at sixty centimes. He then subjected some inferior wines to direct experiments, out of curiosity, and found them transformed into valuable drinks. It so happened that a cask of inferior Moselle was subjected to the process for a month and then forgotten. One day, however, the cellarman was ordered to put it into bottles, being at the same time informed that it was of indifferent quality. The man, having tasted it, found it, on the contrary, so superior in flavor that, suspecting a mistake, he went and told his employer, who found his wine transformed into an excellent one. To perform the operation the wires of the voltaic pile should be tipped with platinum, to which must be attached electrodes of the same metal, which both dip into the liquid to be improved.

Mr. Stanton leaves only his home in Washington to his family. When he went into the Cabinet he was well off, and had an income of $20,000 a year. But his salary of $8000 did not support him, and he drew on his reserve. He had no interest in contracts; and when the war was over he left the Cabinet a poor man, and was obliged to go to work in his profession. After the war a large sum was offered him by New York friends; but he always refused any pecuniary aid.

Newark wants to have a public park—a public blessing it would be also. It is proposed to lay it out in the vicinity of the State Fair grounds, between the upper and lower roads from Elizabeth.

Gold was dearer than life to an old miser in Philadelphia when his miserable domicile took fire a short time ago. He clung frantically to his old trunk, which doubtless contained his much-prized hoard, and could not be persuaded to leave it. The spectators at length rushed into the burning building and dragged him out. But he set up a fearful howling, and would not be quieted until some one ventured into the fiery element and brought out the trunk, which he at once seized, and then disappeared amidst the crowd.

An earthquake-proof church is being built in San Francisco on a plan intended to prevent loss of life in the event of the shaking down of the walls.

This is the latest gossip about Père Hyacinthe—as to the truth of it we have nothing to say—events will prove its genuineness or falsity. In 1867 a Boston gentleman, together with his wife and widowed sister, were in Paris. Of course they, among the other wonders of the French capital, went to hear Père Hyacinthe. The widow, who is young and quite wealthy, fell in love with the Père. Meetings were brought about, and the feeling became mutual. Under the tutelage of the Boston lady the priest became more and more outspoken in his views, and finally events culminated in his retirement from his monastic orders. On coming to America he went to Boston, where he met the lady who had drawn him hither. It is with the intention of settling private affairs in France that he returned; but before long he will return to America, and probably remain here, and marry the lady who has drawn him away from father-land and mother church.

There is a prospect that one of these days we shall be blown through the city in street cars, and that the poor horses will enjoy a luxuriant rest. A company has been organized in New Orleans who propose to run street cars with tanks of compressed air as a motive power. Some experiments on a small scale have already been made, and resulted satisfactorily. It is computed that there are forty thousand cars in use on the street railroads in the United States. If this experiment proves ultimately successful, the right to use the apparatus will doubtless be sought by all companies, as the expense of running cars will be greatly reduced thereby.

One hundred and twenty-nine fires, or more than one-tenth of the total number in New York and Brooklyn during the year 1869, were caused by kerosene and other products of petroleum used for illuminating purposes. By these fires ten persons were burned to death, and thirty-five more or less seriously injured. The damage to property from this cause is estimated at $82,150—$72,720 in New York, and $9430 in Brooklyn.

A lady in Peoria, Illinois, entered a gambling saloon the other evening—she being closely veiled—and asked for her husband. She found him playing cards, and considerably excited. He did not notice his wife until she sat down by his side, and, pointing to the tumbler of hot whisky, said: "That looks good; I guess I'll take some of it." To say that he was surprised but feebly expresses his utter amazement as he looked at her. As he attempted to drink the whisky she dashed it to the floor. The husband then concluded to leave; and as they went out the lady pulled aside her veil, remarking, as she glanced around: "This is a nice place. I wonder why ladies can't come here as well as gentlemen!"

It is said that the students in Oberlin College, Ohio, do not use tobacco. The reason for this strange conduct is referred to the fact that there are so many lady students in the institution. A good result, certainly.

The *Journal of Health* objects to the common practice of putting an open vessel of water on a stove, to prevent the air of a room from getting too dry. It says that by thus filling the air with steam it is made far less nutritious, and also renders the person extremely liable to take cold. Pure air admitted from without is better than filling the room with vapor of water.

"The Young Ladies' Humanitarian Association for Helping Blind Men Across the Street" originated in a very simple incident. A New York bachelor saw a nice young woman helping a blind man across the street, and forthwith was introduced, wooed, and married the girl. She told her lady friends all about it, and immediately the above-named charitable society was formed—at least so "they say."

The opelet, one of the wonders of the sea, is about as large as the German aster, having numerous long, glossy petals of light green tipped with rose-color. The opelet clings to the rocks, but the petals wave about in the water, looking innocent and lovely. But the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

Are the days of gas for street-lighting purposes numbered? A German astronomer informs the credulous that we are soon to have another moon, much nearer the earth than our present satellite!

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LOST IN THE SNOW.

See Illustration on Page 60.

On this drear night, going whither,
Mournful mother, with thy child?
What sad fate has brought thee hither,
Now the snow-storm, sweeping wild,
Buries every path and track,
And the night is gathering, black?

All the firs are weighed with snow;
Every hedge heaves like a grave.
Faster o'er the road you go
Spreads the white and treacherous wave.
After thee, with silent tread,
Steals a summoner from the dead.

Clasp thy child unto thy breast,
Closer, lest he tear it hence.
Onward; if thou stay and rest
For a moment, by yon fence,
Yon pursuer's savage grasp
Thy fond treasure will unclasp.

Hurry, while thy chilling blood
Still can give thee life and speed;
Knee-deep through the freezing flood,
Faster o'er the buried mead;
Till the distant village peal
O'er thy drowsy senses steal.

Cry to Heaven!—Jesu send her
Guardian angels swiftly down!
Saviour of Mankind, befriend her!
Fainter now, she half sinks down,
When a ray of friendly light
Darts, swift piercing through the night.

Then there come a pleasant jangling,
As of bells, and lusty voices;
And a shouting, merry wrangling—
Ere she leaps up and rejoices,
Two great giant-arms have bound her.
'Tis her husband who has found her!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER XII.—(*Continued.*)

IT was the first time she had ever called him "Cesare," and the sound of his name uttered by her lips overpowered him with joy. He fell on his knees and kissed her hand in his demonstrative southern way.

"Anima mia, do I not know already what you would tell me?"

"No," replied Veronica, with a faint melancholy smile; "you do not know or guess. Sit down there, opposite to me, and listen. You said a reproachful word to me just now about not having trusted you. I want you to understand how little I deserve a reproach from you."

Barletti began to protest that he had never meant to reproach her; but she checked him.

"No, no; say no more. Hear me out. Last autumn at the Villa Chiari, when I was startled and alarmed by Sir John's illness, you remember that I spoke to you about it?"

"Remember! Ah, Veronica, can I forget any word of yours?"

"Many, I should think: but probably not those words. Well; it was not merely that you were the only intimate acquaintance who frequented our house; it was not even that I thought you kind-hearted and sympathizing, and that in my utter loneliness I yearned for kindness and sympathy. No: all that would not have sufficed to make me confide in you as I did. I knew that there was a tie between us which gave me a real claim on you. Cesare, you and I are cousins."

"Cousins! You and I are cousins! But how? Oh, Veronica, and you never said a word—never gave a hint—that—"

"No. I never said a word, nor gave a hint of our relationship. I never should have done so, had not Sir John done me justice and placed me in a position which I could acknowledge to my kindred. My mother was Stella Maria de' Barletti; and your grandfather and my grandfather were brothers."

"Dio mio! But he—Gale—must have known this?"

Veronica had not anticipated this commonsense remark. Barletti did not appear sufficiently impressed by the greatness of her conduct. When a sensitive artist has made his point, he requires to be sustained and encouraged by the enthusiasm of his auditors.

"Sir John Gale," replied Veronica, haughtily, "probably never heard the name of my mother. She has been dead many years. I have not been in the habit of speaking to him of my maternal ancestors. He is a parvenu, and, like all parvenus, pretentious and jealous on the score of family."

This magnificent tone a little bewildered Barletti. He knew very well what value was set on a member of the younger branch of the princely family de' Barletti in their own country. Poor princes had been plentiful in his world ever since he could remember; but rich English baronets had not. He recollected having heard that his respected great-uncle (Veronica's grandfather) had married a young English lady with a very moderate dowry (as to her pedigree, no one had thought of inquiring, so far as he knew), and that his respected great-uncle was thought to have done uncommonly well.

"And so we are really cousins!" he said, looking wistfully at Veronica's tear-stained face. "Ah, idolo mio, no cousinship can make me love you more than I love you already!"

"You do not seem to understand, Cesare, that I refrained from claiming you as my kinsman, or of hinting at our relationship to Sir John, solely out of regard to the honor of our family," said Veronica, impatiently. "Some women might have appealed to you to see them righted. But, although *I knew* that the facts of my story could do you no dishonor, I resolved to keep my secret until I could face the world, which judges only by outside appearances."

This was clumsy enough. The inspiration which enables such imitative temperaments as Veronica's to deceive themselves had faded from lack of responsive sympathy. But the applause *must* be had, at whatsoever cost of insistence! At last Cesare understood what was expected of him. And, be it noted, there was nothing in his mind to make his response otherwise than genuine.

"Dear, noble Veronica!" he exclaimed, gazing into her face with intense admiration.

"Ah, Cesare, you did not understand me!"

"But I know, now, how brave and noble you have been! And I know how utterly unworthy of you is that man who—"

"Hush! Let that rest. He is very, very ill."

"I saw him lifted into the carriage. But, Veronica, he may linger a long time yet."

She made no answer, but drew a little apart from him, as he seated himself beside her.

"I wish—I wish, Veronica, that you would throw me a word of hope to feed on in these weary days!"

"What can I say, Cesare? This is not a moment to press such words on me. Do not make me feel that I could not dare to rely on you and appeal to you if—if I were left alone here."

"You might give me a right, *then*, to be relied on, and appealed to. Veronica, I adore you! I would devote my life to you!"

"Cesare, at such a time! When he is lying there so ill!"

"But he has been ill all these months!" said Barletti, simply.

"Then think of *me!* I am worn out, and can not bear much more excitement. If you will talk to me calmly, as a friend and a kinsman, you may. If you can not promise to do that, you must go away at once."

"You are hard with me, Veronica."

"It is most ungrateful to say so. Tell me—that English officer you spoke with, did he say—did he speak—do you think he will talk to every comer as he did to you?" asked Veronica, flushing hotly as she brought out the question.

Barletti reassured her. The officer had spoken merely because Barletti had mentioned Sir John as his friend. Of course a ceremony performed in that way, on board a ship of war, could not be supposed to be in any sense a secret. But the squadron was to depart immediately. There would be no opportunity for the thing to spread among the people who knew her here. Barletti, as he said this, did not believe it. But he saw that she greatly dreaded the secret getting abroad; and he thought only of soothing her anxiety. He tried, then, to induce her to tell him about her home and her family, and how it had come to pass that she had left England with Sir John Gale. But on this subject she was not willing to speak quite unprepared.

"You told me to talk to you as a friend and a kinsman, Veronica," said he. "A kinsman, surely, has some right to your confidence."

"Some day, Cesare," she answered, "you shall know the story of my life. The life has not been long, but the story can not be told quickly. I can not bring myself to make the effort now. You must have patience, and *some day* I will not refuse what you ask me. There is my hand on it. It is a promise."

Her tone, and look, and gesture conveyed more than the mere words. He was about to speak, but she lightly laid the fingers of her left hand (he held her right hand in his) on his lips.

"Not a word more," she said. "Go now. You will come this evening; and, above all, do not allow Sir John to guess that you saw him this morning! Farewell!"

"Veronica, one word! It is a question I have wanted to ask you; do you know an Englishman named Frost?"

"Frost? No."

"He knows you, and spoke of you. Or it may be—now I think of it—that he only knows you by report. I forget his exact words."

"Knows me! What did he say?"

"He said that Gale treated you very ill."

"He said *that?* Tell me exactly, word for word, what he said!"

"Well, I think," replied Barletti, pondering, "that his words were, 'Sir John Gale uses that poor wife of his very ill.'"

"Wife! Ah!" exclaimed Veronica, drawing a long breath. "He spoke of me as Lady Gale?"

"Yes, yes; I am sure of that. But where can he have known any thing about you?"

"It matters very little. In Florence, perhaps. You have told me enough to show what a hotbed of gossip there is there. Quiet as we were, we did not escape the tongues of those creatures who lounge at the club-door, I dare say."

Barletti felt a little uncomfortable twinge of conscience as he remembered that he himself had made one in a discussion respecting her, at the very spot she mentioned. And her flashing eye and disdainful attitude recalled to him, moreover, Sir John's warning not to tell "miladi" that her name had been spoken at the club.

"Farewell until this evening, Veronica, mia adorata!"

"Good-by, Cousin Cesare."

When he was gone she sat down opposite to a large mirror. "Princess!" she said, softly, to herself. "Principessa de' Barletti!" Veronica understood, although Cesare did not, what the worth of such a title would be in England. Then she stretched herself on a sofa and rested her head on soft cushions. She was really weary in mind and body, and presently fell off into a sleep.

Toward the end of her sleep she began to dream. She dreamed that she was going to be married to Mr. Plew, and that she was reluctantly walking by his side through St. Gildas's grave-yard, toward the church. And, as they came near to an ancient upright stone she well remembered, Sir John Gale, white and ghastly in his grave-clothes, darted out from behind it, and, with a yell of hoarse laughter, bade them stop.

CHAPTER XIII.

REPARATION.

"'To my beloved wife.' That will be sufficient. Take these things away, and put another pillow behind my shoulders, Paul. Paul! Paul! do you hear?"

Then followed a hoarse muttered volley of oaths, and Sir John sank back on his pillow.

Veronica and Barletti stood beside his bed. The former very pale and excited: the latter wondering, and impressed by the change in Sir John's face. There was an awful look upon it. The skin seemed to be burned and shriveled by an inward scorching fire. The eyes looked out glassy and prominent from under their red eyebrows. There was a harsh stubble of beard upon the cheeks and chin.

"You have explained to him, have you?" asked Sir John, in a faint voice, making a slight movement with the emaciated hand that lay outside the coverlet, toward Barletti.

"He understands the purport of what you tell us you have written," answered Veronica.

"Ay, that is right. I want him to understand. The estate in Dorsetshire is entailed, and will go to a cursed snob, a third cousin who inherits the baronetcy, curse him! But the money in the English funds, the plate, the house in town, the railway shares, and—and every thing else, in short, will be 'my beloved wife's.'"

He said the words with so strangely malevolent a grimace on his withered face that Veronica stared at him with wide eyes, for once unconscious of their own expression. Barletti, too, was struck by the look, though he could not fully comprehend the words of Sir John. The latter had lately—during the last day or so, that is—ceased to speak any language but his own. It troubled him to talk French, he said. At any time of his life, and under any circumstances, it would have appeared to him a sufficient reason for refraining from doing any thing to say that it troubled him. But as things were with him, it was very obvious that he was unequal to making much continued effort.

"Does Gale say it has been signed?" asked Barletti of Veronica.

Sir John's ear had caught the question, and he answered it.

"Oh yes! Yes, the witnesses! Ay, we must have witnesses, or it would not be a legal instrument. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes. Oh, it is signed; it is witnessed. I have taken care!"

In obedience to a sign from his master, whose every movement he watched attentively, Paul took a small key from a ring attached to his master's watch-chain, and with it unlocked a desk that stood at one end of the room opposite to the bed. He then opened an inner compartment of the desk, which was fastened by a spring, and took out a folded paper covered with writing on one side. When all was done, Sir John stretched his hand out for the paper to be given to him. His eyes traveled over the writing—it was very short—and then glanced at Barletti and Veronica as they stood side by side near the bed. With a sudden movement his fingers cramped themselves on the paper they held, creasing it into irregular folds.

"Go away, go away!" he gasped out. "Go and leave me. And—Paul, Paul! Take you this precious paper, and lock it up again carefully in the drawer of that desk. Let them see you do it. So; so. And you are a witness to it, remember. You will know and recollect that that is my will, which leaves the bulk of my property to my wife—'to my beloved wife.' Now go."

The latter command was addressed to Barletti and Veronica, who, nothing loth to leave that presence, withdrew. It was the fifth evening after the day the incidents of which have been narrated in the preceding chapter. On returning home from the ship Sir John had taken to his bed, and had not since left it. He was in a strangely excited state, and fuller than usual of capricious ill humor.

After Sir John had dismissed them from his bedside, Veronica and Barletti remained tête-à-tête in the large dimly-lighted saloon. No one observed them. They were free to remain together as long as they chose. Sir John, far from displaying suspicion, seemed to desire Barletti's presence in the house. But yet the prince made no attempt to profit by this opportunity of making love to the beautiful Veronica. She sat down silently, and with a disturbed countenance. He walked to the window, whose shutters were unclosed, and looked out into the moonlight. The oppression of Sir John's looks and words weighed upon them both like a hot, stifling air.

Veronica broke the silence. She spoke in a subdued voice, although there was, as she well knew, no human creature within ear-shot.

"Cesare! Why don't you speak to me? I feel so horribly unstrung."

"Cara! You have been too much tried. You must try to be strong and composed. Coraggio."

"I hate such meaningless talk," she replied, fretfully. "'Coraggio!' It is not courage I want. Courage won't explain and make clear. Do you think, Cesare, that he is really—dying?"

"He is undoubtedly very, very ill."

"There again! Meaningless, empty words. I know—we all know—that he is very, very ill. But I ask if you think the end is near?"

Cesare really loved her, and he was patient with her as real love is. He seated himself near her, and softly placed his hand upon her head.

"Veronica mia," he said, "I am not skilled in such signs. But it does seem to me that there is to-night a warning change in him."

Veronica shuddered and drew close to him, pressing her shoulder against his with the gesture, not of a lover, but of a little frightened child that seeks the comfort of human contact in the dark.

"He must feel deeply the wrong he did you," proceeded Cesare. "It must be owned that he is doing what he can to save his soul. The testament he has made is a generous one."

"Yes—I don't know—"

"You don't know?"

"I—I—feel—I can not explain it; but I have a strange feeling as though he were fooling me to the last."

"Fancies, my child. What puts them into your head?"

"I can not explain it, I tell you. He looks at me sometimes almost fiendishly. And with a kind of exultation in his eyes too. Just now I almost believed his mind was wandering."

"No, no; he was in perfect possession of his senses," said Barletti, hastily, feeling that this suggestion was an extremely imprudent one for Sir John's legatee to make. "He has done every thing with forethought and deliberation. The marriage on board ship was his own idea, was it not?"

"Yes."

"And on the first distant hint of his making a provision for you—which you uttered in accordance with my suggestion—he met your wishes by telling you that he had already made a will with which his widow would have no reason to be dissatisfied?"

"Yes."

"The will is clearly expressed and duly witnessed, is it not?"

"He did not show it to me. He merely read a few words from it."

"But he stated what its purport was, in the presence of Paul, who had witnessed it. And its terms surpassed your expectations. Is all that not true?"

"Y—yes, I suppose so. Yes; it is true," added Veronica, in a firmer tone. Barletti's recapitulation of the facts was reassuring her. She had, in truth, spoken at first with an indistinct hope of eliciting some such reassuring statement of the case.

"But," she added, after a pause, during which her memory had vividly recalled certain of Sir John's looks and words: "although all that *is* true, quite true, I can not help being made uneasy by his manner. *Why* should he do this for me if he hates me, as I most thoroughly believe he does?"

"Hates you, Veronica! What wild folly!"

"No, no, no; it is not wild folly. It is sober sense," pursued Veronica, speaking with vehemence, now that she had once began to reveal the secret thought that was in her. "I have long guessed it. I may say that I have long *known* it. What love he ever felt for me has been over this many a day. I always know when people love me—*always*. And he hates you too. He is jealous of you. I have seen his eyes, when he did not know that I saw them, under the shadow of his lamp-screen on the little table. And I believe he set Paul to watch us. I do!"

The strong conviction in her tone was not without its effect on Barletti. But he answered with the confident calmness of one who is rebutting an obvious absurdity, and with a slight nodding of his head up and down: "Well, it is the most original demonstration of hatred I ever heard of, to bestow his name and his fortune on you at the very moment when he is about to leave you free to enjoy both as you please. Most people would call such conduct affectionate and generous."

"Yes. And it is because I know him to be incapable of either affection or generosity that I can not be easy."

"Veronica, that is morbid!"

"Well, you may say what you please, but I *know* that man means me no good. Do you remember what he said last night as we sat beside his bed? Dio mio! How it all comes back plainly to me. He said, 'Ah! you are both young, and handsome, and healthy. How delightful it is to think of the years of happiness that stretch before you!' And did you not see the diabolical sneer he gave? Oh! Cesare, there is some evil to come. I am sure of it."

She wrung her hands tightly together, and began to pace quickly up and down the room.

"Veronica," he said, after a minute's consideration, "it may be that you do not much wrong Sir John's nature. And yet I am convinced you are mistaken in your conclusions. If he does not care for you he cares for himself, and the fear of death is a powerful motive to reparation."

"He does not believe in reparation. He scoffs at every thing. He has no religion."

"But those are the very people to be afraid. I have known men who have never been to mass or to confession for twenty years turn like soft wax in the hands of the priests when there came any question of dying."

"Ah, in your church, perhaps. But with us it is different."

"And then, don't you see, Veronica, that the struggle in his mind between evil promptings and the desire to save his own soul may produce all the strange fluctuations you observe in his manner?"

She shook her head doubtfully, but she liked that her vague fears and suspicions should be combated. She leaned on this man who loved her. She had been right in her assertion that she always knew when she was loved. With whatever motive he had first sought to make

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himself pleasing in her eyes, she was unshakably sure that *now*, at all events, he loved her for herself; and that were she destitute to-morrow he would not desert her. And then, too, her apprehensions seemed less alarming now she had uttered them than they had appeared while she brooded over them silently. Perhaps Cesare was right, and she was wrong after all! What flaw *could* there be in her fortunes? Yes; no doubt Cesare was right! She was very glad she had spoken to him so openly. Before they parted she took his head between her hands, and pressed her lips to his forehead. The action was little more than an expression of the relief to her mind which his word had brought: and partly it was the selfish instinctive clinging in peril to a clasping hand—the clinging of a child that knows no compunction in throwing all its weight of care and fear on to the patient willing shoulders of those who love it.

The next day about noon Cesare de' Barletti was breakfasting in one of the principal caffès in Naples, when Mr. Frost walked in and took his seat at a small round table near him.

"Ah, Mr. Frost! So you are not gone then?" said Barletti, shaking hands. This was a ceremony he never omitted with an Englishman, conceiving that to have done so would have been as great a solecism in good-manners as to decline the proffered pipe of a Turk.

"No," returned Mr. Frost. "I am not gone, as you see. The telegram came after all. I may be detained here another week or so. I have not seen you these last days, prince."

"I have been nowhere—nowhere except to the house of a sick friend. He is dying, I fancy. Do you remember—" Barletti suddenly checked his speech and dropped his coffee-cup with a clatter that brought the waiters hurrying up. In the little momentary bustle his sudden pause and confusion escaped notice, as he fancied.

Cesare had been on the point of mentioning that his sick friend was no other than the bridegroom whose marriage had taken place on board the *Furibond*, when he remembered that Frost had spoken of "Lady Gale." If Frost supposed Veronica to be Sir John's wife already at the time of their conversation at the window of the hotel, it would be injudicious, to say the least, to proclaim that she had only been married that very morning. Besides, Veronica had so shrunk from having the date of the marriage known. It might be—nay, it was probable—that Mr. Frost had already heard of it. But at all events he (Cesare) would say no word on the subject. Mr. Frost had clearly perceived that the dropping of the coffee-cup had been a mere feint on Barletti's part to divert attention from his unfinished speech. But it was a matter of considerable indifference to Mr. Frost whether Prince Cesare de' Barletti were close or candid in his communications, now that the business which had brought the two men into contact was satisfactorily concluded. He therefore began to chat easily and amusingly as he sipped his coffee, and Barletti listened with lazy satisfaction.

Presently he observed, during a pause in the talk: "What a devil of a pace those fellows drive at! The hackney cabmen, I mean. Just listen how one is tearing up the street at this moment. Neck or nothing!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Frost, "I often wonder that in your teeming streets more accidents do not happen. This fellow, whoever he may be, is coming here, by the sound. By Jove! What's the matter?"

The exclamation was elicited by the sudden pulling up of an open cab at the door, and the hurried descent therefrom of a pale, frightened servant in an English livery. The man looked about him eagerly, and elbowed his way through the crowd of coffee-drinkers with a disregard of their convenience which would have brought down considerable wrath on his head had it not been for the expression of his countenance, which aroused curiosity and kept resentment in abeyance.

"Oh, there you are, signor principe!" exclaimed the man, catching sight of Barletti; "I've been half over Naples looking for you! At last I heard you were here. Will you come at once to miladi? Here's the cab waiting."

"What is it, Pietro?" asked Barletti, rising with a face yet paler than the servant's.

He had no reason to fear for Veronica, and yet his unreasonable lover-like apprehension could fix on no other object.

"My master, signor principe, is dying or dead. I don't expect to find him alive when we get there, and miladi she's been falling from one fainting fit into another. And as soon as she had consciousness she sent for you."

Barletti seized his hat and rushed to the door. Before he stepped into the cab he called out to Frost, "Let me see you this evening! I may have business. Something important! Come to the Palazzo Dinori at six o'clock, if you possibly can, and ask for me!"

Then Barletti got into the cab, and was whirled away with a mighty whooping and clattering of hoofs.

CHAPTER XIV.

"MY BELOVED WIFE."

MR. FROST called at the Palazzo Dinori a few minutes after six o'clock that evening. He was admitted immediately by the porter, who had been told to expect him, and was ushered into a small, sumptuously-furnished room, overladen with ornament. It was Veronica's boudoir.

Mr. Frost had not come to the palazzo without trying to gain some information respecting the person who lived there. A rich Englishman—very, very rich! A millionaire at the least. Milordo Gale. That was the report of the landlord of Mr. Frost's hotel. His cook was a superior person—a man of talent—a cordon bleu! The landlord had the honor of a slight acquaintance with that distinguished artist, who sometimes cracked a bottle of "Lacrima" or fine Capri with him in his private room. As to Milordo Gale—ah, yes, he was rich. Diavolo! Poor men did not enjoy the services of such a cook. The landlord had known the latter long, and esteemed him highly. He had been chêf de cuisine to the Russian embassador, years ago: in the old days, you understand.

Mr. Frost would perhaps not have complied with Barletti's request to go to the Palazzo Dinori so promptly had he not felt a considerable amount of curiosity respecting its inmates. He sat down in the luxurious room, and contrasted it with poor Lady Tallis's shabby lodging in Gower Street. That thought brought others in its train: other thoughts of a painful and harassing nature. His promise to Zillah Lockwood had not yet been redeemed. And Hugh was growing more and more headstrong. It was more than a fortnight since he had had any private letter from England, and the last had been from his wife—a tissue of complaints and demands for money from beginning to end. Mr. Frost's private meditations were not soothing. They were a bitter cud to chew. So with a wrench of his mind, and a movement of his body as though he were shaking a tangible weight from his shoulders, he turned his thoughts to other matters. Things had got to that point with him now when a man tells himself that it is no use thinking of his troubles: thinking will mend nothing. Some turn of luck must come—may come, at all events. And if not—? If not, why still it is no use thinking. The devil must have his own way!

Mr. Frost had not sat ten minutes in the boudoir before Barletti came in.

"Caro amico," said he, grasping the lawyer's hand hard, "you are come! Thanks, many thanks. I have great need of you."

Barletti had never addressed Mr. Frost as "caro amico" before.

"What can I do for you?" asked the latter, observing Barletti's face attentively, but not ostentatiously.

"It is all over here. That man—Sir John Gale—"

"Your friend?"

"My friend! Yes, yes, my friend! The most unheard-of cold-blooded villain—! Maria Santissima, forgive me! He has gone to meet his deserts."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Frost, with closed lips and an indescribable inflection in his voice. "*Has* he? That is to say that he is—?"

"Dead."

"Oh! Yes. I see. Was it sudden?"

"One can hardly say so after all these months of wasting away. But yet at the last it was sudden. It was a hideous sight to see. When I got here they took me straight into his room. I turned sick and faint as a girl," said Barletti, growing pale, and shuddering at the recollection.

"How? What was the hideous sight?"

"He had broken a blood-vessel, and was lying there just as he had died. They had touched nothing. It was horrible!"

The impressionable Italian hid his face with his hands, as though to shut out the remembrance of the scene.

"Who was with him? How was the cause of death ascertained?"

"The two physicians who attended him arrived just after it happened. He had been raving in a fit of maniacal fury. That killed him, there's no doubt."

A thought occurred to Mr. Frost. If Sir John Gale had died intestate his widow would undoubtedly be a wealthy woman. In any case his death would benefit her, for there were settlements under which she would have at least such an income as befitted her rank. Lady Tallis Gale's niece would now be in very different circumstances from those she had been in hitherto. Maud would be Lady Tallis's heiress of course. And then—then that might make a difference in the prospects of Hugh Lockwood! The thought passed through Mr. Frost's brain so quickly that there was no perceptible pause before he said, "You will allow me to suggest that you should at once telegraph to England. Perhaps you have already done so?"

Barletti was resting his elbows on the table and alternately bringing his open palms together on his forehead, and slowly separating them with a stroking movement toward his ears. He made a little negative gesture with his head, in answer to Mr. Frost's question.

"You asked me to come here, prince, in such a manner that I concluded you stood in need of professional advice from me. If I was wrong, you will forgive me for reminding you that my time is precious, and that if there is no service I can render you I must withdraw."

"No, no, don't go! Pray don't go! I do want you. I have the greatest need of you! I have been half distracted all day. More for her sake, God knows, than my own!"

"For—*her* sake?"

"I am her cousin. I have a right to be near her and protect her. Her mother was Maria Stella de' Barletti. There is no other relative in Italy to take care of her."

"Prince, I do not in the least doubt your right to take care of the lady in question. But—who is '*she?*'"

"Do you remember that morning, now nearly a week ago, when we saw Sir John Gale being rowed ashore from the English ship?"

"Certainly. Ah, I see. Yes, yes; I begin to understand. There was a lady with him—a young lady as it seemed to me. Humph!"

"Yes, that was she. She was in a dreadful state this morning when I came here. She had been fainting, falling from one swoon into another, and that was best for her, provera anima sofferente! For when she became conscious again her misery was terrible to witness."

"May I ask what was the occasion of the lady's agitation? Did they permit her to see the scene which so affected you? That was injudicious!"

"Oh yes! She saw it all. She has not yet been able to give me a connected account of it; but from what she said, and from what Paul said—Paul was that man's valet—I have ascertained that the scene must have been appalling."

Mr. Frost was secretly very much surprised at Barletti's acknowledgment that the beautiful young woman whose position in Sir John Gale's household could not be doubtful was his cousin. The young prince's visits to Palazzo Dinori, and his devotion to the lovely woman who inhabited it, were well-known and much-discussed topics of gossip in Naples, as they had been at Florence—a fact of which Barletti was as innocent as a child. For there are minds which, although shrewd enough to judge their neighbors, can never conceive that the same standard is naturally applied to measure *them*. Some breath of this gossip had floated by Mr. Frost, and had remained in his memory. Veronica was usually spoken of as "La Gale," a mode of designating her which conveyed no idea of wifehood to Mr. Frost's ears. Mr. Frost was not unacquainted with foreign life. He had lived in Paris, and called himself a man of the world. But he did not quite understand Italian manners; nor was he aware that their social morality is presided over by a stern goddess called Decorum, to outrage whose laws is a blasphemy condemned by all well-bred persons. It would not sting an Italian man of quality to talk to him about "whited sepulchres." There *must* be sepulchres, and the least you can do is to whitewash them!

"Well," said Mr. Frost, shrugging his shoulders, "the poor signora ought not to have been allowed to witness such a scene. But I suppose it will pass away. Did Sir John make any provision for her?"

"It is on that point," said Barletti, changing color, "that we wish to consult you. She has been the victim of a base deception. But I believe that Providence has not forsaken her. This man in his will leaves every thing absolutely—"

"His will!" cried the lawyer, suddenly on the alert. "He left a will? Are you sure?"

"Most sure. I saw it only last evening."

"Last evening! You read it?"

"No; I can not say that I read it. I should not have understood it all, being in English, though I might have made out a word or two. But he told us the contents in presence of one of the witnesses—Paul, the valet I spoke of just now."

"And this will leaves every thing absolutely, you say, to—?"

"To his wife."

"To—his—wife!"

"'To his beloved wife.' Those are the words."

"By Jove!" breathed out Mr. Frost in a whisper of amazement. "Why then your cousin will not get a penny, not a soldo, not a centime! Unless—stop! was there a codicil? Any other legacies?"

"There was nothing more. And it was all meant for Veronica. She must have it! She was his wife when he died."

"My dear prince," said Mr. Frost, in a low, steady voice, laying his hand on the other man's arm, "you had best be frank with me. It is useless to call in a doctor unless you will tell him all your symptoms. Some folks try to cheat even the doctor! But that is not found to result in a cure very often. This lady, for whom, as your relative, I profess every respect, was not, according to English law, the wife of Sir John Gale. And English law is terribly inflexible and unromantic. I don't think Phryne herself would have a chance in the Court of Chancery—which is not without its good side when you don't happen to *be* Phryne!"

"Phryne! What do you mean, Sir? What are you talking of? I say that my cousin Veronica is Lady Tallis Gale, and can be proved to be so in any court in Europe. She was married on board the English Queen's ship *Furibond* on Tuesday morning."

"What!" shouted Mr. Frost, springing to his feet. "He did that? Then he was a bigamist. I tell you his lawful wife is living. I know her well!"

"No, you are wrong!" said a low voice which startled them both.

The door communicating with the adjoining room, which was "miladi's" dressing-room, was opened, and Veronica stood in the doorway. She was as white as the muslin wrapper that was folded round her. Her hair fell in disorder over her shoulders. Her eyes were swollen and heavy. But in the midst of her very real absorption in the trouble that had fallen on her, she was not altogether indifferent to the effect she should produce by her appearance. And it was as striking as she could have desired it to be.

"Angelo mio!" exclaimed Barletti, running to support her with tender sympathy, "why didst thou venture here? Thou art too feeble, my dearest!"

"Leave me alone, Cesare. I can stand and walk by myself. Look at this, Mr. Frost!" she added in English, holding out a letter to him as she spoke.

"You speak—you are English?" murmured Mr. Frost, more and more bewildered, but taking the letter and opening it.

His eyes had not mastered two lines of its contents before he gave a violent start, and the letter fluttered from his hand on the table while he gazed searchingly at Veronica, with all his keen wits about him.

"That killed him," said Veronica, bitterly. "He had thought to betray and to trap me. And the rage of disappointment was more than he could bear."

"But," said Mr. Frost, all his professional interest aroused in the case, "we must be careful to assure ourselves that he did *not* succeed in betraying and trapping you!"

She was about to interrupt him impetuously, when he held up a warning hand to check her.

"Stay a moment! This bears date—ay, the same day. Tuesday last, was it not? Then this much I see plainly—*it will all depend upon the hour*. And now tell me your whole story. Have no more reserves than if I were your father confessor. The only chance I have of helping you is to know the whole truth."

"Go away, Cesare," said Veronica, after a pause. "I would rather speak to Mr. Frost alone. I will send for you by-and-by."

"Do not let her tire herself, poverina," said Barletti, moving reluctantly away. He turned when he had reached the door, and, coming back, took her hand and kissed it with a touching, humble tenderness. Then he was gone.

The letter which Veronica had handed to Mr. Frost ran thus:

LONDON, *March* 5, 186-.

SIR JOHN,—It is my painful duty to inform you of the decease of your respected wife, Lady Tallis Gale, who expired, at her apartments in Gower Street, yesterday morning. Her ladyship's niece, Miss Desmond, was with her to the last. Awaiting any instructions with which you may be pleased to honor me, and with my respectful condolence on the sad event,

I remain, Sir John,
Your very humble servant,
ADAM LANE.

To Sir John Tallis Gale, Bart.

P.S. Her ladyship's disorder was consumption of the lungs. The arrangements for the funeral have been made, in your absence, by Miss Desmond's directions. Her ladyship's relative, Sir Thomas Delaney of Delaney, has been invited to attend. A. L.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"CAN you tell me how old the devil is?" asked an irreverent fellow of a clergyman. "My friend, you must keep your own family record," was the reply.

"Define the difference in meaning between experimental philosophy and natural philosophy," said a schoolmaster, not long since, to one of the most *forward* of his pupils. "Why, Sir," replied the boy, "experimental philosophy is our asking you to give us a half-holiday, and natural philosophy is your saying, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'"

CONNUBIALITIES.

While Adam slept, God from him took
A bone; and, as an omen,
He made it like a seraph look,
And thus created woman.

He took this bone not from his pate,
To show her power more ample;
Nor from his feet, to designate
That he on her might trample.

But 'neath his arm, to clearly show
He always should protect her;
And near his heart, to let him know
How much he should respect her.

He took this bone, crooked enough,
Most crooked of the human,
To show him how much crooked stuff
He'd always find in woman.

"Suicide is becoming very prevalent in my city," said a New York gentleman to an inhabitant of a neighboring town. "Well, really, Sir, I don't know of any city where it could prevail with greater advantage to the world at large."

THE BOY OF THE PERIOD.—A lady walking along the street was attracted by the bright eyes and blonde curls of a little urchin seated on the curb-stone. She approached and asked him if he was a news-boy. "No, ma'am; I ain't nothing." "Have you no home?" "No." "Wouldn't you like to have one?" "You bet." "You should not speak so idly, my son. But come, how would you like to have me for a mother?" The little fellow scanned her from head to foot for a moment, and then inquired: "Would you whip me?" "Not unless you were bad." "Let me go bare-footed?" "No." "Play hoss?" "No." "Pull the cat's tail?" "No." "Lick the puddin' dish?" "No." "Cuss?" "No." "Chaw tobacco?" "No." "Smoke?" "No." "Then go along with you; you don't know any thing. I reckon next you'd say a feller shouldn't cross his legs and sing, 'Come Along Josey.'" And the little fellow's face glowed with a sense of ineffable contempt.

A CRADLE SONG.

Inkery pinkery toe-toe!
Toosery poosery show, show!
Hie to da-da,
Kiss-kissy ma,
Ickety picklety, bo, boh!

An old cynic, at a concert the other night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz., "Oh give me a cot in the valley I love!" Reading it attentively, the old fellow finally growled out, "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a *bedstead*."

"And so you are married, Bridget," said a lady to her former servant. "And pray, what is your husband's business?" "Business is it, marm?" "Yes. What does he do for a living?" "Shure he's a collector." "A collector! Why, Biddy," said Madam—whose ideas of a collector were of a handsome judge of her acquaintance, who "ran the Custom-house"—"married a collector! you don't say so." "Shure I do, marm, say that same." "A collector! Why, where does he collect, Biddy?" "Arl over the city, marm," said Bridget. "All over the city," replied Madam, beginning to wonder what Biddy was driving at; "and how much does he collect?" "Fifty or sixty pounds, and some days a hundred." "You mean fifty or sixty dollars, not pounds—*dollars*, Bridget," said Madam, with emphasis. "No, marm, I don't mane dollars, I mane grease." "Grease!" "Shure I do, for Pat is a soap-grease collector."

A little Sabbath-school scholar said she couldn't help laughing to think how astonished Goliah must have been when the stone from David's sling hit him, as she didn't believe that *such a thing ever entered his head before*.

A priest, the other day, who was examining a confirmation class in the south of Ireland, asked the question, "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" A little girl at the head of the class answered, "'Tis a state of torment into which sowls enter to prepare them for another and better world." "Bein'," said the priest, "the answer for purgatory." "Put her down," says the curate, "put her down to the fut of the class." "Lave her alone," said the priest; "for any thin' you or I know to the contrary, she may be partly right."

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LOST IN THE SNOW.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 58.]

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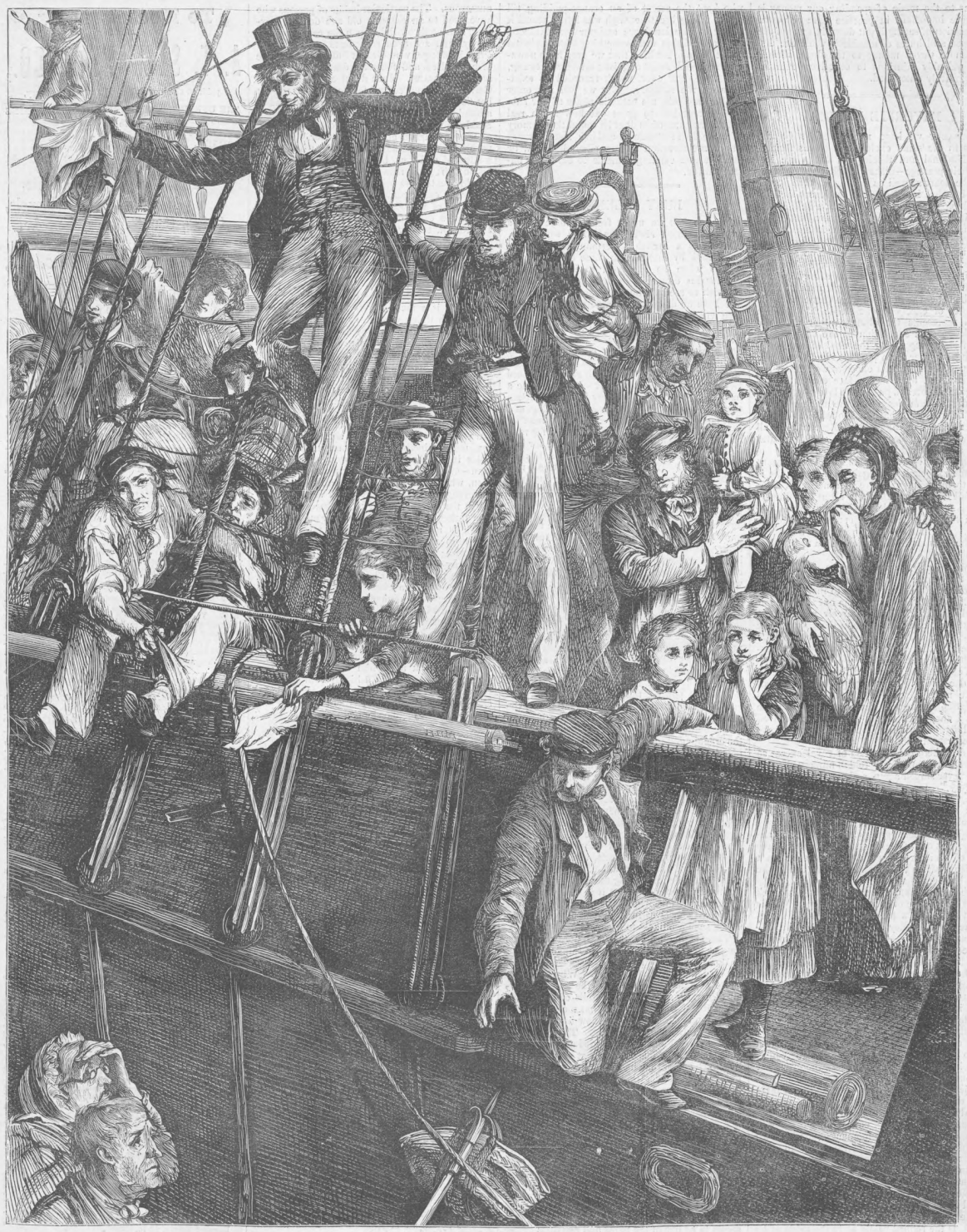

LEAVING OLD ENGLAND FOR AMERICA.

LEAVING OLD ENGLAND FOR AMERICA.

We're away, we're away to a far distant shore,
Where the toil-worn and weary no longer may slave;
Where the worke[illegible]ay rest when his labor is o'er,
In the sunset of life, ere he sinks in the grave.

We're away, we're away to those wealth-teeming climes;
Let the downcast and helpless shake off their despair,
Let the woe-stricken soul live for happier times—
Bright, oh bright are the hopes of our destiny there!

Far away, far away, on those measureless plains,
Shall the sons of Britannia establish a home;
And the bold Anglo-Saxon, as fortune ordains,
Be the founder of nations in ages to come.

Farewell to thee, Albion! We love thee, we know,
And feelingly part we from the land of our birth;
For the Ruler of all has decreed that we go
To cradle new realms on the confines of earth.

See the broad sails unfurl to the welcoming wind;
Now the noble ship moves! Clear the decks—we're away!
Three cheers for the dear friends we're leaving behind,
And three more for Old England—Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

MISERS.

THE old satirists used to thunder against misers. Is any body a miser now? There are people who are selfish enough, in all conscience—people who, in our elegant modern dialect, are screws to the full extent to which the pressure can be carried; but is any one a miser after the "fearless old fashion," of which Elwes was the last proverbial example? At rare intervals, in the season devoted to gigantic gooseberries and supernatural showers of frogs, we hear of some pauper who has died of starvation with a purse full of sovereigns hidden in the mattress of his bed. But the sheer instinct of hoarding for the sake of hoarding has died out of modern society. A gentleman with £100,000 a year never goes to bed by daylight to save the expense of candles, or rides ten miles round to avoid a turnpike, or walks about in his old cloaks till they drop off his back. The character has disappeared under the natural influences of civilization. No man has the courage to live apart from his kind like a savage dog in a farm-yard. A commission of lunacy would be taken out against him, and he would be ordered, on pain of imprisonment, to live with other people. Instead of putting his money into a stocking, he would invest it in safe securities, and the penetrating influence of public opinion would be far too great to allow him to reinvest the proceeds without paying toll to society. We can not hide ourselves from the gaze of the many-headed monster, and no one is sufficiently insensible to the approval of his kind to do what he likes with his own. If, to make a liberal allowance, half of our income is spent for our pleasure, the other half is invariably spent in obedience to a code of rules tacitly marked by general consent. A very wealthy man may be stingy, mean, grasping, but he never has the courage to refrain from setting up an imitation, however starved and unsatisfactory, of the establishment prescribed by the rule of living of his class. Sumptuary laws have become obsolete, but the sanction which enforces a certain standard of expense is quite sufficient to prevent in practice any wide deviations on the side of economy. Hitherto we have not been so strict in prohibiting extravagance; because, though it is more pernicious to the public interest, there are so many people about the spendthrift who have a direct interest in his follies. That is, the opinion of our neigh-

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bors as to the mode of spending our money is far more important in practice than our own. The passion of saving is put down in spite of the supposed selfishness of mankind, while the disposition to throw money to the dogs, though more palpably injurious to ourselves, remains comparatively untouched.

FAVORITE DISHES.

PROBABLY we have not nowadays favorite dishes in the same exclusive sense as formerly. National and theological dishes are losing their prestige—dishes which once so satisfied the heart as well as palate that the appetite grew by what it fed on, and sentiment dictated the liking where natural inclination held back: and, in fact, to bestow any exclusive devotion to a dish, you must see it. The old-fashioned host of former times, in modest depreciation of his fare, used to say to his guest, "You see your dinner." Who sees his dinner now? Where a dish is really appetizing this is a loss, but unquestionably the temptation to gormandize is diminished by the modern arrangement. The promoter of excess is one ample favorite dish which represents the dinner, rather than the knowledge of a succession in the back-ground out of sight, suggesting the need of caution in keeping a corner for a possible ideal that never comes. The enormous excesses we read of are all stimulated by a face-to-face encounter, exciting emulation and passionate love of conquest. Had dinners *à la Russe* been the mode in Gray's time, he would not have had to tell the fate of a certain Master of Magdalen College, who in all likelihood would then have lived out his natural term, and survived his chronicler.

"Our friend Dr. Chapman," he tells Mason, "is not expected here again in a hurry; he is gone to the grave with five fine mackerel, large and full of roe—he ate them all at one dinner. But his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company beside the bones. He had not been hearty all the week, but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more."

It was clearly no mere caprice of the poet's fancy to give the siren a fish's tail, so provocative has this creature ever proved to inordinate appetite. Just lately it has come out that the immortal William III. was scarcely more proof against its blandishments than the poor Master last quoted. Mr. Cardonnel, writing from the Hague to Under-Secretary Ellis five months before the King's death, says:

"Yesterday he went to a fish dinner of Mr. Van der Esch's. It is a pity his Majesty will not be more governable and temperate in his diet. Should I eat so much and of the same kinds I dare say I should scarce have survived it so long, and yet I reckon myself none of the weakest constitutions."

And is there not that tale of royal excess so concisely and pathetically told in nursery history? "He never smiled again, and died of a surfeit of lampreys." Here, too, we may congratulate our age on the safeguard which boundless variety offers against the exceptional indulgence of a natural propensity. We too have fish dinners prodigious in their aggregate of dishes; but the profusion is out of sight, and the infinite alternative of choice renders the labor of selection a weariness before the appetite has had time to be sated by sheer quantity.

The new nomenclature of cookery is a check to the knowledge of our friends' favorite dishes which was once a part of politeness. The eccentric Lord Dudley had one homely liking—the name we forget—which he expected to find at every table; and he would mutter it over to himself if his eye sought it in vain. Old dishes are like indigenous flowers, and live in our hearts; the scientific terms of the modern cuisine are as impossible to remember as a book of botany. This ignorance has its convenience, however. People's tastes are necessarily more cosmopolitan than they were. When the great man could only enjoy one or two dishes, his caterers were often put to huge inconvenience in order to satisfy him. A book on Quakerism tells us that wherever Mrs. Fry and John Joseph Gurney went, their calves'-foot jelly must be provided for them, and there were times when the country had to be scoured for calves' feet. And Mrs. Sherwood tells a story of Henry Martyn, who, entertaining a party in India, recollected at the moment of sitting down to table to have heard her once commend some mutton-pies. To commend was, in his fancy, not to be able to dine without. He bid the servants bring some, and the dinner had to be protracted while a sheep was killed and the pies baked for her exclusive eating.

The simpler the fare the more exacting, no doubt, is the refined palate as to the mode of its dressing. We all remember Mr. Woodhouse's gruel—thin, but not too thin; and we find many people who know but one or two cooks that can boil a potato or succeed in a suet-dumpling. It is always pleasant to find this sort of fastidiousness among the poor; their homely fare rises at once in the scale if it is capable of satisfying or disgusting a nice appetite according as some particular whim is gratified or outraged. Indeed the science of cooking never stands on a higher moral level than when some peasant wife describes with pride her husband's delicate perceptions in the matter of bacon and its attendant cabbage, what are his views on the treatment of a shin of beef, and what particular stage of growth is the only one to develop the rare and choice flavor that lurks in broad beans gathered in their moment of prime. Dishes used to be family possessions handed down by tradition; a mystery hung about them; the imagination was called in to assist. A respectful awe tempered while it enhanced the moment of fruition. The *Rambler*, we think it is, tells of an old lady who kept the secret of an orange-pudding till scarce failing breath enough was left to reveal it to her favorite daughter; and our own childhood can recall dishes with something transcendental about them. Nothing that we ever taste nowadays approaches that exquisite evanescent twang, half taste, half odor, which recorded its existence on the memory. But we can not enter further into this, the pathetic phase of our subject, except just to point out how much real pathos may and often does lie round the memory of some dish supreme to childish tastes, served under the direction of now silent lips, and by hands whose cunning remains to our fancy untransmitted.

BUSY IDLENESS.

WE confess we never feel at home with a man who must always be doing something. There was a French statesman who wrote a huge book by snatches, in those occasional intervals when he happened to be kept waiting for his dinner. We have not the slightest wish to see this ante-prandial performance. We have no doubt it was a very dull book, for men who are never at leisure are always dull.

Fussy men and idle men are equally insufferable to us. The real worker is never in a hurry, and the real idler, we may add, is never any thing else. Who ever heard of Lord Palmerston, or the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Brougham, being in a hurry? When we see a man in a great hurry, we may be pretty certain that his profession consists in doing nothing, and that he is doing that badly. The idlest man we ever knew was always so much pressed for time that he never had five minutes to spare for any thing. No one need ever be in such a terrible hurry as this. If we ever find ourselves so, it is probably because we have been wasting our time. We have had no system, and have, therefore, done in an hour what ought to have been finished in twenty minutes; or, like the flare, we have loitered on the way, and then we make a push for it, and arrive just in time to miss the train. How many hares there are every morning who arrive breathless in the City, because breakfast was half an hour late, or because they would not get up when the clock struck seven!

LONG LIFE.

THE art of attaining to extreme old age, divested of all superfluous details, consists simply in the strict observance of the natural laws. Every day ought to be so apportioned as to permit of bodily exercise, useful employment of the intellectual powers, the cultivation and gratification of the moral and religious sentiments, the taking of food and sleep, and the gratification of the animal faculties; but the gratification of the organic and moral laws should, like the gratification of the animal faculties, be in moderation; all excess or abuse as invariably entails unhappiness, pain, or disease, as moderate use insures the contrary. Every act that is conducive to health and happiness is also conducive to long life; while every infringement of the natural laws entails an opposite condition, and tends to shorten life. The strict observance of the natural laws is, then, the real and only secret of long life—always barring accidents, which are beyond the control of human prevision. But even here Providence, by implanting the feeling of caution in human beings, has put it in their power to greatly avoid misfortunes, by teaching them not to place themselves in situations or positions in which such are likely to occur.

There is no question that man does not live so long as in a normal condition of things he ought to do. God praised Solomon because he asked for wisdom instead of long life. Why so? Because wisdom—that is to say, the strict observance of the natural laws—entails of itself long life. Roger Bacon believed that man could live a thousand years, if he only knew how to economize his provision of vital force. The celebrated physiologist, Flourens, also deduced from his study of the nervous centres that man ought to live much longer than he does. It has been shown by statistical tables that married men live longer than the unmarried. The reason is simple: unmarried men do not fulfill one of the natural laws; married men also lead more steady lives; in other words, do not so often infringe the natural laws. Unfortunately, many mistake idleness for economy of force. It is not so. Economy of force lies in the moderate use of the powers, faculties, and appetites; but to disuse them is to abuse them almost as much by excess. Others, again, are perfectly intimate with the natural laws, and yet have so little control over themselves that they frequently abuse them. This seems to be one of the pains and penalties of our fallen nature—the most grievous of them all.

Long life is so exceptional a thing, that the Greeks and Romans used to chronicle all remarkable cases of longevity. Hensler and other writers have shown that the year before Abraham consisted of only three months; that it reckoned eight after the time of the Patriarch; but that it counted twelve only after the time of Joseph, who introduced the Egyptian method among the Jews. The age of Methuselah presents, then, nothing so very extraordinary when we proceed upon this calculation. It was after the era of Joseph that the prophet sang: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

But it is well attested that in our days some people attain a much greater age. Samit Mungo, a Scotchman, and Peter Czarten, a Hungarian, are quoted as having attained a hundred and eighty-five years of age. Below that figure the instances of longevity become much more numerous. The particular habits of persons who have lived to an extreme old age do not, however, always throw light upon the causes of longevity, and are even sometimes contradictory. Francis Mongo, who died at Smyrna at the age of a hundred and fourteen, drank nothing but scorzonera water. Jean d'Outrego, who died in Galicia at a hundred and forty-seven, ate naught but flour of maize. Widow Legier, who died at a hundred and seven, always went naked-footed. Maulmy, who died at a hundred and nineteen, was a vegetarian, and drank water. He was never known to be angry. Favrot, who died at a hundred and four, had his pipe constantly in his mouth; and many centenarians have been well known to have practiced any thing but moderation in eating and drinking. Old Parr died at the age of a hundred and fifty-two from a surfeit at the court of Charles II. According to Dr. Noirot, the average chances of life up to seventy have augmented in our own times, but beyond that epoch the chances have diminished.

THE MAN WHO IS IN LOVE.

THERE is something very cruel in the contempt with which women, as a rule, look upon a man who is in love. One might have thought that compassion (which is nearly akin to contempt, however, with many people) would have been a more appropriate feeling; but it can not be denied that a man is never less a hero with the women of his acquaintance than when he is desperately in love with some particular woman. If it be his good fortune to have inspired a similar attachment in the bosom of the young person who has upset his reason, she, out of all her sex, may be inclined to see something fine and noble in his devotion; but your ordinary woman—and, above all, your extraordinary woman, who has some power of satire, and loves to revenge the weaknesses of her sex by laughing at the other—can not help regarding a lover as a rather silly person, who has caught a fever which is about as ridiculous as measles to a grown-up man. In novels the case is quite otherwise; and nothing in fiction attracts the sympathy of woman so much as a perfect abandonment to a wild and impetuous affection, with the spectacle of a rhetoric-loving young man conquering every difficulty, and overcoming all manner of obstacles, for the sake of his sweetheart. But in actual life, a man finds himself compelled to keep a strict watch over any exhibitions of affection he may be inclined to indulge in; and if he does not, the women of his acquaintance look upon him as a "softy," and shrug their shoulders in a highly humorous way over his folly. As for the modern young lady, she conceals her affection so thoroughly that you would almost imagine she had none.

MODERN HOSPITALITY.

OUR liberality is far less picturesque than formerly. To put down one's name in a long list of subscriptions, and have it proclaimed after dinner by a plausible secretary to a company of well-fed Christians, may be gratifying; but undeniably there is something commonplace, not to say vulgar, in the proceeding. It would be more poetical to distribute doles at the gates of our mansions, though no one with the fear of sound political economy before his eyes could recommend the practice. It would unluckily be as injurious to the poor as gratifying to the rich; but in abandoning it we necessarily descend to a more mechanical mode of dispensing charity. In the same way the hospitality which is characteristic of rude societies is heartier than its modern representative. If you wish to be civil to a stranger in the city you ask him to dinner; and if you wish to be doubly civil you ask him twice; in other words, you spend about four hours in his company and give him, say, ten dollars' worth of meat and drink. In the country you may go further, and make him for a few days a member of your family circle. But your utmost efforts fall very far short of the practice in primitive countries, where the merest stranger is made at home, and has the fatted calf slain in his honor, and has no delicate hints thrown out as to the conveniences offered by the neighboring railway. Undoubtedly the degree of hospitality is measured by the general dullness of life. We welcome a man gladly when we are thoroughly tired of ourselves and our family circle; and thus the charge is brought under the general principle, that life is made up of a series of petty and rapidly-changing excitements, rather than of simple and powerful emotions.

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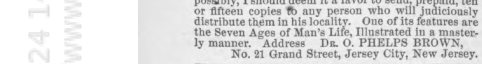

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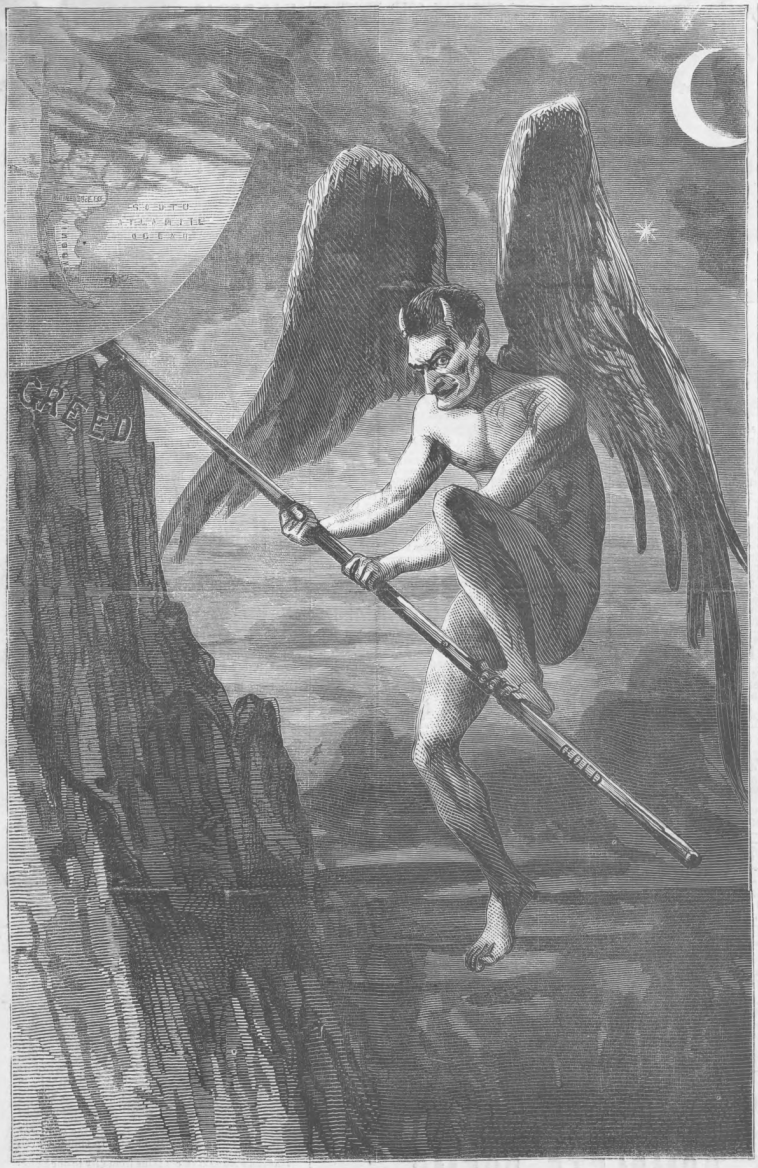

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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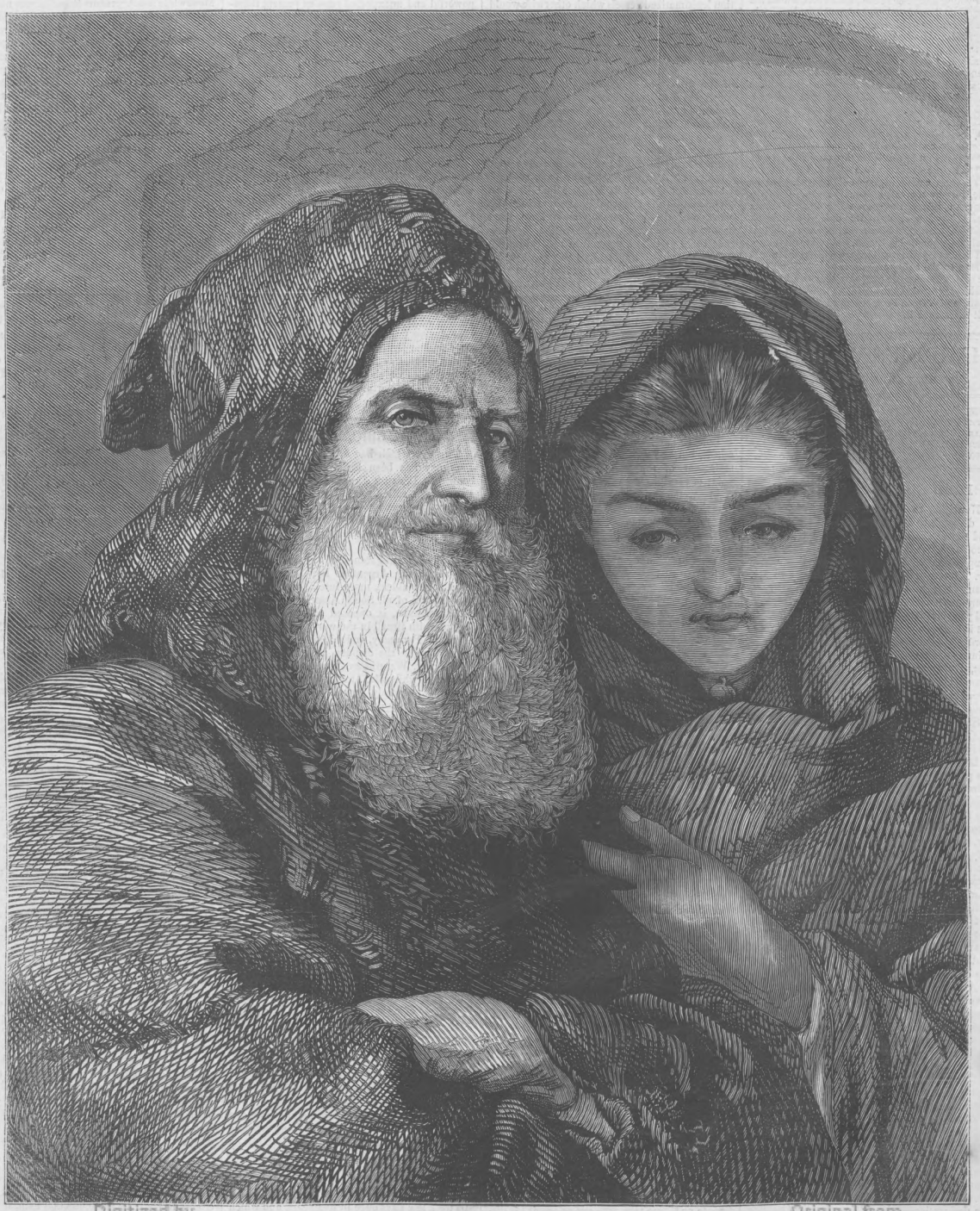

A FATHER'S ADVICE.—[SEE PAGE 66.]

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A FATHER'S ADVICE.

THE illustration on our first page represents an ideal page from the chronicler of Venetian intrigue and conspiracy. The monk—or he who pretends to be a monk—is doubtless a spy from the dreaded Council of Ten. The lady is perhaps some fair offshoot of one of the great families of the GRIMANIS, or DANDOLOS, or FOSCARIS; and has it in her power to betray some great state secret that concerns her lover or husband. The mysterious council in the Doge's Palace, but two nights since, whispered her name; and last night it was echoed by a miserable wretch in the loneliest cell of the lowest Pozzi. Some CARMAGNUOLA has arisen; some great leader of Condottieri has flaunted the banner blazoned with the winged lion of St. Mark in the face of the Milanese, or has humbled the DORIA. There is danger now lest he plot some treason against the Senate, and it is of this the Father Confessor is trying to obtain tidings from the lady whom the CARMAGNUOLA loves; or the Doge himself is planning evil to the State, and is promised help from the VISCONTI or the SFORZA, and this wily messenger has been torturing the tender soul of this young daughter of the MOCENIGO, whom the Doge's son is so shortly to wed, and has already obtained what he needs—a clew to the conspirators' labyrinth. Half an hour hence a postern door of the Doge's Palace will open, and a man in a mask will leap into the sable gondola, black and silent as a hearse, that waits there in the side canal in the dark shadow thrown by the Bridge of Sighs, and will glide off swift to the lonely island of the Lido, where other conspirators are waiting on the shore. The plans will be laid, the train placed ready for the match, there will be gloomy exultation at the way the Ten have been baffled and their spies thrown off the track. Then, in the darkness, the cluster of gondolas will scatter, each on its own silent path—but be sure, just as the mask from the Doge's Palace comes in sight of the great white dome of Santa Maria, looming large in the moonrise, a black hand will close upon his mouth, and two poniards clash together in his breast. A moment more, and the whispering gondoliers will fasten a roll of lead to the body, and let it gurgle down into the tide. Before the next day breaks a band of masked men will be driven into the Doge's dungeons, and Venice be saved from the conspiracy that threatened it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1870.

☞ *New subscribers to* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be furnished with the paper from the commencement of* WILKIE COLLINS'S "Man and Wife," *in the Number for November* 20, 1869, *at the yearly subscription price of* $4 00.

LORD CLARENDON'S REPLY.

IN writing to Mr. THORNTON of Mr. FISH'S dispatch to Mr. MOTLEY, Lord CLARENDON said that it admitted of a perfect reply, which it is to be presumed is contained in his Lordship's temperate letter of the 6th of November, which Mr. THORNTON was to read informally to Mr. FISH. But the statement of Lord CLARENDON, courteous as it is, is also in many points a special plea. It is the work of an adroit advocate; but it is not so frank as the situation demands. Lord CLARENDON considers the three chief points in the case as presented by Mr. FISH: first, the Queen's proclamation of neutrality; second, the dispatch of the Confederate cruisers from English ports; and third, the supplies furnished by British subjects to the rebels.

Stating the facts under the first head, Lord CLARENDON says that the President's proclamation of blockade of the 19th of April was known in London on the 2d of May, and published in the papers of the 3d. An official copy was received from the Consul in New York on the 5th, another from Lord LYONS on the 10th. On the 11th it was officially communicated to Lord RUSSELL by Mr. DALLAS, with a circular from Mr. SEWARD, stating that attempts would probably be made to fit out privateers in England. On the 13th, two days after the official communication, the proclamation was issued, and Lord CLARENDON denies that it was intended to be unfriendly. This statement is true; but it is not the whole truth. Lord CLARENDON does not mention that on the 6th of May Earl RUSSELL said in Parliament that the Government had consulted the law officers, and had come to the conclusion that "the Southern Confederacy of America, according to those principles which seem to them to be just principles, must be treated as belligerents." What Mr. FISH complains of is "undue haste," and the British Government, by Lord CLARENDON'S own statement, resolved upon a concession of belligerent rights four days before the official knowledge of the fact by which the concession is now justified. May that not be fairly considered "undue haste?"

Again, in reply to the charge that the assumed belligerency was a fiction, Lord CLARENDON recapitulates the facts of the situation. But here he includes many circumstances which could not have been known to the British Government at the time. Thus, the President's summons for more troops of the 3d of May; the declaration of the efficiency of the Carolina blockade; the various captures of vessels at sea, some of which, as Lord CLARENDON mentions, were as late as the 15th of May, were certainly not known in time to justify a decision of the Government upon the 6th. Was not this, he asks, civil war? Perhaps it was—but the British Government did not know it at the time. He says that on the 4th of May Mr. SEWARD had characterized the situation as "open, flagrant, deadly war." That may be, and every American may have felt that war was unavoidable. But on the 6th of May the British Government officially knew only that Sumter had been assaulted. Recognition of belligerent rights proceeds upon actual events, not upon probabilities and anticipations. Mr. FISH does not deny, he expressly asserts, the right of every government to decide for itself when to make such a recognition. But he justly says that it may be made with a precipitancy which reveals an unfriendly feeling. Does not Lord CLARENDON'S own statement, both in what it says and what it omits to say, show the precipitancy of the English official action, which JOHN BRIGHT so strenuously denounced?

In reply to the assertion that the proclamation legitimatized vessels which otherwise would have been pirates, Lord CLARENDON says that by Mr. FISH'S own admission belligerency is "an existing fact;" and he adds that it exists independently of any official proclamation by neutrals. He therefore holds that the reception of the *Sumter* at Curaçoa, in July, 1861, by the Netherlands, which had not issued a proclamation of neutrality, first practically accorded belligerent rights to the Confederacy. That may be; but certainly the action of the Dutch colony, after war was flagrant, does not affect the action of England two months before that flagrancy. And although it be true, as Lord CLARENDON urges, that if there had been no proclamation the fact would have remained the same, and the belligerency must have been sooner or later recognized, he will hardly deny that there may be a premature recognition of belligerency, and that it does not cease to be premature because the war proves to be very long and bloody. So when Lord CLARENDON appeals to the speech of Mr. FORSTER, one of our most constant friends, to show that recognition was pressed upon the British Government by the friends of the Northern States, who feared lest privateers should be fitted out in British ports, of course his Lordship does not forget that the duty of the British Government to detain such privateers was just as stringent if no such proclamation had issued—a fact which he admits when he says that the proclamation made the privateers "additionally unlawful."

Lord CLARENDON'S letter is, as we have said, adroit, but not quite fair. As the strongest statement of the British position upon the point of precipitancy of recognition, not of the right—which the United States do not question—it shows conclusively that no satisfactory explanation can be made. The proclamation was resolved upon on the 6th of May, when nothing was officially known but the action at Sumter. The justification by the blockade is, as Mr. BEMIS showed conclusively when it was first urged by "Historicus," an after-thought. Nor is any thing to be gained by further discussion of the point; for we do not ask damages for what we consider an unfriendly exercise of an undoubted discretion. Yet we are more convinced than ever, that the manly and honorable policy of this Government is to state frankly its wishes, and the terms upon which it is willing to settle the question. The general feeling in both countries is favorable to plain dealing, and impatient of further diplomatic skirmishing.

CAN NEW YORK WITHDRAW ITS ASSENT?

IN presenting to the Senate the resolution by which the Legislature of New York withdraws its assent to the Fifteenth Amendment, Senator CONKLING said that he should hereafter show why such an act should not be considered valid. We look with interest for his remarks; but meanwhile the question must be considered unsettled. The ground taken by those who refuse the right of withdrawal is, that Congress authorizes a State to perform a certain act, either by a convention or by its Legislature, and that when it is done the act is accomplished and the authority expires. But the plain difficulty with this view is that it is, for those who urge it, a two-edged sword. If it is true of acceptance, it is equally true of rejection. And if New York can not withdraw its assent, neither can Ohio withdraw its refusal.

To this it is replied, that the proposition of an amendment is of the nature of the offer of a contract, and that, until the conditions of ratification are complete, it is competent for any party to the contract to accede to its terms. But the change of form does not change the essential difficulty. If, before ratification, any party may come in, so he may go out. Besides, the proposition is not properly a contract; it is a political measure; and before it is adopted any member of the council of States may express an opinion, friendly or adverse, as every member of the Senate or House may vote aye or no, at his discretion, upon every aspect of every motion, until it is settled. Upon a political measure the opinion of States may be supposed to differ at various times. Indeed, it is easily supposable that the proposition of an amendment by the dominant party in Congress may disclose a tendency or policy which is so seriously disapproved as to change the political majority in a State. If that fact appears before the amendment is adopted, and if the assent of the State had been expressed before the popular will upon the subject was known, is it not peculiarly agreeable to the nature of our government that the assent should be withdrawn?

The moment, however, that the necessary number of States ratify an amendment, the discretion of all the States ends; and certainly it does not follow, because a State may withdraw its assent to an amendment which is not yet a part of the Constitution, that it may equally withdraw it from one that is. That, of course, is merely to affirm the right of secession. The reasonable and simple view of the subject seems to be that the States, like individuals, may have the advantage of the utmost consideration and discussion of the question presented; that if powerful and unexpected reasons present themselves for a change of opinion, while the question is still open, the State shall not be bound by an expression which maturer reflection would recall. It is true that the Constitution does not provide for withdrawing an assent once given. But the Constitution merely ordains that, "when ratified" by the Legislatures or Conventions of the necessary number of States, an amendment shall be valid. Obviously it is not ratified by those bodies until three-fourths of them simultaneously agree; and the Constitution declines to be more precise, because it wishes to leave to every State the utmost liberty of deliberation and action.

As we have already said, the action of the Democratic party in New York in withdrawing assent to the Fifteenth Amendment is only another signal evidence of its hostility to equal rights, and another proof of its incapacity to rise to any really wise and patriotic policy. For many years in this country every truly noble and sagacious measure was opposed by the party that was devoted at every cost to the extension and perpetuity of slavery. And now that slavery is gone, that party shows how utterly unchanged it is in spirit by this futile effort to prolong as long as possible the despicable prejudice which slavery fostered, and to rob of an equal opportunity the most unfortunate class of Americans.

AN AMERICAN DESPOT.

THE war which has been so long waged in Paraguay has been little understood in this country. Because Brazil is an empire and Paraguay is called a republic the passive sympathy of the people of the United States has probably been with LOPEZ, the Dictator of Paraguay. It should, however, have been a most instructive fact for us that the most truly republican and enlightened of the South American states, the Argentine Republic, at whose head is the ablest, most intelligent, and most truly liberal of all South American statesmen, M. SARMIENTO, is opposed to Paraguay, and leagued with Brazil in the war. Our late Ministers in Paraguay, indeed, have had strong sympathies in the dispute, and upon different sides. Mr. WASHBURNE'S view is unfriendly to LOPEZ, while Mr. M'MAHON is his defender. We purposely make the distinction between Paraguay and LOPEZ which is made by the treaty of alliance of May 1, 1865; the distinction which Americans will always justly make between a despot and the people whom he controls—a distinction which could not be fairly made in this country, where the President is the free choice of the people.

A few facts in the history of the country will be useful in forming an opinion of the present situation. About the year 1817 Dr. FRANCIA became perpetual Dictator of Paraguay. During the contest of the South American colonies with Spain he held aloof. He declined all intercourse with other states, and imprisoned all foreigners who came to the country. No commercial export or import was allowed but by his permission, and it was a capital crime to leave the country without his consent. The opponents of his rule were shot or imprisoned. Such was the ferocity and ingenuity of the tortures that he inflicted upon them that he might be supposed to have been crazy, and, undoubtedly, at the end of his long life he was in continual fear of assassination. When he died, in 1840, FRANCIA'S nephew, CARLOS A. LOPEZ, and a companion, of whom he soon disembarrassed himself, took possession of the Government.

LOPEZ wrote a Constitution for Paraguay, which prescribed ten years as the Presidential term, with re-election by the Congress. The seventh article of the Constitution declares the authority of the President unlimited, not only during civil or foreign war, but whenever he deems it necessary to preserve order. Despite his Constitution, LOPEZ made himself perpetual Dictator in 1844. This was done with what is called the consent of the Congress—a body which sits for a few days once in five years, and which merely ratifies the various acts of the Dictator. In 1856 this Congress gave the Dictator—of course by his instigation—the power to name his successor by secret will. Nor has the Congress ever refused to ratify any proposition of the Dictator. In September, 1862, CARLOS A. LOPEZ died, and left Paraguay, like a private property, to his son, FRANCISCO SOLANO LOPEZ, and the Congress unanimously approved. The present Dictator has been a worthy follower of his predecessors.

"Paraguay," says M. SARMIENTO, "is a plantation with a million of Indians instead of negroes, who consider themselves the property of the LOPEZ family." Such a lord naturally chafed under the fact that he could not reach the outer world without crossing the Argentine territory, and he has been engaged for a long time in formidable preparations—building fortresses, accumulating material, and inviting experienced European officers to instruct his soldiers. At length he took advantage of a quarrel between Uruguay and Brazil, declaring that Paraguay interfered to serve its own interests only, and with an immense army invaded and ravaged the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso. Meanwhile the Argentine Republic was neutral, and refused to allow Brazil to march across her territories. But when the same demand was refused to LOPEZ he instantly seized Argentine ships and murdered their crews. Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay, the powers upon the Plate River, then allied themselves against Paraguay, and resolved to fight until they had overthrown LOPEZ, but bound themselves to respect the independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of Paraguay; and they will unquestionably succeed in expelling LOPEZ.

This is the President and this the republic of Paraguay to which the sympathies of the United States are solicited. And so successfully solicited, that one of the ablest and most intelligent papers in the country said, two years ago, that "the success of this godless alliance means extension of slavery and tyranny;" while "on the other side contends the little realm of Paraguay, whose success means freedom." But if Brazil is a slaveholding state, slavery in Paraguay is equally bitter; while the Argentine Republic abolished slavery fifty years before the United States. To apprehend the grasping ambition of Brazil upon the Plate River is unnecessary while the Argentines are struggling with the grasp of a nearer and infinitely more appalling ambition. SARMIENTO, who looks at the subject with a truly American and liberty-loving heart, as well as with the most thoroughly informed and sagacious mind, declares that "the triumph of LOPEZ means the extension to Uruguay and the Argentine Republic of the Guarani Indian despotism, under a master who is dictator, pope, supreme judge, and lord of life and property—imposing upon all those countries that obedience unparalleled in the history of the human race."

WHAT IS MONEY?

THE indications are numerous of the prevalence of very erroneous if not dangerous views on the subject of this medium, which is one that affects all the relations between man and man more nearly and powerfully than any other known agent or instrument of commerce. It enters into all transactions of every description, and in the proportion in which the views with respect to it are sound or unsound, success in the long-run, whether it be in trade or in statesmanship, depends. At the present moment the prosperity of the United States is suspended upon official action at Washington. We have reached the point where the roads fork, and the question arises whether the one toward specie payments shall be chosen, which leads to low prices for all produce and labor—to ultimate ability to compete in all markets with the industry of others—to mercantile and national solidity, integrity, and safety; or whether we shall take the other, which leads to high prices, then to speculation, then to failures, dishonesty, and ruin.

The present financial demoralization is due in great part to the failure, when the war ended, to set the country resolutely in the direction of specie payments. Inasmuch as the precious metals are not coined in sufficient abundance to answer all the necessities of commerce, and permit also their use in the conduct of a great war, it will be found impossible to meet the disbursements of wars of magnitude without using paper-money, especially if the latter had been extensively used in peace. But whether necessary or not we resorted to it, and on a scale which exceeded all prudence. We first issued legal tenders in sufficient quantities, and then allowed the issues of national banks and the fractional currency. All gold and silver, excepting on the Pacific, were expelled from circulation; and prices, no longer fixed by labor, but adjusted by the quantity of printed money, rose to such a height that many were in doubt whether the fate of old Continental money and of the assignats would not be reached. Happily the success of our arms saved the credit of the government; but as the measure was for war and not for peace, and was carried to excess to float the $900,000,000 loan, it was a national duty to consider the policy as exceptional, and to be abandoned as speedily as prac-

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ticable. But, as many feared who urged the original adoption of legal tenders, there are many who insist that it is a policy which not only shall not be abandoned, but shall become permanent.

The Democratic Convention for the State of Indiana, which assembled at Indianapolis on the 8th of January, 1870, resolved that "the business interests of the country demand an *increased* and maintained volume of the currency," and that our Five-Twenties be paid off in this medium. Our friends of the New York *Mercantile Journal* send us the following, which they expect to be noticed, and it will be convenient to take both matters together:

"In the interchangeability (at the option of the holder) of NATIONAL PAPER-MONEY with Government Bonds, bearing a *fixed* rate of interest, there is a subtle principle that will regulate the movements of Finance and Commerce as accurately as the motion of the steam-engine is regulated by *its governor*.

"Such PAPER-MONEY TOKENS would be perfect measures of value, which gold and silver never have been. The use of gold or other merchandise as money is a barbarism unworthy of the age.

"WALLACE P. GROOM."

If the old hero whose remains repose in Tennessee, and whose *birthday* was chosen for the assemblage of the Convention, could have been restored to life and had appeared at its sittings, his clenched fist would certainly have been shaken at the 1123 delegates who desecrated that birthday with the assertion of doctrines with respect to money the reverse of those which, in a long continued contest, he firmly maintained.

The Convention put forth their dogmas in the interests of *labor*, and yet they propose to "*increase and maintain*" a currency which labor does not create, and which dispenses with the money which labor does create. The principal object of money is to secure a medium in which the value of products may be measured, and with which they may be transferred; and throughout the world one or the other, or both, of what we denominate the precious metals are used for this purpose. They pass for about the value of the labor required to obtain and coin them, and for an equivalent amount of useful labor in other productions; and when we consider that, as a general rule, all productions which have exchangeable value depend for the amount of it on the quantity of labor more or less skillful which they contain, it will be seen that the most reliable test of value which human wisdom can devise is thus furnished to mankind. The coin known as a dollar was fabricated partly because the metal it contained came near to the value of a day's labor in prosperous communities. It constitutes the basis of our coinage and monetary system. In its subdivisions and its multiplied form the relation of quantity and weight of metal are carefully observed, except when some special object occasions some slight variation. In the conceptions of the framers of our laws, a *dollar* had no other signification than that of a piece of metal containing a certain weight and fineness, coined and stamped to indicate these qualities. It was formed in obedience to the unerring law laid down by GALIANI, that "man—that is to say, his labor—is the only true measure of value." These metals, by reason of various qualities they possess, too well known to be enumerated, and because they are found in the earth in quantities which permit neither of redundancy nor of insufficiency, have been chosen for the purpose of money, and they answer the object with all the certainty of which the subject is capable. Instead of being a relic of barbarism, experience through past ages has demonstrated, as it will through future ages, that their use is indispensable to the world.

The theory on which the Convention of Indiana proceeded is the erroneous one that a promise to pay the dollar means something else than the dollar of gold and silver described in acts of Congress, and they would substitute the *promise* in the place of the true dollar as the permanent currency of the United States. If ever this policy shall be adopted all certainty with respect to the measure of value will be at an end, and the repudiation of our public debt and of all debts must necessarily follow. The creation of money, instead of being committed to labor, will be handed over to speculators, who can strike off enough in an hour with the printing-press to secure possession of the entire productions of the State of Indiana, and compel submission to their exactions. We ask the *Mercantile Journal* to consider what would be the value of its "paper-money tokens" if the Treasury of the United States were in the hands of that portion of the Democracy which governs the city of New York, in the expectation that through frauds in naturalization and by the use of repeaters they will be elevated presently to the control of the National Government.

No possible harm can result from the system which encourages *labor* to produce by its sweat and toil the money of commerce. Such money will never be found in excess of the wants of the world, because it would be unprofitable. The issue of paper-money in excess of those wants invariably attends the opposite system, and discourages labor in the mines, with its result, that promises [to pay *dollars*] become abundant, and the means of performance are impaired in the same ratio. Modern history is full of examples of this folly. They teach the lesson that a currency not immediately and certainly convertible into the precious metals is one of the greatest curses with which the industry of mankind can be afflicted. If we firmly take the road to specie payments, justice, prosperity, integrity, safety, and honor will result to our whole country.

THE ASSAULT UPON THE CITADEL.

IN a country of whose safety and prosperity free speech is the corner-stone, we must not be surprised that the most approved truths are questioned, and the most evident advantages denied. It is, however, no truer that political and religious liberty are the hope of mankind than that the spirit of implicit spiritual obedience to human authority is fatal to the progress of the race. The conflict of these two spirits is the substance of the history of civilization, and its present aspect is striking and significant. In Rome the great Council of the Romish Church is assembled solemnly and formally to declare its hostility to political and religious liberty by denouncing the means by which they are maintained. But while in Europe the most enlightened of the adherents of that Church protest against its renunciation of the vital conditions of human progress, in this country its priests are virtually unanimous in an attack upon the very corner-stone of our political liberty and safety—the Common Schools.

Who are those who claim that the State in this country shall recognize religious sects instead of knowing citizens only? They are the clergy of the Roman Church. And they do this not as citizens but as priests. They tell us what the Church commands, what Roman authority requires. The reply to them is plain and simple from the beginning. It is, that the State knows no Roman Catholics, no Presbyterians, no Quakers, no Baptists. It knows its citizens only, and it will protect the equal right of every one of them to choose what faith he will, and to worship as he chooses. Upon that rock the State plants its foot, and while it holds fast to that it will prevail against the hell of ecclesiastical fury. When it is driven from that it has no foothold whatever, and sinks in the angry waters.

Then the State says that, for its own good order, it will provide schools for all, and that those schools shall be strictly secular and not religious. No sectarian creed of any kind shall be recited in them—no mass celebrated. The State does not teach theology, it teaches reading, writing, and arithmetic, because a general knowledge of those arts lessens the taxes. Meanwhile, if parents and guardians choose to have sectarian schools for their children they may have them, and they shall be protected. But the State schools are independent of every sect. At their doors the badges of ecclesiastical difference must fall off, as in the river of WESLEY'S vision. The children as they enter are not Trinitarian and Unitarian, Methodist and Universalist—they are American only. And whoever would hang sectarian badges upon them would deprive the word American of its most hopeful significance.

But neither Methodist, nor Episcopalian, nor Unitarian, nor Presbyterian, asks to have the State give them a share of the public money for their sectarian schools. They know the value of the system as it exists. They comprehend the peril of persuading the State to recognize sects, knowing that the end would be, what it always has been, intolerance, fury, blood, and fire. The only persons who demand this change are the Roman priests, who claim not to belong to a sect. They claim that all education ought to be what they call religious. This is the sum of their argument; and the reply is, that the State, as such, in the American idea, has no religion. Moreover it would be impossible, in a society made up of members of every denomination, to determine what is religious education; and to allow the money to be divided among the sects to determine for themselves, would be simply to devote the public money to sectarian proselytism. If the clergy of any sect should, in consequence of the freedom of the schools from their influence, refuse, so far as they could control them, to allow the children of their parishes to attend the schools, and thus, by fostering ignorance, increase crime and taxation, it would only be another glaring illustration of the fury and danger of the sectarian spirit to which it is proposed to surrender the schools. Is a spirit capable of such enormities to be carefully cultivated by the State? Does not the mere threat, which appalled Governor SEWARD into acquiescence in 1840, show us all the more the imperative necessity of standing by our unsectarian school system?

The question is rapidly becoming pressing in the State of New York. It is not a question of the Bible in the schools, but of the spirit which frankly confesses that it will not be satisfied with excluding the Bible; which requires a revision of the entire system, and demands that the public school money be divided among the sects. It is, in essence, a question of the stability of our whole American system. It is the question whether the world is so fascinated by the story of the countries and the ages in which Church and State were united, and the Church controlled the State, as to wish to renew it upon this soil. It is the question whether we will try to turn back the stream of civilization and progress, whose natural course is toward the utmost political and religious freedom.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S OPPORTUNITY.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has apparently safely turned an ugly corner, the dangers of which, however, will undoubtedly reappear should the Prince PIERRE escape punishment for his crime. The permission for the return of ROCHEFORT, and the wisdom of the new Ministry in allowing LEDRU ROLLIN and other Republican exiles to come home, show that the Government intends a more liberal policy; while the remark of the new Minister-in-Chief, M. OLLIVIER, that the Government has been moderation and law, but that it will be power also if forced to it by the irreconcilables, shows that it means to conduct the liberal movement, and not to abandon the country to anarchy. That unquestionably must have been the result of any serious conflict now had the Government been overpowered. HENRI ROCHEFORT has a sharp and reckless pen. He is a tongue of the natural discontent of liberal France, but he is not a sagacious and controlling brain. When the revolution of 1848 took place there was an organized and intelligent party with recognized leaders which immediately assumed control of affairs. But the new régime in France has of course disturbed the opposition. Even JULES FAVRES evidently prefers peaceful remedies and trusts the possibility of the law. Until, therefore, it is plain that the Government proposes to shield the murderer, it would have been criminal folly in the Parisians to rise in insurrection.

There is no reason to suppose that the new experiment in France will not be fairly tried; but, as we have heretofore said, the fatal difficulty is that the people are not likely to believe it. The new régime is the grant of a man who has not taught Frenchmen to believe his word. But he is, nevertheless, shrewd enough to see that the only chance for his son's succession lies in a plain change of the system of personal government. The removal of HAUSSMANN against the Emperor's known wish, the return of the republican exiles, and the greater freedom of the press, are signs that French liberals can appreciate of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S willingness to make actual concessions. And if, in the case of the homicide by the Prince PIERRE, the course of justice is allowed to have its way, as in the case of TRAUPMANN, without evasion of any kind, France will feel more assured that a Government which is strictly just toward a prince of the reigning family is a Government that can be trusted. The event gives LOUIS NAPOLEON and M. OLLIVIER an immense opportunity, and the tranquillity of France for a long time may be inferred from their use of it.

NOTES.

WE are glad to know that the President is friendly to the St. Thomas treaty, and it will be very pleasant to perceive that the Senate are unwilling to embarrass, by rejecting it, one of the most faithful of our allies. The present ministry in Denmark is one of the ablest that the country has had; but it considers its honor so involved in the ratification of the treaty to which it acceded at the persistent and earnest request of the United States, that it would retire should the negotiation fail. There is no part of the contemplated extension of the territory of this country which can be regarded with so much satisfaction as St. Thomas.

IT is very pleasant to observe that the new University lectures, at Harvard College, which are intended to embrace a full course of study in each department, are open to women as to men; while the University of Michigan opens all its doors to women, as the St. Louis Law School has already done. Meanwhile the friends of Woman Suffrage who wish to keep the issue as clear from entangling alliances with other reforms and the endless host of individual whims and vagaries—who would pursue it with the same singleness of aim that marks the movement in England, and the Temperance and other special reforms in this country, have established a weekly paper, *The Woman's Journal*, published in Boston and Chicago, and edited by MRS. LIVERMORE, MRS. LUCY STONE, MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, MR. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, and MR. J. W. HIGGINSON, assisted by accomplished friends of the cause. *The Woman's Journal* is a fair and attractive paper in appearance; while the variety and spirit of its articles, and the dignity, self-respect, good-humor, and earnestness of its tone, will show how profoundly mistaken are those who suppose that folly and extravagance are necessarily characteristic of the discussion of the question. The *Journal* is indispensable to those who would truly understand the character of the movement and measure its progress; and the subscription is but three dollars a year.

OCEAN postage has already been reduced, and MR. CRESWELL is understood to favor the abolition of the franking privilege. If this shall be done, the Post-Office Department will not be a public burden but a profit.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 10.—Both Houses reassembled after the holiday recess. In the Senate, the greater part of the day was consumed in debating the bill for the re-admission of Virginia. Senator Sumner led the opposition, and Senator Stewart the party favoring prompt admission. Senator Ross introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor in any one to sell war ships to a country which is at war with another country or colony with which we are at peace. In the House, bills were introduced for the repeal of the Bankrupt acts, and to make a new apportionment of Representatives among the States. The joint resolution for the admission of Virginia was introduced, but not acted upon.

January 11.—In the Senate, a bill was reported from the Finance Committee by Senator Sherman as a substitute for all propositions relating to the national currency, providing that the 5 per cents shall be taken up, and forty-five millions of national bank circulation be issued in their place, and distributed proportionately among the States which have the smallest proportion under the existing distribution.

January 12.—In both Houses, notice was given of the action of the New York Legislature on the Fifteenth Amendment. Senator Sumner introduced a bill to fund the national debt, to extend banking privileges, and to facilitate a return to specie payments.

January 13.—In the Senate, a petition from J. Ross Browne was presented, asking for a reimbursement of $12,000, for extra expenses while the petitioner was Minister to China. A joint resolution was reported favorably from the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads to aid an American steamship line to the extent of $500,000 per annum for transporting the mails. In the House, a bill was passed to prevent government officials receiving gifts from subordinates or making them to superiors.

January 14.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced for the establishment of the letter-carrier system in every city of 5000 inhabitants. In the House, the entire session was occupied with the discussion of the bill for the admission of Virginia, which resulted in the passage, by a majority of three, of Mr. Bingham's amendment, providing for the unconditional admission of the State, as a substitute. The bill, thus amended, was passed, 142 to 49. It was carried to the Senate, where, in the evening session, Senator Trumbull proposed it as a substitute for the bill before that body; but no action was taken.

NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATURE.

January 11.—The Standing Committees in both Houses were announced. In the Assembly a bill was introduced to provide for an additional Police Court in New York. The Railroad Committee was instructed to inquire into the rates of fare on the New York street railroads.

January 12.—In the Senate, bills were introduced to abolish the Contracting Board and the existing system of repairing the canals by contract; to repeal the New York City License law, and to light the Central Park roads with gas. In the Assembly the bill amending the Conspiracy Act was passed, the clause relating to trade and commerce being repealed. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on City Affairs to report a bill "to restore their local governments and to abolish Commissions."

January 14.—In the Senate bills were introduced to punish homicide by the careless handling of fire-arms; to amend the New York and Long Island Bridge Company's charter; to regulate the storage and sale of petroleum in cities and villages; to amend the act for governing the city of New York; to amend the Banking act, and to organize the General Terms of the Supreme Court in accordance with the new Judiciary article of the amended Constitution.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The Tennessee Constitutional Convention assembled at Nashville, January 10, sixty-one delegates present. John C. Brown, formerly a Confederate general, was chosen President. On the 11th the members and officers took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. Amendments to the State Constitution were submitted, forbidding slavery and involuntary servitude.

The Fifteenth Amendment was ratified by the Senate of the Rhode Island Legislature January 10; by the Ohio Senate on the 14th; and by the Kansas Senate on the 13th.

The President on the 11th sent to the Senate his first veto—that of a bill for the extension of a patent for improvements in pistols.

Two blocks were burned in Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, on the 11th, involving a loss of from $300,000 to $500,000.

General Reynolds, commanding in Texas, has communicated to the War Department the adoption of the Constitution and the election of E. J. Davis, Governor, and the rest of his ticket.

Twelve of the Spanish gun-boats reached Fortress Monroe in safety on the 12th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE French Corps Legislatif has demanded the arraignment of Baron Haussmann. The Emperor has included Ledru Rollin and Tibaldi in the general amnesty. A fierce quarrel recently occurred between Prince Pierre Bonaparte and Rochefort, of the *Marseillaise*, and the Prince sent a note to the editor promising him, if he called, he would find the Prince at home. On the afternoon of the 10th two gentlemen called on the Prince in the name of Pascal Grousset, one of the editors of the *Marseillaise*, with a view to a hostile meeting. An altercation occurred, and the Prince, in a rage, seized a revolver and fired twice, instantly killing one of the gentlemen, M. Victor Noir. He then gave himself up to the authorities. The Chambers have been convoked as a High Court of Justice for the trial of the Prince.

A dispatch from London states that the arrangements for the consolidation of the three ocean cable companies have been completed, and that all that is now wanting is the confirmation by the shareholders. The total receipts are to be placed in a "joint purse," and divided *pro rata*, the French Cable Company receiving thirty-six and two-thirds per cent., and the other two companies sixty-three and one-third per cent. Should any of the cables or land connections be broken, the line open will be used without regard as to which one receives the message. It is also rumored that the Anglo-American and the Atlantic Companies are to be reconstructed on the basis of a common stock.

On the 18th a proposition was introduced in the Spanish Cortes excluding forever from the throne the Bourbon family and its branches.

In a private letter received at Brussels from Rome it is stated "that the Pope is chagrined at the drift of the Œcumenical Council, and that he will dissolve that body before midsummer."

The surrender of insurgents in large numbers is reported in Havana papers. The Spanish troops in the Central Department are reported on the march.

Advices from Paraguay, by the way of Rio Janeiro and Lisbon, are to the effect that the war is really at an end, and that Lopez is again a fugitive. According to this last report he did not, it is said, retire to Bolivia as was supposed, but when last heard from was wandering with a few followers about the deserts of the Brazilian provinces. Advices from Paris are contradictory, and Lopez is said to be still in Paraguay with an army of 8000 men, and the means to carry on the war, which is by no means ended.

A dispatch from Ottawa, Canada, states that the new Cabinet has decided to abolish the licenses hitherto granted to American fishermen, and to fall back on the interpretation of the treaty of 1818. It is also rumored that the tariff is to be changed so as to impose duties on articles now on the free list.

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A NEGRO HOLIDAY IN HAVANA.

THE celebration of Three Holy Kings' Day by the negroes of Havana is something which gives the beholder the feeling of being transported beyond all limits of civilization, into the country of gorilla and monkeys of all descriptions. A stranger arriving in that city on the 6th of January, the day set apart for the observance of this strange festival, would be struck with horror and wonder at the sights presented to his eye. We heard once of two gentlemen, Englishmen, and possessors of all the delicate sensibilities of that nation, who were so unfortunate as to land in Havana when these festivities were at their height. On passing into the street from the door of the Custom-house they were immediately surrounded by a fantastically-dressed crowd of men and women, who, with every species of wild yells and grotesque attitudes, sought to arrest the progress of the strangers. Our English friends, far from appreciating the fun, were frightened quite out of their wits, and after many and vain endeavors to escape from their persecutors and proceed quietly to their hotel, they at last, with a desperate effort, broke through the crowd, and rushing in the direction of the dock where they had so recently landed, were seen no more.

Our mind had been prepared for all kinds of hideous apparitions; and so, when in the early morning we sauntered to the Cathedral Square, our only astonishment consisted in finding the place so quiet and peaceful. The front of the old cathedral was positively golden in the clear, tropical morning sunlight, and the many clusters of trailing vines, which winds have planted on every broken corner of rock where earth could hold, were waving gently back and forth, throwing trembling shadows on the crumbling yellow stone. There was but little life in the square. A few heavy-faced Spanish peasants were lounging about, and now and then a train of little donkeys waddled along under the immense burden of green fodder which allows only the four clumsy feet and funny little nose of the animal to be visible. Generally four or five donkeys are tied in a string, and driven ahead by a merciless Chinaman, who punches the little things with a sharp stick whenever they show an inclination to

AN INTERESTING PAIR.

stop for breath. From a little distance they look like animated haycocks jogging through the street.

But suddenly the bell-ringer stepped under the bell in the cathedral tower, and seizing the small rope attached to the tongue, commenced ringing with all his might. Was the man deaf when he accepted the position under the big bell, or has he become so since? for deaf he must be to stand quiet and immovable, his head actually within the thing which rouses half the city with its loud vibrations. Who will deny him to be the greatest living disciple of POE? Does he not "dwell up in the steeple, all alone?" And are not

> "The jangling
> And the wrangling
> Of the bells,
> Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
> Bells, bells, bells,"

forever ringing through his head? We always supposed POE to have written that poem within the walls of La Bella Firenza, but after sleeping —or, more fitly speaking, trying to sleep— through the Christmas and New-Year's holidays directly under the shadow of this cathedral, with its big bells and little bells, its bells for mass and bells for vespers, to say nothing of the old English clock in the left tower—which, as it only rings four times an hour, may be classed as very quiet and respectable—we have been forced to change our opinion, and now believe it was written in no spot of the earth but Havana. It is true there are no "sledges with the bells" here; but that was probably a sweet reminiscence of the writer's far-off home.

As the bells rang the morning mass was concluded, and the crowd poured out of the church, the negroes scattering rapidly in all directions to prepare for the festivities of the day, and the white portion of the congregation—which was by far the smallest—standing about the door to watch the old bishop pass out to his carriage.

But the sound of loud outcries in the distance gave notice that the day's carnival had begun; and soon a wild and singular-appearing party came round the corner into the square. Four negroes, dressed in bright green, and ornamented from head to foot with streamers of every color, were carrying between them a large model of a ship gayly decked out with ribbons. Behind followed two others, dressed in suits made of gunny-bag, fringed round the ankles. A flaming red scarf was tied over the shoulder. These fellows carried immense tin rattles, which they swung over their heads continually. In front of the most grotesque party walked a heavy black personage in very quiet citizen's clothing. This was the treasurer of the company; and while the others yelled and shouted and danced, he took his hat from his woolly head and held it toward us for money. It is useless to refuse giving.—Wherever an unfortunate mortal with a white skin is to be seen, there the negroes crowd; and no door so slightly ajar, no window so shaded,

THE FRIGHTENED ENGLISHMAN.

no balcony so high as to escape their sharp eye. They congregate, howling and shrieking and dancing, until something is thrown out. A very small silver coin contents them, and they continue their noisy march. And now in all directions might be heard sounds such as seldom reach the ears of any but a LIVINGSTONE or DU CHAILLU, and the square was soon filled by a motley mixture of Congo, Mandingo, and other African tribes. These tribes cling together with great tenacity, and each forms a regular society, with its chosen leader, who acts as spokesman on all important occasions.—They preserve many of their wild tastes, and indulge in many dances, chants, and curious ceremonies which were originally practiced in their native land.

The festival costume of these creatures can scarcely be described. No two were alike, but each seemed vying with the other to produce effects the most grotesque and ridiculous. Many were dressed in gunny-bagging trimmed in every possible fashion. One was stuck all over with playing-cards, another appeared striped with all kinds of brilliant colors. Many costumes were almost picturesque, being composed of brilliant scarfs and blankets twisted about the figure in true savage fashion. A principal ornamentation was cockerel feathers. These were used as head-dresses in some instances, or placed in huge tufts upon the shoulders, wrists, and ankles. Nearly all the rioters carried mock weapons, ranging from an immense wooden sword to a club of sugar-cane.

THE GRAND PROCESSION.

This crowd was divided up into parties composed of from six to twenty persons, generally half women, each party having its flag-bearer, treasurer, and head musician. The music was generally performed on an African war-drum—a curious hollow piece of wood, about three feet long, with a goat-skin stretched tightly across one end, the drum-sticks being the flat palms of the drummer. One party of Congos gathered directly under the balcony where we had taken refuge, and gathering about the drummer, who was doing his best to deafen every body in the neighborhood, they commenced a curious dance, in which every muscle of the body was brought into play. Did our teachers of gymnastics take lessons of the Congos? We strongly suspect so, for no head more civilized could have invented all the senseless twistings and squirmings that the modern school-boy is put through under their direction.

The singing of these negroes was one of the most curious parts of the performance, if such odd, monotonous shouting could be dignified by that name. The leader would strike up a sound —not a tune—and all the party would fall in at the last word of each line, repeating it over and over until they seemed to be mere echoes of themselves. The only really remarkable thing about this singing was the time, and that was maintained with so much precision that any New York orchestra leader would have boiled over with envy to hear it.

The women were attired in more civilized costumes than the men; and in many a party, where the men were dressed like savages in all sorts of gay old rag-tag, the women were quite passable in missus's cast-off finery, and their heads neatly dressed with green wreaths. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the taste with which the negro women of this city dress, unless it be the grace and perfect elegance of their carriage, as they sweep proudly through the narrow streets of the city.

The faces of some of the wildest masqueraders reminded one forcibly of various animals of BARNUM memory—ape or gorilla, who shall say?

THE TIN-PAIL DRUMMER.

One curious customer, who marched all alone, was dressed in a costume which must have been imported direct from "Afric's sunny fountain" for this special purpose. It consisted of short striped breeches, high moccasins, of so many colors that it would be impossible to tell the fabric from which they were sewn, a pink gauze shirt, the color considerably darkened by the black skin underneath, and on the head a huge waving bunch of something like tow. This fantastically attired individual carried a bent and rusty tin pail, from which, with an immense club, he brought forth such an uproar that we expected to see the tablet to COLUMBUS on the wall of the cathedral altar start from its position, and the dry bones behind it spring forth. As we looked closer at him, he rolled up his eyes and opened his mouth with wild shrieks for money, all the while striking the tin pail and dancing wildly. The whites of his eyes, and two rows of glaring teeth, with the huge red opening between them, together with the coal-blackness of his face, formed a picture horrible to civilized mortals. Was this creature man or baboon? If man, where, oh! where was the human element to be sought?

Apart from this festive throng there appeared to be an upper-crust of the black element, the movements of which were very amusing to watch. The men all in holiday attire—white pants and black coat, when they could get one—walked about twirling little canes, and watching with a very superior air the mad pranks of their more humble brethren. The women of the same class sailed majestically around, carrying their long muslin trains and tossing their heads with a grace and real beauty of motion that many a Broadway belle might envy.

As the day wore on toward night the excitement grew wilder, and even the upper-crust found it very hard to keep their step down to an indifferent time, and whenever the drum and hoarse little pipe were heard, the heel and toe would keep time in spite of the possessor.

After nightfall the streets became clear, and all the mad rout betook themselves to their ball-rooms, where, with dances and shrieks and yells, they passed away what remained of the Day of the Three Holy Kings.

GROUP OF MASQUERADERS.

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THE THUGS OF INDIA.

THIS ferocious sect, now nearly exterminated by the British authorities, is by some supposed to have originated with Mahommedan banditti in India, though it afterward became more a Hindoo than a Mohammedan practice. They were once found in all parts of India, and their atrocious deeds made them the terror of the country. They were worshipers of the goddess Kali, the divinity who presided over sensual indulgences and death, and followed their cruel practices from religious motives rather than for the gratification of malice or desire for blood. The members of the sect belong to all the different castes, and each has its own department in the service. The gangs were from 30 to 300 in number, divided into different classes under a leader and a teacher. These classes were: 1. The spies, who were learners or apprentices; 2. Stranglers; 3. Entrappers, who were sometimes women; 4. Grave-diggers. They usually assumed the dress of merchants or pilgrims, and often craved the protection of those whom they intended to destroy. Their usual instrument of death was the handkerchief, or rumal, with which, by a dextrous movement, they strangled their victim. The spies having informed their associates in regard to their intended victims, the members of the gang traveled to the spot in such a manner as to be near each other, and the entrappers, by artful management, would endeavor to attract the doomed persons to some secluded place where the stranglers could dispatch them. After stripping the bodies of every thing, the grave-diggers buried them with such precautions as were necessary to prevent discovery. The plunder was divided—one-third to the widows and orphans of the sect, one-third to the goddess Kali, and the remainder among the assassins. After a murder the Thugs who had been engaged in it united in a sort of sacrament, called *taponnee*, at which consecrated sugar was eaten. It was not their practice to kill women or old men, and Europeans were spared, from the danger of detection. The English authorities in India sought to suppress the Thugs as early as 1800; but it was not until 1835 that the gangs were effectually broken up, and their power as an organization destroyed. Between 1826 and 1835 1562 persons were condemned as Thugs, their families put under surveillance, and their children educated to virtuous habits, and taught trades by which they might obtain an honest livelihood. Many of the Thugs were, to all appearance, respectable and worthy people, and their connection with the sect was rarely suspected until it was revealed by their arrest by the authorities, or the discovery of some murder in which they had been engaged. An English officer, for twenty years a resident of India, relates that he was intimate for many years with a native merchant, supposed to be an excellent and exemplary citizen, who turned out to be a Thug chief. The number of Thugs at present in India is very small, and is constantly diminishing. Our illustration represents a group of stranglers—a ferocious-looking set of men, whom it were just as pleasant not to meet in a lonely place.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER, the new Prime Minister of France, is a comparatively young man, having been born at Marseilles in 1825. In 1847 he became a member of the Paris bar. When the Revolution broke out the following year he was sent by LEDRU ROLLIN as Government Commissioner to Marseilles. This was his introduction to public life. He was afterward appointed Prefect at Langres; but in consequence of differences with the government of LOUIS NAPOLEON, then become President, he returned to the bar, where he achieved considerable success. In 1857 he was returned as Opposition candidate for one of the circumscriptions of the capital, and spoke and voted with the other four deputies in steady resistance to the Draconian measures proposed by the government and passed by a docile Corps Législatif. For three years his speeches, as well as those of his colleagues, JULES FAVRE, ERNEST PICARD, PELLETAN, and JULES SIMON, were not allowed to be published; and not until 1860, when the debates were regularly reported in the *Moniteur*, were the public enabled to form a conception of his powers as a parliamentary orator. At this period OLLIVIER was a bitter *irréconciliable*, more from personal motives, perhaps, than public ones, for his father had been expelled and ruined by the *coup d'état*. This portion of his history he has himself narrated with touching simplicity and much graphic power in his book published early last year.

In 1863 he was re-elected for Paris, and soon afterward his hostility to the government became toned down. His report on trade combinations and strikes, which formed the basis of the new law on those subjects, brought him into personal communication with the Emperor, toward whom he gradually approximated, and in 1865 he was chosen—with government support, of course—as one of the members of the Council-General of Toulon. The reforms of January, that crowning of the edifice, a work which has consumed three years in repeated commencements and repeated delays, are attributed to his inspiration. His labors and efforts, in the interval, to make parliamentary government a reality, seem likely to be at length successful.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER is an impressive speaker and ready debater, and in other respects a man of much ability. Four years since he was appointed permanent professional adviser to the Pasha of Egypt with a large salary, and had to take his name off the list of the members of the bar in consequence. He was chosen by the Emperor to arbitrate in the matter of the Suez Canal. He has been twice married. His first wife, a daughter of LISZT the pianist, died a few years back; and he not long since married a young lady from Marseilles, with whom, it is stated, he received a large fortune.

A GROUP OF THUGS.

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REPROACH.

FIERCE the sea is, and fickle if fair.
So they say of it. So let it be.
But did ever the landsman's languor check
The seaman's pride in his dancing deck?
Or did ever the helmsman, whose home is there,
In place of his own true hand and eye,
Trust the plowman's skill, when the sea ran high,
And submit to a landsman's usurpature?
No! For the seaman loveth the sea,
And knoweth its nature.

Perfi there is on the mountain peak,
When headlong tumble the turbulent rills.
But did ever the lowland shepherd's fear
Daunt the heart of the mountaineer?
Or did ever the hill-born hunter seek,
When the snow-drift, sweeping the mountain wide,
Flew fast and fierce, for a lowland guide
To track the path of a mountain creature?
No! For the huntsman loveth the hills,
And knoweth their nature.

Then to whom shall the sailor for counsel go,
Through the violent waters his bark to steer?
Or what, through the ice and the falling snow,
May guide the foot of the mountaineer?
Hath the huntsman heed of the pastoral trills
Which the shepherd pipes to his flocks on the lea?
Or the seaman faith in the fear that fills
The landsman's babbling prate? Not he!
For the heights and the depths have their ways and wills,
Which they must learn who their lords would be;
And the highlander studies and trusts the hills,
As the mariner studies and trusts the sea.

But, O my love, I am thine in vain,
If thou trustest me not! And, oh! why hast thou ta'en
Counsel not of my nature nor thine
How a woman should deal with this heart of mine?
The seaman the sea doth trust,
And the huntsman the hills. But thou,
Thou that hast known me, dost
Trust those that I scorn to know
For the knowledge of me;
Who have been thine own
In vain, if by thee
I be still unknown.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

CLOSE ON IT.

THE object of the invasion of the library by the party in the garden appeared to be twofold.

Sir Patrick had entered the room to restore the newspaper to the place from which he had taken it. The guests, to the number of five, had followed him, to appeal in a body to Geoffrey Delamayn. Between these two apparently dissimilar motives there was a connection, not visible on the surface, which was now to assert itself.

Of the five guests, two were middle-aged gentlemen belonging to that large, but indistinct, division of the human family whom the hand of Nature has painted in unobtrusive neutral tint. They had absorbed the ideas of their time with such receptive capacity as they possessed; and they occupied much the same place in society which the chorus in an opera occupies on the stage. They echoed the prevalent sentiment of the moment; and they gave the solo-talker time to fetch his breath.

The three remaining guests were on the right side of thirty. All profoundly versed in horse-racing, in athletic sports, in pipes, beer, billiards, and betting. All profoundly ignorant of every thing else under the sun. All gentlemen by birth, and all marked as such by the stamp of "a University education." They may be personally described as faint reflections of Geoffrey; and they may be numerically distinguished (in the absence of all other distinction) as One, Two, and Three.

Sir Patrick laid the newspaper on the table, and placed himself in one of the comfortable arm-chairs. He was instantly assailed, in his domestic capacity, by his irrepressible sister-in-law. Lady Lundie dispatched Blanche to him with the list of her guests at the dinner. "For your uncle's approval, my dear, as head of the family."

While Sir Patrick was looking over the list, and while Arnold was making his way to Blanche, at the back of her uncle's chair, One, Two, and Three—with the Chorus in attendance on them—descended in a body on Geoffrey, at the other end of the room, and appealed in rapid succession to his superior authority, as follows:

"I say, Delamayn. We want You. Here is Sir Patrick running a regular Muck at us. Calls us aboriginal Britons. Tells us we ain't educated. Doubts if we could read, write, and cipher, if he tried us. Swears he's sick of fellows showing their arms and legs, and seeing which fellow's hardest, and who's got three belts of muscle across his wind, and who hasn't, and the like of that. Says a most infernal thing of a chap. Says—because a chap likes a healthy out-of-door life, and trains for rowing and running, and the rest of it, and don't see his way to stewing over his books—*therefore* he's safe to commit all the crimes in the calendar, murder included. Saw your name down in the newspaper for the Foot-Race; and said, when we asked him if he'd taken the odds, he'd lay any odds we liked against you in the other Race at the University—meaning, old boy, your Degree. Nasty, that about the Degree—in the opinion of Number One. Bad taste in Sir Patrick to rake up what we never mention among ourselves—in the opinion of Number Two. Un-English to sneer at a man in that way behind his back—in the opinion of Number Three. Bring him to book, Delamayn. Your name's in the papers; he can't ride roughshod over You."

The two choral gentlemen agreed (in the minor key) with the general opinion. "Sir Patrick's views are certainly extreme, Smith?" "I think, Jones, it's desirable to hear Mr. Delamayn on the other side."

Geoffrey looked from one to the other of his admirers with an expression on his face which was quite new to them, and with something in his manner which puzzled them all.

"You can't argue with Sir Patrick yourselves," he said, "and you want me to do it?"

One, Two, Three, and the Chorus all answered, "Yes."

"I won't do it."

One, Two, Three, and the Chorus all asked, "Why?"

"Because," answered Geoffrey, "you're all wrong. And Sir Patrick's right."

Not astonishment only, but downright stupefaction, struck the deputation from the garden speechless.

Without saying a word more to any of the persons standing near him, Geoffrey walked straight up to Sir Patrick's arm-chair, and personally addressed him. The satellites followed, and listened (as well they might) in wonder.

"You will lay any odds, Sir," said Geoffrey, "against me taking my Degree? You're quite right. I sha'n't take my Degree. You doubt whether I, or any of those fellows behind me, could read, write, and cipher correctly if you tried us. You're right again—we couldn't. You say you don't know why men like Me, and men like Them, may not begin with rowing and running, and the like of that, and end in committing all the crimes in the calendar: murder included. Well! you may be right again there. Who's to know what may happen to him? or what he may not end in doing before he dies? It may be Another, or it may be Me. How do I know? and how do you?" He suddenly turned on the deputation, standing thunder-struck behind him. "If you want to know what I think, there it is for you, in plain words."

There was something, not only in the shamelessness of the declaration itself, but in the fierce pleasure that the speaker seemed to feel in making it, which struck the circle of listeners, Sir Patrick included, with a momentary chill.

In the midst of the silence a sixth guest appeared on the lawn, and stepped into the library—a silent, resolute, unassuming elderly man, who had arrived the day before on a visit to Windygates, and who was well known, in and out of London, as one of the first consulting surgeons of his time.

"A discussion going on?" he asked. "Am I in the way?"

"There's no discussion—we are all agreed," cried Geoffrey, answering boisterously for the rest. "The more the merrier, Sir!"

After a glance at Geoffrey, the surgeon suddenly checked himself on the point of advancing to the inner part of the room, and remained standing at the window.

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Patrick, addressing himself to Geoffrey, with a grave dignity which was quite new in Arnold's experience of him. "We are *not* all agreed. I decline, Mr. Delamayn, to allow you to connect me with such an expression of feeling on your part as we have just heard. The language you have used leaves me no alternative but to meet your statement of what you suppose me to have said by my statement of what I really did say. It is not my fault if the discussion in the garden is revived before another audience in this room—it is yours."

He looked as he spoke to Arnold and Blanche, and from them to the surgeon standing at the window.

The surgeon had found an occupation for himself which completely isolated him among the rest of the guests. Keeping his own face in shadow, he was studying Geoffrey's face, in the full flood of light that fell on it, with a steady attention which must have been generally remarked, if all eyes had not been turned toward Sir Patrick at the time.

It was not an easy face to investigate at that moment.

While Sir Patrick had been speaking Geoffrey had seated himself near the window, doggedly impenetrable to the reproof of which he was the object. In his impatience to consult the one authority competent to decide the question of Arnold's position toward Anne, he had sided with Sir Patrick, as a means of ridding himself of the unwelcome presence of his friends—and he had defeated his own purpose, thanks to his own brutish incapability of bridling himself in the pursuit of it. Whether he was now discouraged under these circumstances, or whether he was simply resigned to bide his time till his time came, it was impossible, judging by outward appearances, to say. With a heavy dropping at the corners of his mouth, with a stolid indifference staring dull in his eyes, there he sat, a man forearmed, in his own obstinate neutrality, against all temptation to engage in the conflict of opinions that was to come.

Sir Patrick took up the newspaper which he had brought in from the garden, and looked once more to see if the surgeon was attending to him.

No! The surgeon's attention was absorbed in his own subject. There he was in the same position, with his mind still hard at work on something in Geoffrey which at once interested and puzzled it! "That man," he was thinking to himself, "has come here this morning after traveling from London all night. Does any ordinary fatigue explain what I see in his face? No!"

"Our little discussion in the garden," resumed Sir Patrick, answering Blanche's inquiring look as she bent over him, "began, my dear, in a paragraph here announcing Mr. Delamayn's forthcoming appearance in a foot-race in the neighborhood of London. I hold very unpopular opinions as to the athletic displays which are so much in vogue in England just now. And it is possible that I may have expressed those opinions a little too strongly, in the heat of discussion, with gentlemen who are opposed to me—I don't doubt, conscientiously opposed—on this question."

A low groan of protest rose from One, Two, and Three, in return for the little compliment which Sir Patrick had paid to them. "How about rowing and running ending in the Old Bailey and the gallows? You said that, Sir—you know you did!"

The two choral gentlemen looked at each other, and agreed with the prevalent sentiment. "It came to that, I think, Smith." "Yes, Jones, it certainly came to that."

The only two men who still cared nothing about it were Geoffrey and the surgeon. There sat the first, stolidly neutral—indifferent alike to the attack and the defense. There stood the second, pursuing his investigation—with the growing interest in it of a man who was beginning to see his way to the end.

"Hear my defense, gentlemen," continued Sir Patrick, as courteously as ever. "You belong, remember, to a nation which especially claims to practice the rules of fair play. I must beg to remind you of what I said in the garden. I started with a concession. I admitted—as every person of the smallest sense must admit—that a man will, in the great majority of cases, be all the fitter for mental exercise if he wisely combines physical exercise along with it. The whole question between the two is a question of proportion and degree; and my complaint of the present time is that the present time doesn't see it. Popular opinion in England seems to me to be, not only getting to consider the cultivation of the muscles as of equal importance with the cultivation of the mind, but to be actually extending—in practice, if not in theory—to the absurd and dangerous length of putting bodily training in the first place of importance, and mental training in the second. To take a case in point: I can discover no enthusiasm in the nation any thing like so genuine and any thing like so general as the enthusiasm excited by your University boat-race. Again: I see this Athletic Education of yours made a matter of public celebration in schools and colleges; and I ask any unprejudiced witness to tell me which excites most popular enthusiasm, and which gets the most prominent place in the public journals—the exhibition, indoors (on Prize-day), of what the boys can do with their minds? or the exhibition, out of doors (on Sports-day), of what the boys can do with their bodies? You know perfectly well which performance excites the loudest cheers, which occupies the prominent place in the newspapers, and which, as a necessary consequence, confers the highest social honors on the hero of the day."

Another murmur from One, Two, and Three. "We have nothing to say to that, Sir; have it all your own way, so far."

Another ratification of agreement with the prevalent opinion between Smith and Jones.

"Very good," pursued Sir Patrick. "We are all of one mind as to which way the public feeling sets. If it is a feeling to be respected and encouraged, show me the national advantage which has resulted from it. Where is the influence of this modern outburst of manly enthusiasm on the serious concerns of life? and how has it improved the character of the people at large? Are we any of us individually readier than we ever were to sacrifice our own little private interests to the public good? Are we dealing with the serious social questions of our time in a conspicuously determined, downright, and definite way? Are we becoming a visibly and indisputably purer people in our code of commercial morals? Is there a healthier and higher tone in those public amusements which faithfully reflect in all countries the public taste? Produce me affirmative answers to these questions, which rest on solid proof, and I'll accept the present mania for athletic sports as something better than an outbreak of our insular boastfulness and our insular barbarity in a new form."

"Question! question!" in a general cry, from One, Two, and Three.

"Question! question!" in meek reverberation, from Smith and Jones.

"That *is* the question," rejoined Sir Patrick. "You admit the existence of the public feeling; and I ask, what good does it do?"

"What harm does it do?" from One, Two, and Three.

"Hear! hear!" from Smith and Jones.

"That's a fair challenge," replied Sir Patrick. "I am bound to meet you on that new ground. I won't point, gentlemen, by way of answer, to the coarseness which I can see growing on our national manners, or to the deterioration which appears to me to be spreading more and more widely in our national tastes. You may tell me with perfect truth that I am too old a man to be a fair judge of manners and tastes which have got beyond my standards. We will try the issue, as it now stands between us, on its abstract merits only. I assert that a state of public feeling which does practically place physical training, in its estimation, above moral and mental training, is a positively bad and dangerous state of feeling in this, that it encourages the inbred reluctance in humanity to submit to the demands which moral and mental cultivation must inevitably make on it. Which am I, as a boy, naturally most ready to do—to try how high I can jump? or to try how much I can learn? Which training comes easiest to me as a young man? The training which teaches me to handle an oar? or the training which teaches me to return good for evil, and to love my neighbor as myself? Of those two experiments, of those two trainings, which ought society in England to meet with the warmest encouragement? And which does society in England practically encourage, as a matter of fact?"

"What did you say yourself just now?" from One, Two, and Three.

"Remarkably well put!" from Smith and Jones.

"I said," admitted Sir Patrick, "that a man will go all the better to his books for his healthy physical exercise. And I say that again—provided the physical exercise be restrained within fit limits. But when public feeling enters into the question, and directly exalts the bodily exercises above the books—then I say public feeling is in a dangerous extreme. The bodily exercises, in that case, will be uppermost in the youth's thoughts, will have the strongest hold on his interest, will take the lion's share of his time, and will, by those means—barring the few purely exceptional instances—slowly and surely end in leaving him, to all good moral and mental purpose, certainly an uncultivated, and, possibly, a dangerous man."

A cry from the camp of the adversaries: "He's got to it at last! A man who leads an out-of-door life, and uses the strength that God has given to him, is a dangerous man. Did any body ever hear the like of that?"

Cry reverberated, with variations, by the two human echoes: "No! Nobody ever heard the like of that!"

"Clear your minds of cant, gentlemen," answered Sir Patrick. "The agricultural laborer leads an out-of-door life, and uses the strength that God has given to him. The sailor in the merchant service does the same. Both are an uncultivated, a shamefully uncultivated, class—and see the result! Look at the Map of Crime, and you will find the most hideous offenses in the calendar, committed—not in the towns, where the average man doesn't lead an out-of-door life, doesn't as a rule, use his strength, but *is*, as a rule, comparatively cultivated—not in the towns, but in the agricultural districts. As for the English sailor—except when the Royal Navy catches and cultivates him—ask Mr. Brinkworth, who has served in the merchant navy, what sort of specimen of the moral influence of out-of-door life and muscular cultivation *he* is."

"In nine cases out of ten," said Arnold, "he is as idle and vicious a ruffian as walks the earth."

Another cry from the Opposition: "Are *we* agricultural laborers? Are *we* sailors in the merchant service?"

A smart reverberation from the human echoes: "Smith! am I a laborer?" "Jones! am I a sailor?"

"Pray let us not be personal, gentlemen," said Sir Patrick. "I am speaking generally; and I can only meet extreme objections by pushing my argument to extreme limits. The laborer and the sailor have served my purpose. If the laborer and the sailor offend you, by all means let them walk off the stage! I hold to the position which I advanced just now. A man may be well-born, well-off, well-dressed, well-fed—but if he is an uncultivated man, he is (in spite of all those advantages) a man with special capacities for evil in him, on that very account. Don't mistake me! I am far from saying that the present rage for exclusively muscular accomplishments must lead inevitably downward to the lowest deep of depravity. Fortunately for society, all special depravity is more or less certainly the result, in the first instance, of special temptation. The ordinary mass of us, thank God, pass through life without being exposed to other than ordinary temptations. Thousands of the young gentlemen, devoted to the favorite pursuits of the present time, will get through existence with no worse consequences to themselves than a coarse tone of mind and manners, and a lamentable incapability of feeling any of those higher and gentler influences which sweeten and purify the lives of more cultivated men. But take the other case (which may occur to any body), the case of a special temptation trying a modern young man of your prosperous class and of mine. And let me beg Mr. Delamayn to honor with his attention what I have now to say, because it refers to the opinion which I did really express—as distinguished from the opinion which he affects to agree with, and which I never advanced."

Geoffrey's indifference showed no signs of giving way. "Go on!" he said—and still sat looking straight before him, with heavy eyes, which noticed nothing, and expressed nothing.

"Take the example which we have now in view," pursued Sir Patrick—"the example of an average young gentleman of our time, blest with every advantage that physical cultivation can bestow on him. Let this man be tried by a temptation which insidiously calls into action, in his own interests, the savage instincts latent in humanity—the instincts of self-seeking and cruelty which are at the bottom of all crime. Let this man be placed toward some other person, guiltless of injuring him, in a position which demands one of two sacrifices: the sacrifice of the other person, or the sacrifice of his own interests and his own desires. His neighbor's happiness, or his neighbor's life, stands, let us say, between him and the attainment of something that he wants. He can wreck the happiness, or strike down the life, without, to his knowledge, any fear of suffering for it himself. What is to prevent him, being the man he is, from going straight to his end, on those conditions? Will the skill in rowing, the swiftness in running, the admirable capacity and endurance in other physical exercises, which he has attained, by a strenuous cultivation in this kind that has excluded any similarly strenuous cultivation in other kinds

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—wi these physical attainments help him to win a purely moral victory over his own selfishness and his own cruelty? They won't even help him to see that it *is* selfishness, and that it *is* cruelty. The essential principle of his rowing and racing (a harmless principle enough, if you can be sure of applying it to rowing and racing only) has taught him to take every advantage of another man that his superior strength and superior cunning can suggest. There has been nothing in his training to soften the barbarous hardness in his heart, and to enlighten the barbarous darkness in his mind. Temptation finds this man defenseless, when temptation passes his way. I don't care who he is, or how high he stands accidentally in the social scale—he is, to all moral intents and purposes, an Animal, and nothing more. If my happiness stands in his way—and if he can do it with impunity to himself—he will trample down my happiness. If my life happens to be the next obstacle he encounters—and if he can do it with impunity to himself—he will trample down my life. Not, Mr. Delamayn, in the character of a victim to irresistible fatality, or to blind chance; but in the character of a man who has sown the seed, and reaps the harvest. That, Sir, is the case which I put as an extreme case only, when this discussion began. As an extreme case only—but as a perfectly possible case, at the same time—I restate it now."

Before the advocates of the other side of the question could open their lips to reply, Geoffrey suddenly flung off his indifference, and started to his feet.

"Stop!" he cried, threatening the others, in his fierce impatience to answer for himself, with his clenched fist.

There was a general silence.

Geoffrey turned and looked at Sir Patrick, as if Sir Patrick had personally insulted him.

"Who is this anonymous man, who finds his way to his own ends, and pities nobody and sticks at nothing?" he asked. "Give him a name!"

"I am quoting an example," said Sir Patrick. "I am not attacking a man."

"What right have you," cried Geoffrey—utterly forgetful, in the strange exasperation that had seized on him, of the interest that he had in controlling himself before Sir Patrick—"what right have you to pick out an example of a rowing man who is an infernal scoundrel—when it's quite as likely that a rowing man may be a good fellow: ay! and a better fellow, if you come to that, than ever stood in your shoes!"

"If the one case is quite as likely to occur as the other (which I readily admit)," answered Sir Patrick, "I have surely a right to choose which case I please for illustration. (Wait, Mr. Delamayn! These are the last words I have to say, and I mean to say them.) I have taken the example—not of a specially depraved man, as you erroneously suppose—but of an average man, with his average share of the mean, cruel, and dangerous qualities, which are part and parcel of unreformed human nature—as your religion tells you, and as you may see for yourself, if you choose to look at your untaught fellow-creatures any where. I suppose that man to be tried by a temptation to wickedness, out of the common; and I show, to the best of my ability, how completely the moral and mental neglect of himself, which the present material tone of public feeling in England has tacitly encouraged, leaves him at the mercy of all the worst instincts in his nature; and how surely, under those conditions, he *must* go down (gentleman as he is) step by step—as the lowest vagabond in the streets goes down under *his* special temptation—from the beginning in ignorance to the end in crime. If you deny my right to take such an example as that, in illustration of the views I advocate, you must either deny that a special temptation to wickedness can assail a man in the position of a gentleman; or you must assert that gentlemen who are naturally superior to all temptation are the only gentlemen who devote themselves to athletic pursuits. There is my defense. In stating my case, I have spoken out of my own sincere respect for the interests of virtue and of learning: out of my own sincere admiration for those young men among us who are resisting the contagion of barbarism about them. In *their* future is the future hope of England. I have done."

Angrily ready with a violent personal reply, Geoffrey found himself checked, in his turn, by another person with something to say, and with a resolution to say it at that particular moment.

For some little time past the surgeon had discontinued his steady investigation of Geoffrey's face, and had given all his attention to the discussion, with the air of a man whose self-imposed task had come to an end. As the last sentence fell from the last speaker's lips, he interposed so quickly and so skillfully between Geoffrey and Sir Patrick, that Geoffrey himself was taken by surprise.

"There is something still wanting to make Sir Patrick's statement of the case complete," he said. "I think I can supply it, from the result of my own professional experience. Before I say what I have to say, Mr. Delamayn will perhaps excuse me, if I venture on giving him a caution to control himself."

"Are *you* going to make a dead set at me, too?" inquired Geoffrey.

"I am recommending you to keep your temper—nothing more. There are plenty of men who can fly into a passion without doing themselves any particular harm. You are not one of them."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't think the state of your health, Mr. Delamayn, is quite so satisfactory as you may be disposed to consider it yourself."

Geoffrey turned to his admirers and adherents with a roar of derisive laughter. The admirers and adherents all echoed him together. Arnold and Blanche smiled at each other. Even Sir Patrick looked as if he could hardly credit the evidence of his own ears. There stood the modern Hercules, self-vindicated as a Hercules, before all eyes that looked at him. And there, opposite, stood a man whom he could have killed with one blow of his fist, telling him, in serious earnest, that he was not in perfect health!

"You are a rare fellow!" said Geoffrey, half in jest and half in anger. "What's the matter with me?"

"I have undertaken to give you, what I believe to be, a necessary caution," answered the surgeon. "I have *not* undertaken to tell you what I think is the matter with you. That may be a question for consideration some little time hence. In the mean while, I should like to put my impression about you to the test. Have you any objection to answer a question on a matter of no particular importance relating to yourself?"

"Let's hear the question first."

"I have noticed something in your behavior while Sir Patrick was speaking. You are as much interested in opposing his views as any of those gentlemen about you. I don't understand your sitting in silence, and leaving it entirely to the others to put the case on your side—until Sir Patrick said something which happened to irritate you. Had you, all the time before that, no answer ready in your own mind?"

"I had as good answers in my mind as any that have been made here to-day."

"And yet you didn't give them?"

"No; I didn't give them."

"Perhaps you felt—though you knew your objections to be good ones—that it was hardly worth while to take the trouble of putting them into words? In short, you let your friends answer for you, rather than make the effort of answering for yourself?"

Geoffrey looked at his medical adviser with a sudden curiosity and a sudden distrust.

"I say," he asked, "how do you come to know what's going on in my mind—without my telling you of it?"

"It is my business to find out what is going on in people's bodies—and to do that it is sometimes necessary for me to find out (if I can) what is going on in their minds. If I have rightly interpreted what was going on in *your* mind, there is no need for me to press my question. You have answered it already."

He turned to Sir Patrick next.

"There is a side to this subject," he said, "which you have not touched on yet. There is a Physical objection to the present rage for muscular exercises of all sorts, which is quite as strong, in its way, as the Moral objection. You have stated the consequences as they *may* affect the mind. I can state the consequences as they *do* affect the body."

"From your own experience?"

"From my own experience. I can tell you, as a medical man, that a proportion, and not by any means a small one, of the young men who are now putting themselves to violent athletic tests of their strength and endurance, are taking that course to the serious and permanent injury of their own health. The public who attend rowing-matches, foot-races, and other exhibitions of that sort, see nothing but the successful results of muscular training. Fathers and mothers at home see the failures. There are households in England—miserable households, to be counted, Sir Patrick, by more than ones and twos—in which there are young men who have to thank the strain laid on their constitutions by the popular physical displays of the present time, for being broken men, and invalided men, for the rest of their lives."

"Do you hear that?" said Sir Patrick, looking at Geoffrey.

Geoffrey carelessly nodded his head. His irritation had had time to subside: the stolid indifference had got possession of him again. He had resumed his chair—he sat, with outstretched legs, staring stupidly at the pattern on the carpet. "What does it matter to Me?" was the sentiment expressed all over him, from head to foot.

The surgeon went on.

"I can see no remedy for this sad state of things," he said, "as long as the public feeling remains what the public feeling is now. A fine healthy-looking young man, with a superb muscular development, longs (naturally enough) to distinguish himself like others. The training-authorities at his college, or elsewhere, take him in hand (naturally enough again) on the strength of outward appearances. And whether they have been right or wrong in choosing him is more than they can say, until the experiment has been tried, and the mischief has been, in many cases, irretrievably done. How many of them are aware of the important physiological truth, that the muscular power of a man is no fair guarantee of his vital power? How many of them know that we all have (as a great French writer puts it) two lives in us—the surface life of the muscles, and the inner life of the heart, lungs, and brain? Even if they did know this—even with medical men to help them—it would be in the last degree doubtful, in most cases, whether any previous examination would result in any reliable discovery of the vital fitness of the man to undergo the stress of muscular exertion laid on him. Apply to any of my brethren; and they will tell you, as the result of their own professional observation, that I am, in no sense, overstating this serious evil, or exaggerating the deplorable and dangerous consequences to which it leads. I have a patient at this moment, who is a young man of twenty, and who possesses one of the finest muscular developments I ever saw in my life. If that young man had consulted me, before he followed the example of the other young men about him, I can not honestly say that I could have foreseen the results. As things are, after going through a certain amount of muscular training, after performing a certain number of muscular feats, he suddenly fainted one day, to the astonishment of his family and friends. I was called in, and I have watched the case since. He will probably live, but he will never recover. I am obliged to take precautions with this youth of twenty which I should take with an old man of eighty. He is big enough and muscular enough to sit to a painter as a model for Samson—and only last week I saw him swoon away like a young girl, in his mother's arms."

"Name!" cried Geoffrey's admirers, still fighting the battle on their side, in the absence of any encouragement from Geoffrey himself.

"I am not in the habit of mentioning my patients' names," replied the surgeon. "But if you insist on my producing an example of a man broken by athletic exercises, I can do it."

"Do it! Who is he?"

"You all know him perfectly well."

"Is he in the doctor's hands?"

"Not yet."

"Where is he?"

"There?"

In a pause of breathless silence—with the eyes of every person in the room eagerly fastened on him—the surgeon lifted his hand and pointed to Geoffrey Delamayn.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, of Philadelphia, proposes a new variorum edition of Shakspeare. The text will be that of the Cambridge editors, and to the textual notes of that edition will be added the various readings of Singer, Knight, Campbell, Cornwall, Collier, Verplanck, Hazlitt, Hudson, Ulrici, Delius, Staunton, Dyce, White, Chambers, Halliwell, Clark, and Keightley. The original notes of these editors will be preceded by all the notes of the Variorum of 1821 that have been retained; and English, French, and German criticism will be copiously represented by selections from Douce, Nares, Hunter, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Mrs. Jameson, Hallam, Brown, Sidney Walker, Halpin, Milford, Hartley Coleridge, Craik, Massey, Beisly, *Notes and Queries*, Lessing, Schlegel, Franz Horn, Gervinus, Delius, Ulrici, Kreyssig, Rötscher, Mommsen, Chateaubriand, Villemain, Marc-Girardin, Guizot, Lacroix, Mézières, Chasles, Taine, and many others. The first volume, containing "Romeo and Juliet," is already in the press of the Lippincott's. The price will be ten dollars, and the work will be thoroughly and admirably done.

The Long Island Historical Society has just published, in the second volume of its "Memoirs," a long, minute, and exceedingly interesting account of the battle of Long Island, including the military events immediately preceding, and the movements consequent upon the defeat of the patriot army. It is compiled by Mr. Thomas W. Field, who has evinced commendable assiduity in hunting up the material for his work, and skill in arranging it into a succinct and readable narrative. Compared with many of the battles of our late war, those of the Revolution and the War of 1812 sink into comparative insignificance; but their importance is not to be measured by the number of men engaged, or by the length of the lists of killed and wounded, but by their results. Viewed in this light, the battle of Long Island was one of the most important of the war, and it was worth while for the learned and useful society under whose sanction this valuable work is published, to rescue from the oblivion of old books, pamphlets, newspapers, dispatches, and other neglected sources of information, all these details of the event. The volume is of special interest, of course, to Long Islanders; but all students of American history will find it a valuable acquisition. The volume is elegantly printed, and presents a very handsome appearance. It is illustrated with a photo-lithographic *fac-simile* of an original map of the battle-field drawn by a Hessian officer who was engaged in the fight.

It is announced that P. Konewka is about to give the world another illustration of his wonderful power in the difficult art of silhouette drawing, in a work entitled "Leaves from Goethe's Faust." Those who have seen his admirable designs to Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," published in this country by Roberts Brothers, Boston, will look for the new volume with eager interest. Konewka is the first artist who has produced silhouttes really worthy to be ranked as works of art, as he is, we believe, almost the only artist of note who has endeavored to make these shadow-pictures interpreters of poetic thought and sentiment. It is difficult to say which is the more admirable—the grace, lightness, and beauty with which he endows his figures, without any of those effects of light and shade on which artists are accustomed to rely, or the expression of character and individuality which he throws into them. The shadow of a real Puck, thrown on the wall by the sun, could not be more expressive of fun and mischief-loving, nor that of a real Titania more graceful. We have no doubt he will also give us a Faust, a Margaret, and a Mephistopheles in which we shall recognize our ideal of each of these characters.

The winter in New York has been mild enough, but it does not therefore follow that it is mild every where. In Wyoming, for example, it must be terribly cold. If any one doubts it, the following fact (?) must be convincing: An estimable young lady of Laramie, Wyoming, got choked a short time ago while drinking a glass of water, by a piece of ice sticking in her throat, where it still remains. A council of eminent physicians decided that nothing could be done to remove the obstruction before next spring.

Connecticut is going to surprise the world, and especially all her sister States. She proposes to enact a law restricting people from procuring divorces until they have been married at least two weeks!

In the Annual Report of the Metropolitan Board of Health for 1869, it is stated that under an ordinance passed about a year ago, establishing certain tests for kerosene oil, upward of four hundred retail dealers of adulterated kerosene oil have been brought into the courts of New York and Brookiyn. More than twelve months ago an investigation was made respecting the quality and kinds of burning fluid in common use in New York city. Seventy-nine specimens of kerosene were purchased from as many different retail dealers, and submitted to the proper analysis and tests. Of this number seventy-eight samples were found unsafe. The dangerous ingredients were found to be benzine, gasoline, and naphtha. This result of the analysis plainly revealed the cause of so many serious accidents from the explosion of burning fluids. The ordinance passed made it necessary that kerosene or other burning fluids should not take fire or burn at a temperature below 110° Fahrenheit, and that they should not evolve an explosive vapor below 100° Fahrenheit. During the past year there has been a gradual but marked improvement in the quality of the oils offered for sale.

Undisprivacied is the latest coined word, whatever it may mean, and is appropriately called by an exchange "a four-story polysyllable with a French roof."

It does not pay to set a fashion so odd that nobody can understand it. Some very fashionable ladies in New Orleans hung a yellow ribbon on their door-knob, New-Year's Day, as an indication that they would receive calls. The callers didn't come, and it was afterward found that the ribbon had been considered a sign of small-pox.

The alarming prevalence of consumption in the vicinity of New York has induced a number of influential gentlemen to establish a "Home for Consumptives," where such relief as is possible may be afforded to those suffering with this disease. For the present a building has been secured at Tremont, Westchester County, and all comforts suitable for patients have been provided. Medical aid of the best character will be afforded, and nothing will be left undone which will tend to invigorate or sustain the afflicted. There are now accommodations for thirty; and as soon as possible land will be secured in White Plains, and permanent and suitable buildings be erected. The design is to make the institution a perfectly free charity; but in the outset, money is received from patients who have means, because the funds of the society are not ample.

Previous to the passage of a recent law of Congress, the duties of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States were very arduous, as, in addition to performing their special functions in connection with the Supreme Court, they were obliged to sit in the various Circuit Courts of the United States. In accordance with the law referred to, nine Circuit Judges have been recently appointed to relieve the Justices of the Supreme Court of Circuit duties. Last week the oath of office was administered to Hon. Lewis B. Woodruff, the newly-appointed Judge to the most important of the nine Circuits, comprising New York, Connecticut, and Vermont. The occasion was one of special interest to the legal profession, and the court-room was crowded with members of the bench and bar of this city.

From the reports of the Scientific Association of France we learn that the vine occupies in France about 6,175,000 acres. This constitutes the one-and-twentieth part of the French territory, and the sixteenth part of its soil capable of cultivation. The gross produce amounts to more than 1,500,000,000 francs. This industry occupies six million men, women, and children, and nearly two million merchants, agents, and traders.

In France they have a somewhat novel method of treating tomato plants which produces fruit of an excellent quality, which ripens early. The gardeners cut off the stems of the plants down to the first cluster of flowers which appears on them, thus forcing the sap into the buds below; and this is done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes not over 18 inches high, and they are kept erect in the rows by sticks or strings.

The discovery in Oil City of a well-preserved skeleton, which is eighteen feet in height, has brought to light wonderful statistics respecting the whole giant family. It seems that eighteen feet is not an unprecedented height, even in modern times! It is asserted that there was a gentleman in Rouen, in 1830, who measured nearly eighteen feet in height; that near the same city a skeleton was found, in 1850, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and who was fully nineteen feet high; that Ferreguss, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, stood twenty-eight feet; and that a skeleton was found near the castle in Dauphine, in 1823, twenty-five and a quarter feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast-bone to the back! But the most astonishing and even alarming indication that there are giants in these very days is to be found in the following announcement, which recently appeared in an English paper: "Fine Airy Rooms, with Board, for Gentlemen measuring 33 feet by 17. Terms moderate." We can only exclaim with Hamlet, "Oh, horrible! most horrible!"

Laboulaye lives in summer at Glatigny, Versailles, but in the winter he lives in Paris. He is described by a recent visitor as a short, plainly-dressed man, evidently in good health and spirits, and full of that gracious politeness in which the Frenchman of genius and culture excels. His face, though weary-looking, is an inspiriting one, and his voice low and singularly sweet, and he never seems at a loss for an expression or an illustration. The number of presents that M. Laboulaye has received from America is astonishing. He has a little museum of curious presents from his Yankee admirers. The givers of some of these gifts are unknown to him even by name. He thinks he shall never visit America—that he is "too old;" though he appears as fresh and lively as a young man.

A real tragedy recently occurred at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. Bandmann, the actor, in playing Iago, inflicted on Mrs. Steele a genuine stab. She fell to the ground uttering piercing shrieks, which for a moment were mistaken by the audience for part of the business of the scene; but it was immediately obvious that her cries were the expression of terrible pain. The curtain was immediately lowered amidst great excitement. But it was soon ascertained that the wound, though severe, was not dangerous. It seems that Bandmann's sword became entangled in the thick folds of Mrs. Steele's velvet dress, and that, as she stood somewhat obliquely at the time, the sword, instead of passing across her back, penetrated through the dress and pierced the flesh. The latest accounts say that Bandmann himself has suffered great mental distress in consequence of the accident.

A scientific botanist of Ceylon writes of the consternation produced among the coffee-planters of that island in consequence of the rapid increase of a parasitic fungus in the coffee-plantations, causing the leaves to fall off before their proper time, and endangering the safety of the crop. It is a singular fact that, among more than one thousand species of fungus which have been received in England from Ceylon, this particular one does not occur: not only is it an entire'y new species, but it is with difficulty referable to any recognized section.

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A REMARKABLE ROMAN BULL.

THE very nice old gentleman whose father, three-quarters of a century ago, called him GIOVANNI MARIA MASTAI FERETTI, but who is now best known as PIO NONO, or Pope PIUS THE NINTH, put forth on the 12th of October, 1869, a rather remarkable document touching excommunications, and such matters. The document, duly signed by a couple of cardinals, and countersigned by two other officials, is written in fearful Latin, which we think would have puzzled CICERO or QUINTILIAN. By this document, as we understand it, about nineteen persons in twenty now living are excommunicated "*latæ sententiæ*," which we suppose to mean "by published decision;" and of these hardly an individual can be set free from the pains of excommunication except by the Pope, their cases being "especially reserved to the Roman Pontiff." These especially reserved cases are grouped under twenty-nine heads. The *first* class comprehends all heretics, and those who believe in, receive, favor, or defend them. Pagans, Buddhists, and Mohammedans are thus excommunicated. The *third* class is composed of "schismatics, and those who obstinately withdraw or secede from obedience to the Roman Pontiff at that time living." This cuts off the Greek Church, the Maronites, and all Protestants—rather more than half of what is known as Christendom. The *second* specification sheers rather closely into the Catholics themselves. It excommunicates every person who "without the authority of the Holy See" reads or retains any book "prohibited by letters apostolic." Now, as a single case out of many, among the books formally placed in the Prohibitory Index is a poem written by an Englishman named JOHN MILTON, and entitled "Paradise Lost." We dare say there are few American Catholic clergymen, from the archbishops downward, who have not read, and who have not in their possession, this poem. Do they know that they are all excommunicated "latæ sententiæ," and that their cases are "specially reserved to the Roman Pontiff for the time being," who alone can absolve them?

There are about a dozen classes thus excommunicated who can be absolved only by the Pope, touching whose cases we have only to say that we trust that the Pontiff will not absolve them except upon clear proof of penitence and reformation. Among these are "forgers of apostolic letters;" those priests who, except under certain limitations, "absolve an accomplice in a disgraceful crime, even in *articulo mortis*;" those who are guilty of "simony," that is, trading in ecclesiastical preferments—we could wish that members of "rings" who trade in civil offices had been also included; those who, "making a trade of indulgences or other spiritual graces, are subject to excommunication" by the decree of Pope PIUS V., dated January 2, 1554; then also all those who "fight in a duel, or simply send or receive a challenge," who in any way aid or abet in a duel, or who do not, as far as in them lies, prevent it, "whatever may be their dignity, be it royal or imperial."

PIUS THE NINTH.

Two or three classes excommunicated "latæ sententiæ" may be absolved by the "bishops and ordinaries." *First* come "clerics *in sacris*, or regulars of either sex, who after taking the vow of chastity have the presumption to contract marriage, and those too who have the presumption to contract marriage with the said persons." We certainly hope that the ecclesiastical authorities, in this country at least, will deal very leniently with these persons; they might certainly do much worse than commit matrimony. *Second* are excommunicated "those who procure abortions;" and we hope sincerely that these persons will find scant favor from the "bishops and ordinaries."

This "Constitution"—for such is the technical word to designate it—a "Bull" proper differing from it in some points, mainly in the kind of seal affixed—is to "endure forever"—a long time even for a Pope's orders to last. It would have been well had the poor Pope or his advisers, before inserting the first three sweeping clauses touching heretics, schismatics, and the readers of prohibited books, read a chapter of a "prohibited" book entitled "Pilgrim's Progress," wherein mention is made of a certain old giant who, "though he be still alive, is by reason of age and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his lips because he can not come at them." We of course do not believe that the present amiable Pope would say to any peaceable pilgrims, "You will never mend till more of you be burnt." Pope PIUS IX., we are sure, would not harm a fly, unless it happened to alight without orders upon the walls of the Vatican; and then he would only scare him off with the feather-brush of excommunication, which would not hurt the fly.

There is a story that some Pope once sent out a Bull to stop a comet. We do not learn that the comet was particularly troubled, but kept on just as before. "Heretics," "schismatics," and

CHURCH OF SAINT PETER AND THE VATICAN.

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THE WAR IN PARAGUAY—THE SERGEANT'S STORY.—[FROM A SKETCH BY GENERAL M'MAHON.]

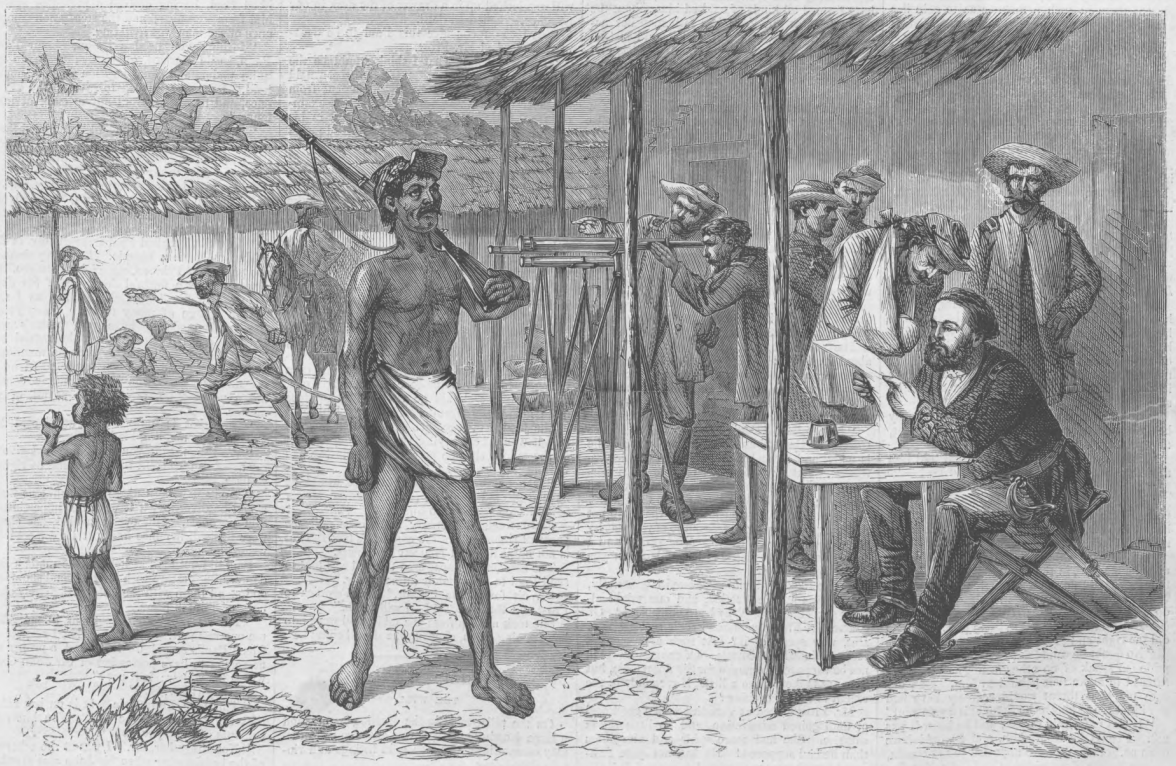
the like, we imagine will be quite as little disturbed by this Bull. There was a time when papal Bulls had very sharp horns, with which they could gore even kings and emperors—and, in fact, it was quite well in those days that such should be the case. But this poor Bull, turned loose three months ago, is a beast of a different sort. We assure all good people that he is quite harmless. By all means let him run through all the streets and roads of Christendom. It is not worth while even to drive him to the pound.

Meanwhile it is worth asking: Are Popes as well as Bourbons incapable of forgetting or learning any thing?

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

IN the February Number of *Harper's Magazine* General M'MAHON, our late Minister to Paraguay, gives a very interesting statement as to the causes of the war made upon that country by the Allies, and also as to the principles upon which the war has been conducted. He shows very clearly that, whatever we may think of President LOPEZ, the people of Paraguay have displayed the most remarkable heroism in the defense of their country against the monstrous designs of her enemies, and that they have maintained their enthusiasm to the very last, suffering unusual privations and immense loss of life on the battle-field, while witnessing the desolation of their homes and the devastation of their property by the invaders. We must refer our readers to this interesting paper for a detailed statement of the grievances of ill-fated Paraguay. In the mean while we give on this page two illustrations of the war, from sketches furnished by General M'MAHON.

President LOPEZ's head-quarters, as seen in one of these illustrations, were situated—when the sketch was made—six miles from Angostura, on the hill of Pikysyry. The buildings were of one story, thatched with straw, and arranged on three sides of a square, including an area of little more than an acre. The side nearest the river was occupied by LOPEZ. Under one of the sheds on this side were three large telescopes on tripods, through which, all day long, observations were taken of the enemy's movements, by aids, who reported from time to time to the President. These officers, when not engaged in their military duties, would amuse themselves by pitching coins. Their uniform consisted of a red flannel blouse, or a finer garment of dark blue cloth, handsomely trimmed with black or red, with pantaloons of blue or red cloth, and fatigue cap of the French model, with the gold-lace indica-



THE WAR IN PARAGUAY—HEAD-QUARTERS OF PRESIDENT LOPEZ.—[FROM A SKETCH BY GENERAL M'MAHON.]

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tions of rank. The head-quarters formed the centre of the Paraguayan position, and were intrenched on three sides, at a distance of about half a mile. This position was captured by the Allies, after a severe conflict, on the 27th of December, 1868; but LOPEZ had already retired to Cerro Leon, farther in the interior.

Shortly afterward Angostura was surrendered. But at Cerro Leon nothing was heard of the event until the evening of the day subsequent to its occurrence. Then there came to LOPEZ'S camp a boy-sergeant of fourteen years, dripping from the swamps, through which, for nearly thirty hours, he had swum and waded, and he told the humiliating story—how gun-boats had been sent with flags of truce and plausible messages from the allied chiefs; how Paraguayan deserters had misinformed the principal officers of the batteries, telling the old story, since periodically repeated, that LOPEZ was trying to escape to Bolivia; how at last the whole garrison, more than 2000, were marched out of their works, and suddenly ordered to stack arms in the hated presence of the enemy; and how he, with many others, scorning the surrender, betook himself to the swamps, and rested not until he stood before his chief. All this he told with streaming tears and voice almost choked with sobs.

With the fall of Angostura the river La Plata was lost to Paraguay; and not long afterward the abandoned capital, Asuncion, fell into the hands of the Allies.

WON.

If I could breathe my heart in speech,
It would, indeed, be all of you;
But all unworthy—for to reach
Your worth were more than words could do.

I love you. Let that one word be,
I can not strengthen it by more;
And yet I mean as much as he
Who lisps endearments by the score.

Those sweet eyes droop. Oh, Heaven! I hold
Your hand in mine. Can this, too, be
A dream, or am I overbold
In drawing you thus close to me?

E'en now I wake not; and this cheek
So near my lip. Love, love, may this
Indeed be true! Oh, do not speak!
My life is crowned with that one kiss.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT SAYS THE LAW?

MR. FROST'S cross-examination elicited more truth from Veronica than she had intended to tell, or than she was aware she had told. She had meant, indeed, to narrate the main facts of her case as they were; but at the same time to present them in such a manner as to gain her hearer's sympathies wholly for herself. She could not have spoken to the raggedest lazzarone without trying to make an effect; only in different cases she adopted different means for the attainment of the same end.

Mr. Frost read her like a book. For Mr. Frost's clear judgment was not dazzled by the glamour of her beauty. He was infatuatedly in love with another woman. He thought Georgina far handsomer and more stately than this girl. And how superbly indifferent she was to his feelings! He knew that her heart was as hard as the nether millstone. But he had taken the first downward step in his life to win her.

When a man like Mr. Frost has done so much to gain any object, he does not easily cease to prize it. That would be to acknowledge his whole life a failure; and Mr. Frost hated failure, and, more deeply still, he hated the *acknowledgment* of failure.

The natural bias of his mind being toward hard judgments, and his professional experience having taught him to expect evil, he had at first been more than half inclined to suspect Veronica of having known all along that Sir John was a married man, and of having been an accomplice in the commission of bigamy. But at last he satisfied himself that she had been duped.

"But still I do not quite understand why he should have run that risk," said Mr. Frost, thoughtfully.

"He ran no risk. His doctors had told him that he could not live a month. And I—I—"

"You importuned him, I suppose?"

"I did not importune Sir John. I never importuned him. And as to our marriage—he was bound by the most solemn obligations to make me his wife."

"Obligations which he never could have looked upon as binding, in the least; since *he* knew, although you did not, that his real wife was living. No, no; the 'solemn obligations' had nothing to do with it."

"But I had threatened to leave him, unless he did me right and justice."

"No doubt he would not have liked that. His pride (to speak of no other feeling) would have sufficed to make that painful to him. But, excuse me, that threat would scarcely have had any influence so long as he thought it a vain one!"

"It was not a vain threat; and he knew it was not. I could have left him, and I would have done so. I should have appealed to my cousin, Prince Cesare, for assistance and protection."

"Ay, ay, *that*, indeed! Jealousy, and resentment, and bitterness, and envy of the folks who are going to live after he was dead! Yes; and then he secured peace and quietness for himself at the last, and prevented your leaving him."

"And he thought he was snaring me!" said Veronica, her breath coming quickly, and her splendid brows creasing themselves near together. "He thought I was his dupe and his victim. He meant me to awaken to unspeakable shame and misery after he was dead. And he thought he was preparing an overwhelming disappointment for Cesare, too! Oh, it was devilish!"

Mr. Frost declined to enter into the question of Sir John's devilry.

"It is one of the strangest stories altogether that ever came under my notice," said he. "And we lawyers, of course, come in the way of strange stories; or they come in ours."

Veronica had had much to learn as well as to narrate. It will be remembered that she had received no communication from her old home since her flight. And almost the bitterest drop in her cup was the discovery of the identity of Sir John's forsaken wife with Maud's aunt, Lady Tallis.

It was so intolerably galling to her to think that her story must now be known and canvassed by all the people she knew! Had Sir John left a lawful wife in Spain, or Algiers, or Australia, there might (or so Veronica fancied) have been some hope that the world she cared to shine in would never have been made acquainted with the real circumstances. By skillful management they might have been kept back. But now there was no hope of that. Lady Tallis had belonged to a well-known family. People like Miss Betsy Boyce, whose after-dinner gossip at Lowater now came back vividly to Veronica's mind, would recall all the old story and industriously piece it on to the new one. It would be the town talk! The thought was distracting. For in proportion as Veronica could never be entirely happy without an audience to witness her happiness, so was the idea that she must have spectators of her humiliation and misfortune intolerable to her.

Evil that could be hidden did not seem so evil to Veronica.

She had clung during so many months to the hope of some day returning to England as Lady Gale, throughout the gradual progress of Sir John's illness she had suffered such fluctuations of hope and fear, that she felt as though some compensation were due to her.

Had she not been injured? Had she not suffered? As to others—what had others done for her? The good people had drawn off from her. (And *were* they so much better than she was, pray?—except Maud? Maud was good! She understood now, how it was that Maud had seemed to desert her, and had never answered her letter. But then Maud was different from any one else. Her aunt must have prevented her from writing.) And as for the bad people, they had been desperately bad to her.

These thoughts passed through her brain as she sat with her hands clasped before her, leaning back in the easy-chair wherein Cesare's care had placed her. And she looked full of a noble melancholy, with her dark eyes fixed abstractedly on vacancy, and her rich lips apart.

If Mr. Frost had seen her portrait faithfully reproducing that look and attitude, he would have formed all kinds of exalted ideas about the original. But Mr. Frost had fathomed her nature, as he flattered himself. She could cast no sorcery over *him!* And yet—and yet it is certain that he would not have behaved to her quite in the same manner if she had been fat, or freckled, or had lost her front teeth.

"Veronica!" said Cesare, timidly entering the room, "you promised to send for me. It is so long ago. I have been so anxious. Let me stay with you. You see, Mr. Frost, how exhausted she is. Ought she not to take some rest?"

"I had been resting since two o'clock, until Mr. Frost came," she answered, languidly. "It is not bodily rest I want!"

"You understand, my friend," pursued Barletti, addressing Mr. Frost, "that I am Miladi Gale's nearest male relative in Italy; and that I am, therefore, the proper person to give her every assistance and protection in the position in which she is so unexpectedly placed."

"Oh, undoubtedly, prince. Ahem! Your cousin naturally looks on you as standing in the place of a brother to her."

The most subtle of mocking smiles lurked about the lines of Mr. Frost's mouth as he spoke.

Cesare, with a grave bow, accepted the position assigned to him by the Englishman's phrase: wholly unconscious of its irony. But Veronica answered at once with disdainful frankness:

"Not so, Mr. Frost. I do not look on Prince Cesare de' Barletti as a brother. My cousin he is truly, and as such I have a claim on his protection. But it will be as well for you to understand at once that he is, moreover, my promised husband; and that our interests are identical. It will, doubtless, not surprise *you* that I do not think it necessary to condescend to any hypocrisy of grief at my widowhood. The prince and I do not hesitate to repose full confidence in you as our legal adviser."

Cesare took her hand and kissed it gratefully, but he was a little startled, and one might almost say, shocked. Why be so outspoken? Of course Mr. Frost understood their real position. But, why speak of it? At such a moment it seemed almost indecorous. Of course she could not be supposed to mourn for Sir John Gale, but why not make-believe a little, if even only to the extent of saying nothing?

Mr. Frost looked at Veronica with a good deal of undisguised admiration, and no little secret surprise. She had more spirit and cleverness than he had supposed! He had not quite fathomed her character after all!

And Veronica was perfectly sensible of the impression she had made.

"I suppose," she said, after a little pause, "that the best thing will be for me to go to London at once?"

"It will be well to do so as soon as possible," said Mr. Frost.

"Our good friend has no doubt of your getting your rights?" said Barletti, glancing from the lawyer to Veronica.

"Prince, we must speak to the point. The fact is, that the legality of your cousin's marriage will, in my judgment, depend entirely on the hour at which Lady Tallis Gale expired. If she died before the ceremony at Naples took place, the marriage is good. If she survived that ceremony—even by five minutes—!"

Mr. Frost finished his sentence by an expressive shrug. There was a dead silence.

At length Cesare said, "But the will, the property; that will be my cousin's? It must be!"

Mr. Frost slowly shook his head. "I have not seen the documents, but neither have you, nor has your cousin. And I do not disguise from you that, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, I think it likely that Sir John made that will prior to the ceremony on board the *Furibond*, intending really to bequeath his property to his real—to his first—wife."

"It would be monstrous! Infamous! Unheard of!" exclaimed Barletti, in much excitement.

"He was capable of it," said Veronica. Then she turned sharply on Barletti.

"Did I not tell you? Did I not warn you last night? I told you that I was sure all was not clear—that he meant to fool and delude me!"

Cesare looked blankly from one to the other. "Then," said he, at length, "my cousin will have nothing? Absolutely nothing?"

"Gently, prince," replied Mr. Frost. "You go too fast. The whole matter turns upon the legality of your cousin's marriage. If that marriage were good, any will made previous to it is null and void—mere waste paper. Marriage vitiates any former testamentary dispositions."

Veronica drew a long breath, and raised her eyes to the lawyer's face.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in a low voice; "then, if she—that woman—his—his wife, died before the hour of my marriage—?"

"In that case your marriage was legal; Sir John must be held to have died intestate; and you, as his widow (there being no child to inherit), will take your legal share of the personal property. No inconsiderable fortune, I apprehend."

"But," persisted Cesare, who could not relinquish the idea that Sir John had meant to make some kind of restitution, and to whom the idea of a dying man doing deliberate evil was horrible: "but I think he did mean to leave Veronica the money!"

"You think! Bah! You are mad!" cried Veronica, in a tone of exquisite irritation, throwing herself into a chair. She had been pacing up and down. Her face was worn and haggard, her eyes were swollen, her hands fevered.

"The only way to decide the question," said Mr. Frost, "would be to see the will. Who has the custody of it?"

"Paul—the valet I spoke of—has the keys of his master's desk in his own possession. The will was locked up in a drawer of the desk in our presence," replied Barletti.

"Ay! You consider this Paul to be trustworthy?" asked Mr. Frost.

"I will tell you what I think would be the best thing," said Cesare. "If Mr. Frost would undertake to see us remove the document from the place where it was put last night, and examine it, and then seal it up, and keep it in his own possession, until we go to England; that would be quite satisfactory."

Mr. Frost had no objection to do so, and at Barletti's request rang the bell to summon Paul.

"Cesare," whispered Veronica, as the lawyer turned to the other side of the room to reach the bell, "I need not—it will not be necessary for me—I—I *can not* go in there!"

"My Treasure, I think it would be best if you could stand at the door for a moment even! It will be but for a moment."

Barletti did not know but that the omission of some trifling precaution might imperil the possession of the property. He had a vague idea that the law was a ticklish and complicated machine, something like a conjuror's paraphernalia, in the handling of which great nicety and cunning were required, lest by the touching of a wrong spring, or the non-touching of a right one, the instrument should go wrong, and produce quite unexpected results. He really had faith in the justice of Veronica's cause, and deemed that it would be a crying shame to deprive her of the money that he persisted in believing had been bequeathed to her.

But none the more for that faith would he have neglected any wile that the wiliest lawyer could have suggested to him.

Blunt-fingered Honesty will never pull the yards of ribbon out of the conjuror's box. That is not blunt-fingered Honesty's business.

The servant who answered the bell was told to send Paul to the boudoir immediately.

"Wait for me an instant," said Veronica to Frost and Barletti. "I—I will come."

She took a lamp from the table, and went into her dressing-room, shutting the door behind her.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WILL.

ON the toilet-table in the dressing-room stood a large dressing-case. It was open, so as to display ostentatiously its rich gold fittings and violet velvet lining.

Veronica selected one of the crystal bottles it contained, and turned its contents into a drinking-goblet; but only a drop or two dripped out. The liquid it had contained was eau de cologne. She poured a little water into the goblet, and drank it off; but there was scarcely enough eau de cologne to flavor the water.

Impatiently she searched about, opening another case that stood near, and then shaking a wicker-covered flask that lay uncorked on a side-table. It was quite empty.

After a minute's hesitation she took up the lamp again, and hastened very noiselessly through her bedroom into a corridor, and so to the dining-room. The large room was empty. The cloth was still spread. The plates, dishes, and glasses were just as they had been left after dinner on the preceding evening, when Veronica and Cesare had dined tête-à-tête, before the making of Sir John's will. The machine-like regularity of the household service had been terribly interrupted since then.

The air was close, and there was a faint sickening smell of fruit, and of the lees of stale wine in the room.

Veronica peered about, holding her lamp up so as to throw its light here and there in the great shadowy space, and moving with a kind of stealthy hurry. On the side-board stood a row of bottles and decanters. She examined them one by one. They were mostly uncorked, and some were nearly empty. On the ground beside the side-board was a large plated ice-pail, and in it was a small bottle of Champagne. She set down her lamp, knelt on the floor, and took out the bottle all dripping from the melted ice. It was corked, and she had no means of opening it. For a moment she listened intently, turning her head toward the main door of the saloon. There was no sound to be heard. Then all at once she rose, seized a tumbler from the table, and broke off the neck of the bottle by striking it sharply across the rim of the ice-pail. The foaming wine poured out over the floor, and over her hands, and some of it half filled the tumbler. She drank it desperately, as though it had been some draught on which her life depended. Then having thrown the broken flask back into the ice-pail and replaced the tumbler on the table, she hastened back breathlessly to her dressing-room.

Her going and return had occupied but a few minutes. In her confused haste she was hardly conscious how long it was since she had left the boudoir. But when she re-entered it, Paul had only just made his appearance in presence of the two gentlemen.

"You have the key of Sir John Gale's desk, Paul, have you not?" said Barletti.

"Of the desk that stands in his bedchamber? Yes, Signor Principe."

"We wish to open it to take out the testament which your master read to us last night, and which you signed."

Paul very quietly raised his left hand, and put the thumb and forefinger of it into his waistcoat pocket. Having done so he made no further movement, but stood looking gravely and silently at Barletti.

"Well," said the latter, impatiently, "where is the key?"

"It is here, illustrissimo," said Paul, very respectfully, but still not attempting to produce the key.

Barletti colored with anger. He had never liked Paul, having derived a prejudice against him from Veronica; and the steady non-compliance of the man was irritating.

"I think you need a lesson, Signor Paolo Paoli," said Barletti, haughtily; "you do not quite understand your position in this household. I recommend you to give up the key at once, and to refrain from any attempt at insolence."

"Insolence, Signor Principe!" exclaimed Paul, genuinely shocked at the accusation. "Pardon, illustrissimo, I never was insolent in my life. I know my duty to my superiors. But—"

"The man has some scruple, some hesitation, in giving up the key; is that it?" asked Mr. Frost, who had been watching both the interlocutors attentively.

"Yes, Sir," replied Paul immediately, in English. "I have a scruple. I humbly demand the pardon of Prince Cesare; but you see, Sir, I was always a faithful domestic of Sir John Gale. And Sir John Gale left me, as I may say, in charge of many things. Now, Prince Cesare demands to have my master's will. Prince Cesare" (Paul made a deferential bow in Barletti's direction every time he mentioned his name) "was doubtless a respected friend of my master; but not a brother, not a cousin, not a nephew, not any relative at all, of my master."

"No; that is quite true, Paul," said Mr. Frost, gently nodding his head.

"Well then, Sir; you see, how can I give up my master's testament to one who has no right—you see, Sir?"

"Paul's new-born nicety of scrupulous honor would be diverting, if it were not impertinent," said Veronica. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were flushed, her face had lost its dragged and weary lines.

Paul did not look at her, but he made a little deprecating gesture with his head and shoulders, and stood there with the mild, melancholy obstinacy of a dumb beast.

"Pardon me," Mr. Frost put in. "Allow me one moment. I must say that I respect our friend Paul's scruples. But, Paul, a proper and fit person to have possession of Sir John Gale's will is his widow; is it not?"

"His—widow, Sir?"

"This lady, Lady Gale. It is on her behalf that we wish to see the will. You know the contents of it, do you not?"

"Not altogether, Sir. I was at the other end of the bedchamber when Sir John was speaking to miladi and the Signor Principe, and Sir John's voice was very low; very low indeed, Sir."

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"But you had previously signed the will as a witness, I am told."

"Yes, Sir, I was witness; but my master did not inform me what was in the will."

"And was there no other witness but yourself?"

"There was yet another, Sir. Sir John did not like that any of his own servants should be witness, so he told me to get a loyal person to sign the testament. Sir John wished he should be English, that other person. So I found a man who had brought horses here for a gentleman; and this man was going back to England; and before he went, I asked him one evening to supper with me, and then Sir John signed the testament, and I signed it, and the other witness signed it. The man can be found, Sir. Sir John made him leave his name and address in my care, and I have them."

Every word that Paul uttered fed Veronica's rising indignation.

Barletti understood very little of what was being said; but he watched Veronica's face, and reflected its expression unconsciously.

"Ha! Yes, yes; very systematic," muttered Mr. Frost. Then he asked aloud, "How long is this ago, Paul?"

"About a fortnight ago, Sir. The Signor Principe may remember the date. It was three days after the morning when I saw him and miladi in the Villa Reale."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Frost. "That's decisive. A fortnight ago. There *may*, however, be a codicil added later."

Veronica's mind was less impressed by this fact than by the other one admitted by Paul, that he had watched her and Barletti in the Villa Reale.

"You have the audacity to confess—" she broke out in high excitement. But Mr. Frost stopped her.

"Pray, Madam," he said, gravely, "do not let us allow anger to enter into our discussion of this matter."

There was a short silence.

At length Paul said, bluntly, addressing Mr. Frost: "Were you a friend of my master's, Sir? Did you know him well?"

"I am an English lawyer, Paul. My name is Frost. You have heard my name mentioned here. You have, eh? Well, I am that same Mr. Frost. I did not know Sir John Gale personally; but you may be sure that in allowing your master's will to be inspected in my presence you are running no risk of failing in your duty."

Paul looked somewhat reassured, though he still hesitated. "May I say one word to you, Sir?" he whispered.

Mr. Frost stepped with him outside the door, which Paul closed and held in his hand while he spoke.

"Sir," said he, "she is not his wife. You see, I knew it all along, but it was not for me to interfere. How could I? I am but a domestic. But the parents—the relations, I mean—of Sir John in England will know very well who has a right to the property. I say nothing against miladi, but the truth is, that Sir John was angry with her for some time before he died. Now why does she want the will, Sir? If there is any thing left to her in it she will get it safely by the law."

Paul emphasized his speech by a prolonged and grave shaking of his head from side to side.

"Paul," said Mr. Frost, after a moment's deliberation, "miladi, as you call her, *was* married to Sir John Gale." Then he told him in a few words when and where the ceremony had been performed.

Paul remembered the expedition to the ship of war, and how ill and exhausted his master had been after it. He was much astonished by Mr. Frost's statement, and reiterated his assertion that Sir John had been very angry with "miladi" before he died. How was it then that he had made her his wife at the eleventh hour?

It appeared clear to Mr. Frost that Paul had no suspicion of the existence of a former wife, or of any fraudulent intention on the part of his late master.

"At all events I suppose you believe my word, do you not?" said Mr. Frost. "The marriage on board the man-of-war I have reason to be sure did take place."

"Oh, no doubt, Sir!"

"And remember, Paul, although I perfectly appreciate your fidelity to the interests of your late master, that you have no conceivable right to retain possession of that key when Lady Gale bids you give it up."

"I am sure, Sir, I desire nothing but to do my duty. Sir John was hard in some things, but he has done a great deal for me. He took me from being a courier to be his valet; and he gave me a liberal salary, Sir, and I have been able from my sparings to do well for my family. I could not go against my duty to Sir John, Sir!"

There was absolutely a quiver of emotion in Paul's well-regulated voice as he spoke. He was so fond of his boys in the Piedmontese hills, that Sir John, from constant connection with them in his mind, had attracted some soft sentiments of Paul's to his own share. And besides: under the little man's grave imperturbability there was quite a feminine power of becoming attached to that which needed him, in proportion as it was unattractive to the rest of the world. He had often told himself that if he were to leave Sir John, the latter would never get any one to serve him so well. For Sir John was a terribly hard gentleman, to say truth! During Sir John's lifetime Paul had occasionally come nigh to finding him intolerable. But now that he was dead, the man actually missed and mourned for his daily plagues.

"Have you succeeded in making my servant understand that he will have to obey me, Mr. Frost?" asked Veronica, when the two men reopened the door of the boudoir.

"Paul quite understands," said Mr. Frost, quietly.

Barletti looked angry, but he gave his arm to Veronica without making any remark, and they all descended the stairs to the ground-floor, on which Sir John's bedroom was situated.

"Go on, Paul, and open the door," said Mr. Frost. Then, as the servant obeyed him, he fell back a step or two, and said in a low voice to Barletti and Veronica: "If you will take my advice you will conciliate Paul. He is honest, I think. And it might come to pass that you would be glad to have him on your side."

"Conciliate him!" echoed Veronica, with a frown and a cruel compression of her red lips. "I would turn him into the street this moment. He should not be another night beneath this roof if I could have my way."

"Cara mia! Per pieta! Be reasonable!" whispered Barletti, on whom the lawyer's warning produced a strong effect.

Paul unlocked the door of the dead man's chamber, and, holding a lamp high above his head, stood aside just within the threshold to let the others pass. All traces of disorder had been removed from the room. It was dim and still. The one oil lamp that burned there threw deep shadows on the walls, and faintly illumined the objects that immediately surrounded its pale flame. The floor was covered with a thick carpet into which the foot sank noiselessly. Gleams of gold shone out mysteriously here and there; and a soft glow of ruby velvet from the furniture and hangings made itself seen in the dimness, where some salient fold caught the light. At one end of the room was a large swing glass that reflected the blinking lamp and the rich dark curtains touched here and there with light, and the bed with its vague, ghastly burden covered with a large white sheet.

Veronica, when her eyes encountered this object in the glass, stopped, shuddering, and clung to Barletti's arm. He, too, was not unmoved by the scene, and he pressed her hand silently.

"No one watches here?" said Mr. Frost, in a subdued voice, which yet seemed to startle the solemn silence.

"No one, Sir. But I have the key of the chamber. And, as for that, not one of the domestics would venture to come here now if the room was all unguarded and unreckoned gold was scattered on the floor."

In silence they proceeded to open the desk—Mr. Frost holding the light while Paul unlocked it, opened an inner drawer, and took out a small, folded paper.

"You recognize this as being the paper which your master told you was his will, and made you sign? And you see that, as far as you can tell, it has been quite undisturbed since you put it there, by his command, last night?"

"Yes, Sir?"

"And you, prince?" asked Mr. Frost, handing the will to Barletti.

The latter bent forward and examined it, without touching it. Veronica barely glanced at it for a moment, and then her gaze returned to that white, ghastly picture in the mirror, which seemed to fascinate her.

"I believe it to be the same paper which he had in his hand last night," said Barletti, speaking scarcely above his breath.

Mr. Frost unfolded the will and read it silently.

It bore date the seventeenth of February, and was expressed in short and clear sentences. It bequeathed the whole of Sir John Tallis Gale's personal property absolutely to his "beloved wife" during her lifetime; and, in case of her death before the death of the testator, to her only surviving niece, Maud Hilda Desmond. There was no subsequent codicil, and no mention of any one else, save a legacy of two thousand pounds to Mr. Adam Lane, Sir John's agent, who was also appointed sole executor.

"What does it say?" whispered Barletti.

"What it says is of less consequence than the date it bears. If your cousin's marriage was a good one, this will is mere waste paper."

Then, turning to Paul, Mr. Frost added: "In accordance with Lady Gale's desire, I shall by-and-by, in your presence, seal up this document, and retain it in my possession until we all arrive in England. You understand that I am responsible for its safety until then."

Paul answered, after a little grave deliberation: "Of course, Sir, I desire to do my duty to Sir John. I hope you will not take it *per male*—that you will not be offended—if I say that I shall write to Mr. Lane, the agent of Sir John. I do not know any of my master's family; but I shall tell Mr. Lane that I am ready to bear testimony if I am needed."

"That is quite right, Paul," answered Mr. Frost, a little stiffly. "You may be sure that every thing will be done in a proper manner."

Then Paul proceeded to replace the empty drawer, and to re-lock the desk; and, as he did so, making no sound in the process, the others stood by in profound silence. It was a silence truly of death. Death was there in a tangible shape beneath the cold white linen that was slightly raised, with an outline at once terribly unmistakable and terribly indistinct.

Veronica had not dared to look directly at the bed, but she continued to stare at its image in the glass. All her old horror and dread of death seemed to be stealing over her. The factitious excitement which had given her courage to enter the room was fading fast. Her head throbbed, and her eyes were hot, and she felt dizzy. The impression of the awful scene during Sir John's last moments seemed to come back to her with the sickening terror of a bad dream.

In coming away from the desk Paul accidentally gave a slight touch to the great glass, and it instantly swung to a different angle—making one who looked into it giddy with a sudden vague sense of insecurity.

As the mirror swung slowly down, it seemed to Veronica's eyes as though the white form on the bed were stirring and rising.

"He moves, he moves! he is not dead, he is moving!" she cried. And with a stifled shriek that died in her throat, she burst from Cesare, who was scarcely less horror-stricken than herself, and rushed into the corridor, where, after a few paces, she fell down heavily in a swoon.

ABOUT CATS.

THE cat is such a universal animal that perhaps a few rambling remarks about "Pussy" may not be out of place. We should like to know why cats are as much underrated as they usually are. The dog is a companion of man, but not much more so than the cat; and yet, while every body is fond of his dog, and is ready with anecdotes to show Pompey's intelligence, how many have a good word for the poor cat? Now this is hardly fair: the cat is as affectionate in her way as the dog, and, to our thinking, her liking for man and her confidence in him are more wonderful, and deserve more to be encouraged than the same qualities in the dog, for they come naturally to him and not to her. A cat is originally so timid and jealous, that it has first to overcome its natural instinct to fly from man; while the dog can not help seeking him, and loving him as a friend and companion. Don't think, reader, that we dislike or despise dogs; our poor old blinking Scotch terrier knows better. But we are just now bent on doing a little justice to cats. Why, the poor things have not even individualizing names! They are all called "Puss." Here and there, we admit, there is a Dick or a Peter, and they are spoken of as "Toms;" but as a rule they are called Puss. Perhaps they don't know that ingenuity has been exhausted to find fresh and attractive names for dogs, and they would naturally feel aggrieved if they did; and what makes it still more unfair is, that as far as they are concerned they would be happy to answer to any other names if they had a chance.

French cats are not called Puss, they are commonly called "Minnie;" and it is related of a late eminent English prelate that, while staying at a French hotel, he had tried to coax a cat to him by calling "Puss! Puss!" as he had been used. He was informed that he must call "Minnie;" he did so, and the cat came at once, extorting from the bishop an exclamation of surprise at even the very cats understanding French.

All sorts of things are said about cats. Even Shakspeare, who ought to have known better, repeats the proverb which says they are afraid to wet their feet; but it is not true. A cat probably does not like to wet its paws; but if any end is to be compassed, she will do it readily enough. We knew a cat who would sit for hours together on the cold stones, exposed to the occasional dripping of the old-fashioned water-butt, because a rat's paw happened to be protruded every now and then from a hole in the sink close by.

Cats are uncommonly sagacious, and they seem at times to reason from cause to effect. We remember one Tom-cat, a fine, intelligent-looking fellow, and consequently a great pet, who took objection to his mistress's working so much with her needle; having doubtless observed that when she was so employed no notice was taken of him. He accordingly hit upon the plan of stealing her housewife, and hiding it under the carpet; and this practice he continued steadily until he was one day summarily chastised. We have known several cats which had taught themselves to open doors fastened by a latch—a feat which would certainly be thought clever in a dog. Sometimes, we admit, Pussy steals; but then she is so ingenious about it that she ought to be forgiven. One cat, we remember, was very fond of eggs, and having noticed how they were broken, used to mount the dresser, and push with her paws till she got one out of the basket in which they were kept; she would then roll it off the dresser on to the floor, when of course it cracked, and she could leisurely devour it. She gave great uneasiness to the servants until her sagacity was discovered, as no one could account for the mysterious disappearance of the eggs.

It is often said, to show how inferior one creature is to the other, that you can not get a cat to follow you like a dog. Well, as we before observed, their natures are different; but a great deal can be effected by kindness in this respect. A young lady, who lived in a very retired part of the country, used, when at home for her holidays, to walk to the village post-office for the letters. At such times her cortége consisted of two dogs and three favorite cats, and these would accompany her across the fields all the way to the village, a distance of more than two miles. Again, some people declare that cats have only local, not personal, attachments. It is said, for instance, that they will not remove with a family to a new house; but this notion most of my readers can contradict for themselves. Probably the idea derived its chief support from the remarkable power cats have of finding their way to their old homes; which power every one who has tried to "lose" a cat must have discovered. A certain gentleman once owned a favorite black cat, which became afflicted with the mange; and having made up his mind to drown it—(he would not trust any one else with the office of executioner but himself)—inclosed poor Peter in a bag with several heavy stones, and carried him to a deep stream at a considerable distance, and threw him in. To his master's horror, puss burst the bag in his struggles, and swimming to the steep bank crept into a drain which discharged itself into the stream. His master went home, much grieved to think what hardships his favorite might suffer; but about six hours after, as he was leaving the house, he felt something rub against his legs, and, looking down, he beheld poor Peter! How the cat had found its way back no one could guess.

With kindly usage, cats will live a long time. We have known a stray cat live eighteen years in the house to which she attached herself; but what her age was when she came there no one knew. White cats have the peculiarity of being always deaf. This is strange but true—indeed, it is a rule with scarcely an exception. We once saw a white cat which was only "hard of hearing," but she was considered a curiosity.

And now, let us beg our young readers never to ill-treat or make furious a cat, both for the cat's sake and for their own. From what cause it is so we know not, but the bite or scratch of a cat is exceedingly dangerous, and very difficult to heal. One man who was bitten and clawed by a cat had every separate laceration, as he thought, canterized; but he had omitted one, scarcely visible, on his wrist, and when last we heard of him his arm, from this trivial injury, had swollen to double its size right up to the shoulder, and was so fearfully inflamed that the worst consequences were to be feared. Almost any neighborhood will supply similar instances, and a cat given to biting and scratching should always be destroyed.

Below stairs the cat is invaluable, not only for the rats and mice that she devours, but also for the sake of the servants. Indeed her back is broad enough to bear all that is put upon it; and we all know that whenever any thing is missed or broken, and the question comes to be asked who took it, or who broke it, the ready answer is, invariably, "The cat did it!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"MUGGINS, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?" "The *chol*-era," gasped Muggins, with a spasmodic shudder.

OLD RHYMES REWRITTEN.

LADS AND LASSES.

Boys and girls now never play,
That all belongs to another day.
They flirt and quiz and go to the ball,
Or lounge in opera-box or stall.
They mount the ladder, and think it fine
With all the big quality-folks to dine.

BELLE BELL.

Poor Miss Bell
Is not very well.
What makes her so?
A runaway beau—
Was not he a naughty man
His heels to show?

TO A SHAREHOLDER OF THE ——.

Goosey goosey Gander,
What'll he do, I wonder,
Up shares, down shares,
Not a bit of candor.
Catch me the director
Who ruined his affairs;
If not the right leg
Seize on the left leg,
Poor shareholder has nothing left
But toils, trials, and cares.

DEDICATED TO THE WEAKNESS OF THE FORCE.

Constable Horner
Hid in a corner,
Acting as Christmas spy;
He smiled on the cook,
And his dinner he took,
Saying, "What a p'liceman am I!"

"Is your master at home?" "No, Sir; he's out." "Mistress at home?" "No, Sir; *she's* out." "Then I'll step in and sit by the fire." "That's out too."

A minister traveling along a Texas road met a stranger driving his wagon, which was drawn by four oxen. As the minister approached, he heard the driver say: "Get up, Presbyterian! Gee, Campbellite! Haw, Baptist! What are you doing, Methodist?" The minister, struck with the singularity of such names being given to oxen, remarked: "Stranger, you have strange names for your oxen, and I wish to know why they have such names given to them?" The driver replied: "I call that lead-ox in front Presbyterian because he is true blue, and never falls. He believes in pulling through every difficult place, persevering to the end; and then he knows more than all the rest. The one by his side I call Campbellite; he does very well when you let him go on his way, until he sees water, and then all the world could not keep him out of it, and there he stands as if his journey had ended. This off-ox is a real Baptist, for he is all the time after water, but is constantly looking on one side and then on the other, and at every thing that comes near him. The other, which I call Methodist, makes a great noise and a great ado, and you would think he was pulling all creation, but he don't pull a pound."

A WIDOW "YOUNG IN HER WEEDS."

Her shawl was as sable as night,
And her gloves were as dark as her shawl;
And her jewels, that flashed in the night,
Were black as a funeral pall.
Her robe had the hue of the rest
(How nicely it fitted her shape!),
And the grief that was heaving her breast
Boiled over the billows of crape.
I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing her conjugal duty
Entirely regardless of cost.

SENTIMENTAL.—"I am, indeed, very much afraid of lightning," murmured a pretty young girl, during a storm. "And well you may be," sighed the despairing lover, "for your heart is made of steel."

Recently a rector of a parish in Toledo, Ohio, in catechising his Sunday-school, asked: "Where did the wise men come from?" Without a moment's hesitation the answer came from a little five-year-old: "*From Boston!*" The father and mother of the little catechumen are natives of the Bay State.

HAIR-OIL FOR HORSES.—The following recipe for making hair-oil for horses is "going the rounds:" R. (take.) Brushus et curricombus—ad libitum; elbow grease—quantum sufficius; blanketisus—first ratus; stablus (in winter)—warmus; fodderus—never say dictus, but mealus et oatus; exercisus—non compromisus. The effect will be: coatus shinus; appetitus wolfitus; muscularitus, two-forty-itus.

A gentle Quaker had two horses, a very good and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, it turned out that his better half had taken the good one. "What!" said a sneering bachelor, "how comes it that you let your wife ride the better horse?" The only reply was: "Friend, when thee be married thee'll know."

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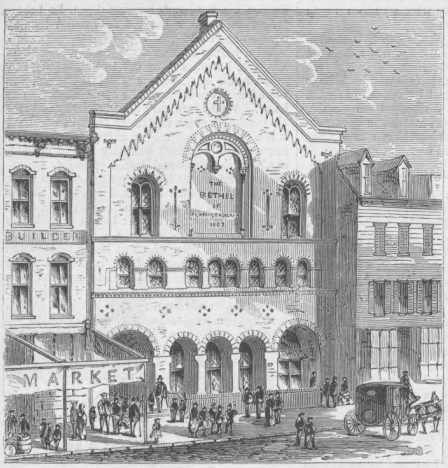
THE BROOKLYN BETHEL.



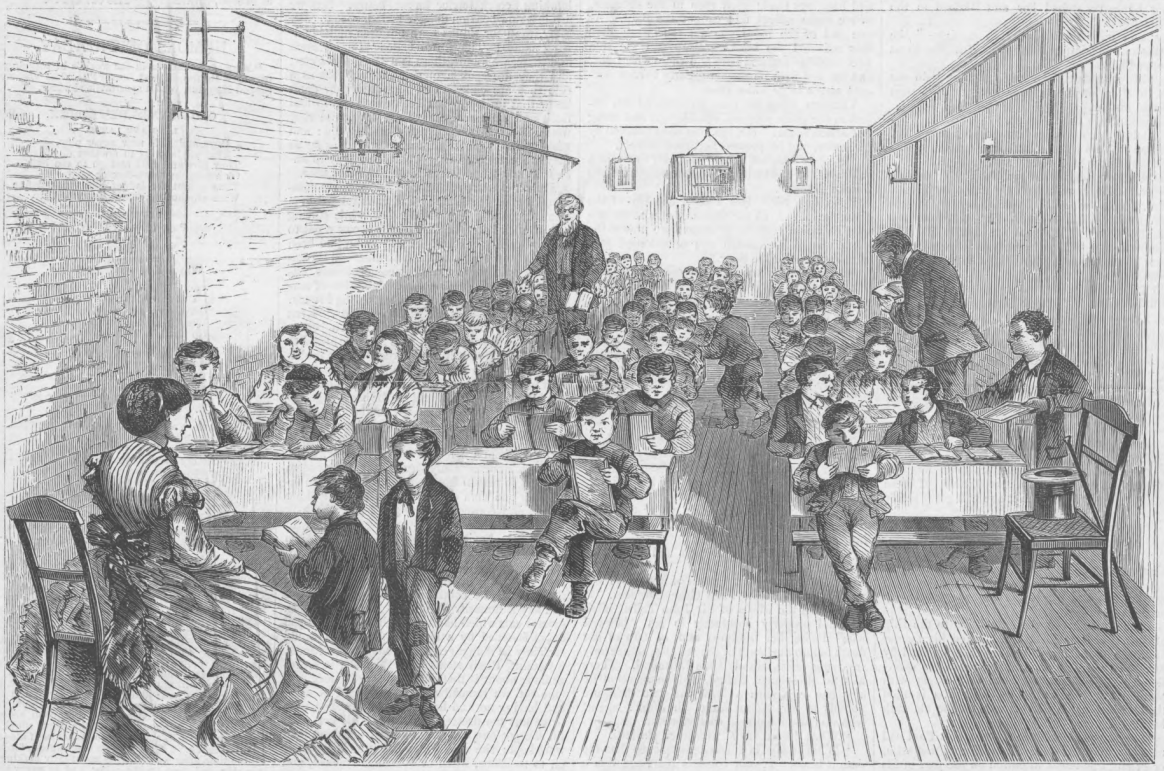
THE BROOKLYN BETHEL.

As every one of the many thousands of castaways and criminals that infest our streets and burden society was once an innocent boy or girl whom Christian kindness and proper training might have saved from ruin, such an institution as the Brooklyn Bethel should be regarded as one of the most beneficent and important of Christian charities. It is founded on the sound principle that prevention is better than cure; and though it has been in existence but a few years, it has already more than fulfilled the expectations of those who have established and sustained it.

Originally started as a mission Sunday-school, for the benefit of the children of the very poor, it soon assumed larger proportions, chiefly under the generous patronage of Plymouth Church, and now, as shown by the illustrations on this page, possesses a handsome and attractive building, with well-furnished reading-rooms, library, etc., where the children of the poor can assemble every night in the week for instruction and innocent amusement. The founders of the Bethel wisely aim to make the institution attractive. All the rooms present a cheerful appearance, are furnished with an eye to comfort and taste, the walls hung with pictures, and the library and reading-room supplied with papers, magazines, and books especially adapted to the wants of working people.

The Bethel was popular from the start. Every night the reading-rooms are filled with men and boys; and the evening classes for study are

THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE WASH-ROOM.



THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE READING-ROOM.

so crowded that numbers are turned away from want of room to seat them. It is especially popular with boys. Every evening, for half an hour before the time of opening, the doors are besieged by an army of eager and impatient urchins clamorous for admission. On entering, they are first conducted to the wash-room, where plentiful supplies of water, soap, and towels are provided, and each one is compelled to make himself fairly presentable before being admitted to the other rooms. Boys who never washed before now scrub themselves vigorously every evening, and, besides learning the lesson which is next to godliness, many of them become very fastidious in the use of comb and brush. From the wash-room they disperse—some to the reading-room, some to the checker-room, some to the evening classes. The average attendance is nearly three hundred; and it is noticed that those who come once rarely fail to attend several times a week; and many never miss an evening.

During the winter season a series of popular entertainments is given at the Bethel. The programme comprises concerts, lectures, readings, exhibitions, etc. The concerts and stereopticon exhibitions have always been largely attended; but the lectures have been less popular. A small entrance fee to these entertainments is charged, but every thing else is free. A large Sunday-school is connected with the Bethel, with a membership of nearly nine hundred boys and girls. Besides a large force of teachers, the Bethel employs a regular missionary to visit the parents of these children and render assistance in cases of

THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE BOYS' CHECKER-ROOM.

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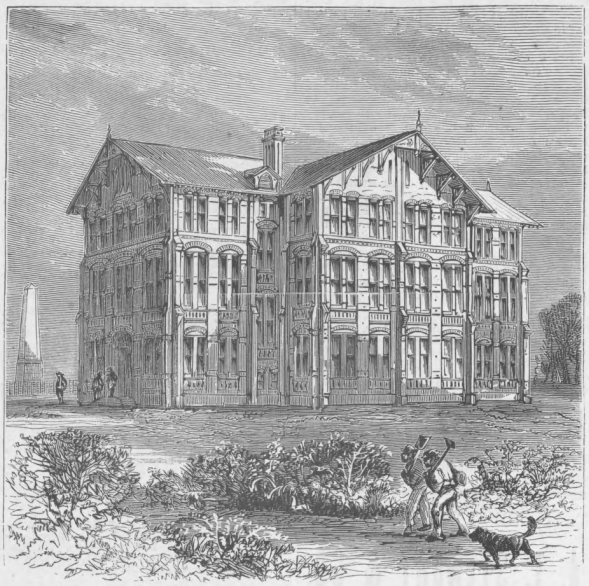


NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

sickness and destitution. In this way many families are brought under good influences, and parents as well as children are saved from ruin. It would be well for New York if institutions like the Brooklyn Bethel were established in every part of the city populated by the poorer classes. The working-people appreciate such attempts to provide instruction and amusement for them, and show that they are ready to leave the low theatre, the dance-house, and the bar-room just as fast as moral and rational means of recreation are opened to them.

THE HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

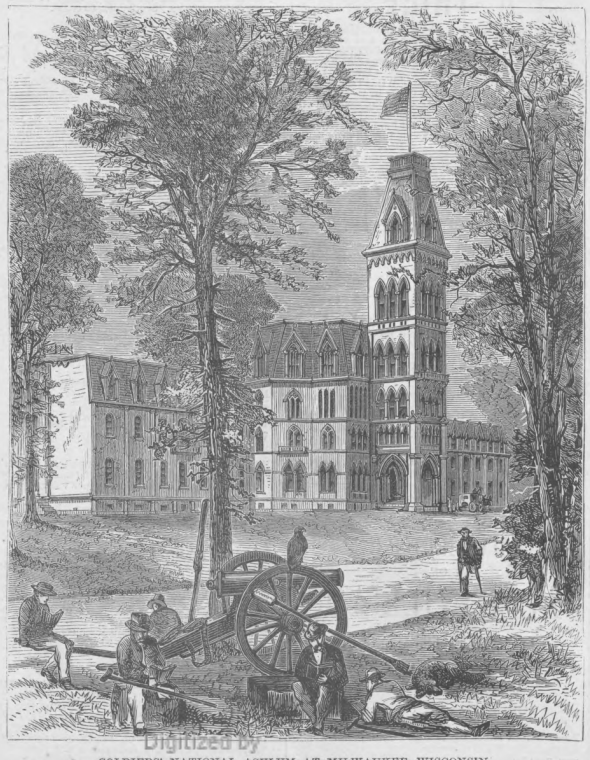
THIS institution, of which a view will be found on this page, is located in Hampton, Virginia, within sight of Fortress Monroe. It was established in 1868, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, for the purpose of preparing youth of the South, without distinction of color, for the work of organizing and instructing schools in the Southern States. The extreme poverty of those who needed such an institution, and the value of self-help as a means of culture and true manhood, induced the Association to purchase a farm of one hundred and twenty acres and provide it with all appliances of profitable labor. The farm lies upon Hampton Roads. The school and home buildings, valued at $50,000, occupy a beautiful site upon the shore. They are so furnished and arranged as to offer to the students the helps to right living which belong to a cultivated Christian home. In the farm-work, under the constant direction of an educated practical farmer, the graduates of this institution will have learned both the theory and practice of the most profitable methods of agriculture. The female students do all the house-work of the boarding department. Thus in the home, on the farm, and in the schoolroom the students have the opportunity to learn the three great lessons of life—how to live, how to labor, and how to teach others. There are at present about 80 pupils at the Institute. The terms of tuition are merely nominal; and, to meet the necessities of the Institute, the managers solicit temporary endowments for scholarships yielding $85 for males, and $100 for females. All labor performed on the farm by the inmates is paid for at rates varying from four to twelve cents an hour.

THE NEW GERMAN CLUB-HOUSE IN FORTY-SECOND STREET.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.
[SEE PAGE 78.]

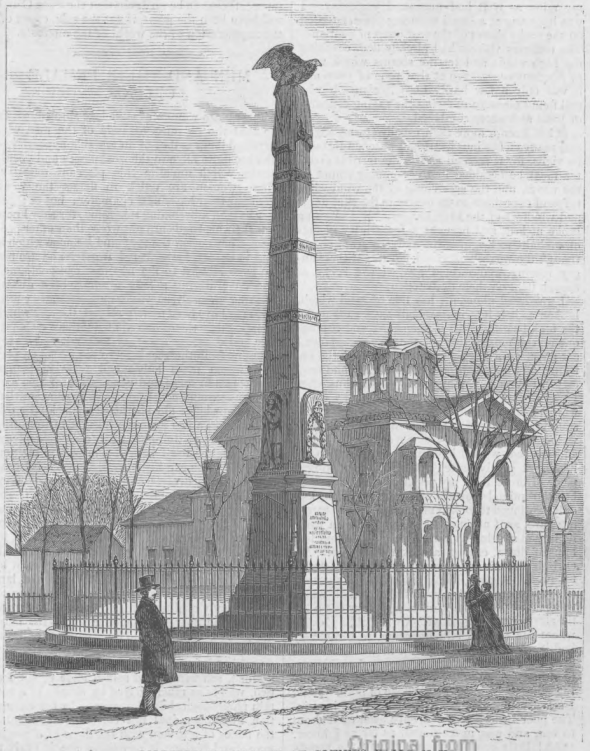
NATIONAL ASYLUM FOR SOLDIERS.

ON this page we give a view of the National Asylum for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, erected near Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The grounds on which it is built comprise about four hundred acres, laid out with taste as a park immediately around the main edifice, and affording ample opportunity for such light outdoor work as the condition of the inmates will allow them to perform, and for which they receive pay. Soldiers admitted to this asylum are not obliged to surrender their pensions, are well cared for in every respect, and subjected to such discipline only as is required to preserve order and promote the health and moral well-being of all the inmates.

The main building is cruciform in shape, with a front of 300 feet and a depth of 280 feet. Two wings are to be added, to complete the original design, one at each end, with a projection to the front corresponding to the centre, and having the same elevation. The building is constructed with Milwaukee brick on a stone foundation, and, as may be seen from our illustration, is a very handsome specimen of architecture. The cost of the completed building will be about $230,000. The arrangements and general management of this institution are under the control of a Board, of whom the President of the United



SOLDIERS' NATIONAL ASYLUM, AT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT GLENN'S FALLS, N. Y.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. R. STODDARD, GLENN'S FALLS. [SEE PAGE 78.]

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States, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and the Secretary of War, are ex-officio members, Major-General BUTLER President, and General MARTINDALE and JAY COOK, Esq., Vice-Presidents. The number of men in the asylum is now about 250; with the hospital it affords accommodations for about 1000 inmates. The situation is one of the most delightful and salubrious in the country.

THE NEW GERMAN CLUB-HOUSE.

ON page 77 we give a view of the new German Club-house, recently erected for the Harmonic Social Club in Forty-second Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Exteriorly it is a structure of very handsome appearance, and the internal arrangements are befitting the requirements of the wealthy and cultivated organization for whose accommodation the building was erected. Its cost, not including the land, was a quarter of a million dollars. The architect was Mr. HENRY FERNBACH. The lot is one hundred and four feet front, and one hundred feet deep; the building eighty feet front and one hundred feet deep. Twenty feet are reserved on the Fifth Avenue side for a summer garden and arbor, to be planted with vines and flowers; with refreshment-tables at the sides and a fountain in the centre.

The Club, composed principally of Germans, is limited to four hundred members. During the winter season concerts, balls, and other social entertainments are given under its patronage. The officers are: *President*, M. SIMONSFELD, Jun.; *Vice-President*, JOSEPH RAU; *Secretaries*, H. COHN, JULIUS LEHMAIER; *Treasurer*, JULIUS BINGE.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT GLENN'S FALLS.

A fine monument, of which we give an engraving on page 77, was recently erected at Glenn's Falls, New York, by the town of Queensbury, to the memory of her sons who fell in the war for the Union. The structure is of Nova Scotia freestone, and is composed of a solid die resting on a triple base, from which rises a banded shaft. Within the bands are engraved the names of twelve prominent battle-fields of the late war. Over the top of the shaft are draped the national colors, clutched in the talons of an eagle that surmounts the whole. The total height of the structure is forty-six feet.

At the base of the shaft, on the west side, stands the life-size figure of an officer; on the reverse that of a private soldier. On the die underneath these figures are engraved the names of the officers and soldiers to whose memory the monument was erected. On the tablets of the die appropriate inscriptions are engraved. The monument, which was erected under the superintendence of Mr. R. T. BAXTER, of Glenn's Falls, is a credit to the taste of the beautiful village where it stands.

A WAIF.

I CAN recall neither the day nor the hour, but the incident I am about to relate is as fresh in my mind as if it had happened yesterday. I was lingering at a small watering-place, situated on the rocky shores of the east coast of Scotland. The ordinary visitors had already fled, dreading the high winds and terrific storms which were of frequent occurrence at that time of year, and it was only a few hardy ones like myself who still found pleasure in facing the raging elements of wind and water combined.

It had been a more than usually stormy night, and many an anxious heart had watched through its vigils, for it seemed as if some terrible disaster must be heralded by the booming sound of the waves, and the screeching of the wind when it found opposition to its course in the shut doors and windows of the little hamlet. But morning broke at last, and brought a few wintry gleams of sunlight to brighten the agitated atmosphere, though the waves still could not forget their angry roaring, and dashed against the rocks as though bent on their destruction.

I wandered along the low line of sand which, broken as it is into many small bays, runs under the high beetling cliffs of the shore, and reached one of the most retired of these spots. Here I sat down on a flat rock, which guarded the entrance of the bay, to enjoy the beauty and majesty of the scene. I had not long sat thus when I was disturbed from my meditations by a low whining sound, and, looking down, saw a dog standing before me. Its coat was dripping with water, one of the fore-feet covered with blood, and the sad, wistful look in its eyes went to my heart. I gently patted its head, and taking a piece of bread from my pocket, offered it some; but the animal scarcely even glanced at it, and only continued to look at me with that sad, searching gaze, as if asking assistance. After a while he turned a little way back on the sands and laid himself down, casting a look toward me. My curiosity and interest were both aroused, and I followed. At first I could see nothing; but presently, from under the paw of the animal, which was placed protectingly upon it, I drew out a little glove—only a little well-worn child's glove—where life seemed still lingering, so completely had it retained the form of the fingers which had once worn it. I cast my eyes over the wide waters, but no sign of life or death was there; only the mute token in my hand spoke of both. Long I searched up and down the shore, but in vain. The poor little body must have been carried out to sea, and was never found, as far as I know. "Ah! little one," I sighed, "have the greedy waves, then, required such a holocaust as thou, young, innocent, and forlorn; and is there no mourner for thee save this faithful dog, and no monument save this little glove? At least," I continued, as I folded it carefully into my portfolio, "it shall live in my memory, and thou, poor creature, in my affections." I stooped, as I spoke, to caress the still prostrate animal, and so great had been the absorption of my feelings that I had not marked the incoming tide; but now a wave rushes swiftly up, and though I was still beyond its reach, it wrapped its coronal of foam round the weak and wasted form of the faithful dog, and carried it helplessly back into the ocean. One short, sharp bark, one feeble struggle, and the brave heart sank to rise no more. It is long since this happened, but the glove still lies in my pocket-book, and a tear lies in my heart whenever I recall its guardian's fate.

A NEW ERA FOR THE EAST.

THAT the Suez Canal will bring about a revolution in the commercial world is certain: the extent of the revolution must be left to future times to decide. The Mediterranean is no longer a huge inland sea, completely shut out by a narrow isthmus of sand from the seas which wash the shores of the richest, most productive countries of modern times. It has now burst its way into the Eastern Ocean. It has forever given up its exclusiveness—so fatally detrimental has it proved to be to self-interest: and, in joining with the wider world without, it has inaugurated a new era of commercial activity, a vast increase in wealth, a mighty advance in civilization—not more for its own shores than for those of Indian seas. From the New World it has never been excluded, the Straits of Gibraltar connecting it with the wide Atlantic; and, with the new direct passage to the East, is there not every probability of the ports of North Africa and of South Europe becoming the great commercial emporiums of the future? The way is now clear from North America to Hindostan, and, with the exception of the detour made by the Red Sea, the course is a direct one. The Mediterranean lies in the line between East and West, and may be said to connect both. What an enviable position! On the one hand America, flourishing, young, and active; on the other India, surpassingly wealthy; and itself the connecting link whose shores, abounding with good ports, are almost every where the fringes of good and largely yielding soil. Now is the time for Trieste and Marseilles to bestir themselves. The golden opportunity is offered, and the earliest bidder will obtain the greatest bargains. Who knows where will be the London, the pre-eminent commercial city of future times? It would be odd, indeed, if, contrary to all modern anticipations, it should *not* be n North America, but in one of the oldest districts of the Old World. The Old World is very much larger than the new; is as rich, or richer, in minerals; and contains a greater proportion of richly productive soil. After consideration, then, it should not be surprising if the commercial supremacy which successively left Tyre, Rome, and Venice should desert London—not for New York, but for some place on the ancient coasts of the Mediterranean. Should this really happen (of course it is at present a mere speculation, and a few years will decide the probability or improbability of its ultimate occurrence), there can be no doubt that the Suez Canal will have been the great, if not the sole, cause of the regeneration of the world of the ancients.

MEN AND THEIR FEMALE CRITICS.

THERE are women of sufficient shrewdness to see that the common attitude of the men who surround them is that of an amiable hypocrisy—who are quite alive to the weaknesses and peculiarities which underlie this pleasant exterior. These women are quick to detect the weak points in their husbands' character; but to these they extend a becoming toleration, for they know that their husbands are not worse than other people. They accept the profound homage which is paid to women for what it is worth; and are not the least blinded to the fact that the gentlemen who have, during a long evening, been distinguishing themselves by their extraordinary courtesy, may have been merely playing the *rôle* which society gives them, and that, in their own private and domestic life, they may not be so very different from the much more plain-spoken persons whom these ladies call their husbands. The common-sense and penetration of this sort of woman would constitute her a terrible satirist, if her knowledge did not teach her a kindly toleration. She has a wonderful tact in detecting the presence of dullness, when dullness endeavors to shelter itself behind silence and circumspection. She can instantly distinguish between the man who dresses and talks in a commonplace and fashionable way, because that is the habit of the people with whom he mixes, and because he does not care to be amusing to people who would only be surprised or puzzled by his wit, and the man who hides his stupidity behind a shirt-front similar to that worn by other men and behind an air of indifferent languor. Such a woman is never a worshiper of those manly qualities which are peculiar to the hero of the boarding-school girl and the lady-novelist. She is not much an admirer of brute force *per se*. She is more than likely to conceive a positive detestation for the large, stolid, small-brained, self-willed, and selfish idiot of six feet two, who is so much adored by women of a certain phrenological development. In her estimation manliness does not consist in combining the tastes of a groom with the dress of a gentleman; and if there is any thing she is likely to abhor, it is a display of that fine, confident belief in the power of mere male size to captivate women, which is the sole creed of this well-known hero. If her girlish imagination has led her to marry some such man, his position some dozen years after is not to be envied.

But it must not be supposed for a moment that we complain of this system of gentle hypocrisy which may so far influence the judgment of the majority of women in regarding men. In itself it is the highest compliment men can pay to women. Even as the lion, in innumerable legends, forgot his real nature and crouched submissively before an innocent girl, so do men leave behind them selfishness, arrogance, and anger on entering the presence of women. If they are not exactly what they pretend to be, it is comforting to reflect that they know they ought to be something different from what they are. If the influence of feminine society does nothing more than cause them to assume, *pro tem.*, a gentleness and toleration and politeness of demeanor which are not exhibited by them elsewhere, it has already done much.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 684.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

MANTON MARBLE.

MR. MARBLE was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, November 16, 1835. The only circumstance worth noting in this record is the date, which shows that he was a young man of seven or eight and twenty when he assumed charge of the *World*, which immediately became, under his management, a powerful journal. His ancestors, on both sides, are of an old Puritan stock. They came over at an early period, one of them, WILLIAM MARBLE, having taken the freeman's oath in Boston, May 3, 1654. How much the subject of this sketch owes to his remote Puritan progenitors we can not judge: but if they were grim and forbidding, after the Puritan fashion, the repulsive severity ran out long before it reached him. We have been told that his grandfather, SOLOMON MARBLE, had even more than the Puritan strength and stolidity of purpose: a peculiarity which did *not* run out, though, in passing through the intermediate link, and blending with the other branch of the lineage, it slipped on a mask of winning suavity. Mr. MARBLE's parents, both of whom are living, are estimable religious people, remarkable for sterling good sense, and simple, old-fashioned cordiality.

Mr. MARBLE was educated at first by his father; then at the High School in Providence, R. I.; afterward at the Albany Academy, under the principalship of Prof. GEO. H. COOK, now of Rutger's College, and State Geolgist or New Jersey; and he completed his school studies at the University of Rochester, where he entered in the sophomore class January 1, 1853, and was graduated with honors in July, 1855, taking the President's prize for an essay on the Ancient and Modern Idea of a State, in which he maintained the non-interference theory of modern Democracy. The politics of a youth of twenty are likely to be right or wrong by accident. The Democratic sentiments of the prize essay only prove that in the greater maturity of his faculties Mr. MARBLE saw no reason to change his politics. He probably got his bias from his early surroundings, and the admiration felt by the Baptist communion, to which his parents belonged, for ROGER WILLIAMS, in whose history and opinions we should expect to find the pedigree of Mr. MARBLE's political views. More creditable to him than his early Democracy is the fact that he was the favorite pupil of that distinguished educator and very able man, Dr. M. B. ANDERSON, the President of the University, between whom and Mr. MARBLE a warm friendship has since continued to subsist.

Immediately on leaving college, Mr. MARBLE went to Boston and embarked in journalism; at first accepting a place on the staff of the Boston *Journal*, and afterward becoming the responsible editor of the Boston *Traveller*. In 1858 he came to New York, on the *Evening Post*, then edited by Mr. BRYANT, Mr. BIGELOW, and WILLIAM SIDNEY THAYER (afterward United States Consul General to Egypt). He continued his connection with the *Evening Post* until the *World* was established, in June, 1860. He spent the summer and autumn of 1859 in traveling and buffalo hunting in Northwestern British America; and, besides his letters to the *Evening Post*, he made a record of his trip with pen and pencil, in a series of illustrated papers published in *Harper's Magazine*, in 1860, under the title "To Red River and Beyond."

The *World* was started by a company of gentlemen belonging to the "evangelical" denominations, with a view to make that great diffuser of intelligence, the daily press, a vehicle of Christian influence. In politics its prospectus announced that it would be independent. In 1860, when the ground already rumbled with signs of the coming earthquake, this enterprise was, if not absurd, at least expensively ill-timed. Piety is never out of season; but piety needed (and *had*) infinite simplicity to back it when it believed that at such a time a public could be found who would subordinate political differences to the diffusion of Evangelical Christianity! There was no such subordination, even among the projectors and proprietors of the paper, nor in the *World* office itself. Its staff had been made up by its estimable editor, Mr. JAMES R. SPALDING (then recently of the *Courier and Enquirer*, a Conservative Whig until the Whig party was defunct), in conscientious pursuance of the no-party promise of the prospectus; and, as no man with any brains in his head could be really neutral in such a crisis as was then coming, the writing force of the paper was like a divided team, a part hitched to each end of the coach. The paper pleased nobody by its politics, and the temper of the times permitted it to please nobody long by its religion. In less than two years it sunk $200,000 of capital. Its despairing owners, seeing no end of the drain, tried to sell the establishment to Republican politicians and journalists, entering into several fruitless negotiations for that purpose; among other parties, with Mr. THURLOW WEED. At last, April 12, 1862, they sold it to Mr. MARBLE, at a price but little above the value of the presses, types, and material.

MANTON MARBLE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.]

This brings us to a new epoch in Mr. MARBLE's history, in which he disclosed qualities little suspected by some persons who had previously known him.

Mr. MARBLE's connection with the *World* commenced, as we have stated, when the paper was launched, in the summer of 1860. To a stranger he would have seemed, at that time, a young man of a quick executive turn, a pleasant, captivating address, and a refinement almost fastidious in his personal tastes. He enjoyed a good joke, and was clever at a neat repartee. On a nearer intimacy he seemed very companionable and affectionate. But at that time he gave no other evidence that his mind was strong, as well as refined and alert, than a keen partisanship for the metaphysical doctrines of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, which he had studied with great care, and for which he was always ready to take up the gauntlet. He handled the heavy weapons of that kind of controversy with surprising dexterity and ease for so young a man. The range of his curiosity was wide; but, apart from metaphysics, it concerned itself mostly with current events and elegant literature. His extensive reading in political economy, jurisprudence, and history was of subsequent growth. At that early period an assemblage of light accomplishments, which sat very easily upon him, obscured the robuster features of his mind.

But his real strength began to appear (and he needed it all) when he undertook to lift, and carry upon his juvenile shoulders, the establishment which the experienced veterans to whom it had been offered thought too far gone to be saved. He immediately reorganized its staff, boldly increased its expenses for news, and put it on the political course which it has since pursued. In the autumn of 1862 he formed a joint-stock company for its publication, selling shares of the establishment, but retaining a controlling interest. It was in the first few months following this change that his character came out in full relief, resembling what is sometimes observed in the other sex when a sudden weight of responsibility transforms girlishness at once into full womanhood. His co-proprietors were six or seven Democrats, all men of wealth and great business experience; some of them astute, veteran politicians. As was natural, they expected to mould the policy of the paper and shape its course. Its young editor supposed that function belonged to *him*. Articles and communications which they sent him for insertion were revised with as free a hand, or rejected with as firm a decision, as if they had come from unknown outsiders. This was more than independence, it was wisdom; for if the paper had fallen under the control of mere politicians, it would soon have been among the wrecks which are scattered along the journalistic history of the last thirty years.

The *World* was, however, Democratic enough. It provoked the utmost indignation of the Republican party. It outstripped all its Democratic contemporaries in bold and bitter denunciation

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of some of the leading and favorite measures of Mr. LINCOLN's administration. We prefer to pass lightly over Mr. MARBLE's politics, in which this journal can find little to commend; it being the sole purpose of this sketch to exhibit the *man*, and explain his personal success. But although there can appear in these columns only repudiation of his politics, we must recognize his just sense of the dignity of his profession, and his superiority to control by office-seeking politicians. The fact that he has kept no terms with the Tammany Ring, when his subserviency or even his silence might have enabled him to share their gains, shows that he is a politician of no vulgar order. His refusal to advocate Mr. PENDLETON's greenback theory, after it had been indorsed in the national Democratic platform, and his advice to substitute a new candidate for General BLAIR, after the October elections had proved that the party, with him on the ticket, was foredoomed to defeat, are well-known illustrations of his steadiness and independence.

In January, 1869, Mr. MARBLE purchased back the shares of the *World* with which he parted in 1862, and became its sole proprietor.

In May, 1864, Mr. MARBLE was married to DELIA B. WEST, daughter of the late IRA WEST, of Rochester; a lady of singular intelligence, sweetness, and grace, womanly elevation of character, and fine moral intuitions. She died in June, 1868, leaving two children. All who ever knew her cherish her memory with loving reverence.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1870.

THE POPE OF ROME AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

THE Rev. Mr. PRESTON, a Roman Catholic clergyman of New York, recently delivered a lecture upon "the Catholic [by which is meant Roman Catholic] view of the Public School Question." We have not yet had the Methodist, or Congregationalist, or Baptist, or Unitarian, or Presbyterian view. Nor shall we have it; and for the sufficient reason that it is not a religious or ecclesiastical or denominational question. The schools are open to us all as citizens; not as Quakers, or Roman Catholics, or Jews. Mr. PRESTON is reported to have denied any desire upon the part of Roman Catholics to break down the American Common School system. That may be true of those who are not clergymen, but it is certainly not true of the Roman Catholic priesthood. They do not wish to break down the system, provided they can control it. But if they can not, does Mr. PRESTON say or think that they would not be opposed to the system?

His own remarks furnish the answer to the question. Immediately after saying that Roman Catholics—which term, of course, includes the clergy—do not wish to break down the system, Mr. PRESTON said, according to the report: "The Pope, in the syllabus concerning modern errors, especially censures the doctrine that public schools are to be removed from the control of the clergy. Catholics [Romanists], therefore, can not conscientiously allow their children to frequent those schools." Now the people of this country and of this State have forbidden all sectarianism in the public schools. Are they or the Pope of Rome to regulate the subject? Mr. PRESTON says that the lord of a small Italian state is opposed to our public school system, and therefore certain American citizens can not send their children to the schools. And this small Italian ruler of a domain whose population is especially ignorant, superstitious, and idle, says that a certain share of the public school money of the United States must be surrendered to a class of agents of his, American citizens, or at least residents, who acknowledge a spiritual allegiance to him which compels them to oppose the American school system.

The answer to Mr. PRESTON's address is, that the people of this State and of the United States do not care whether the Pope likes their Common School system or not. They have tried it for a century, more or less, and they are satisfied. They look across the sea at the dominions of the Pope, or to the countries in which he has been allowed to have his way, and they do not behold a condition of the people which inspires their admiration or stimulates them to imitation. They see that the most wretched countries in Europe—the countries in which there is the least general comfort, intelligence, industry, progress, and prosperity—are the Papal states and Spain under its late Papal régime. And, knowing the intimate and vital relation between the public schools and the national welfare, the very last system for which they would wish to change their own is that which prevails in those countries.

Again, looking over the ocean, the American people see Austria, which had been long subject to ecclesiastical domination, recoiling from the humiliating field of Sadowa, instinctively feeling that the cause of its defeat is its absolute subjugation to ecclesiastical rule, which eats away the manliness of any people, and striking at the heart of its shame by removing the schools from clerical supremacy. The American people say, therefore, to the Pope and his agents: "If you do not choose to have your children educated in our free schools—if you will let them wallow in ignorance rather than grow up in intelligence—if you insist that they shall stay away, unless we will give you money to educate them in your peculiar religious views, so be it. We have jails as well as schools; and if you prefer to fit your children for prison rather than to make them, at our expense, intelligent citizens, so be it again. But so long as we understand the principles of our government, so long as we can read in history and see in your Papal states the consequences of your system, and in our own country the result of ours, so long we shall decline to support sectarian schools by giving to each sect a share of the school money.

Mr. PRESTON, in the report of his address, said, that he and his friends, that is to say, the Pope, the chief bishop of his church, is willing that other denominations, which desire to organize sectarian schools, should have the same privilege. Undoubtedly; but the Pope does not in the remotest degree "comprehend American institutions." He and Mr. PRESTON believe that what they call the religious, or more truly the ecclesiastical authority, should be supreme in the state. In America we believe, and insist, that the state shall have no religion, but shall protect every citizen in the exercise of his chosen faith with equal regard to the rights of every other. The Joss-house of the Chinese, the synagogue of the Jew, the meeting-house of all Christian denominations, shall be secure. But when the Joss-house, or the synagogue, or the meeting-house tries to go further and secure the state patronage as well as protection, the state shakes it off and says, "Hands off! My independence is essential to the liberty of every one of you."

This is a truth which the Pope can never learn. And, on the other hand, the Pope can never teach the American people any thing about free common schools.

VIRGINIA AND CONGRESS.

THE debate in the Senate upon the admission of Virginia was very acrimonious, and ended in a passage of peculiar bitterness between Senators TRUMBULL and SUMNER. Mr. TRUMBULL declared that Mr. SUMNER persisted in statements after they had been disproved, and in general undertook to brow-beat the Senate very much in the manner of the old slave-masters. Mr. SUMNER retorted that Mr. TRUMBULL had opposed all efforts to help the colored citizen, and was the representative of the Ku-Klux Klan; and, moreover, that he made a technical argument to screen the criminal ANDREW JOHNSON. Both Senators were called to order by the Chair for unparliamentary language; and the speeches of both were in a temper which is not, theoretically, senatorial. After they had spoken the question was taken, and the bill was passed by a strict Republican vote. It will, probably, have been considered by the House before this paper is issued.

The ground taken by those who were opposed to the admission of Virginia under the original act was, that if Congress may reconstruct a State, and finds before the work is done that there is some serious defect in the system proposed—some vital omission in the measures adopted—it may and should consider the object of the whole action, and not commit itself and imperil the country upon mere technical grounds. In its strongest form this argument is, that if Congress has made a law that a State shall be admitted upon certain conditions, and the State has conformed to the conditions, but Congress discovers before giving its final assent that it has not done all that it should have done to secure the objects for which it imposed the conditions, it may re-open the subject, and impose others which will secure it. To this it is replied that Congress by its law imposing conditions makes a solemn compact with the State, and has bound itself in honor to accept the State whenever it conforms, because, if it may decline to admit the State after its compliance with one set of conditions, so it may decline after another similar compliance; and it is urged that Virginia has no more security that it will be admitted to representation now than it had last summer.

Of course the only answer to this argument which can be urged is the renewed assertion that the nature of the case imposes upon Congress the utmost care, and that at any moment before the admission is actually accomplished, if there be good reason to fear that the public welfare will be imperiled by admitting the State, it must be kept out. But the friends of admission under the original bill strongly reasoned in reply that, as a matter of fact, the public safety and the rights of all the people in Virginia were not endangered by the admission without further conditions; and that, even if they were, a much more fatal peril to the whole country was the withdrawal of the country from its solemnly-pledged word. If Congress may break faith with the people of Virginia, why not with the public creditor? If it may repudiate one contract, why not another? And how is its promise to the public creditor to pay more binding than its promise to the Virginia citizen to admit? The principle involved in the imposition of fresh conditions seems to be that Congress is the judge whether its word shall be kept or broken. It is certainly not too much to say, that no such principle in government can be honorably maintained. Nor can the strict observance by Congress of the terms imposed by itself, in so serious a public act, be called "technical" compliance. And what excuse can there be for not incorporating in the original act the conditions now adopted, which cover the main points that Senators always wished to secure?

For ourselves, we have never been impatient for the restoration of any State, whether "a grand old commonwealth" or not, until the great objects of reconstruction had been secured by the conditions precedent. There is a great deal, indeed, that can not be done by legislation and careful prevision; but there is also a great deal that can. It is not possible by law to make the late slaveholding class friendly to the late slaves; but it is quite practicable to prevent abuse of the colored citizens under the forms of law. If the various methods of abuse were only to be ascertained by waiting and experiment, that was an admirable reason for delay, but none whatever for a conclusive action which was also immature. If, however, such action were taken, there remained the ethical question whether the country loses more by admitting Virginia under inadequate conditions, than by breaking its pledged faith. If, indeed, it has been shown that its faith was not pledged, or that Virginia had not complied with the original conditions, we have been so unfortunate as to overlook the fact.

THE GOLD CONSPIRACY INVESTIGATION.

NOT the least important of the tasks which Congress has set itself is the investigation of the gold conspiracy which created such wide-spread confusion and ruin in September last. History contains few examples of so baleful a plot against the interests of a commercial people. It is not too much to say that the entire mercantile community, from the heaviest dry-goods dealers in New York to the small jobber in St. Louis or Cincinnati, were victims of the conspiracy; some lost money which they could ill spare, others sacrificed half their capital to save the other half, and many left their last dollar in the Gold Room. Nor were the farmers spared. By forcing up the price of gold against its natural tendency, the conspirators produced a deadlock in the foreign exchange market; and hence, just at the season when Great Britain requires grain from abroad, and we are prepared to supply the demand, it was impossible to sell bills, and consequently to ship. Prussia and the Baltic countries made swift haste to profit by the accident. They supplied England's wants, and by the time our exchange market returned to its normal condition, the foreign demand no longer existed. Hence, in a great measure, the heavy decline in wheat this winter. The surplus which farmers had sent forward for export being thrown back on the domestic market, produced a glut which has caused wheat to decline to $1 15 in this city, 75 cents at Chicago, and 30 and 40 cents at the place of production, in Iowa and Minnesota. The September conspiracy was a crime, not only against the merchants and farmers, but against the nation itself. For several days the value of the national money was so unsettled as to recall the darkest days of the war. The national credit was so roughly shaken that foreigners did not recover their faith in it for some weeks after the conspiracy. Who could be expected to place confidence in a currency which the artifices of a few designing knaves could depreciate ten or fifteen per cent. in a morning?

If the laws which we have—imperfect as they are—were faithfully administered, it might not have been left to Congress to hold this inquest. But he is either very bold or very unsophisticated who appeals to the courts of law in New York against the Erie-Tammany Ring. The crime was yet fresh in our ears when a shower of injunctions from Judges BARNARD and CARDOZA secured, to the criminals at least, temporary immunity. An investigation by the Grand Jury followed—so skillfully managed that the conspirators alone were summoned to tell their story, and those who could have proved their guilt were not wanted at all. Twenty-one subpœnas were issued for CORBIN, and not one for ALBERT SPEYERS. Do not, however, fall into the common error of supposing that the investigation had no result. It developed the fact that the conspirators were liable to prosecution under the Conspiracy law; and as a time might come when a less complaisant District Attorney would fill the office of Judge GARVIN, the Legislature no sooner met than the very first measure taken up by them was a bill to repeal the Conspiracy law—of course in the interest of the working-men and trades unions.

It was therefore a necessity, if any inquiry was ever to be instituted into the great crime of September, that the work should be done by Congress. When the resolution was first introduced, the intention was to cast a slur on the President and his friends and office-holders. With a wise boldness General GRANT's friends did not decline the challenge; but after modifying the resolution so as to divest it of its offensive features, and to extend the field of inquiry to a wider range, they passed and referred it to the Committee on Banking and Currency.

This Committee, to which Congress is very properly referring all measures touching the currency, contains some of the best men in the House, and but little "light timber." The chairman is General JOHN A. GARFIELD, of Ohio, at one time during the war Chief-of-Staff to General ROSECRANS, and since well known as a lawyer. He is one of the hardest workers in Congress. Other members are Mr. JUDD, of Illinois, the personal friend of Mr. LINCOLN; Mr. COBURN, of Indiana, cool and clear-headed; Mr. LYNCH, of Maine, one of the strongest men on the Committee; Mr. JONES, of Kentucky; and others of less note.

The Committee commenced its inquiries about a fortnight since. Ignoring the example set them by the Grand Jury in this city, they began by ascertaining from a few well-informed persons the general history of the conspiracy. Passing from general to particular facts, they next sought to ascertain from the Ring brokers how the operations of the Ring or clique were effected, how much gold they bought, and how they disposed of it; and lastly, with the light derived from these inquiries, they undertook the examination of FISK and GOULD—the chiefs of the conspiracy—with some prospect of ascertaining the truth. Some time must elapse before the results of the general inquiry are made known. It is probable that the Committee will be in no hurry to close their investigation so long as any material witnesses remain to be examined, or any essential facts continue unexplained. It is more than likely that, before the report is made, Congress will find it necessary to exert its power to compel the attendance of some of the minor conspirators, who very naturally object to confessing their share of the performance, and thus far refuse to obey the summons of the Sergeant-at-Arms. On an inquiry before a Congressional committee, witnesses are not allowed to refuse to answer questions on the ground that their answer would tend to criminate them. Some of the witnesses who have been summoned may, therefore, be placed in the unpleasant dilemma of choosing between perjury and the confession of guilt. But these persons need expect no favors from the Committee. It is General GARFIELD's purpose to ascertain the facts, and those who know him need not be assured that he will accomplish it—however tedious the task may prove, and whatever harsh measures the contumacy of guilty men may compel him to adopt.

Enough is known of the evidence already obtained to render it certain that the chiefs of the conspiracy were the men known as the Erie clique; that they bought four times as much gold as there was in the city outside of the Sub-treasury; that certain subordinate government officials and lobby men—but no official in high station—were more or less in league with them; that their plot was consummated with the direct aid of one city bank, and by means of the facilities afforded by another; that the government sale of gold had little or nothing to do with the collapse of the movement; that the corner would inevitably have ruined every one connected with it but for the determination of the conspirators to sacrifice SPEYERS and BELDEN, in order to save the rest; that these two men were sent into the Gold Room to buy all the gold they could at 140, 150, and 160, it being clearly understood they should never pay for what they bought, while other Ring brokers were sent into the same market at the same time with orders to sell all they could sell below 140, and not on any account to sell to SPEYERS or BELDEN. That the Gold Exchange has submitted to the commission of so gross an outrage as this is due to the fact that it has been enjoined by Judge BARNARD from exercising its corporate powers; and as to the victims of the conspiracy, they have been in some cases enjoined by the same judge from prosecuting their claims before the ordinary tribunals, and, in others, met by pleas of usury or the statute of frauds, which secure, at all events, indefinite delay to the wrong-doers.

Some of the papers sneeringly ask: What good will come of the investigation? Can Congress punish the knaves?

Unfortunately not. But it will not be a slight gain if the Committee should furnish the public with a complete mass of sworn testimony on the subject, so clear and connected that it may enable some of the victims to make the conspirators pecuniarily responsible for their acts in courts not controlled by the Erie Ring. It is hinted that among the victims are some men who can wait. Nor will the inquiry be in vain if it should tend to show the danger of the present system of over-certifying by banks. It is in evidence that the Erie Ring owned a bank, and obtained from it on September 23d certification to an amount so vastly in excess of its capital that it could not have paid five cents on the dollar had the collapse occurred twenty-four hours before. It is surely within the province of Congress to regulate a matter of this kind, and to render it impossible for a party of speculators to buy up a bank with a capital of half a million, and then to obtain from it certification—in other words, money—to the ex-

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tent of twenty or thirty millions. Whether the disastrous speculation of September could have taken place without the agency of the Gold Exchange Bank, and if it could not, whether some restrictions can or should be placed upon the working of that institution, will be matters for the Committee to determine according to the evidence.

The country has practically committed to General GARFIELD and his associates supreme control over the banking interests and the currency; whatever recommendations they may make to Congress will in all probability be adopted and embodied in laws. It is unreasonable to expect them to foresee all the accidents which are likely to occur so long as our currency remains debased. But they owe it to the nation to inform themselves thoroughly regarding the accidents which have occurred, and to take all proper precautions against their repetition.

"THE RESPECT DUE" TO ROBERT E. LEE.

THE New York *World*, in speaking of the possible visit of ROBERT E. LEE to Portland, to attend the funeral ceremonies of GEORGE PEABODY, says: "From what we find in the New England papers on the subject, we are sure that he will be an honored participant in the ceremonies. All the animosities of other days will be buried, at least for the time being, on this mournful occasion, and the people of Massachusetts will receive the distinguished man with the respect due to his own character and the circumstances of his visit." But certainly ROBERT E. LEE is no more a "distinguished man" than JEFFERSON DAVIS. If respect is "due" to the character of a man who remained in the military family of the General-in-chief of his country's armies until he had learned all his commander's secrets, and then resigned his commission in order to dishonor his country's flag and destroy its government that human slavery might be extended and perpetuated, then it is certainly not less due to the man who presided over the enterprise. If ROBERT E. LEE is to be an "honored participant" upon the occasion in question, the participation of JEFFERSON DAVIS should be more honored.

What is "the respect due to his own character" in the case of LEE? The circumstances of his career are not forgotten; nor will they be omitted by history. The maudlin sentimentality that saluted him when the war ended as "a Christian hero," and which stigmatized the soldiers of the Union as LINCOLN'S hirelings—the snobbish servility that dubbed the rebel chief "the great captain," will not affect the truthful record of the war. No rhetoric about "honest differences" will conceal the fact that Colonel LEE, the confidential aid of General SCOTT, remained as long as practicable in the most intimate relations with his superior; wrote to his sister that he did not think there was any reason for hostilities, and then, professing obedience to his State, immediately engaged in those hostilities, the object of which was the overthrow of the government and the unrestricted liberty of himself and his associates to traffic in human beings. The attempt to liken such a cause and its abettors to that of FALKLAND and the cavaliers, or of JOHN HAMPDEN and the Parliament, is an inexpressible absurdity.

ROBERT E. LEE is in no honorable sense a "distinguished man." In no sense could he be "an honored participant" in the ceremonies described; and "the respect due to his own character" is that which is due to JEFFERSON DAVIS, to JAMES M. MASON, to ROBERT TOOMBS, and to HOWELL COBB. We repeat what we have said upon every occasion when the attempt is made to thrust LEE into further publicity, that it is a fatal mistake. The loyal people of the United States, who have saved their government and liberty, will permit him to remain in the obscurity into which he has fallen. But the effort to represent him as a hero to be honored, as a citizen to be respected, as a man in any noble or generous or patriotic or desirable sense "distinguished," is an effort at public demoralization which shall not pass unexposed. The Boston cadets, who invited MAGRUDER to their dinner, may beg to be allowed the honor of respectfully escorting ROBERT E. LEE through the streets by which the noblest of Boston youth marched to return no more. But self-respecting American citizens, who cherish no vindictive feeling toward LEE and the baffled rebels, will not therefore think it necessary or decent to honor them as distinguished men, as great citizens, or as public benefactors.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE COUNCIL.

MR. RIPLEY, in one of his interesting letters from Rome to the *Tribune*, speaks of a late sermon preached in that city by Archbishop MANNING, who is the chief English representative in the Œcumenical Council. The Archbishop takes the extremest ground for the absolute Papal supremacy, as the consequence of his infallibility. It is understood that Dr. MANNING'S influence with the Pope is very great, and his sermon is so entirely in accordance with the Pope's Bull on Excommunications, of which we recently published a description, that it may be regarded as the manifest of the Papal policy in the Council. That policy is the declaration of infallibility; and the substance of the dogma of infallibility is that the Pope is by Divine ordinance not only the spiritual chief of his Church, but the absolute and irresponsible head of all human governments.

The consequences of this assumption, and its folly, when viewed historically, are most powerfully stated in "The Pope and Council," by Janus, a work written by German Roman Catholic scholars who are wholly opposed to the new dogma, as both false and fatally mischievous to the Church. To Protestants this is the most remarkable Roman Catholic work of the time. As an argument upon its especial point, it is masterly and unanswerable. As a blow delivered from within the Church at the Jesuit and reactionary influence which controls it, it is unparalleled. It is necessary to read it in order to understand how profoundly stirred to its very depths is the Roman Church at this moment.

The Papal intention in calling the Council was to array the Church inflexibly against the progress of civilization; to engage it in the most unnatural and monstrous endeavor to subjugate liberty of thought and political freedom to the whim of any ignorant monk or priest who may be made Pope. The power of the Church over its members is very great; but it seems hardly possible that men of whom MONTALEMBERT and HYACINTHE are representatives can acquiesce in the declaration of the dogma. Should it be proclaimed, Father HYACINTHE and the whole liberal Catholic party must utterly recant or leave the Church. And as the proclamation is the long cherished purpose of the Jesuit influence which has long been supreme in the Roman Church, it is most probable that it will be made.

At this moment of intense and universal interest in the world of religious Rome comes GARIBALDI'S novel, "The Rule of the Monk," which will be issued immediately by the HARPERS. Its scene is laid in Rome, and it is the most impassioned exposure by the idol of liberal Italy of what he believes to be the crafty, cruel, sensual, and soul-destroying system of priestly rule. As the burning protest of the pure, chivalric, and sincere Italian soldier against the subtle and remorseless tyranny which he thinks has brought upon his beloved country all its long-suffering and despair—and for its assertions of fact, for which he offers himself as witness and authority, GARIBALDI'S book, appearing while the Council is in session, can not fail to excite universal interest.

Meanwhile the Council drags slowly on. The debates are hot, for the hostilities are radical. The German bishops have held a caucus, and have resolved that, unless the number of members in dioceses be taken into consideration in the votes, they will withdraw in a body.

The Pope foreshadows his absolute supremacy by excommunicating those who shall appeal from his decision to that of a council, and all their abettors. The issue of the whole matter is very likely to be the assertion of an authority like that assumed by HILDEBRAND; and the European monarchs, who profess spiritual fidelity to the Pope, may have suddenly to consider whether they will also hold their crowns subject to his pleasure, and whether they will permit a foreigner to regulate the internal, civil, and political economy of their states. The attempt, which we consider elsewhere, to introduce that authority here, is only an indication of the spirit which, having formerly put its foot upon the neck of kings, fondly fancies it can modify free institutions for its own purpose.

NOTES.

AT the late Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington, Mrs. H. B. STANTON said, with great force, that many of the ladies who profess such horror at seeing their names in the papers, go incessantly to balls and public places, and are sadly disappointed if they do not see their names in the newspaper of the next day, "as wearing the most distinguished costumes and waltzing with some imported Count." Indeed, in a column of the paper, parallel with that in which Mrs. STANTON'S remark is reported, there was a description of a dinner at the White House, in which all the ladies were mentioned by name; and it is very doubtful, according to Mrs. STANTON'S view, whether they were sorry, and indeed whether they were not pleased. Let the ladies observe, therefore, that it is not newspaper publicity of which they are afraid. Is it, then, more discreditable to be reported as having said or done a wise thing than as having worn a crimson velvet with diamonds?

THE late meeting to express the desire of the people of New York that Cuba should be recognized as a belligerent could hardly be called a success, even by the most enthusiastic friends of recognition. Mr. GREELEY, the chairman, said that there was fighting in Cuba, and Mr. CASSIUS M. CLAY discoursed of things in general. But Mr. GREELEY did not present any reasons for recognition, except that European powers ought not to rule upon this continent; which, if it be a good argument, would justify a declaration of war against Great Britain, Spain, Holland, and Denmark, which, however, he did not urge. As to the question of belligerency, Mr. CASSIUS M. CLAY seems to have settled it by saying: "I, as an American citizen, as a lover of the republic in whose cause I have made so many sacrifices both of time, of character, and of money, say that a state of belligerency does exist." Whereupon, according to the report, "the tumult became so great that the band played a lively air, and the speaker drank out of a large pitcher, while the audience roared with applause."

MR. JAMES LENOX has added his name to the long list of rich Americans who have devoted a large part of their property to the public advantage. M. LENOX has obtained a charter for the Lenox Library, and has made provision of land, money, and collections. The act is so generous that it is impossible not to regret that it was not a little more maturely considered. The library will necessarily be very much a duplicate of the Astor Library, and of other large collections in the city. Perhaps two hundred thousand dollars will be spent for works which are already accessible to the public. But had that sum been added to the fund of the Astor Library, or some other ample and established institution, its stores might have been so increased that presently the great literary want of the country, a library complete in every department and fully equal to the greatest of foreign libraries, might be secured. As it is, New York will have two fine free libraries, each incomplete.

CONGRESS is very generous, but is it equally just to its countrymen, in paying a bounty to English printers and publishers? While every article used in manufacturing a book is heavily taxed, foreign books are allowed to come in under a duty comparatively so trifling that it is cheaper, in most cases, to make the book abroad than to manufacture it here. Not a book leaves the American press that does not pay at least fifteen separate taxes to the government. The consequence is, that a book can be ordered in England, and imported into the United States, that will not cost, after paying duties, freight, and all other charges, more than half of what a similar book, manufactured here, would cost. Is this fair play for American industry? and if it is, what would be unfair?

IT is very hard for railroad conductors to satisfy the public. Recently a respectable elderly gentleman was summarily, and, as is reported, unreasonably ejected from a car upon a New Jersey railroad. The expulsion was against the protest of the passengers; and in trying to regain the car, the passenger fell and both legs were crushed. We do not think, however, that as a rule conductors can be accused of harshness, except to delinquents in paying the fare. Their forbearance toward drunken passengers, for instance, is truly edifying. Mr. VANDERBILT has made some excellent reforms in the management of his roads. Let him now provide a calaboose upon every train for the accommodation of recalcitrant passengers.

THE Albany correspondent of the *World*, the well-known "Sentinel," says that he supposed one of the chief meanings of the late election was the abolition of the system of State police districts, and asks: "Is it possible that I was in error?" If "Sentinel" really expected from the ascendency of the party, whose actual managers he knows, economy, honesty, and a single regard for principle, or for fine professions made when out of power, there is not such faith to be found elsewhere, no, not in New York. Moreover, if he supposes that the order of the city of New York and the rights of its citizens would be as well protected by such a police as would inevitably be appointed by the local Ring masters, he would doubtless prefer to have taken his chances under FERNANDO WOOD and his men in 1857, rather than under ACTON and his men in 1863. When those Ring masters control the Governor and the Legislature, it is of less importance where the police is appointed. But the sole question with those gentry will be, not what have we promised or professed, but how can we make the most of the situation for ourselves? When Governor HOFFMAN talked about the honesty of the new Legislature, did "Sentinel" really believe that Democrats were honester than Republicans, and that the ascent to unchecked power of Mr. SWEENY, Mr. TWEED, and their associates was an actual advantage to the State?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 17.—In the Senate the House bill of last session, prohibiting the assignment of retired officers to duty on full pay, was passed. Mr. Sumner introduced a substitute for the bill in regard to international telegraphic communication, and reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs the bill, without amendment, providing for the satisfaction of the claims of American citizens for spoliation by the French prior to July 31, 1801. Three Commissioners are to be appointed, and the amount of the claims is not to exceed $5,000,000. The bill for the admission of Virginia was debated, the Senate bill tabled, and that of the House taken up; but little progress was made.—In the House, among the bills introduced were the following: For the promotion of American commerce by repealing the tonnage tax on American vessels; for an adjournment of Congress on the second Tuesday in April; for the payment of a year's salary of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to the family of Edwin M. Stanton, deceased; and to abolish the franking privilege from July 1, 1870.

January 18.—The Senate held a short and unprofitable debate on the Virginia bill, and adjourned without coming to a vote on the question.—In the House the bill introduced by Mr. Judd to regulate the Congressional apportionment for the Forty-second Congress was referred to the Committee of the Whole. Among the bills introduced was one for new government buildings in Brooklyn.

January 19.—The Senate, by a vote of 45 to 10, adopted Mr. Edmunds's amendment to the Virginia bill, requiring the imposition of an oath of the State officers that they are eligible under the Fourteenth Amendment.—In the House the concurrent resolution for an adjournment on the second Monday in April was rejected. A bill was introduced providing for a Niagara ship canal.

January 20.—In the Senate the statue of the Revolutionary General Nathaniel Greene was formally presented to Congress by Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island. Among the bills introduced was one incorporating a Telegraph Postal Company, with peculiar duties and powers. No progress was made on the Virginia bill.—In the House a bill was introduced by Mr. Bingham making it a penal offense for any person to propose to repeal the action of a State Legislature in ratifying any proposed constitutional amendment. Among the resolutions was one declaring the absence of constitutional authority in making treaties which involve the absorption of foreign territory without the consent of the House.

January 21.—In the Senate, the discussion on the Virginia bill was closed, and the vote taken. An amendment offered by Mr. Drake was adopted, which affixes fundamental conditions to the admission of the State, and prohibits any change or amendment to the State Constitution to deprive citizens of the right of franchise who are now entitled to vote, except as a punishment for crime. A further amendment by Mr. Drake, imposing further conditions that the State should never deprive any citizen, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, from holding office, was adopted—yeas 30, nays 29. Another amendment, by Mr. Wilson, in regard to the school rights, was adopted by a vote of 31 to 29. The preamble of the House bill was then changed by a substitute setting forth that Virginia had adopted a Constitution republican in form, and that the Legislature elected under it had ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments in good faith as a condition precedent to representation. This substitute was adopted by a vote of 39 to 20. The bill, as amended, was then passed to a third reading by a vote of yeas 47, nays 10.—In the House, no business of importance was transacted.

January 22.—The Senate was not in session, and in the House the day was devoted to a general and prosy discussion on the state of the Union, in Committee of the Whole.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

January 18.—In the Senate a bill was introduced to incorporate the Lenox Library, in New York city.—The Assembly was not in session.

January 19.—In the Senate Mr. Tweed reported a bill to amend the act providing for the government of New York city.—In the Assembly several bills to provide for the better security of human life in New York city were introduced, but nothing of importance was done.

January 20.—In the Senate, the bill chartering the Lenox Library was passed. The bill to repeal the New York City Excise Law was considered in Committee of the Whole, and progress reported. Mr. Creamer gave notice of a bill to repeal the act creating the Metropolitan Police District, and providing for the election of three Police Commissioners in New York.—In the Assembly, the following bills were introduced: To repeal the act exempting ministers from taxation; for the election of a commissioner and the establishment of a police force in Brooklyn; to repeal the act to prevent cruelty to animals in New York; to sell the Seamen's Retreat at Staten Island. The resolution in regard to the Committee to attend the Peabody obsequies was amended so as to consist of three Senators and five members of the House. A motion was agreed to that the Committee pay its own expenses. The Senate bill incorporating the Lenox Library was passed.

January 21.—Nothing of importance was done in the Senate.—In the Assembly, a resolution of inquiry was passed in regard to the encroachments of the New Jersey Railway Company upon the harbor of New York.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

EX-Secretary Seward was received at Havana, on his way home from his long journey on the Pacific coast, with due honors. He was entertained by the Spanish officials, and on the 18th of January was serenaded by the volunteer battalions. In replying to a welcoming address, Mr. Seward was strictly non-committal on the subject of the insurrection.

The Fifteenth Amendment was ratified by Rhode Island on the 20th, and by Mississippi on the 15th of January.

Postmaster-General Creswell has made arrangements for an additional weekly dispatch of mails from New York city to Europe, by the steamers of the Hamburg line. This secures a regular tri-weekly mail communication.

A severe tornado, accompanied by a heavy flood, recently swept over the West, causing great destruction of life and property, especially in Kentucky. A great part of Louisville was submerged by the flood, and many houses about Cave City were blown down. Over twenty lives were lost in that vicinity.

Generals Alcorn and Ames have been elected United States Senators from Mississippi, the former for the long and the latter for the short term. W. H. Revels, (colored), at present State Senator from Natchez, has been chosen Senator for the term expiring March, 1871, to which Mr. Sharkey was elected, but not admitted.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE trial of Rochefort was very brief, and resulted in his conviction. He was sentenced to imprisonment for six months, a fine of 3000 francs, and a deprivation of his political rights, though he still remains a Deputy.

An alarming outbreak occurred on the 18th of January among the workmen at La Creuzot, one of the largest iron-manufacturing towns in France. The cause of the strike, in which ten thousand workmen were engaged, was a change in the general direction, and a refusal by those in authority to restore the old order of affairs, as asked for in a petition from the workmen. A terrible accident, by which number of miners were killed, added to the excitement. Troops were at once sent to the disaffected district, and the movement, which at one time threatened to be very serious, was suppressed.

Traupmann, the murderer of the Kinck family, was executed at Paris January 19. The last words he uttered were, "I persist I have accomplices." Great precautions were taken to prevent a disturbance, and consequently the execution passed off without disorder.

An amnesty for offenses against the press in France will soon be issued, and a proposed new law regulating journalism is to be submitted to the Corps Legislatif.

The Œcumenical Council is still occupied with the discussion of the Syllabus. Letters from Rome state that the American bishops in the Council object to the dogma of infallibility, alleging that it will check proselytism among Protestants. It is reported that 300 members of the Council have refused to sign a petition in favor of the proposed dogma, and that its opponents are preparing a counter petition, believing they will meet with support enough to defeat it.

Advices received in London from Baker's African Expedition up to January 1 are to the effect that the party had arrived at the head waters of the Nile, and were all in good health.

A correspondence between Count Bismarck and Mr. Burlingame has been published in Berlin. Prussia wants imperialism restored throughout China as a guarantee of order and of safety to foreigners. It is stated that the relations between Count Bismarck and Mr. Burlingame are of the most friendly character, and that there is good reason to suppose that the Chinese Treaty has been satisfactorily arranged.

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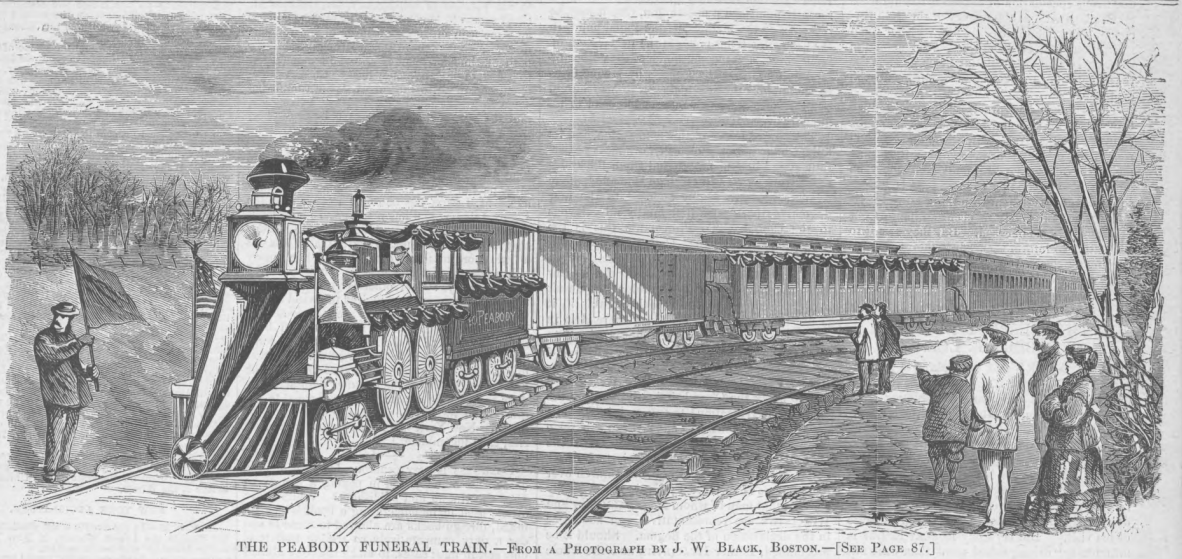

THE PEABODY FUNERAL TRAIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

THE BEGGAR AT THE DOOR.
ONE OF ANDERSON'S EARLY WOOD-CUTS.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M.D.

IN the death of Dr. ANDERSON, who breathed his last on the 17th of January, at the residence of his son-in-law, in Jersey City, the bookmaker's craft and the world of book-readers have lost a long-familiar friend—a man whose genius, not meteoric in splendor, but planet-like in its effulgence, has burned in our firmament with steady lustre for almost three generations.

Dr. ANDERSON was the pioneer engraver on wood in America. He was the virtual *inventor* of the art on this side of the Atlantic. His name has been familiar to booksellers and readers in America from the beginning of the present century; and the mysterious little monogram "A.A." in the corners of woodcuts in educational books has attracted the attention of millions of children in our schools and at our firesides when experiencing the delight of his pictures.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.
ENGRAVED BY HIMSELF IN HIS EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR.

Dr. ANDERSON was of Scotch descent, his father being a native of Scotland. He was born near Beekman's Slip, New York city, on the 21st of April, 1775, two days after the first bloodshed in the old war for independence had occurred at Lexington and Concord. His father differed in politics from most of his countrymen in America at that time, who were generally distinguished for their loyalty to the king; and at the time of ALEXANDER'S birth he was the publisher of a republican newspaper in the city of New York, called *The Constitutional Gazette*. He continued to publish it in opposition to the ministerial papers of RIVINGTON and GAINE until the autumn of 1776, when the British took possession of New York city. Then the "rebel printer" was compelled to fly, with his books and printing materials, nearly all of which were lost before he reached a place of absolute safety in Connecticut.

WILLIAM AND AMELIA IN THE ORCHARD.
ONE OF ANDERSON'S EARLY WOOD-CUTS.

ENFORCING THE WHISKY LAWS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WEST VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

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At the age of twelve years young ANDERSON began to use the graver for his own amusement. He was a timid lad, shrunk from asking questions, and gained information by silent and modest observation. Peeping into the shop windows of silver-smiths he saw the shape and the method of manipulating the graver in the lettering of spoons; and rolled-out copper cents gave him his plates for first efforts. The wonders of general science early engaged his attention, especially that branch which pertains to the economy of man's physical life. Some of his earlier efforts in the engraver's art were in making copies of anatomical figures from medical books. His father perceived this proclivity with pleasure, and deprecating the lad's manifest love of Art, he allowed him to make preparations for the profession of a physician. In May, 1796, at the age of twenty-one years, he received the degree of Medical Doctor from the Faculty of Columbia College. The subject of his address on that occasion was "Chronic Mania;" and the theories which he then advanced, concerning its cause and cure, have now been long-established facts in medical science.

Soon after young ANDERSON commenced his professional studies, at the age of about seventeen years, his proficiency in Art had become so great, notwithstanding the many difficulties that lay in his way, that he was employed by WILLIAM DURELL, a bookseller, to copy the illustrations of a popular little English work entitled "The Looking-Glass for the Mind." The engravings that adorned it were made on wood by BEWICK, the father of modern wood-engraving. Up to this time ANDERSON'S engravings had been made on type-metal, and he had no idea that wood was used for the purpose. When he had completed about half the illustrations he was informed that BEWICK'S pictures were engraved on box-wood. He immediately procured some pieces of that wood from a rule-maker's shop, invented proper tools, experimented, and, to his great joy, he found the material much more agreeable to work upon, and more easily managed, than type-metal. Two of these wood blocks, the first ever engraved in America, are in the possession of the writer, somewhat worn by use, and are herewith printed. The first, representing a beggar at a door, is at the head of the little story in "The Looking-Glass," entitled "The Destructive Consequences of Dissipation and Luxury." The second illustrates a part of the story of "William and Amelia."

PRINCE ARTHUR OF ENGLAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. NOTMAN, MONTREAL.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

In the first year of his practice of medicine, Dr. ANDERSON drew and engraved on wood, in a most admirable manner, even when compared with the art at the present day, a full-length human skeleton, from ALBINUS'S "Anatomy," which he enlarged to the length of three feet. This, it is believed, is the largest fine and carefully elaborated engraving on wood ever attempted, and has never been excelled in accuracy of drawing and characteristic execution.

When Dr. ANDERSON was at the age of twenty-three years his family all died of the yellow-fever. He was attacked while in attendance upon the physician with whom he had studied, and who had been prostrated by it. Both recovered; and ANDERSON made a voyage to the West Indies, to visit a paternal uncle, ALEXANDER ANDERSON, who was "the king's botanist" at St. Vincent. On his return, he resolved to abandon the medical profession as a business and devote himself to engraving, for which he had conceived an irrepressible passion. At that time JOHN ROBERTS, an eccentric Scotchman and friend of ANDERSON'S deceased father, who painted miniatures, etched and engraved on copper, was a clever musician and mathematician, and a competent draughtsman, became his instructor. ANDERSON preferred wood-engraving; but the demand for it being small, he practiced on copper, and, under ROBERTS'S instruction, gained great proficiency. His skill was well attested by the frontispiece to ROBERTSON'S "History of Charles the Fifth," and a portrait of FRANCIS THE FIRST. These he engraved in the year 1800 for an edition published in New York by HOPKINS. But ROBERTS'S habits were so irregular that ANDERSON did not remain with him long; and, finally, his master's intemperance compelled him to give up the advantages which he might have derived from that artist's practical suggestions.

ANDERSON established himself as an engraver soon after leaving ROBERTS, and up to the year 1820 he used both wood and metal, as occasions required. He illustrated the earliest editions of "Webster's Spelling-Book," which, for about seventy years, has been a leading elementary book in the schools of the United States. Its sale has been enormous, and at one time amounted to about a million of copies a year. In 1857 a new and more fully illustrated edition of that work was published, the engravings executed by ANDERSON, from drawings by MORGAN, one of his pupils, who was about eight years his junior.

During his long and busy life Dr. ANDERSON

ENGLISH BOY COLONISTS FOR AMERICA.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

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engraved many thousands of subjects. In the year 1799 he engraved several large copper-plates for JOSEPHUS'S "History of the Jews;" and in 1808 he executed on wood sixty or seventy illustrations for an American edition of BELL'S "Anatomy," copied from the originals, etched by BELL himself. His last engraving in copper was made about the year 1812, to illustrate a quarto Bible. The subject was "The Last Supper," from an English design. From that time he engraved on wood exclusively, and found continual employment until called upon to lay aside every implement of labor forever. Between 1850 and 1855 he engraved forty octavo and forty smaller illustrations of SHAKSPEARE'S plays, from original designs, for COOLEDGE & BROTHER, then the publishers of "Webster's Spelling-Book." They were executed in the substantial and characteristic style of English wood-cuts thirty or forty years previously.

In the spring of 1859, when in the eighty-fifth year of his age, Dr. ANDERSON changed his place of residence, and removed from where he had lived about thirty years. At that time he issued a new business-card, drawn and engraved by himself, with the appropriate motto — FLEXUS NON FRACTUS—"Bent, not broken."

Dr. ANDERSON'S reminiscences of the past were extremely vivid, and his relations of them were very instructive. They extended back to the closing scenes of the Revolution. With most of the literary and professional men in New York in the early part of this century he was very familiar, and was beloved by all for his sterling virtues. The writer has heard the late WASHINGTON IRVING speak of him in a most affectionate manner, as one of the earliest friends of his youth, and from whom, when IRVING was a lad, he learned to play the flageolet.

At the time of his death Dr. ANDERSON was in the ninety-fifth year of his age. In person he was a little below the medium height, rather thick-set, and presented a countenance always beaming with benevolent and kindly feeling. He was extremely regular and temperate in his habits. "I would not sit up after ten o'clock at night," he used to say, "to see an angel." He was genial in thought and conversation, and uncommonly modest and retiring. It was not without much persuasion from the writer that he consented, several years ago, to sit for the daguerreotype from which our portrait was copied, and which he himself engraved when he was past the eightieth year of his age.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

TOUCHING IT.

As soon as the general stupefaction was allayed, the general incredulity asserted itself as a matter of course.

The man who first declared that "seeing" was "believing" laid his finger (whether he knew it himself or not) on one of the fundamental follies of humanity. The easiest of all evidence to receive is the evidence that requires no other judgment to decide on it than the judgment of the eye—and it will be, on that account, the evidence which humanity is most ready to credit, as long as humanity lasts. The eyes of every body looked at Geoffrey; and the judgment of every body decided, on the evidence there visible, that the surgeon must be wrong. Lady Lundie herself (disturbed over her dinner invitations) led the general protest. "Mr. Delamayn in broken health!" she exclaimed, appealing to the better sense of her eminent medical guest. "Really, now, you can't expect us to believe that!"

Stung into action for the second time by the startling assertion of which he had been made the subject, Geoffrey rose, and looked the surgeon, steadily and insolently, straight in the face.

"Do you mean what you say?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You point me out before all these people—"

"One moment, Mr. Delamayn. I admit that I may have been wrong in directing the general attention to you. You have a right to complain of my having answered too publicly the public challenge offered to me by your friends. I apologize for having done that. But I don't retract a single word of what I have said on the subject of your health."

"You stick to it that I'm a broken-down man?"

"I do."

"I wish you were twenty years younger, Sir?"

"Why?"

"I'd ask you to step out on the lawn there; and I'd show you whether I'm a broken-down man or not."

Lady Lundie looked at her brother-in-law. Sir Patrick instantly interfered.

"Mr. Delamayn," he said, "you were invited here in the character of a gentleman, and you are a guest in a lady's house."

"No! no!" said the surgeon, good-humoredly. "Mr. Delamayn is using a strong argument, Sir Patrick—and that is all. If I *were* twenty years younger," he went on, addressing himself to Geoffrey, "and if I *did* step out on the lawn with you, the result wouldn't affect the question between us in the least. I don't say that the violent bodily exercises in which you are famous have damaged your muscular power. I assert that they have damaged your vital power. In what particular way they have affected it I don't consider myself bound to tell you. I simply give you a warning, as a matter of common humanity. You will do well to be content with the success you have already achieved in the field of athletic pursuits, and to alter your mode of life for the future. Accept my excuses, once more, for having said this publicly instead of privately—and don't forget my warning."

He turned to move away to another part of the room. Geoffrey fairly forced him to return to the subject.

"Wait a bit," he said. "You have had your innings. My turn now. I can't give it words as you do; but I can come to the point. And, by the Lord, I'll fix you to it! In ten days or a fortnight from this I'm going into training for the Foot-Race at Fulham. Do you say I shall break down?"

"You will probably get through your training."

"Shall I get through the race?"

"You may *possibly* get through the race. But if you do—"

"If I do?"

"You will never run another."

"And never row in another match?"

"Never."

"I have been asked to row in the Race, next spring; and I have said I will. Do you tell me, in so many words, that I sha'n't be able to do it?"

"Yes—in so many words."

"Positively?"

"Positively."

"Back your opinion!" cried Geoffrey, tearing his betting-book out of his pocket. "I lay you an even hundred I'm in fit condition to row in the University Match next spring."

"I don't bet, Mr. Delamayn."

With that final reply the surgeon walked away to the other end of the library. Lady Lundie (taking Blanche in custody) withdrew, at the same time, to return to the serious business of her invitations for the dinner. Geoffrey turned defiantly, book in hand, to his college friends about him. The British blood was up; and the British resolution to bet, which successfully defies common decency and common law from one end of the country to the other, was not to be trifled with.

"Come on!" cried Geoffrey. "Back the doctor, one of you!"

Sir Patrick rose in undisguised disgust, and followed the surgeon. One, Two, and Three, invited to business by their illustrious friend, shook their thick heads at him knowingly, and answered with one accord, in one eloquent word—"Gammon!"

"One of *you* back him!" persisted Geoffrey, appealing to the two choral gentlemen in the back-ground, with his temper fast rising to fever heat. The two choral gentlemen compared notes, as usual. "We weren't born yesterday, Smith?" "Not if we know it, Jones."

"Smith!" said Geoffrey, with a sudden assumption of politeness ominous of something unpleasant to come.

Smith said "Yes?"—with a smile.

"Jones!"

Jones said "Yes?"—with a reflection of Smith.

"You're a couple of infernal cads—and you haven't got a hundred pound between you!"

"Come! come!" said Arnold, interfering for the first time. "This is shameful, Geoffrey!"

"Why the"—(never mind what!)—"won't they any of them take the bet?"

"If you must be a fool," returned Arnold, a little irritably on his side, "and if nothing else will keep you quiet, *I'll* take the bet."

"An even hundred on the doctor!" cried Geoffrey. "Done with you!"

His highest aspirations were satisfied; his temper was in perfect order again. He entered the bet in his book; and made his excuses to Smith and Jones in the heartiest way. "No offense, old chaps! Shake hands!" The two choral gentlemen were enchanted with him. "The English aristocracy—eh, Smith?" "Blood and breeding—ah, Jones!"

As soon as he had spoken, Arnold's conscience reproached him: not for betting (who is ashamed of *that* form of gambling in England?), but for "backing the doctor." With the best intention toward his friend, he was speculating on the failure of his friend's health. He anxiously assured Geoffrey that no man in the room could be more heartily persuaded that the surgeon was wrong than himself. "I don't cry off from the bet," he said. "But, my dear fellow, pray understand that I only take it to please *you*."

"Bother all that!" answered Geoffrey, with the steady eye to business, which was one of the choicest virtues in his character. "A bet's a bet—and hang your sentiment!" He drew Arnold by the arm out of ear-shot of the others. "I say!" he asked, anxiously. "Do you think I've set the old fogy's back up?"

"Do you mean Sir Patrick?"

Geoffrey nodded, and went on.

"I haven't put that little matter to him yet—about marrying in Scotland, you know. Suppose he cuts up rough with me if I try him now?" His eye wandered cunningly, as he put the question, to the farther end of the room. The surgeon was looking over a port-folio of prints. The ladies were still at work on their notes of invitation. Sir Patrick was alone at the book-shelves, immersed in a volume which he had just taken down.

"Make an apology," suggested Arnold. "Sir Patrick may be a little irritable and bitter; but he's a just man and a kind man. Say you were not guilty of any intentional disrespect toward him—and you will say enough."

"All right!"

Sir Patrick, deep in an old Venetian edition of The Decameron, found himself suddenly recalled from medieval Italy to modern England, by no less a person than Geoffrey Delamayn.

"What do you want?" he asked, coldly.

"I want to make an apology," said Geoffrey. "Let by-gones be by-gones—and that sort of thing. I wasn't guilty of any intentional disrespect toward you. Forgive and forget. Not half a bad motto, Sir—eh?"

It was clumsily expressed—but still it was an apology. Not even Geoffrey could appeal to Sir Patrick's courtesy and Sir Patrick's consideration in vain.

"Not a word more, Mr. Delamayn!" said the polite old man. "Accept my excuses for any thing which I may have said too sharply, on my side; and let us by all means forget the rest."

Having met the advance made to him, in those terms, he paused, expecting Geoffrey to leave him free to return to the Decameron. To his unutterable astonishment, Geoffrey suddenly stooped over him, and whispered in his ear, "I want a word in private with you."

Sir Patrick started back, as if Geoffrey had tried to bite him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Delamayn—what did you say?"

"Could you give me a word in private?"

Sir Patrick put back the Decameron; and bowed in freezing silence. The confidence of the Honorable Geoffrey Delamayn was the last confidence in the world into which he desired to be drawn. "This is the secret of the apology!" he thought. "What can he possibly want with Me?"

"It's about a friend of mine," pursued Geoffrey; leading the way toward one of the windows. "He's in a scrape, my friend is. And I want to ask your advice. It's strictly private, you know." There he came to a full stop—and looked to see what impression he had produced, so far.

Sir Patrick declined, either by word or gesture, to exhibit the slightest anxiety to hear a word more.

"Would you mind taking a turn in the garden?" asked Geoffrey.

Sir Patrick pointed to his lame foot. "I have had my allowance of walking this morning," he said. "Let my infirmity excuse me."

Geoffrey looked about him for a substitute for the garden, and led the way back again toward one of the convenient curtained recesses opening out of the inner wall of the library. "We shall be private enough here," he said.

Sir Patrick made a final effort to escape the proposed conference—an undisguised effort, this time.

"Pray forgive me, Mr. Delamayn. Are you quite sure that you apply to the right person, in applying to *me*?"

"You're a Scotch lawyer, ain't you!"

"Certainly."

"And you understand about Scotch marriages—eh?"

Sir Patrick's manner suddenly altered.

"Is *that* the subject you wish to consult me on?" he asked.

"It's not me. It's my friend."

"Your friend, then?"

"Yes. It's a scrape with a woman. Here, in Scotland. My friend don't know whether he's married to her or not."

"I am at your service, Mr. Delamayn."

To Geoffrey's relief—by no means unmixed with surprise—Sir Patrick not only showed no further reluctance to be consulted by him, but actually advanced to meet his wishes, by leading the way to the recess that was nearest to them. The quick brain of the old lawyer had put Geoffrey's application to him for assistance, and Blanche's application to him for assistance, together; and had built its own theory on the basis thus obtained. "Do I see a connection between the present position of Blanche's governess, and the present position of Mr. Delamayn's 'friend?'" thought Sir Patrick. "Stranger extremes than *that* have met me in my experience. Something may come out of this."

The two strangely-assorted companions seated themselves, one on each side of a little table in the recess. Arnold and the other guests had idled out again on to the lawn. The surgeon with his prints, and the ladies with their invitations, were safely absorbed in a distant part of the library. The conference between the two men, so trifling in appearance, so terrible in its destined influence, not over Anne's future only, but over the future of Arnold and Blanche, was, to all practical purposes, a conference with closed doors.

"Now;" said Sir Patrick, "what is the question?"

"The question," said Geoffrey, "is whether my friend is married to her or not?"

"Did he mean to marry her?"

"No."

"He being a single man, and she being a single woman, at the time? And both in Scotland?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now tell me the circumstances."

Geoffrey hesitated. The art of stating circumstances implies the cultivation of a very rare gift—the gift of arranging ideas. No one was better acquainted with this truth than Sir Patrick. He was purposely puzzling Geoffrey at starting, under the firm conviction that his client had something to conceal from him. The one process that could be depended on for extracting the truth, under those circumstances, was the process of interrogation. If Geoffrey was submitted to it, at the outset, his cunning might take the alarm. Sir Patrick's object was to make the man himself invite interrogation. Geoffrey invited it forthwith, by attempting to state the circumstances, and by involving them in the usual confusion. Sir Patrick waited until he had thoroughly lost the thread of his narrative—and then played for the winning trick.

"Would it be easier to you if I asked a few questions?" he inquired, innocently.

"Much easier."

"I am quite at your service. Suppose we clear the ground to begin with? Are you at liberty to mention names?"

"No."

"Places?"

"No."

"Dates?"

"Do you want me to be particular?"

"Be as particular as you can."

"Will it do, if I say the present year?"

"Yes. Were your friend and the lady—at some time in the present year—traveling together in Scotland?"

"No."

"Living together in Scotland?"

"No."

"What *were* they doing together in Scotland?"

"Well—they were meeting each other at an inn."

"Oh? They were meeting each other at an inn. Which was first at the rendezvous?"

"The woman was first. Stop a bit! We are getting to it now." He produced from his pocket the written memorandum of Arnold's proceedings at Craig Fernie, which he had taken down from Arnold's own lips. "I've got a bit of note here," he went on. "Perhaps, you'd like to have a look at it?"

Sir Patrick took the note—read it rapidly through to himself—then re-read it, sentence by sentence, to Geoffrey; using it as a text to speak from, in making further inquiries.

"'He asked for her by the name of his wife, at the door,'" read Sir Patrick. "Meaning, I presume, the door of the inn? Had the lady previously given herself out as a married woman to the people of the inn?"

"Yes."

"How long had she been at the inn before the gentleman joined her?"

"Only an hour or so."

"Did she give a name?"

"I can't be quite sure—I should say not."

"Did the gentleman give a name?"

"No. I'm certain *he* didn't."

Sir Patrick returned to the memorandum.

"'He said at dinner, before the landlady and the waiter, I take these rooms for my wife. He made *her* say he was her husband, at the same time.' Was that done jocosely, Mr. Delamayn—either by the lady or the gentleman?"

"No. It was done in downright earnest."

"You mean it was done to look like earnest, and so to deceive the landlady and the waiter?"

"Yes."

Sir Patrick returned to the memorandum.

"'After that, he stopped all night.' Stopped in the rooms he had taken for himself and his wife?"

"Yes."

"And what happened the next day?"

"He went away. Wait a bit! Said he had business for an excuse."

"That is to say, he kept up the deception with the people of the inn? and left the lady behind him, in the character of his wife?"

"That's it."

"Did he go back to the inn?"

"No."

"How long did the lady stay there, after he had gone?"

"She staid—well, she staid a few days."

"And your friend has not seen her since?"

"No."

"Are your friend and the lady English or Scotch?"

"Both English.

"At the time when they met at the inn, had they either of them arrived in Scotland, from the place in which they were previously living, within a period of less than twenty-one days?"

Geoffrey hesitated. There could be no difficulty in answering for Anne. Lady Lundie and her domestic circle had occupied Windygates for a much longer period than three weeks before the date of the lawn-party. The question, as it affected Arnold, was the only question that required reflection. After searching his memory for details of the conversation which had taken place between them, when he and Arnold had met at the lawn-party, Geoffrey recalled a certain reference on the part of his friend to a performance at the Edinburgh theatre, which at once decided the question of time. Arnold had been necessarily detained in Edinburgh, before his arrival at Windygates, by legal business connected with his inheritance; and he, like Anne, had certainly been in Scotland, before they met at Craig Fernie, for a longer period than a period of three weeks. He accordingly informed Sir Patrick that the lady and gentleman had been in Scotland for more than twenty-one days—and then added a question on his own behalf: "Don't let me hurry you, Sir—but, shall you soon have done?"

"I shall have done, after two more questions," answered Sir Patrick. "Am I to understand that the lady claims, on the strength of the circumstances which you have mentioned to me, to be your friend's wife?"

Geoffrey made an affirmative reply. The readiest means of obtaining Sir Patrick's opinion was, in this case, to answer, Yes. In other words, to represent Anne (in the character of "the lady") as claiming to be married to Arnold (in the character of "his friend").

Having made this concession to circumstances, he was, at the same time, quite cunning enough to see that it was of vital importance to the purpose which he had in view, to confine himself strictly to this bare perversion of the truth. There could be plainly no depending on the lawyer's opinion, unless that opinion was given on

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the facts exactly as they had occurred at the inn. To the facts he had, thus far, carefully adhered; and to the facts (with the one inevitable departure from them which had been just forced on him) he determined to adhere to the end.

"Did no letters pass between the lady and gentleman?" pursued Sir Patrick.

"None that I know of," answered Geoffrey, steadily returning to the truth.

"I have done, Mr. Delamayn."

"Well? and what's your opinion?"

"Before I give my opinion I am bound to preface it by a personal statement which you are not to take, if you please, as a statement of the law. You ask me to decide—on the facts with which you have supplied me—whether your friend is, according to the law of Scotland, married or not?"

Geoffrey nodded. "That's it!" he said, eagerly.

"My experience, Mr. Delamayn, is that any single man, in Scotland, may marry any single woman, at any time, and under any circumstances. In short, after thirty years' practice as a lawyer, I don't know what is *not* a marriage in Scotland."

"In plain English," said Geoffrey, "you mean she's his wife?"

In spite of his cunning; in spite of his self-command, his eyes brightened as he said those words. And the tone in which he spoke—though too carefully guarded to be a tone of triumph—was, to a fine ear, unmistakably a tone of relief.

Neither the look nor the tone was lost on Sir Patrick.

His first suspicion, when he sat down to the conference, had been the obvious suspicion that, in speaking of "his friend," Geoffrey was speaking of himself. But, like all lawyers, he habitually distrusted first impressions, his own included. His object, thus far, had been to solve the problem of Geoffrey's true position and Geoffrey's real motive. He had set the snare accordingly, and had caught his bird.

It was now plain to his mind—first, that this man who was consulting him, was, in all probability, really speaking of the case of another person: secondly, that he had an interest (of what nature it was impossible yet to say) in satisfying his own mind that "his friend" was, by the law of Scotland, indisputably a married man. Having penetrated to that extent the secret which Geoffrey was concealing from him, he abandoned the hope of making any further advance at that present sitting. The next question to clear up in the investigation, was the question of who the anonymous "lady" might be. And the next discovery to make was, whether "the lady" could, or could not, be identified with Anne Silvester. Pending the inevitable delay in reaching that result, the straight course was (in Sir Patrick's present state of uncertainty) the only course to follow in laying down the law. He at once took the question of the marriage in hand—with no concealment whatever, as to the legal bearings of it, from the client who was consulting him.

"Don't rush to conclusions, Mr. Delamayn," he said. "I have only told you what my general experience is thus far. My professional opinion on the special case of your friend has not been given yet."

Geoffrey's face clouded again. Sir Patrick carefully noted the new change in it.

"The law of Scotland," he went on, "so far as it relates to Irregular Marriages, is an outrage on common decency and common-sense. If you think my language in thus describing it too strong—I can refer you to the language of a judicial authority. Lord Deas delivered a recent judgment of marriage in Scotland, from the bench, in these words: 'Consent makes marriage. No form or ceremony, civil or religious; no notice before, or publication after; no cohabitation, no writing, no witnesses even, are essential to the constitution of this, the most important contract which two persons can enter into.'—There is a Scotch judge's own statement of the law that he administers! Observe, at the same time, if you please, that we make full legal provision in Scotland for contracts affecting the sale of houses and lands, horses and dogs. The only contract which we leave without safeguards or precautions of any sort is the contract that unites a man and a woman for life. As for the authority of parents, and the innocence of children, our law recognizes no claim on it either in the one case or in the other. A girl of twelve and a boy of fourteen have nothing to do but to cross the Border, and to be married—without the interposition of the slightest delay or restraint, and without the slightest attempt to inform their parents on the part of the Scotch law. As to the marriages of men and women, even the mere interchange of consent which, as you have just heard, makes them man and wife, is not required to be directly proved: it may be proved by inference. And, more even than that, whatever the law for its consistency may presume, men and women are, in point of fact, held to be married in Scotland where consent has never been interchanged, and where the parties do not even know that they are legally held to be married persons. Are you sufficiently confused about the law of Irregular Marriages in Scotland by this time, Mr. Delamayn? And have I said enough to justify the strong language I used when I undertook to describe it to you?"

"Who's that 'authority' you talked of just now?" inquired Geoffrey. "Couldn't I ask *him?*"

"You might find him flatly contradicted, if you did ask him, by another authority equally learned and equally eminent," answered Sir Patrick. "I am not joking—I am only stating facts. Have you heard of the Queen's Commission?"

"No."

"Then listen to this. In March, 'sixty-five, the Queen appointed a Commission to inquire into the Marriage-Laws of the United Kingdom. The Report of that Commission is published in London; and is accessible to any body who chooses to pay the price of two or three shillings for it. One of the results of the inquiry was, the discovery that high authorities were of entirely contrary opinions on one of the vital questions of Scottish marriage-law. And the Commissioners, in announcing that fact, add that the question of which opinion is right is still disputed, and has never been made the subject of legal decision. Authorities are every where at variance throughout the Report. A haze of doubt and uncertainty hangs in Scotland over the most important contract of civilized life. If no other reason existed for reforming the Scotch marriage-law, there would be reason enough afforded by that one fact. An uncertain marriage-law is a national calamity."

"You can tell me what you think yourself about my friend's case—can't you?" said Geoffrey, still holding obstinately to the end that he had in view.

"Certainly. Now that I have given you due warning of the danger of implicitly relying on any individual opinion, I may give *my* opinion with a clear conscience. I say that there has been evidence in favor of possibly establishing a marriage—nothing more."

The distinction here was far too fine to be appreciated by Geoffrey's mind. He frowned heavily, in bewilderment and disgust.

"Not married!" he exclaimed, "when they said they were man and wife, before witnesses?"

"That is a common popular error," said Sir Patrick. "As I have already told you, witnesses are not legally necessary to make a marriage in Scotland. They are only valuable—as in this case—to help, at some future time, in proving a marriage that is in dispute."

Geoffrey caught at the last words.

"The landlady and the waiter *might* make it out to be a marriage, then?" he said.

"Yes. And, remember, if you choose to apply to one of my professional colleagues, he might possibly tell you they were married already. A state of the law which allows the interchange of matrimonial consent to be proved by inference leaves a wide door open to conjecture. Your friend refers to a certain lady, in so many words, as his wife. The lady refers to your friend, in so many words, as her husband. In the rooms which they have taken, as man and wife, they remain, as man and wife, till the next morning. Your friend goes away, without undeceiving any body. The lady stays at the inn, for some days after, in the character of his wife. And all these circumstances take place in the presence of competent witnesses. Logically—if not legally—there is apparently an inference of the interchange of matrimonial consent here. I stick to my own opinion, nevertheless. Evidence in proof of a marriage (I say)—nothing more."

While Sir Patrick had been speaking, Geoffrey had been considering with himself. By dint of hard thinking he had found his way to a decisive question on his side.

"Look here!" he said, dropping his heavy hand down on the table. "I want to bring you to book, Sir! Suppose my friend had another lady in his eye?"

"Yes?"

"As things are now—would you advise him to marry her?"

"As things are now—certainly not!"

Geoffrey got briskly on his legs, and closed the interview.

"That will do," he said, "for him and for me."

With those words he walked back, without ceremony, into the main thoroughfare of the room.

"I don't know who your friend is," thought Sir Patrick, looking after him. "But if your interest in the question of his marriage is an honest and a harmless interest, I know no more of human nature than the babe unborn!"

Immediately on leaving Sir Patrick, Geoffrey was encountered by one of the servants in search of him.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," began the man. "The groom from the Honorable Mr. Delamayn's—"

"Yes? The fellow who brought me a note from my brother this morning?"

"He's expected back, Sir—he's afraid he mustn't wait any longer."

"Come here, and I'll give you the answer for him."

He led the way to the writing-table, and referred to Julius's letter again. He ran his eye carelessly over it, until he reached the final lines: "Come to-morrow, and help us to receive Mrs. Glenarm." For a while he paused, with his eye fixed on that sentence; and with the happiness of three people—of Anne, who had loved him; of Arnold, who had served him; of Blanche, guiltless of injuring him—resting on the decision that guided his movements for the next day. After what had passed that morning between Arnold and Blanche, if he remained at Lady Lundie's, he had no alternative but to perform his promise to Anne. If he returned to his brother's house, he had no alternative but to desert Anne, on the infamous pretext that she was Arnold's wife.

He suddenly tossed the letter away from him on the table, and snatched a sheet of note-paper out of the writing-case. "Here goes for Mrs. Glenarm!" he said to himself; and wrote back to his brother, in one line: "Dear Julius, Expect me to-morrow. G. D." The impassible man-servant stood by while he wrote, looking at his magnificent breadth of chest, and thinking what a glorious "staying-power" was there for the last terrible mile of the coming race.

"There you are!" he said, and handed his note to the man.

"All right, Geoffrey?" asked a friendly voice behind him.

He turned—and saw Arnold, anxious for news of the consultation with Sir Patrick.

"Yes," he said. "All right."

NOTE.—There are certain readers who feel a disposition to doubt Facts, when they meet with them in a work of fiction. Persons of this way of thinking may be profitably referred to the book which first suggested to me the idea of writing the present Novel. The book is the Report of the Royal Commissioners on The Laws of Marriage. Published by the Queen's Printers. For her Majesty's Stationery Office. (London, 1868.) What Sir Patrick says professionally of Scotch Marriages in this chapter is taken from this high authority. What the lawyer (in the Prologue) says professionally of Irish Marriages is also derived from the same source. It is needless to encumber these pages with quotations. But as a means of satisfying my readers that they may depend on me, I subjoin an extract from my list of references to the Report of the Marriage Commission, which any persons who may be so inclined can verify for themselves.

Irish Marriages (in the Prologue).—See Report, pages XII., XIII., XXIV.

Irregular Marriages in Scotland.—Statement of the law by Lord Deas. Report, page XVI.—Marriages of children of tender years. Examination of Mr. Muirhead by Lord Chelmsford (Question 689).—Interchange of consent, established by inference. Examination of Mr. Muirhead by the Lord Justice Clerk (Question 654).—Marriage where consent has never been interchanged. Observations of Lord Deas. Report, page XIX.—Contradiction of opinions between authorities. Report, pages XIX. XX., Legal provision for the sale of horses and dogs. No legal provision for the marriage of men and women. Mr. Seeton's Remarks. Report, page XXX.—Conclusion of the Commissioners. In spite of the arguments advanced before them in favor of not interfering with Irregular Marriages in Scotland, the Commissioners declare their opinion that "Such marriages ought not to continue." (Report, page XXXIV.)

In reference to the arguments (alluded to above) in favor of allowing the present disgraceful state of things to continue, I find them resting mainly on these grounds: That Scotland doesn't like being interfered with by England (!). That Irregular Marriages cost nothing (!!). That they are diminishing in number, and may therefore be trusted, in course of time, to exhaust themselves (!!). That they act, on certain occasions, in the capacity of a moral trap to catch a profligate man (!!!). Such is the elevated point of view from which the Institution of Marriage is regarded by some of the most pious and learned men in Scotland. A legal enactment providing for the sale of your wife, when you have done with her, or of your husband, when you "really can't put up with him any longer," appears to be all that is wanting to render this North British estimate of the "Estate of Matrimony" practically complete. It is only fair to add that, of the witnesses giving evidence—oral and written—before the Commissioners, fully one-half regard the Irregular Marriages of Scotland from the Christian and the civilized point of view, and entirely agree with the authoritative conclusion already cited—that such marriages ought to be abolished. W. C.

ENFORCING THE WHISKY LAWS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

THE mountains of West Virginia, covered with forest and traversed by few roads, offer tempting facilities to those who engage in the illicit distillation of whisky, and the revenue officers of the United States experience great difficulty in hunting up their establishments and enforcing the laws. The stills are generally located in some very secluded ravine, to be reached by an obscure bridle-path only; and as the distillers are hardly one degree removed from banditti, many of them having been rebel guerrillas, and regard revenue officers as natural enemies, the latter are frequently compelled to call upon the military for assistance when making a raid upon a well-defended still. Our illustration on page 84 represents the seizure of such an establishment, and was made by our artist from an actual scene.

THE PEABODY FUNERAL CAR.

WHEN it was decided that the body of the late Mr. GEORGE PEABODY was to be transported over the Eastern Railroad from Portland, the Directors of the road selected a car of the latest pattern to be fitted up for reception of the remains. The decoration was intrusted to the taste and experience of Colonel WILLIAM BEALE, of Boston. The car, of which we give a view, with the rest of the funeral train, on page 84, is a model of elegant construction. It is 24 feet long and 7 feet wide, and the height of the floor from the ground is 5 feet 7 inches. It is carpeted in black and green, and is draped throughout with black and white alpaca. The interior of the roof is hung with gracefully drooping folds of alternate black and white, blending near the ends of the car with the colors of the American and English flags. Between the roof and the tops of the windows is an elaborate succession of pleasing designs, and the drapery of the windows is looped back in diamond form. The ends of the car are partitioned off with heavy black curtains, relieved and looped back with white folds. The doors are draped outside and in, the upper half matching the decoration of the windows. In the centre of the car is a magnificent dais, 10 feet long, covered with black velvet, festooned with silver bullion fringe, tassels, and rosettes, and bound with heavy silver lace. The effect of the interior, as seen from the doorway, is very solemn and imposing, and reflects great credit upon the designer. The exterior is draped at the sides and ends, and is in harmony with the interior. Two other cars are to be decorated less elaborately for the funeral cortége—long bands of black extending in graceful curves from point to point of the roof, relieved by bows of white at the intersections, and festoons of white and black at the sides.

The engine selected to draw the funeral train is the splendid machine which, by a singular coincidence, was named the "George Peabody," in honor of a gentleman of Salem, a former President of the road. Bands of alternate white and black cover the boiler, converging in a rosette at the extremity of the cow-catcher. The steam-dome and sand-box are draped with black velvet, studded with silver stars, and trimmed with white fringe. The bell is muffled with black crape. The sides of the tender and driver's cab are ornamented with rows of festoons, bows, and streamers. The flag-staffs at the front carry, on opposite sides, the cross of St. George and the Stars and Stripes, draped with black crape, *tout ensemble* giving an effect of sombre richness.

PRINCE ARTHUR IN THE UNITED STATES.

PRINCE ARTHUR, who arrived in Canada last August for the purpose of joining the regiment to which he is attached, and which is now stationed in that country, is now on a visit to the United States, partly to attend the funeral of the late Mr. PEABODY, and partly to take a look at Washington while Congress is in session. He is the seventh child and third son of Queen VICTORIA, and is now about nineteen years old—very nearly of the same age that his brother, the Prince of Wales, was when he visited this country about nine years ago. Our portrait of the Prince on page 85 shows him to be a pleasant-looking young gentleman, with features very unlike those of his elder brother. The London *Times*, referring to the Prince's visit, expresses the hope that it may be productive of happy results in bringing both countries to a more cordial understanding.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EVERY body has to be interviewed nowadays, either in person or by proxy, by the enterprising "gentlemen of the press." One of these press-men, it is said, unable to get at Prince Arthur, who was taking a quiet lunch at the Brevoort House in New York in company with the British Minister and Colonel Elphinstone, undertook to perform his duty to the public in the next best possible way. Accosting a colored gentleman who, napkin on arm, was leaving the Prince's room, he said:

"I believe, Sir, that you have just been serving his Royal Highness?"

"Yes, Sah, I have had dat honor."

"You heard the conversation?"

"Yes, Sah, every word."

"My dear friend, you are just the gentleman I want to see;" and he pressed the hand of the waiter, which hand was immediately seen approaching his vest-pocket. "Now, my dear Sir, what did the Prince say? Did he say any thing about the Queen, when he heard from her, and how she was?"

"He didn't say nuffin 'bout the Queen."

"Any thing about the *Alabama?*"

"No, Sah. I don't b'lieve he knows any thing 'bout ole Alabam."

"Did he tell what he was going to say to President Grant?"

"No, Sah. Didn't mention Mass Grant's name."

"Did he say how he liked the American people?"

"No, Sah. Didn't say any thing about the Americans."

"Did he tell what he thought about New York?"

"No, Sah. Not a word 'bout New York."

"Well then, my dear fellow, what did he say? and what did they all say?"

"Well den, the Prince he says: 'I say, Thornton, dem eysters is jolly nice.' 'I t'inks so too,' says Mass Thornton. 'Dem's my sentiments 'zackly,' says t'other gemman; an' dat's every word dey said, on'y the Prince told me to bring a jolly lot more of 'em; an' I'm jess going to get 'em. Good-mornin', Sah."

And that was the end of the "interview."

A school visitor lately gave a teacher the following sentence to spell: "Robert Wright, the beautiful writer of Wrightville, down in Torrington, claims the exclusive right to write the rites and ceremonies of his church, and has secured a copyright for his writings; but Henry Wright, the writing-master, also writes those rites; now is it honorable for the Right Honorable Henry Wright boldly to write himself upright in the presence of the right-handed wheelwright, Robert Wright?"

"You can't stand there," said a watchman to a thin man in a suit of rusty black, who was endeavoring to maintain a favorable position for viewing a late fire; "you must come down, Sir." "Allow me to remain, if you please; I am a reporter, and it is necessary I should see what is going on." "I don't care," responded the guardian; "if ye want a report of it you'll see it in all the papers to-morrow."

At a recent examination of a Scotch farmer, on his sister entering the box to be examined, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent:

AGENT. "How old are you?"

MISS JANE. "Oh, weel, Sir, I am an unmarried woman, and I dinna think it richt to answer that question."

THE JUDGE. "Oh yes, answer the gentleman how old you are."

MISS JANE. "Weel a weel, I am fifty."

AGENT. "Are you not more?"

MISS JANE. "Weel, I am sixty."

The inquisitive agent still further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which she replied:

"Weel, Sir, I widna surely tell a lie; I hinna lost all hope yet." And she scornfully added: "But I widna marry you, for I am sick and tired o' your palaver already."

The examination proceeded.

Let each one strive with all his might
To be a decent man,
And love his brother as himself—
Upon the golden plan;
And if his neighbor chance to be
A pretty female woman,
Why love her all the more—you see
That's only acting human.

A pompous clergyman once said to a chubby-faced lad, who was passing him without raising his hat, "Do you know who I am, Sir, that you pass me in this unmannerly way? You are better fed than taught, I think." "Wa'al, maybe it be so, mistur," said the boy, "fur you teaches me, an' I feeds myself."

An Alabama young lady, caught smoking a cigar, gave as her reason that "it made it smell as though there was a man around."

A Down-East paper says that persuasive and humbugging agents are about in that region selling lightning-rods. One old lady told an agent she had no fear of lightning, but she had always been afraid of thunder. "Just so," he replied, "we can meet your case exactly. The square rods are *lightning*-rods, and the round ones *thunder*-rods." Of course she is now "protected."

A lady has a Sunday-school class in one of the churches. Two brothers attend it alternately. One Sunday the lady asked one of the boys if he would be there on the following Sunday. "Oh no," says he, "I can't; it's my turn to saw wood."

A lady who drew a gent's wrapper at the fair a few evenings since, now wants to draw a mat to put in it.

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FROZEN IN.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

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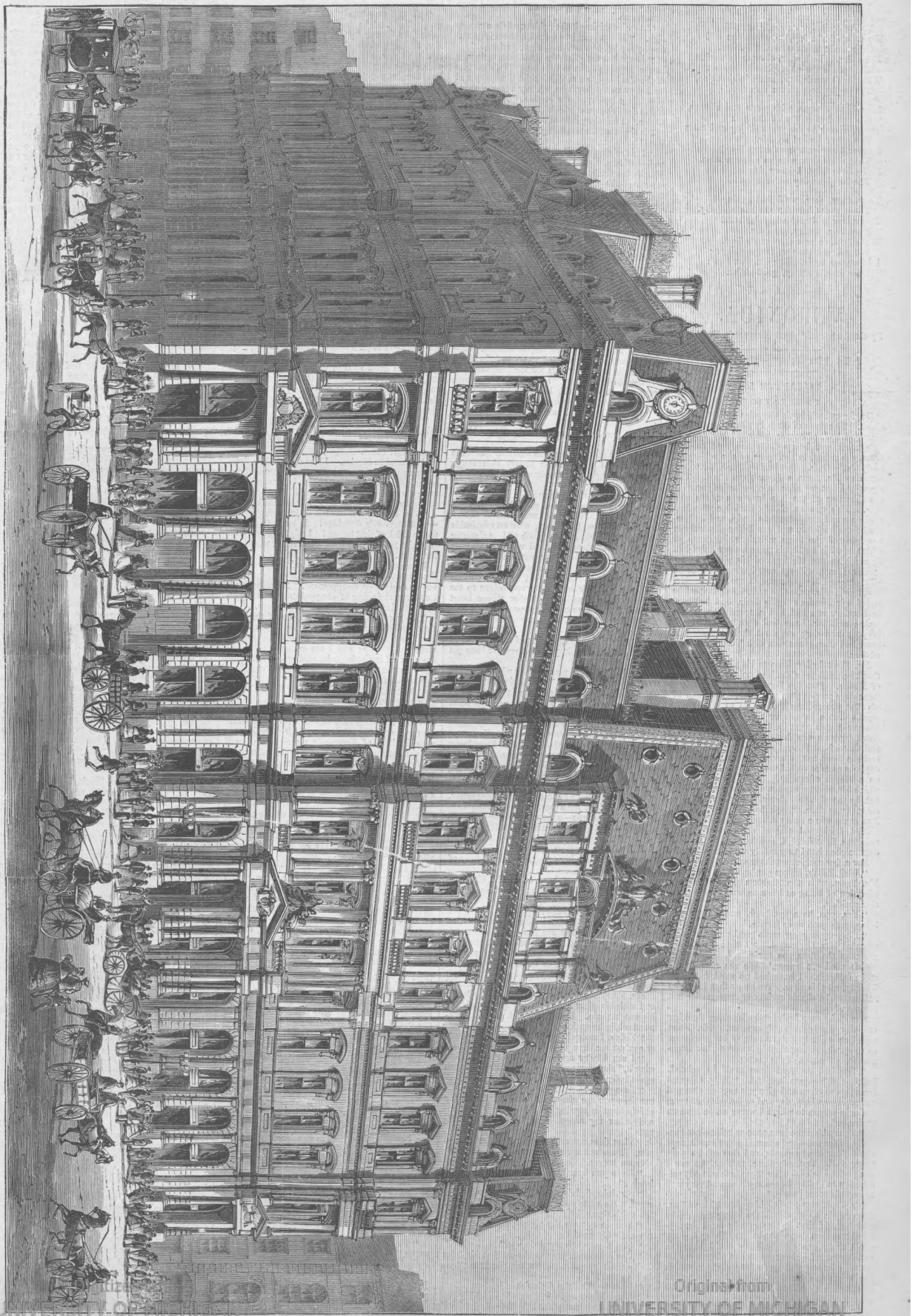

THE NEW POST-OFFICE AND SUB-TREASURY BUILDING, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

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LOVE-CRAFT.

OH love, to-day we found a way
To be as happy as the hours:
We climbed the hill, to where the still
Gray rocks smile with the flowers.
The soft wind's breath, the sea beneath,
They made for us a pleasant sound:
With love's words low, made tenderer so,
The happy hours were crowned.

Love is so strange, with wane and change,
His mood is subtle as the air:
Through long vague years of joy and tears
You never looked so fair.
I never knew your eyes more blue,
Your voice flow with so sweet a tone.
Full of my bliss, I know this is
The happiest day we've known.

To-morrow, then, we'll find again
Those rocks between the sea and sky.
To-morrow will prove happier still!
Nay, love, to-day, good-by.
We'll let love rest thus at its best,
We will not dare to tempt delight:
I kiss your brow, and we'll part now:
Dear love, good-by, good-night!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER I.

TEMPTATION.

BY the end of March Veronica arrived in England. The news of Sir John's death and of her marriage had, of course, preceded her thither. Telegrams and letters had been sent to Mr. Lane, the agent, in the name of the self-styled Lady Tallis Gale. But besides these, there had come to Mr. Lane a letter from Paul. The agent had lost no time in communicating with the inheritor of the late baronet's estate and title. This was an elderly bachelor who had made a small competence in trade, and had retired from business, and was living obscurely in a suburb of the large manufacturing town in which his life had been passed. Sir John had as much as possible ignored his plebeian connections; and, without ever having set eyes on him, detested his presumptive successor. Mr. Matthew Tallis, or, as he must henceforward be styled, Sir Matthew Tallis Gale, had hastened to London, and had had a meeting with Mr. Lane; and Mr. Lane had seen Sir Matthew's lawyer; and they were all three prepared to meet and discuss matters with Veronica's legal adviser.

Mr. Frost had written to his partner, stating that he should be in England on the twenty-fifth of March. But the fact was, that he arrived three days sooner than that date. And one of his first proceedings was to go to Mrs. Lockwood's house in Gower Street. The yellow window-blinds that had been drawn closely down between the day of Lady Tallis's death and that of her funeral were now again raised; and the front rooms were pervious to as much daylight as ever visited that side of Gower Street on a March afternoon. The little parlor into which Mr. Frost was shown looked neat as ever, but, he thought, very threadbare and poor. The air in it was close, though it was a chilly raw day. And there was a heavy silence in the house.

Mrs. Lockwood entered the room with her noiseless, light footfall, and touched Mr. Frost's outstretched hand very coldly with her fingers.

For a few moments neither spoke.

"Well, Zillah, I have got back, you see," said Mr. Frost, with the slightest possible overassumption of being at his ease, and in the superior position.

"Yes, you have got back, and I hope you bring some good news for me."

"I hope you bring some good news for me," repeated Mrs. Lockwood. "I have waited longer than the time you mentioned. You said, 'Wait until the winter.' We are now at the end of March. I have had no word from you directly, all this time. And now that I see you it is natural I should recall our conversation last summer."

She spoke very dryly, and with more than her ordinary deliberation of manner. Mr. Frost seized on an unimportant twig of her discourse, so to speak, hoping thereby to divert her attention from the root of the matter.

"You had no word from me!" he echoed, knitting his anxious forehead. "Why, I begged Georgina to come and give you my news several times. I was busy, day and night. My wife was the only person to whom I wrote a line save on business."

"Your wife came here once or twice—not specially to see me—and she said some vague word about your kind regards, and that affairs were going well. But, of course, neither you nor I can pretend *to each other* that there was any satisfaction in that! I dare say it was all very well as regards other people."

Mr. Frost commanded himself with an effort. Even while he repressed the rising temper, he told himself that it was cruelly hard that *he* should always have to be smooth and civil, while every one else he knew could have the satisfaction of lashing out when they were irritated; he wavered up to the instant when his lips began to form the words of his reply as to whether he should not give way and ease his goaded spirit at whatever cost!

"Well, Zillah," he answered, "*I have* good news for you."

"Thank God!"

"At least, I suppose it will be considered to be good news. At Hugh's age *I* should have thought so."

"Ah!" exclaimed the widow, with a weary sigh. "If there can be a question about its goodness, your 'good news' is not good enough."

"Hugh has the offer of a position which may be the stepping-stone to fortune. The directors of the Parthenope Embellishment Company will be happy to employ him, on my recommendation, for a twelvemonth certain. And it is a kind of employment which must bring him into notice. The salary offered is most liberal. The residence in such a charming place as Naples will be—"

"It is of no use. Not the least, Sidney," interposed Mrs. Lockwood. She had not called him by his Christian name for years. And the return of the once familiar appellation to her tongue was a proof of unwonted excitement in her.

"No use! *No use!*"

"It is of no use at all, if what you have to offer Hugh involves exile to a foreign country. I was in hopes that you had something better to tell me than that. I was in hopes that—"

"Exile!" repeated Mr. Frost, impatiently interrupting her. "What nonsense! Exile to Naples! How can a woman of your sense talk in that way? One would think I was proposing to send him to Sierra Leone."

"If you were, it would not be more unlikely that Hugh should accept it. He has made up his mind to set up for himself. He has formed new ties, and assumed new responsibilities. Captain Sheardown has offered to try to help Hugh to raise the necessary sum for the purchase of a business in Daneshire. If Captain Sheardown had the money himself, I believe he would advance it directly. But he is not rich enough."

"Is Hugh married?" asked Mr. Frost, abruptly.

"No: but he has engaged himself to Maud Desmond."

Mr. Frost felt on the whole relieved. If these friends would advance the money that Hugh needed, it might be a reprieve for him, Sidney Frost.

And then—then it was possible that the money might never be needed at all! How good that would be! What an excellent way out of the difficulties that beset him; what an admirable postponement (not *canceling*, oh no! Of course Hugh's money should be paid when the fortune that was budding for every one connected with the Parthenope Embellishment Company should be full-blown) of the debt that weighed on him so irksomely! What a deserved solace to the anxieties of the widowed mother whose heart was heavy with care and self-reproach!

"Engaged himself, has he?"

"Yes."

"Then the family difficulties I once hinted at—on the score of rank, you know—have been got over?"

"Lady Tallis, the poor woman who died here, was very fond of Hugh. I think that at first she did not quite like the idea of her niece's marrying him, though. But she was as soft as wax, poor soul, and hadn't a real 'no' in her. And the girl loves him very much."

A stranger might have detected no discontent in Zillah's voice or words. But Mr. Frost knew her well, and he was sure that her son's engagement did not altogether please her.

"It is not so bad a match for Hugh, after all," said he. "It is true that I did not like the idea when you first spoke of this thing as being likely, but— It might have been worse. Miss Desmond has very little—a mere pittance—but small as her dowry is, it may be useful to Hugh."

"Maud wanted to give it all to him, to purchase this business with. But—"

"But I suppose her trustees wouldn't hear of that?"

"*Hugh* would not hear of that! He is resolved that every shilling she has shall be settled tightly on herself."

"That is so like Hugh!"

"Now you understand that I can not—certainly will not—allow my son to commence his career hampered by debt, even though the debt be incurred to friends who would not press him unduly. I have thought of the matter in all ways, for many weary days and wearier nights, and I have come to a fixed resolve on this point."

Mr. Frost sat leaning his head on his hand, and with his other hand twisting and untwisting his watch-chain. He did not look at Mrs. Lockwood while he spoke to her.

"Zillah, I am going to risk making you harder against me than you are already," he began.

"I am harder against no one than against myself," she answered; and then set her mouth again inflexibly after she had spoken.

"I am going to risk making you harder against me than you are already, by confessing that my chief object in coming here to-day—so immediately after my arrival—was not Hugh's business."

"That does not make me any harder against you. I am not hard in order to please myself, Heaven knows."

"Have you heard any thing from Mr. Lane, lately?"

"Sir John Gale's agent? Not since the funeral. He undertook to let that man know of his wife's death."

"You do not see the papers, nor hear much news, I suppose?"

"I? No; you know I do not."

"But I suppose you have heard that Sir John Tallis Gale is dead, and that Sir Matthew reigns in his stead?"

"Dead! Sir John Gale dead!"

"You did *not* know it, then?"

"Not a word, not a hint! When did he die?"

"Twelve days ago, on the 10th of March. And you had not heard of it? Miss Desmond had not been informed?" said Mr. Frost, looking half-suspiciously at Zillah.

"Maud has scarcely seen a soul since her aunt's death. The vicar of Shipley came up to attend the funeral, by Lady Tallis's express desire, and he and Maud have been shut up in the house all day, and only go out to take a little walk in the Regent's Park in the evening. Hugh has been away at the Sheardowns. I expect him home to-morrow or the next day. And that man is dead? Within a week of his poor wife? How strange! Poor Lady Tallis was unfortunate in her death as in her life. If she had survived him but a day, she might have had it in her power to make some provision for Maud."

"How so?"

"Well, I suppose that man, bad as he was, would have bequeathed his wife *some* part of his fortune. And if he had died intestate, she would have been a rich woman. That would have been the most likely. Men like Sir John Gale often make no will at all."

"By an odd enough chance, I happen to know that this man did make a will, though."

"You?"

"Yes; I have seen it."

Zillah knew Sidney Frost well enough to be quite sure that in saying this he was not indulging in mere purposeless gossip. Besides, he had said that he had not come to Gower Street on Hugh's business. Was the business he had come upon in any way connected with Sir John Gale?—with Lady Tallis?—with Maud?

The latter thought sent a sudden hope through her heart—a hope which seemed almost a pang. She was so unused to hopes, that the barest glimpse of good fortune which her imagination might perceive was instantly followed by a movement of repression. If a thing appeared good, then it was unlikely! That was Zillah's experience of life at fifty odd years.

"You have seen Sir John Gale's will?" she said, folding her small, fair hands quietly on the table by which she sat, and bending over a little toward Mr. Frost.

"He died in Naples. I was there at the time. I became, through some business transactions, acquainted with a gentleman who is a great friend, and—he says—a relative of the very beautiful young lady who was called in Naples Lady Gale."

"Ah, I see! He has left all his money to her—to that vicar's daughter! What a fool I was not to think of that before! I might have known that the person who least deserved it would get the prize!"

Zillah would not have admitted to herself that she had hoped; and not having hoped, she could not be said to be disappointed. Nevertheless it was a secret feeling of disappointment that gave an extra flavor of bitterness to her words.

"I have always thought you one of the most clear-headed women I ever knew, Zillah," said Mr. Frost, "as well as one of the most discreet and trust-worthy; and I am going to prove the sincerity of my opinion by telling you a strange story on the condition that you keep it strictly to yourself for the present."

"A secret? No, no, no! For Heaven's sake give me no more secrets to carry about with me!"

"This can not be a secret long," answered Mr. Frost. Then he told her, with great clearness and accuracy, the story of his acquaintance with Barletti, of Veronica's marriage on board the ship of war at Naples, and of the subsequent sudden death of Sir John Gale, and the finding of the will.

Mrs. Lockwood listened with ever deepening attention. When he came to the contents of the will, she removed the hand which had hitherto covered her mouth, and let it fall on the table.

"Was the will witnessed—duly made out—was it a legal document?" she asked.

"It was unimpeachably correct, and unusually clear and brief."

"Then, Maud Desmond is a great heiress!" She sat very still, and spoke very quietly, but an unusual flush suffused her pale face, and the blue veins in the little worn hand that lay on the table swelled, revealing the force with which she was pressing it down.

"I can not tell you whether she is, or not. But you can tell *me*."

"I? *I* can tell you?"

"A true marriage invalidates a will; a false one does not. If there were still any breath in the body of Hilda, Lady Tallis Gale, at a quarter past ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the fourth of March, the will is good, the second marriage is void, and your son's wife is one of the wealthiest women in this kingdom."

Zillah gave a great sigh. Her hands dropped nervelessly into her lap, and she sank back in her chair staring at Mr. Frost in silence.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. LOCKWOOD'S MEMORY.

HUGH returned from Lowater House on the day after Mr. Frost's interview with his mother. Mr. Levincourt was still in London, but intended to return home by the end of the week. The vicar's consent to his ward's engagement had been given before Lady Tallis's illness had begun to display cause for immediate alarm. The vicar had been once to London since the terrible journey when he had taken Maud to her aunt, having been summoned thither by Lady Tallis's urgent request that she might have an opportunity of speaking to him about Maud.

"I can not put all that I want to say upon paper," she wrote. And indeed the poor lady's epistolary style did not improve with years.

When the vicar arrived, in compliance with Lady Tallis's entreaty, she urged him not to oppose the wishes of the young people.

"If you do not object, Lady Tallis," said Mr. Levincourt, "I suppose I can not do so, either."

"It is not what Maud might have expected, if things had been different with *me*," the poor lady observed. "But what has the child to look to? Sir Thomas Delaney has eight children, six of 'em daughters! So it isn't very likely *he'll* do any thing for Maudie. And you know, my dear friend, birth and riches don't *always* make marriages happy. Goodness knows I had the first. At least poor papa always would be telling us that his was some of the best blood in Ireland—not *literally*, of course, ye understand; for the fact is, he suffered a martyrdom from gout all his life. But what did my birth do for me? And as to money—well, to be sure, I'd like to have a little more of *that* to do as I like with! But still money won't buy the best things. Now at one time I had more than I knew what to do with—in the early days, ye know—but I'd a thousand million times sooner have my dear girl to be kind to me and be poor, than be as rich as a Begum without a soul that cared a quarter of a straw about me; and that brings me round to what I was saying to ye, that it would be a pity to lose a good husband for our dear Maud, just for a bit of family pride. I've reflected a good deal about it lately, my dear friend. And ye know good husbands don't grow on every bush!"

The vicar had no personal wish to oppose the engagement. He liked Hugh, and thought well of him. And, besides, there was another feeling in his mind which tended to make him favorable to the engagement. He had never lost the conviction that Maud's mother would have been a happier woman as the wife of a certain poor clergyman whom she loved, than it was possible for her to have been under any circumstances of loveless prosperity. And he had a vague notion that in forbearing to oppose Maud's love-match, he was making a kind of reparation for the share he had had in destroying her mother's young romance in the days when Clara Delaney had wandered with him under the old trees in her Irish home, and dreamed her girlish dream of unworldly happiness.

Lady Tallis's interview with the vicar had taken place early in December, and the engagement had been formally sanctioned before Christmas.

"We needn't proclaim it just yet," said Lady Tallis, "until Hugh sees his way a little more clearly. And Maudie is quite young enough to wait."

"Dear Aunt Hilda, there is no one I know of to proclaim it to!" Maud had answered, simply and sadly. And Lady Tallis had acquiesced; not without a sigh that the alliance of a daughter of the united houses of Delaney and Desmond should be, perforce, thus mutely inglorious.

Hugh had, however, compounded for permission to tell his happy news to his old friends, the Sheardowns. And Captain Sheardown had been moved to the offer of trying to assist Hugh in his project of raising the money for the purchase of the architect's and surveyor's business in Daneshire, by the announcement that Hugh was to marry Maud Desmond.

"Did your ears burn, dearest—what pretty little white ears they are!—while I was away?" asked Hugh on the first evening of his return, holding Maud's hands in his, and looking down at her golden hair. "They ought to have been of the fieriest crimson, if the old saw were true; for we talked of you, you, you—scarcely any thing else *but* you—all the time I was at Lowater."

"*We* talked! Dear Hugh, I am afraid you must have teased them with my name."

"No, darling; Mrs. Sheardown spoke of you constantly. What a delightful creature she is!" added Hugh, with a naïve earnestness that brought a smile to Maud's lips, and a blush to her pale cheek.

Maud is not much changed in outward aspect since she was last presented to the reader. She is perhaps a trifle paler and thinner, but that has come within the last month. She had grieved for her aunt, but without acute pain of mind. She had the peace-bestowing assurance that her presence had been a solace and a joy to poor Aunt Hilda; and had made the forsaken woman some amends for years of hard usage and neglect. And there was in Maud's spirit none of that unappeasable sorrow which comes from remorseful memories of duties left undone, or done grudgingly without heart-felt kindness.

Lady Tallis's death had been almost painless. She had not known that her end was near until within three days of her decease, and then she spoke of it calmly and cheerfully. And she had uttered many a solemn injunction to Hugh to be true and tender to the orphan girl who loved him. "My only regret in the world is that I can do nothing for the sweet child," she had said. "If she had been my daughter instead of my niece, she would have inherited a pretty penny under my marriage-settlement. But, as it is, it all goes back to *him*. But maybe it is all for the best."

After a pause, she had added: "I can't speak of *him* to Maudie, my dear Hugh. But if—if ever any chance—God only knows how strangely things come about sometimes—if ever chance should give ye the opportunity of letting him know that I—that I die in peace with him, I'd be glad he should be told so. It might be good for him to know it, some day. And—and—of course I can't altogether make excuses for him, but I know I was not very wise in times gone by, and maybe I tried him. And I did love him once, Hugh. And those whom God has joined together, I don't believe can ever be *quite* put asunder. Distance won't do it. And time won't do it. And—I'd like him to know that I prayed for him, Hugh, and asked his pardon if I vexed him or did wrong by him in past years."

"Dearest Lady Tallis, I am sure *you* have nothing to reproach yourself with!"

"Ah, Hugh, Hugh, looking death in the face

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gives the foolishest of us wisdom enough to see our own shortcomings. And I'd like him to forgive me my trespasses as I forgive his—and as I hope to be forgiven."

Again she paused; this time for so long that Hugh thought she had fallen asleep. But as he began softly to move away she stopped him and motioned him to bend down his head over the couch where she was lying. And then she said, "And, Hugh, when I'm gone, he may do justice to that—that young woman. I have felt very bitter toward her, that's the truth. And I don't mean to tell you that I feel quite as a good Christian ought to feel at this minute. But I have forgiven her, my dear, though it was hard. I dare say she is to be pitied, poor creature! And I won't distress our darling just now with speaking of it, but *afterward*, Hugh, when she's calm, and can think of me without pain, ye may tell her what I said. She loved the other girl, and 'twill comfort her."

And so the poor, gentle, kindly spirit had left the world, in charity with all men.

Hugh had much to say to Maud on that first day of his return. They walked out together at dusk, and he spoke of his plans. Matters had not yet been definitively arranged, but Captain Sheardown had great hopes that Mr. Snowe would advance the money required. Herbert Snowe was now a partner in his father's bank, and was good-naturedly desirous of helping Hugh. The old gentleman was slow and cautious and difficult to satisfy. But Hugh had good hopes that he would consent to advance the money after a decent delay.

"And then, my own darling, we will be married directly, will we not? There is nothing to wait for, is there?"

"N—no, dear Hugh. If you will take me in my black gown, I will come to you when you are ready. Dear Aunt Hilda would not have wished us to delay our marriage."

"Far from that! You know what she said, the good kind soul. And as to the gown, it must be a white one, for that day at all events."

When they got home again, Hugh had some papers and plans to look over for his employers, Digby and West. He had not left their office, but was continuing at a weekly salary, on the understanding that he should be allowed to quit them at a fortnight's notice. They all sat in Mrs. Lockwood's little parlor. The sitting-room up stairs had not been used since Lady Tallis's death. Maud had a book, but it lay for the most part idly in her lap, while her eyes dreamily wandered toward Hugh as he bent over his papers, and every now and then stuck a short blunt pencil between his teeth to hold it, and knit his brows portentously over the consideration of some difficult point. The vicar, too, had a book which he read, or seemed to read. And Mrs. Lockwood's nimble fingers were busy with a basketful of soft gray woolen stockings—Hugh's stockings—which she was mending on an infallible principle that almost appeared to make a darned stocking superior to an undarned one; so daintily dextrous was the crossing of the threads!

Usually the widow was not by any means loquacious. To-night, however, her tongue moved, if not as rapidly, almost as unrestingly, as her fingers. She harped on the topic of Lady Tallis's death, returning to it again and again, until the vicar at length shut his book with a look of resignation.

"You remember what day it was she died, Maud?" said Mrs. Lockwood.

"Remember it!"

"I mean you remember the date and all. Of course you do. Tuesday, the fourth of March, it was; yes, that was the date."

"Yes."

"And—and when I came up stairs again after preparing the beef tea that she had asked for, she had fallen asleep."

"Yes," said Maud, again. She did not understand why these details should be recapitulated, but she answered sweetly and patiently.

"We have never spoken of the particulars to Mr. Levincourt, have we?" pursued Mrs. Lockwood. The vicar was not specially desirous of hearing more particulars than he knew already respecting Lady Tallis's death; and Zillah perceived this perfectly. But with an utter absence of her usual fine tact, she continued to harp on the subject.

"She seemed a little better, and very cheerful that morning, did she not, Maud?"

"Yes; she was free from suffering at the last, thank God!"

"Oh, quite; quite. When I first came into her room, she said, 'I feel much stronger than I did yesterday.' Who would have thought that by noon that day she would be dead!"

The vicar, feeling himself called on to say something, gave a little sigh, and murmured, "Ah, it is often the case in that disorder that the patient feels unaccountably better just before the end comes."

"I was with her a long time after Maud went away that morning, Mr. Levincourt. Maud had been sitting up all night, and was worn out. I sent her to bed. Was I not right?"

"Very right, and considerate."

"And so Maud was not with her aunt at the last. But Lady Tallis passed away in a kind of gentle slumber. She slept a long time—until past ten, I should say. Indeed I am pretty sure. And Jane says so too. I was talking to Jane about it this morning. I could swear Lady Tallis was alive until past ten o'clock! And Jane is sure of it too."

"You had better not swear it, either of you," said Hugh, looking up from his papers, "for you would be mistaken."

"Mistaken! Why, Hugh, the—the more I think of it, the surer I feel that—"

"Darling mother, we need not pursue the discussion. It is not likely that you will have to make oath about it."

"Not at all likely. Most unlikely, as far as—as far as we know. But still, Hugh, as far as the matter of fact is concerned, I feel convinced that she must have been still alive after ten o'clock. She *must!* I am sure of it."

Mrs. Lockwood's tone was so petulant and sharp, and so unlike her usual tone of resolute composure, that Hugh looked at her with some uneasiness.

"She has been overworn and harassed, the poor little mother," he thought. Then he glanced at Maud, whose eyes were brimming with tears: and pushing his papers aside, to be finished when the others should have gone to bed, he set himself to speak cheerfully of his prospects and of his plans; how they would let the house in Gower Street; and how he had seen a tiny cottage near the spot he had set his heart on living at, in Daneshire, that would just suit his mother; and how he had already projected sundry inexpensive alterations that would make the tiny cottage a delightful residence. And so no more was said that night about Lady Tallis.

STATE TELEGRAPHS IN ENGLAND.

At the present time every thing relating to the transfer of the telegraphs to the government in England is in a transition state, very many of the arrangements not having as yet been completed. It was intended, if possible, to effect the transfer on the 1st of January, 1870; but so much preliminary work remained to be done that it was doubtful whether all would be ready by that date. A large room has been fitted up in the General Post-office with telegraphic instruments, in order that the clerks on the premises may learn to work them; and "dummy" instruments for the use of learners have been sent to the post-offices in the provinces. The apparatus for common use will be the Morse printing telegraph and the single needle instrument; a wise selection, for long experience has proved them to be the best to place in the hands of unscientific clerks. They are not very liable to get out of order, and are very certain in their indications.

The following are among the changes that will be gradually made, some of them, however, at so distant a date that even the preliminaries have not been arranged as yet. The nine large district post-offices in London will be made central stations, and each one will be connected by wire with the subordinate offices in its district. The chief post-office in each of the largest provincial towns will be made a central telegraphic station, and the chief provincial towns will be placed in direct communication with three of the largest central London offices, namely, those in the West Central, Western, and Southwestern districts, in addition to the chief office in the East Central district. Subordinate offices will be opened throughout the kingdom at the money-order offices, in all places having a population of 2000 persons and upward. Messages will be received at all post-offices for transmission by hand in the ordinary way to stations in connection with the telegraphic lines; pillar-boxes will be places of deposit for messages written on stamped paper; and, as a rule, all messages will have to be paid for in stamps. The charge for transmission of a message of twenty words from any one part of the United Kingdom to any other part will be one shilling; but when it has to be delivered at a considerable distance from the nearest terminal station, it will be forwarded from that station by post for a penny, or by special messenger at sixpence per mile. Facilities will be given for the transmission of money-orders by telegraph, and as soon as possible the charges for messages to foreign parts will be reduced. Such are the plans which will be carried out, some of which will be in a very forward state in a few weeks' time.

ENGLISH BOY COLONISTS.

A BENEVOLENT society has been established in London, whose head-quarters are known as the "Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children," which is doing much good, not only in the way of saving many of the youth of both sexes, who would otherwise, in all likelihood, go to swell the great criminal class, but in giving their young charges such a practical education as may fit them to maintain themselves in after-life. One branch of the establishment is a training-ship, where such boys as choose a sea-faring life receive instruction in nautical matters; another is a Farm School; while another, in which we are more interested, is a large farm, or rather colony, in Kansas. The society has lately purchased a large tract of land on the Kansas and Pacific Railway, comprising about 33,000 acres, and here they intend to form a colony of the society's children, the first installment of little emigrants, twenty boys, having already arrived at the village of Wakefield, the nucleus of the future settlement. Our sketch on page 85 represents the New York Station of the Erie Railroad, with these boys about to depart for their new home; and as they receive instruction in useful crafts, farming, carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring, etc., we may anticipate a prosperous future for the colony.

FROZEN IN.

OUR illustration on page 88 represents a pretty scene, with the counterpart of which the frequenters of the Central Park skating grounds must be familiar. We generally associate swans with summer skies, and streams with grassy banks, and lakes with reedy islets where they make their nests, and not with frost and snow and ice, as we see them here depicted. Their beautiful white forms give the finishing touch of poetry to summer streams. All our readers will recall Mrs. BROWNING'S ballad of "the Swan's Nest," and many will remember the poem in which KEATS describes a lake

"Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And in its middle space a sky that never lowers.
* * * * * * *
There saw the swan his neck of arched snow,
And oared himself along with majesty;
Sparkling his jetty eyes; his feet did show
Beneath the waves like Afric's ebony,
And on his back a fay reclined voluptuously."

And again, in his "Epistle to GEORGE FELTON MATHEW," he speaks of

"A black-eyed swan upon the widening stream."

Our illustration is taken from Duddingston Loch, near Edinburgh. In the back-ground are seen the old church, and some of the houses of the little village from which the lake takes its name. The hard northern winter has set in, the water has frozen over, and the stately swans are reduced to the humiliating condition of receiving relief from the charitable; but when the summer returns, and they are once more at liberty to oar themselves over the lake in their own majestic way, the degradation of their present state will be forgotten, and all ideas of outdoor relief banished from their minds.

THE NEW BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

ON page 89 will be found a sketch of the new Post-Office and Sub-Treasury Building in Boston, Massachusetts, erected under the able supervision of A. B. MULLETT, Esq., the architect of the new Post-Office Building in this city. The Boston edifice, it will be seen from our illustration, is built in the French style, now so popular in this country. The dimensions are, length of front, 237 feet; height to top of cornice, 93 feet; height of centre pavilion, 127 feet. The internal arrangements of the building are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are designed; and the whole reflects great credit upon the supervising architect, who planned it, as well as Mr. GRIDLEY J. F. BRYANT, who superintended the work of construction.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"RAMIE," or "China grass," has excited a good deal of interest in our country during the past four or five years. Many planters and producers have fancied that they could easily make a fortune by its cultivation, and that it would speedily surpass cotton, and almost every other fibrous material in value. We gather from the last monthly report of the Department of Agriculture that the grass is rendered valuable or worthless, according to the manner of preparing the fibre. The most important process is that of discharging the gum it contains, which must be done so as to retain its strength, elasticity, color, and lustre. Many absurd statements have been made touching the practical value of the Ramie plant; yet the demand for it may be very large if the fibre can be easily and perfectly separated from the wood and its own bark at slight expense. The business of *propagating* plants has been very lucrative, but no one is known to have made a fortune by producing the fibre; nor will such a case be reported until inventive genius and mechanical or chemical skill has perfected its proper and *cheap* preparation. The Department of Agriculture has investigated this subject carefully, and encouraged the experiment of its culture, and would stimulate invention and effort to a successful issue, and at the same time shield the unsuspecting from losses through the greed of gain.

DR. JOHN M. CARNOCHAN, the new Health-Officer of the Port of New York, is a native of Savannah, Georgia, and a lineal descendant of General Israel Putnam. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and afterward studied medicine under the teaching of Dr. Valentine Mott of this city. After obtaining his degree he spent six years in attending the clinical lectures of the principal hospitals of Europe. In 1847, being then thirty years of age, he commenced practice in New York city, and rapidly rose to distinction. He was soon appointed Surgeon-in-Chief of the New York State Emigrant Hospital, and Professor of the Principles and Operations of Surgery in the New York Medical College. His success in performing dangerous operations has been wonderful, and rendered him famous both at home and abroad; while his uprightness of character and kindness of heart have won the esteem and love of all who know him.

The large wood-cut portrait of Rev. Noah Hunt Schenck, D.D., of Brooklyn, is an admirable specimen of American workmanship, from the Aldine Press of Messrs. Sutton, Bowne, & Co.

An alarming report was recently circulated in a certain quarter of this city, to the effect that a teacher of one of the public schools had resigned his position on account of the prevalence of small-pox among his pupils. Investigation proved that the trouble was small pay—not small-pox!

Two English "misses" made themselves somewhat conspicuous in the Œcumenical Council, by mounting on the benches above the kneeling multitude, and surveying with their opera-glasses the Pope as he pronounced the benediction in the Council. The Pope, with a mild smile, pointed them out to some of the cardinals, but no alarming consequences have overtaken them. Probably the Pope gallantly considers ladies, like himself, infallible.

The well recently completed in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is said to be the largest in the world, and is one of the most important features of the Park. The outer wall is fifty feet in diameter, two feet thick, and fifty-four feet high. The inner curb or wall is thirty-five feet in diameter and two feet thick, having a depth of ten feet. The masonry, as seen from the top of the structure, is a marvel of neatness and solidity. The water surface in the well is thirteen feet above high-tide level, and the depth of water in the well is fourteen feet. The pump is the Worthington patent, and, with a pressure of forty pounds, is capable of raising one million gallons of water every twenty-four hours a height of 176 feet. In case of any accident to the Brooklyn Water-works, this well has more than the necessary capacity to supply the Park abundantly with water. The special work of the well will be to supply the pools at an elevation of 133 feet, and from the pools the water is conducted to the lake.

A Valparaiso merchant having received a challenge from an officer, sent him this sensible answer: "I have no desire whatsoever to kill you, still less do I desire to be killed myself. Here is what I propose. Go to the nearest wood. Choose a tree about as stout as myself; place yourself fifty, thirty, or even fifteen steps from it—just as you like—and then fire bravely on the tree. If you hit it, I will admit that I was in the wrong, and will offer you an apology. In the contrary case, I shall be ready to receive yours."

The "Oculum" is the name of a new machine, which the inventor claims to be possessed of such wonderful magnifying power that by means of its lenses one can actually look through the walls of a human body, and study the delicate mechanism therein, when the subject has become charged with electricity, by means of a battery connected with the machine. Henceforth the internal apparatus, no less than pulse and tongue, will be subjected to the wise inspection of the learned!

The plan of planting sunflowers on an extensive scale, for the purpose of neutralizing the pernicious effects of exhalations from marshes, has been tried with great success in the ferny districts near Rochefort, France; and the authorities of Holland assert that intermittent fever has wholly disappeared from districts where the sunflowers have been planted. It is not yet determined what effect the flower produces on the atmosphere; whether it generates oxygen, like other plants of rapid growth, or whether, like the *coniferæ*, it emits ozone, and thus destroys the organic germs of miasms that produce fever.

The efficacious power of carbolic acid is shown by the testimony of Mr. Schiffman, a medical gentleman who writes from Valle Menier, Nicaragua, that after a severe epidemic of Asiatic cholera, which extended through fifteen months, he commenced the use of carbolic acid, causing all the rooms and passages of houses occupied by three hundred people to be daily sprinkled with water containing a small quantity of this acid. The result was, that neither cholera nor fever and ague, which had long centred in that locality, had since made their appearance.

Chicago papers announce that five thousand marriage licenses were granted in that city last year; but they refuse to publish the divorce record for "lack of room!"

From a late number of the *Siam Weekly Advertiser*—a little journal published in Bangkok—we condense a description of the Jungle, of which it is difficult for those accustomed to only the forests of the temperate zones to form any adequate idea. In Singapore, the jungle consists of a forest of gigantic trees, standing close together like stalks in a wheat-field, their trunks varying in diameter from two to six feet. They are branchless until near the top, when they spread out into compact foliage of dark green leaves. The tops of these giants join together, and underneath grow shorter and more umbrageous trees; and again beneath these latter grow strange plants and ferns, few of which have received even Malay names. But the peculiar characteristic of the jungle is the extraordinary manner in which the whole mass is woven together by a net-work of creepers and parasites. Chief among the former is the ratan, pieces of which have been cut out nearly an inch in diameter and three hundred feet long. Some of the parasites are as thick as a man's body, twining spirally round the trunks of the larger trees, beginning at the bottom and after seven or eight turns reaching to the top, from which they frequently drop down again in straight columns of uniform girth to the ground, where they become attached, and again start forth on a fresh mission.

Another peculiar and beautiful feature of these jungles consists of the numerous orchidaceous plants that droop from the elbows of the larger trees, or fix themselves on the creeper net-work that grows around them. Conspicuous, too, are the varieties of pitcher-plants, to be found probably in greater luxuriance in the jungles of Singapore than in any other part of the world. It is extraordinary where these singular plants place themselves. Some can be seen on the very pinnacles of the highest trees, while others, as if destined for man, cluster within an easy distance of the ground. They always contain a good supply of pure wholesome water, perhaps about a quarter of a pint to each cup. To complete the obstructions of the jungle, fallen trees of by-gone ages are piled upon each other, giving birth, in their decay, to innumerable forms of vegetation.

There is a probability that Berthold Auerbach, the German novelist, will soon visit the United States, for the purpose of giving a series of readings from his own works.

An extensive conspiracy against the life of the Czar of Russia has just been discovered. The city of Odessa was the centre of action for the conspirators, and the pupils of the University of Papich and Yeremichew are chiefly implicated. The plan was to tear up the rails on the railroad line by which the Czar was to journey; but its execution was prevented. A conspiracy of less extent has also been discovered in St. Petersburg. All those who have been arrested are of Russian nationality—a fact which surprises the Russians in general, who suspected the Poles.

New wonders are becoming known. A pupil of Baron Liebig—so it is said—has discovered certain ethers which, when poured upon certain chemical compounds, instantaneously produce precious stones of all kinds.

Although Traupmann, the "Pantin murderer," had assured his fellow-prisoners that he should not be executed, as he possessed the means of committing suicide, which no one could prevent him from employing, he has suffered the extreme penalty of the law. His photograph represents him as exceedingly youthful in appearance, and his countenance by no means ferocious. Phrenology shows him to have possessed intellect enough, but as deficient in moral powers. It is also mentioned that his ears were large and misshapen, and his hands and feet long and sinewy, with knotted joints. A French physician lays it down as a general law that the *ear* is an index to the equilibrium of the intellectual and other faculties—a symmetrical ear indicating proper equilibrium.

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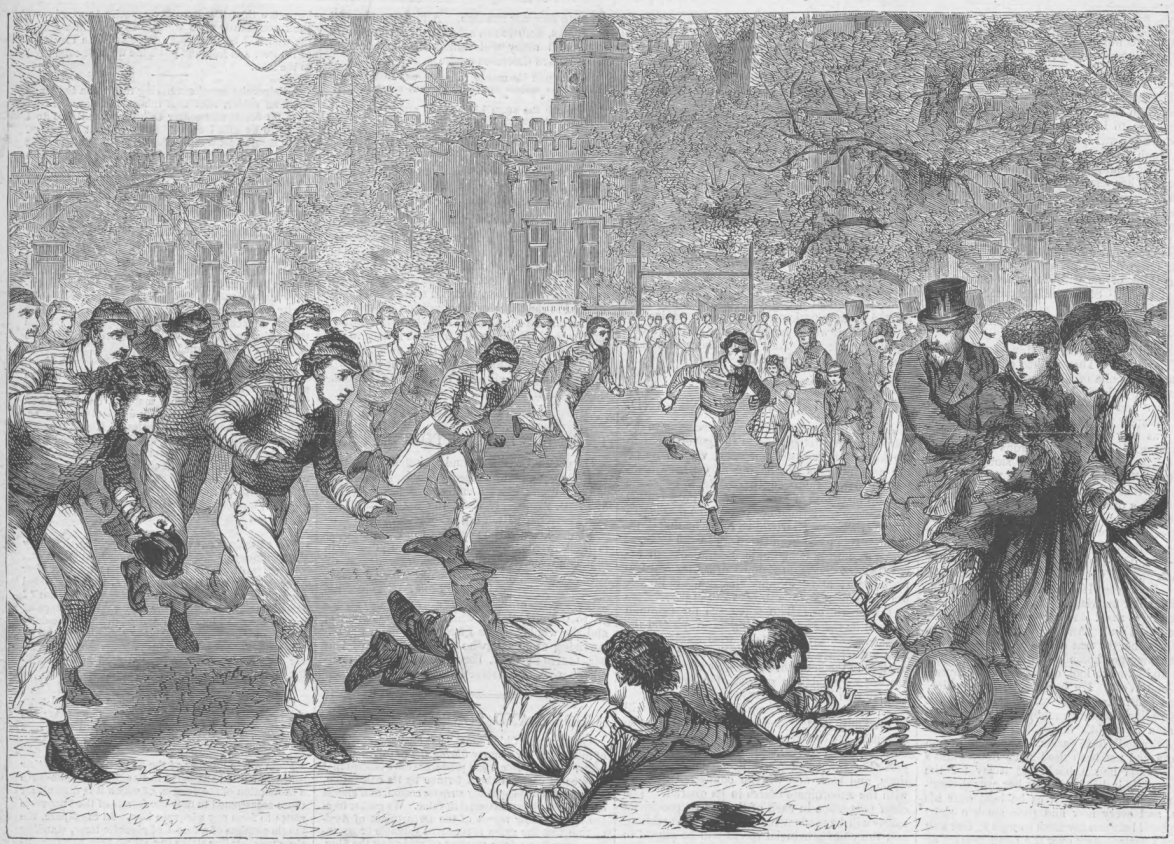

FOOT-BALL AT RUGBY.—[SEE PAGE 93.]

WINNING A PAIR OF GLOVES.

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GEESE.

GEESE.

HERE much love, and there but little,
Here a flame, and there a flicker;
Maiden, lovers' vows are brittle.
How old folks can fret and bicker,
Warning you to think of this,
Hark! the foolish goslings hiss!

Love stays not at fever heat;
Summer turns to winter snows.
April blossoms, under feet,
Are all trodden ere June glows:
Warning you to think of this,
Hear the mocking ganders hiss.

Hear that couple jar and jangle:
They were once as fond as you.
Love-knots are too apt to tangle.
One day you may learn to rue.
Cynics warning you of this,
Hark the wise geese, how they hiss!

Never heed the gabbling creatures;
Press the lip and clasp the hand,
Gaze upon each other's features,
Wander in your Fairy Land.
Never doubt you're right in this,
Though the silly goslings hiss.

FOOT-BALL AT RUGBY.

FOOT-BALL is essentially an English school-game, and is nowhere else in the world played with so much pluck and zest. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, while surveying a game at Eton, said it was there the field of Waterloo was won. The finest game is said to be played at Rugby—our readers will remember how enthusiastically it is described in that charming book, "School-days at Rugby"—and our illustration on page 92 gives a vivid idea of the sport. The sixth match, the greatest event in the school year, usually commences about the first week of October, when the immemorial elms which surround and intersect the school-close or playing-fields are rich in the full glory of their autumnal tints. Nothing can exceed the picturesque effect of the grouping of the various bands of combatants, as, trailing out after roll-call in the Big School, they proceed to strip for business under the grand old trees.

The sixth form boys wear striped, the school plain, white jerseys, and both spotless white trowsers, and for head-gear velvet caps of various tints, and ornamented with gold or silver embroidery and tassels, the distinguishing ensigns of different boarding-houses. The players are drawn up in two lines—the sixth fellows, a compact band, some forty strong: for the whole form plays pitted against double that number of champions selected from the rest of the school. The ball is placed on the ground between them. In the rear of either tent are ranged the so-called "back players," who are selected for their prowess in "dropping," or kicking the ball the greatest distance on the drop-kick. Presently a player steps forth from the side which has won the toss, calls out "Are you ready?" and, without waiting for an answer, sends the ball spinning far over the heads of the opposite side. It is caught, or taken on the bound by one of their back players, who, running with it as far as he can without interruption, "drops it" back again. If the "dropping" is too good, the game becomes monotonous, for the ball keeps flying through the air, backward and forward over the heads of the forward players of either side, who have nothing to do but stare at it. Not till one of the back players misses his "drop," *i. e.*, kicks

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the ball along the ground, or is collared at his running, does the hot work begin. With the back-players it is a sort of artillery practice from the distance. When the ball gets in among the forward players, the bayonet charges and hand-to-hand business commence.

We know of no more crucial moment in a Rugby boy's school life than that never-to-be-forgotten one when, having rashly seized hold of the ball for the first time in a "big-side" match, and endeavored to run with it, he finds himself collared, surrounded, and thrown down, and, on rising, half-crushed to death, from the bottom of a huge pile of human bodies, he stands face to face with his first "scrimmage"—a word awful in its significance to the experienced. Upon the manner in which he acquits himself in that crisis will depend the opinion his school-fellows will have of his pluck ever after. The ball, which he has hugged like grim death—it being a point of honor not to suffer it to be wrenched from him—will have been pressed to the ground sooner or later, which is the signal for the "maul" to cease and the "scrimmage" to begin. The breathless boy, whose hand is never removed from the ball, even when it has touched the ground, has the "right" to the first kick; but the enforcement of this right entails the terrible duty of facing the kicks or "hacking" of the dozen or more big fellows who are confronted with him. During the "maul," the bane of the Rugby game, only arms and the dead weight of pushing bodies are brought into play; but the real glory of the game lies in the "scrimmage," where a hundred legs are eagerly "letting fly," shins resound to the hearty hacks given and taken, and a splendid recklessness of the whereabouts of the ball is displayed; the theory being, that in the thick of the scrimmage, where you can not possibly see it, it must be supposed to lie close to the shins of your immediate antagonist. When the blood is at boiling point—as it always should be in a scrimmage, which might else be thought to verge on the brutal—so far are you from feeling any pain from being "hacked," that for the time you feel almost in the seventh heaven. In the morning you are occasionally conscious of possessing shins.

THE WAGER.

"NONSENSE!"

"Oh very well. It's very easy to say nonsense."

"Do you mean to say that you believe all this stuff?"

"I mean to say that every night, at a certain hour, those three murderers return there and hold converse under that gibbet."

"I can not imagine how a sensible man like you can seriously talk so."

"I tell you I've *heard* them. It's no mere hearsay with me; I've *heard* them. I once laughed at the idea, just as you do now. But I heard, and I laughed no more. Go you now at any time this night, if you dare, and I bet any thing you'll come back believing."

"Done; what'll you bet?"

"I'll bet my horse against your pony."

"Done. I'll take it."

"Done it is. Here, Brown, you'll do to hold the stakes."

The above conversation took place in the "Red Lion Inn" at Camden, a little village on the coast of Maine. The first speaker was a fine, fresh-faced, broad-shouldered, honest-looking fellow, who under rough clothing bore the unmistakable signs of a gentleman. The other had the air of a sea-faring man, though his dress was that of a farmer. Two others were with him, both of whom had very much the same appearance. Five or six others were present, all of whom took a deep interest in the conversation, and gave a hearty assent to the bet.

As the bet was made the man Brown arose and proceeded to take charge of the stakes. The two men who had made the bet also rose. By the air of the rest of the company it was evident that they considered that the bet was already lost by the unbeliever. They were all inhabitants of the village. The one who had made the bet was a stranger; and local pride was aroused, even if there were no other feeling to animate them.

The man who had accepted the wager began to prepare for his departure. He took a flask of brandy only to encounter the supernatural foes whom he was supposed to encounter, and laughingly departed.

"Well," said one of the spectators, after he had departed, "he's gone; the young feller's gone. He'll get enough of it."

"That he will," said another.

"He'll be back as soon as he gets there."

"They've driven off better men than him."

"The clanking of the chains is enough."

"Yes—let alone the voices."

"The first time I heard it I was struck dumb."

"And I should have fallen dead if there hadn't been another man with me."

"It's a nice pony the young feller will have to give up, any way."

"Well, he ought to know better than to be so free with his bets."

"He's never been much in these parts before."

"No, of course not, or he wouldn't have been so free with his bets."

While these men were speaking the one who had made the bet, with his two companions, had quietly departed. Scarcely had they left, when a fierce gust of wind, coming up the village street, set all the signs and shutters creaking, and added to the superstitious terror of the company at the inn.

While they were engaged in various speculations as to the result of this experiment, the young adventurer was going on toward the place.

It was on the summit of a wide, bleak, and desolate ridge, terminated by a cliff, at the base of which the ocean surf beat. Here, some years before, a murder had been committed by a gang of ruffians. They had been captured, and three of the ring-leaders had been hanged in chains upon a lofty gibbet on the very spot where the crime had been committed.

As the adventurer neared the spot the wind blew in gusts over the ridge. The moon occasionally shining out from behind a cloud revealed the scene. It was gloomy indeed, and might well have appalled a man even of strong nerves. The gloom of the night formed a back-ground, and in the fore-ground rose a lofty three-armed gibbet, from each arm of which there hung suspended the skeleton of a man in chains. The rushing wind gave to the scene additional elements of terror. As it drove past it swung the skeletons, making them vibrate slowly to and fro, with all their load of chains and fetters, so that they creaked and rattled, and made a thousand weird and ghastly sounds in the lonely darkness.

From the distance there came up a deep, low, sullen sound, at regular intervals dying and rising again, to die away in long, low reverberations. It was the ocean surf, which beat upon the shore not far away; for Camden was a fishing village, and the gibbet stood upon a high cliff which overhung the beach. The moaning of the wind, the low, sullen roar of the surf, and the clank of the chains, were sufficient to inspire dread in the boldest heart.

The young man, however, seemed quite unaffected by any superstitious terrors. He quietly dismounted, flung the horse's bridle over his arm, drew his cloak about him, and waited.

For about an hour he waited patiently, keeping a wary look about him, so as not to be surprised in that gloom. The light, however, was sufficient to prevent any one from coming near unobserved, and the watcher felt satisfied so long as he had his pistols at his belt.

At length he felt conscious of a low moan, which was entirely different from any of the sounds which he had hitherto heard.

It seemed to arise from the ground behind him. It was a moan of peculiar nature and of penetrating power.

The watcher grasped his pistols and turned toward the direction from which the sound came.

Then followed a heavy sigh. He waited. Then came a deep groan. A smile of contempt passed over the watcher's face.

"Very clumsy trickery," he thought. "If I had the management of it, I would act differently."

Suddenly there was a grating overhead. He looked up. The skeletons in chains were descending. They were moving down slowly. As they descended they swung in the wind, and were knocked together and dashed against the gallows-tree. Still they were suspended, and were not coming down without being lowered down.

The watcher stepped back and coolly waited with a grim smile on his face. The skeletons came down slowly, till at last they touched the ground. The watcher coolly took one of them and gave a violent pull. It fell down, dragging a rope after it, which creaked as it ran through a pulley overhead. The watcher pulled away at it, and dragged down a line which was at least a hundred feet in length. Meantime the other skeletons kept rising and falling. He caught one of them with the same peculiar jerk, and pulled the rope in the same way. Suddenly the other skeleton began to ascend.

"No, no, my fine fellow," muttered the watcher, catching the chains of its feet before it got out of reach, and pulling with all his force. It was a sudden and violent pull, and the skeleton yielded. Down it fell, along with the watcher, who fell with it to the ground. But in a moment he arose, and, with an audible chuckle, he pulled this rope down also.

Then he stood waiting cautiously as before. Some time now passed, during which nothing was seen or heard. The skeletons lay around on the heath. The watcher waited.

At last a bright light flashed up from the ground about twenty yards in front of him. It was close by the edge of the cliff, and looked like a crevice. In the midst of the light three figures appeared, each wrapped in a long white sheet.

This spectacle, however, inspired no terror in the watcher, who held his pistols in his hands and waited.

The three figures, with low groans, marched slowly up toward the gibbet. The watcher moved to one side. Suddenly, as they came near, they made a rush at him. He fired. One of them dropped.

Instantly he sprang toward the opening from which they had emerged, and pulling out a boat-swain's whistle, he blew three times a shrill penetrating blast. It was quickly done, and then he waited with his pistols extended.

Two out of the three figures stood motionless, close by the one who had fallen. Groans of pain came from the fallen figure.

But now other figures appeared upon the scene. At the sound of the shrill whistle, six or eight men, all armed, sprang up from behind a hillock, where they had lain in concealment, and rushed up to the two figures. In a moment they had surrounded them and seized them. The watcher then advanced toward them.

"Who's this fellow?" said he, stooping over the wounded man, and tearing away the sheet with which he was enveloped. "Ah, ha! my fine fellow," said he; "it's you, is it? So you've lost your bet."

It was the man with whom he had made the bet. He gave a deep groan.

The watcher then tore away the sheets from the others. One was Brown—the man that held the stakes; the other was one of the company who had been at the inn.

"I'm going down there into your place. So lead on," said he.

"Who are you," cried Brown, savagely, "seizing and shooting innocent persons like a highwayman?"

"Well, if you want to know, I'm Captain Sinclair, a United States Custom-house officer. You were playful enough to bet with me, and I think I've won it. But come," he continued, sternly, "I've suspected that you were up to mischief here. I only came here yesterday. My predecessor could never trace the extensive smuggling operations that went on just about here; but I thought that perhaps the gibbet had something to do with it. You see I've caught you."

Brown uttered something between a curse and an entreaty.

"Tie his hands, lads. Tie up both of them."

The men obeyed.

"Now two of you fellows stay here. Has any body got a lantern?"

One of the men handed one to him.

He lighted it, and then descended by the orifice through which the three figures had emerged.

After a short distance, he found himself in a passage-way which went down on the side of a cliff that had been severed in twain. The path sloped steeply for a hundred yards or so, and ended in a cavern. Here there were barrels and boxes in great numbers, all filled with contraband articles. The cavern itself was just underneath the gibbet. It was evident that these smugglers had made use of the gibbet to frighten people away from their haunt.

An examination afterward showed that these three men alone had conducted a vast smuggling business by means of this convenient cavern. They had been completely entrapped by Captain Sinclair. As he said, he had suspected some trickery about the gibbet. He had made the bet, and caused some of his men to follow him and conceal themselves. The result was as has been described. The three smugglers found themselves suddenly cast down from their dreams of wealth, and on their way to the State Prison. As for Captain Sinclair, his brilliant exploit was rewarded with promotion.

Now that Virginia is on the point of getting back into the Union, the next step should be to develop her great internal resources, and fit her to assume the rank which, by her natural position, she formerly held, and which, but for slavery, she never would have lost. Virginia was the largest of the original States, with an unequaled sea-coast line, and stretching to the Ohio River on the west. Her territory contained, besides a variety of soil and climate, inexhaustible beds of coal and iron ores, which for long years have been left almost untouched. It contained, moreover, by far the most practicable passage across the Alleghany range of mountains between the Ohio valley and the Atlantic, which, under a free-labor system, would long ago have been opened by canal or railroad, or both. One of Virginia's most pressing needs at this time is increased railroad communication whereby to open up her pastures, wheat-lands, coal-fields, and ore-beds to the markets of the world, and to an immigration of free labor and outside capital. We are glad to note that a good beginning has been made in this latter direction by the interest which some of our eminent New York merchants and railroad-builders have recently taken in the completion of the great Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad (formerly the Virginia Central), extending from tide-water at the east, through the heart of Virginia and West Virginia, to the Kentucky boundary. The length of the road is 427 miles, of which only about 200 miles, on the Ohio slope of the chain, are uncompleted.

This great work, which must become one of the main arteries of communication to and from the western cities, was, prior to the war, an object of State care, no less than $5,300,000 having been expended in construction on the western portion of the line. This expenditure, together with other legislative privileges, has been transferred to the new corporation, which is pushing forward the line to the Ohio. Among the more important features of this line will be the union of the celebrated coal-fields of the Kanawha with the ores of Virginia, and also the addition of a new, short, and cheap line of traffic for the breadstuffs of the West to the seaboard. This road will no doubt be the cause of drawing thousands to the cheap Virginia lands for settlement. It also affords a short route from Washington to the Southwest, and must become a grand central thoroughfare between the Atlantic and the Mississippi valley.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 685.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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CHRISTMAS-DAY IN ST. PETER'S.

THE ceremonies of the last Christmas festival in St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome were attended with more than usual interest, on account of the gathering of so many dignitaries of the Romish Church in that city to attend the opening of the Œcumenical Council. The Pope, accompanied by the Cardinals and many of the Bishops, was present on Christmas-eve at the grand vespers; and afterward performed, in the sacristy of the Sistine Chapel, the ceremony of blessing the two-handed sword and crimson velvet cap, which were to be displayed in procession next morning. The Christmas-day services in the cathedral began with matins and lauds, at 3 o'clock in the morning. At 9 o'clock, when a large congregation of spectators filled the nave, the grand pontifical procession entered St. Peter's, the Pope wearing the tiara presented to him by the Queen of Spain; the Cardinals and the long array of prelates vested and mitred as for the altar. Nothing in this procession excited so much attention as the splendid attire of the Oriental Bishops, who wore copes of gold tissue or many-hued silk. All had jewelled mitres—that ornament, as worn by several, being in the form of a regal crown; and the grave and noble aspect of these aged fathers, with their long beards, were strikingly picturesque with such accessories of pomp. PIUS IX. went through the rites with his accustomed dignity, chanting in a voice whose fine tones age has not enfeebled, and looking very well, though somewhat pale from fatigue, as he passed on his lofty throne under the silver-tissue canopy and between the waving, feathery fans. The procession on this occasion is similar to that which accompanies the Pope to the cathedral on Palm-Sunday, with the omission, of course, of the palms. The latter ceremony includes the scene in the grand vestibule of the cathedral, where the procession halts for a moment at the closed doors, and the chorus at its head chant the words: "Open the gates and let the King of Glory in!" To which the chorus within reply: "Who is this King of Glory?" The doors are then thrown open, and the representative of the King of Glory is borne into the cathedral. This part of the ceremony is not used at the Christmas festival; but the spirit of the two pageants is the same, and the words are applicable to both.

CHRISTMAS-DAY IN ST. PETER'S—"OPEN THE GATES AND LET THE KING OF GLORY IN."

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

THE RESTORED UNION.

THE admission of Virginia will be followed by that of Mississippi, Texas, and Georgia, and the formal reconstruction of the Union will then be completed. The principle thus established by the people of the United States is, that a State which wages war against the government, in order to dissolve the Union, shall return to the exercise of its privileges as a member of the Union only upon such conditions as the people, in Congress, may prescribe. The source of this policy is the profound conviction of those people that the United States are not a partnership, a league, a confederacy, but substantially a nation. The theory of State sovereignty, maintained by the Democratic party, was found, when practically tested, to involve the ruin of the country and all its interests. And whatever may have been the real feeling of the framers of the Constitution—a feeling which was not plainly revealed in the instrument—the opinion and determination of the people of to-day have been demonstrated. The war and the consequent reconstruction of the Union are the final interpretation of the Constitution by the nation upon the subject of State sovereignty; and nothing but a war of similar scope to that of the rebellion can reverse that decision.

There is no doubt that the Republican policy of reconstruction is agreeable to the principles of the government and to the situation. The theory of ANDREW JOHNSON and of Mr. SEWARD that the States, having failed in the effort to secede, were States still, and might resume their old position in the Union at once, was the theory urged by the New York *World* at the time of LEE's surrender, and was merely the corollary of the old State sovereignty doctrine which the war had destroyed. The Democratic objections to reconstruction in Congress have all been founded upon the same theory. Its consequences, as the basis of reconstruction, were evident. If the State, upon ceasing active hostilities, resumed all its relations to the Union, slavery, the cause of the war, being a State institution, could be at once restored by State authority. If that were considered by the State undesirable, the most inhuman disabilities could be imposed upon the colored population. The State might send such Senators and Representatives as it chose to Congress. In fact, the result would have been, that the rebellious States, having failed in the field, could instantly return to Congress in the hope of a union with their old lackey, the Democracy of the North, which would achieve what their arms could not extort.

The practical folly of such a theory was not apparent to a doctrinaire like Mr. SEWARD, nor to a mind so dull as Mr. JOHNSON's. The instinct of the latter was indeed correct. His favorite phrase that the rebels must take back seats in reconstruction was the common-sense view of the situation. But he could not reason upon the subject; and the moment he began he became the victim of the narrow logic of his traditional Democratic dogmas, which presently seemed to him serviceable to his personal ambition, and therefore became inflexible. He repeated them like a parrot. Facts, human nature, the necessity of the case, the welfare of the country, were unavailing against his stolid repetition of the assertion that, if a State couldn't get out of the Union, of course it staid in the Union; and if it staid in, of course it had equal rights with all other States. If the country had faltered in the greater logic of facts and the situation, of the war, its causes and its results, the victory over the rebellion would have been half undone. The Administration and Mr. SEWARD strained every nerve to make it falter. They had a powerful ally in the reaction that followed the war, and the essential good-nature of the country. They were supported by the Democratic party, and a large number of doubters among the Republicans. Except for the events of 1861 and 1862 in the late rebel States, the result might have been uncertain. But those events clearly interpreted the situation, and indicated the necessary policy, the policy that could alone secure the results of the war, the policy that was adopted.

The rebellion struck at the government to save slavery; the government abolished slavery to save the Union. From that moment, if it were victorious, it was pledged to take care that every consequence and circumstance of slavery ended with the system. That it has done. Upon the rock of the equal rights of all citizens of the United States the Union has been reconstructed. For the first time in their history the United States deserve the honor that belongs to a free, popular government. For the first time an American citizen any where in the world may point to the flag of his country and say that it is the flag of freedom. For the first time the principles of the Declaration of Independence have become those of the country that published it. And he is of little faith who does not see, in the reunion of the States upon those principles, the promise of their widest and wisest application.

AT LAST!

THE following resolution will shortly be introduced in the House of Representatives:

Resolved, That the Judiciary Committee be directed to inquire whether any citizen of the United States has been deprived of his rights or liberties under the Constitution by the arbitrary and illegal issue of injunctions by judges of State courts in the State of New York, and that said Committee have power to send for persons and papers.

Governor HOFFMAN, in his message of last January, had already directed attention to the unseemly conflicts of jurisdiction which had grown out of the reckless abuse of injunctions, and had suggested to the Legislature that it would be for the public good if the discretion of the judges in the matter of granting injunctions and appointing receivers on *ex parte* applications were substantially abridged.

And the bar, which is by a large section of the people held responsible for the shortcomings of the bench, has organized itself into a society, under the lead of its most distinguished members, and proposes, as we understand, to endeavor, by concert of action among themselves, to eradicate at least some of the abuses which have latterly brought the administration of justice into disrepute in this city. 'Tis said that the rolls of the society already contain the name of almost every leading and respectable lawyer, of both parties, at the New York bar. Such a body, acting in the public interest, and fortified by the moral support of every honest man in the community, ought to be quite able to cope with corrupt judges, however cunning, and to restore somewhat of the old respect people used to feel for courts of law.

It is time. Rightly or wrongly, the general distrust of the judiciary in this city had reached a point which endangered the first conditions of orderly society. Rightly or wrongly, a certain number of judges had come to be suspected of receiving bribes from litigants. Rightly or wrongly, the judges of at least two of the courts of original jurisdiction in this city had been classified by the bar and the public into two classes: first, judges who were honest, and before whom it was safe to try a case; and, second, judges who were dishonest, and before whom it was unsafe to try a case in which the Tammany Ring, or any of its leaders, or any person of wealth was concerned. We say—rightly or wrongly—for though the public belief on this subject is so general as to constitute "public notoriety," yet still it is due to the judges to say that nothing has yet been proved against any of them, and like other men they must be presumed to be innocent until their guilt has been duly established by regular process of law.

Senator MURPHY, acting on the Governor's suggestions, has introduced a bill into the State Legislature forbidding judges from issuing injunctions in cases where corporations are concerned, or from appointing receivers for corporations without at least six days' notice to the corporation affected by the proceeding. This is well, as far as it goes. A vast amount of mischief has been done by the appointment of receivers and the issue of injunctions against corporations on *ex parte* applications, made very often with fraudulent intent. It has always been claimed, for instance, that the debt on which the Gold Exchange Bank was thrown into the hands of a receiver in September last had actually been paid by the bank at the time the receiver was appointed. The receiver nevertheless entered into possession, and it cost the bank $75,000 to get rid of him. A still more flagrant case has been reported in which a foreign insurance company was thrown into the hands of a receiver, and held for ransom, like a prisoner in the hands of brigands, though the Superintendent of the Insurance Department took the trouble to certify to the court that there were no grounds for the proceeding. The company, after vainly struggling against the black-mailers, found it cheaper at last to pay the ransom demanded. Senator MURPHY's bill would give corporations whom it was sought to plunder a week's notice of the attempt, during which they might remove their assets out of the reach of courts in collusion with the plunderers.

But it would not touch the root of the evil, nor would it relieve individual citizens from the wrongs which are being daily perpetrated in the shape of injunctions. It is a common practice now for a defendant who fears he will lose his case to obtain from a friendly judge an injunction forbidding the plaintiff to proceed with his suit. The injunction stops all proceedings. The party enjoined is compelled to employ a lawyer to appear for him in the injunction case, and to move to dissolve the injunction. Days, often weeks, elapse before he can be heard on the application. After the hearing, the judge "reserves his decision." There is no limit of time to this "reservation." In a very important injunction case, which was argued only in October last before a Supreme Court judge, no decision has yet been rendered. In the mean time the defendant may be secreting or squandering his property; and by the time the injunction has been dissolved, the proceedings in the original case resumed, and judgment obtained, the plaintiff may discover that his debtor, who was abundantly responsible when his suit was commenced, has now no property upon which execution can be levied.

We have before us two injunctions issued by judges of the Supreme Court, the first on the 29th December last, the other on the 24th January. Both were issued to prevent a creditor from prosecuting his claims against his debtors. In the first the defendants (that is to say, the creditors) are ordered to "refrain from taking any proceedings on or in relation to their pretended claims except in this action"—in which action they, being defendants, can not well attempt to sue their debtor. In the second injunction the defendants (that is to say, the creditors) are ordered to "refrain from taking, or attempting to take, any proceeding or proceedings on or in relation to their pretended claim or claims, except in this action, until the further order of this court; and in case of disobedience to this order you (*i. e.*, the creditors) will be liable to the punishment prescribed by law."

The effect of the injunctions in these cases is to tie the parties enjoined hand and foot. They may have undoubted claims, which no jury could deny and no court fail to enforce; they can not prosecute them until the injunctions are dissolved. They may see their debtor secreting or squandering the property in dispute; they can not help themselves. Under shelter of the injunction the debtor is master of the situation. He can rely upon several weeks' or months' delay; for a judge so friendly as to issue such injunction might be relied upon to "pocket the papers" for a term or two, even if he proposes to dissolve the injunction afterward. The party enjoined is as absolutely without a remedy as a poor traveler in the Abruzzi who falls into the hands of Neapolitan brigands.

No such state of things as this can exist without very grave consequences. It is of the essence of civilized society that the avenues of justice should ever stand open to the citizen. From the hour they are closed decay and decline begin. Foreign capital, as the Chamber of Commerce was told the other day by the agent of the Atlantic and Great Western bondholders, is already being withdrawn from enterprises which are within the control of certain of our courts. Negotiations are already on foot for the transfer of important corporations from New York to New Jersey, in which State the judiciary enjoys a high reputation for integrity. And hardly a week passes without some talk, more or less serious, about Vigilance Committees—talk which, after the experience of the past few years at the West, it will not do to pronounce utterly idle. If scenes of anarchy are to be avoided, if New York is to retain its pre-eminence as the commercial metropolis of the country, if foreign capital is to be retained here, something must be done to prevent, in the future, the unseemly abuses of power into which certain of our State judges have been betrayed in the past.

MR. DAWES AND GENERAL BUTLER.

COULD not honorable gentlemen in Congress conduct their arguments upon public questions without aspersing the motives of their colleagues and opponents? The other day Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee upon Appropriations, made a speech in which he deprecated what he considered the extravagant estimates of the Departments. He reminded his party friends that they had come into power under promises of economy; but that they were in danger of exceeding the extravagance of ANDREW JOHNSON's Administration. Certainly, if it be true, it is very necessary that the party should understand it, and it is very desirable for the party that the extravagance should be checked by its own action, instead of being left as a weapon for the enemy. And undoubtedly Mr. DAWES, who is a sagacious party man, had satisfied himself that no private remonstrance would avail, and that the only method of staying the danger was by a public exposure and protest.

This may have been a mistake. But those who thought so should not have made a greater mistake as a correction of that of Mr. DAWES. If he had failed in not remonstrating with the Departments privately, did his opponents gain by remonstrating with him publicly? The proper course seems to have been plain. From a party point of view merely, either Mr. DAWES should have been sustained, and the party have shown its regard for economy, or the inaccuracy of his statements should have been clearly exposed. But a totally different course was adopted. Mr. SCOFIELD, of Pennsylvania, Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, who reported the bill for the removal of the Philadelphia Navy-Yard to League Island, began by saying that Mr. GARFIELD, of Ohio, and Mr. WASHBURNE, of Wisconsin, seemed especially interested in the retrenchment speech of Mr. DAWES. Yet Mr. GARFIELD had obtained $3000 to entertain some festive bankers of New York, and Mr. WASHBURNE had obtained an appropriation of $200,000 for the Rock Island rapids. As for Mr. DAWES, that gentleman had a grudge against the Pennsylvania members because they did not vote for him for Speaker! Mr. DAWES, of course, instantly asked whether Mr. SCOFIELD thought that he had been influenced by that consideration in what he had said or done in the House. To which, after some hesitation, Mr. SCOFIELD answered that, considering every thing, "the conviction was almost forced upon my mind that perhaps the insinuation might have some foundation."

But it was reserved for General BUTLER to make the chief assault upon Mr. DAWES. He disputed the accuracy of his statements, and appealed to proofs. This was legitimate. But he then proceeded to charge Mr. DAWES with recreancy to the Republican party, and with attempting to destroy it. The General learned immediately, however, that the whip whose crack was so contemptuously disregarded two years ago by Mr. FESSENDEN had no terrors for Mr. DAWES this year. There was never a more conclusive and terrible retort in Congress than the quiet observation of Mr. DAWES: "The people of Massachusetts know my colleague, and they know me." The comedy of General BUTLER disciplining HENRY L. DAWES as a Republican is exquisite. As a leader of the party, General BUTLER will doubtless acknowledge his own failure. He aspires to succeed Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS in the leadership of the House, and Mr. HENRY WILSON as a Senator. But he ought to remember that Mr. STEVENS and Mr. WILSON were Republicans upon the profoundest conviction, and that they had always the sympathy of the great mass of their party. Besides, as Mr. DAWES said, President GRANT is "a man whose polar star in the administration of affairs is economy." When, therefore, General BUTLER as a leader undertook to answer Mr. DAWES, it was plainly his part to show that the estimates showed a desire and a resolution to reduce the expenditures. If they did not, it was the duty of the party, as it was the President's desire, that the extravagance should be arrested.

The mere allegation of selfish motives is not only not an argument against an opponent, but it is a very strong argument against the cause of the person who makes the charge. The public asks, Were the facts stated by Mr. DAWES incorrect? And Mr. SCOFIELD answers that Mr. DAWES is opposed to spending money in Pennsylvania, because the Pennsylvania members did not vote for him as Speaker, and General BUTLER says that Mr. DAWES is trying to destroy the Republican party. If these are the answers, the presumption is that the statement of Mr. DAWES is correct. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that General GRANT had assured Mr DAWES, before his speech, that his influence should be directed to a reduction of the estimates. Nobody would have doubted it, if some of the Republicans had not insisted that to point out a tendency to extravagance in the estimates was to accuse the President. And we ask again, which is the true policy for a party that finds itself drifting into great expenditures—to stop them, or to allow them to go on until they overthrow the party? If Democratic approval be the test of bad Republican management, there is no doubt that the Democratic party would hail the adoption of the latter course by their opponents.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC LAITY AND CLERGY.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC correspondent of the *Tribune* in Louisiana writes that more than four-fifths of the members of his Church are in favor of the public schools, and will gladly support them if they are made unsectarian by the removal of the Protestant version of the Bible as a text-book. He adds that the sectarian schools of his Church would not be as good for secular education as the present common schools, and that he knows no precept of his faith which requires him to give to the clergy the control of the secular education of his children. Indeed, he declares warmly that "the Catholic clergy are not the masters of Catholics in America."

How will this correspondent dispose of the fact that the Pope in his Syllabus strongly insists that the clergy must control the schools, and that the clergy, as we showed last week from the speech of the Rev. Mr. PRESTON, heartily agree with the Pope? That the clergy every where endeavor to obtain the control the correspondent does not deny. Indeed, in his letter he says, "the Catholic clergy give very little countenance and encouragement to lay Catholic teachers." They strive to monopolize the care of the child from his birth, and to mould him at their discretion. And they logically declare that, as all education ought to be what they call religious—meaning Roman Catholic—no member of that Church can conscientiously allow his children to frequent schools which are not controlled by the clergy.

Here is a direct issue between the Louisiana layman and the final authorities of his Church; and nobody can doubt which will carry the day. It is useless to say that secular education does not belong to the functions of the priesthood. Those functions are not determined by the laity, but by the priests themselves. The Louisiana layman may incline to doubt the infallibility of the Pope; but he has no voice upon the subject. When the higher priesthood has declared the infallibility, the layman must submit, or

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cease to be a Roman Catholic by denying the fundamental principle of the Church, namely, that it is the depository and expositor of the truth. If the Œcumenical Council proclaims the dogma of infallibility, and confirms the Syllabus in which the authority declared infallible has already announced its opinions upon the subject of education, what will the correspondent do? The infallible Pope condemns all schools which are not controlled by the clergy. The clergy demand that their congregations shall withdraw the children from the public schools. Does the Louisiana correspondent think that four-fifths of the laity would refuse?

Of course we have no right upon our own principles to do any thing in the schools of which the adherents of any sect can justly complain as sectarian. Our duty is to devote the schools strictly to the purpose for which they are founded and for which the people are taxed. They are state schools; and the church in this country being expressly and absolutely separated from the state, it is a general wrong to tolerate any sectarian taint in the schools. If the correspondent really spoke for the mass of his fellow-believers the question would be very manageable. But it is not he, it is the Pope and the Rev. Mr. PRESTON who represent the wishes and the policy of the leaders of his Church.

SPRING TRADE.

WINTER goods have been for some time removed from the shelves of importers, and those for spring have taken their place; but trade is dull in all departments of business. A few purchasers from the South and from California have appeared in the market; but the temptation of new and attractive styles presents no sufficient inducement for activity.

The foreign manufacturer is subjected to competition in dress goods which bids fair to diminish, from year to year, the extent of the importation. Establishments near Philadelphia and in Massachusetts show great strides in this production. It is to be hoped that we may ultimately supply the wants of the most refined in taste, and relieve the country of the load, in foreign importation, which it must now carry. The advances of our manufacturers are rapid and important.

In fancy cassimeres, for spring and summer wear, the domestic production is large and superior. Instead of importing many cases of a particular kind, as heretofore, a single case of foreign make is all that in many instances is required by one house. The complaint, which used to be quite general, that the oil was not thoroughly expelled from the domestic wool, is seldom made; and it may be said of this manufacture, that we have reached the point which renders foreign competition no longer embarrassing. We hope that it may be a matter of pride to every American to use the cassimeres of this country. In the finest broadcloths, owing to the want of the most appropriate descriptions of wools, we are far behind the French, English, and German manufacturers; but the active competition in the coarser fabrics, which is going on in the United States, will compel those whose means permit to advance to determined competition with the foreigner in the best products. In a few years we shall unquestionably reach the required distinction, if the tariff on wools shall be adjusted to the necessities of the case.

In cotton shirtings our manufacturers are unsurpassed. The cloth known as "New York Mills" is not excelled any where, and if it were not for the fact that the English, by using all the kinds of cotton produced in the world—mixing the cheap with the good in their fabrics, to which, notwithstanding the mixture, they communicate a good appearance—this article could be sent to their markets with success. Its high character is due to uniformity and excellence in the raw material, to the employment of the most skillful spinners and weavers, to the use of the best machinery, and to long experience in its manufacture. The product of many mills is very nearly equal to it, and, at all events, so good that we need no longer look to foreign supplies. The shirting known as French Percale is still imported in small quantities. The warp and the weft are what is called square, whereas in American shirtings the weft is frequently lighter than the warp; but this is being constantly remedied.

Our readers would scarcely suppose that very large quantities of shirtings and sheetings, manufactured in the South, are distributed from this point, and even to Southern merchants. This results from the greater abundance of capital in the North, and from the necessity on the part of Southern manufacturers of availing themselves of this supply. Goods manufactured in Georgia are sent from our warehouses to that State for consumption. The improvement which is rapidly going on in this industry in the South will compel the Northern manufacturer to advance in skill in the finest fabrics. In the coarser articles of wear the South and West will presently be liberated from dependence on the North and East. On the slopes of the great mountain chain water-power is abundant in all the Southern States which lie contiguous to it; and as the raw material is convenient, and capital is becoming abundant, it will be easy to furnish the cotton goods they require.

So far as concerns imported goods, they have been obtained from abroad and entered at the Custom-house, with the advantage of a low price for gold—lower probably than will continue through the season; and it would seem, as the crops have been large, that the conditions for an active trade exist. But the West is embarrassed by the inability to sell its grain at prices which remunerate, and it is feared that Western merchants will purchase sparingly. The South, however, is stronger than it has been at any time since the war, and a considerable trade is expected from the Pacific States, due in part to the opening of the road to California.

The embarrassment in trade, which is felt in all quarters, is mainly artificial, and arises from apprehensions connected with the currency. It is probable that legal-tenders have been hoarded largely—particularly in the South—in the expectation that a return to specie payments was at hand, and for the convenient prosecution of business. It is supposed, also, that this description of money, which constitutes at present the base of our monetary system, is intentionally kept from the large money centres, in order to force out of Congress an additional creation of banking capital. The argument is widely pressed that the apparent scarcity of greenbacks shows that they have been scattered over the Union, as the result of the enlarged business of the country, and that additions to the quantity are now required.

It is one of the unfortunate tendencies of a paper system that it never satisfies, and that more and more of it is ever required. If its quantity shall be augmented, only temporary relief will be afforded, to be repeated as a larger volume of indebtedness is created, and new speculations are set on foot. Notwithstanding great improvements in our manufacturing industry, we are now importing all descriptions of merchandise in excessive quantities, and are running up a debt abroad much beyond our capacity for payment. Buyers who have returned from Europe report that there is greater moderation in placing orders; but they unite in the testimony that this fact will promote consignments from foreign manufacturers. The goods of the latter have been extensively slaughtered since the raid in Wall Street in September; and their new consignments, if large, can scarcely escape the same fate.

What the country wants is a system of finance which shall discourage the tendency to live by speculation and extravagantly, and induce a more general regard for regular industry. We must reverse positions with the foreigner, and produce exports beyond the value of imports. This will be effected not by the creation of new banking capital, but by the lopping off—*carefully and by degrees*—our paper issues.

Every bank created adds to the forces against a return to specie payments. The 1620 now in active operation constitute in their managers, their stockholders, and their debtors, a power which ought not to be increased. If their forces shall be strengthened by the two hundred and thirty new banks, which the proposed forty-five millions of additional banking capital will permit, the influences against a return to specie payments will be made predominant.

The depreciation lately witnessed in the exchangeable value of nearly every product of our industry has been borne with forbearance, because it was supposed that our finances were about to be established on a solid footing. The time is therefore propitious for this needed step, by which the country shall be placed in the only road to true and solid prosperity.

LET US HAVE FAIR PLAY.

THE debate upon the recommendations of the Committee of Ways and Means, in regard to the tariff, is one of the most vital that will engage the attention of the country. There is such a sharp conflict of individual interests that the general welfare is in danger of being overlooked. In revising the tariff, the great point that should be held steadily in view is fair play for American industry and enterprise, by the wisest distribution of the burden of taxation which our debt and the necessary expenses of the government impose upon the people, and which the people are willing honestly to pay. It is generally agreed that the present system is intricate, awkward, extravagant, and consequently oppressive. We propose to show its operation in one vital department of industry.

The book manufacture is necessarily a complicated one. Every thing that is essential to it is enormously taxed. Indeed, it pays, in its various branches, not less than forty taxes. What is the result? Nothing is more difficult to determine than the market value of a book. The editorial skill and labor, the number of the edition printed, or remaining unsold, may make the greatest difference in value between books which apparently represent exactly the same labor, and which, externally, are precisely alike. Thus the temptation of the foreign manufacturer is very powerful to invoice his books at almost a nominal value, while, from the nature of the case, it is very difficult to prove the undervaluation.

For example, a desirable book may be made in London and invoiced at four shillings sterling. Other charges may advance the expenses to one dollar and twenty-seven cents in gold. The book could be profitably made in this country, and with a bonus to the author, at a selling price of from three and a half to four dollars. The importer, however, puts it upon the market at six dollars and controls the sale, because the domestic manufacturer knows that, should he make the book, the importer would drop the price, if necessary, to two dollars. The foreign author is thus deprived of any chance of sharing in the sale, and the American reader, of course, is compelled to pay an enormous price. The circulation of a valuable book is limited by the clumsy device of an *ad valorem* duty of twenty-five per cent., and the American publisher prevented from issuing it cheaply for general reading.

As it is impossible that an *ad valorem* duty can be fairly enforced, the remedy is a specific duty to prevent the evil results to the American reader which we have indicated. And a duty of this kind, determined by actual weight, say twenty-five cents per pound, would be merely fair. This is a simple system, which prevents evasive importation, and in which foul play at the Custom-house is not probable. To weigh books is easy; but to determine their intrinsic value is a task requiring a special cultivation, which can not be presumed in officers of the Customs. Works of science and scholarship will not feel the change, or will feel it favorably for the American student, while a careful analysis of figures shows that a duty of twenty-five cents per pound upon popular works for general circulation is scarcely as high as an *ad valorem* duty of twenty-five *per cent.* fairly administered.

If the other confusions and injustices of the tariff are as obvious upon a little examination, and as remediable as that which we have described, we may hope, from a reasonable Congress, for measures which will tend to remove the reproach that our system is both cumbrous and wasteful, unfair to American industry and hostile to American education.

ALARMING WASTE OF THE PUBLIC PROPERTY.

DR. LIEBER, Chairman of the Committee of the Union League Club on the appropriation of public money to sectarian purposes, has made a report which deserves the most careful attention. The laws of 1869 appropriate an amount equal to twenty per cent. of the excise moneys received in the city, to be annually distributed for the support of schools educating children who can not be accommodated in the public schools. The truth is that there are no such children, because all can be accommodated in the public schools. The report of the special committee of the Board of Education for the last year shows that the average number of vacant seats in the schools is more than 39,000. At the time of this distribution we called attention to the blow that it struck at the common-school system. That was its object. It was to accustom the public mind to the diversion of the public money for sectarian purposes, preparatory to the effort to destroy the whole unsectarian system.

The Committee state that the donations from the public treasury of the city of New York to religious sects amounted, during the year 1869, to more than $500,000, of which sum a single sect received more than $400,000; and that sect of course comprises the smallest number of tax-payers. In 1866, for one dollar, the city government gave to the archbishop of this sect a lot of land in the most desirable part of the city, which is now worth $200,000. In 1852 it gave the same sect a whole block of ground for $83 32, by changing a lease into a fee; and in 1864 paid the sect $24,000 for the privilege of opening Madison Avenue through this block, and gave the same sect $8928 84, to pay its share of the expense of opening. The value of the real estate thus given is now at least $1,500,000. In 1846, for one dollar, the same sect was presented with part of another block; and in 1857, for an annual rent of one dollar, with the rest of the lot, now worth at least another million and a half of dollars. The city government has thus given $3,200,000 worth of real estate to a single sect for sectarian purposes.

Every sect in the city had an equal right to similar donations, but no other has received such. And these gifts of the public property have been made as bribes by a political party. Here, in the city, the facts are understood. The control of the city government is in the hands of the leaders of the Democratic party. The mass of the Roman Catholics of the city are Irish; and to retain the Irish in the Democratic party, and to propitiate the favor of the Roman Catholic priesthood, the property of the people is squandered. With the people, of course, lies the remedy. Governor HOFFMAN'S "honest Legislature," with its Tammany managers, is as likely to repeal the law of last year as it is to adopt any other measure of economy, or to declare for any other form of equal rights. Indeed, the power that has done these things in the city now controls unchallenged the legislation of the State; and those who support it not only support this wanton waste of the public property, but encourage the fatal blow that the same power aims at the free schools, the very citadel of American institutions.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 24.—In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Morrill, of Maine, re-elected for the late Mr. Fessenden's unexpired term, were presented. Mr. Sherman's bill to provide a national currency of coin and notes, and to equalize the distribution of notes, was discussed at length, but no action was taken.—In the House, the Senate Virginia bill was adopted, after a warm personal discussion, in which General Butler took a leading part, reviewing with great severity the course of Mr. Bingham and Mr. Farnsworth in regard to reconstruction. Mr. Farnsworth replied very sharply.

January 25.—In the Senate, Mr. Sherman, from the Finance Committee, reported a substitute for the House bill relating to the income tax of 1870, which provides for amending the act of 1864, so that the duties on incomes, dividends, and salaries imposed by sections of the act, 116 to 123 inclusive, shall continue for and during the entire year of 1870, and no longer, and those taxes not paid, or payable in that year, shall be collected in 1871.—No business of importance was transacted in the House.

January 26.—In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Howell of Iowa, elected to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mr. Grimes, were presented. Among the petitions presented was one signed by 3200 citizens of New York in favor of woman suffrage.—In the House, General Butler replied to the speech of Mr. Dawes on retrenchment. He declared that the figures given by Mr. Dawes were not correct, and that economy was practiced in all the departments. Another debate occurred on the bill transferring the Navy-yard at Philadelphia to League Island, and the bill was finally tabled.

January 27.—In the Senate, the House joint resolution to prohibit the giving of presents to persons in office was passed. The credentials of the Senators elect from Virginia were read, and one of them, Mr. Lewis, appeared, and took the oath of office.—In the House, several members of the Virginia delegation were sworn in and took their seats. Mr. Farnsworth reported a bill for the total abolition of the franking privilege, to take effect July 1. The bill was immediately put upon its passage, and after an hour's debate passed by a vote of 174 to 14.

January 28.—In the Senate, Mr. J. W. Johnson was admitted as Senator from Virginia. Mr. Sumner introduced a joint resolution directing the payment of bounties to colored soldiers and sailors regardless of a former condition of servitude.—In the House, a bill was reported to abolish the office of Public Printer, and to provide for the election of a Superintendent of Public Printing, on a salary of $4000 a year. Bills were introduced to organize the Territory of Lincoln; to consolidate the Indian tribes under one Territorial Government; and to provide a Territorial Government for the District of Columbia.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Very little business of importance has yet been transacted in the New York Legislature. In the Assembly, January 24, a resolution was introduced instructing Congressional representatives to use their influence for the passage of a bill to reimburse parties drafted during the war, and who furnished substitutes or paid their commutage. It was laid on the table.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to prohibit the passage of steamboats below Corlaer's Point, New York.

The California Senate, by a vote of 23 to 8, has refused to ratify the Fifteenth Amendment. Seven Senators were absent.

The leader of the Red River insurgents asserts that he is not in favor of annexation to the United States, and that it is not too late for the Canadian Government to come to an agreement with them, and thus settle the difficulty.

A report has been made to the State Department by the American Consul at Hamilton, Canada, on the condition and treatment of the Indians by the Canadian authorities, from which it appears that the reservation system has been successful there, and that the savages are rapidly progressing in civilization.

On the 29th of January Mr. William Townsend, a quiet and inoffensive man, was murdered in his own store in Hudson Street, New York city, by "Jack Reynolds," who is well known to the police as a criminal. The murderer was immediately arrested. He expresses no fear, as, to use his own words, he thinks "hanging for murder is played out in New York."

Mr. Coppin, ex-Mayor of San Francisco, the other day slapped Senator Belge, of that city, in the face, and was challenged. The anticipated duel was avoided by an apology, the slap having been given under "a misapprehension of facts."

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported that the Œcumenical Council may be dissolved finally about Easter, owing to the unhealthy nature of the climate of Rome. The Pope, although suffering from a cold, presides daily at the sessions of the Council. A report that his Holiness was dead turns out to be unfounded. It is reported that the Papal authorities have forbidden the publication of a letter of the Archbishop of Malines, in which he is supposed to commit himself against infallibility. The protest of Cardinal Rauscher against the dogma, which is to be presented to the Pope, has been printed in the Bavarian newspapers. The Pope has sent the Archbishop of Algiers to Paris to learn the real sentiments of the Emperor in regard to the matter.

An exciting debate has taken place in the French Senate on the question of renewing the Anglo-French commercial treaty which expires this month. M. Thiers denounced the Ministry, and called on the majority to overthrow them. A vote on the question showed that the Government was very strong, being sustained by 201 against 32.

A proposition to exclude the House of Bourbon from the Spanish throne has been rejected in the Cortes, after a very animated debate.

The land of the late Mr. Peabody recently seized in England has been released.

Three thousand cotton spinners in Wigan, Lancashire, are on a strike.

Two reports reach us concerning a battle near Guimaro, the capital of the Cuban insurgents. According to Spanish accounts, General Puello has defeated the insurgents in a decisive battle, and captured their capital. According to Cuban accounts, General Puello has suffered a severe defeat, by which the Spanish power in the island is broken.

The second flotilla of Spanish gun-boats, built at New York, has arrived in Cuban waters. The gun-boat "No. 8" ran on the Colorado Reefs, and went to pieces. The crew were all saved.

The career of Salnave, Ex-President of Hayti, has come to a tragic termination. He was captured on the 8th of January, while endeavoring to cut his way through the enemy, and on the 15th was tried at Port-au-Prince, before a revolutionary tribunal, as traitor and usurper, and condemned to be shot. The sentence was immediately carried into execution. After death his body was ignominiously buried among the graves of felons.

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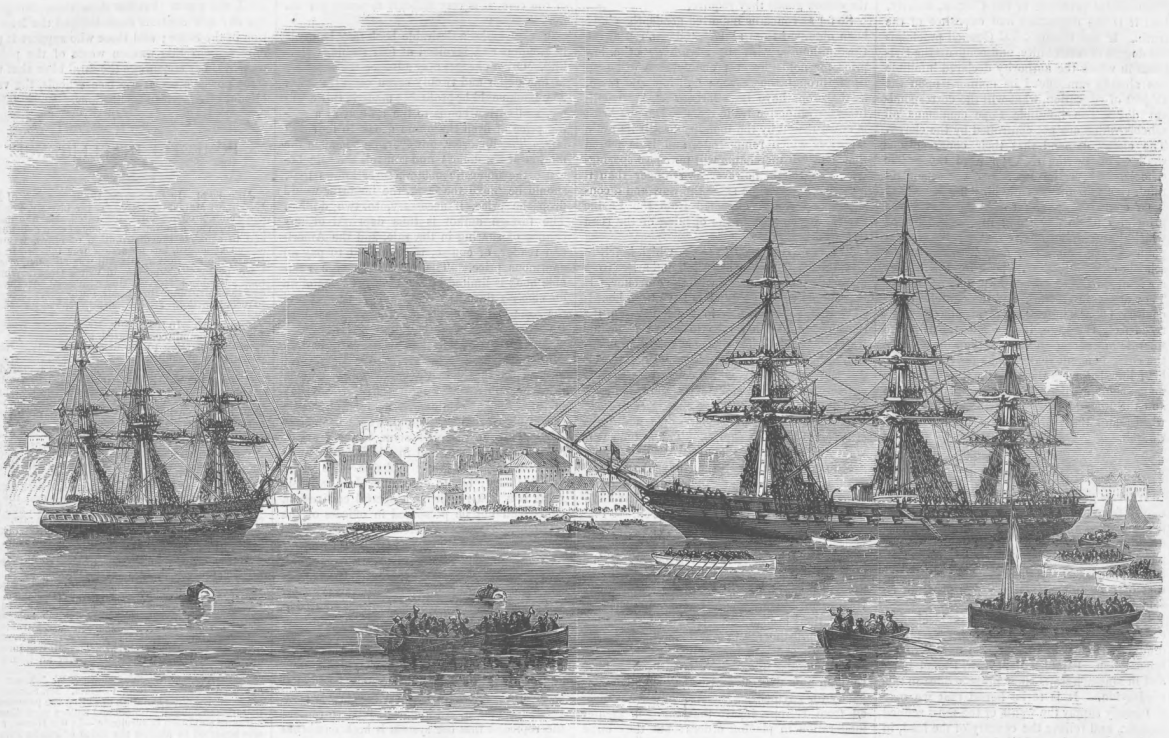


BOAT-RACE BETWEEN CREWS FROM THE FRIGATES "FRANKLIN" AND "SABINE," IN THE HARBOR OF VILLA FRANCA.—[SKETCHED BY W. R. MAY.]

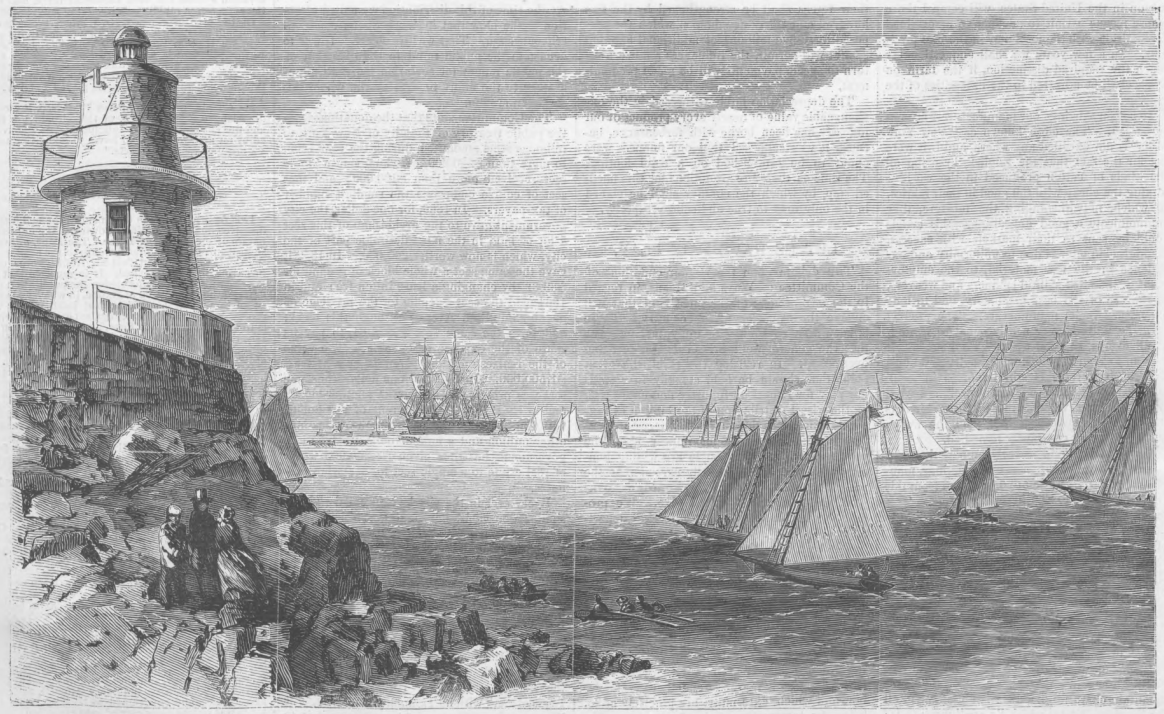
THE "MONARCH" IN PORTLAND HARBOR.

EARLY on the morning of the 26th of January the boom of distant cannon announced to the citizens of Portland the approach of the squadron that bore to this country the remains of GEORGE PEABODY. Soon after daylight the monitors *Miantonomoh* and *Terror* steamed out of the harbor to meet the funeral fleet. As they passed the *Monarch*, and took their stations in the rear, the *Plymouth* fired a salute, to which the monitors and Fort Preble replied. According to previous arrangement, the body lay in state on board the *Monarch* until Saturday noon, when it was landed with appropriate ceremonies. While the procession of boats was moving from the *Monarch* minute-guns were fired by the monitors and Fort Preble. Upon reaching the wharf the *cortège* of boats closed up in parallel lines, a sailor at the bow of each holding on to the stern of the boat ahead of him, as shown in our sketch on page 101; and in this position they remained until the casket containing the body had been put upon the wharf, and Admiral FARRAGUT and staff had sailed between the lines and stepped ashore. The casket was then taken under a large shed, where Governor CHAMBERLAIN, surrounded by his council, was in waiting to receive the remains, officially, on behalf of the State of Maine. Captain COMMERELL, of the *Monarch*, then formally delivered the body to the Governor, who received it in the name of the people.

The body was then removed to the City Hall and placed in the chamber which had been especially prepared for its reception. The Hall remained closed until Monday morning, when it was opened till evening. On Tuesday, February 1, the body was removed from the Hall, after an impressive funeral ceremony, and taken to the Boston dépôt, escorted by a large procession, composed of several military companies, delegations from various societies and cities, and great numbers of private citizens, who were desirous of showing respect to the memory of the great philanthropist.

BOAT-RACE AT VILLA FRANCA.

WE give on this page an illustration of a spirited boat-race that took place on the 16th of last December, in the harbor of Villa Franca, between a crew from the *Sabine* and one from the *Franklin*, two frigates belonging to the United States fleet in European waters. The boat of the *Sabine* had already been victorious in one regatta, and had bluffed off another by the fame of its first exploit; and the crew believed themselves equal to any antagonist that could be brought against them. The *Franklin* boys were no less sanguine of their own superiority; and the two frigates chancing to lie side by side for some time, in the above-mentioned harbor, they challenged the *Sabine* crew to row a six-mile race for a purse of one hundred dollars. The challenge was accepted, and the race was rowed with great pluck and spirit on both sides. The result was the defeat of the *Sabine* crew, the *Franklin* boat rounding the second stake-boat forty-five seconds ahead. The contestants in this spirited race were pretty evenly matched; for though the *Franklin* boat pulled fourteen oars, while that of the *Sabine* pulled but twelve, this advantage was balanced by the larger size and greater weight of the former.



ARRIVAL OF THE "MONARCH" AT PORTLAND, WITH THE REMAINS OF MR. PEABODY ON BOARD.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MISS KATE BOYD.]

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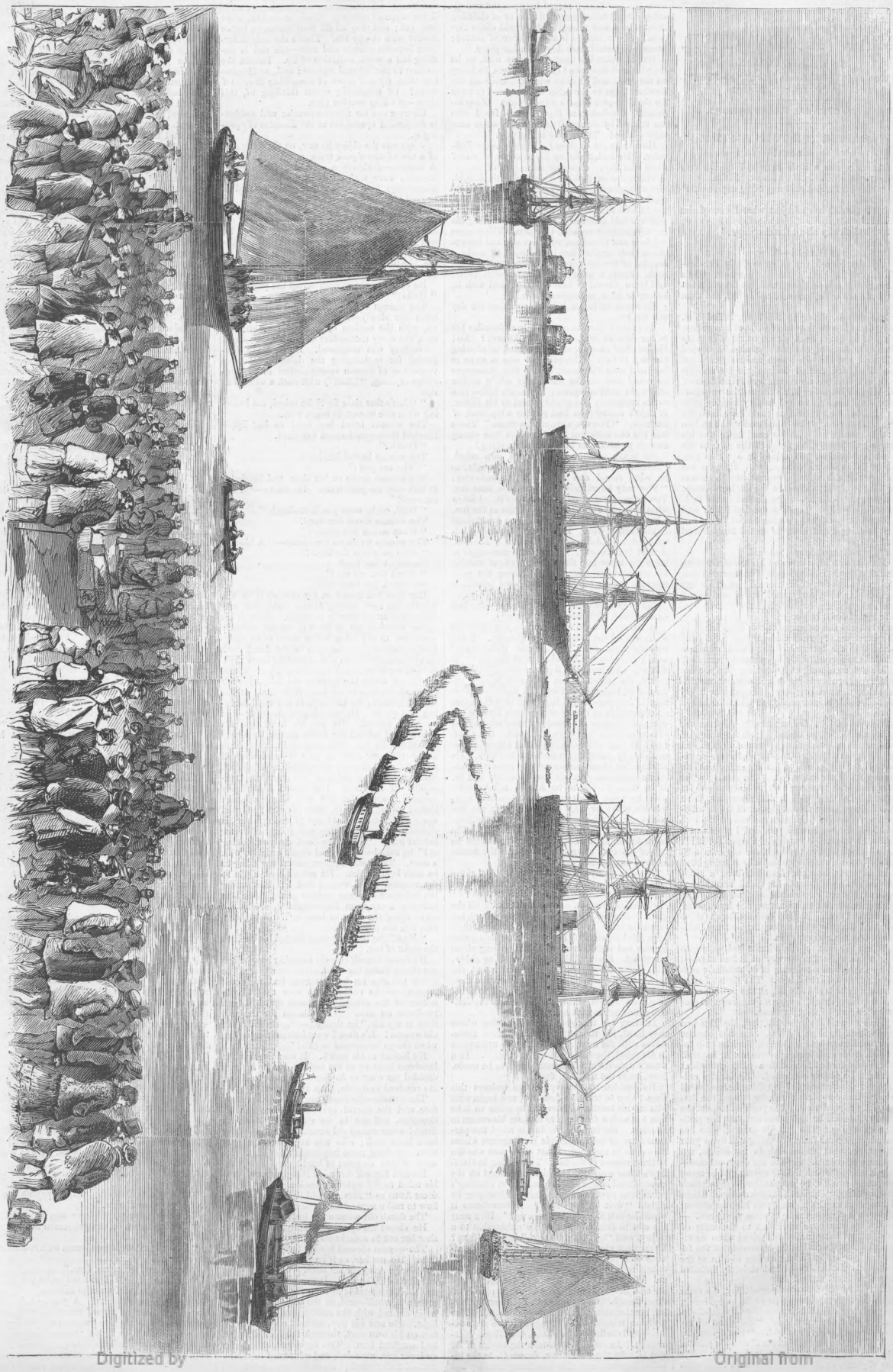

LANDING OF THE REMAINS OF MR. PEABODY AT PORTLAND.—SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.—[SEE PAGE 100.]

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MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

DONE!

ARNOLD was a little surprised by the curt manner in which Geoffrey answered him.

"Has Sir Patrick said any thing unpleasant?" he asked.

"Sir Patrick has said just what I wanted him to say."

"No difficulty about the marriage?"

"None."

"No fear of Blanche—"

"She won't ask you to go to Craig Fernie—I'll answer for that!" He said the words with a strong emphasis on them, took his brother's letter from the table, snatched up his hat, and went out.

His friends, idling on the lawn, hailed him. He passed by them quickly without answering, without so much as a glance at them over his shoulder. Arriving at the rose-garden, he stopped and took out his pipe; then suddenly changed his mind, and turned back again by another path. There was no certainty, at that hour of the day, of his being left alone in the rose-garden. He had a fierce and hungry longing to be by himself; he felt as if he could have been the death of any body who came and spoke to him at that moment. With his head down and his brows knit heavily, he followed the path to see what it ended in. It ended in a wicket-gate which led into a kitchen-garden. Here he was well out of the way of interruption: there was nothing to attract visitors in the kitchen-garden. He went on to a walnut-tree planted in the middle of the inclosure, with a wooden bench and a broad strip of turf running round it. After first looking about him, he seated himself and lit his pipe.

"I wish it was done!" he said.

He sat, with his elbows on his knees, smoking and thinking. Before long the restlessness that had got possession of him forced him to his feet again. He rose, and paced round and round the strip of green-sward under the walnut-tree, like a wild beast in a cage.

What was the meaning of this disturbance in the inner man? Now that he had committed himself to the betrayal of the friend who had trusted and served him, was he torn by remorse?

He was no more torn by remorse than you are while your eye is passing over this sentence. He was simply in a raging fever of impatience to see himself safely landed at the end which he had in view.

Why should he feel remorse? All remorse springs, more or less directly, from the action of two sentiments, which are neither of them inbred in the natural man. The first of these sentiments is the product of the respect which we learn to feel for ourselves. The second is the product of the respect which we learn to feel for others. In their highest manifestations, these two feelings exalt themselves, until the first becomes the love of God, and the second the love of Man. I have injured you, and I repent of it when it is done. Why should I repent of it if I have gained something by it for my own self, and if you can't make me feel it by injuring Me? I repent of it, because there has been a sense put into me which tells me that I have sinned against Myself, and sinned against You. No such sense as that exists among the instincts of the natural man. And no such feelings as these troubled Geoffrey Delamayn; for Geoffrey Delamayn was the natural man.

When the idea of his scheme had sprung to life in his mind, the novelty of it had startled him—the enormous daring of it, suddenly self-revealed, had daunted him. The signs of emotion which he had betrayed at the writing-table in the library were the signs of mere mental perturbation, and of nothing more.

That first vivid impression past, the idea had made itself familiar to him. He had become composed enough to see such difficulties as it involved, and such consequences as it implied. These had fretted him with a passing trouble; for these he plainly discerned. As for the cruelty and the treachery of the thing he meditated doing—that consideration never crossed the limits of his mental view. His position toward the man whose life he had preserved was the position of a dog. The "noble animal" who has saved you or me from drowning will fly at your throat or mine, under certain conditions, ten minutes afterward. Add to the dog's unreasoning instinct the calculating cunning of a man; suppose yourself to be in a position to say of some trifling thing, "Curious! at such and such a time I happened to pick up such and such an object; and now it turns out to be of some use to me!"—and there you have an index to the state of Geoffrey's feeling toward his friend when he recalled the past or when he contemplated the future. When Arnold had spoken to him at the critical moment, Arnold had violently irritated him; and that was all.

The same impenetrable insensibility, the same primitively natural condition of the moral being, prevented him from being troubled by the slightest sense of pity for Anne. "She's out of my way!" was his first thought. "She's provided for, without any trouble to Me!" was his second. He was not in the least uneasy about her. Not the slightest doubt crossed his mind that, when once she had realized her own situation, when once she saw herself placed between the two alternatives of facing her own ruin or of claiming Arnold as a last resource, she would claim Arnold. She would do it as a matter of course; because *he* would have done it in her place.

But he wanted it over. He was wild, as he paced round and round the walnut-tree, to hurry on the crisis and be done with it. Give me my freedom to go to the other woman, and to train for the foot-race—that's what I want. *They* injured? Confusion to them both! It's I who am injured by them. They are the worst enemies I have! They stand in my way.

How to be rid of them? There was the difficulty. He had made up his mind to be rid of them that day. How was he to begin?

There was no picking a quarrel with Arnold, and so beginning with *him*. This course of proceeding, in Arnold's position toward Blanche, would lead to a scandal at the outset—a scandal which would stand in the way of his making the right impression on Mrs. Glenarm. The woman—lonely and friendless, with her sex and her position both against her if *she* tried to make a scandal of it—the woman was the one to begin with. Settle it at once and forever with Anne; and leave Arnold to hear of it and deal with it, sooner or later, no matter which.

How was he to break it to her before the day was out?

By going to the inn and openly addressing her to her face as Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth? No! He had had enough, at Windygates, of meeting her face to face. The easy way was to write to her, and send the letter, by the first messenger he could find, to the inn. She might appear afterward at Windygates; she might follow him to his brother's; she might appeal to his father. It didn't matter; he had got the whip-hand of her now. "You are a married woman." There was the one sufficient answer, which was strong enough to back him in denying any thing!

He made out the letter in his own mind. "Something like this would do," he thought, as he went round and round the walnut-tree: "You may be surprised not to have seen me. You have only yourself to thank for it. I know what took place between you and him at the inn. I have had a lawyer's advice. You are Arnold Brinkworth's wife. I wish you joy, and good-by forever." Address those lines: "To Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth;" instruct the messenger to leave the letter late that night, without waiting for an answer; start the first thing the next morning for his brother's house; and behold, it was done!

But even here there was an obstacle—one last exasperating obstacle—still in the way.

If she was known at the inn by any name at all, it was by the name of Mrs. Silvester. A letter addressed to "Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth" would probably not be taken in at the door; or if it was admitted, and if it was actually offered to her, she might decline to receive it, as a letter not addressed to herself. A man of readier mental resources would have seen that the name on the outside of the letter mattered little or nothing, so long as the contents were read by the person to whom they were addressed. But Geoffrey's was the order of mind which expresses disturbance by attaching importance to trifles. He attached an absurd importance to preserving absolute consistency in his letter, outside and in. If he declared her to be Arnold Brinkworth's wife, he must direct to her as Arnold Brinkworth's wife; or who could tell what the law might say, or what scrape he might not get himself into by a mere scratch of the pen! The more he thought of it, the more persuaded he felt of his own cleverness here, and the hotter and the angrier he grew.

There is a way out of every thing. And there was surely a way out of this, if he could only see it.

He failed to see it. After dealing with all the great difficulties, the small difficulty proved too much for him. It struck him that he might have been thinking too long about it—considering that he was not accustomed to thinking long about any thing. Besides, his head was getting giddy, with going mechanically round and round the tree. He irritably turned his back on the tree, and struck into another path: resolved to think of something else, and then to return to his difficulty, and see it with a new eye.

Leaving his thoughts free to wander where they liked, his thoughts naturally busied themselves with the next subject that was uppermost in his mind, the subject of the Foot-Race. In a week's time his arrangements ought to be made. Now, as to the training, first.

He decided on employing two trainers this time. One to travel to Scotland, and begin with him at his brother's house. The other to take him up, with a fresh eye to him, on his return to London. He turned over in his mind the performances of the formidable rival against whom he was to be matched. That other man was the swiftest runner of the two. The betting in Geoffrey's favor was betting which calculated on the unparalleled length of the race, and on Geoffrey's prodigious powers of endurance. How long he should "wait on" the man? Whereabouts it would be safe to "pick the man up?" How near the end to calculate the man's exhaustion to a nicety, and "put on the spurt," and pass him? These were nice points to decide. The deliberations of a pedestrian-privy-council would be required to help him under this heavy responsibility. What men could he trust? He could trust A. and B.—both of them authorities: both of them stanch. Query about C.? As an authority, unexceptionable; as a man, doubtful. The problem relating to C. brought him to a stand-still—and declined to be solved, even then. Never mind! he could always take the advice of A. and B. In the mean time, devote C. to the infernal regions; and, thus dismissing him, try and think of something else. What else? Mrs. Glenarm? Oh, bother the women! one of them is the same as another. They all waddle when they run; and they all fill their stomachs before dinner with sloppy tea. That's the only difference between women and men—the rest is nothing but a weak imitation of Us. Devote the women to the infernal regions; and, so dismissing *them*, try and think of something else. Of what? Of something worth thinking of, this time—of filling another pipe.

He took out his tobacco-pouch; and suddenly suspended operations at the moment of opening it.

What was the object he saw, on the other side of a row of dwarf pear-trees, away to the right? A woman—evidently a servant by her dress—stooping down with her back to him, gathering something: herbs they looked like, as well as he could make them out at the distance.

What was that thing hanging by a string at the woman's side? A slate? Yes. What the deuce did she want with a slate at her side? He was in search of something to divert his mind—and here it was found. "Any thing will do for me," he thought. "Suppose I 'chaff' her a little about her slate?"

He called to the woman across the pear-trees. "Hullo!"

The woman raised herself, and advanced toward him slowly—looking at him, as she came on, with the sunken eyes, the sorrow-stricken face, the stony tranquillity of Hester Dethridge.

Geoffrey was staggered. He had not bargained for exchanging the dullest producible vulgarities of human speech (called in the language of slang, "Chaff") with such a woman as this.

"What's that slate for?" he asked, not knowing what else to say, to begin with.

The woman lifted her hand to her lips—touched them—and shook her head.

"Dumb?"

The woman bowed her head.

"Who are you?"

The woman wrote on her slate, and handed it to him over the pear-trees. He read:—"I am the cook."

"Well, cook, were you born dumb?"

The woman shook her head.

"What struck you dumb?"

The woman wrote on her slate:—"A blow."

"Who gave you the blow?"

She shook her head.

"Won't you tell me?"

She shook her head again.

Her eyes had rested on his face while he was questioning her; staring at him, cold, dull, and changeless as the eyes of a corpse. Firm as his nerves were—dense as he was, on all ordinary occasions, to any thing in the shape of an imaginative impression—the eyes of the dumb cook slowly penetrated him with a stealthy inner chill. Something crept at the marrow of his back, and shuddered under the roots of his hair. He felt a sudden impulse to get away from her. It was simple enough; he had only to say good-morning, and go on. He did say good-morning—but he never moved. He put his hand into his pocket, and offered her some money, as a way of making *her* go. She stretched out her hand across the pear-trees to take it—and stopped abruptly, with her arm suspended in the air. A sinister change passed over the deathlike tranquillity of her face. Her closed lips slowly dropped apart. Her dull eyes slowly dilated; looked away, sideways, from *his* eyes; stopped again; and stared, rigid and glittering, over his shoulder—stared as if they saw a sight of horror behind him. "What the devil are you looking at?" he asked—and turned round quickly, with a start. There was neither person nor thing to be seen behind him. He turned back again to the woman. The woman had left him, under the influence of some sudden panic. She was hurrying away from him—running, old as she was—flying the sight of him, as if the sight of him was the pestilence.

"Mad!" he thought—and turned his back on the sight of her.

He found himself (hardly knowing how he had got there) under the walnut-tree once more. In a few minutes his hardy nerves had recovered themselves—he could laugh over the remembrance of the strange impression that had been produced on him. "Frightened for the first time in my life," he thought—"and that by an old woman! It's time I went into training again, when things have come to this!"

He looked at his watch. It was close on the luncheon hour up at the house; and he had not decided yet what to do about his letter to Anne. He resolved to decide, then and there.

The woman—the dumb woman, with the stony face and the horrid eyes—reappeared in his thoughts, and got in the way of his decision. Pooh! some crazed old servant, who might once have been cook; who was kept out of charity now. Nothing more important than that. No more of her! no more of her!

He laid himself down on the grass, and gave his mind to the serious question. How to address Anne as "Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth?" and how to make sure of her receiving the letter?

The dumb old woman got in his way again.

He closed his eyes impatiently, and tried to shut her out in a darkness of his own making.

The woman showed herself through the darkness. He saw her, as if he had just asked her a question, writing on her slate. What she wrote he failed to make out. It was all over in an instant. He started up, with a feeling of astonishment at himself—and, at the same moment, his brain cleared with the suddenness of a flash of light. He saw his way, without a conscious effort on his own part, through the difficulty that had troubled him. Two envelopes, of course: an inner one, unsealed, and addressed to "Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth;" an outer one, sealed, and addressed to "Mrs. Silvester:" and there was the problem solved! Surely the simplest problem that had ever puzzled a stupid head.

Why had he not seen it before? Impossible to say.

How came he to have seen it now?

The dumb old woman reappeared in his thoughts—as if the answer to the question lay in something connected with *her*.

He became alarmed about himself, for the first time in his life. Had this persistent impression, produced by nothing but a crazy old woman, any thing to do with the broken health which the surgeon had talked about? Was his head on the turn? Or had he smoked too much on an empty stomach, and gone too long (after traveling all night) without his customary drink of ale?

He left the garden to put that latter theory to the test forthwith. The betting would have gone dead against him if the public had seen him at that moment. He looked haggard and anxious—and with good reason too. His nervous system had suddenly forced itself on his notice, without the slightest previous introduction, and was saying (in an unknown tongue), Here I am!

Returning to the purely ornamental part of the grounds, Geoffrey encountered one of the footmen giving a message to one of the gardeners. He at once asked for the butler—as the only safe authority to consult in the present emergency.

Conducted to the butler's pantry, Geoffrey requested that functionary to produce a jug of his oldest ale, with appropriate solid nourishment in the shape of "a hunk of bread and cheese."

The butler stared. As a form of condescension among the upper classes this was quite new to him.

"Luncheon will be ready directly, Sir."

"What is there for lunch?"

The butler ran over an appetizing list of good dishes and rare wines.

"The devil take your kickshaws!" said Geoffrey. "Give me my old ale, and my hunk of bread and cheese."

"Where will you take them, Sir?"

"Here, to be sure! And the sooner the better."

The butler issued the necessary orders with all needful alacrity. He spread the simple refreshment demanded, before his distinguished guest, in a state of blank bewilderment. Here was a nobleman's son, and a public celebrity into the bargain, filling himself with bread and cheese and ale, in at once the most voracious and the most unpretending manner, at *his* table! The butler ventured on a little complimentary familiarity. He smiled, and touched the betting-book in his breast-pocket. "I've put six pound on you, Sir, for the Race." "All right, old boy! you shall win your money!" With those noble words the honorable gentleman clapped him on the back, and held out his tumbler for some more ale. The butler felt trebly an Englishman as he filled the foaming glass. Ah! foreign nations may have their revolutions! foreign aristocracies may tumble down! The British aristocracy lives in the hearts of the people, and lives forever!

"Another!" said Geoffrey, presenting his empty glass. "Here's luck!" He tossed off his liquor at a draught, and nodded to the butler, and went out.

Had the experiment succeeded? Had he proved his own theory about himself to be right? Not a doubt of it! An empty stomach, and a determination of tobacco to the head—these were the true causes of that strange state of mind into which he had fallen in the kitchen-garden. The dumb woman with the stony face vanished as if in a mist. He felt nothing now but a comfortable buzzing in his head, a genial warmth all over him, and an unlimited capacity for carrying any responsibility that could rest on mortal shoulders. Geoffrey was himself again.

He went round toward the library, to write his letter to Anne—and so have done with that, to begin with. The company had collected in the library waiting for the luncheon bell. All were idly talking; and some would be certain, if he showed himself, to fasten on *him*. He turned back again, without showing himself. The only way of writing in peace and quietness would be to wait until they were all at luncheon, and then return to the library. The same opportunity would serve also for finding a messenger to take the letter, without exciting attention, and for going away afterward, unseen, on a long walk by himself. An absence of two or three hours would cast the necessary dust in Arnold's eyes; for it would be certainly interpreted by him as meaning absence at an interview with Anne.

He strolled idly through the grounds, farther and farther away from the house.

The talk in the library—aimless and empty enough, for the most part—was talk to the purpose, in one corner of the room, in which Sir Patrick and Blanche were sitting together.

"Uncle! I have been watching you for the last minute or two."

"At my age, Blanche, that is paying me a very pretty compliment."

"Do you know what I have seen?"

"You have seen an old gentleman in want of his lunch."

"I have seen an old gentleman with something on his mind. What is it?"

"Suppressed gout, my dear."

"That won't do! I am not to be put off in that way. Uncle! I want to know—"

"Stop there, Blanche! A young lady who says she 'wants to know,' expresses very dangerous sentiments. Eve 'wanted to know'—and see what it led to. Faust 'wanted to know'—and got into bad company, as the necessary result."

"You are feeling anxious about something,"

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persisted Blanche. "And, what is more, Sir Patrick, you behaved in a most unaccountable manner a little while since."

"When?"

"When you went and hid yourself with Mr. Delamayn in that snug corner there. I saw you lead the way in, while I was at work on Lady Lundie's odious dinner-invitations."

"Oh! you call that being at work, do you? I wonder whether there was ever a woman yet who could give the whole of her mind to any earthly thing that she had to do?"

"Never mind the women! What subject in common could you and Mr. Delamayn possibly have to talk about? And why do I see a wrinkle between your eyebrows, now you have done with him?—a wrinkle which certainly wasn't there before you had that private conference together?"

Before answering, Sir Patrick considered whether he should take Blanche into his confidence or not. The attempt to identify Geoffrey's unnamed "lady," which he was determined to make, would lead him to Craig Fernie, and would no doubt end in obliging him to address himself to Anne. Blanche's intimate knowledge of her friend might unquestionably be made useful to him under these circumstances; and Blanche's discretion was to be trusted in any matter in which Miss Silvester's interests were concerned. On the other hand, caution was imperatively necessary, in the present imperfect state of his information—and caution, in Sir Patrick's mind, carried the day. He decided to wait and see what came first of his investigation at the inn.

"Mr. Delamayn consulted me on a dry point of law, in which a friend of his was interested," said Sir Patrick. "You have wasted your curiosity, my dear, on a subject totally unworthy of a lady's notice."

Blanche's penetration was not to be deceived on such easy terms as these. "Why not say at once that you won't tell me?" she rejoined. "*You* shutting yourself up with Mr. Delamayn to talk law! *You* looking absent and anxious about it afterward! I am a very unhappy girl!" said Blanche, with a little, bitter sigh. "There is something in me that seems to repel the people I love. Not a word in confidence can I get from Anne. And not a word in confidence can I get from you. And I do so long to sympathize! It's very hard. I think I shall go to Arnold."

Sir Patrick took his niece's hand.

"Stop a minute, Blanche. About Miss Silvester? Have you heard from her to-day?"

"No. I am more unhappy about her than words can say."

"Suppose somebody went to Craig Fernie and tried to find out the cause of Miss Silvester's silence? Would you believe that somebody sympathized with you then?"

Blanche's face flushed brightly with pleasure and surprise. She raised Sir Patrick's hand gratefully to her lips.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean that *you* would do that?"

"I am certainly the last person who ought to do it—seeing that you went to the inn in flat rebellion against my orders, and that I only forgave you, on your own promise of amendment, the other day. It is a miserably weak proceeding on the part of 'the head of the family' to be turning his back on his own principles, because his niece happens to be anxious and unhappy. Still (if you could lend me your little carriage), I *might* take a surly drive toward Craig Fernie, all by myself, and I *might* stumble against Miss Silvester—in case you have any thing to say."

"Any thing to say?" repeated Blanche. She put her arm round her uncle's neck, and whispered in his ear one of the most interminable messages that ever was sent from one human being to another. Sir Patrick listened, with a growing interest in the inquiry on which he was secretly bent. "The woman must have some noble qualities," he thought, "who can inspire such devotion as this."

While Blanche was whispering to her uncle, a second private conference—of the purely domestic sort—was taking place between Lady Lundie and the butler, in the hall outside the library door.

"I am sorry to say, my lady, Hester Dethridge has broken out again."

"What do you mean?"

"She was all right, my lady, when she went into the kitchen-garden, some time since. She's taken strange again, now she has come back. Wants the rest of the day to herself, your ladyship. Says she's overworked, with all the company in the house—and, I must say, does look like a person troubled and worn out in body and mind."

"Don't talk nonsense, Roberts! The woman is obstinate and idle and insolent. She is now in the house, as you know, under a month's notice to leave. If she doesn't choose to do her duty for that month I shall refuse to give her a character. Who is to cook the dinner to-day if I give Hester Dethridge leave to go out?"

"Any way, my lady, I am afraid the kitchen-maid will have to do her best to-day. Hester is very obstinate, when the fit takes her—as your ladyship says."

"If Hester Dethridge leaves the kitchen-maid to cook the dinner, Roberts, Hester Dethridge leaves my service to-day. I want no more words about it. If she persists in setting my orders at defiance, let her bring her account-book into the library, while we are at lunch, and lay it on my desk. I shall be back in the library after luncheon—and if I see the account-book I shall know what it means. In that case, you will receive my directions to settle with her and send her away. Ring the luncheon-bell."

The luncheon-bell rang. The guests all took the direction of the dining-room; Sir Patrick following, from the far end of the library, with Blanche on his arm. Arrived at the dining-room door, Blanche stopped, and asked her uncle to excuse her if she left him to go in by himself.

"I will be back directly," she said. "I have forgotten something up stairs."

Sir Patrick went in. The dining-room door closed; and Blanche returned alone to the library. Now on one pretense, and now on another, she had, for three days past, faithfully fulfilled the engagement she had made at Craig Fernie to wait ten minutes after luncheon-time in the library, on the chance of seeing Anne. On this, the fourth occasion, the faithful girl sat down alone in the great room, and waited with her eyes fixed on the lawn outside.

Five minutes passed, and nothing living appeared but the birds hopping about the grass.

In less than a minute more Blanche's quick ear caught the faint sound of a woman's dress brushing over the lawn. She ran to the nearest window, looked out, and clapped her hands with a cry of delight. There was the well-known figure, rapidly approaching her! Anne was true to their friendship—Anne had kept her engagement at last!

Blanche hurried out, and drew her into the library in triumph. "This makes amends, love, for every thing! You answer my letter in the best of all ways—you bring me your own dear self."

She placed Anne in a chair, and, lifting her veil, saw her plainly in the brilliant mid-day light.

The change in the whole woman was nothing less than dreadful to the loving eyes that rested on her. She looked years older than her real age. There was a dull calm in her face, a stagnant, stupefied submission to any thing, pitiable to see. Three days and nights of solitude and grief, three days and nights of unresting and unpartaken suspense, had crushed that sensitive nature, had frozen that warm heart. The animating spirit was gone—the mere shell of the woman lived and moved, a mockery of her former self.

"Oh, Anne! Anne! What *can* have happened to you? Are you frightened? There's not the least fear of any body disturbing us. They are all at luncheon, and the servants are at dinner. We have the room entirely to ourselves. My darling! you look so faint and strange! Let me get you something."

Anne drew Blanche's head down and kissed her. It was done in a dull, slow way—without a word, without a tear, without a sigh.

"You're tired—I'm sure you're tired. Have you walked here? You sha'n't go back on foot; I'll take care of that!"

Anne roused herself at those words. She spoke for the first time. The tone was lower than was natural to her; sadder than was natural to her—but the charm of her voice, the native gentleness and beauty of it, seemed to have survived the wreck of all besides.

"I don't go back, Blanche. I have left the inn."

"Left the inn? With your husband?"

She answered the first question—not the second.

"I can't go back," she said. "The inn is no place for me. A curse seems to follow me, Blanche, wherever I go. I am the cause of quarreling and wretchedness, without meaning it, God knows. The old man who is head-waiter at the inn has been kind to me, my dear, in his way, and he and the landlady had hard words together about it. A quarrel, a shocking, violent quarrel. He has lost his place in consequence. The woman, his mistress, lays all the blame of it to my door. She is a hard woman; and she has been harder than ever since Bishop-riggs went away. I have missed a letter at the inn—I must have thrown it aside, I suppose, and forgotten it. I only know that I remembered about it, and couldn't find it last night. I told the landlady, and she fastened a quarrel on me almost before the words were out of my mouth. Asked me if I charged her with stealing my letter. Said things to me—I can't repeat them. I am not very well, and not able to deal with people of that sort. I thought it best to leave Craig Fernie this morning. I hope and pray I shall never see Craig Fernie again."

She told her little story with a total absence of emotion of any sort, and laid her head back wearily on the chair when it was done.

Blanche's eyes filled with tears at the sight of her.

"I won't tease you with questions, Anne," she said, gently. "Come up stairs and rest in my room. You're not fit to travel, love. I'll take care that nobody comes near us."

The stable-clock at Windygates struck the quarter to two. Anne raised herself in the chair with a start.

"What time was that?" she asked.

Blanche told her.

"I can't stay," she said. "I have come here to find something out, if I can. You won't ask me questions? Don't, Blanche, don't! for the sake of old times."

Blanche turned aside, heart-sick. "I will do nothing, dear, to annoy you," she said, and took Anne's hand, and hid the tears that were beginning to fall over her cheeks.

"I want to know something, Blanche. Will you tell me?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Who are the gentlemen staying in the house?"

Blanche looked round at her again, in sudden astonishment and alarm. A vague fear seized her that Anne's mind had given way under the heavy weight of trouble laid on it. Anne persisted in pressing her strange request.

"Run over their names, Blanche. I have a reason for wishing to know who the gentlemen are who are staying in the house."

Blanche repeated the names of Lady Lundie's guests, leaving to the last the guests who had arrived last.

"Two more came back this morning," she went on. "Arnold Brinkworth and that hateful friend of his, Mr. Delamayn."

Anne's head sank back once more on the chair. She had found her way, without exciting suspicion of the truth, to the one discovery which she had come to Windygates to make. He was in Scotland again, and he had only arrived from London that morning. There was barely time for him to have communicated with Craig Fernie before she left the inn—he, too, who hated letter-writing! The circumstances were all in his favor: there was no reason, there was really and truly no reason, so far, to believe that he had deserted her. The heart of the unhappy woman bounded in her bosom, under the first ray of hope that had warmed it for four days past. Under that sudden revulsion of feeling, her weakened frame shook from head to foot. Her face flushed deep for a moment—then turned deadly pale again. Blanche, anxiously watching her, saw the serious necessity for giving some restorative to her instantly.

"I am going to get you some wine—you will faint, Anne, if you don't take something. I shall be back in a moment; and I can manage it without any body being the wiser."

She pushed Anne's chair close to the nearest open window—a window at the upper end of the library—and ran out.

Blanche had barely left the room, by the door that led into the hall, when Geoffrey entered it by one of the lower windows opening from the lawn.

With his mind absorbed in the letter that he was about to write, he slowly advanced up the room toward the nearest table. Anne, hearing the sound of footsteps, started, and looked round. Her failing strength rallied in an instant, under the sudden relief of seeing him again. She rose and advanced eagerly, with a faint tinge of color in her cheeks. He looked up. The two stood face to face together—alone.

"Geoffrey!"

He looked at her without answering—without advancing a step, on his side. There was an evil light in his eyes; his silence was the brute silence that threatens dumbly. He had made up his mind never to see her again, and she had entrapped him into an interview. He had made up his mind to write, and there she stood forcing him to speak. The sum of her offenses against him was now complete. If there had ever been the faintest hope of her raising even a passing pity in his heart, that hope would have been annihilated now.

She failed to understand the full meaning of his silence. She made her excuses, poor soul, for venturing back to Windygates—her excuses to the man whose purpose at that moment was to throw her helpless on the world.

"Pray forgive me for coming here," she said. "I have done nothing to compromise you, Geoffrey. Nobody but Blanche knows I am at Windygates. And I have contrived to make my inquiries about you without allowing her to suspect our secret." She stopped, and began to tremble. She saw something more in his face than she had read in it at first. "I got your letter," she went on, rallying her sinking courage. "I don't complain of its being so short: you don't like letter-writing, I know. But you promised I should hear from you again. And I have never heard. And oh, Geoffrey, it was so lonely at the inn!"

She stopped again, and supported herself by resting her hand on the table. The faintness was stealing back on her. She tried to go on again. It was useless—she could only look at him now.

"What do you want?" he asked, in the tone of a man who was putting an unimportant question to a total stranger.

A last gleam of her old energy flickered up in her face, like a dying flame.

"I am broken by what I have gone through," she said. "Don't insult me by making me remind you of your promise."

"What promise?"

"For shame, Geoffrey! for shame! Your promise to marry me."

"You claim my promise after what you have done at the inn?"

She steadied herself against the table with one hand, and put the other hand to her head. Her brain was giddy. The effort to think was too much for her. She said to herself, vacantly, "The inn? What did I do at the inn?"

"I have had a lawyer's advice, mind! I know what I am talking about."

She appeared not to have heard him. She repeated the words, "What did I do at the inn?" and gave it up in despair. Holding by the table, she came close to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Do you refuse to marry me?" she asked.

He saw the vile opportunity, and said the vile words.

"You're married already to Arnold Brinkworth."

Without a cry to warn him, without an effort to save herself, she dropped senseless at his feet; as her mother had dropped at his father's feet in the by-gone time.

He disentangled himself from the folds of her dress. "Done!" he said, looking down at her as she lay on the floor.

As the word fell from his lips he was startled by a sound in the inner part of the house. One of the library doors had not been completely closed. Light footsteps were audible, advancing rapidly across the hall.

He turned and fled, leaving the library, as he had entered it, by the open window at the lower end of the room.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WAITER'S EPITAPH.—He couldn't wait any longer—so he went.

A London umbrella thief returned the purloined article with the following note: "This umbraller has prade hon my kounshens ever sin I stole him.
"W. R."

When is a grocer like a highwayman?—When he lies in weight.

"You've destroyed my peace of mind," said a desponding lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for it was an amazing small piece you had any way," was the quick reply.

AN Irishman was charged with highway robbery. In the course of the trial the prisoner roared out from the dock that he was guilty, but the jury pronounced him by their verdict "not guilty." The astonished judge exclaimed: "Good Heavens, gentlemen! did you not hear the man declare himself that he was guilty?" The foreman said: "We did, my lord, and that was the very reason we acquitted him, for we know the fellow to be so notorious a liar that he never told a word of truth in his life."

"Mother, what did father pray to General Grant so much in church for yesterday?" asked the bright little daughter of a ministerial friend lately. "I don't know that he did, sis." "Why, yes; don't you know? He was always saying, 'Grant, we beseech thee.'"

SERPENTS ON THE HEARTH—Eels on a gridiron.

The man whose head was fairly turned says it feels very uncomfortable in that position.

"When did you hear from your husband last?" inquired a lady, wife of a sea-captain, of another lady enjoying the same distinction. "I received a letter last week. It was headed *Antipodes*, if you know where that is; I'm sure I don't. It's somewhere around China, I suppose. They have such outlandish names out there, you know. When did you hear from your husband?" "About three weeks ago. He said he wrote from the *Antipodes*, as he called the place. Where it is, I don't know no more than the man in the moon. I looked all over the map, and could find nothing of such a place. I found Antilles, and I guess that must be it." "Most likely, these men are so careless. Good-by."

A HIGH WAY—The milky way.

Young ladies should be careful not to get chaps on the lips. They have been known to lead to an affection of the heart.

A QUACK-DISH—Roast duck.

A debating society at Lyons has been for some time engaged in a discussion of the question: "If you had to have a 'bile,' where would you have it?" and its members have finally decided, "on another fellow."

A RAY THAT ALWAYS LIGHTS UP A WOMAN'S DESPAIR—Rai-ment.

It chanced one gloomy day in the month of December, that a good-humored Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not an unusual date; and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run, "That's true," replied the Irishman; "but then, my honey, you don't consider how short the days are at this time of the year."

THE FIRST BOARD OF EDUCATION—The blackboard.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him sage.

A well-known young lawyer obtained a divorce for a pretty and wealthy client. He sent in a bill for $1000. The next day the lady called on him, and inquired if he was in earnest in proposing to her. "Propose to you, Madam! I didn't propose to you," replied the astonished attorney. "Well, you asked for my fortune, and I thought you would have the grace to take me with it," was the calm reply. The lawyer wilted.

GOOD PLACES FOR MATCH-MAKING—Sulphur springs.

THE VIRTUES OF LAZY MEN.—The lazy man is always too good-natured. He never flies into a passion. He might crawl into one, but the idea of his flying into any thing is preposterous. Who ever heard of a lazy man breaking into a bank where a crow-bar had to be used, or drilling into a safe? Nobody. He rarely lies about his neighbors, for it would be too much exertion, but he can lie at a bar-room all day. He is of inestimable service to a billiard saloon, keeping the chair warm and watching the game, for few would care to play where there are no spectators. The lazy man never gets up revolutions, insurrections, or other popular excitements, and don't make a nuisance of himself by tramping round the country making incendiary speeches to promote public discontent. In his own neighborhood he is never a busy-body in other people's affairs. Lazy men don't disturb the quiet of peaceful neighborhoods by putting up factories, furnaces, and such abominations.

A CALL IN A NUTSHELL.

"I heard it!"
"Who told you?"
"Her friend," (?)
"You don't say!"
"'Tis dreadful!"
"Yes, awful!"
"Don't tell it, I pray!"
"Good gracious!"
"Who'd think it!"
"Well I well I well!"
"Dear me!"
"I've had *my* Suspicions!"
"And I too, you see!"
"I'm going!"
"Don't; stay, love!"
"I can't!"
"I'm forlorn!"
"Farewell, dear!"
"Good-by, sweet!"
"I'M GLAD SHE'S GONE!"

The sieve through which the man strained every nerve is for sale.

A FREAK OF LIGHTNING—The telegraph operators' strike.

A few days ago a very starchly-dressed individual called at an out-of-the-way shop, on Howard Street, over which hung the sign of Dr. Jiffries. "Is the doctor in?" he inquired of a dilapidated darkey who answered his summons. "He am dat, Sar!" was the smiling rejoinder. "Tell him I think I have symptoms of small-pox, and wish to consult him." The whites of the darkey's eyes grew intense, and his dusky complexion assumed rapidly a creamy hue. "Golly, boss, what you say?" "Tell the doctor I'm sick with the small-pox, and wish to see him." The astonished African gave a wild leap, and darting through an inner door, slamming it in the visitor's face, cried out: "Leave dis yer house; I don't want no small-pox!" "But the doctor?" "Golly, boss, I'se the doctor, but I ain't good at small-pox."

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NAPOLEON III. AND THE IRRECONCILABLES.

NAPOLEON III.

WE give on this page the portraits of the present Emperor of France and three of the most prominent members of the Opposition, who have earned for themselves the title of "Irreconcilables." The word exactly describes their attitude toward the Imperial Government, and the temper of the party which they represent. Under no circumstances will they be reconciled to any condition of affairs by which one man, and that man a member of the Napoleonic family, is placed in authority over his fellows. Recent events indicate that they have less influence in France than was supposed. In spite of all his offenses against liberty, the Emperor is not unpopular with the masses of the French people. Had they really sympathized with ROCHEFORT, and the party represented by him and other "Irreconcilables," the popular demonstration that took place at the funeral of VICTOR NOIR, in Paris, would hardly have subsided so easily, even in face of the immense concentration of the military which the Emperor was able to effect in the capital. No doubt the reluctance of the French people to rebel against him arises from the belief, amounting almost to certainty, that his dynasty will go to the grave with him. Very few Frenchmen believe that there will be a NAPOLEON IV.; and to the knowledge that such a belief exists, and the fear that it may prove to be well-founded, the recent concessions to popular demands are probably due.

The admirers of NAPOLEON III. affect to regard him as infallible; his detractors, on the other hand, deny him any share of political wisdom or foresight. Neither party is entirely right. That he has succeeded in maintaining his position for twenty years, marks him as a man of no ordinary ability; and when we consider that his reign commenced with powerful parties arrayed against him in France, with all the crowned heads of Europe bitterly hostile to his pretensions, and that, in the face of this domestic and foreign opposition, he has kept his own people tranquil, and compelled other monarchs to fear and court him, we must admit that few rulers have ever displayed greater capacity for governing, however strongly we may condemn the means by which he achieved power and continues to maintain it.

Of the "Irreconcilables" whose portraits we give this week, M. RASPAIL is the best known in this country. He was born in 1794, the third son of a poor man, and was brought up by an ecclesiastic. All his life long he has been an ardent republican, and has frequently suffered political prosecution, fine, and imprisonment, under the various governments of France, for his opinions. He took a prominent part in the revolution of 1848, and was one of the first to take possession of the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris, on the 24th of February; and even before the arrival of the members of the Provisional Government he proclaimed the Republic. Then, refusing the public offices tendered him, he founded, February 27, a daily journal, *L'Ami du Peuple*, with this heading: "God and father-land; full and complete liberty of thought; unlimited religious tolerance; universal suffrage." Last year he was elected to the Corps Législatif from the city of Lyons, and took his seat with ROCHEFORT as a member of the extreme Left. A false report of his death was invented at the time of the killing of VICTOR NOIR by Prince BONAPARTE, and added to the excitement of the hour.—JULES SIMON is a thoughtful, serious writer, as well as an ardent politician. He has recently published a book in favor of the abolition of capital punishment, based on certain incidents of French history. In 1830 serious disturbances took place in Brittany, and many murders were committed by the insurgents. M. BROSSAUD, a village mayor, was seized by them and shot; three brothers named NAYL were present at the murder, but without taking any part in it, for the simple reason that, being opposed to the act, they were manacled by their comrades. But they knew who the murderers were, and, as they refused to reveal the names, they were themselves looked upon as alone guilty. The Assize Court of Vannes sentenced them to death. An appeal suspended execution, and the judgment was quashed. They were again tried before the Royal Court of Caen. During the course of the trial the wife of one of these men, an intelligent and courageous woman, undertook, at her own labor and cost, to collect evidence which left no doubt as to the facts. The NAYLS, having had a narrow escape from leaving their heads on the scaffold, were declared quite innocent, and as such acquitted. M. SIMON relates this story in detail, and bases upon it an ingenious, not to say forcible, argument in favor of the abolition of an irrevocable punishment; but he appears to have forgotten the witty reply of ALPHONSE KARR, when some one asked for the abolition of the death penalty: "Be it so," said he; "but let Messieurs the assassins begin."—M. GAMBETTA, the third in our list of "Irreconcilables," is a young advocate of great ability, a member of the Corps Législatif, and an earnest republican. Though energetic and stanch in support of republican principles, he has sometimes incurred popular displeasure by refusing to follow the lead of men who seem to have taken leave of common-sense in dealing with political questions, and who insist that the only way to set society right is to turn every thing upside down, and begin over again with themselves at the top; for, though properly classed with the "Irreconcilables," he is no believer in this sort of reconstruction. In the approaching trial of PIERRE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, M. GAMBETTA will appear for the family of VICTOR NOIR.

M. GAMBETTA.

JULES SIMON.

FRANCIS VICTOR RASPAIL.

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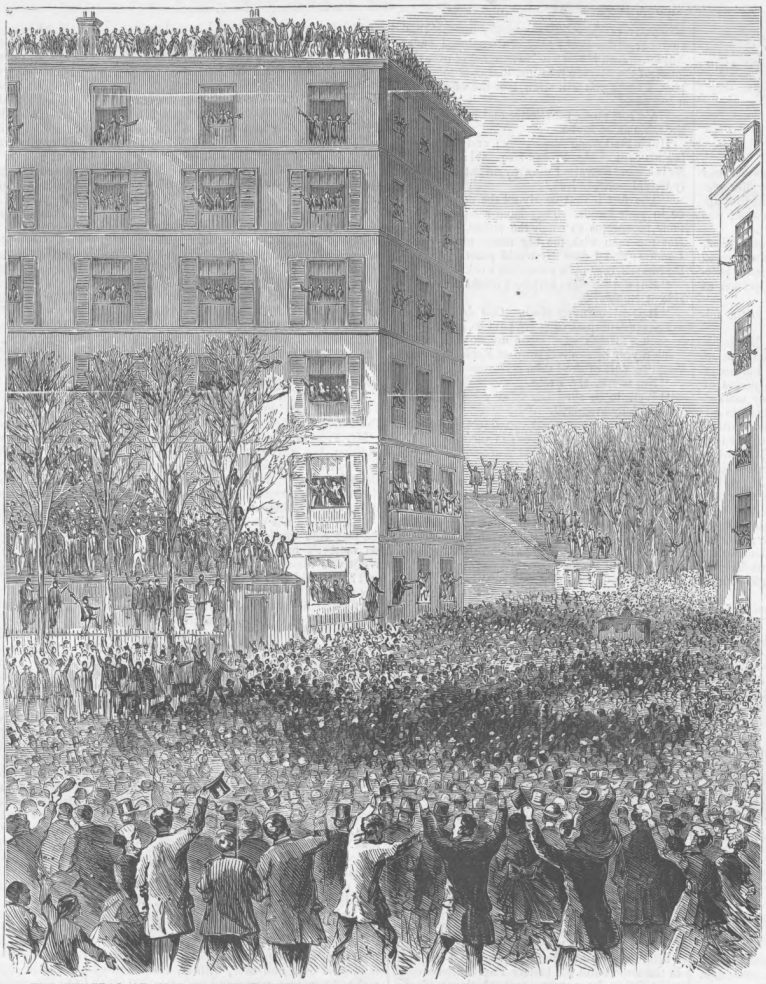
THE FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR.

OUR illustrations on this page represent two remarkable scenes at the funeral of VICTOR NOIR, at Neuilly, in the suburbs of Paris. M. NOIR was one of the editors of the *Marseillaise*, the organ of HENRI ROCHEFORT. On Monday, January 10, in company with another of the editors of the same journal, he visited the Prince PIERRE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE for the purpose of presenting a challenge from M. PASCHAL GROUSSET, a gentleman associated with them upon the *Marseillaise*. At the interview an altercation occurred, and M. NOIR was shot and instantly killed by the Prince.

The affair created the greatest excitement at Paris, and the funeral, which took place on Wednesday, January 12, was made the occasion of the greatest manifestation against the Emperor that has been seen since he occupied the throne of France. The funeral was conducted by the brother of the murdered man, assisted by M. HENRI ROCHEFORT. More than two hundred thousand people were present, and the whole quarter was densely thronged. The "Marseillaise" and other seditious songs were sung, and the people shouted themselves hoarse with "Vive la Republique!" "Vive ROCHEFORT!"

The first of these scenes represents ROCHEFORT addressing the multitude from the window of the house in which the dead man was lying. He advised moderation, and his words had some effect in calming the tumult of the crowd. The second represents the scene in the Avenue de Neuilly, when the people, in their determination to take the body through Paris to the cemetery of Père la Chaise—a movement that would have been attended with the most sanguinary results—took the horses from the hearse and turned it in the direction of the city. At this juncture M. ROCHEFORT, mounting upon the rear of the hearse, entreated the people to respect the wishes of the family and friends of the deceased, and allow him to be buried at Neuilly. Another gentleman mounted the seat of the driver, and added his entreaties to those of M. ROCHEFORT, the result of which was that the hearse was again turned and taken to the cemetery at Neuilly, where M. NOIR was buried.

The multitude, leaving the cemetery, entered Paris, and were, as at Neuilly, very demonstrative in their hatred to the government.



THE FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR—ROCHEFORT ADDRESSING THE CROWD.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BONNYCASTLE.]

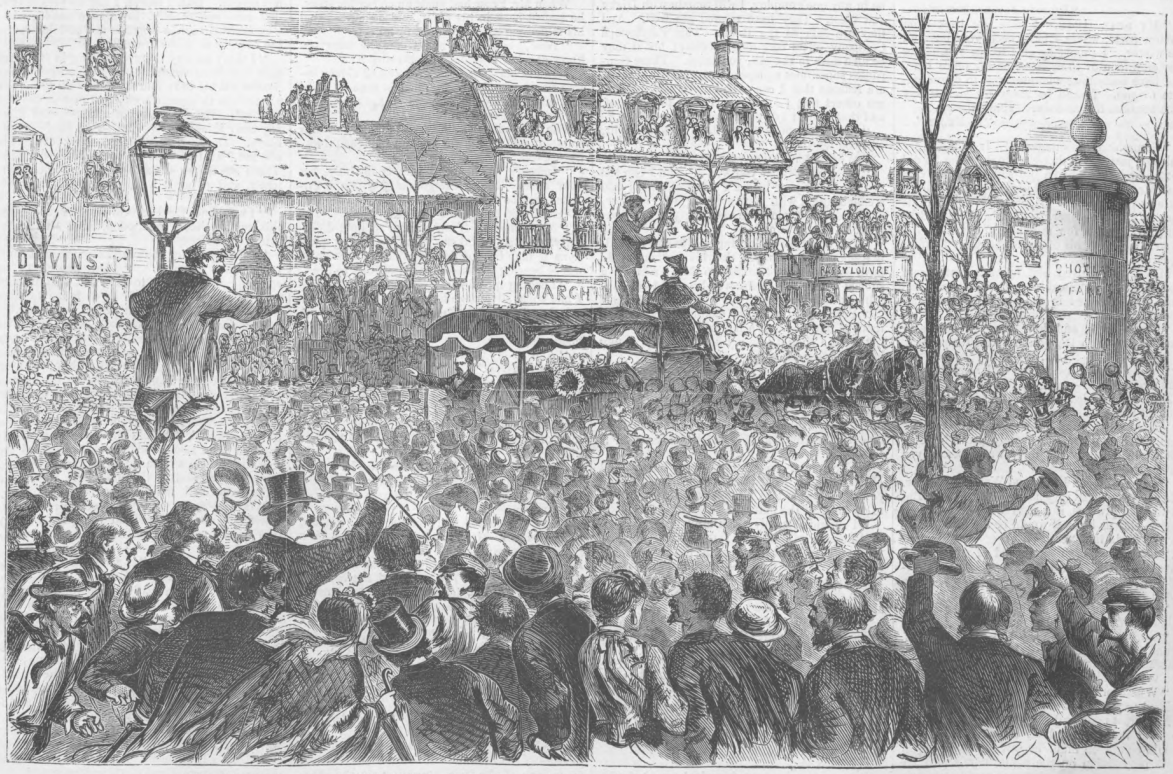
No organization was made, however; and as the mob came down the Champs Elysées it was quickly dispersed by the military without any bloodshed. The city was held by the troops during the night, no further manifestation of any importance was made, and so the affair has ended for the present.

HORACE, THE LATIN POET.

HORACE has left many descriptions of his rustic retreat at Tibur, both in his epistles and his odes. His wishes were moderate, and his mode of life simple. A good library, food to serve a year—these combined the whole of his desires, and seemed to him all mankind should pray for. His custom was to visit Rome in the spring, to spend the summer in the country, and to pass the winter at Tarentum. In his retirement he abstained from literary work, and gave himself up to enjoyment. In his latter days he devoted himself entirely to rural pleasures.

In his youth Horace was a professed Epicurean; but "the years that bring the philosophic mind" induced him to turn Stoic. His conversion he has described in one of his odes, in which he mentions that on a certain day it lightened and thundered in a pure sky—an occurrence which he regarded as miraculous, and accepted as an argument for an overruling Providence.

As to his personal appearance, Horace was short of stature and corpulent, being compared by Augustus to a little thick volume which he had sent him, accompanied by a letter. At forty he was gray-haired, and subject to sore eyes, which induced him to abstain from too much exercise, though he loved company and a cheerful glass. But he wished his guests to use their own discretion, and be entirely free in their use of the latter. His disposition was amorous, but he mastered his passions, and lived tranquilly in his old age. He and Mæcenas died in the same year and month; Horace being then in his fifty-seventh year. He is regarded as a master in the lyric school of poetic art, and in his odes has risen to the sublime as well as the beautiful, aiming always at dignity of thought and majesty of expression. His style has many felicities which are peculiar, and by which he contrives to elevate the humblest themes. Delicacy, brevity, and simplicity are its general characteristics. Of satire Horace may almost be considered the founder.



THE FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR—THE ADDRESS FROM THE HEARSE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BONNYCASTLE.]

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VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER III.

A CLOSE RUN.

On the following day Hugh Lockwood had two surprises. The first was of a very disagreeable nature. The second, though it at first appeared to him to be a very simple matter, was of great importance in its results.

When he reached the office of Digby and West, at Westminster, he found a letter there addressed to himself. The sight of the Danecester postmark made his pulse beat a thought quicker as he opened it.

It was from Herbert Snowe, and to the following effect:

Mr. Snowe, senior, regretted that he should not be able at present to advance the sum of money Mr. Lockwood had desired to borrow of the bank. The present time was a period of anxiety and uncertainty in the money market. Mr. Snowe did not feel himself justified in entering into any transaction of the kind contemplated, without better security than could be offered by Mr. Lockwood's friends. Mr. Snowe had every confidence in Mr. Lockwood's being able to find the money elsewhere. Meanwhile he begged to assure him of his kindest esteem.

Hugh crushed the letter in his hand, and went straight to his desk, where he began to write at a fierce rate. After a few minutes he put down his pen, and took up the letter again and read it through with compressed lips; the under projecting over the upper, in a way that gave him a strong resemblance to his mother.

There were a few words at the end of the letter expressive of Herbert Snowe's personal regret that the matter had not been arranged.

"I think, Lockwood, that, if you can wait a while, we may yet be able to do the loan for you," wrote young Snowe. "My father is a cautious man, and I believe the fact to be as he asserts, that the present moment is not one in which prudent men can afford to run any money risks."

"Risks!" exclaimed Hugh, contemptuously. "Risks, to a house like Snowe's! I believe the old man could put his hand in his pocket and pull out the poor little sum I want, and scarcely miss it!"

Then he thought that it was of no use to scold or sulk, and resolved to bear his disappointment manfully. But it *was* a disappointment, and he worked on with an increasing sense of depression.

It often happens that the first shock of misfortune is far from being the hardest part of it. We take up our burden with untired muscles, and find it lighter than our fears had anticipated. But with every mile of our journey the weight grows more and more oppressive.

Before the time came for him to leave his office, a note was brought to him by a messenger. And this was the second surprise. The note was as follows:

"BEDFORD SQUARE, *Wednesday.*

"MY DEAR HUGH,—I have got back from foreign parts, where I have been very busy all the winter. I should be glad to see you, either this afternoon or to-morrow, at my office here, as I have something advantageous to communicate to you. I shall be ready for you at any time between five and six. Yours always,

"S. FROST."

"Something advantageous! It will be very welcome just now," thought Hugh. But he did not allow himself to be too sanguine, knowing that Mr. Frost's ideas of his advantage were a little at variance with his own. He sent a line back by the messenger, to say that he would be with Mr. Frost a few minutes after five. And as soon as he left his office he made for Bedford Square.

Mr. Frost received him in his private room with all his accustomed kindness of manner, and bade him be seated in the purple leather chair opposite his own.

"Well, Hugh, and how goes on business? You are still with Digby and West, I suppose?"

"Yes, for the present."

"When I went away, you had some idea of leaving them and setting up for yourself."

"I have the idea still, Sir. But it is a mighty difficult idea to carry out."

"Naturally! And I hope you will do nothing rashly. You know the homely proverb about not throwing away the dirty water before you have got the clean."

"I shouldn't call Digby and West dirty water. They have behaved very handsomely to me. But as to your proverb, if a man were always content to stay as he is, it would be a poor business for the world in general."

"I have not been unmindful of you while I have been away, Hugh. I have had your interests in view; and I come back empowered to make you an offer."

"Thank you, with all my heart, for kindly thinking of me."

"Oh, that is nothing. I consider myself bound; I am your father's old friend, you know. There is nothing to thank me for. But I hope you will consider my news good news."

"Whatever I think, I shall not be the less obliged to you for your good-will."

Mr. Frost perceived that Hugh was not going to bind himself blindfold to accept whatever should be offered him: he saw that there was a quiet preparation on the young man's part for making resistance, if resistance should be necessary.

"Well, I am commissioned by the Directors of the Parthenope Embellishment Company to offer you an engagement as assistant architect and surveyor to the works they are employed on at Naples. And if you will cast your eyes over this letter of the secretary to me, and over these papers, I think you will allow that the offer is not a bad one."

Mr. Frost pushed the letter and papers across the table as he spoke.

Hugh read them attentively; and then, raising his eyes to Mr. Frost's face, said: "The offer is a most liberal—I may say an extraordinarily liberal—one, indeed."

"The fact is that nearly all the power would be in your hands. They have a big name on their prospectus to catch the public, of course. But the man with the big name would be in London; and I dare say would practically trouble himself very little about the works."

"But the assistant architect would have to reside at Naples?"

"It is a charming place. One does not get many opportunities of being paid to go and live in such a lovely spot. Upon my word, I should think a year or so's residence at Naples the most tempting part of the business!"

"Not to me, Mr. Frost."

"Well, to be sure, the other advantages *are* substantially greater."

"They are very great, no doubt. But the fact is, I can not avail myself of them."

"My dear Hugh! You don't mean to say that you will be so— But I won't be angry with you; and I won't take you at your word. What possible reason can there be against the scheme?"

"I hate to seem so ungracious: ungrateful, I assure you, I am not. The truth is, there are several reasons against it, which all seem good and sufficient to me."

"Might one ask what they are?"

"It is really not so easy to explain them."

"Excuse me, Hugh; but, in general, when a man can't explain his reasons, I take it they are not clear to his own mind; or else that he is ashamed of them."

"I am certainly not ashamed of mine," answered Hugh, good-humoredly.

"And you really mean to throw up this prospect without more reflection?"

"I do not believe that further reflection would alter my intentions. And besides, you know, it would not be fair that I should hesitate too long. Since it is so desirable a thing, there will doubtless be plenty of candidates for it."

"I dare say the position will not go a-begging," answered Mr. Frost, stiffly.

"Look here, Mr. Frost. You know that I am not ungrateful for your kind interest in me. But I am not a child, and I *must* be allowed to judge for myself in this matter."

"Oh, certainly!"

"Now you are angry with me; and yet, on my honor, I would do almost any thing rather than that you should be. You remember that we talked of my prospects last year. And I told you then that I was resolved to endeavor to make a little career and home for myself. I am still in the same mind. I believe I am rather a constant fellow by nature—well, obstinate, if you like! I see the word in your face. If I am to be in any one's employ, I will remain with Digby and West. They have treated me well. And they are safe as the Bank. This Parthenope Company offers very magnificently; but it may be all a flash in the pan, you know. These companies sometimes collapse unexpectedly. These are reasons that I *can* explain, you see. There are others that I am not at liberty to speak of, and that I must ask you to take my word for."

"Hugh, if I guess one of these reasons aright, will you tell me?"

"Why, I don't know what to say about that!"

"That means that you won't! But I can tell you that, last year before I left England, I had a conversation with your mother; who foresaw, even then, that you were very likely to lose your heart to a fair young lady."

"Did she, Sir?" said Hugh. He was inwardly a good deal surprised that his mother should have spoken confidentially to Mr. Frost on a subject which she had never broached to himself at that time.

"Yes; and I will say candidly that I then thought that prospect a bad one."

"That I should lose my heart to a fair young lady? After all, it was rather natural!"

"I thought at the time that the loss of your heart to the special young lady I had in view would lead to trouble. But it may be that I was wrong. To go back for a moment to the business I sent for you upon; am I to understand that your definite answer to the proposition is 'no'?"

"'No, *thank you!*' at the very least," said Hugh, smiling. Then he added, seriously: "If you would prefer that I should take a day or two to consider of the matter—"

"I should certainly think it advisable."

"Then I will do it. I don't wish to seem pig-headed. I will talk over the matter at home, and let you know my final decision in two days. But I must add that you must not expect me to give a different answer from the one I have given already."

"In two days? Good. The Parthenope Embellishment can wait that time. Now tell me how is all at home—your mother?"

"My mother is not very well, I fear. She does not complain, but I believe she has been harassed and tried too much. She frets more than she ought to fret, about troubles. But yet she is wonderfully placid in her manner at most times. Last night, however, she was ruffled and unlike herself."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You know we have had trouble in the house, in the death of poor Lady Tallis?"

"I heard of her death. It was on the fourth of March, was it not?"

"Let me see. I think so. Yes."

"Had she been ill long?"

"Ill, yes; but not long in apparent danger."

"And she died on the evening of the fourth of March."

"Morning! On the *morning* of the fourth."

"Oh, morning was it? Ay, ay. I suppose her niece was with her to the last?"

"By an odd chance, I believe I was the last person who saw Lady Tallis alive."

"Really! Then I suppose her death took place very early—before you went to Westminster?"

"I did not go to Westminster to my office that day. I could not leave my mother and Maud—Miss Desmond—alone. I had no very special work on hand, and had taken a few days' leave of absence."

"I see, I see. Poor Lady Tallis! On Tuesday morning the fourth of March. At about ten or eleven o'clock, I suppose. You said it was in the forenoon, I think?"

Hugh could not but be struck by the coincidence of Mr. Frost's harping on the particulars of Lady Tallis's death, in the same way in which his mother had harped on them last night.

"Why, Mr. Frost," he said, abruptly, "is it a matter of any importance at what hour Lady Tallis died?"

Mr. Frost was in nowise disconcerted by the question, but answered with a complex frown on his knotted forehead, and a shrewd smile on his closed lips. "It may prove to be so, indeed, Hugh. It is astonishing on what small hinges an important matter may sometimes turn."

Hugh could not resist an uneasy feeling, like the first cold touch of suspicion, as he recalled his mother's manner of the previous evening. What was there—what *could* there be—to suspect? He did not know. But the cold touch was there, at his heart.

"Well," he answered, "if it *be* of importance, I believe I can set the matter at rest. She died—"

"Stop, Hugh! Wait a minute. Things of this kind are easily said, but not easily unsaid."

"*Unsaid!* I do not understand you."

"I mean that in a case where accuracy is of vital importance, a person not previously warned of this importance may speak thoughtlessly an *inaccurate* word to which he will stand committed, and which may produce a great deal of mischief."

"But I—"

"So," proceeded Mr. Frost, speaking through Hugh's words, "so I will, if you will allow me, explain to you how very important, to others, it is that you should weigh your words carefully."

Point by point, Mr. Frost went over the story he had told to Mrs. Lockwood. Hugh fixed his eyes on him while he spoke, with a candid, undisguised expression of wonder. Mr. Frost did not look at him often, though from time to time he met his eye openly and steadily. But he took a sheet of ruled paper that lay on the table before him, and, as he spoke, occupied his fingers in folding it over and over, with accurate care to make the creases correspond with the blue ruled lines.

When Mr. Frost had made an end of his story, he leaned back in his chair, and began twisting his folded paper into a spiral form.

"*Now,*" said he, "are you quite sure you know at what hour Lady Tallis died?"

Hugh nodded his head gravely and slowly before he answered. "She died in time to make that marriage a good marriage, if her death were all that was necessary to do so."

The twisted paper in Mr. Frost's hands was suddenly rent in half throughout its folded thicknesses.

"Indeed? You speak very confidently, but your answer is not categorical. And the evidence may be conflicting. Your mother thought differently on this point."

"My mother! If my mother thought differently, she was mistaken. And by leading questions it may be possible to elicit an answer of whose bearing the answerer is not fully aware."

"Leading questions! You speak as though *I* had some advantage to gain by disproving this marriage! What in Heaven's name do you suppose it matters to me? I don't quite comprehend you, Hugh."

"And to say truth, Mr. Frost, I do not at all comprehend you."

"I have no taste for mystery, I assure you. Nor for Quixotism. It is, perhaps, not difficult to throw away other people's fortunes with a high-and-mighty flourish. I am a plain, cynical kind of man; and I should think twice before I did so."

No twinge of conscience prevented Mr. Frost's handsome face from being scornful, or weakened the contemptuous force of his shrug, as he said those words.

Hugh was pained and uneasy. His mother, then, had seen Mr. Frost! And she had been guilty of something like deception in suppressing the fact! This, to Hugh, was an almost intolerable thought. Yet he would not ask any questions, on this point, of Mr. Frost. After a pause he said: "I honestly do not know what you mean, or what you would have me do. I can but speak the truth!"

"Oh, of course," answered Mr. Frost, dryly. "The truth by all means; so soon as you are quite sure what *is* the truth. The other party intend to litigate."

"To litigate?"

"They intend to litigate, I *believe* (understand I am not acting for the soi-disant Lady Gale. Lovegrove is Miss Desmond's trustee and quasi-guardian, and there would be a certain indelicacy in one of the firm appearing on the other side); they intend to litigate, *unless* they find beforehand by testimony as to the period of Lady T.'s death that they haven't a leg to stand on."

Hugh passed his hand over his forehead. Mr. Frost watched him keenly.

"There are circumstances in this case," said Mr. Frost, "which would render the publicity of litigation peculiarly painful. Miss Desmond's position would be most distressing."

Hugh continued to rub his forehead with the air of one trying to resolve a painful problem.

Mr. Frost got up and stood in his favorite posture with his back to the fire-place. He averted his gaze from Hugh, and played with his watch-chain. "My own impression is," he said, "that Lady T. died at a more convenient time for her niece's fortunes than you seem to think. Mrs. Lockwood, when I saw her yesterday—(Perhaps she did not mention having seen me? Ah! Well, it was quite a confidential interview)—Mrs. Lockwood was of opinion that if the thing rested on *her* testimony, and that of the servant, it would come right for Miss Desmond."

Hugh got up from his chair and stood opposite to Mr. Frost, looking at him with a very stern face. And his voice was louder than usual as he answered: "But the thing will rest on *my* testimony. And I have already told you to what effect my testimony will be." And he walked out of the office without another word.

Mr. Frost stood without moving for some time after Hugh was gone. Then he clasped his hands over his head wearily. "It *may* be," thought he, "that the marriage on shipboard was begun earlier than I fancied. People are so vague about time. We must make proper inquiries. But, by Jove, it will be a wonderfully close run!"

CHAPTER IV.

GOSSIP.

"I DON'T believe a word of it!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

"My dear!" remonstrated her husband.

"I do not," repeated Mrs. Lovegrove, distinctly. Then she added, "Now I put it to you, Augustus, does this thing stand to reason?"

"It may not stand to reason, and yet it may be true, mamma. When a woman is in the case, things very often do not stand to reason; but they happen all the same," observed Augustus Lovegrove, junior.

There had been for some time past a tone of bitterness and misanthropy observable in this young gentleman's language and manners. He also frequented matins with inflexible punctuality, and dined off boiled greens and bread on Wednesdays and Fridays. This severe self-discipline and mortification was attributed by his mother and sisters to a disappointed attachment to Miss Desmond. But no word was ever spoken on the subject in the family when Augustus was present.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Lovegrove, gravely. "As regards men or women either, many things happen which one can't exactly say stand to reason."

"I have been told," said Mrs. Lovegrove, making her upper lip very long, "that my intellect is too logical for a woman's. If it be so, I can not help it. But, I repeat, I can *not* believe that that man"—here Mrs. Lovegrove shuddered—"committed such a horrible act of injustice at the very brink of the grave."

"I don't see any thing surprising in it. The man had been committing horrible acts of injustice all his life; and there was no reason to expect him to become a changed man at the last moment. Besides, it is not a question of what any body thinks, or of what seems likely or unlikely. The marriage either can be proved or it can not," said Mr. Lovegrove, folding back his *Times* newspaper so as to read it more conveniently, and giving it a sharp tap with the back of his hand.

"I would not for the world that the girls heard this repulsive story mentioned," said Mrs. Lovegrove.

"I don't see how you're to keep it from them," replied her husband. "They happen to be spending the day out to-day; but that is only once in a way. They will be at home to-morrow, and you can't prevent people chattering."

And, indeed, it was not long before the Miss Lovegroves were informed of the decease of Lady Tallis Gale's husband; and had heard of the person who claimed to be his widow; and of the large fortune depending on the issue; and of a great many details respecting the innermost thoughts and feelings of the parties concerned.

The Lovegroves' servants knew the story. So did the Frosts'. So did the little maid-of-all-work at Mrs. Lockwood's; and she retailed the relishing gossip to the green-grocer's wife, and to the baker, and to the milkman; and like a rolling snow-ball, the tale grew in the telling.

Mrs. Lovegrove, after her declaration of unbelief, sat and pondered on the extraordinary caprice of fortune which was said to have occurred.

She did not believe it. No; she did not believe it! But she should like to hear a few more particulars. It was really a long time since she had called on Mrs. Frost. Heaven forbid that she, Sarah Lovegrove, should be the one to bring dissension between partners! Poor Mrs. Frost's weak vanity was objectionable. But not for that would she abstain from paying her due civility, so long as such civility were not incompatible with principle. Sarah Lovegrove had ever been considered to possess a masculine intelligence, superior to the petty foibles of her sex.

The upshot of Mrs. Lovegrove's meditations was, that she sent for the fly which was hired out from an adjacent livery-stable, and was driven in state to Mr. Frost's residence.

It was a good opportunity. Her daughters were absent; and she would run no risk of contaminating their ears with the details of a kind

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of story with which, alas! elder persons were *obliged* to be acquainted in their journey through the world!

Mrs. Lovegrove always arrayed herself with especial care for a visit to Mrs. Frost. Her toilet on this occasion was a matter of more hesitation and mental debate than she would willingly have acknowledged even to herself. At one moment she would resolve to adhere to the strict principles that usually regulated her attire, and that resulted in the general sad-colored effect of it; at another, she would be tempted to relieve the leaden dullness by a bright bow of ribbon or a flower. She was divided between a desire to vindicate the strength of her intellect by showing herself to be above the frivolities of fashion, and a secret fear of Mrs. Frost's satirical glances, and, possibly, speeches.

Mrs. Lovegrove never confessed to herself that she was afraid of Mrs. Frost, and certainly the latter had no suspicion of the fact, but spoke to Mr. Frost of his partner's wife as "that self-sufficient, wooden-headed woman." Nevertheless, Mrs. Lovegrove was by no means self-sufficient enough to be indifferent to the opinion of Mrs. Frost. And she concealed more feminine gentleness and timidity under her hard exterior than had ever entered into the composition of the beautiful Georgina; which is not, however, saying much.

It was about half past four o'clock in the afternoon when Mrs. Lovegrove's fly drew up at the door of Mr. Frost's house. Mrs. Lovegrove was ushered into a small, shady drawing-room, where she found the hostess talking with a lady whose appearance struck Mrs. Lovegrove with amazement, mingled with disapproval. The visitor wore a brilliant costume made in the most girlish mode; and on the top of a heap of false hair, whose excessive quantity displayed a sovereign contempt for probability, was perched a small white hat adorned with peacock's feathers. As the face beneath the hat must have faced at least sixty summers, the contrast between it and its head-gear was startling.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Frost, in a tone that said plainly, Who would have thought of seeing *you!* "How do you do, Mrs. Lovegrove?"

Mrs. Lovegrove suddenly became conscious, as she sat down, of the disagreeable fact that her gloves were of a staring yellow color, which stood out objectionably against the leaden hue of her gown. She had hesitated long before putting on these gloves, but had at last decided on wearing them, as being the only spot of brightness about her attire. And now, when she saw Mrs. Frost's fine eyes lazily inspecting them, she became painfully aware that they were obtrusive, that they attracted the eye to every movement of her hands, and that she could not so much as raise her handkerchief to her face without demonstratively exhibiting two yellow glaring patches.

But Mrs. Lovegrove was not one of those whose emotions are quickly translated into the expression of their faces; she seated herself opposite to the mistress of the house with a stern countenance.

"You have got Mr. Frost back again," she said, after the first greetings were over. "How is he?"

"Well, really," rejoined Mrs. Frost, "you ought to know better than I do! You people at Bedford Square have more of his company than I have."

"But he is at home generally in the evenings, my dear, is he not?" asked she of the peacock's feathers.

"Sometimes. But in the evening *I* am often out."

"Out?"

"Yes. I am never sure whether he will be at home or not, and so I do not put off my engagements."

"Well, *I* wouldn't stir if I were in your place. I would give up fifty engagements for the chance of having a long evening with Mr. Frost."

"I am sure Mr. Frost would be immensely obliged to you, Betsy! I'll tell him," said Georgina, with a languid smile.

All this time Mrs. Lovegrove was sitting silent, with her yellow gloves folded in her lap. She felt very uncomfortable. She had thought to find Mrs. Frost alone, and to have drawn from her some word about the business which had so excited her curiosity. But Mrs. Lovegrove was not recklessly indiscreet; she would not have thought of touching on the topic before a stranger, although she would have thought it fair to find out, if she could, all that Mrs. Frost knew about it. And now here was this simpering old woman, in whose presence she could not say a word, and whose dress Mrs. Lovegrove was inclined to consider a disgrace to a Christian country. And, besides, neither Mrs. Frost nor her guest seemed to take any notice of her!

The simpering old woman, however, very unexpectedly turned round just as Mrs. Lovegrove was thinking these thoughts, and said, in a brisk, good-humored manner: "Now I want you to present me to Mrs. Lovegrove, Georgina."

Mrs. Frost somewhat ungraciously complied.

"Miss Boyce—Mrs. Lovegrove."

"I am an old friend of Mrs. Frost's," said Miss Boyce, "and I don't approve of the fashion of not introducing people."

"Every body is supposed to know every body else," said Mrs. Frost.

Mrs. Lovegrove quite understood that she, who lived in Bedford Square, was not included in the "every body." But she merely bowed rather grimly, and said nothing.

"Oh, but that's a very nonsensical supposition, my dear," returned Betsy Boyce, waving her hand up and down contemptuously. "That rule can only apply to a very limited and exclusive circle indeed; and not to your 'every body,' nor my 'every body' either!"

Mrs. Lovegrove felt quite grateful to this odd little person; and began to think that her gay petticoat was not quite so short as she had at first supposed.

"Well; and isn't this a queer business about Sir John Tallis?" proceeded Miss Boyce, without the least circumlocution.

Mrs. Lovegrove, being uncertain how much the other woman knew, shook her head mysteriously, and said, "But is it all true that we hear?"

"All true? I should suppose not. Very few things that one hears are *all* true. But I believe there is no doubt that the man is dead—died rather suddenly I was told—and that he has left a tangle of trouble behind him. Unravel it who can!"

"What has he left?" asked Mrs. Frost. She had been leaning back in her chair calculating how many yards of some fine old point lace that she had seen would suffice to trim her purple velvet gown, and wondering whether Mr. Frost's business in Naples had gone well enough to make him generous with his money.

"My goodness, Georgina! I say he has left misery and worry and vexation, and perhaps worse, behind him."

"How do you mean?"

"How do I mean! Why only think what a dreadful position that poor dear girl, the nicest, sweetest creature, Maud Desmond, will be placed in! They say that that young woman, the vicar's daughter—I'm sorry to say I have a very bad opinion of *her*, and had from the first moment I saw her handsome face—claims to be Sir John's widow. And Maud Desmond was brought up with her as a sister. The vicar is her guardian. Poor Lady Tallis was her aunt. I never heard of such a horrid entanglement."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Frost, "if Miss Desmond cares about the person who went abroad with Sir John Gale, I suppose she will find it more satisfactory that her friend should have been duly married to him."

"But, my goodness, Georgina, you don't appear to understand the case," said Miss Boyce, impetuously.

"No, I dare say I do not," replied Mrs. Frost, with a shrug which said plainly, "and I don't care to understand it."

Miss Boyce chattered volubly, pouring out statements, some of which were true, some founded on fact, and some as airily unreal as the "baseless fabric of a vision." She had heard something of a will left by Sir John Gale; but that part of her information was very vague and confused. Some people had told her that Miss Desmond would inherit a million of money; others declared that the vicar's daughter would have it all; a third story was that Sir John had bequeathed the bulk of his wealth to a newly-discovered relative of his in Naples.

"But how in the world did you hear all this?" asked Mrs. Lovegrove, during a breathless pause in Miss Boyce's talk.

Miss Boyce was rather flattered by the question.

"Oh, my dear soul," she answered, smiling shrewdly, "although I do not know quite 'every body,' I have a considerable circle of acquaintance nevertheless. And as to hearing, I never wonder at people hearing of things; I'm only puzzled when they *don't* hear of 'em! The world is very small, after all. And I declare to you that I often solemnly thank Providence that I have no episode in my life to hide, either for my own sake or any one else's; for I protest on my honor the fable of the ostrich burying his head in the sand is a trifle to the sort of thing I observe in the world, where, positively, people will tie a bit of a gauze veil over their noses, and fancy that nobody can see through it!"

Mrs. Lovegrove returned to. Bedford Square primed with intelligence, which, like a good wife, she was minded dutifully to share with her husband.

But he met her first words with a grave admonition to say as little as possible on the subject of Sir John Tallis Gale's affairs.

"Frost brings a queer account of the state of the case. There is, it seems, a will. But if the second marriage be proved valid, the will is, of course, waste paper," said Mr. Lovegrove.

"My dear Augustus, let me understand! Who inherits the property under the will?"

"The last person one would expect to inherit it: Miss Desmond!"

Mrs. Lovegrove's maternal thoughts flew back to her son. *If* Maud should prove to be an heiress, and *if* she could be induced to like Augustus!

She said a word or two on the subject to her husband. But Mr. Lovegrove's feeling on the matter was not quite in harmony with her own.

"Augustus is a capital fellow," said the father; "but I don't believe he has a chance in that quarter."

"Why not? He would be a husband any young woman ought to be proud and thankful to win!"

"I suppose most mothers say the same of their sons, Sarah. But put the case that our Dora were to come into a great fortune, would you think such a young man as Augustus a fitting match for her?"

"That's quite different—"

"Aha! It is, is it?"

"Be so good as not to interrupt me, Mr. Lovegrove. I mean—I mean—that I don't know where to find such another young man as Augustus. I'm sure *any* girl might go down on her knees and thank Heaven for such a husband as Augustus."

"Did you go down on your knees and thank Heaven, when I proposed to you, Sally? I don't much believe in the girls doing that sort of thing."

And then Mr. Lovegrove retired behind his newspaper, and no more was said on the subject between the husband and wife.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE query is, shall we have January in May, since we enjoyed something very like May during January? The "oldest inhabitant" seldom has experienced any thing like it. And our charming days *have* been delightful for walks and rides—only, all the while, ominous predictions have been sounding in our ears of fearful blocking snow-storms in February, of tornadoes in March, and frost-nipped buds in April and May. And when July comes, shall we have any ice to use in those many luxurious ways which have become almost a necessary part of our summer existence in the city?

There have been many versions of the story of George Peabody's early love. The facts are said to be that, about thirty years ago, a young lady of Providence, having finished her school education, went to Europe; but not before she had given her affections to a young man living in Philadelphia. The young man, however, met with misfortune, and was in no situation to marry; and, unwilling that the lady should waste her youth in long years of waiting, he released her from her engagement. In Europe she met George Peabody, then, comparatively speaking, a young man, but one who was already making his mark. He was struck with her grace and loveliness, and, though her heart still clung to her loved one across the Atlantic, after a time she became his affianced wife. When she returned to this country, and met her first love, all her former affection came back, if, indeed, it had ever left her, and she was willing to share a moderate income with him. All was told to Mr. Peabody, and he, with that manliness that characterized his every action, gave her up, and in due time she was married. The marriage proved a happy one; and the lady is now a widow, living in Massachusetts.

England printed last year five hundred novels and five hundred children's books, either new or new editions of old works; and enongh other new books to bring the number up to 4500.

Many sensational reports have been circulated respecting the prevalence of small-pox in our city at this time. It is undoubtedly true that the disease has existed to some extent in some of the most wretched and densely populated sections of the city. This has been the result of natural causes, was long ago predicted, and has been guarded against by our Board of Health with all possible care. The disease is not spreading now, but, on the contrary, diminishing, in consequence of the vigorous measures taken. A large number of the poorer classes have been unprotected by vaccination, and, of course, any contagion arriving unawares from foreign ports was likely to spread. The officers of the Board of Health have made most ample arrangements for all to avail themselves of this simple preventive, using the most scrupulous care that the vaccine virus should be fresh and pure.

Many question the protective power of vaccination. In regard to this point statistics show that no death from small-pox or varioloid has occurred among the fifty thousand persons who have been vaccinated within the past year under the superintendence of the Metropolitan Board of Health. Those public schools in the city in which the rule of vaccination has been thoroughly observed are free from the disease. Before vaccination was introduced into New York about one hundred in every one thousand deaths were from small-pox; but since that time—more than half a century ago—only about seventeen in one thousand have perished from that disease. So that facts show that death from small-pox has kept pace with the universality of vaccination among the people.

During the recent severe illness of Victor Emanuel, the Pope rescinded the excommunication which had been pronounced against him, so that in case of death the soul of the excommunicated monarch might take its flight to purgatory, instead of hell. To every body's surprise the King of Italy rapidly recovered. The Pope did not reckon upon this; and now the question is, shall the royal convalescent be re-excommunicated by Pope and Council?

M. Ollivier, the new Prime Minister of France, is very simple in his habits. He receives his friends only at breakfast. He dines at seven o'clock, goes to bed early, and rises at six or seven o'clock. He drinks only water, never smokes, seldom goes to the theatre, and then only to hear the music. So says the *Court Journal*.

Madame Ristori has met with brilliant success in Brazil, and the Emperor has been one of her most enthusiastic and demonstrative admirers.

The emancipation of the Russian serfs will be complete during February, and they will be allowed to settle where they please. It is probable that many of those who now inhabit the northern districts will make use of their liberty to emigrate to the south, where the land is exceedingly fertile, and work will be more remunerative. This, however, will be hard for those who remain, as emancipation dues are levied not on the individual, but on the commune; and if the emigration is any thing like so extensive as good judges expect it will be, it must reduce the communes in the north to utter ruin, besides causing heavy losses to the government.

How convenient it might be in times when food is scarce and high if human beings possessed the power of the synapta, a curious creature which lives in the sea—and looks like a cucumber of variable dimensions! When this animal is subjected to a forced fast a singular phenomenon is observed. It successively detaches various parts of its own body, which it amputates spontaneously. A great compression, or ring, is first formed, and then the separation of the condemned part takes place quite suddenly. Apparently the animal, feeling that it has not sufficient food to support its whole body, is able to suppress the parts which it would be most difficult to support.

A party of young men in Springfield, Ohio, spent a part of New-Year's Day in firing salutes from their revolvers. One of the number afterward complained of not feeling well. No special trouble was experienced through the day, but at night on examination a bullet hole was found in the rim of his hat, and upon further search it appeared that the bullet which had pierced his hat had also entered his head, although he declared he was not aware of it, and suffered no inconvenience from it. The young man was not at his own home at this time; but the next evening he went home, and upon stating the facts to his parents medical aid was summoned. Two physicians examined the wound, and came to the conclusion that the ball which had entered his head had lodged under the frontal bone, the young man at times complaining of a dull pain in his right temple. He has not been prostrated a day by the wound; goes about as if nothing had happened, although some of the attending physicians declare that the ball must have passed through the skull.

A most singular case of depravity is mentioned in a Philadelphia paper. A young woman, only twenty-one years old, is stated to be one of the moving spirits of a gang in that city known as the "Forty Thieves." She is called the "Queen," and goes wherever the gang goes, doing the cooking for the vagabonds who compose it. She says that she is the daughter of a local preacher living in Germantown, who once was a minister to India. But to all entreaties of parents and friends to return home she has turned a deaf ear. Some strange influence must have induced a young girl to such a course of life.

Never was religious charity paraded in a more grotesque and silly form than in a list of contributions to the "Jubilee Fund," a religious society which has recently sprung up in London. A few examples of the entries will be sufficient for our readers: "Mr. Henry K——, for a Manx wife and nine children, whom the Lord has graciously given to his servant, £20; Mr. W. H——, in remembrance of two beloved wives in heaven, and in memory of having heard the Rev. J. Wesley preach in Wallingford, £1 5s.; Mr. John W——, as an expression of gratitude for an excellent wife in heaven, and an excellent wife on earth, £21; a thank-offering for five precious children, yet lent unto me to cheer and gladden my widowed heart, £5 for each, £25; for Anna, my precious partner for thirty-one years, now beholding the King in his glory, £5."

The valuable library and art gallery which Mr. James Lenox has offered as a free gift to our citizens will be a treasure to the public, and particularly to American scholars. Many years have been spent in completing this "collection of manuscripts, printed books, engravings, maps, statuary, paintings, drawings, and other works of art," and the value of it can scarcely be estimated. An act incorporating the Trustees of the Lenox Library has passed both branches of the State Legislature. The donor of this collection has also offered, as a site for a building, such real estate in the vicinity of the Central Park as may be required, and $300,000 in money. Two-thirds of this sum are to be expended in the erection of a suitable building, and the remainder to be devoted to necessary attendant expenses.

The *Couton du Nil* is very fashionable just now among the ladies of the French court. But let not our fair readers ignorantly desire to follow the style, for by it her Majesty is prevented from wearing low dresses for a while! This local scourge, irritating, but not dangerous, generally chooses the hands or feet for its habitat; but, both with her Majesty and Madame de la Poëze, it has taken possession of the neck. Doctors are yet in doubt as to the origin of the spiteful little eruption. Some declare it to be occasioned by the larva of the worm peculiar to the mud of the Nile; others attribute it to the sand-fly, which, in search of moisture, buries itself beneath the skin. The irritation produced is painful in the extreme, and every individual in her Majesty's suit has suffered more or less from its attacks.

Rumor says that, not long ago, Senator Hamlin, being requested to frank some letters, complied with the request by placing three-cent stamps on them, and then returned them to the writers to be regularly mailed.

Another terrible kerosene accident. One morning last week a woman living in Brooklyn, while building the fire, took a can of kerosene and poured it upon the coals, to make them kindle more quickly. The fire communicated to the can, which instantly exploded, scattering the burning oil over the woman's garments. A little two-year-old child, seeing her mother in flames, ran to help her, and took hold of her clothing, when her dress also caught fire, and before assistance could reach them they were both so badly burned that nothing could be done to save them. After lingering in great agony, they died the next day.

According to Paris papers the price of oysters has become so fabulously high that a new shell-fish has come to the rescue, which not only answers the same purpose as the oyster, but is in some respects an improvement upon it! The new shell-fish is the "palourde;" it is a bivalve smaller than the oyster, and of a more elliptical form. It can be eaten like the oyster, but has this advantage, that it can be dressed like the mussel with the most satisfactory results.

Professor Agatino Longo, of the University of Catania, has lately published at Rome a philosophical work which is designed to counteract the "immoral" tendencies of modern science. The following passage may serve to show the spirit in which it is written:

"Only Catholicism could produce a Dante, a Tasso, a Galileo, a Columbus. The anti-Catholic sects can do nothing but state paradoxes and sow ignorance. What has Natural Philosophy been from the time of Newton till our own?—A myth. What is Newton's theory of attraction?—The height of extravagance. Who are the most thought-confusing sophists in the world?—The astronomers with their attraction of gravitation, and the natural philosophers with their mechanical theory of heat. When will an orthodox and sensible philosophy again rise?—When the theories of gravitation and affinity, the central fire, and Humboldt's 'Kosmos' are banished to the region of chimeras. A single man rises superior to all others, of whatever class and whatever station they may be. He is Pius IX., Rome's great priest. His word has authority, and before him the mighty men of earth and the wise men of this world shall bow their heads."

An interesting fragment of about eight hundred lines of an early History of the Holy Grail, in alliterative verse, has been found in the Vernon MS. in the Bodleian library, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. The fragment is without beginning or end, but it describes chiefly the wondrous shield prepared by Evalash or Mordreins (Slow-of-belief) for his descendant Sir Galahad. This alliterative Grail fragment is to be published at an early day.

The death is announced of the Baron Schmidt von der Launitz, the sculptor. He was a native of Courland, and long a resident at Frankfort, where he died at the age of seventy-four years. His most important work is the monument to the first printers, Gutenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer, erected in Frankfort about thirteen years ago.

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THE RUMFORD MEDALS.

IN 1796 Count RUMFORD, in a letter addressed to JOHN ADAMS, requested the American Academy of Arts and Sciences to accept five thousand dollars in United States stocks, the interest of which was to be applied to premiums to American authors of important discoveries, improvements, or inventions in regard to light and heat. The premiums were to consist of two medals, one of gold and one of silver, together of the intrinsic value of three hundred dollars. At a recent meeting of the Academy, in Boston, these medals (of which engravings will be found on this page) were awarded to Mr. GEORGE H. CORLISS, of Providence, Rhode Island. The presentation was made by Dr. ASA GRAY, President of the Academy, with the following remarks.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

Gentlemen of the Academy:

At the last anniversary meeting, after a careful investigation by your appropriate committee, you awarded the Rumford Medal to Mr. GEORGE H. CORLISS, for improvements of the steam-engine. The gold medal and a silver duplicate have been struck, and are now before us. The inventor whose genius you have thus recognized has responded to our call, and is now present. If it be your pleasure, these medals will now be consigned to his hands.

Mr. Corliss:

The trust which our countryman, Count RUMFORD, charged this Academy to administer empowered it to award these medals "to the author of any important discovery or useful improvement on light or on heat, which shall have been made and published by printing, or in any way made known to the public, in any part of the continent of America, or of any of the American islands—preference being always given to such discoveries as shall, in the opinion of the Academy, tend most to promote the good of mankind."

As this is only the fifth occasion since the foundation of the trust upon which this premium has been given, it may well be inferred that the Academy has in no case bestowed it inconsiderately.

It has required the discovery or invention to be real, original, and important. It is not restricted to considerations of direct practical benefit, but it may, as it did in the first instance, in the case of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, honor a discovery of much scientific interest, the uses of which are limited. It would not hesitate to crown any successful, however recondite or theoretical investigation, within the assigned domain, being confident that no considerable increase of our knowledge of the laws and forces of Nature is likely to remain unfruitful. But the Academy rejoices when, as now, it can signalize an invention which unequivocally tends to promote that which the founder had most at heart, and commended to our particular regard, the material good of mankind.

1.—OBVERSE.

2.—REVERSE.

THE RUMFORD MEDAL.

Without entering into details, it will be possible to state the ground upon which the present award has been made. It is for the abolition of the throttle-valve of the steam-engine, and the transference of the regulation by the governor to a system of induction-valves of your own invention; with the advantage of a large saving in fuel, and, what is often more important in manufacturing industry, the maintenance of perfectly uniform motion under varying work.

Previous to your improvements the regulation of the power and velocity of the steam-engine was universally effected by an instrument placed in the steam-pipe, well named the throttle-valve, being used to choke off the steam in its passage from the boiler, to reduce more or less its pressure before it was allowed to act within the engine. Avoiding this wasteful process, your engine embodies within itself a principle by which it appropriates the full, direct, and expansive force of the steam, and measures out for itself at each stroke, with the utmost precision, the exact quantity necessary to maintain the power required.

In the most approved engines previously used for manufacturing purposes, the valves employed were comparatively difficult to operate, too far from the piston, and in other respects unfit for working in connection with the governor. Their abandonment, and the substitution of others suitable for the purpose that you had in view, demanded an entire change in the structure of the engine.

In the reconstruction your mastery of the resources of mechanism is conspicuously shown. You introduced four valves to the cylinder, two for the induction and two for the eduction of the steam; and by your device of a wrist-plate you give to each valve a rapid motion in opening and closing, and a slow motion after the closing has been effected, thus securing a perfection in valve movements never before attained. The special object of these changes, and the *gist* of your invention, was to place the induction-valves under the control of the governor, by which they are operated in opening through a mechanism from which they are released earlier or later in the stroke of the piston, according as more or less power is demanded of the engine—the governor, with extreme sensibility, determining the point where the supply of steam should be cut off. Thus, at every stroke of the piston, just so much steam is accurately meted out to the cylinder as is needed to maintain uniform velocity, and left to expand then, and by its expansion develop the maximum of propelling force.

Allow me to read to the Academy a brief account of the Corliss engine, by one of the most eminent of British engineers, Mr. J. SCOTT RUSSELL, which must needs be free from personal or national prepossession. It is from one of the official reports on the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1867:

"A third remarkable engine is American, both in invention and execution, and forms perhaps the most remarkable feature of the American department. It exhibits thoughtful design, ingenious contrivance, refined skill, and admirable execution. It is singularly unlike an English engine. It has four ports on four different parts of the cylinder, two on one side and two on the opposite, each worked by a separate mechanism. These ports are worked by valves, not sliding, like our own, on flat surfaces, but sliding valves on cylindrical surfaces. Close up to the cylinder these valves cut off the steam with scarce a particle of waste room, and so economize to the utmost the high-pressure steam which they admit, and which they use as expansively and as sparingly as possible. The mechanism by which these valves are moved is to our eye outlandish and extraordinary; but it is, in truth, refined, elegant, most effectual, and judicious; it spares steam to the utmost, but develops what it uses to most effect. Then it proportions in an admirable way the doses of steam it serves out to the continually-varying quantity of work the engine has to do. The mechanism of its mechanical governor is wonderfully delicate and direct; the governor is sensitive to the most delicate changes of speed, and feels the slightest demand upon the engine for more or less work and steady speed. A mechanism as beautiful as the human hand releases or retains its grasp of the feeding-valve, and gives a greater or less dose of steam in nice proportion to each varying want. The American engine of CORLISS every where tells of wise forethought, judicious proportion, sound execution, and exquisite contrivance."

It appears that within the twenty years since this machinery was perfected more than 1000 engines of the kind have been built in the United States, and several hundreds in other countries, giving an aggregate of not less than 250,000 horse-power; that, as to economy of fuel, evidence has been afforded to the Rumford Committee showing a saving over older forms of engine of about one-third. As to its other crowning excellence, uniformity of velocity, the purchasers of one of the engines, now in its eighteenth year of service, certify that, with the power varying from 60 to 360 horse-power within a minute, the speed of the engine is not perceptibly affected.

It is worth noting that when these medals were voted to you, Mr. CORLISS, just a century had passed since JAMES WATT first patented his improvements of the steam-engine. The vast results of these improvements—the difference between the engine when WATT found it and when he left it—make one of the most important chapters in the history of applied science. It is a great thing to say, but I may not withhold the statement, that, in the opinion of those who have officially investigated the matter, no one invention since WATT's time has so enhanced the efficiency of the steam-engine as this for which the Rumford Medal is now presented to you.

If WATT, or his partner BOLTON, could boast that they held the supply of that which almost every body longed to have, *power*, you may justly felicitate yourself, and permit us to felicitate you, upon your ability to supply a greater amount of steam-power for the expenditure, and an exacter nicety in its governance, than any of your predecessors.

In acknowledgment of this benefit, the American

NEW-YEAR'S EVE IN IRELAND.—[SEE PAGE 109.]

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Academy, administering Count RUMFORD'S trust, now, by the hands of its presiding officer, presents to you these honorable testimonials of its high appreciation of what you have done. And the Fellows here assembled join with me, I am sure, in most sincere and hearty wishes that you may long enjoy this and similar distinctions, along with more material rewards of your genius and skill—hoping also that these may still be fruitful in yet other inventions, redounding to your honor and advantage, and to the promotion of the good of mankind.

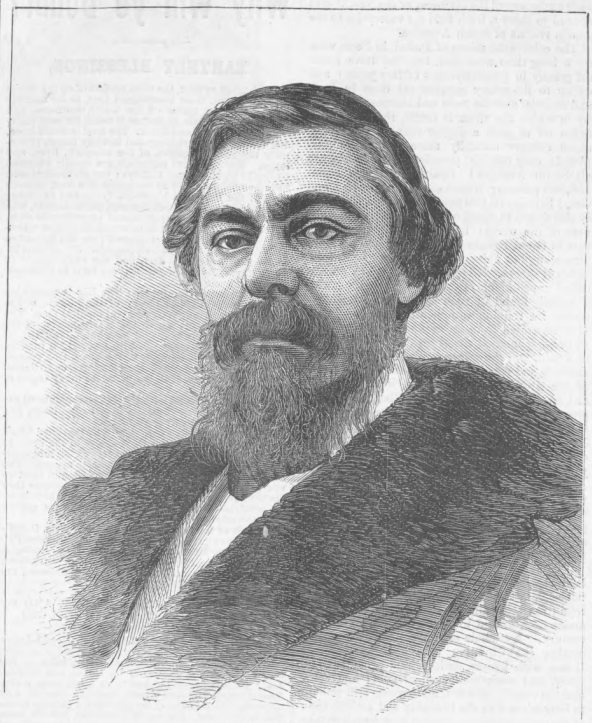
Mr. CORLISS accepted the medals, and replied as follows:

Mr. President:

Competitive honors are the reward of effort, stimulated by rivalry and ambition. But this honor comes from gentlemen who scan the whole field of science and art, and in deliberate council make their awards in discharge of a sacred trust. To this consideration I add the historical associations connected with the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the scientific fame of its members; and I receive this testimonial with grateful acknowledgment of a distinguished honor.

AERIAL VOYAGES.

A NUMBER of French and English artists went up in balloons last year to take bird's-eye views of the world. If they didn't go quite up to the moon, they went nearer to our planetary neighbor than any living creature had gone before; and from that celestial height obtained most extensive panoramas of the various countries of Europe. This pursuit of "high art" was not unattended with dangers and perilous adventures, such as the one represented by the artist on this page. In this instance, Mr. GLAISHER, Director of the Meteorological Observatory of Greenwich, England, with a companion named COXWELL, ascended to an elevation of more than 34,000 feet above the level of the sea, and higher than the loftiest mountain peak of the globe. From this point the panoramic view of the country spread out beneath them was truly magnificent; but the cold was intense, the air almost too thin for respiration; and Mr. GLAISHER, while engaged in making observations, suddenly fainted and became insensible. Mr. COXWELL endeavored to open the throttle-valve, in order to descend, but the valve-cord had become so entangled that this was impossible. Perceiving but one way to preserve his life and that of his companion, the daring aeronaut climbed up to where he could reach and open the valve. His movement caused the balloon to oscillate in the most frightful manner, and whirl in tremendous circles through the attenuated atmosphere. Had his benumbed hands slipped on the cords to which he clung, he must have been precipitated headlong downward through the enormous gulf of space, while the balloon, freed from his weight, would have shot up into a still rarer atmosphere, where it must have burst. Fortunately his strong brain withstood the delirium of that tremendous waltz with the balloon, and his life and that of his companion were saved.



THOMAS C. DURANT.

Our second illustration exhibits the singular appearance of the white mountains of cloud beheld, from the balloon called L'Entreprenant, by M. W. DE FONVILLE, in his second ascent, on March 22, 1868, from La Villette, near Paris. They looked quite solid, like a snow-covered range of the Alps viewed from the Görner or the Breithorn; and their aspect is well represented by the engraving.

THOMAS C. DURANT.

THOMAS CLARK DURANT, whose portrait we give on this page, has just reached the age of fifty, having been born at Lee, Massachusetts, on the 6th of February, 1820. He was educated as a physician, and took his degree, but without going into practice betook himself early to other pursuits. He has been largely interested in the construction of important railroads in this country, especially in the West, and was the leading spirit in pushing the Pacific Railroad to completion, holding much the same relation to that important enterprise as M. LESSEPS holds to the Suez Canal. When the last tie was laid he retired from the management of the road, and is now devoting his energies to the construction of a railway through the Northern Wilderness, from Saratoga to Ogdensburg.

Mr. DURANT has at times taken a leading part in important stock speculations in Wall Street, where he is known as a bold, far-seeing, and successful operator. Of late, however, he has paid but little attention to stocks. He is a gentleman of large means, liberal style of living, and is known among yachtsmen as the owner of the *Idler*, a yacht which has won several races in the contests of the squadron. Among all who know him he has a high reputation for business probity, cultivated taste, and genial liberality, and the social qualities that win respect and attract friends.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE IN IRELAND.

THE jolly scene depicted on page 108 is a gathering of Irish peasants, assembled in a snug old cabin to dance the New Year in in their own merry-hearted way. It is a poor place where they hold their revelry. By day the pigs whine and grunt about the floor, and make dashing forays in search of potato-skins. The earth floor is worn into holes, where the children sail ships in the rain-water that drips from the roof. There are old hats stuffed in the broken windows; and in every nook and corner are seen evidences of improvidence, idleness, and carelessness. Nevertheless, happiness has not entirely deserted the old cabin. To-night all troubles are forgotten—the absentee landlord, the hard, grasping agent, the bad times, the indifferent harvest—and every one is enjoying himself, the old people at cards, and the young folks courting or dancing.

There is no evening to be called an evening in Ireland without a fight; and perhaps an hour or two later, when the priest has arrived to take charge of the ceremonies, and the whisky has circulated freely in glasses, egg-shells, and scooped potatoes, a hasty blow or word from some jealous lover may bring on the fun. When the shillalahs have had their turn the priest will set them quiet in a moment. "Why, you murtherers," he'll bawl, "you misguided Antinomian Episcopalians, you vile Mohammedan impostors, are you going to commit murther? Down with your sticks, or I'll turn you into stocks and stones where you stand, and make world's wonders of you as long as you live and breathe!" Then peace will descend upon the cabin, and all will gather about the supper-table, at which his reverence will preside. The mirth may be boisterous at these revels, the appointments rough, the guests humble; but you will have to travel far before you hear sharper wit, or find more real enjoyment.

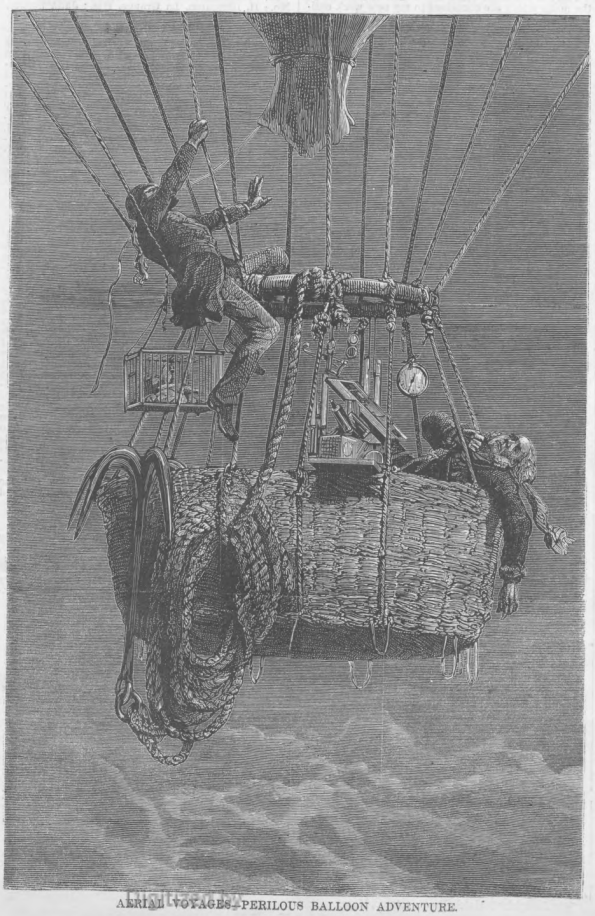
THE SARDINE FISHERY AT NANTES.

SARDINES are the young of the pilchard (*Clupea pilchardus*). They get the name of sardines from having been formerly caught in great quantities at the island of Sardinia. They are still largely taken in the Mediterranean, but for export trade chiefly off the western coast of France. The bait is of prepared cod-roe, called *rogue*, and the sardines are inclosed in fine-meshed nets, when they come to the surface to eat the *rogue*. They are beheaded, pressed into tins, covered with oil, and soldered up. Sham sardines are largely sold, preserved and packed like the real ones. These are sprats, young herrings, or any young fish with sufficient resemblance to a sardine to pass muster. It is very difficult, when these so-called sardines are headless and pressed flat in oil, to tell them from the real ones.

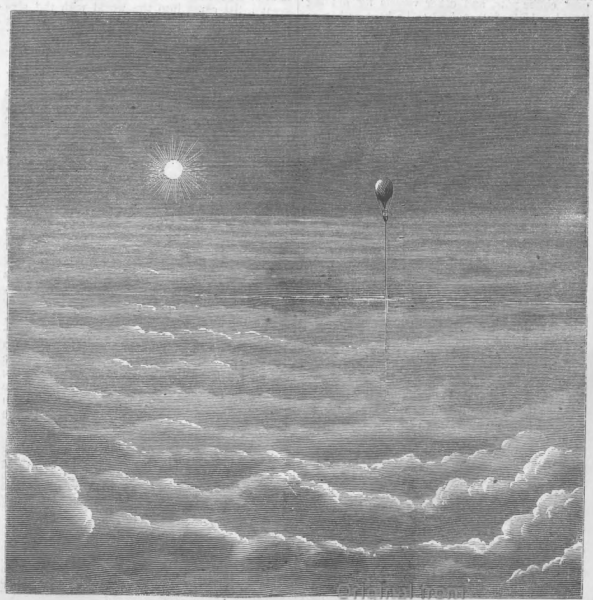
The fishing begins at the end of May, and finishes toward the early part of November. The fish make their appearance in the Bay of Biscay toward Les Sables d'Olonnes, Vendée, and come up as far as Douarnenez, Bretagne, and remain between those places all summer. They are not to be found above or below those places. The sardines when they first appear are small, and begin to become larger in July. However, they generally remain small at Les Sables d'Olonnes, and much too large at Douarnenez.

From two to three thousand boats, with five men in each, are employed in the fishery. The fishing takes place from three to twenty miles from the coast. The sardines are baited with *fish spawn*, called *rogue*, coming generally from Norway, in barrels of about 135 kilos. During the season of the fishing from 28,000 to 30,000 barrels of this spawn are employed.

As soon as the sardines are landed they are



AERIAL VOYAGES—PERILOUS BALLOON ADVENTURE.



AERIAL VOYAGES—CLOUD RANGES SEEN FROM A BALLOON.

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prepared, boiled in salad oil, and put into tin boxes, then recovered with fresh oil, and soldered up.

The greatest activity is necessary in the preparation to obtain the good qualities that depend particularly on the freshness of the fish, and the choice of *good olive-oil* is most essential. The less the sardines are touched the better they are. This is the reason (too much handling) why the sardines without bones have been soon discredited.

The quantity prepared every year, under favorable circumstances, is about 25,000,000 canisters of half size. The quarter and whole canisters are included in this calculation. The quantity prepared at four fishing-places on the coast of Brittany is, according to the good or bad circumstances of the fishing, from 1,700,000 to 2,000,000 half canisters of the *largest size*.

GEORGE PEABODY.

"Write him as one who loved his fellow-men."

PLACE among the illustrious dead!
Lo, a hero comes!
Not with tramp of martial tread;
Not with muffled drums;
But a nation's tears, to-day,
Speak a *good man* passed away.

Much of glittering gold he gained,
Earth's most-sought-for treasure;
Not to build a vaunted name;
Not for selfish pleasure;
But to cast, with liberal hand,
Richest gifts throughout the land!

Many a pleasant home he reared;
And the poor man's blessing,
Like a sunbeam, followed him,
With a mute caressing;
Wafted unto heaven in prayer,
Found his name acceptance there!

Famine, gaunt, forsook the path,
From his steps retreating:
Saddest faces smiling grew
At his kindly greeting;
For he passed not coldly by,
With proud mien and careless eye.

So his life has sweetly passed,
Fellow-men befriending;
Now he reaps a harvest rich
That shall know no ending:
Heaven's approving smile is won,
And the Master says, "Well-done!"

SILVER.

SILVER is the most useful, if not the most valuable, of the precious metals; and if it is not invested with the same marvelous and romantic interest as its companion, gold, there is still much that is interesting about its history and its manufacture.

Silver has a specific gravity of 10.50; it is less hard than gold, but harder than copper, and in a pure state may easily be cut with a knife. Inferior only to gold in malleability, it can be beaten out into a leaf $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch in thickness; while in tenacity it surpasses its more valuable rival—a wire one-twelfth of an inch thick being capable of supporting a weight of nearly 200 pounds. One of the most remarkable properties of silver, however, is that it reflects light and heat more completely than any other metal. The rays of the sun concentrated by the most powerful burning-glass, which would easily melt gold or plantinum, strike powerless upon the highly-polished surface of a silver object. They are reflected, not absorbed, and the metal remains unaffected by the heat. Another effect of this quality of silver is its power of retaining heat; whence its use for the manufacture of teapots, coffee-pots, and other vessels for holding liquids which are required to be kept as hot as possible.

Silver has been esteemed as one of the precious metals from the earliest times, and would seem to have been used as a medium of exchange even before gold. We read that Abraham purchased the field of Ephron for 400 shekels of silver, and Joseph was sold for forty pieces of the same metal. It is noteworthy, also, that the Hebrew word for silver has exactly the signification of the modern French word *argent*—meaning either "silver" or "money." Silver, however, was certainly not coined until it had been used for many hundred years as a medium of exchange. According to Herodotus, money was first stamped or coined by the Lydians, about 700 years before the Christian era.

The value of silver, as compared with that of gold, has varied greatly at different periods. M. Faucher is of opinion that originally silver, in some countries, was worth quite as much, if not more, than gold. In the fifth century B.C. gold was only worth six times as much as silver; and in some ancient Egyptian laws we find the relative values of the metals fixed at two and a half to one. The immense amount of silver obtained from Asia, Greece, and Spain during the Roman Empire caused its value to be much depreciated; but the deficiency of skill in working the ores, and the great demand for the metal for ornamental purposes in the sixteenth century, caused its value to rise to one-tenth of that of gold. During the last hundred and fifty years its value has been pretty constant at one-fifteenth of the value of gold.

The chief silver-producing countries of antiquity were Nubia, Ethiopia, and parts of Greece; but the wealth of the Spanish mines was developed at a very early period, and was the principal support of the extensive commerce so long carried on by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans. A very valuable mine was opened by Hannibal himself in the Sierra Morena. The Spaniards continued to supply Europe from their native mines until the discovery of the New World opened to them a fresh field for enterprise in the golden realms of South America.

The celebrated mines of Potosi, in Peru, were for a long time unrivaled, but they have fallen off greatly in productiveness of late years; and owing to the heavy government dues in Peru and Bolivia, and the rude and inaccessible country in which the silver is found, the supply has fallen off to such a degree that, while Mexico alone exports annually more than 2,000,000 pounds, only 600,000 pounds are exported from all South America! Spain contributes about 150,000 pounds; Austria, 90,000 pounds; and Great Britain, 70,000 pounds. Silver, like gold, is also found in small quantities in almost every part of the world; but it should be remarked that in Great Britain it is very rarely found in a pure state, but chiefly combined with lead, from which it is separated by a very ingenious process called cupellation. Even in Mexico the metal is usually found in such an impure state as to render its refining complicated and expensive. It is separated from its impurities in two ways. In the first method the ore is crushed to powder in a mill, and the silver separated by means of mercury and common salt. In the second method the silver is combined with lead by fusion, and afterward separated by cupellation. In this process the lead containing the silver is roasted in small crucibles, or *cupels*, made of bone ashes. These cupels have the property of absorbing the oxyds of those metals which are affected by oxygen, and holding those that will not oxydize. A current of air is made to pass over the metal when in a state of fusion, and the lead, being oxydized by the oxygen, is absorbed into the cupel. When the oxydized lead, or *litharge*, is all absorbed, the cupel is withdrawn from the furnace, and its contents are pure silver.

The silver-smith's art has been at all times held in the highest esteem among civilized nations; but it received a wonderful impetus in Europe from the triumph of the Christian religion, under Constantine, in the early part of the fourth century. Incredible sums were lavished on decorating the Christian churches, especially at Rome, with figures, shrines, and ornaments of silver, and sometimes even of gold; and communion vessels, croziers, and crosses still remain to bear witness to the liberality and artistic taste of the early converts. France soon began to take a lead in the beauty of her works in silver; and Eloy, a celebrated artificer in the precious metals, was made a bishop by Dagobert I., and subsequently canonized. He did not cease to work after his consecration, and his example was followed by many of the French bishops. A taste for Saint Eloy's art was thus created in France, which continued to flourish in the monasteries and religious houses during many centuries of barbarism. The calamities which befell Italy during the seventh and eighth centuries checked the progress of the art; but after the consolidation of the temporal power of the popes by Charlemagne, the pontiffs endeavored to restore the churches to their former splendor. Leo III. is said to have caused no less than 300,000 ounces of silver to be worked up for the various churches in Rome. The influence of Byzantine civilization had a marked effect upon the silver work of the eleventh century, and gave a new impulse to the art. Suger, the minister of Louis le Gros, and Theophilus (who has left us a most interesting treatise on almost all the industrial arts of his time) kept up the old glory of France during the twelfth century. At the end of the thirteenth the Italians once more took the lead in Europe. Their artificers studied in the schools of the great painters and sculptors, and the silver-smith's art rose in consequence to a high state of perfection. It would be out of place, in an article like this, to give a list of the great silver-workers of the Middle Ages, but we can not pass over such a man as Benvenuto Cellini without a word. This great artist came into the world with the sixteenth century; he spent some years in Paris, at the court of Francis I.; but executed most of his wonderful designs for his native city, Florence. Many of his productions have been preserved, by their extreme beauty, from the fate of almost all medieval silver work, and are still the gems of many a rich collection. Cellini also, like Theophilus, wrote a treatise upon the art he cultivated, and died while writing his autobiography, in 1572. Previous to the fourteenth century there was very little silver in the houses of the laity—almost all the plate being in the possession of the clergy, or used for ecclesiastical purposes. In the luxurious days of Richard II., in England, however, plate begun to be considered a necessary at the tables of the rich. But it seldom remained long in their possession; for there were no bankers in those days, nor any way of investing money except in land. So, when a sudden call came to be made upon a great lord, his only resource was to melt down his plate, or sell it at a ruinous sacrifice to an obliging Jew. Owing to this state of things, and to the disastrous civil wars in England during the fifteenth century, very little plate was accumulated in the mansions of the rich. The taste revived in the reign of Elizabeth, and flourished during the palmy days of the cavaliers, only to be put down as an abomination by the rude Puritans of the Commonwealth.

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IT IS SADDENING to see our hair blossoming for the grave too early. More especially women feel this affliction, and it is even a greater deformity to them than to men. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR removes it and restores the hair sometimes, but its original color always.—[*Com.*]

Why will ye Doubt?

EARTHLY BLESSINGS.

THE human system, the most perfect of all the works of the Creator, is so constituted that, to be entirely healthy, it must throw off the waste, worn-out, and poisonous materials as fast as it takes on new materials from our food and drink. The food is assimilated, and made into nourishing and healthy blood, principally through the offices of the stomach, liver, and lungs. The worn-out materials are mostly excreted by the liver, lungs, and kidneys; but all medical men have heretofore failed to recognize the vast importance of the liver as a blood-purifying and excreting organ. The most learned German physiologists, who base their assertions upon actual experiments only, state that the amount of BILE which should be manufactured by the liver and poured into the intestines each day is two and one-half pounds. All persons interested to know this fact, and the experiments to prove it, may see a *résumé* of these facts in Professor Dalton's Physiology.

Remember one thing more: The bile is something more than the natural physic of the bowels, as has heretofore been taught by eminent medical men. The bile is mostly made up of the waste matter of the blood—effete, worn-out, and injurious materials. If the liver does not make this bile, and pour it into the intestines daily, it remains in the blood as a poison. It poisons the blood itself, and circulates, as irritating and poisonous matter in the blood, to every organ in the system.

The blood, poisoned with the daily-accumulated excess of bile, returns from the liver to the heart, and the nerves of the heart are affected.

Just so with the LUNGS. The bile-poisoned blood goes from the upper and right cavity of the heart to the lower cavity, and thence directly to the lungs, circulating all through these most delicate organs. The lung tissues are poisoned and irritated, and they invite the scrofulous humors of the blood, because they are thus irritated. Hence Consumption, which is local scrofula—so defined and proved by LUGOL and all the most scientific authors.

Catarrh of the head and throat, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Neuralgia, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Palsy, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Piles, Epileptic Fits, Headaches, Bronchitis, Heart Disease, Eruptions, Dropsy, Cancers, and very many other diseases, are caused by derangements of the Liver.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT, AND OF SOME OF THOSE DISEASES PRODUCED BY LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache, bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases a dry, teasing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite, sour stomach, with a rising of the food and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting, distress, heaviness, or a bloated or full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pains and tenderness; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pain and soreness through the bowels, with heat; constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of the extremities, rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternating with hot flushes; female weakness and irregularities, with dullness, low spirits, unsociability, and gloomy forebodings.

THE WILLING WITNESSES.

There is presented below a selection of a few (from the many which are contained in my new work entitled "Discoveries") who have expressed, in glowing and heartfelt words, their wish to offer testimony in behalf of my system of practice and uniform success in mastering the long catalogue of diseases engendered by faulty mechanical and chemical action of that most important organ, the Liver.

Space does not allow of these "noble offerings to science and philanthropy" being presented here in full; but the "despondent in heart and weary in body" can procure the entire work, free of charge, by sending me their post-office address.

I give below the names of many of the noblest, truest, and purest men and women who have rendered our land illustrious by their deeds in the various walks of life. They indorse me unequivocally as a physician, a man of honor, and a philanthropist. I merely name some of the diseases of which I have been the humble means, through the hands of a divine Providence, of curing them. Their glowing words are in full in the book mentioned. Write to any of them, and get from their own pens the facts. Any of them will answer all inquiries of this character.

CURED OF CATARRH AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

Rev. Joseph Jones, St. Joseph, Michigan, says: "You may refer to me at any time, and I shall be ever pleased to bear testimony to your extraordinary skill."

GOVERNOR JACOBS, OF KENTUCKY.

His Excellency ex-Lieutenant-Governor R. T. Jacobs, Westport, Kentucky, writes, in concluding his testimony: "If this should come under the observation of any poor sick wretch, racked with pain, who has been rotted with calomel, quinine, iron, and such like medicines, I earnestly appeal to him to try your most valuable discoveries."

LIVER DISEASE WITH FEMALE DEBILITY.

Mary F. Landram (care I. N. Alsop, Esq., Fredericksburg, Va.) writes: "May Heaven's richest blessings ever be showered on the greatest benefactor of his race, Professor R. L. Hamilton, M.D."

HAD QUICK CONSUMPTION.

The eminent divine and missionary, Rev. A. A. Constantine, 43 Ann Street, New York City, ends his offering: "May God bless you in all your researches in his great laboratory, and make you his agent in restoring other thousands to health."

CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

Rev. J. W. Hinkley, Athens, Me., writes: "To you, with God's blessing, do I owe my worldly existence."

The forcible theological writer, Rev. H. D. Kimball, 254 Broadway, New York City, adds to his epistle: "Dr. Hamilton will counsel you wisely in the terrible battles you may have with acute or chronic diseases."

CHRONIC DIARRHŒA.

The eminent pulpit orator, Rev. George H. Jones, Boonton, N. J., writes me: "I wish I had the voice of seven thunders, and could assemble all the sick in the world, I would direct them to you."

MOST RESPECTABLE AUTHORITY.—RHEUMATISM.

Rev. Isaac Hugg, Pointville, N. J., writes: "Under the blessings of Divine Providence, you have done great things for me."

STRONG CORROBORATION.

Rev. W. B. Jacobs, 113 Harrison Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This widely-known clerical editor and divine writes: "I frankly express the hope that diseased humanity in every part of our land may avail themselves of Professor Hamilton's remarkable skill, and thus share the noble blessings so kindly and freely bestowed upon all."

DYSPEPSIA, WITH HEART DIFFICULTY.

Mrs. Josephine S. Hatch, Provincetown, Mass., writes: "My friends say to me, 'He must be more than man who has done this.'"

SALT-RHEUM AND SCROFULA.

"It is your medicines that have accomplished my cure of salt-rheum and scrofula."

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"Any letter of inquiry I will cheerfully answer."

JOSEPH LITTLE, Afton, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM.—A GREAT CURE.

"In one month I was perfectly cured, after suffering for seven years, and with confinement to bed."

WM. H. NELLIS, Oliopolis, Venango Co., Pa.

EPILEPTIC FITS.

John S. Sharp, Buckhart, Ill., says: "I wish you to publish the cure of my wife far and near."

ANOTHER.—FITS CURED.

Miss A. Kelderhouse, Guilderland, N. Y., remarks: "And if any doubt the truth of my cure, you may refer them to me, and I will satisfy them."

DISEASE OF THE BOWELS.

Rev. Augustus Alvord, Ridgebury, Conn., writes also: "I deem it a duty and a pleasure to state the facts of my cure of this bowel disease, which lasted for years."

GIVES STRENGTH.

"I pronounce myself well. I have done more hard work in the last eight months than before in thirty years." SAMUEL CURTIS, Dakota City, Neb.

A FEW WORDS MORE.

Dear reader, it is useless to cry *humbug;* for these patients HAVE BEEN CURED, as well as thousands of others, and in gratitude have signified their desire to furnish ample TESTIMONY OF MY GREAT SUCCESS in curing all *Liver, Lung, and Blood Diseases.* Write to them; ask them for the truth; and, if satisfied with the evidence presented, put yourself in my care, and I will give you the benefits of my large experience. Below are a few only, selected from my "Work on Remarkable Cures." I do this to give the skeptical abundant evidence of my reliability and remarkable skill. THE PROOFS ARE OFFERED; weigh them, and act according to your judgment.

Rev. Washington Medaris, Sydney, Ohio; Rev. A. C. Shepardson, Three Rivers, Mich.; Rev. Isaac Crouse, Gallon, O.; Mrs. L. M. Richardson, Cleburne, Texas; Jacob and Margaret Barnes, Arcata, Cal.; David Norman, Yanktcn, Dacotah Territory; D. W. Russell, 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston; Mrs. Samuel Lee, New York Mills, N. Y.; W. C. Porter, Millwood, Mo.; J. A. Young, Ravenna, O.; Samuel M. Wagoner, Esq., Dillsburg, Pa.; Mrs. F. S. Whipple, Cambridge, Vt.; Mrs. S. J. F. Barnett, Pacolet Depot, S. C.; Emily W. Reid, Ellicottville, N. Y.; L. E. Fish, Esq., Moline, Ill.; Jas. A. Pickett, Esq., Jacksonville, Fla.; Louisa O. Cobb, Hubbardton, Vt.; Adam Grubb, Louisville, Ala.; J. L. Higbee, Esq., Cattaraugus, N. Y.; Francis E. Wood, Esq., New Road, N. Y.; Mrs. H. A. Taylor, East Troy, Wis.; Mrs. M. E. Mitchell, Jersey Shore, Pa.; J. H. Spencer, Sugar Grove, Ky.; Wm. Freeburn, Latrobe, Neb.; H. Hearlein, Esq., Atlanta, Ga.; J. M. Vanrycke, Esq., Wallula, Washington Territory; William Walker, Esq., Wellington, Iowa; P. Schermerhorn, Bloomville, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Laidlow, Box 703, Fort Wayne, Ind.; E. Kate Rodney, Coatesville, Pa.; Mrs. E. W. Chase, Warsaw, N. Y.; M. S. Hamilton, Pine Bluff, Ark.; N. E. Hicks, Wetumpka, Ala.; J. J. Bisel, Lock Haven, Pa.; Mrs. Samuel Sawyer, Grout's Corners, Mass.; Cornelia A. Van Vleit, Jericho, Vt.; Mrs. H. Garrett, Kansas City, Mo.; Benj. Berry, Esq., Matteawan, N. Y.; Alex. Hughes, Esq., Ponghkeepsie, N. Y.; Wm. B. Betts, Esq., Norwalk, Conn.; S. S. Parker, Esq., Alabama, N. Y.; Luke Newell, Mason, N. H.; Mollie A. Brooks, West Point, Ga.; Mrs. S. E. Blackwell, Cokesburg, S. C.; Mrs. A. S. Childs, Richmond, Mo.; H. Houghton, La Grange, Wis.; Julia Sattler, Mifflin, Ohio.

CAUTION!

I hereby caution the public against certain persons who have taken advantage of my extensive reputation and the wonderful efficiency of my treatment, in palming off upon the afflicted worthless trash of various sorts, purporting to be remedies originated and prepared by R. Leonidas Hamilton, M.D. For the benefit of the public I will say once for all that I DO NOT PREPARE OR OFFER FOR SALE, IN ANY MANNER, ANY PATENT MEDICINES OR MEDICINAL PREPARATIONS OF THAT CHARACTER WHATEVER, AND I PRONOUNCE ALL SUCH COUNTERFEITS. Those who buy them, do so at their peril. The only remedies I compound, or authorize to be compounded, are those I prescribe for my patients daily, with my own hands, at No. 546 Broadway, New York City.

Write to Me, all Ye Afflicted.

All I wish to know in any case is the most prominent symptoms; and they can just as well be written as told to a physician, and I can treat the case as easily as though the patient were present.

All invalids afflicted with the diseases referred to, or with any form of chronic disease, can write me at once, and I will answer you promptly and to the point, and state fully the facts as they appear, and whether you can or can not be saved. Do not give up, even though your family physician has done you no good, for I have saved thousands after all hope had fled and the grave was near. The wisdom and goodness of a just Providence will not withhold the noble means for the restoration and cure of his suffering and erring children.

Also, if you expect a full and specific reply to your letter, always enclose ten cents. Postage must be paid in advance, and all persons under treatment who write for advice, or any other purpose, must enclose with each letter ten cents; for it must be borne in mind that, having so many letters every day, it consumes time.

I attend to all correspondence in person, and the afflicted public may rely upon my responsibility, and that they will be dealt with justly and honorably.

ONE WORD MORE, DEAR READER, NOTICE.

The full history of all the above cases (besides many more), my theory of diseases and the only natural, safe, and positive treatment for all chronic complaints, biographical sketch of Prof. H.'s remarkable life, and his steel-plate likeness—a valuable work for every family—SENT FREE, by giving your name and post-office address.

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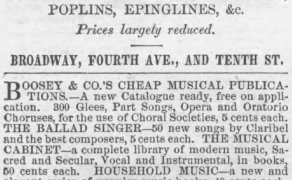

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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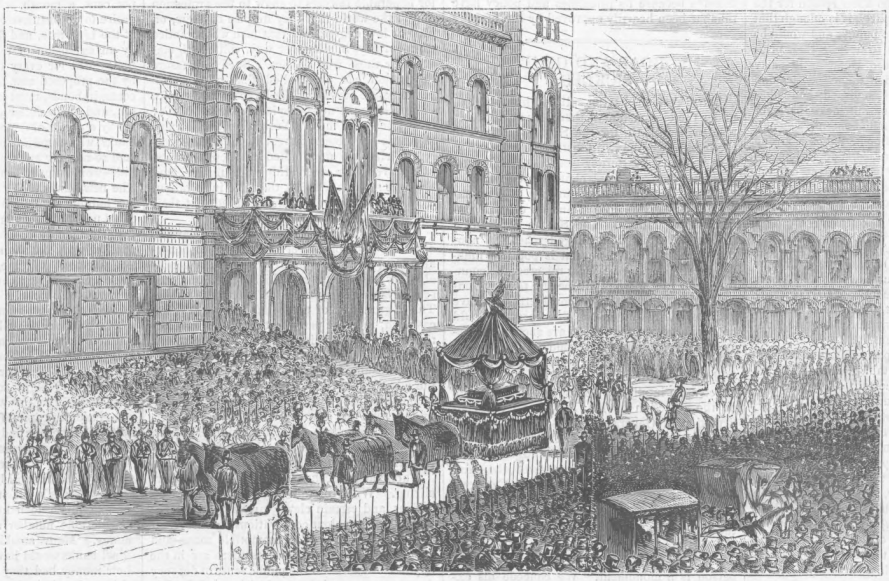
THE LAST HONORS.

THE last funeral honors to the memory of GEORGE PEABODY have been paid; and his mortal remains, attended to the grave with more pomp and ceremony than were ever before witnessed at the burial of a private citizen, now repose in their final resting-place. On Tuesday, the 1st of February, after solemn services in the City Hall of Portland, the body was taken to the funeral train, and conveyed to the town of Peabody in the funeral car of which we have already given an engraving. In the towns all along the route flags were flying at half-mast, and people from the surrounding country flocked in crowds to the stations to watch the train as it moved by.

On reaching Peabody a procession was formed, and the remains were taken to the Institute, where they lay in state until Tuesday, the 8th inst., in the Library-room, which was appropriately draped and decorated. Our engraving of the room on this page shows the position of the body on the magnificent catafalque prepared for its reception. At the end of the room is seen the portrait of QUEEN VICTORIA. Above the catafalque hang the royal flag of England and the American flag, both artistically draped with crape. At the other end of the room the bust of the deceased, that occupies the space above the door, is also draped with mourning. The catafalque is a raised dais, ten feet in length and six feet in width, covered with black velvet. From each corner rises a standard, supporting a frame-work of the same size as the base, and about six inches in width. Pendent from this are heavy black velvet hangings, artistically cut, and trimmed with a wreath of silvery stars, inclosing a large star, on each of the four sides, and heavy silver bullion fringe, with wide silver braid above it, and massive silver tassels appropriately placed. Above the hangings a neat silver moulding, on a black velvet ground-work, meets the eye. Above this is a row of silver stars, and another moulding that rises to a peak on each of the four sides, containing emblems of mourning in silver. The one on the front end has two reversed torches crossed; on the rear the hour-glass, with the wings of Time, are to be seen; and on either side a large silver star, encircled by the emblem of eternity—an endless snake. On each corner arises an elegant arabesque ornament in silver, surmounted with handsome funeral plumes. In front, on the base, is the monogram of the deceased in silver letters on a black velvet ground-work, inclosed in a laurel wreath in silver, pendent from a leaning pole, surmounted by a knot and rosette of silver. On each corner of the base are cherubs' heads with angels' wings, in silver, the whole being arranged in the ancient Grecian style, at once elegant and artistic.

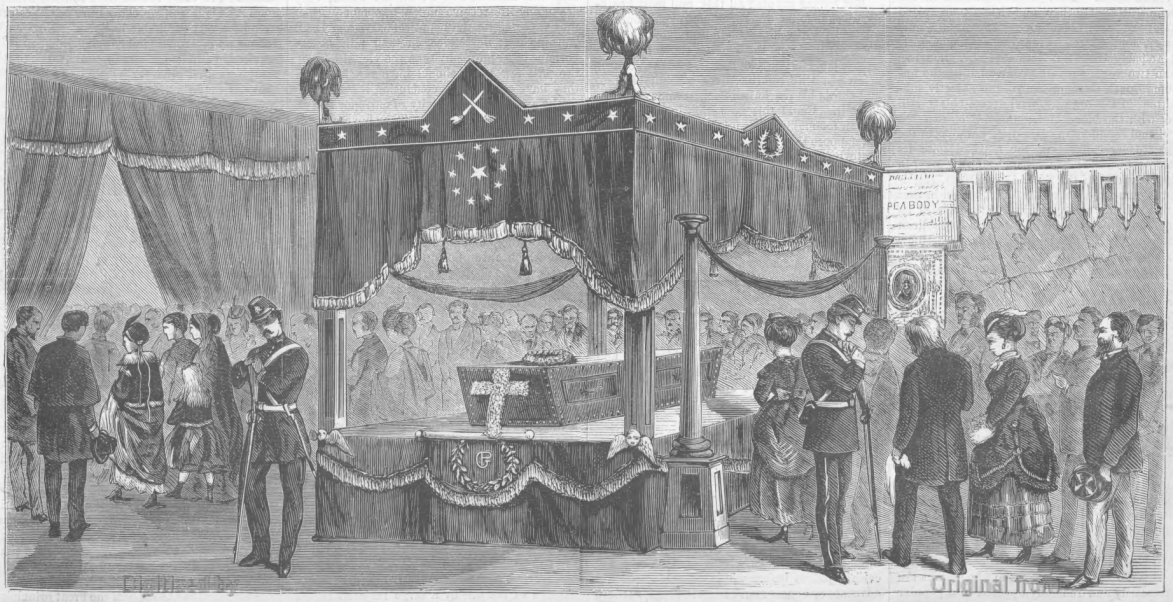


THE PEABODY FUNERAL—RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS AT THE CITY HALL, PORTLAND.—[PHOT. BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.]

Our engraving of the reception of the remains at the City Hall of Portland, on their being transferred from the *Monarch*, is from a photograph by Mr. J. W. BLACK, of Boston, to whom we are frequently indebted for similar favors.

CHURCH AND STATE.

MR. NAST'S powerful and striking cartoon, which the reader will find on page 121, tells its own story too well to require much explanation; but it may not be out of place to set forth some of the facts that justify the artist's work. A circular recently issued by the committee of the Union League Club upon the diversion of the public moneys of New York city from the legitimate objects of political government to sectarian purposes shows that this evil, which began a short time ago under the specious form of begging from the city treasury a small sum for a deserving charity, has made such gigantic strides that it now absorbs half a million dollars annually, and that the greater part of this sum is used for the purpose of destroying our admirable system of common schools. Of this large sum a single sect receives over four hundred thousand dollars, in addition to gifts of real estate from the city government, for sectarian purposes, amounting to three million two hundred thousand dollars. The following list shows how this money was distributed last year: Roman Catholic, $412,-062 26; Protestant Episcopal, $29,335 09; Hebrew, $14,404 49; Reformed Dutch, $12,630 86;



THE PEABODY FUNERAL—THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE IN THE PEABODY INSTITUTE, PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS.—SKETCHED BY T. NAST.

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Presbyterian, $8363 44; Baptist, $2760 34; Methodist Episcopal, $3073 63; German Evangelical, $2027 24; miscellaneous, $44,085 12.

Glancing over this list, we do not wonder that, as stated in a letter from Rome, the Holy Father has expressed his gratification at the progress of the Church in America, and declared that the Republic of the United States was the republic of intelligence and virtue. But it must be remembered that his standard of intelligence and virtue is not that of America, but that of Spain.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1870.

THE AMENDMENT AND THE TWO PARTIES.

ALTHOUGH the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment formally completes the reconstruction of the Union, it is by no means, as is hastily assumed by many eager Democrats, also the end of the work of the Republican party. Even if there were no other reason for the continued action of that party, it is enough that the opposition propose no policy, and would be sorely at a loss if driven to declare their principles. Since the war the Democratic party has opposed reconstruction upon theories and prejudices which the war abolished, and it has no plan to meet the situation inevitably produced by the Fifteenth Amendment, which it denounces as unconstitutional. It is a strong party, because fraud, ignorance, superstition, and passion are its allies. It has gained certain apparent successes, because of the necessary reaction against a party long in power, because of some of the mistakes of that party, and because of the unscrupulousness of the Democratic managers. The great Democratic achievement since the war is obtaining power in the State of New York. But Governor HOFFMAN can hardly believe that he was honestly elected; nor would Mr. SWEENY, the New York Dictator of his party, probably deny that the State, honestly polled, is Republican.

In a free government parties are not only organizations to secure certain policies—they are also representatives of certain tendencies and principles in human nature and society. It is a very imperfect and mistaken view, therefore, which does not embrace both these facts. The Republican party apparently began with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and first nominated a candidate for the Presidency in 1856. But the essential truth is, that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise plainly revealed to the people of this country who honestly respected liberty as the foundation of the government the real spirit, purpose, and tendency of the Democratic party. The Whigs stupidly tried to evade the situation, and when the thunder was already angrily roaring, played that it was pleasant weather. They instantly disappeared amidst universal contempt; and the great issue was at once joined. On the one hand were those who believed in the American principle, on the other those who disbelieved. At the polls and in the field the conflict has raged until the present moment. The believers have thus far been successful; but the unbelievers do not relinquish the struggle. Is this the moment for the victors to disband?

The spirit and tendency which the repeal of the Missouri Compromise revealed in the country still exist. They were organized in the Democratic party then, and they are organized under the same name now. The specific purpose is not the same, but the spirit is unchanged. It is a party whose last National Convention, less than two years ago, was controlled by the extreme South Carolina spirit, and abjectly submitted, in the old way, while rebel chiefs, still wet with the blood of Union soldiers, dictated a virtual repudiation of the national debt of the war. Overwhelmed at the polls, despite its boldest frauds, it has resisted step by step, in Congress and in the State Legislatures, reconstruction upon equal rights: and, baffled in that wretched effort, it turns in the moment of its final defeat and exclaims, "The Republican party has fulfilled its mission, and we must now be intrusted with power!"

Upon what compulsion? What conceivable reason is there for supposing that the Democratic party, whose steady hostility to the principles of the war and the policy of reconstruction is notorious, will more wisely maintain that policy and those principles than the party whose strength lies in its honest adhesion to justice and freedom? Or why should the country suppose that a party the effects of whose undisputed supremacy may be studied in the city of New York would give it a more honest or a more orderly government? And if the party of slavery would be an ill-chosen defender of liberty, why should we expect a government of intelligence from the party of ignorance? The Democratic party is unchanged. What policy fatal to our institutions may not count upon its support?

Look at one fact. The principles of the Roman Church, which is the most absolute of religious despotisms, when applied to politics are necessarily and radically opposed to a popular system like ours. Now, it is the policy of the Roman Church to engage in politics every where. The Pope, in his Syllabus, declares that human governments are subordinate to the Church. Already the purpose of that Church in this State and country is frankly announced by its priests. It is the overthrow of the American system of unsectarian schools, which is the bulwark of our political system. This is a movement dictated in the interest of a powerful and absolute ecclesiastical body, essentially repugnant to all American principles, and necessarily menacing to the happy continuance of the government—and upon what does it depend for support? Upon the old lackey of slavery, the Democratic party. It is but another illustration of the unchanged nature of that party. The assault upon the American public school system is important solely because it will have the aid of the Democratic party. And since it still remains organized and formidable, although its policy for a generation has been scornfully repudiated by the people, and every one of its measures has been defeated, can any respectable reason be offered why the Republican party should be expected to dissolve because its principles and policy have thus far been heartily approved by the people?

MR. HOAR AND GENERAL SICKLES.

THE President having satisfied himself that, under the circumstances, there was no desirable resident candidate for the Supreme Bench in the late Judge WAYNE'S district, nominated to that position the Attorney-General of the United States—a man of spotless character, of conceded ability, of admirable legal learning, of great experience upon the bench, and an original, inflexible Republican. The Senate has refused to confirm him. The alleged reason is nonresidence: the actual reason is political independence. Mr. HOAR being rejected, the country is yet to see what will be the fate of General SICKLES. If party considerations have decided the action in the first case, it should not be forgotten that there are such considerations involved in the second. The Republican party comprises the great body of the intelligence of the country. What will be the effect upon intelligent and self-respecting men of the rejection of Mr. HOAR and the confirmation of General SICKLES? Of course it will be a notification to the Executive that the one is a representative of the kind of nomination which will be favorably received, the other of a kind that will not be tolerated. Can such a notification be made by a Republican Senate without—to say no more—seriously disturbing the Republican party?

We frankly acknowledge the patriotic services of General SICKLES, of which his maimed person is a monument. We concede his experience and ability. We grant that when the Republicans of New York made him a delegate at large to the National Convention they surrendered the right to protest against any further honor that might be offered him as a consequence of the action of that Convention. Above all, we allow with those who most strongly urge his confirmation that he has been the object of a great deal of foul, and, doubtless, of very much false vituperation; and that a man who seeks by good conduct to obliterate the remembrance of evil courses should not be relentlessly cast back and refused even a chance of reformation.

But having granted all this, and most heartily, does it follow that such a person should be selected for the highest public honors? Suppose, for instance, the worst of the unfortunate clergyman, HORACE COOKE. Suppose that after a few years he reforms, lives a reputable life, and shows his patriotism as thousands of others show it. Could this be seriously urged as a reason for making him a bishop in his Church? Or, suppose that some young man is sent to the State Prison for forgery. He serves his time humbly and patiently, and returns to society a reformed man. Can those who do not think that he should be selected for especial public honor be fairly accused of forbidding him to rise, and of refusing him Christian sympathy?

The essential reason of the objection to General SICKLES'S confirmation is evident to every generous mind. The Republican party has a right to demand that this reason should influence the action of the Senate. If any body is disposed to quote the Prodigal Son, let him remember that the father, with all his joy, did not prefer the prodigal to the older son, and that it was to the older that he said, "All that I have is thine." We are sincerely sorry that the nomination was made, and as sincerely we hope it will not be confirmed.

THE DISGRACE OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

THERE are lawyers in New York who are just as heartily ashamed of the ill fame of the profession here, both in some of its representatives upon the bench and at the bar, as all other intelligent and honorable people. There are certain judges before whom no self-respecting advocate or honest man wishes to plead, as there are members of the bar whom it is a disgrace to be compelled to recognize as professional peers. A distinguished lawyer, who sent his wine at a public table to a certain judge, said, when his friend remonstrated, "I don't want to get his ill-will;" and such is the condition of the judiciary in this city, that when the charge is publicly made that some of the judges who sit in the most important cases are notoriously corrupt, every body shrugs his shoulders and assents, but names no names lest he should fall into the hands of one of those magistrates, and have ingenious revenge dealt out to him for justice. There are magistrates and lawyers who are known to be as much the property of certain men and corporations as GURTH was the thrall of CEDRIC the Saxon. If they wore a collar like GURTH'S, inscribed with their owner's name, they would not be more plainly and disgracefully labeled than they are.

The honor of a great profession was never more smirched than that of the law in the city of New York to-day, and it is not surprising that the better part of the profession intend to consider whether it is not possible to do something to redeem it. It is certainly practicable for honorable lawyers to show to the profession and to the world that they despise shysters, of high or low degree, and that men who practice dishonorably, in whatever way, will be stigmatized by those who do not. Such a pressure of opinion can be applied that a man will pause before accepting the largest retainers for undertaking the most despicable work. Money is very powerful in New York; but we all know men who have bought great fortunes too dearly. There are men, noted in their pursuits, who have given every thing for money, and they are so shunned that they live in isolation. Their power may make them feared, but their use of it makes them despised.

Let it be understood that a similar fate awaits any magistrate or lawyer who thrives dishonorably, and a line will be drawn between honorable lawyers and others, which will be of signal service both to the profession and to the public. The degradation of the bench is doubtless occasioned, in great part, by the system of election instead of appointment; and if the recent meeting and deliberation of the profession should result in an organized effort to secure the adoption of the proposition of the new Judiciary article to return to the appointment system, it will be a worthy result. Moreover, the moral influence of a professional protest, not against persons, but against infamous professional practices, will be of the utmost service.

Public acquiescence in immorality is demoralizing. When certain notorious men sit as judges, and certain clever lawyers become the tools of unscrupulous corporations, and serve, for hire, the purposes of contemptible men—and such judges and such lawyers there are in the city of New York—if the public sense of decency does not express in some decisive and forcible manner its abhorrence and disgust, it is a sign of an alarming decay of the public virtue, and a surrender of power to dishonesty, which can end only in some general catastrophe.

A TUB TO A WHALE.

THE people of the West are generally feeling poor. They have been selling their No. 2 wheat at 80 cents instead of $1 50 as last year; they are discovering that, owing to accidents in harvesting, an unusually large proportion of the crop will class as No. 3; on the whole, they are going to receive much less money than they expected for the bountiful harvest of 1869. Turning over the subject in their minds, with perhaps less philosophy than the vicissitudes of the past few years should have taught them, they have come to the conclusion that the difficulty arises from a scarcity of currency and an insufficient supply of banks. They have, accordingly, instructed their Representatives in Congress to insist on an extension of the national banking system, and the result is Senator SHERMAN'S Currency bill, which passed the Senate on the 3d inst.

This bill authorizes the issue of $45,000,000 more bank currency to be put forth by new banks, against a like amount of three per cent. certificates which are to be canceled; and after this issue has been made, a further sum of $20,000,000 of bank currency, to be taken from the States which have more than their proportion of the $300,000,000 now afloat, and given to those which have less.

This would appear, on its face, to be an increase of the volume of irredeemable paper-money to the extent of forty-five millions. And in this view it would seem singular that the passage of the bill through the Senate did not lead to the least advance in gold at New York, in cotton at New Orleans, or in wheat at Chicago. If the West is right in its theory, that the cause of the prevailing poverty in that section is the want of bank currency, how does it happen that a promise of 15 per cent. more currency meets with no response in the Western markets, sensitive as they are?

No action has yet been taken on the bill in the House of Representatives. It is presumed, however, that the influences which led to the passage of the bill by a large majority in the Senate will secure its adoption without material amendment by the House. We see no reason why it should not become a law, if the West wants it.

For it is, in simple truth, a mere "tub to the whale," and does not matter one iota, one way or the other.

The idea that money can be made more abundant, and that prices can be made to advance, by the establishment of new banks under the national system, is very ludicrous. Every one has laughed at the simplicity of the rogue in the old play who proposed to his "pal" to "start a bank" by way of supplying their necessities. But really, in view of recent discussions in Congress, it seems proper to state gravely that banks are mere custodians, not creators, of capital; and that capital and currency are two very different things.

The West and the South lack capital. They are, comparatively speaking, new countries. They are growing rich very fast indeed; but they are not yet as rich as the East, or as the wealthy parts of Europe. The demand for capital in the West is so far in excess of the supply that the value of money averages nearly one per cent. a month. Western merchants who desire to do business on borrowed money chafe at the high rate, and fancy it could be reduced by an extension of the national banking system. But for every dollar of currency issued by the proposed new banks, one dollar and ten cents, in bonds, must be deposited at Washington, and every dollar of discounts must be offset by a dollar of deposits. If a thousand new banks, with a million capital each, were authorized to-morrow at the West, money—*i. e.*, capital—would not be any more abundant there. The new banks could not issue currency without lodging bonds with the Bureau, and they could not lend any more money than people left with them on deposit. Capital, which is merely another word for the savings of a community, is the growth of time, the fruit of prosperous trade and industry continued through a series of years. To fancy it can be suddenly secured, through the establishment of banks, is just as idle as to seek the philosopher's stone. In the course of a generation or two money will naturally fall to three or four per cent. in New York, six to seven per cent. in Cincinnati and Chicago, and eight to nine per cent. in San Francisco. But this will be the fruit of the accumulation of capital from long-continued profits from trade and industry, and the result can not be quickened by the establishment of banks.

It is not at all likely that any considerable number of banks will be established under Senator SHERMAN'S bill, if it becomes a law. Of the existing sixteen hundred national banks, a considerable number are making little or no money. Many stockholders in Western national banks would have done much better with their money had they kept it in hand, instead of investing it in bank stock. Banking in a new country, where the people are rich in every thing except money, is by no means a flourishing business. A Western or Southern bank has no deposits to speak of, for the customers of the bank have but little money to deposit. But they all want discounts. The country merchant, the miller, the farmer, the forwarder, all have their little notes which must be discounted. When the bank has exhausted its capital, it can only meet these demands by becoming a borrower, in its turn, of its correspondents in New York. And it is notorious that, during at least half the year, the country banks in the West are in debt to their friends here. This is not, we can assure our Western friends, a very profitable business. New York has plenty of capital, and supplies it, when it is required, with lavish hand; and it is apt to charge a round price for its use. To establish banks at the West, which will be dependent on New York for the money they will have to lend to their home customers, is a business in which a "good hater" might fairly wish to embark his enemy.

SENATOR REVELS.

IT is a curious and interesting fact that with the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, and the close of the great series of measures of reconstruction which formally end the war, a living symbol of the victory of equal rights which has been achieved should appear in the Senate of the United States in the person of Mr. REVELS, the colored Senator from Mississippi. It is no less striking and significant that the papers which always toadied the great slave-drivers in Congress gibe and sneer at the new Senator, not because of any want of capacity, any fault of character, or any defect of manner, but solely because of color. If Mr. REVELS shall prove to be as shallow as Mr. WIGFALL, as arrogant as Mr. TOOMBS, as false to his country as Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS; and if, like those ancient Democratic Senators and all their brethren, he shall devote all his energies to the perpetuity and extension of the most un-American, the most disastrous, and the most inhuman policy that was ever proposed in the Legislature of a civilized nation, we shall agree that the Democratic gibes are well deserved.

If, on the other hand, he shall modestly and steadily continue to support the great principles to which his life has been devoted—if he shall

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continue to do all that he can to elevate and enlighten the most unfortunate class of American citizens, to establish securely that policy of equal rights among the people which is alone truly American and democratic, to cultivate universal sympathy and fraternity, and to hold the Union to the great and humane purposes for which it is declared in the Constitution to be established—if he proves by his Senatorial course his faith in popular government, in liberty, in justice, as the best guarantees of civilization and progress, and the greatest good of the greatest number, he will do what neither Mr. WIGFALL, nor Mr. TOOMBS, nor Mr. SLIDELL, nor Mr. MASON, nor Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, nor any of the Democratic Senators ever did, and will commend himself, as they certainly never did, to the grateful remembrance and honor of his fellow-citizens.

PANDORA'S BOX.

THE recent summary execution of SALNAVE in Hayti violently turns public attention to that island and its sisters in the Gulf, and impressively suggests the question whether this is the kind of population that it is desirable to add to ours. The history of Hayti is a tale of blood. The negroes were cruelly wronged in the beginning, and they have fearfully revenged themselves. There is no occasion for denouncing them. Every sneer and execration leveled at them recoils with tenfold force upon the men of our own color. But what good reason can be urged that the United States should incorporate into themselves all this radically alien and essentially perilous element? Coffee and sugar and tobacco are not reasons for adding the most discordant elements to our population, in which the fires of old hate and jealousy still slumber.

Nor must it be forgotten that the victorious party in the Haytien war, whose leaders have just shot SALNAVE, are also a party in the Dominican troubles at the other end of the island. SALNAVE was captured by the Dominican General CABRAL, who is in arms against BAEZ, from whom we propose to lease the Bay of Samana, and under whose auspices San Domingo itself is to become ours. The party triumphant in Hayti is the party opposed to the annexation of San Domingo. Is it worth while for us to pay large sums of money for a territory wholly alien, and upon which there is a party victorious in arms bitterly opposed to the sale? Do we wish to annex civil wars and hatreds and heart-burnings? Do we wish an island which we can keep in order only by an army, and consequent greatly increased military expenses? If the whole population of Hayti and the Dominican republic, facetiously so called, should unite in asking to pay ten millions of dollars to be admitted to the Union, it might become necessary to allow that the destiny was too manifest to be resisted. But a commercial intrigue against which the leaders in power upon the island protest is not manifest destiny by any means. If we wish a naval station in the West Indies, we have agreed in honor to take St. Thomas, and the taking involves no hatred, no barbarism, and nothing but the addition of a few thousands of peaceful Danes to the population. In both cases, as proposed, we pay money; but let us be very careful that we buy something, and are not sold in the transaction.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes on the 9th of January from Port-au-Prince, that Hayti is ready to enter upon a career of peace. On the 10th of January the Dominican CABRAL captured SALNAVE and delivered him to the provisional Haytien authorities. On the 15th SALNAVE arrived at Port-au-Prince. Immediately upon his arrival, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he was tried by the revolutionary tribunal. At twenty minutes past six he was shot. The people are said to have danced and sung when it was known that SALNAVE was brought in a prisoner. But three years ago they danced and sung when he appeared as President. To-day it is SAGET who takes SALNAVE's first place. To-morrow he will probably take his last. The Haytien struggle, as the *Tribune* correspondent says, is to prevent "an entire relapse of Haytien society into barbarism." We ask again, is this a struggle and a society which patriotism or good sense requires that the United States should embrace? If the San Domingo treaty shall be reported for ratification by the Foreign Committee of the Senate, the country has a right to expect the most conclusive statement of the advantages which will be secured by it to this country, and an equally conclusive reply to the obvious and stringent reasons for letting the island severely alone.

STATE OF THE LAW AS TO USURY.

THE decisions recently made in various portions of the State on this subject show the need of a uniform regulation applicable to the whole country. In a late suit brought by the Lake Ontario National Bank of Oswego, in which the defense of usury was maintained, Judge MULLEN, of the Supreme Court, held that the State law did not apply, as the loan on which excessive interest was paid or agreed upon was made by a national bank, and that Congress had provided for the case.

Under our State law the whole debt, principal and interest, would have been forfeited. The act approved June 3, 1864, known as the National Bank Act, provides that in case a greater rate of interest shall be knowingly taken or reserved by any such institution than the rate allowed by the laws of the State or Territory in which the bank shall be located, it shall be adjudged a forfeiture "of the entire *interest* which the note, bill, or other evidence of debt carries with it, or which has been agreed to be paid thereon."

It should be stated, in justification of the bank, that only seven per cent. interest was actually taken at the time of the loan; but there was an agreement on the part of the debtor to pay, in addition to the principal, "exchange on New York"—a point which it is unnecessary to explain, as, under the circumstances, it was found to be usurious.

Appeal from the ruling of the Circuit Judge was taken and argued before Judge BACON, who, at Special Term, affirmed the decision, and the defense was abandoned. The *Bankers' Magazine* states that Judge MORGAN, of the same judicial district, and Judge ROSENCRANS, in another, had made the same decision. The case before Judge ROSENCRANS was one in which The First National Bank of Whitehall was plaintiff.

The defendants in the several cases contended that the act of Congress, with respect to usury, was merely cumulative; that it left the State law in full operation; and if it went beyond this, and superseded the State law, that the act of Congress was void. These points were overruled, and the decision may now be regarded as the settled law on the subject. The power of Congress to prescribe a rule in this respect, applicable to the national banks and their customers, is unquestionably derived from the specific grant of authority "to regulate commerce among the several States." As this authority is general, if there is power to affix the penalty for taking usurious interest in any case which arises in one of the States, it may be extended to all other cases. There would be a great defect in our system if it were impossible for the General Government to prescribe the penalty in all cases.

The laws of the respective States on this subject are various. In some States the principal and interest are both forfeited, in some only the interest is forfeited; in others the excess of interest over and above the prescribed rate; while in some twice, and in others thrice, the regular rate is forfeited. By the act of Congress approved June 3, 1864, above referred to, if the rate of interest paid by a borrower is usurious, the latter may recover from the bank "twice the amount of interest so paid."

Certainly there would seem to be no good reason for establishing different penalties in the different States for a violation of usury laws. A person living in a State where only the excess of interest is forfeited might, in his dealings with a neighboring borrower, living in an adjoining State, where the whole principal and interest are forfeited, be seduced into making a loan in the latter in ignorance of that severe penalty, and thus lose his whole debt. We are now bound together in close commercial interest—closer than formerly, on account of the creation of the national banks on a system which requires that the circulation of one shall be accepted by the others to a certain extent; and it would seem to be reasonable that commerce shall not be confused with divers penalties and different rules of law in such transactions. The mere fact that the General Government has interfered in this matter at all, is a sufficient reason for advancing to the passage of a general regulation, inasmuch as its act, now in existence, adds one more to the immense variety of penalties and punishments.

The concurrence of several courts in the decision that Congress has not passed beyond the true boundary of its powers into the region appropriated by our system to individual States, is an answer in part to the unjust clamor that there is a tendency in the Republican administration to usurp, and improperly extend, the national authority.

Before the war there was a decided tendency in the opposite direction, due to the claim that the weight of sovereignty resided in the States, and they were allowed to legislate on many subjects over which the power of the General Government was exclusive whenever it chose to legislate. Thus it was held that the insolvent laws of States might be enforced until Congress chose to act by passing a uniform bankrupt law, when instantly State laws inconsistent with it were held to be invalid. The power of the Union existed from the beginning, but it was suffered to be dormant until occasion arose for its exercise. So the power *to regulate* excludes the idea that any other can make regulations applicable to the same thing.

It would seem, therefore, to be wise to pass a general law to create uniformity in these penalties and punishments; so that, in order to be safe in dealings between citizens of different States, it shall not be necessary to know the various rules which appertain to every particular State, to be derived from various and, to the multiplied, inaccessible statute books.

THE LABOR CONVENTION UPON INTEREST.

THE late Labor Convention in Boston debated resolutions which condemned the taking of interest under any pretext, inasmuch as it made labor subservient to capital. A very simple explanation clears this confusion.

Our paper-money is a promise to pay the gold and silver dollar, of a certain weight and fineness, of one or the other of those metals, as specified in acts of Congress. These metals, into which our circulating medium must ultimately be resolved, are procured from the earth by *labor*. They may be said to be, therefore, the sole product of *labor*; and hence every law which strips them of any faculty is a blow at labor itself. If their creation was wholly artificial, and their commercial value was derived principally or largely from legislative acts, and the legislative power was lodged in aristocratic hands, there would be some ground for the denunciation of the resolutions. But as their value in exchange is due chiefly to the amount of useful labor which the coin represents, and which drew from GALIANI the remark we quoted in a recent article, that "man—that is to say, his labor—is the only true measure of value," the attack of members of the Convention was leveled at the very cause they represented.

NOTES.

IN discussing the school question it must not be forgotten that what the enemies of our present system really demand is not the exclusion of the Bible, but the division of the school-money among the sects proportionally to numbers. The Rev. Mr. PRESTON, to whose discourse upon this subject we have already referred, and who states distinctly the claim of the Roman Catholic clergy, says: "We have never regarded the reading of appropriate portions of the Bible as any great objection in itself to our Public Schools, provided that it be done without comment or attempts at interpretation." And he adds: "The exclusion of the Bible would not render the Common Schools satisfactory to us, for this alone would not make them non-sectarian." And again: "With our convictions of duty, no schools will satisfy us but those in which we can *teach* our religion." The scope of this demand, therefore, is, that the State shall provide for teaching every sectarian view of religion, and that the Mormons shall receive their share of the public money to be applied to teaching Mormonism. Mr. PRESTON "emphatically" denies any hostility to the Public Schools. "We do not wish them destroyed," he says. But he knows, of course, that his proposition is radically antagonistic to the present system. The principle of the school system now is that the State supports no church. The schools are neither Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, nor Unitarian. But he would have the State support every sect. The contest is vital, for it involves the American idea of government.

SENATOR WILSON'S bill for a pension for Mrs. LINCOLN should be passed without hesitation, but with an increase of the amount. Two thousand dollars is not enough. The subscription for the family of General RAWLINS and of Mr. STANTON will doubtless yield an income of two or three times that sum, and we do not believe that the people of this country are unwilling to make a suitable and handsome provision for the widow of the murdered President if they are willing to make any, of which there can be no doubt. It is a national shame that it has been so long delayed, and Congress must see by the hearty welcome with which the press has received the proposition of the pension, that it is the wish of the loyal nation for whom the late President laid down his life.

IN an admirable little paper upon Secretary STANTON, in the *Army and Navy Journal*, we find this characteristic story, which the writer, evidently an intimate personal friend of Mr. STANTON, gives in his own words. It is not the less valuable that it was told in kindly defense of Mrs. LINCOLN: "The second day after I took office, one of those indescribable half loafers, half gentlemen, came into my office, and handed me a card from Mrs. LINCOLN, asking that the man be made a commissary. I said, 'There is no place for you, and if there were, the fact that you bring me such a card would prevent my giving it to you;' and I tore the card up. The next day he came with a kind of small triumph in his eye, and handed me a formal letter from Mrs. LINCOLN, making the same request. I said, 'I told you yesterday there was no place for you—there never will be one while I am Secretary.' I tore up the letter, saying, 'I will see Mrs. LINCOLN.' During the day I called upon her, and said, 'I thought it only proper to call upon you, Madam, regarding a card and letter I have received from you.' She said, 'Yes, Mr. Secretary, I thought that as wife of the President I was entitled to ask for so small a favor.' I said, 'Madam, we are in the midst of a great war for national existence. Our success depends upon the people. My first duty is to the people of the United States; my next duty is to protect your husband's honor and your own. If I should make such appointments, I should strike at the very root of all confidence of the people in the government, in your husband, and you and me.' She said at once: 'Mr. STANTON, you are right, and I will never ask you for any thing again,' and she never did."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 31.—In the Senate, almost every member presented petitions for the abolition of the franking privilege.—In the House, bills were introduced to admit Mississippi; to remove all political disabilities; to grant belligerent rights to Cuba; to establish the salaries of Senators and Representatives at $3000 a year, and reduce the mileage to ten cents; and for apprenticeships in the navy.

February 1.—In the Senate, progress was made with the Currency bill, but final action was not taken.—In the House, the Tariff bill was reported, and after debate was ordered to be printed.

February 2.—In the Senate, the Currency bill was passed by a vote of 39 to 23.—In the House, a resolution was introduced by Mr. Logan, looking to the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents. A bill to establish a uniform system of naturalization was reported.

February 3.—In the Senate, a resolution was introduced to inquire into the expediency of establishing a National Police force, in view of the state of affairs in portions of the South. Mr. Sherman reported a bill for funding the National debt, extending banking privileges, and establishing specie payments.—In the House, a large part of the session was taken up with a discussion of the bill to supply the naval deficiencies, amounting to $3,000,000, the result of which was the adoption of an amendment reducing the appropriations to $1,500,000, and the passage of the bill as amended. The bill for the admission of Mississippi, which is exactly similar to the one under which Virginia was admitted, was passed. A bill amending the act in relation to additional bounties, which extends the benefits of pensions, etc., to the families of deceased soldiers who enlisted for a period of less than a year, was passed. An extensive and important bill providing for the execution of every and all the laws in Utah Territory was reported and recommitted.

February 4.—In the Senate, a bill was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to withhold moneys due to States in default of the payment of interest on bonds held in trust by the government. A long discussion was had in reference to the abolition of the franking privilege on a motion to take the House bill from the table. The motion was lost by a vote of 22 to 34.—In the House, a resolution was adopted after some debate authorizing the Committee on Military Affairs to investigate the reported sale of appointments to the Naval and Military Academies by members of Congress.

February 5.—The Senate was not in session, and the time of the House was occupied with an unimportant general debate.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The most important bill introduced in the New York State Legislature during the week was the one to provide a new charter for this city. The salient features of this instrument are the following:

The Mayor, Comptroller, and Counsel to the Corporation are to be elected for four years. No charter election will take place until 1871, and thereafter every second year. The new Common Council is to consist of fifteen Aldermen, and an Assistant from each ward. The details of municipal labor are to be divided among eleven departments, to wit: Department of Finance, of Public Works, of Law, of Public Charities, of Police, of Education, of Public Buildings, of Public Parks, of Excise, Sanitary Department, and Fire Department. The superintendent of police is to be called Chief of Police, and to be subordinate to the Mayor, and the present Superintendent is legislated out of office. Provision is made for the retention of the present police and firemen, except in cases specified. The Board of Excise is to consist of three members. Liquor shops may open at 4 o'clock A.M., and remain open until 1 o'clock A.M. They must be closed on Sundays, but the prohibition does not include the selling of liquor to guests by hotels or steamboats. The restriction upon the sale of lager beer on Sunday is absolutely removed. The Common Council shall have the power of impeaching the Mayor, Comptroller, and Counsel to the Corporation. The Education Department is not changed in any of its features. The authority over the several departments is completely vested in the Mayor and Aldermen, and divorced from the Governor.

The bill was referred to the Committee on Cities, and ordered to be printed.

The statement of the public debt shows a net decrease of $3,933,664 39 during the month of January. The coin balance is $101,600,730, including coin certificates amounting to $50,000,000. The currency balance is $8,600,807. The purchased bonds and interest amount to $97,082,384.

The Legislature of Tennessee has passed an act granting aid to the Mediterranean and Oriental Steam Navigation Company of New York, the object of which is to encourage immigration to the South by means of direct communication with Southern Europe.

Several years ago General Frank P. Blair refused to take the oath at the polls in Missouri, and was debarred from voting. He carried the case up to Washington for an opinion. The Court has decided against him, thus establishing the validity of the State test oath.

The "new nation" across the northern border has come to a sudden end. Dictator Riell, after a short and inglorious reign, has been deposed by the people, and Governor M'Tavish has been reinstated. The Hudson Bay Company is in full control again, and Riell is a prisoner in Fort Garry.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is said that the Pope will hereafter refuse to receive protests against the affirmation of the dogma of infallibility. Rumors of his death have again been put in circulation, but were found to have originated in the statement that he had had an attack of epelipsy, which was not regarded as of a fatal character. These rumors have had the effect, however, to excite speculation in regard to his successor, the favorite candidate in England being Archbishop Manning.

It is reported that the Duke of Montpensier will no longer be pressed for the Spanish throne. Prince George, a Catholic, and a son of the King of Saxony, and Prince Charles of Prussia, are now among the principal candidates named.

M. Le Verrier, the distinguished French astronomer and Senator, has been removed from the directorship of the Imperial Observatory for action in the Senate which the government deemed inconsistent with his official position.

A dispatch from Vienna states that the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria has fled to this country. No reason for this strange step is assigned.

The agents of the American Cable Company have obtained the consent of the Dutch government for the landing of the cable in Holland.

It is reported, on the authority of a letter from a British naval officer on the coast of Africa, that Dr. Livingstone had been burned as a wizard by a chief in the interior. The correctness of the report is doubted by the London papers.

An alliance between Egypt and Greece is said to have been concluded.

Advices from Mexico represent the condition of affairs in that country as truly deplorable. Revolutionary attempts are frequent, and the government is unable to preserve tranquillity. A plot to proclaim Santa Anna has been discovered, and the principals arrested. Puebla is reported quiet. A battle is reported to have taken place in San Luis Potosi, which resulted in a victory of the insurgent troops, and the capture by them of twenty pieces of artillery. General Negrete is said to be in Mexico secretly working in the interests of Santa Anna.

On January 31, Señor Castanon, editor of the *Voz de Cuba*, a journal in the Spanish interest published in Havana, was shot and killed by several Cubans at Key West, whither he had gone to fight a duel.

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VACCINATING THE BABY.

A PRETTY domestic story is that which our artist tells in this beautiful engraving, and tells so well that we need scarcely call the attention of our readers to the artistic skill displayed in its treatment. The happy manner in which he has expressed the pride of the young mother, the shrinking timidity of the baby, the anxiety of the nurse lest the doctor should hurt her pretty charge, and the kindly good-nature of the old family doctor, will strike every one at first glance.

We trust the hint conveyed indirectly by this picture may not be lost upon families where this necessary precaution against a loathsome disease has been neglected. The sanitary superintendent of the Metropolitan District of New York, in a recent report, called attention to the fact that this disease has become fearfully prevalent throughout the West, especially in California, and that great precaution will be necessary to keep it from spreading through New York. In most European countries the regulations in regard to the vaccination of children are very rigid, and are enforced without respect to rank. At a certain age every child is vaccinated; those of the poor by the police physician, who gives a certificate that the law has been complied with. This excellent regulation has nearly banished small-pox from many cities where it once made fearful ravages among the poorer classes. One of the results is, that this disease is very seldom brought to this country by immigrants. In 1869, out of 662 cases treated at Blackwell's Island Hospital, only 152 were brought from abroad. This fact carries its own moral.

VACCINATING THE BABY.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SOL EYTINGE.]

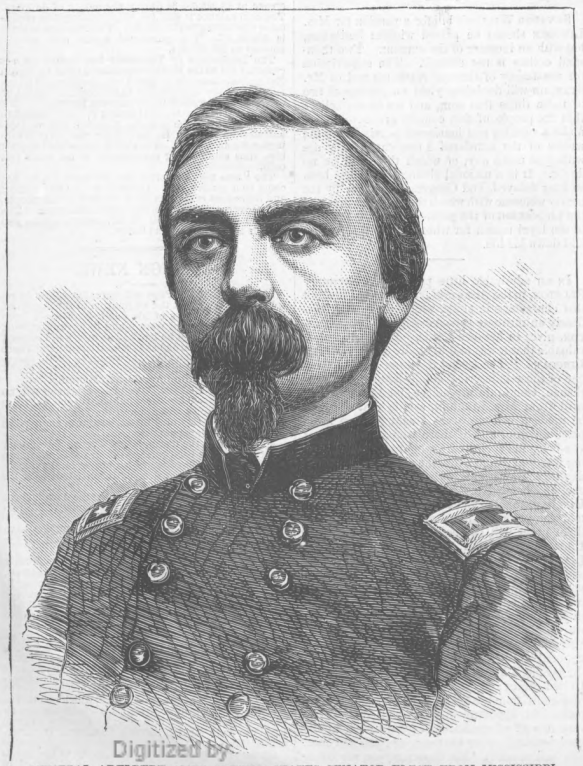
GENERAL AMES.

GENERAL ADELBERT AMES, who has just been elected to the United States Senate from the State of Mississippi, and whose portrait is given on this page, is a native of Maine, and entered West Point as a cadet from that State. He graduated with honor in 1856, received a lieutenant's commission, and has since remained in the army. No officer has a more honorable war-record than General AMES. He served with distinction in the Army of the Potomac, and participated in nearly every battle in which that gallant host was engaged, and was promoted for gallant and meritorious services through the various grades, from lieutenant to the rank of major-general, which he now holds.

General AMES is about thirty-five years of age, a man of pleasant bearing, of frank and yet firm disposition. His administration as Military Governor of Mississippi has been eminently wise and successful. He was chosen Senator by the nearly unanimous vote of the Legislature of that State. Should the question of his eligibility be decided against him, his rejection by the Senate would cause general regret throughout the State, where his impartial conduct has won the respect of all parties.

HON. H. R. REVELS.

ON this page will be found the portrait of Hon. H. R. REVELS, Senator elect from Mississippi. Mr. REVELS was born in North Carolina, in 1822, of free colored parents. He was educated at a



GENERAL ADELBERT AMES, UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECT FROM MISSISSIPPI.

HON. H. R. REVELS, UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECT FROM MISSISSIPPI.

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Quaker Seminary in Indiana, and became a Methodist minister. At the breaking out of the war he was settled in Baltimore, and from that time took an active part in the management of freedmen's affairs. In 1864 he went to Vicksburg, in pursuance of this mission, and assisted in the organization of schools and churches among the liberated slaves. He passed the next two years in Kansas and Missouri, preaching and lecturing on moral and religious subjects; returned to Mississippi the following year, and has since resided in Natchez. He is presiding elder of his Church for the southern portion of the State. Since July last he has been a member of the City Council, and has served in that capacity with credit. A short time since he was elected to the State Senate by a handsome majority, and has now been selected by the Legislature as a proper man to represent the State in the Senate of the United States.

Mr. REVELS is a tall, portly man, of light complexion; has benevolent features, a pleasant voice, and cultivated manners. He is thoroughly respected by his own people, and by the whites.

SEA-DRIFT.

THE inhabitants of the sea are fiercer than those of the land, all, or nearly all, being carnivorous, and preying upon each other. Various regions or zones are inhabited by certain fishes and other animals peculiar to them, and found in no other parts. Sometimes they travel to find food, but those greater travelers, the currents, bring them large supplies too. The Gulf Stream carries immense numbers of the jelly-like medusæ northward, to be eagerly devoured by the Greenland whale, whose huge body is chiefly sustained by such apparently trifling food. It is well known that the narrowness of its throat prevents it from swallowing any thing larger than shrimps and small crabs. Medusæ abound in the polar seas, sometimes to such an extent as to calm ruffled water; but the amount drifted from the tropics is not too much to make up for its constant destruction by this animal. The great nursery of marine life is in the Pacific and Indian oceans. There the warm, placid waters are seen tinged for miles with crimson, yellow, or white, by millions of infusoria, whose curious forms are only revealed by the microscope. There whole fleets of the "Portuguese man-of-war" and "Sallee-man," as sailors call the nautilus and velella, are setting out with the gentle drift-currents on a long voyage that has no end for them but death, and a sinking into unfathomable depths of still, dark water below, where their delicate shells add to the crust of dead organisms ever forming freshly upon the sea-floor.

Sea-weed is not without its uses. The immense quantities of wrack thrown upon the coasts of Scotland, Ireland, and Iceland are used by the poor for fuel and cattle-food, and the more delicate kinds are even eaten by themselves. Formerly thousands of tons were used annually in the manufacture of alkali. The edible birds' nests found along the shores of the Java and Chinese seas are made by a swallow which feeds upon a species of floating sea-weed. From this it extracts the glutinous substance forming the nest. This gelatine can be made artificially, if one may so call it, by boiling down the weed; and in some parts of the Indies it is really used in cookery.

Seeds, plants, and even large trees are often drifted across the seas to foreign shores, where they sometimes take root if the soil and climate be favorable. Growing in the hot, rank moisture of a primeval forest, or among the reeds bordering a grassy upland, this living vegetation is swept away with its whole banks by the furious inundations of tropical rivers. It forms a sand-bank at the river mouth, which in course of time silts up into a delta, generally an immense, thickly-wooded swamp of rich alluvial soil, tigers and alligators infesting its gloomy depths. But a great part of this *débris* is driven out to sea. Mr. Bates says that in the flood season the Amazon bears along "a continuous line of uprooted trees and islets of floating plants;" and in the open sea, four hundred miles from its mouth, he saw "patches of floating grass, mingled with tree-trunks and withered foliage," among them fruits of a tree found only on the banks of the Great River, the Ubussie palm. The floods of the Orinoco, the Congo, the Ganges, the Plate, and the Mississippi float out to sea similar natural rafts. Among the Philippine and Molucca islands they are met with, coming probably from the large Chinese rivers. Those of the Orinoco are covered with water-plants in flower; and so solid are they that many a canoe is wrecked against them on dark nights as they come down with the swirling flood. The Mississippi tears away whole acres covered with wood; and one hundred miles from the mouth of the Ganges floating islands have been seen, composed of matted trees and soil, with trees growing erect upon them. Many of these carry monkeys, storks, alligators, snakes, and tigers. Generally victims of the next storm, a few may have sailed safely before the steady summer winds to more than one lonely rock or sand-key, plants taken root, and animals multiplied there, before man came to reign over all. It is an interesting question to many how animal and vegetable life spread over the earth, and our increasing knowledge of deep-sea currents explains much. All these things are received by the great universal ocean, and by it distributed far and wide.

Not only is this lower life dispersed by the currents, but man too is affected by them. The idea conceived by Columbus of a western continent was confirmed by the fact of trees and bodies of strange men being stranded on the Azores. In 1508 a French ship captured an Esquimaux canoe containing seven men, near the English coast, and Esquimaux have several times been driven in their canoes by storms to the Orcades. The wreck of a Japanese junk was drifted to the Sandwich Islands with her surviving crew. In this it is easy to trace the agency of the Black Stream of Japan, as the foregoing instances may be attributed to that of the Gulf Stream. Stories are on record of Pacific islanders having helplessly drifted for months before seeing land; and undoubtedly many islands have been peopled in this way. Humboldt says that some casks of palm-oil, belonging to the cargo of a vessel wrecked near Cape Lopez, were carried across the Atlantic by the equatorial current, and made a second passage with the Gulf Stream to the coast of Scotland, where they were found. A similar thing has happened to more than one wrecked cargo in the West Indies.

CUPID'S MESSENGERS.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PYRENEES.

THE multiplicity of charms of various kinds almost rivals those of the ages of faith. A toad hung up and left to die in a stable preserves the horses from the evil-eye; certain pointed stones, called Peyres de pigotes, or small-pox stones, tied round the neck, are a defense against infectious diseases. In the valley of Argèlès the poorest peasant contrives to procure a mighty log of wood on Christmas-eve; this is lighted, and to it he offers a portion of the bread, wine, etc., of which his poor supper on that night is composed. Hawthorn and laurel secure the wearer against thunder; the inhabitants of Biarritz make wreaths of these plants at dawn on St. John's Day; they then rush to the sea, plunge in after a prayer, and are safe, during the ensuing twelvemonth, from the temptations of evil spirits. The belief in fairies and spirits is common. There is the friendly sprite who tends the fire, folds the linen, and redes up the house in the absence of its owner. Le Follet is a tricksy imp, who lives among the mountains, and specially delights in teasing horses, which are sometimes found on stormy mornings with manes marvelously plaited, and in a state of great agitation from his visits. As to fairies, they are still visible to the unsophisticated Pyreneans, and they sit at the entrance of their grottoes, combing their golden hair, much as they used to do in our own old nursery days. He who tries to reach them perishes; should he find favor in their eyes, he disappears forever from this world. If, however, a mortal release a fairy from a spell, she sometimes lends him her magic wand, with which he can obtain whatever he desires. In the Barège valley the fairies inhabit the interior of the Pic de Bergons, and flax placed at the foot of their abode is instantly spun into the finest thread. In the valley of Barousse they go from house to house on New Year's night, carrying happiness in their right hands, and sorrow in their left, under the form of two children, the one crowned with flowers, the other weeping. To propitiate them a repast is spread in a room with open doors and windows, and on the morrow the master of the house distributes the food among his family and servants, with good wishes for the New Year. Occasionally, however, tricks may be played upon female fairies with impunity, as when one was caught in a pair of trowsers, left in a garden for the purpose.

A reputation for witchcraft is both profitable and dangerous in those parts. A witch who died quietly at Argèlès in 1865 had lived surrounded with benefits

TOPSY'S VALENTINE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SOL EYTINGE.]

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and advantages conferred on her by those who feared her power; but in 1850 a poor old woman, named Jeanne Bedouret, was thrown alive into a heated oven at Pujo, near Vic-Bigorre, and died under the torture.

Like all superstitious people, the inhabitants of the Pyrenees account, by legendary stories, for natural sights and sounds. The man in the moon was banished to his place of distant exile for Sabbath-breaking; he sinned in February; he has borne the name of that month ever since. He still bears upon his shoulder the fagot that he gathered on the sacred day. He is condemned to labor without repose until the end of the world, when he will have expiated his transgression, and will regain his liberty and name. When the shepherd, leading home his flock, hears the shiver of leaves in the wind, when mysterious woodland sounds startle him, when the mountain echoes awake from rock to rock, he trembles, for he knows that Bassa Jaon (Basque for the wild lord) is near. Bassa Jaon is of enormous size; he has a human countenance, and walks upright like a man; but he surpasses the stag in activity, and is covered with long, smooth hair. He foresees tempests, and at such times cries aloud, for he knows that he must endure the hardest buffets of the elements. Occasionally he forewarns the herdsman of the approaching storm, and woe to the unlucky wight who neglects or despises the caution! Despite his formidable appearance and manners, Bassa Jaon seems to be rather a good-natured personage, who does not resent liberties. Once having fallen, like the fairy, into the trap of a pair of trowsers, he allowed himself to be tricked into revealing the secret of the previously unknown art of welding iron. Some have supposed that Bassa Jaon is a legendary reminiscence of the orang-outang of Africa, where the Basques are said formerly to have sojourned.

SUN AND RAIN.

A YOUNG wife stood at the lattice-pane,
In a study sad and "brown,"
Watching the dreary, ceaseless rain,
Steadily pouring down—
Drip, drip, drip,
It kept on its tireless play;
And the poor little woman sighed, "Ah, me!
What a wretched, weary day!"

An eager hand at the door,
A step as of one in haste,
A kiss on her lips once more,
And an arm around her waist:
Throb, throb, throb,
Went her little heart, grateful and gay,
As she thought, with a smile, "Well, after all,
It isn't so dull a day!"

Forgot was the plashing rain,
And the lowering skies above,
For the sombre room was lighted again
By the blessed sun o' love:
"Love, love, love!"
Ran the little wife's murmur'd lay;
"Without, it may threaten and frown if it will;
Within, what a golden day!"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name,' "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

GONE.

BLANCHE came in, with a glass of wine in her hand, and saw the swooning woman on the floor.

She was alarmed, but not surprised, as she knelt by Anne, and raised her head. Her own previous observation of her friend necessarily prevented her from being at any loss to account for the fainting fit. The inevitable delay in getting the wine was—naturally to her mind—alone to blame for the result which now met her view.

If she had been less ready in thus tracing the effect to the cause, she might have gone to the window to see if any thing had happened, out-of-doors, to frighten Anne—might have seen Geoffrey before he had time to turn the corner of the house—and, making that one discovery, might have altered the whole course of events, not in her coming life only, but in the coming lives of others. So do we shape our own destinies, blindfold. So do we hold our poor little tenure of happiness at the capricious mercy of Chance. It is surely a blessed delusion which persuades us that we are the highest product of the great scheme of creation, and sets us doubting whether other planets are inhabited, because other planets are not surrounded by an atmosphere which *we* can breathe!

After trying such simple remedies as were within her reach, and trying them without success, Blanche became seriously alarmed. Anne lay, to all outward appearance, dead in her arms. She was on the point of calling for help—come what might of the discovery which would ensue—when the door from the hall opened once more, and Hester Dethridge entered the room.

The cook had accepted the alternative which her mistress's message had placed before her, if she insisted on having her own time at her own sole disposal for the rest of that day. Exactly as Lady Lundie had desired, she intimated her resolution to carry her point by placing her account-book on the desk in the library. It was only when this had been done that Blanche received any answer to her entreaties for help. Slowly and deliberately Hester Dethridge walked up to the spot where the young girl knelt with Anne's head on her bosom, and looked at the two without a trace of human emotion in her stern and stony face.

"Don't you see what's happened?" cried Blanche. "Are you alive or dead? Oh, Hester, I can't bring her to! Look at her! look at her!"

Hester Dethridge looked at her, and shook her head. Looked again, thought for a while, and wrote on her slate. Held out the slate over Anne's body, and showed what she had written:

"Who has done it?"

"You stupid creature!" said Blanche. "Nobody has done it."

The eyes of Hester Dethridge steadily read the worn white face, telling its own tale of sorrow mutely on Blanche's breast. The mind of Hester Dethridge steadily looked back at her own knowledge of her own miserable married life. She again returned to writing on her slate—again showed the written words to Blanche.

"Brought to it by a man. Let her be—and God will take her."

"You horrid unfeeling woman! how dare you write such an abominable thing!" With this natural outburst of indignation, Blanche looked back at Anne, and, daunted by the death-like persistency of the swoon, appealed again to the mercy of the immovable woman who was looking down at her. "Oh, Hester! for Heaven's sake help me!"

The cook dropped her slate at her side, and bent her head gravely in sign that she submitted. She motioned to Blanche to loosen Anne's dress, and then—kneeling on one knee—took Anne to support her while it was being done.

The instant Hester Dethridge touched her, the swooning woman gave signs of life.

A faint shudder ran through her from head to foot—her eyelids trembled—half opened for a moment—and closed again. As they closed, a low sigh fluttered feebly from her lips.

Hester Dethridge put her back in Blanche's arms—considered a little with herself—returned to writing on her slate—and held out the written words once more:

"Shivered when I touched her. That means I have been walking over her grave."

Blanche turned from the sight of the slate, and from the sight of the woman, in horror. "You frighten me!" she said. "You will frighten *her*, if she sees you. I don't mean to offend you; but—leave us, please leave us."

Hester Dethridge accepted her dismissal, as she accepted every thing else. She bowed her head in sign that she understood—looked for the last time at Anne—dropped a stiff courtesy to her young mistress—and left the room.

An hour later the butler had paid her, and she had left the house.

Blanche breathed more freely when she found herself alone. She could feel the relief now of seeing Anne revive.

"Can you hear me, darling?" she whispered. "Can you let me leave you for a moment?"

Anne's eyes slowly opened and looked round her—in that torment and terror of reviving life which marks the awful protest of humanity against its recall to existence when mortal mercy has dared to wake it in the arms of Death.

Blanche rested Anne's head against the nearest chair, and ran to the table upon which she had placed the wine on entering the room.

After swallowing the first few drops Anne began to feel the effect of the stimulant. Blanche persisted in making her empty the glass, and refrained from asking or answering questions until her recovery under the influence of the wine was complete.

"You have overexerted yourself this morning," she said, as soon as it seemed safe to speak. "Nobody has seen you, darling—nothing has happened. Do you feel like yourself again?"

Anne made an attempt to rise and leave the library; Blanche placed her gently in the chair, and went on:

"There is not the least need to stir. We have another quarter of an hour to ourselves before any body is at all likely to disturb us. I have something to say, Anne—a little proposal to make. Will you listen to me?"

Anne took Blanche's hand, and pressed it gratefully to her lips. She made no other reply. Blanche proceeded:

"I won't ask any questions, my dear—I won't attempt to keep you here against your will—I won't even remind you of my letter yesterday. But I can't let you go, Anne, without having my mind made easy about you in some way. You will relieve all my anxiety, if you will do one thing—one easy thing, for my sake?"

"What is it, Blanche?"

She put that question with her mind far away from the subject before her. Blanche was too eager in pursuit of her object to notice the absent tone, the purely mechanical manner, in which Anne had spoken to her.

"I want you to consult my uncle," she answered. "Sir Patrick is interested in you; Sir Patrick proposed to me this very day to go and see you at the inn. He is the wisest, the kindest, the dearest old man living—and you can trust him as you could trust nobody else. Will you take my uncle into your confidence, and be guided by his advice?"

With her mind still far away from the subject, Anne looked out absently at the lawn, and made no answer.

"Come!" said Blanche. "One word isn't much to say. Is it Yes or No?"

Still looking out on the lawn—still thinking of something else—Anne yielded, and said "Yes."

Blanche was enchanted. "How well I must have managed it!" she thought. "This is what my uncle means, when my uncle talks of 'putting it strongly.'"

She bent down over Anne, and gayly patted her on the shoulder.

"That's the wisest 'Yes,' darling, you ever said in your life. Wait here—and I'll go in to luncheon, or they will be sending to know what has become of me. Sir Patrick has kept my place for me, next to himself. I shall contrive to tell him what I want; and *he* will contrive (oh, the blessing of having to do with a clever man; there are so few of them!)—he will contrive to leave the table before the rest, without exciting any body's suspicions. Go away with him at once to the summer-house (we have been at the summer-house all the morning; nobody will go back to it now), and I will follow you as soon as I have satisfied Lady Lundie by eating some lunch. Nobody will be any the wiser but our three selves. In five minutes or less you may expect Sir Patrick. Let me go! We haven't a moment to lose!"

Anne held her back. Anne's attention was concentrated on her now.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Are you going on happily with Arnold, Blanche?"

"Arnold is nicer than ever, my dear."

"Is the day fixed for your marriage?"

"The day will be ages hence. Not till we are back in town, at the end of the autumn. Let me go, Anne!"

"Give me a kiss, Blanche."

Blanche kissed her, and tried to release her hand. Anne held it as if she was drowning, as if her life depended on not letting it go.

"Will you always love me, Blanche, as you love me now?"

"How can you ask me!"

"*I* said Yes just now. *You* say Yes too."

Blanche said it. Anne's eyes fastened on her face, with one long, yearning look, and then Anne's hand suddenly dropped hers.

She ran out of the room, more agitated, more uneasy, than she liked to confess to herself. Never had she felt so certain of the urgent necessity of appealing to Sir Patrick's advice as she felt at that moment.

The guests were still safe at the luncheon-table when Blanche entered the dining-room.

Lady Lundie expressed the necessary surprise, in the properly graduated tone of reproof, at her step-daughter's want of punctuality. Blanche made her apologies with the most exemplary humility. She glided into her chair by her uncle's side, and took the first thing that was offered to her. Sir Patrick looked at his niece, and found himself in the company of a model young English Miss—and marveled inwardly what it might mean.

The talk, interrupted for the moment (topics, Politics and Sport—and then, when a change was wanted, Sport and Politics), was resumed again all round the table. Under cover of the conversation, and in the intervals of receiving the attentions of the gentlemen, Blanche whispered to Sir Patrick, "Don't start, uncle. Anne is in the library." (Polite Mr. Smith offered some ham. Gratefully declined.) "Pray, pray, pray go to her; she is waiting to see you—she is in dreadful trouble." (Gallant Mr. Jones proposed fruit tart and cream. Accepted with thanks.) "Take her to the summer-house: I'll follow you when I get the chance. And manage it at once, uncle, if you love me, or you will be too late."

Before Sir Patrick could whisper back a word in reply, Lady Lundie, cutting a cake of the richest Scottish composition, at the other end of the table, publicly proclaimed it to be her "own cake," and, as such, offered her brother-in-law a slice. The slice exhibited an eruption of plums and sweetmeats, overlaid by a perspiration of butter. It has been said that Sir Patrick had passed the age of seventy—it is, therefore, needless to add that he politely declined to commit an unprovoked outrage on his own stomach.

"My cake!" persisted Lady Lundie, elevating the horrible composition on a fork. "Won't that tempt you?"

Sir Patrick saw his way to slipping out of the room under cover of a compliment to his sister-in-law. He summoned his courtly smile, and laid his hand on his heart.

"A fallible mortal," he said, "is met by a temptation which he can not possibly resist. If he is a wise mortal, also, what does he do?"

"He eats some of My cake," said the prosaic Lady Lundie.

"No!" said Sir Patrick, with a look of unutterable devotion directed at his sister-in-law. "He flies temptation, dear lady—as I do now." He bowed, and escaped, unsuspected, from the room.

Lady Lundie cast down her eyes, with an expression of virtuous indulgence for human frailty, and divided Sir Patrick's compliment modestly between herself and her cake.

Well aware that his own departure from the table would be followed in a few minutes by the rising of the lady of the house, Sir Patrick hurried to the library as fast as his lame foot would let him. Now that he was alone, his manner became anxious, and his face looked grave. He entered the room.

Not a sign of Anne Silvester was to be seen any where. The library was a perfect solitude.

"Gone!" said Sir Patrick. "This looks bad."

After a moment's reflection he went back into the hall to get his hat. It was possible that she might have been afraid of discovery if she staid in the library, and that she might have gone on to the summer-house by herself.

If she was not to be found in the summer-house, the quieting of Blanche's mind and the clearing up of her uncle's suspicions alike depended on discovering the place in which Miss Silvester had taken refuge. In this case time would be of importance, and the capacity of making the most of it would be a precious capacity at starting. Arriving rapidly at these conclusions, Sir Patrick rang the bell in the hall which communicated with the servants' offices, and summoned his own valet—a person of tried discretion and fidelity, nearly as old as himself.

"Get your hat, Duncan," he said, when the valet appeared, "and come out with me."

Master and servant set forth together silently, on their way through the grounds. Arrived within sight of the summer-house, Sir Patrick ordered Duncan to wait, and went on by himself.

There was not the least need for the precaution that he had taken. The summer-house was as empty as the library. He stepped out again and looked about him. Not a living creature was visible. Sir Patrick summoned his servant to join him.

"Go back to the stables, Duncan," he said, "and say that Miss Lundie lends me her pony-carriage to-day. Let it be got ready at once and kept in the stable-yard. I want to attract as little notice as possible. You are to go with me, and nobody else. Provide yourself with a railway time-table. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"Did you happen to see the governess (Miss Silvester) on the day when we came here—the day of the lawn-party?"

"I did, Sir Patrick."

"Should you know her again?"

"I thought her a very distinguished-looking person, Sir Patrick. I should certainly know her again."

"Have you any reason to think she noticed you?"

"She never even looked at me, Sir Patrick."

"Very good. Put a change of linen into your bag, Duncan—I may possibly want you to take a journey by railway. Wait for me in the stable-yard. This is a matter in which every thing is trusted to my discretion, and to yours."

"Thank you, Sir Patrick."

With that acknowledgment of the compliment which had been just paid to him, Duncan gravely went his way to the stables; and Duncan's master returned to the summer-house, to wait there until he was joined by Blanche.

Sir Patrick showed signs of failing patience during the interval of expectation through which he was now condemned to pass. He applied perpetually to the snuff-box in the knob of his cane. He fidgeted incessantly in and out of the summer-house. Anne's disappearance had placed a serious obstacle in the way of further discovery; and there was no attacking that obstacle, until precious time had been wasted in waiting to see Blanche.

At last she appeared in view, from the steps of the summer-house; breathless and eager, hastening to the place of meeting as fast as her feet would take her to it.

Sir Patrick considerately advanced, to spare her the shock of making the inevitable discovery. "Blanche," he said. "Try to prepare yourself, my dear, for a disappointment. I am alone."

"You don't mean that you have let her go?"

"My poor child! I have never seen her at all."

Blanche pushed by him, and ran into the summer-house. Sir Patrick followed her. She came out again to meet him with a look of blank despair. "Oh, uncle! I did so truly pity her! And see how little pity she has for *me!*"

Sir Patrick put his arm round his niece, and softly patted the fair young head that dropped on his shoulder.

"Don't let us judge her harshly, my dear: we don't know what serious necessity may not plead her excuse. It is plain that she can trust nobody—and that she only consented to see me to get you out of the room and spare you the pain of parting. Compose yourself, Blanche. I don't despair of discovering where she has gone, if you will help me."

Blanche lifted her head, and dried her tears bravely.

"My father himself wasn't kinder to me than you are," she said. "Only tell me, uncle, what I can do!"

"I want to hear exactly what happened in the library," said Sir Patrick. "Forget nothing, my dear child, no matter how trifling it may be. Trifles are precious to us, and minutes are precious to us, now."

Blanche followed her instructions to the letter, her uncle listening with the closest attention. When she had completed her narrative, Sir Patrick suggested leaving the summer-house. "I have ordered your chaise," he said; "and I can tell you what I propose doing on our way to the stable-yard."

"Let me drive you, uncle!"

"Forgive me, my dear, for saying No to that. Your step-mother's suspicions are very easily excited—and you had better not be seen with me if my inquiries take me to the Craig Fernie inn. I promise, if you will remain here, to tell you every thing when I come back. Join the others in any plan they have for the afternoon—and you will prevent my absence from exciting any thing more than a passing remark. You will do as I tell you? That's a good girl! Now you shall hear how I propose to search for this poor lady, and how your little story has helped me."

He paused, considering with himself whether he should begin by telling Blanche of his consultation with Geoffrey. Once more, he decided that question in the negative. Better to still defer taking her into his confidence until he had performed the errand of investigation on which he was now setting forth.

"What you have told me, Blanche, divides itself, in my mind, into two heads," began Sir Patrick. "There is what happened in the li-

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brary before your own eyes; and there is what Miss Silvester told you had happened at the inn. As to the event in the library (in the first place), it is too late now to inquire whether that fainting-fit was the result, as you say, of mere exhaustion—or whether it was the result of something that occurred while you were out of the room."

"What could have happened while I was out of the room?"

"I know no more than you do, my dear. It is simply one of the possibilities in the case; and, as such, I notice it. To get on to what practically concerns us; if Miss Silvester is in delicate health it is impossible that she could get, unassisted, to any great distance from Windygates. She may have taken refuge in one of the cottages in our immediate neighborhood. Or she may have met with some passing vehicle from one of the farms on its way to the Station, and may have asked the person driving to give her a seat in it. Or she may have walked as far as she can, and may have stopped to rest in some sheltered place, among the lanes to the south of this house."

"I'll inquire at the cottages, uncle, while you are gone."

"My dear child, there must be a dozen cottages, at least, within a circle of one mile from Windygates! Your inquiries would probably occupy you for the whole afternoon. I won't ask what Lady Lundie would think of your being away all that time by yourself. I will only remind you of two things. You would be making a public matter of an investigation which it is essential to pursue as privately as possible; and, even if you happened to hit on the right cottage, your inquiries would be completely baffled, and you would discover nothing."

"Why not?"

"I know the Scottish peasant better than you do, Blanche. In his intelligence and his sense of self-respect he is a very different being from the English peasant. He would receive you civilly, because you are a young lady; but he would let you see, at the same time, that he considered you had taken advantage of the difference between your position and his position to commit an intrusion. And if Miss Silvester had appealed, in confidence, to his hospitality, and if he had granted it, no power on earth would induce him to tell any person living that she was under his roof—without her express permission."

"But uncle—if it's of no use making inquiries of any body, how are we to find her?"

"I don't say that nobody will answer our inquiries, my dear—I only say the peasantry won't answer them, if your friend has trusted herself to their protection. The way to find her is to look on beyond what Miss Silvester may be doing at the present moment, to what Miss Silvester contemplates doing—let us say, before the day is out. We may assume, I think (after what has happened), that, as soon as she *can* leave this neighborhood, she assuredly *will* leave it? Do you agree, so far?"

"Yes! yes! Go on."

"Very well. She is a woman, and she is (to say the least of it) not strong. She can only leave this neighborhood either by hiring a vehicle or by traveling on the railway. I propose going first to the Station. At the rate at which your pony gets over the ground, there is a fair chance, in spite of the time we have lost, of my being there as soon as she is—assuming that she leaves by the first train, up or down, that passes."

"There is a train in half an hour, uncle. She can never get there in time for that."

"She may be less exhausted than we think; or she may get a lift; or she may not be alone. How do we know but somebody may have been waiting in the lane—her husband, if there is such a person—to help her? No! I shall assume she is now on her way to the Station; and I shall get there as fast as possible—"

"And stop her, if you find her there?"

"What I do, Blanche, must be left to my discretion. If I find her there, I must act for the best. If I don't find her there, I shall leave Duncan (who goes with me) on the watch for the remaining trains, until the last to-night. He knows Miss Silvester by sight, and he is sure that *she* has never noticed *him*. Whether she goes north or south, early or late, Duncan will have my orders to follow her. He is thoroughly to be relied on. If she takes the railway, I answer for it we shall know where she goes."

"How clever of you to think of Duncan!"

"Not in the least, my dear. Duncan is my factotum; and the course I am taking is the obvious course which would have occurred to any body. Let us get to the really difficult part of it now. Suppose she hires a carriage?"

"There are none to be had, except at the Station."

"There are farmers about here; and farmers have light carts, or chaises, or something of the sort. It is in the last degree unlikely that they would consent to let her have them. Still, women break through difficulties which stop men. And this is a clever woman, Blanche—a woman, you may depend on it, who is bent on preventing you from tracing her. I confess I wish we had somebody we could trust lounging about where those two roads branch off from the road that leads to the railway. I must go in another direction; *I* can't do it."

"Arnold can do it!"

"Sir Patrick looked a little doubtful. "Arnold is an excellent fellow," he said. "But can we trust to his discretion?"

"He is, next to you, the most perfectly discreet person I know," rejoined Blanche, in a very positive manner; "and, what is more, I have told him every thing about Anne, except what has happened to-day. I am afraid I shall tell him *that*, when I feel lonely and miserable, after you have gone. There is something in Arnold—I don't know what it is—that comforts me. Besides, do you think he would betray a secret that I gave him to keep? You don't know how devoted he is to me!"

"My dear Blanche, I am not the cherished object of his devotion; of course I don't know! You are the only authority on that point. I stand corrected. Let us have Arnold, by all means. Caution him to be careful; and send him out by himself, where the roads meet. We have now only one other place left in which there is a chance of finding a trace of her. I undertake to make the necessary investigation at the Craig Fernie inn."

"The Craig Fernie inn? Uncle! you have forgotten what I told you."

"Wait a little, my dear. Miss Silvester herself has left the inn, I grant you. But (if we should unhappily fail in finding her by any other means) Miss Silvester has left a trace to guide us at Craig Fernie. That trace must be picked up at once, in case of accidents. You don't seem to follow me? I am getting over the ground as fast as the pony gets over it. I have arrived at the second of those two heads into which your story divides itself in my mind. What did Miss Silvester tell you had happened at the inn?"

"She lost a letter at the inn."

"Exactly. She lost a letter at the inn; that is one event. And Bishopriggs, the waiter, has quarreled with Mrs. Inchbare, and has left his situation; that is another event. As to the letter first. It is either really lost, or it has been stolen. In either case, if we can lay our hands on it, there is at least a chance of its helping us to discover something. As to Bishopriggs, next—"

"You're not going to talk about the waiter, surely?"

"I am? Bishopriggs possesses two important merits. He is a link in my chain of reasoning; and he is an old friend of mine."

"A friend of yours?"

"We live in days, my dear, when one workman talks of another workman as 'that gentleman.' I march with the age, and feel bound to mention my clerk as my friend. A few years since Bishopriggs was employed in the clerks' room at my chambers. He is one of the most intelligent and most unscrupulous old vagabonds in Scotland; perfectly honest as to all average matters involving pounds, shillings, and pence; perfectly unprincipled in the pursuit of his own interests, where the violation of a trust lies on the boundary-line which marks the limit of the law. I made two unpleasant discoveries when I had him in my employment. I found that he had contrived to supply himself with a duplicate of my seal; and I had the strongest reason to suspect him of tampering with some papers belonging to two of my clients. He had done no actual mischief, so far; and I had no time to waste in making out the necessary case against him. He was dismissed from my service, as a man who was not to be trusted to respect any letters or papers that happened to pass through his hands."

"I see, uncle! I see!"

"Plain enough now—isn't it? If that missing letter of Miss Silvester's is a letter of no importance, I am inclined to believe that it is merely lost, and may be found again. If, on the other hand, there is any thing in it that could promise the most remote advantage to any person in possession of it, then, in the execrable slang of the day, I will lay any odds, Blanche, that Bishopriggs has got the letter!"

"And he has left the inn! How unfortunate!"

"Unfortunate as causing delay—nothing worse than that. Unless I am very much mistaken, Bishopriggs will come back to the inn. The old rascal (there is no denying it) is a most amusing person. He left a terrible blank when he left my clerks' room. Old customers at Craig Fernie (especially the English), in missing Bishopriggs, will, you may rely on it, miss one of the attractions of the inn. Mrs. Inchbare is not a woman to let her dignity stand in the way of her business. She and Bishopriggs will come together again, sooner or later, and make it up. When I have put certain questions to her, which may possibly lead to very important results, I shall leave a letter for Bishopriggs in Mrs. Inchbare's hands. The letter will tell him I have something for him to do, and will contain an address at which he can write to me. I shall hear of him, Blanche; and, if the letter is in his possession, I shall get it."

"Won't he be afraid—if he has stolen the letter—to tell you he has got it?"

"Very well put, my child. He might hesitate with other people. But I have my own way of dealing with him; and I know how to make him tell Me.—Enough of Bishopriggs till his time comes. There is one other point, in regard to Miss Silvester. I may have to describe her. How was she dressed when she came here? Remember, I am a man—and (if an English-woman's dress *can* be described in an English-woman's language) tell me, in English, what she had on."

"She wore a straw hat, with corn-flowers in it, and a white veil. Corn-flowers at one side, uncle, which is less common than corn-flowers in front. And she had on a light gray shawl. And a *Piqué*—"

"There you go with your French! Not a word more! A straw hat, with a white veil, and with corn-flowers at one side of the hat. And a light gray shawl. That's as much as the ordinary male mind can take in; and that will do. I have got my instructions, and saved precious time. So far—so good. Here we are at the end of our conference—in other words, at the gate of the stable-yard. You understand what you have to do while I am away?"

"I have to send Arnold to the cross-roads. And I have to behave (if I can) as if nothing had happened."

"Good child! Well put again! You have got what I call grasp of mind, Blanche. An invaluable faculty! You will govern the future domestic kingdom. Arnold will be nothing but a constitutional husband. Those are the only husbands who are thoroughly happy. You shall hear every thing, my love, when I come back. Got your bag, Duncan? Good. And the time-table? Good. You take the reins—I won't drive. I want to think. Driving is incompatible with intellectual exertion. A man puts his mind into his horse, and sinks to the level of that useful animal—as a necessary condition of getting to his destination without being upset. God bless you, Blanche! To the station, Duncan! to the station!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WYOMING, one of the youngest of our Territories, possesses both wealth and enterprise, and bids fair in a few years to become an honor to the Republic. Strange as it may seem to those whose geography has become rusty, Wyoming is the very centre of the nation. A recent writer says: "The real divide of the continent is at Creston, one hundred and eighty-seven miles west of Sherman. Here, at an elevation of 7030 feet from the sea, in the midst of sage brush and alkali beds, is the real back-bone of the nation. Should a spring rise here its waters would divide, part flowing into the Pacific, and part into the Atlantic Ocean." Forty miles west of Laramie, one of the principal cities of Wyoming, is Sheep Mountain, whose peak is 13,000 feet above the sea. Laramie itself is regularly laid out, and has a stream of pure, clear water running through the principal streets. Gold, silver, copper, iron, and coal have been discovered in this Territory, and promise, in due course of time, to be the source of immense wealth. The mountains are covered with timber, and a great quantity of lumber is constantly being removed from them. The foliage at the base of some of the mountains is so dense that the sun never penetrates it even in summer.

A new location has been secured for the Union Theological Seminary, consisting of more than fifty lots, on St. Nicholas Avenue, between One Hundred and Thirtieth and One Hundred and Thirty-fourth streets. In view of the upward movement of population on this island, and its rapid extension across the river in Westchester County, it was considered that in a very short time the new location will be sufficiently central to meet all the necessities of such an institution, while it will also be provided with enlarged accommodations in an inviting neighborhood.

The blade of the guillotine by which the criminal career of Traupmann was ended weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds. This instrument of death is so arranged that, in descending the grooves at the foot of which it strikes the neck of the criminal, it acquires by the rapidity of its fall a force and weight of 800 pounds.

The Relapsing Fever—a disease which has prevailed extensively in Europe since 1863, and has recently gained a foothold in this city—differs from other fevers in the one particular which gives it the name. After a severe and rapid course of fever, continuing several days, followed by a remarkable cessation of fever, and the apparent beginning of convalescence—these two successive stages comprising nearly fourteen days—then, suddenly, the apparently convalescent patient is seized with a violent relapse of fever, from which recovery is so slow that the sufferer remains an invalid for many weeks. The certainty and severity of the relapse at the end of fourteen days is the striking mark by which this fever may be discovered. It is contagious, and, as Dr. Charles Murchison has said, is "the appendage of poverty and destitution." "Famine Fever," the Irish appellation of this disease, and its German name, "hunger typhus," express a leading fact in its epidemic history. Fortunately, it is not a very fatal disease; but the patients remain disabled for weeks and months.

The shop-windows are gorgeous with valentines. Hearts, and cupids, and doves, and every device which can represent the tender passion, are displayed in gold and silver and gay rainbow colors. The custom of sending valentines prevails largely among children in this city, who are always very much in earnest in the matter. The *elder* young folks keep up the old custom in a spirit of pleasantry. The prices of these precious mementoes vary from one penny to twenty-five dollars; and a few are made of much higher value. A single firm in this city reports their sale of valentines in a single year to have amounted to $60,000. The entire sale of this kind of merchandise in the whole country amounts to several hundred thousand dollars.

An illustrated quarto on "Artistic Cookery," by Urbain Dubois, the renowned *chef* of the King of Prussia, is announced by a London publisher. Price two guineas. It is foretold that this will excel Jules Gouffé's "Classic Kitchen;" but Jules himself is preparing an immense work on preserving, confectionery, and kindred topics.

We understand that a couple of New York ladies have formed a mercantile copartnership, and have taken an office in Wall Street for the purpose of dealing in stocks and other securities. They are reported as exhibiting the ability necessary to the carrying on of a successful business. Certainly nobody has any right to interfere with them in the pursuit of any legitimate occupation. Yet we believe that the inclination of very few women will lead them to choose Wall Street as their daily business place.

A contract has been made for the building of the foundation structure of the suspension tower of the East River Bridge, on the Brooklyn side. The cost will be $200,000, the timber to be furnished by the company. This ponderous piece of mechanism, weighing about 3000 tons, will be constructed in the ship-yard of Webb & Co., of Greenpoint, and floated thence to the water side of the tower, which will be the easterly slip of the Fulton Ferry Company. The caissons will be 20 feet in thickness, and will be extended over a large surface, so that the immense weight of the superstructure may be only moderate upon every square foot. As the width of the East River varies from 1200 to 2500 feet, a vast amount of engineering skill and mechanism must be exercised in constructing a bridge across it. There are seven bridges over the River Thames in London, for ordinary traffic, and three exclusively for railways. The width of the Thames, through London, is from 870 to 1200 feet. The River Seine, through the city of Paris, is from 100 to 600 feet.

M. Du Camp, a well-known member of the press fraternity in Paris, has been allowed the gratification of a most singular curiosity. He wrote to the chief executioner, desiring that the guillotine might be fitted up for a private rehearsal for his own benefit. His request was granted, and a straw figure was guillotined with the usual ceremonies. This, however, did not quite satisfy him, and he gave himself up as a criminal to the executioners. A sham toilet was performed, and he was bound hand and foot. With his eyes fixed on the knife he then slowly and coolly mounted the steps, and was laid on the plank. His curiosity was then satisfied; but he may congratulate himself that he did not really lose his head.

One thousand and one hundred valuable Chinese works have been lately added to the British Museum. They were originally selected with a view to their bearing on the translation of the Chinese classics, and consist of numerous commentaries, lexicons, and explanatory volumes. Also there are many critical works on history and chronology, as well as on the antiquities of China, with all of which subjects it is essential that the student should be acquainted before he can hope to obtain a right understanding of the true meaning and value of the Chinese classics.

If any body desires to purchase an excursion ticket for a trip around the world, occupying only about ninety days, and costing between ten and twelve hundred dollars in gold, the arrangements for supplying the public with tickets are said to be nearly completed. By-and-by we shall think no more of going around the world than of going to the White Mountains.

Prince Arthur seems to have conducted himself with quiet, dignified self-possession during his visit in this city. But who would be a prince, after all? It must certainly be any thing but agreeable to be inspected like any curiosity in a museum; to have the way one walks, and looks, and speaks, and eats criticised by every gaping visitor; to be unable to enjoy a promenade of a quiet Sunday afternoon without a mob of curious gazers following at one's heels. Traveling must be infinitely more pleasant when one is not a lion, but only a common person.

The Prince, however, seems to have enjoyed himself pretty well among us. He attended balls and parties, churches and theatres, and admired the beauties and wonders of New York, of which we ourselves are not a little proud. A few times, also, he was so fortunate as to take a walk *incognito*, which must have been a luxury indeed. For, when a prince is to be seen, we are sorry to say that many, apparently well-bred in other respects, forget the courtesy which American ladies and gentlemen should always show.

The Sancy Diamond is now for sale at a jeweler's in Calcutta. It weighs 60¾ rattles, and is stated to have been found on the body of the Duke of Burgundy. It was afterward, in 1479, bought by the King of Portugal. He sold it to Nicholas de Barly, Baron de Sancy, from whom it derived its name. Sancy sent it to the king as a present by the hand of a servant, who, being attacked by robbers, swallowed the stone, which was after his death found in his body. It finally came into the hands of James II., of England, who sold it to Louis XIV. for $125,000. In the French Revolution it disappeared—which was about the wisest thing it could do. Some years later it turned up again, and was bought by Prince Paul Demidoff. Now we hear of it at Calcutta, but how it came there is not stated.

Before Traupmann was led to execution the Chief of the Detective Police, in the presence of many witnesses, thus addressed him: "Traupmann, now that your last moment approaches, will you confess your crime?" "No," he replied, in a firm voice; "that is to say, I have been guilty, but not of murder: I have not killed any one." "You persist in your assertion about your accomplices?" "Yes." "Will you name them?" All eyes were fastened on the criminal, and all present held their breath. "No," he curtly replied. A second time, when on his way to the guillotine, M. Claude asked him: "Do you persist in your assertions?" "I do, I do," he replied, with an incredible calmness. And again, after he had begun to ascend the scaffold, he stopped, and looked around for the Chief of the Police; but not seeing him, he said to the priest: "Tell Monsieur Claude that I persisted in my assertions to the last."

A ghost haunts the track of one of the Eastern railroads. It takes the form of a swinging light, and sometimes strange noises are heard. Some superstitious persons regard this as foreshadowing some great disaster; but the spiritualists say that it is the spirit of a man who was killed on the track about two years ago. We would gladly wish that the ghosts of all who have been killed by railroad accidents should haunt their death-place, if thereby future disasters might be fewer.

Letters were addressed to all the teachers in the public schools last week signed by the President of the Board of Education, calling attention to the rule of the Board requiring every child, before admission to any school, to be vaccinated as a precautionary measure against small-pox.

A farmer in Putnam County, Ohio, has a new kind of *mouser* which will put the poor cats quite in the back-ground. For several years he has kept a pair of black snakes in his barn, and all kinds of vermin have since entirely disappeared, and his cribs and bins are no more disturbed by rats and mice. They are better protection than a dozen cats, and are entirely harmless toward chickens and domestic animals. The snakes employed for this purpose are not the racers nor spotted variety, but a short, thick species, of a jet black color.

The Demidoff Gallery, one of the largest private collections of works of art in the world, is to be disposed of at auction in Paris during the next three months. This collection for the last forty years has been kept in the villa of San Dorato, a short distance below the Cascine, near Florence. Every thing in this collection is valuable; and as many articles will doubtless be sold for less than their real value, the opportunity for purchasing something rare is unusual. The sale commences on the nineteenth of February.

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PIERRE BONAPARTE.

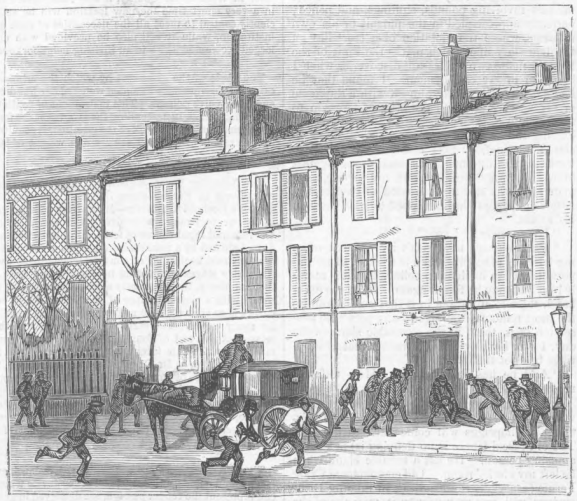
VICTOR NOIR.

PIERRE BONAPARTE AND VICTOR NOIR.

ON this page will be found the portrait of Prince PIERRE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE and that of VICTOR NOIR, the journalist whom he recently quarreled with and shot. The Prince is the third son of LUCIEN, brother of NAPOLEON I., and was born at Rome in 1815. In 1832 he came to this country, to join his uncle JOSEPH, who had figured for a while as King of Spain; and from that time until the *coup d'état* placed the present Emperor in power he has led a wandering and adventurous career. From this country he went to Colombia, and joined the army of SANTANDER, by whom he was placed in command of a squadron. Soon after he returned to Italy, where he was regarded with disfavor by the Papal Government, which in 1836 intimated to him that he should leave the Papal States. Surrounded by a troop of mounted police, he wounded two and killed their chief; he received, however, two wounds in the encounter, and had to surrender. After a rather long detention at Fort Saint Angelo, in Rome, he returned to this country. He next went to England, and thence to the island of Corfu. During an excursion in Albania he had a quarrel with the Pallikares, and sustained, almost unaided, a deadly combat. The English Government having induced him to leave the Italian and Greek coasts, he left for London, after vainly offering his services to France, and to MEHEMET ALI, the Viceroy of Egypt. In 1848, on hearing the news of the revolution, he hastened to Paris, recalled to the public the life and opinions of his father (who had always entertained republican principles), and obtained a military appointment. He was elected a member of the Assembly from Corsica, and sided with the extreme republicans. The expedition to Rome received his warm opposition. He exhibited in all his conduct a self-willed, intractable disposition. In 1849 he went to Algeria, where he assisted at the first operations of the siege of Zaachta, and then, before the assault, and without permission, he returned to France. The Minister of War deprived him of his military rank, and this measure, which was followed by a duel between M. PIERRE BONAPARTE and a journalist of the extreme Right, received the express approbation of the Assembly.

Since the *coup d'état*, of which he did not approve, he has lived in retirement, and, though holding the rank of Prince, has not been considered as a member of the Imperial family. He is accustomed to amuse himself with literary pursuits, and writes much for the newspaper press. A controversy in a Corsican paper, in the course of which the Prince severely assailed M. ROCHEFORT, led to the quarrel which resulted in the shooting of VICTOR NOIR.

The circumstances of this tragedy are too fresh in the minds of our readers to require repetition here. The victim of the Prince was a young journalist of rare capacity attached to the *Marseillaise*—a political newspaper edited by M. ROCHEFORT. His murder created a profound impression in France, and but for the firmness of the Emperor, and the extraordinary military precautions taken by him to secure the tranquillity of Paris, the popular excitement would, in all probability, have swelled into a revolution. The prompt arraignment of Prince BONAPARTE also, doubtless, tended to allay the resentment with which the news of the tragedy was received.



PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE'S RESIDENCE.

SCENE OF THE MURDER OF VICTOR NOIR.

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EUROPE

CHURCH & STATE

UNITED STATES.

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A LOVE-LETTER OF THE PERIOD.

DEAR WILLY,—I trust you are better,
And send the last copy of *Punch*.
I've scarcely the time for this letter
Before Mrs. Dashaway's lunch.
Of course it's a vast deprivation,
Your absence each evening—although
The Opera brings consolation,
And parties are frequent, you know.

Your illness quite grieves me; however,
My sympathy surely won't cheer.
I'm not the least particle clever
At comforting invalids, dear.
They tell me you're threatened with—gracious!
It *is* such a puzzler to spell;
But doctors are often fallacious,
And doubtless you'll shortly be well.

I hope, love, you have no objection
To my going out while you're ill;
Don't take it for lack of affection,
As sometimes I fancy you will.
Why can't I feel sad as sincerely
At parties as home in my bed?
And then I love dancing *so* dearly!
And then—you are sick, dear, not dead.

Ah no, Willy! social distractions
A nature like mine truly needs.
Besides, I don't govern my actions
According to popular creeds.
Mamma means to send you some guava
Quite soon. *Au-revoir* for to-day.
My ball-dresses came in the *Java*—
Miraculous fits, by-the-way.

Which one of your sisters, dear, is it
Who makes you so splendid a nurse?
Don't ask me to pay you a visit,
Unless you're decidedly worse.
In sick-rooms I'm utterly silly;
So spare me, I beg you—but please
Believe me forever, dear Willy,
Your very devoted

LOUISE.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW BARONET.

VERONICA, LADY GALE, as she styled herself, was established in a respectable, but by no means fashionable, hotel, at the West End of London. She had brought none of the Italian servants with her, and had even dismissed her French maid, and taken in her stead a middle-aged Swiss woman of staid ugliness.

For Prince Cesare de' Barletti lodgings had been found, within a convenient distance of the hotel. At these modest apartments he was known as Signor Barletti merely. And this temporary lopping of his title had been executed at Veronica's express desire, lest the glories which she had anticipated sharing with him by-and-by should be tarnished in their passage through regions of comparative poverty and obscurity. She also had enjoined on Cesare to keep himself aloof from such of his compatriots as he might chance to meet in London. This latter injunction, however, he had not kept to the letter.

The truth was that poor Cesare was desperately dull and forlorn. His visits to Veronica were of the most rigidly formal character, and the invariable presence of the Swiss maid during these interviews had caused some sharp words to pass between the cousins.

"At Naples, at least, I could see you and speak to you, sometimes, without a hideous duenna," complained Cesare.

"At Naples things were different. Have patience. We must risk nothing by imprudence. Louise understands no Italian. You can say what you please before her."

"But I hate the sight of her. Dio mio, how ugly she is!"

Then Veronica would bid him go out and amuse himself. But he declared that London depressed his spirits with a leaden weight; that he could not speak ten words of English so as to be understood, nor understand half that number when spoken; that he could not wander about the streets all day; that he had no club to resort to; that London was cold, ugly, smoky, noisy, dull; and that there had not even been one fog since his arrival—a spectacle he had all his life longed to see.

At this climax Veronica lost patience.

"In short," she observed, disdainfully, "you are like a spoiled child, and don't know what you want."

"On the contrary, I know but too well. Cara, if I could only be with you, the time would pass quickly enough. But I am more banished from your society now than I was when—*he* was alive."

And in his utter ennui Cesare had scraped acquaintance with certain of his own countrymen, who frequented a foreign café, and smoked many a cigar with men whose appearance would have mortified Veronica to the quick, could she have beheld her cousin in their company. And yet the difference of a coat would have transformed some of them into as good men as he, even including the pedigree of the Barlettis in the list of his advantages. But it was just the coat which Veronica would very well have understood to be of extreme importance.

Mr. Frost had, as he had said to Hugh Lockwood, declined to act as Veronica's legal adviser. But he had, at Cesare's request, given her the name of a respectable lawyer who would assume the responsibility of looking after her interests. Cesare could not be got to understand Mr. Frost's motives for not conducting the case himself, but Veronica declared that she understood them.

Meanwhile there had been several interviews between Mr. Lane and the respective lawyers of Sir Matthew Gale and Veronica.

Mr. Simpson, Veronica's lawyer, of course quickly perceived that the new baronet had no interest in establishing the validity of the will. If it were established, he inherited nothing beyond the entailed estate; if it were set aside, he would receive a certain proportion of the personal property. Sir Matthew's lawyer, Mr. Davis, perceived this also as soon as he was made acquainted with the contents of the will. It had been read at Mr. Lane's office, there being present Sir Matthew, Mr. Frost, the agent—who, it will be remembered, was named executor—and the two lawyers above mentioned.

Mr. Simpson, a heavy-mannered, pasty-faced man, with two dull black eyes, like currants stuck in dough, conceived the idea of making Sir Matthew acquainted with his client. Their interests were nearly identical, and he felt that it would be a desirable thing for "Lady Gale" to be recognized by the late baronet's successor. He trusted, too, to the effects of the lady's personal influence on the shy, awkward, provincial bachelor.

The meeting was consequently brought about.

"It can do you no harm to call on her, Sir Matthew," said Mr. Davis. "It would not prejudice *your* case to say she was Lady Tallis Gale fifty times over."

"I—I—I wish to do what's right, Davis. It's ticklish work meddling with wills, you know."

"Meddling! God forbid, my dear Sir Matthew! But this either is a will, or it is not, you see. That is what we have got to prove. If it *is* a will, the dispositions of the testator must be held sacred—sacred. If it is *not* a will, you observe, the testator's intentions are— In short, it is quite another matter," responded Mr. Davis, winding up a little abruptly.

Sir Matthew called at the hotel at which Veronica was staying. He was accompanied at his own request by Mr. Davis, and, on sending up their cards, they were both ushered into Veronica's presence.

She was dressed in deep mourning, of the richest materials and most elegant fashion, and looked strikingly lovely.

"I am glad to see you, Sir Matthew," she said, making him a superb courtesy, which so embarrassed him that, in his attempt to return it by as good a bow as he knew how to make, he backed upon Mr. Davis, and nearly hustled him into the fire-place.

"It is naturally gratifying to me to be on good terms with my late husband's family," pursued Veronica, when the two men were seated.

"Thank you, ma'am—I mean my—my lady—that is— Of course, you know, we must mind what we're about, and do what's right and just, and not make any mistakes, you know. That was always my rule when I was in business."

"An excellent rule!"

"Yes. And as to your late—as to Sir John Gale's family—I don't suppose you ever heard much good of them from *him*, ma'am. My cousin John was an overweening kind of a man. But we come of the same stock, him and me."

"Certainly."

"Yes. We come of the same stock. There's no doubt of that in the world."

Sir Matthew rubbed his knee round and round with his handkerchief, which he had doubled up into a ball for the purpose; and looked at every part of the room save that in which Veronica was seated.

She was in her element. Here was an opportunity to charm, to dazzle, to surprise. This man was vulgar, rather mean, and not overwise. No matter, he could be made to admire her—and he should!

It was already evident that Sir Matthew had not expected to find so elegant and dignified a lady in the person who claimed to be his cousin's widow. The history of her relations with Sir John was known to him, and the ideas conjured up by such a history in the mind of a man like Matthew Gale were greatly at variance with Veronica's manners and aspect.

"I am sorry that Sir John was not on terms with his very few surviving relatives," she said, with the least possible touch of hauteur. "You see his path in life had been very different from theirs."

"So much the better for *them*, if all tales be true!" exclaimed Sir Matthew. He had now screwed his handkerchief into a rope, and was fettering his leg with it.

Veronica was not embarrassed by having to meet his eyes, for he turned them studiously away from her. Her cheek glowed a little, but she answered, quietly, "Family differences are of all others the most difficult of adjustment. I have never entered into them. But I hope *we* may be friends."

She said the words with such an air of infinite condescension—of almost protecting good-nature, that Sir Matthew felt himself obliged to reply, "Oh, thank you, ma'am—I mean my lady!"

Mr. Davis was lost in admiration of this young woman's talents. "Why, she might have been a duchess, or any thing else she liked!" thought he, marking the impression that her manner was producing on Sir Matthew.

"My feeling on the matter," said Mr. Davis, "is that we should try to avoid litigation."

"Litigation!" echoed Veronica, turning pale. "Oh yes, yes. Litigation would be terrible!"

The word represented to her imagination browbeating counselors, newspaper scurrility, and the publicity of that "fierce light that beats upon" a court of law. She had all along shrunk from the idea of going to law. She had relied on Mr. Frost's dictum, that if her marriage could be proved to be valid, there would be no further question of the will. And she rested all her hopes on this point.

"*I* shan't litigate," said Sir Matthew, quickly. "I don't see what I've got to litigate about. The bit of money that would come to me wouldn't be worth it. For there's lots of second, and third, and maybe fourth cousins, for what I know, that 'll turn up to divide the property, if it is to be divided. And my motto always has been, 'Keep out of the way of the law.' You'll excuse me, Mr. Davis!" And Sir Matthew laughed with a dim sense of having made a joke, and having in some way got the better of his attorney.

"The only person that has any thing to go to law about, as far as *I* can see," said Sir Matthew, after a minute's pause, "is the person that inherits the property under the will! This Miss Desmond. I don't know why my cousin John should have gone and left all his money to his wife's niece. He was none so fond of her family, nor of her, during his lifetime! And I fancy they looked down on him. I suppose he did it just to spite his own relations."

Veronica was silent.

"Oh, by-the-way," pursued Sir Matthew, "there's some one else that wouldn't much like the will to be set aside—that's Mr. Lane. He's executor, and a legatee, besides, to the tune of a couple of thousand pounds."

"Mr. Lane appears to be an honest, upright person," said Veronica. "I have seen him once or twice. And he speaks very reasonably."

Mr. Davis glanced piercingly at Veronica.

"Oh," said he; "your ladyship finds Mr. Lane reasonable?"

At this moment the door was opened, and Cesare walked into the room. He stared a little at the two men, neither of whom he had ever seen before. But Veronica hastily informed him, in Italian, who the visitors were, and turning to Sir Matthew, presented Cesare to him as "My cousin, Prince Cesare de' Barletti."

Cesare bowed, and said, "Ow-dew-doo?"

Sir Matthew bowed, and said nothing; but he was considerably impressed by Cesare's title.

"Oh, I didn't know," he stammered; "I was not aware—I mean I had never heard that you were—connected with foreigners, ma'am, so to speak."

"My mother," said Veronica, with graceful nonchalance, "was a daughter of the house of Barletti. The principality is in the south of the Neapolitan district."

"Oh, really!" said Sir Matthew.

"Mr. Simpson informed me that he was to have an interview with Miss Desmond's guardian to-day," said Mr. Davis, addressing Veronica.

"Her—guardian?" said Veronica, breathlessly. The word had sent a shock through her frame. Maud's guardian! Why that was *her* father! "Is he—is he here?" she asked, quickly.

"Oh yes. Did you not know? It is a Mr. Lovegrove, of Frost and Lovegrove. A very well-known firm."

"Ah! Oh yes, I understand."

"Mr. Lovegrove acts for Miss Desmond, I understand. Do you know if Mr. Simpson has been at the Admiralty since I saw him? I read the other day that the *Puribond* was paid off at Portsmouth last week."

"I believe he has," answered Veronica, faintly.

"Then, madam, I make bold to say that, unless the other side are determined to litigate at all hazards, you will soon be put out of suspense."

Cesare's ear had caught the faint tones of Veronica's voice, and Cesare's anxious eye had marked her pallor and agitation as the prospect of a speedy verdict on her fate was placed before her. He came immediately to her side. "Thou art not well, dearest," he said, in his own language.

"Yes, quite well. Don't make a scene, Cesare! I will go into my room for a smelling-bottle, and come back directly."

"Can I not ring for Louise?"

"No. Stay here."

And Veronica, with a murmured apology to Sir Matthew, glided out of the room.

"Is any thing the matter with Lady—with your—with the lady?" asked Sir Matthew.

Cesare, left alone with the two Englishmen, felt himself called upon to make a great conversational effort. He inflated his chest slowly, and answered:

"She—went—for—some—salt."

"Eh?" exclaimed Sir Matthew, staring at him.

"English salt. Sale inglese. Come si dice?"

In his despair Cesare raised his closed fist to his nose and gave a prolonged sniff.

"Aha!" said Mr. Davis, with a shrewd air. "To be sure; *smelling salts*. Eh? Headache?"

"Yes: eddekke."

"Poor lady! She has been a good deal excited. Her position is a very trying one."

"Very well," said Cesare, a good deal to Sir Matthew's bewilderment. But Cesare merely intended an emphatic affirmative.

Sir Matthew would have liked to strike into the conversation himself, but was withheld by an embarrassing ignorance of the proper form in which to address Barletti. He could not certainly call him "your highness," and while he was deliberating on the propriety of saying sénior—which was his notion of pronouncing the Italian for "sir"—Veronica returned.

She looked a changed creature. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes extraordinarily lustrous.

"Hope you're better, ma'am," said Sir Matthew.

"Thank you. I have been suffering a little from headache. But it is not severe. I must have patience. My nerves have been greatly shattered."

Her tone was so plaintive, and her face so beautiful, as she said this, that Sir Matthew began to feel a rising indignation against his dead cousin, who could find it in his heart to deceive so charming a creature.

"I—I hope it will come right for you," he said. "I do, upon my soul!"

"I only ask for justice, Sir Matthew. I have undergone great and unmerited suffering. But on that topic my lips are sealed."

Sir Matthew thought this very noble, and looked at Mr. Davis for sympathy. But the attorney was gazing at Veronica, with eyes in whose expression admiration was blended with a kind of watchful curiosity.

By the time the visit was brought to a close the new baronet was completely converted into a partisan of "his cousin's widow," as he now markedly entitled her.

"She's not at all the sort of person I had expected," he said to Mr. Davis, as they walked away together.

"Is she not, Sir Matthew?"

"And that cousin of hers—I suppose he *is* really a prince, eh?"

"I suppose so—an Italian prince."

"Yes, of course. Well, it isn't for the sake of the share of the money that would come to me—I've got the entailed estate, and no thanks to my cousin John either! He would have left it away from me if he could. No, it isn't for that; but I do hope her marriage will turn out to be all right."

"It can not be long before we know, Sir Matthew."

"Well, I do hope it will come right for her. My cousin John behaved shamefully to her. He did his best to spite his own family into the bargain. And I don't mind saying that I should be glad if it turned out to be the case of the biter bit. Only," he added, after a minute's pause, during which he grew almost frightened at his own incautious tone, "only, of course we mustn't go and be rash, and get ourselves into any trouble. A will's a will, you know."

"Why that is just what remains to be seen, Sir Matthew."

LOVE AND PATIENCE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

THERE was a birthday party given in one of the streets crossing Fifth Avenue—indeed the inmates of the house, if ambitious of gentility, might almost claim to live in Fifth Avenue—to celebrate another anniversary in the life of one of the daughters. It was a pleasant party, although this story-teller was one of the guests. There was quite a pretty little ceremony—is it of American origin, or old English, or Knickerbocker, or German?—which consisted in the distribution of the birthday-cake, cut up into portions corresponding in number with the years of the young lady whose nativity we were celebrating. Each portion—there were seventeen of them—was ornamented by a little taper, of the Christmas-tree family, set on a silver wire, the wire inserted in the piece of cake, and the taper lighting like a little social glow-worm. There was a sort of graceful competition for the honor of receiving one of these portions—for the guests were many and the young lady's years were few—and doubtless the distributors observed something like an order of seniority. On this principle it was (*eheu!*) only too natural that the narrator should receive a *maccolo*, to the exclusion of some disappointed competitors who, like Virgil's rustics, were therein fortunate, if they did but appreciate the luck of their fewer years. Many a pretty little speech was made, many a genial wish was uttered by those who received the sweet and flaming fragments, and by those who did not; and many kisses were given to the heroine of the feast by the matrons and maids around. One of the latter class, in the act of kissing, especially attracted my attention by the gracefulness of her form and her movements, by the delicate and singular beauty of her face, the expression of intellect and refinement in her eyes. I was, indeed, so much struck by her that I could not help asking my hostess who she was; and this led to my being presented to her, and our gliding into a conversation which took its start in the fact that I had got a fragment of the cake and she had not, and my condolences thereupon, and cheaply-magnanimous offer to resign my possession in her favor. I soon found that she was a girl of remarkable intelligence and culture, with much vivacity, and evidently a good deal of character.

Just at the moment when I had received my morsel of birthday-cake, some one who stood near me was shaken suddenly against me by the pressure of the little crowd around, and my shining fragment, my fire-fly of confectionery, was nearly sent to the ground. The person who thus came into collision with me was beginning a courteous and earnest apology, when he and I broke into a simultaneous expression of recognition and a friendly greeting. I recognized and was glad to meet young Herrman Oppenheim, whom I had known in London. He was a musician, a pianist of rare and brilliant promise, and he was also a youth of high and varied culture. He had often been brought by this friend and that to a literary and artistic club of which I was a member, and I liked him well. But he did not get on in London somehow. It is terribly up-hill work there for a young and unknown musician to make any way, and poor Herrman suffered many disappointments and trials, against which he bore up with a proud, patient, thoroughly Teutonic perseverance. But the Dano-German war brought up the furious, unreasoning ephemeral passion of the English public mind against every thing German, especially every thing Prussian; and Oppenheim was more sensitive about his country than about himself. He writhed under the injuries flung against Germany by English journalists and politicians, and I had often heard him vow that if he could only get money enough to pay off some debts, and enable him to provide for a passage across the

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Atlantic and a new start in life, he would try his chances in America. So when he vanished out of the circle where I used to meet him I assumed that he was gone to the United States, and presently forgot him. We forget each other terribly soon in London.

I was surprised and pleased to meet him again. We had no time just then for explanations or long talk; but we exchanged promises of a speedy meeting and full confidences.

Let me now come back to my fair friend, the beautiful and intellectual Augusta Fielden. In the course of our conversation I told her of the odd and unexpected chance which had brought me here face to face with my friend the musician; and as he happened to pass across the room at that moment, I pointed him out to her.

Herrman was a handsome, dark-eyed youth, with the true artistic mould of head and face. Except that he was much taller, he looked very like a young English poet who has had the fortune to be more warmly praised and more bitterly denounced than even poets commonly are. I made mention of this fact to Miss Fielden as I called her attention to my friend.

To my surprise, the young lady's face crimsoned, and her eyelids dropped, and she seemed quite discomposed and almost agitated.

"I know that gentleman," she said, in a somewhat tremulous voice; "that is, I have met him, but I too did not expect to see him here."

And now Herrman Oppenheim had seen her, and his pale face glowed as brightly as hers, and he came to a full stop, and his eyes sparkled; and he seemed uncertain whether to come over to us or to pass us by; and in truth he was greatly agitated; and, as Miss Miggs would say, "here's mysteries!"

"Will you introduce your friend? I should be glad if you would," Miss Fielden said.

"But I thought you knew him?"

"Yes, oh yes; that is, I mean we have met. He was in the steamer in which we came from Europe; but we were not exactly introduced; and if you would—"

"Of course I shall be delighted."

So I crossed the room, and said to my friend: "Come with me, Oppenheim. I want to introduce you to Miss Augusta Fielden."

"Oh, thank you, my friend; thousand, thousand thanks! True, good friend!" Herrman whispered, with an earnestness that was quite passionate; and he pressed my hand with fervor. Truly an unexpected and wonderful amount of gratitude for a favor which cost me so little to bestow.

As I presented Oppenheim I observed that he almost trembled, and that Miss Augusta was hardly less agitated. One glance that passed between them might have made the dullest observer, placed so closely and favorably as I, suspect some love-mystery. I left them together. Herrman sat beside her for a while, and they spoke in low tones; then some one else came up, and my friend resigned his place sadly. I would have sought him out but that our hostess intercepted him, and begged him to play something on the piano. He played superbly, and I knew full well that he made the instrument just now the hearer of many a message to Miss Fielden, which probably he dared not put into words. He played a selection of *morceaux*, apparently taken at random—Mendelssohn's air, to which Heine has the tender, thrilling words, "Ich wollte mein Schmerzen;" passages from Beethoven's *Adelaide;* passionate love-bursts from Mozart and Meyerbeer—all that he played but one prolonged, ever-varying monologue of love. I glanced more than once almost involuntarily to where Miss Fielden was sitting; and though her eyes were downcast, and her mouth and cheeks had regained their composure, I knew that her soul accepted and rejoiced in the message; and that here in this crowded drawing-room, here in the centre of this brilliant commonplace, a love-drama was going on, with Herrman Oppenheim and Augusta Fielden for actors, and myself for the one only spectator.

Something disagreeable presently occurred—something which reminded me of an incident in "Martin Chuzzlewit," only that there was nothing in it discreditable to any of the persons involved. Among the many listeners who expressed an enthusiastic admiration for Herrman's playing, one of the warmest in her praises was Mrs. Fielden, mother of Augusta. Now Mrs. Fielden was, I had already found out, a sort of queen of society in this particular circle—a woman of wealth and culture and ambition, who ruled her husband and her set. Our hostess hastened to present Herrman to her. Herrman was confused, embarrassed, could hardly speak, while Mrs. Fielden kindly patronized him and his glorious art. I could understand something of the cause of his embarrassment.

"His manners are awkward," said Mrs. Fielden, when he had fallen back. She was addressing herself partly to me, partly to our hostess. "I think I have seen his face somewhere before now."

"Why, certainly," said the hostess, with a smile. "He was a fellow-passenger of yours. He came over with you in the *Weser* when you were returning from your European tour."

"Oh no, certainly not. He was not one of the passengers."

"Indeed yes."

"Did he say so?"

"He did, and so did your daughter Augusta."

"My daughter told you so?"

"Yes, dear, she did."

Mrs. Fielden looked so amazed and angry that I thought it best to interpose and hazard an explanation.

"The truth is," I said, "that I fancy my friend Herrman Oppenheim was, like many other young artists, very poor when in London; and I dare say he roughed it, poor fellow, and came out in the fore-part of the steamer; and Miss Fielden may have chanced to see him."

Mrs. Fielden's brow ceased to look angry, and became compassionate. She was not like the people in "Martin Chuzzlewit." She was a lady, and, with all her pride and her love of supremacy, she had a heart. "Poor fellow!" she said; "I hope he is doing well now. I am sure he has talents enough to win success;" and I noticed that she soon after actually sought out the young musician, and was specially kind and cordial in her manner to him.

I walked with my friend Herrman some part of the way home that night, and heard a little of his history since his leaving London. He had now been a few months in New York, and he had already made some friends, and was beginning to do pretty well, and to have a tolerably fair prospect. About his previous acquaintance with Augusta Fielden he was less effusive probably than most of his countrymen would have been; but he said enough. He saw her for the first time on board the steamer. He had, as I guessed, taken a passage in the emigrants' part of the vessel. The emigrants were nearly all Germans; and he used to beguile the time for many of them, when the sea was tolerably calm, by playing on the flute and the cornet-à-piston, on each of which instruments he was nearly as skillful a performer as on the piano. Drawn that way by the exquisite music, Miss Fielden and one or two of the other cabin-passengers had often joined the circle in the fore-part of the vessel; and Miss Fielden very soon found out that Herrman was an artist, a scholar, and a gentleman, for all his poverty. She was a candid, fearless, true-hearted American girl; and I fancy they had many a walk along the deck, and many a night looked down upon the darkling rushing waves and up to the starry skies, while mamma was seated, calmly and grandly, in the lighted saloon below. Then the voyage came to an end, and they parted, each feeling something which might not well be expressed—which one at least would not acknowledge even to herself—Herrman was too poor, too proud, too sadly uncertain of his future, to make any attempt to keep up the acquaintance; and so they never met again until chance brought them together at the birthday party.

After this Mrs. Fielden herself took up the young musician quite enthusiastically. She praised him, patronized him, pushed him every where—really was, in her own magnificent way, extremely kind to him. She gave brilliant receptions on Friday evenings throughout the winter; and my friend Herrman was quite a lion there always. Indeed, he was now in a fair way to make quite a good income as a musician; and Mrs. Fielden never thought of him in any other capacity.

Not so her daughter, as I at least could see; and others too, doubtless. Herrman Oppenheim and Augusta Fielden were as plainly in love with each other as any two beings I ever saw; and indeed Nature seemed to have made them to be lovers—they were both so handsome, so graceful, so highly gifted with artistic tastes and sympathies.

Herrman made me his confidant, told me of his passion, his hopes, his fears, and asked for my advice. He had not yet openly and in words declared his love to Miss Fielden, although he felt little doubt as to what her answer would be; and he asked me whether I thought he ought to speak to the daughter or the mother first. As the girl was considerably under age, I advised him, from the European point of view, to approach the mother first, and obtain her consent before seeking any pledge from the daughter. This, it seemed to me, would be the more honorable and manly way; and seeing the friendship Mrs. Fielden had lately shown to him, the intimacy to which she had admitted him, I, like himself, was ready to believe that his suit would be graciously and cordially received.

I do not know whether it would have made any difference in the end if, on the very day before Herrman resolved to open the subject to Mrs. Fielden, some kind-hearted friend had not told the latter that somebody in New York society was talking of Augusta's marriage to the young pianist as quite a matter of certainty. Perhaps this did not substantially change the condition of things; but it greatly affected Mrs. Fielden's manner of dealing with my unlucky friend. His love for her daughter, which she had never suspected or dreamed of, seemed now not merely a piece of unwarrantable audacity, but an act of downright ingratitude and treachery. She did not wait for any proposal or explanation from him, but wrote him a bitter, passionate letter, accusing him of ungratefulness and deceit, charging him with an endeavor to delude her daughter into marriage for the sake of the daughter's fortune, and forbidding him ever to enter her house again.

This letter was late in reaching Herrman. I have heard that letters sent by the New York post-office are not uncommonly a little slow in reaching their destination. Herrman went next day to see Mrs. Fielden, quite resolved to tell her of his love and plead to her. He was wholly ignorant of the fact that she had already sent him an insulting dismissal. She was just descending her own steps to enter her carriage as he came up. Her daughter and two other ladies were with her. Mrs. Fielden wholly lost her temper, forgot her good sense, and all feelings of propriety. She assailed the poor artist with indignant, scornful, insulting words, and bade him never again to come near the house, and then got into her carriage and left him *planté là*, bewildered, speechless, burning with shame and disappointment and passion.

Not one word had Augusta uttered. He told me that she stood pale, silent, cold, with no gleam of emotion apparent on her face. No glance of sympathy or pity or sorrow turned upon him to help him to bear his grief and his humiliation. She never looked at him—and so she left him.

He sent for me that evening and poured out the story of his repulse and his degradation, and the bitter pangs of his deceived and wounded love. I thought none the less of him because he laid his head on the table and burst into a passion of tears. Men in England don't shed tears; neither, I suppose, do American men. We suffer no matter what agonies, and no looker-on ever sees the water flow from our eyes. But the German, the Frenchman, the Italian are as brave as we are, and they will think no shame to cry like children, before no matter what spectator, if the rod of fate and misfortune has stricken the seal of the fountain of tears sharply enough to bid the waters flow. They do not suffer more keenly than we, nor are we any stronger than they, only we have our different ways. I am surely any thing but a Mars in bravery; yet I don't think I should bellow aloud in the hearing of a multitude if I received a wound; and Homer's war god roared under such provocation louder than a herd of bulls of Bashan.

I did my best to console my hapless friend. Every body knows how valuable ordinary consolation is under such circumstances, and what an immediate and magical effect it has in reconciling the sufferer to his fate. I preached to him of the notorious inconstancy and perfidy of woman; showed him how much better it was to lose than to win a heartless girl; dilated on the danger of ill-assorted marriages; pointed out how many women there probably were in the world better worthy of his love than the cold and false Augusta; reminded him that there are many cases in which, according to Longfellow, disappointment is ever so much better than success—and so on. He was as much consoled by this wisdom as any body else under the circumstances would have been. Probably he did not listen to much of it. Even while I was thus trying to assuage his grief I kept thinking to myself what a foolish and shallow absurdity is every such effort to diminish, by mere words, the reality of a human sorrow. I sincerely pitied my friend, and at last charitably forbore to "argue with the inexorable." Indeed, I was making up my mind that the best thing I could do was to go away, and leave him alone to wrestle with his misery or to succumb to it.

A tap at his door aroused him. He motioned to me to open the door—indeed he, the poor fellow, could do nothing just then. A letter for him, addressed in a woman's handwriting, was given to me. I gave it to him; he started at the sight of it, and opened it with trembling, eager hands, and read it once and again, and smote the table, and sprang to his feet, and flung his arms up toward heaven, and performed other such wild feats expressive of ecstasy and rapture.

"Oh Heaven!" he exclaimed, his eyes flashing and his lips quivering, "was there ever so generous and noble a being? Ah, how cruelly I have misunderstood her and wronged her! Can I ever forgive myself? Read, read, my dear friend—it is right that you should read it—you must read it."

So I took the letter and read:

"I was speechless to-day, Herrman, when you were insulted; I *could* not speak there. But if you are guilty, I am too—for I love you! I love you better than all the world; and if you will have me for a wife, I will share any poverty with you. I will wait, if you think it best to wait—I will marry you to-morrow, in the face of all the world, if you so wish it. To-morrow or in years to come, at any time, always, I am, with undying love, your own AUGUSTA."

I confess that, as I read that letter, I was nearer to tears than when I looked on Herrman's agony and despair.

"Herrman," I said, "for the sake of that sweet and noble girl, you must do nothing rash. You must wait. Time will settle all this, and bring you to a happy union."

"My friend," he replied, with a sweet, sad smile, "henceforward I think no more of myself, but only of her. I will strive for her, win success for her, wait for her. One who has the gift of such a love can afford to be patient with fortune—for her sake."

I did not see, or wish to see, the letter he wrote in reply to Augusta. I could well imagine how tender, fervid, passionate would be the love it breathed; how noble and manly the patient, self-denying resolve it expressed. The lovers waited. Augusta had told her mother fearlessly and calmly that she loved the artist, that she would always love him, and that she would wait for him. Her mother smiled with pitying incredulity, and looked with confidence for the change a season or two would make. The seasons went, and there was no change in Augusta's heart or purpose. This pair of lovers never met, never tried to meet—never did any thing clandestine. So long as Augusta remained a minor, and under the guardianship of her mother (her father counted for nothing), they resolved that they would, thus far at least, respect inflexibly the parental authority. They lived for each other wholly separated; they lived almost literally on love. "Love and Patience," Herrman said to me, cheerily, one day, "against any two parents."

Need I say that Love and Patience conquered? Mrs. Fielden was not an unkind or ungenerous woman at heart. She looked one day at her daughter's pale, melancholy face and sighed, and then whispered:—

"Augusta, my child, you still, then, love *him?*"

"Still love him! I shall never cease to love him."

Her mother kissed her, and straightway wrote to Herrman:

"Come and see her! I am defeated! I thought I was acting for her happiness; and now I know I was wrong. You have conquered, and I fully believe you deserve your victory and all your reward. Forgive me, and have some affection for me too."

Soon after I read that my two friends were married.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IT was an Irishman who wrote to his son in the "ould counthry:" "Come till Ameriky, Mike. 'Tis a fine counthry to get a living in. All ye have to do is to get a three-cornered box and fill it wid bricks, and carry it till the top of a three-story building, and the man at the top does all the work." It was another of the same nationality who, hearing that his widowed mother had married again, since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed: "Murther! I hope she won't have a son older than me; if she does, I shall lose the whole estate."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient who had reluctantly submitted to solicit his advice—"I suppose you think me a bit of a humbug?" "Sir," gravely replied the sick man, "I was not aware until now that you could so readily discover a man's thought by feeling his pulse."

THE BIGGEST BLOCK-HEAD OUT—The Cardiff Giant.

A matrimonial advertisement in a Paris paper reads: "A single gentleman, Protestant, and possessed of rentes, wishes to marry a Protestant lady, very distinguished, and possessed of more rentes."

LATE HABITS—Night-gowns.

A lady leaving home was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mamma, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle, and let it be a religious one, so that I can use it once on Sunday."

RECIPE TO AVOID DRAUGHTS—Don't take any.

A Cincinnati paper advertises for "girls for cooking." A contemporary replies: "You would like them raw, when you get accustomed to them."

A negro clergyman addressed his congregation thus: "B'loved bredren and sisters, you dunno how to tell de sheeps from de goats? Bery well! I shall ask you which ob dem hab de wool, and which ob dem hab de hair?"

"My dear wife," as the man said when he looked at the last milliner's bill.

A sailor explains the distribution of prize-money to be as follows: "It is sifted through a ladder. What falls through goes to the officers; what sticks the sailors get."

A wag recently appended to the list of market regulations of Cincinnati: "No whistling near the sausage stalls."

"Gently the dews are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five due bills presented to him at one time.

A gentleman mentioned to a witty friend that he had been caught in the rain, and was wet through. "Are you really wet through?" said the wit. "I was never wet through in my life—never further than my skin."

What class ought never to die with consumption?—Merchants with strong iron chests.

A DRAMATIC SWEETMEAT—Venice Preserved.

"Isn't your bill awfully steep?" inquired a spendthrift of his tailor. "You ought to know best, for it was run up by you," was the cool reply.

Josh Billings says that cod-fish are better than umbrellas to keep you dry.

GOOD PARLOR GAME FOR THE SEASON—Courting.

A GOOD SCULPTOR—One who "chisels" his landlord out of his board.

The reason why whales frequent the arctic seas is probably because they supply the "northern lights" with oil.

A young lady in California broke her neck while resisting the attempt of a young man to kiss her. Young ladies should be very careful not to resist such attempts. It is extremely dangerous.

A Nevada City merchant advertises: "Old rags of greenish hue, embellished with Chase's photographs, cheerfully accepted in payment for stock."

HOW TO PUT DOWN WHISKY—Drink it.

Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever said, "A girl, now, seems all head!" "Yes, till you talk to her," replied Mr. Clever.

'Great heavens!" cried a bar-room bully of Denver City, who shot a stranger for declining to take a drink with him—"Great heavens! am I never to come to Denver without being *obliged* to kill somebody!"

A New York pea-nut vendor declares that "very few people eats more nor a pint a day," and it is therefore supposed that a crisis is approaching.

Take a little wife,
The prettier the better;
Pat her cheek, and when
She wants to kiss you—let her.

Keep her in the house—
There she'll cook your mutton;
Darn your jacket too,
If she's worth a button.

Never mind the lots
Of her aunts and cousins;
Ask them to "drop in;"
Dine them all by dozens.

One of these odd days
You'll feel full one inch taller,
When you see her hug
A chopping little squaller.

One of Mark Twain's farmers bought some Bartlett pear-trees, and the next season he took some of the fruit to the tree-dealer: "What kind of pears do you call these?" "Well, I don't know—Britton pears, perhaps." "But they grew on one of the trees you sold me for a Bartlett!" "Are you such a fool," was the dealer's convincing rejoinder, "as to suppose that a tree is going to bear Bartlett pears the first year?"

Why can not a deaf man be legally condemned for murder?—Because the law says no man can be condemned without a hearing.

During a fine starlight evening lately, a three-year old philosopher, after a silent and apparently profound scrutiny of the heavens, asked his mother, abruptly, where the stars came from. Mamma replied: "I don't know, Willie—I don't know where the stars came from." "Well, you bet I do. The moon laid 'em." This was a settler for mamma.

CHICAGO FASHIONS—Divorce suits.

The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder is said to be a hoax.

CENTENARIAN—A fellow who has "nary a cent."

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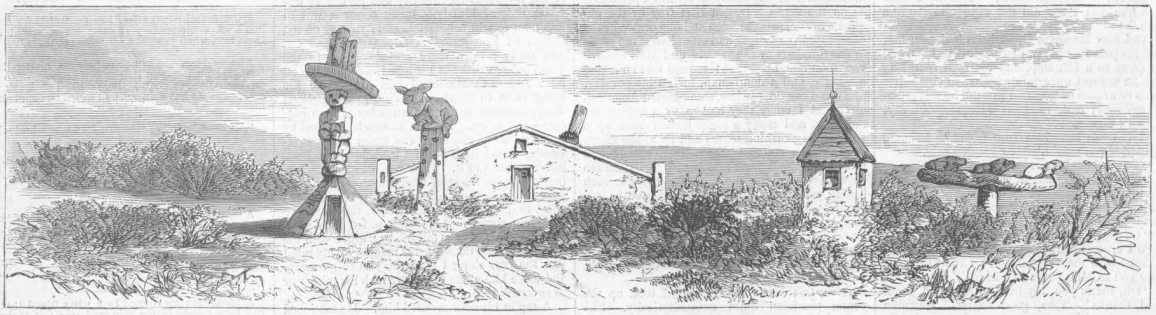
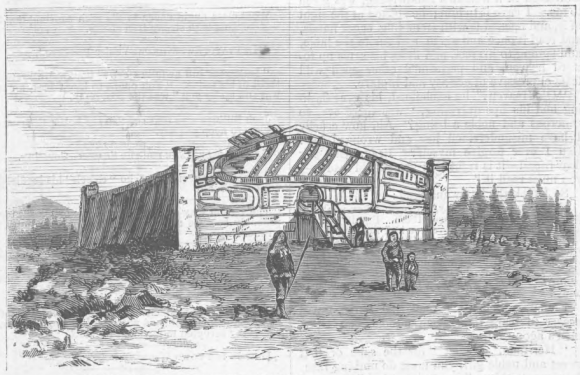
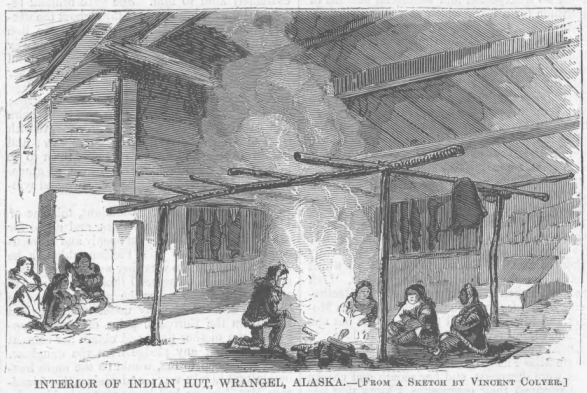
THE UNITED STATES MILITARY POST AT WRANGEL, ALASKA.—FROM A SKETCH BY VINCENT COLYER.—[SEE PAGE 125.]



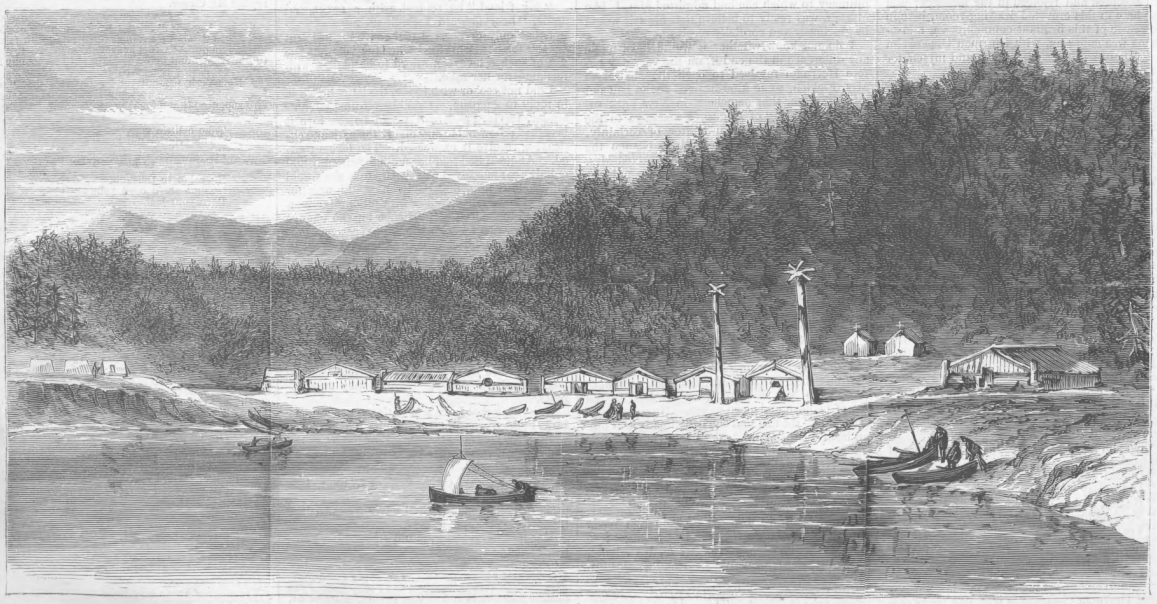
INDIAN HOUSE AND MONUMENTS AT WRANGEL, ALASKA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY VINCENT COLYER.]



A CHIEF'S HOUSE, WRANGEL, ALASKA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY VINCENT COLYER.]



INTERIOR OF INDIAN HUT, WRANGEL, ALASKA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY VINCENT COLYER.]



INDIAN VILLAGE AT WRANGEL, ALASKA.—FROM A SKETCH BY VINCENT COLYER.—[SEE PAGE 125.]

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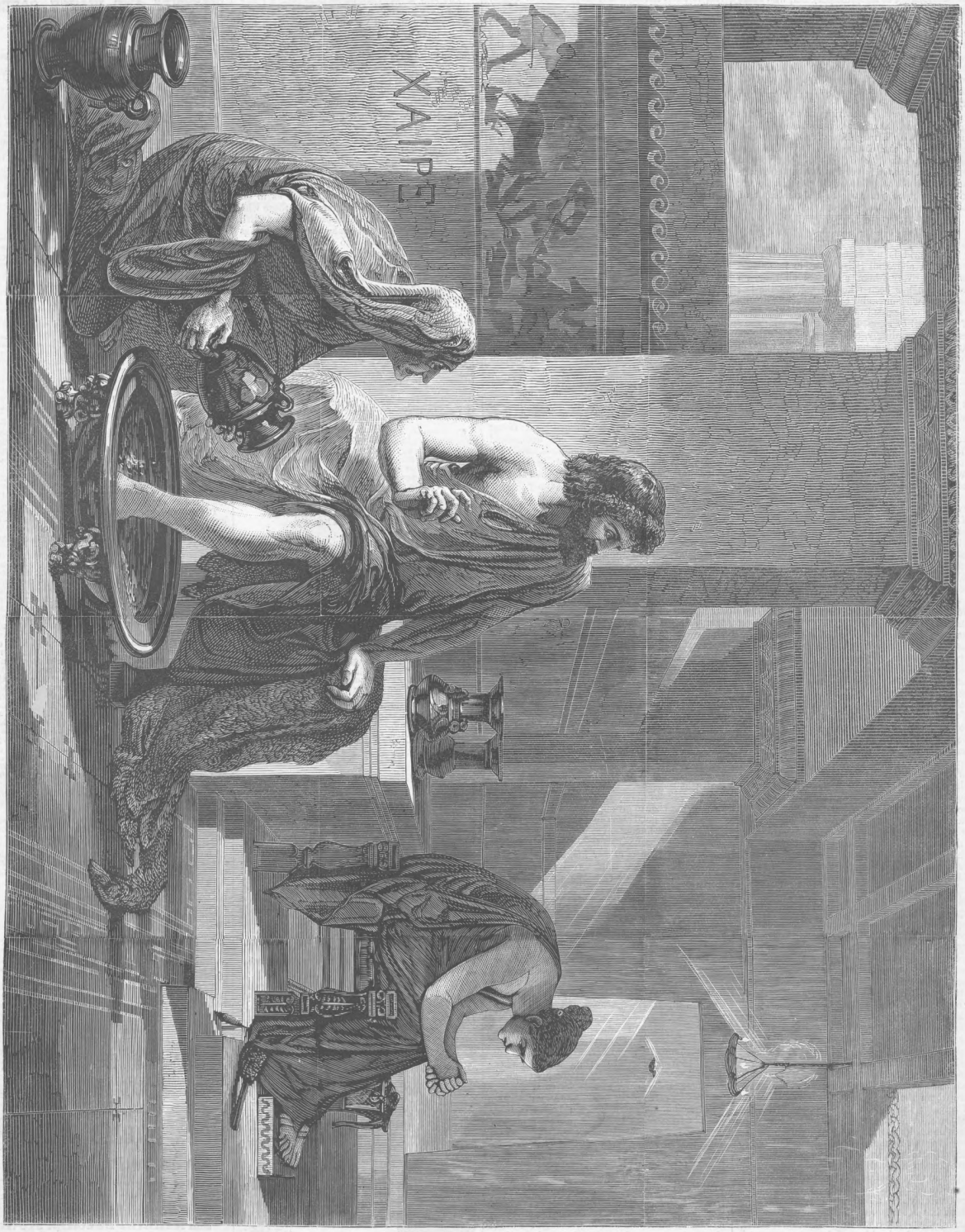

ULYSSES AND HIS NURSE.—[FROM A PAINTING BY MR. F. T. GOODALL.]

ULYSSES AND HIS NURSE.

ON this page we give an engraving from an historical painting by Mr. F. T. GOODALL, which received the prize gold medal and £50 scholarship from the English Royal Academy at the last biennial competition of the students. The artist, a young man of high promise, is the son of Mr. FREDERICK GOODALL, the eminent Academician, and grandson of Mr. EDWARD GOODALL, whose engravings of TURNER'S pictures are so justly celebrated. The subject selected by the Academy for the last competition was drawn from the "Odyssey"—the return of ULYSSES to his native Ithaca, and his recognition by his old nurse, EURYCLEA, his foster-mother. Readers of HOMER will not require to be told how dramatic is this situation, and our engraving will convey some idea of how faithfully the poet's description has been realized by the young painter. ULYSSES, after his twenty years' wandering, had at last landed at Ithaca, assuming the disguise of a beggar in order to take revenge on the insolent suitors, and thus deceiving his faithful PENELOPE; he had given her a fictitious account of his adventures, assuring her that he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete, describing his person and dress, and affirming that his return was certain within a month. Full of gratitude and admiration of the wisdom and gentle manners of the poor guest, PENELOPE had ordered him a bath, with EURYCLEA as attendant. During the performance of this hospitable rite the already aroused suspicions of the old nurse are suddenly changed into certainty at sight of the scar left on ULYSSES'S leg from a wound received as a youth in a boar-hunt on Mount Parnassus, and which he vainly sought to conceal by turning from the light of the blazing fire. The stern enjoinder of ULYSSES on his foster-mother to preserve the secret she had surprised, lest she should discover him to PENELOPE and mar his plot of vengeance, brings us to the moment selected for representation. The situation is rendered by Mr. GOODALL with great dramatic effect. The accessories are well considered, and harmonize admirably with the principal group.

SKETCHES IN ALASKA.

ON page 124 will be found a series of interesting sketches by VINCENT COLYER, in and around the Indian village at Wrangel, Alaska, which was recently bombarded by the military commandant at that post. The settlement, he informs us, was a well-built village of about thirty-five houses, and contained 450 inhabitants, men, women, and children. The houses were built of hewn timber, 30 by 50 feet, well morticed together, and were subdivided into smaller apartments for families. Mr. COLYER explains that the village was only about 500 yards from the post, of which we give an engraving, and as there were not over seventy-five able-bodied men in the village, it is certainly remarkable that the commandant of the post, who had a company of well-armed soldiers under his orders, should resort to bombardment, instead of taking a squad of men and making arrests. The villagers, Mr. COLYER thinks, will now be afraid to occupy their houses again for the winter, and will be great sufferers by this act of the commandant.

Our sketch of the house of the Indian chief shows the style of architecture employed in the better class of dwellings in the village. It belonged to a chief named STILLAT, and at the time of the bombardment was occupied by his widow. The front is curiously ornamented with paint and rude carving. In the vicinity of the

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house belonging to the principal chief, who bears the name of "Snake," are various carved objects of grotesque shape and rude workmanship, which are shown in our engraving. One of these figures is that of a bear reposing on a stump, the holes in the sides being supposed to represent his tracks. On the platform on the right of the picture rest the figures of three colossal frogs. The small building near the platform is a burial-place or tomb.

The village, as our engraving shows, was beautifully situated on the shore, within the edge of the forest, with a magnificent back-ground of mountains in the distance. The inhabitants were quiet, honest, and well-disposed toward the whites, and it is very much to be regretted that the commandant of the post should not have been more judicious in his treatment of them.

OLD LADIES.

THE world is notoriously unjust to its veterans, and above all it is unjust to its ancient females. Every where, and from all time, an old woman has been taken to express the last stage of uselessness and exhaustion; and while a meeting of bearded dotards goes by the name of a council of sages, and its deliberations are respected accordingly, a congregation of palsied matrons is nothing but a congregation of old women, whose thoughts and opinions on any subject whatsoever have no more value than the chattering of so many magpies. In fact, the poor old ladies have a hard time of it; and if we look at it in its right light, perhaps nothing proves more thoroughly the coarse flavor of the world's esteem respecting women than this disdain which they excite when they are old. And yet what charming old ladies one has known at times—women quite as charming in their own way at seventy as their grand-daughters are at seventeen, and all the more so because they have no design now to be charming, because they have given up the attempt to please for the reaction of praise, and long since have consented to become physically old, though they have never drifted into impersonableness or neglect. While retaining the intellectual vivacity and active sympathies of maturity, they have added the softness, the mellowness, the tempering got only from experience and advancing age; they are women who have seen and known and read a great deal, and who have suffered much, but whose sorrows have neither hardened nor soured them—rather have made them even more sympathetic with the sorrows of others, and pitiful for all the young. They have lived through and lived down all their own trials, and have come out into peace on the other side; but they remember the trials of the fiery passage, and they feel for those who have still to bear the pressure of the pain they have overcome. These are not women much met with in society; they are of the kind which mostly stays at home, and lets the world come to them. They have done with the hurry and glitter of life, and they no longer care to carry their gray hairs abroad; they retain their hold on the affections of their kind, they take an interest in the history, the science, the progress of the day, but they rest tranquil and content by their own fireside, and they sit to receive, but do not go out to gather. The fashionable old lady who haunts the theatres and drawing-rooms, bewiggled, befrizzled, painted, ghastly in her vain attempts to appear young, hideous in her frenzied clutch at the pleasures melting from her grasp, desperate in her wild hold on a life that is passing away from her so rapidly, knows nothing of the quiet dignity and happiness of her ancient sister who has been wise enough to renounce before she lost. In her own house, where gather a small knot of men of mind and women of character, where the young bring their perplexities and the mature their deeper thoughts, the dear old lady of ripe experience and loving sympathies and cultivated intellect holds a better court than is known to any of those miserable old creatures who prowl about the gay places of the world, and wrestle with the young for their crowns and garlands—those wretched *simulacra* of womanhood who will not grow old and who can not become wise. She is the best kind of old lady extant, answering to the matron of classic times—to the Mother in Israel before whom the tribes made obeisance in token of respect; the woman whose book of life has been well studied and closely read, and kept clean in all its pages. She has been no prude, however, and no mere idealist. She must have been wife, mother, and widow; that is, she must have known many things of joy and grief, and have had the fountains of life unsealed. However wise and good she may be, as a spinster she has had only half a life; and it is the best half which has been denied her. How can she tell others, when they come to her in their troubles, how time and a healthy will have wrought with her, if she has never passed through the same circumstances? Theoretic comfort is all very well, but one word of experience goes beyond volumes of counsel based on general principles and a lively imagination.

One type of old lady, growing yearly scarcer, is the old lady of Radical political tendencies based on the doctrines of Voltaire and Paine's *Rights of Man*—the old lady who talks of the French Revolution as if it was yesterday, and who has heard so often of the Porteus mob from poor papa that one would think she had assisted at the hanging herself. She is an infinitely old woman, for the most part bird-like, chirrupy, and wonderfully alive. She has never gone beyond her early teaching, but is a fossil Radical of the old school. She is an irreligious old creature, and scoffs with more cleverness than grace at every thing new or earnest; she would as lief see Romanism rampant at once as this new-fangled mummery they call Ritualism; and Romanism is her version of the unchaining of Satan. As for science—well, it is all very wonderful, but more wonderful she thinks than true; and she can not quite make up her mind about the spectroscope or the protoplasm. Of the two, the protoplasm commends itself most to her imagination, for private reasons of her own connected with the Pentateuch; but these things are not so much in her way as Voltaire and Diderot, Volney and Tom Paine, and she is content to abide by her ancient loves, and to leave the leaping-poles of science to younger and stronger hands. And this type of old lady is for the most part an ancient spinster, whose life has worn itself away in the arid deserts of mental doubt and emotional negation. If she ever loved it was in secret, some thin-lipped embodied idea long years ago; but most likely she did not get even to this unsatisfactory length, but contented herself with books and discussions only. If she has ever honestly loved and been loved, perhaps she would have gone beyond doubt, and have learned something holier than a scoff. The old lady of strong instinctive affections, who never reflects and never attempts to restrain her kindly weaknesses, stands at the other end of the scale. She is the grandmother *par excellence*, and spends her life in spoiling the little ones, cramming them with sugar-plums and rich cake, whenever she has the chance, and nullifying mamma's punishments by surreptitious gifts and goodies. She is the dearly-beloved of our childish recollections, and to the last days of our life we cherish the remembrance of the kind old lady with her beaming smile, taking out of her large black reticule, or the more mysterious recesses of her unfathomable pocket, wonderful little screws of paper, which her withered hands thrust into our chubby fists; but we can understand now what an awful nuisance she must have been to the authorities, and how impossible she made it to preserve any thing like discipline and the terrors of the domestic law in the family.

The old lady who remains a mere child to the end, who looks very much like a faded old wax doll with her scanty hair blown out into transparent ringlets, and her jaunty cap bedecked with flowers and gay-colored bows, who can not rise into dignity or true womanliness, who knows nothing, can give no advice, has no sentiment of protection, but on the contrary demands all sorts of care and protection for herself—she, simpering and giggling as if she were fifteen, is by no means an old lady of the finest type. But she is better than the leering old lady who says coarse things, and who, like Béranger's immortal creation, passes her time in regretting her plump arms and her well-turned ankle, and the lost time that can never be recalled, and who is altogether a most unedifying old person, and by no means nice company for the young. Then there is the irascible old lady, who rates her servants, and is free with full-flavored epithets against sluts in general; who is like a tigress over her last unmarried daughter, and, when crippled and disabled, still insists on keeping the keys, which she delivers up when wanted only with a snarl and a suspicious caution. She has been one of the race of active housekeepers, and has prided herself on her exceptional ability that way for so long that she can not bear to give up, even when she can no longer do any good; so she sits in her easy-chair, and gnaws her fingers at the younger world which passes her by. She is an infliction to her daughter for all the years of her life, and to the last keeps her in leading-strings, tied up as tight as the sinewy old hands can knot them; treating her always as an irresponsible young thing that needs both guidance and control, though the girl has passed into the middle-aged woman by now—a poor spiritless thing that has faded before she has fully blossomed, and dies like a fruit that has dropped from the tree before it has ripened. Twin-sister to this kind is the grim female become ancient; the gaunt old lady with a stiff back-bone, who sits upright, and walks with a firm tread like a man; a leathery old lady, who despises all your weak slips of girls that have nerves and headaches and can not walk their paltry mile without fatigue; a desiccated old lady, large-boned and lean, without an ounce of superfluous fat about her, with keen eyes yet, with which she boasts that she can thread a needle and read small print by candle-light; an indestructible old lady, who looks as if nothing short of an earthquake would put an end to her. The friend of her youth is now a stout, soft, helpless old lady, much bedraped in woolen shawls, given to frequent sippings of brandy and water, and ensconced in the chimney-corner like a huge clay figure set to dry. For her the indestructible old lady has the supremest contempt, heightened in intensity by a vivid remembrance of the time when they were friends and rivals. Ah, poor Laura, she says, straightening herself—she was always a poor creature, and see what she is now! To those who wait long enough the wheel always comes round, she thinks; and the days when Laura bore away the bell from her for grace and sweetness and lovableness generally are avenged now, when the one is a mere mollusk and the other has a serviceable back-bone that will last for many a year yet. Then there is the musical old lady, who is fond of playing small anonymous pieces of a jiggy character, full of queer turns and shakes, music that seems all written in demi-semiquavers, and that she gives in a tripping, catching way, as if the keys of the piano were hot. Sometimes she will sing, as a great favor, old-world songs that are almost pathetic for the thin and broken voice that chirrups out the sentiment with which they abound; and sometimes, as a still greater favor, she will stand up in the dance, and do the poor uncertain ghosts of what were once steps, in the days when dancing was dancing, and not the graceless lounge it is now. But her dancing-days are over, she says, after half a dozen turns; though sometimes she takes a frisky fit, and pays for it next day.

The very dress of old ladies is in itself a study and a revelation of character. There are the beautiful old women who make themselves like old pictures by a profusion of soft lace and tender grays; and the stately old ladies who affect rich rustling silks and sombre velvet; and there are the original and individual old ladies, who dress themselves after their own kind, like Mrs. Basil Montagu and Miss Jane Porter, and have a *cachet* of their own, with which fashion has nothing to do. And there are the old women who wear rusty black stuffs and ugly helmet-like caps; and those who affect uniformity and going with the stream, when the fashion has become national; and these have been much exercised of late with the chignons and the new bonnets. But Providence is liberal, and the milliners are fertile in resources. In fact, in this as in all other sections of humanity, there are those who are beautiful and wise, and those who are foolish and unlovely; those who make the best of things as they are, and those who make the worst, by treating them as something they are not; those who extract honey, and those who find only poison. For in old age, as in youth, are to be found beauty, use, grace, and value, but in different aspects and on another platform altogether; and the folly is when this difference is not allowed for, or when the possibility of these graces is denied and their utility ignored.

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Such being the fact, then if, in place of this large amount of practically-needless gold, a baser metal be substituted, the cost will be proportionately lessened, while the strength, solidity, and beauty of the case remains intact.

On the other hand, large numbers of gold watches are made and sold with cases so fragile, in order to reduce their cost to the lowest point, as to be almost unserviceable, and, in fact, many become entirely so after a few months' constant use—the covers having become sprung, so as not to shut, or stay shut; the joints or hinges breaking out, or the bends and a portion of the centre rim tearing away, the gold having become so extremely thin as not to afford substance enough to allow of the edges being soldered together (or if such repairs can be made, it is only at the expense of the beauty of the case); and with the dents and mars that with the greatest care are continually accumulating—the wearer knows not how or when they come—they gradually become so battered and unsightly as to be any thing but an object of pride or pleasure.

Now if these cases had been stiffened with a lining of baser metal, the cost would have been little if any more, the need of costly repairs would have been avoided, and they would have remained handsome and undefaced for years, to the great advantage of both watches and owners.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 687.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1870.

JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.

IT is not yet a year since it was our melancholy duty to record the sudden death of JAMES HARPER, the senior partner of the house of HARPER & BROTHERS; and to-day we have to announce that of his brother, for forty-five years a partner in the firm—JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER—who died at his residence in Brooklyn on Monday morning, February 14, in the seventieth year of his age. After a long illness, of which the end was sure, and which has been imminent for many weeks, his death was as gentle as his life, and his memory will be as spotless. Of a nature so guileless, a temper so serene, that his whole career was the fairest illustration of the highest Christian graces, his death-chamber was as cheerful as his steady heart, and foretold the eternal morning for which he waited.

Those who recall Mr. HARPER during his long connection with the house are familiar with the peculiar courtesy, the constant and kindly humor, of his manner; but only those who have been brought into more intimate relations with him fully know the true generosity and nobility of his character, his manly fidelity to his convictions, his exhaustless charity in judging others, his forbearance, sympathy, and wisdom in counsel. Modest and retiring, and of the simplest habits, he avoided wholly every kind of publicity; but his name in his religious connection was universally cherished and beloved, and his heart and hand were always open wide to the widow and the fatherless. Prosperity neither spoiled nor deceived him. He was its master, never its victim nor its slave. He was one of the men who sustain and refresh our faith in human nature, and whose loss is not so much an individual sorrow as the withdrawal of a lofty and pure influence from a wide circle.

Nowhere so happy as at home, there, as he would have chosen, it was appointed him to die. For many months, surrounded by the tenderest affection, he has been gradually declining, and every day and hour of suspense only more brightly illustrated his character. In that chamber love and faith and hope were a perpetual benediction. On Monday morning, a little after sunrise, he asked that the window should be opened; then, taking a slight refreshment, he said, "Thank you," and, closing his eyes, lay back. Immediately the loving eyes that watched him saw a change. But before those without the room could be called the good man had heard and obeyed the heavenly summons, "Come up higher!"

THE SWEENY CHARTER.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN, who was elected by notorious frauds, which, as Mayor, he did his best to protect by his proclamation, said, in his message, that the victorious party proposed to give the people self-government and to restore the rights of localities. Those who were familiar with New York politics knew that what he meant was that Tammany intended to establish a municipal system for the city of New York by which the Democratic machinery could be so perfected that the same methods which elected Mayor HOFFMAN Governor in 1868 should elect Governor HOFFMAN President in 1872. Governor HOFFMAN, having shown in his acquiescence in the monstrous Erie bill of last winter that he is wax in the hands of able schemers, is the chosen candidate of those who propose to manage the country as they manage the State—unmindful of the remark of a conspicuous "Hayloft and cheese-press" Democrat, as Tammany calls its rural friends, that "Mr. TWEED could do very well in the city of New York, but the United States were too —— big for him!" But the gentlemen who "counted in" Mr. HOFFMAN as Governor are of opinion that they can, by proper precautions, also count him in as President; and should they succeed, they are justly confident that the Governor who obeyed them in signing the Erie bill will not, as President, dare to refuse his aid in still more startling measures.

The proposed charter for the city of New York is the first great movement of these gentlemen toward their object. It vests the control of the city absolutely in the Ring, under whose auspices the appalling naturalization frauds of 1868 were committed. It gives to the same authority the control of the police. The charter effectually stifles the minority in the city; and the representatives of at least half the tax-paying property, and certainly three-quarters of the intelligence and good character of the population, are deprived of any part or voice whatever in the municipal management. If under the present system there is corruption, the proposed charter does not suggest a solitary change that is not for the advantage of the Ring which is the source of the corruption. It is a charter that can gratify only the worst element of the Democratic party, and which should alarm every man of every party who values just public confidence as the surest guarantee of order and prosperity.

The daily papers have been busily exposing the character of the charter and its inevitable consequences. The *World*, which can not be supposed friendly to the work of a Ring which it has denounced, however sorely constrained it may be by party necessity to speak mildly of a great party measure, has pointed out some of the significant omissions of the new instrument. It leaves the treasury exposed. It destroys all the commissions, without regard to their efficiency or integrity. It reverses the deliberate judgment of the most thoughtful citizens of all parties, and opens an era of misrule of which the evil consequences are not to be foreseen.

Yet, bad as the charter is, it is a question whether it will not be made worse before it is adopted. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the Ring-masters would wish to make as fair an appearance as possible at the beginning of their State supremacy, and that they would offer a plausible plan for what is called the popular government of the city to produce a favorable public impression, and would then proceed to modify it to their purposes. That is what we shall probably see. Under the plea that the charter, although excellent, has provoked a great deal of criticism, it will be fitted still more adroitly to the intentions of those who have made it, and the total subservience of the city to the Ring will be secured. But we protest against holding the popular principle responsible for the spectacle which is offered by the government of this city. An exceptionally large proportion of its population is composed of newly-arrived foreigners, and the least desirable element of the foreign immigration remains in and around it. It would be as fair to test the popular system by the worst ward in the city as by a city so exceptionally peopled.

That the managers of the dominant party—that is to say, Tammany—yield to the pressure of the worst part of their followers, there is no doubt. If the power known as Tammany chose to have honest elections, we should have them; and by the expression Tammany certain persons are very well understood. But they do not choose. They pander to the basest prejudices of their supporters, and they are then compelled to shape their policy by the passions which they have kindled. Even the *World*, which is a most devoted party organ, has not hesitated, under personal provocation, to brand some of the managers by name as corrupt. The new charter merely gives to these persons possession of such powers in the city as had hitherto escaped them; and Governor HOFFMAN, whose political advancement depends upon the favor of Tammany, solemnly calls this performance in advance "giving self-government to the people, and restoring the rights of localities."

WHITEWASH.

THE Methodist Book Concern, as is well known, is the awkward title of the great publishing house of that great Christian body, and its yearly business is of course immense. Like all other companies, or merchants, or institutions, however wary and sagacious, it is liable to be swindled. If that should happen, the discredit would not be in the swindle, but in the failure to investigate it fearlessly and to acknowledge it frankly. For the management of the Book Concern is the proper business of the denomination whose liberality supports it; and as its members are scattered every where in the country, the promptest and widest publicity of the results of an investigation into any alleged difficulty is indispensable to their proper information. When, therefore, it was announced during the last summer that there had been frauds in the management of its business, the duty of the Book Committee was plain. They owed to the fair fame of their religious denomination, to their own characters, and to the reputation of the honest officers of the Concern, that mismanagement or fraud of any kind should be summarily exposed and condemned. No delusive hope of "smoothing up" unpleasant facts, of sparing private feeling, or of avoiding public scandal should have prevented the simplest and frankest statement.

On the 23d of November, after forty days of investigation, the Committee reported that there had been "great mismanagement" and "serious losses" in the bindery. There was, however, such an evident desire to "hush up" the whole subject that the report was even more injurious to the Concern than the original charges. It left the impression that those charges were probably true, and that there were quite as terrible truths behind. As usual the mist of uncertainty magnified every thing; and the reputation of the Book Concern has seriously suffered from that reticent, evasive report, which we described at the time as a striking illustration of what such a report ought not to be. So universal and so powerful was this feeling that the Committee were constrained to resume the consideration of the subject; and the majority have now made another report, in which they virtually declare that they were mistaken; that there has been no irregularity or fraud or loss in any department of the Concern, and, of course, that the charges were entirely false. Fortunately the minority of the Committee also present a report, in which the statements of fact, of testimony, of affidavit, not of inference, are totally incompatible with the conclusions of the majority.

Thus it is in evidence that Mr. J. F. PORTER, the son of one of the principal managers, represented himself to paper houses as controlling the purchases of paper for the Concern, and to the Concern as the accredited agent of leading paper houses. On a certain day the Concern was charged by Mr. PORTER $13 50 per ream for paper which he had that very day bought of a paper house for $10 80, and which the paper house states that it would have gladly sold to the Book Concern at the same rate. The minority report states that since 1860 paper to the value of nearly $700,000 has been bought through this middle-man, whose commission was added to the price of the paper. The books of certain paper houses and of the Concern show that the profits of this middle-man upon purchases of paper between July, 1867, and August, 1868, were about $10,000. The letters of these houses and the order-book of the Concern are in possession of the Committee, showing that in one instance the middleman's profits were more than thirty per cent. In explanation of these astounding facts it was stated that the purchase of paper through middle-men is a common practice, and that the prices paid were average prices at the time. But in large establishments the rule is, of course, to buy directly from manufacturers; and even when brokers are employed the commission is seldom more than one per cent.; while as to the assertion about average prices it is enough that the dealers themselves state that they would willingly have sold to the Concern for $10 80 the same paper for which, upon the same day, the Concern was charged by the middle-man $13 50.

Moreover, the superintendent of the printing department of the Concern declared that no middle-man was employed. But it was immediately ascertained that his very last order, amounting to nearly $6000, had passed through the middle-man, Mr. J. F. PORTER; and the paper house which filled that order stated that all orders came through the same person, and showed a list of fifty-one orders, amounting to $174,985 24, and extending through a period of about four years. This is in evidence, and the superintendent was dismissed. There is very much more proof of the same kind, establishing the fact that during less than two years the Book Concern lost in this way, and upon its transactions with but three or four paper houses, more than $15,000. The testimony in regard to the bindery reveals similar results; but it is unnecessary to pursue the details further.

With this plain and accumulated evidence before them, and undisputed—with the order-books of the Concern, and the statement of the assistant agent, and the letters of the leading paper houses confirming it—with the fact of loss as clearly established as any loss can be, it is incomprehensible that the majority of the Committee should assert not only that there was no fraud nor corruption, but that the allegation of losses is unsustained. Their report is a grievous blow at the welfare of the denomination. The letters and evidence in the minority report are quite enough to convince the public that, for some reason, the truth is withheld, and that this declaration of the majority that the management of the business has been, and is now, "in a sound and healthy condition, and under such a system of checks and safeguards as guarantees security," is a solemn attempt to conceal the truth. We trust that the General Conference will give this subject the most careful consideration, and furnish some satisfactory explanation of the facts in evidence, or the frankest censure of the transactions in question. Nothing but such decisive action will satisfy the public that the business affairs of the great religious publishing house are conducted in a manner that will bear investigation; and nothing but this frankness will commend the Book Concern hereafter, as heretofore, to the pride and confidence and support of the Methodists of the United States.

A HARD FATE.

A BILL recently passed the Senate, without debate and without exciting public attention, which the President has just signed, and which ought to be a matter of general interest, as involving the treatment of a class of meritorious servants of the country—the retired army officers. The bill forbids them to be placed upon duty, and consequently very seriously reduces their pay. There are not many officers of this class, and some of them have been retired without real reason; so that the effect of this bill is most grievous. An officer, perhaps, who has faithfully served for forty years, may have been wounded in the Mexican war, by losing part of his hand, for instance—a wound which does not in the least unfit him for active duty, as is proved by seventeen or eighteen years of subsequent hard service in the field. Efficient as ever, this officer is peremptorily retired. But he is still competent, under the regulations, to serve upon military courts, and so allow active officers to remain with their regiments, as the President and General SHERMAN earnestly wish.

But a great many of these active officers do not earnestly wish it. They would much rather serve the country upon military courts in New York than in garrison at Fort Laramie, or some other frontier paradise; nor can any body wonder at their choice. They naturally press the President and the Department to relieve the retired officer from this appropriate duty, and to allow the applicants to leave their regiments to discharge it. And this pressure was urged as the reason for passing the bill. Its result will be that active officers will be taken from their commands for a service which the retired officers can render equally well, and that the income of the retired officers will be diminished by more than a half.

In announcing their fate to these faithful servants of the country, General SHERMAN can not withhold an expression of sympathy and regret. He says what he must fear can not be true, because he knows the facts: "Doubtless in most, if not in all, cases a respite from unceasing toil and responsibility will be grateful, if not necessary, coming as it does in this involuntary form and without a possibility of implied reproach." It is a hard fate. There are not many of these officers, and they have served long and laboriously for the smallest pay. They can not enter other professions; and elderly men with families, living most economically, must look soberly upon the prospect of losing half of their revenues. They have given their youth, their vigor, their life's devotion to the flag of their country, and they naturally and justly expect a moderate support from that country to the end. But when officers retired, yet not mentally nor bodily disabled, see that the country takes from them the service which they could satisfactorily do, and which would increase their resources—and that this is done, not to save money, but to make places for others—they feel bitterly, but too late, that they have served the most ungrateful of masters; and in their embarrassed and straitened age the younger officers of the army behold their own sure fate.

ROCHEFORT AND REVOLUTION.

THE warmest friends of liberty and the most resolute opponents of LOUIS NAPOLEON look without enthusiasm or hope upon Monsieur HENRI ROCHEFORT, and the movements of which he is the centre. And this is for the simple reason that LOUIS NAPOLEON has evidently learned that to save himself he must surrender to a constitutional government. It is because this is the moment of his acknowledged and conspicuous yielding to the pressure of liberal opinion that it is ill-chosen for a revolution. The new system, indeed, as we have more than once remarked, rests upon his word, and his word alone can not be respected. But the necessities of the situation can be respected, and they, as every thoughtful observer is aware, compel the Emperor to accept the new order. It is not, indeed, a consistently liberal system. For instance, the law of the press which was lately promulgated, and under which ROCHEFORT is condemned, is too restrictive; and it would seem, at this distance, to be sound policy for the Government to allow ROCHEFORT to say what he chooses, as it permitted him to return to Paris at his pleasure. Even the errors of a liberal government at this time in France should lean toward liberty, not toward absolutism; and it will be measured by the energy with which it proposes reforms.

The feeling with which events in France are regarded in foreign countries would be different if the Government had made any effort to screen PIERRE BONAPARTE. But it has proceeded exactly as in any other case. The homicide was committed, and the arrest of the offender was instantly ordered by the Government. He had surrendered himself, however, and there remained only the examination and trial. In that there must be no delay, and there must be no favor. Before the law PIERRE BONAPARTE is precisely what TRAUPMANN was. If the Government make France feel this by its conduct, it will be immensely strengthened. With the same steadiness it executes the law against ROCHEFORT. Seditious writings are forbidden. To us Americans such a law seems foolish. Perhaps it is foolish also in France; but it is the law. A republican leader violates it; he is tried under it and condemned. It still remains a question whether good policy would not have permitted the offense to pass. But if the Government has decided wrongly, it is a fault of judgment which ought not to be corrected by a revolution.

For a revolution is a very serious matter, and the responsibility of those who begin it is terrible. An appeal to arms is one of the worst of crimes, until it is clear that the consequences are less fearful than those of longer enduring the oppression. That this is the situation in France to-day—whatever it may have been during the absolutism of LOUIS NAPOLEON—who will contend? It may be true that the BONAPARTES have a taste for assassination. It may be true that ROCHEFORT is as good a man as

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any of the Ministers. It may be true that VICTOR NOIR was wantonly murdered, and that his story is a pitiful tragedy. This last may be easily believed. All liberal journalists, who are the van-guard of liberty in our time, deplore in his death the fate of a young fellow-soldier. But in revolutions personal considerations disappear. That an imperial prince kills a liberal writer is in itself no reason for beginning a revolution and overthrowing the empire. But when it is evident that the empire, leaning upon the army, meditates the destruction of the rights of the people, the brave man who, speaking the sad and profound conviction of the intelligence of his country, calls it to arms, and offers his breast to the bullets of the despot, is saluted by the love and gratitude of all generous and honorable men.

Is that the situation in France to-day? If it is, the man who shall lead a revolution will be hailed as a benefactor. If it is not, the man who purposely excites bloodshed must be held guilty of it.

TRADE AS AFFECTED BY THE SITUATION.

THE business interests of the United States have been sorely tried within the last half year. Up to the time of the raid upon Wall Street, in September, there was in all parts of the Union the regularity in trade which arises from the adjustment of prices on a basis supposed to be uniform. The farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, the laborer, or, in other words, the producers and consumers, stood on the same level. If prices were high for some articles, as they were equally high for others, there was equality in the long-run, and one interest could not boast of advantage over the other.

Since the affair of September, the effect of which struck terror through the whole country, instead of the uniformity in prices which is essential to solid prosperity, there has been an amount of irregularity hitherto unknown. Cotton remains but slightly disturbed—a result which communicates to the region of country of which it is the chief production much steadiness. On the other hand, the immense cereal productions of the Northwest have heavily shrunk in value, with a very depressing effect on all the interests of that quarter.

A winter of unusual mildness has undoubtedly contributed to the depression which originated in the crime of the gamblers in gold. Winter stocks remain on the shelves of distributors undisposed of; and, although spring goods have been displayed for several weeks, the customer tells the jobber, "I must delay my purchases for spring until the heavy goods are thinned off." Following in the train of these embarrassments came the pressure of the Treasury upon gold; the uncertainty about questions of currency, taxation, and the tariff, which now prevails; and lastly, and powerfully, the decision with which the Supreme Court of the United States has astonished the country.

It is one of the remarkable features of this depression that the same amount of paper-money which carried up prices in the proportion of its excess, as compared with the quantity in circulation before the war, still remains in use, and that shrinkage continues, notwithstanding that no measures for its diminution are on foot. The best observers are astounded at this remarkable exception to the universal law, that prices of articles in ordinary demand, and of ordinary supply, rise and fall according to the scarcity or abundance of money. The inflation produced under Mr. CHASE's administration raised prices inordinately, but uniformly, and it has always been supposed that they would be lowered only by reversing the operation.

We are told that "opinion is power;" and it is true that the belief is quite general, notwithstanding we are still running up an immense score on the other side of the ocean for imports, that we are on the direct road to specie payments. The question interests all of us what foundation there is for this impression.

The policy of the Treasury, in purchasing between eighty and ninety millions of the public debt, has imparted a higher degree of credit in Europe to our issues of bonds than they had reached before. As our whole paper-currency is founded on the credit of the United States, it shares in the benefit of this improvement; but although the foreigner holds nearly a thousand millions of this debt, and it is still going forward, we are receiving but little in return that enables us to pay the interest on this tremendous burden. The importation of iron forms an exception to the general rule, that our imports consist of articles which the country consumes from year to year; but it bears but a small proportion to the whole.

Mr. BOUTWELL's statement of the revenues received and estimated for the fiscal year which will end on the 30th of June, 1870, amounts to three hundred and ninety-four millions, eight hundred and thirty-one thousand, six hundred and twenty-two $\frac{62}{100}$ dollars. Mr. WELLS states that our annual indebtedness to the foreigner reaches two hundred and ten millions of dollars per annum. With these enormous receipts from revenue and of goods from abroad, the reduction of our debt to the extent of even one hundred millions per year would be a losing business; and hence it is that the foreigner, who obtains that excess of two hundred and ten millions in bonds annually, makes no complaint of the transaction, and will allow it to go on for the present. If we were drawing gold from his coffers, instead of taking his surplus of goods, a few shipments of it would induce the raising of the rate of interest in England.

Instead of growing stronger in our financial position, we are daily growing weaker and traveling in the opposite direction from specie payments. The security in which we repose is false, as will appear when the foreigner, reversing his present policy of encouraging an increase of our indebtedness, shall need to compel payment. That this necessity will arise there can be no doubt. It would require the treasures of India to supply the present extravagance of this country.

The shrinkage in prices is one of the mutations which belong to a paper system. ADAM SMITH, near the end of the last century, spoke of the danger of suspending the prosperity of the people upon the "wings of paper-money;" and we are now witnessing one of its peculiarities. A part of our difficulty is due to hoards in the South, for which their large receipts for cotton and the absence of banks are favorable; but the time will surely come when the undiminished volume of circulation will assert its force with effects not very different from those produced for several successive years, modified, however, by the action of the South, which will retain much of its present circulation.

The amount the South has withdrawn from us, to be thus retained as the result of the crop of 1868–69, is estimated by sagacious financiers at fifty millions of legal tenders. Should the crop of 1869–70 maintain its present price, an equal if not larger amount will be required. Although these sums go from one portion of the Union to another, yet the change results in an effectual contraction of the currency in the North. The reserve of national banks consists largely of three per cent. certificates, and so little of legal tenders that the banks owe their exemption from distress to the confidence of the community more than to their own strength. All who want legal tenders in considerable sums understand very well that notice is required of the demand, so that a little in this bank and a little in that may be borrowed for the exigency. It is at this vital point that our finances are exposed. The effect of the September raid was wide-spread, because a system was destroyed. A scheme for carrying on operations expressed in hundreds of millions was broken up. FISK, in his testimony, pointed to the difference between the gambling which it encouraged and regular dealings. He could manage forty millions of short gold at the Gold Exchange Bank with more ease than four millions of real gold.

Topsy, or some other fictitious character, on being asked, in the language common at the South, who was raised her, said, with real darkey wit, "I wasn't raised, s'pecks I growed." It is somewhat so with our banking policy. It wants system. We have 1620 banks, managed, with few exceptions, with a view only to the situation day by day, sometimes shaving each other; and they float along, engaged in immense transactions, with the boldness which was a marked feature of the Gold Exchange Bank.

What is wanted is a full and complete agreement between the most prudent managers, or some raiders more powerful than those of September, and, if this is possible, more unscrupulous, will strike them at their present weak point and produce sad consequences.

NOTES.

MR. FERNANDO WOOD suggests that Congress, or the American people, should demand the release of the Fenian prisoners; and, if negotiation fails, that the country should appeal to the God of Battles. And on which side would Mr. FERNANDO WOOD be found? The last time that the country appealed to the God of Battles, Mr. FERNANDO WOOD was heard lamenting that he was prevented from sending arms to the enemy.

THE adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment establishes in the State of New York that equality of political rights among the citizens which it is one of the disgraces of the Democratic party in the State to have defeated at the last election. The disability laid by the present New York Constitution upon the colored population serves no other conceivable purpose than to show a groundless antipathy. A longer residence and a larger tax was required of this class, not because they were more disorderly, ignorant, and dangerous than others, but because they were colored. The effort was never made to prove that persons of that color were presumptively bad citizens, nor to show how, if they were so, a little longer residence and a larger tax would make them good citizens. Mr. WILLIAM CASSIDY and Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY, indeed, in the Constitutional Convention, theorized about the inferiority of the colored man to the white; but if that were an argument against their equal political rights, those gentlemen omitted to mention how a year's residence in the State and the payment of a little more money would help the matter. Colored men were originally equal citizens, and the Fifteenth Amendment merely restores a right of which, except for slavery in the Southern States, they would never have been deprived; and their National Executive Committee do well in calling upon the colored citizens of the country every where to receive with jubilees of prayer and thanksgiving their final emancipation from all civil and political disabilities founded upon color.

IN the late debate in the New York Senate upon the Excise law, Senator CREAMER said that he was not "in the habit of using the cant of the day, talking of the protection which should be thrown around the working-man to prevent him from foolishly spending his money on Sunday, or on Saturday, when he receives his week's pay." But is there not another kind of cant quite as worthy the Senator's contempt, such as that which asserts the right of a man to get drunk if he chooses; and which describes the process as "going on Sunday to a lager-beer garden with his family, and drinking his wine or beer there, if he sees fit?" The proper method of repressing the crimes and disorders that arise from drunkenness is still a question; but to say, as Senator CREAMER says, that the money raised under the Excise law has done no good comparable with the injury and wrong inflicted by that law, reminds us to ask the Senator whether Cavalier cant is not just as odious as Roundhead.

IN the same debate Senator MURPHY said: "When you punish a man for being drunk by fining him or keeping him in prison you take time or money which should go to the support of his family." Undoubtedly it is unwise to punish mere drunkenness as a crime, but not for the reason mentioned by the Senator. The time and money which he says the State ought not to take "should go," indeed, to the drunkard's family, but they *will* go to the grog-shop. You do not save them to the family by declining to give them to the State.

GOVERNOR GEARY, of Pennsylvania, says that the election of every local officer with executive duties should be submitted to a popular vote.—Policemen in New York, for instance.

THE return of Mr. PARKE GODWIN to the editorship of *Putnam's Monthly* will revive the wide and kindly interest in that Magazine. The scholarly accomplishment of Mr. GODWIN, his profound convictions, his long editorial experience, and the power and grace with which he treats every subject that he touches, are sufficient security of the vigor and skill with which the Magazine will be conducted.

JOHN BROWN'S body has lain mouldering in the grave but a little more than ten years, when the late slaves in Virginia unite in asking Congress to remove the political disabilities of the late slave masters defeated in rebellion! It is a magnanimity and sagacity that contrasts well with the sullen folly of the Democratic party, which would make the colored citizens political outlaws. His soul goes marching on.

THE Message of Governor WALKER, of Virginia, does not belie in its tone and promise the spirit of his speech after the election. They are such words as Virginia has never heard from her Governors, and never would have heard in endless generations of Democratic ascendency: "Always a firm and consistent Unionist, I expect to live and die one. Beyond this the chief tenets of my political faith are the maintenance of the public faith, State and national, untarnished; honesty and economy in the administration of public affairs; the equalization and reduction of tariffs and taxation to the lowest degree consistent with the maintenance of the public credit; free education for all; a fostering care, encouragement, and elevation of labor; and, until fully, finally, and permanently accomplished, universal amnesty and impartial suffrage. These are fundamental principles in my political creed; and it matters not what you may call them, whether Republican, Democratic, or Liberal." These be brave words, and by them the official action of Governor WALKER will be measured.

AN illustration of the manner in which certificates to the excellence of various advertised articles are manufactured lately appeared in the newspapers. A gentleman wrote to a dealer in oil, requesting him to send the oil and the bill to a certain address, adding, playfully, that his wife had seen the dealer's advertisement, and would have only his oil. Thereupon the dealer publishes as an advertisement that the gentleman writes that his wife will have none but that oil; intending, of course, to convey to the reader the idea that she is so satisfied with it that she will have no other, while the fact was that she had never tried it. To take certain words from a letter, and to print them so that they necessarily convey a meaning that was neither expressed nor intended in the letter, may be very properly called, as the writer of the letter called it, "fraudulent." And the only rule for readers of advertisements that contain letters of recommendation is to be sure that they see the whole letter, and not the distorted part of a letter.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD have published three parts of "Patty Gray's Journey to the Cotton Islands;" and these three, which bring Patty to Mount Vernon, are issued in a pretty little case, which will be as good and as wise a gift after the holidays and St. Valentine's Day as they were at those happy times. If the birds peck at the painter's grapes he may be satisfied that he has not done ill; and if intelligent children are fascinated with a child's book which quietly conveys valuable information, and is pervaded with the truest morality and humanity, parents may be very sure that their children have found a friend. It is the good fortune of "Patty Gray" to have been thus welcomed, and those who have traveled with her to Mount Vernon, and have shared all her various humorous and pathetic experience, are very grateful to Mrs. DALL, who tells the story, and hopefully ask for more.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 7.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to incorporate a company to construct a tunnel from New York city to the New Jersey shore opposite. Several important bills were reported in regard to steamship and railway lines, and one chartering the American and Asiatic Telegraph Company, and to provide for detailing government vessels to aid the enterprise.—In the House, the death of Mr. Truman H. Hoag, a Representative from Ohio, was announced, and several speeches were made in the usual strain of formal eulogy.

February 8.—In the Senate, the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by Iowa was announced. A resolution to allow the discussion of Indian treaties in open session was agreed to after being so amended as to except confidential treaties transmitted by the President. A resolution was reported and adopted providing for a correspondence with foreign countries in regard to an international coinage. Among the bills reported were the bill to prevent encroachments upon harbors and the House bill for supplying the naval deficiencies, but with amendments doubling the appropriations. The West Point Appropriation bill was passed, as was also a bill relieving from political disabilities a number of persons named therein.—In the House, Mr. Ingersoll gave notice of the introduction of a joint resolution proposing to so amend the Constitution as to allow Congress to issue United States notes as legal tenders for debts.

February 9.—In the Senate, a bill was reported from the Judiciary Committee admitting Mississippi unconditionally, as a substitute for the House bill. Mr. Morgan made a long speech on neutrality, in which he took the Government to task for permitting the building and sailing of the Spanish gun-boats, and for its treatment of Cuba.—In the House, information was ordered respecting the murder of an American citizen in Havana.

February 10.—In the Senate, the bill for the admission of Mississippi was taken up, and a long debate ensued upon the amendment striking out the preamble and all conditions, during which Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, criticised Mr. Sumner, and the latter replied, repeating his charges against Mr. Trumbull, which drew out a caustic answer from the latter gentleman. —In the House, most of the session was occupied with a discussion of a motion to reduce the mileage of members $500,000; but no action was taken upon it.

February 11.—In the Senate, a resolution, offered by Mr. Sherman, to recognize the Cubans as belligerents, occasioned considerable debate, and was finally referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The bill abolishing the franking privilege was discussed, and then laid aside for the bill providing for the admission of Mississippi, which was also discussed for some time, but not disposed of.—In the House, several bills were introduced, the most important to provide for a further reduction of the army, and looking to the better protection of the government in the purchase of naval supplies. The death of Mr. B. F. Hopkins, of Wisconsin, was announced, and the customary eulogies were delivered on his character.

February 12.—The Senate was not in session.—In the House, the Legislative Appropriation bill was taken up. An amendment to strike out the appropriation for reporters of the *Globe* was rejected, only three members voting for it. An amendment cutting down the item for printing from $500,000 to $50,000 was also rejected after a prolonged debate. The bill is still under discussion, only about one-fifth having been acted on in Committee of the Whole.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

No business of general interest has been transacted in the New York State Legislature during the week. A large number of bills have been introduced, but mainly of a local character.

On the 7th inst. four Americans, citizens of New York, were fired upon in the streets of Havana by a Spaniard, and one of them, Isaac Greenwald, was killed, while two others were severely wounded. The assassin has since been arrested, and being a sergeant in a volunteer regiment, he is to be tried by court-martial. The murder of Mr. Greenwald appears to have been unprovoked. The outrage was at once communicated to our Government, and proper steps will be taken at once to obtain redress from the Spanish officials in Havana.

The Connecticut Republican State Convention met at Hartford February 9, and nominated candidates for State offices. The resolutions adopted congratulate President Grant and the country on the completion of reconstruction and the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, favor the payment of the national debt in coin, and denounce repudiation.

A general order from the head-quarters of the army was promulgated February 8, which, in accordance with the act of January 21, 1870, relieves all retired officers who have been assigned to duty from the 21st inst. Such as have been detailed as professors in colleges may continue in that capacity, if desirable, under any private arrangement with the authorities. Retired officers are also permitted to enter private business, and to change their residence, and travel at their pleasure within the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EARLY on the evening of February 7, M. Rochefort was arrested while on his way to address a political meeting near Belleville. This was the signal for an immense gathering of his friends in that quarter of Paris, and by two o'clock the next morning, under the lead of a man by the name of Flourens, the streets of that section were barricaded, the people taking omnibuses and vehicles from stables. A force of the police attempted to carry one of the barricades, but was repulsed with the loss of one man killed and another wounded. The other barricades were not defended. The insurgents obtained arms from various armories which they pillaged. The troops were out in force, but did not use fire-arms. About three hundred arrests were made, and by noon the city was quiet. Later in the day, however, new and more formidable barricades were erected nearer the centre of the city, which were carried by the military without firing a shot. No further collisions have taken place, and the Government is believed to be master of the situation. Flourens, who started the disorders, fled to Belgium as soon as there was any danger, to save his precious neck. About four hundred persons were arrested, and are now in prison awaiting trial. The Paris police report the discovery of a conspiracy against the life of the Emperor.

A Carlist conspiracy has been discovered in Spain. The Government is said to be fully aware of its plans, but will do nothing until an actual outbreak occurs.

The sessions of the British Parliament opened February 8, when the Queen's Speech was read by a Commission, owing to the indisposition of her Majesty. Among the government measures to be brought forward at the present session are the amendment of Irish land tenure, a bill for the enlargement of the means of national education, and a bill to define the *status* of British subjects who desire naturalization in other countries.

The Russian Home Secretary, in view of the existing popular discontent, has recommended the canceling of all the recent reforms.

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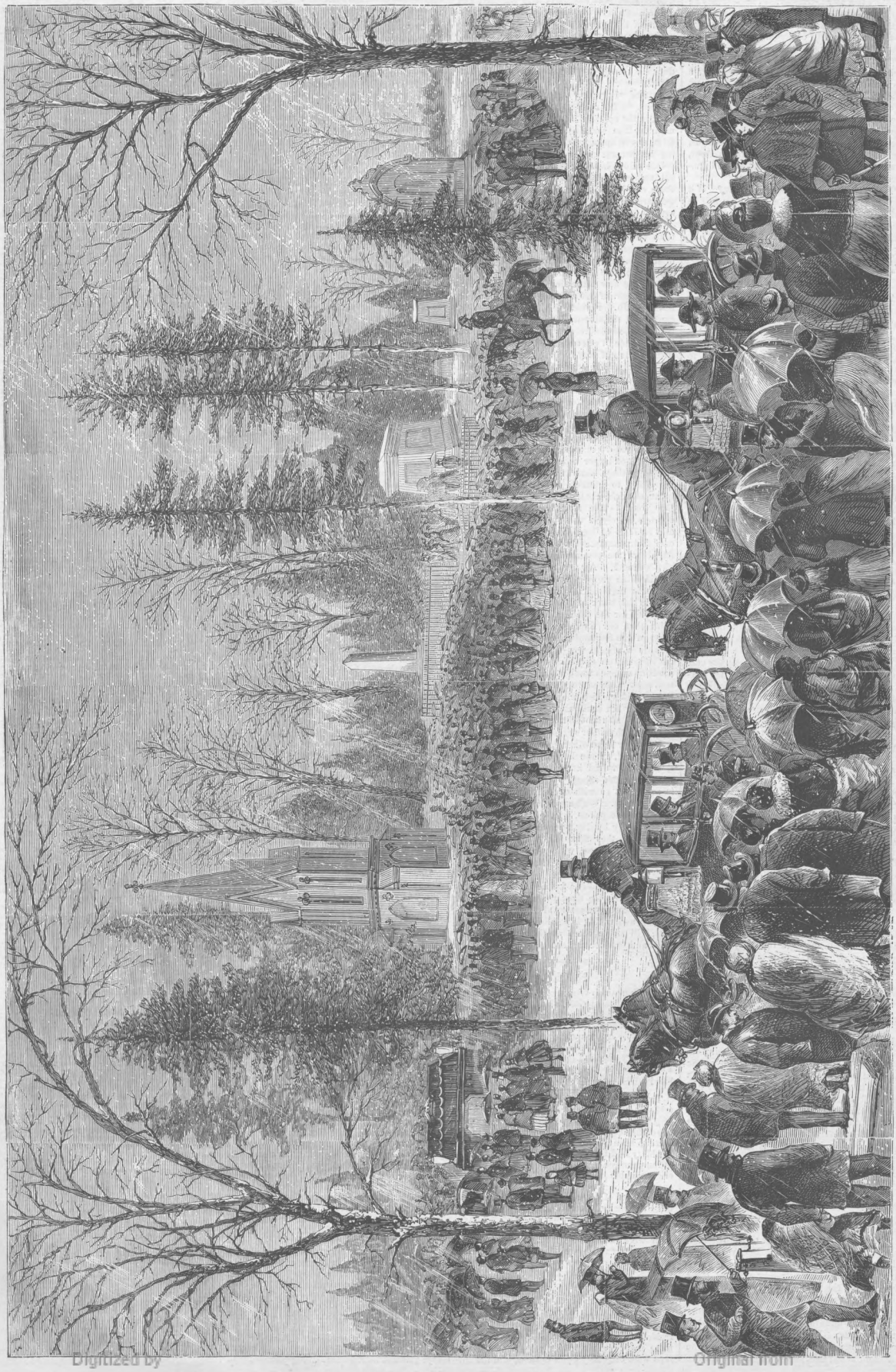

BURIAL OF MR. PEABODY'S REMAINS IN HARMONY GROVE CEMETERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. THYNG.—[SEE PAGE 133.]

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BURIAL OF MR. PEABODY.

THE burial of Mr. PEABODY'S remains took place in Harmony Grove Cemetery, at the town of Peabody, on the 8th of February. The weather in the morning was damp and dull. Snow began falling at nine o'clock; and it was remarked that it stormed when the body was placed on board of the *Monarch* at Portsmouth, when it was landed at Portland, when the funeral ceremonies took place in that city, and again when the final services were held at Peabody. The stormy weather did not prevent the assembling of an immense crowd of people from far and near to witness the ceremonies. Thousands flocked to Peabody by the early trains, and by the time the special train arrived containing Prince ARTHUR and suit, Minister THORNTON, the several British naval officers, Governors CLAFLIN of Massachusetts, STERNS of New Hampshire, CHAMBERLAIN of Maine, numerous military officers, and citizens of distinction, the town was crowded with visitors.

On their arrival at Peabody, Prince ARTHUR and his party were escorted to the residence of Colonel A. A. ABBOTT, Chairman of the Funeral Committee, and thence, with other visitors, proceeded to the Institute, to inspect the room where the body, removed the previous evening to facilitate the arrangements for the services, had been lying in state. About eleven o'clock the body was borne to the village church, a plain country meeting-house, followed by a long procession in which no particular order was observed. The Prince, in the undress uniform of his regiment, rode to the church with uncovered head.

The interior of the church was appropriately draped in mourning. The recess in which the pulpit partly stands was hung in black, with a great white cross in the centre. This cross was canopied by a wide and heavy fold of black, reaching across the summit of the arch, and bordered on either edge with white; long curtain-like folds at the sides completed the design. The casket containing the body was placed on the communion-table, in front of the pulpit. There were large bouquets of flowers laid thereon, one of which, in the form of a crown, will be preserved and forwarded to Queen VICTORIA. A cross of white flowers was suspended in the centre, and the body was guarded by four members of the Sutton Guard. The blinds were closed, and the edifice was lighted by gas. The relatives of the deceased were first seated, in one of the centre front pews; Prince ARTHUR and suit were escorted to seats in the middle of the church, and other distinguished visitors in adjoining pews.

After a voluntary on the organ and other introductory services, Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP pronounced a warm and eloquent eulogy on the life and character of Mr. PEABODY. During the delivery of the eulogy the speaker, who was a personal friend of the deceased, was visibly affected. By two o'clock in the afternoon the services in the church were ended, and the procession was formed to escort the body to the cemetery. By this time the storm had increased in violence, and the final ceremonies were hurried through under circumstances rather unfavorable to the solemnity which should be observed upon funeral occasions. But, notwithstanding the storm, the procession was pronounced a fine display.

The burying-ground, known as "Harmony Grove," is a beautifully-wooded inclosure, situated about half a mile from the church. At the tomb the United States troops, who headed the procession, opened ranks. The casket was deposited in a tomb by the men who removed it, only the pall-bearers leaving their carriages. This ceremony occupied but a few moments, and the procession then returned to Peabody. Our illustration, on page 132, represents the scene in the cemetery. The body will remain in its present resting-place until the relatives agree upon some spot where a grave may be dug for its permanent reception.

THE PARDONED SENTINEL.

OUR engraving on page 136 illustrates a touching incident of the late war, which our readers will not be sorry to have recalled to their remembrance. Early in the rebellion a young sentinel named WILLIAM SCOTT, a native of Vermont, was found asleep on his post, at the Chain Bridge near Washington. Several instances of this nature having then recently occurred, it was thought necessary to make an example of SCOTT. He was accordingly tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot. At the last moment his case was brought to the attention of President LINCOLN, and that most kind-hearted of men, learning that young SCOTT had always borne a worthy character, demeaning himself as a true and faithful soldier until this one offense against the rules of military discipline, not only pardoned him at once, but, fearing that the pardon might arrive too late if intrusted to other hands, drove himself to the place appointed for the execution, where he arrived just in season to save the young man's life. From that time onward none of his superiors had occasion to find fault with SCOTT, who, a few months afterward, fell bravely fighting in the trenches before Yorktown. His last words were a prayer that God would bless "good ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

This beautiful incident, so honorable to the kind heart of President LINCOLN, was made the subject of a ballad by FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER, which Mr. MURDOCH, the elocutionist, often read with great effect in the soldiers' hospitals. No one ever heard it without being moved to tears.

THE PARAGUAYAN MOTHER.

WE give on page 137 an illustration drawn by SOL EYTINGE, after a sketch by General M'MAHON, late United States Minister to Paraguay, which represents a touching scene, frequently observed by the General in journeying through that war-worn and desolated land. Describing a journey made a few days after a defeat of the Paraguayan army by the allied forces, he says the road by which he traveled presented one sad stream of migrating families, the women all carrying burdens on the head. In almost all cases each family carried with it an image of the Redeemer, a crucifix, a Mater Dolorosa, or some other token of their religious faith. All along the road-side were newly-erected crosses, marking the graves of those who had fallen by the way in their weary pilgrimage. On many of these graves lay fresh garlands of flowers, and child-mourner tottering after her formed the shape of a cross upon the dusty road—an incident happily preserved in our illustration.

AGE OF ANIMALS.

THE hare, rabbit, and squirrel, if they escape the gun of the sportsman, seldom outlive the seventh year. The average age of the fox is from twelve to fifteen years, of the cat about fifteen, and of the wolf from fifteen to twenty years. The horse, in a domestic state, does not often live longer than from twenty to twenty-five years, and the ass ranges to about the same period. Old age prostrated "Copenhagen," the famous steed of the Duke of Wellington, at twenty-seven years. But the wild horse is supposed to attain a much greater age; and the extraordinary case is on record of even the domestic animal attaining sixty-two years. Pigs have been known to live through thirty years, but the average term is much less. The roebuck seldom exceeds fifteen years. But great longevity is popularly assigned to the stag or red deer; and naturalists are agreed that his term may go beyond forty years—perhaps to half a century. The camel arrives at maturity in five years, lives to forty or fifty, and occasionally becomes a centenarian.

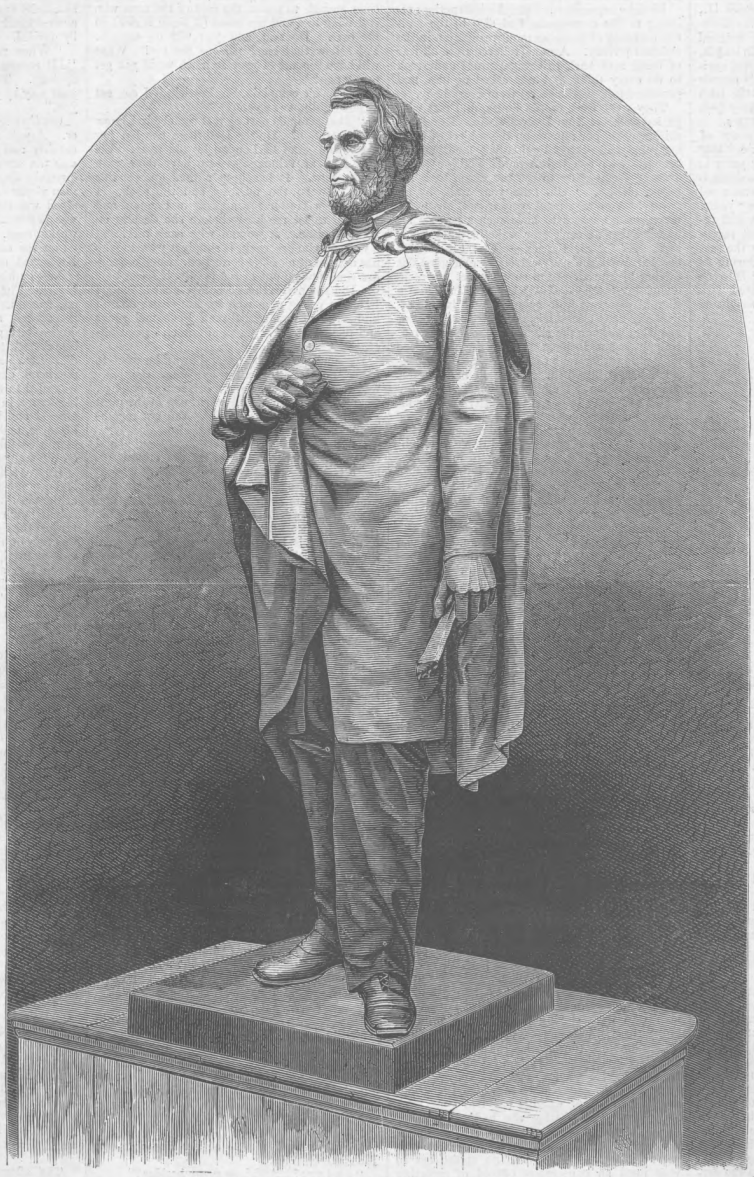
The dog is not so lively as of old in his sixth or seventh year, and has evidently passed the bounds of youth. Gray hairs are here and there upon him at the close of his eighth year, chiefly around his eyes and at the corners of his mouth. Such appearances become more conspicuous to the eleventh or twelfth year, when actual decrepitude usually commences, and increases so rapidly that by the fourteenth year the animal is a burden to himself and a nuisance to others. But dogs have lingered to twenty years.

The average age of sheep does not much exceed ten years; to that period they will usually live, breed, and thrive tolerably well. But there are instances of a much more protracted age. Somerville speaks of a Spanish ram that died at thirteen years old; and a ewe is mentioned that yeaned a pair of lambs when a shearling, had two pairs yearly for fifteen years, and produced single lambs for two years more. Particular sheep are stated to live nearly twenty years—those which the mountain shepherds call "guide-sheep," old wethers which are kept on purpose to direct the bleating flocks in the unfrequented wilds.

Cows have an average age of about fifteen years. Rings on the horns tell the number of their days. At four years old a ring is formed at their roots, and every succeeding year another is added. Thus, by allowing three years before their appearance, and counting the number of rings, the age of the animal is known. It is well for certain members of the human race losing their bloom, who are somewhat sensitive upon the question of age, that there are no definite appearances added with annual precision to their cheeks, revealing to the eye what they keep from the ear.

The bear rarely exceeds twenty years; the rhinoceros has been known to live through that period; and perhaps the lion, though commonly reputed a long-lived animal, does not usually go much beyond it. There are, however, instances of lions reaching to threescore years and ten. Pompey, who died in the Tower of London in 1760, was nearly an octogenarian, or upward of seventy years old. Of all the terrestrial mammalia, the elephant seems to be the longest liver, sometimes passing the century; and a much greater age is reported to have been attained by a distinguished individual. When Alexander the Great invaded the dominions of Porus, one of the rajahs of Upper India, he took a great elephant from the conquered prince, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." The animal is said to have been found with the inscription three hundred and fifty years afterward. It need hardly be remarked, to prevent full credence being given to this relation, that it rests upon the very dubious authority of ancient times, though still repeated unsuspectingly in many popular zoologies. However, the elephant, if not the king of beasts, is entitled to be considered somewhat of a patriarch among them.

The "wide-ruling eagle," the king of birds, surpasses most of the feathered tribes in his term of life. One kept at Vienna died after a confinement of a hundred and four years. The raven has also the reputation of being a centenarian. On an ancient oak near Selborne a pair fixed their residence for such a series of years that it came to be distinguished by the title of the raven-tree. But swans occasionally survive



THE NEW LINCOLN STATUE FOR UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WE give above a picture of the bronze statue of ABRAHAM LINCOLN by the distinguished artist, Mr. H. K. BROWN, which is to be placed opposite the equestrian statue of Washington, by the same artist, at the lower end of Union Square, in this city. In some respects this statue is an improvement upon the one executed by the same artist for Prospect Park, Brooklyn, of which we gave an engraving in the *Weekly* for November 13, 1869. The attitude and expression are full of dignity and repose, and the work reflects great credit upon the artist.

The statue was cast at the foundry of Messrs. ROBERT WOOD & CO., of Philadelphia, to which the public is indebted for many works of great artistic excellence, one of the principal of which is the cast of the statue of a "Citizen Soldier," by Mr. QUINCY WARD, of this city, for the New York Central Park.

sometimes orphaned children were seen kneeling beside a cross. All who passed these crosses uncovered their heads with a feeling and reverence never seen in this country. Nor was another touching scene much less frequent—a mother walking apart from all others, and bearing on a piece of board, upon her head, the body of her dead child dressed for the grave. Sometimes this simple funeral was followed by a single mourner—another child—whose pinched, pale face and feeble limbs told plainly that the mother would soon have another sad burden to bear to the lonely burial-ground. Nothing could convey a more vivid impression of the abject misery and desolation brought upon the land by war than the frequency of these mournful spectacles.

The scene depicted by our artist was one of many witnessed by General M'MAHON on the journey alluded to above. It was toward evening, and the long shadows of the mother and the

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to a century and a half and even longer. The melody of the dying swan, once popularly believed, is well known to exist only in the mythology of the ancients.

Among fishes, the carp is notorious for the remarkable tenacity with which it clings to life. In the canals of Chantilly, formerly the seat of the Prince of Condé, carps have been kept for more than a hundred years, most of them appearing hoary through old age, and so tame that they came at the call of the keeper to be fed. The pike, from remote antiquity, has been considered a long liver; and modern observation confirms this testimony of the elder Pliny. One ninety years old is mentioned by Pennant, but the most extraordinary example of its longevity is related by Gesner. In the year 1497 a pike was taken at Thailbrun, in Suabia, with a brazen ring attached to it, on which was engraved the inscription in Greek characters, "I am the fish that was first of all put into this lake by the hand of the Governor of the Universe—Frederick II., the 5th of October, 1250." The fish was therefore 247 years old, and is said to have weighed 350 pounds. Its skeleton, nineteen feet in length, was long preserved at Manheim as a great curiosity in natural history. Pike of seventy pounds weight have been taken from some of the Irish lakes, and must obviously have seen many days in comparison with those of their congeners.

The great longevity of the tortoise is one of the best established facts of this nature. One lived upward of a hundred and twenty years in the garden of Lambeth Palace. But another is recorded at Peterborough whose age amounted to not less than two hundred and twenty years. Bishop Marsh's predecessor in the see had remembered it above sixty years, without recognizing any visible change, and he was the seventh prelate who had worn the mitre during its sojourn there. The tortoise weighed between thirteen and fourteen pounds, and moved with apparent ease, though pressed with a weight of eighteen stone.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

TRACED.

THE chaise rattled out through the gates. The dogs barked furiously. Sir Patrick looked round, and waved his hand as he turned the corner of the road. Blanche was left alone in the yard.

She lingered a little, absently patting the dogs. They had especial claims on her sympathy at that moment; they, too, evidently thought it hard to be left behind at the house. After a while she roused herself. Sir Patrick had left the responsibility of superintending the cross-roads on her shoulders. There was something to be done yet before the arrangements for tracing Anne were complete. Blanche left the yard to do it.

On her way back to the house she met Arnold, dispatched by Lady Lundie in search of her.

The plan of occupation for the afternoon had been settled during Blanche's absence. Some demon had whispered to Lady Lundie to cultivate a taste for feudal antiquities, and to insist on spreading that taste among her guests. She had proposed an excursion to an old baronial castle among the hills—far to the westward (fortunately for Sir Patrick's chance of escaping discovery) of the hills at Craig Fernie. Some of the guests were to ride, and some to accompany their hostess in the open carriage. Looking right and left for proselytes, Lady Lundie had necessarily remarked the disappearance of certain members of her circle. Mr. Delamayn had vanished, nobody knew where. Sir Patrick and Blanche had followed his example. Her ladyship had observed, upon this, with some asperity, that if they were all to treat each other in that unceremonious manner, the sooner Windygates was turned into a Penitentiary, on the silent system, the fitter the house would be for the people who inhabited it. Under these circumstances, Arnold suggested that Blanche would do well to make her excuses as soon as possible at head-quarters, and accept the seat in the carriage which her step-mother wished her to take. "We are in for the feudal antiquities, Blanche; and we must help each other through as well as we can. If you will go in the carriage, I'll go too."

Blanche shook her head.

"There are serious reasons for *my* keeping up appearances," she said. "I shall go in the carriage. You mustn't go at all."

Arnold naturally looked a little surprised, and asked to be favored with an explanation.

Blanche took his arm and hugged it close. Now that Anne was lost, Arnold was more precious to her than ever. She literally hungered to hear at that moment, from his own lips, how fond he was of her. It mattered nothing that she was already perfectly satisfied on this point. It was so nice (after he had said it five hundred times already) to make him say it once more!

"Suppose I had no explanation to give?" she said. "Would you stay behind by yourself to please *me?*"

"I would do any thing to please you!"

"Do you really love me as much as that?"

They were still in the yard; and the only witnesses present were the dogs. Arnold answered in the language without words—which is nevertheless the most expressive language in use, between men and women, all over the world.

"This is not doing my duty," said Blanche, penitently. "But, oh Arnold, I am so anxious and so miserable! And it *is* such a consolation to know that *you* won't turn your back on me too!"

With that preface she told him what had happened in the library. Even Blanche's estimate of her lover's capacity for sympathizing with her was more than realized by the effect which her narrative produced on Arnold. He was not merely surprised and sorry for her. His face showed plainly that he felt genuine concern and distress. He had never stood higher in Blanche's opinion than he stood at that moment.

"What is to be done?" he asked. "How does Sir Patrick propose to find her?"

Blanche repeated Sir Patrick's instructions relating to the cross-roads, and also to the serious necessity of pursuing the investigation in the strictest privacy. Arnold (relieved from all fear of being sent back to Craig Fernie) undertook to do every thing that was asked of him, and promised to keep the secret from every body.

They went back to the house, and met with an icy welcome from Lady Lundie. Her ladyship repeated her remark on the subject of turning Windygates into a Penitentiary for Blanche's benefit. She received Arnold's petition to be excused from going to see the castle with the barest civility. "Oh, take your walk by all means! You may meet your friend, Mr. Delamayn—who appears to have such a passion for walking that he can't even wait till luncheon is over. As for Sir Patrick— Oh! Sir Patrick has borrowed the pony-carriage? and gone out driving by himself?—I'm sure I never meant to offend my brother-in-law when I offered him a slice of my poor little cake. Don't let me offend any body else. Dispose of your afternoon, Blanche, without the slightest reference to me. Nobody seems inclined to visit the ruins—the most interesting relic of feudal times in Perthshire, Mr. Brinkworth. It doesn't matter—oh, dear me, it doesn't matter! I can't force my guests to feel an intelligent curiosity on the subject of Scottish Antiquities. No! no! my dear Blanche!—it won't be the first time, or the last, that I have driven out alone. I don't at all object to being alone. 'My mind to me a kingdom is,' as the poet says." So Lady Lundie's outraged self-importance asserted its violated claims on human respect, until her distinguished medical guest came to the rescue and smoothed his hostess's ruffled plumes. The surgeon (he privately detested ruins) begged to go. Blanche begged to go. Smith and Jones (profoundly interested in feudal antiquities) said they would sit behind, in the "rumble"—rather than miss this unexpected treat. One, Two, and Three caught the infection, and volunteered to be the escort on horseback. Lady Lundie's celebrated "smile" (warranted to remain unaltered on her face for hours together) made its appearance once more. She issued her orders with the most charming amiability. "We'll take the guide-book," said her ladyship, with the eye to mean economy, which is only to be met with in very rich people, "and save a shilling to the man who shows the ruins." With that she went up stairs to array herself for the drive; and looked in the glass; and saw a perfectly virtuous, fascinating, and accomplished woman, facing her irresistibly in a new French bonnet!

At a private signal from Blanche, Arnold slipped out and repaired to his post, where the roads crossed the road that led to the railway.

There was a space of open heath on one side of him, and the stone-wall and gates of a farm-house inclosure on the other. Arnold sat down on the soft heather—and lit a cigar—and tried to see his way through the double mystery of Anne's appearance and Anne's flight.

He had interpreted his friend's absence exactly as his friend had anticipated: he could only assume that Geoffrey had gone to keep a private appointment with Anne. Miss Silvester's appearance at Windygates alone, and Miss Silvester's anxiety to hear the names of the gentlemen who were staying in the house, seemed, under these circumstances, to point to the plain conclusion that the two had, in some way, unfortunately missed each other. But what could be the motive of her flight? Whether she knew of some other place in which she might meet Geoffrey? or whether she had gone back to the inn? or whether she had acted under some sudden impulse of despair?—were questions which Arnold was necessarily quite incompetent to solve. There was no choice but to wait until an opportunity offered of reporting what had happened to Geoffrey himself.

After the lapse of half an hour, the sound of some approaching vehicle—the first sound of the sort that he had heard—attracted Arnold's attention. He started up, and saw the pony-chaise approaching him along the road from the station. Sir Patrick, this time, was compelled to drive himself—Duncan was not with him. On discovering Arnold, he stopped the pony.

"So! so!" said the old gentleman. "You have heard all about it, I see? You understand that this is to be a secret from every body, till further notice? Very good. Has any thing happened since you have been here?"

"Nothing. Have you made any discoveries, Sir Patrick?"

"None. I got to the station before the train. No signs of Miss Silvester any where. I have left Duncan on the watch—with orders not to stir till the last train has passed to-night."

"I don't think she will turn up at the station," said Arnold. "I fancy she has gone back to Craig Fernie."

"Quite possible. I am now on my way to Craig Fernie, to make inquiries about her. I don't know how long I may be detained, or what it may lead to. If you see Blanche before I do, tell her I have instructed the station-master to let me know (if Miss Silvester does take the railway) what place she books for. Thanks to that arrangement, we sha'n't have to wait for news till Duncan can telegraph that he has seen her to her journey's end. In the mean time, you understand what you are wanted to do here?"

"Blanche has explained every thing to me."

"Stick to your post, and make good use of your eyes. You were accustomed to that, you know, when you were at sea. It's no great hardship to pass a few hours in this delicious summer air. I see you have contracted the vile modern habit of smoking—that will be occupation enough to amuse you, no doubt! Keep the roads in view; and, if she does come your way, don't attempt to stop her—you can't do that. Speak to her (quite innocently, mind!), by way of getting time enough to notice the face of the man who is driving her, and the name (if there is one) on his cart. Do that, and you will do enough. Pah! how that cigar poisons the air! What will have become of your stomach when you get to my age?"

"I sha'n't complain, Sir Patrick, if I can eat as good a dinner as you do."

"That reminds me! I met somebody I knew at the station. Hester Dethridge has left her place, and gone to London by the train. We may feed at Windygates—we have done with dining now. It has been a final quarrel this time between the mistress and the cook. I have given Hester my address in London, and told her to let me know before she decides on another place. A woman who *can't* talk, and a woman who *can* cook, is simply a woman who has arrived at absolute perfection. Such a treasure shall not go out of the family, if I can help it. Did you notice the Béchamel sauce at lunch? Pooh! a young man who smokes cigars doesn't know the difference between Béchamel sauce and melted butter. Good afternoon! good afternoon!"

He slackened the reins, and away he went to Craig Fernie. Counting by years, the pony was twenty, and the pony's driver was seventy. Counting by vivacity and spirit, two of the most youthful characters in Scotland had got together that afternoon in the same chaise.

An hour more wore itself slowly out; and nothing had passed Arnold on the cross-roads but a few stray foot-passengers, a heavy wagon, and a gig with an old woman in it. He rose again from the heather, weary of inaction, and resolved to walk backward and forward, within view of his post, for a change. At the second turn, when his face happened to be set toward the open heath, he noticed another foot-passenger—apparently a man—far away in the empty distance. Was the person coming toward him?

He advanced a little. The stranger was doubtless advancing too, so rapidly did his figure now reveal itself, beyond all doubt, as the figure of a man. A few minutes more, and Arnold fancied he recognized it. Yet a little longer, and he was quite sure. There was no mistaking the lithe strength and grace of *that* man, and the smooth easy swiftness with which he covered his ground. It was the hero of the coming foot-race. It was Geoffrey on his way back to Windygates House.

Arnold hurried forward to meet him. Geoffrey stood still, poising himself on his stick, and let the other come up.

"Have you heard what has happened at the house?" asked Arnold.

He instinctively checked the next question as it rose to his lips. There was a settled defiance in the expression of Geoffrey's face, which Arnold was quite at a loss to understand. He looked like a man who had made up his mind to confront any thing that could happen, and to contradict any body who spoke to him.

"Something seems to have annoyed you?" said Arnold.

"What's up at the house?" returned Geoffrey, with his loudest voice and his hardest look.

"Miss Silvester has been at the house."

"Who saw her?"

"Nobody but Blanche."

"Well?"

"Well, she was miserably weak and ill, so ill that she fainted, poor thing, in the library. Blanche brought her to."

"And what then?"

"We were all at lunch at the time. Blanche left the library, to speak privately to her uncle. When she went back Miss Silvester was gone, and nothing has been seen of her since."

"A row at the house?"

"Nobody knows of it at the house, except Blanche—"

"And you? And how many besides?"

"And Sir Patrick. Nobody else."

"Nobody else? Any thing more?"

Arnold remembered his promise to keep the investigation then on foot a secret from every body. Geoffrey's manner made him—unconsciously to himself—readier than he might otherwise have been to consider Geoffrey as included in the general prohibition.

"Nothing more," he answered.

Geoffrey dug the point of his stick deep into the soft, sandy ground. He looked at the stick, then suddenly pulled it out of the ground and looked at Arnold. "Good-afternoon!" he said, and went on his way again by himself.

Arnold followed, and stopped him. For a moment the two men looked at each other without a word passing on either side. Arnold spoke first.

"You're out of humor, Geoffrey. What has upset you in this way? Have you and Miss Silvester missed each other?"

Geoffrey was silent.

"Have you seen her since she left Windygates?"

No reply.

"Do you know where Miss Silvester is now?"

Still no reply. Still the same mutely-insolent defiance of look and manner. Arnold's dark color began to deepen.

"Why don't you answer me?" he said.

"Because I have had enough of it."

"Enough of what?"

"Enough of being worried about Miss Silvester. Miss Silvester's my business—not yours."

"Gently, Geoffrey! Don't forget that I have been mixed up in that business—without seeking it myself."

"There's no fear of my forgetting. You have cast it in my teeth often enough."

"Cast it in your teeth?"

"Yes! Am I never to hear the last of my obligation to you? The devil take the obligation! I'm sick of the sound of it."

There was a spirit in Arnold — not easily brought to the surface, through the overlying simplicity and good-humor of his ordinary character—which, once roused, was a spirit not readily quelled. Geoffrey had roused it at last.

"When you come to your senses," he said, "I'll remember old times — and receive your apology. Till you *do* come to your senses, go your way by yourself. I have no more to say to you."

Geoffrey set his teeth, and came one step nearer. Arnold's eyes met his, with a look which steadily and firmly challenged him—though he *was* the stronger man of the two—to force the quarrel a step further, if he dared. The one human virtue which Geoffrey respected and understood was the virtue of courage. And there it was before him—the undeniable courage of the weaker man. The callous scoundrel was touched on the one tender place in his whole being. He turned, and went on his way in silence.

Left by himself, Arnold's head dropped on his breast. The friend who had saved his life—the one friend he possessed, who was associated with his earliest and happiest remembrances of old days — had grossly insulted him; and had left him deliberately, without the slightest expression of regret. Arnold's affectionate nature—simple, loyal, clinging where it once fastened—was wounded to the quick. Geoffrey's fast-retreating figure, in the open view before him, became blurred and indistinct. He put his hand over his eyes, and hid, with a boyish shame, the hot tears that told of the heartache, and that honored the man who shed them.

He was still struggling with the emotion which had overpowered him, when something happened at the place where the roads met.

The four roads pointed as nearly as might be toward the four points of the compass. Arnold was now on the road to the eastward, having advanced in that direction to meet Geoffrey, between two and three hundred yards from the farm-house inclosure before which he had kept his watch. The road to the westward, curving away behind the farm, led to the nearest market-town. The road to the south was the way to the station. And the road to the north led back to Windygates House.

While Geoffrey was still fifty yards from the turning which would take him back to Windygates—while the tears were still standing thickly in Arnold's eyes—the gate of the farm inclosure opened. A light four-wheel chaise came out, with a man driving, and a woman sitting by his side. The woman was Anne Silvester, and the man was the owner of the farm.

Instead of taking the way which led to the station, the chaise pursued the westward road to the market-town. Proceeding in this direction, the backs of the persons in the vehicle were necessarily turned on Geoffrey, advancing behind them from the eastward. He just carelessly noticed the shabby little chaise, and then turned off north on his way to Windygates.

By the time Arnold was composed enough to look round him, the chaise had taken the curve in the road which wound behind the farm-house. He returned—faithful to the engagement which he had undertaken—to his post before the inclosure. The chaise was then a speck in the distance. In a minute more it was a speck out of sight.

So (to use Sir Patrick's phrase) had the woman broken through difficulties which would have stopped a man. So, in her sore need, had Anne Silvester won the sympathy which had given her a place, by the farmer's side, in the vehicle that took him on his own business to the market-town. And so, by a hair's-breadth, did she escape the treble risk of discovery which threatened her—from Geoffrey, on his way back; from Arnold, at his post; and from the valet, on the watch for her appearance at the station.

The afternoon wore on. The servants at Windygates, airing themselves in the grounds—in the absence of their mistress and her guests—were disturbed, for the moment, by the unexpected return of one of "the gentlefolks." Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn reappeared at the house, alone; went straight to the smoking-room; and calling for another supply of the old ale, settled himself in an arm-chair with the newspaper, and began to smoke.

He soon tired of reading, and fell into thinking of what had happened during the latter part of his walk.

The prospect before him had more than realized the most sanguine anticipations that he could have formed of it. He had braced himself—after what had happened in the library—to face the outbreak of a serious scandal, on his return to the house. And here—when he came back—was nothing to face! Here were three people (Sir Patrick, Arnold, and Blanche) who must at least know that Anne was in some serious trouble, keeping the secret as carefully as if they felt that his interests were at stake! And, more wonderful still, here was Anne herself—so far from rais-

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ing a hue and cry after him—actually taking flight, without saying a word that could compromise him with any living soul!

What in the name of wonder did it mean? He did his best to find his way to an explanation of some sort; and he actually contrived to account for the silence of Blanche and her uncle, and Arnold. It was pretty clear that they must have all three combined to keep Lady Lundie in ignorance of her runaway governess's return to the house.

But the secret of Anne's silence completely baffled him.

He was simply incapable of conceiving that the horror of seeing herself set up as an obstacle to Blanche's marriage might have been vivid enough to overpower all sense of her own wrongs, and to hurry her away, resolute, in her ignorance of what else to do, never to return again, and never to let living eyes rest on her in the character of Arnold's wife. "It's clean beyond *my* making out," was the final conclusion at which Geoffrey arrived. "If it's her interest to hold her tongue, it's my interest to hold mine, and there's an end of it for the present!"

He put up his feet on a chair, and rested his magnificent muscles after his walk, and filled another pipe, in thorough contentment with himself. No interference to dread from Anne, no more awkward questions (on the terms they were on now) to come from Arnold. He looked back at the quarrel on the heath with a certain complacency—he did his friend justice, though they *had* disagreed. "Who would have thought the fellow had so much pluck in him!" he said to himself as he struck the match and lit his second pipe.

An hour more wore on; and Sir Patrick was the next person who returned.

He was thoughtful, but in no sense depressed. Judging by appearances, his errand to Craig Fernie had certainly not ended in disappointment. The old gentleman hummed his favorite little Scotch air—rather absently, perhaps—and took his pinch of snuff from the knob of his ivory cane much as usual. He went to the library bell and summoned a servant.

"Any body been here for me?"—"No, Sir Patrick."—"No letters?"—"No, Sir Patrick."—"Very well. Come up stairs to my room, and help me on with my dressing-gown." The man helped him to his dressing-gown and slippers. "Is Miss Lundie at home?"—"No, Sir Patrick. They're all away with my lady on an excursion."—"Very good. Get me a cup of coffee; and wake me half an hour before dinner, in case I take a nap." The servant went out. Sir Patrick stretched himself on the sofa. "Ay! ay! a little aching in the back, and a certain stiffness in the legs. I dare say the pony feels just as I do. Age, I suppose, in both cases? Well! well! well! let's try and be young at heart. 'The rest' (as Pope says) 'is leather and prunella.'" He returned resignedly to his little Scotch air. The servant came in with the coffee. And then the room was quiet, except for the low humming of insects and the gentle rustling of the creepers at the window. For five minutes or so Sir Patrick sipped his coffee, and meditated—by no means in the character of a man who was depressed by any recent disappointment. In five minutes more he was asleep.

A little later, and the party returned from the ruins.

With the one exception of their lady-leader, the whole expedition was depressed—Smith and Jones, in particular, being quite speechless. Lady Lundie alone still met feudal antiquities with a cheerful front. She had cheated the man who showed the ruins of his shilling, and she was thoroughly well satisfied with herself. Her voice was flute-like in its melody, and the celebrated "smile" had never been in better order. "Deeply interesting!" said her ladyship, descending from the carriage with ponderous grace, and addressing herself to Geoffrey, lounging under the portico of the house. "You have had a loss, Mr. Delamayn. The next time you go out for a walk, give your hostess a word of warning, and you won't repent it." Blanche (looking very weary and anxious) questioned the servant, the moment she got in, about Arnold and her uncle. Sir Patrick was invisible up stairs. Mr. Brinkworth had not come back. It wanted only twenty minutes of dinner-time; and full evening-dress was insisted on at Windygates. Blanche, nevertheless, still lingered in the hall in the hope of seeing Arnold before she went up stairs. The hope was realized. As the clock struck the quarter he came in. And he, too, was out of spirits like the rest!

"Have you seen her?" asked Blanche.

"No," said Arnold, in the most perfect good faith. "The way she has escaped by is not the way by the cross-roads—I answer for that."

They separated to dress. When the party assembled again, in the library, before dinner, Blanche found her way, the moment he entered the room, to Sir Patrick's side.

"News, uncle! I'm dying for news."

"Good news, my dear—so far."

"You have found Anne?"

"Not exactly that."

"You have heard of her at Craig Fernie?"

"I have made some important discoveries at Craig Fernie, Blanche. Hush! here's your stepmother. Wait till after dinner, and you may hear more than I can tell you now. There may be news from the station between this and then."

The dinner was a wearisome ordeal to at least two other persons present besides Blanche. Arnold, sitting opposite to Geoffrey, without exchanging a word with him, felt the altered relations between his former friend and himself very painfully. Sir Patrick, missing the skilled hand of Hester Dethridge in every dish that was offered to him, marked the dinner among the wasted opportunities of his life, and resented his sister-in-law's flow of spirits as something simply inhuman under present circumstances. Blanche followed Lady Lundie into the drawing-room in a state of burning impatience for the rising of the gentlemen from their wine. Her step-mother—mapping out a new antiquarian excursion for the next day, and finding Blanche's ears closed to her occasional remarks on baronial Scotland five hundred years since—lamented, with satirical emphasis, the absence of an intelligent companion of her own sex; and stretched her majestic figure on the sofa to wait until an audience worthy of her flowed in from the dining-room. Before very long—so soothing is the influence of an after-dinner view of feudal antiquities, taken through the medium of an approving conscience—Lady Lundie's eyes closed; and from Lady Lundie's nose there poured, at intervals, a sound, deep, like her ladyship's learning; regular, like her ladyship's habits—a sound associated with night-caps and bedrooms; evoked alike by Nature, the leveler, from high and low—the sound (oh, Truth, what enormities find publicity in thy name!)—the sound of a Snore.

Free to do as she pleased, Blanche left the echoes of the drawing-room in undisturbed enjoyment of Lady Lundie's audible repose.

She went into the library, and turned over the novels. Went out again, and looked across the hall at the dining-room door. Would the men never have done talking their politics and drinking their wine? She went up to her own room, and changed her ear-rings, and scolded her maid. Descended once more—and made an alarming discovery in a dark corner of the hall.

Two men were standing there, hat in hand, whispering to the butler. The butler, leaving them, went into the dining-room—came out again with Sir Patrick—and said to the two men, "Step this way, please." The two men came out into the light. Murdoch, the station-master; and Duncan, the valet! News of Anne!

"Oh, uncle, let me stay!" pleaded Blanche.

Sir Patrick hesitated. It was impossible to say—as matters stood at that moment—what distressing intelligence the two men might not have brought of the missing woman. Duncan's return, accompanied by the station-master, looked serious. Blanche instantly penetrated the secret of her uncle's hesitation. She turned pale, and caught him by the arm. "Don't send me away," she whispered. "I can bear any thing but suspense."

"Out with it!" said Sir Patrick, holding his niece's hand. "Is she found or not?"

"She's gone by the up-train," said the station-master. "And we know where."

Sir Patrick breathed freely; Blanche's color came back. In different ways, the relief to both of them was equally great.

"You had my orders to follow her," said Sir Patrick to Duncan. "Why have you come back?"

"Your man is not to blame, Sir," interposed the station-master. "The lady took the train at Kirkandrew."

Sir Patrick started, and looked at the station-master. "Ay? ay? The next station—the market-town. Inexcusably stupid of me. I never thought of that."

"I took the liberty of telegraphing your description of the lady to Kirkandrew, Sir Patrick, in case of accidents."

"I stand corrected, Mr. Murdoch. Your head, in this matter, has been the sharper head of the two. Well?"

"There's the answer, Sir."

Sir Patrick and Blanche read the telegram together.

"Kirkandrew. Up train. 7.40 P.M. Lady as described. No luggage. Bag in her hand. Traveling alone. Ticket—second-class. Place—Edinburgh."

"Edinburgh!" repeated Blanche. "Oh, uncle! we shall lose her in a great place like that!"

"We shall find her, my dear; and you shall see how. Duncan, get me pen, ink, and paper. Mr. Murdoch, you are going back to the station, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"I will give you a telegram, to be sent at once to Edinburgh."

He wrote a carefully-worded telegraphic message, and addressed it to The Sheriff of Mid-Lothian.

"The Sheriff is an old friend of mine," he explained to his niece. "And he is now in Edinburgh. Long before the train gets to the terminus he will receive this personal description of Miss Silvester, with my request to have all her movements carefully watched till further notice. The police are entirely at his disposal, and the best men will be selected for the purpose. I have asked for an answer by telegraph. Keep a special messenger ready for it at the station, Mr. Murdoch. Thank you; good-evening. Duncan, get your supper, and make yourself comfortable. Blanche, my dear, go back to the drawing-room, and expect us in to tea immediately. You will know where your friend is before you go to bed to-night."

With those comforting words he returned to the gentlemen. In ten minutes more they all appeared in the drawing-room; and Lady Lundie (firmly persuaded that she had never closed her eyes) was back again in baronial Scotland five hundred years since.

Blanche, watching her opportunity, caught her uncle alone.

"Now for your promise," she said. "You have made some important discoveries at Craig Fernie. What are they?"

Sir Patrick's eye turned toward Geoffrey, dozing in an arm-chair in a corner of the room. He showed a certain disposition to trifle with the curiosity of his niece.

"After the discovery we have already made," he said, "can't you wait, my dear, till we get the telegram from Edinburgh?"

"That is just what it's impossible for me to do! The telegram won't come for hours yet. I want something to go on with in the mean time."

She seated herself on a sofa in the corner opposite Geoffrey, and pointed to the vacant place by her side.

Sir Patrick had promised—Sir Patrick had no choice but to keep his word. After another look at Geoffrey, he took the vacant place by his niece.

HERS OR MINE?

My sweet-heart's eyes, they're bonny and blue,
Ah me!
But he's slow to wed who was swift to woo,
Ah me!
Am I less tender, or is he less true?

Down in the valley, a year ago,
Ah me!
He plucked me a lily as fresh as snow,
Ah me!
And he kissed me as never he'd let me go.

But the lily leaves fell out of my hair,
Ah me!
Or ever his hand had fastened it there,
Ah me!
And a brown bird twittered "Beware! beware!"

We stood together again to-day,
Ah me!
Just where he kissed into Yes my Nay,
Ah me!
He hung his head and had naught to say.

Mignon's eyes have a sunny shine,
Ah me!
And Mignon's checks are fresher than mine,
Ah me!
For I get paler because I pine.

The dove has forgotten his last-year's nest,
Ah me!
And it's his new love that he loves the best,
Ah me!
My heart lies like a stone in my breast.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

WHEN the lofty and barren mountain was first lifted into the sky, and from its elevation looked down on the plains below, and saw the valley and the less elevations covered with verdant and fruitful trees, it sent up to Brahma something like a murmur of complaint: "Why thus barren? Why these scarred and naked sides exposed to the eye of man?" And Brahma answered, "The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. More verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us." So was the mountain dowered. And so, too, adds the legend, have the loftiest minds of men been dowered in all ages. To lower elevations have been given the pleasant verdure, the vine and olive. Light—light alone, and the deep shadow of the passing cloud, these are the gifts of the prophets of the race.

DEATH BY BEHEADING.

THE execution of Traupmann in Paris has revived the old question whether death instantaneously follows upon the severance of the head from the body. Dr. Pinel asserts that decapitation does not immediately affect the brain. The blood which flows after decapitation comes from the large vessels of the neck, and there is hardly any call upon the circulation of the cranium. The brain remains intact, nourishing itself with the blood retained by the pressure of the air. When the blood remaining in the head at the moment of separation is exhausted, there commences a state, not of death but of inertia, which lasts up to the moment when the organ, no longer fed, ceases to exist. Dr. Pinel estimates that the brain finds nourishment in the residuary blood for about an hour after decapitation. The period of inertia would last for about two hours, and absolute death would not ensue till after the space of three hours altogether. If, he adds, a bodiless head indicates by no movement the horror of its situation, it is because it is physically impossible that it should do so, all the nerves which serve for the transmission of orders from the brain to the trunk being severed. But there remain the nerves of hearing, of smell, and of sight.

We are told that the face of Charlotte Corday blushed at the insults of her executioners; and Samson, an executioner who flourished during the reign of terror, asserted that the head of a priest named Gardieu bit that of a Girondin of the name of Lacaze, which had been put into the same sack. Of course these stories are mere popular accounts of phenomena easily accounted for; but the doctors Ségaret and Sue affirm, with reason, that pain can be felt for twenty minutes after the execution, and cite the following experiments: Two human heads were placed in the rays of the sun, and the eyelids, which had been opened, were immediately shut; and the head of an assassin named Terrier, which was experimented upon more than a quarter of an hour after having been separated from the body, turned its eyes when asked. Dr. Ménessier, who has made this subject his special study, cites a curious experiment made on the head of a calf. A calf was hanged in a slaughter-house, in Paris, and its head cut off with a knife, the operation lasting about half a minute. The head was immediately placed upon a table, and in the space of six minutes lost two ounces and a half of blood. During the first minute all the muscles of the face and neck were agitated by rapid and irregular convulsions. During the two following minutes the convulsions assumed a different character. The tongue protruded from the mouth, which opened and closed alternately. The nostrils were dilated in a similar manner to those of an animal breathing with difficulty, the convulsions becoming more violent on pricking the tongue with a needle. On approaching the finger to the eye in the direction of the pupil, at the distance of an inch, the eye closed precipitately, and reopened an instant after, as though it wished to avoid the shock of a foreign body. This experiment was repeated several times, until the eye only closed on the eyelid being touched. At the end of the fourth minute the convulsions had entirely ceased, and were only renewed on the spinal marrow being pierced at the back of the neck with a dagger; the eye still remained insensible to every thing; and at the end of the sixth minute all was over.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CANADIAN clergyman not long since was called upon by an Irish girl, who asked how much he charged for marrying any body. He replied, "A dollar and a half," and Biddy departed. A few evenings later, on being summoned to the door, he was accosted by the same person, with the remark that she had come to be married. "Very well," said the minister; but perceiving with astonishment that she was alone, he continued, "Where is the man?" "And don't you find the man for a dollar and a half?"

"Silence in the court-room there," thundered a police magistrate, the other morning; "the court has already committed four prisoners without being able to hear a word of the testimony."

"Lenny, you're a pig," said a father to a little five-year-old boy. "Now do you know what a pig is, Lenny?" "Yes, Sir; a pig's a hog's little boy."

"Do you believe in second love, Mister M'Quade?" "Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it swate? and when it's gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that swate too? Troth, Murphy, I do believe in second love."

A CONSTANT FRIEND—A life-long Quaker.

SKATING WITH THE GIRLS.

Come, girls, get on your jockey hats,
Dress in your skating suits,
Be sure to lace up snugly
Your pretty little boots;
And we will all go skating,
For the ice is clear and bright,
The moon will soon be up, my dears,
We'll have a lovely night.

Then soon we're off, a little hand
Tucked snugly 'neath each arm,
While all the boys are making love,
And keeping darlings warm.
Oh! don't you think it's jolly,
Mixing up one's self with curls,
And going off on moonlight nights,
Skating with the girls!

But when it comes to putting on—
Lord love us, ain't it nice
To hold the dailing's pretty foot!
You have to be precise,
For oft the skate won't snugly fit;
So with many twists and twirls,
How long it takes the putting on
The skates of pretty girls!

The foot's so small, so very trim,
The boot so high and neat;
Perhaps a glimpse of stockings white,
May cause your heart to beat!
It takes so long to put on skates
Of pretty ones with curls;
And yet, we wish we always could
Go skating with the girls!

A little girl who was sent out to hunt eggs thought it strange she did not find any, as there were several hens "standing about doing nothing!"

An absent-minded old bachelor is in the habit, when he comes home to tea, of putting the kettle on the fire, and taking a snooze until the kettle begins to sing, when he would get up and make his tea. The other evening, being a little prostrated on account of old Simpkins's daughter "cutting" him on the street, he put the kettle on the lounge and got on the stove himself, and never discovered his mistake until he began to sing.

At a recent lecture Professor X—— stated that Saturn had a ring six thousand miles broad. "Be jabers!" exclaimed an Irishman who was present, "what a finger he must have!"

The ruling passion was recently exhibited in a remarkable manner on the occasion of a funeral. An old lady had lost her husband, and on the day of the funeral her neighbors were somewhat tardy in appearing at the solemnities. "Nabby," said she, "hand me my knitting; I might as well be taking a few stitches while the gathering is taking place."

AN IMPROPER FRACTION—Breaking your neighbor's windows.

Eight kinds of kisses are mentioned in the Scriptures: the kiss of Salutation, Valediction, Reconciliation, Subjection, Approbation, Adoration, Treachery, and Affection.

It was said of a very handsome woman, whose feet were immense: "She's very pretty, but she upsets completely the ordinary system of measurement, by proving that two feet make a yard."

When the great American aloe, belonging to Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, having been in New York on exhibition, was on its way up the river, under the care of the gardener or keeper, a gentleman, struck with the beauty of the plant, made many inquiries regarding it. In the course of the passage the inquirer remarked: "That plant belongs to the cactus family, does it not?" "No, Sir; it belongs to the Van Rensselaer family," was the reply.

A clergyman in the country had a stranger preaching for him one day; and meeting his beadle, he said to him, "Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "I wanna, Sir, it was rather o'er plain and simple for me," replied the beadle. "I like the sermons that bejumbles the joodgment and confounds the sense; od, Sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yourse'f at that."

A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of any thing to say, asked her why she was like a tailor. "I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it's because I'm sitting beside a goose."

PEDESTRIANISM—Being relieved of one's watch.

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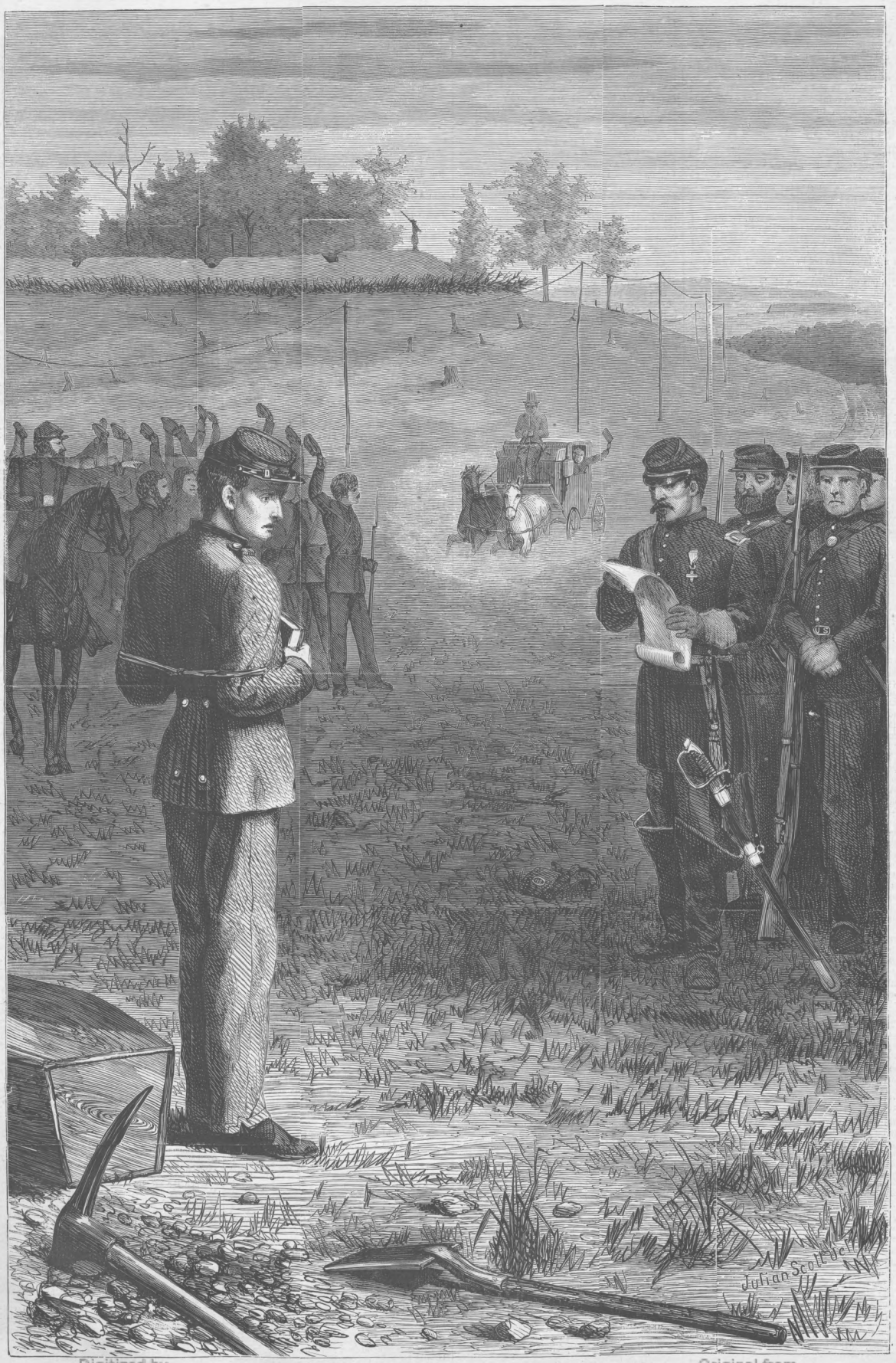

THE PARDONED SENTINEL.—DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT.—[SEE PAGE 133.]

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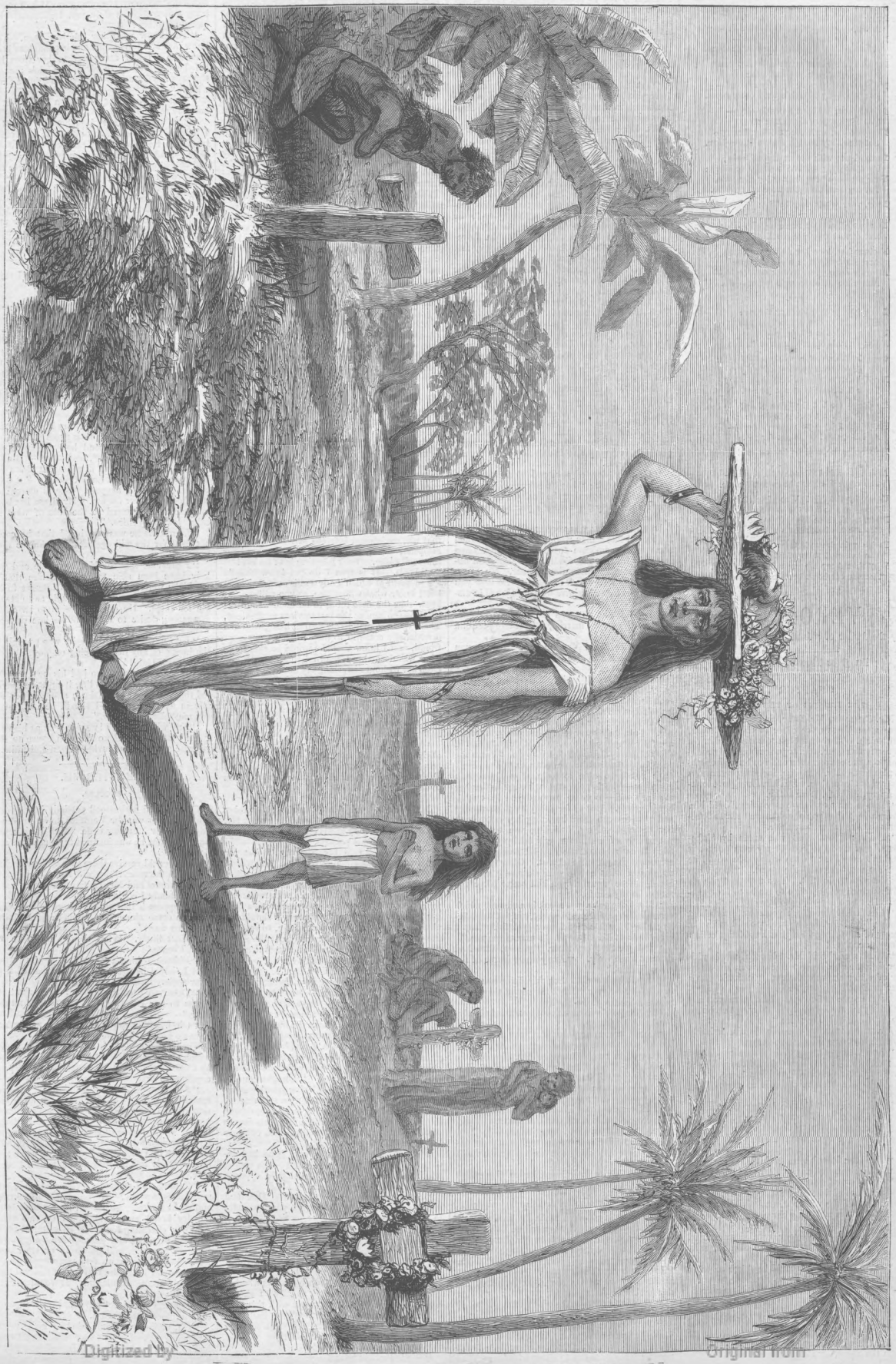

PARAGUAYAN MOTHER BEARING HER DEAD CHILD TO THE GRAVE.—DRAWN BY SOL ETTINGE, FROM A SKETCH BY GENERAL M'MAHON.—[SEE PAGE 133.]

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A MISUNDERSTANDING.

HE.

I saw you in the glittering crowd,
A well-dressed vision, bright and fair;
I heard your laughter—*not too loud*—
But then—my thoughts were otherwhere.

In the quick dance my temples brushed
A ringlet of your floating hair;
My careless foot your drapery crushed—
But then—my thoughts were otherwhere.

I heard your brilliant notes in song—
You sang a gay, coquettish air;
I praised you with the praising throng—
But then—my thoughts were otherwhere.

I mixed not with the numerous train
That sought your lavish smiles to share;
Your presence brought nor joy nor pain,
For my best thoughts were otherwhere.

Lady, your wit is very bright;
Your winsome face is very fair;
You can all earthly sense delight—
But *earnest* thoughts dwell otherwhere.

Fortune has done her fitting part,
And shrined you in a setting rare;
All gifts seem yours save *a true heart*—
And mine its mate seeks otherwhere.

SHE.

I saw him in that shifting throng:
Such manly port and motion free
Unto a nobler race belong—
But, ah! his heart beats not for me.

Once, in the round, we chanced to pass:
He bowed with gentlest courtesy;
My light robe touched him—but, alas!
I saw his heart beat not for me.

He deems me but the slave of art,
Born-thrall, not caring to be free;
He thinks I have no woman's heart—
And his, alas! beats not for me.

He wrongs me, and he has no skill
Nor care my nobler self to see;
And I, poor fool! dream of him still—
The while his heart beats not for me.

Unworthy thought! Wherefore should I
Thus bend to fate the suppliant knee?
Pride, crush these tears, forbid that sigh,
Because his heart beats not for me!

Perish, vain dream! Once more I hold
The loosened reins of "fancy free."
Why should my life grow blank and cold
Because *one* heart beats not for me?

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble,"

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TURNING OF THE SCALE.

MR. SIMPSON, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Lovegrove were assembled in the office of the last-named gentleman. They had been talking together for more than an hour, and, to judge from their countenances, the conversation had not been altogether pleasant. Mr. Simpson, indeed, preserved a pasty placidity of face. But Mr. Lovegrove looked angry, and Mr. Lane sulky.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," said Mr. Lovegrove, "that you should have been so lukewarm in the matter, Mr. Lane."

"I don't know what you mean by 'lukewarm.' If I was to consult my own pocket it wouldn't take long to see which side would be best for me," retorted the agent. "But I am not the man to do that. Two thousand pounds is of as much consequence to me as to most people. But I go according to law and justice."

"I can't tell how much you may know about justice," said Mr. Lovegrove, "but I take the liberty of supposing that your knowledge of law is not extensive."

"Well, well," said Mr. Simpson, moving his jaw slowly as he spoke, somewhat in the manner of a cow chewing the cud, "it don't take a very profound knowledge of the law to understand the case before us. I suppose you are satisfied that the ceremony of marriage on board the *Furibond* did take place."

Mr. Lovegrove passed his hands irritably through his hair without answering.

"And if every thing hadn't been conducted in an honorable way, why should the will ever have turned up at all?" said Mr. Lane. "It wouldn't have been so difficult to say nothing about it."

Mr. Simpson felt this to be injudicious, and hastened to say, "Oh, my dear Sir, with the parties concerned in this business such a proceeding would have been entirely out of the question."

"Mr. Lane doesn't seem to think so," observed Mr. Lovegrove, dryly.

"No, no, no," proceeded Mr. Simpson; "it is mere waste of time to consider such an hypothesis. Out of the question, entirely out of the question. The will being there, my client's first proceeding was to show it to a respectable and well-known lawyer—your own partner, Mr. Lovegrove—and to intrust it to him for safekeeping."

"I don't know what could be fairer or more honorable," put in Mr. Lane.

"It was a matter of course that the proceedings of the lady in question should be fair and honorable."

"Mr. Lane doesn't seem to think so," said Mr. Lovegrove again.

Mr. Simpson interposed to prevent a retort from the agent. "Permit me," said he. "The lady in question was treated in the most heartless and treacherous manner. But my present business is not to insist upon that part of her story. The question is, was the first Lady Tallis living or dead at the time of her second marriage?"

"Sir John supposed her to be alive. That much is clear," said Mr. Lovegrove. "He never intended to make Miss Levincourt his wife."

"Possibly. But I need not remind you, Mr. Lovegrove, that persons can not play fast and loose with the marriage ceremony to gratify their own convenience or evil passions."

Mr. Lane opined, under his breath, that it would be a pretty sort of game if they could.

"I have laid before you," continued Mr. Simpson, looking as though he were engaged on the mastication of a very tough mouthful indeed, "the proofs of the performance of the marriage ceremony between the late Sir John Gale and Miss Levincourt. You are not at present prepared to bring forward any testimony as to the hour at which Lady Tallis Gale expired?"

"Mr. Frost is of opinion," said Mr. Lovegrove, "that Mrs. Lockwood's testimony, and that of the servant-girl, will go to prove—"

Mr. Lovegrove paused in his speech as the door of his office was opened, and one of his clerks appeared.

"I said that you were particularly engaged, Sir," said the young man, "but the gentleman would take no denial. He said that—"

"What do you mean by admitting any one at this moment? Who is it?"

"Mr. Hugh Lockwood, Sir," answered the clerk, making good his retreat as Hugh pushed past him and entered the room.

There was a momentary silence and pause of expectation.

"Mr. Lockwood," said Mr. Lovegrove, gravely, "I am sorry you have chosen this moment for insisting on seeing me. If my clerk did not succeed in making you understand that I am particularly engaged, I must tell you so myself in plain terms."

"I ask pardon of you, and of these gentlemen," said Hugh; "but I think you will excuse me when you know that the business on which I come is precisely the business you are engaged in discussing."

Hugh's manner was very resolute and quiet. He looked like a man who has recently subdued some strong emotion to his will. Mr. Lane stared at him undisguisedly. Mr. Simpson observed him in his ruminating manner. Mr. Lovegrove made answer: "May I inquire how you know what *is* the business we are engaged in discussing?"

"If I mistake not, you are discussing the legality of the second marriage of the late Sir John Tallis Gale."

"Quite so," said Mr. Simpson. "Have you any information to give us on the subject?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Lockwood," said Mr. Lovegrove, hastily, "allow me to say one word. This gentleman is acting on behalf of the lady who calls herself Lady Tallis Gale. This gentleman is the appointed executor of the will of the late baronet. I am only sorry that I can not add that I am fully empowered to act for Miss Desmond in this matter as I should desire to do. From the peculiar and painful circumstances of the case I have not been able to urge Miss Desmond's guardian—who is co-trustee with me under her mother's will—to come forward and look after her interests. But as far as my legal knowledge and services can avail her, they are entirely at her disposal. Now, believing you to be the young lady's friend, I strongly advise you to refrain from volunteering any statement on this subject at the present moment. Observe, I have no idea of what nature your statement may be. But I assure you that you had better leave the matter in my hands."

"Mr. Lovegrove, you speak in a manner which commands my sincerest respect, and will certainly make Miss Desmond very grateful. But I come here at Miss Desmond's urgent request."

"Indeed, Sir?" said Mr. Simpson, who had listened attentively. "Are you a relative of the young lady's?"

Before Hugh could speak, Mr. Lane answered in a hoarse whisper, "He's the son of the person in whose house Lady T. died."

Mr. Simpson's ruminating jaw moved slowly, but he said nothing.

"I will answer for myself, if you please, Mr. Lane," said Hugh, to whom the agent was slightly known. Then, turning to Mr. Simpson, he continued: "No, I am not a relative of Miss Maud Desmond, but she is my promised wife. Our engagement was sanctioned by Lady Tallis, and by—Miss Desmond's guardian."

Mr. Lovegrove made a little suppressed sound with closed lips, and raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Oh," said Mr. Simpson, slowly, "oh, indeed! And you have, you say, some information to give respecting the hour at which Lady Tallis died?"

"I have the only information to give which can be of value; for I was the last person who saw the poor lady alive."

The three men looked at each other without speaking. Mr. Simpson made his face as nearly blank of expression as possible. But there was a gleam of expectation in Mr. Lovegrove's eyes as he turned them again on Hugh.

"It happened in this way," proceeded Hugh. "I will tell you the circumstances as plainly and shortly as I can. On the night preceding the day she died—"

"That is to say, on the night of the third of March?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Yes, on the night of the third of March, Lady Tallis had been very ill, and had suffered from difficulty of breathing. It had been found necessary for some one to sit up with her. That had happened once or twice before. But on this occasion she seemed so ill that neither my mother nor Miss Desmond went to bed at all. In the morning, quite early, Lady Tallis fell asleep. And then my mother sent Miss Desmond to rest. She—my mother—went down into the kitchen to prepare some beef-tea, for which the sick woman had asked. The little servant-maid was busy about her household tasks. I had made up my mind not to go to business that morning, and as it was desirable that some one should be within call of Lady Tallis, I took a book and sat in the drawing-room, which opened by a folding-door from her bedroom."

"This was at what hour?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"I can not say with accuracy. But certainly between seven and eight o'clock. During the first part of the time that I sat there my mother came up stairs with the beef-tea, and found Lady Tallis still sleeping. She seemed so peaceful and tranquil that I persuaded my mother, who was much worn out, to take some rest on the sofa in our little parlor down stairs, saying that I would remain at my post. Well, I sat there a long time—or what seemed a long time. The house was very quiet: and at that period of the day our street is not noisy. There was scarcely a sound to be heard. All at once, as I sat alone in the silence, a strange feeling came over me that I must go into the next room and look at the sleeper. I could not tell why then, and I can not tell why now, but the impulse was irresistible. I got up softly and went to the bedside. And then in an instant I saw that there was death. I had never seen a dead person before, but there was no mistaking that solemn look."

"No mistaking!" echoed Mr. Lovegrove. "How can you know that? Your impression, the mere result of your looking at her, may have been erroneous. She may have been still asleep."

"She was in that sleep that awaits us all, and from which there is no awaking. I stood and contemplated her face for a minute or so. The eyes were shut, the forehead placid; she had not even moved on her pillow. Although I was perfectly convinced that she was dead, I took a little hand-mirror from the toilet-table and held it to her lips. There was not a breath."

"Still," said Mr. Lovegrove, catching a glance that was exchanged between Mr. Lane and Mr. Simpson, "*still*, you do not know at what hour this took place. Your guessing is of no use!"

"Wait. It is true I do not know exactly the moment at which Lady Tallis ceased to live; but I know what will suffice, as you will see. I knew that the first thing to be done was to get some one to render the last services to the dead. There was a woman living near at hand, who had occasionally come in to help to nurse our poor friend, and I knew that she would be able to do what was needed. I resolved to go myself and fetch her without disturbing my mother or Maud. I went out of the front-door quietly, sought for, and found the woman I spoke of, and brought her back to our house before any one there knew that I had left it. And as I turned into our street to come home the church clocks were striking half past nine."

"That," said Mr. Simpson, rising from his chair, "is conclusive. I have evidence to prove beyond a doubt that the ceremony on board the ship was not commenced before a quarter to ten at the earliest."

There was a dead pause.

Mr. Simpson deliberately gathered together his papers. Mr. Lane took up his hat. Mr. Lovegrove remained in his chair with his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

"I presume," said Mr. Simpson, "that you perceive how unassailably strong Mr. Lockwood's testimony makes Lady Gale's case? My client is, I assure you, greatly averse to litigation, very greatly averse to it. But if Mr. Lockwood is prepared—as no doubt he is—to repeat upon oath every detail he has just given us, I should advise Lady Gale, and the next of kin, to resist to the uttermost all attempt to carry out the provisions of Sir John's last will and testament. I wish you a good-morning, gentlemen."

"Good-morning, Mr. Simpson. I beg to state that if Miss Desmond were my client and I were empowered to act for her, I should be very far, indeed, from considering the cause lost. I am not aware what course Miss Desmond will be advised to take, but I would take the liberty to warn you not to be sure of victory even now. And good-morning to you, Mr. Lane," added Lovegrove, with a considerable change from the temperate and courteous tone in which he had addressed the other attorney. "I might condole with you on the prospect of losing your legacy if I were of Mr. Simpson's opinion on this matter. Though upon my word I never saw a gentleman let two thousand pounds slide through his fingers with greater equanimity, or make less effort to keep them!"

When Messieurs Simpson and Lane had departed, Mr. Lovegrove got up and began pacing about the office. Suddenly he stopped opposite to Hugh, and addressed him.

"Do you mean to say that Miss Desmond urged you to come and say what you have said to that woman's attorney?"

"She did, most earnestly."

"And you, well knowing what interests were at stake, were fool enough to do it!"

"Mr. Lovegrove, what I said was the truth. It might as well be told first as last."

"No, it might not! And who knows whether it ever need have been told at all? I should have taken a very different tone with this self-styled Lady Gale. I believe if she had been thoroughly frightened and bullied she would not have dared to talk of going to law!"

"But if she had dared—"

"Well, I would have fought her."

"That is just what Maud desired to avoid."

"Desired to avoid? Desired to— Miss Desmond desired to avoid running any risk of inheriting a fine fortune duly and legitimately bequeathed to her?"

"You know what her life has been. You know that Mr. Levincourt and his daughter have been like a father and sister to her from her babyhood. And as to Sir John Gale's money, she says she felt as though it would bring a curse with it."

"Trash! No money brings a curse that is honestly come by."

"This would not have been honestly come by. I believe that Veronica Levincourt can prove herself to have been duly married to Sir John Gale. And it would be inexpressibly painful and shocking to Maud and to others to force her to prove it in a court of law."

"Well, Mr. Lockwood," said Lovegrove, after a minute or two's pause, "it is clearly no concern of mine. But I am interested in Miss Desmond for auld lang syne. I knew her mother. And she is a very sweet, and I thoroughly believe, a very good young lady. Frost will be sorry too— However, I suppose we can not interfere."

"Mr. Frost will not be surprised; for I mentioned something of this to him before."

"You did?"

"Yes. Well, now, Mr. Lovegrove, I must thank you very heartily for the sincerity and kindness with which you espoused Miss Desmond's cause. She will be very grateful. She goes away with her guardian the day after to-morrow. And it is her great effort to keep all this painful business from him for the present. He knows nothing of it as yet. He has lived quite secluded in my mother's house since he came up to attend Lady Tallis's funeral."

"Mr. Levincourt does not know—?"

"Not a word. When they are in the country she will tell him as much as is needful."

"I wish Mrs. Desmond had appointed me guardian to her daughter, instead of— But it can't be helped. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good! The new Lady Gale will just walk over the course, I suppose. She is clever: or somebody is clever for her. Mr. Lane has been marvelously converted to the side of what he calls 'law and justice.'"

"I presume he was convinced that he could not fight for the will against the evidence they brought."

"I presume that Sir Matthew Gale and this lady have been able to convince him that it would be quite as much for his interest to let his two thousand pounds go quietly as to struggle for them. He does not seem to have had any strong desire to carry out his late patron's wishes."

"I do not believe that desire was possible in the breast of any human being employed by Sir John Tallis Gale!"

"Well, for a man who had his own way, as far as I can learn, all his life, it must be admitted that his power broke down altogether at the last in a very strange—I should be inclined to say marvelous—manner."

"And when a man's 'way' is such as his was, I don't know that there is much cause to feel surprise at his plans proving barren and futile."

CHAPTER VII.

SUCCESS.

CESARE had understood partially how desirable a thing it was for Veronica to be acknowledged by Sir Matthew Gale. But in his ennui and ill-humor he was inclined to be captious and jealous.

"You could receive those men without having Louise in the room?" he said, reproachfully, after the baronet and Mr. Davis were gone.

"Certainly I could!"

"I suppose if that old blockhead of a Sir Gale were to come alone, you would receive him in the same way?"

"Most likely. What then? Don't be absurd, Cesare."

"Ebbene, I think it very unjust, unkind, cruel, that I should be the only person debarred from your society in the way I am!"

"Debarred from my society? Dio mio! It seems to me, Cesare, that you are here all day long."

"Oh, I trouble you? I importune you? You have no heart. You do not love me."

Then came a quarrel, not the first by many, which ended, as all its predecessors had ended, by Cesare's making humble apologies and protestations of devotion.

"Ah, Veronica mia," he sighed, "I wish sometimes that there had never been any question of this money! You would have married me, and we should have been together all this time. We would have gone down to the country house beyond Salerno. How happy it would have been! I hate this England of yours! I have scarcely had a happy moment since I came here."

"Cesare, that sounds all very fine; but how much does it mean? If you and I had married and staid in Italy, we should have been dining off dry bread and melon-rinds by this time. And how charming for me to be going about in a coarse petticoat and jacket, with a copper pin stuck in my hair, and no shoes or stockings! Neapolitan peasants are very picturesque at the Opera; but I fancy the real life of the real people would not quite suit you. It would not suit *me* at all events."

"My wife would not have had to live as you say," remonstrated Cesare.

"Oh, andiamo, cugino mio! I know pretty well what sort of style 'your wife' would have had to live in. And the fact is, we should have been much worse off than the peasants, because we should have had to appear something differ-

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ent from what we were. Shabby gentility—Ouf! it makes me shudder! And as to your not liking England, you know nothing of it yet. If we were rich, Cesare, you would see how the world would be cap in hand to us!"

"I don't think I want the world to be cap in hand to me. I only want you to love me," answered Cesare, pathetically.

Then Veronica gave him her hand and sent him away, alleging that she was tired. In truth, she was tired in spirit. She was getting very weary of Cesare's complaints and importunities. She had felt herself to be in the position of guiding spirit since their arrival in London. In Naples, where she had, while domineering over him, depended on him for support in many things, she had liked him better. For her own nature was too entirely undisciplined not to be irked by the task of leading another. She hated the trouble of thinking, arranging, and deciding. And there were in her some glimmerings of nobler things, which made her scorn herself at times, and consequently scorn Cesare for his submissive idolatry of her.

As she had once told Maud, she saw the better and chose the worse. If Cesare would but assume a more manly tone—if he would even be rough and self-asserting—she fancied she should be less discontented. He complained and grumbled, indeed; but it was in the tone of a child who vents its temper, well knowing all the while that it must finally submit. Once, in a moment of irritation, she dropped some word of the kind to Cesare. And his amazed and sorrowful reception of the word nearly drove her wild.

"I don't understand you, Veronica," he had said, reproachfully. "It seems to me that you are very ungrateful. No woman was ever loved more truly than I love you. Do you *wish* for unkindness and tyranny? Who can comprehend a woman?"

Poor Veronica did not comprehend herself. She could not tell him that his complaisance for her whims, his devotion to her wishes, alienated her from him. She could not tell him that his humoring of her haughty temper degraded her in her own esteem. And yet she wished to love Cesare. She was fully minded to become Principessa de' Barletti, and the prospect of that union without affection afforded a glimpse of something so terrible that she shut her mind's eyes before it, shuddering.

But she would be true to Cesare. And she *would* love him. Poor Cesare; he was kind and gentle, and she was really fond of him. And by-and-by—so she told herself—she would be able to influence and change him in many things. But meanwhile that which she yearned for, and thought of at every solitary moment of her waking time, was to see Maud.

She had been much moved when, at Naples, Mr. Frost had made known to her the contents of Sir John Gale's will. For a moment the thought had flashed across her mind that she would give up her own claim, and allow the will to be put in force in Maud's favor. If she made no sign, the will would be proved and executed in due course. It was a wildly Quixotic idea, she told herself in her calmer moments; but it recurred to her again and again. Yet it may be truly said that never for one moment did the idea amount to an intention. The result to herself of carrying it out would be ignominy, obscurity, poverty. Poverty!—No; that was beyond her strength. Maud, she knew, could be happy without pomp and wealth; happier without them than their possession could ever make her (Veronica). Yet she did not deceive herself with the pretense that this knowledge influenced her conduct.

"I am no canting hypocrite," she said to herself.

It is a negative merit not seldom assumed by those who find it desirable to feed their egotism at all costs. And the implied assumption is, "You, who do not act in accordance with what you *must* feel—for do not *I* feel it?—are canting hypocrites."

But despite every thing, there was in Veronica's heart a craving, hungry desire to see Maud. Maud's had ever been the one influence that had awakened whatsoever impulses of good lay dormant in the vicar's daughter. Even when she had chafed against that influence it had been dear to her. And Maud alone, of all the beings she had ever known, she had loved unselfishly, and from her heart. She shrank from the idea of seeing her father as yet. She would like to go to him victorious, assured, bearing a new and illustrious title, whose blaze should efface whatever dimness now overshadowed her name. She knew, without reflecting much about it, that by her father much might be forgiven to the Princess de' Barletti which could never have been pardoned to Veronica Levincourt. But with Maud it was different. She thought of Maud day and night, and devised schemes for getting to see her, which schemes, however, never took shape in action.

Late in the afternoon of the day on which Sir Matthew Gale had visited her, Mr. Simpson arrived at her hotel. He had come in all haste to be the first to communicate to her the news of Hugh Lockwood's statement. And he was followed within a very few minutes by Mr. Lane, who was bound on the same errand.

"Then," said Veronica, rising in an excited manner, after having heard what they had to tell her, "the cause is won!"

"I believe that I may safely congratulate you, Lady Gale," said Mr. Simpson. "You will assuredly meet with no opposition from Sir John's family."

"And did Mr. Lockwood give this decisive testimony voluntarily?"

"Oh yes, my lady," said Mr. Lane. "That, I must say, he did. Mr. Lovegrove showed plainly enough which way *his* feelings jumped in the matter. If it had depended on him we should have had plenty of trouble."

"Mr. Lovegrove was doing what I should have done in his place," said Mr. Simpson, gravely. "He was endeavoring to protect Miss Desmond's interests."

"Well, he might have done that without being so bumptious. If it hadn't been for not wishing to make trouble for my lady and Sir Matthew, I would have given him a good setting down!"

"Ahem! I have a great respect for Mr. Lovegrove," said Mr. Simpson, in the same slow, imperturbable manner.

During this talk, Veronica was standing at the window, with her back to the two men, and her hands pressed on her temples. She was thinking of the strange chance that had made Hugh Lockwood the arbiter of her fate.

There are no limits to the vagaries and self-delusions of indulged vanity, none to its gluttonous appetite. There is nothing on earth it will not clutch at to feed upon.

Veronica well remembered the evident admiration she had excited in Hugh when they had met at Lowater. And without putting it even mentally into words, she had an idea that his coming forward unasked to give witness in her favor, was in some way due to the resistless influence of her beauty. What would he think when he learned that she was to be Princess Barletti? The question gave rise to some not unpleasing speculations. Mr. Lane's next words, however, rudely disturbed them.

"Young Lockwood certainly did behave very straightforward. I wonder that Mr. Lovegrove didn't bully *him!* For if I lost two thousand pounds by the business, young Lockwood lost more, seeing that he is engaged to the young lady."

Veronica turned round to listen.

"I must be going now, Lady Gale," said Mr. Simpson. "I merely wanted to give you the news. There is a great deal to be done yet. I must try to see Mr. Davis without delay."

"One moment, if you please, Mr. Simpson. Did you say that Mr. Lockwood was—was—"

"Engaged," put in Mr. Lane. "Yes, my lady; he is engaged to marry Miss Desmond—so he said, at least. I believe him to be a most respectable young man," added the agent, with a patronizing air.

Considerably to Mr. Lane's surprise, Veronica, after having given her hand to Mr. Simpson as he took his leave, dismissed him (Lane) with a haughty bow. And Mr. Lane observed to the lawyer, before they parted company at the hotel door, that "my lady" was beginning to give herself great airs already.

Left alone in the gathering dusk, Veronica began to pace up and down the room, in a restless manner that had recently become habitual with her. She had gained what she had striven for. She was Lady Gale. And although the whole of Sir John's vast fortune would not be hers, she would still be a rich woman—rich even in rich England. She would be reinstated in the world, and take a far higher rank than that of a mere baronet's lady. All that she had longed for and dreamed of since her childhood seemed to be within her grasp.

Of ten persons who should have seen her, knowing her story, nine would certainly have concluded that it was on this important revolution of Fortune's wheel she was meditating, as she passed regularly up and down the room, the heavy folds of her long black dress making a monotonous dull rustling sound on the carpet. But it was not so. How often it happens that the outer and the inner life are thus distinct and different! That which we strive for, is often not that which really most occupies our hearts. There was as yet no flavor of Dead Sea fruit in Fortune's gifts to Veronica. She believed still, as she had believed at fifteen, that to be rich, fashionable, envied, and flattered, would suffice to make her happy. But in these very first moments of her triumph, her thoughts and feelings were busy with Maud and Hugh!

All at once she ceased her pacing to and fro, and seating herself at a little table covered with writing materials, she dashed off a hurried note. She wrote without pause, almost as though she feared she might repent what she was doing, if she staid to reflect on it. Having written and sealed the note, which consisted only of a few lines, she gave orders that a messenger should be dispatched with it forthwith.

"Where is it to go, my lady?" asked the waiter.

The tidings of Veronica's golden fortunes must, one would have thought, have hovered in the air, or emanated from herself in some subtle manner, for the man, always civil, was now obsequious.

"It must be taken to Mr. Lovegrove, the solicitor in Bedford Square. He is easily to be found. There is my card. Give my compliments, and say that I shall be exceedingly obliged if Mr. Lovegrove will do me the favor to add the number of the house to the address on this note. Then let the messenger take the note to Gower Street without delay. He had best drive. Let him take a cab, and go quickly."

The reader may as well see the contents of the note:

"I thank you for what you have done for me to-day. But my thanks are doubtless of small value in your eyes.

"But I have a request—an entreaty to make to you. Let me see Maud. I shall be quite alone all this evening and to-morrow. Others may think me triumphant, but tell Maud—oh! pray tell Maud—that I long and yearn to see her and to hear her voice.

"I only learned to-day that you are to be her husband. VERONICA GALE.

"I trust to you to speak of this to *no one* but Maud.

"To HUGH LOCKWOOD, Esq."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MR. JOHN KITTS, a veteran of the Revolutionary war, was the guest of the House of Representatives a few days ago. Having called on the President, the latter invited him to stay to lunch; but the old gentleman declined, because, he said, he was anxious to see Congress in session. The President ordered one of the messengers at the White House to accompany him to the Capitol. There he was introduced on the floor of the House, on motion of General Banks, and received the congratulations of the members, who flocked around him in large numbers, and questioned him about his age and the leading events of his life. Mr. Kitts was born in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, in 1762, and is therefore in his one hundred and eighth year. He was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. In the battle preceding the surrender he was struck in the back of the head with a spent musket ball, and the indentation which it made is still visible. When the war of 1812 broke out he was considered too old to enter the service as a soldier; but he went in as a messenger, to carry the mails; and relates many stories of the escapes he had from being taken prisoner. Until the present time he has never applied for a pension; but now his age and infirmities have compelled him to do so.

The following burlesque bill of fare was placed before the guests at a railroad dinner which recently took place in London:

"Soupe à la Mak a Roade, Fishy Traffic Returns, Flat Fish dressed shareholders' fashion. Entrees—Shareholders, Tongues, Sauce Piquante; General Meeting Stew, with Bouilli; Secretary's Cold Check; Cooked Accounts. Removes—Roasted Chairman, with Melted Butter. Rotis—Land Rails done in the Permanent Way, Guinea Pig à la Director, Larks à la Booking Clerk, Hot Axles with Grease à la Dickens; Asparagus Points and Crossings; Mashed Turnips and Broken Marrow Bones à la Excursion Train; Salary of the Staff. Sweets—Great Western Broad Gages Preserved, Audit Ale, Strong-headed Porter and Sack, Board-room Sherry."

The *Sentinella Bresciana* tells of a fearful punishment which befell two cruel children who were amusing themselves by torturing a rat which they had caught. They covered it with petroleum and set fire to it. The little animal in its fright fastened upon the leg of one of its tormentors, and the other, in going to his brother's assistance, was bitten in the hand. The cries of the boys attracted the attention of the mother, who sent for a doctor; but, notwithstanding his attention, they died three days afterward from the effects of the bites of their maddened victim.

A visitor to the lunatic asylum where Barbara Ubryk is confined says that she looks extremely well, and far younger than she really is. She has a small, merry face, with a *retroussé* nose, and bright, lively eyes, which, says the correspondent, peeped out slyly every now and then from under the bed-clothes. She conversed freely, though rather incoherently, laughed a good deal, and occasionally broke out into snatches of hymn and other tunes.

A correspondent of a German journal says that the reigning color worn by fashionable people in Paris now is brown. This color goes by the name of "universal suffrage." Not only dresses, hats, and mantles are brown, but carriages are painted with this fashionable color. The Tyrolese hats, which some gentlemen have taken to, are now ornamented with pheasants' feathers, parrots' wings, and humming-birds' heads. For mourning, blackbirds or ravens, for half-mourning, swallows or magpies, are worn. One enterprising hatter has contrived to fit these adornments with an apparatus for imitating the cry of the bird selected as the appendage. A slight movement of the forehead is sufficient to set the little machine in motion. It is therefore unnecessary to take off the hat on meeting a friend: you frown or elevate the brow, the bird screams, and this constitutes a greeting.

Who would live in Russia? It is said that one need only take an evening walk of two or three miles into the environs of Moscow, one of the largest cities of that country, to see clusters of pale spots of light, like the flame of half-extinguished coal, moving swiftly among the trees, and hear a long, melancholy howl, like the wail of the wind on a gusty, wintry night, going dreamily up through the still, frosty air. The wolves are as fierce as ever, and untiring in their depredations.

Senator Sumner has the credit of coining the last new word, "*ridiculosity*." Some poetic genius thus relieves his mind in regard to it:

"Slowly rolled forth the novel sound—
'Ridiculosity,'
From out the classic mouth of great
'Preponderosity;'
And through the Senatorial hall,
With great velocity,
Echoed from mouth to mouth the word
'Ridiculosity!'
Sure Worcester never dared to write
'Ridiculosity;'
Nor Webster either, murmured they,
With grim ferocity.
Is there of terms gigantic then
So great a paucity,
That we must coin this fearful one,
'Ridiculosity?'"

A curious theory, called the "Thermometric Gateway to the Pole," has recently been advanced by Captain Silas Bent, of the American Navy, as the result of thirty years' study and exploration. Setting aside technical language, the idea seems to be that there is a permanent and navigable ocean passage which will shorten the distance from New York to San Francisco by sixty days, and from Liverpool to Japan by more than a hundred days. According to this theory the two great currents of the ocean, the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, and its colleague of the Pacific, the Kuro-Siwo, both rivers in the ocean, hastening northward with their heated waters from the equatorial belt of fire, push their way through the polar ice to their confluence at the Pole, making thither a navigable water highway. Captain Bent supports his theory by facts, and insists that the Gulf Stream and the Kuro-Siwo are the prime and only cause of the open sea about the Pole, with its temperature, as repeated expeditions have discovered, so much above that due to the latitude; that the only practicable avenues by which ships can reach that open sea, and thence to the Pole, is by following the warm waters of these streams into that sea; and that to find and follow these streams the water thermometer is the only guide.

The present consumption of wood in the United States is enormous. It is estimated that 150,000 acres of the best timber is cut every year to supply the demand for railway sleepers alone. For railroad buildings, repairs, and cars the annual expenditure in wood is $68,000,000. In a single year the locomotives in the United States consume $56,000,000 worth of wood. There are in the whole country more than 400,000 artisans in wood, and if the value of their labor is $1000 a year, the wood industry of the country represents an amount of nearly $500,000,000 per annum.

When the coal mines of our country give out, and all our forests are hewn down, the new method of utilizing solar heat, invented by M. Dulaurier, of Paris, will be called into requisition—if it is not sooner. By a simple contrivance of his, he thinks we may obtain heat enough from the sun for all ordinary uses.

It is a common remark to a growing child that he "runs up like a weed." Dr. Richard Mansfield, rector of an Episcopal church in Connecticut, once passing a group of the children of his flock, exclaimed, "Why, my dear children, you grow so like weeds that I am scarcely able to recognize you." Then, correcting himself, he said, with the gentle politeness of a Christian gentleman, "Pardon me—I should have said, you have grown so like flowers." Can not every one see how the young faces would light up at the pleasant comparison?

A pleasing incident is related of a school in Easton, Pennsylvania. One of the pupils was a lame girl, who had always been allowed the privilege of dismissal in advance of the other scholars. Not long ago the schoolhouse took fire. When the alarm was given, the pupils all kept their seats until the cripple had safely passed the door, and then they rushed out.

A specimen of Russian "Court News," published in the *Tamboff Gazette*, may amuse our readers:

"Yesterday his Imperial Majesty deigned to wake at 7 A.M., and after a frugal breakfast, was graciously pleased to go for a bear hunt. On entering the wood with his suit, a bear, moved apparently by a happy instinct to recreate the mind of the father of our holy Russia, immediately came to the spot where his Majesty had posted himself. Paralyzed at the sight of the ruler of millions of beings who idolize him, the bear stood still, and it was observed that, instead of the fierce aspect by which this savage animal is usually characterized, his countenance bore an expression of blissful anticipation, as if he were looking forward, like a loyal subject, to the happiness of being put to death by his gracious sovereign. On returning from the chase, his Majesty caught cold; but the usual remedies having been applied to him, he deigned to feel better. He then went to bed, and next morning he was graciously pleased to be quite well."

A certain astronomer—name unknown—predicts that we shall this year be blessed with a comet of such brilliancy, and so near the earth, that our nights will be as bright as our days.

Do our readers know what is the French idea of "a well-bred man?" According to a writer in *Le National*—whose authority may not be unimpeachable—the idea is exemplified in the following incident: A French nobleman, visiting an English nobleman in London, was offered by the latter a glass of "excellent port wine." The English nobleman's butler made a mistake, however, and somehow filled the visitor's glass with cod-liver oil. This did not prevent the Frenchman from swallowing the liquid presented to him. He drank up the whole, we are told, without a shudder, and said it was indeed excellent.

Women can now acquire a medical degree in France, Russia, Switzerland, Sweden, and Scotland. Miss Garrett passed the fourth examination for the degree of M.D. in Paris on Christmas-eve. The subjects were medical jurisprudence, materia medica, and hygiene.

Many people are afraid to expose their children to the external air, as though it were their worst enemy. The fact is, they keep them in the house so much that when they are taken out, without great care, they take cold; just like one who has been starved for a great length of time will make himself sick by eating when furnished a sumptuous meal. Children thus kept indoors, in rooms frequently overheated and filled with a stagnant, impure air, grow up, if they live at all, pale and sickly, like weeds grown in a dark cellar. They resemble the seeds, in the famous parable, that fell on stony ground; they soon sprang up, but, not having much root, as soon as the hot sun came they withered and died.

About two years ago Dr. Richardson, of London, while experimenting with electricity, illuminated a portion of his hand so that it was perfectly transparent. A similar experiment was once performed by the celebrated Dr. Priestley. Quite recently Dr. Thomas Nicholson, of New Orleans, in pursuing this fact still further, has succeeded by the aid of the powerful incandescent light of an oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, or calcium light, and large magnifying lenses, in completely illuminating the whole hand. From the successful experiments already made, it would appear that for the illumination of the entire body it is only necessary that the lights be sufficiently vivid and the lenses sufficiently powerful. If the whole internal machinery of the human system could thus be brought directly under the inspection of medical practitioners, the advantage to science and humanity would be incalculable.

Leipsic is the "city of books." In 1867 130,000 cwt. of books were dispatched from Leipsic, and probably as many came in. In 1868 2000 new works were published in that city. Forty-seven printing establishments now exist in Leipsic and its suburbs, employing 1000 journeymen, 300 apprentices, and 450 women. There are also 258 bookselling firms, having business connection with about 3500 houses out of Leipsic. An immense business is likewise carried on in the sale of "second-hand" books. Moreover Leipsic is the principal centre for musical publications, there being twenty-nine publishers in this department. Berlin stands next to Leipsic in publishing importance in Germany, and exceeds it in the number of newspapers and journals issued.

In America it would scarcely be regarded as an evidence of very tender filial affection for a son to send his venerable father a coffin as a birthday gift; but a late visitor to China declares that in that country such a gift is considered the *ne plus ultra* of courtesy and love. The cheerful gift is received with gladness, paraded ostentatiously in the best chamber, and, until required for its special use, is made a depository for clothing or food. Nothing is more common than for a person who is desirous of a grand funeral to provide his own coffin, according to his own fancy, long before his decease.

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"UNION IS STRENGTH."

DISTRIBUTION OF THE SECTARIAN FUND.

SECTARIAN BITTERNESS.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS AS THEY ARE AND AS THEY MAY BE.—[SEE PAGE 141.]

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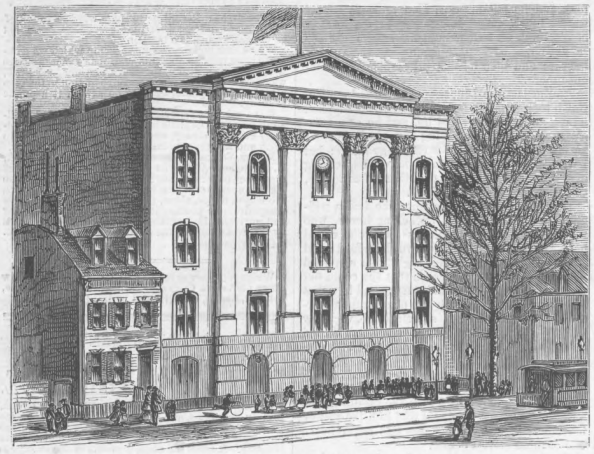


ONE OF OUR CITY SCHOOLS.

COLORED SCHOOL—OBJECT TEACHING.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

AN observant stranger passing through the streets of New York city, between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, is attracted by the sight of hundreds of children going in every direction to their respective schools. The general aspect of these children is bright, happy, and intelligent. Let us follow a group of these little folks to their destination, and see how they are occupied when together.

GIRLS' CALISTHENICS.

The school building is a neat and substantial structure, four stories high, with a frontage of perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet. The pupils are flocking into the side doors. The central entrance is for visitors, and leads directly to the reception-room of the Primary Department. The room is as yet almost empty; no pupils are in sight; a few teachers are quietly making preparatory arrangements; while the Principal extends a pleasant greeting to such visitors as come in, and gives them seats. Presently the music teacher strikes a signal note on the piano, and commences playing a lively march.

Instantly, from two side doors, appear two lines of little girls, all keeping perfect step to the music. They march to their assigned places, and stand in front of their seats. Not a word is spoken nor a direction given, but every thing proceeds with order and precision. A special chord on the piano is the signal for being seated, and the change of position takes place with perfect silence and without the least confusion. The music begins again, and another file of little ones marches in, filling up the aisle seats on either side of the room.

The children have no books, but, led by the teacher at the piano, they sing in clear, sweet tones several appropriate songs. A short passage of Scripture is then read, and with folded hands the little ones repeat the Lord's Prayer. After a few moments more spent in singing the marching music is resumed, every child falls into line at the proper time, and thus the little multitude disperse to their respective classrooms. The school we describe is a Primary Department for girls only; but every morning a similar scene may be witnessed in any of the public schools of New York, varying somewhat with the age of the scholars.

The public schools of this city, exclusive of what are called Corporate Schools, are designated as Primary, Grammar, Evening, and Normal Schools. There are at present more than two hundred of these institutions under the charge of the Board of Education, and the average yearly number of pupils receiving instruction in them is two hundred and twenty-five thousand. To instruct all these pupils the services of two thousand five hundred teachers are required, of whom a large proportion are women. A Primary and Grammar School often occupy the same building. Some of the primaries are for boys or girls only, while others are for youth of both sexes. The course of instruction in primary schools is very simple, and carefully adapted to the tender age of those who pursue it. The pupils are divided, according to qualifications, into six grades. In the lowest grades the reading and spelling of familiar words from blackboards and charts; counting and very simple adding by the numerical frame; conversational lessons about common objects, with a view to form habits of accurate observation; familiar instruction in regard to morals and manners.

These are the principal exercises, and it is not intended that any of these shall be continued more than fifteen minutes at a time. As fast as the little pupils improve they are advanced from grade to grade, until they reach the first, or highest. By this time the course of study has been extended by adding the elementary rules of arithmetic, geography, writing and drawing on the slate, advanced object lessons, etc. When these subjects are sufficiently mastered, the pupil is ready for promotion to the Grammar School.

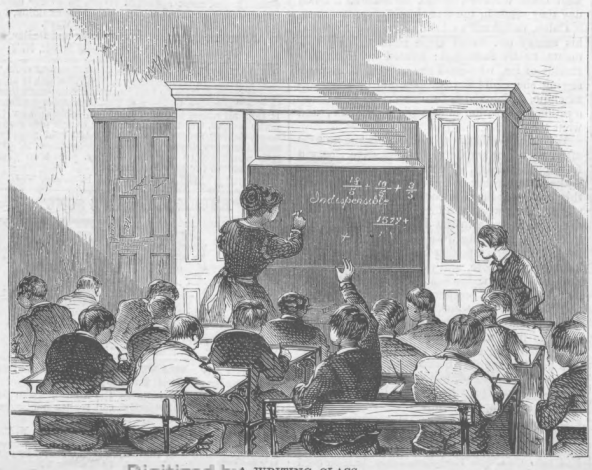
The grammar school course is also divided into several grades, and carries the pupil forward from the point where the primary course terminates to such studies as English grammar, history, astronomy, physical geography, composition, drawing, and book-keeping—the branches commenced in the primary department being also continued. To a limited extent lessons are assigned in this department to be studied at home, but none are given out until fully explained and illustrated to the class by the teacher.

Beyond the common school course special facilities have just been provided for the further education of girls. Boys of fourteen, who have attended the public schools a requisite length of time, and can pass the requisite examination, may enter the Free College of the City of New York (formerly the Free Academy), and there enjoy the advantages of an extended and thorough course of study; and the Board of Education have recently established a Normal School for girls, corresponding to the Free College, which will afford them facilities for the same thorough course of instruction hitherto enjoyed by boys only.

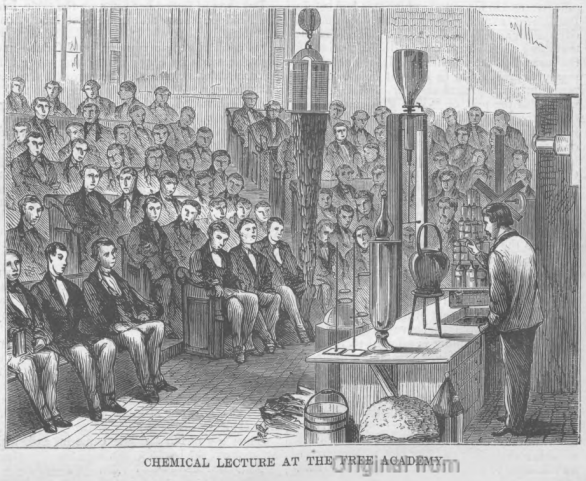
Auxiliary to these schools are the evening classes, organized for the benefit of those whose avocations or age prevent them from attending school in the daytime. Only simple studies are taught in these classes, but the arrangements are equally adapted to youths and adults. Foreigners desiring to learn English frequently enter these evening classes, of which there are twenty-seven, and during the year they are attended by about twenty thousand pupils.

Adult pupils in these evening classes generally display the most commendable zeal in their studies, and are not ashamed to vie with far

A DRAWING CLASS.



A WRITING CLASS.



CHEMICAL LECTURE AT THE FREE ACADEMY.

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younger people. In general, there is no lack of neatness in the appearance of working-men at these schools. A member of the Board of Education, while visiting one of these evening classes recently, made some general remarks on the propriety of perfect neatness and order. On the conclusion of his remarks a strong-looking young man, who with several others near him bore on their hands and clothes the evidences of toil, rose and apologized for their appearance. "We don't always come to school this way," said he, "but we were at work in the yard pretty late, and had no time to go home for supper even, as we didn't want to be late at school; and not expecting any visitors, we made up our minds to come as we were. The Principal knows us, and we knew he would excuse us for coming so." The modesty and zeal of these working-men, and their earnest exertions to obtain an education, are certainly worthy of the highest commendation and encouragement.

To enable working-men and clerks who are occupied during the day to prosecute advanced studies, there has been established an Evening High School for males, where such studies as grammar, mathematics, natural science, drawing, navigation, municipal and constitutional law, phonography, declamation, book-keeping, Latin, French, Spanish, and German are pursued. Students are admitted to this school for the whole or a part of the course, or for a single study only, as they desire.

The normal schools are for the instruction of teachers only. Their sessions are held on Saturday, and teachers whose acquirements fall below a certain standard are expected to attend until their deficiencies are made up. This secures the services of well-trained and experienced teachers, and is an important branch of the system.

There are now about one hundred buildings occupied by the public schools of this city. While all of these buildings are convenient and healthful, the newer buildings are a great improvement on those erected in former years. They have been constructed on the best principles of arrangement, fitted with all conveniences for teachers and pupils, supplied with the best kind of furniture, and are warmed and ventilated by the best apparatus. They vary in size, some occupying only two lots, others six or seven. It has been found that large buildings are much more economical and convenient than small ones; and not unfrequently two thousand pupils, and even a larger number, are well accommodated under one roof.

The sketches that illustrate this article will give the reader a very complete idea of the internal arrangements of our common schools. The first gives an exterior view of one of the school buildings; No. 2 shows a lesson in object teaching in a class-room in a colored school; No. 3, a girls' class in calisthenics; No. 4, a girls' class in drawing; No. 5, a writing lesson; No. 6, a chemical lecture at the Free College. These sketches were all taken from actual scenes, and are accurate representations of them.

The importance of these schools in a country like ours, whose institutions depend wholly on the intelligence and morality of the people, can not be overestimated. They constitute our chief safeguard against a relapse into the temporal and spiritual bondage which our fathers sought this country to avoid. The benefits of these schools are visible all around us. The number of pupils under instruction is constantly increasing; the annual examinations show the continued maintenance of a creditable degree of scholarship; and the interest of the public in the practical, everyday workings of the system is evidence of the continued confidence and regard with which citizens of all parties and every religious sect, with one partial exception, regard its progress and success. The most competent, experienced, and impartial judges in America and Europe have, in the most public manner, affixed the stamp of their approbation to our system, and have with one consent expressed their conviction that, in its external and internal administration, it is equaled by no other in the civilized world. A short time ago the Rev. JAMES FRASER, one of a Board of Commissioners appointed by the English government to inquire into the common school system of the United States and of Canada, spent several weeks in making a thorough investigation o. our city schools; and in his report, which was laid before Parliament, expressed his high appreciation of our system and its results. The question of establishing a similar system, for the education of the masses of the English people, is one of the measures probably to be brought before Parliament during its present session. Mr. FORSTER, who holds the post of "Vice-President of the Committee on Education of the Privy Council," in a recent speech urged the imperative necessity of such a measure. "So convinced is the country," he said, "so convinced is the House of Commons, of the importance and urgency of this question, that no economical, or religious, or irreligious difficulty will be allowed to stand in the way. The public money must not be wasted, no, not one penny of it must be spent, unless, indeed, for the purpose of education; but if, indeed, the public money must be spent, *no religious differences must stand in the way of an elementary secular education.*"

While other nations are thus emulating our own in the establishment of a system of popular education, it certainly behooves American citizens to see that nothing is allowed to interfere with the efficiency of our common schools, or lessen their hold upon the confidence of the whole people. The dangers that threaten them in the way of unsecularization, and the diversion of a large portion of the common school funds for the support of sectarian schools, are happily and only too truthfully foreshadowed in Mr. NAST'S admirable composition on page 140, which requires no comment to enforce its warning admonitions.

FOUND IN THE STREET.

"Do you know, Sir, that I am almost starved—that I have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours?"

The young man started at this unexpected address; then turned, and regarded the speaker for a moment curiously.

The scene was Fifth Avenue, and the time was near midnight.

Horses and carriages were dashing over the pavement, conveying gay parties from theatre or supper.

The air was crisp and chill; the stars shone cheerfully above; the lamps gleamed brilliantly below; yet the young man was thus suddenly accosted, in the most fashionable thoroughfare in New York, by a stranger who was almost starved, and had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours.

No wonder he turned to look curiously at her!

Caleb, or Cale Gordon, as his *intimes* called him, was a hard-working young journalist—hard-working, but well paid; for he was a vastly clever and rapid writer, and found a ready market for all he wrote; besides being on the regular staff of one morning paper as musical and dramatic critic.

And in pursuit of this part of his vocation he had that evening been to the French opera to hear "Geneviève"—had stepped into Delmonico's for a light supper, and was now on his way down to the office to write up his evening's work.

He had no one but himself to take care of; made money enough to supply all his wants, including light suppers at Delmonico's when he desired them; and knew very little about the poverty and wretchedness of the under-world of the great city he lived in.

Therefore he queried, in a tone of surprise, after looking at the questioner for a moment, "You say you have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours?"

"A bit of bread and some coffee last evening, and nothing before that since the day before;" and the girl gave a great gulp, something between a sigh and a sob, and turned her face away.

"Bless my soul!" said Caleb; "come right along with me and get something."

You see Caleb was quite green—he had only been in the city about six months, having come well recommended from a country newspaper, or else he would have given her a quarter and sent her on her way—or perhaps something worse might have come of it, who knows? But as it was, he took her hand and placed it on his arm, and walked her rapidly down a side street, toward a point where he knew there was an oyster-saloon that kept open all night.

It was not exactly a place to take a lady; but it did not occur to Caleb to take her to Delmonico's—besides, they were past it.

She had said nothing further; but Caleb noticed that she leaned rather heavily on his arm; and as they passed a street-lamp, and its light shone full in her face, he observed that she was very pale.

He hurried her along, and presently they arrived at the saloon, and were soon seated opposite each other in a small private room, or box, with a table between them.

Caleb called a waiter and ordered a glass of sherry, and, when that was provided, gave it to the girl, who seemed absolutely about to faint, and begged her to drink it, which she did; then he ordered a substantial supper for her.

The waiter left them, and Caleb had an opportunity of looking at his companion.

The wine had revived her, and a little color tinged her cheeks.

She seemed very young. Caleb thought of his little sister at the old homestead in the country, and guessed this girl must be about her age—about seventeen.

Thinking of his little sister, too, he could not help thinking how he would feel if she were in such a strait as this poor creature; and he felt a strange sensation under his watch-pocket, and did not care to speak for a moment.

Then he said, kindly and in a low voice, "And now you must tell me how all this has been brought about, and perhaps I can help you."

But the girl folded her arms on the table, laid her head on them, and cried—not loudly, but very bitterly.

"I don't like to see you cry," said Caleb—and his voice was a little tremulous; that was a soft point in Caleb's character; he never liked to see any body cry.

The girl raised her head, and threw the long, soft, curling hair back from her face, and said: "You are very, very kind to me, and—I won't cry;" and she didn't; she stopped instantly; which pleased him in more ways than one.

Caleb wasn't far out about her age—probably his memories of his little sister had aided him in some occult way. She was just about seventeen, and now that she had gained a little color, what between the wine and the tears, was manifestly pretty, or so, at least, Caleb thought; but so thin—so thin!

She had pretty, soft, brown curls, and brown hair, and tender violet eyes—very large; and as they looked at Caleb, through the mist of her late weeping, he thought he had never seen any half so expressive.

Her figure was trim and neatly clad, but poorly. Her hands were small, but they bore the marks of labor, and the forefinger of her right hand was dotted over with little black specks, as Caleb remembered his mother's to have been when he was a boy at home, and she sat in the arm-chair sewing for him.

Then the nice hot supper came in, and, with an apology, she began to eat.

And how she did eat!

Caleb had never seen any one very hungry before, and he felt his own eyes grow dim as he watched her. And somewhere in the interior of his being he registered a little oath that she should never be hungry again—not if he could help it; and then he thought of his little sister once more.

And at last the supper was eaten (of course, Caleb took nothing, for Delmonico had supplied him); and as she looked up, and he asked her if she would have any thing else, she said: "I am ashamed of myself for eating so much; but I was *so* hungry;" and then she went to crying again, but still silently. And then, after a little, Caleb got her story out of her.

How she was crying because she had a widowed mother and little brother at home, who were just as hungry as she was, and who would not have any kind friend to give them food; and how she had come out this night with a wicked purpose in her heart, because that she could not bear longer that they should starve; and how that when she spoke to Caleb her own hunger overcame her—and she was so selfish, so wickedly selfish—and now she must go. But Caleb started up and called back that waiter, and gave him sundry orders very rapidly; and when he went away to fill them, put his hand on her shoulder and told her to sit quietly for a few moments, and he would go with her. And then she sat down, like a very child, as she was, and told him the rest of her story. Poor green Caleb had never heard one of those stories before.

They had been very poor, she said, ever since her father died, and that was when she was about ten years old. Her mother had supported them for a good while with her needle, and then Josey—that she said was her name, Josey Carroll—had been able to sew, too; and thus they had managed to live—but that was all. And then her mother had taken sick, and then—the waiter came in with a large, covered basket, which Caleb seized; and after he had paid the bill, he tucked Josey under one arm, and they hurried up the steep saloon stairs and out into the starlight and the glare of street-lamps again.

They took a car, and about twenty minutes later were finding their way up a dark court-yard, into a narrow alley-way, up flights of rickety stairs, and so to a room on the top floor of a tumble-down tenement-house, which was Josey's home.

There was no fire in the little stove; a spluttering bit of candle burned on a rough pine table; and on the floor, upon a mattress, and covered with a few old quilts and rags, lay huddled the widowed mother and the poor little brother.

Caleb dropped his basket, and saying that he would be back in a moment, fled to a corner grocery which he had seen a boy about closing as he passed.

Five minutes later he was back in the room, with the boy following laden with coal, wood, and candles.

Then he made the fire with his own hands—for he had learned that accomplishment when he was a boy at the old homestead.

The candles were lighted, the table was spread, the mother and little boy were seated; and when they were fairly at work, and he saw how hungry they were, then Caleb broke down.

He went and opened the window and looked out at the stars; but he didn't see them, for his eyes dropped tears too many to see through.

And presently a little hand was slipped into his, and as he turned around Josey said, "Don't cry! you have made us all so happy, and you have saved us from so much! Don't cry!"

Caleb pressed her hand; then he looked at his watch, and said he must go, but he would come to them the next morning. And then he shook hands with them all, and went out, while the blessings and prayers of the poor widow followed him.

It was nearly daybreak before Caleb had finished his office-work and got home to his boarding-house; but at ten o'clock he was again in the room in the tumble-down tenement-house.

It was nicely swept, and a bright fire burning, and the few bits of furniture made to look as home-like as possible.

And three smiling faces met Caleb when he entered, and a welcome that made the young man blush for very shame. That was the last day they spent in the tenement-house.

Caleb, delighted to have some one to spend his money on, found them comfortable apartments, neatly furnished: hunted up some lady friends of his, who gave the widow all the plain sewing she could do, with the aid of a sewing-machine, which Caleb furnished her; got Josey a profitable position in a public institution; and what then?

Well, then—that is to say, about six months after, when the public institution gave Josey a fortnight's holiday, Caleb took the whole family—the little brother had been going to school all this time—out into the country to the old homestead. And when the fortnight's vacation was over Caleb wrote to the directors of the public institution resigning Josey's position; and one bright summer's morning he tucked Josey under his arm once more, and the widow, and Caleb's mother—also a widow—and Caleb's little sister, and Josey's little brother, and a whole troop of Caleb's uncles and aunts, cousins and friends, all strolled quietly down the quiet country road and into the little village church; and there Josey and Caleb were married. And as the two widows had become fast friends they lived together at the old homestead, while Caleb took his little wife—thin and pale no longer, but plump and flushed and happy as any robin—back to the great city. And surely it is recorded somewhere by the good angel that Caleb never again should be unhappy, or regret that he had taken to wife the poor, little, half-starved girl he had *found in the street.*

SAFE LIGHT FOR OUR HOMES.

MR. EDITOR: Permit us to say a word in behalf of our firesides, at least where gas is not used, or if so, at an expense which is a burden.

We neither make nor sell the Lamp which we commend; we refer to PERKINS & HOUSE'S *Non-explosive Kerosene Lamp.* Prof. J. H. SEELYE, of Amherst College, was mainly instrumental in its introduction to the people of New England, because he saw in it a public blessing.

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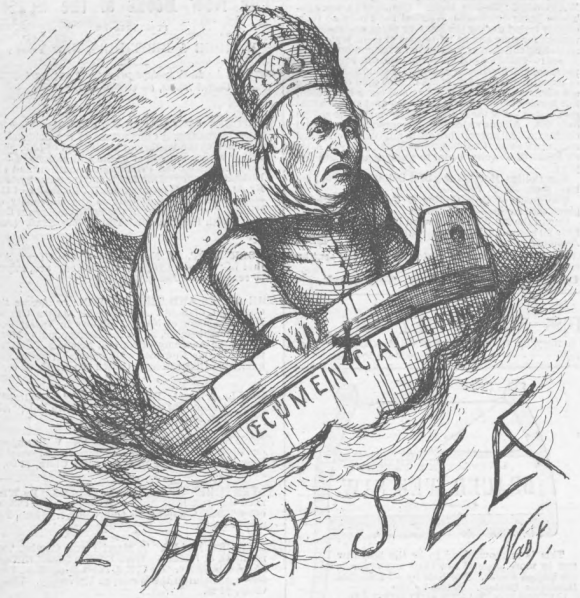

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.

THE life of WESLEY HARPER, as his family and friends called him, was wholly private and domestic. Shy and retiring, he avoided entirely that kind of public service which makes men's names familiar, and for which, indeed, his qualities of mind and heart, but not of temperament, peculiarly fitted him.—He was born on the 25th day of December, 1801, at Newtown, Long Island. His father, for whom he was named, was an earnest Methodist, and, with his own name, gave his son that of WESLEY. From his mother, doubtless, came that kindliness of humor which never forsook him, and which made the last days, like all the days of his life, so cheerful and serene. WESLEY had always a fond remembrance of his early home, and although the domestic discipline in the family of a hard-working Methodist farmer, in the days when that Church was full of the missionary spirit, was probably severe, it was that severity of affection which does not cloud the memory, and for which, indeed, a filial and pious spirit is always grateful. One of WESLEY'S pleasant pictures of his childhood was his lying upon the hay in the field or in the barn, and reading to an old black man, one of his father's workmen. "It is many a long year since I have seen him," he said; "but I know that I shall see him in heaven."

WESLEY HARPER was the third child of his parents, and was always a delicate boy. His two older brothers, JAMES and JOHN, left their father's house when WESLEY was about ten years of age, and while he was yet a youth they had begun business together as printers and publishers, under the style of J. & J. HARPER. Before he was twenty he was apprenticed, with his younger brother FLETCHER, to the older brothers, and mastered the trade of printing. He was a skillful proof-reader, and in the course of this duty he became familiar with much of the best English literature, which was carefully read by him in the reprints of the house. As foreman of the composing-room, he was brought into personal contact with men who, in those days of hard drinking, were often turbulent and troublesome; but he had no trouble. He was slight in figure, and had not the remarkable muscular power of his brothers. But he had the force of moral firmness, a singularly persuasive manner, and that unaffected regard for men, independent of their condition, which is instantly felt by them; and these gave him an ascendency in his department which enabled him to keep the peace without harshness or ill-will.

Before 1825 WESLEY and FLETCHER had become partners in the house, and the style was changed to HARPER & BROTHERS. They were all practical printers, and the success of the firm as publishers was already remarkable. Sagacious, untiring, devoted strictly to their business, the operations of the house were constantly extended, and its intercourse by correspondence was most courteous and kindly, for WESLEY was the correspondent, and his letters, embracing a wide variety of subjects and addressed to persons of every kind of temperament, were remarkable for the same urbanity of manner and intelligent clearness of statement that marked his personal intercourse. His health was still delicate, and he was carefully temperate in all his habits. But temperance was not a trial, for he had a natural rectitude which seemed to spare him all moral struggles.

The religious influences of his father's house were seed dropped into a kindly soil. The young man early connected himself with the Methodist Church, and in all its multitude of adherents there could be none of a truer humility and a sincerer piety than WESLEY HARPER. He seemed to feel the same affectionate pride in it that GEORGE HERBERT cherished for the Church of England. He was a class-leader, and always a most liberal and devoted member. But the shy humility that was his crowning grace kept him silent and unobtrusive. He did not exhort nor declaim. Faithful and constant in his attendance at church, and most generous in his support of all its enterprises, his devotion was deep but not noisy. His ceaseless charity, his patience, his simplicity and friendliness, were his religious rites—his whole life was his great act of worship. The services of his Church and the spirit of its members strongly moved him, and he went often in Brooklyn, where he lived, to share in the worship of the colored brethren, delighting in its fervor and fullness of expression. Doubtless he liked to recognize the divine Fatherhood by identifying himself in religious feeling and aspiration with his human brothers of the lowest estate.

He thanked God that he was a Methodist; but there was probably never a man so affectionately and firmly attached to his own religious denomination who was so truly liberal and free from all taint of bigotry. He held to his own sect, but as one believing that in his Father's house were many mansions. Sectarian arrogance was as impossible to him as social arrogance. If you watched him on Sunday, you saw that he went to the Methodist church. If you watched him every day in the year, you saw that he was a good man.

Soon after joining the firm he married and settled in Brooklyn, and gradually a large family clustered around him. The business prospered. As the correspondent of the house, he was brought in contact with men of every kind, and his acquaintance was very wide. His shrewd observation, his retentive memory, and his genial humor made his reminiscences of noted persons very charming. The impression made by him upon all who came to the office was that of an intelligent, courteous, and most unassuming man. But it was well said that if the question were asked, which is the head of the house, which is *the* HARPER, and who are the brothers? the only accurate answer was, "Either one is HARPER, and all the rest are the brothers."

Such fraternal harmony in business is remarkable. The action of the house was the result of mutual counsel, in which the singularly sound judgment of WESLEY, his knowledge of men, his general intelligence, were indispensable. For, although of the utmost courtesy and manly gentleness, he was a man of clear insight into character, and curiously impatient of pretense. The constant lambent humor that played over the whole surface of his life often touched folly and affectation with a kindly satire that showed how truly they were perceived. WESLEY HARPER'S goodness was not a sweetness without flavor. No man had a keener eye for the facts of human life and character. He was universally beloved by all

THE LATE JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.]

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those who were employed by the firm; and the secret of their great regard was not merely his kindness of manner, it was his real humanity. He treated them as a man associating with men, not merely as a master with his workmen. He won their confidence, and they discovered that they had found a friend. Every morning he appeared quietly in every department, loitering from case to case, from bench to bench, and group to group, stopping to chat, or to note the "copy," or to look over the proof, or to see, with his mild eye, that there was no lagging or confusion. That tranquil presence will be a remembered benediction in every room. A few days before he died one of the oldest and most trusted of the persons employed by the house went to see him, and WESLEY bade him good-by, and begged him, if ever in word or manner he had seemed harsh, to believe that he had not meant unkindly, and to forgive him. "I told him," said the faithful fellow-laborer, "that if there was any thing to forgive, it was not upon my side." Another said, whose position enabled him to observe closely WESLEY's character as a business man, "I have known him for forty years, and he is spotless."

So the prosperous and pleasant years passed away. He built a spacious house in Brooklyn, full of sunshine without and within. To one who loved him it seemed, as a man's chosen home should, a kind of image of himself. He still went away from it occasionally upon some short voyage for his health, but whenever he returned he quietly resumed his old habits at the office. For some time he believed himself to be seriously ill; but it was not until the winter of last year that a sudden and startling attack warned him of his condition, and a subsequent careful investigation showed him that he could not recover, and that his death might occur at any moment. But whatever inexpressible sorrow this brought to others, WESLEY HARPER tranquilly kept the noiseless tenor of his way. When he was a little better he made short excursions into the country, and came occasionally to the office. He sat quietly, conversing with difficulty, and with all the old kindly humor and charity, his interest in the welfare of the house unabated, saying pleasantly, "Now that JAMES is gone, how can I be spared?" But he went no more into the work-rooms, and in his heart he knew, as all knew, that his work was done.

Then came the confinement to the house, to the room, to the bed. But in no happy home was there a more cheerful room than the chamber of the dying man. All his friends came to it and went away as with a blessing. To his religious brethren who sought his confidence he spoke with manly humility of his filial trust in God, and of his satisfaction that he had always professed his faith. But this he said only to those who invited it. Upon no man did WESLEY HARPER ever intrude his inmost, sacred convictions. At last, and from day to day, he seemed almost to hover between life and death. But he had made every arrangement for the end, had even named his pall-bearers—four of his friends in the Sands Street Methodist Church, and four of his friends employed by the firm—and he affectionately invited all, in every department of the business, to attend his funeral. On Sunday afternoon, the 13th, a friend called, but learning that he was not so well, would not go up stairs. Mr. HARPER hearing the name, sent a humorous message of love. On Monday morning, February 14, he seemed to be refreshed by the night's rest. But at about half past seven he asked his sister, who was with him, to raise the window, for he did not breathe freely. She did so, and gave him a little drink. He thanked her, smiled upon her with the old familiar tenderness, and closed his eyes. She saw the change, and stepped into the next room to call the others. But it was too late. Without a sigh WESLEY HARPER had died as peacefully as he had lived.

He was buried from the Sands Street Church, with which he had been long associated; and the great congregation, a throng of sincere and sorrowing friends, needed only to remember what he was to feel how truly a good life conquers death; while in their own greater charity and patience and fidelity hereafter those who knew WESLEY HARPER will always feel his influence, and perceive that a good man, though dead, yet speaketh.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.

THERE is a violent quarrel in the Democratic party in New York. The tyranny and corruption of the Tammany managers have at last produced a reaction, and the New York *World* cries, down with the Ring! It declares that the Ring has debauched the party, and, if not destroyed, that it will ruin it. It prophesies that unless the power of the Ring is broken the Democrats will lose the State next fall, and that the Ring will be as fatal to it in 1872 as the Chicago peace platform was in 1864, or the Tammany repudiation platform in 1868. The *World* says a great many true things of the lamentable and alarming consequences of the supremacy of the Ring, and summons all honest Democrats to the rescue. It hopes for the co-operation of honest Republicans also; and as the *Tribune* is doubtful how long the virtue of the *World* will hold out, it turns and rends Mr. GREELEY by name, rather inconsistently charging him both with corrupt complicity with the Ring and with favoring its continuance that its enormous offenses may strengthen the Republican party.

But surely the *World* can not forget that the Ring has obtained power partly by the strenuous support of the *World*. It has not forgotten, of course, that one of the most flagrant crimes of the Ring was the naturalization frauds of 1868, nor that the *World* sneered at the attempt to expose and to defeat them. Neither, of course, does the *World* forget that it supported the Chicago candidates placed upon the platform which it now taunts; and that it most zealously sustained the Tammany candidate of 1868 who stood upon the platform of the Convention. These things it did as a party organ; and in doing them it did the work of the Ring which controlled its party in the city of New York, and which had nominated Mr. HOFFMAN as Governor.

The *World's* explanation of this course is, that much as it disliked the Ring, it believed the success of the Republican party to be a greater mischief than that of the Democratic party with the Ring attached. But it alleges that it is now possible to detach the Ring, and consequently it blows its bugle. And for what purpose does it sound the charge? To save this State in the autumn of 1870 and the country in 1872 to the Democratic party. It hopes that the honest Democrats, for the sake of the party, will overthrow the Ring, and restore purity to the elections and decency to the city government. But it is an effort which must necessarily be abortive in the way that it is attempted; and for the simple reason that the Democratic party can not be a reform party of this kind.

The present Democratic party has been educated in contempt of morals in politics. It has been trained to sneer at "moral ideas," and by no preacher more zealously than the *World;* and when you exhort people to sneer at what you vaguely call morality, you must not be surprised to find them totally disregarding common honesty. For a generation the Democratic party was taught to sustain slavery. The teachers may have meant only State rights, but a party looks through the abstraction to the fact, and the fact was slavery. Certainly, State rights, if you please; it is a very pretty fence, but the thing fenced, we observe, is slavery, said the party. So we had the negro decried and derided in every foul and unmanly strain—the *World*, since it became what it calls Democratic, leading the cry. We had slavery advocated upon religious and economical grounds. Injustice and unspeakable wrong the Democratic leaders tried to laugh out of sight, or to hide under what they called the Constitution, and their teaching was the most demoralizing conceivable.

This policy, of course, had its effect. It drew to the Democratic party all the worst elements in the population, and the party relied upon those elements for its successes. It was absurd to suppose that a party so trained could have any high regard for honesty of administration in any department. The party justly argued that, if it is Christian and constitutional to sell black men, it can not be very unchristian and unconstitutional to cheat white men. The Democratic training was justified of its children. In its chief stronghold, the city of New York, sneering at an honest recognition of the fundamental rights of man, relying upon the ignorance and pandering to the prejudices of the most degraded population, the leaders have constantly confirmed their power, until their government has become one vast and notorious system of corruption.

The *World* proposes to break this power by appealing to those who make it. Its theory of the Ring seems to be that it is strong by Republican support, and that "the rule of the people" will cure all. This is to be done, apparently, by abolishing the commissions. But the commissions were established at the request of members of both parties, who found the condition of affairs in the city under the general plan which the *World* now favors intolerable. Men like FERNANDO WOOD were elected Mayor, and the Mayor appointed the police. The party that had been trained upon negro hating elected a demagogue, and the peace of the city was in his keeping. What reason is there to suppose that that party is less ignorant, less liable to be led by demagogues than before? Why should any one who knows the rank and file of the Democratic party in this city suppose that they would rather be led by Mr. TILDEN, the *World*, and the gentlemen of the Manhattan Club, than by Mr. SWEENY and Mr. TWEED? This the *World* does not show. But until this can be shown, generalization about the rule of New York "filched" from the people, and the "rule of the people" as the remedy, is pointless.

The lawful and only hopeful peaceful remedy of the evils of the condition here lies in the hearty co-operation of "the honest Democrats," as the *World* calls them, with the Republicans. But this is not acceptable to the *World*. It proposes its change as a party measure. It would destroy the Ring, that the party may not be too heavily "handicapped" in the Presidential race of 1872. It begins, therefore, by repelling Republican assistance. The work is to be done by "honest Democrats," that the Republicans may be beaten in the State in 1870 and in the country in 1872. If it can push the matter so far as to bring separate candidates into the field, however, it will undoubtedly appeal to Republican support. It will tell us that we can not elect any man of our own in the city, and that an honest Democrat is certainly better than a dishonest one.

So he is; but for ourselves we remember that upon this principle we supported Mr. HOFFMAN for Mayor against FERNANDO WOOD, and were rewarded by the infamous proclamation in regard to the frauds, and by the confirmation of the power of this very Ring, of which Mr. HOFFMAN, as the signature of the monstrous Erie bill shows, is the willing instrument.

And why did this happen? Or why should we suppose it would happen again? Because the ultimate reliance of the leaders of the Democratic party is upon its worst elements. It is typified by that absurd spectacle which was reported last year of Mr. OAKEY HALL, as Mayor of New York, masquerading in a green suit on St. Patrick's Day to cajole the least intelligent of the Irish, for the more intelligent despised the performance, of course, as heartily as all other sensible citizens. The Ring probably understands the mass of the Democratic voters better than the *World;* and that mass controls the party. Consequently, if, in full view of the history and training and composition of that party, Republicans should give their votes to Democratic candidates, in the hope of reform, they would give them to those who will plead party necessity as the excuse of yielding to those worst elements, as the *World* did in the Presidential campaigns of 1864 and 1868. The *World* complains bitterly that Republicans do not help its movement. But if it preferred to keep the Ring in power to save its party, by what logic does it complain of others who do the same thing?

CUBA AND BELLIGERENCY.

SENATOR SHERMAN is a cautious man. When, therefore, he appears as the champion of Cuban recognition, it is fair to believe either that he supposes, from his intercourse with other Senators, that they favor it, or that he is persuaded it is the secret wish of the Administration. Senators CARPENTER, HOWE, and MORTON plead for it directly or indirectly. They approach it differently, but their purpose is evidently the same. All these gentlemen perhaps believe that there is a strong public opinion which demands recognition. If they do, they are profoundly mistaken. There is very little public interest in the question. The Senators have read the accounts of the late Cuban meeting in this city. Were they impressed by it as a manifestation of real feeling? Have they read of similar meetings elsewhere? And have they observed that there is a society just formed here, at the very seat of the Cuban Junta, for the purpose of arousing public sympathy and interest for Cuba?

General BANKS has offered a resolution in the House of Representatives authorizing the President to maintain a strict neutrality in the Cuban contest. If this means any thing, it means the recognition of belligerent rights to the Cubans. And if so, we ask, as we did last summer, why not say frankly what you mean? If gentlemen in the Senate and the House are of opinion that there is *such* a contest—for a contest nobody denies—as to justify recognition—that there is a responsible republican government in Cuba, exercising actual authority, to which we may look in case of trouble—in a word, that the prolonged disturbances in Cuba have become a war of such proportions and with such results that we may honorably and with moral justification take the risk of a war with Spain by recognition, then, by all that is sacred in national honor, let us distinctly acknowledge the belligerent rights of the Cubans in arms.

Senator CARPENTER says that war exists, and that we may safely say so; and that the United States, by tendering its good offices, has virtually said so, and thereby has really recognized belligerency. The Senator's argument is, that whenever a government can not keep the peace by civil process, but resorts to its war powers, and is resisted, war exists. Then, if we send soldiers to Utah, and the Mormons do not yield, the European powers may declare that war exists, and govern themselves accordingly. If there is a war, he says there are belligerents, and to say so is only to state a fact. But this is a position which would hardly be gravely urged to its conclusions, for it would erect every prolonged insurrection into a war, and involve every nation in the disturbance of every other. A belligerent, in an international sense, is not a certain number of people fighting, but a certain organized authority attesting itself by its acts. In other words, there is a regular, visible government behind the fighting. Does Senator CARPENTER believe that there is any such belligerent in Cuba?

Unquestionably there is some kind of fighting in Cuba, and an immense lying about it on all sides. Spain has sent soldiers to the island, and has built and equipped gun-boats; and the insurgents, apparently of a guerrilla kind, have met them in one or two battles, but have been generally inaccessibly posted in the hill country. There is a constitution published, and a form of civil government. Does any body believe that there is any part of the island of Cuba in which justice is administered by judges and courts under that republican authority? Is it not unquestionably the fact that the constitution and the form of government have been improvised for the purpose of presenting to the United States an apparent basis of belligerent recognition, in the hope that by such recognition Cuba might be separated from Spain; not for the purpose of establishing that government, but that the island may be annexed to the United States?

If Congress honestly believes that the Cuban insurgents are in a true and received sense belligerents, let it say so. But let it demand some other evidence than the fact that there has been a virtually passive resistance to Spain continued for more than a year. And when it has proclaimed "neutrality," let it not complain if foreign powers do the same when, under Mr. CULLOM's bill, we send the army to Utah.

NATURALIZATION AND THE REGISTRY.

FRAUDULENT naturalization has become so notorious, especially in the city of New York, the great dépôt of immigration, that it is evident the system ought to be abandoned as a farce, or wholly reformed. The Constitution gives Congress power to establish a uniform rule of naturalization; but the State courts, over which Congress has no control, naturalize. The result is the pleasing spectacle offered by certain courts in this city just before election. They become mere "mills" for grinding out voters, in a manner of which we exposed the details in the autumn of 1868, when the monstrous frauds in naturalization occurred.

The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives have prepared a bill to put an end to these shameful proceedings. They propose that the courts of the United States alone shall be charged with the duty of naturalization; and why should any good citizen object? They are tribunals of the best character, and beyond suspicion of interest in maladministration of the law. The Judges do not, like our Judges, make voters for themselves in making citizens. The act of admission to citizenship is essentially a grave one, and should be most carefully guarded. It is enough that it is not so guarded under the present system.

The bill proposed provides that notice of intention must be filed in a United States court, and after four years' continuous residence a certificate may issue to take effect six months afterward. This secures the substantial intention of any law of naturalization. But it has been amusingly attacked, in the most vociferous manner, as "a villainous scheme for weakening the Democratic party at the next Presidential election," by a paper which a few days afterward discovered that it did no such thing, because aliens need not be naturalized to become voters. If the State of New York, for instance, chooses to allow every inhabitant to vote, it is difficult to see how it can be prevented from doing so. But it by no means follows, as the same paper asserts, that "Congress can not meddle with the qualifications of voters" for national or State officers. It certainly can and would meddle in case any State should impose qualifications incompatible with a republican government, which it is bound to secure to every State, and of which it is necessarily the judge. It is a misfortune that, under the Constitution, even the electors of President and of Congress are of unequal qualification. One State may allow a foreigner who landed yesterday to vote for President, and the next State may require a residence of ten years, and proved familiarity with the language of the country.

The value of a registry to an honest election is sufficiently proved by the constant hostility of the Ring, and by the party which profits by the Ring. Every voter who respects his own rights and an honest expression of the will of the people, sees, of course, that nothing is more important than to ascertain who are entitled to vote, and to take care that they, and no others, do vote, and vote but once. Surely it is not asking more than every man who cares for his own vote is willing to grant, that every man's right to vote shall be verified in the most satisfactory manner. The "honest" Legislature of New York, which is considering the charter, will also probably destroy the registry. Meanwhile its chief members declare that "repeating" is notorious. It was even alleged that the Speaker had been elected by enormous frauds. Let us see, then, with all its fine professions of faith in the people, what the Legislature will do to secure an honest expression of the people's will.

CURRENT COMEDY.

MR. FERNANDO WOOD has recently expressed in Congress his nervous apprehension lest there should be trading in West Point appointments. Nothing but the sternest rectitude in all public affairs will satisfy this statesman. Money-making in politics draws out his most eloquent denunciation, and his gate of political purity is so

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straight and narrow that very few can enter in thereat. Mr. FERNANDO WOOD's praise of political integrity is the best thing in comedy since Mr. Joseph Surface's commendation of the moral virtues.

But there are comic touches in the SWEENY charter which are almost as exquisite, and they occur, as might be supposed, in the Excise article. Thus the Tammany Ring, through their agents, the Mayor and Aldermen, are to appoint the Board of Excise; and such is the sensitive regard of the charter to the public welfare that it empowers the Board "to grant licenses to any person of good moral character." It does not, indeed, forbid the permission to persons of an immoral turn; but it is easy to see that none such will apply. The persons of good moral character who are thus licensed are to be particular and prevent all disturbance upon their premises, and are to summon the police, and the offenders are to be removed. But if nothing of the kind is done, why, then—the persons of good moral character must be considered "desartless."

Then we come to the purest humor conceivable, the truly genteel comedy. It is expressly forbidden to the aforesaid persons of good moral character or otherwise to sell liquor to an apprentice or to a minor under eighteen, knowing or having probable cause to believe him to be such, without the consent of the apprentice's master or mistress, or of the minor's parent or guardian. What a tender picture does not this provision suggest of the moral merchant at the frequent corners of the avenues and of every other street in town, solemnly requiring his younger customers not to drink if they are not yet chartered libertines, putting them upon their honor to take back their money if they may not lawfully drink the liquors of "every choice variety" which he, in his capacity of person of good moral character, is authorized to sell to those who are authorized to buy! This is one of the provisions of the charter which is sure to be universally enforced. It is, perhaps, the most impregnable of the ramparts which the charter erects around the public virtue.

Once more, by another section, the moral persons are authorized to keep their "places" quiet and orderly, and on Sundays closed; *but* nothing shall be construed as hostile to the entertainment by taverns of the traveling public upon Sunday "in the mode usual therein." What a traveling public Sunday will disclose! Moreover, at the places in which the moral person resides, and which are to be closed on Sundays, nothing shall be construed as hostile to peaceable ingress and egress—of whom and for what purpose is not stated. It would injure the comic effect. Nor must any thing be construed as hostile to the consumption of lager beer sold by moral persons in gardens, provided that the interests of religion and morality are consulted by not allowing such gardens within a quarter of a mile of a church!

Surely religion and morality could ask for no more. If there be any body who does not see that all this shows a resolution to save society from the grog-shop, to encourage persons of good moral character, and to foster religion and morality, we doubt, also, if he would be able to appreciate the austere political virtue of the Honorable FERNANDO WOOD.

DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY.

THE Hon. WILLIAM F. ALLEN, Comptroller of the State of New York, is a gentleman of high character, and he owes to himself as well as to the public an explanation of the fact that, under the laws of the State, he has allowed Mr. PETER B. SWEENY to retain the sum of $46,726 91 for drawing his check to pay into the State treasury the proportion of the State tax due from the county of New York for 1868, and $36,318 39 for the same service in the following year. When Mr. ALLEN was elected Comptroller a law was passed, in a provision to the county tax levy, that the compensation of the treasurer should be a half of one per cent. upon the money that he officially received, and the same upon that which he paid out, "but not exceeding ten thousand dollars per annum from the county treasury." This would seem to be plain enough. And in his report Mr. ALLEN says that the practice has been to allow the treasurers to retain one per cent., not exceeding a specified sum; but he says also that, as the demands have increased, it is doubted whether under the laws county treasurers are entitled to payment from the State treasury, except where, as in one or two cases, there has been express legislative permission; and in this doubt he concurs. How, then, does it happen that Mr. SWEENY has received a sum so enormous?

Upon the plea that by the law he is to have one per cent. upon the whole amount received and paid, and that the law merely limits the amount of his compensation *from the county treasury* to ten thousand dollars, leaving, by implication, the rest to be paid from the State treasury! But the law of 1863 provides that the compensation of county treasurers for this service shall not exceed two thousand dollars; and when Mr. DANIEL DEVLIN, despite the law, insisted upon retaining one per cent., which was formerly allowed, the Court of Appeals decided against him, and maintained the law of 1863. The question, therefore, is, whether, under the law of 1868, allowing a compensation of one per cent., "but not exceeding ten thousand dollars per annum from the county treasury," the treasurer is limited to that amount, or may receive one per cent. of the whole, of which not more than ten thousand must be paid by the county.

A writer in the *Evening Post* pertinently inquires whether the later act, specifying the limit of the amount to be paid from the county treasury, supercede that of 1863, specifying two thousand dollars as the limit of the amount to be paid from the State treasury. And even if it does, may the Chamberlain retain it? Must he not first pay it to the Comptroller, and then receive it by a direct appropriation? Moreover, can an act regulating the financial arrangements of a county be construed as meaning to take money from the State treasury?

Here are very serious questions. They are of a kind that justify and demand delay and judicial construction. But Mr. Comptroller ALLEN grants to Mr. PETER B. SWEENY the utmost amount claimed, while stating in his report that it is important that the subject should be definitely settled by law. While it is still indefinite, why does he allow such an enormous claim? That is the question which the Comptroller ought to answer. Nor is it any explanation to say that there are "exceptions created by express legislation," unless he means that the provision of 1868 is an exception of the kind. It is obvious, however, that it is not necessarily so, and can not be made so but by judicial interpretation, except by a Comptroller who is unwilling to refuse. There are men in the Democratic party of whom no explanation of such a course would be expected by any body; but Mr. ALLEN is not one of them.

THE SITUATION.

THE plan recommended by the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives of cutting down the internal revenue to the extent of some thirty millions of dollars may be regarded as the expression of an opinion against Mr. BOUTWELL'S funding scheme. The recent loan put upon the European market by Russia, and the rate of interest prevailing in many of the money centres of Europe, have undoubtedly satisfied the Committee that Mr. BOUTWELL'S scheme is wholly impracticable. The Russian loan, although bearing 5 per cent. interest, was offered at £80 for each £100, or at about 6¼ per cent. interest. It commands already a premium of 2½ per cent., due to the fact that the total of bids was greatly in excess of the amount required.

The standing of Russia throughout Europe is good, owing to the punctuality with which her payments were met during her recent war, to the firmness with which the Emperor is seated in power, to her exemption from the danger of conquest by other nations, and to her vast territorial possessions. As our people have been steadily running up a debt to Europe since the war to an amount which now reaches two hundred and ten millions of dollars per annum, as our financial policy has not been improved by cutting down our excess of paper-money, and as the amount paid for interest on our bonds held abroad is much less than the annual score we allow to run up, it can not be said that either our ability or our willingness to stand the burden of our enormous debt has yet been proved to the satisfaction of capitalists in Europe. All expectation, therefore, of placing a four and a half per cent. loan at par at present must be treated as the Committee of Ways and Means has determined.

It is undoubtedly true that the Secretary of the Treasury has had assurances that such a loan could be placed abroad if a sufficient discount were allowed, and the bonds were made payable in the money of important European states; but it will be found on investigation that the desire for commissions has had great influence, and that there would be close scrutiny into our situation on the part of the capitalists who stand behind which would prevent the required subscriptions.

The United States is yet to encounter the severe experience of paying interest without at the same incurring a larger debt. When Europe shall refuse to trust us to the extent of our new annual indebtedness, or we ourselves shall abandon the extravagance which occasions this annual charge, we shall be competent to estimate the true effect of the debt upon our population. There can be no improvement in our condition until, having passed through this experience, we shall have demonstrated what is the temper and spirit of the people on this subject. Mr. BOUTWELL expects this to be assumed; the creditor requires that it shall be proved.

We have already shown, in previous articles, that the policy pursued by the Treasury of pressing down gold, without at the same time improving our paper-currency in a corresponding degree, has had a powerful effect in lowering the currency price of our exportable products, and that the whole West is suffering from its influence. Cotton has felt the power of the Treasury to some extent, and it will be impossible for the planter to maintain the price of this staple if the sales of gold shall be continued through the spring.

The apparent abundance of gold is due to the fact that, on each succeeding sale, the purchaser takes from the Sub-treasurer a certificate of its deposit in the Treasury instead of moving the gold itself, and hence our banks appear to be loaded with it as well as the Treasury.

These certificates now amount to over fifty millions of dollars, for which there is but little demand except to pay duties; and in the absence of a foreign demand for balances gold remains a drug upon the market, which the Treasury for the moment can beat down at its pleasure. Sales of exchange in Wall Street, founded upon telegraphic sales of bonds in London, were made on Friday, showing that the foreigner is still content to allow his balances to remain in this country instead of taking them to London, where only 2¾ to 3 per cent. interest can now be earned.

It appears, however, from the showing of the London *Economist*, that there is a perceptible improvement in the industry of England, due to cheaper cotton and to cheap bread, as well as to better rewards for what they manufacture; and it may be that the want of capital in England may be increased. It must be evident, however, that whether the improvement will be sufficient to turn the flow of capital toward Europe or not, it is in the highest degree imprudent for us to be induced by the forbearance of the creditor to go on recklessly in increasing our permanent indebtedness.

The state of trade in all parts of the Union excites some anxiety. The West abstains from buying because their fall stocks remain on the shelves, and collections have been light. The success of trade there turns upon the profits of agriculture; and as they have been very small in the most favored regions, purchases are made only to supply immediate and pressing wants. The South and Southwest are represented in the market by a few customers; but they also buy sparingly, being doubtful about the price of cotton for the remainder of the season. If there were a certainty that the price at which it has been sold by speculators for delivery in the spring could be maintained, the South would be active purchasers of goods; but the doubt produces caution, as it is supposed that cotton goods, and indeed many other articles, would sympathize with the fall if it take place.

The prosperity of the English depends, as their press asserts, upon cheap cotton and breadstuffs. Their whole financial power is used to give them this advantage, and to depress both articles in the United States. These efforts have been met in the South, for the protection of their great staple, with courage, skill, and, up to a late period, with success. So far as concerns the exports of the North, there were none to afford protection, and slaughter was easy, as it was aided by the action of the Treasury.

Had there been steadiness in gold at a premium fixed with due regard to the extent of our paper circulation, the North would have sold its grain to the foreigner, and converted the proceeds into currency at the rate at which the currency circulated when the expense of production was incurred; but by reason of the large difference—wheat having been produced when gold was at 35 per cent. premium, and sold when at 20—enormous losses have been made by the great farming interest, which have been communicated to dealers of every description.

The future of trade for this season depends largely upon the action of the Treasury and of Congress. It is to be hoped that Western members will not urge inflation as a remedy. If the currency shall be made to correspond in quantity with the present price of gold, fluctuation in its market price, extending to the whole trade and industry of the country, will be avoided.

NOTES.

A VERY shrewd observer writes: "I see it is reported that the Duke of Argyle is to go to America to act as negotiator in the *Alabama* affair. I shall be sorry if this turns out to be the case. He is not solid enough for such a position. He would go with good feeling, and with a real wish to settle the matter; but he would be afraid of yielding as much as a strong man would be quite ready to yield, and his vanity would be constantly on the alert lest he were to be taken in. He is a very good man for a Duke, but he is not an able statesman, and will never hold any but a second-rate position at home. He is keen as a Yankee, is, in fine, a sort of Americanized Duke; and to my mind Americanism and Ducality make a very poor mixture. If it were the Duchess who were to go I should have the best hope. She is altogether a different sort of man. '*Le Roi n'a qu'un seul homme—c'est la Reine.*'"

FROM Paris we hear that "the city is beginning to get over the late commotions. The season has thus far been intensely dull; but balls, dinners, and concerts have begun, and there is a long vista before us. ROCHEFORT is but a pale reflex of the men who led the times of eighty years ago. The ministry has made and is making mistakes, but fewer than might be reasonably expected from such very inexperienced men. On the whole, things look encouraging, and seem to indicate that France is gliding, unknowingly, imperceptibly, into so much of a republic as she can manage. The condition of Spain has a singular influence on all thinking men on this side of the Pyrenees. PREVOST-PARADOL will go to Washington very soon, I think, as Minister. He is rather too Anglican just now, but a year or two in America will give him better ideas both for himself and his countrymen, whom he has such means of addressing as few writers in France possess."

PRIVATE accounts from Cadiz represent that city as full of exiled Cubans. "Cadiz," says a letter, "will soon be Cuba, if every mail steamer from Havana comes as full of the islanders as during the last two months. It is pitiful to see their condition. Ladies and gentlemen, recently of the greatest wealth, are actually begging for a living. As for Spain itself no man can foretell the future for a month. MONTPENSIER is here spending time and money, but all to no purpose. He evidently does not know the deep hatred felt for him in Spain, and especially in Andalusia. The Republicans lose ground in the elections, and will unite with the Unionists. Business is suspended and paralyzed, and many persons are leaving the country, which is really in the hands of ambitious men."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 14.—In the Senate, the Mississippi bill was taken up and discussed at some length, without action.—In the House, a very large number of bills were introduced, but none of any importance was acted on.

February 15.—In the Senate, the bill for the abolition of the franking privilege was discussed. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, made a long speech in support of various modifications in the bill as passed by the House, and when he had concluded, the debate on the admission of Mississippi was resumed, but no action was taken.—In the House no business of importance was transacted.

February 16.—In the Senate, the discussions of the day were on the bills providing artificial limbs for disabled soldiers, and for the admission of Mississippi. Neither was acted upon.—In the House, a resolution was introduced in relation to granting a bounty, for the next three years, on iron-built ships constructed in this country from American materials equal to the duties imposed on such materials if imported. Resolutions regarding Cuba and the enforcement of the Neutrality law were introduced by Mr. Banks and referred.

February 17.—In the Senate, the Mississippi bill was taken up as unfinished business, and at last disposed of. The amendment providing for the unconditional admission of the State was rejected, and the bill as it came from the House was passed.—In the House, a bill providing for the punishment of polygamy in Utah was taken up and discussed at some length, without coming to a vote.

February 18.—In the Senate, the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by Nebraska was announced. Among the bills introduced was one by Mr. Conkling to encourage the building of steamships in this country, and to provide for the transportation of the mails to Europe.—In the House, very little was done, most of the day being taken up with a discussion as to the order of business.

February 19.—In the Senate, resolutions passed by the Virginia Legislature, asking for a general removal of political disabilities in the State, were received and laid on the table.—The House occupied the day in a long debate on the Appropriation bill. A bill was introduced to provide stay of execution in certain cases, as a measure of relief against the recent legal-tender decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

In the Senate of the New York Legislature a bill has been introduced to repeal the act to appropriate excise moneys to sectarian schools. It was referred to the Committee on Municipal Affairs. Bills to abolish the Court of Special Sessions, the New York Board of Supervisors, and the Metropolitan Police Commission, have also been introduced.

General Santa Anna, who is now in Cuba, is trying to get back to Mexico, where his name is again made the rallying cry of a revolutionary party; but the Captain-General, while perfectly willing he should leave the island, will not permit him to sail for Mexico from a Cuban port.

On Sunday evening, February 13, Mr. Voorhies, a well-known citizen of Brooklyn, was shot and killed by one William Chambers while standing at the bar of a liquor saloon. The murder was entirely unprovoked. Chambers was at once arrested and locked up. The crime caused great excitement among the people of Brooklyn, who assembled in great numbers, declaring their intention of taking Chambers from the jail and lynching him. A regiment of troops was held in readiness during the evening to suppress any riotous demonstration, which, happily, did not occur.

San Francisco has enjoyed the sensation of another earthquake, and appears to be rather disappointed that it passed off without serious results.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FEBRUARY 15 Mr. Gladstone introduced in the British House of Commons an important Land-Reform bill for Ireland, which is said to have the hearty support of all the Irish members.

There have been no further riotous demonstrations in Paris, but public tranquillity is far from being assured. The prosecutions of the press continue, and several Parisian editors, among them Gustave Flourens, have been convicted and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs that the Government has positive proofs of a plot to assassinate the Emperor and Prince Imperial by means of bombs thrown into the Emperor's apartments at the Tuileries. Further concessions by the Emperor are reported, among them the relinquishment of the power to transport members of secret political societies.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte is to be tried before the High Court of Justice, which is to meet at Tours, March 21. In the indictment found against him by the High Court of France he is charged with having committed homicide on the person of Victor Noir, and to have attempted the homicide of Fonvielle. The order of the Court places the Prince under Article 304 of the Penal Code, the punishment of which is death, unless extenuating circumstances are shown, in which case the sentence can be lessened by two degrees.

Carlist conspirators continue to agitate Spain, operating from the territory of France. The Duke of Montpensier again looms above the horizon as a candidate for the throne, and has written a letter in which he declares that "Spain is his country by tradition, adoption, and affection."

An educational bill for England and Wales has been introduced in the House of Commons, based on aid from the state, with compulsory rates to supply deficiencies.

The Swedish Diet has passed a law admitting Dissenters and Jews to political rights.

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BOUNDARY POST BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND RUPERT'S LAND.—[SEE PAGE 149.]

THE CARTHUSIAN CONVENT AT ROME.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

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RUPERT'S LAND.

OUR first engraving on page 148 gives a view of the plains near Pembina, in the Red River country, with the boundary post erected there to mark the frontier between the United States and the British territory of Rupert's Land, where the French and Indian half-breed population recently attempted to inaugurate a revolution against the British authorities. The rich prairie is here traversed by a narrow road, which appears in the fore-ground. The sketch also furnishes an illustration of the habits and costumes of the Cree Indians of Rupert's Land. These are represented as walking in procession, headed by the Medicine Man, with the sacred rattle in hand, round an inclosure of willow branches, within which is celebrated a "Dog Feast," so called from their eating dog-meat on the occasion, and being a mixture of religious ceremony and social mirth. In the half-distance are their tents, made of dressed buffalo leather, with their badges or armorial bearings painted upon them. Beside these stand their carts, made without a particle of iron, and which are very strong, and so light as to be serviceable as rafts when deep water has to be crossed. In the fore-ground is a group of two young Indians in their gala costume, with their dogs, which in winter are used to drag sledges.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

"DO YOU KNOW WHERE ANNE SILVESTER IS THIS MORNING?"

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

BACKWARD.

"WELL?" whispered Blanche, taking her uncle confidentially by the arm.

"Well," said Sir Patrick, with a spark of his satirical humor flashing out at his niece, "I am going to do a very rash thing. I am going to place a serious trust in the hands of a girl of eighteen."

"The girl's hands will keep it, uncle—though she *is* only eighteen."

"I must run the risk, my dear; your intimate knowledge of Miss Silvester may be of the greatest assistance to me in the next step I take. You shall know all that I can tell you, but I must warn you first. I can only admit you into my confidence by startling you with a great surprise. Do you follow me, so far?"

"Yes! yes!"

"If you fail to control yourself, you place an obstacle in the way of my being of some future use to Miss Silvester. Remember that, and now prepare for the surprise. What did I tell you before dinner?"

"You said you had made discoveries at Craig Fernie. What have you found out?"

"I have found out that there is a certain person who is in full possession of the information which Miss Silvester has concealed from you and from me. The person is within our reach. The person is in this neighborhood. The person is in this room!"

He caught up Blanche's hand, resting on his arm, and pressed it significantly. She looked at him with the cry of surprise suspended on her lips—waited a little with her eyes fixed on Sir Patrick's face—struggled resolutely, and composed herself.

"Point the person out." She said the words with a self-possession which won her uncle's hearty approval. Blanche had done wonders for a girl in her teens.

"Look!" said Sir Patrick; "and tell me what you see."

"I see Lady Lundie, at the other end of the room, with the map of Perthshire and the Baronial Antiquities of Scotland on the table. And I see every body but you and me obliged to listen to her."

"Every body?"

Blanche looked carefully round the room, and noticed Geoffrey in the opposite corner; fast asleep by this time in his arm-chair.

"Uncle! you don't mean—?"

"There is the man."

"Mr. Delamayn—!"

"Mr. Delamayn knows every thing."

Blanche held mechanically by her uncle's arm, and looked at the sleeping man as if her eyes could never see enough of him.

"You saw me in the library in private consultation with Mr. Delamayn," resumed Sir Patrick. "I have to acknowledge, my dear, that you were quite right in thinking this a suspicious circumstance. And I am now to justify myself for having purposely kept you in the dark up to the present time."

With those introductory words, he briefly reverted to the earlier occurrences of the day, and then added, by way of commentary, a statement of the conclusions which events had suggested to his own mind.

The events, it may be remembered, were three in number. First, Geoffrey's private conference with Sir Patrick on the subject of Irregular Marriages in Scotland. Secondly, Anne Silvester's appearance at Windygates. Thirdly, Anne's flight.

The conclusions which had thereupon suggested themselves to Sir Patrick's mind were six in number.

First, that a connection of some sort might possibly exist between Geoffrey's acknowledged difficulty about his friend, and Miss Silvester's presumed difficulty about herself. Secondly, that Geoffrey had really put to Sir Patrick—not his own case—but the case of a friend. Thirdly, that Geoffrey had some interest (of no harmless kind) in establishing the fact of his friend's marriage. Fourthly, that Anne's anxiety (as described by Blanche) to hear the names of the gentlemen who were staying at Windygates, pointed, in all probability, to Geoffrey. Fifthly, that this last inference disturbed the second conclusion, and reopened the doubt whether Geoffrey had not been stating his own case, after all, under pretense of stating the case of a friend. Sixthly, that the one way of obtaining any enlightenment on this point, and on all the other points involved in mystery, was to go to Craig Fernie, and consult Mrs. Inchbare's experience during the period of Anne's residence at the inn. Sir Patrick's apology for keeping all this a secret from his niece followed. He had shrunk from agitating her on the subject until he could be sure of proving his suspicions to be true. The proof had now been obtained; and his mind had been opened to Blanche without reserve.

"So much, my dear," proceeded Sir Patrick, "for those necessary explanations which are also the necessary nuisances of human intercourse. You now know as much as I did when I arrived at Craig Fernie—and you are, therefore, in a position to appreciate the value of my discoveries at the inn. Do you understand every thing, so far?"

"Perfectly!"

"Very good. I drove up to the inn; and—behold me closeted with Mrs. Inchbare in her own private parlor! (My reputation may or may not suffer, but Mrs. Inchbare's bones are above suspicion!) It was a long business, Blanche. A more sour-tempered, cunning, and distrustful witness I never examined in all my experience at the Bar. She would have upset the temper of any mortal man but a lawyer. We have such wonderful tempers in our profession; and we *can* be so aggravating when we like! In short, my dear, Mrs. Inchbare was a she-cat, and I was a he-cat—and I clawed the truth out of her at last. The result was well worth arriving at, as you shall see. Mr. Delamayn had described to me certain remarkable circumstances as taking place between a lady and a gentleman at an inn: the object of the parties being to pass themselves off at the time as man and wife. Every one of those circumstances, Blanche, occurred at Craig Fernie, between a lady and a gentleman, on the day when Miss Silvester disappeared from this house. And—wait!—being pressed for her name, after the gentleman had left her behind him at the inn, the name the lady gave was, 'Mrs. Silvester.' What do you think of that?"

"Think! I'm bewildered—I can't realize it."

"It's a startling discovery, my dear child—there is no denying that. Shall I wait a little, and let you recover yourself?"

"No! no! Go on! The gentleman, uncle? The gentleman who was with Anne? Who is he? Not Mr. Delamayn?"

"Not Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick. "If I have proved nothing else, I have proved that."

"What need was there to prove it? Mr. Delamayn went to London on the day of the lawn-party. And Arnold—"

"And Arnold went with him as far as the second station from this. Quite true! But how was I to know what Mr. Delamayn might have done after Arnold had left him? I could only make sure that he had not gone back privately to the inn, by getting the proof from Mrs. Inchbare."

"How did you get it?"

"I asked her to describe the gentleman who was with Miss Silvester. Mrs. Inchbare's description (vague as you will presently find it to be) completely exonerates that man," said Sir Patrick, pointing to Geoffrey still asleep in his chair. "*He* is not the person who passed Miss Silvester off as his wife at Craig Fernie. He spoke the truth when he described the case to me as the case of a friend."

"But who is the friend?" persisted Blanche. "That's what I want to know."

"That's what I want to know, too."

"Tell me exactly, uncle, what Mrs. Inchbare said. I have lived with Anne all my life. I *must* have seen the man somewhere."

"If you can identify him by Mrs. Inchbare's description," returned Sir Patrick, "you will be

COMMANDER THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, UNITED STATES NAVY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

HON. J. J. WRIGHT, JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEARN AND HIX, COLUMBIA, S. C.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

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a great deal cleverer than I am. Here is the picture of the man, as painted by the landlady: Young; middle-sized; dark hair, eyes, and complexion; nice temper; pleasant way of speaking. Leave out 'young,' and the rest is the exact contrary of Mr. Delamayn. So far, Mrs. Inchbare guides us plainly enough. But how are we to apply her description to the right person? There must be, at the lowest computation, five hundred thousand men in England who are young, middle-sized, dark, nice-tempered, and pleasant spoken. One of the footmen here answers that description in every particular."

"And Arnold answers it," said Blanche—as a still stronger instance of the provoking vagueness of the description.

"And Arnold answers it," repeated Sir Patrick, quite agreeing with her.

They had barely said those words when Arnold himself appeared, approaching Sir Patrick with a pack of cards in his hand.

There—at the very moment when they had both guessed the truth, without feeling the slightest suspicion of it in their own minds—there stood Discovery, presenting itself unconsciously to eyes incapable of seeing it, in the person of the man who had passed Anne Silvester off as his wife at the Craig Fernie inn! The terrible caprice of Chance, the merciless irony of Circumstance, could go no further than this. The three had their feet on the brink of the precipice at that moment. And two of them were smiling at an odd coincidence; and one of them was shuffling a pack of cards!

"We have done with the Antiquities at last!" said Arnold; "and we are going to play at Whist. Sir Patrick, will you choose a card?"

"Too soon after dinner, my good fellow, for *me*. Play the first rubber, and then give me another chance. By-the-way," he added, "Miss Silvester has been traced to Kirkandrew. How is it that you never saw her go by?"

"She can't have gone my way, Sir Patrick, or I must have seen her."

Having justified himself in those terms, he was recalled to the other end of the room by the whist-party, impatient for the cards which he had in his hand.

"What were we talking of when he interrupted us?" said Sir Patrick to Blanche.

"Of the man, uncle, who was with Miss Silvester at the inn."

"It's useless to pursue that inquiry, my dear, with nothing better than Mrs. Inchbare's description to help us."

Blanche looked round at the sleeping Geoffrey.

"And *he* knows!" she said. "It's maddening, uncle, to look at the brute snoring in his chair!"

Sir Patrick held up a warning hand. Before a word more could be said between them they were silenced again by another interruption.

The whist-party comprised Lady Lundie and the surgeon, playing as partners against Smith and Jones. Arnold sat behind the surgeon, taking a lesson in the game. One, Two, and Three, thus left to their own devices, naturally thought of the billiard-table; and, detecting Geoffrey asleep in his corner, advanced to disturb his slumbers, under the all-sufficing apology of "Pool." Geoffrey roused himself, and rubbed his eyes, and said, drowsily, "All right." As he rose, he looked at the opposite corner in which Sir Patrick and his niece were sitting. Blanche's self-possession, resolutely as she struggled to preserve it, was not strong enough to keep her eyes from turning toward Geoffrey, with an expression which betrayed the reluctant interest that she now felt in him. He stopped, noticing something entirely new in the look with which the young lady was regarding him.

"Beg your pardon," said Geoffrey. "Do you wish to speak to me?"

Blanche's face flushed all over. Her uncle came to the rescue.

"Miss Lundie and I hope you have slept well, Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick, jocosely. "That's all."

"Oh? That's all?" said Geoffrey, still looking at Blanche. "Beg your pardon again. Deuced long walk, and deuced heavy dinner. Natural consequence—a nap."

Sir Patrick eyed him closely. It was plain that he had been honestly puzzled at finding himself an object of special attention on Blanche's part. "See you in the billiard-room?" he said, carelessly, and followed his companions out of the room—as usual, without waiting for an answer."

"Mind what you are about," said Sir Patrick to his niece. "That man is quicker than he looks. We commit a serious mistake if we put him on his guard at starting."

"It sha'n't happen again, uncle," said Blanche. "But think of *his* being in Anne's confidence, and of *my* being shut out of it!"

"In his friend's confidence, you mean, my dear; and (if we only avoid awakening his suspicion) there is no knowing how soon he may say or do something which may show us who his friend is."

"But he is going back to his brother's to-morrow—he said so at dinner-time."

"So much the better. He will be out of the way of seeing strange things in a certain young lady's face. His brother's house is within easy reach of this; and I am his legal adviser. My experience tells me that he has not done consulting me yet—and that he will let out something more next time. So much for our chance of seeing the light through Mr. Delamayn—if we can't see it in any other way. And that is not our only chance, remember. I have something to tell you about Bishopriggs and the lost letter."

"Is it found?"

"No. I satisfied myself about that—I had it searched for, under my own eye. The letter is stolen, Blanche; and Bishopriggs has got it. I have left a line for him, in Mrs. Inchbare's care. The old rascal is missed already by the visitors at the inn, just as I told you he would be. His mistress is feeling the penalty of having been fool enough to vent her ill-temper on her head-waiter. She lays the whole blame of the quarrel on Miss Silvester, of course. Bishopriggs neglected every body at the inn to wait on Miss Silvester. Bishopriggs was insolent on being remonstrated with, and Miss Silvester encouraged him—and so on. The result will be—now Miss Silvester has gone—that Bishopriggs will return to Craig Fernie before the autumn is over. We are sailing with wind and tide, my dear. Come, and learn to play whist."

He rose to join the card-players. Blanche detained him.

"You haven't told me one thing yet," she said. "Whoever the man may be, is Anne married to him?"

"Whoever the man may be," returned Sir Patrick, "he had better not attempt to marry any body else."

So the niece unconsciously put the question, and so the uncle unconsciously gave the answer, on which depended the whole happiness of Blanche's life to come. The "man!" How lightly they both talked of the "man!" Would nothing happen to rouse the faintest suspicion—in their minds or in Arnold's mind—that Arnold was the "man" himself?

"You mean that she *is* married?" said Blanche.

"I don't go as far as that."

"You mean that she is *not* married?"

"I don't go so far as *that*."

"Oh! the law!"

"Provoking, isn't it, my dear? I can tell you, professionally, that (in my opinion) she has grounds to go on if she claims to be the man's wife. That is what I meant by my answer; and, until we know more, that is all I can say."

"When shall we know more? When shall we get the telegram?"

"Not for some hours yet. Come, and learn to play whist."

"I think I would rather talk to Arnold, uncle, if you don't mind."

"By all means! But don't talk to him about what I have been telling you to-night. He and Mr. Delamayn are old associates, remember; and he might blunder into telling his friend what his friend had better not know. Sad (isn't it?) for me to be instilling these lessons of duplicity into the youthful mind. A wise person once said, 'The older a man gets the worse he gets.' That wise person, my dear, had me in his eye, and was perfectly right."

He mitigated the pain of that confession with a pinch of snuff, and went to the whist-table to wait until the end of the rubber gave him a place at the game.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

FORWARD.

BLANCHE found her lover as attentive as usual to her slightest wish, but not in his customary good spirits. He pleaded fatigue, after his long watch at the cross-roads, as an excuse for his depression. As long as there was any hope of a reconciliation with Geoffrey, he was unwilling to tell Blanche what had happened that afternoon. The hope grew fainter and fainter as the evening advanced. Arnold purposely suggested a visit to the billiard-room, and joined the game, with Blanche, to give Geoffrey an opportunity of saying the few gracious words which would have made them friends again. Geoffrey never spoke the words; he obstinately ignored Arnold's presence in the room.

At the card-table the whist went on interminably. Lady Lundie, Sir Patrick, and the surgeon, were all inveterate players, evenly matched. Smith and Jones (joining the game alternately) were aids to whist, exactly as they were aids to conversation. The same safe and modest mediocrity of style distinguished the proceedings of these two gentlemen in all the affairs of life.

The time wore on to midnight. They went to bed late and they rose late at Windygates House. Under that hospitable roof, no intrusive hints, in the shape of flat candlesticks exhibiting themselves with ostentatious virtue on side-tables, hurried the guest to his room; no vile bell rang him ruthlessly out of bed the next morning, and insisted on his breakfasting at a given hour. Life has surely hardships enough that are inevitable, without gratuitously adding the hardship of absolute government, administered by a clock?

It was a quarter past twelve when Lady Lundie rose blandly from the whist-table, and said that she supposed somebody must set the example of going to bed. Sir Patrick and Smith, the surgeon and Jones, agreed on a last rubber. Blanche vanished while her step-mother's eye was on her; and appeared again in the drawing-room, when Lady Lundie was safe in the hands of her maid. Nobody followed the example of the mistress of the house but Arnold. He left the billiard-room with the certainty that it was all over now between Geoffrey and himself. Not even the attraction of Blanche proved strong enough to detain him that night. He went his way to bed.

It was past one o'clock. The final rubber was at an end; the accounts were settled at the card-table; the surgeon had strolled into the billiard-room, and Smith and Jones had followed him, when Duncan came in, at last, with the telegram in his hand.

Blanche turned from the broad, calm autumn moonlight which had drawn her to the window, and looked over her uncle's shoulder while he opened the telegram.

She read the first line—and that was enough. The whole scaffolding of hope built round that morsel of paper fell to the ground in an instant. The train from Kirkandrew had reached Edinburgh at the usual time. Every passenger in it had passed under the eyes of the police; and nothing had been seen of any person who answered the description given of Anne!

Sir Patrick pointed to the two last sentences in the telegram: "Inquiries telegraphed to Falkirk. If with any result, you shall know."

"We must hope for the best, Blanche. They evidently suspect her of having got out at the junction of the two railways for the purpose of giving the telegraph the slip. There is no help for it. Go to bed, child—go to bed."

Blanche kissed her uncle in silence and went away. The bright young face was sad with the first hopeless sorrow which the old man had yet seen in it. His niece's parting look dwelt painfully on his mind when he was up in his room, with the faithful Duncan getting him ready for his bed.

"This is a bad business, Duncan. I don't like to say so to Miss Lundie; but I greatly fear the governess has baffled us."

"It seems likely, Sir Patrick. The poor young lady looks quite heart-broken about it."

"You noticed that too, did you? She has lived all her life, you see, with Miss Silvester; and there is a very strong attachment between them. I am uneasy about my niece, Duncan. I am afraid this disappointment will have a serious effect on her."

"She's young, Sir Patrick."

"Yes, my friend, she's young; but the young (when they are good for any thing) have warm hearts. Winter hasn't stolen on *them*, Duncan! And they feel keenly."

"I think there's reason to hope, Sir, that Miss Lundie may get over it more easily than you suppose."

"What reason, pray?"

"A person in my position can hardly venture to speak freely, Sir, on a delicate matter of this kind."

Sir Patrick's temper flashed out, half-seriously, half-whimsically, as usual.

"Is that a snap at Me, you old dog? If I am not your friend, as well as your master, who is? Am *I* in the habit of keeping any of my harmless fellow-creatures at a distance? I despise the cant of modern Liberalism; but it's not the less true that I have, all my life, protested against the inhuman separation of classes in England. We are, in that respect, brag as we may of our national virtue, the most unchristian people in the civilized world."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Patrick—"

"God help me! I'm talking politics at this time of night! It's your fault, Duncan. What do you mean by casting my station in my teeth, because I can't put my night-cap on comfortably till you have brushed my hair? I have a good mind to get up and brush yours. There! there! I'm uneasy about my niece—nervous irritability, my good fellow, that's all. Let's hear what you have to say about Miss Lundie. And go on with my hair. And don't be a humbug."

"I was about to remind you, Sir Patrick, that Miss Lundie has another interest in her life to turn to. If this matter of Miss Silvester ends badly—and I own it begins to look as if it would—I should hurry my niece's marriage, Sir, and see if *that* wouldn't console her."

Sir Patrick started under the gentle discipline of the hair-brush in Duncan's hand.

"That's very sensibly put," said the old gentleman. "Duncan! you are, what I call, a clear-minded man. Well worth thinking of, old Truepenny! If the worst comes to the worst, well worth thinking of!"

It was not the first time that Duncan's steady good sense had struck light, under the form of a new thought, in his master's mind. But never yet had he wrought such mischief as the mischief which he had innocently done now. He had sent Sir Patrick to bed with the fatal idea of hastening the marriage of Arnold and Blanche.

The situation of affairs at Windygates—now that Anne had apparently obliterated all trace of herself—was becoming serious. The one chance on which the discovery of Arnold's position depended, was the chance that accident might reveal the truth in the lapse of time. In this posture of circumstances, Sir Patrick now resolved—if nothing happened to relieve Blanche's anxiety in the course of the week—to advance the celebration of the marriage from the end of the autumn (as originally contemplated) to the first fortnight of the ensuing month. As dates then stood, the change led (so far as free scope for the development of accident was concerned) to this serious result. It abridged a lapse of three months into an interval of three weeks.

The next morning came; and Blanche marked it as a memorable morning, by committing an act of imprudence, which struck away one more of the chances of discovery that had existed, before the arrival of the Edinburgh telegram on the previous day.

She had passed a sleepless night; fevered in mind and body; thinking, hour after hour, of nothing but Anne. At sunrise she could endure it no longer. Her power to control herself was completely exhausted; her own impulses led her as they pleased. She got up, determined not to let Geoffrey leave the house without risking an effort to make him reveal what he knew about Anne. It was nothing less than downright treason to Sir Patrick to act on her own responsibility in this way. She knew it was wrong; she was heartily ashamed of herself for doing it. But the demon that possesses women with a recklessness all their own, at the critical moments of their lives, had got her—and she did it.

Geoffrey had arranged, overnight, to breakfast early, by himself, and to walk the ten miles to his brother's house; sending a servant to fetch his luggage later in the day.

He had got on his hat; he was standing in the hall, searching his pocket for his second self, the pipe—when Blanche suddenly appeared from the morning-room, and placed herself between him and the house door.

"Up early—eh?" said Geoffrey. "I'm off to my brother's."

She made no reply. He looked at her closer. The girl's eyes were trying to read his face, with an utter carelessness of concealment, which forbade (even to his mind) all unworthy interpretation of her motive for stopping him on his way out.

"Any commands for me?" he inquired.

This time she answered him. "I have something to ask you," she said.

He smiled graciously, and opened his tobacco-pouch. He was fresh and strong after his night's sleep—healthy and handsome and good-humored. The house-maids had had a peep at him that morning, and had wished—like Desdemona, with a difference—that "Heaven had made all three of them such a man."

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

She put her question, without a single word of preface—purposely to surprise him.

"Mr. Delamayn," she said, "do you know where Anne Silvester is this morning?"

He was filling his pipe as she spoke, and he dropped some of the tobacco on the floor. Instead of answering before he picked up the tobacco he answered after—in surly self-possession, and in one word—"No."

"Do you know nothing about her?"

He devoted himself doggedly to the filling of his pipe. "Nothing."

"On your word of honor, as a gentleman?"

"On my word of honor, as a gentleman."

He put back his tobacco-pouch in his pocket. His handsome face was as hard as stone. His clear blue eyes defied all the girls in England put together to see into *his* mind. "Have you done, Miss Lundie?" he asked, suddenly changing to a bantering politeness of tone and manner.

Blanche saw that it was hopeless—saw that she had compromised her own interests by her own headlong act. Sir Patrick's warning words came back reproachfully to her now when it was too late. "We commit a serious mistake if we put him on his guard at starting."

There was but one course to take now. "Yes," she said. "I have done."

"My turn now," rejoined Geoffrey. "You want to know where Miss Silvester is. Why do you ask Me?"

Blanche did all that could be done toward repairing the error that she had committed. She kept Geoffrey as far away as Geoffrey had kept *her* from the truth.

"I happen to know," she replied, "that Miss Silvester left the place at which she had been staying about the time when you went out walking yesterday. And I thought you might have seen her."

"Oh? That's the reason—is it?" said Geoffrey, with a smile.

The smile stung Blanche's sensitive temper to the quick. She made a final effort to control herself, before her indignation got the better of her.

"I have no more to say, Mr. Delamayn." With that reply she turned her back on him, and closed the door of the morning-room between them.

Geoffrey descended the house-steps and lit his pipe. He was not at the slightest loss, on this occasion, to account for what had happened. He assumed at once that Arnold had taken a mean revenge on him after his conduct of the day before, and had told the whole secret of his errand at Craig Fernie to Blanche. The thing would get next, no doubt, to Sir Patrick's ears; and Sir Patrick would thereupon be probably the first person who revealed to Arnold the position in which he had placed himself with Anne. All right! Sir Patrick would be an excellent witness to appeal to, when the scandal broke out, and when the time came for repudiating Anne's claim on him as the barefaced imposture of a woman who was married already to another man. He puffed away unconcernedly at his pipe, and started, at his swinging, steady pace, for his brother's house.

Blanche remained alone in the morning-room. The prospect of getting at the truth, by means of what Geoffrey might say on the next occasion when he consulted Sir Patrick, was a prospect that she herself had closed from that moment. She sat down in despair by the window. It commanded a view of the little side-terrace which had been Anne's favorite walk at Windygates. With weary eyes and aching heart the poor child looked at the familiar place; and asked herself, with the bitter repentance that comes too late, if she had destroyed the last chance of finding Anne!

She sat passively at the window, while the hours of the morning wore on, until the post-man came. Before the servant could take the letter-bag she was in the hall to receive it. Was it possible to hope that the bag had brought tidings of Anne? She sorted the letters; and lighted suddenly on a letter to herself. It bore the Kirkandrew post-mark, and it was addressed to her in Anne's handwriting.

She tore the letter open, and read these lines:

"I have left you forever, Blanche. God bless and reward you! God make you a happy woman in all your life to come! Cruel as you will think me, love, I have never been so truly your sister as I am now. I can only tell you this—I can never tell you more. Forgive me, and forget me. Our lives are parted lives from this day."

Going down to breakfast about his usual hour, Sir Patrick missed Blanche, whom he was accustomed to see waiting for him at the table at that time. The room was empty; the other members of the household having all finished their morning meal. Sir Patrick disliked breakfasting alone. He sent Duncan with a message, to be given to Blanche's maid.

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The maid appeared in due time. Miss Lundie was unable to leave her room. She sent a letter to her uncle, with her love—and begged he would read it.

Sir Patrick opened the letter and saw what Anne had written to Blanche.

He waited a little, reflecting, with evident pain and anxiety, on what he had read—then opened his own letters, and hurriedly looked at the signatures. There was nothing for him from his friend, the sheriff, at Edinburgh, and no communication from the railway, in the shape of a telegram. He had decided, overnight, on waiting till the end of the week before he interfered in the matter of Blanche's marriage. The events of the morning determined him on not waiting another day. Duncan returned to the breakfast-room to pour out his master's coffee. Sir Patrick sent him away again with a second message.

"Do you know where Lady Lundie is, Duncan?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"My compliments to her ladyship. If she is not otherwise engaged, I shall be glad to speak to her privately in an hour's time."

CONVENT AT ROME.

On page 148 will be found an engraving of the celebrated Carthusian Convent at Rome, in which it is intended to hold the Exhibition of Catholic Art and Industry. The convent was founded on the site of Diocletian's Baths, and the great cloister, which is to be appropriated for the purposes of the Exhibition, will be roofed over with glass, and arranged in alleys or passages for the display of the various treasures, consisting of altar ornaments in gold and silver, sculpture, painting, architecture, mosaic, ivory carving, tapestry, binding, robes, lace, and indeed all things relating to churches or church decoration. Our engraving represents one of the smaller cloisters of the convent, in that part of the building to which the monks will be confined during the time of the Exhibition, although, doubtless, the curiosity to which all men are subject, added to the opportunity offered, will draw many of them from their seclusion to see how the world of art has advanced since they left the active ways of men. A convent is apparently an incongruous place for a priestly government to use for exhibition purposes; but when the sacerdotal character of the Exhibition is taken into account this incongruity disappears; moreover, it will be so arranged that monkish privacy will not be intruded upon by the visitors.

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

In one of the poorest, narrowest streets of a beautiful foreign city lived a woman and her little son, whom we will call Henri. The boy had no recollection of his father, who had cruelly deserted both his wife and child. Their only means of subsistence was what could be obtained by the woman's labor—such household work as could be obtained in the dwellings of the rich. Sometimes she had to walk long distances to and from her occupation; but no murmur ever escaped her lips, save one of regret that her little fair-haired boy had to be left alone in her absence, and that she could not earn money enough to send him to school. Nature, however, all unaided, was teaching him without the help of books or masters, and every where in Florence (the city of flowers) there was more than sufficient to excite the admiration and satisfy the cravings of this child of genius, whose inquiring eyes would always rest on whatever was beautiful, and such was to be met with in every nook and corner of the grand old place. The "purple and transparent shadows" which flooded the whole city at eventide, and lit up the gorgeous palaces and churches fair, made for him so many glowing pictures, on which his poetical imagination dwelt long after the first impression had passed away.

During his mother's absence, the greater part of his time was spent in what we should call grubbing in the street gutters, making odd-looking things of any soft material he could shape to the needed consistency, just as one sees children making sand-houses at the sea-side. These little juveniles generally set up and then demolish *their* buildings; Henri did nothing of the sort. Every one of those little lumps was moulded into some form copied either from nature or art, for in that beautiful city every street is a museum. Projections, bosses, finials, all are specimens of real architectural beauty, of a peculiar and distinctive type. For a long time the young boy continued fashion objects of this sort, until, by a kind ...sh inspiration, he aimed at representing the human form: the only difficulty seemed to be how to obtain the models from which to work.

At length, a happy thought occurred to him. He had no money, but he could easily reward the sitter by giving him his next meal, and to lose that was as nothing compared to the joy he felt at having some chance Arab who would answer his purpose, and who could be enticed by so small a guerdon to the artist's humble studio. In spite of his mother's remonstrances, Henri worked away early and late, every day becoming more passionately attached to his beloved art.

Years sped on without any public recognition of his talent; but his resolute, persevering nature would not allow him to be discouraged. It is true that he was poor; but then he was rich in hope, and sustained by the consciousness of that inward power which is the accompaniment of real genius. He never dreamed of envying others, but thought only of making himself perfect in what he determined should be the masterpiece of all his hitherto attempted studies; one which was now growing to ample proportions beneath his busy fingers.

At length, his task, or rather labor of love, being complete, he told his mother that he should ask permission to shew it at an exhibition of sculpture which was shortly to take place in his native city. He applied for permission; and his request was granted, on condition that the statue should be sent forthwith to the hall of inspection.

"That, gentlemen, is impossible," replied Henri. "I am very poor; and the apartment in which I live is so small that my work could only be removed by taking off the roof."

The men looked at each other in amazement; but there was so much simplicity and honesty in the youth, that after conferring together for a few moments, they proposed to accompany him home, to see the marvelous production to which Henri at present declined to give any name. They followed him up the narrow staircase to the little garret, and looked around in vain for the wonder they had come to behold. Henri saw their surprise, and without a word, threw back a baize curtain from the floor, and revealed to them the lay-figure, life size, of a murdered man. The gentlemen started back in amazement. So lovely, in death, were the lineaments of that exquisite face, so faultless in form, so wondrously expressive of purity and innocence, that they could not believe it the work of an untutored youth, entirely devoid of art-education, and of the laws of anatomy, which the most critical admitted were perfectly unassailable in the figure before them. No; they would not credit it, and avowed their belief that he had been implicated in some terrible crime, for which the victim had served as a model. It was in vain that the young sculptor protested, explained; they were inexorable, and declared he should be sent to prison, and there await the issue of the charge preferred against him. They further desired him at once to name the counsel for his defense. "He shall appear, gentlemen, on the day of trial; I can not give his name before."

Amazed beyond measure at the calmness and self-possession displayed by Henri, they felt compelled to acquiesce. Either his youth, his beauty, or his earnestness—perhaps all three combined—made the judges so far mitigate their severity as to allow him the use of his tools, and the admission of visitors during his imprisonment.

It is needless to dwell on the disappointment to the youth at this terrible blow to his long-cherished desires—hardly less on his own account than on that of his good mother, whom he had hoped to place beyond the need of all further earthly wants. It will better please the reader to learn that he did not yield himself up to despair. His will was nerved to plan, his hand to execute another statue equal if not superior to the one he had already achieved.

It will readily be imagined that the advent of such a trial as that now impending caused no small stir in the city. The hitherto obscure life of the young sculptor, and the stand he had made about his counsel, very considerably enhanced the anxiety and excitement of the public. Many, unable to restrain their impatience, visited him in prison—some, doubtless, impelled by curiosity, others moved by some higher motive. Among these were two distinguished-looking individuals, who chanced at that time to be sojourning in Florence. One was considerably past middle age; the other (said to be his nephew) was a young man of remarkably handsome countenance and noble figure. No restriction seemed to be put either on the frequency or length of their visits; while to poor Henri, the time thus spent was as gold and sunshine in this otherwise dark phase of his career. Greatly to the astonishment of every one, his mother had removed to a handsome *loggia* in the best quarter of the city; her sadness of heart and countenance seemed to have vanished; and there was a gladness in her whole bearing, such as none who had known her had ever before seen. "It is a great mystery, certainly," said the gossips, "how this change should have come about before her son's fate is decided!"

At length the all-important day arrived. The judges (who had never seen the prisoner since the day of his arrest) being assembled in the great hall of the Assembly, desired the prisoner might be brought in. The prone figure was placed on the platform, concealed as before with the cloth of green baize; while at its side, but considerably raised, was another, also covered. The question was at once put as to what counsel he had employed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am my own counsel. You questioned my ability to give you a representation of 'Death;' here is one of 'Life.' My subject is, 'The Murder of Abel by his Brother Cain.'"

Both coverings were withdrawn. Profound stillness succeeded this declaration, followed by a burst of admiration such as had never before been heard in Florence in the nineteenth century. Foremost of his admirers were his former accusers. The news was instantly carried to the king, who commanded the statues to be bought, and placed in the Pitti Palace.

"It is not possible, gentlemen, for me to obey the command of my sovereign," said Henri; "the sculptures are no longer mine, having been purchased by the Emperor of Russia. The money I have had for them has paid for my mother's present abode, and placed me forever beyond the reach of want."

The nephew of the Russian embassador, Kissalieff, had served as a model for the arm of "Cain;" and those to whom his features were familiar at once recognized the handsome face.

The narrator of this circumstance has seen the statues at St. Petersburg, in a building expressly erected for their reception. The sculptor's name was Dupré, since become one of world-wide celebrity.

THE DARIEN EXPEDITION.

Toward the end of last January an expedition, consisting of the gun-boats *Nipsic* and the *Guard*, each about five hundred tons burden, carrying two 9-inch broadside guns, one 11-inch pivot gun amidships, and a 30-pound rifle, sailed from New York harbor, under command of Commander Thomas O. Selfridge, for the purpose of co-operating with the government of the Republic of Colombia in the work of ascertaining whether the depressions in the Central Sierras present facilities for the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien. The project for "abolishing" the Isthmus is almost as old as the discovery of the New World, having been first started by Cortéz soon after the conquest of Mexico. Since his time no less than twenty-six canals have been projected across the narrow strip of land that unites North and South America, nine of which have engaged the serious attention of scientific men and capitalists. These are as follows: By way of Rio San Carlos and the Gulf de Nicoya; Rio Niño, Tempisque, and Gulf de Nicoya; Rio Sapoa and Bay of Salinas; Rio San Juan del Sur; Rio Brito; Rio Tamarinda and Lake Managua; Ralijo and Lake Managuas; Bay of Fonseca and Lake Managuas; and the Atrato and Truando rivers.

About ten years ago Mr. Frederick M. Kelley published, through Messrs. Harper & Brothers, a pamphlet containing the result of a survey of the Atrato River, flowing southward from the Gulf of Darien, by which the author believed he had proved the possibility of constructing a ship canal across the Isthmus, from ocean to ocean, without locks. This was to be secured as follows: By deepening and guarding one of the mouths of the Atrato; by using the tranquil and deep waters of that stream; by deepening the mouth of the Truando, near its confluence with the Atrato, and turning to account the bed of that river when deepened to a common measure of 30 feet; by an open cut through the valley of the Nerqua for 13 miles; by a tunnel of 3¼ miles, 120 feet by 100, through solid rock; and by turning to account the valley of a small stream which empties, at a distance of eight miles from the tunnel, into Humboldt Bay.

This route has recently attracted the notice of the Colombian republic, and the expedition which has sailed under command of Commander Selfridge is designed to make further and more complete surveys and estimates.

Commander Selfridge, whose portrait we give on page 149, entered the Naval Academy in October, 1851, at the age of fifteen, graduating therefrom at the head of an advanced class of ten, in the year 1854, three years after his entrance. He served as midshipman in the *Independence*, on the Pacific station, and after passing his examination was appointed Master of the *Vincennes*, in which he made a cruise on the coast of Africa. In 1860 he was promoted to a Lieutenant, and soon after was ordered to the *Cumberland*, participating in the first struggle of the war of the rebellion at Norfolk, Virginia. He commanded the forecastle division of that vessel at the battle of Hatteras Inlet, and the forward main deck division in the memorable fight between the *Cumberland* and *Merrimac*. After a short respite he was attached to the staff of Rear-Admiral Goldsborough, commanding the North Atlantic squadron, for a period of several months, during which time he was engaged as senior officer in several hazardous but successful expeditions, at night, to destroy cannon captured by the rebels from the Norfolk Navy-yard. He subsequently served with great credit on the Mississippi and Red River, and in the North Atlantic squadron under Vice-Admiral Porter. At the bombardment of Fort Fisher he commanded the *Huron*, and led a division of sailors in the assault on the fort.

After the close of the war, Commander Selfridge served in the naval practice squadron, and in the West Indian waters, until appointed to the command of the Darien Exploring Expedition.

JUDGE J. J. WRIGHT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Honorable J. J. Wright, recently elected to a seat in the Supreme Court of South Carolina, whose portrait we give on page 149, was born in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, and is now about thirty-one years of age. When he was about six years old his parents removed to Montrose, Susquehanna County, in the same State, where for several years he attended the district school during the winter months, working for the neighboring farmers the rest of the year. Having saved up a small sum of money he entered the Lancasterian University, at Ithaca, in New York State; and after a thorough course of study there returned to the village where his parents resided, and entered the office of a law firm, where he read law for two years, supporting himself by teaching. He subsequently entered the office of Judge Collins, in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, with whom he read law for another year. Feeling himself qualified for the legal profession, he now applied for admission to the Bar; but so great was the existing prejudice against colored men that the Committee refused to examine him.

In April, 1865, he was sent by the American Missionary Society to Beaufort, South Carolina, as a teacher and laborer among the freedmen. He remained in Beaufort until after the Civil Rights Bill had passed, when he returned to Montrose, Pennsylvania, and demanded an examination. The Committee found him qualified, and recommended his admission to the Bar. He was admitted August 13, 1865, being the first and only colored man ever admitted to practice law in Pennsylvania. In April, 1866, he was appointed by General O. O. Howard legal adviser for the freedmen in Beaufort, and acted in that capacity until he was elected to the Constitutional Convention of South Carolina. He was soon afterward elected Senator from the county of Beaufort, and acted as such until February 1, 1870, when he was elected to the Supreme Bench of the State, and immediately entered upon the discharge of his duties as Judge.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Hon. Willie Cumback, of Indiana, having been appointed United States Minister to Portugal, the question naturally arises, Will he come back?

A City Hall official, on being asked by a stranger if he was *Oak*-y Hall, replied, "No, Sir; I'm an *Alder*man."

The following admonition was addressed by a Quaker to a man who was pouring forth a volley of ill language against him: "Have a care, friend, thou mayst run thy face against my fist."

"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She eats cold victuals, Sir."

The speaker who was "drawn out" measured eighteen inches more than before.

If you want cowslips in winter drive your cattle on ice.

A lady who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring, said to Jerrold: "I can not imagine what makes my hair turn gray. I sometimes fancy it must be the essence of rosemary with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. What do you think?" "I should be afraid, Madam," replied the distinguished dramatist, dryly, "that it is the essence of thyme."

Pickpockets dis-purse a crowd.

The man who don't advertise has his store hung around with shingles and pieces of barrel-heads, inscribed with lampblack, "Irish Pertaters," "Korn Meel," "Flower," "All kinds of kontury projuce," "Kaikes and Kandies for sail here." He says: "There arn't no use in noospaper advertising, so long as a man is smart enough to tend to his own business, and can stand at the door and holler the fellers in!"

A Minnesota juror lately addressed a note to the judge, in which he styled him "Onarable jug." Taking the bench as it runs, the juror was nearer right than might seem at first glance.

In a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing on a good deal.

An incorporated society hired a man to blast a rock, says Mark Twain, and he was punching powder into a hole with a crow-bar, when a premature explosion followed, sending the man and crow-bar out of sight. Both came down all right, and the man went to work again directly. But though he was gone only fifteen minutes they docked him for lost time.

"Didn't you guarantee, Sir, that this horse would not shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he won't. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

Why are pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a witty London newspaper?—They are illustrations of *Punch*.

A milkman accounted for the weakness of his milk by saying that the cows got caught in the rain.

A Model Surgical Operation—To take the cheek out of a young man, and the jaw out of a woman.

Which is the worst enemy of society—the family that keeps a parrot, or the one whose son is learning to play the bugle?

A Cincinnati woman, in destitute circumstances, sent back a pair of shoes she had received from the Relief Union, with a note saying, she would like a finer pair, with high tops, since her daughter wore short dresses.

An old lady receiving a letter she supposed was from one of her absent sons, requested her neighbor to read it. He accordingly began to read: "Dear mother," then paused, as the writing was rather illegible. "It's from Johnny," exclaimed the old lady; "he always stuttered."

If you can't coax a fish to bite, try your persuasive powers on a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

Who is the most liberal man?—The grocer; he gives almost every thing he has a weigh.

A boy eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one on examination day, promptly and triumphantly replied, "a baby."

A young lady from a boarding-school having made some progress in acquiring Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in her purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak Inglis."

The fact that Jenny Lind can no longer sing as she could once, is reasonably accounted for by the statement that her little daughter has "inherited her mother's voice."

A few days before Christmas a little Jewish boy said to his mother: "Mamma, may I fire crackers on Saturday?" "No, my son, Saturday is your Sabbath." "Well, it is Christmas too." "But you have nothing to do with Christmas." Son (*sobbing*). "I don't—see—why—the—Christians—should—have—all—the—fun."

There is nothing like adversity to bring a man out—at the knees and elbows.

"Mother," said Jemima, "Sam wants to come courting me to-night." "Well, what did you tell him?" "Oh, I told him he might come. I felt anxious to see how he would act."

A poor man is to be avoided—he lacks principal.

What portions of the body are the best travelers?—The *toe-ics-ics*.

"That's a pretty bird, grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old dame, "and he never cries." "That's because he's never washed," rejoined the youngster.

"You are a shoemaker?" said a magistrate the other day, addressing the man at the bar. "Yes, Sir," was the reply, "a horse shoemaker."

"A man can't help what is done behind his back," as the scamp said when he was kicked out of doors.

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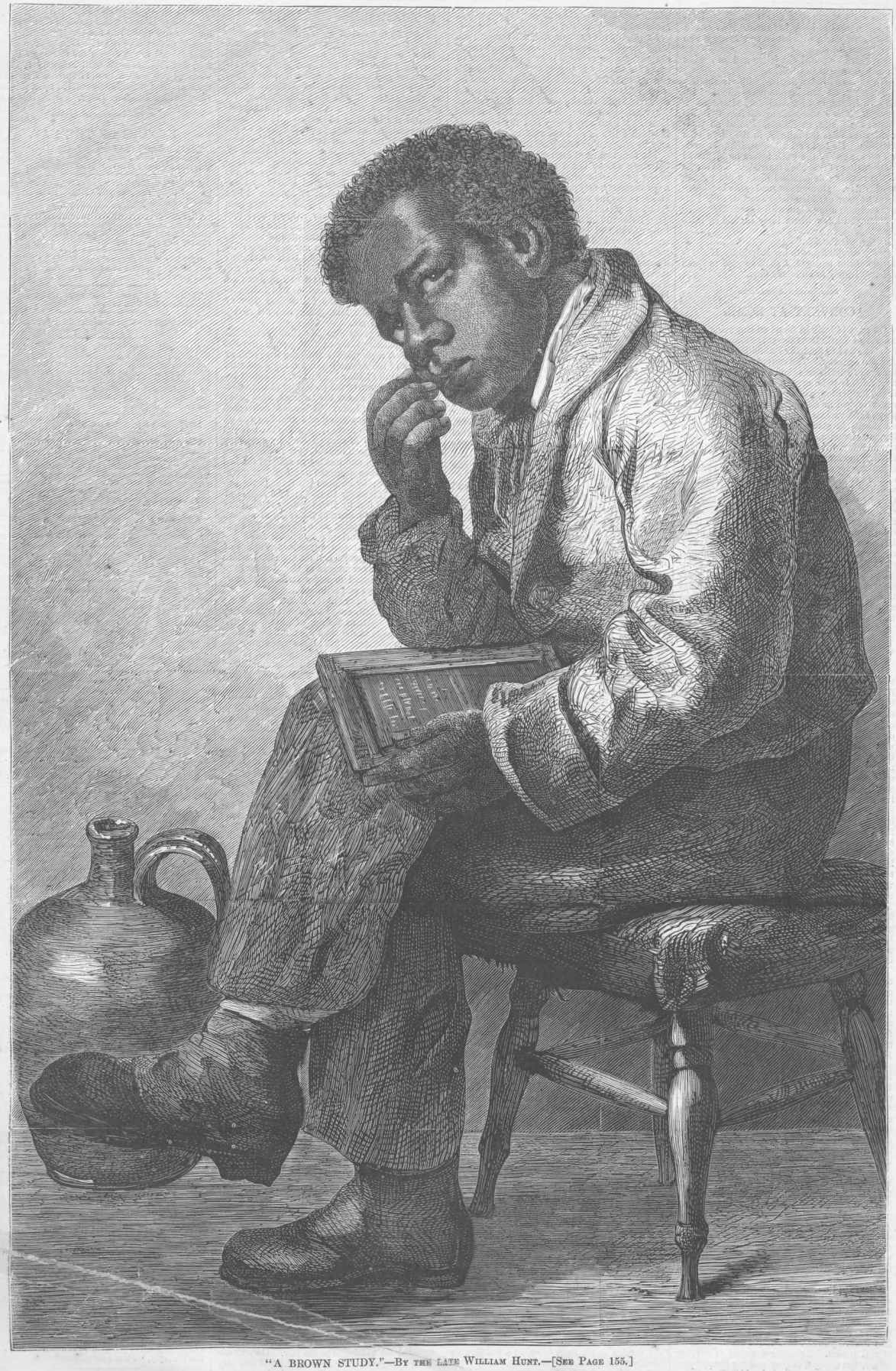

"A BROWN STUDY."—BY THE LATE WILLIAM HUNT.—[SEE PAGE 155.]

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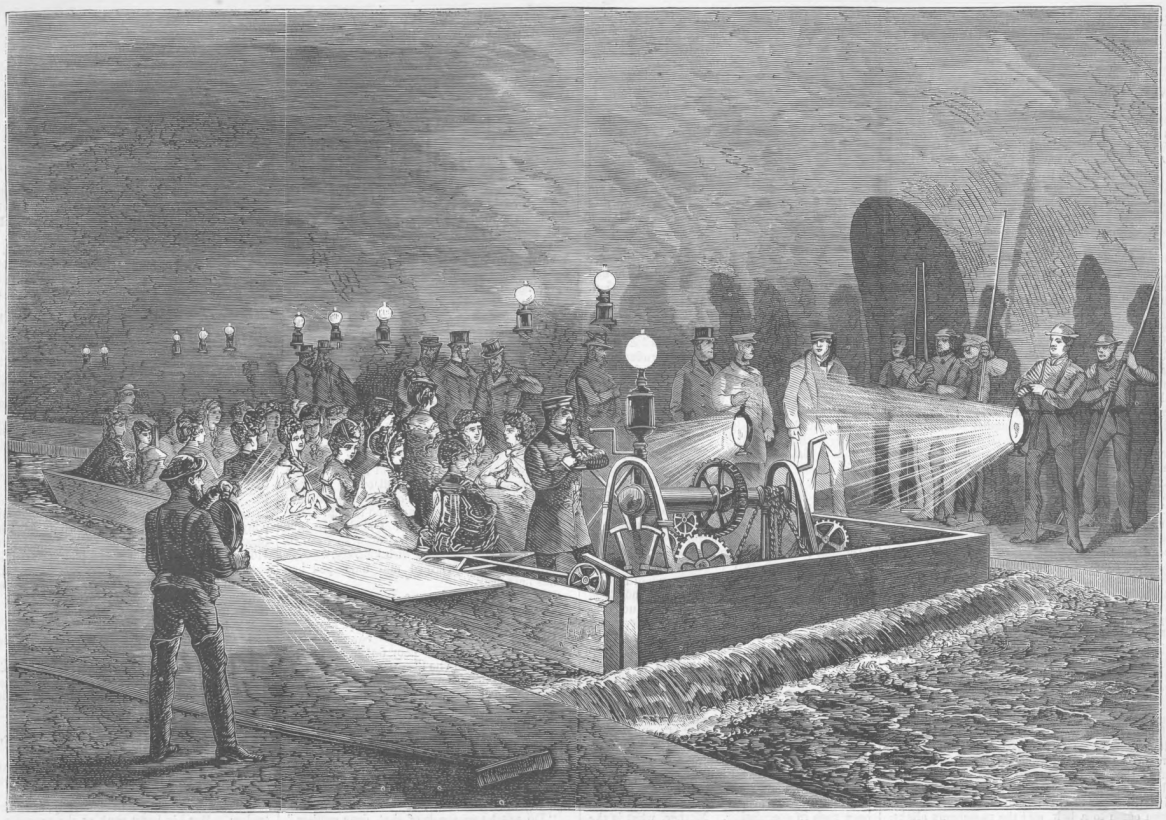
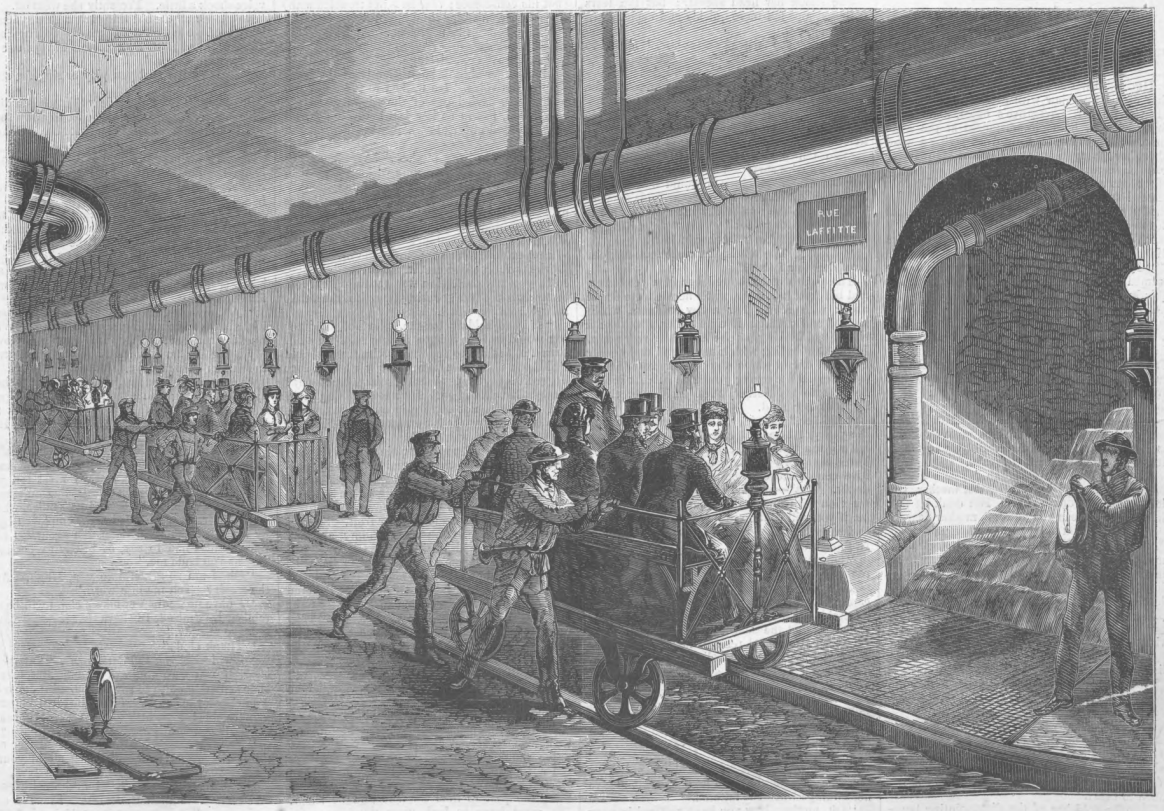


THE SEWERS OF PARIS—THE BOAT.

THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

AMONG the first sights which a stranger in Paris wants to visit are the gigantic collecting-sewers beneath the city, constructed on the recommendation and under the superintendence of M. HAUSSMANN, late Prefect of the Seine. The main artery of these extensive subways on the northern bank of the river is between three and four miles in length, and extends from the Place de la Concorde to Asnières, near to which well-known suburb the principal southern artery, after crossing the Seine in a monster tube close to the Pont d'Alma, will eventually form a junction with it. Besides these principal arteries, which have a height of close upon fifteen feet and a width of about eighteen feet, including a pathway on each side nearly three feet wide, there are thirty miles of secondary galleries of somewhat smaller dimensions, in addition to an intricate net-work comprising nearly six hundred miles of sewers proper. The principal purpose served by these extensive subways is the drainage of the streets and the carrying off the refuse water and



THE SEWERS OF PARIS—THE WAGON.

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the rainfall from the houses; cesspools which require to be periodically emptied being still the rule in the French capital.

It is only on certain days of the year that these magnificent sewers are thrown open to sightseers. On such occasions, as shown in our engravings on page 153, they are splendidly lighted up with thousands of lamps, each provided with a silver reflector. Tickets, previously obtained from the proper authority, indicate the time and place of rendezvous, and precisely at the hour specified the large iron trap-door in the centre of the pavement is raised, and the assembled party proceed to descend some dozen steep steps conducting to the sewers. Overhead is a vaulted roof, intersected in all directions with countless telegraph wires inclosed in gutta-percha tubes, and running along the sides is a large black pipe about a foot and a half in diameter, which supplies the city of Paris with water. Rows of lamps that grow fainter and fainter in the distance, light up the vaulted gallery and cast their reflections in the black, turbid waters at our feet, whereon a large boat, capable of holding some fourteen or sixteen people, is floating. The ladies of the party are handed in, and the boat, which is provided with a movable crescent-shaped fan, pierced with holes to admit of the water flowing through, and which, on being let down, fits exactly to the rounded bottom of the sewer and pushes before it all the solid refuse matter that may chance to have accumulated, moves along on its course until a particular point is reached. Here the voyagers disembark, and, with their male companions, who have followed them on foot, take their seats in a number of small carriages, likewise provided with fans, and the wheels of which run along rails placed at the edges of the pathways which bound the sewers on each side. Each of these vehicles carries a lighted lamp in front of it, and is provided with a conductor. Signal is given by sound of trumpet of the rails being clear, and off the carriages start, propelled forward by four men running at the sides of them, at the rate of something like six miles an hour. Blue tablets, with white letters, indicate, from time to time, the particular points of the city the party are traversing, and every now and then the cars shoot past some rushing cascade of dirty water tumbling into the sewer with a roaring sound. Occasionally, at a signal from their conductor, passengers must duck their heads as they pass beneath the great transverse iron stanchions which cross and recross the roofs of the galleries. Suddenly a sharp turn is made, and a silver-gray flood of light in front of them is discerned. The cars soon come to a halt, and the passengers alight, and in a few minutes find themselves, at the end of their journey, on the quay facing the towers of the Conciergerie.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONFESSION.

HUGH did not communicate to his mother the fact of his interview with Mr. Frost until after his visit to Mr. Lovegrove's office, and he informed her of both circumstances at the same time. He could not refrain from saying a word about her having kept Mr. Frost's visit to Gower Street a secret from him.

"I was so surprised, mother," he said. "It seemed so unlike you. But I suppose he persuaded you in some way that it would be right not to mention his having come to our house."

"Was I bound to speak of it, Hugh—before Maud, too, and Mr. Levincourt?"

"No, of course not *bound*. But it would have seemed more natural if you had mentioned it quietly to me."

Mrs. Lockwood was silent.

"Look here, mother dear," said Hugh, after a short silence, "I am not good at hiding what I feel. I was a little hurt and vexed when Mr. Frost told me that you and he had privately discussed my feeling for Maud long before you had ever said a word to me on that subject. Now the truth is out!"

"He—Mr. Frost—told you that, Hugh?"

"Well, he did not say it verbatim et literatim, as I have said it; but he certainly gave me to understand that such was the case."

"I meant for the best, Hugh."

"Meant for the best! Dearest mother, you don't suppose I doubt that? But don't let that man come between you and me, mother dear."

"I thought you liked Mr. Frost, Hugh?"

"So I did. He was my father's friend. I have known him all my life. But lately there has been something about him that revolts—no, that is too strong a word—there has been something about him that seems to put me on my guard. I hate to have to be on my guard!"

"It is a very good attitude to face the world with."

"Ah, mother, you know we might have some discussion on that soon. But, at all events, it is not the posture I like—or, indeed, that I am able—to assume toward my friends. With mistrust affection vanishes."

Mrs. Lockwood winced, and turned her pale face from her son.

"But, mother," he proceeded, "I have another piece of news to add—a disagreeable piece of news; but you must try not to take it too much to heart."

Then he told her of the disappointing letter he had received from Herbert Snowe. This, however, did not seem to grieve her so much as he had expected. In truth, she could not help faintly hoping that it might give her anxieties a reprieve by putting off yet a while Hugh's endeavor to make a start for himself. But he did not leave her long in this delusion.

"I must try to borrow the money elsewhere," said he. "The opportunity of buying that connection is too good a one to be lost without an effort."

"Did he not say something—did not Mr. Frost make you an offer of a desirable position elsewhere?" asked Mrs. Lockwood, hesitatingly.

"Oh, I suppose he mentioned *that* to you also during his mysterious visit? Well, mother, I am not mysterious, and I was about to tell you that he did make me an offer on the part of this new company in which he is interested. But—"

"But you refused it!"

Hugh explained to his mother that in order not to appear obstinate and ungracious, he had taken two days to consider of the proposition. But he added that his mind was already made up on the subject.

"The truth is," he said, "that I mistrust the whole business. There are rumors afloat about the company which would make a prudent man think twice before he had any thing to do with it."

"But you would be a paid employé. You would run no risk."

"I should risk losing my time and getting neither cash nor credit."

"Is it really thought so ill of, this undertaking?"

"In our office it is spoken of as a very unsafe concern. My own opinion is this: if things had gone well in the English money market the Parthenope Embellishment *might* have turned up trumps. But it is all hazard—unprincipled gambling on a great scale, and with other folks' money! One or two more failures of great houses such as we have had lately would involve the company in ruin. But you need not look so anxious, dear little mother. Our unambitious little craft is out of such deep waters, and will keep out of them."

"Do you suppose, Hugh," asked Mrs. Lockwood, in her usual deliberate calm tones, but with cheeks even paler than usual, "have you any reason for supposing that Mr. Frost has ventured money in this company?"

"*His own money* you mean?—for of course he has ventured other peoples' if he puffs the thing to every one as he did to me!—well, I can not say. People are beginning to say that he is not so solid a man as was supposed. I hear—Heaven knows how these things get about—that he has a very extravagant wife, and that he has been rash in speculating. Mother, what is the matter?"

Hugh suddenly checked his speech to ask this question; for Mrs. Lockwood had dropped her head on her hands, and the tears were running down her face.

"Mother! Darling mother, do speak to me! For God's sake tell me what is the matter? Is it *my* fault? Have I done or said any thing to vex you?"

She shook her head silently; but the tears gathered and fell more quickly and copiously at every moment.

"Hugh," she faltered out at last, "I tried to do right."

"Tried to do right! You *have* done right—always right. You are the best woman in the world."

"Don't, Hugh! Don't talk so! It goes to my heart to hear you when I know how your tone would change if I were to tell you—"

"To tell me what?" asked Hugh, almost breathless with surprise and apprehension.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh, you would not love me if I were to confess some great fault to you. You are like the rest of the men; your love is so mingled with pride!"

"Some great fault!" echoed Hugh.

"There! There it is, the stern look on your face like your father!"

The poor woman bowed her face yet lower, and hid it in her hands, while her delicate frame shook with sobs. For a few minutes, which seemed an interminable time to her, Hugh stood silent, and looking, as she had said, very stern. He was struggling with himself, and undergoing a painful ordeal which was not expressed in the set lines of his strong young face. At length he went to his mother, knelt beside her chair, and took her hand.

"Mother," he said, "nothing can blot out all the years of love and care and tenderness you have given to me. I can not believe that you have been guilty of any great fault. Your sensitive conscience exaggerates its importance no doubt. But"—here he made a little pause and went on with an effort—"but *whatever* it may be, if you will confide in me, I shall never cease to love you. You are my own dear mother! Nothing can alter that."

"Oh, my boy!" she cried, and threw her arms round his neck as he knelt beside her.

Then in a moment the weary secret of years came out. She told him all the truth, from the miserable story of her youth to the time of her marriage, and the subsequent persecution from which Mr. Frost had relieved her, and the price she had to pay for that relief. As she spoke, holding her son in her arms and resting her head on his shoulder, she wondered at herself for having endured the torments of bearing her solitary burden all these years, and at the apprehension she had felt at the thought of the confession which now seemed so easy, sweet, and natural.

Hugh heard her without speaking, only now and then pressing the hand he held in his to give her courage when she faltered.

"Oh, mother, how you have suffered in your life!" That was his first thought when she ceased to speak. His next thought he was fain to utter, although it sounded like a reproach.

"If you had but trusted my father! He loved you so truly."

"Ah, Hugh, if I had, but it was so terrible to me to risk losing his love. And he often said—as you have been used to say after him—that he could never reinstate in his heart any one who had once been guilty of deliberate deception. You can not know, you strong upright natures, how the weak are bent and warped. You can not—or so I feared—make allowance for temptation, or give credit for all the hard struggle and combat that ends sometimes in defeat at last."

Hugh could not quite easily get over the revelation his mother had made. He had struggled with himself to be gentle with her; he would not add to her pain by look or gesture, if he could help it. But he knew that all was not as it had been between them. He knew that he could never again feel the absolute proud trust in his mother which had been a joy to him for so many years. Tenderness, gratitude, and pity remained. But the past was past, and irrevocable. The pain of this knowledge acted as a spur to his resentment against Mr. Frost.

"You have the paper acknowledging this man's debt to my father?" said Hugh. "It will not be difficult to make him disgorge. *He* to patronize me, and help me, and offer me this and that, when an act of common honesty would have put me in a position to help myself years ago!"

"Hugh, the dreadful idea that you hinted at just now has been in my mind for some time past, although I dared not dwell on it. I mean the fear that he may not be *able* to make immediate restitution of the money due to you."

"Restitution or exposure: I shall give him the choice, though I feel that even so I am in some degree compounding with knavery."

Mrs. Lockwood clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"He always found some excuse for putting me off all these years," she said.

"He shall not put me off, I promise him."

"Oh, my boy, if through my cowardice you should lose all that your poor father worked so hard to bequeath to you!"

"We will hope better, mother dear. This man must have enough to pay me what he owes. It is a great deal to us, but not much to a rich man. He has been in a fine position for years, and the name of the firm stands high."

"And about—about the will, and Maud's inheritance?" stammered Mrs. Lockwood.

The calm security of her manner had given place to a timid hesitation in addressing Hugh that was almost pathetic.

"Do not let us speak of that, dear mother," said Hugh, "or my choler will rise beyond my power to control it. That man is a consummate scoundrel. He was—I am sure of it now, I suspected it then—trying to sound me as to the probability of my being induced to bear false witness."

"Oh, Hugh!"

"He thought it might be highly convenient for him, and might ease his pocket and his cares (not his conscience; *that* he is not troubled with) if I— It won't bear thinking of."

"May you not be mistaken? And may there not be some excuse—?"

"Excuse!" echoed Hugh.

His mother shrank back silently at the fierce tone of his voice. He walked to the door, and had almost passed out of the room, when she called him, but in so low and hesitating a tone that he stood uncertain whether she had spoken or not.

"Did you call me, mother?" he said.

"You never left me before without a word or a kiss, Hugh, since you were a toddling child."

He came back at once, and took her in his arms, and kissed her forehead, fondly. But after he was gone, she sat and cried bitterly. A strange kind of repentance grew up in her mind—a repentance not so much for the evil done as for the tardy confession of it. Yet it had seemed, so long as the confession was yet unspoken, and even while she was speaking it, as if it must take a load from her heart.

"If I had held my tongue," she thought, "my son would have loved me and trusted me still. Now I am afraid to see him again, lest I should find some change in him, my boy whom I love better than my life! What signified the money? I might have let it go. He knew nothing of it, and he would not have grieved for it. What phantom of duty was it that haunted and harried me into doing this thing?"

She forgot, in the present pain of her mortified love and pride, all the miserable hours that secrecy had cost her. Her soul was tossed to and fro by many revulsions of feeling before her meditations were ended. The untoward teachings of her youth were bearing bitter fruit. She did not lack courage. She could endure, and had endured much, with fortitude and energy. But the greatness of Renunciation was not hers. She had balanced her sufferings against her faults all her life long. She had been prone to demand strict justice for herself, and to think that she meted it out rigidly to others. There had been a secret sustaining consolation amidst the heart-breaking troubles of her younger days, in the conviction that they were undeserved. Pride has always a balm for the sting of injustice. But for the stroke of merited calamity humility alone brings healing.

Zillah thought that she had paid her price of suffering. She had faced the pain of confessing to her son that she had sinned. And yet the peace which that pain was meant to purchase did not descend upon her heart. She had not learned even yet that no human sacrifice can bribe the past to hide its face and be silent. We must learn to look upon the irrevocable without rancor: thus, and thus only, does its stern sphinx-face reveal to us a sweetness and a wisdom of its own.

CHAPTER IX.

CONFIDENCE.

IT was past six o'clock on that same spring evening when Veronica's note was delivered at Gower Street. Hugh had just quitted his mother, after the interview recorded in the preceding chapter, and was crossing the little entrance hall when the messenger arrived.

"Are you Mr. Hugh Lockwood, Sir?" asked the man. "I was told to give the letter into his own hands."

Hugh assured the messenger that he was right; and began to read the note as he stood there, with some anxiety. When he had glanced quickly through the note he turned to the messenger.

"Are you to wait for an answer?" he said.

"No, Sir; I had no instructions about that."

"Very good. I will send or bring the reply. Tell Lady Gale that her note has been safely received."

When the man was gone Hugh ran up to his own room to read the letter again, and to consider its contents. What should he do? That he must tell Maud of it was clear to him. He did not think he should be justified in withholding it from her. But how should he advise her to act? He cogitated for some time without coming to any conclusion; and at last went in search of her, determined to let himself be greatly guided by her manner of receiving that which he had to impart.

He found Maud in the little drawing-room that had been so long occupied by Lady Tallis. She was selecting and packing some music to take away with her; for she was to accompany her guardian to Shipley in two days. Mrs. Sheardown had invited her to stay at Lowater House for a while. But Maud had declared that she could not leave Mr. Levincourt for the first week or so of his return home. Afterward she had promised to divide her time as nearly as might be between Lowater and the vicarage.

"What are you doing there, my own? You look as pale as a spirit in the twilight," said Hugh, entering the room.

"I am doing what spirits have no occasion for—packing up," she answered. "Luggage is, however, a condition of civilized mortality, against which it is vain to rebel."

"It is a condition of mortality which you of the gentler sex accept with great fortitude, I have always heard. Perhaps there may be something of the martyr-spirit in the perseverance with which one sees women drag about piles of portmanteaus and bandboxes!"

He answered lightly and cheerfully, as she had spoken. But his heart sank at the prospect of so speedily parting with her.

"See, dear Hugh," said Maud, pointing to a packet of unbound music she had put aside, "these are to be left in your charge. The rest—Beethoven's sonatas, Haydn's, Hummel's, and a few of the songs I shall take with me. I have packed up the sonatas of Kozeluch that I used to play with Mr. Plew—poor Mr. Plew!"

She smiled, but a tear was in her eye, and her voice shook a little. Presently she went on. "I have chosen all the old things that Uncle Charles is fond of. He said the other day that he never had any music now. Music was always one of his great pleasures."

"I have not heard you play or sing for some time, Maud."

"Not since—not since dear Aunt Hilda died. I have not cared to make music for my own sake. But I shall be thankful if I can cheer Uncle Charles by it."

Hugh drew near her, and looked down proudly on the golden-haired head bending over the music. "And must I lose you, my own love?" he said, sadly.

"Lose me, Hugh! No; that you must not. Don't be too sorry, you poor boy. Remember how I shall be loving you all the time—yes, all the time, every hour that we are parted."

She put up her hands on his shoulders, and laid her shining head against his breast with fond simplicity.

"Ah, my own, best darling! Always unselfish, always encouraging, always brave. What troubles can hurt me that leave me your love? My heart has no room for any thing but gratitude when I think of you, Maud."

"Are there troubles, Hugh?" she asked, quickly, holding him away from her, and looking up into his face. "If you really think me brave, you will let me know the troubles. It is my right, you know."

"There are no troubles—no real troubles. But I will tell you every thing, and take counsel of my wise little wife. First, I must tell you that I carried out our plan this day. Don't start, darling. I went to Mr. Lovegrove's office, where I found Mr. Simpson, the lawyer employed by—by the other side, and Lane, the agent. I told them what I had to say, as briefly as possible, just as you bade me."

"Oh, I am so grateful to you, Hugh. And the result? Tell me in a word."

"I have no doubt Veronica's claim will be established. Indeed, I believe that it may be said to be so already."

"Thank God!"

"I will give you the details of my interview later, if you care to hear them. But now I have something else to say to you. Sit down by me here on the couch. I have just had a note—You tremble! Your little hands are cold! Maud, my darling, there is nothing to fear!"

"No, dear Hugh. I do not fear. I fear nothing as long as you hold my hand in yours. But I—I—"

"You have been agitated and excited too much lately. I know it, dearest. I hate to distress you. But I am sure it would not be right to conceal this thing from you."

"Thank you, Hugh."

"I got this note not half an hour ago. Can

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you see to read it by this light?" She took the small, perfumed note to the window, and read it through eagerly. While she was reading Hugh kept silence, and watched her with tender anxiety. In a minute she turned her face toward him and held out her hand.

"When may I go? You will take me, Hugh? Let us lose no time."

"You wish to go, then?"

"Wish to go! Oh yes, yes, Hugh. Dear Hugh, you will not oppose it?"

"I will not oppose it, Maud, if you tell me, after a little reflection, that you seriously wish to go."

"I think I ought to see her."

"She does not deserve it of you."

"Dear Hugh, she has done wrong. She deceived her father, and was cruelly deceived in her turn. I know there is nothing so abominable to you as insincerity."

Hugh thought of his own many speeches to that effect, and then of his mother's recent revelation; and so thinking, he winced a little and turned away his head.

"You are accustomed to expect moral strength and rectitude, from having the example of your mother always before your eyes. But ought we to set our faces against the weak who wish to return to the right?"

"I know not what proof of such a wish has been given by—Lady Gale."

"Dearest Hugh, if she were all heartless and selfish, she would not long to see me in the hour of her triumph."

"She says no word of her father."

Maud's face fell a little, and she bent her head thoughtfully.

"Does that show much heart?" continued Hugh.

"Perhaps—I think—I do believe that she is more afraid of him than she is of me. And that would not be unnatural, Hugh. Listen, dear. I do not defend, nor even excuse, Veronica. But if, now—having seen to what misery, for herself and others, ambition, and vanity, and worldliness have led—she is wavering at a turning-point in her life, where a kind hand, a loving word, may have power to strengthen her in better things, ought I not to give them to her if I can?"

"If," said Hugh, slowly, "you can do so without repugnance, without doing violence to your own feelings, perhaps—"

"I can! I can, indeed, Hugh! Ah, you, who have been blessed with a good and wise mother, can not guess how much of what is faulty in Veronica is due to early indulgence. Poor Aunt Stella was kind; but she could neither guide nor rule such a nature as Veronica's. And then, Hugh, don't give me credit for more than I deserve—I do long to see her. She was my sister for so many years. And I loved her—I have always loved her. Let me go!"

They debated when and how this was to be.

"I hate the idea of your going to see her unknown to Mr. Levincourt," said Hugh. "I believe he will be justly hurt and angered when he hears of it. If you have any influence with her, you must try to induce her to make some advances to her father. It is her barest duty. And—listen, my dearest;" as he spoke he drew her fondly to his side as though to encourage her against the gravity of his words, and the serious resolution in his face. "Listen to me, Maud. You must make this lady understand that your path in life and hers will henceforward be widely different. It must be so. Were we to plan the contrary, circumstances would still be too strong for us. She will be rich. We, my Maudie, shall be only just not very poor. She will live in gay cities; we in an obscure provincial nook. The social atmosphere that will in all probability surround Lady Gale, would not suit my lily. And our climate would be too bleak for her."

"I will do what you tell me, Hugh. When may I go? To-night?"

"She says in her note that she will be at home all to-morrow."

"Yes; but she also says 'this evening.' And, besides, to-morrow will be my last day with you!"

"Thanks, darling. Well, Maud, if you are prepared—if you are strong enough—we will go to-night."

Hugh went down stairs, and informed his mother that he and Maud were going out for a while, but would return to supper.

It was not unusual for them to take an evening walk together, after the business of the day was over for Hugh.

"Are you going to the park, Hugh?" asked Mrs. Lockwood.

"No, mother."

At another time she would have questioned him further. But now there was a sore feeling at her heart which made her refrain. Was he growing less kind, less confiding already? Were these the first-fruits of her miserable weakness in confessing what she might still have hidden? She was too proud, or too prudent—perhaps at the bottom of her heart too just—to show any temper or suspicion. She merely bade him see that Maud was well wrapped up, as the evenings were still chilly.

And then, when the street door had closed upon them, she sat and watched their progress down the long dreary street from behind the concealment of the wire blind in her little parlor, with a yearning sense of unhappiness.

Arrived at the bottom of the street, Hugh called a cab. "You must drive to the place, my pet," he said, putting Maud into the vehicle. "It is a long way; and you must not be tired or harassed when you reach the hotel."

"Oh, where is it, Hugh? How odd that I never thought of asking! But I put my hand into yours and come with you, much as a little child follows its nurse. Sometimes I feel—you won't laugh, Hugh?"

"I shall not laugh, Maudie. I am in no laughing mood. I may smile, perhaps. But smiles and tears are sometimes near akin, you know."

"Well, then, I feel very often when I am with you, as I have never felt with any one except my mother. I can remember the perfect security, the sense of repose and trust I had in her presence. I was so sure of her love. It came down like the dew from heaven. I needed to make no effort, to say no word. I was a tiny child when I lost her, but I have never forgotten that feeling. And since, since I have loved you, Hugh, it seems to me as though it had come back to me in all its peace and sweetness."

"My own treasure!"

They sat silent with their hands locked in each other's until they had nearly reached the place they were bound for. Then Hugh said: "We are nearly at our destination, Maud. I shall leave you after I have seen you safely in the hotel. It is now half past seven. At nine o'clock I will come back for you. You will be ready?"

"Yes, Hugh."

"God bless you, my dearest. I shall be glad when this interview is over. My precious white lily, these sudden gusts and storms shake you too much!"

"Oh," she answered, smiling into his face, though with a trembling lip, "there are lilies of a tougher fibre than you think for! And they are elastic, the poor slight things. It is the strong stiff stubborn tree that gets broken."

"Am I stiff and stubborn, Maudie?"

"No; you are strong and good, and I am so grateful to you!"

He inquired in the hall of the hotel for Lady Gale, and found that directions had been given to admit Maud whenever she might present herself.

"Miss Desmond?" said the porter. "Lady Gale begs you will go up stairs. This way, if you please."

The man directed a waiter to conduct Miss Desmond to Lady Gale's apartment. Hugh gave her a hurried pressure of the hand, whispered, "At nine, Maud," and stood watching her until her slight figure had disappeared, passing lightly and noiselessly up the thickly-carpeted stairs.

ABSENCE.

THE April sunshine, soft and fair,
Touches the meadows cheerily;
Wild violets scent the warm still air;
But ever through the bright spring hours,
The sunshine and the opening flowers,
My spirit hungers to be fed,
And faints for love's dear daily bread,
Yearning, beloved, for thee!

The day wears on, the evening lone
Comes up across the misty lea;
I watch the stars as one by one
They glimmer out; my eyes are wet;
My heart is filled with vague regret,
Haunting it like a sad refrain;
I can not still this restless pain,
Thinking, beloved, of thee!

The twilight deepens; brooding sleep
Shadows the green earth tenderly;
The house lies hushed in slumber deep;
The peace of heaven seems strangely near;
I kneel beneath the moonbeams clear,
And soft upon my troubled breast
Comes down a blessed sense of rest,
Praying, beloved, for thee!

"A BROWN STUDY."

THE interesting engraving from a painting by the late WILLIAM HUNT, which we print on page 152, is a pleasant illustration of the peculiarly gentle humor, just tinted with pathos, with which this great master of water-color art delighted to treat subjects from lowly human life. If he painted an "interior" it was generally some unpretending farm-house or cottage-chamber, and his figures are almost invariably rustic children of the homeliest type—plow-boys, farm-house beauties, school boys and girls. He produced several drawings of negro children, one of which, now in the Ellison Collection in the South Kensington Museum, we this week engrave. The little mulatto is not made to look more ridiculous or less intelligent as he bends over the sum written down on his slate than if he were a white boy. We hardly need call attention to the artistic treatment of the subject—the felicitous expression of the little fellow's face, as, unconsciously biting his pencil, he rolls up his eyes in a brown study, quite forgetful of his task. The picture might have been studied in one of our own schools for freedmen's children in the South.

THE HAIR.

THE quality and color of the hair was a subject of speculative theory for the ancients. Lank hair was considered indicative of pusillanimity and cowardice; yet the head of Napoleon was guiltless of a curl! Frizzly hair was thought an indication of coarseness and clumsiness. The hair most in esteem was that terminating in ringlets. Dares, the historian, states that Achilles and Ajax Telamon had curling locks; such also was the hair of Timon, the Athenian. As to the Emperor Augustus, nature had favored him with such redundant locks, that no hairdresser in Rome could produce the like. Auburn or light brown hair was thought the most distinguished, as portending intelligence, industry, a peaceful disposition, as well as a great susceptibility to the tender passion. Castor and Pollux had brown hair; so also had Menelaus. Black hair does not appear to have been esteemed by the Romans; but red was an object of aversion. Ages before the time of Judas, red hair was thought a mark of reprobation, both in the case of Typhon, who deprived his brother of the sceptre of Egypt, and Nebuchadnezzar, who acquired it in expiation of his atrocities. Even the donkey tribe suffered from this ill-omened visitation, according to the proverb of "wicked as a red ass." Asses of that color were held in such detestation among the Copts, that every year they sacrificed one by hurling it from a high wall.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE recent establishment in the city of New York of a foundling hospital, upon a plan somewhat analogous to those so long well known upon the continent of Europe, lends interest to the history of the Foundling Hospital of London. This charity was opened in 1741. Its basis, financially, was a fund given for the purpose by Captain Coram, a shipmaster in early life, and afterward a man noted for his efforts for the public welfare. The original idea of the founder did not include the indiscriminate reception of all infants whom cruel or necessitous parents might choose to cast upon the institution: but contemplated an inquiry into character and circumstances in each case. The benefits of the institution were afterward extended, by the aid of money granted by Parliament, to all who chose to bring children to it. This plan was found to lead to grave abuses and evils. Within about three years nearly 12,000 infants were thrown upon the hospital. Parish officers stripped their workhouses of pauper babies and sent them to the hospital. Brutal husbands robbed helpless wives of their few-hours-old children, and sent them to the hospital. Men and women throughout the country set up a new trade, the carrying of babies at so much a head up to the hospital. The newspapers teemed with the stories of the enormities resulting from this practice. These consequences led Parliament to rescind the provisions for indiscriminate admission, and the institution is now conducted under the regulation that,

"The committee shall be satisfied of the previous good character and present necessity of the mother of every child proposed for admission, and that the father of the child, if living, has deserted the mother and child; and that the reception of the child will in all probability be the means of replacing the mother in the course of virtue and the way of an honest livelihood."

Many of the causes which defeated the utility of the free admission system in this instance, however, doubtless exist in far less force in this country than in England.

Along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad moss agates are found in great abundance. The beds are often fifty yards wide and one hundred long, and are usually one or two miles apart. The agates are discovered between and underneath large smooth pebbles. Some of them are covered with exact imitations of vines, pine trees, cedar forests, trains of cars, and figures of every imaginable shape. The hunt after agates is exciting.

Lausanne, on Lake Geneva, has had a shower of ants. To be sure, it lasted only a couple of minutes, but millions of insects fell, covering the streets so that it was not possible to walk without crushing them.

Maine is not likely to lack for timber at present. The State offers timbered land to actual settlers for fifty cents an acre, and even that can be "worked out," if they choose, on the new roads.

Minnesota does not need ice-machines. Nature outstrips art, at forty degrees below zero.

A terrible accident recently occurred at the Worcester dépôt in Boston. A train had just arrived, and before it stopped a woman, in haste to leave the cars, jumped upon the platform, stepping in the direction opposite to the motion of the cars. She fell back upon the track and was so mangled by the wheels that she died in a few hours. There is always a risk in getting off of a car or any vehicle in motion; but a passenger is comparatively safe if great care be taken to jump or step *forward*. It is most dangerous to jump or step in the opposite direction.

Harvard University has eleven hundred and seven students, forty-nine professors, and forty-two other teachers. President Eliot is reputed popular.

The pyramids will never cease to give rise to curious speculations. Sir John Herschel calculates that the great pyramid weighs 12,760,000,000 pounds. Lyall gives a larger estimate of 6,000,000 tons. According to Perring, the present quantity of masonry is 6,316,000 tons, or 82,110,000 cubic feet.

The Pope is a great smoker, invariably taking a cigar after every meal. The Holy Father once visited the tobacco manufactory which is in the Trastevere. Being told that a great part of the work was done by the girls of the Trastevere, who are more celebrated for their good looks than good character, he exclaimed, "Conduct me, then, to these servants of God." He was presented with several thousand of the best cigars.

The hotel-keepers who recently met in convention to concert measures for procuring ice on more reasonable terms than the ice companies supply it will feel encouraged to learn that one-half of the ice sold in Paris is artificially made; and it is predicted that, five years hence, half the ice used in the United States will be made by machinery. Probably there may be a loud call for ice-makers next summer. About six years ago one of Carré's ice-machines was brought into the United States, and the New Orleans Ice Company was established. Improvements have recently been made in the apparatus, and we understand that not less than eighteen hundred of Carré's freezing machines are in use, chiefly in tropical climates, or in countries bordering thereon. The materials used in the manufacture of the ice are water, spirits of ammonia, steam, and salt. Ammonia possesses the peculiar property of parting with its ammoniacal gas when heated, and of reabsorbing it most powerfully when cooled again: the gas has the property of becoming liquefied by pressure, the liquefied gas becoming hot at the same time, and communicating this heat to the surrounding vessel; and when returning to the gaseous state, the pressure being removed, it will reabsorb this heat, and thus cool the surrounding vessel, which in turn may exert a freezing action on water. If a liquid is forced to become a vapor without giving it special heat, it will, in the process of evaporation, absorb the required heat forcibly from the surrounding bodies, and produce sensible cold. Without entering into the details of the process, we may state that ice is now being successfully manufactured in Philadelphia by the use of liquid ammonia. Many other liquids have been applied to this purpose. Dr. Van der Weyde, of New York, has invented an ice machine in which chymogene or cryogene is used. This substance possesses many advantages over others, being a waste product obtained during the distillation of petroleum, and is exceedingly cheap. It is also very volatile, and its peculiar lubricating properties protect the metals with which it comes in contact from corrosion, which is a great desideratum. The price of one of Van der Weyde's machines, capable of producing ten tons of ice per day, is, including the required pump, about $5000, while an ammonia machine of the same capacity costs $25,000. The price of the ice made by the latter is, in favorable circumstances, $7 to $8 per ton; by the former from $2 to $4.

We understand that Professor Agassiz has been seriously ill—a consequence of nervous prostration and overwork. His physician prescribes absolute rest, consequently there will probably be no public lectures from him for some time.

A correspondent of the London *Times* at Rome says that it is often impossible to ascertain the substance of the addresses made in the Œcumenical Council, or even to learn on which side they are delivered. "With the closest attention an Italian has great difficulty in understanding a Greek or a Spaniard speaking Latin. In that vast hall seven hundred Fathers can do little else than listen to the rolling echoes, and ask, 'What are the wild waves saying?' As much sense could be made out of a storm at sea."

What must be the patience of Japanese novel readers? A Japanese novelist, named Klong te Bakin, has been at work upon one book of fiction for forty years, and has only just completed it. This work of light literature extends to a hundred and six volumes, and has occupied a good half of the author's life in the composition.

Are our poets wealthy, and is it the gift of poesy that has brought them gold as well as fame? What "*they say*" is not always to be relied upon, but Bryant is reputed worth $500,000, made chiefly not by poetry, but by journalism. Longfellow is estimated at $200,000, the gift of his father-in-law, Nathan Appleton, besides the very considerable profit of his poems; Holmes is rated at $100,000, hereditary property, increased by lecturing and literature; Whittier is worth $30,000, inherited and earned by his popular pen; Saxe is reputed worth $70,000, inherited and earned in law, lecturing, and literature; Lowell is said to be worth $30,000 or $40,000, hereditary and acquired in his professorship in Harvard College.

Admiral Edward Wallis Hoare, the oldest officer in the Royal Navy of Great Britain, recently died at Upton, near Ryde, Isle of Wight. He was 92 years old, and entered the navy in 1790 as a volunteer.

The curious discovery has been made by an English surgeon that monkeys can not be poisoned with strychnine. They seem to eat all kinds of poison with impunity. Monkeys, then, are slightly different from men!

An English engineer, living on the shores of the Adriatic, has just submitted to the Lords of the Admiralty a deadly torpedo. The inventor declines to patent his plan. He prefers, like Junius, to be the depositary of his own secret. The torpedo is in the shape of a large fish, floating at any determined depth under the surface of the water, the fore-part filled with explosive matter, but the motive power in the after-part, provided by compressed air. This vessel is like a sword-fish, with not only a snout in front, but with snouts projecting from the sides and rising up vertically. Charged with dynamite or nitro-glycerine, the torpedo can make a hole in the hull of the strongest iron-built vessel: and can be made to run forward under the water either in a straight or in a curved line. With such engines of destruction, naval battles will be surpassingly horrible.

M. Ollivier is believed to have in contemplation a measure which may have the effect to repress dueling in Paris. Instead of a short time of imprisonment, a fine of 100,000 francs is to be inflicted both on principals and seconds. A few sentences of this sort rigidly enforced would produce a most salutary effect.

It is curious to notice what various forms Parisian journals adopt when they allude to the Emperor. The *Journal Officiel* describes him as H. M. the Emperor; *Constitutionnel*, His Majesty the Emperor; *France*, the Emperor; *Pays*, His Majesty; *Siècle*, Napoleon III.; *Cloche*, Napoleon; *Réveil*, the Executive; *Rappel*, Cæsar; *Marseillaise*, Sardanapalus, Herod, and Heliogabalus.

Professor Blot is looking around for a larger kitchen; his establishment is not extensive enough to satisfy Brooklyn. Many families are waiting impatiently to make the practical experiment of having their cooking done for them in the most artistic manner. His culinary establishment is a marvel of neatness and order.

We note that an establishment on the same general plan is now beginning to operate on quite an extensive scale in Boston. It is located in Washington Street, near the old Roxbury line; but order boxes are thick all over the city, and more are being put up daily. Orders from these boxes are collected twice a day, and an ample force is employed to have them all punctually answered. There is a special bill of fare for each day of the week, but a customer can have any thing that he chooses, on any day of the week, by giving notice early enough: and the orders may cover a dinner of several courses for a party of any size, down to the simple lunch of a man at his place of business. The prices charged seem quite reasonable.

A new dispensary has been opened on Broadway, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, for the gratuitous treatment of diseases of the throat and chest. Dr. Ruppaner, who has acquired a high reputation for skill in such diseases, is the attending physician, the institution having been established by his influence.

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"Gentlemen, we feel perfectly secure in our defense. We know a high-minded and enlightened jury will turn a deaf ear to the base calumnies and fallacious arguments advanced by the counsel on the other side, and refuse to be made the abettors of a mercenary matrimonial schemer."

"Think, gentlemen, on the pangs inflicted on this too-confiding heart by that ruthless deceiver. Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him; and for those damages my broken-hearted client now appeals to a high-minded and sympathizing jury."

BREACH OF PROMISE—HOW TO REPAIR BROKEN HEARTS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY PARK BENJAMIN.]

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JAPANESE LADIES.

JAPANESE LADIES.

THE strange figures in our illustration on this page exhibit the street costume of the fashionable ladies of Japan. They certainly present a very absurd appearance; but if a Japanese artist were to visit New York to-day, would he not find in Broadway and Fifth Avenue costumes equally grotesque and ugly, and even more deficient in the qualities of good taste and refinement? Before we laugh at the costumes of these semi-civilized people, perhaps it would be well to inquire whether our friends of the Celestial Empire are altogether unjust in styling us "outside barbarians" in matters of taste and fashion. Ladies who take delight in the hideousness of the "Grecian bend" have little right to laugh at their Japanese sisters.

A PARISIAN BALLET GIRL.

THERE are two sides to the life of ballet girls in Paris. The sad fate which awaits most members of this strange profession, of which Anglo-Saxon countries happily know but little, is sometimes relieved by a happier experience; and I may as well illustrate it by the story of a young ballet girl, told to me by my friend Monsieur Paul, as we sat sipping post-prandial cognac at the Grand Café. Her motives for becoming a *danseuse*, her conduct on the stage and off, were as praiseworthy and proper as one would find in any class of society. I will follow as nearly as I can the words of Paul in relating it. They had just brought out, he said, at the Porte St. Martin, a great spectacular piece, of rare attractions, requiring a very numerous *corps de ballet*. The sub-manager, a friend of Paul's, had invited him behind the scenes on the first night of the representation. He went, and had his usual chat with his favorites in the corps, in the green-room, before the rising of the curtain. While in the green-room he noticed, sitting quite apart from the rest of the girls, a young *danseuse* whom he had seen a few times before, and to whom he had always spoken in vain; she never would answer him; and he always remarked that she treated the other gallants in the same distant way. On this evening she was sitting apart, and Paul observed that tears were rolling down her cheeks, which were thickly rouged. She was attired, very thinly, in scant pink gauze. He approached her, and, touched by her evident depression, asked what the matter was. She shook her head, and turned away. One of the other girls —a bold huzzy—came up, on this, and said: "Can't you guess what's the matter with our fine little Mademoiselle Eulalié? Why she's crying because she's got to appear in that light dress and offer the king, in the play, a goblet of wine, kneeling. How terrible!" And the speaker bounced off, laughing.

"We Frenchmen," said Paul to me, "are so hardened by our devil-my-care life that we are seldom susceptible to pity. But I was really touched by Mlle. Eulalié's emotion; perhaps it was because she was unusually pretty, and so wonderfully fresh and innocent.

During the play Paul saw her on the stage. The poor thing was forcing a smile during the first acts; but when it came to the place where she had to kneel, and thus expose herself to the rude gaze of the *parterre*, she hesitated and trem-

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bled like a leaf; and the tears came once more, and by an agonizing effort were forced back. When she arose, her own modest color so mounted to her face as to quite outblush her rouge paint; and after the last act she went into the green-room again—and fainted. Paul felt interested, and, *blasé* as he was, from his heart sympathized with the poor thing. It wasn't a sham, he thought, and he considered himself a good judge. In a week or so, after a good deal of effort, he managed, by getting the sub-manager to introduce him, to make Mlle. Eulalié's acquaintance; and he assured me he never was further from having an unworthy motive in his life. He assured me, further, that from the beginning of his acquaintance with this poor girl to its end, he never had any dishonorable thought concerning her.

"And thank God," continued Paul, "she's out of that abominable place now!"

After an acquaintance in which he had to win her confidence by the most gradual steps—for she was most timid as well as modest—he learned her history, and with it, to venerate and respect this same poor, simple ballet girl.

"I suppose," said Paul, "my interest in her at first arose from the difference between her and the rest; she was a phenomenon."

Her real name was Françoise Tellier—Eulalié was her fancy stage-name. She was eighteen. Her father was dead; her mother had remarried, her second husband having been till within a year a joiner; but meeting with an accident, the step-father had become imbecile, and was the inmate of a suburban *maison de santé*. Her mother was a very sickly but pious Protestant woman, and by her second husband had a family of three small girls. Since her husband's misfortunes she had hardly been able to work at all; what she did was to copy documents for lawyers and at libraries; for she had had a good education, and this has always been a regular occupation for many French people of the lower bourgeois class. Madame Reynard, whose father had been poor, had learned it in her younger days, and had since taught Françoise to write "a lawyer-like hand." It appears that a nephew of the unfortunate step-father was acting in scenic pieces at the Châtelet, and was an enthusiast in his art. He, observing the advantage which young Françoise possessed—her beauty, grace of movement, and freshness—proposed that she should take lessons for the ballet. This shocked the mother, who refused her consent; but the heroic little girl, though shuddering at the prospect, was so earnest in favor of the plan that she at last won Madame Reynard's consent.

The girl saw the difficulties her mother had in providing means for her subsistence and for the support of the unfortunate invalid at the asylum, and was ambitious only to earn enough to aid in supporting them. Her cousin was able to be of great assistance; he engaged a master at less than half price, to be paid from the future earnings of Françoise; and when she became proficient, which she did very rapidly (owing to her zeal and natural quickness), he procured her a good situation at one of the smaller theatres, where she at first, of course, appeared only *en corps*. She rose quickly, had the satisfaction of carrying home a goodly number of francs each week, and of seeing both her mother and her poor imbecile step-father supplied with many comforts of which they had been long deprived.

The occasion of which Paul spoke, when she was so agitated and shed tears, was the first in which she had been called on to appear as a prominent figure in the scene, and to dress with that voluptuous *abandon* which is peremptory on the Paris stage; and that explains her distress. But her excellent behavior did not cease with this emotion and sacrifice. When she came to the ballet, rehearsal mornings, she was observed to carry a little parcel of papers, most neatly wrapped up and tied; and at intervals, when she was not wanted on the stage, she was seen writing with great rapidity at one of the rickety deal tables in the green-room.

She was doing her mother's copy work.

And more. Immediately after rehearsal, which lasted till or after twelve, she hurried home and continued her copying, working at it three or four hours; then she went to the market and bought a basket of fruit, with which she rode in an omnibus to the asylum, and treated the imbecile father to her modest purchases. Returning home she took a slight dinner, washed up the dishes, and was off again buying the next day's provisions. At six she returned to the theatre, where she staid till after midnight. When the weary spectacle at last came to its grand sulphur and aerial scene, and the curtain swung heavily down, shutting out the staring gazers of the audience, and leaving the stage blank and desolate, her cousin escorted her quickly through the street home. She rose promptly at six in the morning, made breakfast, cleared up the dishes, and set at once to writing again. And working thus, excellent Françoise managed to gather, toward the end of her stage career (for she was, happily, near its end when Paul became acquainted with her), about one hundred francs a week, which was a capital income for poor Parisian folk. And there never was a word of scandal whispered against her; but it was remarked by all how modestly and uprightly she bore herself in all her toil and trouble.

"Now," said Paul, "is not this a character worth celebrating in a story? Why don't you, who write for the papers and so on, take it up?"

"Perhaps I shall," said I. "Where is Mlle. Eulalié now?"

"Such a girl," replied my friend, "was sure to be found out and appreciated. A young lawyer's clerk, a Protestant, of thoroughly respectable family, and a competency in money, was struck by her modesty, her zeal, her heroism. She became his wife six months ago, and is studying under his affectionate tuition."

One good redeeming Paris story, thought I. But it is perhaps a single flower in a desert—or rather, a gentle violet in a huge parterre of flaunting peonies. As has been said, the lives of most ballet girls are almost unmitigatedly bad. And how should they be otherwise? The associations of the theatre in any country are too apt to be demoralizing, especially to the young and helpless; and in France, where morality is at a low ebb, the evil is magnified. But the public must be amused at any cost; and the ruin of a few score of young girls is a trifle, when put in comparison with the ambition of the enterprising manager to delight his patrons with a display of seductive female beauty.

It was charming indeed to listen to the story of Eulalié; and when I saw Paul, callous, *blasé* youth of the world, moved with genuine emotions as he told it, I felt that the gay Parisian nature, after all, was not altogether hopeless.

LIFE UNDER THE OCEAN.

THE question of the mode of nutrition of animals at the bottom of the ocean is a very singular one. The practical distinction between plants and animals is, that plants prepare the food of animals by decomposing certain inorganic substances which animals can not use as food, and recombining their elements into organic compounds upon which animals can feed. This process is, however, constantly effected under the influence of light. There is little or no light in the depths, and naturally there are no plants: but the bottom of the sea is a mass of animal life. On what do these animals feed? The answer seems to be sufficiently simple: nearly all the animals—practically *all* the animals, for the small number of higher forms feed upon these—belong to one sub-kingdom, the Protozoa, whose distinctive character is that they have no special organs of nutrition, but that they absorb nourishment through the whole surface of their jelly-like bodies. Most of these animals secrete exquisitely formed skeletons, sometimes of lime, sometimes of silica. There is no doubt that they extract both of these substances from the sea-water, although silica often exists there in quantities so small as to elude detection by chemical tests. All sea-water contains a certain proportion of organic matter in solution. Its sources are obvious. All rivers contain a large quantity: every shore is surrounded by a fringe which averages about a mile in width of olive and red sea-weeds: in the middle of the Atlantic there is a marine meadow, the Sargasso Sea, extending over three millions of square miles: the sea is full of animals which are constantly dying and decaying; and the water of the Gulf Stream, especially, courses round coasts where the supply of organic matter is enormous. It is, therefore, quite intelligible that a world of animals should live in these dark abysses, but it is a necessary condition that they should chiefly belong to a class capable of being supported by absorption, through the surface, of matter in solution; developing but little heat, and incurring a very small amount of waste by any manifestation of vital activity.

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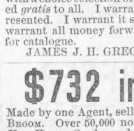

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and was roughly told by the guard that it was good for nothing. Appealing to the conductor, that officer peremptorily agreed with the gatekeeper. Mr. COLEMAN stated that he was in the habit of using such coupons upon other roads, to which the conductor replied that it was not true, and warned him that if he tried to get upon the train he should be put off.

Mr. COLEMAN then bought a ticket and took his place, intending to ascertain why the coupon was refused. When the conductor came through the car to inspect the tickets Mr. COLEMAN accosted him politely, and stated that he was traveling constantly, and was often obliged to diverge from his course; and that, if such coupons were not taken by the railroad authorities, when no change in the rate of fare had been made, the annual loss to him would be very serious. The conductor replied that the coupons were good from New Haven to New York, but not the other way. That he had been instructed not to take them except under such circumstances, and he would not. Mr. COLEMAN then said that it seemed to him that he had paid for seventy-four miles travel upon the road, or the distance from New York to New Haven, and that he could not see that it made any difference which way he took it. Several of the passengers, some of them officers of other roads, agreed in this view. The conductor said that he should lose his place if he disobeyed instructions; upon which Mr. COLEMAN remarked that, so far as that was concerned, as he turned in all his tickets in New York, it would not be known which way this was taken.

This remark, although innocently meant, was plainly susceptible of misinterpretation, and the conductor immediately replied, so as to be heard by the other passengers, that Mr. COLEMAN might as well ask him to steal ten dollars because the Company might not know it. Mr. COLEMAN did not deny that, theoretically, that was the case; but, offering the conductor his address, and appealing to those around him who knew him, he proposed to the conductor to be personally responsible to the Company, and to screen him from any unpleasant consequences. The neighboring passengers agreed that this was a fair offer; but the conductor harshly demanded another ticket. Mr. COLEMAN declined to give it. The conductor then said that he should put him off at the first station. Mr. COLEMAN replied that, in that case, he should pursue the matter further. At this moment, a gentleman sitting near said to the conductor that he was "a railroad man," and advised him, if he thought that Mr. COLEMAN was evading his fare, to telegraph ahead and have him arrested upon arrival. The conductor replied that they didn't do business in that way upon that road. Mr. COLEMAN then said that he would submit to a policeman, but not to the conductor and his roughs.

The train stopped at Stamford, and the conductor entered the car with five or six men. He ordered them to pull Mr. COLEMAN out and put him on the platform. Mr. COLEMAN passively resisted and a struggle followed, during which he was dragged from the seat with his coat torn, and as soon as he was lifted into the aisle of the car three heavy blows were struck him from behind. Fearing for his life he abandoned passive resistance and struck the nearest man. He was then lifted by main force, carried through the car amidst the confusion of the passengers, the women alarmed and the men striving to prevent the assault of the conductor and his aids. From the platform of the car Mr. COLEMAN was thrown broadside upon the platform of the station. He had several flesh-wounds, and was severely and permanently ruptured in the struggle.

Mr. COLEMAN sued the Railway Company for $10,000 damages in the Superior Court in Boston. The Judge charged against him upon every point, holding that the ticket was a contract; that the Company could make its own rules, and that if any of them were broken by a passenger he was a trespasser; to refuse to show the proper ticket was a trespass, and being a trespasser in the Company's car as in a private house, it had the right to remove him by force if necessary, avoiding an excess. The only question was, was there an excess of violence? The jury returned $3300 damages, and the Judge, after several weeks' delay, set aside the verdict on the ground of excessive damages. At the second trial, in the same court, the jury disagreed, being eleven for damages and one opposed; and there will be another trial at the approaching term of the court.

Mr. COLEMAN claims that a railroad ticket is not a contract, but, like a baggage-check, merely evidence of property in possession, which the holder is bound to return, or its equivalent. He insists that it is as essentially ridiculous for a company to refuse its tickets either way as for the government to issue letter stamps that would not take a letter both ways; and that a steamcar ticket must be considered to be like a horse-car or a ferry-boat ticket, good both ways. He insists that if a company of men build a cotton mill, and he owes them two dollars, and they choose to think that he intends to evade payment, and thereupon order a party of roughs to seize him and throw him about, the company of men will be dealt with by the law, and he does not see that they can take the law into their own hands because they build a railroad instead of a mill. Ought a conductor to be allowed to be judge, jury, and executioner in his own differences with passengers? The law, in fine, should be interpreted, says Mr. COLEMAN, so that the railroad shall be a convenience for the public, and not the public a convenience for the railroad.

In this case, upon the evidence there can be little doubt that excessive violence was used, and that Mr. COLEMAN is entitled to recover for the assault by blows in the car, and for the consequence of the personal defense which that assault required. As for the other questions involved, some kind of judicial interpretation is clearly desirable. Is a railroad ticket a contract? Are the rights of a railroad company in a car those of a man in his own house? Are they any other than those of a landlord in a hotel? May the landlord's clerk order a person to be thrust into the street because a reasonable question arises between them? May a railroad company make rules at pleasure, and empower a subordinate agent to interpret and enforce them at discretion? Since the Legislature limits the fare that may be charged for every mile of travel, why should it not determine the very point involved in this suit, whether between two stations upon a road a ticket should not be good either way?

This case and the experience of travelers readily suggest many similar questions, to which some final answer should be given. Railroad companies must, of course, be allowed to make rules for the management of their roads. But these rules should always be reasonable, and plainly for the public convenience. And it is to juries, not to railroad companies, that the public must look for protection against the despotism and the insolence of railway management. In bringing and contesting this action against a great railway company, Mr. COLEMAN seeks the settlement of questions in which we are all interested. It is true that the essential point might have been brought to a legal decision by his peaceful submission to ejection, *pro forma*. But those who have had differences with many of the agents of railway companies will easily understand that his conduct was not unnatural. We shall watch the trial with great interest, and keep our readers advised of its issue.

PERSONAL PROVOCATION.

THE *World*, alluding to our remark that under personal provocation it had branded some of the Ring by name as corrupt, says:

"*Harper's Weekly* is carefully unjust. We have no personal quarrel, we have had no 'personal provocation,' for we have had no dealings, with the Ring. We have neither asked, nor desired, nor had favors from the Ring, nor the Ring from the *World*. Will *Harper's Weekly* correct its misrepresentations?"

We should be very sorry to be unjust, still more to be carefully or maliciously unjust. But there may be personal provocation other than that of the kind mentioned by the *World*, nor was that the kind we had in view. We were thinking of the assertion made by the organ of the Ring that the editor of the *World* did not vote for the candidates of his party—an assertion which provoked a pointed answer, as if it were felt to be an attack quite beyond the pale of lawful political difference of opinion. It was an attempt to represent the editor of the *World* as personally a hypocrite, or a man who pretended to be a Democrat in his paper but who did not prove his Democracy at the polls. This was a personal provocation, and in repelling it the *World* branded by name certain members of the Ring as corrupt.

Of course we do not suppose that this occasioned the hostility of the *World* to the Ring. But certainly it did not diminish it, and, except for that personal provocation, we have as yet no evidence in the *World's* articles against the Ring that it would have stigmatized any of the members by name, more than the Judges, who, it says, sell justice for a price.

This may be a misconception, but it certainly is not careful injustice, which is malicious misrepresentation.

NOTES.

THE *Times*, with singular carelessness, accuses General BADEAU of making "an extraordinary mistake" in his article in "Our Relations with England," in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*. In speaking of the comments of the English papers upon the President's Message, General BADEAU quotes from the Tory journals, and the *Times* and *News*, and then from the *Spectator*, which he says, in a quotation, circulates among the class which was most unfriendly to America during the war. In making this statement, we suppose that General BADEAU asserts nothing new. The *Spectator* was certainly very friendly to us; but its readers, of whom Mr. GLADSTONE was the type, were certainly not. The *News* and the *Star* we suppose to be the only English journals that may be said to have circulated among those who were friendly to America during the war.

THERE is one very touching line in the letter which SALNAVE wrote just before his death. He was tried at three o'clock and shot at six, and a quarter of an hour was given him to arrange his affairs. He used the time in writing a letter, giving directions about various bequests. "Give to Madame ST. JUST $2000, to AGLAUE $1000, to the daughter of Mr. LAFORET $2000, to my mother $1000, to FLORA $3000; *and tell all my little sons never to meddle with the politics of the country.*" It is a strange, sad, far-away echo of CARDINAL WOLSEY'S adjuration to the young CROMWELL: "I charge thee, fling away ambition." In both cases they are the words of utterly despairing men.

EVERY honest man in the country will rejoice that Congress has abolished the wretched habit of permitting members to print, as speeches delivered upon the floor, essays which may contain the most false and indecent statements, which involve the honor of Congress as having permitted to be spoken. The occasion was the publication in the *Globe* of a speech of the repudiator MUNGEN, a member who apparently represents the worst spirit and tendency of the Democratic party, to which he belongs. Its attacks upon the President and Secretary of State, and upon Senator SUMNER, were most gross and inexcusable. Mr. MUNGEN'S subsequent defense of his printed speech, upon the floor, was hardly less offensive. We observe that the Washington correspondent of the *World*, in alluding to the subject, speaks of the motion to prohibit the publication of unspoken essays as an advertisement of MUNGEN'S speech. Would the *World* have had nothing done? Because the particular case which moved Congress to action was so outrageous, ought no action to have been taken because the case must be cited? It is not a party question, it is a matter of common decency, which the correspondence of the *World* should have condemned as swiftly and strongly as that of any Republican paper.

IN the debate upon the admission of Senator REVELS, of Mississippi, Senator NYE made some earnest and eloquent remarks upon the change in the condition of the colored population. Senator GARRETT DAVIS, of Kentucky, replied that if his friend from Nevada did not count upon the vote of that population he would not so warmly praise them; and Mr. DAVIS then produced the celebrated final argument of the Democratic party in the great debate upon equal rights, and remarked that he did not believe Senator NYE ever accompanied a black Dinah to a place of amusement. When Mr. DOUGLAS urged this masterly argument, in his famous debate with Mr. LINCOLN, in Illinois—a debate which had the double effect of electing Mr. LINCOLN to the Presidency and of showing to the country how immensely overrated Mr. DOUGLAS was—Mr. LINCOLN replied that he was so dull that he could not possibly see why a colored man should not have his rights because he himself might not wish to marry a colored woman. If Senator NYE had thought it worth while thrice to slay the slain, he would probably have answered Mr. DAVIS'S forcible plea by remarking that there were a great many white Dinahs, also, whom he would not care to accompany to a place of amusement.

A VERY valuable companion to the reader of the Bible, and of books of travel in the East, is a beautiful chromo-lithograph, made in Berlin from the design of Professor W. H. PERRINE, of Lansing, Michigan. It is "A General Landscape View of the Holy Land, or Palestine in Perspective," representing every part and point of the country in proper relation. It is done apparently with the utmost care and accuracy, and gives a vivid and very satisfactory impression of the topography of the country. It is accompanied by a very full key, and, in the Biblical studies of Sunday-school classes, it will be the most delightful interpreter; while it is well worthy general attention for the skillfulness of the design and the masterly execution.

AMONG the most entertaining of recent books is Miss MITFORD'S "Life and Letters," published by the HARPERS, full of sketches of the distinguished literary characters of the last half century in England. It is also a very touching story of the devotion of a daughter to a worthless parent. Dr. MITFORD, the father, was one of the good-natured fellows who ask only to have their own way, and who bring sorrow and ruin upon wife and children with the best intention in the world. It is only their confounded luck. Dr. MITFORD squandered his wife's fortune and another which he won in a lottery, and, while his wife was pinching and his daughter writing for bread in the country, devoted himself diligently to playing cards in town. A more worthless gentleman has not lately appeared in literature, and the reader is continually grieved by Miss MITFORD'S blind idolatry of such a reprobate. The reader, too, will be surprised to find that Miss MITFORD did so much literary work which has wholly perished. Her letters, however, which are here preserved, are much the best part of her writing; always lively, and often sparkling, with dashes of sudden enthusiasm for persons as suddenly chilled, and with a certain British propriety of tone and subdued delight in the peerage which are very amusing. With all this, however, there is a fidelity and simplicity of character, and a patient conscientious industry, which are most attractive. The book grows sober as it proceeds; but the reader's respect for the writer increases, and he turns the last pages with sad admiration.

ANOTHER pleasant book is "A Day by the Fire," a series of LEIGH HUNT'S essays collected for the first time, and, as we presume from the initials, by Mr. J. E. BABSON, who did a similar service for CHARLES LAMB about six years ago, and made the delightful volume "Eliana." The light, happy touch of LEIGH HUNT falls in this little book, published by Messrs. ROBERTS BROTHERS, as a companion of "The Seer," upon sirens and mermaids and fairies, nymphs and tritons and genii, with a miscellany of other topics, and always with the familiar dainty elegance and scholarship and blithe humor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 21.—In the Senate, a joint resolution was introduced, declaring the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by the requisite number of States. The case of Fitz John Porter came up on a resolution of Mr. Chandler calling on the President for the correspondence on the subject. The Senator made a long speech, in which he expressed the hope that the proceedings of the court-martial would not be interfered with. He was replied to by General Wilson, who favored a new trial, and the matter was finally disposed of by the withdrawal of the resolution. A resolution was agreed to that no undelivered speech should be printed in the *Globe*.—In the House, a large number of bills were introduced, among which were the following: To make it a misdemeanor to fit out ships of war constructed for a foreign power to coerce the people of a colony who are in armed insurrection; to enforce the rights of citizens to vote in the various States who have heretofore been denied the right by reason of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; to remove political disabilities in States ratifying the Fifteenth Amendment; to abolish the office of Pension Agent, and to pay pensions through postmasters; to reduce the income tax to three per cent. and exempt $2000; to increase the tax on distilled spirits $1 per gallon; and to equalize the distribution of the national banking currency. The resolution of Mr. Loughridge calling for the introduction of a bill to increase the currency $50,000,000 was adopted by a yea and nay vote of 110 to 74. The Senate bill relieving some five hundred persons in various States from political disabilities was reported from Committee, and the House bill, containing some two thousand names, was offered as an amendment. A long discussion ensued, which resulted in the adoption of the amendment, and the passage of the bill by the requisite two-thirds majority.

February 22.—In the Senate, a bill was reported to reform the Civil Service, providing for the appointment by the President of a Board of nine Commissioners to prescribe the qualifications of certain office-holders, arranging for competitive examinations, and instituting other measures of reform.—In the House, a resolution was adopted censuring Mr. Mungen, of Ohio, for inserting in a recent number of the *Globe* an undelivered speech of such a character as to amount to an abuse of the privileges and a violation of the rules of the House.

February 23.—In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Revels, the colored Senator elect from Mississippi, were presented and made the subject of a long debate on the question of their regularity. No action was taken.—In the House, four of the members elect from Mississippi took the oath of office. The case of Mr. Whittemore, charged with selling cadetship, was taken up; but at the request of General Butler and Mr. Whittemore action was deferred until the following day.

February 24.—In the Senate, the case of Mr. Revels was again debated without result. A resolution against a currency expansion was agreed to without a division.—In the House, the first business of the day was the case of Mr. Whittemore. The accused member was proceeding to reply to the charges made against him, when he was interrupted by the Speaker, who announced that copies of telegrams containing the resignation of Mr. Whittemore, together with its acceptance by the Governor of South Carolina, had been received, and it was a question whether the gentleman could be allowed to proceed, he being no longer a member of the House if his resignation was proper. A long discussion ensued upon the right of a member to resign without consent of the House. Finally it was decided that the resignation was effective; the resolution of expulsion was tabled, and a resolution of condemnation, declaring Mr. Whittemore unworthy of his seat, was unanimously adopted.

February 25.—In the Senate, the credentials of General Ames, Senator elect from Mississippi, were presented and referred. The discussion in regard to the admission of Mr. Revels was resumed and concluded, the oath was administered to him, and he took his seat.—In the House, bills were introduced to encourage the building of iron steamships, and to establish a system of national education.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

On Friday, February 25, a train on the Mississippi Central Railroad ran through a trestle bridge near Oxford, Mississippi, demolishing the baggage, express, and four passenger cars, and killing and maiming a large number of passengers. Twenty-one dead bodies were taken from the wreck. The trestle through which the train ran is forty feet high, and the accident was caused by a loose rail throwing the cars off the track after the locomotive had passed over.

On the 23d of February the President signed the bill for the admission of Mississippi to representation to Congress. Of the four Representatives who were sworn in, two had been officers in the Union army and two in the rebel service. General Barry, the Representative elect from the Third District, is absent in consequence of wounds received in an affray during the canvass.

General Reynolds, Military Governor of Texas, has officially notified General Sherman of the ratification of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution by the Legislature of that State.

In the Senate of the New York Legislature, a bill providing for the election of the Judges of the Court of Appeals and Court of Common Pleas in New York has been reported; and a bill to amend the Excise law has been passed by a small majority.

Hon. William H. Seward has returned from his long trip through Alaska, California, Mexico, and Cuba. His health has been much benefited by the journey.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Rome, several American ecclesiastics have been expelled from that city, with others, for corresponding with newspapers on subjects connected with the Œcumenical Council.

A bill to close shops on Sunday in London has been introduced in the House of Lords. It was stated in support of the bill that 10,000 shops were open on Sunday in that city. Those against it say it would deprive working-people of recreation.

Baron Von Beust, the Austrian Prime Minister, attended a banquet given on Washington's birthday by the American Minister at Vienna, and made a neat speech in English.

The ill health of Mr. Bright causes great anxiety in England.

A report having been circulated that the Emperor of France had become dissatisfied with his Ministry because of their inability to reconcile the differences in the Legislature on the question of discontinuing the system of official candidates for Deputies, it is officially represented that the Emperor has declared that his relations with his Ministers are entirely harmonious, and that he believes they have the sympathy of every honest Frenchman.

The Duke of Montpensier has published a letter denying that he is a pretender to the Spanish throne, and asserting that he desires only to be considered a Spanish citizen, and longs for a definite Constitution.

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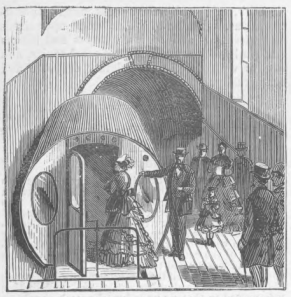

UNDER BROADWAY—A PASSENGER STATION.

UNDER BROADWAY—THE TUNNEL.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

UNDER BROADWAY—INTERIOR OF PASSENGER CAR.

UNDER BROADWAY.

THE Pneumatic Tunnel, now in process of construction under the principal thoroughfare of New York, commences in the sub-basements of the spacious marble building of DEVELIN & Co., corner of Broadway and Warren Street, and extends, at present, to a point a little below Murray Street. One of our illustrations on this page gives an interior view of the tunnel, looking south from near the entrance. It is eight feet in diameter, built of solid masonry, is dry and clean, painted white, and lighted with gas. The tunnel passes under all the gas and water pipes and sewers; but, though so far below the surface of the street, the rumbling of wheels and the tramp of horses overhead can be distinctly heard by one standing within it.

The tunnel is constructed by means of a shield, consisting of a strong cylinder, something like a barrel with both heads taken out. It is pushed forward by eighteen powerful hydraulic rams, and makes a bore of its own diameter through the sand. The loosened sand, as it falls through the rear end of the cylinder, is carried back through the tunnel in cars, and delivered upon an elevator on Warren Street, where it is raised to the pavement and carted away. As fast as the cylinder advances, the tunnel is arched with masonry. By means of this machine, which was designed by Mr. A. E. BEACH, the tunnel is pushed forward without any interruption to the business of Broadway.

Another of our illustrations shows the mouth of the tunnel and a passenger car, as seen from the station, which is a nicely-finished underground apartment 120 feet in length, lighted from the Warren Street sidewalk. Another illustration shows the interior of the passenger car, which carries eighteen passengers, has very comfortable seats, and is lighted with oxyhydrogen gas. The cars are to be propelled by the atmospheric system, consisting in driving through the tunnel a strong blast of air, which presses against the rear of the car and carries it along like a sailboat before the wind. This air current of course secures perfect ventilation within the car. The air is driven into the tunnel by means of an immense blowing engine operated by steam. Mr. JOSEPH DIXON, long known for his efforts to establish the underground railway, is the superintendent of the work.

As soon as the necessary authority can be obtained from the Legislature, it is the intention of the Company to proceed to construct a first-class underground railway, with large cars, to run from South Ferry under Broadway to Cen-

A STATE DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 164.]

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KABYLE ORANGE SELLERS, ALGERIA.

tral Park, and above that point; together with a Fourth Avenue branch to Harlem River. They will be able, when their arrangements are complete, to transport more than twenty thousand passengers per hour each way.

STATE DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

IT has always been the custom of our Presidents to give, during the winter, a series of state dinners at the White House, to which members of the Diplomatic Corps, Senators and Congressmen, members of the Cabinet, and other gentlemen of official position are invited. The table is generally spread for thirty-four guests, and, as may be seen from our illustration on page 164, is elegantly and sumptuously furnished. The flowers that form one of the principal ornamental attractions on these occasions are furnished from the conservatory of the White House.

KABYLE ORANGE SELLERS, ALGERIA.

THE picturesque figures grouped in our illustration on this page are faithful representatives of the Kabyles, a gallant people of Algeria, who call themselves by names which signify *noble* and *free*. Under the brave and intelligent leadership of ABD-EL-KADER they for a long time bade defiance to the military skill of the French marshals; but the stubborn aborigines were conquered at last, and their redoubtable leader swore fealty to France. The Kabyles, as may be perceived from our illustration, have intelligent countenances, though they have never shown any tendency to rise above their original level. Their language is so poor as to be without the conjunction, a part of speech that is very necessary if you want to construct an intelligible sentence, and they are obliged to borrow from the Arabic all words of religious or scientific significance. In the country their dwellings are of the roughest order; cabins made of the branches of trees, plastered over with mud. Their dress is coarse and scanty. As to their religion, little is known about it, for they carefully keep strangers at a distance; but, like most ignorant races, they have a prodigious veneration for their priests, who profess to work miracles. The origin of this curious race of people has never been investigated; but there is one tribe among them with blue eyes and fair hair and complexion, who are thought to be descendants of the Vandals.

The city of Algiers, where this Kabyle family are waiting for somebody to buy their oranges, rises white on the side of a steep hill, above a sapphire bay; and the summit of the hill is crowned by a citadel. Its streets are narrow and filthy; but this the French occupants are gradually amending, having actually taken down the principal mosque in order to get space for their official edifices. Many of the other mosques, which are chiefly octagonal buildings of marble, have been turned into churches. Fountains and baths are plentiful. Before the French took possession there were few shops, and still the greater part of the business is done in the bazars, quite

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in the Oriental fashion. There may you purchase silken shawls and leather slippers, enameled brooches and bracelets, curious work in opal and onyx and amber, from cross-legged merchants who might have stepped straight out of the "Arabian Nights." Sinbad the Sailor, opulent with his ivory and diamonds, Aladdin in quest of his lost lamp, are to be seen any day in the Algiers bazar. Cross the narrow street: lo, a café of a thousand columns, marble tables, gilded mirrors, Frenchmen playing dominos and drinking absinthe. You can have as good a dinner as if you were in Paris itself; and there is an opera, of course. Thus do extremes meet, where Europe's highest civilization encounters the languid, stagnant, sleepy life of Africa.

BEYOND THIS PRESENT.

"WE measure life by years and tears," he said:
"We live a little; then life leaves us dead,
And the long grass grows greenly overhead."

The years pass on, some swiftly and some slow;
Each takes a little from red summer's glow;
Each gives a little of white winter's snow.

Forever more and more they take and add;
We lose the things that used to make us glad;
We keep but those that make us slow and sad.

Hot tears well up from out the fountain heart;
We wipe them off with proud resentful start:
Alas, our pride heals not their bitter smart!

The eye is but the surface; deep and wide
Abides beneath the source of their salt tide:
The *heart* must rest ere that full flow be dried.

As on its hinges swings the door of Time,
We catch sweet glimpses of a land sublime,
Filled with the goldenness of Heaven's prime.

And One stands up; oh, fair and full in sight,
With clear true words He calls us day and night!
Help us, O God, to see and hear aright!

For if we see Him, we shall see Thee too;
And if we hear Him, He will tell us true,
And fill our hands with some blest work to do.

And then both years and tears shall surely cease:
Time to Eternity shall make increase;
And smiles shall beautify an endless peace.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

DROPPED.

SIR PATRICK made a bad breakfast. Blanche's absence fretted him, and Anne Silvester's letter puzzled him.

He read it, short as it was, a second time, and a third. If it meant any thing, it meant that the motive at the bottom of Anne's flight was to accomplish the sacrifice of herself to the happiness of Blanche. She had parted for life from his niece for his niece's sake! What did this mean? And how was it to be reconciled with Anne's position—as described to him by Mrs. Inchbare during his visit to Craig Fernie?

All Sir Patrick's ingenuity, and all Sir Patrick's experience, failed to find so much as the shadow of an answer to that question.

While he was still pondering over the letter, Arnold and the surgeon entered the breakfast-room together.

"Have you heard about Blanche?" asked Arnold, excitedly. "She is in no danger, Sir Patrick—the worst of it is over now."

The surgeon interposed before Sir Patrick could appeal to him.

"Mr. Brinkworth's interest in the young lady a little exaggerates the state of the case," he said. "I have seen her, at Lady Lundie's request; and I can assure you that there is not the slightest reason for any present alarm. Miss Lundie has had a nervous attack, which has yielded to the simplest domestic remedies. The only anxiety you need feel is connected with the management of her in the future. She is suffering from some mental distress which it is not for me, but for her friends, to alleviate and remove. If you can turn her thoughts from the painful subject—whatever it may be—on which they are dwelling now, you will do all that needs to be done." He took up a newspaper from the table, and strolled out into the garden, leaving Sir Patrick and Arnold together.

"You heard that?" said Sir Patrick.

"Is he right, do you think?" asked Arnold.

"Right? Do you suppose a man gets *his* reputation by making mistakes? You're one of the new generation, Master Arnold. You can all of you stare at a famous man; but you haven't an atom of respect for his fame. If Shakspeare came to life again, and talked of play-writing, the first pretentious nobody who sat opposite at dinner would differ with him as composedly as he might differ with you and me. Veneration is dead among us; the present age has buried it, without a stone to mark the place. So much for that! Let's get back to Blanche. I suppose you can guess what the painful subject is that's dwelling on her mind? Miss Silvester has baffled me, and baffled the Edinburgh police. Blanche discovered that we had failed last night; and Blanche received that letter this morning."

He pushed Anne's letter across the breakfast-table.

Arnold read it, and handed it back without a word. Viewed by the new light in which he saw Geoffrey's character after the quarrel on the heath, the letter conveyed but one conclusion to his mind. Geoffrey had deserted her.

"Well?" said Sir Patrick. "Do you understand what it means?"

"I understand Blanche's wretchedness when she read it."

He said no more than that. It was plain that no information which he could afford—even if he had considered himself at liberty to give it—would be of the slightest use in assisting Sir Patrick to trace Miss Silvester, under present circumstances. There was—unhappily—no temptation to induce him to break the honorable silence which he had maintained thus far. And—more unfortunately still—assuming the temptation to present itself, Arnold's capacity to resist it had never been so strong a capacity as it was now.

To the two powerful motives which had hitherto tied his tongue—respect for Anne's reputation, and reluctance to reveal to Blanche the deception which he had been compelled to practice on her at the inn—to these two motives there was now added a third. The meanness of betraying the confidence which Geoffrey had reposed in him would be doubled meanness if he proved false to his trust after Geoffrey had personally insulted him. The paltry revenge which that false friend had unhesitatingly suspected him of taking, was a revenge of which Arnold's nature was simply incapable. Never had his lips been more effectually sealed than at this moment—when his whole future depended on Sir Patrick's discovering the part that he had played in past events at Craig Fernie.

"Yes! yes!" resumed Sir Patrick, impatiently. "Blanche's distress is intelligible enough. But here is my niece apparently answerable for this unhappy woman's disappearance. Can you explain what my niece has got to do with it?"

"I! Blanche herself is completely mystified. How should *I* know?"

Answering in those terms, he spoke with perfect sincerity. Anne's vague distrust of the position in which they had innocently placed themselves at the inn had produced no corresponding effect on Arnold at the time. He had not regarded it; he had not even understood it. As a necessary result, not the faintest suspicion of the motive under which Anne was acting existed in his mind now.

Sir Patrick put the letter into his pocket-book, and abandoned all further attempt at interpreting the meaning of it in despair.

"Enough, and more than enough, of groping in the dark," he said. "One point is clear to me after what has happened up stairs this morning. We must accept the position in which Miss Silvester has placed us. I shall give up all further effort to trace her from this moment."

"Surely that will be a dreadful disappointment to Blanche, Sir Patrick?"

"I don't deny it. We must face that result."

"If you are sure there is nothing else to be done, I suppose we must."

"I am not sure of any thing of the sort, Master Arnold! There are two chances still left of throwing light on this matter, which are both of them independent of any thing that Miss Silvester can do to keep it in the dark."

"Then why not try them, Sir? It seems hard to drop Miss Silvester when she is in trouble."

"We can't help her against her own will," rejoined Sir Patrick. "And we can't run the risk, after that nervous attack this morning, of subjecting Blanche to any further suspense. I have thought of my niece's interests throughout this business—and if I now change my mind, and decline to agitate her by more experiments, ending (quite possibly) in more failures, it is because I am thinking of her interests still. I have no other motive. However numerous my weaknesses may be, ambition to distinguish myself as a detective policeman is not one of them. The case, from the police point of view, is by no means a lost case. I drop it, nevertheless, for Blanche's sake. Instead of encouraging her thoughts to dwell on this melancholy business, we must apply the remedy suggested by our medical friend."

"How is that to be done?" asked Arnold.

The sly twist of humor began to show itself in Sir Patrick's face.

"Has she nothing to think of in the future, which is a pleasanter subject of reflection than the loss of her friend?" he asked. "*You* are interested, my young gentleman, in the remedy that is to cure Blanche. *You* are one of the drugs in the moral prescription. Can you guess what it is?"

Arnold started to his feet, and brightened into a new being.

"Perhaps you object to be hurried?" said Sir Patrick.

"Object! If Blanche will only consent, I'll take her to church as soon as she comes down stairs!"

"Thank you!" said Sir Patrick, dryly. "Mr. Arnold Brinkworth, may you always be as ready to take Time by the forelock as you are now! Sit down again; and don't talk nonsense. It is just possible—if Blanche consents (as you say), and if we can hurry the lawyers—that you may be married in three weeks' or a month's time."

"What have the lawyers got to do with it?"

"My good fellow, this is not a marriage in a novel! This is the most unromantic affair of the sort that ever happened. Here are a young gentleman and a young lady, both rich people; both well matched in birth and character; one of age, and the other marrying with the full consent and approval of her guardian. What is the consequence of this purely prosaic state of things? Lawyers and settlements, of course!"

"Come into the library, Sir Patrick; and I'll soon settle the settlements! A bit of paper, and a dip of ink. 'I hereby give every blessed farthing I have got in the world to my dear Blanche.' Sign that; stick a wafer on at the side; clap your finger on the wafer; 'I deliver this as my act and deed;' and there it is—done!"

"Is it, really? You are a born legislator. You create and codify your own system all in a breath. Moses-Justinian-Mahomet, give me your arm! There is one atom of sense in what you have just said. 'Come into the library'—is a suggestion worth attending to. Do you happen, among your other superfluities, to have such a thing as a lawyer about you?"

"I have got two. One in London; and one in Edinburgh."

"We will take the nearest of the two, because we are in a hurry. Who is the Edinburgh lawyer? Pringle of Pitt Street? Couldn't be a better man. Come and write to him. You have given me your abstract of a marriage settlement with the brevity of an ancient Roman. I scorn to be outdone by an amateur lawyer. Here is *my* abstract: You are just and generous to Blanche; Blanche is just and generous to you; and you both combine to be just and generous together to your children. There is a model settlement! and there are your instructions to Pringle of Pitt Street! Can you do it by yourself? No; of course you can't. Now don't be slovenly-minded! See the points in their order as they come. You are going to be married; you state to whom; you add that I am the lady's guardian; you give the name and address of my lawyer in Edinburgh; you write your instructions plainly in the fewest words, and leave details to your legal adviser; you refer the lawyers to each other; you request that the draft settlements be prepared as speedily as possible; and you give your address at this house. There are the heads. Can't you do it now? Oh, the rising generation! Oh, the progress we are making in these enlightened modern times! There! there! you can marry Blanche, and make her happy, and increase the population—and all without knowing how to write the English language. One can only say with the learned Bevoriskius, looking out of his window at the illimitable loves of the sparrows, 'How merciful is Heaven to its creatures!' Take up the pen. I'll dictate! I'll dictate!"

Sir Patrick read the letter over, approved of it, and saw it safe in the box for the post. This done, he peremptorily forbade Arnold to speak to his niece on the subject of the marriage without his express permission. "There's somebody else's consent to be got," he said, "besides Blanche's consent and mine."

"Lady Lundie?"

"Lady Lundie. Strictly speaking, I am the only authority. But my sister-in-law is Blanche's step-mother, and she is appointed guardian in the event of my death. She has a right to be consulted—in courtesy, if not in law. Would you like to do it?"

Arnold's face fell. He looked at Sir Patrick in silent dismay.

"What! you can't even speak to such a perfectly pliable person as Lady Lundie? You may have been a very useful fellow at sea. A more helpless young man I never met with on shore. Get out with you into the garden among the other sparrows! Somebody must confront her ladyship. And if you won't—I must."

He pushed Arnold out of the library, and applied meditatively to the knob of his cane. His gayety disappeared, now that he was alone. His experience of Lady Lundie's character told him that, in attempting to win her approval to any scheme for hurrying Blanche's marriage, he was undertaking no easy task. "I suppose," mused Sir Patrick, thinking of his late brother—"I suppose poor Tom had some way of managing her. How did he do it, I wonder? If she had been the wife of a bricklayer, she is the sort of woman who would have been kept in perfect order by a vigorous and regular application of her husband's fist. But Tom wasn't a bricklayer. I wonder how Tom did it?" After a little hard thinking on this point Sir Patrick gave up the problem as beyond human solution. "It must be done," he concluded. "And my own mother-wit must help me to do it."

In that resigned frame of mind he hobbled out of the library, and knocked at the door of Lady Lundie's boudoir.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

OUTWITTED.

SIR PATRICK found his sister-in-law immersed in domestic business. Her ladyship's correspondence and visiting list; her ladyship's household bills and ledgers; her ladyship's Diary and Memorandum-book (bound in scarlet morocco); her ladyship's desk, envelope-case, match-box, and taper candlestick (all in ebony and silver); her ladyship herself, presiding over her responsibilities, and wielding her materials, equal to any calls of emergency, beautifully dressed in correct morning costume, blessed with perfect health both of the secretions and the principles; absolutely void of vice, and formidably full of virtue, presented, to every properly-constituted mind, the most imposing spectacle known to humanity—the British Matron on her throne, asking the world in general, When will you produce the like of Me?

"I am afraid I disturb you," said Sir Patrick. "I am a perfectly idle person. Shall I look in a little later?"

Lady Lundie put her hand to her head, and smiled faintly.

"A little pressure *here*, Sir Patrick. Pray sit down. Duty finds me earnest; Duty finds me cheerful; Duty finds me accessible. From a poor, weak woman, Duty must expect no more. Now what is it?" (Her ladyship consulted her scarlet memorandum-book.) "I have got it here, under its proper head, distinguished by initial letters. P.—the poor. No. H.M.—heathen missions. No. V.T.A.—Visitors to arrive. No. P.I.P.—Here it is: private interview with Patrick. Will you forgive me the little harmless familiarity of omitting your title? Thank you! You are always so good. I am quite at your service when you like to begin. If it's any thing painful, pray don't hesitate. I am quite prepared."

With that intimation her ladyship threw herself back in her chair, with her elbows on the arms, and her fingers joined at the tips, as if she was receiving a deputation. "Yes?" she said, interrogatively. Sir Patrick paid a private tribute of pity to his late brother's memory, and entered on his business.

"We won't call it a painful matter," he began. "Let us say it's a matter of domestic anxiety. Blanche—"

Lady Lundie emitted a faint scream, and put her hand over her eyes.

"*Must* you?" cried her ladyship, in a tone of touching remonstrance. "Oh, Sir Patrick, *must* you?"

"Yes. I must."

Lady Lundie's magnificent eyes looked up at that hidden court of human appeal which is lodged in the ceiling. The hidden court looked down at Lady Lundie, and saw—Duty advertising itself in the largest capital letters.

"Go on, Sir Patrick. The motto of woman is Self-sacrifice. You sha'n't see how you distress me. Go on."

Sir Patrick went on impenetrably—without betraying the slightest expression of sympathy or surprise.

"I was about to refer to the nervous attack from which Blanche has suffered this morning," he said. "May I ask whether you have been informed of the cause to which the attack is attributable?"

"There!" exclaimed Lady Lundie, with a sudden bound in her chair, and a sudden development of vocal power to correspond. "The one thing I shrank from speaking of! the cruel, cruel, cruel behavior I was prepared to pass over! And Sir Patrick hints on it! Innocently—don't let me do an injustice—innocently hints on it!"

"Hints on what, my dear Madam?"

"Blanche's conduct to me this morning. Blanche's heartless secrecy. Blanche's undutiful silence. I repeat the words: Heartless secrecy. Undutiful silence."

"Allow me for one moment, Lady Lundie—"

"Allow *me*, Sir Patrick! Heaven knows how unwilling I am to speak of it. Heaven knows that not a word of reference to it escaped *my* lips. But you leave me no choice now. As mistress of the household, as a Christian woman, as the widow of your dear brother, as a mother to this misguided girl, I must state the facts. I know you mean well; I know you wish to spare me. Quite useless! I must state the facts."

Sir Patrick bowed, and submitted. (If he had only been a bricklayer! and if Lady Lundie had not been, what her ladyship unquestionably was, the strongest person of the two!)

"Permit me to draw a veil, for your sake," said Lady Lundie, "over the horrors—I can not, with the best wish to spare you, conscientiously call them by any other name—the horrors that took place up stairs. The moment I heard that Blanche was ill I was at my post. Duty will always find me ready, Sir Patrick, to my dying day. Shocking as the whole thing was, I presided calmly over the screams and sobs of my step-daughter. I closed my ears to the profane violence of her language. I set the necessary example, as an English gentlewoman at the head of her household. It was only when I distinctly heard the name of a person, never to be mentioned again in my family circle, issue (if I may use the expression) from Blanche's lips that I began to be really alarmed. I said to my maid: 'Hopkins, this is not Hysteria. This is a possession of the devil. Fetch the chloroform.'"

Chloroform, applied in the capacity of an exorcism, was entirely new to Sir Patrick. He preserved his gravity with considerable difficulty. Lady Lundie went on:

"Hopkins is an excellent person—but Hopkins has a tongue. She met our distinguished medical guest in the corridor, and told him. He was so good as to come to the door. I was shocked to trouble him to act in his professional capacity while he was a visitor, an honored visitor, in my house. Besides, I considered it more a case for a clergyman than for a medical man. However, there was no help for it after Hopkins's tongue. I requested our eminent friend to favor us with—I think the exact scientific term is—a Prognosis. He took the purely material view which was only to be expected from a person in his profession. He prognosed—*am* I right? Did he prognose? or did he diagnose? A habit of speaking correctly is *so* important, Sir Patrick! and I should be *so* grieved to mislead you!"

"Never mind, Lady Lundie! I have heard the medical report. Don't trouble yourself to repeat it."

"Don't trouble myself to repeat it?" echoed Lady Lundie—with her dignity up in arms at the bare prospect of finding her remarks abridged. "Ah, Sir Patrick! that little constitutional impatience of yours!—Oh, dear me! how often you must have given way to it, and how often you must have regretted it, in your time!"

"My dear lady! if you wish to repeat the report, why not say so, in plain words? Don't let me hurry you. Let us have the prognosis, by all means."

Lady Lundie shook her head compassionately, and smiled with angelic sadness. "Our little besetting sins!" she said. "What slaves we are to our little besetting sins! Take a turn in the room—do!"

Any ordinary man would have lost his temper. But the law (as Sir Patrick had told his niece) has a special temper of its own. Without exhibiting the smallest irritation, Sir Patrick dex-

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trously applied his sister-in-law's blister to his sister-in-law herself.

"What an eye you have!" he said. "I *was* impatient. I *am* impatient. I am dying to know what Blanche said to you when she got better?"

The British Matron froze up into a matron of stone on the spot.

"Nothing!" answered her ladyship, with a vicious snap of her teeth, as if she had tried to bite the word before it escaped her.

"Nothing!" exclaimed Sir Patrick.

"Nothing," repeated Lady Lundie, with her most formidable emphasis of look and tone. "I applied all the remedies with my own hands; I cut her laces with my own scissors; I completely wetted her head through with cold water; I remained with her until she was quite exhausted; I took her in my arms, and folded her to my bosom; I sent every body out of the room; I said, 'Dear child, confide in me.' And how were my advances—my motherly advances—met? I have already told you. By heartless secrecy. By undutiful silence."

Sir Patrick pressed the blister a little closer to the skin. "She was probably afraid to speak," he said.

"Afraid? Oh!" cried Lady Lundie, distrusting the evidence of her own senses. "You can't have said that? I have evidently misapprehended you. You didn't really say, afraid?"

"I said she was probably afraid—"

"Stop! I can't be told to my face that I have failed to do my duty by Blanche. No, Sir Patrick! I can bear a great deal; but I can't bear that. After having been more than a mother to your dear brother's child; after having been an elder sister to Blanche; after having toiled—I say *toiled*, Sir Patrick!—to cultivate her intelligence (with the sweet lines of the poet ever present to my memory: 'Delightful task to rear the tender mind, and teach the young idea how to shoot!'); after having done all I have done—a place in the carriage only yesterday, and a visit to the most interesting relic of feudal times in Perthshire—after having sacrificed all I have sacrificed, to be told that I have behaved in such a manner to Blanche as to frighten her when I ask her to confide in me, is a little too cruel. I have a sensitive—an unduly sensitive nature, dear Sir Patrick. Forgive me for wincing when I am wounded. Forgive me for feeling it when the wound is dealt me by a person whom I revere."

Her ladyship put her handkerchief to her eyes. Any other man would have taken off the blister. Sir Patrick pressed it harder than ever.

"You quite mistake me," he replied. "I meant that Blanche was afraid to tell you the true cause of her illness. The true cause is anxiety about Miss Silvester."

Lady Lundie emitted another scream—a loud scream this time—and closed her eyes in horror.

"I can run out of the house," cried her ladyship, wildly. "I can fly to the uttermost corners of the earth; but I can *not* hear that person's name mentioned! No, Sir Patrick! not in my presence! not in my room! not while I am mistress at Windygates House!"

"I am sorry to say any thing that is disagreeable to you, Lady Lundie. But the nature of my errand here obliges me to touch—as lightly as possible—on something which has happened in your house without your knowledge."

Lady Lundie suddenly opened her eyes, and became the picture of attention. A casual observer might have supposed her ladyship to be not wholly inaccessible to the vulgar emotion of curiosity.

"A visitor came to Windygates yesterday, while we were all at lunch," proceeded Sir Patrick. "She—"

Lady Lundie seized the scarlet memorandum-book, and stopped her brother-in-law, before he could get any further. Her ladyship's next words escaped her lips spasmodically, like words let at intervals out of a trap.

"I undertake—as a woman accustomed to self-restraint, Sir Patrick—I undertake to control myself, on one condition. I won't have the name mentioned. I won't have the sex mentioned. Say, 'The Person,' if you please. 'The Person,'" continued Lady Lundie, opening her memorandum-book and taking up her pen, "committed an audacious invasion of my premises yesterday?"

Sir Patrick bowed. Her ladyship made a note—a fiercely-penned note that scratched the paper viciously—and then proceeded to examine her brother-in-law, in the capacity of witness.

"What part of my house did 'The Person' invade? Be very careful, Sir Patrick! I propose to place myself under the protection of a justice of the peace; and this is a memorandum of my statement. The library—did I understand you to say? Just so—the library."

"Add," said Sir Patrick, with another pressure on the blister, "that The Person had an interview with Blanche in the library."

Lady Lundie's pen suddenly stuck in the paper, and scattered a little shower of ink-drops all round it. "The library," repeated her ladyship, in a voice suggestive of approaching suffocation. "I undertake to control myself, Sir Patrick! Any thing missing from the library?"

"Nothing missing, Lady Lundie, but The Person herself. She—"

"No, Sir Patrick! I won't have it! In the name of my own sex, I won't have it!"

"Pray pardon me—I forgot that 'she' was a prohibited pronoun on the present occasion. The Person has written a farewell letter to Blanche, and has gone nobody knows where. The distress produced by these events is alone answerable for what has happened to Blanche this morning. If you bear that in mind—and if you remember what your own opinion is of Miss Silvester—you will understand why Blanche hesitated to admit you into her confidence."

There he waited for a reply. Lady Lundie was too deeply absorbed in completing her memorandum to be conscious of his presence in the room.

"'Carriage to be at the door at two-thirty,'" said Lady Lundie, repeating the final words of the memorandum while she wrote them. "'Inquire for the nearest justice of the peace, and place the privacy of Windygates under the protection of the law.'—I beg your pardon!" exclaimed her ladyship, becoming conscious again of Sir Patrick's presence. "Have I missed any thing particularly painful? Pray mention it if I have!"

"You have missed nothing of the slightest importance," returned Sir Patrick. "I have placed you in possession of facts which you had a right to know; and we have now only to return to our medical friend's report on Blanche's health. You were about to favor me, I think, with the Prognosis?"

"Diagnosis!" said her ladyship, spitefully. "I had forgotten at the time—I remember now. Prognosis is entirely wrong."

"I sit corrected, Lady Lundie. Diagnosis."

"You have informed me, Sir Patrick, that you were already acquainted with the Diagnosis. It is quite needless for me to repeat it now."

"I was anxious to correct my own impression, my dear lady, by comparing it with yours."

"You are very good. You are a learned man. I am only a poor ignorant woman. Your impression can not possibly require correcting by mine."

"My impression, Lady Lundie, was that our friend recommended moral, rather than medical, treatment for Blanche. If we can turn her thoughts from the painful subject on which they are now dwelling, we shall do all that is needful. Those were his own words, as I remember them. Do you confirm me?"

"Can *I* presume to dispute with *you*, Sir Patrick? You are a master of refined irony, I know. I am afraid it's all thrown away on poor me."

(The law kept its wonderful temper! The law met the most exasperating of living women with a counter-power of defensive aggravation all its own!)

"I take that as confirming me, Lady Lundie. Thank you. Now, as to the method of carrying out our friend's advice. The method seems plain. All we can do to divert Blanche's mind is to turn Blanche's attention to some other subject of reflection, less painful than the subject which occupies her now. Do you agree, so far?"

"Why place the whole responsibility on *my* shoulders?" inquired Lady Lundie.

"Out of profound deference for your opinion," answered Sir Patrick. "Strictly speaking, no doubt, any serious responsibility rests with me. I am Blanche's guardian—"

"Thank God!" cried Lady Lundie, with a perfect explosion of pious fervor.

"I hear an outburst of devout thankfulness," remarked Sir Patrick. "Am I to take it as expressing—let me say—some little doubt, on your part, as to the prospect of managing Blanche successfully, under present circumstances?"

Lady Lundie's temper began to give way again—exactly as her brother-in-law had anticipated.

"You are to take it," she said, "as expressing my conviction that I saddled myself with the charge of an incorrigibly heartless, obstinate, and perverse girl, when I undertook the care of Blanche."

"Did you say 'incorrigibly?'"

"I said 'incorrigibly.'"

"If the case is as hopeless as that, my dear Madam—as Blanche's guardian, I ought to find means to relieve you of the charge of Blanche."

"Nobody shall relieve *me* of a duty that I have once undertaken!" retorted Lady Lundie. "Not if I die at my post!"

"Suppose it was consistent with your duty," pleaded Sir Patrick, "to be relieved at your post? Suppose it was in harmony with that 'self-sacrifice' which is 'the motto of women?'"

"I don't understand you, Sir Patrick. Be so good as to explain yourself."

Sir Patrick assumed a new character—the character of a hesitating man. He cast a look of respectful inquiry at his sister-in-law, sighed, and shook his head.

"No!" he said. "It would be asking too much. Even with your high standard of duty, it would be asking too much."

"Nothing which you can ask me in the name of duty is too much."

"No! no! Let me remind you. Human nature has its limits."

"A Christian gentlewoman's sense of duty knows no limits."

"Oh, surely yes!"

"Sir Patrick! after what I have just said, your perseverance in doubting me amounts to something like an insult!"

"Don't say that! Let me put a case. Let us suppose the future interests of another person to depend on your saying, Yes—when all your own most cherished ideas and opinions urge you to say, No. Do you really mean to tell me that you could trample your own convictions under foot, if it could be shown that the purely abstract consideration of duty was involved in the sacrifice?"

"Yes!" cried Lady Lundie, mounting the pedestal of her virtue on the spot. "Yes—without a moment's hesitation!"

"I sit corrected, Lady Lundie. You embolden me to proceed. Allow me to ask (after what I have just heard)—whether it is not your duty to act on advice given for Blanche's benefit, by one of the highest medical authorities in England?"

Her ladyship admitted that it was her duty; pending a more favorable opportunity for contradicting her brother-in-law.

"Very good," pursued Sir Patrick. "Assuming that Blanche is like most other human beings, and has some prospect of happiness to contemplate, if she could only be made to see it—are we not bound to make her see it, by our moral obligation to act on the medical advice?" He cast a courteously-persuasive look at her ladyship, and paused in the most innocent manner for a reply.

If Lady Lundie had not been bent—thanks to the irritation fomented by her brother-in-law—on disputing the ground with him, inch by inch, she must have seen signs, by this time, of the snare that was being set for her. As it was, she saw nothing but the opportunity of disparaging Blanche and contradicting Sir Patrick.

"If my step-daughter had any such prospect as you describe," she answered, "I should of course say, Yes. But Blanche's is an ill-regulated mind. An ill-regulated mind has no prospect of happiness."

"Pardon me," said Sir Patrick. "Blanche *has* a prospect of happiness. In other words, Blanche has a prospect of being married. And, what is more, Arnold Brinkworth is ready to marry her as soon as the settlements can be prepared."

Lady Lundie started in her chair—turned crimson with rage—and opened her lips to speak. Sir Patrick rose to his feet, and went on before she could utter a word.

"I beg to relieve you, Lady Lundie—by means which you have just acknowledged it to be your duty to accept—of all further charge of an incorrigible girl. As Blanche's guardian, I have the honor of proposing that her marriage be advanced to a day to be hereafter named in the first fortnight of the ensuing month."

In those words he closed the trap which he had set for his sister-in-law, and waited to see what came of it.

A thoroughly spiteful woman, thoroughly roused, is capable of subordinating every other consideration to the one imperative necessity of gratifying her spite. There was but one way now of turning the tables on Sir Patrick—and Lady Lundie took it. She hated him, at that moment, so intensely, that not even the assertion of her own obstinate will promised her more than a tame satisfaction, by comparison with the priceless enjoyment of beating her brother-in-law with his own weapons.

"My dear Sir Patrick!" she said, with a little silvery laugh, "you have wasted much precious time and many eloquent words in trying to entrap me into giving my consent, when you might have had it for the asking. I think the idea of hastening Blanche's marriage an excellent one. I am charmed to transfer the charge of such a person as my step-daughter to the unfortunate young man who is willing to take her off my hands. The less he sees of Blanche's character the more satisfied I shall feel of his performing his engagement to marry her. Pray hurry the lawyers, Sir Patrick, and let it be a week sooner rather than a week later, if you wish to please Me."

Her ladyship rose in her grandest proportions, and made a courtesy which was nothing less than a triumph of polite satire in dumb show. Sir Patrick answered by a profound bow and a smile which said, eloquently, "I believe every word of that charming answer. Admirable woman—adieu!"

So the one person in the family circle, whose opposition might have forced Sir Patrick to submit to a timely delay, was silenced by adroit management of the vices of her own character. So, in despite of herself, Lady Lundie was won over to the project for hurrying the marriage of Arnold and Blanche.

A BARRICADE IN PARIS.

On the 7th of February M. ROCHEFORT, who was to preside at a political meeting in Paris, was arrested at the door of the hall, and the chair was taken by M. FLOURENS, the gentleman who tried to incite an insurrection at the funeral of VICTOR NOIR. On hearing of the arrest he rose, discharged his pistol in the air at some imaginary foe, with the words, "I rise in open insurrection, and I call upon you all to follow me!" He then seized the solitary policeman who was present, and marched him out of the hall, followed by an enthusiastic crowd of unarmed youth, ready for any thing that promised excitement. Proceeding to an omnibus dépôt, in the Rue de Paris, they upset a number of cabs, and in a few minutes formed quite a respectable barricade, which could have been held for hours by armed and determined men. But the followers of M. FLOURENS were neither armed nor determined, and, on the approach of a body of armed police, they quietly dispersed. M. FLOURENS himself slipped away in the darkness, and escaped over the border into Belgium. Perhaps sensible of having acted rather a sorry part, he has since printed in a Brussels newspaper a sort of apology for his conduct, which, however, shows up the affair in a very ridiculous light, and leaves the reader in doubt whether it was the act of a madman or a poltroon. As his account may be accepted as official, we give that part of it which describes his flight, after leaving the barricade:

There were not enough of us.

Meanwhile the whole great artery of the Faubourg was barricaded. If we had only had arms, these boys would have fought like heroes.

We go down the Faubourg again. At the moment I reached the lower barricade piercing cries were heard.

They were unarmed lads, whom the agents of the police were pursuing sword in hand. One of them, struck down by a sword blow in the back, fell four steps from me, uttering terrible cries.

Three agents rushed at me. I had no arms. I was lucky enough to parry a sword-stroke with my left arm, while I received upon my right shoulder a blow from a policeman's locust.

Braced against the wall, I was about to begin the struggle, when there came along five or six other lads, running with all their might, and chased by agents and an officer of the peace.

"Run after them, and strike them," cried the officer to his agents. This saved me. They left me there, braced against the wall.

I then continued my route without disturbance, and all alone. In a side street I met a friend, a workman, who made me go with him into his chamber.

Hardly were we within when the street was invaded by the municipal guard, horse and foot. It was a gloomy sight to see these men marching along silently in the darkness to kill their unarmed brothers and sons!

The horses at every step slipped upon the damp pavement.

Hardly had they passed than I left my friend's house.

Thanks to the darkness, I was able to go up the Faubourg again, to watch the police destroy our barricade, so courageously improvised all at once.

The cavalry came down the Rue du Faubourg again, and happily found no one to sabre. Seeing that there was nothing more to be done for the present, I followed the canal and went to the house of another friend.

At half past one in the morning all the city was completely calm.

At six o'clock in the morning, Tuesday, the 8th, a commissaire of police, followed by five agents, went to my house to arrest me; but, naturally, they did not find me.

The order of arrest issued against me is contained under the four following heads: 1st, Excitation to crimes. 2d, Arresting a commissaire of police. 3d, Excitation to revolt. 4th, Raising seditious cries.

These gentlemen of the police carried off all my papers, all my correspondence—where they will, of course, find positively nothing to compromise any body.

They took off also my copy of HUGO'S "Châtiments." All this shall not prevent justice being done.

Our illustration on page 169 represents the barricade at the moment of the approach of the police and the dispersion of the followers of M. FLOURENS.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FRIEND of ours was coming to New York from Albany, and just opposite him in the car sat a lady and her child, the latter a beautiful little girl with wonderfully bright eyes and a sweet, winsome face—the very picture, in miniature, of her mother. She attracted much attention, and won many smiles and tender glances, as she moved about the seat. An elderly gentleman, walking through the car, looked into the witching thing's eyes, and was fascinated at once. Stopping, he lovingly patted her cheek, and asked: "Won't you give me a kiss, pretty one? I like to kiss little girls." She looked at him very archly for an instant, and then propounded the rather embarrassing question: "Wouldn't you rather kiss mamma?"

THE PALE OF SOCIETY—The blondes.

A certain judge, famous for his love of good living, said to a friend one day: "We have just been dining off a superb turkey! It was excellent! Stuffed with truffles to the very throat—tender, delicate, filled with perfume! We left nothing but the bones." "How many were there of you?" asked the friend. "Two," replied the judge. "Two!" echoed the other, in astonishment. "Yes, two," repeated the judge: "the turkey and myself."

"Massa's bery sick—de doctor says he can't lib mo' dan two, tree, four days longer!" exclaimed Peter Snow, with a sad countenance. "Bery sorry for you, Pete; but de bess of massas will die, dat am a fac—dar ain't no help for dem. Wot am de particular diagosense ob his case, Peter?" "De doctor say he hab got *two-buckles* on his lungs an' *tu-more* on his stumic; den he habs a digestion ob de brain, a palpitation ob de alementry canawl, an' de hydrofogy in de kid-knees, an' sumfin' or oder am de matter in de region ob de gizzard! Oh, it am a dreffal case!"

An exchange paper says: "'Truth' is in type, but is crowded out by more important matter."

"I like to read epigrams against us women," said Mrs. Clever. "When a culprit clanks his chains you know that they are on him."

A SOCIAL GLASS TO WHICH LADIES ARE ADDICTED—The mirror.

When the long-handled collection dish was passed around in a Boston church, a little girl reached out for some of the pop-corn. She thought the deacon had a "corn-popper."

THE MOANING OF THE TIED—A husband's grumbling.

When is the most suitable time to get married?—April 1.

SOMETHING TO WEEP OVER—A bushel of onions.

An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying direction: "Swallow one every two hours."

A lady asked a pupil, at a public examination of a Sunday-school: "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

This world was formed for maid and man,
So each must find a fellow;
It hath been so since the world began,
And marigolds were yellow.

For she who wastes her Summer prime,
And coldly doth eschew it,
Shall in the Winter of her time
With vain repentance rue it.

Then, prithee say not Nay, but Yea,
While primroses are blooming;
For Spring-time will not always stay
The Winter that is coming.

A poet who is prematurely bald, excuses it in this ingenious and complimentary manner: "Baldness," he says, "is only a proof of politeness paid to the beautiful sex. Is it not the duty of a gentleman always to uncover his head in the presence of ladies?"

"Man," says the anatomist, "changes entirely every seven years." "Therefore," says Jones, "my tailor should not ask me for the bill I contracted in 1862. I am not the same person, hence I owe him nothing."

CURIOUS OMISSION.—Every Cardinal is now in Rome except the Cardinal—Virtues.

THE NEW PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play at chess with a widow. Never contradict a man who stutters. Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers. Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow." Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be in his power. Write not one letter more than you can help; the man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr, and not to the stake, but to the post.

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CROSSING BROADWAY.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

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DR. LIVINGSTONE.

WE give this week the portrait of the celebrated African traveler, Dr. LIVINGSTONE, a report of whose death by a tribe of savages is again in circulation. The report comes from Captain the Hon. EARNEST COCHRANE, commanding the British ship of war *Petrel*, on the west coast of Africa, who wrote as follows to a friend in England:

"*January 9*, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,—A few lines to tell you Dr. LIVINGSTONE has been killed and burned by the natives ninety days' journey from the Congo. He passed through a native town, and was three days on his journey when the king of the town died. The natives declared LIVINGSTONE had bewitched him, sent after him, told him he had witched their king, and he must die.—They then killed him and burned him. This news comes by a Portuguese trader traveling that way. LIVINGSTONE was on the lakes at the head of the Congo, making his way to the Congo, where he was going to come out. I believe this news to be true."

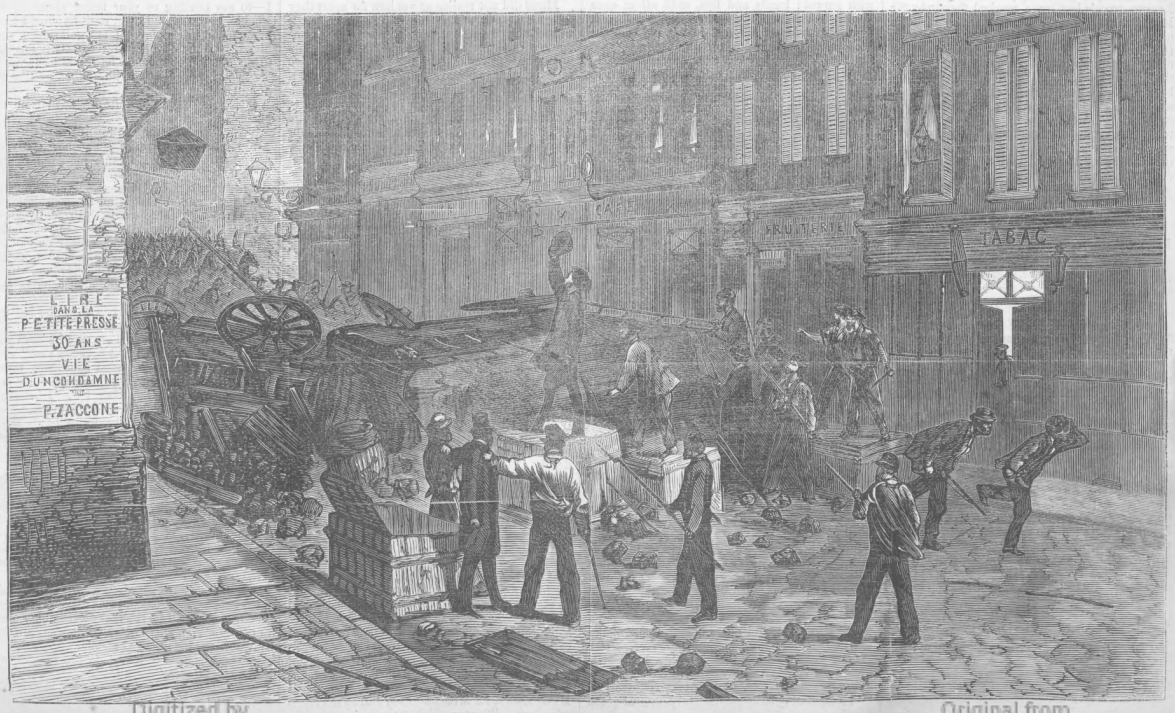
Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, who, as our readers will remember, stoutly maintained the falsity of former reports concerning Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S death, comes forward with a strong argument against the truth of the Portuguese trader's story. The grounds of his disbelief are stated as follows:

"LIVINGSTONE wrote from Ujiji on the 30th of May, 1869, to Zanzibar, requesting to be supplied with a number of boatmen and goods to enable him to proceed to the north of Lake Tanganyika, and, as he expressed it, 'to connect the sources I have discovered with the Nile of SPEKE and BAKER.' Dr. KIRK, in his dispatch to Lord CLARENDON of the 2d of October, 1869, states that he would lose no time in procuring and sending the supplies demanded. Granted that these requirements were forwarded in a week or two from that date, they could not have reached LIVINGSTONE before the middle of December, as it takes two months to communicate between Zanzibar and Ujiji. How, then, can LIVINGSTONE have had time to organize his expedition to proceed to the northern end of Tanganyika, and then round it to the as yet unknown lakes at the head of the Congo, by the date required to verify this new rumor of his death? For the death, as will be perceived, must have happened ninety days before the news reached the Portuguese settlements on the West Coast. Even on the incredible supposition that LIVINGSTONE started alone, and destitute as he then was at Ujiji, without waiting for the men and supplies he had written for, there would not have been time for him to have penetrated the totally unexplored and extensive region lying between Ujiji and the head waters of the Congo."

Sir RODERICK'S argument is further supported by a letter from the Doctor's brother, the English Consul at Fernando Po, who writes as follows to a daughter of the distinguished traveler:

"I had a note from Mr. VREDENBURG, our Commissioner at Loando, which shows that the mendacious Portuguese are not all dead yet. It was accompanied by a letter from a Portuguese traveler to the interior, who had just returned, and gives some impressions the natives got of your father when he crossed the continent in 1854, though it adds the fact, of which your father was not aware, that he had to drink the muange, and was cut to pieces by the natives, as some of the poison showed that it had taken effect on him. Poor VREDENBURG has sent this letter to the Foreign Office, as he thinks it 'leaves but little hopes of the safety of Dr. LIVINGSTONE.' As the natives told our Portuguese this yarn in June, 1868, it would appear that your father managed somehow to put all his pieces together again. I have written to VREDENBURG that the muange and cutting-to-pieces part of this yarn come out of the two calabashes of cacolla (drink made of honey). 'With much secrecy,' says VREDENBURG, 'the natives told the Portuguese that Dr. LIVINGSTONE was a great fetich man. He

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.



THE RECENT TROUBLES IN PARIS—ATTACK ON THE BARRICADES AT BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 7.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

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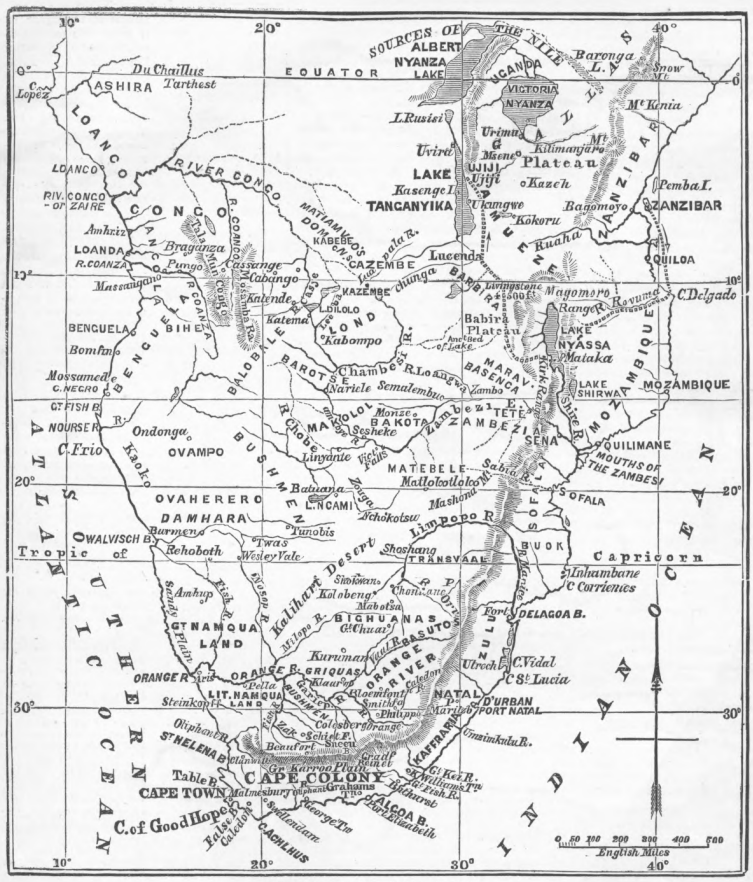

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE'S ROUTE.

talked every day with the sun—*i.e.*, observed with the sextant—never slept in a house, and had no fear of wild beasts. He had an animal in a box to which he never gave any thing to eat (chronometer), but always when he was traveling he talked to it and asked it the road—which he never asked of any one. From time to time he opened papers, and began to talk to them. He passed rivers without a canoe, and did many other wondrous things.'"

To enable our readers to understand more clearly the references to dates and distances in Sir RODERICK'S letter, we publish on this page an accurately engraved map of Africa, with Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S last route, marked therein by Sir RODERICK as far as Ujiji, where the traveler is now supposed to be. As the small scale on which this map is drawn might deceive some, it may be as well to state that Lake Tanganyika is about three hundred miles in length, and the country between that lake and the West Coast is utterly unknown, which last fact must add considerably to the difficulties of traveling, and consequently to the time required for making the journey. We sincerely trust that Sir RODERICK'S firm belief in the safety of his friend may be justified by later intelligence.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble,"

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER X.

THE MEETING.

WHEN Maud, following her conductor, reached the door of the sitting-room, she stopped the servant by a quick gesture from opening it and announcing her.

"I am expected," she said, almost in a whisper. "I will go in by myself."

She entered a large, dimly-lighted room. The furniture, always sombre, had once been also rich, but was now merely dingy. A fire burned in a low, wide grate at one end of it. On the tall, old-fashioned mantle-piece stood a couple of branch candlesticks, holding lighted wax tapers. From their position, these illumined only the upper part of the room; the rest was more or less in deep shadow. There was a large arm-chair drawn to one side of the fire-place. Its back was toward the principal door of the room. But one entering from the staircase could see the long draperies of the occupant of the chair, against which a white drooping hand was strongly relieved.

Maud stood still for a second. Not for longer than a second; for, almost immediately, she closed the door behind her; and the noise, though slight, attracted the attention of the solitary person who sat there. Maud had but an instant in which to observe her melancholy drooping attitude, when the lady turned her head, peering into the dimness of the distant part of the room, and suddenly rose and leaned with both hands on the back of her chair.

"Veronica!"

Veronica drew in her breath with a great gasp, almost like a sob, and held out her arms. In an instant Maud held her in a close embrace, kissing her and crying over her with a gush of unrestrained tears.

But Veronica stood as silent as a statue, straining the other tightly in her arms, tearless, and with ice-cold hands and lips, until all at once she pressed Maud down into the chair, and sank on to the floor at her feet in her old familiar posture, burying her face on Maud's knees.

Presently Maud spoke. "Dear Veronica, will you not get up and sit beside me? I want to see you."

Veronica raised her head.

"And I want to see *you*, Maudie. It all seems unreal. I can't believe that I am hearing your voice."

She slowly rose up from the floor, and stood bending a little over Maud, and holding her hands. Both girls were in deep mourning. Maud wore a plain merino gown, trimmed with a little crape. Veronica's rich rustling silk robe swept the ground, and was elaborately adorned with all the art of a Parisian dress-maker. Jet gleamed mysteriously here and there upon it, and its deep crape trimming was of a very different texture and quality from that which Maud wore.

Veronica fixed her eyes on Maud's face. The latter was rather pale, and her eyes bore traces of the tears they had just shed. But she was still the same Maud whom Veronica had known and loved. Her bright hair shone like a golden-tinged cloud at sunset above her black garments. There was the broad clear brow, the mobile mouth, the earnest blue eyes, unchanged in the character of their expression.

On her side, what did Maud see?

A face undeniably, strikingly beautiful; but with its chief beauties all exaggerated, as it were, in some undefinable way. Veronica's figure was a little fuller than it had been. And the tendency to heaviness about her cheeks and jaw had slightly developed itself. Her thick eyelashes were intensely—it seemed almost unnaturally—black. The semicircle of her jetty brows was defined with the hard precision of a geometrical line. Her glossy hair was pulled down in waves as accurate as those that edge a scollop-shell, so as to leave visible scarce a finger's breadth of forehead—an arrangement which at once lowered, and made ignobly sensual, the whole type and character of her face. Her cheeks and lips were tinged with a vivid red. Her once supple waist was compressed into a painfully small girdle. In a word, Artifice had laid its debasing hand on her every natural grace and beauty.

A "thing of beauty" painted, pinched, padded, yielded up to the low devices of coquetry, becomes not a "joy," but a toy, forever. And then, with the contemptible and grotesque, what tragedy is mingled, when we see a living human soul prisoned behind the doll's mask, and fluttering its maimed pinions against the base enameled falsehood. Such a soul looked out of Veronica's lustrous eyes into Maud's as they remained gazing at each other, hand in hand.

"I would ask you to forgive me, Maud," said Veronica, "but that I think you are happy."

"To forgive you, Veronica?"

"To forgive my depriving you of your fortune," said Veronica, quickly. "That is what I mean. But you never coveted wealth."

Veronica had, unconsciously to herself, acquired the habit of assuming, with complacent security, that whosoever refrained from grasping at an object, or repining at its loss, must be indifferent to it, and exempt from any combat with desire: like those savages who, modern travelers tell us, are incapable of conceiving any check to tyranny save the limit of power to tyrannize.

"Don't speak of that dreadful money!" cried Maud, impulsively. "I hate to think of it."

Veronica dropped Maud's hands, drew back, and seated herself on a low prie-dieu. There was an air of self-assertion in her nonchalant attitude, and she toyed carelessly with a magnificent diamond ring that glittered on her finger.

"Dear Veronica," said Maud, clasping her hands together as they lay on her lap, "it does indeed seem, as you say, like a dream. All that weary, weary time. Oh, my poor Veronica, if you could know how we missed you and mourned for you!"

Maud did not realize as yet how far apart they two were. Veronica's life during her absence from England was unknown to Maud. She imagined it confusedly to herself, as a time of disappointment, remorse, and sorrow. The two girls had always been very different even in childhood. But the courses of their lives had been parallel, so to speak; and as time brought to each character its natural development, they did not seem for a while to grow more widely sundered. But from the day of Veronica's flight—and doubtless for many a day previous, only that the divergence up to that point was too slight and subtle to be observed—the two lives had branched apart, and tended ever further from each other to the end. Veronica was more sensible of this than Maud. She felt instinctively that the downward-tending path she had been pursuing was not clearly conceivable to Maud. Nor, in truth, had the latter any idea of the degrading flatteries, the base suspicions, the humiliating hypocrisies, the petty ambitions, the paltry pleasures, and corroding cares, ennobled by no spark of unselfish love, which had made up the existence of the vicar's daughter.

The one had been journeying through a home-like country, which never in its dreariest parts quite lost the wide prospect of the sky, or the breath of pure air; although the former might drop chill rain, and the latter might blow roughly at times. The other had plunged into a tropical jungle; beautiful on its borders with gay birds and flowers, but within dark, stifling, and deadly.

Veronica was conscious of a shade of disappointment on once more beholding Maud. She was disappointed in herself. She had been moved and startled by the first sight of Maud; but no tears had welled up from her heart into her eyes. No deep emotion had been stirred. She felt, with a sort of unacknowledged dread, that she had grown harder than of old. She had yearned for the luxury of genuine feeling, and recalled the sweetness of impulsive affectionate moments when she had forgotten, by Maud's side, to be vain and selfish. But now the springs of pure tenderness seemed to be dry. She was uneasy until she could assert her grandeur, her success, her triumph. She wished to love Maud, and to be loved by her; but she also wished that Maud should be brought to see and to acknowledge how brilliant was her fortune, how great a lady the Princess de' Barletti would be, and how far above pity or contempt she had raised herself.

She had written perhaps too humbly to Hugh Lockwood, dashing off the note without stopping to weigh her words. If so, she must let them all see that she was no penitent to be pardoned and wept over, but a woman who had gained what she aimed at, and who understood its value.

She turned the flashing diamond round and round on her finger, as she answered slowly, "You *mourned* for me? Yet you did not answer my letter! Your mourning cost you little trouble."

"Not answer your letter! Indeed, Veronica, I did. And on my own responsibility, and at the risk of offending—at some risk. Did you never get my answer?"

The blood rushed into Veronica's face as she listened, and a suspicion of the truth crossed her mind: namely, that Maud's letter had been suppressed by Sir John Gale. But she merely said, "Never. I never heard from any one at home, although I wrote several times. If you did write," she paused and changed her phrase after a quick glance at Maud's face; "since you did write, your letter must have gone astray in some way."

"Oh, Veronica, how cruel you must have thought me! And yet—you could not, surely, think me so? You did not doubt my affection for you?"

"Oh, I alternately doubted and believed all sorts of things. Well; it is over now."

"Dear Veronica, I have been told—Hugh told me of his interview with those gentlemen to-day. And we are both unfeignedly relieved and thankful to know that—that—that your claim will be established."

"Although you lose by it! There was no doubt of the illegality of the will. Any court would have given the case in my favor. But I am not the less sensible," added Veronica, after an instant's hesitation, "of your generous forbearance. To have gone to law would have been very terrible—for every one."

"It should never have been done with my consent. Veronica, you have not asked—you have said nothing about—Uncle Charles. Did you fear to ask? He is well, thank God."

"I had heard that my father was alive and well from Mr. Frost. I hope he is also a little less obdurate against his only child than he was."

Maud was shocked by the hardness of the tone in which this was said. Veronica's manner altogether was unexpectedly chilling after the warmth of her first embrace, and the tenor of the note she had written.

"He has been very unhappy, Veronica."

"I regret it: although *my* unhappiness seems to have been indifferent to him."

"As you begged in your note that no word should be said of it to any one, we did not even tell Uncle Charles that—"

"Tell him? Is he here, in London?"

"Yes, dear. Did you not know it? Ah, I am glad you did not know it! That explains. If you had known he was here, you would have asked to see him, would you not?"

Maud's eyes were full of tears as she spoke, and she took Veronica's hand in both hers caressingly.

"Papa is here! You have been with him quite lately—to-day?"

"Yes. I left him at Gower Street. You will not be angry, dear, when I tell you that, as you had made no sign, we had resolved—Hugh and I—to say nothing to your father about all the trouble, now past and over, until he should be at home again in Shipley. I am going back with him. And then, when we were quietly together in the old house, I should have told him."

"Then papa does not know that I—that Sir John Gale is dead?"

"No; he has lived quite secluded from the chance of hearing it."

"What brought him to town?"

Maud cast her eyes down, and her voice sank as she answered: "He came for Aunt Hilda's funeral."

There was a painful silence. Even Veronica's egotism was dumb before all the considerations connected with those words. Presently Maud said, "But now you will try to see your father before we go away, will you not, dear Veronica?"

Veronica was agitated. She rose from her chair, and walked quickly about the room. Then she returned to Maud's side, and, bending over her, kissed her forehead.

"Maudie, Maudie, do you think he has any love left in his heart for me?"

"Yes, dear Veronica; I am sure he loves you. Do not let that doubt stand between you."

"No; but I had intended something different. I meant, of course, to see papa. I meant to try to see him later, after I—. I believe it will be best that I should not see him yet."

"Will that be quite right, Veronica?"

"I must act according to my own judgment, and the judgment of those who have a right to advise me."

Maud looked at her in sorrowful surprise. Veronica's tone had changed again to one of haughty coldness. And who were they who had "a right to advise" her?

"I think," said Maud, gently, "that any one would advise you to relieve your father's mind as soon as possible. Think what he has suffered!"

"I will write to papa when he gets to Shipley," returned Veronica, after a pause. "And I believe that will be the best on the sole ground of consideration for him. I do, indeed, Maudie. But now tell me about yourself."

"There is little to tell. My great good news you know already."

"Great good news? No.—Oh, stay. You mean your engagement?"

"What else should I mean?" answered Maud,

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while a bright blush came into her pale cheek, and her eyes shone, as she looked at Veronica, with bashful candor.

"Is it really such good news? He is a man of no family, and—"

"Veronica! Do you speak seriously? He comes of honest people, I am glad to say. But if he did not, he is *he*. And that is enough for me."

"You never cared about your own ancestry. But then, Mr. Lockwood is quite poor."

"Not poorer than I am," said Maud. The next instant she feared that the words might be taken as a complaint or a reproach to Veronica, and she added, quickly, "I never expected riches. I always knew that I should be poor. I had no right to look for wealth, and, as you said yourself, I do not covet it."

"No; not wealth, perhaps. But look here, Maudie; I shall come and put myself at your feet as I used to do. I can talk to you better so. It will seem like old times, won't it?"

But the gulf that divided the old times from the new was forcibly brought to Maud's mind by the fact that Lady Gale cautiously fastened the door that led into her bedroom, where her maid was sitting, lest the woman should enter the drawing-room and surprise her mistress in that undignified posture. Further, Maud observed that Veronica, by sitting on a low stool at her feet, was not compelled to meet her eyes, as she had done when they had conversed together before.

Veronica's rich draperies flowed over the dingy carpet as she placed herself on the foot-stool, with her head resting against Maud's knees. Maud timidly touched the glossy coils of hair that lay on her lap. And her pale, pure face shone above them like a white star at twilight.

"Now, Maudie," began Veronica, in a low voice, that had something constrained in its sound, "I don't want to speak of the past year. You got my letter—thanks to little Plew, poor little fellow!—although I did not get your answer. You know the contents of that letter. They expressed my genuine feeling at the time. Beyond having left Shipley without papa's knowledge, I consider that I have nothing to reproach myself with."

Maud gave a little sigh, but said nothing.

The sigh or the silence, or both, annoyed Veronica; for she proceeded, with some irritation of manner: "And I do not intend to be reproached by others. Evil and trouble came truly, but they were none of my making. I was the victim and the sufferer. I was entitled to sympathy, if ever woman was. But throughout I kept one object in view, and I have achieved it. I shall be replaced in my proper position in the world—in a position far loftier, indeed, than any one could have prophesied for me."

All this was inexpressibly painful to Maud. Instead of the trembling gratitude for deliverance from obloquy; instead of the ingenuous confession of her own faults, and the acknowledgment of undeserved good fortune, which she had expected to find in Veronica, there was a hard and hostile tone of mind that must be forever, and by the nature of it, barren of good things. Maud was very young; she had her share of the rashness in judgment that belongs to youth. But, besides that, she had a quality by no means so commonly found in the young—a single-minded candor and simplicity of soul, which led her to accept words at their standard dictionary value. She made allowance for no depreciation of currency, but credited the bank whence such notes were issued with an amount of metal exactly equivalent to that expressed by the symbol.

That Veronica, in speaking as she did, was fighting against conscience, and striving to drown the voice of self-reproach, never occurred to Maud Desmond. She was grieved and disappointed. She dared not trust herself to speak; and it was the strength of her constant, clinging affection that made Veronica's speech so painful.

Veronica continued: "You must not think that I mean to be unmindful of you, Maud, in my prosperity. I know that in a measure I may be said to have deprived you of a fortune, although, had it not been to injure and cut me to the quick, that fortune would never have been bequeathed to you."

"Veronica! I implore you not to speak of that odious money! I had no claim to it in justice, no desire for it. For Heaven's sake let us be silent on that score!"

"No," returned Veronica, raising herself a little on her elbow as she spoke, and looking up at the other girl, with cheeks that revealed a deeper flush beneath the false color that tinged them: "No, Maud, I can not consent to be silent. I have made up my mind that you shall have a handsome dowry. It should have been a really splendid one if all the money had come to me. As it is, I dare say Mr. Lockwood will be—"

Maud put her trembling hand on Veronica's lips. "Oh, pray, pray," she said, "do not speak of it! Dear Veronica, it is impossible! It can never be!"

Veronica removed her arm from Maud's knee, a dark frown knitted her brows for an instant, but almost immediately she said, lightly, as she rose from the floor: "Oh, Maudie, Maudie, what a tragedy face! Don't be childish, Maudie. I say it must be. I shall not speak to you on the subject. Mr. Lockwood will doubtless be more reasonable."

"Do not dream of it! You do not know him."

"I am not in love with him," retorted Veronica, smiling disdainfully; "but that is quite another thing!"

However, she suddenly resolved to say no more on the subject to Maud. She had another scheme in her head. She could not quite forget Hugh's old admiration for herself, and she meant to seek an interview with him. She would do no wrong to Maud, even if Hugh were to put aside for a few moments the perfectness of his allegiance. But—she would like to assert her personal influence. She wished him to bend his stiff-necked pride before the power of her beauty and the charm of her manner. And in so wishing, she declared to herself that her main object was to be generous to Maud, and to give her a marriage portion.

"Maudie, let my maid take your hat and cloak. This room is warm. We must have some tea together," she said, going toward the door of her bedchamber as she spoke.

"No, Veronica, I can not stay. And pray don't call any one. I could take off my hat and cloak myself, if need were."

"You can not stay? Oh, Maud!"

"Hugh will come for me at nine o'clock. And I promised to be ready."

"He is a bit of tyrant, then, your Hugh?"

Maud shook her head and smiled faintly.

"Do you love him very much, white owl?"

The old jesting epithet, coming thus unawares from her lips, touched a chord in Veronica's heart which had hitherto remained dumb. She burst into tears, and running to Maud, put her arms around her, and sobbed upon her neck. Maud was thankful to see those tears; but for some time neither of the girls said a word. Then Maud began to speak of Hugh: to say how good he was, how true, honest, and noble-minded, and how dearly she loved him. And then—still holding Veronica's head against her breast—she spoke of the vicar, of the folks at Shipley, and gave what news she could of all that had passed in her old home since she left it. She tried, with every innocent wile she could think of, to lead Veronica's thoughts back to the days of her childhood and girlhood, that seemed now so far, so very far away.

"I shall never see the old place again, Maudie. Never, never! But, dear white owl, I have something to tell you. I—I—how shall I begin? I found a relation in Naples: a cousin by my mother's side."

"Was she good to you? Did you like her, dear?"

"It isn't my fault, it is the fault of your stupid English language, if I was unable to convey to you at once that my relative is—is *cugino*, not *cugina*. Don't look so amazed!"

"I didn't mean to look amazed, dear Veronica."

"Well, this cousin—Cesare his name is—is a Principe de' Barletti. Barletti, you know, was mamma's name. And he is a good fellow, and very fond of me, and—I mean to marry him, by-and-by."

"To marry him?"

"Yes."

"And—and he is good, you say? and you really love him?"

"Oh yes; I—I love him, of course. And he is *devoted* to me. We do not speak of our engagement as yet; because—you do not need to be told why. But I shall assuredly be Princess de' Barletti, Maud."

Maud's mind was in such a chaos of astonishment that she could hardly speak. It all seemed incredible. But she clung to the only hopeful point she could discern, and repeated once more, "He is good, and you do really love him, Veronica?"

"I tell you there is nothing in the world he would not do for me," said Veronica, a little sharply.

Her soft mood was wearing away. Maud did not show herself sufficiently delighted; by no means sufficiently impressed. Astonished she was, truly. But not quite in the right manner.

"And—and is he in Naples now, your cousin?"

"In Naples!" still more sharply. "Certainly not. He is here."

"Oh! I did not know it. I had not heard of it, Veronica."

"I had no other male relative to whom I could look for due protection and support," said Veronica, with some bitterness.

At this moment a servant appeared, saying that Miss Desmond was waited for.

"I must go, dear. Indeed I must," said Maud, springing up. "And I have not said half that I wanted to say to you. I will write. Tell me where I can write to you."

Veronica dismissed the servant, who was lingering near the door, and bade him say that Miss Desmond would come immediately. Then she kissed and embraced Maud, and told her that a letter sent to the care of Mr. Simpson would always find her.

"God bless you, Maudie! Thank you for coming. How you hasten! Ah, this Hugh *is* a tyrant! Can not he be kept waiting for a moment?"

"Good-by, dear Veronica. Think of what I have said about Uncle Charles! If you would but try to see him before we go. God bless you. Good-by!"

Maud drew down her veil to hide her tearful eyes as she went swiftly down the staircase. Veronica stole out after her, and looking over the balusters into the lighted hall, saw Hugh Lockwood standing there; saw Maud run up to him; saw the face of protecting fondness he turned upon the girlish figure at his side; saw the quiet trustful gesture with which she laid her hand upon his arm, and they went away together. And then Veronica Lady Gale turned back into her own room, and throwing herself on her knees beside the chair that Maud had sat in, and burying her hot face in its cushions, yielded herself up to a tearless paroxysm of rage and yearning and regret. And the staid Louise was much surprised next day to find her mistress's delicate cambric handkerchief all torn and jagged—just, she declared, as though some creature had bitten it.

CROSSING BROADWAY.

CROSSING the great thoroughfare of New York in a "jam" is the severest trial to which the nerves of the rural visitor to this metropolis can be subjected. A well-known sea-captain, whose "beard has been shaken in many a tempest," once asserted that he incurred more danger in going across the city to his ship than in doubling Cape Horn. Genuine New Yorkers, however, make nothing of it. They plunge into the moving mass of horses and vehicles, and, by dint of dodging and ducking, make their way across with the utmost *nonchalance*, and without once thinking that in those twenty paces they have run more risks and had more hair-breadth escapes than many a traveler who has gone round the world. But our country cousins take a much more serious view of the case. Like the pilgrims in the hymn-book, they stand trembling on the brink of the living river that flows, in two unceasing currents, up and down Broadway, waiting for some guardian angel, in the guise of a stalwart policeman, to come and pilot them over. If young and pretty, ladies have not long to wait. It is really astonishing what a quick eye a member of the "Broadway squad" has for a pretty and well-dressed young lady who wan[illegible] his services; and how quickly the magic baton opens a safe passage for her across the street.

Our illustration on page 168 is a scene from life, and such a one as may be witnessed every day in Broadway. The characteristic gallantry of the policeman who escorts the two elegant young ladies across the street, leaving the old lady to get across as best she may, and pick up her bundles if she can, the calm remonstrance in the face of the substantial old Quaker, the glee of the disreputable street-boy at the old lady's fright, are admirably depicted by our artist.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMONG the curious celebrations of the present day may be reckoned that which was inaugurated by the friends and admirers of Miss Susan B. Anthony on the occasion of the fiftieth birthday of that public-spirited lady. The members of the Women's Bureau took charge of the affair, and a goodly number of illustrious guests assembled at their rooms in Twenty-third Street at the appointed hour of the auspicious day. Social intercourse, and a lively admiration of the gifts presented to Miss Anthony, were first on the programme. Then a sparkling poem by Miss Phœbe Cary was read. Afterward came various good things in prose and verse. Miss Anthony being loudly "called for," responded in a characteristic little speech. Intellectual treats being over, the evening terminated appropriately by what is usually considered the more "substantial" entertainment.

A lady once asked Mr. Wesley, "Supposing that you *knew* that you would die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?"

"How, madam?" he replied; "why just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach in the evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewksbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory." How few there are who so live that they could answer such a question in a similar spirit!

Among the Sandwich Mountains, New Hampshire, there is a deep glen, thickly covered with hemlock, spruce, fir, and other evergreen trees, upon whose tops the snow lodges, shutting out the fierce northern winds, as well as the light of day. This secluded spot has been found to be the winter residence of thousands of New England robins, who prefer somewhat restricted quarters at home to southern migration.

Carefully-prepared government vouchers are now being sent to pensioners by the United States Pension Agents, to enable each one to collect his own pension easily. On the receipt of the voucher, the pensioner has only to sign it according to directions, and return by mail to the agent, when a check on the United States Treasury is immediately returned. No attorney expenditures are necessary.

During the year 1869, 2799 men failed in business in the United States. These were mainly merchants, many of them the victims of circumstances not within their control. Yet a lesson may be learned from this statement: Live always within your income!

Probably there are not five hundred women in Wyoming, so that the recent bill giving women the right of suffrage in that Territory can not afford any true illustration of the results of such a law were it widely extended. But in Utah there are, perhaps, eighty thousand women, of whom twenty-five thousand, probably, would be qualified to vote; so that they might easily change the character of any election, if they chose.

Daniel Drew, the founder of Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey, proposes to enlarge the basis of that institution so as to make it a complete university. He has already expended half a million of dollars upon the Theological Department, and it is estimated that a million more will be necessary to successfully establish the literary department. If this enterprise is completed as is contemplated, the Methodist denomination will have a first-class university, the gift of one man.

Rev. Dr. Osgood, who has recently returned from Europe, gives some interesting statements regarding the expense of transit from point to point in the cities of Europe. In Rome you can ride any where in the city with a friend a single course for sixteen cents. In London you can have a cab for a mile for twenty-five cents, and for greater distances at reduced rates. In Berlin a cab for twenty minutes costs twelve cents, and for half an hour seventeen cents; luggage, twelve cents additional. In Paris a good vehicle, with two seats, is forty-five cents an hour by day, and sixty cents at night, with a few cents extra charge for baggage, and about ten per cent. less if you take the vehicle in the public street, instead of ordering it at the stable. In Switzerland you can have a man and horse, or mule, a day for two dollars or two and a half, even in places where travelers are numerous; and in Germany seventy cents, or a German dollar, is thought fair pay for an intelligent guide in the city or country. In Venice, Florence, and Rome, a dollar secures a well-informed guide. Why can not New York have similar convenient and economical arrangements both for strangers and for citizens?

Teach children to love the beautiful. Let them cultivate flowers in garden or house; allow them to have pretty pictures, and to decorate their rooms after their childish fancies; point out the fine sunrise or sunset, the beautiful lake, mountain, or meadow. Children are easily impressed, and a love of the beautiful in them will make *them* unconsciously more lovable and beautiful.

Madame De Catacazy, wife of the Russian Embassador, is reported to be a woman of remarkable beauty. Her complexion is wonderfully clear, her form "perfect," and her manners courtly and elegant. But her crowning beauty is her wealth of golden hair, which all admit to be natural in color and quantity, and which is of that rare shade about which poets and painters rave.

Napoleon III. visited Bordeaux about seventeen years ago, at which time he was received by the Préfet of the Department, a tall, powerfully-built man, beside whom the Emperor himself made but an insignificant personal appearance. Side by side they drove through the city. "Préfet," said Napoleon, "the citizens seem to regard their Préfet, and forget their Emperor." "Sire," was the courtly reply, "when a regiment is marching, the crowd is always struck with the drum-major; but it is not to be concluded they forget the general in command." This Préfet afterward became Baron Haussmann.

Not long ago a newly-married couple from the country established themselves at a fashionable hotel in one of our Western cities, for the purpose of "seeing the sights." The lady was young and pretty, the husband honest and verdant. The pair had been in the hotel some twenty-four hours, when the bridegroom walked up to the clerk and remarked: "That's my wife that stops in the room with me."

"Yes, I suppose so," was the bland reply of the clerk.

"Well, I thought I'd mention it," continued the man, "so you wouldn't think it strange in my complaining. I never like to find fault, you know; but we're kind of bothered. We've only been here since yesterday, and my wife has been invited to go to ride three times, and to go to the minstrels' shows likewise; and just now a sleek-looking chap knocked at the door and wanted to know if she was alone, and another actually inquired if that 'countryman she had on the string had gone.' I've no doubt these young men mean well enough, but they are too dogoned polite for me."

The poor fellow was assured that the "well-meaning" young men should not annoy him any further with their politeness, and he retired apparently much gratified.

Horse-meat has been used for food in Prussia for a year and a half, and it has been decided that it is wholesome. It sells for about half the price of beef and mutton. It may be merely a matter of taste, but we fancy many will continue to patronize the beef and mutton.

Madame Emile Ollivier is twenty years old, but does not appear to be more than sixteen. She recently dined at the Tuileries, and was induced in the course of conversation to relate to the Emperor the history of her marriage. It seems that for several years M. Emile Ollivier has gone to the same waters, in the Vosges, to which her family frequently resorted. The name of the celebrated deputy made some impression on the young girl, but he did not seem to think of her. For the first year he treated her as a child; in the second year it appeared as if she had grown a little; and in the third year she had attained "to the stature of his heart," and the marriage took place.

Water-proof dress goods will doubtless soon be made beautiful as well as useful. By a German invention the ordinary dull shades can be supplanted by cloths of bright colors. To effect this the fabrics are first sized with albumen, which is brushed over one side, so as to form, when dried, a proper surface for taking the colors, the succeeding processes being those of ordinary dyeing.

Liszt has a young protégé at Rome, a boy pianist, of whom Liszt predicts great things. He is the son of an Italian literary man, of some local reputation.

A singular incident is mentioned in a German newspaper as having occurred at a marriage service before the civil authorities in Algeria. The consent of the mother of the bride was required, and the official asked if she were present. A loud bass voice answered "Yes." The mayor looked up and saw a tall soldier before him. "That is well," he said; "let the mother come here—her consent and signature are necessary." To the astonishment of all present, the soldier approached the mayor with long strides, saluted in military fashion, and said, "You ask for the mother of the bride; she stands before you." "Very well, Sir," replied the mayor; "then stand back. I can take no proxy; I must see the mother—the mother, I tell you!" "And I repeat," rejoined the soldier, "that she stands before you. My name is Maria L——; I have been thirty-six years in the service; I have been through several campaigns, and obtained the rank of sergeant; here are my papers, the permission to wear uniform, and my nomination as sergeant-major." The mayor carefully examined the documents, and found them perfectly correct, and completed the marriage of the bridal pair, the mother blessing them so fervently with her deep bass voice that all present were more startled than touched.

Professor Halford, of the University of Melbourne, Australia, has found an antidote for snake poison, which has proved successful in the most critical cases. It is simply liquid ammonia injected into the veins. A small syringe with a sharp point, for the purpose of making the injection, is manufactured and sold in Melbourne, and now few travel in the country without one. Some time ago the Professor, in making experiments, allowed himself to be bitten by a snake, and nearly lost his life, because he was unable to counteract the effects of the poison. He has, however, persevered in his experiments, and now is rewarded with success.

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THE LATE ANSON BURLINGAME.

WE give on this page the portrait of Mr. ANSON BURLINGAME, Chinese Envoy to the United States and the European Powers, who died at St. Petersburg, Russia, on the 23d of February, after an illness of only four days. He was born in New Berlin, Chenango County, New York, November 14, 1822, and at the time of his death was in the forty-eighth year of his age. His youth was chiefly spent on the Western frontier. At one time he was actively engaged with surveying parties, and at another participating in the making of Indian treaties far beyond the confines of civilization. He laid the foundation of his education at the Branch University of Michigan; but, removing to Massachusetts, he entered Harvard University, where he received a degree in 1846. He afterward studied and practiced law in Boston, and married the daughter of ISAAC LIVERMORE, of Cambridge. In 1852 he was elected to the State Senate, and was a member of the Convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts. He was elected in 1854 a Representative in the XXXIVth Congress, re-elected to the XXXVth and XXXVIth, serving therein on the Committee of Foreign Affairs. In 1861 he was appointed by President LINCOLN Minister to Austria, and subsequently to China. The latter position he held until 1867, when he accepted a diplomatic appointment from China to the United States and the European Powers.

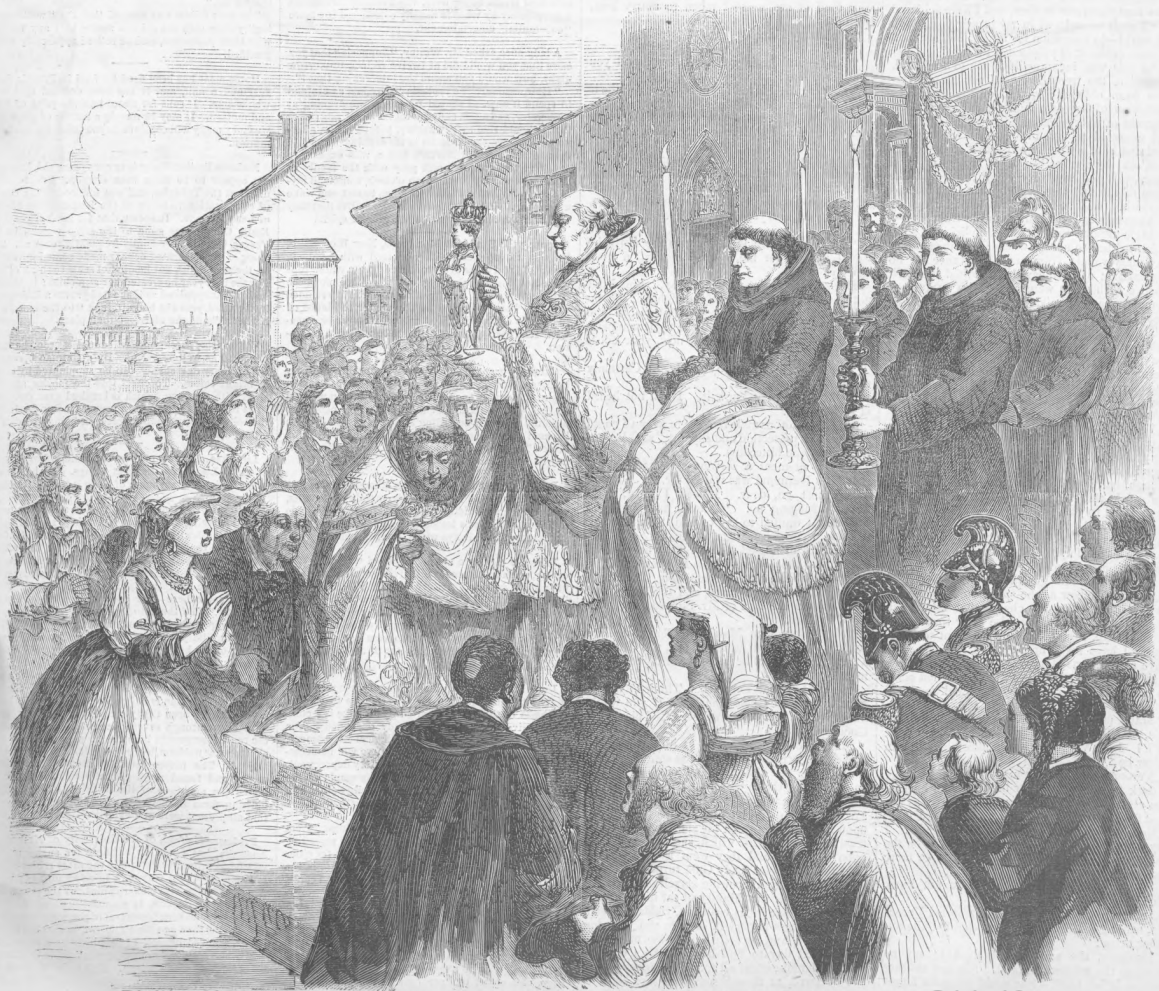
Mr. BURLINGAME first acquired a national reputation in 1856, when his scathing denunciation of PRESTON S. BROOKS for the perpetration of the assault upon Senator SUMNER drew forth a challenge from BROOKS, which he promptly accepted, proposing to go to Canada and fight it out over the border with rifles. Mr. BROOKS refused to accept these conditions, on the plea that he apprehended violence in making the trip through the Northern States; and both parties were arrested by the authorities. The affair created great excitement at the time, and Mr. BURLINGAME was the hero of the hour at the North.

Toward the close of the year 1867 Mr. BURLINGAME undertook a mission from China to the rest of the civilized world; and in March of the following year he arrived in this country with the Chinese embassy, and was every where enthusiastically received. Here he negotiated additional articles to the treaty of 1858 between the United States and China; and in the autumn of the same year he went with the embassy to Europe. He and his associates were at first received with a great deal of ridicule by the English press, as having no definite mission to perform; but he succeeded in establishing a much more friendly understanding between the two governments of Britain and China than previously existed; and before his departure from England the tone of hostile criticism was exchanged for that of warm eulogy and appreciation. Subsequently the mission visited France and Prussia, and a short time since went to St. Petersburg. There Mr. BURLINGAME took a severe cold, which settled into congestion of the lungs, and resulted in his death. His decease is undoubtedly a serious loss, not to China alone, but to other countries with whom he was bringing that vast empire into close relations.

THE LATE ANSON BURLINGAME.

READING THE COUNCIL DECREES.

OUR illustration on page 173 represents the Secretary of the Œcumenical Council in the act of formally reading out the decrees of the Council at a plenary session in the Council Hall. This hall is situated in the north transept of St. Peter's Cathedral, having an altar erected at one end of it, and a throne for the Pope at the other end. Another and lower seat for the Pope, to be occupied by him during his attendance with the Council at mass, is placed a little in front of the altar. This seat is partly shown to the left hand in our engraving, which looks directly across the hall, toward the benches of the bishops and toward the gallery of the foreign embassadors and ladies, immediately above the bishops, so that the altar, farther to the right hand, is not seen from this point of view, within the compass of the artist's sketch. The most conspicuous object here at this moment is a portable wooden pulpit, which is brought into the Council Hall upon certain occasions, for the solemn promulgation of its transactions. The Pope, though not visible in our engraving, must be supposed to be present on his throne, far to the left hand, and the Secretary of the Council turns his face toward the Pope while reading the decrees. All the prelates of the Council wear their mitres upon this occasion, being in the exercise of their deliberative and legislative authority; but their mitres are laid aside, of course, when engaged in religious worship. The splendidly-attired Church dignitary to the left, with a gorgeous stole hanging over his shoulders in front and behind, and with an expanding, dome-shaped head-dress, surmounted by a jeweled cross, is one of the Oriental bishops.



THE BAMBINO, OR CHRIST-CHILD, OF THE ARA CŒLI.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

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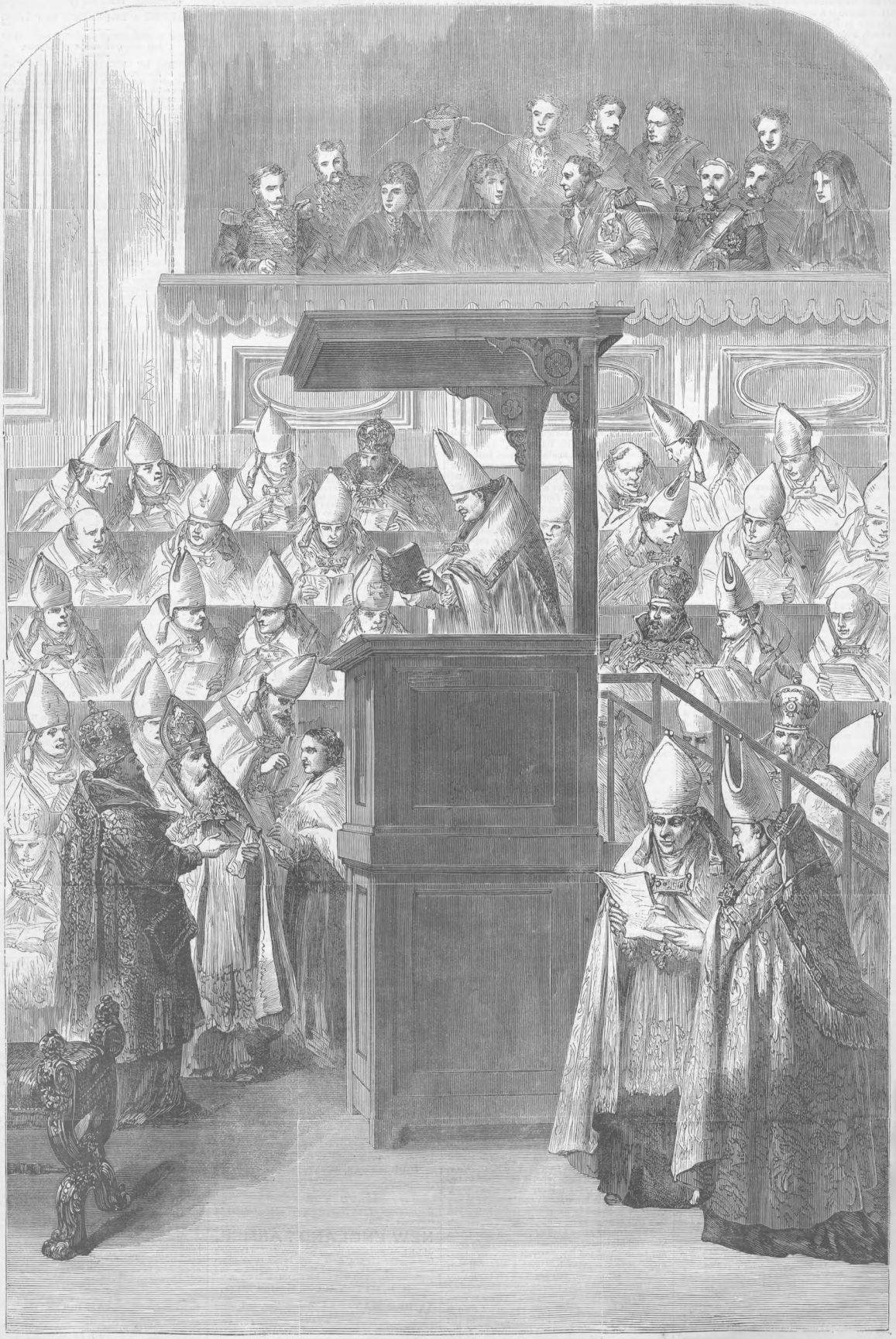

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL—READING THE DECREES.—[SEE PAGE 172.]

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THE BAMBINO OF THE ARA CŒLI.

ONE of the most popular of the Christmas festivals at Rome is a representation of the interior of the inn at Bethlehem in the church of the Ara Cœli, which stands on the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and is dedicated to the Virgin. Its repute is owing to a very sacred image of the infant Saviour which belongs to the church. This is placed upon the lap of the Mother, amidst a group of other figures, in a small chapel which is kept for this representation, and is only opened at Christmas. The figures are as large as life. The shepherds are standing round in attitudes of adoration; there is a donkey and a cow, to give the scene the aspect of a stable; and beyond is a distant view, with small figures, and the towers and houses of the town. In the upper part there are clouds, formed of painted canvas, with the heavenly choir singing and performing on instruments, and a figure of the Deity high above all. There is a curious custom in this church which lasts till the Epiphany, and which brings a crowd of people every day. A stage is erected in front of the representation of the Divine advent, and a number of children, principally little girls, appear and recite various pieces. Some are a kind of sermon, others are in the form of an address to the Infant; some are orations of praise, others are dialogues, in which two children are on the stage reciting at once; and there are some of these performances which may be called dramas, and which are supposed to be a sort of remnant of the old mysteries, or sacred plays. The children seem to do this with great ease and confidence, as if they were quite used to it, and in some cases the performance is very beautiful, so that murmurs of applause are heard when any one has done well. On the Epiphany, which is the last day, three new figures are introduced into the group at Bethlehem. These are the three kings from the East; and a star is placed over the group, to tell that it was by its guidance they found out the sacred spot. Being a holyday the crowd increases; the candidates for the platform are many; and sometimes there is a second platform with a second set of performers. The whole ceremony closes with a grand procession of priests and Franciscan monks, to whom belong the church and the bambino, or image of the infant Christ. The sacred image is brought out to the front of the church, and is held up to bless the people, as shown in our illustration on page 172. The church is on the highest point of the Capitol, and has a very long stair of 124 marble steps. These steps were covered with a dense mass of people; the street below and the way up to the Capitol were also filled with the crowd. The windows of the houses were filled with spectators, colored drapery was hung out for the festa, and over all this on the top of the great stair the bambino was held up. This festival is called "the Presepe." The image itself is covered with the costly jewelry which it has received at times for cures which it performs; for it is taken out to sick persons, and it has a larger practice, and receives more fees, than the best doctor in Rome. The tradition is that a pilgrim carved it from a piece of a tree from the Mount of Olives, and that he fell asleep, and that St. LUKE finished his work by painting it.

TWO NATIONAL SONGS.

THE English national anthem of God Save the Queen—which was first publicly heard in 1745, after the defeat of Prince Charles on the fatal field of Culloden—was originally a Jacobite song, which it was dangerous to sing within hearing of the authorities. When the Jacobites spoke or sang of "the king," they meant "the king over the water;" and the words still sung, "*Send* him victorious," imply clearly that the king intended was not the one who was already in England, but the one far away, to whom the singers were loyal in his evil fortunes. A great deal of controversy has arisen as to the authorship alike of the words and music; but no satisfactory clew has been discovered for the elucidation of either mystery. If a prize had been offered for a national anthem, expressive of patriotic as well as dynastic loyalty, no competent critics would have awarded it to the author of the words, whomsoever he may have been. Yet this song, which grew rather than was made, is the richest literary jewel in the British crown, and may fairly claim to have been of more value to the House of Hanover than any standing army.

God save the King, as originally sung at Drury Lane Theatre, shortly after the news arrived in London that the last hopes of the young Pretender had been crushed at Culloden, consisted of nine stanzas, or six in addition to the three which are now familiar to all of us. These three are the genuine Jacobite song, without the alteration of a word. The remaining six were strictly Hanoverian and Whiggish, and have long since gone to the limbo that is reserved for all literary rubbish. A specimen verse will suffice to show alike its quality and its temporary purpose:

"Confound tall Jemmy's plot,
Pope, French, and Spanish knot,
Confound them all:
Villains notorious,
Their fears inglorious,
Never shall conquer us,
Confound them all."

It was a fortunate accident, if it were not a profound piece of policy, by which the present royal house took possession of the song of their enemies, and turned to their own glory that which was intended for their shame.

The origin of Yankee Doodle is about as mysterious. Nobody knows its authorship, but almost every body knows its value to the American people, and how well the air expresses their buoyant and aggressive spirit of nationality. The words, "Yankee Doodle" or "Dandy," according to some etymologists, seem to have been originally employed as a term of contempt by the English toward the Americans, in the days immediately preceding the Great Revolution, which culminated in the independence of the United States. Others, again, claim that the words are a corruption of an old Irish song, called "Nunkie," or Uncle Doodle, written in derision of Oliver Cromwell, when he was carrying fire and sword through that unhappy country; while a third set of men, claiming to be learned in derivations, assert, on the authority of O'Brien, the historian of the Round Towers of Ireland, that Yankee Doodle is a perversion of two Persian words, "Yanki Dooniah," signifying the "New World." It seems, on the authority of the late Mr. T. Moncrieff, the author of "Tom and Jerry," and countless other farces and plays, who made it his pleasure in the closing years of his life, when afflicted with blindness, to investigate the history and origin of old tunes, that the air was composed for the drum and fife, about the middle of the eighteenth century, by the fife-major of the Grenadier Guards. The air was not intended for a song, but for a march, and it was long after it had become familiar to the ears of the people in towns where British regiments were stationed that words became associated with it. "Probably," says Mr. Moncrieff, "the first person who brought about the alliance between the air and the rhymes was a nurse-maid—fond of military display, as the nurse-maids of a hundred and twenty years ago were as well as those of our own day."

"Yankee Doodle came to town
On a Kentish pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called him Maccaroni."

The word "Maccaroni" in this well-known nursery ditty suggests the period of the composition to have been between 1750 and 1770, or thereabouts, when, according to Grose, in his "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," there was a club in London called "The Maccaroni," composed of gentlemen who had made the grand tour, and were fond of Italian cookery. These gentlemen were the "swells" of the period, and prided themselves on the fashion and elegance of their dress. Hence a person foppishly dressed and in the extreme of the fashion was called a "Maccaroni." The story of the adoption of the air by the Americans has been told in various ways. The British soldiers in America had, it appears, a song to this tune during the war of Independence, of which the following stanzas—very poor doggerel indeed—are specimens:

"There was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.

"And then the feathers in his cap,
They looked so tarnal fine-a;
I wanted peskily to get
And give 'em to Jemima."

When the British troops under the Marquis of Cornwallis were defeated by the Americans, and on their surrender were allowed to retire through the American lines, with their arms reversed, the Americans, in unconscious imitation of the tactics of the House of Hanover, borrowed a tune from their foes, and struck up Yankee Doodle, as a taunt in the hour of victory; and made it national, then and for evermore.

AMUSEMENTS.

WHAT is amusement? Rothschild said to Fowell Buxton, "I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes—it is very amusing." The navigator, when asked why he allowed his wife to beat him, answered, "It amuses her and doesn't hurt me." Thackeray heads the chapter in which Pendennis makes Pendennis-love to poor, affectionate Fanny, "Monseigneur s'amuse." Ivan the Terrible found it amusing to go and see his prisoners tortured before breakfast. Spinoza used to laugh till he cried at spiders fighting. Mr. Freeman is surprised that cultivated gentlemen can be amused with hunting the fox, and Mr. Trollope is surprised at Mr. Freeman's wonder. Froissart, long ago, was puzzled to observe that the English amused themselves "moult tristement." The Oriental satrap was astonished that Westerns should find the dance amusing, and observed that he kept slaves to do his dancing. Some think it an amusement to sit for hours "puffing smoke from vacancy into vacancy." Nothing is more amusing to the vulgar than to see a pig-faced lady or a two-headed baby, or a horrible contortionist—

"Dreadful, with his head appearing
In the middle of his thighs"—

a sight which makes cultivated people in general sick, if only with its utter irrationality: why should a man stick his head between his thighs? It is not to the purpose to ask, What does it prove? but still every thing of the kind ought to have some sort of sense in it; and it is safe to affirm that the man who can with relish watch another man tie himself up in a knot, or ride a velocipede along a tight rope, is not likely to be, for example, a great thinker or a great poet. Mr. Carlyle, we know, went to the opera once; but it only ended in his comparing a ballet girl to a pair of scissors on the stretch. Yet, though there is usually some kind of relation between a man and his choice of amusements, the rule must not be strained too far. "Tell me your pleasures," says the proverb, "and I will tell you what manner of man you are." This is all very well, but from the fact that Spinoza was fond of seeing spiders fight, it would not be easy to conclude that he was a pantheist, any more than it would be easy to draw any inference as to the character of Dando from his immense partiality for oysters. Of course, there are inferences to be drawn in some cases. For example, we may infer that Paley must have been either a very stupid or a very meditative man, when we learn that he was passionately fond of angling—especially when it is added that he never caught any thing. But meditativeness does not come to much—the question is, What do you meditate upon? Milton was a meditative man, but we have no proof that he ever went fishing. Again, Paley was fond of cards; and what does *that* lead up to? It is as irrelevant as the fact that he used to go without stockings. Nor must it be forgotten that there are heaps of people who never have any amusements. Adam Smith was fond of nibbling lump-sugar on the sly; but that was hardly what you call an amusement, and, if it was, it had nothing to do with the "Wealth of Nations." We may safely infer that a man who is fond of athletic and open-air amusements is, on the whole, healthy; that a man who is fond of artistic amusements has a fine temperament; and that a man who is fond of chess is capable of much mental concentration; but human nature is so full of cranks and crazes and small anomalies, that it is only within a limited range of relations that conclusions of this kind can be drawn.

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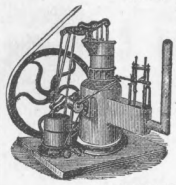

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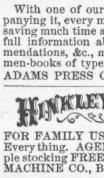

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XVth AMENDMENT.—"*Shoo Fly, don't Bodder me!*"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 690.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

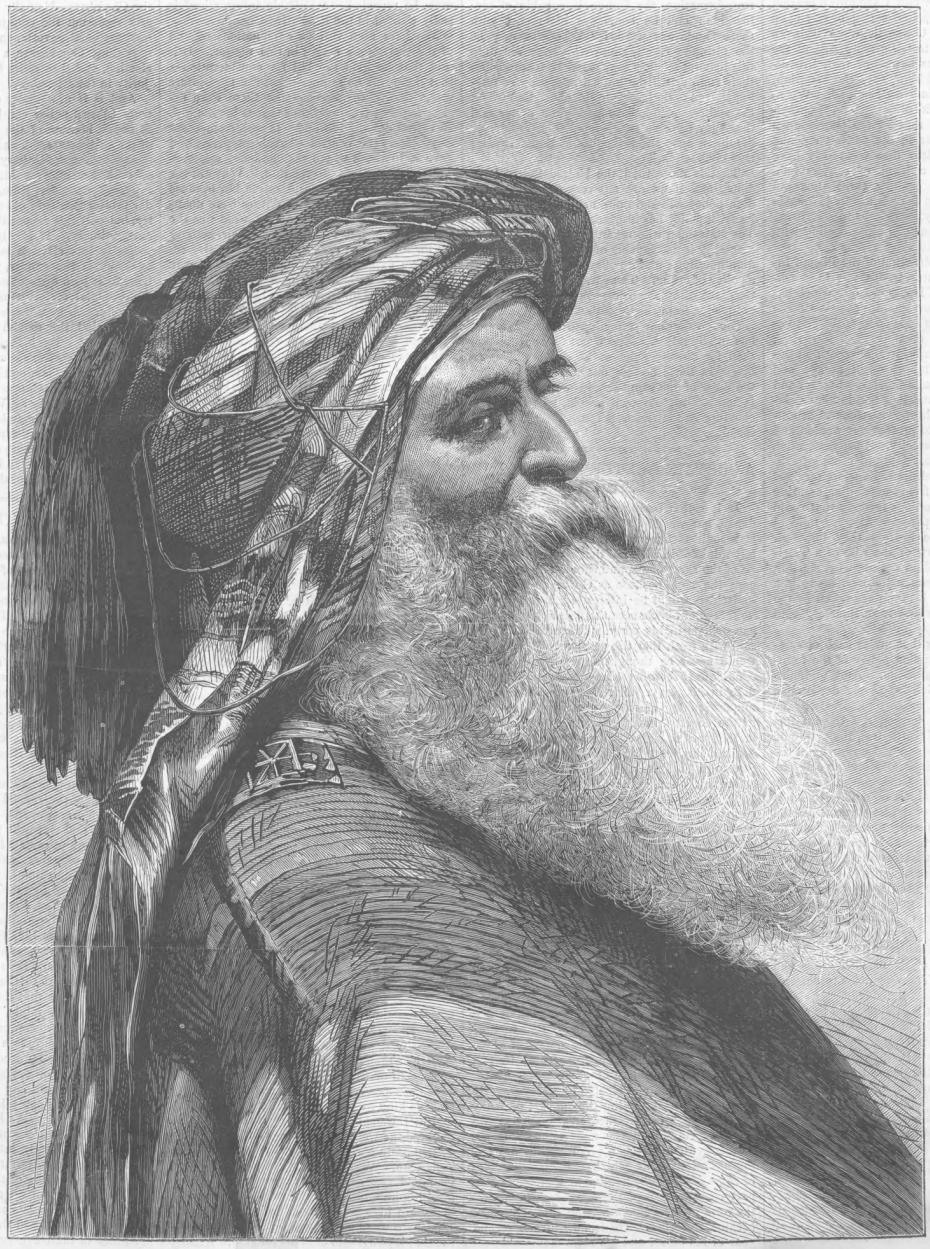
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE SHEIKH.

IT was the opinion of Baron LARREY, the celebrated French military surgeon, that ADAM and EVE were Arabs. He pronounced the Arab skull to be the most perfect type of the human head, and affirmed the intellectual traits of these children of the desert to be equal to their finely-developed physical organization. Their external senses are exquisitely acute and remarkably perfect; their sight is extensive in its range: they hear at very great distances; and they are capable of distinguishing the most subtle odors. But the Baron does not decide whether the perfect organization of the Arab arises from the desert climate or from the early cultivation of the higher faculties. "Sharp features, lean active figures, keen, animated, and restless eyes," says that great ethnologist, Dr. PRITCHARD, "mark the Arab. Men not unlike MOHAMMED are often met with among the Sheikhs. Often you see Bedouins with long, thin, almost fleshless faces, and large and finely formed features, which, half covered by the folds of their white head-dresses, look somewhat sad and ghastly." "The Bedouin's dark orbs," says Mr. KINGLAKE, "roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes. His countenance shows painful thought and long-suffering—the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams, and cries more painful to the ear than the most excruciating fine music that I ever endured."

The true Bedouin has an aquiline nose, a receding mouth and chin, deep-set, bright dark eyes, large and ardent.—He is agile and spare, with little muscle, but active and vigorous; his limbs are small, his hands sometimes of almost feminine delicacy.—The Bedouin's hair is almost always of a deep black, and very bushy; the expression of their physiognomy is stern and severe. The Arabs high up the Nile, beyond Dongola, are black as negroes; while in the mountains on the west of Yemen, BRUCE reports them as often having red hair and blue eyes. NIEBUHR describes the mountain women as very pretty, but Eöthen found the nomad maidens plain, haggard, and clumsy, without religion, and addicted to tobacco. Hospitable the Arabs are, and when they have them they will share with all who come beneath their tent-roof their camels' milk, curds, and bread.

The picture from which our engraving of the old, white-bearded shiekh is taken is by Mr. CARL HAAG, one of the best of modern English artists in water-color. It has a venerable, patriarchal appearance, and seems to justify Baron LARREY's opinion of the intellectual capacities of the Arab race.



THE SHEIKH.—[FROM A PAINTING BY CARL HAAG.]

WHENCE COME METEORITES?

IN examining a mass of meteoric iron found in the Cordillera of Deesa (Chili), M. Stanislas Meunier, of the Museum of Natural History in Paris, has discovered evidences of an unexpected relationship between this iron and two meteorites fallen at a great distance from Chili, viz., a mass of iron found at Caille (Alpes Maritimes), and a stone which fell at Sétif (Algeria), June 9, 1867.

The meteorite of Deesa is a mixture of these two rocks; it is composed of iron which is identical with that of Caille, injected in a sort of fusion into a stone which is identical with that of Sétif. The iron of Deesa is thus evidently an eruptive rock, and it is the first hitherto observed among meteorites. Besides this, it is asserted that the iron resembling that found at Caille, and the stone resembling that of Sétif, have been mutually connected by stratification upon an unknown globe, and it is the first time that such a connection has been materially demonstrated.

M. Meunier remarks that the meteorites which now arrive upon the earth are not of the same mineralogical nature as those which fell in past ages. Formerly iron fell; now stones fall. During the last 118 years there have been in Europe but three falls of iron, whereas there have been, annually, on an average, three falls of stones. The greater number of meteoric irons which exist in the Paris collection have fallen on the earth at undetermined epochs; all the meteoric stones are of comparative recent date. Perhaps we are even justified in saying that stones of a new kind are beginning to arrive, for falls of *carbonaceous meteorites* were unknown before the year 1803, and four have been observed since then.

From this assemblage of facts M. Stanislas Meunier concludes that meteorites are the fragments of one or more heavenly bodies which, at a period relatively recent (for these waifs are never found except in superficial strata), revolved round the earth, or perhaps round the moon.—Having in the course of ages lost their own proper heat, and become penetrated by the cold of space, they have arrived, much sooner than the moon, by reason of their inferior volume, at the last term of the molecular actions which are operating upon our satellite, and which are rendered evident to our eyes by the enormous crevices, the deep fissures, with which it is furrowed. Split in all directions,

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they have fallen to ruin, and their fragments remaining scattered along the orbit, so as to form a circle more or less complete, have at the same time become arranged, according to their density, in zones concentric with the focus of attraction, toward which they are constantly impelled by the resistance of the ethereal medium through which they move. The masses nearest to the centre, and which were principally composed of iron, were the first to fall; afterward came the stones, in which period we now are. Hereafter, perhaps, will arrive meteorites analogous to our crystallized formations, and perhaps even to our stratified beds.

Thus meteorites, the veritable products of demolition, represent, according to M. Meunier, the last period of the evolution of planetary bodies. The incandescent orb, the sun, figures at the present day in our system as the sole representative of the primitive state through which the earth, and all the other bodies which revolve around it, have passed; the moon representing the future which awaits the terrestrial sphere, now in all the plenitude of life; and, finally, meteorites show us what becomes of the dead stars, how they are decomposed, and how their materials return into the vortex of life.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870.

OUR INDIAN POLICY OF EXTERMINATION.

ON the 24th of May, 1637, before dawn, Captains MASON and UNDERHILL prayed, broke camp, and surprised a Pequot fort upon the Mystic River in Connecticut. Within an hour it was burned to the ground, and of the four hundred Indians not more than five escaped. This fearful blow, says the historian, secured civilization in New England. WILLIAM PENN secured it differently in Pennsylvania. But without refining too closely upon the necessities of war in the earliest colonial times, is it not evident that what may have been necessary for a band of settlers in a strange and savage country three thousand miles from their own land is hardly justifiable two hundred and fifty years later in a civilized nation of forty millions of people dealing with some thousands of skulking savages?

Yet the recent destruction of the Piegan Indians by United States troops was in pursuance of that policy of Indian warfare which has undoubtedly the general approval. We mean that it is the common opinion that the Indians are a treacherous, cruel, remorseless race, wretched human vermin, who observe no rules of honorable war, and who will ravage and murder the innocent and helpless wherever and whenever they can, and that nothing but striking them "where it hurts," as General SHERIDAN says, will tend to protect our women and children from their ferocity. Last year, when we had spoken deprecatingly of some government severities toward the Indians, we received an indignant protest from the frontier, assuring us that the most ingenious tortures that could be devised for their punishment were mild in comparison with the horrors they inflicted. And recently we knew of the wife of a Territorial judge in an Indian region, who, starting with her husband upon a journey, made him promise to shoot her if they were taken by the Indians. "And I would have done it," said the judge, quietly.

It is not surprising that under such circumstances the popular Indian policy of the frontier should be extermination. And, undoubtedly, the feeling which led to the destruction of the Piegans was, at bottom, precisely the same as that which burned the Pequot fort upon the Mystic. Nevertheless, the policy of extermination is inhuman and unworthy of the United States; and it is also enormously expensive. It costs the Government, says Mr. PHILLIPS, about a million of dollars to kill a single Indian. Moreover, what must be the moral effect upon an army and its officers of such a system of warfare? In the Middle Age chronicles we read that captured cities were given up to the license of the soldiery for several days. And one such little sentence appalls the imagination quite as much as the most harrowing stories of Indian enormities.

No exposed family upon the frontier need suppose that we are indifferent to its situation, nor to the question of its most vigorous and successful defense. The very point to determine is how it can be best defended.

General PARKER, the Indian agent or superintendent, himself of Indian descent, does not approve the policy of extermination. President GRANT does not approve it. The country, which gives but a languid attention to the subject, and is willing to believe any crime of savages, must yet observe that the Indian question is by no means settled by the present policy; the exposed families are not defended; and, if it inquires, it will discover that in Canada Indian wars are unknown, and that the Indian policy of that country is radically different from ours. One of the most valuable and interesting documents laid before Congress during its present session is the Report upon the Management of the Indians in British North America by the British Government, by Mr. F. N. BLAKE, United States Consul at Hamilton, Ontario. According to the census of 1868 there were more than 20,000 Indians in the Dominion of Canada, and the effort of the Government is directed to their incorporation with the rest of the inhabitants as citizens. The British policy aims to place the Indians under the protection of the law of the land. Our plan is to keep them aliens, and to make treaties with them as foreign people living upon our own domain. The result in the first case is unbroken peace; in the second, endless war.

The British act of 1869 for the management of Indian affairs recognizes, indeed, to a certain degree, the existence and the authority of tribes, and provides a Superintendent-General of Indian affairs. The chiefs are elected under his supervision, and certain local duties are laid upon them. But the culmination of the system is that, on the report of the Superintendent, the Governor-General in council may issue letters of enfranchisement to any Indian by which he may acquire the fee of land, and all legal distinctions between him and other subjects cease. But Mr. BLAKE is of opinion that the better plan for the Indian is not in this manner to separate the best men from the communities, but to divide the land question from enfranchisement, and to give ordinary political rights to the most thrifty and intelligent without tempting them to desert their communities. Mr. BLAKE adds, that careful study of the subject brings him to the conclusion of the Canadian Commissioners in 1858, that, although there can be no sudden transformation, the Indian is capable of civilization; and he concludes his report with these significant words: "Whatever may be the ultimate result, those who have aided in this honorable effort may safely be assured that their country will be known in history as having striven to do justice to the aborigines whom the white man found in possession of it; and that they have so far founded their empire or dominion upon the principles of humanity and true civilization."

That is more than the United States have done; and if we are not very careful our Indian policy will stain our name as indelibly as its Irish policy has disgraced England hitherto. The statesman who regards humanity as sentimentality is not capable of dealing with the Indian question; and a policy of extermination is a policy of crime. The savages of the plains—the Sioux, the Camanches—may be a very different people from the Canadian Indians. But it is enough that our policy toward them hitherto has totally failed. And if not for the Indians, then for ourselves, let us ascertain who is to blame in these endless quarrels, and whether the force of the army should not rather be directed against our own people, whose endless cheating and lawlessness rouse their victims to revenge.

A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN AND THE PRESIDENCY.

IT is rather early to talk of the next Presidency, but we suppose that Governor HOFFMAN could mention a gentleman who occasionally thinks of it. And if that gentleman should be of the same name, and should happen to occupy the same position as Governor HOFFMAN himself, it would be interesting to know what he thinks of his chances as affected by the present quarrel in his party. It can certainly be said with truth that the gentleman in question would never be thought of as a Presidential candidate if there were any conspicuous candidate in his party. Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR is unquestionably the most prominent Democrat in the country, but his rejection by the people in 1868 was so signal that he is not likely to be again a candidate for the Presidency. If Mr. SEYMOUR had had the insight of a patriotic statesman when he was elected Governor in 1862, he might have commanded a very different subsequent career. But his political life is probably ended, unless he should take an active part in a Presidential election resulting favorably to his party, when, if the successful candidate were not from New York, Mr. SEYMOUR would undoubtedly be made Secretary of State.

Governor HOFFMAN probably hopes that the candidate may be from New York, and may be successful, although modesty might forbid him to mention who the candidate should be. But has the gentleman whom the Governor has in mind for the Presidency made any mark upon his party in the country, and is his position in the party in his own State as commanding as it is officially prominent? He was Recorder of New York, and sentenced the rioters of 1863. Then the Tammany Ring, conscious that it must have a candidate of respectable antecedents, nominated and elected him Mayor. He was re-elected, receiving the support of many Republicans, to secure the defeat of FERNANDO WOOD. As Mayor, the most memorable act of this gentleman was a proclamation protecting electoral frauds, which cost him the votes of some of the most honorable men of his own party. By means of these frauds, which were the work of the Tammany Ring, this gentleman became Governor. He is now in the second year of his office, and his most memorable act as Governor is the signature of the Erie bill, one of the most monstrous schemes of the Ring, to which this gentleman owes all his prominence.

Of course, if this gentleman should not be renominated as Governor, he could hardly hope for a nomination as President, because he depends for success, not upon his own powers, not upon any natural leadership, but upon adroit political management. In a National Convention of his party, and without official position, he would have no more weight than any other delegate. He does not rank with the great Democrats of New York—with MICHAEL HOFFMAN, MARCY, SILAS WRIGHT, nor even with HORATIO SEYMOUR. A famous political manager used to say that he had invented certain persons in politics; and it may be said of this gentleman politically that he is not a self-made man. If any body doubts it, let him ask Mr. SWEENY and his friends.

And now comes the difficulty. The Democratic enemies of the Ring declare that it shall not send a delegate to the next State Convention. But, if so, the Ring no longer controls the party in the State. And if this be so, what shall a poor henchman of the Ring do, who gave the sign of his total subserviency in his signature to the Erie bill? Plainly, if the Ring is gone, repeal the bill. But *is* it gone? And if not, and the bill be repealed, and the henchman approve, then what? Let the compassionate reader confess that the gentleman of whom we speak is in a cruel situation. If Mr. SWEENY and his friends are still in power, the Erie bill must be maintained; if they are not, it must be repealed. "Reliable information" is sadly wanted in the Executive Chamber.

We have seen various explanations offered of the Governor's action in this matter. It is said that he held the bill for consideration—that there was no protest—that the Legislature was virtually unanimous—that there were urgent requests from certain sections for the bill. But what did the bill do? It took from property-holders the control of their property, and gave it to those whom they had not selected. To read the bill was to see that. Why did the Governor hold it in consideration but because he saw it? And if the Legislature were unanimous in so unpardonable an act, what was the Governor for but to withstand their action? As for a public protest, does the Executive require an expression of general indignation to prevent his sanctioning so gross an outrage upon fundamental rights? and does he plead the request of those whose motives he could not know in defense of such a sanction? If the Erie bill had not been the measure of those who had "invented" the Governor, and who, controlling the State, were in his judgment essential to making him President, would it have been signed? And if the gentleman whom Governor HOFFMAN has in mind when he thinks of the Presidency approved such a bill as the Erie for such reasons, or for any other, and if he is politically wholly the invention of the Ring, and the Ring is broken, does he see any reason whatever why his party in the State or in the country should prefer such a gentleman to any New York Democrat who is guiltless of complicity with the Ring?

JOHN McCLINTOCK, D.D.

BY the death of the Rev. Dr. JOHN MCCLINTOCK, whose portrait, with a biographical sketch, we give elsewhere, the country loses one of its accomplished and most useful scholars, the Methodist denomination one of its most able and eloquent preachers, and his personal friends a delightful and inspiring companion. Dr. MCCLINTOCK's knowledge was varied, extensive, and accurate. He studied with the zeal of a lover, and he had a remarkable power of readily turning his learning to the best account, either as a teacher, an author, or an orator. For preaching, indeed, he was peculiarly fitted. He had the warm temperament, the presence, the voice, the electrical and broad sympathy, that are essential to the popular orator, while the nobility of his nature and a certain simplicity and modesty endeared him to those who knew only the man. His literary labor was incessant and fruitful; but his chief and most permanent work is his "Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature," upon which he had been long engaged with Dr. JAMES STRONG.

His patriotism was as firm and positive as his character. During the war he was pastor of the American chapel in Paris, and his labors to enlighten the European mind upon the real scope and significance of the great American contest were incessant and most efficient. No American then in Europe understood better than he how to affect public opinion upon the subject most powerfully. He served his country and his kind as truly as if he had been a General in the field; and to those in Europe who doubted, as well as to those who believed, he was himself a living illustration of the better American. When he returned to this country he found new duties growing out of the war awaiting him, and with his whole heart he did his share in wisely caring for the freedmen. But there was no narrowness, no sourness, either in his patriotism or in his religion. Amidst all his interests, in all his busy career, he was not only always active, devoted, efficient, but he was equally generous and kindly. JOHN MCCLINTOCK had the large, charitable Christian heart that makes life beautiful and its memory precious.

THE CURIOUS SITUATION IN FRANCE.

M. OLLIVIER, the new French Prime Minister, has apparently made a fatal mistake. He refused to dissolve the Legislature and appeal to the country, upon the ground that it already represented the people. Soon afterward he declared that official candidates could no longer be tolerated; in other words, that the prefects must not secure the election of candidates nominated from the Tuileries. But this was very unwelcome to a great part of the Chambers, who were chosen in that manner, and the Minister was opposed by a very large majority, who carried their resolution to sustain such candidacies by a vote of 187 to 56. Before the vote was taken M. OLLIVIER asked that it be not made a vote of want of confidence. But such it practically is; for it must be considered a vital point. And thus the new Liberal Minister, who refused to appeal to the people, is left in the minority, like our Republican friends in Maryland who refused to enfranchise the colored citizens.

M. OLLIVIER has fatally weakened his position, because it is now evident that he depends upon the support of a majority which, by his motion, he has—despite his refusal to dissolve the Chambers—virtually declared do not properly represent the country. If there is to be constitutional government in France, the Ministry must first secure a really honest popular election, and then retire before an adverse majority in the Chambers.

And it is now really difficult to see how a truly Liberal policy can be carried out by the Ministry, because of the defective constitution of the Legislature. The Liberal members have opposed the new Ministry. Upon this question of official candidacy M. OLLIVIER had their support for the first time, and it was given under protest that they did not sustain the Ministry, but only this proposition. The situation is extraordinary. If M. OLLIVIER thinks that a perfectly free election is compatible with the existence of the empire, why did he decline to trust to it by a dissolution, since he knew that the Imperial majority had been "cooked" at the polls? If he does not think so, why did he declare that the official candidacies must be abandoned? By his refusal to dissolve he alienated the confidence of the Liberals; by his proposition to abandon the candidacies he has shaken that of the Conservatives. Upon which does he mean to rely? Whatever the explanation of his conduct may be, if his proposition is honestly made, it is the most positive evidence of the conscious strength of the empire, because it shows a willingness to intrust its existence to an uncontrolled vote of the people.

LEGAL TENDER.

IN 1797, during the war with NAPOLEON, the British Government passed a law which made it illegal for the Bank of England to pay coin for its bills except for some state purposes, and declared that any debtor who should tender such bills should not be liable to arrest. During the progress of the war Lord KING attempted to make collections from his tenants in gold and silver; when a further act was passed that, in case of distraint for rent, the tenant, on making such tender of bank-bills, should be entitled to have his property distrained upon delivered up, and that whoever, by any device or contrivance, took such bills for less than their nominal value should be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

Lord ELDON, in sustaining this act, stated that he had the official care of twenty-five millions of the property of his Majesty's subjects, and that since the passage of the act restraining coin payments he had been unable to make any collections except in Bank of England notes; and that it was proper, therefore, to place proceedings for distress on the same footing. In *effect*, therefore, the bills of the Bank of England were made a legal tender, and they so stood from 1797 for over twenty years.

The motive for passing the original act is stated in the preamble to have been that specie had been shipped to the Continent, and that there was danger that the credit of the Bank and Government might be jeopardied if coin payments were not prevented. As between debtors and creditors in England, collections were made in legal proceedings in no other medium than Bank of England notes, which notes constituted the ordinary currency of the kingdom until, and for several years after, the termination of the war. As England was the most opulent nation in the world during all this period, and was deeply interested in preserving the highest monetary standard, her example is proof of the *necessity* of this resort in time of war, on the part of all nations less favorably situated as to pecuniary means.

In the recent war in this country the Treasury notes of the Government were declared to be a legal tender in all suits instituted for the

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recovery of debts, and this was sustained by the highest court of nearly every loyal State. In Kentucky the act, in its application to a debt existing at the time of its passage, was declared to be illegal by a court composed of judges many of them unfriendly to the Union; and this decision has been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, in effect reversing the other decisions.

The policy pursued by the English, in giving a forced circulation to the bills of the Bank of England, enabled the Government to conduct its financial operations during the war with success; and although there are differences of opinion among citizens of the United States as to the expediency of giving a forced circulation to the Treasury notes of the Government, there is no doubt that the plan accomplished the object intended.

The circumstances under which recourse was had to this policy, by the United States, were of the gravest character. Within the first year of the war three loans which had been put upon the market were taken chiefly by the banks of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. As the war grew to extensive proportions the banks, finding that they could not dispose of what they had of these loans, announced to the Government that they could take no more of them, and that it was a question of a few days' time which should break first, the banks or the Treasury. Soon afterward, and on the 31st of December, 1861, the banks universally stopped specie payments.

At this time Congress had failed to provide any system of effective taxation, and there was then a large force in the field which remained unpaid; and in this emergency, when the proceeds of the loans had been entirely exhausted, the Secretary of the Treasury, finding that the Treasury notes then in existence, and which had been made receivable only for Government dues, were being discredited, called upon Congress to make them compulsorily receivable as money, by those for whose benefit the war was waged. He stated, and Congress believed, that no other means existed for furnishing the requisite pecuniary resources.

The Constitution conferred upon Congress full power to adopt all "necessary and proper means" for conducting war, and inasmuch as the chief financial officer of the Government had stated to them that it was "indispensably necessary" to make those notes a legal tender, and as Congress, acting on this statement, had decided that it was necessary, the question of *fact* that it was so was found and decided by the only authority competent to make the decision. The Court, according to the uniform tenor of its rulings from the origin of the Government, was bound to accept this as final and conclusive if it was a recognized and effective means for accomplishing success in war, and was not a prohibited power. No one claims that it is prohibited. On the contrary, when the matter of prohibition was under review by the Convention which framed the Constitution, it was decided to prohibit only the States from making any thing but gold and silver a tender for debts.

It was undoubtedly competent for the framers of the Constitution to have extended the prohibition to Congress, and, according to all established rules of construction, the omission to do so, under such circumstances, is to be taken as indicating their view that great emergencies would make a resort to this power essential to the life of the Government. Such, indeed, was the precise character of the emergency in February, 1862, when Congress, in the absence of all other means, was compelled to require of citizens of the United States that they should not discredit its money—its sinews of war.

The power to prescribe what shall constitute a legal tender for debts has been exercised by the General Government from its very origin. The language of most of the acts may be gathered from the one passed in 1806, declaring that certain foreign coins at a certain rate shall be a "legal tender for the payment of all debts and demands."

The authority to pass these acts is not specifically granted, but is an incident to the express power to "coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coins," and that to regulate commerce, of which money is the medium. If the States could exercise this power at pleasure, and even with respect to coins, it might be productive of great inconvenience, if they should make different and contradictory regulations; and their control over the subject must therefore belong to that class of powers, like the insolvent laws, which remain partially inactive during the operation of complete Congressional regulations.

It was proper to fetter the States in this respect, because also they were not responsible for the exigencies in the conduct of war which might require a change in the medium.

War powerfully affects the relations between debtors and creditors by causing the expulsion and hoarding of the precious metals; and inasmuch as this incidental injury to debtors is the act of the Government, it is reasonable and just in such a dilemma that the Government should moderate this injury to the extent of its authority.

The duty of collecting debts through sheriffs and marshals comprehends an exercise of the public power which, at particular junctures, is not convenient or possible in the precious metals. SHAY'S rebellion was caused by an attempt to collect debts in gold and silver; and in the Anti-Rent Districts such numerous and serious collisions have taken place, resulting in the loss of life, that in some districts their forced collection had been suspended. Governments are obliged to consider the effect of war on this duty, and modify it according to exigencies. It has direct bearing on the issue of the conflict.

The creditor who supposes that in the midst of the turmoils and immense pecuniary changes of a great war he can hold the Government to the duty of enforcing his pound of flesh, must think that the employment of an army in meeting the enemy should be arrested in order that it may support the sheriffs in the vain attempt to collect his debt at such a time in gold and silver. The experience of modern nations shows that this is a misconception of his rights and duties, and that instead of his being supreme—for such he would be if he had this power—it is the Government which is supreme in war.

The Constitution itself contains evidence that in war powers which are unlawful in peace may be exercised for the common safety. *Habeas corpus* can be suspended only in case of danger. In war, troops may be quartered in private houses, but in peace they can not be "without the consent of the owner." Persons who in peace can not be held to answer for a capital or infamous crime without being prosecuted or indicted by a grand jury, may in cases arising in the land and naval forces during war be tried and punished without that formality. The laws of war supplant for the time being those of peace which are inconsistent with the general safety.

An impression prevails that we are going suddenly to specie payments, and that this decision of the Supreme Court has become immaterial; but it is dangerous to deprive ourselves of an essential means of warfare and defense on such delusive grounds. It will soon appear that the Legal Tender act can not safely be dispensed with. Its constitutionality is clear, and it should remain with Congress to decide when it shall be inoperative. The Court has overstepped the just line of its authority, and attempted to restrict Congress in this matter, when the framers of the Constitution decided to leave them free of such restriction.

NOTES.

MR. FRANCIS W. GODDARD, son of the late Professor GODDARD, of Brown University, in Rhode Island, has collected in two volumes, published by RIDER, in Providence, the writings of his father, who was well known to all Rhode Islanders and to all Brown-bred boys of the last forty years, who will find in the work a great deal which is locally interesting and valuable. But the general reader will find in it one of the fullest statements of the arguments in the famous DORR rebellion. The question raised by THOMAS WILSON DORR was a natural and very important one in our politics, and was settled happily without a great catastrophe, but not without the profoundest excitement. Mr. DORR claimed that, as the sovereign power resided in the people, a majority of the adult white male citizens could at any time rightfully, and without authority of law, overthrow any existing government and establish any other. In this view he was supported by GEORGE BANCROFT in Massachusetts, and by Mr. CAMBRELENG in New York; and he and his friends, in logical pursuance of this theory, attempted civil war in Rhode Island twenty-eight years ago. The attempt failed. DORR was convicted of treason, imprisoned for a year, and then pardoned; and the Supreme Court decided that Congress must determine which of two organizations in a State claiming to be its lawful government should be recognized by the United States. In the debate which shook the State Professor GODDARD bore a chief part, and the brief essays—clear, trenchant, eloquent—which he contributed to the daily papers, and which were of the greatest influence in moulding an intelligent public opinion, have been very wisely recovered and preserved in these volumes, and are a permanently interesting and valuable addition to our political literature.

THE *Tribune*, in publishing the testimony in the gold case, said that the report was sent to it in ample time for publication in an earlier issue, but that it preferred to keep its pledges and withhold the news until authorized to use it. This was honorable and right. But the Washington authorities ought to have learned by this time that the temptation of breaking such pledges can not be resisted by every paper; and if it is desirable that news should not be published until Wednesday, it is simply absurd to give any paper the means of publishing it on Tuesday. Meanwhile, if we gentlemen of the press can not keep our word in so simple a matter as the publication of a report, ought we to be so very wroth that even General BUTLER gibes at "newspaper men?"

IF there were any glamour still lingering about royalty in England the letters of the PRINCE OF WALES in the MORDAUNT cause would certainly help to scatter it. They are not letters that by any torturing of words can be called love-letters. They are merely the friendly, simple effusions of a very simple young man chiefly interested in shooting and theatres; and there is no reason why any man should not write such letters to his grandmother, or to any woman who is his friend, if they mutually take pleasure in them. As an honorable man the Prince certainly loses nothing by the publication of his letters. The pity is that a future king of England should not understand that he is part of a state pageant which forbids this kind of indulgence.

WILL some Republican member of the New York Assembly explain his vote upon the bill making a clerkship to the Board of Police Justices, with a salary of $6000 a year? The Police Justices seldom meet as a board, and have hitherto hired a clerk for $250 a year. It is stated from Albany that the bill could not have passed but for the votes of twenty Republicans. They may have had good reasons. Will they please to mention them?

THE horticultural school for women, of which we spoke some months since, has now been fairly established by Miss MARWEDEL upon the estate of ROBERT W. PEARSALL, about thirty miles from the city, on the Long Island Railroad. Miss MARWEDEL is a lady of great intelligence and enthusiasm, a practical teacher who clearly comprehends her purpose. The horticultural manager is Mr. JOHN HOPARST, a graduate of the school at Reutingen in Germany, which is entirely successful. The object of such a school is a practical knowledge of horticulture, including the management of the orchard and nursery; and the course of study includes Pomology, Botany, Geology, Agricultural Chemistry, Landscape Gardening, Book-keeping, and Drawing. The experiment will be tried under admirable auspices by Miss MARWEDEL, who has the best of references. And we observe that a school of the same kind is proposed near Boston.

ENGLISH writers are very fond of laughing at the French dullness which can never call English names and titles correctly, and continually speaks of the "divine Williams" and "Sir Peel." Do those writers know that they make mistakes quite as unpardonable when they speak of America? Here is a respectable London periodical speaking of WALT WHITMAN'S poem upon GEORGE PEABODY, which, it says, is called "The Galaxy!" How that excellent London periodical would sniff if an American paper should speak of Mr. SWINBURNE'S poem upon Italy called "the Fortnightly!" But *Fraser's Magazine*, in an article upon President JOHNSON'S impeachment, speaks of "the most specific charge, that of the illegal appointment of STANTON to the Foreign Secretaryship." The "divine Williams's" Dogberry was never wiser than this; and the French "Sir Peel" was never so elaborately outdone. If the writer had only called the President ANDREW JACKSON, his knowledge of what he was writing about would not have been more evident, but the fun would have been more complete.

IT was a most painful misprint in a Democratic paper that made a Democratic orator in the New York Legislature exclaim: "Them asses of the Democratic party are jealous of any infringement upon popular rights." It was probably meant to be "the masses;" but the reader buys his paper and takes his choice.

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE RONCONI, the celebrated singer, has recently done a generous act, which merits as generous an acknowledgment. There is a most excellent charitable institution in the city called The Samaritan Home for the Aged, which receives and cares for helpless old men and women, and secures them a home for their few and forlorn years remaining. Moved by sympathy with this charity, Signor RONCONI gave a representation of the opera "Maria Di Rohan" at the theatre of the Union League Club, paying all the expenses, and giving the entire proceeds of the sale of tickets, amounting to $1620, to the treasurer of the Home. It is a noble act, which New York will not forget.

IN a recent lecture upon the public men whom he has known, Governor HORATIO SEYMOUR said that the powers of DANIEL WEBSTER seemed to him those of a great author rather than statesman. It is curious that the historian ALISON says the same thing of GEORGE CANNING.

IT is becoming a very general habit to speak of representatives in Congress distinctively as "Congressmen." But Congress constitutionally consists of a Senate and a House of Representatives; and a Senator as well as a Representative is therefore a Congressman, if so awkward a word must be used.

A CORRESPONDENT who calls herself "Another of the Majority," writes to the *Tribune*: "I believe POPE was right when he wrote,

"'Woman is born to dignify retreat,
In shade to flourish, and unseen be great;
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but God's applauses and her own.'"

What does this correspondent say to Mrs. BARBAULD'S exhortation to her own sex, which she must be supposed to have known quite as well as POPE knew it? She is speaking of flowers.

"Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these:
Your best, your sweetest empire is to please."

With POPE'S and Mrs. BARBAULD'S seraglio view of women, suppose that this correspondent contrasts WORDSWORTH'S:

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light."

This is a positive, not a negative, human being, whose sweetest empire is not to please, but to influence.

ALL Americans who have traveled in Egypt during the last few years will hear with very great regret that CHARLES HALE, the late Consul-General, has resigned. He was appointed by President LINCOLN, and was one of the ablest officers in our diplomatic service. Of the highest character and ability, and, although a young man, of great experience in political life, and of the truest patriotism, Mr. HALE was a most satisfactory American representative; and we shall be surprised if his retirement does not lead to still higher public distinction.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 28.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill intended to enforce the Universal Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution. Mr. Sherman, Chairman of the Finance Committee, made a long speech in explanation and support of the Funding bill.—In the House, a resolution was adopted declaring that such tariff for revenue upon foreign imports is required as will afford incidental protection to domestic manufactures, and will impose the least burden upon and best promote the industrial interests. Much amusement was caused by the general opposition by the Democrats to the proposition, it being known on the Republican side that the resolution was a part of the last national platform of that party. The debate of the session was on the Indian appropriations, and the recent Indian massacre by Colonel Baker's command.

March 1.—In the Senate, the day was occupied with further debate on the Funding bill.—In the House, a resolution was adopted censuring Mr. John T. Deweese, late Representative from North Carolina, for complicity in the sale of cadetships; and the Committee charged with investigating further cases were instructed to confine their inquiries to members of the present Congress, and to those holding executive or judicial offices under the Government. The majority and minority reports on the gold plot were received.

March 2.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a resolution to provide for the more thorough suppression of the slave trade on the western coast of Africa. The consideration of the Funding bill was resumed, but no action was taken.—In the House, a bill for a new bridge across the Niagara River at Buffalo, and making it a post road, and one to establish a Board of Port Wardens at New York, were passed. A resolution of inquiry regarding the loss of the *Oneida* was adopted.

March 3.—In the Senate, the day was again occupied with debate on the Funding bill.—In the House, the Tariff bill was taken up, and Mr. Brooks, of New York, made a long speech against it, and in favor of partial free trade, advocating particularly the removal of duties from coal, salt, iron, and other necessary articles. Mr. Butler then attempted to report the bill for the admission of Georgia, but yielded the floor for other business. A resolution was adopted, calling for inquiry into the facts of the massacre of the Piegan Indians by some of General Sheridan's command.

March 4.—In the Senate, the bill to repeal the Test Oath act of 1862 was favorably reported.—In the House, a bill was passed making Jersey City a port of entry. The joint resolution in reference to printing undelivered speeches in the *Congressional Globe* was referred to the Committee on Rules. The Georgia bill was taken up, and Mr. Butler made the opening speech. He was followed by Mr. Farnsworth; the latter, without concluding his argument, yielded the floor for the presentation of petitions.

March 5.—The Senate was not in session.—In the House, the debate on the Georgia bill was continued, without coming to a vote.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The public debt statement for March shows a decrease of $6,500,000 since the February statement. The coin in the Treasury is $102,000,000, and the currency $10,000,000.

The steamer *Golden City*, on the trip from San Francisco to Panama, went ashore at Point Lazaro, Lower California, and became a complete wreck. All the passengers were landed in safety, but suffered intensely from the heat and want of provisions. The steamer *Colorado*, from Panama, came near enough to be signaled, and took the passengers back to San Francisco. In order to board the *Colorado* they had to walk some distance along the barren coast, and several were lost in the sand and chaparral, and were left by the steamer. Liquor which floated ashore from the wreck caused drunkenness and disorder, and at last had to be destroyed for fear of bloodshed.

Havana dispatches announce the surrender of many insurgents to the authorities, and that General Jordan had resigned his command. Zamora, the assassin of Greenwald, has been executed for that crime.

President Grant has nominated James W. Mason, an intelligent and well-educated mulatto, as Minister Resident and Consul-General to Liberia.

Eleven ladies were recently drawn for jury duty for the March term of a court in Wyoming Territory.

A fire occurred on the 3d instant in Neponset, Mass., in an old wooden building, in the attic of which six women were burned to death. The building had been used as a drying-house for cotton, and the access to the garret was by means of a ladder.

Reports of fresh disturbances come from the Red River country. Reil, the insurgent leader, is said to have defeated two bodies of Government troops, and captured and sentenced to death their commander, Major Paulton.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Pope is said to be confident of the success of the proposition of Infallibility. Every effort is used to secure the support of the American bishops for it. Count Napoleon Daru, the French Foreign Minister, in a note to a French bishop in Rome, declares that the French troops will be withdrawn from Rome in the event of a dogmatical definition of infallibility. Spain, Portugal, and Austria, it is said, have also intimated their opposition to it. The King of Bavaria approves the protest of Dr. Dollinger against the dogma, and urges the Doctor to persevere. The Sultan of Turkey has granted a large mosque to be used as a church by the Armenian priests excommunicated by the Pope.

The remains of the late Anson Burlingame will be sent to this country by way of Berlin. The widow and sons of the deceased will for the present remain in St. Petersburg. The Emperor of Russia has sent a telegraphic communication to the Governments of the United States and China, expressing his sorrow for the affliction suffered by both nations in Mr. Burlingame's death. It is reported he will be succeeded by Mr. J. M'Leary Brown, the Secretary of the Embassy.

The submarine cable from Bombay to Aden has been successfully laid by the *Great Eastern*, and telegraphic communication between England and India is now complete.

The British Postmaster-General explains that the delays complained of in the transmission of dispatches under the postal telegraphic system are due to the priority granted to members of the Stock Exchange.

The question of the abolition of the death penalty came up in the Prussian Chambers a few days ago. It was strenuously opposed by Count Von Bismarck, but the measure was adopted by a large majority.

The Suez Canal question appears to have been solved by the London and Bombay steamer *Brazilian*, which has made the passage in entire safety, though heavily loaded.

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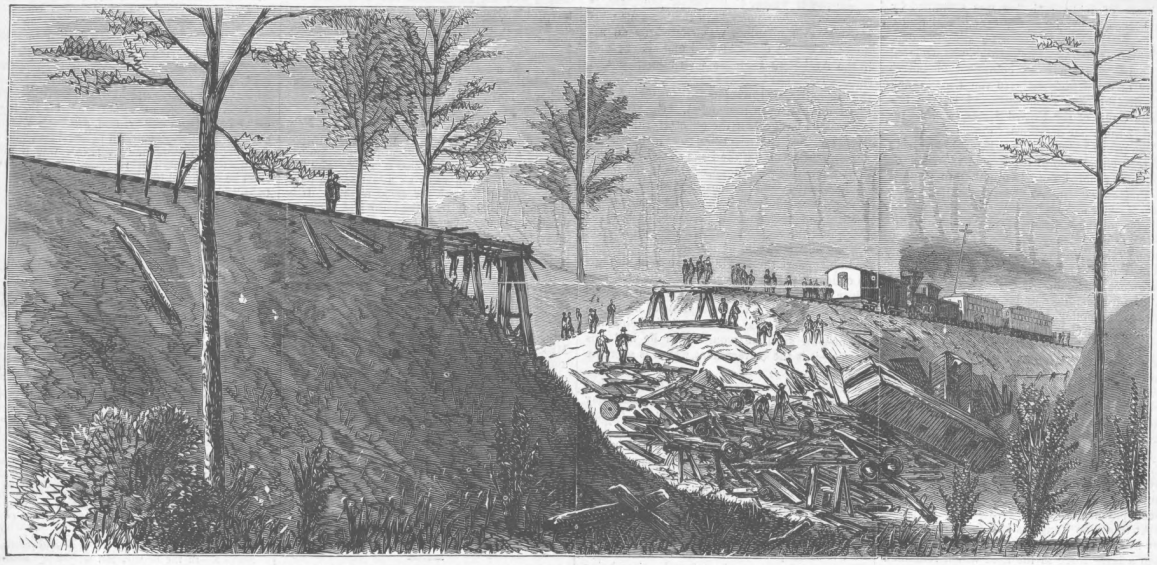
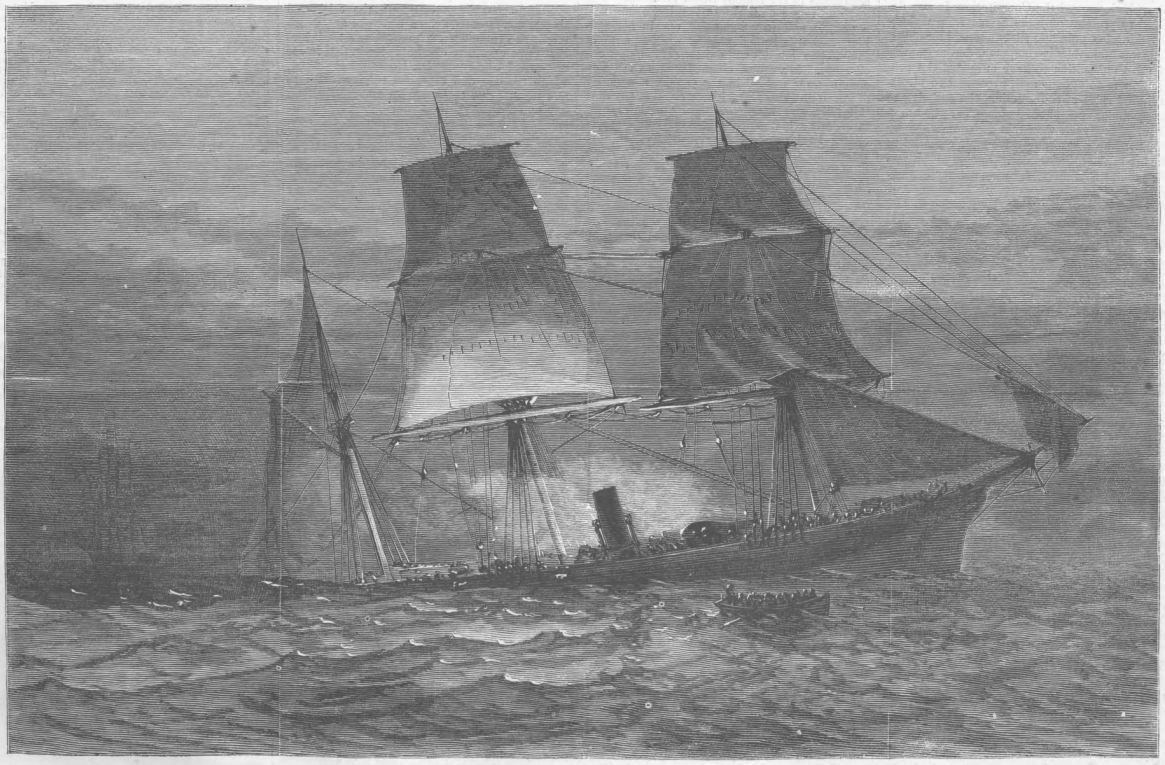


THE RECENT ACCIDENT ON THE MISSISSIPPI CENTRAL RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. MONTGOMERY MEIGS.—[SEE PAGE 183.]

LIEUT.-COMMANDER W. L. STEWART.—[SEE PAGE 181.]

COMMANDER E. H. WILLIAMS.—[SEE PAGE 181.]

LIEUT.-COMMANDER A. W. MULDAUR.—[SEE PAGE 181.]



THE SINKING OF THE "ONEIDA" BY THE "BOMBAY."—[SEE PAGE 181.]

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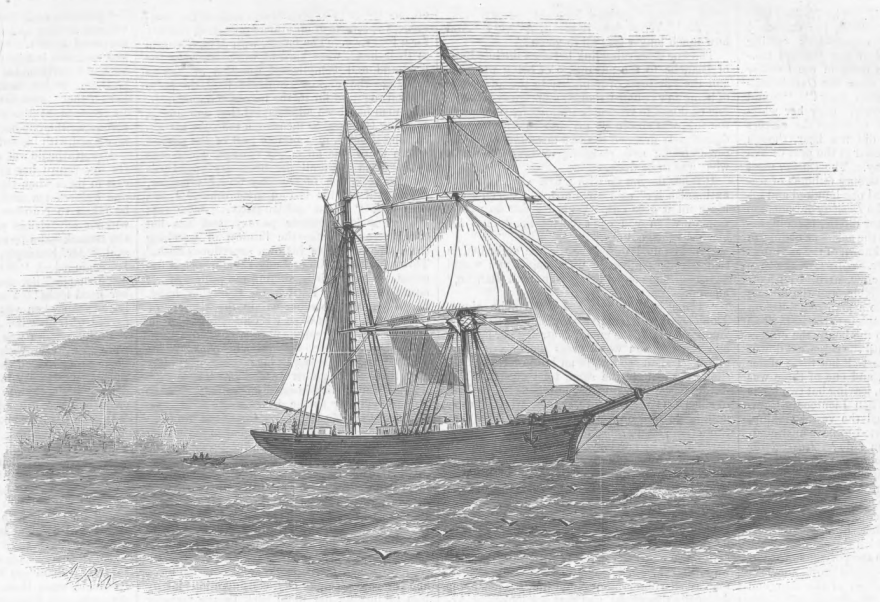
THE LOSS OF "THE MORNING STAR."

THE well-known Missionary brig, *The Morning Star*, which was built some years ago by tencent subscriptions, and of which we give a sketch on this page, was wrecked on Strong's Island on the 18th of last October. She left the harbor in the afternoon of that day, and early in the evening, which was cloudy and dark, the captain found the brig was rapidly drifting ashore with a strong current. The wind being light, and finding it impossible to keep off, the captain anchored; but about 10 o'clock a heavy squall struck the vessel, and drove her broadside on upon the rocks. About 11 o'clock the passengers were sent ashore in one of the boats, at great peril, and about half an hour afterward, the foremast having already been cut away to ease the ship, an enormous wave broke over her, making thorough wreck of every thing on deck and in the cabin — state - rooms, doors, and furniture being completely smashed by its force — and all the clothing, stores, etc., scattered and destroyed.



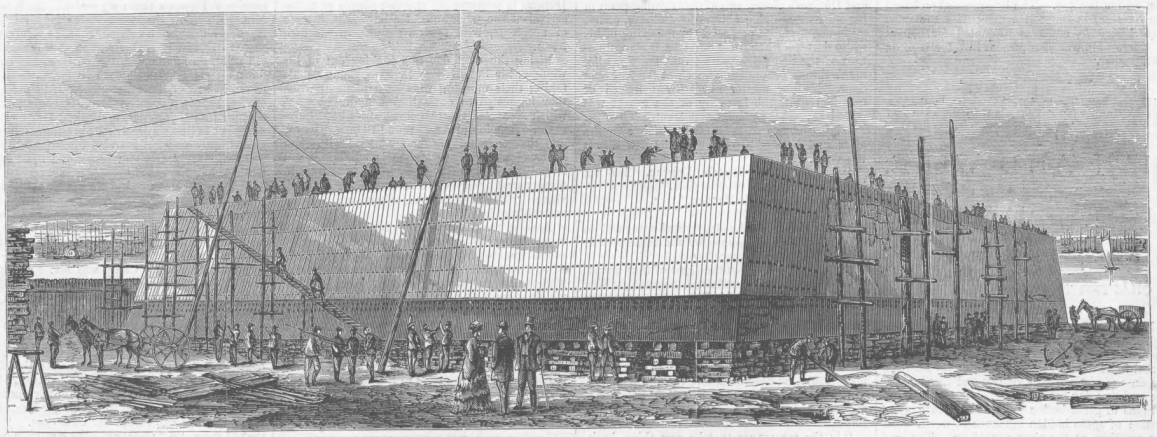
THE MISSIONARY SHIP "MORNING STAR."—[FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.]

At half past one the boats returned from the harbor, three miles distant. As every sea washed entirely over the vessel, nothing could be done further to save her or the effects. Captain TENGSTROM, who commanded *The Morning Star*, chartered a British trading brig to convey the passengers to Honolulu, where they recently arrived, after a tedious passage of seventy-seven days.

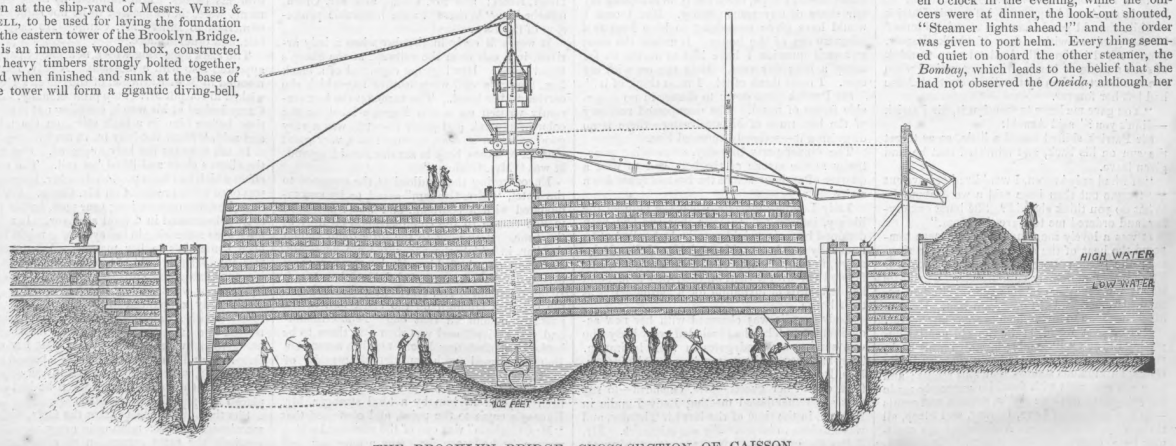
THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

WE give on this page two views of the immense caisson, now in process of construction at the ship-yard of Messrs. WEBB & BELL, to be used for laying the foundation of the eastern tower of the Brooklyn Bridge. It is an immense wooden box, constructed of heavy timbers strongly bolted together, and when finished and sunk at the base of the tower will form a gigantic diving-bell, within which the work of excavation for a suitable foundation will be carried on. This caisson is 168 feet long and 102 feet wide on the outside, its total height being about 15 feet. The working space underneath is nine feet high, and communication with the upper world will be afforded by means of a supply-shaft. This immense structure, which is built in the most substantial manner, will weigh, when ready for launching, nearly 2500 tons. It will contain 105,000 cubic feet of timber, 85,000 pounds of bolts, and 30,000 pounds of flat bars. It will be ready for launching toward the end of March, when it will be towed into position at the upper slip of Fulton Ferry, on the Brooklyn side, and sunk. The work of excavation will at once commence, the caisson sinking as the work proceeds, until the whole mass has settled beneath the level of low tide, or until a solid foundation is reached. The air in the chamber will be about equal to that of two atmospheres.

When the required depth is reached, the chamber and shafts will be filled up with solid masonry; and upon this substantial bed of stone and wood, so firmly put together as to form one block, the foundations of the tower will rest. A strong coffer-dam, high enough to protect the workmen against the highest tides, will be constructed over the caisson, and within this inclosure the work of building will be commenced.



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—EXTERIOR VIEW OF CAISSON.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—CROSS-SECTION OF CAISSON.

THE LOSS OF THE "ONEIDA."

ON the 23d of January the United States ship *Oneida*, Commander E. H. WILLIAMS, left Yokohama, homeward bound, after a cruise of about three years in the ports of China and Japan; and on the evening of the same day was run down by the *Bombay*, a British steamer commanded by Captain ARTHUR WELLESLEY EYRE, and sank in about ten minutes. Her crew numbered 176 officers and men, of whom 56 only survived the disaster. No official account of this sad calamity has yet reached the Navy Department at Washington; and that brought by the ship *Benefactress*, which arrived recently at San Francisco from Yokohama, is not regarded as wholly reliable. It is to be hoped, for the credit of human nature, that further intelligence may place the conduct of Captain EYRE in a less unfavorable light.

According to this account, the *Oneida* left Yokohama with her guns loaded for a salute, which was not fired. On passing out of the harbor her fires were banked, steam blown off, and she proceeded under sail. About seven o'clock in the evening, while the officers were at dinner, the look-out shouted, "Steamer lights ahead!" and the order was given to port helm. Every thing seemed quiet on board the other steamer, the *Bombay*, which leads to the belief that she had not observed the *Oneida*, although her

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lights were burning brightly. The *Bombay* kept right on, striking the *Oneida* on her starboard quarter, carrying away her poop-deck, cutting off her whole stern, one of her timbers running entirely through the bows of the *Bombay* at the water-line. Three times the *Oneida* hailed the *Bombay* with "Ship ahoy!" "Stand by!" "You've cut us down!" blew her whistle, and fired her guns, all of which the officers of the *Bombay* say they did not hear, though the guns were distinctly heard at the port of Yokohama, twenty miles away. The *Oneida* went down stern first, in about twenty fathoms of water, with twenty officers and one hundred and fifty men. The captain of the *Bombay* did not stop to rescue those on board, nor did he, upon his arrival at Yokohama, report the accident or inform the authorities. The first known of the affair was the next morning, when Dr. STODDART, the Surgeon, with fifteen of the crew, arrived on foot. But two cutters were available, and the officers refused to take them while a man remained on board. Discipline was complete to the last. The sick were all being put into the boats, the officers remaining at their posts until the ship went down.

The *Oneida* had lately lost all but three of her small boats in a typhoon, and one of these was cut in two by the collision, leaving but two boats to save 176 persons. When Lieutenant-Commander MULDAUR reported the vessel sinking, Captain WILLIAMS is reported to have answered, "I know it; but what can I do? *I asked for more boats, and they were not allowed me.*" Thus, through the culpable negligence of some one, on whom official investigation will fix the responsibility, and the inexplicable conduct of the officers of the *Bombay*, the brave crew and their faithful officers went down with their ship.

On the same page on which the sinking of the *Oneida* is depicted we give the portraits of Commander WILLIAMS, Lieutenant-Commander W. L. STEWART, Executive officer of the ship, and Lieutenant-Commander A. W. MULDAUR. Commander WILLIAMS acquired a high reputation during the war of the rebellion. He served in several actions, and was taken prisoner in the naval attack upon Fort Sumter, and remained in captivity for several months. He was detailed by Admiral DAHLGREN to take a principal part in the ceremonies at Sumter, after its surrender in April, 1865. Lieutenant-Commanders STEWART and MULDAUR also achieved honorable distinction during the war. The latter served on board the *Sassacus* in the engagement with the rebel ram *Albemarle*, and was promoted for gallant conduct. He was also present in the attack on Fort Fisher.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

STIFLED.

It is the nature of Truth to struggle to the light. In more than one direction, the truth strove to pierce the overlying darkness, and to reveal itself to view, during the interval between the date of Sir Patrick's victory and the date of the wedding-day.

Signs of perturbation under the surface, suggestive of some hidden influence at work, were not wanting, as the time passed on. The one thing missing was the prophetic faculty that could read those signs aright at Windygates House.

On the very day when Sir Patrick's dextrous treatment of his sister-in-law had smoothed the way to the hastening of the marriage, an obstacle was raised to the new arrangement by no less a person than Blanche herself. She had sufficiently recovered, toward noon, to be able to receive Arnold in her own little sitting-room. It proved to be a very brief interview. A quarter of an hour later, Arnold appeared before Sir Patrick—while the old gentleman was sunning himself in the garden—with a face of blank despair. Blanche had indignantly declined even to think of such a thing as her marriage, at a time when she was heart-broken by the discovery that Anne had left her forever.

"You gave me leave to mention it, Sir Patrick—didn't you?" said Arnold.

Sir Patrick shifted round a little, so as to get the sun on his back, and admitted that he had given leave.

"If I had only known, I would rather have cut my tongue out than have said a word about it. What do you think she did? She burst out crying, and ordered me to leave the room."

It was a lovely morning—a cool breeze tempered the heat of the sun; the birds were singing; the garden wore its brightest look. Sir Patrick was supremely comfortable. The little wearisome vexations of this mortal life had retired to a respectful distance from him. He positively declined to invite them to come any nearer.

"Here is a world," said the old gentleman, getting the sun a little more broadly on his back, "which a merciful Creator has filled with lovely sights, harmonious sounds, delicious scents; and here are creatures with faculties expressly made for enjoyment of those sights, sounds, and scents—to say nothing of Love, Dinner, and Sleep, all thrown into the bargain. And these same creatures hate, starve, toss sleepless on their pillows, see nothing pleasant, hear nothing pleasant, smell nothing pleasant—cry bitter tears, say hard words, contract painful illnesses; wither, sink, age, die! What does it mean, Arnold? And how much longer is it all to go on?"

The fine connecting link between the blindness of Blanche to the advantage of being married, and the blindness of humanity to the advantage of being in existence, though sufficiently perceptible no doubt to venerable Philosophy ripening in the sun, was absolutely invisible to Arnold. He deliberately dropped the vast question opened by Sir Patrick; and, reverting to Blanche, asked what was to be done.

"What do you do with a fire, when you can't extinguish it?" said Sir Patrick. "You let it blaze till it goes out. What do you do with a woman when you can't pacify her? Let *her* blaze till she goes out."

Arnold failed to see the wisdom embodied in that excellent advice. "I thought you would have helped me to put things right with Blanche," he said.

"I *am* helping you. Let Blanche alone. Don't speak of the marriage again, the next time you see her. If she mentions it, beg her pardon, and tell her you won't press the question any more. I shall see her, in an hour or two, and I shall take exactly the same tone myself. You have put the idea into her mind—leave it there to ripen. Give her distress about Miss Silvester nothing to feed on. Don't stimulate it by contradiction; don't rouse it to defend itself by disparagement of her lost friend. Leave Time to edge her gently nearer and nearer to the husband who is waiting for her—and take my word for it, Time will have her ready when the settlements are ready."

Toward the luncheon hour Sir Patrick saw Blanche, and put in practice the principle which he had laid down. She was perfectly tranquil before her uncle left her. A little later, Arnold was forgiven. A little later still, the old gentleman's sharp observation noted that his niece was unusually thoughtful, and that she looked at Arnold, from time to time, with an interest of a new kind—an interest which shyly hid itself from Arnold's view. Sir Patrick went up to dress for dinner, with a comfortable inner conviction that the difficulties which had beset him were settled at last. Sir Patrick had never been more mistaken in his life.

The business of the toilet was far advanced. Duncan had just placed the glass in a good light; and Duncan's master was at that turning-point in his daily life which consisted in attaining, or not attaining, absolute perfection in the tying of his white cravat—when some outer barbarian, ignorant of the first principles of dressing a gentleman's throat, presumed to knock at the bedroom door. Neither master nor servant moved or breathed until the integrity of the cravat was placed beyond the reach of accident. Then Sir Patrick cast the look of final criticism in the glass, and breathed again when he saw that it was done.

"A little labored in style, Duncan. But not bad, considering the interruption?"

"By no means, Sir Patrick."

"See who it is."

Duncan went to the door; and returned, to his master, with an excuse for the interruption, in the shape of a telegram!

Sir Patrick started at the sight of that unwelcome message, with unaffected disgust. "Sign the receipt, Duncan," he said—and opened the envelope. Yes! Exactly as he had anticipated! News of Miss Silvester, on the very day when he had decided to abandon all further attempt at discovering her. The telegram ran thus:

"Message received from Falkirk, this morning. Lady, as described, left the train at Falkirk, last night. Went on, by the first train this morning, to Glasgow. Wait further instructions."

"Is the messenger to take any thing back, Sir Patrick?"

"No. I must consider what I am to do. If I find it necessary, I will send to the station. Here is news of Miss Silvester, Duncan," continued Sir Patrick, when the messenger had gone. "She has been traced to Glasgow."

"Glasgow is a large place, Sir Patrick."

"Yes. Even if they have telegraphed on, and had her watched (which doesn't appear) she may escape us again at Glasgow. I am the last man in the world, I hope, to shrink from accepting my fair share of any responsibility. But I own I would have given something to have kept this telegram out of the house. It raises the most awkward question I have had to decide on for many a long day past. Help me on with my coat. I must think of it! I must think of it!"

Sir Patrick went down to dinner in no agreeable frame of mind. The unexpected recovery of the lost trace of Miss Silvester—there is no disguising it—seriously annoyed him.

The dinner-party that day, assembling punctually at the stroke of the bell, had to wait a quarter of an hour before the hostess came down stairs.

Lady Lundie's apology, when she entered the library, informed her guests that she had been detained by some neighbors who had called at an unusually late hour. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Delamayn, finding themselves near Windygates, had favored her with a visit, on their way home, and had left cards of invitation for a garden-party at their house.

Lady Lundie was charmed with her new acquaintances. They had included every body who was staying at Windygates in their invitation. They had been as pleasant and easy as old friends. Mrs. Delamayn had brought the kindest message from one of her guests—Mrs. Glenarm—to say that she remembered meeting Lady Lundie in London, in the time of the late Sir Thomas, and was anxious to improve the acquaintance. Mr. Julius Delamayn had given a most amusing account of his brother. Geoffrey had sent to London for a trainer; and the whole household was on the tip-toe of expectation to witness the magnificent spectacle of an athlete preparing himself for a foot-race. The ladies, with Mrs. Glenarm at their head, were hard at work, studying the profound and complicated question of human running—the muscles employed in it, the preparation required for it, the heroes eminent in it. The men had been all occupied that morning in assisting Geoffrey to measure a mile, for his exercising-ground, in a remote part of the park—where there was an empty cottage, which was to be fitted with all the necessary appliances for the reception of Geoffrey and his trainer. "You will see the last of my brother," Julius had said, "at the garden-party. After that he retires into athletic privacy, and has but one interest in life—the interest of watching the disappearance of his own superfluous flesh." Throughout the dinner Lady Lundie was in oppressively good spirits, singing the praises of her new friends. Sir Patrick, on the other hand, had never been so silent within the memory of mortal man. He talked with an effort; and he listened with a greater effort still. To answer or not to answer the telegram in his pocket? To persist or not to persist in his resolution to leave Miss Silvester to go her own way? Those were the questions which insisted on coming round to him as regularly as the dishes themselves came round in the orderly progression of the dinner.

Blanche—who had not felt equal to taking her place at the table—appeared in the drawing-room afterward.

Sir Patrick came in to tea, with the gentlemen, still uncertain as to the right course to take in the matter of the telegram. One look at Blanche's sad face and Blanche's altered manner decided him. What would be the result if he roused new hopes by resuming the effort to trace Miss Silvester, and if he lost the trace a second time? He had only to look at his niece and to see. Could any consideration justify him in turning her mind back on the memory of the friend who had left her at the moment when it was just beginning to look forward for relief to the prospect of her marriage? Nothing could justify him; and nothing should induce him to do it.

Reasoning—soundly enough, from his own point of view—on that basis, Sir Patrick determined on sending no further instructions to his friend at Edinburgh. That night he warned Duncan to preserve the strictest silence as to the arrival of the telegram. He burned it, in case of accidents, with his own hand, in his own room.

Rising the next day and looking out of his window, Sir Patrick saw the two young people taking their morning walk at a moment when they happened to cross the open grassy space which separated the two shrubberies at Windygates. Arnold's arm was round Blanche's waist, and they were talking confidentially with their heads close together. "She is coming round already!" thought the old gentleman, as the two disappeared again in the second shrubbery from view. "Thank Heaven things are running smoothly at last!"

Among the ornaments of Sir Patrick's bedroom there was a view (taken from above) of one of the Highland waterfalls. If he had looked at the picture, when he turned away from his window, he might have remarked that a river which is running with its utmost smoothness at one moment, may be a river which plunges into its most violent agitation at another; and he might have remembered, with certain misgivings, that the progress of a stream of water has been long since likened, with the universal consent of humanity, to the progress of the stream of life.

FIFTH SCENE. GLASGOW.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

ANNE AMONG THE LAWYERS.

On the day when Sir Patrick received the second of the two telegrams sent to him from Edinburgh, four respectable inhabitants of the City of Glasgow were startled by the appearance of an object of interest on the monotonous horizon of their daily lives.

The persons receiving this wholesome shock were—Mr. and Mrs. Karnegie of the Sheep's Head Hotel; and Mr. Camp, and Mr. Crum, attached as "Writers" to the honorable profession of the Law.

It was still early in the day when a lady arrived, in a cab from the railway, at the Sheep's Head Hotel. Her luggage consisted of a black box, and of a well-worn leather bag which she carried in her hand. The name on the box (recently written on a new luggage label, as the color of the ink and paper showed) was a very good name in its way, common to a very great number of ladies, both in Scotland and England. It was "Mrs. Graham."

Encountering the landlord at the entrance to the hotel, "Mrs. Graham" asked to be accommodated with a bedroom, and was transferred in due course to the chamber-maid on duty at the time. Returning to the little room behind the bar, in which the accounts were kept, Mr. Karnegie surprised his wife by moving more briskly, and looking much brighter than usual. Being questioned, Mr. Karnegie (who had cast the eye of a landlord on the black box in the passage) announced that one "Mrs. Graham" had just arrived, and was then and there to be booked as inhabiting Room number seventeen. Being informed (with considerable asperity of tone and manner) that this answer failed to account for the interest which appeared to have been inspired in him by a total stranger, Mr. Karnegie came to the point, and confessed that "Mrs. Graham" was one of the sweetest-looking women he had seen for many a long day, and that he feared she was very seriously out of health.

Upon that reply the eyes of Mrs. Karnegie developed in size, and the color of Mrs. Karnegie deepened in tint. She got up from her chair, and said that it might be just as well if she personally superintended the installation of "Mrs. Graham" in her room, and personally satisfied herself that "Mrs. Graham" was a fit inmate to be received at the Sheep's Head Hotel. Mr. Karnegie, thereupon, did what he always did—he agreed with his wife.

Mrs. Karnegie was absent for some little time. On her return her eyes had a certain tigerish cast in them when they rested on Mr. Karnegie. She ordered tea and some light refreshment to be taken to Number Seventeen. This done—without any visible provocation to account for the remark—she turned upon her husband, and said, "Mr. Karnegie, you are a fool." Mr. Karnegie asked, "Why, my dear?" Mrs. Karnegie snapped her fingers, and said, "*That* for her good looks! You don't know a good-looking woman when you see her." Mr. Karnegie agreed with his wife.

Nothing more was said until the waiter appeared at the bar with his tray. Mrs. Karnegie, having first waived the tray off, without instituting her customary investigation, sat down suddenly with a thump, and said to her husband (who had not uttered a word in the interval), "Don't talk to Me about her being out of health! *That* for her health! It's trouble on her mind."

Mr. Karnegie said, "Is it now?" Mrs. Karnegie replied, "When I have said, It is, I consider myself insulted if another person says, Is it?" Mr. Karnegie agreed with his wife.

There was another interval. Mrs. Karnegie added up a bill, with a face of disgust. Mr. Karnegie looked at her with a face of wonder. Mrs. Karnegie suddenly asked him, why he wasted his looks on *her*, when he would have "Mrs. Graham" to look at before long. Mr. Karnegie, upon that, attempted to compromise the matter, by looking, in the interim, at his own boots. Mrs. Karnegie wished to know whether, after twenty years of married life, she was considered to be not worth answering by her own husband. Treated with bare civility (she expected no more), she might have gone on to explain that "Mrs. Graham" was going out. She might also have been prevailed on to mention that "Mrs. Graham" had asked her a very remarkable question of a business nature, at the interview between them up stairs. As it was, Mrs. Karnegie's lips were sealed, and let Mr. Karnegie deny, if he dared, that he richly deserved it. Mr. Karnegie agreed with his wife.

In half an hour more, "Mrs. Graham" came down stairs; and a cab was sent for. Mr. Karnegie, in fear of the consequences if he did otherwise, kept in a corner. Mrs. Karnegie followed him into the corner, and asked him how he dared act in that way? Did he presume to think, after twenty years of married life, that his wife was jealous? "Go, you brute, and hand Mrs. Graham into the cab!"

Mr. Karnegie obeyed. He asked, at the cab window, to what part of Glasgow he should tell the driver to go. The reply informed him that the driver was to take "Mrs. Graham" to the office of Mr. Camp, the lawyer. Assuming "Mrs. Graham" to be a stranger in Glasgow, and remembering that Mr. Camp was Mr. Karnegie's lawyer, the inference appeared to be, that "Mrs. Graham's" remarkable question, addressed to the landlady, had related to legal business, and to the discovery of a trust-worthy person capable of transacting it for her.

Returning to the bar, Mr. Karnegie found his eldest daughter in charge of the books, the bills, and the waiters. Mrs. Karnegie had retired to her own room, justly indignant with her husband for his infamous conduct in handing "Mrs. Graham" into the cab before her own eyes. "It's the old story, Pa," remarked Miss Karnegie, with the most perfect composure. "Ma told you to do it, of course; and then Ma says you've insulted her before all the servants. I wonder how you bear it?" Mr. Karnegie looked at his boots, and answered, "I wonder, too, my dear." Miss Karnegie said, "You're not going to Ma, are you?" Mr. Karnegie looked up from his boots, and answered, "I must, my dear."

Mr. Camp sat in his private room, absorbed over his papers. Multitudinous as those documents were, they appeared to be not sufficiently numerous to satisfy Mr. Camp. He rang his bell, and ordered more.

The clerk appearing with a new pile of papers, appeared also with a message. A lady, recommended by Mrs. Karnegie, of the Sheep's Head, wished to consult Mr. Camp professionally. Mr. Camp looked at his watch, counting out precious time before him, in a little stand on the table, and said, "Show the lady in, in ten minutes."

In ten minutes the lady appeared. She took the client's chair and lifted her veil. The same effect which had been produced on Mr. Karnegie, was once more produced on Mr. Camp. For the first time, for many a long year past, he felt personally interested in a total stranger. It might have been something in her eyes, or it might have been something in her manner. Whatever it was, it took softly hold of him, and made him, to his own exceeding surprise, unmistakably anxious to hear what she had to say!

The lady announced—in a low sweet voice, touched with a quiet sadness—that her business related to a question of marriage (as marriage is understood by Scottish law), and that her own peace of mind, and the happiness of a person very dear to her, were concerned alike in the opinion which Mr. Camp might give when he had been placed in possession of the facts.

She then proceeded to state the facts, without mentioning names: relating in every particular, precisely the same succession of events which Geoffrey Delamayn had already related to Sir Patrick Lundie—with this one difference, that

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she acknowledged herself to be the woman who was personally concerned in knowing whether, by Scottish law, she was now held to be a married woman or not.

Mr. Camp's opinion given upon this, after certain questions had been asked and answered, differed from Sir Patrick's opinion, as given at Windygates. He too quoted the language used by the eminent judge—Lord Deas—but he drew an inference of his own from it. "In Scotland, consent makes marriage," he said; "and consent may be proved by inference. I see a plain inference of matrimonial consent in the circumstances which you have related to me; and I say you are a married woman."

The effect produced on the lady, when sentence was pronounced on her in those terms, was so distressing that Mr. Camp sent a message up stairs to his wife; and Mrs. Camp appeared in her husband's private room, in business hours, for the first time in her life. When Mrs. Camp's services had in some degree restored the lady to herself, Mr. Camp followed with a word of professional comfort. He, like Sir Patrick, acknowledged the scandalous divergence of opinions produced by the confusion and uncertainty of the marriage-law of Scotland. He, like Sir Patrick, declared it to be quite possible that another lawyer might arrive at another conclusion. "Go," he said, giving her his card, with a line of writing on it, "to my colleague, Mr. Crum; and say I sent you."

The lady gratefully thanked Mr. Camp and his wife, and went next to the office of Mr. Crum.

Mr. Crum was the older lawyer of the two, and the harder lawyer of the two; but he, too, felt the influence which the charm that there was in this woman exercised, more or less, over every man who came in contact with her. He listened with a patience which was rare with him; he put his questions with a gentleness which was rarer still; and when *he* was in possession of the circumstances—behold, *his* opinion flatly contradicted the opinion of Mr. Camp!

"No marriage, ma'am," he said, positively. "Evidence in favor of perhaps establishing a marriage, if you propose to claim the man. But that, as I understand it, is exactly what you don't wish to do."

The relief to the lady, on hearing this, almost overpowered her. For some minutes she was unable to speak. Mr. Crum did, what he had never done yet in all his experience as a lawyer. He patted a client on the shoulder; and, more extraordinary still, he gave a client permission to waste his time. "Wait, and compose yourself," said Mr. Crum—administering the law of humanity. The lady composed herself. "I must ask you some questions, ma'am," said Mr. Crum—administering the law of the land. The lady bowed, and waited for him to begin.

"I know, thus far, that you decline to claim the gentleman," said Mr. Crum. "I want to know now, whether the gentleman is likely to claim *you*."

The answer to this was given in the most positive terms. The gentleman was not even aware of the position in which he stood. And, more yet, he was engaged to be married to the dearest friend whom the lady had in the world.

Mr. Crum opened his eyes—considered—and put another question as delicately as he could.

"Would it be painful to you to tell me how the gentleman came to occupy the awkward position in which he stands now?"

The lady acknowledged that it would be indescribably painful to her to answer that question.

Mr. Crum offered a suggestion under the form of an inquiry.

"Would it be painful to you to reveal the circumstances—in the interests of the gentleman's future prospects—to some discreet person (a legal person would be best) who is not, what I am, a stranger to you both?"

The lady declared herself willing to make any sacrifice, on those conditions—no matter how painful it might be—for her friend's sake.

Mr. Crum considered a little longer, and then delivered his word of advice.

"At the present stage of the affair," he said, "I need only tell you what is the first step that you ought to take under the circumstances. Inform the gentleman at once—either by word of mouth or by writing—of the position in which he stands; and authorize him to place the case in the hands of a person known to you both, who is competent to decide on what you are to do next. Do I understand that you know of such a person so qualified?"

The lady answered that she knew of such a person.

Mr. Crum asked if a day had been fixed for the gentleman's marriage.

The lady answered that she had made this inquiry herself on the last occasion when she had seen the gentleman's betrothed wife. The marriage was to take place, on a day to be hereafter chosen, at the end of the autumn.

"That," said Mr. Crum, "is a fortunate circumstance. You have time before you. Time is, here, of very great importance. Be careful not to waste it."

The lady said she would return to her hotel and write by that night's post, to warn the gentleman of the position in which he stood, and to authorize him to refer the matter to a competent and trust-worthy friend known to them both.

On rising to leave the room she was seized with giddiness, and with some sudden pang of pain, which turned her deadly pale and forced her to drop back into her chair. Mr. Crum had no wife; but he possessed a housekeeper—and he offered to send for her. The lady made a sign in the negative. She drank a little water, and conquered the pain. "I am sorry to have alarmed you," she said. "It's nothing—I am better now." Mr. Crum gave her his arm, and put her into the cab. She looked so pale and faint that he proposed sending his housekeeper with her. No: it was only five minutes' drive to the hotel. The lady thanked him—and went her way back by herself.

"The letter!" she said, when she was alone. "If I can only live long enough to write the letter!"

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

ANNE IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

MRS. KARNEGIE was a woman of feeble intelligence and violent temper; prompt to take offense, and not, for the most part, easy to appease. But Mrs. Karnegie being—as we all are in our various degrees—a compound of many opposite qualities, possessed a character with more than one side to it, and had her human merits as well as her human faults. Seeds of sound good feeling were scattered away in the remoter corners of her nature, and only waited for the fertilizing occasion that was to help them to spring up. The occasion exerted that benign influence when the cab brought Mr. Crum's client back to the hotel. The face of the weary, heart-sick woman, as she slowly crossed the hall, roused all that was heartiest and best in Mrs. Karnegie's nature, and said to her, as if in words, "Jealous of this broken creature? Oh, wife and mother, is there no appeal to your common womanhood *here?*"

"I am afraid you have overtired yourself, ma'am. Let me send you something up stairs?"

"Send me pen, ink, and paper," was the answer. "I must write a letter. I must do it at once."

It was useless to remonstrate with her. She was ready to accept any thing proposed, provided the writing materials were supplied first. Mrs. Karnegie sent them up, and then compounded a certain mixture of eggs and hot wine, for which The Sheep's Head was famous, with her own hands. In five minutes or so it was ready—and Miss Karnegie was dispatched by her mother (who had other business on hand at the time) to take it up stairs.

After the lapse of a few moments a cry of alarm was heard from the upper landing. Mrs. Karnegie recognized her daughter's voice, and hastened to the bedroom floor.

"Oh, mamma! Look at her! look at her!"

The letter was on the table with the first lines written. The woman was on the sofa with her handkerchief twisted between her set teeth, and her tortured face terrible to look at. Mrs. Karnegie raised her a little, examined her closely—then suddenly changed color, and sent her daughter out of the room with directions to dispatch a messenger instantly for medical help.

Left alone with the sufferer, Mrs. Karnegie carried her to her bed. As she was laid down her left hand fell helpless over the side of the bed. Mrs. Karnegie suddenly checked the word of sympathy as it rose to her lips—suddenly lifted the hand, and looked, with a momentary sternness of scrutiny, at the third finger. There was a ring on it. Mrs. Karnegie's face softened on the instant: the word of pity that had been suspended the moment before passed her lips freely now. "Poor soul!" said the respectable landlady, taking appearances for granted. "Where's your husband, dear? Try and tell me."

The doctor made his appearance, and went up to the patient.

Time passed, and Mr. Karnegie and his daughter, carrying on the business of the hotel, received a message from up stairs which was ominous of something out of the common. The message gave the name and address of an experienced nurse—with the doctor's compliments, and would Mr. Karnegie have the kindness to send for her immediately.

The nurse was found and sent up stairs.

Time went on, and the business of the hotel went on, and it was getting to be late in the evening, when Mrs. Karnegie appeared at last in the parlor behind the bar. The landlady's face was grave; the landlady's manner was subdued. "Very, very ill," was the only reply she made to her daughter's inquiries. When she and her husband were together, a little later, she told the news from up stairs in greater detail. "A child born dead," said Mrs. Karnegie, in gentler tones than were customary with her. "And the mother dying, poor thing, so far as *I* can see."

A little later the doctor came down. Dead? No.—Likely to live? Impossible to say. The doctor returned twice in the course of the night. Both times he had but one answer. "Wait till to-morrow."

The next day came. She rallied a little. Toward the afternoon she began to speak. She expressed no surprise at seeing strangers by her bedside: her mind wandered. She passed again into insensibility. Then back to delirium once more. The doctor said, "This may last for weeks. Or it may end suddenly in death. It's time you did something toward finding her friends."

(Her friends! She had left the one friend she had forever!)

Mr. Camp was summoned to give his advice. The first thing he asked for was the unfinished letter.

It was blotted, it was illegible in more places than one. With pains and care they made out the address at the beginning, and here and there some fragments of the lines that followed. It began: "Dear Mr. Brinkworth." Then the writing got, little by little, worse and worse. To the eyes of the strangers who looked at it, it ran thus: "I should ill requite * * * Blanche's interests * * * For God's sake! * * * don't think of *me* * * *" There was a little more, but not so much as one word, in those last lines, was legible.

The names mentioned in the letter were reported by the doctor and the nurse to be also the names on her lips, when she spoke in her wanderings. "Mr. Brinkworth," and "Blanche"—her mind ran incessantly on those two persons. The one intelligible thing that she mentioned in connection with them was the letter. She was perpetually trying, trying, trying to take that unfinished letter to the post; and she could never get there. Sometimes the post was across the sea. Sometimes it was at the top of an inaccessible mountain. Sometimes it was built in by prodigious walls all round it. Sometimes a man stopped her cruelly at the moment when she was close at the post, and forced her back thousands of miles away from it. She once or twice mentioned this visionary man by his name. They made it out to be "Geoffrey."

Finding no clew to her identity either in the letter that she had tried to write or in the wild words that escaped her from time to time, it was decided to search her luggage, and to look at the clothes which she had worn when she arrived at the hotel.

Her black box sufficiently proclaimed itself as recently purchased. On opening it the address of a Glasgow trunk-maker was discovered inside. The linen was also new, and unmarked. The receipted shop-bill was found with it. The tradesmen, sent for in each case, and questioned, referred to their books. It was proved that the box and the linen had both been purchased on the day when she appeared at the hotel.

Her black bag was opened next. A sum of between eighty and ninety pounds in Bank of England notes; a few simple articles belonging to the toilet; materials for needle-work; and a photographic portrait of a young lady, inscribed, "To Anne, from Blanche," were found in the bag—but no letters, and nothing whatever that could afford the slightest clew by which the owner could be traced. The pocket in her dress was searched next. It contained a purse, an empty card-case, and a new handkerchief unmarked.

Mr. Camp shook his head.

"A woman's luggage without any letters in it," he said, "suggests to my mind a woman who has a motive of her own for keeping her movements a secret. I suspect she has destroyed her letters, and emptied her card-case, with that view." Mrs. Karnegie's report, after examining the linen which the so-called "Mrs. Graham" had worn when she arrived at the inn, proved the soundness of the lawyer's opinion. In every case the marks had been cut out. Mrs. Karnegie began to doubt whether the ring which she had seen on the third finger of the lady's left hand had been placed there with the sanction of the law.

There was but one chance left of discovering—or rather of attempting to discover—her friends. Mr. Camp drew out an advertisement to be inserted in the Glasgow newspapers. If those newspapers happened to be seen by any member of her family, she would, in all probability, be claimed. In the contrary event there would be nothing for it but to wait for her recovery or her death—with the money belonging to her sealed up, and deposited in the landlord's strong-box.

The advertisement appeared. They waited for three days afterward, and nothing came of it. No change of importance occurred, during the same period, in the condition of the suffering woman. Mr. Camp looked in, toward evening, and said, "We have done our best. There is no help for it but to wait."

Far away in Perthshire that third evening was marked as a joyful occasion at Windygates House. Blanche had consented at last to listen to Arnold's entreaties, and had sanctioned the writing of a letter to London, to order her wedding-dress.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN MISSISSIPPI.

WE give on page 180 a sketch of the scene of the railroad accident near Oxford, Mississippi, on the 25th of February, taken a short time after the occurrence. Our readers will remember that the train ran off the rails while crossing a high trestle-bridge over a ravine, crushing down through the wood-work and breaking to pieces. Twenty persons were instantly killed and sixty wounded. The cause of the accident is believed to have been the unsound condition of the trestle timbers, which permitted the rails to spread apart, thus switching off the cars.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

"THE fashionable characterizers of modern nations," wrote Joseph Baretti, Samuel Johnson's friend, and the author of one of the best works on Spain in the English language—"a breed that in this century has prodigiously multiplied all over Europe—are unanimously agreed that there is a very great difference between the natural inclinations of this and that people, and that, for instance, idleness is as much inherent in the Spaniard and the Italian as the opposite quality in the Englishman or the Dutchman. That this is not the case, sober reason would tell us if we would but listen. Men have no inherent qualities but what are common to the whole species; and should we grant that the characterizers are right in their assertions, we could not avoid adopting the absurdly wicked opinion, that Providence has been so partial as to impart to one generation an innate love of labor, and to another an invincible aversion from it. These considerations often put me out of humor with those puny philosophers, who are perpetually ringing in our ears that the Italians are naturally jealous, the French naturally volatile, the Germans naturally heavy, the Spaniards naturally gloomy and lazy. Assertions of this sort should perpetually be combated, and every opportunity seized to condemn them as partial, as ridiculous, as absurd, and as generally tending to raise the contempt and antipathy of one part of mankind against the other—which ought to be nobody's business but the devil's. It is essentially the devil's business to spread these erroneous notions, that men may not consider themselves as brothers, but contemn and hate each other. Men not influenced by the suggestions of the devil have long since told us that mankind are nothing else but a great family; and he is no great friend to that family who contributes his mite toward keeping it in discord and in enmity with partial and false representations."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THREE brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to each other, recently went into the same barber-shop, and on the same day, to be shaved; one going in the morning, the other at noon, and the third at night. When the last one appeared, the barber, who was a German, dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Vell, dat man hash de fashtest beard I never saw; I shaves him dis mornin', shaves him at dinner-times, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never vash."

A TRADE THAT NEVER FAILS.—No miller need ever be out of employment, for he can always grind his teeth.

"TRUE TO THE CORE"—A good apple.

LATEST FROM SUEZ.—Our own correspondent, who has just returned from Suez, where he has been spending some time among the Arabs, says that the native chiefs are no great Sheiks. (Please pronounce *correctly*—shakes!)

MOTTO FOR FRENCH RED REPUBLICANS OF 1870.—*Rouge et "Noir."*

THE TEUTON'S LAMENT.

Mine Cot! mine Cot! vat language dat,
I can not English spraken,
For shust so sure I speak him right,
So sure I bee's mistaken.

For when I says I wants my beer,
I mean that lager fixen;
Bier means dem tings that folks ride on
Ven dey go dead as blixen.

Dey say dey "raise" a building,
Den "raze" it down so cline,
"Rays" mean dem ting the sun trows,
Ven it gets up to shine.

"Meat" means dem ting dat's coot to eat,
"Meet" also means ting proper.
'Tis only "mete" to measure dese tings,
Ven steampoats "meet" the stopper.

Shust de same words means every ting,
It makes no business whether
You spell him dis or t'other way,
Vom sounds almost like t'other.

Mine Cot! mine Cot! so sure I knows
I can not English spraken,
For ven I "nose" I speak him right,
Vy, then, I gets mistaken.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES—The ghost of Hamlet's father.

The selectmen of a Connecticut town advertise a reward of $25 for the return of a stolen hearse "with the body of the thief inside."

A GILT-Y TRADE—A carver and gilders.

"Excuse me, Sir," said a beggar, "but you have given me a counterfeit." "Well, well, my child, keep it for your honesty."

It is said that there is no holier spot of ground than a petroleum oil district.

"I owe you one," said a withered old bachelor to a lady, the other night, at a party. "For what?" said she. "Why, for calling me a young gentleman." "If I did so," was the rather ill-natured reply, "I beg you will not regard it as a compliment; for, though an old *man*, you may be still a young *gentleman*."

"Have you ever seen the Prince of Wales?" asked a lady of an old salt in New Bedford. "Certainly, marm, saw prints of 'em in the primer long afore I ever went to sea," said Tarpaulin.

POISONOUS SWEETS—Painted stage beauties.

A malicious libel is going the rounds that vegetation is so scarce at Cape Cod that two mullen stalks and a whortleberry-bush is called a grove.

On a tombstone in Germany there is painted a red ox, with tail elevated and head sunk, evidently on the point of running his horns into a chalk-white individual who is pressed up against a rock. Below the picture is this inscription:

"By the thrust of ox's horn
Came I into heaven's bourne;
All so quickly did I die,
Wife and children leave must I;
But in eternity rest I now,
All through thee, thou wild beast, thou!"

A pupil of the public schools, during his parsing exercise, came to the word "with," which he boldly declared "a noun." "You have never seen it used as such," replied the teacher. "But I have, though," confidently retorted the young hopeful. "Where?" "Doesn't the Bible say, 'Bind me with seven *withs*, and I shall be as another man.'" The teacher was vanquished.

INTEMPERATE LANGUAGE—"Let's imbibe."

Some time since a gentleman died who, during life, refused to believe in any future punishment. Two or three weeks after his demise his wife received, through a medium, a communication, which read as follows: "Dear wife, I now believe. Please send me my thin clothes and a barrel of ice-water."

In a small shop-window in the Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, is the advertisement of a patent inkstand, in four languages. It is to be hoped the two other versions of the French announcement are as good as the English one, which says: "People wishes to sell out at very good condition this patent right, which would offer much profit to those who would try to value it."

EVERGREENS—Those who don't take the papers.

A lady entered a store a few days ago where butter and eggs are sold, and complained that half the eggs which she had purchased were rotten. The clerk's excuse was, "I can't help it. This time of the year the hens are sick, and often lay bad eggs."

"I am astonished, my dear Miss Rosa, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, Sir, I have been wishing you would start for the last half hour."

FAST HORSES—Those that are safely secured.

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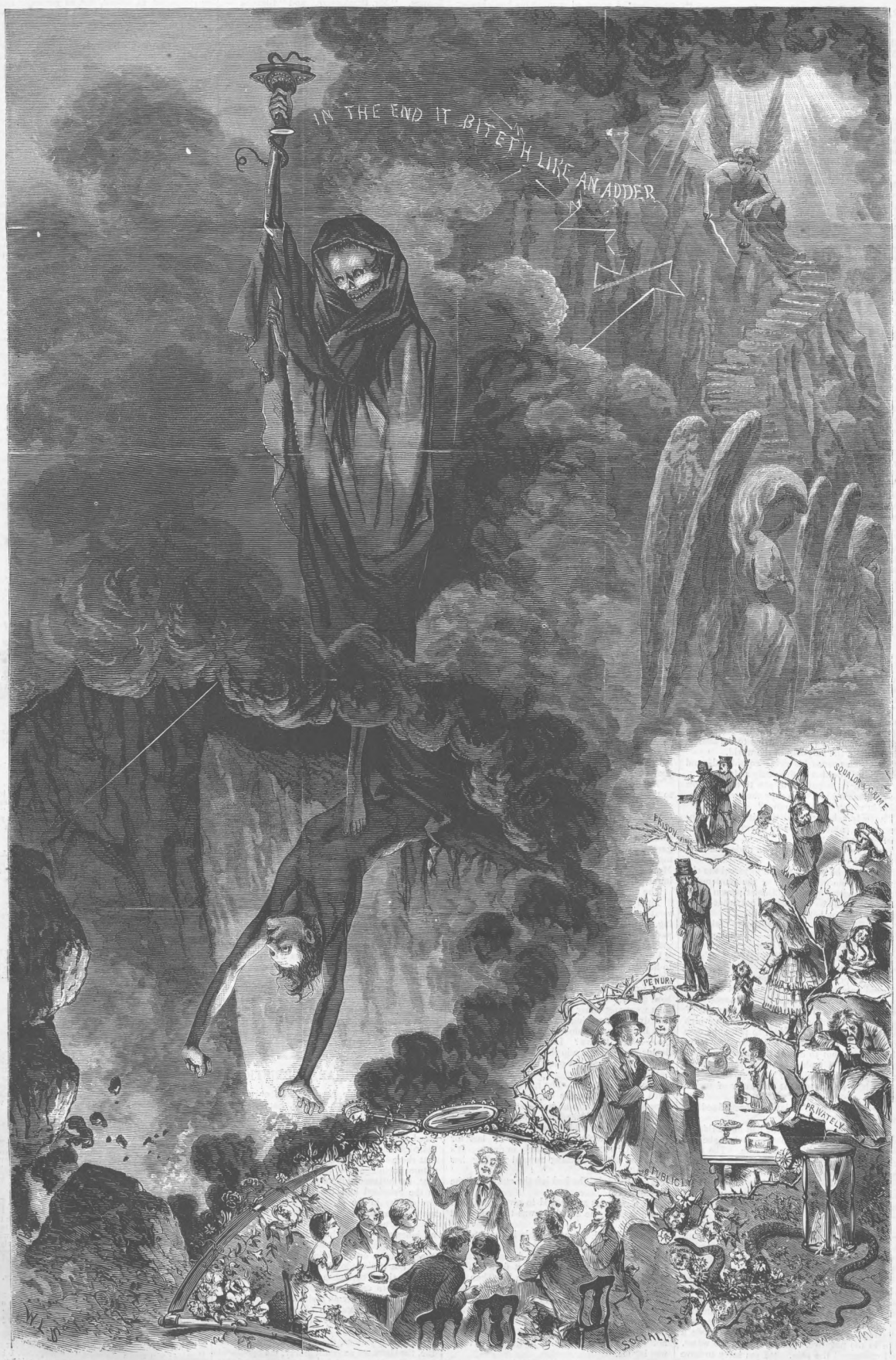

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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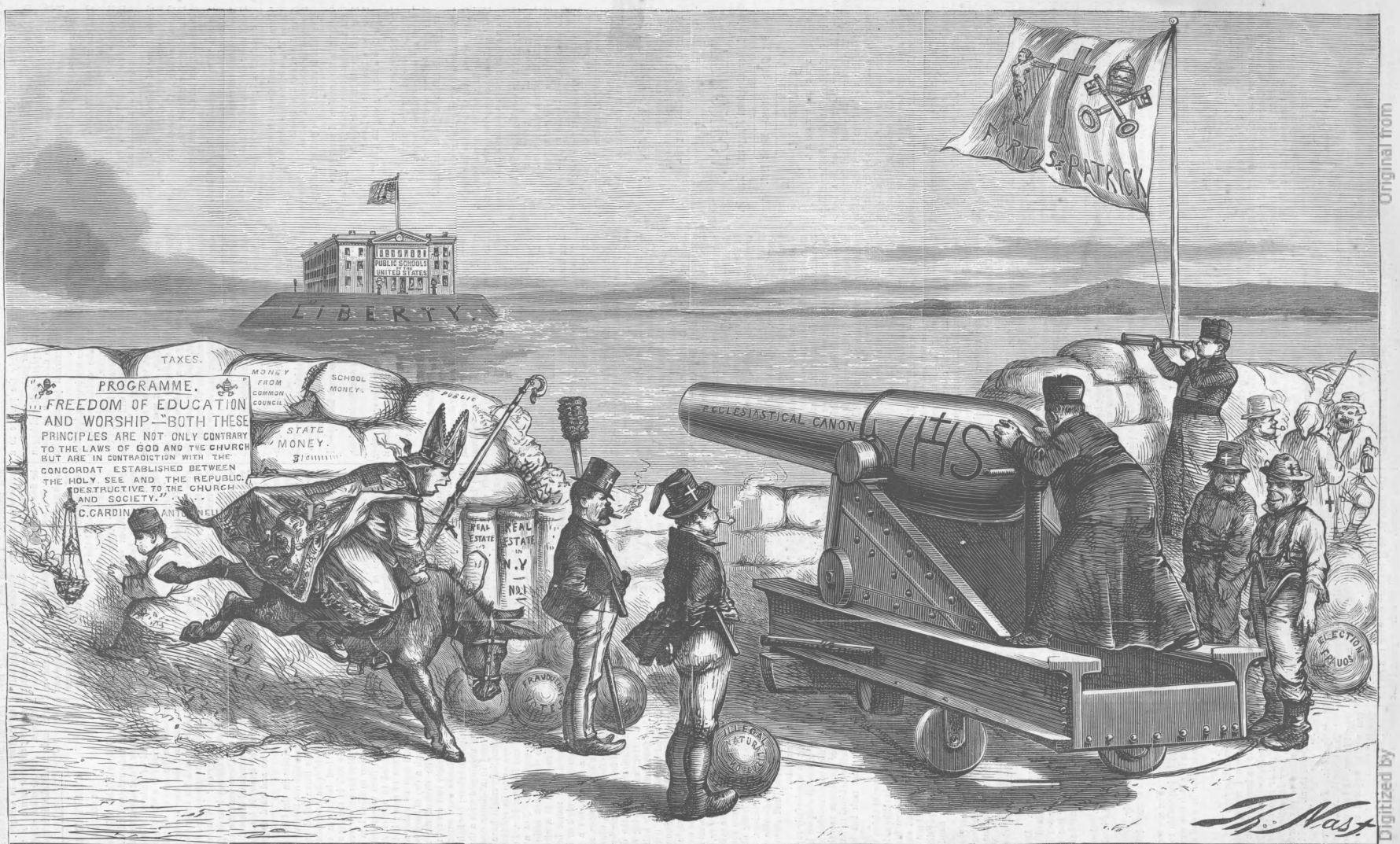

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.

"FORT SUMTER."

THE MAN THAT HAULS DOWN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT.

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THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE MONKEY.

Oh, little philosopher monkey-faced,
Peer in your crucible, pant and glow,
Pound your powder, and pash your paste,
But still remember how glad you raced
In the woods of Monkey-land long ago.

That was ages and ages past,
You've left the Claws and the Tail behind;
Slowly you've thriven, slowly cast
Skin after skin off, until at last
Behold! the flower of a human mind

Tender flower of a plant that dies,
Slender flower with a light of its own,
This is the thing you'd anatomize?
Little philosopher, pray be wise,
Remember, and let the flower alone.

You cry: "I've examined the four-foot kind,
Followed the chain up, link by link,
Now to dissect the magic of Mind,
I shall never slumber, until I find
The mechanism by which we think!

"Turn a key, and the watch will go,
Move a muscle, the bird takes wing,
All motion of any kind below
Is something mechanical, and so
The mind is moved at the pull of a string.

"Which? is the question. I must pause
On the brink of the mystery, turning pale:
How to catch the invisible laws?
How does a lion open his jaws?
How does a monkey wag his Tail?"

Little philosopher, hark to me:
Walking once on my garden ground,
I found my monkey beneath a tree,
With a musical-box upon his knee,
Wagging his tail in delight at the sound.

"Ah! che la morté!" was the tune,
Tangling the heart of the brute in a mesh:
'Twas summer time, and the month was June,
Low down in the west was the scythe of the moon,
On a sunset pink as a maiden's flesh.

Then I watch'd the monkey glow and burn,
Lifting the lid of the box peep in;
Then, bit by bit, with a visage stern,
Holding each piece to his ear in turn,
He broke it up—and began to grin.

Ah, the music! 'Twas fled! 'twas fled!
Each part of the wonderful whole was dumb,
The flower was plucked, and the bloom was shed,
Well might the monkey scratch his head,
And staring down at the strings, look glum.

Little philosopher, stay, oh stay!
Let the works of the mind-watch go!
Claws and tail have been cast away,
But peep in the looking-glass to-day,
Remember Monkey-land long ago.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble,"

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PARTNERS.

AFTER having been introduced to her at Bayswater, Miss Betsy Boyce called on Mrs. Lovegrove. The latter was a good deal flattered by the visit; which might have been inferred by those who knew her well, from the loftily patronizing tone she assumed in speaking of Miss Boyce.

"Miss Boyce is a thoroughly well-connected person," said Mrs. Lovegrove, speaking across the dinner-table to her husband with much impressiveness.

"Ah!" said Mr. Lovegrove, who was engaged in carving beef for the family.

"It is curious how immediately one recognizes blood."

"H'm!" murmured Mr. Lovegrove. "A little of the brown, Augustus?"

"No meat for me, Sir, thank you! Vigil of Blessed Ranocchius," returned the son of the house, austerely.

"My papa was wont to say," proceeded Mrs. Lovegrove, "that his was some of the best blood in England—in a genealogical sense, I mean. Not literally, of course, poor man, for he was a martyr to gout."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Lovegrove, whose interest in his dinner appeared to be more intense than that which he felt in his wife's respected parent.

"And in Miss Boyce," continued Sarah, in an *instructive* manner which was one of her peculiarities, "there is, despite eccentricity, an air of birth and breeding quite unmistakable."

"She seems a good-natured old soul," said Mr. Lovegrove. Whereat his youngest daughter, Phœbe, began to giggle.

"Levity, Phœbe, is low," said Mrs. Lovegrove, sententiously. "Miss Boyce gave me a terrible account of—" Mrs. Lovegrove broke off in her speech, and pointed downward with her finger in a manner that might have seemed to argue a startling allusion to regions usually ignored in polite society. But her family understood very well that she intended to signify Mr. Frost, whose office was on the floor beneath the room they were sitting in.

"Eh?" said Mr. Lovegrove. And this time he raised his eyes from his plate.

"I mean of the wife—of the wife. Deplorable!"

"Well, then, she is a less good-natured old soul than I thought," said Mr. Lovegrove, gravely. "Mrs. Frost is her friend. I don't like that in Miss Betsy, my dear."

"Understand me, Augustus!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

This phrase was frequently the preface to a rather long discourse on her part.

Her husband pushed his plate back, and began to cut his bread into little dice, which he afterward arranged in symmetrical patterns with much care and exactitude.

"Understand me! I am not implicating Miss Boyce. Far from it. The deductions drawn from what she said are mine. I only am responsible for them. If too severely logical, I can but regret it. But I conceive they will be found to be correct when the facts are stated."

The facts, when arrived at, were not altogether new to Mr. Lovegrove. Mrs. Frost was extravagant. Mrs. Frost was selfish in seeking her own pleasure and society in a circle which her husband did not frequent, and of which he disapproved. Mrs. Frost, who after all was but the wife of a respectable solicitor, had costly jewelry fit for any lady in the land! These were the main counts of Mrs. Lovegrove's indictment; and they were closely intermingled with much extraneous matter.

That afternoon Augustus Lovegrove said a few words to his father when they were alone together in the office.

"Do you know, father, I think that Mr. Frost ought to look after that wife of his a little more."

"Look after her! What do you mean?"

"I mean that he ought to curb her expenditure a little."

"I suppose he knows his own business best, Gus."

"Well, he certainly is very clever at other people's business. I don't deny that. But it may be that he is making a mess of his own. Such things sometimes happen. I did hear—"

"Eh? What did you hear?"

"Well, there are ugly rumors about the Parthenope Embellishment Company. And I did hear that Mr. Frost had dipped pretty deep in it."

"Gus, I hope you have not repeated any such gossip! It is always injurious to a professional man to be supposed unable to keep his tongue between his teeth."

"I, Sir? Oh, no; you may be quite easy about that. But I thought I would mention it to you."

"I don't attach any importance to it, Gus. Frost is too clear-sighted and long-headed to burn his fingers."

"So much the better, Sir," returned Augustus, quietly. And there was no more said at that time on the matter.

But Mr. Lovegrove thought of it seriously. Mr. Frost's proceedings had been by no means satisfactory to him of late. It was not that he had neglected the business of the firm, nor that he had seemed absent and absorbed in his own private affairs on occasions when matters pertaining to the office should have claimed his best energies. Nor was it that Mr. Lovegrove had accidentally heard that his partner had dealings with a money-lender of questionable reputation; nor the floating rumors that tradesmen had been dunning for their bills at the elegant little house in Bayswater. It was not any one of these circumstances, taken singly, that made Mr. Lovegrove uneasy; but the combination of them unquestionably did so. And his wife's gossip respecting Mrs. Frost's extravagance, to which he would at another time have attached no importance, became disquieting as adding one more to the accumulation of other facts. Later on that same afternoon, as he was leaving the office, he saw Hugh Lockwood coming out of Mr. Frost's private room. On the day when Hugh had given testimony as to the hour of Lady Tallis Gale's death Mr. Lovegrove and the young man had conceived a strong respect for each other. There had been the slightest possible acquaintance between them up to that time.

"Good-day, Mr. Lockwood," said Lovegrove, offering his hand. He was not surprised to see the young man coming from Mr. Frost's room. He was aware of the old and close intimacy that had existed between the latter and Hugh's father.

"Good-day, Sir."

"Is any thing the matter, Mr. Lockwood?" asked Lovegrove, struck with the expression of Hugh's face.

"Nothing, thank you. That is—to say truth, I *have* been put out a little."

And Hugh hastily shook Mr. Lovegrove's hand, and walked away with a quick step. Mr. Lovegrove stood looking after him thoughtfully for a moment. Then he turned, and went into Mr. Frost's inner sanctum. He opened the door without first knocking at it, and, as the heavy panels swung back noiselessly, he had time to see his partner before his partner was aware of his presence.

Mr. Frost was standing at the little fire-place with his back to the door. He was leaning with his elbow on the mantle-piece, and supporting his head on his hands. At a slight noise made by Mr. Lovegrove he turned round, and the other man almost started on seeing the haggard face that fronted him. Mr. Frost's forehead was knit and creased into deeper folds than usual. There was a dark red flush upon it, and it seemed expressive of intense pain of mind or body. His jaw hung, and his usually firmly closed lips were parted. His eyes stared wildly, and seemed hardly to take note of that which they looked upon. All this lasted but for a second. He passed his hands over his forehead, and said:

"Hullo, Lovegrove! I didn't hear you come in. Do you want me? I hope not, just now; for I have an appointment, and must be off."

"I did want to say a word to you. I can wait, however. Do you know, Frost, that you are not looking at all well?"

"Am I not? Well, I have a devil of a headache."

"Don't you do any thing for it? You really do look uncommonly ill."

"There's no cure for these things but time and patience. I have been overworking myself lately, I suppose. Or else I'm growing old."

"Old! nonsense! You are—why you must be five years my junior, and I—"

"Oh, you are as sound as a roach, and as fresh as a daisy. But, my dear fellow, age can not always be counted by years. I feel worn out sometimes. How I hate this ceaseless grind, grind, grind at the mill!"

"H'm! Well, for my part, I can never be thoroughly happy out of harness for long together. When we take our sea-side holiday every summer, I am always the first to get tired of it. I long for what you call the pounce and parchment."

"Happy you!"

"If you hate it so, why don't you retire and give up your share of the business to my Gus? You haven't a tribe of daughters to provide for. You must be rich enough."

"Rich!" echoed Mr. Frost. "Who shall say what 'rich' means in these days? And besides, you know, one always wants a little more."

He had by this time nearly recovered his usual mien, and spoke with the self-confident careless air of superiority which had never failed to impress Mr. Lovegrove.

"Ay, ay, one knows all that," said the latter. "Why then, on the whole, you have—things have not gone so badly with you, eh?"

Frost gave him a quick and curious glance. Then his mouth stretched itself in a forced smile, to which, in the impossibility of attaining any thing like spontaneity, he communicated an exaggerated expression of irony. He was conscious of this exaggeration; but his muscles were not under his own control.

"Oh yes, they have!" he exclaimed. "Things have gone very badly indeed with me. I haven't got what I want by some ten or fifteen thousand pounds."

"Ten or fifteen thou—by Jove!"

"Well, you know, Lovegrove, every man has his hobby. Mine has been to die worth a certain sum. I sha'n't tell you what sum; you would be shocked at the extravagance of my desires. Not having yet reached the figure I had set myself, I consider that I have the right to grumble. Consequently I do grumble—to the world. But," he added, with a sudden change of manner, "but between friends and partners, like you and me, I may say that on the whole—on the whole, my nest isn't badly feathered."

"I thought it was—I thought so!" replied Lovegrove, nodding his head with a kind of sober triumph.

"Ah, but I grumble!"

"Rich men always do. Only, if I were you, Frost, I wouldn't grumble too much!"

"Eh?"

"Folks might take you at your word. And as all the world does not know how rich you want to be—why—don't you see?"

Mr. Frost laughed a little dry laugh, and clapped his partner on the shoulder.

"Ah," said he, "God knows there is wherewithal for plenty of grumbling without being poor. I'm harassed to death!"

"You have just had young Lockwood with you. I met him coming out."

"You met him! Did he—did he say any thing?"

"Say any thing? He said, 'Good-day.' Oh, and he said, too, that he had been a good deal put out."

"Put out! He is terribly pig-headed."

"Is he? Well, I rather liked him. I thought he came out so well in that affair of proving the time of Lady Tallis's death. But I always thought you were such a great friend of his."

"I tried to be. I offered to get him a fine position with a company abroad. But there are people whom it is impossible to befriend. They won't let you."

"Dear me! Then he refused your offer?"

"Yes; I had given him a little time to consider of it. But he came to-day to—to say that he would not hear of it. And that not in the most civil terms, either."

"Oh! So that was what he had been to see you about?"

"Of course! Did he say that he had come for any thing else?"

"Not at all. I told you what he said. But talking of companies abroad, Frost, I wanted to say one word to you. I did hear—"

"Another time—another time, Lovegrove. I shall be late as it is. I have an appointment in the City;" and Mr. Frost pulled out his watch impatiently.

"Oh, well, I won't detain you. Some day—some evening, after business hours, I should like to have a quiet chat with you, though."

"Of course. Delighted. Whenever you like."

Mr. Frost hurried off, and threw himself into the first empty cab that happened to be passing. As Mr. Lovegrove came out again through the front office, the senior clerk was putting on his hat and gloves preparatory to going home.

"Oh, Mr. Lovegrove," said the clerk, "you were asking me about the bill of costs in Bowcher *v.* Bowcher!"

"Yes, I was. Has it been paid?"

"It has, Sir. Their solicitors sent down this afternoon, and the bill was paid. You were not here. Mr. Frost took the notes, saying that he was going into the City this afternoon and would bank them."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Burgess."

When the clerk had left Mr. Lovegrove's face changed.

"Another instance of Frost's thoughtlessness," he muttered. "He takes money to the bank for the firm, and does not go to the City until after banking hours. It had much better have been sent in the regular way. I suppose the truth is, he is too busy growing rich on his own account. I should never have guessed that Frost had the ambition of being wealthy. I hope he won't burn his fingers with speculations in trying to grow rich in a hurry. But he certainly is a very superior man! A most superior man is Frost. All the same, when your clever fellow does make a mistake, it is apt to be a big one."

CHAPTER XII.

TROUBLE.

MR. FROST left his office in a state of pitiable disorder and anxiety of mind. It has been said that Sidney Frost hated failure; and still more the avowal of failure. He had originally involved himself in a web of dishonorable complications for the sake of winning the woman who had inspired the sole strong passion of his life. And it was still his infatuated love for her that caused the greater part of his distress. What would Georgy do? What would Georgy say? How would Georgy bear it if—the worst should happen? These were the chief questions with which he tormented himself. And at the same time he well knew, in his heart, that she would be cold as ice and hard as granite to his sufferings.

His business in the City, and the rumors he heard there, did not tend to reassure him. He drove to his home jaded and wretched. The headache which he had falsely pleaded to Mr. Lovegrove had become a reality. He threw himself on a sofa in the drawing-room and shut his eyes. But his nerves were in a state of too great irritation to allow him to sleep. Nor did the cessation from movement seem to bring repose. He tried to stretch and relax his limbs into a position of ease; but he ached in every muscle, and was as weary as a man who has gone through a day of hard bodily labor. Presently his wife entered the room. Care, and toil, and anxiety had set no mark on *her*. Her peach-like cheeks were smooth and fresh; her eyes bright and clear; her hair was glossy, abundant, and unmingled with a thread of gray. She was dressed in a dinner costume whose unobtrusive simplicity might have deceived an uninstructed eye as to its costliness. But, both in material and fashion, Mrs. Frost's attire was of the most expensive. Not a detail was imperfect: from the elegant satin slipper that fitted her well-formed foot to a nicety, to the fine old cream-colored lace round her bosom. There was no jewel on her neck or in her ears; not a chain, not a brooch, not a pin. But on one round white arm she wore, set in a broad band of gold, the famous opal, whose mild, milky lustre, pierced here and there by darts of fire, contrasted admirably with the deep purple of her dress. Her husband, lying on the sofa, looked at her from beneath his half-closed eyelids, as she stood for a moment uncertain whether he were awake or asleep. She was very beautiful. What dignity in the simple steadiness of her attitude! How placid the expanse of her broad white forehead! How sweet and firm her closed red lips! How mild, grave, and matronly the light in her contemplative eyes! She seemed to bring an air of peace into the room. Even the slight perfume that hung about her garments was soothing and delicious. If she would but stand so, silent and adorable, until her husband's eyes should close, and sleep come down upon them like a balm!

Thought is wonderfully rapid. Sidney Frost had time to see all that we have described, and to frame the above-recorded wish, before his wife opened her handsome mouth, and said, in the rich, low voice habitual to her:

"Sidney, that man has been dunning again for his bill."

Crash! The sweet vision was gone, shattered into broken fragments like a clear lake-picture disturbed by a stone thrown into its waters. The veins in Frost's forehead started and throbbed distractingly. He could not suppress a groan—more of mental than physical pain, however—and he pressed his hot hands to his still hotter brow.

"Sidney! do you hear? That insolent man has been dunning. You don't seem to consider how disagreeable it is for me!"

"What insolent man? Who is it that you mean?" muttered Frost, closing his eyes completely.

"You may well ask. Duns have been quite numerous lately," rejoined Mrs. Frost, with a sneer, as she seated herself in an arm-chair opposite to the sofa. "But none of them have been so insupportable as that Wilson."

"The jeweler?"

"Yes; the jeweler. And you know, really and truly, Sidney, this kind of thing must be put a stop to."

Frost smiled bitterly.

"How do you suggest putting a stop to it?" he asked.

"*I* suggest! You are too amusing."

It would be impossible to convey the disdain of the tone in which this was said.

"Wilson came here and saw you, and was insolent?"

"Very."

"What did he say?"

"How can I repeat word for word what he said? He declared that he must have the price of the opal bracelet. I happened to have it on, and that put it into his head, I suppose. He said, too, very impertinently, that people who can not afford to pay for such jewels had no right to wear them. I told him that was your affair."

"My affair. *I* don't wear bracelets."

"You know that it is nonsense talking in that way, Sidney. I beg you to understand that I can not be exposed to the insults of tradespeople."

"Can you not? Listen, Georgina. To-morrow you must give me that opal when I go to

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business. I shall drive first to Wilson's, and ask him to take back the bracelet. He will probably make me pay for your having had it so long; but, as the stone is a really fine one, I think he will consent to take it back."

"Take back my bracelet!"

"It is not your bracelet. Do you remember that, when you first spoke of buying it, I forbade you to do so, and told you the price of it was beyond my means to pay?"

"Take back my bracelet!"

"Come here, Georgy. Sit down beside me. Ah, how fresh and cool your hand is! Put it on my forehead for a moment. Listen, Georgy. I am in great trouble and embarrassment. I have a considerable sum of money which I—I—which I owe, to make up within six months. Six months is the limit of time allowed me."

Mrs. Frost shrugged her shoulders with the air of a person who is being bored by unnecessary details. "Well?" she said.

Her husband suppressed his indignation at her indifference, and proceeded:

"During that time I shall have to strain every nerve, to try every means, to scrape together every pound. I shall have—"

"I thought," said Georgina, interrupting him, "that your journey to Naples was to make your fortune. I have not yet perceived any of the fine results that were to flow from it."

"Matters have not gone as I hoped and expected. Still I do not despair even yet. No; far from it. I believe the shares will come all right, if we can but tide over—" He checked himself, after a glance at her face. It was calm, impassive, utterly unsympathizing. Her eyes were cast down, and were contemplating the opal bracelet as the arm which it adorned lay gracefully on her lap. Sidney Frost heaved a deep sigh, that ended in something like a moan.

"I don't know whether you are listening to me, or whether you understand me, Georgina?"

"I heard what you said. But I can't see why you should want to take away my opal. I never heard of such a thing. I little expected that such a thing would ever happen to me."

"Be thankful if nothing worse happens to you."

"Worse! What can be worse? I promised to wear the bracelet at Lady Maxwell's, on Wednesday, to show to a friend of hers, a Polish countess, who boasts of her jewels. Lady Maxwell had told her of my bracelet, and had said, moreover, that mine was far handsomer than any single opal she had ever seen."

"You must make some excuse to her."

"What excuse can I make? It is too bad!" And Mrs. Frost put her delicate handkerchief to her eyes.

Her husband remained silent; and after a little while she looked up at him in perplexity. She did not often have recourse to tears. But she had hitherto found them infallible in softening Sidney's heart toward her, let him be as angry as he might.

Presently the dinner-gong sounded. After a short pause, Mrs. Frost wiped her eyes, and said, in a cold voice, "Are you not coming to dinner, Sidney?"

"No; it is impossible. I could eat nothing."

"Why not?" asked Georgina, turning her large eyes slowly on him.

"Oh, you have not, of course, observed so trifling a matter; but the fact is, I am very unwell."

"No; I hadn't noticed it," she responded, with cool naïveté.

After an instant's reflection it struck her that this indisposition might be the cause of her husband's unwonted severity. Sidney was often hot-tempered and cross, but such steady opposition to her wishes she was quite unused to. The opal might not be lost after all. She went to him and touched his forehead with her cool lips.

"Poor Sidney, how hot his head is!" she exclaimed. "I will send you a little soup. Try to take something, won't you?"

He pressed her hand fondly. The least act of kindness from her made him grateful.

"Dear Georgy! She does really love me a little," he thought, as she glided with her peaceful step out of the room. And then he began to meditate whether it might not be possible to spare her the humiliation of parting with her bracelet.

But soon a remembrance darted through his mind, which made his head throb, and his heart beat. No, no; it was impossible! Any sacrifice must be made to avoid, if possible, public disgrace and ruin. It would be better for Georgy to give up every jewel she possessed than to confront that final blow. Yes; the sacrifice must be made, for the present. And who could tell what piece of good luck might befall him before the end of the six months?

This was but the beginning of a period of unspeakable anxiety for Frost, during which he suffered alternations of hope and despondency, and feverish expectation and crushing humiliation, and during which he was more and more delivered up to the conviction that his wife was the incarnation of cold egotism. He strove against the conviction. Sometimes he fought with it furiously and indignantly; sometimes he tried to coax and lull it. When he should be finally vanquished by the irrefragable truth, it would go hard with him. Of all this Georgina knew nothing. Had she known, she would have cared; because she would have perceived that when the truth should have overcome the last of her husband's self-delusions it must also go hard with *her*.

Meanwhile there was anxiety enough—with which Frost was intimately connected—at the house in Gower Street. Maud and the vicar were gone away to Shipley. The upper rooms were shut up, and the house seemed almost deserted. There had come to be a barrier between Hugh and his mother. It did not appear in their outward behavior to each other. He was as dutifully, she as tenderly, affectionate as ever. But the unrestrained confidence of their intercourse was at an end. It must always be so when two loving persons speak together with the consciousness of a forbidden topic lying like a naked sword between them. Concealment was so intrinsically antagonistic to Hugh's character that his mother's aversion to speak confidingly with him respecting the confession she had made once for all was extremely painful to him. And his pain, which was evident to her, only served to make her the more reticent. She thought, "My son can never again love me as he loved me before I wounded his pride in me. He is kind still; but I am not to him what I was."

Maud was sadly missed by both mother and son. Her presence in the house had been like the perfume of flowers in a room. Now that she was gone, Zillah often longed for the silent sweetness of her young face. Maud had been able to soften the touch of sternness which marked Hugh's character, and which had in past years sent many a pang of apprehension to his mother's heart as she thought how hard his judgment of her would be when the dreaded moment of confession should arrive. And now the confession had been made, and her son had been loving and forbearing, and had uttered no hint of reproach, and yet—and yet Zillah tormented herself with the thought that she was shut out from the innermost chamber of his heart. Hugh had lost no time in telling his mother of his interview with Mr. Frost. He related all the details of it conscientiously, but without his usual frank spontaneity; for he saw in her face how she shrank from the recital; and in the constraint of his manner, she, on her part, read coldness and estrangement. She felt frightened as she pictured to herself the conflict of those two strong wills. Zillah, too, could be strong; but her strength lay in endurance less than action. And, besides, twenty years of secret self-reproach and the sting of a tormented and tormenting conscience had sapped the firmness of her character.

"You did not show him any mercy, then, Hugh?" she said, with her head leaning against her small pale hand, when her son had finished his narrative.

"Mercy! Yes, mother, surely I showed him more mercy than he deserved! I gave him six months' grace."

"Six months' grace. After five-and-twenty years of procrastination, how short those six months will seem to him!"

"And how long the five-and-twenty years seemed to you! But I told him the facts of the case plainly. The chance of buying the business I have set my heart on will remain open to me for yet half a year longer. If by the end of that time I have not given my answer, the chance will be lost. He *must* repay the money he stole by that time."

"Stole, Hugh! You did not use that word to him?"

"No, mother, I did not use that word; but I should have been justified in using it."

"And how did he—did he seem? Was he angry and defiant, or did he seem secure of his power to pay the money?"

"He was greatly taken by surprise; but he has great self-command. And he is so clever and specious that I do not wonder at his having imposed on you. He tried to take a high hand with me, and reminded me that he had been my father's friend. 'Yes; a false friend,' said I. Then he was silent. I did not reproach him with violence. I could not have brought myself to speak even as harshly as I did, had he met me in a different spirit."

"Do you think he will really have a difficulty in repaying the money? I can not understand it. He must be rich. Every one says that the firm is so prosperous."

"He recovered himself after a minute or so, and began to expatiate on the brilliant prospects of the speculations in which he is engaged. He waxed eloquent at the sound of his own voice; but I stopped him. 'Deeds, not words, are the only arguments that I can accept from you, Mr. Frost,' said I. 'You have not now got a woman and a child to deal with. I am a man, and I shall exact my own unflinchingly.' Before I left the office, he offered me his hand, but I could not take it."

"You refused his hand? That must have cut him to the quick. He is such a proud man."

"So am I," retorted Hugh, dryly.

Zillah bent silently over her work. Hugh did not see the tears that brimmed up into her eyes. Hugh did not guess the sharp pain that was in her heart. He had so fully and freely forgiven whatever injury his mother's weakness had occasioned to him: he had such pity in his man's heart for the unmerited sufferings that this frail, delicate, defenseless woman had undergone from her youth upward, that it never entered into his mind how her sensitive conscience made her attribute to herself a large share of the contempt and disgust he expressed for Mr. Frost.

"I am at least an accomplice in defrauding my son of his inheritance!" said the poor woman to herself. "Hugh does not mean to be unkind; but he must feel that all blame thrown upon Sidney Frost reflects on me."

The next time Mrs. Lockwood spoke, it was on an indifferent topic; and her son was hurt that she should so resolutely, as it seemed to him, shut him out from any confidential communion with her.

There needed some link between them; some one who, loving both, should enable them to understand one another. Maud might have done this good office. She might have served them both with head and heart. But Maud was not there, and the days passed heavily in the widow's house.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Two English photographers have just entered on a bold and spirited enterprise, being nothing less than photographing the principal objects of interest in the Land of the Pharaohs. With this object in view they some time since purchased at Glasgow a small screw steam yacht of sixteen tons burden, and have recently set out for the Nile, where the little vessel is expected to form a base for operations.

We notice that the Baltimore *American* has published the statement submitted by the Rev. Dr. Lanahan to the Book Committee of the M. E. Church, recently convened to investigate charges of fraud against certain employés of the Methodist Book Concern. As two examinations and two reports upon those charges have been made by two committees composed exclusively of clergymen, and *as neither of those reports has met with one paragraph of approval from the secular press of the country*, but, on the contrary, with unanimous disapproval, would it not be for the interest and reputation of the Book Concern, as well as for the dignity and honor of the Church, that a committee of *laymen—business men*—men who are practically familiar with such subjects in all their details; who are competent to detect the ingenious expedients resorted to by rogues to cover up "irregularities;" who would come to such an investigation not as to the discussion of a question of metaphysics, but simply as a matter of *business* and *justice*—would it not be well that those charges should be submitted to the searching scrutiny of a committee composed of men of *that sort*? A report, full and thorough, from *such* a committee, would, we undertake to say, be received as conclusive—certainly none other will—by the fair-minded, intelligent, truth-loving clergy and laity of the country. Does not the exigency of the case demand it?

The advocates of woman suffrage will feel inclined to contribute largely to send more teachers to the benighted freedmen when they learn in what dreadful ignorance they are in respect to the progressive movements of the day. "Ladies," observed one newly-fledged sable voter, in a melting voice, "is my heart's delight. My old mother is a lady; and I love her best in her own place, close by de cook-pot." Another gave vent to his feelings: "Shall woman, poor, weak, puny woman, come out and stretch her arm as long as mine? Never! Let her scrub her floors and tend her babes. If ladies *are* educated, and *can* teach me, dey can't shoulder a musket. Right here, in my *ignorance*, I'm worth more to this United States than any dozen women!" A fresh regiment of smart lady teachers should be immediately sent South!

Prince Arthur was unwilling to leave the United States without paying some compliment to American women. Therefore he sent to Miss Minnie Sherman, the daughter of General Sherman, an elegant gold medallion, having the likeness of his precious self on one side, and that of the Queen on the other. This rich gift was accompanied with a royal *petit billet-doux*, in which the Prince requested Miss Minnie to accept the souvenir in token of his appreciation of the generous hospitalities he had enjoyed in the house of her father, and as a slight tribute to the beauty of American women, of which she was an exponent.

A healthy mind in a healthy body is capable of a great amount of labor without injury. Our students and professional men are broken down not so much by excessive brain labor as by too little physical exercise and too much food for the stomach. More are injured, probably, by excessive indulgence in bodily appetites than by excessive brain work.

Many years ago a somewhat singular, but a very pleasant, interview took place between an intelligent and cultivated American lady and Queen Victoria. The lady had been to Germany for her health, and on her way home, stopping a while in England, she was presented to the Queen. She received, as she thought in common with others, a few words of royal welcome. But the Queen seems to have been attracted by the demeanor of the refined American lady, and soon a request was brought that she would pay a visit at Windsor. The day was named, and at the appointed time a carriage was sent for her. Victoria and Albert received the lady alone in the library. Her Majesty said she had long desired an opportunity to learn from an American lady many particulars concerning the *inner home life* of a country so nearly allied to England. And she asked many questions about the social relations of different grades of society; the religious training of children by mothers; what intellectual education and accomplishments were considered essential for daughters of the better classes; how much mothers intrusted their children to servants; what influence was exerted by the clergy; and numerous questions of a kindred nature. A single interview was not sufficient for the Queen, and a second was appointed. At its close, after many expressions of interest concerning the welfare of both countries, the Queen said, as she cordially gave one hand to Mrs. ——, while the other rested on Prince Albert's arm: "There shall be no distrust between my country and your country if *we* can avert it."

There is a report that Madame Emile Ollivier is about to place herself at the head of the reaction in favor of decency and simplicity in the matter of dress in the higher circles of Paris. The ladies of riper age than Madame Emile Ollivier, who is very young, very fair, and very pretty, are disposed to resent this assumption on her part, but she has a strong army of adherents. At her own receptions she is so simply attired that, of necessity, her guests imitate her example. Then the readoption of a high dress for dinner-parties, which fashion she persists in following, puts to shame all the bare shoulders over which the frosts of many winters have passed.

A good story is told of a fashionable dress-maker, who, on being told the limit which Madame Emile had fixed to the expense of a desired ball dress, coolly exhibited his book of fashions, and observed, as he turned over the pages, "I can make *half* this one, or one-third of this one, or the upper part of this one; but there is none that I could afford to execute altogether for the sum mentioned by Madame." Needless to say that the great *couturier* was dismissed with nothing more than a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the scene on the part of the fair young bride, and that she had recourse to a dress-maker of less pretension.

Under the auspices of the "German Colonization Society of Colfax, Colorado," a colony of Chicago citizens, numbering about two hundred and fifty men, women, and children, recently departed for a home in the Western wilds. Forty thousand acres of land have been granted to the society; and according to the plan of organization, each adult member pays two hundred and fifty dollars, which constitutes a common fund out of which all general expenses of the colony are paid. All the branches of industry and enterprise are to be conducted on the co-operative plan for five years, at the expiration of which time an equal subdivision of lands, improvements, assets, etc., will be made. Colfax is situated two hundred and fifty miles from Fort Wallace, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, seventy miles from Pueblo and thirty miles from Canon City, the latter, a village of five or six hundred souls, being the nearest settlement. The district is described as one admirably adapted to agriculture.

Auerbach is willing to dispose of the copyright of his latest novel for the pretty little sum of seventy-five thousand dollars.

The climate of California is so favorable for maturing the mulberry-tree that those who are engaged in the culture of silk have been enabled to adopt the Chinese and Japanese mode of cultivating. This system is that of cultivating the trees as dwarfs, and near together, something in the style of cotton plantations. By this system at each crop at least twice as much foliage per acre can be produced as by the orchard system—which the damp climate of Southern Europe compels the silk-growers of those countries to follow. The production of silk in California is as easy and as simple to learn as is the production of wheat. The trees are much more easily and cheaply grown than fruit trees. Any body, in one hour's time in a cocoonery, can be taught how to manage and feed the worms, and save and cure the cocoons for market. By a little practice a woman or girl can become an expert at reeling silk, and then the whole process is mastered. Until comparatively recently nobody in this country knew how to reel the silk from the cocoons properly. But now that a machine has been invented, which will doubtless be to the silk culture what the cotton-gin was to cotton, this industry must flourish. This patent reeler will wind the silk off from the cocoons in the cleanest and most expeditious manner.

Russia is ahead of America in some things. A certain M. Buchan has recently invented a mode of warming railway carriages without expense, by utilizing the heat of the locomotive. He has received a diamond ring from the Empress of Russia in token of her appreciation of his services. In Russia they have four classes of railway carriages, all well-warmed and comfortable. The first-class are provided with every luxury.

The New York City Mission, during the forty years of its existence, has had 130 different laborers. About six years ago the directors of this Society expanded their previous system of operations, and reports and documents were widely circulated, which resulted in the receipt of some liberal contributions. The City Mission now has three handsome, commodious chapels and a good parsonage, property in all worth $75,000, entirely free and unincumbered. In 1866 the Society was reorganized and incorporated, and an executive committee of fifteen pastors and laymen—Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby being an active member of it—was appointed to carry forward the practical operations of this important work. About this time the Rev. George J. Mingins, well known for his successful labors in connection with the Christian Commission, was invited to become the Superintendent of Missions. During the past four years over $200,000 have been raised and expended for the support of missionaries and the general work, and more than $100,000 have been contributed toward the erection of mission chapels.

The Working-Women's Protective Union is a voluntary institution, supported solely by free contributions and subscriptions. In 1868 several gentlemen of New York city pledged themselves to subscribe to it one hundred dollars annually, and they have regularly fulfilled their promise. The payment of ten dollars constitutes any person a member of the Union. Legal advice and services are given free of cost to women who find it difficult to recover their hard-earned money from unscrupulous employers. The Union also exercises its good offices in procuring necessary medical advice and attention for those who are broken down with anxiety and overwork. During the year 1869 the Union received nearly nine thousand applications for employment.

Our paper of March 5 contained a short article on the subject of ice-machines. We have since seen a copy of *Le Brasseur*, in which we find an account of an experiment recently made in Marseilles by the *Messageries Impériales* Steamship Company. The Company, having to ship to Suez a quantity of ice for the use of its steamers in the Indian Ocean, desired to ascertain what description of ice would best answer their purpose. To that end they purchased 100 kilogrammes (220 pounds) of ice from various dealers, none of the latter being advised of the object of the purchase. These samples being placed under identical conditions of temperature, gave the following results: 1. Natural ice from Switzerland lasted 107 hours; 2. Natural ice from Norway lasted 115 hours; 3. Artificial ice made by the Carré machine lasted 130 hours; 4. Natural ice from Boston, United States, so justly celebrated the world over, lasted 138 hours; 5. Artificial ice made by the Tellier machine lasted 144 hours. It is with great pleasure that we make this statement, as it will serve to dispel the popular prejudice that artificial ice is less solid than natural ice.

The word calico is derived from *Calicut*, a district in India, where the art of printing calico has been known from time immemorial. The richest and most beautiful designs on cotton are produced in France, and the combinations of colors peculiar to French calicoes are recognized throughout the world. The French have studied the principles of this art most profoundly. The most expert chemists are constantly experimenting upon coloring. The immense manufactories in France owe their origin to Oberkampf, who about the year 1759 founded an establishment for printing calicoes in the valley of Jouy, near Versailles.

There is an old negro woman living in Harrodsburg, Kentucky—so says a Southern paper—who is almost white. She is over one hundred years of age, and during the lapse of a century the black pigment which gave color to her skin has disappeared. Her face, hands, neck, and arms are of pearly whiteness, and her hair is snow-white, besides having lost much of the kinky appearance which is characteristic of the negro's wool. *Query:* Did she not "paint" in her young days, as fashionable ladies do at the present time, only with different materials?

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JOHN McCLINTOCK, D.D.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church has suffered a great loss in the sudden death of the Rev. Dr. McCLINTOCK, the celebrated preacher and theologian, which occurred on Friday, March 4, at his home in Madison, New Jersey.

Dr. McCLINTOCK was born in the year 1814, in the city of Philadelphia. When quite a boy he entered the grammar-school of the University of Pennsylvania, then under the direction of Dr. WYLIE, a famous Greek scholar in his day. Subsequently he was appointed book-keeper in the Methodist Book Concern of this city; in this position he acquired a thorough knowledge of business, which was of great service to him in all his subsequent life. Leaving New York he entered the university of his native city, from which he graduated with high honor in 1835. He had commenced preaching before completing his college studies, and in 1836 joined the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In this same year he was elected Professor of Mathematics in Dickinson College, Carlisle.

His career as Professor was brilliant and successful. In 1839 he exchanged the chair of Mathematics for that of Ancient Languages, and proved himself to be equally at home in either. His studies were so various, and his attainments even then so extensive, that he could have with ease taken charge of any department in the institution. During this period he prepared, in conjunction with Professor BLUMENTHAL, a translation of "Neander's Life of Christ;" and, in association with Professor CROOKS, a series of Latin and Greek Elementary Text-books, which have passed into extensive use in our colleges and schools.

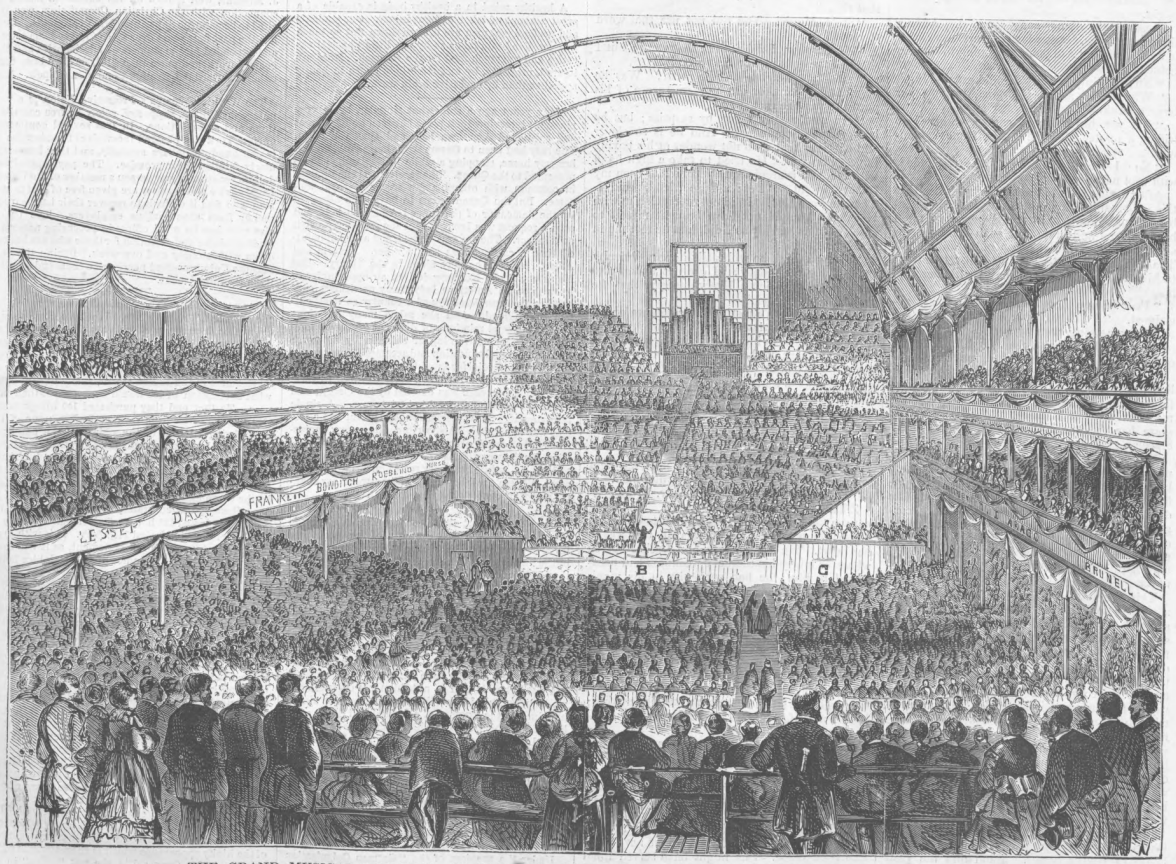
From 1848 to 1856 Dr. McCLINTOCK edited the *Methodist Quarterly Review* with conspicuous ability. Under his direction the *Quarterly* took an important part in the discussion of the leading questions of the age, whether theological, metaphysical, or literary. The influence of the *Review* was felt and acknowledged by the educated men of our country. In 1857, in association with Bishop SIMPSON, he was delegated to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church in the British Wesleyan Conference. In the same year he became pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, where he established his reputation as one of the most eloquent preachers of the country. To every natural gift that an orator could claim, he added a clear apprehension of Christian truth and a most earnest desire to use it for the highest good of men.

In 1860 Dr. McCLINTOCK took charge of the American chapel in the city of Paris. When our Civil War broke out it was soon made apparent that he was "the right man in the right place." The task of stemming the torrent of English and French prejudice against our national cause was disheartening; but Dr. McCLINTOCK was equal to it. By the printing and circulation of documents he corrected misrepresentations; by the aid of an extensive correspondence and his great personal influence he enlisted the co-operation of others, until a wide-spread system of agencies was successfully brought to bear upon European public opinion. No American who spent the years of the rebellion abroad deserved better of his country than did Dr. McCLINTOCK.

Upon his return home near the close of the war, Dr. McCLINTOCK accepted for a second time the pastorate of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, but was compelled to resign this position from ill health. In 1867 he began the organization of Drew Theological Seminary, founded and endowed by DANIEL DREW of our city. In this work Dr. McCLINTOCK achieved one of the greatest successes of his career, and while still occupied with it closed his life on earth.

He had for many years been engaged with Dr. STRONG in the preparation of a Biblical and Theological Cyclopædia. Of this three volumes had been published at the time of his death, and the material of the remaining volumes had been largely prepared. This work will remain a monument of Dr. McCLINTOCK'S broad and accurate scholarship and his untiring industry. When painfully conscious of failing health, he expressed a de-

THE LATE JOHN McCLINTOCK, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A SKETCH BY L. R. TOWNSEND.—[SEE PAGE 189.]

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sire to live chiefly that he might finish the Cyclopædia. But this was not to be.

Dr. MCCLINTOCK'S life is an example of great powers faithfully used. His industry was unflagging; and until prostrated by disease, his capacity for labor was such as to make him insensible to fatigue. Whatever he did he would do thoroughly; for slovenly work he had no tolerance. His studies ran out in every direction, yet his learning was accurate and profound. He acquired knowledge rapidly, but systematized it with care. An orderly method was a necessity of his nature. His acquisitions, as a consequence, were always available when they were wanted. In the pursuit of the substance of knowledge he did not despise form; but expressed himself in a style of remarkable chasteness and finish. He was equally a man of books and a man of affairs—a writer and an orator; in brief, a various, versatile, and extraordinary man.

Of his many personal qualities it does not become us here to speak, save to say that his life was singularly pure, gentle, and affectionate. His friends, and the Church of which he was a distinguished representative, will long deplore his death as an irreparable loss.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JUBILEE.

WE give this week, on page 188, a view of the interior of the San Francisco Mechanics' Pavilion, from a sketch taken on the first day of the grand musical festival held there, under the management of Madame CAMILLA URSO, for the benefit of the Mercantile Library of that city, commencing February 22, and continuing three days. It was a great success in every point of view, and after paying all expenses netted about $55,000 to the library.

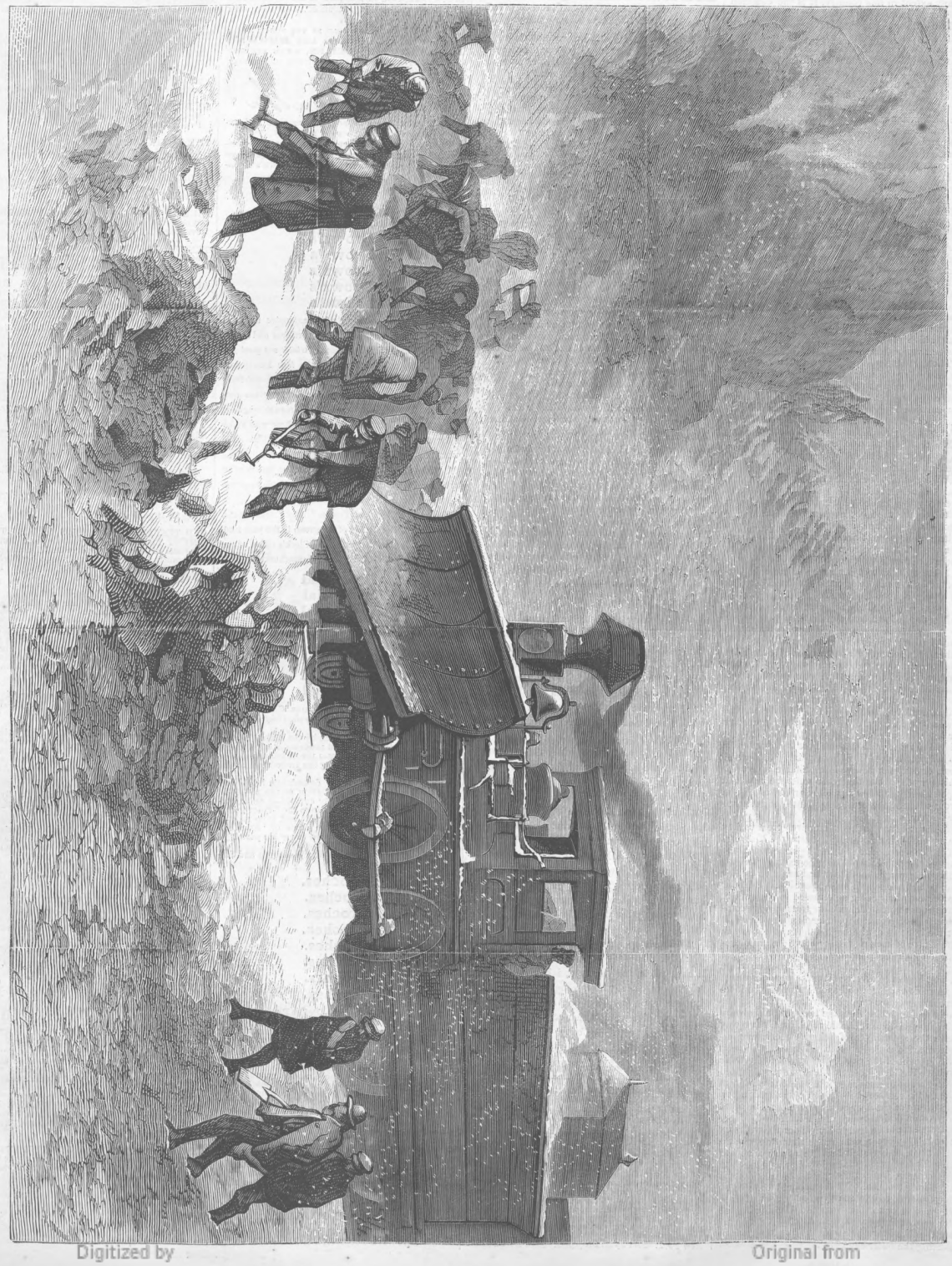
SNOW ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ONE of the mishaps to which the traveler on the Pacific Railroad is liable, at this season of the year, is that of being snowed in while crossing the high mountain range that separates the great plains from the Pacific slope. Our illustration on this page represents a train overtaken by such a catastrophe. It has been stopped by a heavy drift, through which it is powerless to shove the iron snow-plow, and all hands are turned out, without distinction, to clear away the obstruction.

LAYING OUT ROADS AND WALKS.

IN no department of garden art do we more frequently see a lack of taste than in the laying out of the roads and walks of a country place. Too often the approach to the house from the entrance gate is a straight line, either by itself or in combination with a circle, an oval, or other positive geometrical form; sometimes we see walks so laid out as to cut the lawn into two or more parts; or, if a winding road or walk is to be made, it is done by joining at their ends a series of reversed semicircles or arcs of circles.

A straight carriage road leading directly from the entrance gate to the dwelling-house, with the latter directly in sight, is always unpleasing on account of its stiffness and formality, and its doing away with all idea of seclusion and privacy, and the suggestion of baldness which it conveys. Sometimes we see this straight road, shortly before it reaches the house, terminate in a large circle or oval, which forms the turn-round for the carriages. It is true that sometimes a straight road is admissible, as when the dwelling is situated at some distance from the entrance, and



A SNOW DRIFT ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

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the road can itself be made of sufficient width, with a wide border of grass on each side of it, each border planted with a row of overarching trees. In such cases the grassy borders on either side should be of the same width as the roadway, and the trees planted on the outer edge of them; such a road becomes a grand avenue of approach, and impresses the visitor with an idea of grandeur. Even in such cases the road should not terminate abruptly in front of the house, but at some considerable distance therefrom it should gradually diverge from the straight line, and approach the house with long, flowing curves. The use of a winding road as an approach to a dwelling conveys the idea of spaciousness of grounds, admits of greater breadth of lawn, and permits the planting thereon of groups or masses of trees and shrubs, giving occasional glimpses of the house as we approach it, and giving an air of snugness and seclusion thereto.

In laying out public parks and country places of any extent in this country, it is the common practice to employ surveyors or civil engineers, and their universal mode of laying out a winding road is by the use of arcs of circles or some similar positive form. Now it must be borne in mind that neither the circle nor the oval (or ellipse), as ordinarily made from a combination of two circles, is known in nature as a line of motion; that is to say, nothing that moves in nature ever moves in these lines, but always, according to the circumstances that control them, move in other lines—such as the cycloid, the trajectory, the parabola, or the hyperbola, or combinations or modifications of them. The circle or combinations of various portions of it are appropriate as inclosing forms; as, for instance, in the laying out of flower-beds in the geometrical style, where its form or portions of it can be made to harmonize with the triangle, the hexagon, the square, or other rectilinear forms, which can not so well be done with other classes of curved lines.

All the lines of roads and walks should be free and flowing, without abrupt turns or forcible departures from the lines which the natural contour of the ground may suggest, or groups or masses of trees or shrubs may require, in order to avoid them. Many think that, to make a winding road, all that is necessary is to make it continually zigzag in and out on curved lines, than which nothing can be more erroneous or more at variance with correct taste.

The curves should not be set out to any regular radius, and the length or extent of their divergence from a central line should be very varied and irregular, and the turns neither sudden nor abrupt; and to maintain a proper interest and to conduce to a newness of scene, a variety of curves should be introduced, great care being taken to blend any two curves nicely together, so as not to produce a straight or tame line at their junction.

Where undulation in the surface of roads and walks can be obtained, it will be productive of great variety, and be very effective; but sudden swells or dips are to be avoided; they should be gentle and gradual, and pass softly into each other; their highest and lowest parts should occur toward the centre of the lateral curves, as there the lines blend the easiest.

Some sufficient object should always be presented as the reason or cause for the divergence of a walk or road from a straight line. A tree, a group of plants, a change of level, or something of a similar character, should always appear to justify the divergence. No two walks should ever be seen to any extent as parallel to each other, as it conveys the idea of one of them being useless; in cases where circumstances render such parallelism necessary, one of the roads should be masked from the other by intervening swells or banks of earth clothed by masses of shrubs, or by these latter alone. Neither should walks end in a mere cul de sac; some definite or sufficient object of interest should always be placed at its termination, when it is not desirable to carry it beyond a certain point. An arbor, seat, or summer-house, is a suitable object for this purpose; but the walk must be returned upon itself by means of a circular bed or loop in front of them, the bed being planted with shrubs or flowers.

The use of serpentine walks gives great variety to a place; but this variety is destroyed if several of the curves can be seen at the same time; the curves, therefore, should not be exposed to each other at any point, and be varied as much as they can be in their length and expansion. In order to prevent their being so exposed to each other, groups or masses of shrubs or trees, largely composed of evergreens, should be planted principally at the hollows of the curves, but not exactly in the centre of each and every curve; a large proportion should be planted more or less to the right or left of the centre of the curve, on the line where it first begins to diverge from the previous one.

A main carriage road should always terminate at the house, and never be carried beyond it; the road to the stables from the house should always be narrower than the main road, or in some way have the appearance of being of secondary importance impressed upon it. When the house is within sight of the public highway, it is desirable to have the lawn in front of the house so planted with shrubs or trees as to intercept any view from the public road of the setting down or taking up of visitors at the door of the house. In no other way can a desirable privacy be had.

Care should be had in laying out the walks on a country place not to make them too numerous, as it destroys all breadth of lawn, and so mars its beauty; and, besides, they add much to the expense, both in their first construction and after maintenance. Neither should they be so laid down as to expose any great extent of them longitudinally to view from the dwelling-house; nor should they ever appear as crossing a lawn; but should always be so planned as to appear as skirting the outer edge of it.

It is not possible to give absolute directions in this department of garden art, as the work to be done is so modified or controlled by varying circumstances. By applying these general hints to each individual case, such of our readers as are about improving their homesteads will be able to avoid the incongruities and unpleasant effects too often seen in such places or in the public parks of our cities.

THE ROSE.

A ROSE-BUD grew by the castle wall,
And the stars of eve their dews let fall
The lily look'd up in tenderness,
And the south wind woo'd it with soft caress.
The death-watch ticks so loudly.
The hyacinth trembled in breezeless air;
The violet faded in sweet despair;
And the nightingale sang till its heart would break;
And all for the rose-bud's darling sake.
Rose-buds, rose-buds, rose-buds red,
Rose-buds, ye bloom proudly.

But the rose unmoved at noon, eve, and dawn,
Sat in cold, calm, passionless grace withdrawn;
Inly saying, "The earl's young daughter alone,
As my sister in beauty, I care to own."
The death-watch ticks so loudly.
The earl's young daughter was fair in sooth,
She walked in the light of her fearless youth;
"My beauty," she said, "like the queen on her throne,
Shall take all homage, and yield to none."
Rose-buds, rose-buds, rose-buds red,
Rose-buds, ye bloom proudly.

Her maidens tired her out one night
In a robe of satin all pearly-white;
Then spoke she to one: "By the castle wall
There grows a rose-bud fairest of all."
The death-watch ticks so loudly.
"Go, bring it to me; for this night I'll wear
Its crimson grace in my black, black hair;
And squire, knight, or baron may sigh till they die,
My rose-bud will mind them as much as I."
Rose-buds, rose-buds, rose-buds red,
Rose-buds, ye bloom proudly.

How she shone in the glory of unshadowed light,
When all pulses were maddened with musical might,
With her eyes' cruel mildness, and lips curved in scorn,
As with lover and lover she danced till the morn!
The death-watch ticks so loudly.
A heartless word had but passed her lips,
When her crimson cheek had a wan eclipse;
And she placed her hand to her heaving side,
And she fell like a falling star in her pride.
Rose-buds, rose-buds, rose-buds red,
Rose-buds, ye bloom proudly.

In her satin they placed her upon her bed;
None ever looked fairer than she when dead.
They left the red rose untouch'd in her hair;
You could not tell which was most fair.
The death-watch ticks so loudly.
Together, just under the coffin-lid,
That maiden, that rose, slept, in darkness hid;
Their pride and their beauty they had but one day;
Which was the fairer none ever could say.
Rose-buds, rose-buds, rose-buds red,
Rose-buds, ye bloom proudly.

THE attention of printers and others is called to the following emphatic indorsement of the NOVELTY PRESS (manufactured by BENJ. O. WOODS, 351 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.) by Mr. J. C. SWAYZE, Publisher of *The American Union*, the official paper of the State and United States Governments, Macon, Ga.:

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NEW YORK, *Dec.* 21, 1859.—SUPERIOR COURT, *Special Term.*—HON. JOSEPH BOSWORTH, *Chief Justice.*—TRADE-MARK CASE.

"This is a case commenced by the plaintiffs, who are druggists, in Boston, and proprietors of 'Brown's Bronchial Troches,' to restrain the defendant, a New York druggist, from violating the trade-mark of the plaintiffs.

"The Court held that the defendant's labels and wrappers, being a close imitation of the plaintiffs' trade-mark, the plaintiffs were entitled to an injunction to restrain the defendant from the further use or violation of plaintiffs' trade-marks, and from making or selling lozenges under the name of 'Bronchial Troches,' *and from any further use of the plaintiffs' labels, wrappers,* and *other trade-marks.*"

John Sherwood, for Plaintiffs; Washburn and Sullivan, for Defendant.

Troches.
Troches.
Troches.
Troches.
Troches.
Troches.
Troches.
Troches.

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS.—Before RECORDER HOFFMAN. NEW YORK, *March* 28, 1864.

"The defendant, a drug broker, was arrested for counterfeiting, forging, and imitating the *trade-mark*, label, wrapper, box, etc., of 'Brown's Bronchial Troches,' prepared by John I. Brown & Son, of Boston, and for selling these counterfeits.

"He was indicted by the Grand Jury, under the statute of 1862 for the protection of trade-marks.

"The defendant was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in the Penitentiary, the Recorder remarking that he could not see the difference between forging a MAN'S trade-mark and forging his name to a note or check, except that in forging a trade-mark even greater loss was incurred by the manufacturer than if his name had been forged to a note."

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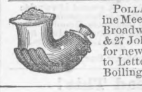

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 691.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, OF THE "ONEIDA."

LATER and fuller accounts of the terrible disaster to the *Oneida* leave no room for doubt as to the crime of Captain EYRE. It is shown that, after striking the *Oneida*, the *Bombay* must have backed away from her before continuing on her course, so that her officers must have been aware of the serious nature of the collision, and that it was not a "mere graze," as Captain EYRE afterward declared he supposed it to be. Nothing is wanting to show that in leaving the *Oneida* he knew he was forsaking a crippled and perhaps sinking ship. It is in evidence that the whistle of the *Oneida* was blown and three guns fired; yet Captain EYRE asserts that he heard nothing of these, although the sound was distinctly heard at Yokohama, twenty miles distant. It is somewhat remarkable that the "strong breeze" to which he attributes his not hearing them should not have prevented the sound from reaching ears so much further away in the same direction, and not listening, as he asserts he was, for signals of distress. But the steward of the *Bombay*, on arriving at Yokohama, asserted that they had run down a ship and "cut her in to the water's edge, so that he could see the men carrying some person on deck;" and Lieutenant CLEMENS, of the British ship *Ocean*, testified before the naval Court of Inquiry convened at Yokohama to investigate the conduct of Captain EYRE, that the Captain boasted to him, the night of his arrival at Yokohama, that "he had cut the whole quarter off a d—d Yankee frigate, and served her bloody right well." His own evidence before the Court, guarded as it was, shows that he knew or suspected that the collision was a very serious one; for he inquired of the pilot where he could go for safety, supposing his own ship was hurt, and seems to have been quieted by the answer that a spit of land was so near at hand that a ship could not possibly go down. If he had merely "grazed" the *Oneida*, why should he be so solicitous about his own safety? He spent a "good fifteen minutes" in looking out for signals, and then, without considering that possibly the ship he had run into was too much injured to fire signals (supposing it to be true that he did not hear the guns that were fired), he steamed away, leaving the noble ship to go down in darkness, bearing with her scores of brave men.

The records of cruelty on sea or land contain nothing to surpass the inhumanity and wickedness of this great crime.

Captain WILLIAMS, of the *Oneida*, conducted himself with the courage and heroism of a true man. One of the survivors of the disaster, Mr. W. W. CROWNINSHIELD, the Captain's clerk, says, in his account of his escape: "Captain WILLIAMS acted as bravely as he has always done. He would not leave his post on the bridge, although he was almost pulled away, and when urged by Mr. YATES, replied, 'I go down with my ship.' A petty officer urging him to go, he grasped the iron rail and said, 'No; this is my place, and here I remain.'" This heroism, we are proud as Americans to say, was shared by all on board the ship; not one who had a station left it, but stood facing death without a murmur. Not a cry was heard when the good ship went down.

Several very touching instances of self-control and moral heroism were witnessed while the ship was settling down into the sea; none more so than that of Ensign CHARLES A. COPP. This brave youth was in charge of the "berth deck," and, after seeing all the sick and invalid seamen removed to the deck, returned below to his post of duty. A comrade hailed him to come on deck, as the ship was going down. "No," said Ensign COPP, "I am stationed here, and can not come until relieved."

Lieutenant-Commander STEWART and Ensign ADAMS went to fire the alarm-guns, and ascertained that one of the men at the wheel, who was killed and swept overboard, had the key to the magazine in his pocket. Together they forced the door, and together aided in firing three guns; but before the fourth could be fired the water had gained so rapidly that the heavy gun and iron carriage slipped and went down the hatchway, carrying with it Ensign ADAMS, and crushing him to instant death.

Surgeon FROTHINGHAM had with him a remarkably bright Japanese boy of two-sworded inheritance, whom he was taking to New York to educate for five years; true to his trust, he was last seen trying to rescue the little "Yakonin."

It is sad to think that, despite the brutal inhumanity of Captain EYRE, most of these lives might have been saved had the *Oneida* been suitably provided with boats. Before leaving Yokohama Captain WILLIAMS applied for boats to replace some that had been lost in a storm. His application was refused. This is a matter that requires strict investigation, to ascertain upon whom rests the responsibility of having sent to sea a national ship unprovided with the proper means of saving the lives of her officers and crew in case of accident.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, OF THE "ONEIDA."—"I GO DOWN WITH MY SHIP."

SMALL MEN IN BATTLE.

THERE is a principle of natural selection in an enemy's bullets which bears more heavily against large than against small men. Large men are more likely to be hit. The chance of a man being accidentally shot is as the square root of the product of his height multiplied into his weight; where a man of 16 stone in weight, and 6 feet 2½ inches high, will escape from chance shots for two years, a man of 8 stone in weight, and 5 feet 6 inches high, would escape for three. But the total proportion of the risk run by the large man is considerably greater. He is conspicuous from his size, and is therefore more likely to be recognized and made the object of a special aim. It is also in human nature that the shooter should pick out the largest man, just as he would pick out the largest bird in a covey, or antelope in a herd. Again, of two men who are aimed at, the bigger is the more likely to be hit, as affording a larger target. This chance is a trifle less than the ratio of his increased sectional area, though we are unable to calculate the decrease, from our ignorance of the average distance of the enemy and the closeness of his fire. At long distances, and when the shooting was wild, the decrease would be insensible; at comparatively close ranges it would be unimportant. As a matter of fact, commanders are very frequently the objects of special aim. When Soult visited England, a story appeared in the newspapers of some English veteran having declared that the hero must have lived a charmed life, for he had "covered" him with his rifle upward of thirty times, and yet had never the fortune to hit him. Nelson was killed by one of many shots aimed directly at him, by a rifleman in the main-top of the French vessel with which his own was closely engaged.

The total relative chances against being shot in battle, of two men of the respective heights and weights I have described, are as 5 to 2 in

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favor of the smaller man in respect to accidental shots, and in a decidedly more favorable proportion in respect to direct aim; the latter chance being compounded of the two following—first, a better hope of not being aimed at, and secondly, a hope very little less than 3 to 2 of not being hit when made the object of an aim.

This is really an important consideration. Had Nelson been a large man, instead of a mere feather-weight, the probability is that he would not have survived so long. His active career extended through twelve years, during the earlier part of which he was much more frequently under fire than afterward. Had he only lived through two-thirds, or even three-fourths, of his battles, he could not have commanded at the Nile, Copenhagen, or Trafalgar. His reputation under those circumstances would have been limited to that of a dashing captain or a young and promising admiral. Wellington was a small man; if he had been shot in the Peninsula, his reputation, though it would have undoubtedly been very great, would have lost the lustre of Waterloo. In short, to have survived is an essential condition to becoming a famed commander; yet persons equally endowed with military gifts—such as the requisite form of high intellectual and moral ability and of constitutional vigor—are by no means equally qualified to escape shot free. The enemy's bullets are least dangerous to the smallest men, and therefore small men are more likely to achieve high fame as commanders than their equally gifted contemporaries whose physical frames are larger.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870.

CONGRESS AND CUBA.

AS we write, it is still uncertain what action Congress will take upon the Cuban question. General BANKS's resolution, virtually recognizing the belligerent rights of Cuba, has not yet been adopted, and Mr. MORTON's bill reported in the Senate has been seriously shorn. It now forbids any ship or vessel to be fitted out, armed, or equipped for the service of any European prince or state for the purpose of subduing American colonists claiming independence; but the section prohibiting the sale of arms and munitions was stricken out in Committee. The bill as reported removes the obscurity of the present law of 1818, which forbids the equipping and arming of any vessel "to cruise or commit hostilities against the subjects, citizens, or property of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district, or people with whom the United States are at peace." Under this clause it was contended by Senator CARPENTER that the Spanish gunboats could be detained. But it was enough to ask whether these words, "colony, district, or people," did not necessarily mean to describe some authority which the United States had in some way recognized; and whether they could be applied, for instance, to the county of Yorkshire in England, or to the province of Catalonia in Spain.

The precise words of the new bill leave no doubt of this kind. It forbids the fitting out of ships in our ports by any European power, for the purpose of subduing American colonists claiming independence. It says to the European states, "You may send as many soldiers and ships as you please from Europe to retain your colonies, but you shall not use our ports as your naval base of war." It virtually denies the equal right of European authority in the parent state and the American colony. If we are at peace with Spain she may strengthen herself in our ports to suppress a republic in Andalusia, but not to suppress a republic in Cuba. Our wish, therefore, according to this bill, is not to extend republicanism; it is to destroy European authority in America.

In one important point the bill goes beyond the declaration in President MONROE's Message of 1823, which was the manifesto of the "Monroe doctrine." That declaration was in two passages of the Message. In one the President said that the American continents were henceforth "not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power." In the other he said, "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere;" and he added that those colonies which had declared and maintained their independence, and "whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged," must not be touched. Mr. MORTON's bill proposes that we shall now interfere with the existing colonies to the point of forbidding European powers to strengthen themselves in our ports by fitting out ships. They may, indeed, buy arms and ammunition; nor is it clear that European ships of war may not be repaired in our harbors. But Spain shall build no more gun-boats in New York to subdue Cuba—that, at least, is evident.

The reason of such a limitation as this it is not easy to see. If a European power has any right whatever to use force to subdue an insurrection in a colony, it is evidently the same right that empowers it to assert its authority any where within its dominions. The United States have never hitherto questioned this right. President MONROE, in his message in 1823, as we have seen, expressly disclaimed any question of it. Mr. CLAY, as Secretary of State, in 1825, wrote that the United States desired "no political change" in Cuba. Wherever the colonial authority of the European state existed, it was undisputably recognized by the United States as of the same kind and degree as its authority elsewhere. To this country Spanish troubles in Malaga and Spanish troubles in Porto Rico were the same, so long as we were at peace with Spain, and so long as the troubles did not seem to us to authorize a declaration of belligerent rights to the insurrection. Whenever that time came we were to be governed, of course—upon the grounds that we had always occupied—by the same principles.

But if, as the MORTON bill seems to imply, the title of Spanish authority in Cuba, or of any European state upon this continent, is defective, or, for good reasons, intolerable, let us issue a general warning to that effect. If, when any number of inhabitants of a colony raise the standard of insurrection, we intend to regard them as "American colonists claiming independence," why do we resort to so clumsy a plan as Senator MORTON's? The simpler and manlier way would be to recognize them as belligerents whenever they declare their independence. If this would be to flout all our own traditions, and to justify the action of the British Government when the rebellion began, it would at least be frank and intelligible. It would say plainly to the world that whenever a party of our own citizens, for whatever purpose, went to a colony and persuaded a few American colonists to claim independence, we should take their part, and, having broken their connection with Europe, annex them to ourselves. If this policy should justly expose us to the contempt of other nations, it would at least be a striking proof of our glorious manifest destiny.

We hope that Congress will not botch and boggle this business. If a European state has not the same kind of authority over a colony that it has over any of its dominions, let us deny the authority altogether. The position and condition of a colony in insurrection may, indeed, lead to more rapid recognition upon our part, and it may be evident that no European state can hope to hold American colonies much longer. But until we choose to declare our neutrality and recognize the belligerent rights of the colony, let us honorably respect the authority of the parent state. And, to the immediate point, if Congress believes that the Cubans have honestly maintained the independence which they have declared—if there is a civil government acknowledged and in operation, to which we can look in case of question—if, indeed, and in the fair and usual international interpretation of the word, Cuban belligerency is "a fact," let us say so. As for neutrality, we have thus far maintained it. We have not, indeed, treated Spain and Cuba in the same way, because under our laws and treaties we could not. We have allowed the gun-boats to go, and we have detained the *Hornet*. But this is because we do not proclaim neutrality between a friendly power and one of its provinces in insurrection until we are ready to concede belligerent rights to the province.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

WE are surprised that a paper of the character of the *Western Christian Advocate* should permit the assertion in its columns that our late article upon the report of the majority in the difficulty of the Book Concern was prompted by the selfish interest of the proprietors of this paper. Of course such a charge is the surrender of the argument. When the *Advocate*, in speaking of an article which it admits to be written with "apparent candor," adds that it is marked with the "coolness of studied design"—that, "as a publishing house, the HARPERS would be greatly benefited by the displacement of the Methodist Book Concern"—and that "the interest involved explains all," it offers us no argument to answer, and merely invites the distrust, if not contempt, which always follows impotent aspersion. The business of the house mentioned is in no manner rivaled, nor touched, nor injured by that of the Book Concern; and its members can have no possible wish upon the subject of the troubles but that a great scandal shall be avoided by a religious connection for which they cherish an hereditary regard.

Our opinions upon the troubles in the Book Concern have been approved and are shared by the great multitude of the most intelligent and independent journals in the country, and they have been remarkably confirmed by the recent action of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Conference heartily sustains the course of Rev. JOHN LANAHAN, the agent who exposed the irregularities, and entirely approves the conclusions of the minority report. Indeed the case is clear. Charges are made. They are investigated, and partially and confusedly admitted in a report, against which there is so general a protest of an attempt at evasion that another investigation is undertaken. The majority thereupon report that there are no serious irregularities whatever; but offer no evidence, and ask to have their verdict accepted solely upon faith in their judgment. The minority report gives an outline of the evidence upon which it relies, and which the majority report does not even attempt to impeach.

The Conference very properly concedes that in the management of so large a business there may often be irregularities to correct, but it truly says that an irreparable damage will be done to the Church if it is believed that "great mismanagement" exists and is concealed. The Conference, therefore, passed stringent resolutions that in view of the conflicting statements a thorough examination by commission or otherwise should be made if possible before the meeting of the General Conference, and if that is impracticable, then under its express direction. And as one of the persons most seriously implicated by the evidence, and who has resigned his position in the Book Concern, has been nevertheless elected treasurer of the Sunday-school union of the Church, the Conference directs its Sunday-school money to be withheld until a treasurer is appointed who commands the confidence of the whole Church.

Does the *Western Advocate* really suppose that, in presence of the minority report—of the evidence—of the statements of Dr. LANAHAN—of the testimony of the great paper houses—and of the action of the Baltimore Conference, the public will be soothed by the majority report into the belief that there have been no irregularities? Or is it so extremely foolish as to suppose it can destroy the force of the truth which this paper has stated by declaring that "the interest involved explains it all?"

PHILIP SHERIDAN.

THE *World*, in a frenzy of delight to decry a noble soldier whose name is precious to every true American, exclaims, speaking of the massacre of Glencoe, "From the day when it reddened the Highlands to the hour when the Lieutenant-General of the Army of the United States fell on the Piegan village, it has stood as an isolated monument of cowardly murder, in the annals of the British tongue," and thereupon screams, that SHERIDAN has surpassed it, and is "the champion assassin of two centuries!"

The *World* forgets. The massacre of Glencoe, a sudden blow, ended in a day, was mild humanity compared with the ingenious tortures and slaughters, the slow starvation, the horrors of thirst, the unimaginable agonies ending in madness and idiocy, dragged out through ghastly weeks and months, which were inflicted upon helpless prisoners by the *World's* friends at Andersonville—unspeakable atrocities which the *World* never condemned, perpetrated by men whom the *World* calls great captains and Christian gentlemen. Where was the *World's* wrath when a thousandfold more cowardly murder than that of Glencoe was done upon innocent black women and children in the city of New York, when an orphan asylum was burned by the *World's* friends, a raging mob, which it called "the people," and the most helpless and friendless and blameless of human beings were hunted for their lives by a mad hatred which the *World* encouraged then, and which it fosters now even in the very issue in which it slanders SHERIDAN. If the attack upon the Indians, who, whatever their wrongs, have committed unspeakable outrages, had been the wanton massacre of the most innocent and friendly colored men by the Ku-Klux Klan, the *World* would have jested over it in its most airy vein, and invited us to drop a merry tear over "de woes of Sambo."

There may have been wanton cruelty among some of the soldiers in Colonel BAKER's command. Of that a searching investigation will probably apprise us. But the *World's* ferocity against General SHERIDAN springs from the fact that he dealt the final blow to a rebellion begun to perpetuate the foulest, the most dastardly, the most inhuman of crimes—a rebellion which the *World* virtually supported, and which effectually exposed the character and purpose of the great leaders of its party. If PHILIP SHERIDAN were not one of the most illustrious and beloved of the Union soldiers—if he had only betrayed his flag and dishonored his oath, and consented to be a tool in the hands of a bloody conspiracy of slaveholders, the *World* would speak of him as it does of ROBERT E. LEE, as a "distinguished" and "honored" man.

THE HEROES OF THE "ONEIDA."

WE hope that our readers have read the details of the loss of the *Oneida*. It is a terrible tale; but it is one of the noblest ever told. It shows that there are no truer heroes than the men of whom we knew nothing until we read the story of their deaths.

Toward sunset the *Oneida* sailed from Yokohama for home. "In one hour," says young Mr. CROWNINSHIELD, the Captain's clerk, who was saved—and he says it with pardonable pride—"in one hour we were facing death as only Americans can do; for not a murmur, not a cry, was heard when the good ship *Oneida* (which had done her duty through the war) was sinking, and every one knew that meant death." Captain WILLIAMS was calmly at his post. "Captain WILLIAMS acted as bravely as he has always done. He would not leave his post on the bridge, although he was almost pulled away; and when urged by Mr. YATES, replied, 'I go down with my ship.' A petty officer urged him to go. He grasped the iron rail, and said, 'No, this is my place, and here I remain.' God bless him! The country and the world have lost a noble officer."

He was the worthy leader of worthy men. "This heroic conduct was followed by every officer and man on board the ship; not a soul who had a station left it, but faced death in such a manner that makes me feel proud. We were Americans, and if it were not for you all at home I could wish I was locked in their arms." Another says: "Surgeon FROTHINGHAM had with him a remarkably bright Japanese boy of two-sworded inheritance, whom he was taking to New York to educate for five years; true to his trust, he was last seen trying to rescue the little Yakonin. Lieutenant-Commander STEWART and Ensign ADAMS went to fire the alarm guns, and ascertained that one of the men at the wheel, who was killed and swept overboard, had the key to the magazine in his pocket. Together they forced the door, and together aided in firing three guns; but before the fourth could be fired the water had gained so rapidly that the heavy gun and iron carriage slipped and went down the hatchway, carrying with it Ensign ADAMS and crushing him to instant death. Ensign CHARLES A. COPP was in charge of the berth deck, and, after seeing all the sick and invalid seamen removed to the deck, returned below to his post of duty. A comrade hailed him to come on deck, as the ship was going down. 'No,' said Ensign COPP; 'I am stationed here, and can not come until relieved.' Noble boy! brave youth! 'Not until I am relieved!' As his young voice firmly uttered those noble words the wild waves of the cruel sea engulfed the ship."

What sublime sense of duty! What heroism! What devotion! For one day the teachers in the schools every where in this country might wisely close the history and open the newspaper to read to their pupils the story of a heroism which is not surpassed in HOMER or PLUTARCH, and which will give them all a noble pride in their humanity.

FALSEHOODS BY THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE telegraphic report upon which we commented last week, that the French Ministry had been virtually censured by a vote of 188 to 56, was false. It appears that the fact was exactly the other way. It was the motion of the Ministry that was supported; and M. PINARD stated, that in consequence of the bold and judicious action of the Ministers, "the left" would sustain them. This correction shows two things: first, that the reports by the Atlantic telegram are not trust-worthy; and second, that M. OLLIVIER has not made the fatal blunder that we attributed to him; and which was evident if the proceedings as telegraphed were authentic. The truth now seems to be that the Ministry is sagacious enough to see the necessity of a steady liberal advance, and that the proposition of M. OLLIVIER to abandon the system of government candidacies is, as the *Journal des Débats* remarks, breaking the link that bound the Ministry to the relics of the past.

One thing is certainly clear, and that is, that the new French Ministry is entitled to the forbearing judgment of liberals in every country; and that nothing can be more unfair than a studied depreciation of all its words and acts. Does any body suppose that it was practicable or desirable to pass at once from absolute personal government to a régime of ROCHEFORT and FLEURENS? Is it necessarily unwise to seek political progress in France without a revolution? Lord CHESTERFIELD said that the French knew how to build barricades, but not how to erect barriers. And is it evident that a revolution, however bloody, would abolish personal government? These are questions which we suppose the friends of ROCHEFORT do not ask, and for which they do not care. But they are questions which every sensible person must ask, and the answers are obvious.

The positive measures which have been demanded of the new Ministry are certainly most positively initiated in the abolition of the government candidacies. It is a declaration for freedom of elections which the dullest can appreciate, and which shows that the intention of the Emperor is sincere. Indeed, it is the appeal of the Ministry to the honest liberalism of France. M. OLLIVIER, as we said last week, can no longer depend upon the support of deputies whom he has virtually censured as elected by superior interference. If the Opposition desert him also, he will be left without a majority. If he should then resign, would the Emperor be justified in supposing that a coalition of the extreme right and the extreme left is a demand for a more liberal Ministry? It is very easy to suppose that any Ministry which does not attempt to establish the republic is false and treacherous; but it is not necessarily a true theory of the situation. Let us judge the new movement and France by its fruits; and

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if, as we now hear, M. JULES FAVRE has promised his active support to the Ministry, his action may well enlighten foreign public opinion.

GRAPES AND THORNS, AND FIGS AND THISTLES.

GRAPES are not gathered of thorns; and no one who knows any thing of the Democratic party of New York could seriously have supposed that it would give the city a wise, honest, and economical charter. When the Governor saluted the Legislature as "honest," and spoke as if the result of the election had really purified our politics, every body felt that his Excellency spoke very foolishly, because the party that would now control the State had long controlled the city unchallenged, and the honesty and economy and purity of Democratic rule are there forever visible. The guarantees of order and moderation in the city were precisely those parts of the municipal system which the Democratic party could not touch.

It was well understood that the great work of the Legislature would be a new city charter, and a charter which should give into the hands of the managers of the Democratic party all that had hitherto escaped them. In due time the new charter was presented. It was a scheme virtually delivering the city to the Ring. It was outrageous, but of course not unexpected. But in a large city, where the power of a party such as we have hitherto shown the Democratic party to be, is undisputed, and where the most ignorant and corrupt men make the most money in politics, the "loot" of the Ring would necessarily excite envy. Mr. O'BRIEN, for instance, would naturally inquire why Mr. SWEENY should be dictator. Mr. GENET would see no divine right in Mr. TWEED. The result shows that this was the situation. The cry of down with the Ring was raised. There was a loud beating of gongs and a striking of fine attitudes, and an announcement of an anti-Ring charter; and finally the production of such a document. It was offered in the Legislature, and instantly in caucus every tolerable provision in it was removed, and the model charter of "the honest Democracy" permits the City Chamberlain, Mr. SWEENY, to continue his present custom of receiving, among other perquisites, about fifty thousand dollars for signing his name.

The Ring is dead, long live the Ring! The "honest Democracy," we presume, are quite as likely to purify elections and save money to the tax-payers and redeem the political fame of the city of New York, when they march under Messrs. SWEENY and TWEED, as when they rally to the colors of Messrs. O'BRIEN and GENET. Meanwhile it must be obvious to the country that watches this quarrel of Democratic factions for the sacking of the city that nothing can save our glorious institution from "Republican rascality" but calling the Democratic party to national power. How safe those institutions would be had the people only elected Mr. SEYMOUR and General BLAIR! How trebly secure, if they would only resolve to put Mr. SWEENY'S Mr. HOFFMAN in the place of General GRANT!

THE RIGHTS OF RAILWAY TRAVELERS.

IN our issue for March 12 we stated the case of JOHN A. COLEMAN against the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, which in our judgment presents certain points that, in the interest of travelers, should be definitively settled. The great power of the great railroad companies is like all other power. It consults its own advantage, not the convenience of the public. Moreover, the growing power of such companies is a grave public peril. The means at their disposal for enforcing their own will are enormous. They are in possession of the route of travel. The impracticability of organizing competing lines is notorious. They advertise in newspapers, and they pass editors free. Free passes are showered upon Legislatures, and many a Judge rides to his court to hear a case in which the Company that carries him freely to and from his home is a party. The name of the great New Jersey road has become a synonym for that of the State. It was generally understood that it even elected Senators in Congress. It was the most dangerous enemy that a Jerseyman could have in his own State.

Nothing, therefore, is more indispensable than that the managers of the great railroads should feel their direct responsibility to public opinion through the watchfulness of the Press. There are a hundred points of mismanagement which can not be brought into court. There are a hundred more which no individual passenger, however strong the presumption in favor of his complaint, cares to contest against a great Company. There are Companies that still pack passengers into the old-fashioned black-holes—the cars without a raised roof. The New York Central dumps its passengers into the snow and rain at its Albany station. Last summer the New York and New Haven Railroad Company prohibited the sale of *Hearth and Home* in its cars, because of an article criticising the conduct of the road, its notorious disregard of the comfort of passengers, and alleging its resort to "the usual lobby-legislative tactics" to defeat the charter of a parallel road. This was a wanton infringement of the public convenience, for which, of course, there was no legal remedy—an act of despotic power, to which every traveler was forced to submit.

From the encroachment of the nameless petty oppressions of travelers by railroad power nothing will protect us but prompt and full exposure. It is, indeed, very troublesome to the individual. Few persons care to write a letter to the newspapers to recount the little mishaps, the delays, the inconveniences, which yet will not correct themselves, and will increase instead of diminish. When, therefore, a traveler has sustained severe personal injuries from what he conceives to be the excessive violence of railroad agents, and has appealed to a jury, which, upon a fair hearing, has awarded him damages, as in the case of Mr. COLEMAN—a traveler who, in urging his suit, raises questions which are of general interest to all travelers—we can have no hesitation in making public his own statement, although the verdict has been set aside and the case continued.

Our object, however, is not to prejudice the public against a railroad, but to remind the railroad of its duty to the public. And as we have presented, as we believe, fairly the evidence of Mr. COLEMAN and the questions raised by him—to which we refer our readers—we now state the case of the railroad, as communicated by one of its counsel, a gentleman of the highest personal and professional character. Our readers will, of course, remember that this, like the other, is an *ex parte* statement.

LAW OFFICE OF FERRIS & CHILD,
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT, *March* 7, 1870.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In the issue of *Harper's Weekly* for March 12, 1870, there is an editorial article, entitled "The Rights of Railway Travelers," based upon a suit pending in the Superior Court for the County of Suffolk, in the State of Massachusetts, in which JOHN A. COLEMAN is plaintiff, and the New York and New Haven Railroad Company is defendant. As you state in your article, the case has been twice tried, and a third trial is pending. Your conclusion is that, "upon the evidence, there can be little doubt that excessive violence was used, and that Mr. COLEMAN is entitled to recover." Inasmuch as the evidence stated in your article is in many respects inaccurately set forth, I ask you, in simple justice, to allow this counter-statement.

1. The entire evidence showed that the conductor throughout the affair behaved like a gentleman. The plaintiff admitted it; his witnesses proved it. The conductor was courteous and civil, and he did not eject Mr. COLEMAN until he had repeatedly urged that gentleman to pay his fare or leave the car.

2. It is not true that, when the conductor came through the car to inspect the tickets, "Mr. COLEMAN accosted him politely, and stated that he was traveling constantly," etc., as a reason for his desire to save the fare by the use of his rejected ticket. The plaintiff admitted that when the conductor first came through the train he held the ticket between his fingers, exposed to view, and had his newspaper before him, which he was reading. Had the conductor taken the ticket without noticing its irregularity, is it probable that Mr. COLEMAN would have called his attention to it? The evidence showed an entirely different purpose. As Mr. COLEMAN stated, he bought his regular ticket "to pass on if he failed on the other, but after he got in the car concluded to test his right." No conversation took place until the conductor informed Mr. COLEMAN he could not pass upon the ticket which he presented, and reminded him that he had already been so notified. Mr. COLEMAN replied, in effect, that he had determined to test his right to ride upon the ticket which he presented, and should offer no other. Mr. COLEMAN urged the conductor to allow him to pass on the ground that a kind of Freemasonry existed between conductors and the traveling public; that the directors would never know it, and it could make no difference to the road; and that, if the conductor was reprimanded or got into trouble, he, COLEMAN, would make it right. He did not "appeal to those around him who knew him." There was no evidence that he was known to any one until after he was ejected from the car, and no evidence that he was in any way responsible. He was a stranger to the conductor, and apparently to the other passengers in the car. The only "railroad man" or "officer of a railroad" in the car was a State director of the Boston and Albany road. He admitted his ignorance, on the trial, as to the rules of his own road in similar cases, his duties as a State director not requiring familiarity with them.

Mr. COLEMAN manifested no willingness to yield to any authority, but told the conductor, "If he put him out, he did it at his peril." The conductor repeatedly urged Mr. COLEMAN to pay his fare, and settle it with the officers of the road (precisely what Mr. COLEMAN proposed to the conductor, except that Mr. COLEMAN, in the one case, advanced the fare; in the other, the conductor), and courteously asked him not to cause him trouble. Mr. COLEMAN refused to accede to these requests. At Stamford Mr. COLEMAN was ejected by force from the car. He was requested to leave immediately before his expulsion. He declined to do so; and, instead of "passively resisting," braced his knees against the seat in front of him, and placed his arm under the arm-rest in the centre of the seat. He was taken from the car by main force, was carried to the platform of the station, and upon the platform those carrying him fell with him. The evidence did not sustain the assertion that he was "thrown broadside upon the platform." While being carried out he resisted with all his force, kicking, biting, and striking. He claimed to have been struck before he was taken into the aisle of the car. The evidence upon this point was conflicting, both as to his being struck, and as to whether he gave or was given the first blow. The Court limited the responsibility of the Company to the acts of the employés engaged in ejecting Mr. COLEMAN from the car. Not a witness identified the striker of the blow, but every employé who assisted in ejecting Mr. COLEMAN was present at the trial, and denied striking him. Is it quite fair, then, to fasten the blow upon those who, uncontradicted, deny it, or to dignify Mr. COLEMAN'S turbulent conduct as self-defense?

The injury occasioned by the blow was admitted to be slight. The only serious injury which Mr. COLEMAN suffered was an increased tendency to hernia. But Mr. COLEMAN knew that he was subject to this disease, and wore a truss. His physician stated that the resistance by bracing his knees and holding on to the seat would have aggravated his hernia more than any other violence to which he was exposed. It certainly requires no argument to show that Mr. COLEMAN was not entitled to compensation for injuries occasioned by his own contribution thereto. Has he a special claim to sympathy for a voluntary aggravation of a disease known only to himself?

There are other serious inaccuracies of statement in the article to which I have referred. I have mentioned enough to show you that the information upon which you relied is, to say the least, *ex parte*.

I do not ask you to weigh my statements against those of your informant. Having tried the case at all its trials, in *banc* and at *nisi prius*, I am, of course, familiar with the testimony; but should you deem it important to satisfy yourself as to which has the better means of information, the stenographer's notes will be allowed you for private inspection.

It is not my purpose to suggest any argument respecting the law of the case. However sound your views may be, from necessity the interpretation by the courts must conclude the matter. Permit me, however, to remind you that the principle claimed by Mr. COLEMAN, viz., that a railroad ticket is received independent of regulations—that a passenger can elect how he will use it, notwithstanding the purpose for which it is purchased, and the contract of which it is evidence—and that a ticket of passage from one terminus of a railroad to the other gives the holder the right to apportion his travel to such stations as he may desire until he has traveled the length of the road—is contrary to the entire current of adjudication in every respectable court of England and the United States. Both Mr. Chief-Justice BINGHAM, who first tried the case, and Mr. Justice REED, who presided at the second trial, denied Mr. COLEMAN'S legal theory, and the eminent counsel who represented him did not except to their charge.

If Mr. COLEMAN honestly sought to test his legal right in the premises, he in no way compromised his claim by leaving the cars under protest, or by submitting to expulsion without resistance. His remedy would be full and complete had he sued for damages occasioned by detention at Stamford, or even for the price of his passage-money. And he is peculiarly fortunate in his incorporation into the editorial columns of so respectable a journal as your own as the representative of "The Rights of Railway Travelers."

In conclusion, allow me to say the suit in which you pass judgment is not yet decided. The jurors who are to pass upon the issues of fact involved therein are likely to read your article; and is it quite fair for a journal occupying the position of *Harper's Weekly* to prejudge a case upon an *ex parte* statement? Is it just to present to the traveling public, among which your paper largely circulates, a report of a case as yet undetermined, the only tendency of which is adverse to the defendant? Mr. COLEMAN elected his remedy and his forum to redress such wrongs as he may have suffered. His conduct was not that of a representative man seeking protection for the traveling public. He is not entitled to be clothed with any of the attributes of a vindicator of rights denied. His case is simply that of a traveling agent desiring, very properly, to make the most of his money, who, failing in an attempt to pass off a ticket, known to be invalid, without detection, and disappointed in efforts to cajole or intimidate the conductor, disturbed a car full of passengers in his obstinate zeal to seek litigation, exposing himself to injuries which he alone knew he was subject to, premeditatedly and deliberately, and at the most is only entitled to his remedy at law, which he has voluntarily sought.

Until that remedy fails we ask a suspension of judgment. Seeking justice as our right, we ask the Press not to usurp the duties of the Courts, and to allow us at least a fair field where we ask no favor.

The importance attributed to the matter in controversy by you is my apology for the length of this communication, which I trust may be published in such portion of your paper as will meet the eye of the readers of your editorial. Appreciating the courtesy of this opportunity,

Respectfully yours,
CALVIN G. CHILD,
of Counsel for the N. Y. and N. H. R. R.

NOTES.

CAPTAIN G. SCHWEERS is a name to be as kindly mentioned as that of Captain ARTHUR WELLESLEY EYRE is to be uttered with horror. Captain SCHWEERS commanded the steamer *Smidt*, which left Bremen on the 22d of January and was struck by a hurricane a week afterward, breaking the piston-rod on the 9th of February. For twelve days the ship lay to, while captain, engineers, and crew worked unitringly to mend the machinery. At last they started with halting engines and came on at the rate of five miles an hour, and after a weary voyage of fifty days, during which happily all were well, Captain SCHWEERS brought his ship into port and to the hearty welcome of a country which feared never to hear of the voyagers again. "The captain's skill and presence of mind alone saved us," say the passengers. Let us remember his name and honor him!

GAIL HAMILTON'S new volume, "A Battle of the Books," giving her version of her differences with her publishers, is placed before the public by Messrs. HURD & HOUGHTON in the most attractive attire of the Riverside press. Waiving the consideration of the taste and propriety of such a performance, as a question decided by the author for herself, it may be safely said that her book affords much entertaining matter, and will doubtless be very widely read. Even those who may not wholly approve of what some will call the truly feminine way in which she evades the implied obligation to silence on a question submitted by both parties to referees for final decision, or the wisdom of complying with the sarcastic wish of old Job, that his enemy "would write a book," will not deny this volume the merit of sparkling vivacity and interest. The story of her troubles is told under a very transparent veil of fiction. It purports to give the history of an author's dealings with publishers just a century ago; but the names of places, books, magazines, and living authors and publishers are so slightly disguised as to be recognizable at a glance. One can not but admire the ingenuity with which the rather difficult machinery of her story is managed, her keen satire, brilliant style, and business-like power of analyzing contracts and detecting the weak points of an argument. Now that she is fully awake to the necessity of reading a contract before signing it, no one need hope to catch her napping again. It is not necessary to go into the merits of the case, as between the author and her publishers. She is convinced of having suffered wrongs and losses, and does not hesitate to say so without mincing words; but for the evidence on which she brings her complaint, and justifies herself in making the public acquainted with her literary troubles, we must refer the reader to her own pages.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 7.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced for the admission of Texas on the same conditions as Virginia. The remainder of the day was occupied with a debate on the Funding bill.—In the House, a bill was introduced to provide for additional representation in the Forty-second Congress.

March 8.—In the Senate, among the bills introduced was one for the redemption of legal tenders by providing that one-half of the payments on duties or imports may be made in these notes; and another to promote the civilization of Indians, and to prepare them for the rights of citizenship. A bill was reported making it a misdemeanor to fit out or equip ships of war for use by a European Power in subduing American colonists claiming independence.—In the House, the Georgia bill was passed, but much altered, as Mr. Bingham's amendment, providing that nothing in this bill shall affect the present office-holders in the State, and that the election of Senators and Representatives in 1870 be held on the day named in the Constitution, or on such other day as the present Legislature may designate, was adopted by a vote of 114 to 71.

March 9.—In the Senate, the Georgia bill as it passed the House was received from the committee, but not considered.—In the House, a resolution was offered censuring the action of certain revenue officers in New York and elsewhere in seizing private property and papers, and asking for the authority under which they so proceeded.

March 10.—In the Senate, a communication was received from General Reynolds, of Texas, inclosing copies of the new Constitution of that State, and announcing the ratification by the Legislature of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments.—In the House, the bill for the reorganization of the army was considered at some length, and finally passed without a division. It makes radical changes in the military branch of government service in regard to the number of officers, their rank, pay, holding civil office, brevets, and other important matters. It provides for a general muster-out of supernumeraries; reduces the number of major-generals to three, and of brigadiers to six, establishes reduced rates of pay, abolishes certain grades, etc. The bill was considered in sections, and all were agreed to as reported, with but slight modification, excepting the thirteenth, which transfers the Indian Bureau to the War Department. This was rejected.

March 11.—In the Senate, the Funding bill was passed by a vote of 32 to 10. Among the bills introduced was one to secure more efficient seamen for the navy, by providing for the appointment of a naval apprentice from each congressional district; and another to regulate telegraphic correspondence with foreign countries.—In the House, the General Deficiency bill was taken up. It appropriates an aggregate amount of $2,477,711 for deficiencies in the civil service for the present fiscal year. The largest items are as follows: For post-offices at New York, $400,000; Boston, $200,000; Mint at San Francisco, $100,000; and Reconstruction expenses, $385,000.

March 12.—The Senate was not in session, and in the House the day was entirely taken up with general debate.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The Assembly of the New York Legislature has passed a bill, by a vote of 62 to 54, to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors. The clause in relation to the sale of lager beer or any other liquors on Sundays and election days, in any incorporated city, reads as follows:

"Licenses granted, as in this act provided, shall not authorize any person or persons to expose for sale, or sell, give away or dispose of, any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale, or beer, on any day between the hours of one and five o'clock in the morning or on any day upon which a general or special election shall be held, within one-quarter of a mile from the place where the same shall be held, or on Sunday. And all places licensed as aforesaid shall be closed and kept closed on Sundays and election days, and between the hours aforesaid on all other days. Nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent hotels from receiving and otherwise entertaining the traveling public upon Sundays, or from *allowing free ingress or egress on that day from any place so licensed as aforesaid, or from preventing the sale of lager beer* within the limits of any city and in the counties of New York and Kings on that day in any public garden or other place, not in public view, licensed as aforesaid."

The words in italics seem to open a pretty wide door for Sunday traffic in liquor.

At a recent caucus of the Democratic members of the Assembly the abolition of the City Commissions was discussed, the exemption of the Central Park Commission being the point of difference. It was agreed that all should be abolished. The Senate, it is said, desires to leave the Central Park Commission undisturbed.

The trial of M'Farland, indicted for the murder of Richardson, is to commence on the first Monday in April.

The Republicans of New Hampshire have re-elected Governor Stearns by a considerable majority.

After a bolsterous but uneventful passage of 49 days from Bremen the steamer *Smidt* arrived at this port in safety on the 11th inst. The *City of Boston* has not yet been heard from.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported from Rome that a *schema* on infallibility was recently distributed to the members of the Œcumenical Council. It asserts that the Church possesses supreme and complete primacy, and that the principality over the universal Church was received with plenitude of power from the Lord himself by St. Peter, of whom the Pontiff is the successor. All questions of faith must be determined under that power; else the words of the Lord to Peter would be disregarded. This is proved by results. In the Apostolic See, Catholic and immaculate, the doctrine has always been fully maintained; consequently "we inculcate, with the concurrence of the Council, and define as a dogma of faith, that, thanks to Divine assistance, the Roman Pontiff, of whom it was said in the person of Peter by Christ, 'I have prayed for all,' can not err when acting as supreme teacher of all Christians." The *schema* defines what the Church must hold in faith and morals, and that the prerogative of Papal infallibility extends over the same matters to which the infallibility of the Church is applicable. "If any should dare, which God forbid, to controvert the present definition, let him know that he departs from the true faith." The French and other Governments have demanded that their diplomatic representatives shall be present at the deliberations of the Council.

A duel has taken place near Madrid between the Duke de Montpensier and Prince Henri de Bourbon, growing out of a political letter written by the Prince to the friends of the Duke. The Prince fell dead at the third fire, shot through the head.

The death of Count Montalembert, the leader of the Liberal Catholic party in France, took place at Paris on the 13th instant. He was in his sixtieth year.

Mr. Charles Dickens has had an interview with Queen Victoria by royal invitation.

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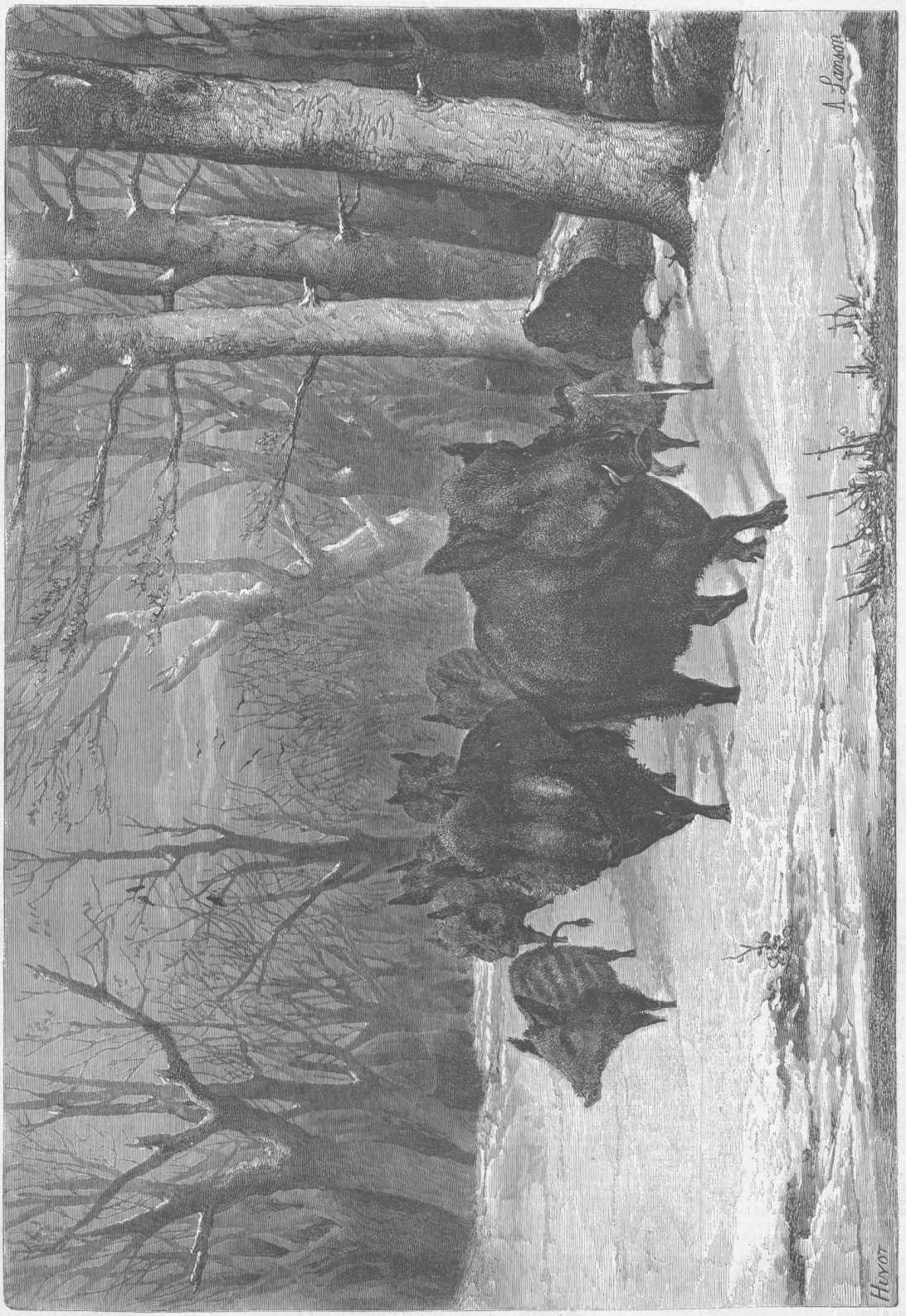

WILD-BOARS.

THE WILD-BOAR.

"OF all the animals in India killed by me"—writes Captain SHAKESPEARE, a celebrated hunter—"the tiger, wild elephant, buffalo, bison, bear, boar, panther, and leopard, not one has ever made good his charge against the deadly bullets of my heavy rifle, or against the spear, save the wild-boar and panther. I consider hog-hunting to be the finest sport in the world."

It is difficult for one who has only seen the pig in a domestic state to realize the force and truth of the foregoing statement. What trace is there of thundering speed, eyes savage as those of a trapped tiger, and glowing as red-hot charcoal; of strength to rush beneath the horse's belly and bear him, with the hunter on his back, sheer off his legs; or of the terrible nine-inch-long tusk, which, entering the steed's flank, would plow a deep gory rut, ending only at the shoulder-bone? What trace is there of all this in the meek sow, affectionately cuddling her litter of tiny squeakers, or grunting her gratitude to Roger who replenishes her trough, and rolling her eyes with delicious langnor as the worthy young mash-bearer, leaning dreamily over the wicket, scratches her back?

In various parts of Europe the boar still roams at large—in parts of France, and in considerable numbers in the deep forests of Germany; but little or nothing is done at the present day in boar-hunting. India is the great field for this sport, and the animals there found are certainly the largest and most formidable of any in the world. There the boar roams the jungle, fearing not even the terrible tiger; crops his dinner at the verge of the auburn-striped monster's lair, and comes down with him to the pool to slake his thirst; yet that no affection exists between them is certain, from the fact that now and then sportsmen come across boars and tigers dead, the latter bearing marks of the wild pig's tremendous tusks.

Boar-hunting in India is always conducted on horseback, and the chief weapon employed is the spear. Of this there are two kinds in use. The one adopted in Eastern Hindostan is called a "jobber," about six feet long, weighted heavily

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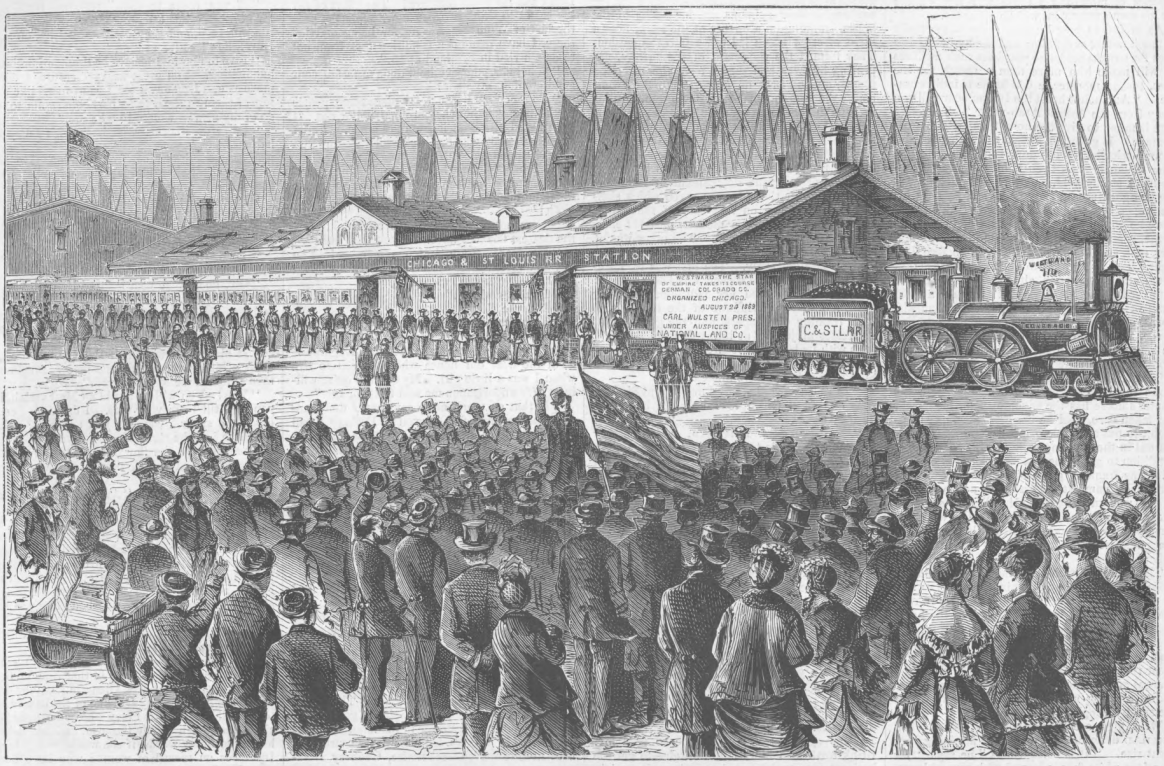
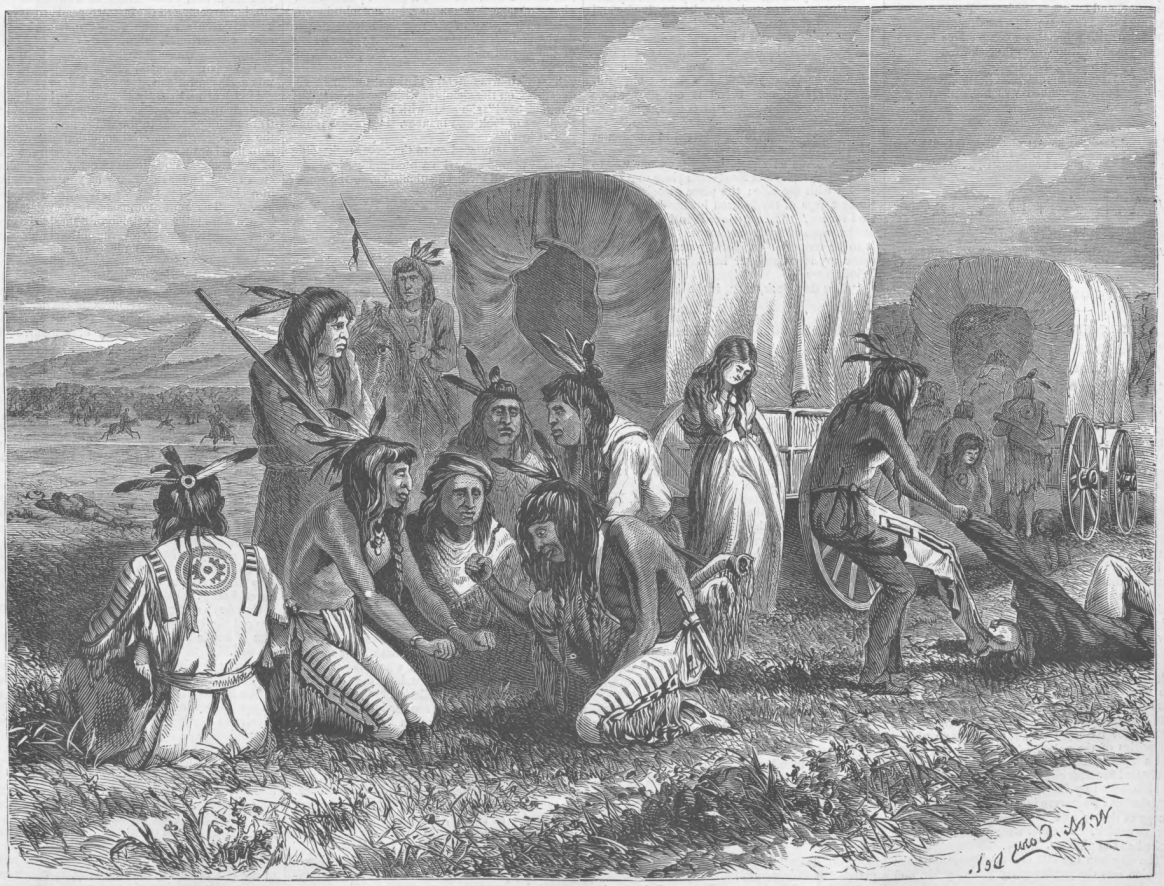


DEPARTURE OF A COLONY OF EMIGRANTS FOR COLORADO.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

at one end with lead. In Western Hindostan hunters have adopted a lance about ten feet in length, without any counterpoise. The writer's experience is, that the style of spear is of little consequence so long as the horse is thoroughly trained to the sport. Wherever a hog will go, even when hard pressed, there should the horse follow—up steep hills, down sudden slopes, over bushes, and along the face of rocks at an angle of forty degrees, and more slippery than the Nicolson pavement in foggy weather. It is very possible to have a horse too ardent: when it is considered that, when hard run, a boar has been known to tuck in his feet and fling himself over a bank fifteen feet deep, falling on his chest, to be up and off again in an instant, the disad-



INDIANS GAMBLING FOR THE POSSESSION OF A CAPTIVE.—SKETCHED BY M. W. CARY.—[SEE PAGE 199.]

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vantage of mounting a horse who hunts boars for his own amusement will be apparent.

As in Indian boar-hunting there is generally as much racing as fighting, and the hunter's valor goes for naught unless he possesses such facilities as will make him more than a match for the fleet, tusked monster, a fast horse is indispensable. "At his first burst the Indian boar will run away from the fleetest Arab racer." Therefore care is taken to give the horse every possible advantage. It generally happens that the pasture-ground selected by the cunning boar is situated a long distance—ten, twenty, even thirty miles—from his strong-hold. Setting out in the evening, he goes at a steady pace, and reaches his feeding-place about the middle of the night. Here he gorges, as only hogs wild and tame can gorge, sugar-cane, or such other food as he fancies, and, strolling off, reaches home before daylight. This is the time to hunt him. He is full, tired, and sleepy, and altogether incapable of running his fastest. Indeed it may take a great gang of natives, with tomtoms, bells, cymbals, horns, and other implements of hideous Indian music, to rouse him from his covert; and roused he *must* be, for to penetrate to his sanctum afoot, however perfectly armed, would be a suicidal act. When roused, however, the boar will make the best running he can; and here the hunter's horse has the advantage, for his master has taken care, after he has had his supper overnight, to put a muzzle over his mouth, and he is led out in the morning empty and light, and in a condition to go at the fastest pace he is capable of. The hunter's great aim is to "blow" his formidable game at the first burst and bring him to bay, well knowing that if he allows the boar to keep the lead until he recovers his wind, his hungry horse will flag and droop his ears, while the game, with his tail erect, is still at a hard gallop.

The secret of riding a wild hog is to ride as close to him as you can, keeping him on the spear or right hand of you. You must be able to turn the horse with the hog, and therefore the horse must be always in hand. In short, when the hog flags in speed the hunter must be ready to make his horse spring upon him, so to speak. The spear then *goes through* the foe; and if the hog charges at the time, the increased impetus of two bodies meeting at such speed generally drives the spear through from end to end.

Wild pigs are found also in Africa. DU CHAILLU describes one variety as attaining very great size. "It is conspicuous," he says, "for a curious white face, adorned with several large, warty protuberances on each side, half-way between the eyes and nose. These, and the singularly long bristles which surround the eyes, and the long ears, ending in a tuft of coarse hair, have a very curious effect. The color of the body is red."

Most difficult game these red, hairy-eyed pigs appear to be. They are described as tremendously savage, and active as terriers. DU CHAILLU, singling a boar from among a herd, and bringing him down with a bullet, its companions in their fright "made a leap which must have measured over ten yards." "I have repeatedly seen them," says he, "leaping across the Ovenga, where by my own measurement it was more than eight yards wide."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIXTH SCENE.—SWANHAVEN LODGE.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE (FIRST SOWING).

"NOT so large as Windygates. But—shall we say snug, Jones?"

"And comfortable, Smith. I quite agree with you."

Such was the judgment pronounced by the two choral gentlemen on Julius Delamayn's house in Scotland. It was, as usual with Smith and Jones, a sound judgment—as far as it went. Swanhaven Lodge was not half the size of Windygates; but it had been inhabited for two centuries when the foundations of Windygates were first laid—and it possessed the advantages, without inheriting the drawbacks, of its age. There is in an old house a friendly adaptation to the human character, as there is in an old hat a friendly adaptation to the human head. The visitor who left Swanhaven quitted it with something like a sense of leaving home. Among the few houses not our own which take a strong hold on our sympathies this was one. The ornamental grounds were far inferior in size and splendor to the grounds at Windygates. But the park was beautiful—less carefully laid out, but also less monotonous than an English park. The lake on the northern boundary of the estate, famous for its breed of swans, was one of the curiosities of the neighborhood; and the house had a history, associating it with more than one celebrated Scottish name, which had been written and illustrated by Julius Delamayn. Visitors to Swanhaven Lodge were invariably presented with a copy of the volume (privately printed). One in twenty read it. The rest were "charmed," and looked at the pictures.

The day was the last day of August, and the occasion was the garden-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Delamayn.

Smith and Jones following, with the other guests at Windygates, in Lady Lundie's train—exchanged their opinions on the merits of the house, standing on a terrace at the back, near a flight of steps which led down into the garden. They formed the van-guard of the visitors, appearing by twos and threes from the reception rooms, and all bent on going to see the swans before the amusements of the day began. Julius Delamayn came out with the first detachment, recruited Smith and Jones, and other wandering bachelors, by the way, and set forth for the lake. An interval of a minute or two passed—and the terrace remained empty. Then two ladies—at the head of a second detachment of visitors—appeared under the old stone porch which sheltered the entrance on that side of the house. One of the ladies was a modest, pleasant little person, very simply dressed. The other was of the tall and formidable type of "fine women,' clad in dazzling array. The first was Mrs. Julius Delamayn. The second was Lady Lundie.

"Exquisite!" cried her ladyship, surveying the old mullioned windows of the house, with their framing of creepers, and the grand stone buttresses projecting at intervals from the wall, each with its bright little circle of flowers blooming round the base. "I am really grieved that Sir Patrick should have missed this."

"I think you said, Lady Lundie, that Sir Patrick had been called to Edinburgh by family business?"

"Business, Mrs. Delamayn, which is any thing but agreeable to me, as one member of the family. It has altered all my arrangements for the autumn. My step-daughter is to be married next week."

"Is it so near as that? May I ask who the gentleman is?"

"Mr. Arnold Brinkworth."

"Surely I have some association with that name?"

"You have probably heard of him, Mrs. Delamayn, as the heir to Miss Brinkworth's Scotch property?"

"Exactly! Have you brought Mr. Brinkworth here to-day?"

"I bring his apologies, as well as Sir Patrick's. They went to Edinburgh together the day before yesterday. The lawyers engage to have the settlements ready in three or four days more, if a personal consultation can be managed. Some formal question, I believe, connected with title-deeds. Sir Patrick thought the safest way and the speediest way would be to take Mr. Brinkworth with him to Edinburgh—to get the business over to-day—and to wait until we join them, on our way south, to-morrow."

"You leave Windygates, in this lovely weather?"

"Most unwillingly! The truth is, Mrs. Delamayn, I am at my step-daughter's mercy. Her uncle has the authority, as her guardian—and the use he makes of it is to give her her own way in every thing. It was only on Friday last that she consented to let the day be fixed—and even then she made it a positive condition that the marriage was not to take place in Scotland. Pure willfulness! But what can I do? Sir Patrick submits; and Mr. Brinkworth submits. If I am to be present at the marriage I must follow their example. I feel it my duty to be present—and, as a matter of course, I sacrifice myself. We start for London to-morrow."

"Is Miss Lundie to be married in London at this time of year?"

"No. We only pass through, on our way to Sir Patrick's place in Kent—the place that came to him with the title; the place associated with the last days of my beloved husband. Another trial for *me!* The marriage is to be solemnized on the scene of my bereavement. My old wound is to be reopened on Monday next—simply because my step-daughter has taken a dislike to Windygates."

"This day week, then, is the day of the marriage?"

"Yes. This day week. There have been reasons for hurrying it which I need not trouble you with. No words can say how I wish it was over.—But, my dear Mrs. Delamayn, how thoughtless of me to assail *you* with my family worries! You are *so* sympathetic. That is my only excuse. Don't let me keep you from your guests. I could linger in this sweet place forever! Where is Mrs. Glenarm?"

"I really don't know. I missed her when we came out on the terrace. She will very likely join us at the lake. Do you care about seeing the lake, Lady Lundie?"

"I adore the beauties of Nature, Mrs. Delamayn—especially lakes!"

"We have something to show you besides; we have a breed of swans on the lake, peculiar to the place. My husband has gone on with some of our friends; and I believe we are expected to follow, as soon as the rest of the party—in charge of my sister—have seen the house."

"And what a house, Mrs. Delamayn! Historical associations in every corner of it! It is *such* a relief to my mind to take refuge in the past. When I am far away from this sweet place I shall people Swanhaven with its departed inmates, and share the joys and sorrows of centuries since."

As Lady Lundie announced, in these terms, her intention of adding to the population of the past, the last of the guests who had been roaming over the old house appeared under the porch. Among the members forming this final addition to the garden-party were Blanche, and a friend of her own age whom she had met at Swanhaven. The two girls lagged behind the rest, talking confidentially, arm in arm—the subject (it is surely needless to add?) being the coming marriage.

"But, dearest Blanche, why are you not to be married at Windygates?"

"I detest Windygates, Janet. I have the most miserable associations with the place. Don't ask me what they are! The effort of my life is not to think of them now. I long to see the last of Windygates. As for being married there, I have made it a condition that I am not to be married in Scotland at all."

"What has poor Scotland done to forfeit your good opinion, my dear?"

"Poor Scotland, Janet, is a place where people don't know whether they are married or not. I have heard all about it from my uncle. And I know somebody who has been a victim—an innocent victim—to a Scotch marriage."

"Absurd, Blanche! You are thinking of runaway matches, and making Scotland responsible for the difficulties of people who daren't own the truth!"

"I am not at all absurd. I am thinking of the dearest friend I have. If you only knew—"

"My dear! *I* am Scotch, remember! You can be married just as well—I really must insist on that—in Scotland as in England."

"I hate Scotland!"

"Blanche!"

"I never was so unhappy in my life as I have been in Scotland. I never want to see it again. I am determined to be married in England—from the dear old house where I used to live when I was a little girl. My uncle is quite willing. *He* understands me and feels for me."

"Is that as much as to say that *I* don't understand you and feel for you? Perhaps I had better relieve you of my company, Blanche?"

"If you are going to speak to me in that way, perhaps you had!"

"Am I to hear my native country run down and not to say a word in defense of it?"

"Oh! you Scotch people make such a fuss about your native country!"

"*We* Scotch people! you are of Scotch extraction yourself, and you ought to be ashamed to talk in that way. I wish you good-morning!"

"I wish you a better temper!"

A minute since the two young ladies had been like twin roses on one stalk. Now they parted with red cheeks and hostile sentiments and cutting words. How ardent is the warmth of youth! how unspeakably delicate the fragility of female friendship!

The flock of visitors followed Mrs. Delamayn to the shores of the lake. For a few minutes after the terrace was left a solitude. Then there appeared under the porch a single gentleman, lounging out with a flower in his mouth and his hands in his pockets. This was the strongest man at Swanhaven—otherwise, Geoffrey Delamayn.

After a moment a lady appeared behind him, walking softly, so as not to be heard. She was superbly dressed after the newest and the most costly Parisian design. The brooch on her bosom was a single diamond of resplendent water and great size. The fan in her hand was a master-piece of the finest Indian workmanship. She looked what she was, a person possessed of plenty of superfluous money, but not additionally blest with plenty of superfluous intelligence to correspond. This was the childless young widow of the great iron-master—otherwise, Mrs. Glenarm.

The rich woman tapped the strong man coquettishly on the shoulder with her fan. "Ah! you bad boy!" she said, with a slightly-labored archness of look and manner. "Have I found you at last!"

Geoffrey sauntered on to the terrace—keeping the lady behind him with a thoroughly savage superiority to all civilized submission to the sex—and looked at his watch.

"I said I'd come here when I'd got half an hour to myself," he mumbled, turning the flower carelessly between his teeth. "I've got half an hour, and here I am."

"Did you come for the sake of seeing the visitors, or did you come for the sake of seeing Me?"

Geoffrey smiled graciously, and gave the flower another turn in his teeth. "You. Of course."

The iron-master's widow took his arm, and looked up at him—as only a young woman would have dared to look up—with the searching summer light streaming in its full brilliancy on her face.

Reduced to the plain expression of what it is really worth, the average English idea of beauty in women may be summed up in three words—youth, health, plumpness. The more spiritual charm of intelligence and vivacity, the subtler attraction of delicacy of line and fitness of detail, are little looked for and seldom appreciated by the mass of men in this island. It is impossible otherwise to account for the extraordinary blindness of perception which (to give one instance only) makes nine Englishmen out of ten who visit France come back declaring that they have not seen a single pretty Frenchwoman, in or out of Paris, in the whole country. Our popular type of beauty proclaims itself, in its fullest material development, at every shop in which an illustrated periodical is sold. The same fleshy-faced girl, with the same inane smile, and with no other expression whatever, appears under every form of illustration, week after week, and month after month, all the year round. Those who wish to know what Mrs. Glenarm was like, have only to go out and stop at any bookseller's or news-vendor's shop, and there they will see her in the first illustration, with a young woman in it, which they discover in the window. The one noticeable peculiarity in Mrs. Glenarm's purely commonplace and purely material beauty, which would have struck an observant and a cultivated man, was the curious girlishness of her look and manner. No stranger speaking to this woman—who had been a wife at twenty, and who was now a widow at twenty-four—would ever have thought of addressing her otherwise than as "Miss."

"Is that the use you make of a flower when I give it to you?" she said to Geoffrey. "Mumbling it in your teeth, you wretch, as if you were a horse!"

"If you come to that," returned Geoffrey, "I'm more a horse than a man. I'm going to run in a race, and the public are betting on me. Haw! haw! Five to four."

"Five to four! I believe he thinks of nothing but betting. You great heavy creature, I can't move you. Don't you see I want to go like the rest of them to the lake? No! you're not to let go of my arm! You're to take me."

"Can't do it. Must be back with Perry in half an hour."

(Perry was the trainer from London. He had arrived sooner than he had been expected, and had entered on his functions three days since.)

"Don't talk to me about Perry! A little vulgar wretch. Put him off. You won't? Do you mean to say you are such a brute that you would rather be with Perry than be with me?"

"The betting's at five to four, my dear. And the race comes off in a month from this."

"Oh! go away to your beloved Perry! I hate you. I hope you'll lose the race. Stop in your cottage. Pray don't come back to the house. And—mind this!—don't presume to say 'my dear' to me again."

"It ain't presuming half far enough, is it? Wait a bit. Give me till the race is run—and then I'll presume to marry you."

"You! You will be as old as Methuselah, if you wait till I am your wife. I dare say Perry has got a sister. Suppose you ask him? She would be just the right person for you."

Geoffrey gave the flower another turn in his teeth, and looked as if he thought the idea worth considering.

"All right," he said. "Any thing to be agreeable to you. I'll ask Perry."

He turned away, as if he was going to do it at once. Mrs. Glenarm put out a little hand, ravishingly clothed in a blush-colored glove, and laid it on the athlete's mighty arm. She pinched those iron muscles (the pride and glory of England) gently. "What a man you are!" she said. "I never met with any body like you before!"

The whole secret of the power that Geoffrey had acquired over her was in those words.

They had been together at Swanhaven for little more than ten days; and in that time he had made the conquest of Mrs. Glenarm. On the day before the garden-party—in one of the leisure intervals allowed him by Perry—he had caught her alone, had taken her by the arm, and had asked her, in so many words, if she would marry him. Instances on record of women who have been wooed and won in ten days are—to speak it with all possible respect—not wanting. But an instance of a woman willing to have it known still remains to be discovered. The iron-master's widow exacted a promise of secrecy before she committed herself. When Geoffrey had pledged his word to hold his tongue in public until she gave him leave to speak, Mrs. Glenarm, without further hesitation, said Yes—having, be it observed, said No, in the course of the last two years, to at least half a dozen men who were Geoffrey's superiors in every conceivable respect, except personal comeliness and personal strength.

There is a reason for every thing; and there was a reason for this.

However persistently the epicene theorists of modern times may deny it, it is nevertheless a truth plainly visible in the whole past history of the sexes that the natural condition of a woman is to find her master in a man. Look in the face of any woman who is in no direct way dependent on a man; and, as certainly as you see the sun in a cloudless sky, you see a woman who is not happy. The want of a master is their great unknown want; the possession of a master is—unconsciously to themselves—the only possible completion of their lives. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this one primitive instinct is at the bottom of the otherwise-inexplicable sacrifice, when we see a woman, of her own free will, throw herself away on a man who is unworthy of her. This one primitive instinct was at the bottom of the otherwise-inexplicable facility of self-surrender exhibited by Mrs. Glenarm.

Up to the time of her meeting with Geoffrey, the young widow had gathered but one experience in her intercourse with the world—the experience of a chartered tyrant. In the brief six months of her married life with the man whose grand-daughter she might have been—and ought to have been—she had only to lift her finger to be obeyed. The doting old husband was the willing slave of the petulant young wife's slightest caprice. At a later period, when society offered its triple welcome to her birth, her beauty, and her wealth—go where she might, she found herself the object of the same prostrate admiration among the suitors who vied with each other in the rivalry for her hand. For the first time in her life she encountered a man with a will of his own when she met Geoffrey Delamayn at Swanhaven Lodge.

Geoffrey's occupation of the moment especially favored the conflict between the woman's assertion of her influence and the man's assertion of his will.

During the days that had intervened between his return to his brother's house and the arrival of the trainer Geoffrey had submitted himself to all needful preliminaries of the physical discipline which was to prepare him for the race. He knew, by previous experience, what exercise he ought to take, what hours he ought to keep, what temptations at the table he was bound to resist. Over and over again Mrs. Glenarm tried to lure him into committing infractions of his own discipline—and over and over again the influence with men which had never failed her before failed her now. Nothing she could say, nothing she could do, would move *this* man. Perry arrived; and Geoffrey's defiance of every attempted exercise of the charming feminine tyranny, to which every one else had bowed, grew more outrageous and more immovable than ever. Mrs. Glenarm

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became as jealous of Perry as if Perry had been a woman. She flew into passions; she burst into tears; she flirted with other men; she threatened to leave the house. All quite useless! Geoffrey never once missed an appointment with Perry; never once touched any thing to eat or drink that she could offer him, if Perry had forbidden it. No other human pursuit is so hostile to the influence of the sex as the pursuit of athletic sports. No men are so entirely beyond the reach of women as the men whose lives are passed in the cultivation of their own physical strength. Geoffrey resisted Mrs. Glenarm without the slightest effort. He casually extorted her admiration, and undesignedly forced her respect. She clung to him, as a hero; she recoiled from him, as a brute; she struggled with him, submitted to him, despised him, adored him, in a breath. And the clew to it all, confused and contradictory as it seemed, lay in one simple fact—Mrs. Glenarm had found her master.

"Take me to the lake, Geoffrey!" she said, with a little pleading pressure of the blush-colored hand.

Geoffrey looked at his watch. "Perry expects me in twenty minutes," he said.

"Perry again!"

"Yes."

Mrs. Glenarm raised her fan, in a sudden outburst of fury, and broke it with one smart blow on Geoffrey's face.

"There!" she cried, with a stamp of her foot. "My poor fan broken! You monster, all through you!"

Geoffrey coolly took the broken fan and put it in his pocket. "I'll write to London," he said, "and get you another. Come along! Kiss, and make it up."

He looked over each shoulder, to make sure that they were alone; then lifted her off the ground (she was no light weight), held her up in the air like a baby, and gave her a rough loud-sounding kiss on each cheek. "With kind compliments from yours truly!" he said—and burst out laughing, and put her down again.

"How dare you do that?" cried Mrs. Glenarm. "I shall claim Mrs. Delamayn's protection if I am to be insulted in this way! I will never forgive you, Sir!" As she said those indignant words she shot a look at him which flatly contradicted them. The next moment she was leaning on his arm, and was looking at him wonderingly, for the thousandth time, as an entire novelty in her experience of male human kind. "How rough you are, Geoffrey!" she said, softly. He smiled in recognition of that artless homage to the manly virtue of his character. She saw the smile, and instantly made another effort to dispute the hateful supremacy of Perry. "Put him off!" whispered the daughter of Eve, determined to lure Adam into taking a bite of the apple. "Come, Geoffrey, dear, never mind Perry, this once. Take me to the lake!"

Geoffrey looked at his watch. "Perry expects me in a quarter of an hour," he said.

Mrs. Glenarm's indignation assumed a new form. She burst out crying. Geoffrey surveyed her for a moment with a broad stare of surprise—and then took her by both arms, and shook her.

"Look here!" he said, impatiently. "Can you coach me through my training?"

"I would if I could!"

"That's nothing to do with it! Can you turn me out, fit, on the day of the race? Yes? or No?"

"No."

"Then dry your eyes, and let Perry do it."

Mrs. Glenarm dried her eyes, and made another effort.

"I'm not fit to be seen," she said. "I'm so agitated, I don't know what to do. Come indoors, Geoffrey—and have a cup of tea."

Geoffrey shook his head. "Perry forbids tea," he said, "in the middle of the day."

"You brute!" cried Mrs. Glenarm.

"Do you want me to lose the race?" retorted Geoffrey.

"Yes!"

With that answer she left him at last, and ran back into the house.

Geoffrey took a turn on the terrace—considered a little—stopped—and looked at the porch under which the irate widow had disappeared from his view. "Ten thousand a year," he said, thinking of the matrimonial prospect which he was placing in peril. "And devilish well earned," he added, going into the house, under protest, to appease Mrs. Glenarm.

The offended lady was on a sofa, in the solitary drawing-room. Geoffrey sat down by her. She declined to look at him. "Don't be a fool!" said Geoffrey, in his most persuasive manner. Mrs. Glenarm put her handkerchief to her eyes. Geoffrey took it away again without ceremony. Mrs. Glenarm rose to leave the room. Geoffrey stopped her by main force. Mrs. Glenarm threatened to summon the servants. Geoffrey said, "All right! I don't care if the whole house knows I'm fond of you!" Mrs. Glenarm looked at the door, and whispered, "Hush! for Heaven's sake!" Geoffrey put her arm in his, and said, "Come along with me: I've got something to say to you." Mrs. Glenarm drew back, and shook her head. Geoffrey put his arm round her waist, and walked her out of the room, and out of the house—taking the direction, not of the terrace, but of a fir plantation on the opposite side of the grounds. Arrived among the trees, he stopped and held up a warning forefinger before the offended lady's face. "You're just the sort of woman I like," he said; "and there ain't a man living who's half as sweet on you as I am. You leave off bullying me about Perry, and I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll let you see me take a Sprint."

He drew back a step, and fixed his big blue eyes on her, with a look which said, "You are a highly-favored woman, if ever there was one yet!" Curiosity instantly took the leading place among the emotions of Mrs. Glenarm. "What's a Sprint, Geoffrey?" she asked.

"A short run, to try me at the top of my speed. There ain't another living soul in all England that I'd let see it but you. *Now* am I a brute?"

Mrs. Glenarm was conquered again, for the hundredth time at least. She said, softly, "Oh, Geoffrey, if you could only be always like this!" Her eyes lifted themselves admiringly to his. She took his arm again of her own accord, and pressed it with a loving clasp. Geoffrey prophetically felt the ten thousand a year in his pocket. "Do you really love me?" whispered Mrs. Glenarm. "Don't I!" answered the hero. The peace was made, and the two walked on again.

They passed through the plantation, and came out on some open ground, rising and falling prettily, in little hillocks and hollows. The last of the hillocks sloped down into a smooth level plain, with a fringe of sheltering trees on its farther side—with a snug little stone cottage among the trees—and with a smart little man, walking up and down before the cottage, holding his hands behind him. The level plain was the hero's exercising ground; the cottage was the hero's retreat; and the smart little man was the hero's trainer.

If Mrs. Glenarm hated Perry, Perry (judging by appearances) was in no danger of loving Mrs. Glenarm. As Geoffrey approached with his companion, the trainer came to a stand-still, and stared silently at the lady. The lady, on her side, declined to observe that any such person as the trainer was then in existence, and present in bodily form on the scene.

"How about time?" said Geoffrey.

Perry consulted an elaborate watch, constructed to mark time to the fifth of a second, and answered Geoffrey, with his eye all the while on Mrs. Glenarm.

"You've got five minutes to spare."

"Show me where you run; I'm dying to see it!" said the eager widow, taking possession of Geoffrey's arm with both hands.

Geoffrey led her back to a place (marked by a sapling with a little flag attached to it) at some short distance from the cottage. She glided along by his side, with subtle undulations of movement which appeared to complete the exasperation of Perry. He waited until she was out of hearing—and then he invoked (let us say) the blasts of heaven on the fashionably-dressed head of Mrs. Glenarm.

"You take your place there," said Geoffrey, posting her by the sapling. "When I pass you—" He stopped, and surveyed her with a good-humored, masculine pity. "How the devil am I to make you understand it?" he went on. "Look here! when I pass you, it will be at what you would call (if I was a horse) full gallop. Hold your tongue—I haven't done yet. You're to look on after me as I leave you, to where the edge of the cottage wall cuts the trees. When you have lost sight of me behind the wall, you'll have seen me run my three hundred yards from this flag. You're in luck's way! Perry tries me at the long Sprint to-day. You understand you're to stop here? Very well then—let me go and get my toggery on."

"Sha'n't I see you again, Geoffrey?"

"Haven't I just told you that you'll see me run?"

"Yes—but after that?"

"After that, I'm sponged and rubbed down—and rest in the cottage."

"You'll come to us this evening?"

He nodded, and left her. The face of Perry looked unutterable things when he and Geoffrey met at the door of the cottage.

"I've got a question to ask you, Mr. Delamayn," said the trainer. "Do you want me? or don't you?"

"Of course I want you."

"What did I say when I first come here?" proceeded Perry, sternly. "I said, 'I won't have nobody a looking on at a man I'm training. These here ladies and gentlemen may all have made up their minds to see you. I've made up *my* mind not to have no lookers-on. I won't have you timed at your work by nobody but me. I won't have every blessed yard of ground you cover put in the noospapers. I won't have a living soul in the secret of what you can do, and what you can't, except our two selves.'—Did I say that, Mr. Delamayn? or didn't I?"

"All right!"

"Did I say it? or didn't I?"

"Of course you did!"

"Then don't you bring no more women here. It's clean against rules. And I won't have it."

Any other living creature adopting this tone of remonstrance would probably have had reason to repent it. But Geoffrey himself was afraid to show his temper in the presence of Perry. In view of the coming race, the first and foremost of British trainers was not to be trifled with, even by the first and foremost of British athletes.

"She won't come again," said Geoffrey. "She's going away from Swanhaven in two days' time."

"I've put every shilling I'm worth in the world on you," pursued Perry, relapsing into tenderness. "And I tell you I felt it! It cut me to the heart when I see you coming along with a woman at your heels. It's a fraud on his backers, I says to myself—that's what it is, a fraud on his backers!"

"Shut up!" said Geoffrey. "And come and help me to win your money." He kicked open the door of the cottage—and athlete and trainer disappeared from view.

After waiting a few minutes by the little flag, Mrs. Glenarm saw the two men approaching her from the cottage. Dressed in a close-fitting costume, light and elastic, adapting itself to every movement, and made to answer every purpose required by the exercise in which he was about to engage, Geoffrey's physical advantages showed themselves in their best and bravest aspect. His head sat proud and easy on his firm, white throat, bared to the air. The rising of his mighty chest, as he drew in deep draughts of the fragrant summer breeze; the play of his lithe and supple loins; the easy, elastic stride of his straight and shapely legs, presented a triumph of physical manhood in its highest type. Mrs. Glenarm's eyes devoured him in silent admiration. He looked like a young god of mythology—like a statue animated with color and life. "Oh, Geoffrey!" she exclaimed, softly, as he went by. He neither answered, nor looked: he had other business on hand than listening to soft nonsense. He was gathering himself up for the effort; his lips were set; his fists were lightly clenched. Perry posted himself at his place, grim and silent, with the watch in his hand. Geoffrey walked on beyond the flag, so as to give himself start enough to reach his full speed as he passed it. "Now then!" said Perry. In an instant more, he flew by (to Mrs. Glenarm's excited imagination) like an arrow from a bow. His action was perfect. His speed, at its utmost rate of exertion, preserved its rare underlying elements of strength and steadiness. Less and less and less he grew to the eyes that followed his course; still lightly flying over the ground, still firmly keeping the straight line. A moment more, and the runner vanished behind the wall of the cottage, and the stop-watch of the trainer returned to its place in his pocket.

In her eagerness to know the result, Mrs. Glenarm forgot her jealousy of Perry.

"How long has he been?" she asked.

"There's a good many besides you would be glad to know that," said Perry.

"Mr. Delamayn will tell me, you rude man!"

"That depends, ma'am, on whether *I* tell *him*."

With this reply, Perry hurried back to the cottage.

Not a word passed while the trainer was attending to his man, and while the man was recovering his breath. When Geoffrey had been carefully rubbed down, and clothed again in his ordinary garments, Perry pulled a comfortable easy-chair out of a corner. Geoffrey fell into the chair, rather than sat down in it. Perry started, and looked at him attentively.

"Well?" said Geoffrey. "How about the time? Long? short? or middling?"

"Very good time," said Perry.

"How long?"

"When did you say the lady was going, Mr. Delamayn?"

"In two days."

"Very well, Sir. I'll tell you 'how long' when the lady's gone."

Geoffrey made no attempt to insist on an immediate reply. He smiled faintly. After an interval of less than ten minutes he stretched out his legs and closed his eyes.

"Going to sleep?" said Perry.

Geoffrey opened his eyes with an effort. "No," he said. The word had hardly passed his lips before his eyes closed again.

"Hullo!" said Perry, watching him. "I don't like that."

He went closer to the chair. There was no doubt about it. The man was asleep.

Perry emitted a long whistle under his breath. He stooped and laid two of his fingers softly on Geoffrey's pulse. The beat was slow, heavy, and labored. It was unmistakably the pulse of an exhausted man.

The trainer changed color, and took a turn in the room. He opened a cupboard, and produced from it his diary of the preceding year. The entries relating to the last occasion on which he had prepared Geoffrey for a foot-race included the fullest details. He turned to the report of the first trial, at three hundred yards, full speed. The time was, by one or two seconds, not so good as the time on this occasion. But the result, afterward, was utterly different. There it was, in Perry's own words: "Pulse good. Man in high spirits. Ready, if I would have let him, to run it over again."

Perry looked round at the same man, a year afterward—utterly worn out, and fast asleep in the chair.

He fetched pen, ink, and paper out of the cupboard, and wrote two letters—both marked "Private." The first was to a medical man, a great authority among trainers. The second was to Perry's own agent in London, whom he knew he could trust. The letter pledged the agent to the strictest secrecy, and directed him to back Geoffrey's opponent in the Foot-Race for a sum equal to the sum which Perry had betted on Geoffrey himself. "If you have got any money of your own on him," the letter concluded, "do as I do. 'Hedge'—and hold your tongue."

"Another of 'em gone stale!" said the trainer, looking round again at the sleeping man. "He'll lose the race."

INDIANS GAMBLING.

OUR illustration on page 197 represents an emigrant train captured by the Indians while journeying across the plains. The chiefs are gambling for the possession of the female captive whom they have tied to the wheel of one of the wagons. They have a very singular and primitive mode of gambling. It is done by means of two sticks or stones. They take them in their hands, and, holding them behind their backs, separate them, or put both together in one hand; then, bringing them forward, ask the opposite chief to guess which hand they are in. If there is one in each hand it counts nothing; if both are together, and that hand is "guessed," he has chosen right. This process is repeated a certain number of times, until all have had their turn, when the one who has most often guessed right becomes possessor of the unfortunate captive. In this way the Indians often gamble away their horses, wives, and other possessions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FROM the quarreling that is going on over the dogma of papal infallibility, it may be styled a *cat-and-dog-ma*.

When may one, taking a walk through English woods and vales, be said to resemble a sailor in a stormy night at sea?—When he passes a *night-in-gale*.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.—First catch your cold; then proceed as with bacon.

A dandy, broadclothed, shiny-booted, gloved, bearered, and highly eye-glassed, was passing along Tremont Street, when he was approached by an innocent-looking youth, who said: "Mornin', Sir!" "Aw, my good fellow, what do you want of me?" "Nothin' much, Sir; only I would be obliged to ye if ye would help me down stairs with a parlor stove. I'm movin' from that house yonder."

What is better than a promising young man?—A paying one.

GOOD SOUND ADVICE.

Never throw a stone at any one until you have looked to see whether there is a window behind, or you may have to pay rather dearly for your revenge.

Never leave your hat in the passage, unless it is a bad one.

Never fix your own price, but leave it "entirely to the liberality" of the gentleman, as the chances are you will get a good deal more by it.

Never sit next a young lady at dinner, for she only talks, and does not care about eating.

Never be executor to a will, as it is all liability, great trouble, and no profit.

Never quarrel with your wife, as you will only have to make it up, and pay for the reconciliation in the shape of a season ticket at the opera, a trip to the springs, a silk dress, or a cashmere shawl.

Never mention you have received a legacy, or some impertinent fellow will be asking you to stand a dinner.

Never pay to see a balloon go up, as you can see it much better by remaining outside.

A WELL-BALANCED MAN.—One with a large bank account.

One Sabbath afternoon an eloquent English minister, in his closing prayer, referred to a long-prevailing drought, and earnestly besought the Divine Giver of all good to vouchsafe some seasonable and much-wished-for rain. Immediately rain began to fall—the first for many weeks—and for a short time it fell like a shower-bath. Meantime, the church service having concluded, the congregation was dismissed, and then came the scramble for umbrellas. One lady, who had no umbrella with her, commenced to gather the skirts of her gown over her head before quitting the church vestibule, at the same time remarking to a neighbor, "Eh, wumman, isn't it too bad o' the doctor; he might hae lotten us hame first."

Gone all the dreams of early youth—
Like morning's vanished ray!
Alas! that what we deem is truth
Should ever fade away!

Gone all the friends whom once I knew,
Companions of my prime;
I little thought such friendships true
Could perish ere their time!

Gone! gone! Except one—one that shows
How constancy endears:
My watchful watch! It never goes—
It hasn't gone for years!

A youth, repentant, but incoherent, over his dissipation, signed the following pledge: "I solemnly promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating beverages, otherwise than as a drink, and profanity, unless prescribed by a physician, at least four times a day, excepting cider."

BANKS THAT HAVE FAILED THIS WINTER.—Snowbanks.

A man of the name of Pike was tried under the English Weights and Measures act for selling goods by unfair *scales*. The magistrate sentenced the unfortunate Pike to have his scales taken off.

A VULGAR ERROR CORRECTED.—The assertion so frequently made, that it is impossible to arrest the flight of time, is altogether erroneous, for who is there that can not stop a minute?

A rude fellow once told Mr. Barnum he had never exhibited any thing that wasn't a barefaced humbug. "Yes I have," said Barnum; "the *bearded lady* wasn't *barefaced*."

USEFUL MARRIAGE.—Wedded to one's business.

A Methodist preacher, bragging how well he had instructed some Indians in religion, called upon one of them, and, after some questions, asked him if he had not found great comfort last Sunday after receiving the sacrament. "Ay, master," replied the savage, "but I wish it had been brandy."

TAKING PEOPLE.—Thieves.

A Chicago lawyer's name is to be stricken from the rolls "for unprofessional conduct." He probably left a few cents in the possession of his client, contrary to usage.

A lady, in passing through Connecticut last summer, observed the following notice on a board: "Horses taken into grass—long tails, 3*s.* 6*d.*; short tails, 2*s.*" She asked the owner of the land the reason of the difference of price. He answered: "You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short ones are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

A SILLY-BUSS.—For one woman to kiss another woman.

What medicine does a man take when he has a cross wife?—Elixir.

The landlord of the Stout House, at Fremont, sent a note a few days ago to a debtor, telling him that he was holding his note yet, and he would oblige him by paying it off. The debtor sent in haste this very consoling reply: "Mr. R. Stout: Dear Sir,—You say you are holding on to my note yet. That is all right—perfectly right. Just keep holding on to it, and if you find your hands slipping, spit on them and try it again. Yours, affectionately, ——."

TO CURE A BACHELOR'S ACHES.—Carry to the patient eleven yards of silk, with a woman in it.

A little boy, some time ago, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question, which followed, was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go?"

JOINT EDUCATION.—Gymnastics.

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SCENES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

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THE WHISKY PEDDLER ON THE PLAINS.—[SEE PAGE 205.]

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WAITING.

WILL it be over to-day or to-morrow?
Will it last for a week, or a month, or a year;
This trance that is neither a joy nor a sorrow,
This waiting that is not a hope nor a fear?

While I am waiting the end draws near:
It will come before I am dead some day;
Shall I feel it, I wonder, when it is here?
Its coming seems like going away.

Is it only that watching has made me weary,
And that being weary has made me dream?
But in dreams the world is not so dreary,
And in dreams things are not as they seem.

And indeed I am not tired yet:
I have strength to wait what is yet to see,
What the hours I know will not forget,
The end of the watch that is set for me.

Is it the end that has made me strong,
Lest I say when it comes it is come too late?
Then till it came I should find it long:
I have forgotten for what I wait.

Then why are my thoughts bound up to this
By a bond that I neither feel nor see,
While the world goes by in bale or bliss?
Do I think the world keeps watch with me?

Yet the end will come, and the end will go,
And leave no trace in the empty air;
When it is over none will know,
And I hardly think that I shall care.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER I.

A RETROSPECTIVE MEDITATION.

AN April day smiled and wept over Shipley. Wherever the clouds broke after a shower, the sky showed of a pale blue color. Near the zenith floated white robes of vapor. Below them were long lateral bars of gray cloud stretching singularly straight across the horizon. They were vague and unfinished at the ends, like lines drawn by a soft lead-pencil; and they seemed of about that color against the blue and white. A few early flowers peeped out in the garden borders. When the sun shone fitfully on the old yew-tree, it was seen to glisten with trembling diamond-drops of rain. A blackbird piped his sweet clear song from the shrubbery. Light and shadow animated the flatness of the distant wold, whence came the many-voiced bleat of lambs blended into one sound. A solitary sheep cropped the short turf in St. Gildas's grave-yard.

A young lady sat there on the low stone-wall, looking across the flats toward Danecester. She sat so still that the grazing sheep came quite near to her as its teeth cut the short grass with a crisp sound in regular cadence. It was Maud Desmond who sat there on the wall of the grave-yard, and whose golden hair was ruffled under her hat by the April breeze. She was absorbed in a reverie. She had been in Shipley now nearly a week, and she was mentally passing in review all the traits and circumstances she had observed during that time, which served to show what changes had taken place in the vicar's mode of life, and in the vicar himself, since she had left his house for her aunt's.

At first sight things had seemed little altered. But she soon found that there was a change in Mr. Levincourt which she had not observed in him in London. In the first place, he seemed to have broken completely the few relations he had ever held with his country neighbors in the rank of gentlefolks. That was perhaps to be expected with a character such as Mr. Levincourt's; it was natural that he should shun any possible occasion of reading in the manner, or even in the faces, of his equals that he had become an object of pity to them. But this was not all. It seemed to Maud that after the first paroxysm of grief, and wounded feeling, and crushed pride had ceased, the whole character of her guardian had subtly deteriorated. He shrank from the society of his equals; but, on the other hand, he appeared by no means to shun that of his inferiors. He would sit for hours enduring the baldest chat of Mrs. Meggitt, and women such as she. Maud was shocked and astonished to find him, one day, listening almost with avidity to some gossiping details of village scandal from the lips of Mugworthy, the parish clerk. The air of personal refinement which had formerly distinguished him seemed to be disappearing under the influence of a slipshod laziness—a kind of slothful indifference to every thing save his own immediate comfort. He was by turns querulous, almost lachrymose, and self-asserting. It was terrible to Maud to see his whole character thus lowered; and she tried to believe that the change was but temporary, and that perhaps she even exaggerated it in her affectionate anxiety.

During the journey from London her mind was full of that which she had to reveal to him respecting Veronica. And she had dreaded the task, being entirely uncertain how he would receive it. But when she began to perceive the change in him, she conceived the hope that her tidings might at least have the good effect of rousing him from the apathy into which he seemed to have allowed all the higher part of his nature to fall, while he fed the daily life of his mind with contemptible trivialities. She had approached the subject one evening when she and her guardian were alone together in the old chintz-furnished sitting-room after tea. Maud had quietly opened the piano-forte, and had played through softly a quaint andante from one of Haydn's sonatas.

The piece was chosen with the cunning instinct of affection. It was soothing and gracious, and yet, in its old-fashioned stateliness, it did not too deeply probe the spring of grief. The somewhat wiry tones of the well-worn instrument rendered crisply every twirl and turn of the brave old music under Maud's light fingers. In the very twang of the yellow keys there was a staid pathos. It affected the ear as the sweet worn voice of an old woman affects it—that thin quavering pipe, to which some heart has thrilled, some pulse beat responsive, in the days of long ago. Maud played on, and the spring twilight deepened, and the vicar listened, silent, in his arm-chair by the empty fire-place. He had taken to smoking within the past year. He had bought a great meerschaum with a carved fantastic bowl, and the color of the pipe bore testimony to the persistency of its owner in the use of the weed. As Maud played softly in the gathering dusk, the puffs of smoke from the vicar's chair grew rarer and rarer, and at last they ceased. Maud rose from the piano, and went to sit beside her guardian. He was still silent. The influence of the music was upon him.

"Uncle Charles," said Maud, in a low voice, "I have something to tell you, and something to ask you. I will do the asking first. Will you forgive me for having delayed what I have to say until now?"

"I do not think it likely that you have need of my forgiveness, Maud. What forgiveness is between us must be chiefly from you to me, not from me to you."

"Don't say that, dear Uncle Charles! You touch my conscience too nearly. And yet, at the time, I thought—and Hugh thought—that it was better to keep the secret for a while. I hope you will think so too, and forgive me. Uncle Charles, some one is dead whom you knew."

The vicar gave a violent start. Maud, with her hand on the elbow of his chair, felt it shake, and she added, quickly: "It is no one whose death you can regret. It is awful to think that the extinction of a human life should be cause for rejoicing, rather than sorrow, in the hearts of all who knew him. But it is so. Sir John Gale is dead." The vicar drew a long, deep breath. His head drooped down on his breast; but Maud felt, rather than saw—for it was by this time almost dark within the house—that he was listening intently. In a trembling voice, but clearly and with steadiness of purpose, Maud told her guardian of Veronica's marriage, of her inheritance, and of her actual presence in London. She merely suppressed in her narrative two facts. First, the will, which had made her (Maud) heiress to Sir John Gale's wealth; and, secondly, the late baronet's intention of defrauding Veronica at the last. She and Hugh had agreed that it would be well to spare Mr. Levincourt the useless pain of these revelations. The vicar listened in unbroken silence while Maud continued to speak.

When she ceased, after a little pause he said: "And she was in London! My daughter was within a few streets of me and made no sign! She made not any—the least—attempt to see me or to ask my pardon!"

His tone was deep and angry. He breathed quickly and noisily, like a man fighting against emotion. Still Maud felt that in his very reproach there was a hopeful symptom of some softening in the hardness of his resentment.

"She should have done so, dear Uncle Charles. I told her so, and she did not deny it. But I—I—believe she was afraid."

"Afraid! Veronica Levincourt afraid! She was not afraid of disgracing my home and imbittering my life. But she was afraid to come and abase her wicked pride at my feet, when she might have done so with some chance of bringing me—not comfort; no, nothing can cancel her evil past—but at least some little alleviation of the weight of disgrace that has been bowing me to the earth ever since her flight."

Maud could not but feel, with a sensation of shame at the feeling, that the vicar's words did not touch her heart. There was nothing in them that was not true. But in some way they rang hollow. How different it had been when the vicar had first discovered his daughter's flight, and afterward the name of the man she had fled with! Then every word, every gesture, had been full of terrible rage, and grief, and horror. The vicar had been in agonized earnest then, no doubt. But now, as he spoke, it was as though he felt the necessity of assuming something that was not in his heart, as though he were ashamed of expressing relief at Maud's news, and made it a point of pride to excite his own wrath against his daughter.

Maud had yet more to tell him. She must reveal the fact of Veronica's engagement to the Prince Barletti. And she much feared that the communication of this fact would imbitter her guardian still more. She could not see the expression of his face as she spoke, and he did not interrupt her by the least word until she paused, having finished what she had to say. Then the vicar murmured in an artificial voice, as though he were restraining its natural expression:

"Her mother was a Barletti."

"Yes. This gentleman is Veronica's cousin."

"Prince—Prince Barletti! Is that the title?"

"Prince Cesare de' Barletti. Veronica assured me that he is devotedly attached to her. He was a friend to her in her trouble abroad, and—"

"Barletti is a noble name—an old name. That wretch was a parvenu sprung from the mud—a clay image covered with gilding."

There was a long silence. At length the vicar spoke again:

"And my daughter was in London, and made no attempt to see me. She allows me to learn this news from other lips than her own! My sorrow, my misery, my suspense, matter nothing to her."

"Veronica told me that she would write to you as soon as we got back to Shipley. She said that she believed it best, on the sole ground of consideration for you, for her to wait before addressing you until all should be settled."

"Settled!" cried the vicar, sharply. "What was there to settle?"

"Her—her inheritance; and—and the proof of her marriage. She may have been mistaken in delaying to communicate with you; indeed, I think she was mistaken; but I do believe she was sincere when she professed to think it for the best."

The vicar rose and walked to the door. Arrived there, he paused, and said, "Until she does address me, and address me in a proper spirit, I shall take no notice of her whatsoever. None! She will still be to me as one dead. Nothing—no human power shall induce me to waver in my resolution."

Maud could see the vicar's hands waving through the gloom with the action of repulsing or pushing away some one.

"She will write to you, dear Uncle Charles," said Maud; still with the same disagreeable perception that the vicar's words and tone were hollow, and with the same feeling of being ashamed of the perception. Then the vicar left the room and went out into the garden. He relit his pipe, and as he paced up and down the gravel path Maud watched his figure for a long time, looming faintly as he came within range of the light from the windows of the house, and then receding again into the darkness. Next day there came a letter for Mr. Levincourt from Veronica. Maud recognized her large, pretentious handwriting on the black-bordered envelope, with its crest and monogram, and faint, sweet perfume. The vicar took the letter to his own room and read it in private. He did not show it to Maud, nor communicate its contents to her further than to say that evening, just before retiring to bed: "It appears, Maud, that the present baronet, Sir Matthew Gale, has behaved in a very becoming manner in immediately receiving and acknowledging his cousin's widow."

"Oh, dear Uncle Charles, the letter *was* from Veronica! She has written to you. I am so thankful!"

The tears were in Maud's eyes as she clasped her hands fervently together and looked up into her guardian's face. He put his hand on her head and kissed her forehead.

"Good, sweet, pure-hearted child!" he said, softly. "Ah, Maudie, would to God that I had been blessed with a daughter like you! But I did not deserve that blessing; I did not deserve it, Maudie."

It was on all these sayings and doings just narrated that Maud Desmond was pondering as she sat alone in the church-yard of St. Gildas.

CHAPTER II.

MISS TURTLE.

MAUD sat absorbed in a reverie that prevented her from hearing a footstep that approached quickly. Pit-pat, pit-pat, the step came nearer. It was light, but as regular as that of a soldier on the march. Presently, a shabby hat, with an erratic feather in it, rose above the wall of the church-yard, and little Miss Turtle, Mrs. Meggitt's governess, appeared, with a parcel in one hand and a basket in the other. She walked straight up to Maud, and then stopped.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Desmond," said Miss Turtle, and looked into Maud's face with a demure expression, half sly, half shy.

"Oh, I—I did not see you, Miss Turtle. How do you do?"

"I startled you, I'm afraid. I hope you're not subject to palpitation, Miss Desmond? I am. Oh dear me, I am quite tired! *Would* you allow me to seat myself here for a few minutes and rest?"

Maud smiled at the humility of the request. The wall of St. Gildas's church-yard was certainly as free to Miss Turtle as to herself. She made room for the little governess beside her. Miss Turtle first disposed her parcel and basket on the top of the rough wall, and then made a queer little spring—something like the attempt to fly of a matronly barn-door hen unused to quit terra firma—and seated herself beside them. Maud was by no means delighted at thus encountering Miss Turtle. But she was too gentle and too generous to risk hurting the little woman's feelings by at once getting up to depart. So she made up her mind to sit a while and endure Miss Turtle's discourse as best she might. They had met before, since Maud's return to Shipley. Miss Turtle and her two pupils, Farmer Meggitt's daughters, had saluted Maud as she came out of church on the first Sunday after her arrival at the vicarage, having previously devoured her with their eyes during the service.

"And how, if I may venture to inquire, is our respected vicar?" said Miss Turtle.

"Mr. Levincourt is quite well, thank you."

"Is he, really? Ah! many changes since we last had the honor of seeing you in Shipley, Miss Desmond."

"Indeed! If you did not say so, I should suppose, from what I have seen and heard hitherto, that there were, on the contrary, very few changes."

"Oh dear me! Mrs. Sack—you have heard about Mrs. Sack?"

"No. Is she ill?"

"Joined a Wesleyan congregation at Shipley Magna. Gone over to Dissent, root and branch! I am surprised that you had not heard of it."

Maud explained that Mrs. Sack's conversion to Methodism had not been widely discussed in London.

"And she's not the only one, Miss Desmond," pursued the governess.

"Indeed!"

"Oh no, not the only one by any means. A considerable number of the congregation of St. Gildas's have gone over too. They say that the dissenting gentleman who preaches at Shipley Magna (he is not, strictly speaking, a gentleman either, Miss Desmond, being in the retail grocery line, and in a small way of business) is so very earnest. I hope you will not think I did wrong; but the truth is, I did go to an evening meeting at their chapel once, with Mrs. Sack, and I must say he was most eloquent. I really thought at one time that he would have a stroke or something. The glass in the windows jingled again, and I came home with a splitting headache."

"He must have been extraordinarily eloquent, indeed," said Maud, quietly.

"Oh, he was! But then, as I say, where are your principles, if you let yourself be tempted away from your church like that? Didn't you notice, Miss Desmond, how thin the congregation was last Sunday?"

Maud was obliged to confess that she had noticed it.

"Then there's Mr. Snowe, junior."

"He has not joined the Methodists, has he, Miss Turtle?"

"Oh no. Quite the contrary. But he is engaged to be married, I believe, and the lady hates music. Just fancy that, Miss Desmond, and he such a confirmed *amachure*."

Little Miss Turtle shook her head in a melancholy manner, as though she had been reluctantly accusing Herbert Snowe of "confirmed" gambling or "confirmed" drunkenness.

"Then," said Maud, "I am afraid we may lose Mr. Herbert Snowe's assistance at the weekly practicings in the school-house."

"Practicings! Oh dear, Miss Desmond, the singing-class is nothing now; nothing to what it used to be. Mr. Mugworthy, he does what he can. But you know, Miss Desmond, what's the use of the best intentions when you have to contend with a voice like—there! Just like that, for all the world!"

And Miss Turtle screwed up her mouth, and inclined her head toward the distant common, whence came at that moment the tremulous, long-drawn ba-a-a of some fleecy mother of the flock.

Maud could not help laughing as she recognized the resemblance to Mr. Mugworthy's professional utterance of the Amen.

"Why, Miss Turtle," she said, "I didn't know you were so satirical."

"Satirical! Oh pray don't say that, Miss Desmond. I should be loth, indeed, to think so of myself. If I was satirical, it was quite unawares, I assure you."

Miss Turtle fidgeted with her paper parcel, tightening its strings, and putting it into shape. Then she peeped into the basket, as if to assure herself that its contents were safe. She showed no symptoms of being about to resume her walk, and there was a mingled hesitation and eagerness in her face every time she looked at Maud. These conflicting sentiments at length resolved themselves into a question that indirectly approached the main point to which her curiosity was directed.

"Ahem! And so, Miss Desmond, you don't—ahem!—you don't find our revered vicar much broken by all he has gone through?"

Maud drew herself up, and looked full at the speaker. But Miss Turtle's wishy-washy little countenance was so meek and meaningless that resentment seemed absurd.

The governess's straw hat was somewhat on one side; and so was the long ragged feather that adorned it, as it had successively adorned a long series of hats, beginning Anno Domini—but no matter for the date. Miss Turtle and her black ostrich feather were coeval in the chronicles of Shipley; for the good and sufficient reason that they had immigrated into Daneshire together. The long feather, wafted hither and thither by the capricious airs, and made lank and straight by the capricious showers of spring, drooped carelessly over the brim of the hat, and overshadowed Miss Turtle's little snub nose, with a shabbily swaggering air ludicrously at variance with the expression of the face beneath it.

"I told you that Mr. Levincourt was quite well," said Maud.

"And you, Miss Desmond," said Miss Turtle, timidly putting out the tip of her cotton glove to touch Maud's black dress, "you too have had a good deal of trouble."

"I have lost a dear relative and a true friend."

"To be sure. Oh dear me! Life is a shadow. *How* it flies! Don't you find it so, Miss Desmond? You have lost your aunt; a lady of title too," added Miss Turtle, with so comical an air of being shocked and surprised by this circumstance above all, and of murmuring reproachfully to the great democrat, Death, "How *could* you?—a person so well connected, and habitually addressed by mankind as 'my lady!'" that Maud's sense of humor conquered her sadness, and she turned away her face lest Miss Turtle should be scandalized by the smile on it.

Miss Turtle's next words, however, effectually sobered the mobile, dimpling mouth.

"Yes; you have lost your aunt—*and your uncle*, if what we hear is true."

Maud's heart beat fast, and she could not speak. Her nerves quivered in the expectation of hearing Veronica's name. It was not yet pronounced, however. Miss Turtle dropped her chin down on her breast, at the same time throwing back her shoulders stiffly, and infused a melting tearfulness into her habitually subdued voice as she asked: "And *have* you yet seen Mrs. Plew, Miss Desmond?"

"Mrs.—Mrs. Plew? No. Poor old lady, how is she?"

"She's pretty well, thank you, Miss Desmond. As well as she ever is. She is quite a character of the olden time, don't you think so, Miss Desmond?"

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"Well, I—I—I don't know. She seems a very good old woman," answered Maud, considerably at a loss what to say.

"Of course, Miss Desmond, you have had great scholastic advantages. And I shouldn't presume to— But as far as Pinnock goes, Miss Desmond, I should say that Mrs. Plew was quite the moral of a Roman matron!"

Maud stared in unconcealed surprise.

"I should indeed, Miss Desmond," pursued the governess, still with the same tearful tenderness and a kind of suppressed writhing of her shoulders.

"I have *not* read the Roman History in the original. But, if Pinnock may be relied on, I should say that she quite came up to my idea of the mother of the Gracchi," which Miss Turtle pronounced "Gratchy."

There was so long a pause, and Miss Turtle so plainly showed that she expected Maud to speak, that the latter, although greatly bewildered, at length said, "I have always supposed Mrs. Plew to be a very kind, honest, good old woman. I can not say she ever struck me in the light of a Roman matron. Perhaps, on the whole, it is a better thing to be an English matron; or we, at least, may be excused for thinking so. But the fact is, I never was very intimate with Mrs. Plew. It was my—"

Maud stopped, with a flushed face and trembling lip. She had been about to mention Veronica, and Miss Turtle pounced on the opportunity thus afforded.

"It was your cousin, or at least we all called her so, Miss Desmond, although aware that no tie of blood united you together; it was Miss Levincourt who was most intimate at the Plews'. Oh yes, indeed it was! But, of course, that is all over. Higher spheres have other claims, have they not, Miss Desmond? And that which the proud and haughty have rejected may be very precious to the humble and lonely, if it would but think so; may it not, Miss Desmond?"

A light began to dawn in Maud's mind, which illumined the oracular utterances of Miss Turtle. Through the mincing affectation of the little woman's speech and manner there pierced the tone of genuine emotion. Still Maud did not understand why Miss Turtle should have chosen to reveal such emotion to her.

Maud rose and held out her hand. "Good-by, Miss Turtle," she said. "Please tell Kitty and Cissy that I hope to see them at the practicing next Saturday."

"Good-by, Miss Desmond. I hope you won't take it amiss that I ventured to enter into conversation with you."

"By no means! How can you imagine that I should do so?"

"Nor look upon it in the light of a liberty?"

"Certainly not. Pray do not speak so!"

"Thank you, Miss Desmond. You were always so kind and affable!" There was the least possible stress laid on the personal pronoun, as though Miss Turtle were mentally distinguishing Maud from some one who was *not* always kind and affable. "And you are just the same as ever, I'm sure, Miss Desmond. And—and—if I didn't fear to offend you, which I wouldn't do for the world—indeed I would not!—I should like to—to—to ask—" The governess made a long pause. Maud did not speak; in fact she could not. She was too sure in her heart about whom Miss Turtle desired to ask. The latter remained silent for some minutes; but, although timid in her manner, from years of repression and snubbing, Miss Turtle was not exquisitely sensitive, and she had that sort of mild obstinacy which frequently accompanies stupidity.

Neither Maud's silence, nor her pale, distressed face, availed therefore to turn Miss Turtle from the purpose she had had in view when she sat down on the wall beside the vicar's ward. That purpose was to ascertain, if possible, what the truth of Veronica's position really was.

Of course Shipley-in-the-Wold had rung with gossip about her; and latterly the gossip had reported—most wonderful to relate—something not far from the actual state of the case.

"I should like to ask," proceeded Miss Turtle at length, "if it is true what we hear, that Miss Levincourt—that is, if all be as we have heard rumored, she is *not*, of course, Miss Levincourt any longer—if she is in England again, and—and quite wealthy, and—I *hope* you are not offended, Miss Desmond!"

"She is in England. She is a widow, and is left in possession of a considerable fortune."

"Oh dear me! So it *was* true?"

Maud bowed, and was moving away.

"One instant, Miss Desmond. I'm afraid you are angry with me for speaking. But, after all, it was natural that we should wish to know the truth; wasn't it now, Miss Desmond?"

Maud reflected that it *was* natural. Her conscience told her that the movement of sensitive pride which made her shrink from hearing Veronica mentioned by indifferent persons, was far from being wholly a good movement. She constrained herself to hold out her hand once more to Miss Turtle. The gratitude in the governess's face rewarded her for the effort.

"Oh, thank you, Miss Desmond! I should have been so sorry to hurt your feelings. Of course you will see Mr. Plew before long, and then I suppose you—you will tell him, won't you? Of course he will know, so intimate as he was with the family; and always speaks with the greatest respect, I'm sure. When he knows something certain about Miss Levincourt—that is—I'm so used to the name, you see—we hope, his mother and I hope—or, at least, *she* hopes—for of course I can't presume to put myself forward—that he may get to be more comfortable and settled in his mind. We think him a good deal changed, Miss Desmond. His spirits are like a plummet of lead, to what they were, I do assure you. Good-by, Miss Desmond, and thank you very much."

Maud walked home across the paddock and up the long gravel path in the vicarage garden, with a feeling of heaviness at her heart. She was half inclined to hate Miss Turtle, Mrs. Plew, and all the people in Shipley. But she resisted the impulse of irritated temper. What was her vexation compared with the sorrow and trouble inflicted on others? If Veronica could but have known, if she could but have foreseen!

As she thus thought, she entered the house through the garden door, which stood open. She was going into the sitting-room, when she paused for a moment at the sound of voices within.

"Go in, go in, Miss Maudie," said old Joanna, who happened to be in the hall. "You won't disturb no one. It's only that poor creetur, Mr. Plew, a-talking to the vicar."

A COLORADO COLONY.

WE give on page 197 a sketch of an interesting event in the history of our far-Western territory—the departure of a colony of German emigrants from Chicago to settle on a tract of land purchased by them in Colorado. This colony is said to be the first of the kind ever organized in this country, and it is called "the German Colonization Society of Colfax, Colorado," that township being its destination. It can hardly fail, if followed by other colonies, to exercise an important influence on the development of our Western territory. In many of those remote regions where, under ordinary circumstances, mining could be profitably pursued, the cost of living, owing to the long distance over which subsistence must be transported, is so great as to have compelled the abandonment of the mines. Agricultural advantages of the most favorable character were not lacking, but the farmer did not come, and the miner must wait for him. It was in view of this state of things that, in August last, CARL WULSTEN, a citizen of Chicago, conceived the plan of organizing, in that city, a society of farmers, mechanics, and laborers, who, with their wives and families, should select some favorable location in the great undeveloped West, and there enter upon the work of tilling the soil, the erection of a village, and, mayhap, the foundation of a metropolis.

Mr. WULSTEN visited Colorado with the view of selecting a suitable place to establish such a colony, and his choice at length fell upon Wet Mountain Park, Fremont County, near the head waters of the Arkansas River, in Southwestern Colorado. The district is described as one of surpassing excellence, and admirably adapted to agriculture. The soil is rich, prairie and timber lands abound, numerous streams supply irrigation and power for manufacturing purposes, and the climate is mild and salubrious. On the return of Mr. WULSTEN a society was organized, of which he was chosen President, and soon afterward he proceeded to Washington, where he obtained from the Secretary of War an order to the commanders of Forts Wallace and Lyon, and other military posts along the route, to furnish an adequate escort of soldiers from the point of leaving the railway until the destination was reached; ambulances to convey the women and children; tents in which the colony might live until houses could be erected; and to give the party every possible aid and assistance.

According to the plan of the organization, each member pays $250, which constitutes a common fund for the benefit of the colony, and out of which are defrayed all expenses, including transportation and subsistence on the way, live stock, seed, agricultural implements, machinery for sawmill, grist-mill, etc. All the branches of industry and enterprise are to be conducted on the cooperative plan for five years, at the expiration of which time an equal subdivision of lands, improvements, assets, etc., will be made. Colfax is situated 250 miles from Fort Wallace, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, 70 miles from Puebla, and 30 miles from Cañon City—the latter, a village of five or six hundred souls, being the nearest settlement. A detachment of United States troops will furnish protection for the present against molestation from Indians; but it is designed soon to form a militia company among the colonists, to whom the Governor of the Territory will issue arms and ammunition.

The colony, which left Chicago a few weeks since, numbered about two hundred and fifty persons, men, women, and children, all of them Germans. They were accompanied by a clergyman, a doctor, and a schoolmaster, but, as they intend to dwell in peace and unity, not by a lawyer. If this experiment meets with success it will be followed by other colonies; and in this way the West will be speedily settled, and the Indian question with it.

SCENES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE Mississippi by daylight is neither picturesque nor beautiful—a wide expanse of muddy water, flowing between low banks clad with cotton-wood trees; but seen by moonlight, or just when the sun is rising or setting, its character seems to undergo a wonderful and mysterious change. Light mists float over its surface, and land and water are so mingled in the hazy distance that one can hardly distinguish the dividing-line between them.

The sketch of a steamer "wooding up," on page 200, was made by our artist on one of those dreamy, moonlight evenings that show the Father of Waters at his best. It represents a misty stretch of river, with phantom boats gliding away across the moonlit water; a large steamer, tied up to the levee, while her sturdy negro crew carry aboard whole wood-piles to feed the roaring furnaces. The trailing Spanish moss—the ghostly beard worn by the trees of Southern swamps—gleams in the fitful light, and assists the romantic feeling of the place and hour.

The "raft on the Mississippi" was probably put together at St. Paul, and consigned to New Orleans. In the comfortable slab-house the raftsmen sleep and eat while slowly drifting down with the current. Now and then they ground upon an island or at a bend in the river, when, if they can not get off unaided, they hail a passing steamer and get a tow: to avert such a catastrophe, the men in our picture have trimmed their sails and are pulling lustily at the long sweep.

Our last picture represents a break or crevasse in the levee. Pile-drivers have been brought up by the steamer, and are hard at work driving piles into the muddy bank to prevent its further crumbling away under the pressure of the heavy current. At such times the whole country is excited; for none can foresee, should the river gain the day, where the work of devastation may end.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE London *Times* pays the United States many high yet well-deserved compliments, in a recent article on manufactures. After stating, among other facts, that Birmingham is at this moment losing its old markets, it remarks:

"A few years ago it used to supply the United States largely with edged tools, farm-implements, and various smaller wares. It does so no longer; nor is the cause to be sought merely in the American tariff. It is found that the manufacturers of America actually supersede us, not only in their own, but in foreign markets and in our own colonies; and the Birmingham Chamber has the sagacity to discover and the courage to declare that this is owing to the superiority of American goods.... High as are the wages of an English artisan, those of an American artisan are higher still; and yet the manufacturers of the United States can import iron and steel from this country at a heavy duty, work up the metal by highly-paid labor, and beat us out of market after all with the manufactured article. How is that to be explained?

"The Americans succeed in supplanting us by 'novelty of construction and excellence of make.' They do not attempt to undersell us in the mere matter of price. Our goods may still be the cheapest, but they are no longer the best; and in countries where an axe, for instance, is an indispensable implement, the best article is the cheapest, whatever it may cost.... The true cause of our defeat must be attributed 'to the greater aptitude of many of the foreign workmen, and their intelligence, which induces them to seize every opportunity of improving their manufactures.'"

"Is Mr. G—— good?" said a bank officer to a director.

"That depends whether you mean Godward or manward," was the answer.

"Explain," said the bank officer.

"Godward, Mr. G—— is good: no man in our church is sounder in the faith, prays oftener in our meetings, or is more benevolent apparently; but manward, I am sorry to say, Mr. G—— is rather tricky."

Men too often seem thus double-hearted. But the Good Book pertinently inquires, "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?"

The latest foreign scandal is from a German writer, who comes out with a story that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were very unhappy together during their early married life, and that a divorce nearly resulted.

They make shirts by lightning now. An electric battery applied to a sewing-machine drives the needle with astonishing rapidity, and at little expense.

Crumpton is a little village of three hundred population, at the head of steam navigation on the Chester River in Maryland. Near by are a number of clustering houses occupied by colored people. At Pond Town, about a mile and a half distant, the freedmen have purchased for themselves houses and tracts of land, and such has been their thrift, economy, and industry that this neighborhood, which was only a barren pine waste, has been brought under cultivation. This colored community lately applied to the Baltimore Association for the Education of Colored People for a teacher, and James Hamilton, a young man of about twenty-five, arrived at Crumpton on the 15th of January, and opened school in the colored people's church on the following Monday, which was attended by *over seventy pupils*, from six to thirty years of age. Early in February, it having been reported that Mr. Hamilton had opened an evening school, an infuriated mob, with blackened faces, and armed with tar and feathers, as well as guns and pistols, surrounded the school-house one evening. Finding their intended victim had not yet come there, the mob went to his boarding-house, and demanded that Hamilton should be surrendered to them, declaring they would "lynch any white man who came there to teach niggers." With great difficulty the mob was in some measure calmed, but with many threats told Mr. Hamilton he must leave the neighborhood at once. Seeing no way of continuing the school with safety, he promised to close it the next morning, and reported the matter to the Association and to General Howard.

A Michigan girl, aged eighteen, and possessed of a big foot, called at a shoe-dealer's a few weeks ago, and asked for "a pair of No. 2's." A pair of 2's was shown her. She tried them; but, to her great astonishment, could not get her foot half into them. She asked of the proprietor if he hadn't got a larger pair of 2's. He replied that he had, and handed her a pair of 5's, and said that they were a little larger than the pair she had just tried on; and she was quite "astonished" to find that she could not get those on. She then asked for a little larger pair of 2's. He replied that he had one pair still larger, and handed her a pair of 7's. She put them on, and found that pair of "2's" just a fit, paid for them, and left the store.

A recent number of the London *Lancet* contains an article from Sir Charles Murchison, an able English physician, in which he says that relapsing fever, which made its appearance in London in August last, now taxes severely the resources of that city to provide adequate hospital accommodations for the sick. This same fever made its appearance in this city during the last months of 1869, and began to spread with alarming rapidity. But in consequence of the efficient action of the Board of Health and the Commissioners of Charities, there has been in this city no perceptible increase of the relapsing fever for several weeks. The health laws of London are most stringent, and are administered by efficient officers; yet the measures taken in New York seem to have been more successful in this disease. If proper vigilance is continued, this fever may still be kept in check.

The following hit at New York, whether founded in fact or not, evidently originated at the "Hub." A young Bostonian who purposed starting in business in this city, made a preliminary visit, armed with letters of introduction to business men. One New York merchant inquired of young Boston what he intended to do. "I have not exactly decided," replied the youth, "but I expect to settle into some good business in which I can get a living honestly."

"A living honestly?"

"An honest living," repeated the Bostonian.

"Young man," said the New Yorker, "I congratulate you; there is not a city in the United States in which you will meet with so little competition in your method of doing business."

In a recent report of the proceedings of the Third Annual Convention of the American Institute of Architects there is an interesting paper on chimneys. After various statements on the theory and functions of chimneys, the causes of smoky chimneys are mentioned as follows:

1. Insufficient height of the chimney.
2. Too small or too large a sectional area.
3. Interior friction, the surface being too rough.
4. Too large a discharging orifice at the top.
5. Action of wind, rain, and sun on this orifice, to be corrected by using well-known cowls.
6. Contrary draughts, induced by a neighboring chimney having a much stronger draught; or in case, for instance, the staircase in a house is heated by furnace, and draws the air up from the lower rooms more vigorously than do the chimneys. (Remedy: shut the room-doors and open the windows.)
7. One common chimney for several fire-places. (Each fire ought to have its own flue.)
8. Openings left at the lower end of the flue. These should be well closed, so that no cold air can dilute the rising current of hot air.

The strong prejudice against the negro race, which still exists in many parts of the South, excited some young men recently to attempt to lynch a colored preacher. They were, however, disarmed by his remarking meekly: "I have been wondering for a long time how it was that so good a man as the Apostle Paul should have been whipped three times for preaching the Gospel, while such an unworthy man as I am should have been permitted to preach for twenty years without ever getting a lick."

Among sundry reports about noted personages is one concerning Alexandre Dumas *père*, to the effect that he is suffering from paralysis of the right hand.—Charles Lever is said to have fallen into a lethargic state, so that he sleeps sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. But then, when he is awake he really does something.—The new novel upon which Mr. Dickens is engaged is entitled "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."—The popular author, Mr. Shirley Brooks, who has been severely ill, is reported convalescent.

The *Weekly Scotsman* states that there are in Scotland 122 manufactories of bricks, tiles, and articles of a similar nature; and in connection with these from 4000 to 5000 persons are employed. The manufactories are widely scattered over the country. In one instance a single manufactory covers upward of six acres of ground, and is surmounted by thirty tall brick chimneys, which give it an extraordinary appearance. Raw material is brought in and finished goods are sent out by branch railways, the traffic on which never ceases from one week's end to the other. Two hundred tons of clay, and about an equal weight of coal, are used every day. Upward of 300 men and boys are employed by this company; and these are aided by three steam-engines, with an aggregate of 150 horse-power. This is exclusive of the power employed to bring the clay and coal out of the pits.

"Miss Grundy" says that Madame Garcia, wife of the Minister from the Argentine Confederation, is better known than any of the other foreign ladies. She has fine eyes, fair complexion, dark hair, plump white neck and shoulders, weighs one hundred and sixty, and is not tall. She entertains cordially on her reception days, and is somewhat of a literary character, having written a novel entitled "Love in the Pampas."

Madame Podesdad is thought by many to be handsomer than the Russian Minister's wife, who is famed for her beauty and graceful manners. Madame Podesdad is wife of one of the Secretaries of the Spanish Legation, but is an American by birth. Her mother was a noted Virginia beauty. Madame is frank and cordial in manners, lives quietly in Georgetown, but is a great favorite in society.

"Any thing in this store for a dollar?" inquired a would-be customer as he entered a Philadelphia "dollar store."

"Yes, for one dollar you can take your choice. Of course I do not include in this my young lady attendants."

So replied the storekeeper, his ending off probably being intended as a joke, for he smiled grimly as he said it, and seemed to enjoy it himself immensely.

"Well, I'll take that," said the customer, pointing to a stove which, almost red-hot, stood in a corner of the room. The customer clearly had the best of the dollar-store man.

It has been remarked that it would be of great service if some one would invent a good resonant cry which should be generally understood to mean *urgency*. The words "fire," "murder," "thieves," etc., convey such impression, but are often curiously inappropriate. It is related of the late Mr. Charles Sheridan that in attempting to land from a steamer one dark night he fell into the water, and escaped with some difficulty from his perilous position. "What did you do?" asked a friend, to whom the accident was narrated. "Why, what do you think?" answered his niece; "Instead of screaming 'murder!' or 'fire!' as any one of sense would have done under the circumstances, he only swam and called 'boat!' Of course no one went to his assistance!"

Rev. Sydney Smith once said: "Some men always read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its reappearance. Which of these is the best method in the conduct of the understanding must, I suppose, depend a great deal upon the particular understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation, others little with it; some are fountains, some reservoirs."

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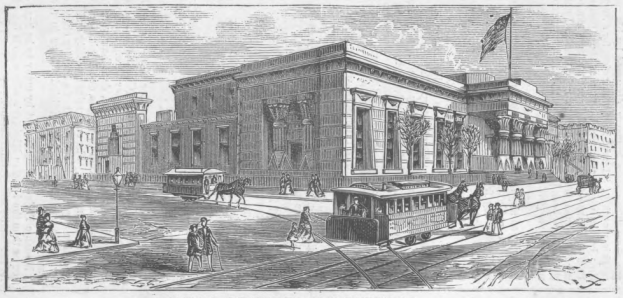
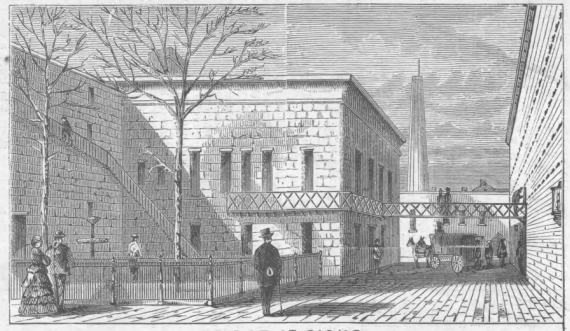
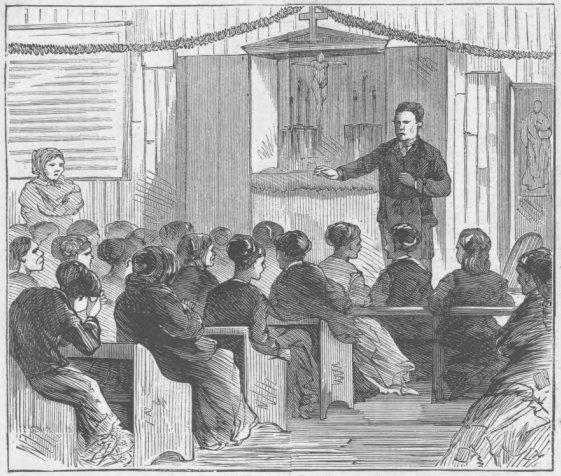
"BLACK MARIA".



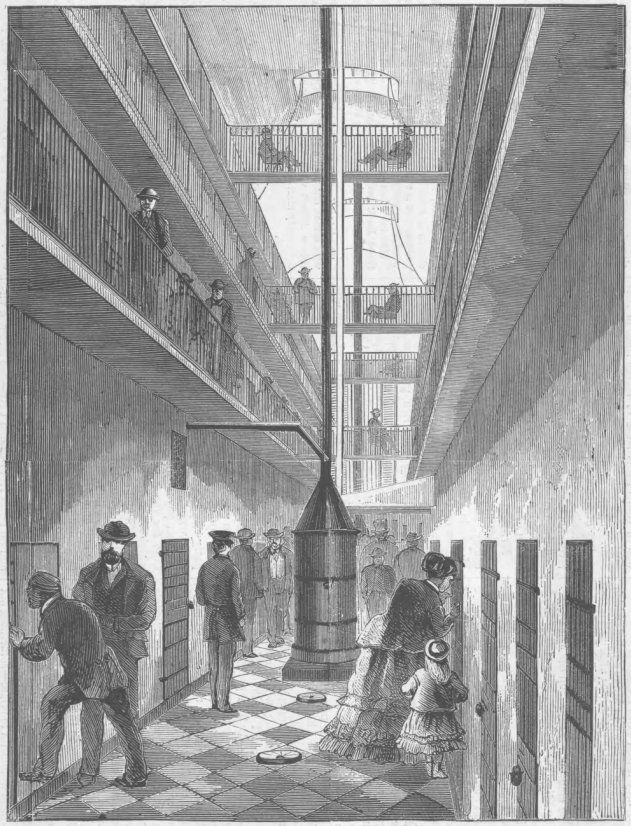
HALLS OF JUSTICE. CENTRE ST.



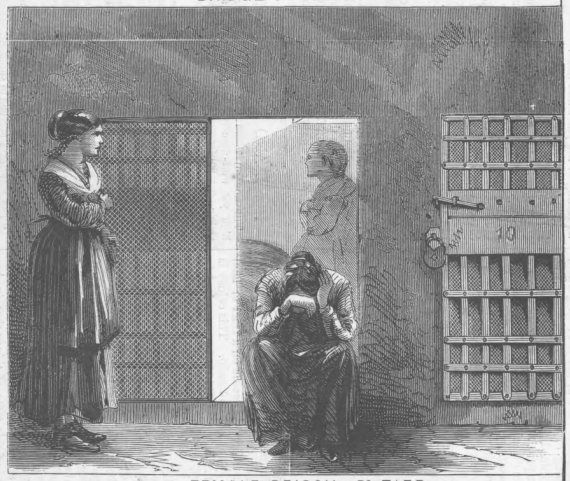
BRIDGE OF SIGHS.



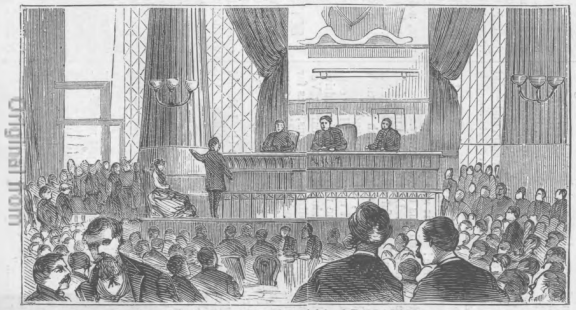
THE MAGDALEN.



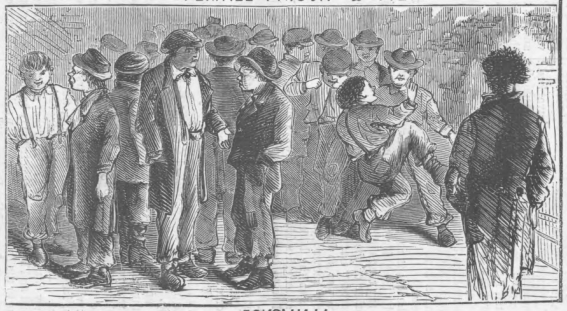
INTERIOR OF MALE PRISON



FEMALE PRISON 2ª TIER.



COURT OF SPECIAL SESSIONS.



BOYS' HALL.

THE TOMBS.—FROM SKETCHES BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 205.]

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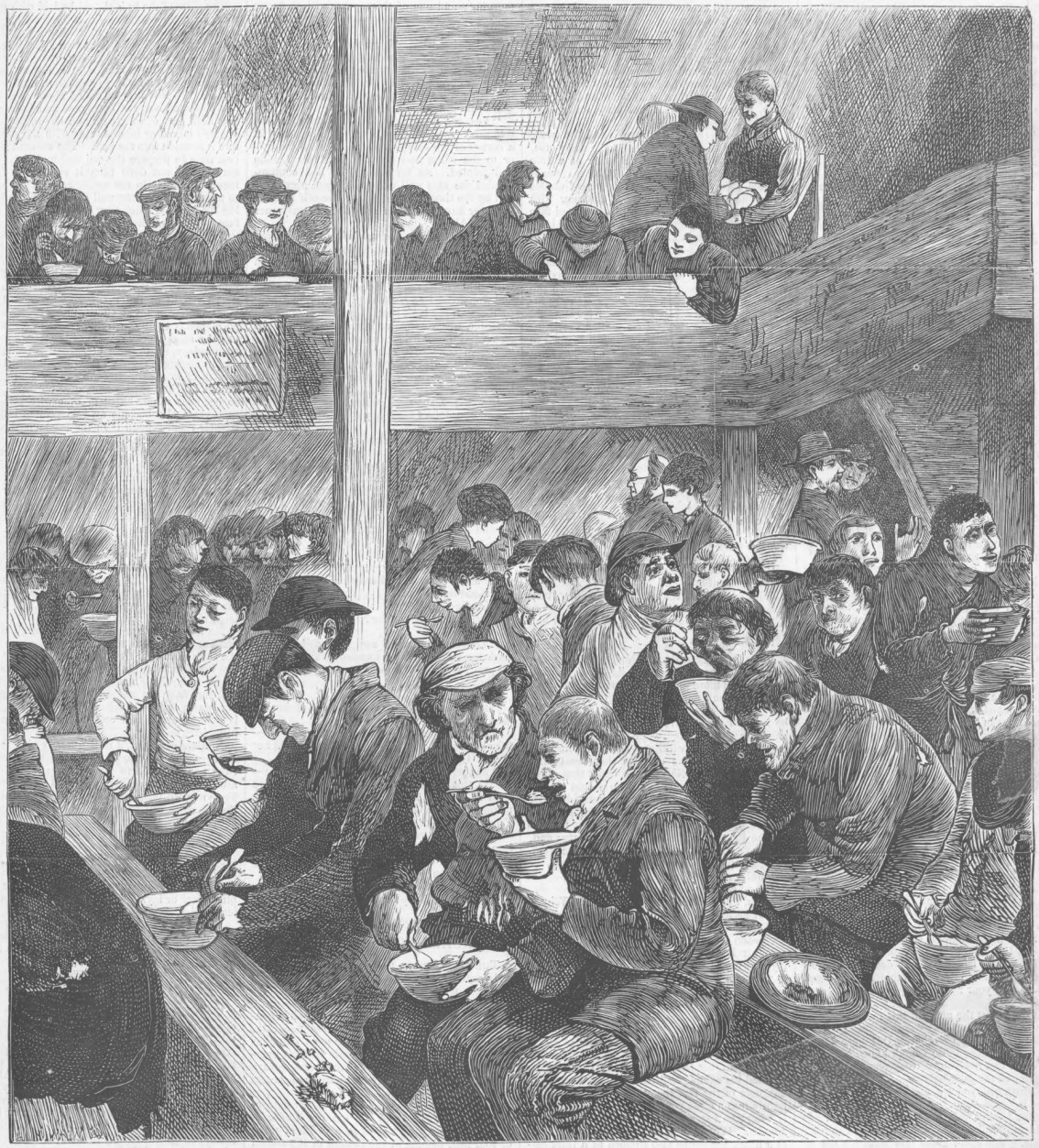
THE THIEVES' SUPPER.

OUR illustration on this page represents an entertainment at once novel and interesting. A London ex-thief and pugilist, by the name of NED WRIGHT, who, from being the wickedest man in the English metropolis, has become a useful missionary among his former associates, provides a weekly supper, consisting of a plentiful supply of soup and bread, alternately to the male and female members of the profession. The condition of admission to this entertainment is the proof that the applicant has been convicted once or oftener of theft. The company is, of course, of a very mixed character; some of the thieves being hopelessly depraved, while others appear to be steady and hard-working people who have fallen before sudden temptation. After supper NED WRIGHT makes them a speech, of a very homely and practical kind, full of good advice, and closing up with the assurance that if any one present wants to reform and lead a different life, he will put him in the way of getting honest work. It is said that this man is doing much to reclaim young men and women from evil courses. The figure standing with a hat on, at the back of our sketch, is a portrait of NED WRIGHT.



THE THIEVES' SUPPER.

THE TOMBS.

WE give on page 204 a series of sketches in "the Tombs," as our dismal city prison is appropriately called, whose forbidding Egyptian architecture casts a cold shadow over Centre Street. To enter its chilling halls is like going into a damp cavern; and many a poor fellow, whom misfortune or strong temptation has driven to crime, must have felt, on first passing its doors, as if he had stepped through that gateway on which the words are engraved: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." Too often this is literally true. The poor wretch leaves his cell only to return to it, for longer and longer periods of detention. Some criminals pass more than half their lifetime behind grated doors, and appear to make use of liberty only to get back to prison.

The Tombs is not a pleasant place to visit, even when you have the privilege of going out when you have satisfied your curiosity; and Mr. FOX has kindly saved all nervous people the trouble of such a visit by making the faithful sketches to which this article refers. The central sketch represents the main hall of the prison, where males are confined. It is narrow and lofty, with four tiers of cells, one above another, those above the ground-floor being reached by galleries, and each gallery guarded by two keepers. The cells are narrow, lighted by a small window at the farther end, ample ventilation being secured by means of the iron-grated door that opens into the hall. Formerly the doors were of wood, and the effect was to make the cells close and unhealthy. Most of the cells are full, and several of them are occupied by noted criminals. Among these is JOHN REAL, ex-deputy-sheriff and watchman, who murdered policeman SMEDICK in July, 1868. He has a nicely-carpeted cell, with chairs, table, books, and pictures, and appears to enjoy himself pretty well for a man in his position. REYNOLDS, who murdered TOWNSEND a few weeks ago, is also an inmate of one of these cells. M'FARLAND occupies a cell on the first gallery. It is very comfortably furnished. The other cells, when Mr. FOX visited the prison, were filled with every sort of criminal, from the "unfortunate" man or boy who "happened" to be found drunk or disorderly in the streets, to the hardened old offenders, some of whom had been sentenced to State prison, and were waiting to be sent away. Most of them were very willing to talk, and few sought to avoid observation.

Another sketch represents the interior of the boys' room, where they are kept during the day. At night they are locked up in separate cells. Every variety of youthful character is exhibited by these boys. Some of them are jolly under their misfortunes, some modest and shamefaced, others hardened and depraved. Our sketch gives a faithful idea of the ways in which they amuse themselves.

Another sketch gives a view of the "Bridge of Sighs," by which murderers pass to the scaffold when led to execution. The last execution which took place at the Tombs was that of JEREMIAH O'BRIEN, for the murder of his mistress. It occurred on the 9th of August, 1867.

The "Black Maria," of which we give a sketch, is a close wagon, used to convey sentenced prisoners from the Tombs to "the Island." At the moment the sketch was taken the motley crowd of passengers was gathering for the ride. The other sketches, which complete the interior survey of the Tombs, are the "Court of Special Sessions," the "Female Prison," and the "Magdalen," or chapel for women.

The present warden of the Tombs is Mr. JOHN STACOM, who is assisted by two deputy-wardens and a large number of subordinate officers. They have their hands full all the time. The number of prisoners committed to the Tombs in 1869 was 42,209, the great bulk of them for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, their term of imprisonment rarely extending over ten days. It is no unusual occurrence to find the same person committed ten or twelve times a year, and instances have been known where a drunkard has been arrested twice in the same week, having evaded imprisonment in the first instance by the payment of a fine, only to renew the offense. The cases of *mania a potu* are very numerous on the books. The condition of the Tombs is creditable to the management. The cells are kept scrupulously clean, and the prisoners are allowed to suffer no unnecessary privations.

A WHISKY PEDDLER ON THE PLAINS.

THE army sutler, or, as that personage is now designated, trader, is forbidden to sell whisky to the enlisted man. The order gave a smart trooper the opportunity of airing the following *bon-mot*, which is now current on the frontier:

"Shoulder-straps may get beastly, and go for his quarters; but chevrons keep sober with alkali waters."

To a long extent this is true; for the free access

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which the officers have to the sutler's whisky (at twelve or fifteen dollars per gallon) is at times too evident for good discipline and thorough discharge of duty. The enlisted man will have his whisky too, if by any possibility he can obtain it. One of the sources of supply is shown in our illustration on page 201.

The peddler is well aware of the risk that he runs in selling the contraband article to the soldier. For this reason he takes care to select some unfrequented spot in the vicinity of a military post, thus protecting himself from discovery by the officers, and at the same time securing for himself some measure of safety from Indians.

When such an "outfit" is discovered it is immediately confiscated, and the peddler, if he should fall into the hands of General CUSTER, has half the hair shaved from his poll, and immediately after is treated to prolonged pedestrian exercise through camp, to the lively air, "The Rogue's March."

It may not be out of place to enumerate some of the beverages that are in favor with the troops in the Far West when whisky is not accessible. A Cologne-water cock-tail is not despised. A toddy concocted from some of the hair-washes, of which castor-oil, alcohol, and tincture of cantharides are the principal ingredients, is accepted as a palatable beverage. Extract of ginger, qualified with water, is not an unsoldierly tipple, either. But here! these are tales told out of school; so no more of them, for this temperance lecture has reached a sufficient length.

JOHN ALBANY'S TROUBLE.

I.

AT the breakfast-table, that morning, John Albany's wife, one of the dearest, winningest little women in the world, had said to him:

"Have you heard from brother Joe yet?"

"No, Carrie; not time yet. You know he only left day before yesterday. Get a letter to-morrow, maybe."

"Do you know, John, I'm almost wild with curiosity to see his wife? Such an odd notion of theirs, to put off their wedding-trip for three months after they were married!"

"Wanted to make it in pleasant weather, I suppose—showed their common-sense," said John.

"Any how, they'll be here in a fortnight, as soon as his business is arranged;" and Carrie Albany's almost girlish face beamed with delight at the thought, for she all but idolized her "brother Joe," and had heard wonderful stories of the beauty of his bride.

Such had been, in part, the talk at the breakfast-table, and there had not been in all the city a sunnier face than that with which John Albany had said good-by to his dear little wife and his rosy-faced baby boy; but now, half an hour later, he sat in his down town office, glowering at a bit of crumpled paper on the table before him, with an expression of countenance which might fairly be thought to include doubts of his own sanity.

"Crumb Street Station-House!" he exclaimed. "What in— Well, I might as well go right there."

And so he did, with barely enough presence of mind to put his hat on before he started. A few minutes of almost fiercely rapid walking, a brief parley with the officials in blue, and John Albany was admitted to a dingy and dimly-lighted cell.

"John—"

"Good heavens! You *here!*"

"Hush! Not a word—I gave my name as Caleb Smith, and it's gone into the reports that way."

"But how did it happen?"

"I can't tell, John. I only know they found the pocket-book in my pocket, and I was so upset I couldn't say a word."

"The pocket-book?"

"Yes; it was at the railway station. I'd just checked my trunks when they began to make an outcry, and that's about all I know about it until I found myself nabbed and searched."

"But Lucille?" said John.

"I wrote to her that I was detained in New York, for a few days, by important business. Then I gave your name as my counsel, and sent for you."

"I didn't get the note till this morning," said John.

"Some mistake or other. But here I am, trapped, and what to do I don't know."

"Oh, I can get you off easy enough; it's an old game of the pickpockets. All I've got to do is to prove who you are, and the Judge won't fail to see it," said John.

"But I don't want to prove who I am. It would half kill Carrie, and just about murder Lucille. You don't know how sensitive she is. No; I must be got off and acquitted as Caleb Smith, or I'll never get over it. Now, John, old fellow, promise me not to let my name out to any body, least of all to Carrie. Lucille's letters will come to your care, as usual; and I can send a letter to Carrie dated from home, you know, as if it was inclosed to you."

"You must take the responsibility of all the deception, then," said John; and, after a good deal of grave hesitation, the young lawyer allowed himself to be overpersuaded into giving the desired promise; but he left the station-house and returned to his office a troubled and anxious-hearted man. He did not like deception in any shape, and he seriously doubted his capacity for concealing any thing from his dear little wife.

And so it was that when John Albany went home that evening, and silently handed Carrie an unpostmarked missive, over which her blue eyes glistened, and which made her kiss the baby twice, he did so with a flush on his cheek and a cloud on his brow, which never left him the whole evening. In vain he tried to be gay, or to make the crowing youngster a means of concealing his perturbation; for the quick eyes of his wife penetrated his clumsy artifices, and then—well, if he had been in trouble before, he was badly enough beset now. John Albany was accounted a promising lawyer, and remarkably good at cross-questioning; but never had any witness suffered under his own hands as he now did under those of his wife.

Of course John kept his promise of secrecy, but at the expense of a red face and a flustered manner. He was not half sure that his conscience had not caught him in several pretty well defined fibs and equivocations. More than that, Carrie was quite well aware that she had not penetrated her husband's secret; and she was not only a true daughter of Eve as to curiosity, but as self-willed and imperious a little body as she was loving, with a good deal of that peculiar element of character out of which jealousy is manufactured under favorable circumstances. And so, though at first she tried not to show it, Carrie was more than a little offended; and John, poor fellow, could not help seeing and feeling it.

And thus the next day passed, and the next, and matters down town looked worse and worse, and matters at home grew cloudier at a rate which John Albany would hardly have thought possible. So much for keeping a secret from his wife; and the poor fellow grew gloomier with every glance at the fretful and discontented face that had hitherto been so sunny. Even the baby was compelled to suffer his share of the household trouble.

In her irritated mood, Carrie's thoughts naturally turned to her brother; and so one day she sat down and wrote him a letter, in which she said a great many things which were only intended for his own eyes. Perhaps no harm would have followed but that Carrie mailed the letter with her own hands, without saying a word to her husband, and that, more by accident than any thing else, it was opened and read by a young married lady, in one of the larger New England towns, on the following day.

II.

IT was not the same cell that John Albany had looked into before, and it was nearly two weeks later. The prisoner was the same, however; and, with all his confinement, he was hardly as pale as his worried and badgered looking visitor.

"It's all up, Caleb!"

"What's up, John?"

"Why, this wretched secrecy business. Lucille's coming!"

"Lucille? How do you know?"

"Read that telegram. Got to meet her at the cars this afternoon."

John Albany had the better in color now, very decidedly.

"Oh, John, my boy, what is to be done?"

"She must know!"

"And Carrie?"

"We'll see about that. Don't see what I can do but invite her to the house." And John Albany looked more like a baited wild animal than ever, as he half flung himself out of the cell.

John didn't go home to dinner that day, or he might have discovered that nurse had been left alone with the baby, while his wife had "gone out," no one knew whither. So, in uncomfortable ignorance of the dangers that beset him, John went to the New Haven dépôt that afternoon, and waited for a lady who should resemble, as much as possible, the miniature likeness which had been shown him. And he found her very readily. There was no chance for mistaking the striking but nervous looking beauty; and, in fact, as he advanced to meet her, the trembling lips parted slightly, just enough to say,

"John Albany?"

"And can this be Lucille?"

"Oh, John, where is my husband? Why is he not here?"

"He is safe and well, I assure you; and you shall soon see him."

"But I don't understand! Why is all this mystery and deception?"

"I can't explain here," said John; "but if you will get into the carriage I will tell you as we go."

And John was determined to keep his word, though he would almost as soon have been convicted of burglary. He was not aware of *all* his trouble, however. He had not noticed the veiled female form that had followed his into the dépôt, nor had his excited and confused faculties taken any note of the fact that the same form sprang lightly into a close coupé which drove off rapidly after the carriage which contained him and Lucille. When the latter was pulled up in front of a hotel, the coupé also stopped at a little distance, but the veiled lady did not get out. She leaned forward to the window, muttering, "I *knew* there was something of that sort! Oh, John! John! How *could* you!" And then the driver of the coupé received fresh orders, and drove away rapidly up town.

Lucille had only gone into the hotel to gather her somewhat shattered senses after listening to the news imparted by John, and, on the whole, she had sustained the shock much better than he had expected. In a very short time—for, with all her nervousness, she was a brave and devoted wife—Lucille declared her readiness to hurry off at once to the prison.

"I must stop at my office for a moment," said John.

"Oh, but I am in such a hurry!" exclaimed Lucille.

"But it's only to leave a law paper with my partner. He has been at court all day, and I have not seen him."

John's office was in a very busy part of the city, and both he and Lucille had their heads altogether too full of exciting thoughts to notice any particular members of the hurrying throngs upon the sidewalks. Still, as the carriage pulled up at the curb-stone, John said:

"Good! I won't have to go up stairs. There's my partner now. Brown! Eh, Brown!"

The gentleman thus addressed had been standing on the edge of the sidewalk, as if waiting for somebody, and now came forward with a remarkably beaming expression of countenance.

"John, my boy, it's all right."

"What's all right?"

"Why, that Caleb Smith case."

John Albany had to catch his breath for a moment; but he stammered, "H-how?"

"Why, there was a whole batch sent up this morning; and one of them—that's Flash-finger Dick—confessed to putting the money on Caleb's person."

"Well, but what did you do?"

"Oh, Judge —— was as good as pie; let him right out, and I've got him up stairs."

A gloved hand was on John's shoulder, and a trembling voice was trying to ask him:

"John, John, isn't that Joe?"

"Yes, it's Joe," said John Albany; but he was sorry enough the next minute, as he sat in a corner of the carriage trying to recall the color to the white and beautiful face, for Lucille had fainted. As for Brown, he had comprehended the case well enough to dash up stairs; and by the time Lucille came to herself she was in better hands than the somewhat clumsy ones of John Albany.

And now the carriage was being whirled away up town, for John was urged by something even stronger than hospitality in his eagerness to reach his clouded home. He could have no patience with either horses or driver, especially as Lucille and Joe looked so provokingly loving and happy there on the back seat.

Home was reached at last, however, and the somewhat irate driver reined in his smoking horses in front of the house. John sprang to the sidewalk, and never dreamed of aiding Joe; but Lucille by this time was very well able to help herself.

It was not yet dusk when they entered the house, and John's latch-key dispensed with bell-ringing and servants.

"Wait a moment in the parlor," said John, "while I call Carrie."

And so saying, but with a big weight upon his heart, John pushed onward toward the sitting-room. As he threw open the door before him, however, he was suddenly confronted by a lady figure in full traveling costume, and a glance beyond showed him a marvelous disarray of trunks and bandboxes.

"Carrie, my dear—"

A gloved hand held out toward him a small white envelope, while a husky voice said:

"Good-by, John!"

"Carrie—"

"Isn't that Joe's voice? Oh, Joe! are you here?"

"Yes, Carrie, here I am, safe and sound." And Joe himself rushed forward, taking hold of his pretty sister as if he was about ready to swallow her.

"Oh, Joe, take me to mother's!"

"But, Carrie, what's the matter? John has been just the best old fellow—"

"Joe—there she is—I saw her at the dépôt!—the very same woman; and now he's brought her here! Oh, Joe! what does it all mean?"

"Mean? Why, Carrie—come here, Lucille—Carrie, this is my wife, your sister Lucille. I've been in trouble, and your John has helped me through, like a splendid old trump as he is. You've got the best fellow for a husband—"

Carrie gave one good look at Joe, another into the wistful face of Lucille, but she caught a glance of the keen suffering in the trembling lips of her own husband.

"Oh, John, I've been *so* foolish! John?"

And John Albany's trouble was over.

BORDERS FOR GRAPE-VINES.

THE vine requires a warm, dry, well-drained soil, entirely free from stagnant water; hence hill-sides with southerly or easterly exposures are almost always recommended for the sites of vineyards; and a gravelly, porous subsoil is generally insisted upon as an absolute necessity. But not every one who wishes to grow vines has a hill-side, nor is the soil of their gardens overlaying a bed of gravel; it is, therefore, necessary to provide these absolute prerequisites to success in an artificial manner.

Where the subsoil is of a heavy, clayey nature, the usual practice is to dig out the border in which the vines are to grow to a depth of three or four feet, placing at the bottom of the trench a layer of small stones a foot or more in depth, and then filling it up with very richly composted soil: providing, if possible, a sufficient length of drain-pipe to carry off the water from the bottom of the bed to a lower level.

This answers the purpose for a time, but eventually the earth settles between the stones, they become compacted together, and the drainage becomes insufficient. Under any circumstances the water from the surrounding land drains into the trench, and the layer of stones becomes a drain for a large surrounding area, and although any excess of water may run off, yet the evaporation through the soil above the layer of stones keeps it too cool for the roots of the vine; and should the outlet pipe become choked, as it frequently does, the water is backed up under the border, which causes the roots to decay, and the vines receive serious injury.

We have found that, in all cases where it is necessary to make vine borders, it is best to make them entirely above the surface of the soil; and we believe that people would be much more successful in growing them were they in all cases to do so. The directions of these borders should be from north to south, or as nearly so as may be possible, so as to expose both sides of the vines, as much as possible, to the direct action of the sun's heat. They may be from six to ten feet wide at the bottom, and from three to five feet wide at the top; with a depth of two and a half or three feet of soil. Two-inch drain-pipes should be laid every ten or fifteen feet across the bed, with their outlets just above the natural surface or level of the surrounding soil. This not only carries off any surplus of water from heavy rains, but also allows the air to permeate through the bed, which keeps it much warmer than it would otherwise be.

The sides of the beds should be laid with grass sods, or sown with some dwarf-growing grass, such as Rhode Island Bent.

Any good fresh soil will answer; but if it can be procured from an old pasture, or from the grassy banks of the road-side, it is preferable, taking it, sods and soil, to a depth of nine or ten inches. To this may be added about one-tenth of well-rotted horse or barn-yard manure, and a twentieth part of coarse ground bones, both being well mixed or incorporated with the soil before it is made into the bed. The autumn is the best time to prepare the soil and make the border; but if not done then it should be commenced as early in the spring as possible, so as to permit it to become well settled before planting the vines. After they are planted, the surface of the bed should be mulched with two or three inches of strawy manure.

Many will, no doubt, think that the soil of the border should be made much richer with manure. This would certainly induce a stronger and more rapid growth of the young vines; but when the first strength of the manure is exhausted the vines receive a great check, and are generally permanently injured thereby. It is much better to get a solid, stocky growth of the vines than to superinduce, by the use of excessive quantities of stimulating manures, a succulent, long-jointed growth of wood, which, owing to its continuous growth late into the autumn, does not ripen, and so becomes winter-killed or otherwise injured; such vines also become an easy prey to mildew if their rapid growth is in the least checked by sudden atmospheric changes during the summer. Our native vines are generally such strong growers that there is no necessity for increasing it by excessive stimulation. The use of muck, woodpile earth, and materials of similar character, are injurious, as they produce an incipient fermentation and acidity of the soil, which is also very injurious to the vine. After the vines come into bearing the borders should annually receive a top-dressing of well-rotted manure, lightly forked into the soil, and then covered with a mulching of stable litter. This prevents undue dryness in summer, and every rain carries to the roots of the vine a proper proportion of the soluble fertilizing elements of the manure.

No fears need be entertained that such raised borders will become too dry in summer, or that the vines will suffer from drought. No fruit suffers less from drought than the vine, for its large, ample leaves have a special faculty of absorbing moisture from the atmosphere, and it delights in dry, warm soil, in which the fruit ripens earlier, is sweeter, and higher colored than when grown in moister soil.

Borders constructed in this way, owing to the expense, are only applicable to gardens where from two or three to twenty vines are all that are required to supply the family with fruit. For vineyard purposes natural sites, combining the requisite soil and exposure, with proper facilities for drainage, must be selected; but even in such cases it would be of great advantage to throw the soil, by means of the plow, into ridges six or eight feet wide and two or three feet high at the apex, and there planting the vines, using the intervening furrows for carrying off the surplus water or laying drainage tiles through them lengthwise.

With borders made in the way here suggested the cultivator will escape losses from rot, shanking, uneven ripening, and in a large degree from mildew.

BRAIN AND MUSCLE.

THERE is an obvious analogy between the man of brains and the man of muscle, in the unmistakable way in which they may discover and assert their claims to superiority over less gifted, but far better educated competitors. An average sailor climbs rigging, and an average Alpine guide scrambles along cliffs, with a facility that seems like magic to a man who has been reared away from ships and mountains. But if he have extraordinary gifts, a very little trial will reveal them, and he will rapidly make up for his arrears of education. A born gymnast would soon, in his turn, astonish the sailors by his feats. Before the voyage was half over, he would outrun them like an escaped monkey. Every summer it happens that some young English tourist, who had never previously planted his foot on crag or ice, succeeds in Alpine work to a marvelous degree.

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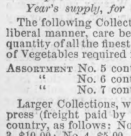

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 692.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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ENSIGN COPP, OF THE "ONEIDA."

WE give on this page a portrait of CHARLES A. COPP, of the *Oneida*, whose name, with that of his Captain, has been added to the list of heroic men who died rather than leave the post of duty. After the collision with the *Bombay*—our readers will pardon the repetition of the story—his solicitude for the sick who were under his charge was worthy of his warm and generous heart. After seeing all the invalid seamen on board the cutter, he went below to his station. A comrade called to him to come up, as the ship was sinking. He replied, "No; I am stationed here, and can not come until relieved." Scarcely had he spoken those noble words when the *Oneida* sunk beneath the waves.

This brave officer was born in Troy, New York, July 25, 1847. At the age of fifteen, while a clerk in New York, he enlisted in the United States navy, and passed a year in the blockading fleet off Charleston Harbor, where he acquired a practical knowledge of modern naval warfare.

An appointment to the Naval Academy was sent to him while on board the *Monadnock*, which he was inclined to refuse, fearing he was too rusty in his studies to pass the required examination. His officers, who admired his manly ways and seaman-like qualities, urged him to accept; and one of them, Lieutenant-Commander JOSEPH N. MILLER, even threatened, if he refused, to reduce him from a petty office to which he had been promoted. He was complimented at Newport on his examination in mathematics, and immediately on entering the school became champion for his younger and weaker fellow "plebs" in their usual encounters with upper classmen. He was one of the movers in an organized defense, and for some time was president of his class. During his course he studied just enough to pass the several examinations, giving his attention to the practical branches, and excelling in all manly sports. He was a leading member of the ball and boat clubs, was a splendid swordsman, and the best boxer at the Academy. He was graduated with his class in June, 1868, and in October following was ordered to report to Admiral ROWAN, of the Asiatic Squadron. He served on the flag-ship *Delaware* until October, 1869, when he was transferred to the *Idaho*, and came near death when that vessel was caught by a typhoon and broken almost in two. He was on his way home for examination for promotion when the disaster to the *Oneida* occurred.

Report speaks well of him as an officer. His magnificent physique gave him a commanding presence, and his noble bearing won the respect of all with whom he came in contact. He had rare executive ability, and a tone of command that caused every order to be instantly obeyed. He was a genial companion, a sympathetic friend, and a loving, devoted son and brother. By his death the United States navy has lost one of its most promising officers.

ENSIGN COPP, OF THE "ONEIDA."

THE MISSING STEAMER.

SINCE the reported arrival of the *City of Boston* at Queenstown, telegraphed from London on the 16th of March, turned out to be a cruel hoax, the hope that we shall ever receive tidings of the missing steamer is but faint indeed. She sailed from this port on the 26th of January, and two days later touched at Halifax, on her way to Queenstown; and has not been seen or heard of since that date. A passenger by the *Russia*, which sailed from this port four days after the *City of Boston* left Halifax, reports a heavy gale, which the missing steamer must have encountered at its height. He writes: "During the latter half of our passage we were beset by a most ugly, tempestuous sea — such a one as, in four previous passages across the Atlantic, I had not known. The wind was ahead, and continued so up to the very port of Liverpool. We

IN THE SEPULCHRE.—[FROM A PAINTING BY M. CLAXTON.]

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were constantly shipping the most tremendous seas, and our noble vessel, strong and steady and magnificent as she is, seemed yet put to her utmost resources to hold her position. It was, indeed, a stormy time; and instead of making the passage in nine days, as is usual with the *Russia*, we were eleven. I have no doubt that this was the weather from which the *City of Boston* suffered. She probably encountered the storm several days before we did, and it may then have been even yet more violent. I can not imagine how a vessel could make her way through such a sea without being very strong and perfect in all her parts. If there was any weak spot in her machinery it must inevitably have succumbed. If, therefore, the steering apparatus of the *City of Boston* was defective, as is alleged, she was no doubt disabled by this weather, and may be lost." It is to be feared that these apprehensions will prove to be too well founded, and that the *City of Boston* will be added to the list of those ill-fated steamers that have gone down in mid-ocean, leaving none to tell the story of their doom.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870.

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A POLICY OF PEACE.

THE facts of the Piegan expedition are these: The Piegans had been wantonly ravaging and murdering in Montana, and General SHERIDAN on the 4th of November received permission from General SHERMAN to punish them, believing that "a good hard blow" would make peace desirable to the Indians. General SHERIDAN gave orders for an expedition, which left Fort Shaw, in Montana, on the 19th of January, under command of Colonel BAKER. On the 23d it surprised the Piegan camp, killed 173 Indians, captured more than 100 women and 300 horses, and destroyed 44 lodges. It seems that small-pox was raging among the Indians, which, of course, could not be known to Colonel BAKER. It now appears also that of the 173 killed 33 were men, 90 were women, and 50 were children, none of the last twelve years old, and many of them in their mothers' arms. It was a terrific blow, which, of course, can have no other effect than to make the hatred of the Indians toward the whites more deadly, and which must strengthen the tendency either to a policy of extermination upon our part or to a total change of our Indian management.

The whole peaceable white population of the frontier and the officers of the army are generally agreed that nothing but the utmost severity will save life and protect the families of American citizens exposed to the Indians. General SHERIDAN forcibly states this view:

"So far as the wild Indians are concerned, the problem to be decided is, Who shall be killed—the whites or the Indians? They can take their choice. Since 1862 at least 800 men, women, and children have been murdered within the limits of my present command in the most fiendish manner—the men usually scalped and mutilated,..... women ravished, sometimes fifty and sixty times in succession, then killed and scalped, sticks stuck into their persons before and after death. I have myself conversed with one woman who, while some months gone in pregnancy, was ravished over thirty times successively by different Indians, becoming insensible two or three times during this fearful ordeal, and each time, on recovering consciousness, mutely appealing for mercy, if not for herself, for her unborn child. Also another woman, ravished with more fearful brutality over fifty times, and the last Indian sticking the point of his sabre into the person of the woman. I could give the names of these women were it not for delicacy. It would appear that Mr. VINCENT COLYER wants this work to go on. I mention these two cases especially because they came under my own personal examination, and can give them as an example of what has occurred to hundreds of others."

Again, in his report, the General says:

"The Indians have run riot along the lines of our Western settlement and the emigrant and commercial lines of travel for many years, murdering and plundering without any adequate punishment, and the Government has heretofore sought to give protection to some of its best interests by making presents to these savages, or, in other words, while it found it necessary to enact the most stringent laws for the government of the civilized whites, it was attempting to govern a wild, brutal, and savage people without any laws at all, or the infliction of any punishment for the most heinous crimes. The system was not a success. If a man commits murder or robs we hang him or send him to the penitentiary. If an Indian does the same we have been in the habit of giving him more blankets. The Indian is a lazy, idle vagabond. He never labors, and has no profession except that of arms, to which he is raised from a child. A scalp is constantly dangled before his eyes, and the highest honor he can aspire to is to possess one taken by himself. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if he aims to the honor when he grows up, especially if there is no punishment to follow the barbarous act."

Mr. M'CORMICK, the delegate from Arizona, says that we must remember there are two classes of Indians, which differ from each other as Americans differ from Japanese. They are the civilizable class and the hopelessly savage; and while he supports increased appropriations for friendly Indians, he is sure that the most valuable lives and enormous property would have been saved by "an unintermitting aggressive war upon the relentless Apache." Mr. M'CORMICK alluded to the constant and innumerable murders and outrages of every kind committed by the Indians within his own Territory of Arizona—murders upon the best of frontier citizens—and he asks why it is only the woes of the Indians that excite the horror of the "Eastern States?"

We do not deny the horrible outrages of the Indians, their treachery and cruelty, but neither will General SHERIDAN deny the broken faith of the United States and the systematic criminality of the treatment of the Indians upon the frontier. We have known a white woman of the frontier to say that she would kill an Indian as she would kill a mouse; it was merely the extermination of vermin. We do not say that it is surprising a woman should feel so, under the circumstances. But if that feeling is to be the foundation of our Indian policy, then certainly that policy ought to be thorough. The army ought to hunt the savages off the face of the earth, and the sooner the better. The present situation is intolerable, but general destruction is not the only remedy. It is obvious that savage Indians can neither be made citizens, nor understand treaties as we understand them, nor be subjugated to law. But we can enforce our own laws upon our own citizens. We can compel them to respect the arrangements we make with the Indians, and we can show the latter by the summary punishment of our citizens who war against them that we will do what we can to protect them against the cruelty and rapacity of our own race. And when the cruelty and rapacity of that race appear in Congress in the form of bills "to extinguish the Indian title" to lands coveted by some railroad ring, the press can at least expose the gentlemen who support them, and who teach every whisky-skin of a border ruffian his Indian policy.

Secretary COX, in his late communication upon the subject to Congress, says that the great cause of all our difficulties with the wild tribes is the fact that civilization is constantly encroaching upon them and crowding them out of lands which they had always regarded as their own, while no consistent good faith is kept in redeeming the promises by which we induce them to acquiesce in the new order. He adds, and his words should have very great weight with all intelligent men:

"If I were to waive all inquiry as to the moral obligations of a Christian nation under such circumstances, I think it would be demonstrably clear that, as a mere question of pecuniary economy, it will be cheaper to feed every adult Indian now living, even to sleepy surfeiting, during his natural life, while their children are educated to self-support by agriculture, than it would be to carry on a general Indian war for a single year. The shocking barbarities and mutilations of the dead and of prisoners which are often referred to are the usual accompaniments of Indian warfare. By preserving peace we may hope to avoid them, and can not believe that it is beyond the wisdom and the resources of a great nation like our own to give a peace policy a thorough trial."

War has plainly failed. Let us try a policy of peace.

SHALL WE HAVE HONEST ELECTIONS?

THE one point upon which all parties are agreed is that the chief root of the municipal infamy of New York is corrupt elections. The Speaker of the present Assembly, one of Mr. SWEENY'S friends, and other Democrats, recently declared upon the floor of the House that the repeating and cheating at the polls in the city were so enormous as to make it doubtful, according to one of the orators, whether the Speaker himself were really elected to the Assembly. This was a kind of state's evidence that was scarcely needed, but it is useful. The frauds at the polls are glaring and notorious. The government is poisoned at the fountain. Now this greatest of crimes under a popular system equally interests all honest men of every party. But the Democratic papers sneered at the charges of fraud in 1868. The present Governor, then Mayor, declared the allegations to be a mere party device of the Republicans, and virtually protected the electoral frauds. The conduct of certain Judges in naturalization was astounding. It was very evident that "the honest Democracy" did not think that the time had come for them to appear.

Do they think that it has now arrived? The frauds are mainly due, of course, to the uncontrolled ascendency at the polls of the worst part of the Democratic party. The only conceivable remedy is an agreement between both parties that they will unite to secure pure elections. To do this it is essential that there be a final electoral supervision which is not partisan, but in which each party is equally represented. But this can be done only by law, and the Democrats are now the law-makers. Will they secure this purity? Are they in favor of honest elections? Are the honest Democrats, such men, for instance, as Mr. TILDEN, content with the unrepeated vote of their party in the city of New York? If they are, do they honestly suppose that any such system as that suggested by Mr. KIERNAN will secure it? That system is substantially the Supervisor system. Has that resulted honestly?

Why does Mr. KIERNAN'S plan propose that there shall be one Republican inspector in every district? Because it is universally allowed that the official presence of some representation of the other party at the voting and in the canvass is essential to a fair election. If that be so, let us take every obvious and practicable method to secure the result which the bill professes to desire. Instead of a system which favors what has been called a union of "the Ring and the Radicals," let us agree, as the Citizens' Association proposes, that there be a Board of Judges of Elections, composed equally from both parties, who shall divide the city into districts of not more than two hundred voters each, with ample provision for a thorough registry, including name, age, residence, birth-place, personal appearance, and whatever is necessary for identification—then open the polls from sunrise to noon or one o'clock, and canvass before sunset. Some such system as this is indispensable. It can be abused, indeed, as every plan for every purpose may be. But is there then no choice of methods? Is therefore every plan for any purpose equally good? Because we can not abolish disease, shall we observe no sanitary laws? No plan to secure pure polls will make voters honest; but some plans will save us from their dishonesty much more surely than others.

If the better portion of the party which now has the majority in the Legislature really wish to purify the polls in this city, they will adopt some such method as has been indicated. But if they do not—if they merely wish to eat their cake and to have it—if they desire only to give their party the credit of trying to secure honesty while it retains the advantage of fraud, they will refuse to adopt a plan palpably fair and practicable, and prefer one which is only a snare. Meanwhile we can spare the hallelujahs about broken Rings and honesty triumphant until we see some evidence of such agreeable facts. A Legislature which refers Mr. FREAR'S alleged offenses to Mr. FREAR'S committee for investigation, is hardly to be considered a Legislature in which the power of the Tammany clique is imperiled; and those who expect Mr. JACOBS to introduce a bill by which the Democratic majority in this neighborhood would be reduced, will probably also expect Mr. Speaker HITCHMAN to advocate a repeal of last year's bill establishing the new Board of Education.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

THE most striking and unpleasant point in the long Cuba discussion, upon the part of those who have from the first demanded that belligerent rights should be conceded to the Cubans, is what must be called their unfairness. We are all fond of saying, and, we hope, of thinking, that it is an American instinct to sympathize with any oppressed people striving to break the power of the oppressor. But we hope, also, it is not less an American instinct to be just to our own honest laws, and our own honorable traditions. Yet it is constantly charged that the United States have not been neutral in the Cuban struggle, but have favored Spain at the expense of the colony. They detain the *Hornet*, it is said; they seize and destroy the expeditions to aid Cuba, while they suffer the Spanish gun-boats to sail. We alluded to this point last week. It is specious. It is put forth in the address of the friends of Cuba. It has constantly appeared in the papers that call for recognition. But it is one of the unfairest charges that could be made.

And it is so for reasons that we have already stated, but which ought to be repeated until they are understood. Under the law of nations, and under our own law, the war ships of a foreign friendly power may refit in our ports, and contracts may be made for the building of others, even when they are intended for hostilities against part of the subjects of that power, whom we have not yet acknowledged as belligerents. We say, under our own law. But it is sometimes urged that the law of 1818, forbidding the equipping of ships to be used against "any colony, district, or people" with whom we are at peace, should have detained the gun-boats. But evidently these words do not bear this construction. If to-morrow an insurrection should begin in Kent, in England, would the law of 1818 require us to refuse assistance to English ships of war in our ports, unless it could be proved that they were not to be used against that "district," or those "people," with whom our peaceful relations were undisturbed? The words of the act, as sought to be interpreted, are made utterly unmeaning. If the act means to say that no friendly power shall use our ports for equipment against any other friendly power, nor against any other collection of persons engaged in hostilities, but with whom we are not fighting, then it closes them to every power the moment war begins. Obviously this is not the meaning of the law; and, therefore, to say that the United States have not been neutral, because they have obeyed their own laws and treaties, is suspiciously unfair.

The only way in which, under the law of nations and our own law, we could be neutral in the sense demanded is by declaring the belligerency of the Cubans; and that could not be done until we were satisfied that there was a government which could properly maintain the rights of the flag that we should recognize. If, however, this is not considered a course worthy of Americans, who owe their political independence to successful revolution, there is another course. We can announce that the first movement of insurrection against European power upon this continent will be recognized by us with all the rights of belligerency. We may go further. We can declare that the moment any insurrection breaks out any where in the world against a government not republican we will remember our own origin, and the assistance of France, and fly to the rescue.

It seems to be thought by some persons that, after the Cuban troubles had continued for some months, the United States should have said: "The horrible oppression of Cuba by Spain is notorious. The Cubans have asserted their independence, and are trying to maintain it. We are the offspring of revolution, and we sympathize with their efforts. *Therefore*, we concede them belligerent rights, or recognize their independence." The feeling is better than the logic. The folly is in talking about international law and precedents and neutrality. It is very well, and may be very noble, for the United States to say to the Cubans, "You have had a hard time under Spain, and you are having a sharp struggle to throw her off, and we grant you all belligerent rights." But it would be extremely foolish if the United States should add that they did this upon recognized principles of international law. The principle would be simply, "We choose to do it, and we take the consequences." It is indeed true that every nation decides for itself when to grant the rights of belligerency. But it is none the less true that it does so under certain conditions.

If those conditions now exist in Cuba, let belligerent rights be conceded. Or if we choose to concede them without the existence of those conditions, let us do that. But don't let us pretend that the conditions do exist if they do not. There are not now and never have been ten men in this country opposed to the recognition of Cuban belligerent rights or of Cuban independence upon grounds that would justify that policy in any other similar struggle. It is the special pleading, the attempted sneaking evasion of our laws, the plain intention that we should do the work of the revolution, the bribe offered to public opinion of inevitable annexation, the assertion that not to recognize Cuban belligerence at once was to be in collusion with slaveholders, to lie prostrate at the bloated and bloody feet of Spain, and to be recreant to our own principles and traditions—it is all the flap-doodle and Buncombe that have been lavished upon the discussion of the subject, as if they were the sole arguments, which have alienated the confidence and sympathy of the American people, who love liberty more than ever, and who would gladly aid in every honorable and lawful way any people any where struggling with oppression.

THE BLESSINGS OF PATRONAGE.

How entirely the patronage of the Government is controlled for the personal purposes of Senators was recently curiously illustrated by a little event in the Senate. The President nominated a postmaster at Nashville in Tennessee. The Senate was constitutionally and honorably bound not to consider whether he were agreeable to Senator Smith or Jones, but whether he were in character and capacity a proper officer. It appears that it had virtually decided that he was, when Senator FOWLER of Tennessee claimed the right which the courtesy of the Senate accords to every Senator of vetoing the appointment of any postmaster in the place of his residence who is not agreeable to him. The Senate yielded. And thus a person whom the President was satisfied to nominate, and whom the Senate were willing to approve, was rejected because Senator FOWLER did not like him. Nothing could show more clearly, if any proof were needed, that the Senate has quite abdicated its constitutional function of advising the President, and has organized the patronage for its own advantage.

Some time since a gentleman wrote to a Senator from another State, and urged him, for reasons which he mentioned and which seemed to him conclusive, to support the nomination of a certain other gentleman. The Senator replied that he had no doubt of the merits of the case as presented by his correspondent, but that he should be governed entirely by the Senators from his friend's State. The great principle of mutual tickling was fully comprehended by that Senator.

Another instance was that of a little country post-office, for which, upon the resignation of the incumbent, the neighbors of all parties recommended a very competent person. There was a mysterious delay, and it presently appeared that a Senator of the State had a candidate for the office. Upon reflecting, however, that if he persisted in thwarting the wishes of the neighborhood he would hardly advance his own interests, the Senator yielded, and the other candidate was appointed.

Our whole civil service system is a vast circumlocution office. Officers are appointed by the favor of certain politicians looking to their own ends, as the nobility placed their dependents and cadets in the government service in England. And the hostility to any reform of

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the service proceeds, of course, from the class of trading and ambitious politicians. The chief distinction of his office to many a member of Congress is the sense of power derived from his share of the patronage. There are men in high position whose success is explained wholly by a skillful use of patronage, and not in the least by any intellectual capacity or moral power. It is a strong side-light upon our system. It shows that an election by no means necessarily represents the choice of the people, but the shrewd management of certain men. Whoever colors the spring stains the stream. Whoever controls the caucus writes the ballots at the polls.

Of this perversion of popular government nothing is a surer ally than our present civil service system. Patronage is administered almost entirely for personal ends. The President, with the best will in the world, can not reform the system unaided. JEFFERSON, in a famous circular to the civil officers of the government, said a few words which may well be recalled now, to show how utterly we have reversed his principle and his practice. "The right of any officer to give his vote at elections, as a qualified citizen, is not meant to be restrained, nor, *however given, shall it have effect to his prejudice;* but it is expected that he will not attempt to influence the votes of others, nor to take any part in the business of electioneering—that being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution and his duties to it." These are the words of one of the greatest party leaders who have ever lived in the country. But we have changed all that. The very influencing of votes and the vehement electioneering which JEFFERSON condemned are the conditions of appointment under a system of patronage.

"THE HISTORY OF TEN YEARS."

IT is just ten years ago that JEFFERSON DAVIS, then a Senator from Mississippi, proposed in the Senate a series of resolutions which were passed by a strict party vote of the Democratic majority in that body, excepting Mr. PUGH of Ohio. The resolutions were elaborately and ingeniously drawn. Their intention was, first, to brand Mr. DOUGLAS'S squatter sovereignty as a party heresy; and second, to nationalize human slavery. The Democratic majority, sternly ruled by Mr. DAVIS and his friends, did not hesitate. One Senator ventured to move that it was not meant that Congress should provide a complete system of laws for slavery. But Mr. DAVIS looked at him, and the poor Senator—it was Mr. CLINGMAN—had no supporting Democratic vote but the same Mr. PUGH. So vast was the crime against human nature and American liberty proclaimed by the Democratic party.

A year from that time, on the 21st of January, 1861, JEFFERSON DAVIS, still a Senator, and his conspiracy being ripe, gravely argued, in the highest legislative body of this government, the right of a few citizens, at their pleasure, to destroy a nation; in the Senate that grew out of the Declaration of Independence asserted that the Declaration, when it alleged that *all* men were created equal, meant *some* men; and after a little rhetoric about solemn separation, departed to do his best to destroy the American Union, and perpetuate African slavery upon the American continent. At the end of nine years the American Union is impregnable; African slavery is abolished; and a Senator from Mississippi rises in the place of JEFFERSON DAVIS to address the Senate, and that Senator, intelligent and self-possessed, is one of the enslaved race.

No wonder that a paper which represents the ridiculous theory that the glory of the country departed when JEFFERSON DAVIS and his accomplices left the Capitol says of his successor's speech (see the New York *World*): "To-day's session of the Senate was signalized.....by the first speech ever delivered by the lineal descendant of an orang-outang in Congress..... During the morning hour.....REVELS himself sat at his desk, tranquilly pawing his lower visage and beard with hands resembling claws, and eying the assemblage aloft with a greasy and complacent smile.....In the United States Senate sat to-day SUMNER, WILSON, and the other Radicals who helped to bring on a bloodier revolution than the French, still so drunk with the vindictive spirit of the conflict and its issues that it seemed to them a fine thing to foist this African into false equality with themselves and their betters, among American statesmen to raise this mulatto idol, stuffed with vapid argumentation and sentimental logic." It is the very comedy of impotent hate.

THE MINISTER TO SPAIN.

THE Republican Senate of the United States, which did not think Attorney-General HOAR to be a proper person for an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, believes General SICKLES to be a proper person to present to Europe, at the side of LOTHROP MOTLEY, JOHN JAY, GEORGE P. MARSH, ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, and GEORGE BANCROFT, as one whom the nation delights to honor. We have steadily protested against this serious wrong, this fatal blunder, and we shall not suffer its consummation to pass unobserved. The Republican party is strong by its moral character. No one knows this better than the chairman of the Foreign Committee of the Senate; and when Mr. SUMNER gives his name to this appointment he deals himself and his party a blow a hundredfold more injurious than that party received from the votes against the conviction of ANDREW JOHNSON. Moral influences are secret and silent, but they are sure; and the power of every Republican Senator who voted for this appointment is henceforth diminished.

We protest against the shameless sophistry which has been the staple of the Republican support of this appointment. The duty of the Republican press every where in the country was to have shown the President at once that he had made a serious mistake, and by the energy and unanimity of its expression to have caused the withdrawal of the nomination. But the press treated it merely as a party matter, and the Senate, seeing no vehement opposition, has at last, as a party matter, confirmed it.

General SICKLES is not an old man, and should his name be hereafter offered to the national party convention for any office, every objection would be triumphantly overruled by the assertion that the Senate of the United States, upon the report of CHARLES SUMNER, had declared him to be a fit recipient of the most conspicuous national honors.

MORE LIGHT.

THE Hon. W. D. KELLEY, who has most faithfully and ably served his Philadelphia district for five terms, naturally wished to withdraw, but has received a letter signed by thousands of his constituents, and by many of the chief citizens of Philadelphia, asking him to consent to serve again. In his admirable reply Mr. KELLEY agrees to waive all personal considerations upon one or two conditions; and one is, that he be released from the duty of an office-broker, which, under our present civil service system, is the chief business of a Representative. His testimony is too invaluable not to be preserved:

"My correspondence and general duties have thus been greatly increased. Of this I do not complain. It is a natural incident of the office; but, meanwhile, my constituents, and to a considerable extent the people of the city at large, have superadded to the duties of a Representative the impossible one of finding places for all unemployed people of both sexes known to them, and promotion for all ambitious or discontented employees of the government. There was much of this during the war; but the government then needed the service of every able-bodied man in some department, and it was quite possible that one might serve it and the applicant both, by giving him a note to the chief of some establishment. But such is not the case now, and the practice of sending people to their Congressional Representative for employment has become so common as to be insufferable. To the fifty or more good-hearted people who, at their convenience, each write a note during the day, it is a matter of small concern; but to the unhappy being upon whom they concentrate the next day, and who, as has often been my case, would gladly find work for some worthy and suffering soldier whose case had come under his own observation, but knows not where to look for it, is a more serious matter; and the wrong is not lessened by the discovery that the bearer has been assured by the respectable writer that a note from the member will certainly get him work and wages without delay.

"To such an extent has this practice been carried recently that it precludes the possibility of social intercourse, correspondence, or study in my home; but, annoying as this may be to the Representative, that is the least of it, for it is, in almost every case, a positive wrong to the people upon whom the practice is indulged. Assurances that the Representative can procure employment given by persons in whose word they have implicit faith, inspire hopes that can not be fulfilled, and not unfrequently a confidence that leads to destitution. Days and weeks are sometimes lost in pursuit of the man whose magical power, it is believed, will secure them employment; and the bitterness of disappointment that overtakes many of them when they discover how their friends have deluded them is painful to observe, and I am unwilling longer to be a party to such a practice. If, therefore, the acceptance of a renomination is to be understood as implying a willingness on my part to be longer regarded as a general appointment agent, I must beg leave to decline the honor, grateful as I would be to receive it freed from this condition, and tendered in so complimentary a manner."

Mr. KELLEY wisely proposes a nominating convention which should instruct its candidate, if elected, to make the principles of a proper civil service bill his rule of official action. This is one of the most encouraging signs of the progress of this essential reform.

NOTES.

THE first speech of Senator REVELS began most fitly, under the circumstances, by a generous and earnest vindication of the part played by the colored population in the war inaugurated by his predecessor to enslave them and their posterity forever:

"While the Confederate army pressed into its ranks every white male capable of bearing arms, the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of the Southern soldiers were left defenseless and in the power of the blacks, upon whom the chains of slavery were still riveted, and to bind those chains the closer was the real issue for which so much life and property were sacrificed. And now, Sir, I ask, how did that race act? Did they, in those days of Confederate weakness and impotence, evince the malignity of which we hear so much? Granting, for the sake of argument, that they were ignorant and besotted, which I do not believe, yet, with all their supposed ignorance and credulity, they, in their way, understood as fully as you or I the awful import of the contest. They knew if the gallant corps of national soldiers were beaten bad, and their flag trailed in the dust, that it was the presage of still heavier bondage. They longed, too, as their fathers did before them, for the advent of that epoch over which was shed the hallowed light of inspiration itself. They desired, too, with their fathers, to welcome the feet of the strangers, shod with the peaceful preparation of good news. Weary years of bondage had told their tale of sorrow to the court of Heaven. In the councils of the Great Father of all they knew the adjudication of their case, albeit delayed for years, in which patient suffering had nearly exhausted itself, would in the end bring the boon for which they sighed—God's most blessed gift to his creatures—the inestimable boon of liberty. They waited, and they waited patiently. In the absence of their masters they protected the virtue and chastity of defenseless women. Think, Sir, for a moment what the condition of this land would be to-day if the slave population had risen in servile insurrection against those who, month by month, were fighting to perpetuate that institution which brought them all the evils of which they complained. Where would have been the security for property, female chastity, and childhood's innocence? The bloody counterpart of such a story of cruelty and wrong would have been paralleled only in those chapters of Jewish history as recorded by JOSEPHUS, or in the still later atrocities of that reign of terror which sent the unfortunate LOUIS XVI. and MARIE ANTOINETTE to the scaffold. Nay, the deeds in that drama of cold-blooded butchery would have out-Heroded the most diabolical acts of HEROD himself."

It is a truth that should silence forever the political touters against the colored citizens of this country.

THERE can be no complaint that Mr. FIELDS was not specific in his charge against Mr. AINSWORTH in the New York Assembly. He came to me, exclaimed Mr. FIELDS, and said that there were ten members who would vote as I should direct—for a consideration. It was fortunate for the public virtue that this was said to a gentleman who could not be supposed to know any thing of the corruption and chicanery of Albany politics. The proposition might have been made to some adept in legislative manipulation—some interested operator in bills and votes—somebody whose reputation invited such an offer. But the burst of virtuous indignation that followed and exposed it showed that it might as wisely have been made to GEORGE WASHINGTON as to the person selected. We have not the exact words at hand; but as a man, as a representative of the people, and especially as a Democrat, the proposition of possible corruption, of a price for votes, seemed to Mr. FIELDS so astounding, so incredible, so unworthy of things in general, that he could not sit still. Others less sensitive might be able to keep their seats. Others more versed in such dreadful possibilities might remain seated. A variety of supposable persons might stick to their chairs. But as for Mr. FIELDS, honor—and, above all, Democracy, and the purity which he saw in the faces of his fellow-members, imperatively forbade. It is plain that Governor HOFFMAN'S honest Legislature ought to be symbolically perpetuated in a statue of this honorable gentleman.

IT is a very neat and satirical stroke of statesmanship which makes Alaska one of the counties or districts of Washington Territory. We were maintaining an expensive civil and military system there, and utterly alienating the peaceful Indians, and for the care of the absurd and useless ice for which we paid so handsome a sum were paying immense further sums annually. But by this exceedingly felicitous stroke we save our money, and have only the original folly and expense to justify.

SOME years ago the Lounger in this paper spoke of the great skill and success of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. RICHARDS in the instruction of children of slow mental development. They propose to continue this care at 103 East Tenth Street upon terms necessarily high. But their personal experience is most valuable, and they offer satisfactory references.

MR. GREELEY is a veteran in his profession, and what he says about it is worthy of very respectful consideration, as the result of great experience. At the late dinner of the Knights of St. Patrick, in response to the toast of the Press, he made one of the pleasant little speeches that roll so fluently from his lips upon festive occasions; and in the course of it he said: "I insist that the abuses of the press to-day are the most conspicuous feature of the press, and that the fault is entirely with the public." Public persons, he said, expect to be publicly criticised, but there are thousands of persons who are not public, and by what right does any newspaper make them the subject of comment? And yet if any paper, with the intention of making itself "spicy," and "alive," and "talked about," drags into its columns the most private persons and the most domestic events, and invents gossip and retails scandal, and the public supports the paper, and buys it because it is so "sarcy," then, says Mr. GREELEY, the responsibility is with the public. And he might have added that when the individual who thinks "sarce" so entertaining finds his own wife and daughters and family affairs served up in the same piquant style, he will doubtless console himself by reflecting how agreeable a morsel he is in that "sarce" to his neighbors.

ST. LOUIS is no longer to be styled an inland city. Light-draught vessels depart from her wharves for American and foreign sea-board ports, and bring her into direct water communication with Europe and Asia. All that is wanting to complete the metropolitan character of this great Western city is an improved system of railroads; and we observe that arrangements are now on foot to bring this about. Among other movements is one to construct a railroad from some point in Kansas to the Gulf of Mexico, for which the Senate has reported in favor of an immense land grant of twenty miles in alternate sections on each side of the road. Two grand trunk railways are also projected through the Missouri Valley from St. Pauls to St. Louis; and another, and still more important movement, is one to connect St. Louis in a straight line with Fort Kearney on the Union Pacific Railroad. This line passes through St. Joseph, the second city in Missouri. The early completion of the St. Louis and St. Joseph portion of the route will leave only about two hundred miles more to build in order to bring the trade of California direct to St. Louis. Three railroads will then become as it were one—the Northern Missouri, the St. Louis and St. Joseph, and the St. Joseph and Denver City; and when thus united they will bring San Francisco just 148 miles nearer New York, *via* St. Louis and St. Joseph, than by any other route. Other projects of internal improvement are also under way that will eventually make Missouri one of the most important States in this Union.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 14.—In the Senate, a resolution in regard to the loss of the *Oneida*, severely censuring Captain Eyre, of the *Bombay*, was introduced, and after some debate laid over to await the receipt of additional information.—In the House, the greater part of the day was devoted to the Deficiency bill. Joint resolutions were adopted providing for the payment to the family of the late Edwin M. Stanton of one year's salary as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; exempting the interest paid on homestead mortgages from the income returns, and prohibiting the carriage as freight on the Western river steamboats of nitro-glycerine and combustible coal oils. Among the bills introduced was one to abolish female clerks in the government departments.

March 15.—No business of importance was transacted in the Senate. The House bill for the relief of the family of the late Secretary Stanton was passed. There was further discussion, but no action, on the Georgia bill.—In the House, a bill admitting Texas to representation, precisely similar to the Virginia and Mississippi bills, was passed, after a very brief debate.

March 16.—In the Senate the principal event of the day was the speech of the colored Senator from Mississippi, Mr. Revels, on the Georgia bill. He made a very quiet and common-sense sort of argument in defense of the Government policy of reconstruction, and at the conclusion of his remarks was congratulated by the Republican Senators on the success of his maiden speech.—In the House, a resolution of inquiry into the *Oneida* disaster was adopted.

March 17.—In the Senate, among other bills introduced, was one to organize the new Territory of Oklahoma. The bill providing for more efficiency in the navy by the appointment of apprentices for seamen was reported from Committee, as was also the bill reorganizing the consular service of the government. The latter bill is an important one, as it proposes to abolish many of the now existing consulates, fixes regular salaries, and makes sundry other changes.—In the House, a resolution was unanimously adopted censuring Mr. Butler, of Tennessee, charged with improperly disposing of a West Point cadetship.

March 18.—In the Senate, the Judiciary Committee reported a resolution declaring General Ames ineligible to a seat in that body; it was not acted on. Senator Fenton introduced a joint resolution looking to prompt action on the proposed Tehuantepec Ship Canal.—In the House, nothing of importance was done.

March 19.—The Senate was not in session, and the House adjourned soon after opening.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The Richmond (Va.) City Council, appointed by Governor Walker under the Enabling Act of the State Legislature on the 9th of March, elected Henry K. Ellison Mayor, but Mayor Cahoon, the incumbent under military rule, declined to recognize the new Mayor, and, having possession of the lower station-house, immediately proceeded to swear in 150 special constables to maintain his right. Mayor Ellison thereupon swore in 200 constables, and surrounded the station-house, intending to starve out the garrison. Mayor Cahoon made an appeal to Governor Walker, and was advised by him to seek judicial redress. General Canby ordered a company of troops into the city to preserve order. The conflict continued several days, and at last accounts the situation was unchanged. A negro had been killed by some of Mayor Ellison's police for refusing to "move on" when ordered.

Judge Carlton, of the Probate Court of Morgan County, Alabama, was recently shot by three men, and instantly killed, as he was stepping off the cars at Decatur.

March 18, Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, a well-known literary man and politician, died at his residence in Fourteenth Street, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

During a recent storm at St. John, N. B., a rumbling noise was heard, and soon after a portion of the bottom of the harbor sunk out of sight, so that there is twenty feet of water now at low-tide where there was before a beach. Several wharves were destroyed at the same time.

Out in Wyoming Territory a mixed jury of men and women rendered, the other day, a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree, in the Crowie murder case, after three or four days' incarceration. The local papers report that the ladies appeared to be "very much fatigued."

A bill has been passed by the Lower House of the New York State Legislature relative to carrying and the use of pistols—holding as indictable for murder persons using a pistol claimed to be in self-defense.

Mr. Bailey, Collector of the Thirty-second Revenue District, disappeared from New York city on Thursday, March 10; and it has since been ascertained that great "irregularities" have been permitted in his office. He is supposed to be a defaulter to a very large amount.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE birthday fête of the Prince Imperial of France was celebrated March 16; but, owing to a diversity of opinion in the Cabinet, the expected amnesty and manifesto of Imperial policy did not appear.

The funeral of Montalambert took place the same day.

The High Court of France was to convene at Tours on March 25 for the trial of Prince Bonaparte, who has been sent to that city in the custody of an officer of *gendarmerie*. Telegraphic reports of the trial are to be sent every two hours to the Emperor.

At the funeral of Prince Henri de Bourbon at Madrid the priests withdrew on seeing the insignia of the Masonic order on the coffin, and refused to perform the religious ceremonies.

On the 15th of March General Prim was attacked in the streets of Madrid by a mob opposed to conscription. He escaped unhurt.

It is said that the party in the Œcumenical Council opposed to infallibility is gaining strength. The French Bishops of Besançon and Nevers lead the opposition to the dogma.

Dispatches from Hong Kong, by way of London, state that Captain Eyre has been suspended, not on account of the collision with the *Oneida*, but for neglecting to ascertain the extent of the injury done, and for taking no measures to save the drowning crew. The *Pall Mall Gazette* regards the punishment as inadequate.

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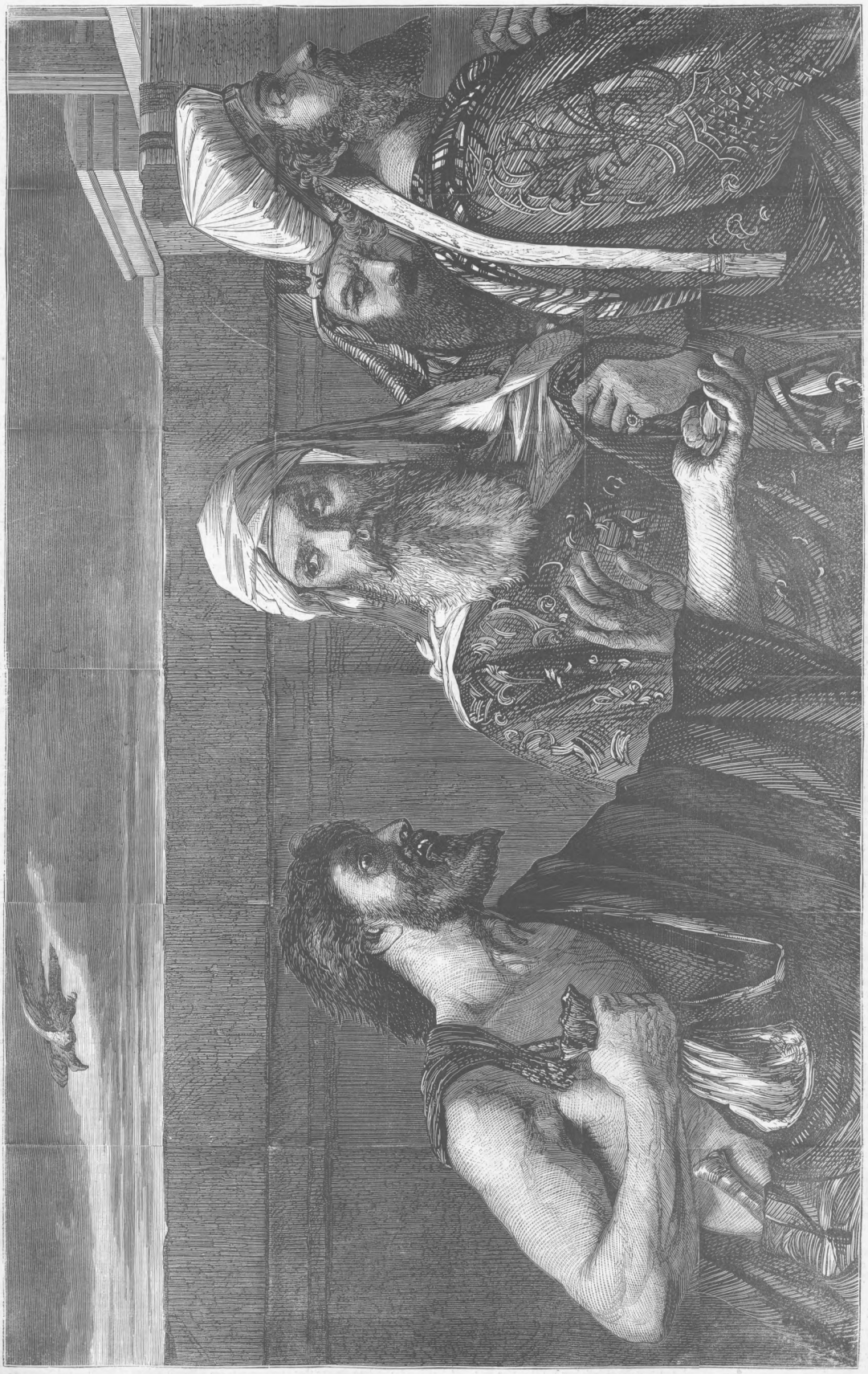

THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.—[FROM A PAINTING BY E. ARMITAGE, A.R.A.]

THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.

OUR engraving on this page is taken from a painting by MR. E. ARMITAGE, A.R.A., an English artist of high reputation. It is founded on the following passage from the Gospel of St. Matthew (chap. xxvii., vers. 3, 4): "Then JUDAS, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that." In the original picture the figures are considerably above life-size, and the subject is treated with intense dramatic force, and the power of modeling, chiar-oscuro, and color for which MR. ARMITAGE holds very high rank among modern English artists. The introduction of a vulture—bird of ill omen—is a telling and happy point in the picture.

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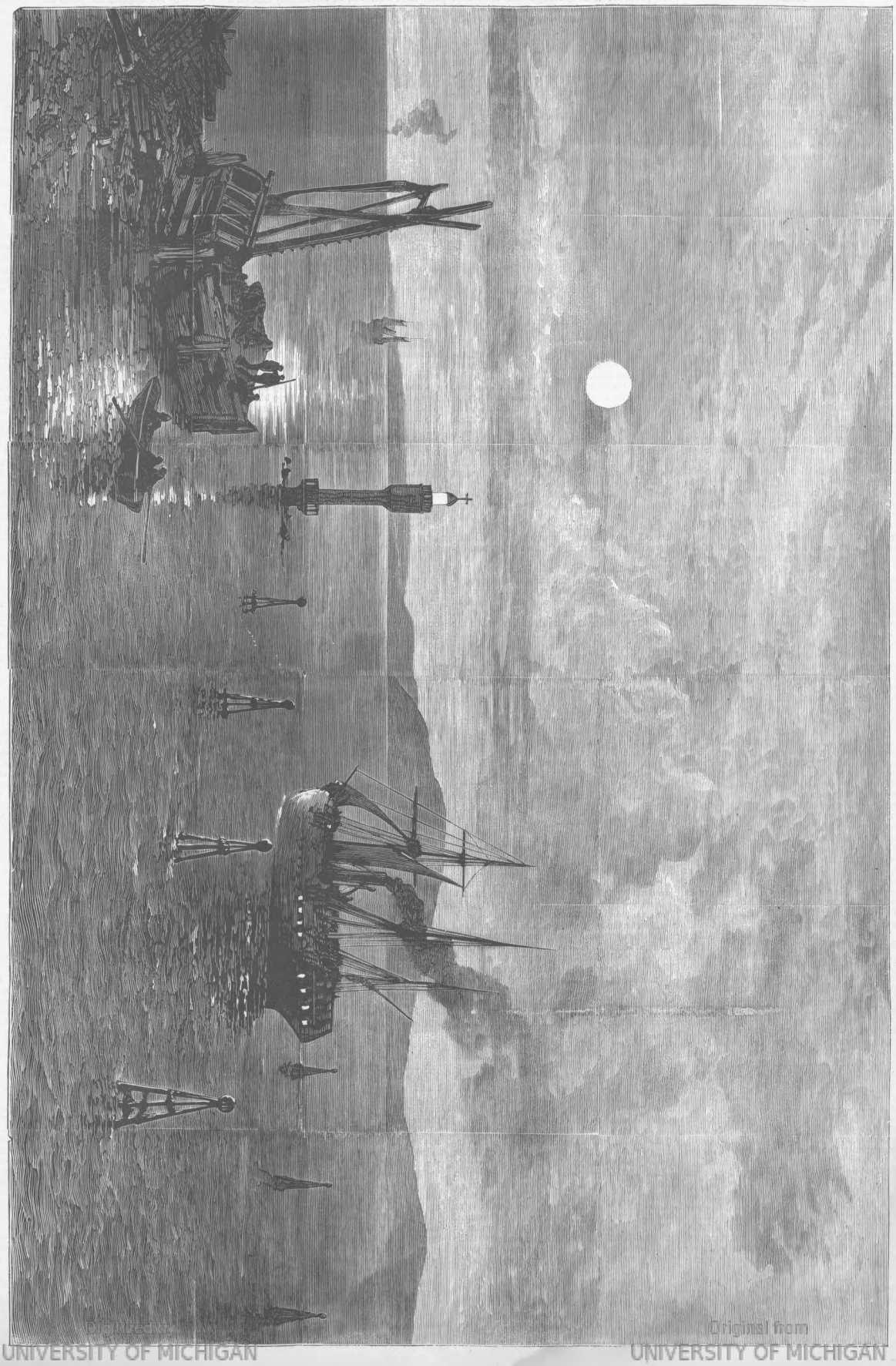

THE BITTER LAKES, SUEZ CANAL.—[See Page 215.]

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MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE (SECOND SOWING).

AND what did the visitors say of the Swans?

They said, "Oh, what a number of them!"—which was all that was to be said by persons ignorant of the natural history of aquatic birds.

And what did the visitors say of the lake?

Some of them said, "How solemn!" Some of them said, "How romantic!" Some of them said nothing—but privately thought it a dismal scene.

Here again the popular sentiment struck the right note at starting. The lake was hidden in the centre of a fir wood. Except in the middle, where the sunlight reached them, the waters lay black under the sombre shadow of the trees. The one break in the plantation was at the farther end of the lake. The one sign of movement and life to be seen was the ghostly gliding of the swans on the dead-still surface of the water. It was solemn—as they said; it was romantic—as they said. It was dismal—as they thought. Pages of description could express no more. Let pages of description be absent, therefore, in this place.

Having satiated itself with the swans, having exhausted the lake, the general curiosity reverted to the break in the trees at the farther end—remarked a startlingly-artificial object, intruding itself on the scene, in the shape of a large red curtain, which hung between two of the tallest firs, and closed the prospect beyond from view—requested an explanation of the curtain from Julius Delamayn—and received for answer that the mystery should be revealed on the arrival of his wife with the tardy remainder of the guests who had loitered about the house.

On the appearance of Mrs. Delamayn and the stragglers, the united party coasted the shore of the lake, and stood assembled in front of the curtain. Pointing to the silken cords, hanging at either side of it, Julius Delamayn picked out two little girls (children of his wife's sister), and sent them to the cords, with instructions to pull, and see what happened. The nieces of Julius pulled with the eager hands of children in the presence of a mystery—the curtains parted in the middle, and a cry of universal astonishment and delight saluted the scene revealed to view.

At the end of a broad avenue of firs a cool green glade spread its grassy carpet in the midst of the surrounding plantation. The ground at the farther end of the glade rose; and here, on the lower slopes, a bright little spring of water bubbled out between gray old granite rocks. Along the right-hand edge of the turf ran a row of tables, arrayed in spotless white, and covered with refreshments waiting for the guests. On the opposite side was a band of music, which burst into harmony at the moment when the curtains were drawn. Looking back through the avenue, the eye caught a distant glimpse of the lake, where the sunlight played on the water, and the plumage of the gliding swans flashed softly in brilliant white. Such was the charming surprise which Julius Delamayn had arranged for his friends. It was only at moments like these—or when he and his wife were playing Sonatas in the modest little music-room at Swanhaven—that Lord Holchester's eldest son was really happy. He secretly groaned over the duties which his position as a landed gentleman imposed upon him; and he suffered under some of the highest privileges of his rank and station as under social martyrdom in its cruelest form.

"We'll dine first," said Julius, "and dance afterward. There is the programme!"

He led the way to the tables, with the two ladies nearest to him—utterly careless whether they were or were not among the ladies of the highest rank then present. To Lady Lundie's astonishment he took the first seat he came to, without appearing to care what place he occupied at his own feast. The guests, following his example, sat where they pleased, reckless of precedents and dignities. Mrs. Delamayn, feeling a special interest in a young lady who was shortly to be a bride, took Blanche's arm. Lady Lundie attached herself resolutely to her hostess on the other side. The three sat together. Mrs. Delamayn did her best to encourage Blanche to talk, and Blanche did her best to meet the advances made to her. The experiment succeeded but poorly on either side. Mrs. Delamayn gave it up in despair, and turned to Lady Lundie, with a strong suspicion that some unpleasant subject of reflection was preying privately on the bride's mind. The conclusion was soundly drawn. Blanche's little outbreak of temper with her friend on the terrace, and Blanche's present deficiency of gayety and spirit, were attributable to the same cause. She hid it from her uncle, she hid it from Arnold—but she was as anxious as ever, and as wretched as ever, about Anne; and she was still on the watch (no matter what Sir Patrick might say or do) to seize the first opportunity of renewing the search for her lost friend.

Meanwhile the eating, the drinking, and the talking went merrily on. The band played its liveliest melodies; the servants kept the glasses constantly filled: round all the tables gayety and freedom reigned supreme. The one conversation in progress, in which the talkers were not in social harmony with each other, was the conversation at Blanche's side, between her step-mother and Mrs. Delamayn.

Among Lady Lundie's other accomplishments the power of making disagreeable discoveries ranked high. At the dinner in the glade she had not failed to notice—what every body else had passed over—the absence at the festival of the hostess's brother-in-law; and more remarkable still, the disappearance of a lady who was actually one of the guests staying in the house: in plainer words, the disappearance of Mrs. Glenarm.

"Am I mistaken?" said her ladyship, lifting her eye-glass, and looking round the tables. "Surely there is a member of our party missing? I don't see Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn."

"Geoffrey promised to be here. But he is not particularly attentive, as you may have noticed, to keeping engagements of this sort. Every thing is sacrificed to his training. We only see him at rare intervals now."

With that reply Mrs. Delamayn attempted to change the subject. Lady Lundie lifted her eye-glass, and looked round the tables for the second time.

"Pardon me," persisted her ladyship—"but is it possible that I have discovered another absentee? I don't see Mrs. Glenarm. Yet surely she must be here! Mrs. Glenarm is not training for a foot-race. Do you see her? *I* don't."

"I missed her when we went out on the terrace, and I have not seen her since."

"Isn't it very odd, dear Mrs. Delamayn?"

"Our guests at Swanhaven, Lady Lundie, have perfect liberty to do as they please."

In those words Mrs. Delamayn (as she fondly imagined) dismissed the subject. But Lady Lundie's robust curiosity proved unassailable by even the broadest hint. Carried away, in all probability, by the infection of merriment about her, her ladyship displayed unexpected reserves of vivacity. The mind declines to realize it; but it is not the less true that this majestic woman actually simpered!

"Shall we put two and two together?" said Lady Lundie, with a ponderous playfulness wonderful to see. "Here, on the one hand, is Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn—a young single man. And here, on the other, is Mrs. Glenarm—a young widow. Rank on the side of the young single man; riches on the side of the young widow. And both mysteriously absent at the same time, from the same pleasant party. Ha, Mrs. Delamayn! should I guess wrong, if I guessed that *you* will have a marriage in the family, too, before long?"

Mrs. Delamayn looked a little annoyed. She had entered, with all her heart, into the conspiracy for making a match between Geoffrey and Mrs. Glenarm. But she was not prepared to own that the lady's facility had (in spite of all attempts to conceal it from discovery) made the conspiracy obviously successful in ten days' time.

"I am not in the secrets of the lady and gentleman whom you mention," she replied, dryly.

A heavy body is slow to acquire movement—and slow to abandon movement, when once acquired. The playfulness of Lady Lundie, being essentially heavy, followed the same rule. She still persisted in being as lively as ever.

"Oh, what a diplomatic answer!" exclaimed her ladyship. "I think I can interpret it, though, for all that. A little bird tells me that I shall see a Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn in London, next season. And I, for one, shall not be surprised to find myself congratulating Mrs. Glenarm."

"If you persist in letting *your* imagination run away with you, Lady Lundie, I can't possibly help it. I can only request permission to keep the bridle on *mine*."

This time, even Lady Lundie understood that it would be wise to say no more. She smiled and nodded, in high private approval of her own extraordinary cleverness. If she had been asked at that moment who was the most brilliant Englishwoman living, she would have looked inward on herself—and would have seen, as in a glass brightly, Lady Lundie, of Windygates.

From the moment when the talk at her side entered on the subject of Geoffrey Delamayn and Mrs. Glenarm—and throughout the brief period during which it remained occupied with that topic—Blanche became conscious of a strong smell of some spirituous liquor; wafted down on her, as she fancied, from behind and from above. Finding the odor grow stronger and stronger, she looked round to see whether any special manufacture of grog was proceeding inexplicably at the back of her chair. The moment she moved her head, her attention was claimed by a pair of tremulous gouty old hands, offering her a grouse pie, profusely sprinkled with truffles.

"Eh, my bonny Miss!" whispered a persuasive voice at her ear, "ye're joost stairving in a land o' plenty. Tak' my advice, and ye'll tak' the best thing at tebble—groose-poy, and truffles."

Blanche looked up.

There he was—the man of the canny eye, the fatherly manner, and the mighty nose—Bishopriggs—preserved in spirits and ministering at the festival at Swanhaven Lodge!

Blanche had only seen him for a moment on the memorable night of the storm, when she had surprised Anne at the inn. But instants passed in the society of Bishopriggs were as good as hours spent in the company of inferior men. Blanche instantly recognized him; instantly called to mind Sir Patrick's conviction that he was in possession of Anne's lost letter; instantly rushed to the conclusion that, in discovering Bishopriggs, she had discovered a chance of tracing Anne. Her first impulse was to claim acquaintance with him on the spot. But the eyes of her neighbors were on her, warning her to wait. She took a little of the pie, and looked hard at Bishopriggs. That discreet man, showing no sign of recognition on his side, bowed respectfully, and went on round the table.

"I wonder whether he has got the letter about him?" thought Blanche.

He had not only got the letter about him—but, more than that, he was actually then on the look-out for the means of turning the letter to profitable pecuniary account.

The domestic establishment of Swanhaven Lodge included no formidable array of servants. When Mrs. Delamayn gave a large party, she depended for such additional assistance as was needed partly on the contributions of her friends, partly on the resources of the principal inn at Kirkandrew. Mr. Bishopriggs, serving at the time (in the absence of any better employment) as a supernumerary at the inn, made one among the waiters who could be spared to assist at the garden-party. The name of the gentleman by whom he was to be employed for the day had struck him, when he first heard it, as having a familiar sound. He had made his inquiries; and had then betaken himself, for additional information, to the letter which he had picked up from the parlor floor at Craig Fernie.

The sheet of note-paper, lost by Anne, contained, it may be remembered, two letters—one signed by herself; the other signed by Geoffrey—and both suggestive, to a stranger's eye, of relations between the writers which they were interested in concealing from the public view.

Thinking it just possible—if he kept his eyes and ears well open at Swanhaven—that he might improve his prospect of making a marketable commodity of the stolen correspondence, Mr. Bishopriggs had put the letter in his pocket when he left Kirkandrew. He had recognized Blanche, as a friend of the lady at the inn—and as a person who might perhaps be turned to account, in that capacity. And he had, moreover, heard every word of the conversation between Lady Lundie and Mrs. Delamayn on the subject of Geoffrey and Mrs. Glenarm. There were hours to be passed before the guests would retire, and before the waiters would be dismissed. The conviction was strong in the mind of Mr. Bishopriggs that he might find good reason yet for congratulating himself on the chance which had associated him with the festivities at Swanhaven Lodge.

It was still early in the afternoon when the gayety at the dinner-table began, in certain quarters, to show signs of wearing out.

The younger members of the party—especially the ladies—grew restless with the appearance of the dessert. One after another they looked longingly at the smooth level of elastic turf in the middle of the glade. One after another they beat time absently with their fingers to the waltz which the musicians happened to be playing at the moment. Noticing these symptoms, Mrs. Delamayn set the example of rising; and her husband sent a message to the band. In ten minutes more the first quadrille was in progress on the grass; the spectators were picturesquely grouped round, looking on; and the servants and waiters, no longer wanted, had retired out of sight, to a picnic of their own.

The last person to leave the deserted tables was the venerable Bishopriggs. He alone, of the men in attendance, had contrived to combine a sufficient appearance of waiting on the company with a clandestine attention to his own personal need of refreshment. Instead of hurrying away to the servants' dinner with the rest, he made the round of the tables, apparently clearing away the crumbs—actually, emptying the wine-glasses. Immersed in this occupation, he was startled by a lady's voice behind him, and, turning as quickly as he could, found himself face to face with Miss Lundie.

"I want some cold water," said Blanche. "Be so good as to get me some from the spring."

She pointed to the bubbling rivulet at the farther end of the glade.

Bishopriggs looked unaffectedly shocked.

"Lord's sake, miss," he exclaimed, "d'ye rely mean to offend yer stomach wi' cauld water—when there's wine to be had for the asking!"

Blanche gave him a look. Slowness of perception was not on the list of the failings of Bishopriggs. He took up a tumbler, winked with his one available eye, and led the way to the rivulet. There was nothing remarkable in the spectacle of a young lady who wanted a glass of spring-water, or of a waiter who was getting it for her. Nobody was surprised; and (with the band playing) nobody could by any chance overhear what might be said at the spring-side.

"Do you remember me at the inn on the night of the storm?" asked Blanche.

Mr. Bishopriggs had his reasons (carefully inclosed in his pocket-book) for not being too ready to commit himself with Blanche at starting.

"I'm no' saying I canna remember ye, miss. Whar's the man would mak' sic an answer as that to a bonny young leddy like you?"

By way of assisting his memory Blanche took out her purse. Bishopriggs became absorbed in the scenery. He looked at the running water with the eye of a man who thoroughly distrusted it, viewed as a beverage.

"There ye go," he said, addressing himself to the rivulet, "bubblin' to yer ain annihilation in the loch yonder! It's little I know that's gude aboot ye, in yer unconvairted state. Ye're a type o' human life, they say. I tak' up my testimony against *that*. Ye're a type o' naething at all till ye're heated wi' fire, and sweetened wi' sugar, and strengthened wi' whusky; and then ye're a type o' toddy—and human life (I grant it) has got something to say to ye in that capacity!"

"I have heard more about you, since I was at the inn," proceeded Blanche, "than you may suppose." (She opened her purse: Mr. Bishopriggs became the picture of attention.) "You were very, very kind to a lady who was staying at Craig Fernie," she went on, earnestly. "I know that you have lost your place at the inn, because you gave all your attention to that lady. She is my dearest friend, Mr. Bishopriggs. I want to thank you. I do thank you. Please accept what I have got here?"

All the girl's heart was in her eyes and in her voice as she emptied her purse into the gouty (and greedy) old hand of Bishopriggs.

A young lady with a well-filled purse (no matter how rich the young lady may be) is a combination not often witnessed in any country on the civilized earth. Either the money is always spent, or the money has been forgotten on the toilet-table at home. Blanche's purse contained a sovereign and some six or seven shillings in silver. As pocket-money for an heiress it was contemptible. But as a gratuity to Bishopriggs it was magnificent. The old rascal put the money into his pocket with one hand, and dashed away the tears of sensibility, which he had *not* shed, with the other.

"Cast yer bread on the waters," cried Mr. Bishopriggs, with his one eye raised devotionally to the sky, "and ye sall find it again after monny days! Hech! hech! didna I say when I first set eyes on that puir leddy, 'I feel like a fether to ye?' It's seemply mairvelous to see hoo a man's ain gude deeds find him oot in this lower warld o' ours. If ever I heard the voice o' naitural affection speaking in my ain breast," pursued Mr. Bishopriggs, with his eye fixed in uneasy expectation on Blanche, "it joost spak' trumpet-tongued when that winsome creature first lookit at me. Will it be she now that told ye of the wee bit sairvice I rendered to her in the time when I was in bondage at the hottle?"

"Yes—she told me herself."

"Might I mak' sae bauld as to ask whar' she may be at the present time?"

"I don't know, Mr. Bishopriggs. I am more miserable about it than I can say. She has gone away—and I don't know where."

"Ow! ow! that's bad. And the bit husband-creature danglin' at her petticoat's tail one day, and awa' wi' the sunrise next mornin'—have they baith taken leg-bail together?"

"I know nothing of him; I never saw him. You saw him. Tell me—what was he like?"

"Eh! he was joost a puir weak creature. Didn't know a glass o' good sherry-wine when he'd got it. Free wi' the siller—that's a' ye can say for him—free wi' the siller!"

Finding it impossible to extract from Mr. Bishopriggs any clearer description of the man who had been with Anne at the inn than this, Blanche approached the main object of the interview. Too anxious to waste time in circumlocution, she turned the conversation at once to the delicate and doubtful subject of the lost letter.

"There is something else that I want to say to you," she resumed. "My friend had a loss while she was staying at the inn."

The clouds of doubt rolled off the mind of Mr. Bishopriggs. The lady's friend knew of the lost letter. And, better still, the lady's friend looked as if she wanted it!

"Ay! ay!" he said, with all due appearance of carelessness. "Like enough. From the mistress downward, they're a' kittle cattle at the inn since I've left 'em. What may it ha' been that she lost?"

"She lost a letter."

The look of uneasy expectation reappeared in the eye of Mr. Bishopriggs. It was a question—and a serious question, from his point of view—whether any suspicion of theft was attached to the disappearance of the letter.

"When ye say 'lost,'" he asked, "d'ye mean stolen?"

Blanche was quite quick enough to see the necessity of quieting his mind on this point.

"Oh no!" she answered. "Not stolen. Only lost. Did you hear about it?"

"Wherefore suld *I* ha' heard aboot it?" He looked hard at Blanche—and detected a momentary hesitation in her face. "Tell me this, my young leddy," he went on, advancing warily nearer to the point. "When ye're speering for news o' your friend's lost letter—what sets ye on comin' to *me?*"

Those words were decisive. It is hardly too much to say that Blanche's future depended on Blanche's answer to that question.

If she could have produced the money; and if she had said, boldly, "You have got the letter, Mr. Bishopriggs: I pledge my word that no questions shall be asked, and I offer you ten pounds for it"—in all probability the bargain would have been struck; and the whole course of coming events would, in that case, have been altered. But she had no money left; and there were no friends, in the circle at Swanhaven, to whom she could apply, without being misinterpreted, for a loan of ten pounds, to be privately intrusted to her on the spot. Under stress of sheer necessity Blanche abandoned all hope of making any present appeal of a pecuniary nature to the confidence of Bishopriggs.

The one other way of attaining her object that she could see was to arm herself with the influence of Sir Patrick's name. A man, placed in her position, would have thought it mere madness to venture on such a risk as this. But Blanche—with one act of rashness already on her conscience—rushed, woman-like, straight to the commission of another. The same headlong eagerness to reach her end, which had hurried her into questioning Geoffrey before he left Windygates, now drove her, just as recklessly, into taking the management of Bishopriggs out of Sir Patrick's skilled and practiced hands. The starving sisterly love in her hungered for a trace of Anne. Her heart whispered, Risk it! And Blanche risked it on the spot.

"Sir Patrick set me on coming to you," she said.

The opening hand of Mr. Bishopriggs—ready to deliver the letter, and receive the reward—closed again instantly as she spoke those words.

"Sir Paitrick?" he repeated. "Ow! ow! ye've ken'd Sir Paitrick aboot it, have ye?

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There's a chiel wi' a lang head on his shouthers, if ever there was ane yet! What might Sir Paitrick ha' said?"

Blanche noticed a change in his tone. Blanche was rigidly careful (when it was too late) to answer him in guarded terms.

"Sir Patrick thought you might have found the letter," she said, "and might not have remembered about it again until after you had left the inn."

Bishopriggs looked back into his own personal experience of his old master—and drew the correct conclusion that Sir Patrick's view of his connection with the disappearance of the letter was not the purely unsuspicious view reported by Blanche. "The dour auld deevil," he thought to himself, "knows me better than *that!*"

"Well?" asked Blanche, impatiently. "Is Sir Patrick right?"

"Richt?" rejoined Bishopriggs, briskly. "He's as far awa' from the truth as John o' Groat's House is from Jericho."

"You know nothing of the letter?"

"Deil a bit I know o' the letter. The first I ha' heard o' it is what I hear noo."

Blanche's heart sank within her. Had she defeated her own object, and cut the ground from under Sir Patrick's feet, for the second time? Surely not! There was unquestionably a chance, on this occasion, that the man might be prevailed upon to place the trust in her uncle which he was too cautious to confide to a stranger like herself. The one wise thing to do now was to pave the way for the exertion of Sir Patrick's superior influence, and Sir Patrick's superior skill. She resumed the conversation with that object in view.

"I am sorry to hear that Sir Patrick has guessed wrong," she resumed. "My friend was anxious to recover the letter when I last saw her; and I hoped to hear news of it from you. However, right or wrong, Sir Patrick has some reasons for wishing to see you—and I take the opportunity of telling you so. He has left a letter to wait for you at the Craig Fernie inn."

"I'm thinking the letter will ha' lang eneugh to wait, if it waits till I gae back for it to the hottle," remarked Bishopriggs.

"In that case," said Blanche, promptly, "you had better give me an address at which Sir Patrick can write to you. You wouldn't, I suppose, wish me to say that I had seen you here, and that you refused to communicate with him?"

"Never think it!" cried Bishopriggs, fervently. "If there's ain thing mair than anither that I'm carefu' to presairve intact, it's joost the respectful attention that I owe to Sir Paitrick. I'll make sae bauld, miss, as to chairge ye wi' that bit caird. I'm no' settled in ony place yet (mair's the pity at my time o' life!), but Sir Paitrick may hear o' me, when Sir Paitrick has need o' me, there." He handed a dirty little card to Blanche containing the name and address of a butcher in Edinburgh. "Sawmuel Bishopriggs," he went on, glibly. "Care o' Davie Dow, flesher; Cowgate; Embro. My Patmos in the weelderness, miss, for the time being."

Blanche received the address with a sense of unspeakable relief. If she had once more ventured on taking Sir Patrick's place, and once more failed in justifying her rashness by the results, she had at least gained some atoning advantage, this time, by opening a means of communication between her uncle and Bishopriggs. "You will hear from Sir Patrick," she said, and nodded kindly, and returned to her place among the guests.

"I'll hear from Sir Paitrick, will I?" repeated Bishopriggs, when he was left by himself. "Sir Paitrick will wark naething less than a meeracle if he finds Sawmuel Bishopriggs at the Cowgate, Embro!"

He laughed softly over his own cleverness; and withdrew to a lonely place in the plantation, in which he could consult the stolen correspondence without fear of being observed by any living creature. Once more the truth had tried to struggle into light, before the day of the marriage, and once more Blanche had innocently helped the darkness to keep it from view.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE (THIRD SOWING).

AFTER a new and attentive reading of Anne's letter to Geoffrey, and of Geoffrey's letter to Anne, Bishopriggs laid down comfortably under a tree, and set himself the task of seeing his position plainly as it was at that moment.

The profitable disposal of the correspondence to Blanche was no longer among the possibilities involved in the case. As for treating with Sir Patrick, Bishopriggs determined to keep equally clear of the Cowgate, Edinburgh, and of Mrs. Inchbare's inn, so long as there was the faintest chance of his pushing his own interests in any other quarter. No person living would be capable of so certainly extracting the correspondence from him, on such ruinously cheap terms, as his old master. "I'll no' put myself under Sir Paitrick's thumb," thought Bishopriggs, "till I've gane my ain rounds among the lave o' them first."

Rendered into intelligible English, this resolution pledged him to hold no communication with Sir Patrick—until he had first tested his success in negotiating with other persons, who might be equally interested in getting possession of the correspondence, and more liberal in giving hush-money to the thief who had stolen it.

Who were the "other persons" at his disposal, under these circumstances?

He had only to recall the conversation which he had overheard between Lady Lundie and Mrs. Delamayn to arrive at the discovery of one person, to begin with, who was directly interested in getting possession of his own letter. Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn was in a fair way of being married to a lady named Mrs. Glenarm. And here was this same Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn in matrimonial correspondence, little more than a fortnight since, with another lady—who signed herself "Anne Silvester."

Whatever his position between the two women might be, his interest in possessing himself of the correspondence was plain beyond all doubt. It was equally clear that the first thing to be done by Bishopriggs was to find the means of obtaining a personal interview with him. If the interview led to nothing else, it would decide one important question which still remained to be solved. The lady whom Bishopriggs had waited on at Craig Fernie might well be "Anne Silvester." Was Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn, in that case, the gentleman who had passed as her husband at the inn?

Bishopriggs rose to his gouty feet with all possible alacrity, and hobbled away to make the necessary inquiries, addressing himself, not to the men-servants at the dinner-table, who would be sure to insist on his joining them, but to the women-servants left in charge of the empty house.

He easily obtained the necessary directions for finding the cottage. But he was warned that Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn's trainer allowed nobody to see his patron at exercise, and that he would certainly be ordered off again the moment he appeared on the scene.

Bearing this caution in mind, Bishopriggs made a circuit, on reaching the open ground, so as to approach the cottage at the back, under shelter of the trees behind it. One look at Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn was all that he wanted in the first instance. They were welcome to order him off again, as long as he obtained that.

He was still hesitating at the outer line of the trees, when he heard a loud, imperative voice, calling from the front of the cottage, "Now, Mr. Geoffrey! Time's up!" Another voice answered, "All right!" and, after an interval, Geoffrey Delamayn appeared on the open ground, proceeding to the point from which he was accustomed to walk his measured mile.

Advancing a few steps to look at his man more closely, Bishopriggs was instantly detected by the quick eye of the trainer. "Hullo!" cried Perry, "what do you want here?" Bishopriggs opened his lips to make an excuse. "Who the devil are you?" roared Geoffrey. The trainer answered the question out of the resources of his own experience. "A spy, Sir—sent to time you at your work." Geoffrey lifted his mighty fist, and sprang forward a step. Perry held his patron back. "You can't do that, Sir," he said; "the man's too old. No fear of his turning up again—you've scared him out of his wits." The statement was strictly true. The terror of Bishopriggs at the sight of Geoffrey's fist restored to him the activity of his youth. He ran for the first time for twenty years; and only stopped to remember his infirmities, and to catch his breath, when he was out of sight of the cottage, among the trees.

He sat down to rest and recover himself, with the comforting inner conviction that, in one respect at least, he had gained his point. The furious savage, with the eyes that darted fire and the fist that threatened destruction, was a total stranger to him. In other words, *not* the man who had passed as the lady's husband at the inn.

At the same time it was equally certain that he *was* the man involved in the compromising correspondence which Bishopriggs possessed. To appeal, however, to his interest in obtaining the letter was entirely incompatible (after the recent exhibition of his fist) with the strong regard which Bishopriggs felt for his own personal security. There was no alternative now but to open negotiations with the one other person concerned in the matter (fortunately, on this occasion, a person of the gentler sex), who was actually within reach. Mrs. Glenarm was at Swanhaven. She had a direct interest in clearing up the question of a prior claim to Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn on the part of another woman. And she could only do that by getting the correspondence into her own hands.

"Praise Providence for a' its mercies!" said Bishopriggs, getting on his feet again. "I've got twa strings, as they say, to my boo. I trow the woman's the canny string o' the twa—and we'll een try the twanging of her."

He set forth on his road back again, to search among the company at the lake for Mrs. Glenarm.

THE BITTER LAKES, SUEZ CANAL.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the Suez Canal is the formation of the Bitter Lakes, of which we give an illustration on page 213. A little more than a year ago a traveler passed over the very ground now occupied by these lakes, and then saw nothing but a vast expanse of desert, traversed by an Arab or two on camels, and a flock of goats. But when he again visited Egypt, in November last, all was changed. An inland sea now extends as far as the eye can reach; large steamships are passing over it with screws or paddles, or sailing-vessels with canvas spread to the breeze; the light-houses stand like "wonderful lamps," erected there to guide the mariner, and iron beacons are placed in rows to point out the channel of safety.

What is now called by the French "Les Lacs Amers" was, without doubt, at one time the real northern extremity of the Red Sea. Through changes in the desert the connection must at some early period have been closed, and the waters of this inland lake would soon dry up under the hot sun of that region. Much of the ground a twelvemonth ago was white, like snow, with the salt left when the water evaporated. These lakes, or this lake—for they may now be said to form one body of water—extends about twenty-five miles in length; and, as the bottom was deeper than that of the canal, it was so much labor saved in dredging to make this a portion of the line. All the engineers had to do was to let the water into the basin. It will give some idea of the great extent of this basin to state that the engineers calculated that it would require about seven months to fill up. The portion of the canal-works from the south end of the lake to Suez was the least advanced; so that, although it was but a short distance, in comparison with the distance northward to the Mediterranean, they could not use the Red Sea to let the water flow in, and were obliged to open up a communication with the Mediterranean; and the water thus came a distance of about sixty or seventy miles from Port Said. The ceremony of first letting in the water took place in March last. For months the water flowed in, and it was not till August that the Chalouf cutting was so far advanced that the opening to the Red Sea could be made. But, after that time, the double supply from the two oceans continued to increase, and by the end of October the full level had been attained.

It is impossible here to describe all the arrangements and precautions that were necessary for the successful accomplishment of this portion of the canal. Many doubted that it could be done at all; some said that the water, as it ran in, would be absorbed by the desert; others, that under the summer sun, heating a great expanse, it would evaporate as fast as it came. All that need now be said is that the thing was done. Thousands of people have sailed over the waters of the Bitter Lakes. Most of the vessels put on full steam and set a sail or two when they enter. The tide of the Red Sea, which rises about six feet at Suez, runs up to the Bitter Lakes with considerable force. In passing from the Bitter Lakes to Suez a thick crust of salt can be seen along the bank of the canal; and it is worthy of note that the tide from the Red Sea rises exactly to the level of this old saline strata, showing that the tide rose in former times to this height when it made the deposit.

Our illustration of the Bitter Lakes is taken from the entrance to the canal at the northern end. The mountain of Gebel Attaka is seen in the distance, with the lower range of Gebel Gennafé nearer the lake. There is a small iron light-house at each extremity of the lake, which mark the entrances to the canal, and from the light-house to the canal the channel is indicated by iron posts surmounted by round disks. A depth of 28 feet and 30 feet of water is reported by those who sounded all through the Bitter Lakes.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ELECTRICITY promises not only to make our clothes, but, in due time, to keep us warm, and, for aught we know, to cook our food. It is stated that electricity has been applied successfully as a heating medium at the Hôtel Dieu hospital in Paris, and also that other large hospitals of that city will be warmed by it instead of by coal. Quite recently some experiments were performed in Washington by Dr. Leigh Burton, which clearly demonstrated that electricity could be successfully employed as a heating agent. His experiments were made with reference to warming railroad cars. The invention consists of a chain made up of alternate conductors and non-conductors arranged compactly, and the apparatus covered by a metallic plate and placed in front of each seat, in order that the feet of passengers may rest on them. When a current of electricity is sent through these heaters, it is obstructed by the intervening non-conductors, and the evolution of heat is the result; and after the chain has become warmed the heat is radiated to the metallic plate. The advantages of such a method of heating cars are apparent. In case of a train being thrown from the track, the passengers escape the horrible peril of being burned to death—a danger always to be feared when stoves are used.

Attatoscoolakuchargut is the name of a noble river which rises somewhere near the Arctic Ocean, and flows southerly until it empties into the Kvichpak River. It is navigable several hundred miles, running through a country very productive in—*ice*. Other Alaskan rivers glory in the titles of Nocotachigut, Kuyuyukuk, Connecovah, Uealachlut, and Golsova-Richka. The simple nomenclature of these frozen regions may suit the residents; but common people will stumble in the attempt to pronounce.

The Plymouth organ concerts are an established feature of musical life in Brooklyn. Occurring on Saturday afternoon, and strictly confined to the hour from four to five, they are crowded with those who can enjoy and appreciate a short musical performance. Many of our popular concerts are too lengthy to be thoroughly enjoyed by those who understand music only in a general way. A business man, for example, wants to find *rest* as well as enjoyment in the recreation he takes. But if a performance is two or three hours long, he gets rested the first hour, and tired the second. This is true of all amusements. They cease to be really beneficial if continued too long. There have been, up to the present time, forty of these organ concerts in Plymouth Church. An increased interest is given to those who are not fully posted in musical matters by the fact that on the programmes of these concerts is printed a little sketch of the composers whose works are performed.

"According to Milton," remarked a gentlemanly opposer of the "woman movement," "Eve kept silent in Eden, to hear her husband talk. Alas," continued he, in a melancholy tone, "there have been few Eves since." "That is because there have been no husbands worth listening to," quickly retorted the lady to whom he had addressed the remark.

A Massachusetts paper tells a pretty story in connection with Prince Arthur's visit to the Hub. While he was at the St. James's Hotel a certain physician said jokingly to his little nephew of ten years, who was greatly interested in the presence of a prince in the city, "Run up to the hotel, Johnny, and say to the Prince that your aunt would like to have him call and take tea with her." To the astonishment of the good doctor, an hour afterward, Johnny came running in, and declared the Prince was "real nice, though they tried to prevent my seeing him. We had a long talk, and I told him all about mother, where we live, and ever so much." "So you saw him, did you? Well, what did he say? Is he coming to tea?" "No, he can't come; he's only got time to attend the funeral, and he's real sorry." It turned out, on inquiry, that Johnny had presented himself to the usher of the Prince's apartments, was put off, but would not be rebuffed. He wanted to see the Prince, and must, for his uncle had sent him. His persistence finally gained his admittance; he was presented and humored, the interview was mutually agreeable, and the lad had the longest and liveliest chat with Arthur of any person in Massachusetts.

Last year, from a maple grove of one hundred trees in Berkshire, Massachusetts, five hundred pounds of sugar were made in five days—a pound from each tree every day. Vermont probably sends more maple-sugar into the market than any other one of the New England States. The "first run" of the sap is considered the best, so that the maker of sugar taps his trees as soon as he sees evidence that the sap is ascending. This amber-colored fluid, when reduced to sirup, forms a most delicious article for table use. It is, however, rarely to be obtained in the market, as the sugar is more profitable to the manufacturer. If the hot maple sirup is poured upon snow, just before the point of graining, a delicious candy is produced. It is a curious fact that, after the buds begin to swell on the maple-trees, sugar can not be made from the sap—the sirup will not "grain," but becomes thick and ropy. Maple-sugar and sirup lose the delicacy of their peculiar flavor after a few months, though in the case of the sirup it may be brought back in a measure by re-boiling. At this season the owners of maple groves every where are busy with their buckets of sap. It has been thought that it will be a "good sugar year:" but the season has been such a strange one that nothing can be predicted with certainty.

M. Félix Clément has, with immense labor, compiled a huge "Dictionary of Operas," containing the names and some account of more than ten thousand musical compositions. Among the curious particulars contained in "Dictionnaire Lyrique" are the following: "Don Giovanni" has been twice set to music since Mozart's time. "Faust" had been set to music ten times before Gounod produced "Faust et Marguerite." "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Tom Jones" have both been operatized. There is, or was, an opera called "Rehoboam and Jeroboam," and another entitled "The Drunkard's Last Debauch." Operas in the Latin language used to be performed in the Benedictine Convent at Salzburg. One of these works was named "Abdalusius Maurorum in Hispaniâ Rex," composed by Eberlin in 1754; and another "Demetrius solio Moscoviæ restitutus," composed by the same learned organist in 1755.

A grand hotel is projected in London, which is designed to cover an entire square, or rather parallelogram, with streets on every side of it. The roof is to be covered like the "Grand" in Paris, and with a *porte-cochère* in the front centre. The court is to contain an American bar on one side, a Parisian restaurant on the other, with three large billiard-rooms, appropriated respectively to French, English, and American tables. The drawings, which have cost some £2000, are very fine. The architect, in getting them up, has visited all the first-class modern hotels in Europe and the United States. Estimated cost of the hotel about £1,250,000. It is proposed to call it "The Cosmopolitan."

A curious story is told of Rev. W. T. Lucky, Principal of the California State Normal School, and frequently acting as chaplain to the Penitentiary at San Quentin. Recently, while visiting at Sacramento, he was in the Senate Chamber at the opening of the morning session, and was requested to open the proceedings with prayer. This he did in the following words: "O Lord, we pray Thee that Thy mercies may be extended to these poor men, who have been sent here from all parts of the State, convicted of various crimes and misdemeanors; have mercy upon them, we beseech Thee, while they are here serving out the times for which they were sent; and when they have served, and are dismissed from these walls, may they return to their homes better men, and in time may they become useful and upright citizens and honorable members of society!" Possibly the reverend gentleman forgot that he was not in the Penitentiary! But immediately the member from Yolo arose and said: "Mr. President, I move to strike out Yolo County!" and the scene which followed is not easily described.

An exchange says that it is a great satisfaction to know that the ice crop is fine in Alaska—only a quarter of a mile thick!

Albany has the doubtful honor of being the abiding-place of a young lady, fashionable, beautiful, blonde—and contemptibly *mean*. Thus the story goes: A beautiful little girl of about ten years, possessed of an abundance of yellow curls, which won the admiration of all who saw them, on her way to school the other day, was overtaken by a fashionably dressed young lady, who entered into conversation with her. She admired her hair, and caressed the curls repeatedly, all the while keeping up a steady flow of conversation. The child heard a quick, sharp snap, and looking up, saw the lady in the act of closing a reticule. Soon after the lady turned up a street, and the child went to school. When she returned home the watchful mother noticed that one of her longest curls had disappeared, and an examination revealed the fact that it had been cut off within an inch of the head.

Brazil is the greatest producer of coffee. That known in the trade as Rio is a Brazilian coffee. Of the 713,000,000 pounds produced in the world per annum, Brazil furnishes 400,000,000, or more than half of the whole. We use in the United States nearly one-third of all the coffee consumed in the world, which is about seven times as much as Great Britain, with a population not very far from the same. Probably one-half the coffee used is ruined in the process of roasting. It should be roasted if possible in a close vessel, with as little exposure to air as may be. Its color when done should be a light chestnut-brown; if black, the materials are decomposed, and the delicious aroma is gone. If the whole of the peculiar richness of coffee is to be preserved, it should be made for the table in a tight vessel, and should not be boiled.

The tunneling business is on the increase. Since the Chicago Lake Tunnel has supplied the city with fresh water, Cleveland has been sanguine as to the success of a similar enterprise for furnishing it with water from Lake Erie. The Cleveland Tunnel will be completed in 1872. It is estimated that it will cost $300,000.

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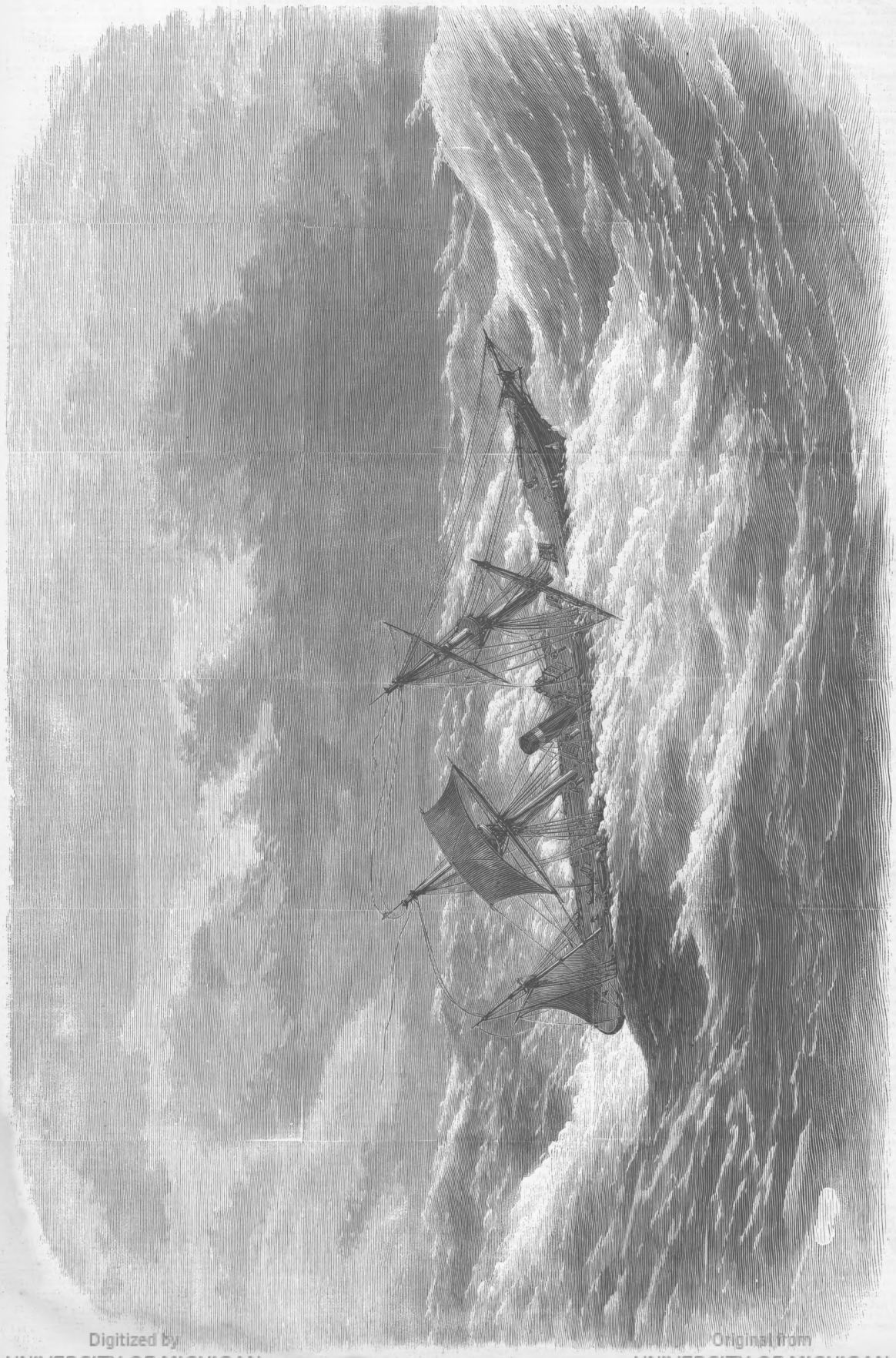

THE MISSING STEAMER.—[See First Page.]

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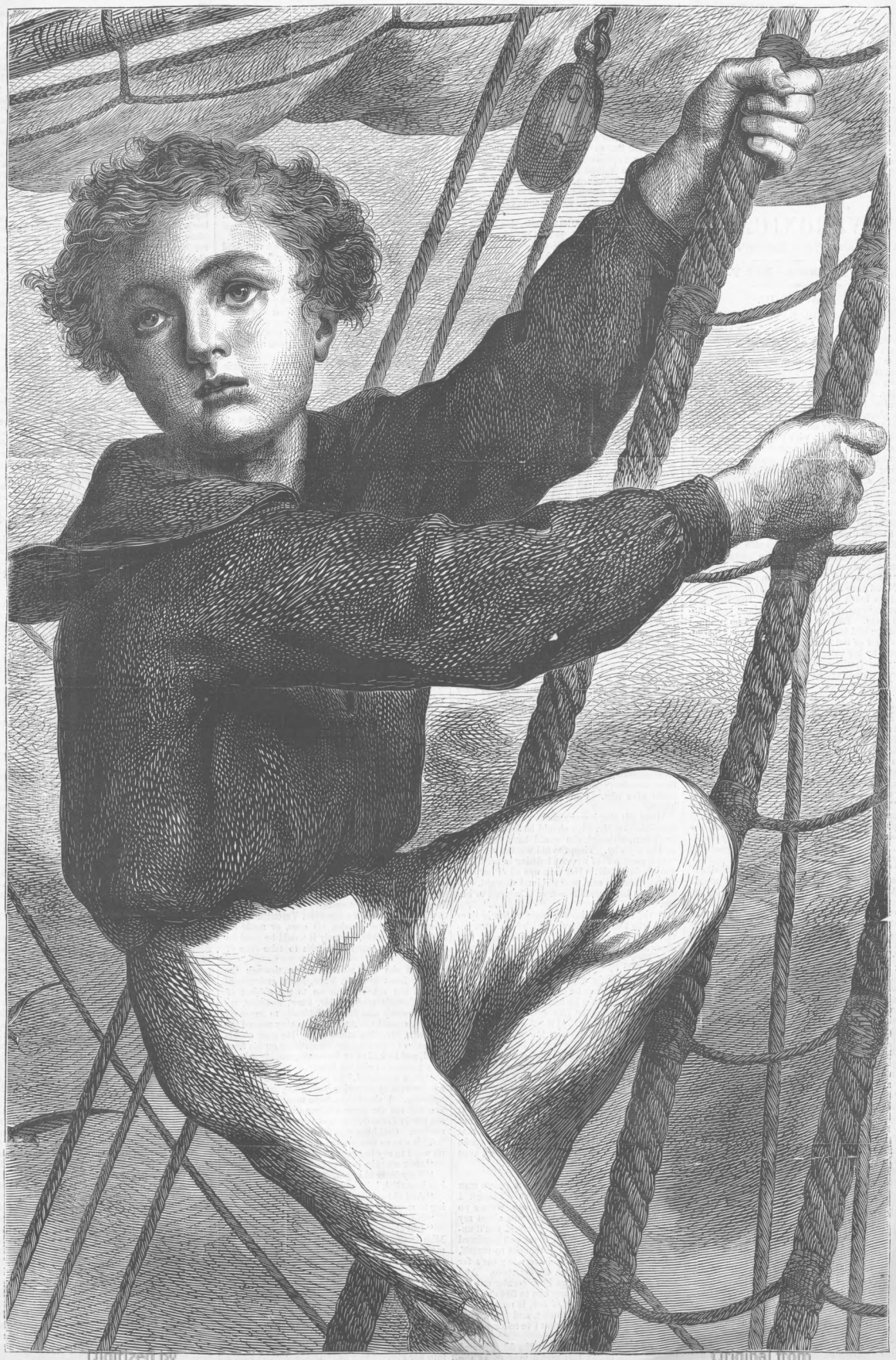

GOING ALOFT.—[See Page 221.]

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LAST HEART-BEATS.

SEND me—if but a rose-leaf—yet a token
To tell me what your lips have left unspoken,
That you are sorry that my heart is broken,
Before I die.

For soon your silence will no more perplex me,
And soon your coldness will have ceased to vex me,
Although I cling unto the rock that wrecks me
Until I die.

And presently my hand will cease its grasping,
And presently my breath will cease its gasping,
And I shall sink beyond your tardy clasping,
For I shall die.

Ah! you have left me, who would never leave you,
And you have slain me, who did never grieve you;
But I—at least, at least, I can forgive you
Before I die.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble,"

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. PLEW.

"AN illustrious house, Sir!" the vicar was saying, as Maud entered. "A family renowned in the history of their country. My wife was a scion of a nobler stock than any of these bucolic squires and squiresses who patronized and looked down upon the vicar's lady!"

Mr. Plew was standing with his hat in one hand and his umbrella in the other, beside the fire-place, and opposite to the vicar's chair. Maud had already seen him several times; but looking at him now, with the governess's words ringing in her ears, she perceived that he was altered. There was the impress of care and suffering on his pale face. Mr. Plew was, on the whole, a rather ridiculous-looking little man. His insignificant features and light blue eyes were by no means formed to express tragic emotions. He had, too, a provincial twang in his speech, and his tongue had never acquired a bold and certain mastery over the letter h. Nevertheless, more intrinsically ignoble individuals than Benjamin Plew have been placed in the onerous position of heroes both in fact and fiction.

"How do you do, Miss Desmond?" said he.

Maud gave him her hand. His was ungloved, and its touch was cold as ice. The vicar had abruptly ceased speaking when Maud came into the room. But after a short pause he resumed what he had been saying, with a rather superfluous show of not having been in the least disconcerted by her entrance.

"The family of—of—the late baronet have shown themselves entirely willing to receive her with every respect. Sir Matthew called upon her, and so forth. But she will have no need of people of that stamp. The prince's position is in all respects very different to that of these parvenus."

Mr. Plew stood bravely to listen, though with a dolorous visage. Maud was silent. The vicar's tone pained her inexpressibly. It was overbearing, triumphant, and yet somewhat angry; the tone of a man who is contradicting his better self.

"If," said Mr. Plew, without raising his eyes from the ground—"if Miss Le—if Veronica is happy and contented, and put right with the world, we shall all have reason to be truly thankful. She must have gone through a great deal of suffering."

"*She* gone through a great deal of suffering!" cried the vicar, with a swift change of mood. "And what do you suppose her suffering has been to compare with mine, Sir? We shall all have reason to be thankful! *We!* Understand that no one can associate himself with my feelings in this matter; no one! Who is it that can put his feelings in comparison with mine!"

Maud glanced up quickly at Mr. Plew, fearing that he might resent this tone. But the surgeon showed neither surprise nor anger. He passed his hand once or twice across his bald forehead like a man in pain, but he said no word. The vicar proceeded for some time in the same strain. Had any one ever suffered such a blow as he had suffered? He, a gentleman by birth and breeding—a man of sensitive pride and unblemished honor! Had not his life, passed among stupid peasants and uncultivated country squires, been dreary enough all these years, but this misery and disgrace must come to crush him utterly? Maud was trembling, and distressed beyond measure. Mr. Plew remained passive. Presently the vicar, who had been walking about the room, ceased speaking, and throwing himself into a chair, he covered his eyes with his hands.

Then Mr. Plew turned to Maud, and said, "Miss Desmond, I am glad you came in before I went away, for I came chiefly to see you. I have a message to deliver to you from my mother."

He spoke quite quietly, only his face betrayed the agitation and pain which the vicar's tirade had caused him.

"A message from Mrs. Plew? What is it?" said Maud, trying to echo his steady tone.

"My mother hopes you will excuse the liberty she takes in asking you, but she is almost entirely unable to go out now. Very often she can't get as far as the church for weeks together. As she can not go to see you, will you come to see her, Miss Desmond? It will be a charitable action."

"Surely I will, if she wishes it."

"She does wish it. Poor soul! she has not many pleasures, and makes, of course, no new friends. The sight of your kind face would do her good."

"When shall I come?"

"Would you drink tea with her this evening? I will see you safe home."

"I don't know whether—" Maud was beginning hesitatingly, when the vicar interposed.

"Go, go, Maudie," he said. "I see that you are hesitating on my account. But I would rather that you went, my child. I shall be busy this evening."

Thus urged, Maud consented, promising to be at Mr. Plew's cottage by six o'clock. And then the surgeon took his leave. Maud was surprised to see the vicar shake hands with him, and bid him good-by, as unconcernedly as though no harsh or unpleasant word had passed his lips. But as she walked to Mr. Plew's cottage that evening with Joanna, Maud learned from the lips of the old servant that it was no new thing for her guardian to be what Joanna called "crabby" with Mr. Plew.

"Lord bless you, Miss Maudie, don't I know, don't I see it all, think ye? I'm old enough to be your grandmother, Miss Maudie, my dear. And you mark my words, that little man, for all his soft ways, and bein' in some respects but a poor creetur, he's gone through a deal for the vicar. He has his own troubles, has Mr. Plew, and it isn't for me to say any thing about *them*. But I do declare as I never see any mortal bear with another as he bears with the vicar, except it was a woman, of course, you know, Miss Maudie. A woman 'll do as much for them as she's fond of. But to see his patience, and the way he'd come evening after evening, whenever his sick folk could spare him, and talk, or be talked to, and never say a word about hisself, but go on letting the vicar fancy as *he* was the worst used and hardest put upon mortal in the world—which the poor master he seemed to take a kind of pride in it, if you can make that out, Miss Maudie. Lord bless you, my dear, it was for all the world like a woman! For a man in general won't have the sense to *pretend* a bit, even if he loves you ever so!"

Mrs. Plew received Maud with many demonstrations of gratification at her visit, and many apologies for having troubled her to come and spend a dull evening with a lonely old woman. Mrs. Plew was rather like her son in person, mild-eyed, fair, and small. She was somewhat of an invalid, and sat all day long, sewing or knitting, in her big chair, and casting an intelligent eye over the household operations of the little orphan from the work-house, who was her only servant. She wore a big cap, with a muslin frill framing her face all round, and a "front" of false hair, which resembled nothing so much, both in color and texture, as the outside fibres of a cocoa-nut. Maud could scarcely repress a smile as she looked at the meek figure before her, and recalled Miss Turtle's grandiloquent comparisons. The surgeon was not able to be at home for tea. His portion of home-made cake, and a small pot of strawberry-jam, were put ready for him on a small round table, covered with a snow-white cloth. The little servant was instructed to keep the kettle "on the boil," so that when her master should return a cup of hot, fragrant tea should be prepared for him without delay.

"There," said Mrs. Plew, contemplating these arrangements, "that 'll be all nice for Benjy. He likes strawberry-jam better than any thing you could give him. I always have some in the house."

Maud felt that it was somehow right and characteristic that Mr. Plew should be fond of strawberry-jam, although she would have been puzzled to say why. Then the old woman sat down with a great web of worsted knitting in her hand, and began to talk. Her talk was all of her son. What "Benjy" said, and did, and thought, furnished an inexhaustible source of interest to her life.

"Ah, I wish I'd known more of *you* in days past, Miss Desmond, love," which Mrs. Plew invariably pronounced *loove*. "Well, well, bygones are by-gones, and talking mends nothing." Mrs. Plew paused, heaved a deep sigh, and proceeded.

"To-day Benjy went to the vicarage to ask you here, and, when he came back, I saw in his face that minute that he had been upset. 'Any thing wrong at Shipley Vicarage, Benjy?' I said. 'No, mother,' says he. 'I'll tell you by-and-by.' With that he went up stairs into his own room. I heard his step on the boards overhead; and then all was as still as still, for better than an hour. After that he came down and stood, with his hat on ready to go out, at the door of the parlor. And he said, 'There's good news for Mr. Levincourt, mother.' And then he told me—what I have no need to tell *you*, love, for you know it already. And as soon as he'd told it he went out. And do you know, Miss Desmond, that for all he kept his face in shadow, and spoke quite cheerful, I could see that he'd—he'd been shedding tears. He had indeed, love!"

"Oh, Mrs. Plew!"

"Ay, it is dreadful to think of a grown man crying, my dear. But it was so. Though I never set up to be a clever woman, there's no one so sharp as me to see the truth about my son. If ever you're a mother yourself, you'll understand that, love. Well, I sat and pondered after he was gone. And I thought to myself, 'well now this one thing is certain; *she's* far and away out of his reach for evermore. And now, perhaps, that things have turned out so, that there's no need for any one to fret and pine about what's to become of her, it may be that Benjy will put his mind at rest, and pluck up a spirit, and think of doing what I've so long wanted him to do.'"

Maud knew not what to say. She felt ashamed for Veronica before this man's mother, as she had not yet felt ashamed for her. At length she faltered out, "What is it you wish your son to do, Mrs. Plew?"

"Why, to marry, my dear young lady; I ain't one of those mothers that wants their children to care for nobody but them. It isn't natural nor right. If my Benjy could but have a good wife, to take care of him when I am gone, I should be quite happy."

The recollection of Miss Turtle came into Maud's mind, and she said, impulsively (blushing violently the moment the words were out), "I saw Mrs. Meggitt's governess this afternoon."

Mrs. Plew had put on her spectacles to see her knitting, and she glanced over them at Maud with her pale blue eyes, half surprised, half pleased.

"To be sure! Miss Turtle. She's a very good young woman, is Miss Turtle. I'm sure she has been very kind and attentive to me, and it don't make me the less grateful, because I see very well that *all* the kindness is not for my sake. I suppose she spoke to you of Benjy?"

"Yes."

"Ah, to be sure she would! She's very fond of Benjy, is Miss Turtle, poor thing."

"Does—does Mr. Plew like her?" asked Maud, timidly.

"Oh yes, Miss Desmond, love, he *likes* her. He don't do more than like her at present, I'm afraid. But that might come, if he would but make up his mind."

"Miss Turtle seems very fond of you, ma'am," said Maud, involuntarily recalling the "Mother of the Gratchy."

"Why, I do believe she likes me, poor little thing! She talks a bit of nonsense now and again about my being so noble-minded and devoted to my son. And once she said, that if she was in my place she was sure that she could never have the sparkling virtue to give up his affections to another woman, be she ten times his wife."

"The—the what virtue?"

"Sparkling, I think she said. But my hearing is treacherous at times. But, la, my love, that's only her flummery. She means no harm. And she's good-tempered, and healthy, and industrious, and— Look here, Miss Desmond, love," continued the old woman, laying her withered hand on Maud's arm, and lowering her voice mysteriously; "you have heard Miss Turtle talk. Any one can see with half an eye how fond she is of Benjy. She makes no secret of it. Now, if, whenever you've a chance to speak to Benjy—I know he goes to the vicarage pretty well every day—if you would just say a word for poor Miss Turtle, and try to advise him like—"

"Oh, Mrs. Plew, how could I do such a thing? I am not old enough, nor wise enough, to take the liberty of offering my advice to Mr. Plew, especially on such a subject."

"But I don't want you to say it plain right out, you know. Just drop a word here and a word there, now and again, in favor of Miss Turtle. Won't you, now? Benjy thinks a deal of what you say."

Thus the old woman prattled on. By-and-by Mr. Plew's step was heard on the gravel path outside. And his mother hastily whispered to Maud a prayer that she would not say a word to "Benjy" about the confidence she had been making. Then the surgeon came in, and had his tea at the side-table. And they all sat and chatted softly in the twilight. It was such a peaceful scene; the little parlor was so clean and fragrant with the smell of dried lavender; the scanty, old-fashioned furniture shone with such a speckless polish; the clear evening sky was seen through window-panes as bright as crystal, and the little surgeon and his mother looked the embodiment of cozy domestic comfort. How strange it was, Maud thought, to consider Mr. Plew in the light of an object of romantic attachment! Strange, too, to think of his being a victim to helpless love! He ate his strawberry-jam with as quiet a relish as though the beautiful Veronica Levincourt had never dazzled his eyes, or made his pulse beat quickly. Surely it would be good for him to have a kind little wife to take care of him!

When she was walking home through the Shipley lanes with Mr. Plew, Maud endeavored to lead the conversation on to the subject of Miss Turtle's merits. Mr. Plew, however, replied absently and monosyllabically to her shyly uttered remarks. At length, as they neared the vicarage, Mr. Plew stood still. He took off his hat so as to let the evening air blow on his forehead, and looked up at the transparent sky wherein a few stars twinkled faintly.

"Miss Desmond," he said, "I have not had an opportunity of saying a word to you since this morning. I should not have mentioned *her* to you had not the vicar told me that you went to see her in London. It was very good of you to see her. God bless you for it, Miss Desmond!"

This was so unexpected that Maud could find no word to say in reply.

"How was she looking? Is she changed?"

"Very little changed, I think; certainly not less beautiful."

"And did you see—the—the—man she is going to marry?"

"No."

"Did she speak of him to you? Look here, Miss Desmond, you need not be afraid to talk to me of Veronica freely and openly. I understand your kindness and delicacy. You think, perhaps, that it might pain me to hear certain things. But, indeed, to think that she will be happy gives me great comfort. I am not selfish, Miss Desmond."

"I think that you are most unselfish, most generous, and it only pains me very much to think of your goodness being unappreciated."

Maud spoke with warmth, and a tear came into her eye. She was remembering the vicar's harsh, unfeeling behavior in the morning.

"Oh, you praise me a great deal too highly," said Mr. Plew, looking at her with genuine surprise. "The fact is that I always knew Veronica to be far above me. I never had any real hope, though I—I— Sometimes she liked to talk to me, and I was fool enough to fancy for a moment— But that was not her fault, you know. She could not be held responsible for my vanity. When she went away," he pursued, in a low voice, almost like one talking to himself, "I thought at first that I had got a death-blow. For weeks I believe I did not rightly know what I was saying and doing. I suppose there was some kind of instinct in me that kept me from doing any thing wild or outrageous enough to get me locked up for a madman. But at the worst, my grief was more for her than myself; it was, as true as God's in heaven! I am not a fierce man by nature, but if I could have got hold of—of that villain, I would have killed him with no more compunction than you'd crush a viper. But any man that marries her and treats her well, there's nothing I wouldn't do to serve him—nothing! All love is over for me. I know my own shortcomings, and I blame no one. But *she* was the first and the last. I know my poor mother wants me to marry. But it can't be, Miss Desmond. I'm sorry for her disappointment, poor soul! I try to be good to her. She has been a very good mother to me, bless her! If it had been possible for Veronica to come back free, and to have held out her hand to me, I couldn't have taken it. She could never be the same woman I loved any more. But neither can I love any other. I dare say you don't understand the feeling. I can not explain it to myself. Only I know it is so, and must be so, for as long as I have to live." Then suddenly breaking off, and looking penitently at Maud, he said, "Oh, forgive me, Miss Desmond! I boasted of not being selfish just now, and here I am wearying you with talk about myself. I hope you'll excuse it. The truth is, I have no one that I can speak to about her. I dare not say to the vicar what I have said to you. And of course I don't put forward my trouble when he has so much of his own to bear. I was led on to talk almost unawares. You listen so patiently and quietly. Here we are at the garden-gate. Shall I come up the pathway? There is Joanna at the door. Good-night, Miss Desmond."

Maud's eyes were so blurred with tears that she did not at first perceive that old Joanna had hastened to the door in order to be the first to give her a letter which she now held up triumphantly as Maud entered.

"A letter, Miss Maudie! One as you'll be glad to have!"

It was from Hugh. Maud took it, and ran to her own room to enjoy her treasure.

After a few fond lover's words of greeting, the first that her eye lighted on were these: "I have had a long interview with Lady Gale."

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

"I HAVE had a long interview with Lady Gale."

It was a minute or so before Maud recollected Veronica's announced intention of bestowing a marriage portion on her, and of speaking to Hugh on the subject. But Maud had warned her not to expect that Hugh would yield. And yet Veronica had persisted in her intention. It was, doubtless, in order to fulfill it that she had sought Hugh. The further perusal of her letter confirmed this supposition. Maud might, of course, have satisfied her mind at once as to the correctness of her guess; but, instead of doing so, she had sat for a minute or two, letter in hand, vaguely wondering and supposing—a waywardness of mind that most people have occasionally experienced under similar circumstances.

"I told her that it could not be," wrote Hugh; "that I knew you had already answered for yourself, and that I must entirely approve and confirm your answer. Was not that right, dearest? She tried, when her first attempt had failed, to take a different tone, and to tell me that it was *right* and just that you should have a portion of the wealth left by Sir John Gale. She even said a word about the duty of carrying out her late husband's intentions! Think of that, Maudie! But I took the liberty of pointing out to her, that if *that* were her object, she must make over every farthing to you without loss of time, since it was clear that Sir John Gale had never intended that any portion of his wealth should be enjoyed by *her*. I don't think she is used to such plain speaking, and she looked mightily astonished."

That was all in the letter relating to Veronica, except a word at the end. "I forgot to say that her ladyship did me the honor to make me a confidence. She informed me that she was to be married to Prince Barletti almost immediately. For obvious reasons the marriage would be quite quiet. I saw the said prince; not an ill-looking fellow, although there is something queer about his eyes. Veronica told me that Sir Matthew Gale had consented to remain in town in order to give her away! I had a strong impression that she was telling me all this in order that it might be communicated to you, and by you to Mr. Levincourt. Oh, my sweet, pure Maudie, what a perfume of goodness seems to surround you! Only to think of you, after being with that woman, refreshes one's very soul."

Maud ran down stairs, after reading her letter through, to communicate to the vicar that part of it which related to his daughter. But Mr. Levincourt was not within. It was past nine o'clock, yet Joanna said that it was very likely her master would not be at home for another hour or more.

"Do you know where he is?" asked Maud.

"I don't know for certain, Miss Maudie," said the old woman, dryly; "but I'd lay a wager he's

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at Meggitt's. He hasn't been there yet since you've come back. But, for better than three months before, he's been there constant, evening after evening. They're no fit company for such a gentleman as master, farmer folks like them. I wonder what he can find in them! But they flatter him and butter him up. And Mrs. Meggitt, she goes boasting all over Shipley how thick her and hers is with the vicar. Good Lord! if men ben't fools in some things!"

"Hush, Joanna; you must not speak so. The vicar knows better than you or I either where it is proper and fit for him to go."

But although she thus rebuked the old servant, Maud did not, in her heart, like this new intimacy. It was part of the general lowering she had already noticed in the vicar's character.

She sat down alone in the parlor to re-read her dear letter. There was but little news in it. Hugh was well; was working hard; and although he had not yet succeeded in finding the necessary money for the purchase of the business in Daneshire, he by no means despaired of doing so. His mother sent her fond love to Maud, and missed her sadly. The remainder of the epistle was full of words of the fondest and warmest affection. They were very precious and interesting to Maud, but would scarcely be deemed so by the reader.

It may as well be mentioned here that Maud was in ignorance of Mr. Frost's debt to Hugh. He had debated with himself whether he should or should not make her acquainted with it; and he had decided in the negative, perceiving that it would be impossible to do so without revealing his mother's story, and that he conceived he had no right to do without her permission.

Maud sat and read, and re-read her letter. And then she took out the little plain wooden desk she had used as a child, and set herself to begin an answer to it. More than half an hour passed thus. It was half past ten o'clock, and still no vicar!

Maud at last began to think that Mr. Levincourt might prefer not to find her sitting up on his return. She had an instinctive feeling that he would a little shrink from saying to her that he had been passing his evening at Farmer Meggitt's. He had never yet, in speaking with her, alluded to the growth of his intimacy with the farmer's family. With this feeling in her mind, she resolved to write out the words about Veronica's marriage, stating that she copied them from Hugh's letter, and to lay the paper on the table, so that the vicar could not fail to see it when he should come in. Just as she had finished her task he returned.

"You up still, Maud!" said he. "Why did you not go to bed?" He spoke with a sharp, querulous tone, very unusual with him when addressing his ward, and made no allusion as to where he had been. Maud was glad that she had written what the vicar had to learn. She slipped the paper into his hand, kissed his forehead, and ran quickly up to bed.

The next morning the vicar was as bland as usual, perhaps a trifle more bland than he had been for a long time. He asked Maud how she had passed the evening at Mr. Plew's, and seemed quite amused by her account of Mrs. Plew's anxiety that her son should marry.

"That little Miss Turtle, hey? Ha, ha, ha! How absurd it seems to look upon Plew in the light of an object of hopeless attachment! There is an incongruity about it that is deliciously ridiculous."

"I think," said Maud, rather gravely, "that Mr. Plew well deserves to be loved. He is very kind and unselfish."

"Oh yes, child. That of course. That is all very true. There is a great deal of home-spun, simple goodness of heart about poor Plew. But that does not prevent his being extremely comic when considered in a romantic point of view. But you're a wee bit matter-of-fact, Maudie. You don't quite perceive the humor of the thing. Which of our modern writers is it who observes that women very rarely *have* a sense of humor? Well, why in the world don't Plew marry little Miss Turtle? Upon my word I should say it would do admirably!"

"I'm afraid—I think that Mr. Plew is not in love with Miss Turtle, Uncle Charles."

"My *dear* Maudie! How *can* you be so intensely—what shall I say?—solemn? The idea of a 'grande passion' between a Plew and a Turtle is too funny!"

"I think, Uncle Charles," said Maud, resolutely, and not without a thrill of indignation in her voice, "I do believe that, absurd as it may seem, Mr. Plew *has* felt a true and great passion; that he feels it still; and that he will never overcome it as long as he lives."

For one brief instant the vicar's face was clouded over by a deep, dark frown—a frown not so much of anger as of pain. But almost immediately he laughed it off, stroking Maud's bright hair as he had been used to do when she was a child, and saying, "Pooh, pooh, little Maudie! Little soft-hearted, silly Maudie thinks that because *she* has a true lover all the rest of the world must be in love too! Set your mind at rest, little Goldielocks. And—go whenever you can to that poor old woman. It will be but charitable. Don't think of *me*. I have occupations, and duties, and—besides, I must learn to do without your constant companionship, Maudie. I can not have you always with me. Don't mope here on *my* account, my dear child. And to visit the sick and aged is an act, positively, of Christian duty."

Again Maud had the painful perception of something hollow in all this; and the sense of being ashamed of the perception. The suspicion would force itself on her mind that the vicar purposely shut his eyes to the truth of what she had said of Mr. Plew; and, moreover, that in urging her not to stay at home on his account, her guardian was providing against her being a check on his full liberty to pass his own time how and with whom he pleased. Mr. Levincourt said no word about the contents of the written paper Maud had given him. And at the close of the above-recorded conversation he rose and took his hat, as though about to go out according to his custom after breakfast.

"Uncle Charles!" cried Maud, in a low, pleading voice, "you have not said any thing—did you read the paper I gave you last night?"

"Yes, oh yes, I read it, thank you, my dear child. I—I was not wholly unprepared to hear that the marriage would take place so soon. In—my daughter's letter to me—she said—justly enough—that there was no real reason for a very long delay."

Then the vicar sauntered out of the house, and down the long gravel-walk, with as unconcerned an air as he could assume.

"He seems not to care," thought Maud, with sorrowful wonder. "He seems to care so much less than he did about every thing."

"Master *was* at Meggitt's last night, Miss Maudie," said Joanna, as she cleared away the breakfast things. This was not her usual task. Catherine, the younger maid, habitually performed it; and, indeed, Joanna very seldom now left her own domain of the kitchen. But it seemed that on this occasion she had come up stairs purposely to say those words to Maud. "Yes, he *were*," she repeated, doggedly, provoked at Maud's silence, and changing the form of her affirmation as though she conceived emphasis to be in an inverse ratio to grammar.

"Well, Joanna?"

"Oh, very well, of course, Miss Maudie! It's all right enough, I dare say. Bless your sweet face!" added the old woman, with sudden compunction at her own ill-humor, "I'm pleased and thankful as you'll have a good husband to take care of you, and a house of your own to go to, my dearie. It was real pretty of you to tell old Joanna all about it when you came back. 'Tis the best bit of news I've heard this many a long day."

Catherine coming into the room at this juncture (much surprised to see herself forestalled in her duty), began with youthful indiscretion to announce that she had just seen Mrs. Meggitt at the "general shop;" and that Mrs. Meggitt was as high and saucy as high and saucy could be; and that folks did say— She was, at this point, ignominiously cut short by Joanna, who demanded sternly what she meant by gossiping open-mouthed before her betters. She was further informed that some excuse might be made for her ignorance, as not having had the advantage of having lived with "county families!" not but what she might have picked up a little manners, serving as she did a real gentleman like the vicar, and a real, right-down, thorough-bred lady like Miss Maudie! And was finally sent down stairs, somewhat indignant and very much astonished.

Maud was pained and puzzled by all this. And her mind dwelt more and more on the change she observed in her guardian. There was only one person (always saving and excepting Hugh. But then Hugh was far away. And, besides, her great endeavor was to make her letters to him cheerful, and not to add to his cares)—there was but one to whom she could venture to hint at this source of trouble.

The friend in whom she could unhesitatingly confide was Mrs. Sheardown; and Maud longed for an opportunity of talking with her. But here, again, things had become different during her more than twelve months' absence from Shipley. The vicar had withdrawn himself from the Sheardowns, as he had withdrawn himself from other friends and acquaintances. The captain and his wife still came to St. Gildas, but Joanna said it was nearly three months since they had set foot within the vicarage; and the master never went to Lowater. Maud had seen her kind friends at church. They had greeted her on leaving St. Gildas with all their old warmth of affection; and Mrs. Sheardown had said some word about her coming to Lowater so soon as the vicar could spare her. But they had not been to the vicarage, nor had Maud thought it right to offer to leave her guardian alone so soon after her return. Now, however, she yearned so much for the sweetness of Nelly Sheardown's womanly sympathy, and the support of Nelly Sheardown's womanly sense, that she sent off a note to Lowater House, asking what day she might go over there, as she longed to see and speak with its dear master and mistress. A reply came back as quickly as it was possible for it to come. This was the answer:

"DARLING MAUD,—How sweet of you not to mistrust us! We have not been to see you, dear girl, but the wherefores (various) must be explained when we meet. Come on Saturday and sleep. We will bring you back when we drive in to church the next day, if it needs must be so. Tom and Bobby send you their best (Bobby amends my phrase. He insists on *very* best) love. Present our regards to the vicar.

"Ever, dear Maud,

"Your loving friend, N. S."

This was on Monday. Maud easily obtained the vicar's permission to accept Mrs. Sheardown's invitation.

"Oh, certainly," he said. "Go by all means. It would be hard to expect you to give up your friends and share the loneliness of my life."

The fact was that the vicar's life was not lonely. Maud, as she thought of the companions he chose, and the society he had voluntarily abandoned, felt that a lonely life would have been better for her guardian than that which he led. However, she looked forward eagerly to her visit to Lowater.

But before the appointed Saturday arrived an event happened which put every thing else out of Maud's mind for a while. She had been out one morning, visiting some poor sick people in the village, and her way homeward lying in the neighborhood of Mrs. Plew's cottage, she had called there, to have a chat with the old lady. It was rather later than she had intended when she left Mrs. Plew's; and she hastened home, fearing to be late for the two o'clock dinner. When she reached the vicarage, the house door stood ajar. That was no new thing. Maud entered quietly and looked into the dining-room. There was no one there, nor in the parlor. Her guardian had not yet come in, then. The house was very silent. She called Joanna. No one answered, and there was no sound of voices in the kitchen. Maud ran down stairs, and found the kitchen empty; but through the lattice window she saw Joanna, Catherine, and Joe Dowsett, the groom, apparently in eager conversation. They were standing beside the stable door at some distance from the house.

"Joanna," called Maud. "Is it not dinner time? Where is Mr. Levincourt?"

"Lord a mercy, there's Miss Maudie!" cried Joanna, as excitedly as though the young girl's apparition was of the most unexpected and tremendous nature. Then she hobbled quickly up to the kitchen door, where Maud stood, followed by Catherine.

"Is any thing the matter?" asked Maud.

"Not a bit on it, Miss Maudie. Don't ye be flustered. Only the master's not coming home to dinner. He's gone to Shipley Magna."

"To Shipley Magna!"

"Yes: here's Joe Dowsett as 'll tell you all about it. Joe, Joe, come here! And who do you think, Miss Maudie, my dear, is at the Crown Inn there?"

"At the Crown Inn? What do you mean?"

"Why, Miss Veronica! At least Miss Veronica as was. And her new husband."

RECEPTION OF A BENEDICTINE MONK.

ON page 220 we give an illustration of the ceremony of the reception of a new member into the Benedictine Order at Rome. This ceremony was performed on New Year's Day, in the sumptuously-decorated new Church of St. Paul Without the Walls, built in the desert Campagna, two or three miles from the nearest houses of the city, on the road called the Appian Way, by which the Apostle PAUL traveled to Rome after his landing at the mouth of the Tiber. The novice about to be initiated was a young man from America, whose name is not generally known. The most remarkable feature of the ceremonial is that which is shown in the engraving. The newly-made monk lay down upon the floor (a mosaic pavement), which was spread with a piece of black velvet in this place, and he was then completely covered with a pall of black silk held by two boys. This is designed for an emblematic representation of his act of self-surrender in dying to the world. After the performance of the mass, he was desired by the officiating priest to arise from the state of death, and to enter a state of new spiritual life; upon which the black pall was removed.

FONT OF HOLY-WATER IN ST. PETER'S.

ON entering the nave of St. Peter's, the first things which strike the visitor's attention are the two fonts of holy-water, shown in our illustration on page 220. The cherubs, of white marble, by which these fonts are guarded, are each about the size of a full-grown man; but the great size of the surrounding architecture makes them seem small. They are beautiful works of sculpture. The drapery around them is partly of white and partly of black marble. The gigantic shell which holds the water is of a rich deep yellow or orange marble. The cherubs, while holding this shell, seem to be presenting it with an action as if of desire that all would come and partake of the water. There is a font of similar design and sculpture on each side of the nave, near the entrance doors. Each font is placed between two of the great pilasters, and the drapery of the figures is spread out over the mouldings of the bases of those pilasters. Many interesting groups of people are seen at these fonts, dipping their hands into the water and crossing themselves, as they enter the church, with their faces to the high altar. Some may be seen on their knees, at prayer. Children are often held up to dip their hands into the water; but sometimes their mothers give them a little of it in their hands, with which to perform the ceremony of crossing themselves.

THE WORK OF THE HEART.

PROFESSOR HAUGHTON has recently calculated the total daily work performed by the human heart. He starts with the following postulates, which the physiologists will readily grant: 1. That three ounces of blood are driven from each ventricle at each stroke of the heart. 2. That the hydrostatical pressure on the left ventricle and aorta, against which the blood is forced out, amounts to a column of blood 9923 feet in vertical height. 3. That the muscular force of the left ventricle, in contracting, bears to that of the right ventricle the ratio of 13 to 5. His calculations show that the daily work done by the left ventricle is 89.706 foot-tons, while that done by the right ventricle is 34.502 foot-tons, so that the total daily work of the heart is equivalent to a force lifting more than 124 tons through one foot of verticle height. The following illustrations will enable our readers to appreciate this enormous force more fully: 1. Three old women, sitting beside the fire, alternately spinning and sleeping, do more work by the constant beating of their hearts than can be done in a day by the strongest "navvy." 2. No labor is regarded as more severe than that of the muscles employed during a boat-race; and yet their labor is only three-fourths of that exercised day and night during life by each of our hearts. 3. Let us suppose that the heart expends its extreme force in lifting its own weight vertically. It is found by calculation that it could raise its own weight 19,754 feet, or nearly four miles, in one hour. An active mountain-climber can lift his own body at the rate of 1000 feet per hour, which is only one-twentieth part of the energy of the heart. When a prize was offered some years ago for the locomotive Alp engine that could lift its own weight through the greatest height in one hour, it was gained by the "Bavaria," which lifted itself (Professor Haughton says "herself," but why a locomotive should be a female we don't know) through 2700 feet in an hour. This result, remarkable as it is, reaches only one-eighth part of the energy of the human heart. Hence, from whatever point of view we regard the human heart, it is entitled to be considered as the most wonderful mechanism with which we are acquainted.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TO SHARPEN THE APPETITE—Swallow a whetstone, or eat a dollar's worth at a New York restaurant.

If you want to get a sure crop and a big yield, sow wild oats.

A printer's devil wanting to kiss his sweet-heart, addressed her as follows: "Miss Lucy, can I have the pleasure of placing my 'imprint' upon your bill?"

A Nevada editor returns thanks to his friends for two Christmas presents—a Bible and a bottle of whisky. He says he has perused the latter with the utmost satisfaction, and feels better.

Did any body ever see a "train of thought" on a railway?

A candidate for medical honors having thrown himself almost into a fever from his incapacity to answer the questions, was asked: "How would you sweat a person for the rheumatism?" He replied: "I would send him here to be examined."

WORLDLY OBLIGATIONS—The dews of the earth.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of the auditors commended. "Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was repeated to the preacher, who resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract. "I will," replied the aggressor. "I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong, for on referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, *I found it there.*"

Elevated railways will be a good field for highway-men.

A little fellow has just begun going to the public schools. His mother, to stimulate him to attention to his lessons, said to him the other day:

"Charley, if you study hard, you may some day become President of the United States, like George Washington. Who knows?"

"Don't talk to *me* about being President!" exclaimed he; "every body's going to be President. When we go to school, the first thing the teacher does she calls the names of all the little boys, and they all say 'President.' I don't want to be President."

THE JOCKEY-CLUB PERFUME—Essence of horse-radish.

Sentence of death was once passed upon a notorious villain by a popular judge, who desired to maintain and extend his popularity. He said: "Mr. Green, you have just been found guilty. Will you have the kindness to stand up, Mr. Green? I really would not trouble you, Mr. Green, but such is the established custom of the court. As I was saying, Mr. Green, you have been found guilty by the jury, Mr. Green, of—of—I believe you called it murder, Mr. Foreman of the jury? yes—murder. You will please take notice, Mr. Green, that it is the jury who find you guilty, not I, Mr. Green. I express no opinion on the subject, but I am compelled by the law—it's a mere formality, so far as I am concerned, Mr. Green—to sentence you to be hanged by the neck till you are dead—dead. At what time would it be agreeable to you to be hanged, Mr. Green?"

A SAVAGE TAR—Tar-tar.

"Well, Patrick, what have you to say about stealing the pig?" "Well, yer Honor, ye see it was jist this: Pig took upon him to sleep in my bit of a garden for three nights, yer Honor, and I jist sayzed him foor the rint!"

CHANGE IN THE MONEY MARKET—Silver.

With regard to articles of merchandise, we find that iron is firm, but India rubber is a little yielding. Chloroform is still a drug in the market, and millstones are difficult to move. Oysters yesterday were opened quietly, and ultimately went down still lower. Lead is rather heavy, but tin is eagerly sought for. A prospectus has been issued of a new Aquarium Company, but the tendency is to throw cold water upon it. The Tobacco Loan still remains popular, borrowers of cigars being easily found.

COURTSHIP.

Clara, I love but thee alone
(Thus sighed the tender youth):
Oh, hear me, then, my passion own,
With trembling lips, in earnest tone:
Indeed I speak the truth.

He paused—the blush o'erspread her cheek,
She let him draw her near;
Scarce for emotion could she speak,
Yet still she asks in accents meek,
How much he had a year!

Where would you look for a coarse race of men?—On a race course.

A Boston writer, in alluding to the musical taste of the Hub, says: "Our ears have been cultivated until they overshadow our other organs."

THE MISER'S DISEASE—Money-mania.

A soldier was wounded by a shell from Fort Wagner. He was going to the rear. "Wounded by a shell?" some one asked. "Yes," he coolly answered: "I was right under the darned thing when the bottom dropped out."

A WOMAN OF METAL—A belle.

Philosophers say that closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many eyes that close in our churches on Sundays.

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INITIATION OF A BENEDICTINE MONK.—[SEE PAGE 219.]

HOLY-WATER FONT IN SAINT PETER'S CATHEDRAL, ROME.—[SEE PAGE 219.]

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THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

THE MORDAUNT SCANDAL.

THIS painful domestic scandal, which for some weeks past has filled the English newspapers, derives its principal interest from the fact that it involved the character of a Prince of the Blood and several persons of high rank. The details of the trial, as given in the English press, are so grossly indecent that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, after publishing the whole, makes a humble confession of its crime against society and morals, but endeavors to excuse its course on the ground that but for the "dread of public scandal—that potent dread—it is by no means improbable that in a few years what Lady MORDAUNT is said to have alleged in excuse would really have truth and validity: these crimes would only be what 'every body' permitted themselves to enjoy in gay society now and then. Lord PENZANCE himself seems to have hinted some such opinion, and it is one which we certainly hold." For it is no doubt true, adds the *Gazette*, "that for offenses such as are implied in this trial, especially when they are committed among rich great people, or what is called 'society,' publicity is the direst punishment, and the surest warning and safeguard." This is not a very flattering picture of the condition of English society.

Without going into these details, the main facts of the case are as follows: In 1866 Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT married a daughter of Sir THOMAS MONCREIFFE. The marriage proved an unhappy one; and several months ago Sir CHARLES commenced a suit for divorce, charging his wife with criminal familiarity with the Prince of Wales, Viscount COLE, and Sir FREDERICK JOHNSTONE. The defense was, that Lady MORDAUNT was insane, and unable to instruct her attorneys; and her mental condition was the issue before the court. It was given to the jury after a long and painful trial, and the verdict was that the lady was insane. The question of her guilt was not touched, and the jury were instructed that their finding in the present issue need not affect the main question of Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT proceeding with his suit for a divorce. If the lady was out of her mind now, and in the course of one, two, three, four, or five years she regained her reason, Sir CHARLES would have as good a right to sue for a divorce as if his wife had remained sane.

The great sensation of the trial was the appearance of the Prince of Wales in the witness-box, to answer the serious charges made against him. In the most solemn manner he asserted his innocence of all complicity in this miserable business; and his exculpation was received with great satisfaction by the English public. It is said that his mother wrote him a most affectionate letter of congratulation immediately after his examination, and invited him to call upon her with the Princess.

LADY MORDAUNT.

In connection with this outline of the most painful scandal that has occupied the English courts for many years, we give a portrait of the Prince of Wales as he appeared in the witness-box, and one of Lady MORDAUNT. We also give an illustration of Walton Hall, Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT'S seat in Warwickshire. Walton Hall is a large, spacious building, designed by the celebrated architect Mr. GILBERT SCOTT, and constructed at a cost of £60,000. The Hall is beautifully situated; the grounds are splendid and well kept; and the surrounding neighborhood is exceedingly picturesque.

GOING ALOFT.

[See Illustration on Page 217.]

ONE evening a party of old ship-masters met at a social supper. After the cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate freely, some of the older captains commenced spinning yarns about their own adventures at sea. Among the number was Captain Sutter, as fine a man and good a sailor as ever trod a deck. It was observed that he drank nothing but water; and when it became his turn to entertain the company with a story, he began as follows:

Well, shipmates, to show you why I don't and can't drink with you, so that you won't take my refusal as a mark of coldness or disrespect, I will give you a chapter from the story of my early sailor life. It is a very important chapter, too; for on the incident I am about to relate the whole of my subsequent manhood was built.

I was very young when I first went to sea, and at the age of fourteen I considered myself quite a sailor. When I was eighteen I was shipped on board an East Indiaman for a long voyage. There were six of us on board of about the same age, and we had about the same duties to perform. The ship—the old *Lady Dunlop*—was a large one, and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two, all told. We "boys," as we were called, messed together, and in all other respects were separate from the rest of the crew, just as much as the officers were. Our captain was a noble-hearted, honorable man, kind and generous, but yet very strict.

Now we boys had learned, in the course of our travels, to drink our grog as well as any sailors. When we could get on shore we would invariably indulge in our cups, and not unfrequently would we come off in a state any thing but sober. I said "we," but there was one of our number who could not be induced to touch a drop of any thing intoxicating. His name was John Small.

Now Jack Small not only refrained entirely from drinking himself, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave that job up, however; for we made such sport of him that he was glad to let us alone. But our captain had sharp eyes, and it was not long before he began to show Jack favors which he did not show to us. He would often take him on shore with him to spend the night, and such things as that, while we were kept on board the ship. That wasn't all. He learned faster than we did—he was a better sailor and had learned more of navigation. It got so at length that Jack was called upon to take the deck sometimes, when the officers were busy; and he used to work out the reckoning at noon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant eyesore. We saw that he was reaching rapidly ahead of us in every useful particular, and yet we wouldn't

WALTON HALL, THE SEAT OF SIR CHARLES MORDAUNT.

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open our eyes. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to tease him. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and at others he would so feelingly chide us that we would remain silent for a while.

At length the idea entered our heads that Jack should drink with us. We talked the matter over in the mess, when Jack was absent, and we mutually pledged each other that we would make him drink at the first opportunity. After this determination was taken we treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he had been for some time. We were on our homeward-bound passage, by the way of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, where we were to remain a week or so. One pleasant morning we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and accordingly we rigged up in our best togs and were carried to the landing.

Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it should be done. Jack's very first desire, as soon as he got on shore, was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches and such like places, and to please him we agreed to go with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed to this at once, and we thought we had him sure. We planned that after dinner was eaten we would have some light, sweet wine brought on, and that we would contrive to get rum enough into what he drank to upset him; for nothing on earth would please us more than to get Jack drunk, and carry him on board in that condition. Then we fancied the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with more preference than upon ourselves.

Dinner-time came at length. It was a capital dinner, and we came to it with sharpened appetites. But when the wine was brought in, Jack not only refused to taste it, but declined to remain in our company. We cried out against him as a mean, stingy fellow, who thought himself too good to associate with us, and accused him, at last, of trying to step over our heads on the ship, and all the unpleasant things we could think of to make the poor fellow unhappy. At first he seemed to be inclined to leave us and return to the ship alone; but suddenly, in a quiet tone, he said, "Shipmates, listen to me a moment. Since matters have come to this pass I have resolved to tell you something which I never meant to reveal. My story is short. From my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good man and a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood and made a brute of him. I can remember how cold and cheerless the winter used to be. We had no fire—no food—no clothes—no joy—no nothing—nothing but misery. Oh! how my mother prayed to God for her husband; and I, who could but just prattle, learned to pray too.

"When I grew older I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering I waded through the deep snow, with my clothes in tatters and my freezing feet almost bare. And I saw other children of my own age dressed warm and comfortable, and I knew they were happy, for they laughed and sang as they bounded along toward school. Those boys had sober fathers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once; for my mother had told me how noble my father could be if rum were not in his way.

"Time passed on and I was eight years old, and those eight years had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God I may never again experience. At length, one cold morning, in the dead of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home through the night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it, and turned the head over and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father, and he was stiff and cold! I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead!

"I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body of my father home. Oh, shipmates, I can not tell you how my poor mother wept and groaned. She sank down upon her knees and clasped that icy corpse to her heart, as though she would have given it life from the warmth of her own breast. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all-powerful now. The two men went away and left the dead body still on the floor. My mother whispered to me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. 'My child,' she said to me, and the big tears were yet rolling down her cheeks, 'you know what has caused all this. This man was once as noble and happy and true as man can be, but oh! see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, my child, oh! promise, here, before God and your dead father, and your broken-hearted mother, that you will never, never, never touch a single drop of the fatal poison that has wrought for us all this misery!'

"Shipmates, I did promise all my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has never been broken. My father was buried, and some good kind neighbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring come I could work, and I earned something for my mother. At length I found a chance to ship; and every time I go home I have some money for my mother. Not for the wealth of the whole world would I break the pledge I gave my mother and my God on that dark, cold morning. That is all, shipmates. Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone, for I do not believe that you will again urge me to drink."

As Jack thus spoke he turned toward the door, but one of us stopped him.

"Hold on, Jack," said he, wiping his eyes. "You sha'n't go alone. I have got a mother, and I love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be happier than mine; for I swear that she shall never have a drunken son. I'll drink no more!"

"Give me your hand, old fellow!" exclaimed the rest of us in chorus, starting from our seats; and before many minutes we all agreed to imitate Jack's noble resolution. We called for pen, ink, and paper, and made Jack draw up a pledge. He signed it first and we followed him, and when the deed was done I know we were far happier than we had been before for years. The wine upon the table was not touched, and the liquor we had drank during the forenoon was now all gone in its effect.

Toward evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown upon the captain's brow as we came over the side, for he had never known us to come off from a day's liberty sober. But when we all come over the side and reported ourselves to him his countenance lighted up. He could hardly give credit to the evidence of his own senses.

"Boys," said he, "what does this mean?"

"Show him the paper," whispered I.

Jack had our pledge, and without speaking he handed it to the captain. He took it and read it, and his face changed its expression several times. At length I saw a tear start to his eye.

"Boys," he said, as he folded up the paper, "let me keep this, and if you stick to your noble resolution you shall never want a friend while I live."

We let the captain keep the paper, and when he had put it in his pocket he came and took us each in turn by the hand. He was much affected, and I knew that the circumstance made him happy. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no more had our envy; for he took hold and taught us in navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we all six rated as able seamen, and received full wages, and we left not that noble-hearted captain until we left to become officers on board other ships.

Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world, and I believe that the rest of our party are still living, honored and respected men. Three years ago we all met, the whole six of us, at dinner again, and not one of us had broken that pledge which we made in the hotel at Rio. We had all stuck to the sea, and were then commanders of good ships.

That is my story; and now you know why I can't drink with you, and, as I said at first, will not take my refusal as a mark of disrespect or want of good-fellowship.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

"ONE word, Sir, with regard to the manner in which the minority report got into the secular press. When the minority had presented their report, and it had been rejected, they held a meeting and concluded not to throw their report before the public through the secular press, but through the first occurring Annual Conference. Next morning, Sir, I got up, came out of my room into the study of Mr. DANIEL DREW, with whom I lodged, and he handed me the New York *Tribune*, saying: 'Here is the report of the majority of the Committee.' I thought it was no time, Sir, to mince matters when the majority could not wait even for the official paper, and I sent word to Brother VERNON, the Secretary, who had the minority report, that he should give it at once to the secular press. 'Will *you* take the responsibility?' said the person to whom I spoke. I answered: 'Yes, Sir; these gentlemen are in hot haste to employ the secular press against the minority, and they shall have their fill of it.' If there is any thing wrong, then, in the minority report being published in the secular press, just put it on my head; I can stand it. Never in my life, Sir, did I stop to ask: 'What is popular?' I ask, 'What is right?' and when I see the right I will do it, though the heavens fall. So have I acted in this matter, and so I shall continue to act, in the firm conviction that the Church will demand that these wrongs be righted.

"I found myself compelled, Mr. Chairman, to be in New York in the month of February, against my judgment, to renew an investigation over which two weeks had been spent last November, at large expense to the Church and great inconvenience to the work. I was there representing an Episcopal district stretching from the Delaware line to the coast of Florida, and bound to maintain the rights of that district. Two members of that Committee, with myself, representing Episcopal districts, thought it our *conscientious duty* to reiterate in February what we had said in November, and not to *stultify ourselves before the Church and the American people.*

"The Book Committee required Dr. LANAHAN to make his communications in writing; and although Dr. LANAHAN complied, the Senior Agent, Dr. CARLTON, although required to do the same, never furnished an item, but, when the overwhelming statement of Dr. LANAHAN was read, got up and said he had no written statement, and could not refute the statement of his colleague. The truth is, he was overwhelmed, as were the members of the Committee, by the startling facts presented and the evidence sustaining them.

"Now, Sir, what do we see? The editor of an official paper throwing his iron flail at one of the publishers of the paper, and attempting to put down the minority of the Committee, who honestly spoke their sentiments to the Church. It is about time that the editors were taught that they are not the *proprietors* of the several Conference papers, but simply the servants of the Church. They are subject, as you know, Sir, to the authority of the same Book Committee, who, in the absence of the General Conference, have the power to suspend them.

"It is represented to the country that the Book Committee accepted the report of the minority, which is contrary to the truth; for they rejected it by a vote of 8 to 4, and afterward, when they proposed to reconsider it, I just reached my hand to the Secretary's table and put it in my breast-pocket. Finding they were in a trap, 'Mr. Chairman,' says one, 'I move a reconsideration of the vote, in order to have the document sealed up with the rest of the papers and sent forward to the General Conference.' I saw then that they wanted to get by the day of judgment, and, after they had shown their hands, I got up and said: 'Mr. Chairman, I hardly think it worth while for brethren to spend their time in reconsidering what is not before them. You had a paper before you, but you kicked it out; and now I give you notice that you will meet it at the Annual Conferences.' One member said, 'I am surprised that my venerable friend should clutch a paper that belongs to the Committee;' to which I replied, 'Where I am known I am not supposed to clutch any thing that does not belong to me.'

"I had tried, Sir, in every possible way, to get in the minority report, and said: 'You will certainly, as Christian gentlemen, extend the same courtesy to us that the Supreme Court extended to a minority of that body.' But I had just as well whistled to a whirlwind or talked to a tornado. The minority were treated in this unfair manner all through the examination; but, as I had gone there against my wishes, I determined to stay and see the end, regardless of the wrongs I witnessed. And now, Sir, I do not hesitate to say that if you fail to put the mark of this Conference upon the proceedings in this case, and upon the editors of this paper (the *Christian Advocate*), no man who goes hereafter to that Book Concern from this Episcopal district will dare to unearth any amount of defalcation that may occur, though it be as black as night. If you do not intend to stand by a Conference member in this affair, you need not expect that any man will have back-bone enough in the responsible position of Book Agent to reveal any amount of wickedness and wrong that may come to his knowledge.

"Why, Sir, after the adoption of this majority report, this Committee did solemnly, upon the motion of one of its members, adopt a resolution by the same vote that passed this majority report, declaring that hereafter no investigation should be permitted which extended beyond December 1, 1869; so that what they did see they glossed over, and what they did not see they covered up. What does such action mean?"

Question by Rev. B. P. BROWN: "Was there a single member of the Committee representing the minority placed upon the sub-committee to draft this report to the Annual Conferences?"

Answer: "Not one; nor on the Committee to draft the report to General Conference either. The minority were treated as if they had no rights in the Committee. When the LAWYER was brought in, Brother PIKE, of New Hampshire Conference, and myself, entered a written protest against his coming; but it amounted to nothing. Some of the Committee seemed more anxious to get the Assistant Agent out of the way by suspending him than they were to investigate the facts which he laid before them. I hope never to witness the repetition of the scenes enacted in that Committee."—*Extract from a Speech made by Rev. H. Slicer, D.D., before the Baltimore Conference, Tuesday, March* 8.

TAKING A WIFE ON LEASE.

A YOUNG and sprightly widow once appeared at a Bath masquerade with a paper pinned to her bosom bearing these lines:

To be let on lease for the term of my life,
I, Sylvia J——, in the shape of a wife:
I am young, though not handsome, good-natured, though thin—
For further particulars pray inquire within.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1788, the taking a lady on lease is treated as a sober reality; a Birmingham correspondent of Mr. Urban's writing: "Since my residing in this town, I have often heard there is a method of obtaining a wife's sister upon lease. I never could learn the method to be taken to get a wife upon lease, or whether such connections are sanctioned by law. But there is an eminent manufacturer in the vicinity of this town who had his deceased wife's sister upon lease for ninety years and upward; and I know she went by his name, enjoyed all the privileges, and received all the honors due to the respectable name of wife." Birmingham would appear to have a specialty for extraordinary contracts of this nature. In 1853, a woman who accused her husband of assaulting her, in giving evidence before the magistrates of that town, said she was not living with the offender, because he was leased to another woman. For the satisfaction of the bench the agreement was produced; it ran thus: "Memorandum of Agreement made and entered into this second day of October, in the year of our Lord 1852, between William Charles Capas, of Charles-Henry Street, in the borough of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, carpenter, of the one part, and Emily Hickson, of Hurst Street, Birmingham, aforesaid, spinster, of the other part. Whereas the said William Charles Capas and Emily Hickson have mutually agreed with each other to live and reside together, and to mutually assist in supporting and maintaining each other during the remainder of their lives, and also to sign the agreement hereinafter contained to that effect. Now, therefore, it is hereby mutually agreed upon, by and between the said William Charles Capas and Emily Hickson, that they shall live and reside together during the remainder of their lives, and that they shall mutually exert themselves by work and labor, and by following all their business pursuits to the best of their abilities, skill, and understanding, and by advising and assisting each other, for their mutual benefit and advantage, and also to provide for themselves and each other the best supports and comforts of life which their means and income may afford. And for the true and faithful performance of this agreement, each of the said parties bindeth himself and herself unto the other finally by this agreement, as witness the hands of the said parties, this day and year above written." For this precious document five-and-thirty shillings had been paid to some unscrupulous limb of the law. It may be hoped it is unique; but one must allow the agreement, so far as it goes, is a fair one, and is just such a deed as may be expected to be drawn up between man and wife in the happy coming time when the clamorous preachers of the equality of both sexes of man shall have altered the laws affecting matrimony to the utmost of their desires, and established connubiality upon a proper commercial basis.

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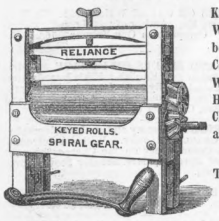

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Pat.
Biddy, me Darlin,
Come, lave that hash,
And gird upon me
Me sword and sash!
Me noble war-horse
Neighs at the door;
(Sure, 'twas a car-horse
The day before!)

Biddy.
Och, sure, you'll luk splinded
In all thim things!
Sure, you're descinded
From tin Irish kings!

Pat.
Hurry, me Darlin!
Sure, be the powers,
One day in the year, at laste,
New York is ours;
We'll block the streets,
Kape the cars back,
And all we meets
Must clear the track.

Och, sure, whin the Irish
Has all their own way,
'Twull be still better
Nor 'tis to-day;
We'll have no policemen
To make us quail,
No more o' thim schools,
And divil a jail.
We'll let 'em see,
Be all the powers,
What New York 'll be
The day it is ours!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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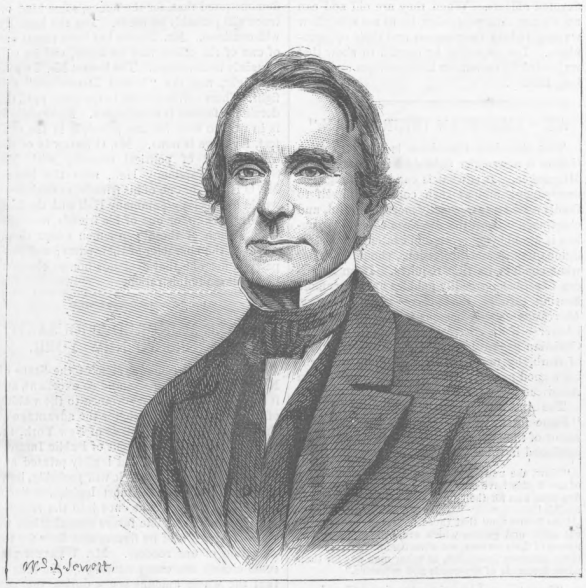

BISHOP THOMPSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MRS. C. C. GOSS.]

MR. W. W. CORNELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

BISHOP THOMPSON.

DR. EDWARD THOMPSON, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose portrait is given on this page, died March 22, at Wheeling, Virginia. Doctor THOMPSON was born near Portsmouth, England, in 1810. His parents belonged to the wealthier middle class, and the circumstances of his family secured him the advantages of an early education. While he was still very young, his father emigrated to this country, and settled at Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio. He received the best mental training the schools of the new country could afford, and ranked as an excellent Latinist. He studied medicine at Philadelphia, and commenced practice in the village where his parents resided. At this time he was a skeptic in religion, and with several other young men of similar convictions he formed an Infidel Club, to meet weekly and to seriously read and refute the Bible. The experiment resulted in THOMPSON'S conviction of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and resulted in his embracing the faith which he had rejected. He entered the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1833, at the age of twenty-three, began work as a minister in what was then the Ohio Conference. From this time forward he was closely identified with the history of the Methodist Church in this country. In 1845 he was elected first President of the newly-founded Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, the first Methodist College in the State. He remained there fifteen years, bringing the institution to the leading position it now holds in the education of the West. In 1860 he succeeded Dr. ABEL STEVENS, the accomplished Church historian, in the editorship of *The Christian Advocate*, in New York. The General Conference of 1864 elected Dr. THOMPSON to the Episcopacy. He had been a member of every General Conference since 1840, and received the doctorate of divinity from Augusta College, Kentucky, in 1844, and that of laws from the Wesleyan University, Connecticut, in 1855. No man ever elected to the Methodist Episcopacy brought to his place a higher reputation either for learning or eloquence. His first work in this position was a voyage around the world on a visit to the Methodist missions in Germany, Bulgaria, India, and China. On his return he passed in review the work of the Church in California, Oregon, and the new Territories. The published volumes of Dr. THOMPSON are four, viz.: "Educational Essays," "Moral and Religious Essays," "Biographical and Incidental Sketches," and "Letters from Europe."

MR. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

MR. W. W. CORNELL.

THIS gentleman, a "self-made man," and well known and esteemed for his Christian liberality and influence, died at Fort Washington, on the 17th of March, at the age of forty-seven. He was born on Long Island, January 1, 1823, and came to New York city when only twelve years old. His first employment here was as a blacksmith's apprentice. Fortunately for his future welfare his master was a religious man, and took him to the Jane Street Sunday-school, where he became a convert and joined the church with which the school was connected, of which in after-life he became the Superintendent. When still quite young, he established, with his brother, the iron-foundry in Centre Street which bears his name. With his increase of wealth his liberality kept pace; and he regularly bestowed a certain portion of his annual income in religious charities. He was also especially known to be the friend of struggling poor young men, remembering that he was like them once. His connection with the Sunday-school and Missionary Society of this city is well known to most of our readers, as its President and liberal benefactor. Ten years ago he joined the Fourth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and gave a large sum of money to its Sunday-school, of which he was Superintendent until a year ago, when he resigned the office. His liberality was bounded only by the limits of his means. On one occasion he purchased a lot, built a neat brick church in West Thirty-fifth Street, near Ninth Avenue, and on the day of dedication handed the deeds of the whole to the trustees. Another time he presented $2000 to the East Eleventh Street Church; and most of the benevolent enterprises of the Methodist Episcopal Church have received material aid from him. Mr. CORNELL'S income amounted to about $215,000 a year. He had a fine house, No. 41 Grove Street, and his residence at Fort Washington, which he recently purchased.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

WE give on this page the portrait of the late GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, whose death, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, was mentioned in our issue of last week. A descendant of one of the old Dutch families that originally settled Manhattan Island, he was born in New York city in August, 1786. He graduated from Columbia College in 1801, studied law, and, after being admitted to practice, passed several years in Europe. On his return to this country he was elected to the State Legislature, and took active

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part in the exciting political discussions of the time. His satirical pamphlets, directed against DE WITT CLINTON and his friends, attracted general attention. He was again a member of the State Legislature in 1820. In the following year he was elected to the chair of the "Evidences of Christianity" in the General Protestant Episcopal Seminary of this city. Soon after he published essays on the "Nature and Uses of the various Evidences of Revealed Religion," and in 1825 a work on the "Doctrine of Contracts." The same year he was elected a Member of Congress, and held that position eight years. He was an earnest advocate of the extension of the term of copyright from twenty-eight to forty-two years—a measure which was passed in 1831. His most important literary work was his large edition of SHAKSPEARE, the first volume of which appeared in 1844, and the last in 1847. After the close of his Congressional career Mr. VERPLANCK held several important offices of trust in this State. He was President of the Board of Emigration Commissioners from the time of its organization in 1847, and one of the Governors of the New York Hospital. The Century Club of this city counted him among its founders and most efficient supporters. His last public appearance was on the 4th of July, 1868, when he delivered the oration on the dedication of the new Tammany Hall in Fourteenth Street. A decided and earnest Democrat, Mr. VERPLANCK never descended to the arts of the small politician. He never sought office; and, when office was conferred upon him, it was always done in view of his acknowledged ability and unquestioned integrity. A genuine Knickerbocker—a gentleman in the true sense of that much-abused word—his memory will be pleasantly cherished by all with whom he came in personal contact.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870.

THE NEW FACE OF AN OLD PARTY.

IT is sometimes asked why, of all the religious sects in this country, the Roman Catholics excite the most hostility, and are oftenest most severely denounced. Have they not, it is asked, exactly the same rights as all other sects? Certainly they have; but the difficulty is that the Roman clergymen are not satisfied. They are determined to be a political party also. Indeed, not only have all the sects equal rights before the law, but the uniform tone of the press—except, of course, the religious press, which naturally advocates its various theological views—is one of equal respect for all communions. Neither the Methodists, nor the Baptists, nor the Presbyterians, nor the Unitarians, nor the Episcopalians, nor the Congregationalists, nor the Roman Catholics, nor the Quakers, can justly complain that, as sects, they are not treated with the utmost impartiality and respect in all newspaper discussions. What is called the attack upon the Roman Catholics is properly the attack of the Roman Catholic clergymen upon an integral part of our political system. The government absolutely severs Church from State; and every body in dealing with the State leaves his sectarian views behind him, except the Roman priest. The rest of us are not Presbyterians and Baptists and Methodists when we take part in politics; we are American citizens only. But the Roman priest insists that he and his sect shall be regarded by the State as Romanists. It is the instinctive opposition to that claim which is called the attack upon the Roman Catholics.

The Roman Church, which for so long a time controlled the chief governments in the world, has never relinquished the theory that the ecclesiastical, or what it preferred to call the religious, authority was, necessarily, superior to the temporal. Hence the Pope claimed the right to dethrone kings and release subjects from their allegiance. This was the doctrine and the practice of GREGORY VII. CLEMENT VII. absolved the subjects of HENRY VIII. from their duty, as INNOCENT III. had absolved those of King JOHN. Thus the Roman Catholic leaders have always chosen to be a political party, while they have claimed the immunity of a religious sect. It was this fatal folly that led to the execution of CAMPIAN and the Seminary priests in England under ELIZABETH. The country was full of the emissaries of PHILIP and the Pope, stirring up conspiracy against the Government. It was simply a struggle for life and death. CAMPIAN would not say that he believed the Pope could not absolve the political allegiance of the subject. That was the notorious doctrine of his Church; and, therefore, when some one exclaimed, "In your Catholicism all treason is contained!" he expressed a very general feeling. CAMPIAN declared that he was executed for being a Roman Catholic. The truth is that he was punished for inculcating, at a most critical moment, the doctrine that a Roman Bishop was the political superior of the English Queen—a doctrine which, at the time and under the circumstances, was intolerable.

When the English Roman Catholics sought release from their political disabilities a century ago they repudiated this doctrine, and the "seminaries" upon the Continent also expressly denied it. But the Pope now reasserts it, and unquestionably with great logical force. The clergy of his Church in this country support his position by demanding that one of the fundamental conditions of this government—namely, the total separation of Church and State—shall be abolished. They deny, indeed, that they demand it. Rev. Mr. PRESTON says, in urging a division of the school fund: "The State has nothing to do with religion; it only recognizes the fact that there are so many children who belong to a particular communion, and gives to them their proportion of the fund." But surely Mr. PRESTON sees that when the State does this it recognizes sects, while non-recognition of sects is the very essential point. When the State does what he suggests, it educates the children not as citizens but as Methodists, Baptists, and Romanists. And precisely because experience has taught the people the deplorable consequences of doing this very thing did they prohibit the State from knowing who belonged to one "particular communion" and who to another. The people have imperatively declared that neither pope, cardinal, archbishop, bishop, priest, nor deacon of any sect, nor any person whatever in a sectarian capacity, shall meddle with politics.

Do we therefore deny the right of Roman Catholic priests, as American citizens, to do what they can to persuade the people to change the law, and to permit the State to become sectarian? Not at all. They may and they do argue for it, precisely as we argue against it. But while they are doing this they must not talk about persecution and religious liberty and the rights of conscience. The State says that secular education shall be freely provided for all children. The Roman Catholic priests say that they think secular education is irreligious, and claim to have a certain share of the money raised, or to be released from taxation. The State replies that it is impossible to do that without falling into immeasurable difficulties; but, of course, it does not oppose any kind of religious instruction under private direction; it simply declines to give it. It can not abandon its system of free and unsectarian schools because of a plea that mere secular instruction is irreligious, any more than it can abandon its laws against bigamy, and the taxation that enforces them, because of a plea that there is a sect which holds polygamy to be a part of its religion. The State will interfere with no man's religion, but it will punish bigamy. One class of citizens may raise a point of conscience against the teaching of this branch of knowledge, another against that. But the commonsense of all shows that as all must be educated, and can best be educated at the common expense, the only practicable and just and equal method is to provide an elementary secular education for all, and to leave religious instruction to the direction of parents. This is what the Roman priests as politicians oppose, and insist that not to yield to them is to coerce their conscience! So the old slavery party used to urge that to forbid slavery in the Territories was to deny equal rights and to withstand Christianity. They were mistaken; and the new party will discover that it is mistaken also.

AN UNKIND BLOW.

ECONOMY is a good thing, but gratitude is a better. If there is any class of faithful servants of this country who do their duty well and silently, and do not blow their own trumpets, it is the military and naval officers. Of none are more serious sacrifices required. None, as a rule, are more wretchedly paid. And none bear with more uncomplaining fortitude the blows that are aimed at them. A few weeks since we called attention to the law which forbade retired army officers to be detailed for certain duties for which they were especially qualified—a prohibition which very seriously reduced their incomes, and in announcing which General SHERMAN could not help expressing his sympathy and regret. It was a law which said to not more than a hundred men who had given their lives to the honorable defense of the flag, and who had no other possible resource: "We want to save a few thousand dollars, and you may go to—pasture." There was not one officer unnecessarily straitened and insulted by that law who would not be justified in regretting that he had ever entered the service of the United States.

But, as if this were not enough, the 11th section of General LOGAN'S Army bill, which passed the House under the previous question, strikes this class of officers another blow. This section forbids such officers to accept any civil office, under penalty of vacating their commissions. We are very glad to see that General SHERMAN, in a letter to Mr. WILSON, the Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, protests earnestly against this further outrage. It has been uniformly the custom for such officers to fill certain civil offices, for which their personal disability was no disqualification, and for which their exact habits and training peculiarly fitted them. Nor has their discharge of such duties been discreditable to them or injurious to the country. Indeed, as General SHERMAN says, other countries rather seek out those officers who have been honorably retired, to elevate them to civil posts of profit and honor. The other day it was proposed in Portland to nominate General FESSENDEN, who lost his leg in battle, and is retired, as Mayor. Had this been done, and had General LOGAN'S bill become the law, General FESSENDEN, whose misfortune is the monument of his patriotic service, and who has been disabled and impoverished under the law of which we spoke the other day, must have declined, or have lost his commission.

When such objections were made in the course of the debate upon the Army bill, some Representative said, "If officers don't like the law, let them resign their commissions." We do not like to characterize such a remark as it deserves. It is not the officers only who dislike such a law. The people will not like it when they know it; for it is a harsh and unkind law. Anxious for economy, it is not by paring the lean salaries of a few faithful officers, partially disabled in the service of the country, that the people wish to save money. We have learned in desperate extremity the value of trained and devoted officers. When they are old and can not change their profession, let us not study how we may reduce their means and their opportunities. Let us rather be careful to show that we gratefully remember their services and their long fidelity.

AN "AMERICAN CHURCHMAN."

THE *American Churchman* is the suggestive title of a newspaper published in Chicago and Milwaukee. It is what is called a "religious" newspaper; and as such commends itself to family reading as especially moral, truthful, and charitable. Now, the *American Churchman*, unless it would bring scorn and contempt upon religious names and professions, should consider what conduct its title requires. If an *American Churchman* greedily gobbles up foul rumors floating through the press—if an *American Churchman* eagerly hastens to defame a fellow-laborer—if an *American Churchman* illustrates Christian generosity and charity, and the love of truth, by unclean aspersion upon a neighbor's good name, what dirty work is left for an American layman?

The *American Churchman*, under the head of "Fame for Sale," alludes to a portrait of the editor of the New York *Sun* which was recently published in this paper, and then says:

"Now, the newspapers inform us, the proprietors of the *Weekly* have sued Mr. DANA for an unpaid bill due from him for their publication of his picture and his life!

"So it turns out that those flattering estimates of character and genius which are printed under the names of their owners, are advertisements paid for by the gentlemen interested, as other men pay for their advertisements of dry-goods and groceries."

The story which the *American Churchman* thus adopts, and the conclusions to which it willingly springs, are equally false. And the next time the *American Churchman* sees a suspicious calumny in a newspaper, instead of snatching it up as a delicious morsel for Sunday reading in religious families, suppose it should borrow a little Christianity, and reflect that a story is not necessarily true because it is injurious.

THE MILLENNIUM POSTPONED.

THE comedy of expecting a real reform and purification of the government of the city of New York from the "honest Democracy" is only surpassed by the farce of their total discomfiture. And thus it was. A dozen years ago the police was appointed by the Mayor, and the consequences of the system were so disastrous and menacing that citizens of all parties demanded a new system, and the Metropolitan Police was established. It has been one of the most admirable and efficient bodies for its purpose ever known in the country; and its service in the most perilous moment of the history of the city—the riots of 1863—is a subject of the justest pride. Every good citizen has but to reflect what would have been the situation of affairs at that time under FERNANDO WOOD'S police.

It has been a favorite theory of the party to which we owe those riots that the Metropolitan Police was inconsistent with "local self-government," and they have announced that when they obtained power they would restore to the oppressed city the right of choosing its own police. The party obtained power by fraud, and instantly it appeared that it was divided into two factions—those who "managed matters" and reaped the profits of power, and those who did not but who wished to. The latter made the air resound with ominous cries. They would destroy the Ring; they would wage war to the knife, and so on. They were the "Young Democracy"—the "honest Democracy"—and their organ affected surprise that those who were perfectly familiar with these gentlemen did not take their word that they were very much honester than other people. Politics were to be purified. Elections were to be honest. The city was to govern itself. The police were to be the creation of the voters. Rings were to be broken.

Those who believed the Millennium to be at hand arrayed themselves in robes of expectation and went out upon the house-tops. Those of less faith looked quietly on, heard the vociferations of honesty and reform, saw the suspicious communications between the camps of the factions, and finally beheld, as the method of political purification and annihilation of corruption offered by the "honest Democracy," a proposition that FERNANDO WOOD'S police system should be restored! At that revelation the expectants of the Millennium removed their robes and descended. It was plainly a simple question whether honest Mr. O'BRIEN or honest Mr. SWEENY should control the plunder of the city; and when the issue was made honest Mr. O'BRIEN had the worst of it. For one day his organ was speechless; the next it waved its hat and shouted, "This is indeed victory!" So thought Mr. SWEENY. Both were apparently satisfied. And as the Metropolitan Police, the only security of order in the city, remains, so undoubtedly think all good citizens.

Of course so violent a party tempest will have various consequences. The power of Mr. SWEENY and his friends indeed has been so signally demonstrated that, for the nonce, some kind of truce will probably be made. But the hostility will continue. Mr. TWEED has been thrust out of one of the offices that he holds, and he will certainly be revenged. The honest Mr. TWEED will fight, and the "honest Democracy" will fight. There will be no rest in the party until the dominant faction is overthrown. Meanwhile it is in vain to seek for any principle in the contest, for there is none. Mr. O'BRIEN is of the same school of political morality with Mr. SWEENY. Tammany Hall, with the honest Mr. O'BRIEN, or one of his friends, as chairman, would be precisely Tammany Hall with the honest Mr. TWEED, or one of his friends, as chairman. Both of those gentlemen adapt themselves to the character of their party; and their party is not one that demands honest elections nor a pure administration.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DANGERS TO NEW YORK.

THE common school system of the State of New York is so extensive and so excellent, and it is of such primary importance to the welfare of the State, that we wish, for the advantage of the whole country, as well as of New York, the report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction might be cheaply and legibly printed and universally diffused. As it will probably, however, share the fate of most legislative documents, and disappear at once into the recesses of libraries for possible future consultation, we will rescue a few of its figures and facts for the reflection of our readers. Mr. WEAVER presents clearly the exact situation. He tells us that the whole amount spent during the past year for the support of the educational system, including, besides the expenses of the common schools, the State appropriations for academies, teachers' institutes, normal schools, Indian schools, the Cornell University, the Board of Regents, the current expenses of the Department of Instruction, and the printing account, and excluding the appropriations for charitable institutions with schools, was $10,107,289 35. Of this sum $6,092,180 59 were spent for teachers' wages, and $2,455,453 01 for schoolhouses, sites, furniture, repairs, etc.

Mr. WEAVER further tells us that the whole number of persons in the State between five and twenty-one years of age is 1,463,299, and the whole number of these who have attended the public and private schools and colleges for some time during the year is $1,160,766; so that there are 300,000 children in New York who attend no school whatever. We have yet something to learn of the Old World; for in several of the German states it is very difficult to find any person of either sex who can not read. The German children are compelled to go to school, and for the best of reasons. Of the whole number who have been to school for some time during the year, 998,664 went to the public schools; but the average daily attendance was only 468,421. The number that have been at private schools, colleges, etc., is 162,102. The whole number of teachers in the public schools was 28,310, of which 22,080 were women, and 6230 men. The average salary of these teachers is a wretched pittance. In the cities the average weekly wages of the teachers was $15 16; in the country, $7 86; average in the State, $10 09. Mr. WEAVER does not state, as we wish he had, whether the women are paid equal wages for equal time and labor with the men.

The Superintendent's views, which are very forcibly stated, upon the question of a change in the organization of the present State supervision of education, and his remarks upon the proposed abolition of the Board of Regents of the University, we shall consider next week. To the citizens of this State, and indeed of the country, the grave fact mentioned in the report is that, with a generous school system wisely administered, there are three hundred thousand children in the State of New York who are growing up without any school instruction whatever. Other education, and of the most dangerous kind to the public order, they are of course constantly acquiring. And if any young political

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aspirant in the State is looking for an object of vital importance, let him devote himself to getting those three hundred thousand children into school.

The Superintendent does not speak directly of the Bible question. But he says, with great truth, "The strength of the system consists in the general conviction of its necessity, and in the unoffending fairness with which its advantages are dispensed. Nothing is taught by authority in the public schools except plain elementary facts and principles, which it is good for all to know, and which, if the State has any right to educate, may properly be inculcated. Whenever an attempt may be made to introduce exercises which are objectionable, either because they are intrinsically bad or because they are foreign to the true purpose of the schools, the power to restrain and correct the irregularity is ample and convenient." This is remarkably well said; and the State is fortunate in having so sagacious an officer at the head of one of its most important departments.

TRADE.

A COMMISSION house which sold the extra-super carpets of a manufacturer on Long Island informed the latter a few days ago that, owing to the fall in gold and the corresponding decline in the price of foreign carpets, his make could be sold at not exceeding one dollar per yard, two off for cash in ten days, which was a fall of about seventeen cents per yard within the last six months. His reply was: As soon as my looms are emptied—which is done when the respective pieces are completed—I shall haul off, as there is no money in the business at that price. At Kensington, which is the principal seat of the manufacture of ingrain carpets, nearly one-half of the establishments, large and small, have either stopped their looms or diminished their production. The larger establishments for the manufacture of carpets in the Eastern States still go on, as they have the financial strength which permits it, and in time the stoppage of other mills accrues to their benefit.

The Kensington carpet weavers, in the latter part of 1869, refused to take the wages which the manufacturers were willing to pay, and struck for a higher rate. After a long-continued contest the weavers submitted; but the manufacturers, owing to the price of wool, the fall in gold, and the inability to dispose of their products, could not furnish employment. The weavers have been great sufferers, but have saved the manufacturer the very heavy losses which would have been made had the production continued at its former height.

Flour is as low now as in *ante bellum* times. Petroleum, of which we exported in 1869 about one hundred and six millions of gallons, is down for refined white to about 26½ cents per gallon; and cotton, which at this time last year was selling at 29 cents for middling, sells now at 22½. It is almost useless to say that, with these serious causes at work, trade is very much disturbed in all quarters of the Union.

There are many in the receipt of fixed compensation who congratulate themselves that a large portion of the articles of consumption and wear are reduced in price to their advantage. This view is unsound, inasmuch as the present state of trade reaches those who, like the carpet weavers, produce neither food nor clothing. It is always the true interest of both producers and consumers that their relations to each other should be beneficial to both.

The grain producer of the vast Northwest has been unable for several months to sell his wheat at a profit; and what is the consequence? If he holds on to his crop, or sells at a loss, in either case his bills to the store-keeper are unpaid. At the present moment there is universal complaint of the trade from that quarter. The retail merchant of the West says that his fall stock has been so badly sold as to prevent the usual activity for purchases this spring. He buys, therefore, to supply only immediate wants. The effect of this on the laborer appears in the fact stated in Western newspapers, that farm hands have been discharged in unusual quantities. No class in the United States can felicitate itself at this condition of affairs. The foreigner, however, who obtains our great exports of cotton, grain, and petroleum at low prices, derives greater advantage than disadvantage from the depression here which produces this result, because his customers embrace all commercial nations; and our weakness as one of them is consequently less appreciated, although it seriously affects him.

The question is one of great interest when this depression will terminate and trade shall be restored. There are few subjects on which there is such diversity of opinion; but whenever there are any signs of real improvement we shall present them with great satisfaction.

Many individuals suppose that we are now on the road to specie payments; and they consequently argue that, until that position is reached, and its full effects felt and overcome, there will be no improvement in trade. Another, and an extensive and more sagacious class, suppose that gold will not fall much, if any, below its present price; that it will remain down only temporarily; that its fall to nearly a level with legal tenders has been discounted in the price of many commodities; and they have acted on this view, and given partial activity to trade during the past week.

If we shall reach specie payments by any process now on foot, the former class will come out right; if not, then the latter will be deemed the wiser. It is material, therefore, to know precisely how the case stands.

Mr. BOUTWELL, in his December report, made to Congress, stated that it will not be wise to resume specie payments while so large a part of the interest-bearing debt of the country is represented by Five-Twenty bonds, and held by European merchants, bankers, and manufacturers. He asked authority from Congress to be permitted to redeem the legal-tender currency at the rate of two millions of dollars per month, in order to bring us gradually and without disaster "into a condition when the resumption of specie payments will be easy, if not unavoidable." It can scarcely be supposed, therefore, that the Treasury Department, in its recent policy of putting down the price of gold, intends to reach specie payments without doing what was deemed necessary in December. The Funding bill contains some provisions which look to this end; but the opinion widely prevails that they will not be adopted by the House of Representatives. It is safe, therefore, to conclude that to reach specie payments during the present derangements is not only not expected, but impossible. The apprehension that we are going there stands in the way of trade; its removal must have the effect to promote activity.

The circumstances favorable to some activity soon to commence are these: that all products are as low, with the exception, perhaps, of cotton, as they are likely to be; that no advantage will be gained by delay in making purchases; that Europe will be obliged to take our surplus of grain and petroleum at improved prices, and cotton at very nearly the present price; and that the supply of our forty millions of population is an immense affair, although their consumption of articles may be diminished.

In conversation with a distinguished merchant from Berlin, who arrived only a few days ago, he said, "We ordinarily export grain; but, owing to the harvest of last year, and the very cold and changeable weather of the winter, we shall need flour from you." The London and Liverpool markets for grain have stiffened; and it is clear that there will be a still larger improvement in the United States. On the whole, therefore, it would seem that the worst, for the present, has been reached, and that a better state of things will prevail, although we can not let the occasion pass without stating that the condition of affairs is not satisfactory.

AN INSTANT DUTY.

THE case of Mr. Consul PHILLIPS, at Santiago de Cuba, as stated in a letter to the *Tribune*, is one that requires the active interference of the Government. Mr. PHILLIPS wrote a letter to the State Department expressing views which were distasteful to some persons in Santiago. Those persons decided to molest the Consul, if not to assassinate him. He applied to the Governor for protection, and the Governor told him that he had better leave the town, as he could not protect him. Thereupon the American Consul, under protection of the English Consul, went on board a French steamer and departed.

If this story be true it is inexpressibly humiliating. If it be untrue, the *Tribune* in publishing it has done a serious injury to the Cuban cause. But assuming it to be true, the Government should at once inform the Governor-General of Cuba that as his subordinates are unable to protect American citizens and officers, their own Government will protect them. Nor, if this story be true, would an apology be a sufficient atonement. The circumstances show that it is an offense which is likely to be repeated upon the first occasion; and, therefore, the United States should require the punishment of those whose conduct drove the Consul to find safety in flight. If civilized government has disappeared in Cuba we certainly need no consuls there. If it has not, it must be held to its responsibility. The stories of the ferocity of the Spanish volunteers are not new. It is not for the first time reported that they are the masters of the Governor-General; and it is very important that we should sift such reports when events apparently justify them.

No better opportunity can offer than this. Let the Government show that it will not tolerate the least assumption by the Spaniards in Cuba of an indifference to the smallest right, not only of the representatives of the country, but of the most private and friendless American citizen. And while it is inquiring let the Government also investigate the statement from Cape Haytien that an officer of the United States steamer *Severn* boarded by force a Danish schooner in that port, under pretense that the republic of San Domingo is under the protection of the United States, and that the Danish vessel was carrying contraband of war. While we take care that our citizens are not oppressed, let us see also that they do not oppress. The remembrance of the affair at Greytown is by no means a proud one.

NOTES.

THE *Christian Union* is correct. Technically the United States have not been neutral between Spain and Cuba. Our laws, as we have constantly stated, permit Spain advantages in our ports which they deny to Cuba, because Cuba is not an independent Power nor a recognized belligerent. But morally we have been neutral, inasmuch as we have shown no hostility to either side, and have simply insisted upon a faithful observance of our own laws.

SENATOR CREAMER, a Democratic politician in the city of New York, whose sources of information are known to be ample, said the other day in the New York Legislature, "I trust that all other legislation will in a manner cease until laws are passed that will protect the purity of the ballot-box, and give the people of New York in fact what they have now only in name—a republican form of government.....What a farce it is for us to sit here and legislate as representatives in a republican government, when the election system upon which such a government rests has been undermined, and is as corrupt as hell!" Last September the *World* said that its editor "saw by what shameless and cunning frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as WILLIAM M. TWEED and OAKEY HALL cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of HORATIO SEYMOUR." Yet Mr. CREAMER and the *World* now claim to be "honest" Democrats because they favored a bill which gave the same "OAKEY HALL" the appointment of the Police Commissioners.

CONGRESS has decided, and wisely, not to pursue polygamy with fire and sword. There are laws against bigamy, and if these can not be enforced in a polygamous community the consequences of enforcing them by the sword would be disastrous. There is no proof that the Mormons are united upon the subject; and it is tolerably clear that the resistless Westward roll of civilization, and time, which will presently remove BRIGHAM YOUNG, will also peacefully dispose of this "twin relic of barbarism."

THE editor of a certain Magazine in Philadelphia (not *Lippincott's*) read an anonymous remark in the *Galaxy*, and thereupon charged a well-known literary gentleman, by name, as the writer, and as guilty of gross plagiarism, and proceeded to lecture him upon "copying blunders" and "stolen apples." The gentleman in question replied with a wholesome severity. What right, he demands of the editor, had you "to suppose" in such a matter? What right to go behind an editorial impersonality, and to make a supposition the ground of a public accusation of literary dishonesty and of personal sneers? The castigator chooses his words, and each one rings and tells. The offense which he punishes, as he justly says, "casts a taint on periodical writing." Let us who are of the literary profession at least respect our calling, if we can not shine in it.

THE *College Review* reported a speech of the Rev. Mr. FROTHINGHAM's at the dinner of the Harvard Club, and very mistakenly attributed to him certain views in regard to the Indians. The error was pointed out to the editor, and he corrected it with an apology. But in his report he had added that Mr. FROTHINGHAM held peculiar views on "certain social topics," which, had it been true, could have been mentioned for no other purpose than to excite prejudice against Mr. FROTHINGHAM. The editor's attention being drawn to this point, he says that, as he "unequivocally condemned" the sentiments upon the Indians, he was "surely justified" in alluding to the newspaper reports of the speaker's views upon other subjects! This is as if A, misunderstanding B's views upon the tariff, should consider himself justified in remarking that B was popularly supposed to be inclined to stealing. Are we "justified" in repeating scandal about persons whose supposed views we do not like?

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN of Maine lately returned a bill to the Legislature regulating the sale of liquors, which he says seemed to him in some of its provisions "extraordinary," and that "grave doubts" rose in his mind; but as the bill had passed both Houses without opposition, he had signed it. Now it seems to us that this was precisely the case for which the veto power is provided. The intention of that power is not to defeat, but to perfect legislation. If, therefore, serious objections occur to the Governor which, presumably, have not occurred to the Legislature, he returns the bill with the objections. If the Legislature is of opinion that they are valid, it reconsiders its vote. If not, it would—in this case—affirm its previous opinion, and the law would be stronger than ever because the objections would have been weighed. It is urged in defense of Governor HOFFMAN'S signature of the Erie bill in this State, that it had received very little opposition in the Legislature; but that was a fact which, under the circumstances, should have made it still more suspicious to the Governor.

A VERY striking complement to Senator REVELS'S statement of the Southern colored population during the war is furnished by Mr. EDWARD A. POLLARD in an article in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April. Mr. POLLARD was one of the most thorough of rebels; but he says of the freedman, that he shows "a capacity for education that has astonished none more than his former masters; that he has given proofs of good citizenship which are constantly increasing; that his development since emancipation is a standing surprise to candid observers among the Southern whites themselves; that his condition since then has been, on the whole, that of progress, and in the face of difficulties that would soon have tested and broken down that progress had it been factitious or dishonest; and that, so far from being a stationary barbarian or a hopeless retrograde, the formerly despised black man promises to become a true follower of the highest civilization, a new object of interest to the world, and an exemplary citizen of the South."

THE great popularity of Paris with Americans who visit the continent of Europe, and make that magnificent capital their head-quarters while abroad, has drawn thither quite a large colony of American bankers, whose houses offer not only the necessary financial facilities to our traveling countrymen, but furnish pleasant reading-rooms, where the principal American newspapers and magazines may be found, and opportunities afforded for receiving and writing letters, social intercourse, etc. Among the houses recently established there is a branch of the eminent Philadelphia banking firm of DREXEL & Co. Their Paris office is situated in the Rue Scribe, where they propose to transact all kinds of banking business, with special reference to the wants of the traveling public. They also take charge of correspondence or papers directed to their care, and of surplus baggage, jewelry, and other valuables that may be deposited with them. Travelers who intrust their affairs to them will find them liberal in their dealings, and in every way worthy of confidence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 21.—In the Senate, the greater part of the day was taken up with debate on the Georgia bill, the question being upon Mr. Drake's amendment, authorizing the President to dispatch troops to any section of the State represented to be in insurrection. No vote was taken.—In the House, a large number of new bills were introduced, among them several granting aid to new railroad enterprises in the extreme West, and one for the promotion of commerce and amity with Mexico, by encouraging our own citizens to aid the Mexicans in developing their resources.

March 22.—In the Senate, a bill was reported to promote the civilization of Indians, and to prepare them for the rights and duties of citizenship. The case of General Ames, as Senator elect from Mississippi, was debated at length, but without action. A proposition to discuss treaties in open session was rejected.—In the House, a bill in regard to polygamy in Utah was discussed at length, but not acted on.

March 23.—Nothing was done in the Senate, and very little in the House. A message was received from the President in reference to the decline of American commerce, but it was withdrawn and laid on the Speaker's table. The consideration of the Utah Polygamy bill was resumed, and after further discussion the bill was passed by a vote of 94 to 32.

March 24.—The Senate was in secret session on the San Domingo treaty.—The principal business in the House was the final report of the Military Committee on the sale of cadetships, the substance of which was that there were no more cases to be acted upon. The Committee reported a bill requiring cadets to reside one year in the district.

March 25.—Among the bills introduced in the Senate was one in relation to the reduction of the army. It adopts and agrees substantially with the one passed by the House, but provides further for reducing the number of enlisted men to 25,000. Among the bills reported was one to increase the mail steam-ship service between this country and China and Japan.—In the House, the debate on the Tariff was resumed, and occupied the greater part of the day.

March 26.—The Senate was not in session.—The House gave the whole day to debate on the Tariff bill.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The only business of general importance in the New York Legislature, since our last issue, was done on Tuesday, March 22, when the bills relating to New York city and county were considered. After ordering the Police bill, the Supervisors bill, and the Charter to a third reading in Committee of the Whole, a motion was made in the House to recommit the Police bill, with instructions to strike out the enacting clause. The question was divided, and the enacting clause was stricken out by a vote of 70 to 42. An effort to reconsider the vote failed. The Supervisors bill and the new Charter shared the same fate, the enacting clauses being stricken out by a vote of 67 to 45. A motion to reconsider was lost, and leave to sit again on the Supervisors bill was refused. These results, which were entirely unexpected, were brought about by a combination of Democrats and Republicans. Leading Democrats assert that money was freely used to influence the action of the "bolters" from their party, and at one time a serious division in their ranks was imminent.

General Pleasonton has been confirmed as Collector of the Thirty-second New York District, in place of Bailey, removed.

Pierre Soulé died at New Orleans March 26, aged sixty-nine.

The fire which broke out in the Gold Hill mines, Nevada, a year ago, is said to be still smouldering among the timbers, 700 feet below the surface.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Emperor of France has written a letter to M. Ollivier, suggesting a number of important civil reforms, designed to restore constitutional government to France. They relate mainly to the division of legislative power between the two Chambers. The Orleanists, it is said, indorse the plan, and one of the opposition organs accepts it as a "restoration of the parliamentary régime," while another terms it "an antidote to the *coup d'état* of December."

The trial of Prince Bonaparte, at Tours, has resulted in the acquittal of the Prince, the jury returning a verdict after an hour's absence. He is, however, held in custody under a demand for damages amounting to 100,000 francs, made by the civil prosecutor. The news of his acquittal was received in Paris and elsewhere with astonishment.

Another strike among the workmen at La Creuzot, France, is reported, which is supposed to have a political tendency.

The cases of persons accused of conspiracy in the recent plot against the life of Napoleon are to be brought before the court now in session at Tours.

In the British House of Commons a bill for the suppression of disorders in Ireland has been under discussion. A stringent clause, providing for the prosecution of the press of that country, has been adopted by a majority of 315.

The Irish Church Convention at Dublin has decided to invest a portion of their funds in American securities.

The Spanish Colonial Minister has instructed the Captain-General to order elections for Deputies from Cuba to the Cortes, should the condition of affairs in the island permit.

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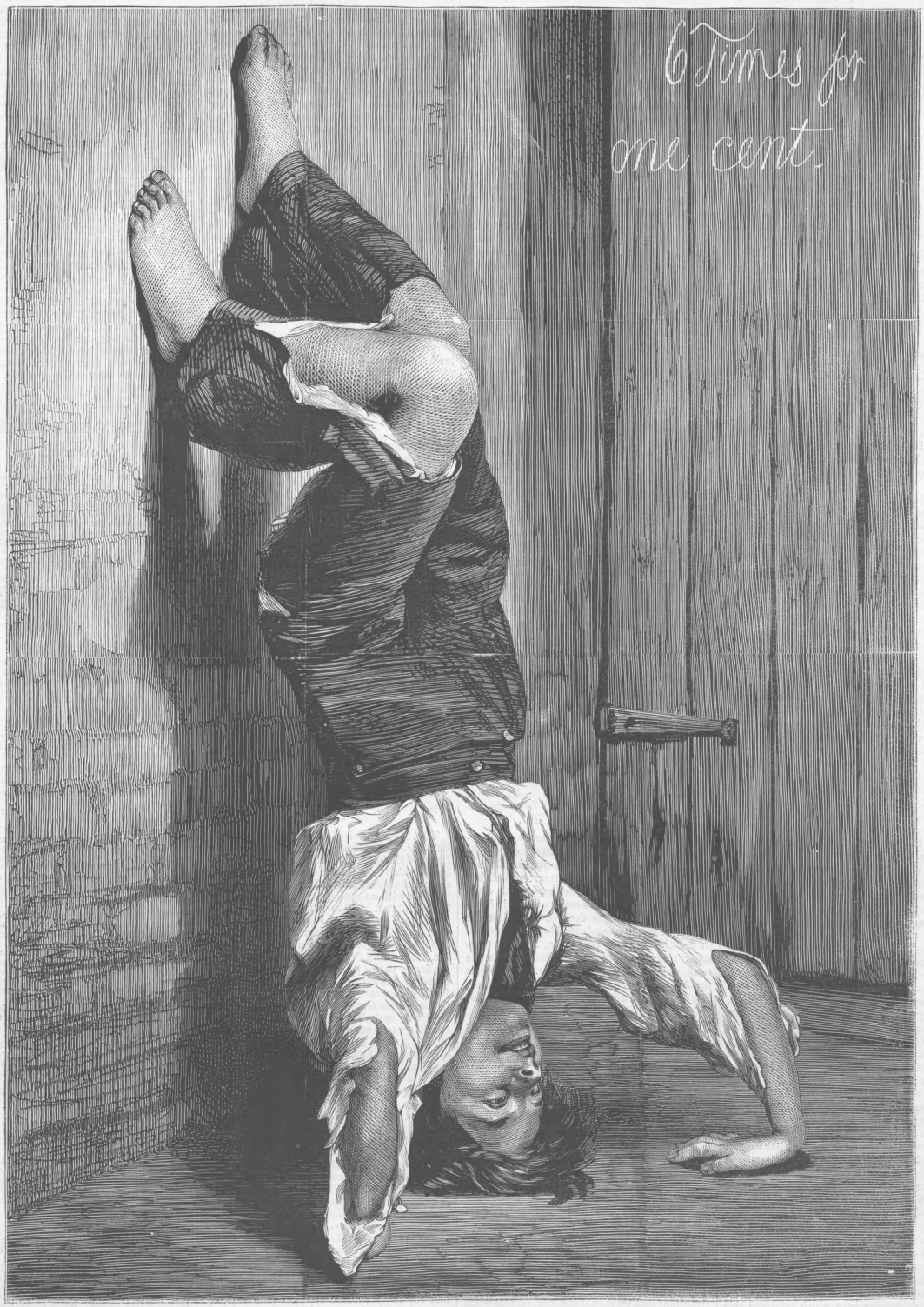

SIX TIMES FOR ONE CENT.

MODERN ART.

IF the Arts are to flourish among us, says John Ruskin in one of his Oxford lectures, we must recover for the mass of the nation three requisites which they at present want: 1. Wholesomeness of food. We must no longer allow them to eat and drink poison instead of food; every thing provided for their daily sustenance must be good and pure as well as plentiful. 2. Wholesomeness and decency in dress. It must be such as becomes their rank—serviceable and good, and, at the same time, becoming and in good taste. 3. We must improve their lodgings. All ecclesiastical architecture is developed for civil and domestic building, and its highest achievement may be said to be a "glorified roof." Now in this our modern architects are strangely at fault; they seem hardly to know what to do with a roof. Roofs ought never to be built of iron, but always of wood or stone. And we must remember that the little roofs must be built before the large ones. We must see that the poor have houses suited to them, built as strongly as possible, and daintily decorated.

All arts are founded on agriculture by the hand, and on the feeding, dressing, and lodging of the people. Christian Art was only possible where kings and knights were compelled to care for their people, and it disappeared when kings became tyrants, devourers of the people. The health of Art depends on its reference to industrial use. It is from this use that it first arises. In order to eat and drink, we must have the cup and platter, and especially the cup. In order that we may use this cup conveniently, it must have a handle. To fill the cup, we must have a pitcher of some sort; this pitcher, if it is to be carried safely, must have two handles. Now in these same articles of use have been developed the most beautiful lines and types of severe composition that have ever been attained to in Art.

We can not have any right architectural Art, or morality, or happiness in cities such as now deface our country. They are not built, they are rather dotted and coagulated in shapeless, hideous blotches over the land which they consume. We must, if we would have Art, have beautiful cities, not overgrown in size, encircled with gardens and shaded with trees: we must banish far from us all the manufactures which need the aid of huge furnaces of fire; or at least we must reduce them to the smallest possible limit. At present England triumphs in her commerce: she is deaf with spinning-wheels, yet her children have not clothes to wear; she is black with fuel, yet they cry aloud for food; she has sold her soul for gold, yet they die of hunger.

Religious Art can not be used amiss if we remember that God inhabits cottages as well as churches, and that in the former as well as in the latter He ought to be well lodged. Put the Arts to universal use, and we shall find in them a universal inspiration and benediction; let every thing be equally sacred, equally divine—Art will be divine wherever it is truly fair and serviceable. God has made every thing beautiful in its kind

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GRAND PONTIFICAL PROCESSION PASSING THE CASTLE OF SAINT ANGELO.

and in its proper place; His will is that all His creatures should be happy. His Spirit teaches the ant her path and the bird its flight, and men whatever noble Art is possible for them. It dwells in light and in strength; in the possession of It is all your peace and all your power. But there exists also an evil spirit, whose dominion is in blindness and cowardice; which tells us that evil things are pardonable, and that we shall not die for them; and that good things are impossible, and that you can not live for them. Good things are impossible only to those who listen to this evil spirit, and so despair of attaining to what is good. Remember always that all things lovely and righteous are possible, if only you believe in their possibility, and manfully set to work to promote them with your very heart and soul.

SCENES IN ROME.

The first of our illustrations on this page represents a grand pontifical procession, on the fête day of the Madonna, passing the bridge of the Castle of St. Angelo. It shows the state carriage of the Sovereign Pontiff, preceded by his cross-bearer mounted on a richly-caparisoned mule.

The second illustration represents the Pope in the act of saluting the foot of the celebrated statue of St. Peter, which stands in the great cathedral that bears his name. A metallic halo surrounds the head of the statue, and in his right hand is grasped the emblematic key. In all the great pageants which occur within the cathedral this colossal statue rises conspicuous above the heads of the crowd, like the presiding genius of the place. There is a dispute among antiquarians whether this is an authentic statue of the Apostle, or one adapted to the purpose from among the heathen relics of Rome; but the faithful, ignorant of the controversy, pay their unquestioning devotions at the foot of the statue, and signify their reverence by devoutly kissing the projecting toe of the left foot. Before applying his lips the votary wipes the toe with his cuff, by way of preparation, and the effect of this contact, incessantly repeated through many ages, is visible in the very sensible diminution and the polished smoothness of its extremity.

ADORATION OF THE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

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HOME.

HOMEWARD from my work returning,
Lo! a lamp with steady ray,
In my distant window burning,
Welcomed me at close of day;
O'er the darkening fields it gleamed,
And of rest the symbol seemed.

Thankfully I saw that token—
Shining on me from afar—
Of domestic peace unbroken;
And I hailed it as the star
Which through all my life had shed
Cheering radiance on my head.

Oh! the joy of fireside blessings,
Children's voices, smile of wife—
Bliss of infantile caressings,
Heart-refreshing wine of life—
Purple glow of Paradise
Lingering still about our skies.

On the wall the fire-light dances,
As joy dances in our hearts;
Interchange of kindly glances
Mutual happiness imparts;
Heavenly watchers from above
Hover o'er that scene of love.

Now the long day's labor ending,
Under our own vine we rest,
And the brow of Care unbending
By Love's hand is smoothed and blest:
One such hour may well repay
Hardest toil of longest day.

Blessed be the God of Heaven,
God of all earth's families,
Who to weary men has given
Homes of rest—sweet oases,
Wells and palm-trees, smile and song—
As to Heaven they march along.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

(Continued.)

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE. (THIRD SOWING.)

THE dance had reached its climax of animation when Bishopriggs reappeared on the scene of his duties; and the ranks of the company had been recruited, in his absence, by the very person whom it was now his foremost object to approach.

Receiving, with supple submission, a reprimand for his prolonged absence from the chief of the servants, Bishopriggs—keeping his one observant eye carefully on the look-out—busied himself in promoting the circulation of ices and cool drinks.

While he was thus occupied, his attention was attracted by two persons who, in very different ways, stood out prominently as marked characters among the rank and file of the guests.

The first person was a vivacious, irascible old gentleman, who persisted in treating the undeniable fact of his age on the footing of a scandalous false report set afloat by Time. He was superbly strapped and padded. His hair, his teeth, and his complexion were triumphs of artificial youth. When he was not occupied among the youngest women present—which was very seldom—he attached himself exclusively to the youngest men. He insisted on joining every dance. Twice he measured his length upon the grass; but nothing daunted him. He was waltzing again, with another young woman, at the next dance, as if nothing had happened. Inquiring who this effervescent old gentleman might be, Bishopriggs discovered that he was a retired officer in the navy; commonly known (among his inferiors) as "The Tartar;" more formally described in society as Captain Newenden, the last male representative of one of the oldest families in England.

The second person, who appeared to occupy a position of distinction at the dance in the glade, was a lady.

To the eye of Bishopriggs, she was a miracle of beauty, with a small fortune for a poor man, carried about her in silk, lace, and jewelry. No woman present was the object of such special attention among the men as this fascinating and priceless creature. She sat fanning herself with a matchless work of art (supposed to be a handkerchief) representing an island of cambric in the midst of an ocean of lace. She was surrounded by a little court of admirers, who fetched and carried at her slightest nod, like well-trained dogs. Sometimes they brought refreshments, which she had asked for, only to decline taking them when they came. Sometimes they brought information of what was going on among the dancers, which the lady had been eager to receive when they went away, and in which she had ceased to feel the smallest interest when they came back. Every body burst into ejaculations of distress when she was asked to account for her absence from the dinner, and answered, "My poor nerves." Every body said, "What should we have done without you!"—when she doubted if she had done wisely in joining the party at all. Inquiring who this favored lady might be, Bishopriggs discovered that she was the niece of the indomitable old gentleman who *would* dance—or, more plainly still, no less a person than his contemplated customer, Mrs. Glenarm.

With all his enormous assurance Bishopriggs was daunted when he found himself facing the question of what he was to do next.

To open negotiations with Mrs. Glenarm, under present circumstances, was, for a man in his position, simply impossible. But, apart from this, the prospect of profitably addressing himself to that lady in the future was, to say the least of it, beset with difficulties of no common kind.

Supposing the means of disclosing Geoffrey's position to her to be found—what would she do, when she received her warning? She would in all probability apply to one of two formidable men, both of whom were interested in the matter. If she went straight to the man accused of attempting to marry her, at a time when he was already engaged to another woman—Bishopriggs would find himself confronted with the owner of that terrible fist, which had justly terrified him even on a distant and cursory view. If, on the other hand, she placed her interests in the care of her uncle—Bishopriggs had only to look at the captain, and to calculate his chance of imposing terms on a man who owed Life a bill of more than sixty years' date, and who openly defied time to recover the debt.

With these serious obstacles standing in the way, what was to be done? The only alternative left was to approach Mrs. Glenarm under shelter of the dark.

Reaching this conclusion, Bishopriggs decided to ascertain from the servants what the lady's future movements might be; and, thus informed, to startle her by anonymous warnings, conveyed through the post, and claiming their answer through the advertising channel of a newspaper. Here was the certainty of alarming her, coupled with the certainty of safety to himself! Little did Mrs. Glenarm dream, when she capriciously stopped a servant going by with some glasses of lemonade, that the wretched old creature who offered the tray contemplated corresponding with her before the week was out, in the double character of her "Well-Wisher" and her "True Friend."

The evening advanced. The shadows lengthened. The waters of the lake grew pitchy black. The gliding of the ghostly swans became rare and more rare. The elders of the party thought of the drive home. The juniors (excepting Captain Newenden) began to flag at the dance. Little by little the comfortable attractions of the house—tea, coffee, and candle-light in snug rooms—resumed their influence. The guests abandoned the glade; and the fingers and lungs of the musicians rested at last.

Lady Lundie and her party were the first to send for the carriage and say farewell; the break-up of the household at Windygates on the next day, and the journey south, being sufficient apologies for setting the example of retreat. In an hour more the only visitors left were the guests staying at Swanhaven Lodge.

The company gone, the hired waiters from Kirkandrew were paid and dismissed.

On the journey back the silence of Bishopriggs created some surprise among his comrades. "I've got my ain concerns to think of," was the only answer he vouchsafed to the remonstrances addressed to him. The "concerns" alluded to, comprehended, among other changes of plan, his departure from Kirkandrew the next day—with a reference, in case of inquiries, to his convenient friend at the Cowgate, Edinburgh. His actual destination—to be kept a secret from every body—was Perth. The neighborhood of this town—as stated on the authority of her own maid—was the part of Scotland to which the rich widow contemplated removing when she left Swanhaven in two days' time. At Perth, Bishopriggs knew of more than one place in which he could get temporary employment—and at Perth he determined to make his first anonymous advances to Mrs. Glenarm.

The remainder of the evening passed quietly enough at the Lodge.

The guests were sleepy and dull after the excitement of the day. Mrs. Glenarm retired early. At eleven o'clock Julius Delamayn was the only person left up in the house. He was understood to be in his study, preparing an address to the electors, based on instructions sent from London by his father. He was actually occupied in the music-room—now that there was nobody to discover him—playing exercises softly on his beloved violin.

At the trainer's cottage a trifling incident occured, that night, which afforded materials for a note in Perry's professional diary.

Geoffrey had sustained the later trial of walking for a given time and distance, at his full speed, without showing any of those symptoms of exhaustion which had followed the more serious experiment of running, to which he had been subjected earlier in the day. Perry, honestly bent—though he had privately hedged his own bets—on doing his best to bring his man in good order to the post on the day of the race, had forbidden Geoffrey to pay his evening visit to the house, and had sent him to bed earlier than usual. The trainer was alone, looking over his own written rules, and considering what modifications he should introduce into the diet and exercises of the next day, when he was startled by a sound of groaning from the bedroom in which his patron lay asleep.

He went in, and found Geoffrey rolling to and fro on the pillow, with his face contorted, with his hands clenched, and with the perspiration standing thick on his forehead—suffering evidently under the nervous oppression produced by the phantom-terrors of a dream.

Perry spoke to him, and pulled him up in the bed. He woke with a scream. He stared at his trainer in vacant terror, and spoke to his trainer in wild words. "What are your horrid eyes looking at over my shoulder?" he cried out. "Go to the devil—and take your infernal slate with you!" Perry spoke to him once more. "You've been dreaming of somebody, Mr. Delamayn. What's to do about a slate?" Geoffrey looked eagerly round the room, and heaved a heavy breath of relief. "I could have sworn she was staring at me over the dwarf pear-trees," he said. "All right, I know where I am now." Perry (attributing the dream to nothing more important than a passing indigestion) administered some brandy and water, and left him to drop off again to sleep. He fretfully forbade the extinguishing of the light. "Afraid of the dark?" said Perry, with a laugh. No. He was afraid of dreaming again of the dumb cook at Windygates House.

SEVENTH SCENE.—HAM FARM.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

THE NIGHT BEFORE.

THE time was the night before the marriage. The place was Sir Patrick's house in Kent.

The lawyers had kept their word. The settlements had been forwarded, and had been signed two days since.

With the exception of the surgeon and one of the three young gentlemen from the University, who had engagements elsewhere, the visitors at Windygates had emigrated southward to be present at the marriage. Besides these gentlemen, there were some ladies among the guests invited by Sir Patrick—all of them family connections, and three of them appointed to the position of Blanche's bridemaids. Add one or two neighbors to be invited to the breakfast—and the wedding-party would be complete.

There was nothing architecturally remarkable about Sir Patrick's house. Ham Farm possessed neither the splendor of Windygates nor the picturesque antiquarian attraction of Swanhaven. It was a perfectly commonplace English country seat, surrounded by perfectly commonplace English scenery. Snug monotony welcomed you when you went in, and snug monotony met you again when you turned to the window and looked out.

The animation and variety wanting at Ham Farm were far from being supplied by the company in the house. It was remembered, at an after-period, that a duller wedding-party had never been assembled together.

Sir Patrick, having no early associations with the place, openly admitted that his residence in Kent preyed on his spirits, and that he would have infinitely preferred a room at the inn in the village. The effort to sustain his customary vivacity was not encouraged by persons and circumstances about him. Lady Lundie's fidelity to the memory of the late Sir Thomas, on the scene of his last illness and death, persisted in asserting itself, under an ostentation of concealment which tried even the trained temper of Sir Patrick himself. Blanche, still depressed by her private anxieties about Anne, was in no condition of mind to look gayly at the last memorable days of her maiden life. Arnold, sacrificed—by express stipulation on the part of Lady Lundie—to the prurient delicacy which forbids the bridegroom, before marriage, to sleep in the same house with the bride, found himself ruthlessly shut out from Sir Patrick's hospitality, and exiled every night to a bedroom at the inn. He accepted his solitary doom with a resignation which extended its sobering influence to his customary flow of spirits. As for the ladies, the elder among them existed in a state of chronic protest against Lady Lundie, and the younger were absorbed in the essentially serious occupation of considering and comparing their wedding-dresses. The two young gentlemen from the University performed prodigies of yawning, in the intervals of prodigies of billiard-playing. Smith said, in despair, "There's no making things pleasant in this house, Jones." And Jones sighed, and mildly agreed with him.

On the Sunday evening—which was the evening before the marriage—the dullness, as a matter of course, reached its climax.

But two of the occupations in which people may indulge on week days are regarded as harmless on Sunday by the obstinately anti-Christian tone of feeling which prevails in this matter among the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not sinful to wrangle in religious controversy; and it is not sinful to slumber over a religious book. The ladies at Ham Farm practiced the pious observance of the evening on this plan. The seniors of the sex wrangled in Sunday controversy; and the juniors of the sex slumbered over Sunday books. As for the men, it is unnecessary to say that the young ones smoked when they were not yawning, and yawned when they were not smoking. Sir Patrick staid in the library, sorting old letters and examining old accounts. Every person in the house felt the oppression of the senseless social prohibitions which they had imposed on themselves. And yet every person in the house would have been scandalized if the plain question had been put: You know this is a tyranny of your own making, you know you don't really believe in it, you know you don't really like it—why do you submit? The freest people on the civilized earth are the only people on the civilized earth who dare not face that question.

The evening dragged its slow length on; the welcome time drew nearer and nearer for oblivion in bed. Arnold was silently contemplating, for the last time, his customary prospects of banishment to the inn, when he became aware that Sir Patrick was making signs to him. He rose, and followed his host into the empty dining-room. Sir Patrick carefully closed the door. What did it mean?

It meant—so far as Arnold was concerned—that a private conversation was about to diversify the monotony of the long Sunday evening at Ham Farm.

"I have a word to say to you, Arnold," the old gentleman began, "before you become a married man. Do you remember the conversation at dinner yesterday, about the dancing-party at Swanhaven Lodge?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember what Lady Lundie said while the topic was on the table?"

"She told me, what I can't believe, that Geoffrey Delamayn was going to be married to Mrs. Glenarm."

"Exactly! I observed that you appeared to be startled by what my sister-in-law had said; and when you declared that appearances must certainly have misled her, you looked and spoke (to my mind) like a man animated by a strong feeling of indignation. Was I wrong in drawing that conclusion?"

"No, Sir Patrick. You were right."

"Have you any objection to tell me why you felt indignant?"

Arnold hesitated.

"You are probably at a loss to know what interest *I* can feel in the matter?"

Arnold admitted it with his customary frankness.

"In that case," rejoined Sir Patrick, "I had better go on at once with the matter in hand—leaving you to see for yourself the connection between what I am about to say, and the question that I have just put. When I have done, you shall then reply to me or not, exactly as you think right. My dear boy, the subject on which I want to speak to you is—Miss Silvester."

Arnold started. Sir Patrick looked at him with a moment's attention, and went on:

"My niece has her faults of temper and her failings of judgment," he said. "But she has one atoning quality (among many others) which ought to make—and which I believe will make—the happiness of your married life. In the popular phrase, Blanche is as true as steel. Once her friend, always her friend. Do you see what I am coming to? She has said nothing about it, Arnold; but she has not yielded one inch in her resolution to reunite herself to Miss Silvester. One of the first questions you will have to determine, after to-morrow, will be the question of whether you do, or not, sanction your wife in attempting to communicate with her lost friend."

Arnold answered without the slightest reserve.

"I am heartily sorry for Blanche's lost friend, Sir Patrick. My wife will have my full approval if she tries to bring Miss Silvester back—and my best help too, if I can give it."

Those words were earnestly spoken. It was plain that they came from his heart.

"I think you are wrong," said Sir Patrick. "I believe you are encouraging Blanche in a hopeless effort. I believe you are helping her to court a disappointment, which will cast its shadow over the brightest time of her life. However, it is your affair and not mine. After what you have just said, my duty in the matter seems plain enough. Do you wish me to place at your disposal any special facilities for tracing Miss Silvester which I may happen to possess?"

"If you *can* help us over any obstacles at starting, Sir Patrick, it will be a kindness to Blanche, and a kindness to me."

"Very good. I suppose you remember what I said to you, one morning, when we were talking of Miss Silvester at Windygates?"

"You said you had determined to let her go her own way."

"Quite right! On the evening of the day when I said that I received information that Miss Silvester had been traced to Glasgow. You won't require me to explain why I never mentioned this to you or to Blanche. In mentioning it now, I communicate to you the only positive information, on the subject of the missing woman, which I possess. There are two other chances of finding her (of a more speculative kind) which can only be tested by inducing two men (both equally difficult to deal with) to confess what they know. One of those two men is—a person named Bishopriggs, formerly waiter at the Craig Fernie inn."

Arnold started, and changed color. Sir Patrick (silently noticing him) stated the circumstances relating to Anne's lost letter, and to the conclusion in his own mind which pointed to Bishopriggs as the person in possession of it.

"I have to add," he proceeded, "that Blanche, unfortunately, found an opportunity of speaking to Bishopriggs at Swanhaven. When she and Lady Lundie joined us at Edinburgh she showed me privately a card which had been given to her by Bishopriggs. He had described it as the address at which he might be heard of—and Blanche entreated me, before we started for London, to put the reference to the test. I told her that she had committed a serious mistake in attempting to deal with Bishopriggs on her own responsibility; and I warned her of the result in which I was firmly persuaded the inquiry would end. She declined to believe that Bishopriggs had deceived her. I saw that she would take the matter into her own hands again unless I interfered; and I went to the place. Exactly as I had anticipated, the person to whom the card referred me had not heard of Bishopriggs for years, and knew nothing whatever about his present movements. Blanche had simply put him on his guard, and shown him the propriety of keeping out of the way. If you should ever meet with him in the future—say nothing to your wife, and communicate with me. I decline to assist you in searching for Miss Silvester; but I have no objection to assist in recovering a stolen letter from a thief. So much for Bishopriggs.—Now as to the other man."

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"Who is he?"

"Your friend, Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn."

Arnold sprang to his feet in ungovernable surprise.

"I appear to astonish you," remarked Sir Patrick.

Arnold sat down again, and waited, in speechless suspense, to hear what was coming next.

"I have reason to know," said Sir Patrick, "that Mr. Delamayn is thoroughly well acquainted with the nature of Miss Silvester's present troubles. What his actual connection is with them, and how he came into possession of his information, I have not found out. My discovery begins and ends with the simple fact that he *has* the information."

"May I ask one question, Sir Patrick?"

"What is it?"

"How did you find out about Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"It would occupy a long time," answered Sir Patrick, "to tell you how—and it is not at all necessary to our purpose that you should know. My present obligation merely binds me to tell you—in strict confidence, mind!—that Miss Silvester's secrets are no secrets to Mr. Delamayn. I leave to your discretion the use you may make of that information. You are now entirely on a par with me in relation to your knowledge of the case of Miss Silvester. Let us return to the question which I asked you when we first came into the room. Do you see the connection, now, between that question, and what I have said since?"

Arnold was slow to see the connection. His mind was running on Sir Patrick's discovery. Little dreaming that he was indebted to Mrs. Inchbare's incomplete description of him for his own escape from detection, he was wondering how it had happened that *he* had remained unsuspected, while Geoffrey's position had been (in part at least) revealed to view.

"I asked you," resumed Sir Patrick, attempting to help him, "why the mere report that your friend was likely to marry Mrs. Glenarm roused your indignation, and you hesitated at giving an answer. Do you hesitate still?"

"It's not easy to give an answer, Sir Patrick."

"Let us put it in another way. I assume that your view of the report takes its rise in some knowledge, on your part, of Mr. Delamayn's private affairs, which the rest of us don't possess.—Is that conclusion correct?"

"Quite correct."

"Is what you know about Mr. Delamayn connected with any thing that you know about Miss Silvester?"

If Arnold had felt himself at liberty to answer that question, Sir Patrick's suspicions would have been aroused, and Sir Patrick's resolution would have forced a full disclosure from him before he left the house.

It was getting on to midnight. The first hour of the wedding-day was at hand, as the Truth made its final effort to struggle into light. The dark Phantoms of Trouble and Terror to come were waiting near them both at that moment. Arnold hesitated again—hesitated painfully. Sir Patrick paused for his answer. The clock in the hall struck the quarter to twelve.

"I can't tell you!" said Arnold.

"Is it a secret?"

"Yes."

"Committed to your honor?"

"Doubly committed to my honor."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Geoffrey and I have quarreled since he took me into his confidence. I am doubly bound to respect his confidence after that."

"Is the cause of your quarrel a secret also?"

"Yes."

Sir Patrick looked Arnold steadily in the face.

"I have felt an inveterate distrust of Mr. Delamayn from the first," he said. "Answer me this. Have you any reason to think—since we first talked about your friend in the summer-house at Windygates—that my opinion of him might have been the right one after all?"

"He has bitterly disappointed me," answered Arnold. "I can say no more."

"You have had very little experience of the world," proceeded Sir Patrick. "And you have just acknowledged that you have had reason to distrust your experience of your friend. Are you quite sure that you are acting wisely in keeping his secret from *me?* Are you quite sure that you will not repent the course you are taking to-night?" He laid a marked emphasis on those last words. "Think, Arnold," he added, kindly. "Think before you answer."

"I feel bound in honor to keep his secret," said Arnold. "No thinking can alter that."

Sir Patrick rose, and brought the interview to an end.

"There is nothing more to be said." With those words he gave Arnold his hand, and, pressing it cordially, wished him good-night.

Going out into the hall, Arnold found Blanche alone, looking at the barometer.

"The glass is at Set Fair, my darling," he whispered. "Good-night for the last time!"

He took her in his arms, and kissed her. At the moment when he released her Blanche slipped a little note into his hand.

"Read it," she whispered, "when you are alone at the inn."

So they parted on the eve of their wedding-day.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

THE DAY.

THE promise of the weather-glass was fulfilled. The sun shone on Blanche's marriage.

At nine in the morning the first of the proceedings of the day began. It was essentially of a clandestine nature. The bride and bridegroom evaded the restraints of lawful authority, and presumed to meet together privately, before they were married, in the conservatory at Ham Farm.

"You have read my letter, Arnold?"

"I have come here to answer it, Blanche. But why not have told me? Why write?"

"Because I put off telling you so long; and because I didn't know how you might take it; and for fifty other reasons. Never mind! I've made my confession. I haven't a single secret now which is not your secret too. There's time to say No, Arnold, if you think I ought to have no room in my heart for any body but you. My uncle tells me I am obstinate and wrong in refusing to give Anne up. If you agree with him, say the word, dear, before you make me your wife."

"Shall I tell you what I said to Sir Patrick last night?"

"About *this?*"

"Yes. The confession (as you call it) which you make in your pretty note, is the very thing that Sir Patrick spoke to me about in the dining-room before I went away. He told me your heart was set on finding Miss Silvester. And he asked me what I meant to do about it when we were married."

"And you said—?"

Arnold repeated his answer to Sir Patrick, with fervid embellishments of the original language, suitable to the emergency. Blanche's delight expressed itself in the form of two unblushing outrages on propriety, committed in close succession. She threw her arms round Arnold's neck; and she actually kissed him, three hours before the consent of State and Church sanctioned her in taking that proceeding. Let us shudder—but let us not blame her. These are the consequences of free institutions.

"Now," said Arnold, "it's my turn to take to pen and ink. I have a letter to write before we are married as well as you. Only there's this difference between us—I want you to help me."

"Who are you going to write to?"

"To my lawyer in Edinburgh. There will be no time unless I do it now. We start for Switzerland this afternoon—don't we?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I want to relieve your mind, my darling, before we go. Wouldn't you like to know—while we are away—that the right people are on the look-out for Miss Silvester? Sir Patrick has told me of the last place that she has been traced to—and my lawyer will set the right people at work. Come and help me to put it in the proper language, and the whole thing will be in train."

"Oh, Arnold! can I ever love you enough to reward you for this!"

"We shall see, Blanche—in Switzerland."

They audaciously penetrated, arm in arm, into Sir Patrick's own study—entirely at their disposal, as they well knew, at that hour of the morning. With Sir Patrick's pens and Sir Patrick's paper they produced a letter of instructions, deliberately reopening the investigation which Sir Patrick's superior wisdom had closed. Neither pains nor money were to be spared by the lawyer in at once taking measures (beginning at Glasgow) to find Anne. The report of the result was to be addressed to Arnold, under cover to Sir Patrick at Ham Farm. By the time the letter was completed the morning had advanced to ten o'clock. Blanche left Arnold to array herself in her bridal splendor—after another outrage on propriety, and more consequences of free institutions.

The next proceedings were of a public and avowable nature, and strictly followed the customary precedents on such occasions.

Village nymphs strewed flowers on the path to the church door (and sent in the bill the same day). Village swains rang the joy-bells (and got drunk on their money the same evening). There was the proper and awful pause while the bridegroom was kept waiting at the church. There was the proper and pitiless staring of all the female spectators when the bride was led to the altar. There was the clergyman's preliminary look at the license—which meant official caution. And there was the clerk's preliminary look at the bridegroom—which meant official fees. All the women appeared to be in their natual element; and all the men appeared to be out of it.

Then the service began—rightly-considered, the most terrible, surely, of all mortal ceremonies—the service which binds two human beings, who know next to nothing of each other's natures, to risk the tremendous experiment of living together till death parts them—the service which says, in effect if not in words, Take your leap in the dark: we sanctify, but we don't insure, it!

The ceremony went on, without the slightest obstacle to mar its effect. There were no unforeseen interruptions. There were no ominous mistakes.

The last words were spoken, and the book was closed. They signed their names on the register; the husband was congratulated; the wife was embraced. They went back again to the house, with more flowers strewn at their feet. The wedding-breakfast was hurried; the wedding-speeches were curtailed: there was no time to be wasted, if the young couple were to catch the tidal train.

In an hour more the carriage had whirled them away to the station, and the guests had given them the farewell cheer from the steps of the house. Young, happy, fondly attached to each other, raised securely above all the sordid cares of life, what a golden future was theirs! Married with the sanction of the Family and the blessing of the Church—who could suppose that the time was coming, nevertheless, when the blighting question would fall on them, in the spring-time of their love: Are you Man and Wife?

TEETH AND THE TOOTHACHE.

MOST of us are concerned at the loss of teeth which we fain would preserve, and we dread the remedy—artificial teeth. The immense number of dentists, and the importance to which the science of dentistry has attained, are very strong arguments in support of the theory that our teeth are deteriorating. That the dental profession must be a profitable one needs no argument beyond a glance at the very flowery advertisements which crowd our papers, arguing very numerous and wealthy clients. No one who has not been compelled to wear false teeth can understand to what an extent they are at once a comfort and a nuisance. The improvement in appearance, in articulation, and the great advantage of better mastication, are benefits too evident to require further mention. These benefits, of course, depend very much on the fitness of the material employed; and while ingenuity has been racked to find the best-looking and hardest substances for teeth, I have known at least two persons who patronized no invention whatever. One gentleman had a very fine molar drawn, in consequence of its aching most terribly; but when out it looked as white and sound as a tooth could look; so, with great presence of mind, my friend stopped the dentist as he was about to close the gum, and asked him to reinsert the tooth. After a little demur, the operator complied. The tooth fitted beautifully, and I saw it half a dozen years afterward as useful and tightly-fitting a molar as any in the whole set. But this is much exceeded by the case of a gentleman very well known to me, who, having suffered a great deal from toothache, had had, at intervals, several teeth extracted. These he preserved, and, at last, being forced to revisit the dentist, and finding that it was necessary for him to lose two more, he heroically determined on having all that were left extracted; then with these, and the teeth already "in stock," he had a very capital set fitted, which he wore for many years.

The extraction of so many teeth at once seems a great trial to undergo; but some persons have such a horror of toothache that nothing equals its terrors in their estimation; and, not very many years ago, a poor young fellow in the suburbs of London hanged himself in sheer despair at the continual pain he suffered—pain which is, I must own, of a character more depressing, more relentless, than any other I have known.

It must be dreadful when poor dumb animals suffer from toothache. Every one has read how Chunee, the elephant at the old Exeter Change, went mad from it; and it is popularly supposed that it is often a cause of madness in dogs, and I really think it very probable. The poor brutes seek the sympathy and aid of their masters; for I have known a poor old cat come moaning time after time, until it drew attention to its teeth—a surgeon who was visiting at the house first suggested the cause of the animal's discomfort—and one person, more skilled than the others, possibly, in the management of our dumb companions, drew a tooth which was rather loose, and at once relieved the poor creature. I once knew a man who assisted at the extraction of a tooth from the head of a very different cat—the patient being a fine leopard in the Regent's Park Gardens. An account appeared in the papers of the time, so I may be excused from any lengthy detail. When the authorities had decided that it was toothache which ailed the animal, they had a small but very strong sack made, and with this, after much trouble, succeeded in bagging the leopard. His head, of course, was left out, the sack being drawn pretty tightly around his neck. The operation was attended with complete success to the leopard; his tooth was drawn, and he recovered; but, unhappily, just as it was over, by a desperate plunge he burst the sack, and, thrusting his paw through the opening, drove his talons deep into the arm of a keeper, tearing and lacerating the man fearfully.

I can not leave this subject without advising my readers that the following recipe, for which I am indebted to the *Lancet*, and which ought to be made as widely known as possible, will really cure the most maddening toothache: One drachm of collodion, added to two drachms of Calvert's carbolic acid; a gelatinous mass is precipitated, a small portion of which inserted in the cavity of an aching tooth invariably gives immediate relief. Observe, this is for the teeth only, not the ear.

The worst of a slight flaw in the tooth is that the tongue will never leave it alone; but, although it sacrifices itself by the practice, will insist on poking away at it until more and more breaks off. This irritation is so pleasing, and so indispensable to some persons, that they employ artificial means to excite it. A frequent picking of the teeth is a very common and very injurious way; but in the case of a musician I was once acquainted with it took a far stranger form. This man always kept a pin in his mouth, only removing it when he slept. He ate, drank, chatted, sang, and played with this dangerous and lunatic-like plaything in his mouth. For thirty years he persisted in the practice, changing the pin every few weeks, by which time it would have become almost black. Over and over again was he remonstrated with, but in vain; and at last one pin slipped down his throat, and he was a dead man in a week.

This anecdote recalls the fact that false teeth are not all comfort, and some little care must be taken to prevent such a catastrophe as that just alluded to; for instances have occurred of suffocation where the teeth have been pulled out by the food; soft food, such as batter-pudding or mashed potatoes, is what should be chiefly guarded against. It is impossible to avoid, in describing accidents of this kind, a certain ludicrous coloring, however serious the matter may be to the person concerned; thus, when I mention that I have known a dog run away with two most expensive teeth, which had been detached by the adhesive qualities of some soft pudding, I know the reader will smile, although at the moment the incident was most alarming, and the teeth were only coughed up in time to save their owner from suffocation. So with a gentleman very well known, and ranking very high as a tutor and a conductor of aspirants successfully through those examinations which are such barriers to the ambitious; he will remember, if he sees these lines, how when staying at a strange house he left his teeth on his dressing-table, and how the house-maid threw them away, so that they had to be sought and rescued from the dust-bin.

Most wearers of false teeth take them out on going to bed, but some are obliged to remove them whenever they eat. This latter being the very operation for which they are usually bought, their removal seems absurd—but it is true in many cases. Whether the mouths of some persons are more difficult to fit than those of others I can not say; but it is certain that many who have lost their teeth go to a never-ending expense in trying to supply the loss, and in vain, while others are successful in getting substitutes as useful as it is possible for substitutes to be, without delay or any but the first outlay. As may easily be imagined, that now almost extinct class, the pugilists, were frequent wearers of false teeth, when their finances allowed the outlay, and the contrast between Hercules wearing his borrowed incisors and the same man when they were out was often very whimsical; an apparent addition of ten years would be made to his age by their absence. It is on record that in the middle of a "round" one gladiator remembered his fictitious teeth, and so, with a word of apology to his adversary, who grinned his consent, he ran to his second and deposited in his care the costly ivories.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irishman was seen at the trenches before Sebastopol holding his hand above the earth-work. His captain asked: "What are you doing that for, Pat?" He replied, with a grin and a working of his fingers, "I am feelin' for a furlough, sure!" Just then a Minié-ball struck his arm below the wrist. Slowly drawing it down, and grasping it with the other hand to restrain the blood, a queer expression of pain and humor passed over his face as he exclaimed, "An' faith, it's a discharge!"

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Old Master Brown brought his ferule down,
His face was angry and red:
"Anthony Blair, go sit you there
Among the girls," he said.

So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
And his head hung down on his breast,
Went right away and sat all day
By the girl who loved him best.

ASSESSOR. "How is it, miss, that you gave your age to the Register as only twenty-five? I was born the same year with yourself, and, being thirty-nine, it must be—"

YOUNG LADY. "Ah! but you see, Mr. Assessor, you have lived much faster than I."

A lawyer at Saco, Maine, in addressing a jury recently, told them of the prodigal son, "whose father divided his property among his two sons and then said, Go, work to-day in my vineyard. One of them said, I go, but didn't; the other refused, and afterward went." The broad grin on the face of the Court and jury convinced the advocate that quoting Scripture was not his forte.

PARLOR SETS—Chairs.

A woman's rights advocate insists that divorced women have a right to vote under the Fifteenth Amendment, which provides that the right of suffrage shall not be denied or abridged on account of race, color, or "previous condition of servitude."

"Look here, capting," said an old Hunker Democrat addressing a colored brother the other day, "I know *you* are a Democrat." "Golly! no, mister; *dis darkey can read.*"

Not long ago a Western youth, who had been wheedled into a marriage which his subsequent judgment could not approve, commenced a suit for divorce. When the wife heard of it she was naturally indignant, and demanded of the youthful Benedict to assign a reasonable cause for his proceedings. "You are older than I am," he said. "You knew that before we were married," was the indignant answer. "You pad." "Every body does that, Sir." "You wear false teeth." "Certainly; but it is not a crime." "There's more make-up about you than reality." "What then?" "Your hair, chignon, and waterfall weigh more than you do." "Well." "Well, it's a dead woman." "Well." "Well, *I won't live with a dead woman, or any part of her!*" and the youth went his way.

HIGH WORDS—Dialogue in a balloon.

A Yankee one day asked his lawyer how an heiress might be carried off. "You can not do it with safety," said the counselor; "but I'll tell you what you may do. Let her mount a horse and hold a bridle-whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you." The next day the lawyer found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

A person desiring a situation as teacher in Nova Scotia wrote to the board: "fab 4 1870. Sir I Offer myself to you for that place to the board which I am wall quilifide for my adge is 402" (meaning, doubtless, 42).

A Yankee is said to have obtained a patent for a new safe. N.B.—It locks up the cashier as well as the cash.

A newly-married lady in Chicago complained to her ma that on her reception-day her card-basket was overrun with circulars from lawyers announcing terms for divorce. "So absurd, you know, ma, before our honey-moon is over." "True, dear," replied ma (who had been twice divorced), "but I'd put them in a safe place; you may find them very useful in a year or two."

ADVICE TO A TOPER—Don't let your spirits go down.

FRENCHMAN. "Madame, you charge ver mooch too big price for zat room."

LANDLADY. "Oh, you know we at the watering-places must make hay while the sun shines."

FRENCHMAN (*indignant*). "Madame, you shall never make ze hay of me. You must not zink because all flesh is grass zat you can make hay of me."

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"TIME WORKS WONDERS."

IAGO. (JEFF DAVIS.) "FOR THAT I DO SUSPECT THE LUSTY MOOR
HATH LEAP'D INTO MY SEAT: THE THOUGHT WHEREOF
DOTH LIKE A POISONOUS MINERAL GNAW MY INWARDS." — OTHELLO.

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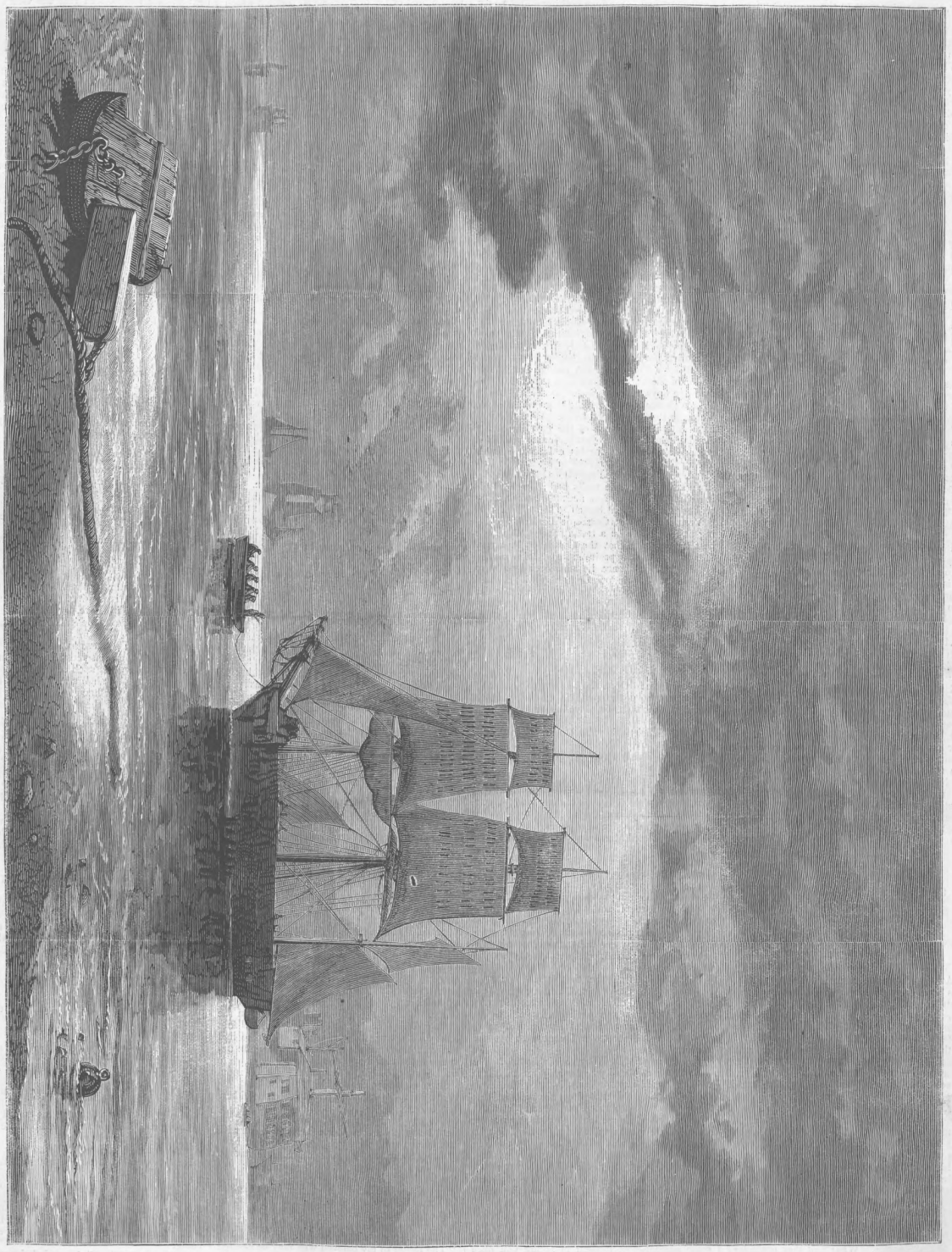
MOONLIGHT AT SEA.

Our illustration on this page is taken from a very beautiful painting by the late Clarkson Stanfield, who stood among the foremost of the great marine painters of England. The scene is supposed to be near the mouth of the Thames, looking out to sea. The oblique line of the bows shows that the anchored ship, which forms the most prominent object in the composition, is not of modern build. She is evidently a trader, also, and has dropped down the stream preparatory to going out to sea. The details of the composition are executed with that minute attention to correctness of drawing that characterized all of Stanfield's work; and the gray, quiet, and tranquil tone that pervades every part throws the spirit of true poetry over sea and sky, which may also be taken as the presage of a happy and prosperous voyage.



MOONLIGHT AT SEA.—[From a Painting by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.]

PARISIAN FENCING-SCHOOLS.

There are few places which would afford more amusement to the thinking foreigner, who prefers to study men rather than stone, and qualities rather than peristyles, than the Paris fencing-schools. Here you meet the men of fashion, the men of the boulevards, downy-lipped aspirants for army commissions, students from the Latin quarter, but above all, ambitious journalists. Access as a spectator is easily obtained, and you may go far and hunt a great deal before finding an exhibition which lets you so far into French characteristics. There are many fencing-schools of all grades of fame, price, and accommodation. There are little rooms in darksome quarters where you may learn, after a fashion, for a trifling fee; and there are spacious, elegant saloons, kept by celebrated masters of the art, where the prices are relatively as high as are those of Victor Hugo for his novels, or of Gustave Doré for his illustrations. These saloons are decorated in a fashion appropriate to their use. They have suits of armor along the walls, elaborate collections of rapiers, swords, and sabres crossed athwart each other, pictures of tournaments, duels, and battles. But curious above all are the specimens of human nature which you see there. A fencing-saloon is a little theatre where there are quite as many originals as in the best of Sardou's comedies. The maitres d'armes, the awe of youthful beginners, and the admiration of the aptest of their scholars, betray in every look and motion their pride and conceit in their art, and seem to exhibit a sort of independence and bluffness arising from a consciousness that they can maintain their ground against all comers. They are the champion knights of the modern chivalry, and stride about their domain with much the same hauteur of physical prowess which the knights of old used to show. Still, their amour-propre is not unamiable; they are burly, gay, "good fellows and brave fellows," devoted heart and soul to their pupils, and especially proud of those who have pinked their man in the wood of Vincennes. They are loquacious, and if you happen to go in when half a dozen of the scholars are preparing for their lesson, you will hear the maitre regaling them with wonderful stories, in which he is always the hero; never having, if you will believe him, been hit with rapier or foil. It is odd to watch the countenances of the pupils as they parry and thrust with monsieur the maitre.

The best masters use the foils without buttons after the pupil has reached a certain stage of proficiency. Then it is that you may judge of the real quality and "grit" of the man. Pretending is out of the question when one has the naked foil in his hand. Hypocrisy abandons the

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coolest. The polite and polished man of the world dissolves before your eyes into the true man of nature, cool or rash, timid or bold, cunning or frank, sincere or subtle. A gentleman well known as skilled in the art relates that one day he fenced with what he regarded as good results to himself. He tells us that he had a bout with a very extensive agent of wines and liqueurs, who, previous to the sport, had offered to furnish him with some excellent wine, which our academician had nearly accepted. The fencing over, the narrator went to the maître, and said to him, "I will buy no Champagne of this gentleman." "Why?" "His wine must be adulterated; he denies that he was struck!" He applies the principle to prospective sons-in-law. "When a pretender to your daughter's hand presents himself, don't waste your time informing yourself of him, information of this sort being often unreliable; say simply to your future son-in-law, 'Will you have a bout?' At the end of a quarter of an hour you will know more of his character than after six weeks of investigation." The art of fencing, as it is in France, has its antagonistic schools, as well as the arts of painting and letters. Those who practice the art as it was practiced half a century ago are called the "old school;" those who follow the system of the "reformers" of fencing, Roussel and Lozés, pride themselves on being the "new school." The admirers of the art imagine that they see in it a revival or reform analogous to that which took place at about the same period in music, painting, and literature. What Rossini and Meyerbeer were in opera, Hugo and St. Beuve in letters, and De la Roche and his contemporaries in painting, Roussel and Lozés were in fencing—founders of a new era. Fencing has had, says a French writer, "its romanticism and its contests of schools." The "old school" of fencing was in harmony with the old manners, the old order of society and régime. Elegance and grace were its requirements and characteristics. It was an ornamental and polite art. Did your life hang in the balance, you must not be awkward.

To be "pinked" was a slight offense compared to falling out of the line of harmony. A blunder was literally worse than death. The very language of the old fencing-schools hinted their ideal to be classical and "academic." When one went to take lessons, he went to the "academy." A fencer could not formerly run in attacking, nor draw back the hand in thrusting, nor stoop, nor bend over, nor engage body with body, nor "take a stroke in rest." That is, in the time of the "old school," it was in verity an art, having as its object the harmonious and elegant. The "new school" is a science, aiming rather to produce a practical effect than an artistic one. To hit is its great purpose. The means were all in all in the old; they are insignificant in the new. The new proposes a real combat rather than a gentlemanly exhibition, and even uncouthness is not tabooed. It permits lying down, putting the head behind the knee, thumping or pounding with the sword, taking aim at the belly, giving strokes beneath; it reduces the whole art to one sole quality—quickness. The "old school" is still professed by many distinguished amateurs of fencing, and still holds its own as the most aristocratic and "gentlemanly" method. The "new school" is resorted to by "young France," and by the journalistic duelist, who usually either means, or would have it appear that he means, serious business. Between the two schools is a third, which aims at a compromise, and at uniting the excellences of both. Of this school, the most renowned of living French fencing-masters, Bertrand, was the inventor. He introduced a system of fencing at once regular and rapid, elegant and effective.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER V.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

AT the Crown Inn in Shipley Magna there was intense excitement. Nothing like it had been known there within the memory of man, for, although the house boasted a tradition that a royal and gallant son of England had once passed a night beneath its roof, no one living in the old inn at the period of our story could remember that glorious occasion. Now there occupied the best rooms a foreign prince and princess! And there was the princess's maid, and the prince's valet, who were extremely superior, and troublesome, and discontented. And there had arrived a pair of horses, and a gorgeous carriage, and a London coachman, who was not quite so discontented as the maid and the valet, but fully as imposing and aristocratic in his own line. And as if these circumstances were not sufficiently interesting and stirring, there was added to them the crowning fact that the "princess" was a Daneshire lady, born and bred in the neighborhood, and that the scandal of her elopement—and she a clergyman's daughter!—was yet fresh and green in the chronicles of Shipley Magna. What had they come for? The hunting season was over; and the hunting was the only rational and legitimate reason why a stranger should ever come to Shipley Magna at all. At least, so opined the united conclaves of stable-yard and kitchen who sat in permanent judgment on the actions of their social superiors.

"Mayhap she have come to see her father," hazarded an apple-cheeked young scullery-maid, timidly. But this suggestion was scouted as highly improbable. Father, indeed! What did such as her care for fathers? She wouldn't ha' gone off and left him the way she did if so be she'd ha' had much feeling for her father. She'd a pretty good cheek to come back there at all after the way she'd disgraced herself. And this here prince—if so be he *were* a prince—must feel pretty uncomfortable when he thought about it. But to be sure he was a I-talian, and so, much in the way of moral indignation couldn't be expected from him. And then, you know, *her* mother was a foreigner. Certainly Mrs. Levincourt had never done nothing amiss, so far as the united conclaves could tell. But, you see, *it come out in the daughter.* Once a foreigner always a foreigner, you might depend upon that!

Nevertheless, in spite of the opinion of that critical and fallible pit audience that contemplates the performance of the more or less gilt heroes and heroines who strut and fret their hour on the stage of high life, a messenger was dispatched in a fly to Shipley-in-the-Wold, on the first morning after the arrival of the Prince and Princess de' Barletti, and the messenger was the bearer of a note addressed to the Reverend Charles Levincourt, Shipley Vicarage. The motives which had induced Veronica to revisit Daneshire were not entirely clear to herself. It was a caprice, she said. And then she supposed that she ought to try to see her father. Unless she made the first advance, he probably would never see her more. Well, she would make the advance. That she felt the advance easier to make from her present vantage-ground of prosperity she did not utter aloud.

Then there was in Veronica's heart an unappeased longing to dazzle, to surprise, to overwhelm her old acquaintances with her new grandeur. She even had a secret hope that such county magnates as Lady Alicia Renwick would receive her with the consideration due to a Princess de' Barletti. Lastly in the catalogue of motives for her visit to Shipley Magna must be set down a desire for any change that promised excitement. She had been married to Cesare five days, and was bored to death. As to Prince Cesare, he was willing to go wheresoever Veronica thought it good to go. He would fain have entered into some of the gayeties of the London season that was just beginning, and have recompensed himself for his enforced dullness during the first weary weeks of his stay in England. But he yielded readily to his bride's desire; and, besides, he really had a strong feeling that it would be but decent and becoming on her part to present herself to her father.

Veronica, Princess Cesare de' Barletti, was lying at full length on a broad squab sofa in the best sitting-room that the Crown could boast. Her husband sat opposite to her, half buried in an easy-chair, whence he rose occasionally to look out of the window, or to play with a small Spitz dog that lay curled up on a cushion on the broad window-sill. Veronica gave a quick, impatient sigh, and turned uneasily.

"Anima mia," said Cesare. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing! Faugh! How stuffy the room is!"

"Shall I open the window?"

"Nonsense! Open the window with an east wind blowing over the wolds right into the room? You don't know the Shipley climate as well as I do!"

"How delicious it must be at Naples now!" observed Cesare, wistfully.

"I hope I may never see Naples again! I hate it!"

"Oibò! Never see Naples again? You don't mean it!"

"What a time that man is gone to Shipley!"

"Is it far to your father's house?"

"I told you. Five English miles. It is no distance. I could have walked there and back in the time."

"It is a pity, cara mia, that you did not take my advice and go yourself. I should have been delighted to accompany you. It would have been more becoming toward your father."

"No, Cesare; it is not a pity. And you do not understand."

"I can, in truth, see no reason why a daughter should not pay her father the respect of going to him in person. Especially after such a long absence."

"I tell you, simpleton, that papa would rather himself have the option of coming here if he prefers it instead of my walking in to the vicarage unexpectedly, and causing a fuss and an esclandre, and—who knows," she added, more gloomily, "whether he will choose to see me at all?"

"See you at all! Why should he not? He—he will not be displeased at your marriage with me, will he?"

"No—no. I do not fancy he will be displeased at *that!*" returned Veronica, with a half-compassionate glance at her bridegroom. In truth Cesare was very far from having any idea of the service his name could do to Veronica. He was a poor devil; she a wealthy widow. Per Bacco! How many of his countrymen would jump at such an alliance! Not to mention that the lady was a young and beautiful woman with whom he was passionately in love!

"Very well then, mio tesoro adorato, then I maintain that it behooved *us* to go to your father. As to a fuss—why, of course, there would be some agreeable excitement in seeing you once more in your own home!" said Cesare, to whose imagination a "fuss" that involved no personal exertion on his own part was by no means a terrible prospect. After a moment's silence, broken only by the ill-tempered "yap" of the sleepy little Spitz dog, whose ears he was pulling, Cesare resumed: "What did you say to your father, Veronica mia? You would not let me see the note. I wished to have added a line expressive of my respect and desire to see him."

"That doesn't matter. You can say all your pretty speeches vivâ voce."

The truth was that Veronica would have been most unwilling that Cesare should see her letter to her father. It was couched in terms more like those of an enemy tired of hostilities, and willing to make peace, than such as would have befitted a penitent and affectionate daughter. But it was not ill calculated to produce the effect she desired on the vicar. She had kept well before him the facts of her princess-ship, of her wealth, and of the brilliant social position which (she was persuaded) was awaiting her. A prodigal son, who should have returned in rags and tatters, and been barked at by the house-dog, would have had a much worse chance with Mr. Levincourt than one who should have appeared in such guise as to elicit the respectful bows of every lackey in his father's hall. People have widely different conceptions of what is disgraceful. Then, too, Veronica had clearly conveyed in her note that if her father would come to see her, he should be spared a "scene." No exigent demands should be made on his emotions. A combination of circumstances favored the reception of her letter by the vicar. He was alone in his garden when the fly drove up to the gate. Maud was absent. There was not even a servant's eye upon him, under whose inspection he might have deemed it necessary to assume a rigor and indignation he had ceased to feel. There was the carriage waiting to take him back at once if he would go. He felt that if he did not seize this opportunity, he might never see his daughter more. After scarcely a minute's hesitation, he opened the house door, called to Joanna that he was going to Shipley Magna, and stepped into the vehicle. It chanced, as the reader is aware, that his servants knew as well as he did who it was that awaited him at Shipley Magna. Joe Dowsett had met his friend, the head hostler of the Crown Inn, at Sack's farm, that morning, and the arrival of the prince and princess had been fully discussed between them. But of this the vicar was in happy ignorance, as he was driven along the winding road across "the hills" to Shipley.

"Here is our messenger returned!" exclaimed Barletti, suddenly, as from his post at the window he perceived the fly jingling up the High Street. "It is he! I recognize the horse by his fatness. Sommi dei, is he fat, that animal! And I think I see some one inside the carriage. Yes—yes! It is, it must be your father!"

Veronica sprang from the sofa, and ran toward a door that led into the adjoining chamber.

"Stay, dearest; that is not the way!" cried Cesare. "Come, here is the door of the corridor; come, we will go down and meet him together."

But that had been by no means Veronica's intention. In the first agitation of learning her father's approach she had started up with simply an instinctive, unreasoning impulse to run away. At Cesare's words she strove to command herself, and sank down again in a sitting posture on the sofa.

"No—no—no, Cesare," she said, in a low, breathless tone. "I—I was crazy to think of such a thing! It would never do to meet papa in the inn-yard before all those people. He would not like it. Stay with me, Cesare."

She took his hand in hers, and held it with an almost convulsively tight grasp. Thus they waited silently, hand in hand. Her emotion had infected Cesare, and he had turned quite pale. It was probably not more than three minutes from the moment of Cesare's first seeing the fly that they waited thus. But it seemed to Veronica as though a long period had elapsed between that moment and the opening of the sitting-room door.

"The vicar of Shipley," announced the prince's English valet, who condescended to act on occasion as groom of the chambers.

"Papa!"

"My dear child! My dear Veronica!"

It was over. The meeting looked forward to with such mingled feelings had taken place, almost without a tear being shed. The vicar's eyes were moistened a little. Veronica did not cry, but she was as pale as the false color on her cheeks would let her be, and she trembled, and her heart beat fast; but she alone knew this, and she strove to hide it. She had put her arms round her father's neck and kissed him. And he had held her for a moment in his embrace. Then they sat down side by side on the sofa. And then they perceived, for the first time, that Prince Cesare de' Barletti, who had retired to the window, was crying in a quite unconcealed manner, and noisily using a large white pocket-handkerchief, which filled the whole room with an odor as of a perfumer's shop.

"Cesare," called Veronica, "come hither. Let me present you to my father."

Cesare wiped his eyes, put the odoriferous handkerchief into his pocket, and advanced with extended hands to the vicar. He would have embraced him, but he conceived that that would have been a solecism in English manners; and Cesare flattered himself that although his knowledge of the language was as yet imperfect, he had very happily acquired the outward bearing of an Englishman.

"It is a moment I have long desired," said he, shaking the vicar's right hand between both his. "The father of my beloved wife may be assured of my truest respect and affection."

There was a real charm and grace in the way in which Cesare said these words. It was entirely free from awkwardness or constraint; and uttered in his native Italian, the words themselves appeared thoroughly simple and natural.

Mr. Levincourt was favorably impressed by his son-in-law at once. He warmly returned the grasp of Cesare's hand, and said to his daughter, "Tell Prince Barletti that, although my Italian has grown rusty on my tongue, I fully understand what he says, and thank him for it."

"Oh, Cesare speaks a little English," returned Veronica, smiling. She was growing more at her ease every moment. The reaction from her brief trepidation and depression sent her spirits up rapidly. She recovered herself sufficiently to observe her father's face closely, and to think, "Papa is really a very handsome man still. I wonder if Cesare expected to see a person of such distinguished appearance." Then in the next instant she noticed that the vicar's dress was decidedly less careful than of yore: and she perceived in his bearing—in the negligence of his attitude—some traces of that subtle, general deterioration which it had so pained Maud to discover. But she was seeing him under a better aspect than any Maud had yet witnessed since her return to Shipley. The vicar was not so far changed from his former self as to be indifferent to the impression he was making on Prince Barletti. They all three sat and talked much as they might have done had Veronica parted from her father to go on a wedding-tour with her bridegroom, and was meeting him for the first time after a happy honey-moon. They sat and talked almost as though such a being as Sir John Gale had never crossed the threshold of Shipley vicarage. In Cesare this came about naturally enough. But Veronica, despite her languid princess air, was ceaselessly on the watch to turn his indiscreet tongue from dangerous topics.

And so things went on with delightful smoothness. The vicar, being pressed, consented to remain and dine with his daughter and son-in-law, and to be driven home by them in the evening. Down stairs the united conclaves were greatly interested in this new act of the drama, and criticised the performers in it with considerable vivacity.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

"AND how long do you purpose remaining here?" asked the vicar, addressing his son-in-law, as they sat at table. "I presume this is merely on the way to some other place. Do you go northward? It is too early for the Lakes, and still more so for the Highlands."

Cesare looked at his wife.

"Well, how long we remain will depend on several things," answered Veronica. "We were not en route for any special destination. I did not know that Shipley Magna *could* be en route for any place. No; we came down here to see you, papa."

"Yet you have had a carriage sent down, you say?"

"Ah, yes; an' 'orses," put in Cesare; "I-a, want-a, to guide-a."

"Don't be alarmed, papa. Cesare is not going to drive us this evening. We have a pretty good coachman, I believe."

"Then you *had* some intention of making a stay here?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But really I don't think I ever have what you would call an intention. That suggests such a vigorous operation of the mind. We shall stay if it suits us. If not—not; don't you know?"

Veronica uttered these words with the most exaggerated assumption of languid fine-ladyism. The time had been when such an affectation on her part would not have escaped some caustic reproof from the vicar's tongue. As it was, he merely looked at her in silence. Cesare followed his glance, and shook his head compassionately. "Ah," said he, in his own language, "she is not strong, our dearest Veronica. She has certain moments so languid, so depressed."

The vicar was for a second uncertain whether Barletti spoke ironically or in good faith. But there was no mistaking the simplicity of his face.

"Is she not strong?" said the vicar. "She used to be very healthy."

"Oh, I am quite well, papa. Only I get *so* tired," drawled out the princess.

Her father looked at her again more attentively. Her skin was so artificially colored that there was small indication of the real state of her health to be drawn from that. But the dark rings round her eyes were natural. Her figure had not grown thinner, but her hands seemed wasted, and there was a slight puffy fullness about her cheeks and jaw.

"She does *not* look very strong," said the vicar; "and—I have observed that she eats nothing."

"No! Is it not true? I have told her so, have I not, mia cara? You are right, Signor Vicario; she eats nothing. More Champagne? Don't take it. Who knows what stuff it is made of?"

"Cesare, I beg you will not be absurd," returned Veronica, with a frown, and an angry flush of her eyes. "It keeps me up. I require stimulants. Don't you remember the doctor said I required stimulants?"

"Apropos of doctors," said the vicar, with an amused smile, "you have not asked after little Plew."

"Oh, poor little Plew! What is he doing?" asked Veronica. She had subsided again into her nonchalant air, temporarily interrupted by the flash of temper, and asked after Mr. Plew with the tolerant condescension of a superior being.

"What-a is Ploo?" demanded the prince.

The vicar explained. And, being cheered by a good dinner and a glass of very fair sherry (he had prudently eschewed the Crown Champagne) into something as near jollity as he ever approached—for the vicar was a man who could smile, but rarely laughed—he treated them to a burlesque account of Miss Turtle's passion.

"How immensely comic!" said Veronica, slowly. She had reached such a point of princess-ship that she could barely take the trouble

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to part her red lips in a smile at the expense of these lower creatures. Nevertheless there was in her heart a movement of very vulgar and plebeian jealousy. Jealousy! Jealousy of Mr. Plew? Jealousy of power; jealousy of admiration; jealousy of the hold she had over this man; jealousy, yes, jealousy of the possibility of the village surgeon comparing her to her disadvantage with any other woman, and giving to that other something that, with all his blind idolatry of old days, she felt he had *never* given to her—sincere and manly respect. She would not have him feel for any woman what an honest man feels for his honest wife.

"I suppose," she said, after a pause, "that poor little Plew will marry her."

"Oh, I suppose so," returned the vicar, carelessly. "It would do very well. Maud thinks he will not; but that's nonsense. Plew is not very enterprising or ardent, but if the lady will but persevere he'll yield: not a doubt of it!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Veronica, toying with her bracelet, and looking as though she were ineffably weary of the whole subject. In that moment she was foreseeing a gleam of wished-for excitement in Shipley.

After dinner—which had been expressly ordered a couple of hours earlier than usual—they all drove along the winding turf-bordered road toward Shipley-in-the-Wold. It was a clear spring evening. The distant prospect melted away into faint blues and grays. A shower had hung bright drops on the budding hawthorn hedges. The air blew sweet and fresh across the rolling wold. Not one of the three persons who occupied Prince Cesare Barletti's handsome carriage was specially pervious to the influences of such a scene and hour. But they all, from whatsoever motive, kept silence for a time. Barletti enjoyed the smooth easy motion of the well-hung vehicle. But he thought the landscape around him very dull. And, besides, he was the victim of an unfulfilled ambition to mount up on the high box and drive. He was speculating on the chances of Veronica's permitting him to do so as they drove back from the vicarage. But then, even if she consented, what was to become of Dickinson, his man, who was seated beside the coachman? He could not be put into the carriage with his mistress, that was clear. To be sure the distance was not very great. He might—he might perhaps walk back! But even as this bold idea passed through Cesare's mind he dismissed it, as knowing it to appertain to the category of day-dreams. Dickinson was a very oppressive personage to his master. His gravity, severity, and machine-like imperturbability kept poor Cesare in subjection. Not that Cesare had not a sufficient strain of the grand seigneur in him to have asserted his own will and pleasure, with perfect disregard to the opinion of any servant of his own nation, but he relied on Dickinson to assist him in his endeavor to acquire the tone of English manners.

His first rebuff from Dickinson had been in the matter of a pair of drab gaiters which the prince had bought on his own responsibility. These he had put on to sally forth in at St. Leonard's, whither he had gone with his bride immediately on his marriage; and in conjunction with a tartan neck-cloth fastened by a gold fox's head with garnet eyes, they had given him, he flattered himself, the air of a distinguished member of the Jockey Club at the very least. Dickinson's disapproval of the gaiters was, however, so pronounced, that Cesare reluctantly abandoned them. And from that hour his valet's iron rule over his wardrobe was established.

On these and such-like weighty matters was Prince Barletti pondering as he rolled along in his carriage. Veronica leaned back in an elaborately easy attitude, and while apparently steeped in elegant languor, was keeping a sharp look-out in case her secret desire of meeting some old acquaintance on the road should chance to be fulfilled. The vicar was busy with his own private thoughts and speculations. The road was quite deserted until they neared the village of Shipley. Then the noise of the passing carriage attracted one or two faces to the cottage windows, and a dog or two barked violently at the heels of the horses. Such of the denizens of Shipley as saw Prince Barletti's equipage stared at it until it was out of sight. It was all so bright and showy, and brand-new. Very different from the solid, well-preserved vehicles in which most of the neighboring gentry were seen to drive about the country. There was a great blazon of arms on the shining panels. The coachman's livery was of outlandish gorgeousness, and the harness glittered with silver. A vivid recollection darted into Veronica's mind, as the carriage dashed through the village street, of that moonlit night when the jingling old fly from the Crown Inn, which she and her father occupied, had drawn aside to let Dr. Begbie's carriage pass, as they drove home from the dinner-party at Lowater House.

"Who is that respectable signora?" asked Cesare of his wife, at the same time raising his hat and executing a bow with much suavity.

"Eh? Where? What respectable signora?"

"There—that rotund, blooming English matron. What a freshness on her cheeks!"

It was Mrs. Meggitt to whom Barletti alluded. The worthy woman's cheeks were indeed all aglow with excitement. She stood by the wayside, nodding and smiling to the vicar, who, slightly—one might almost say furtively—returned her salute. From behind the ample shelter of Mrs. Meggitt's shoulder appeared the pale, pinched countenance of Miss Turtle. Her eyes saw nothing but Veronica. Their wide, steady stare took in every detail of the beauty's rich garments: the delicate, costly little bonnet sitting so lightly on a complicated mass of jetty coils and plaits; the gleam of a chain around her neck; the perfection of her gray gloves; the low, elaborate waves of hair on her forehead; and be sure that Miss Turtle did not fail to observe that the princess was painted!

"Cesare! Per carità! What are you doing? Pray, be quiet!" exclaimed Veronica, quickly, as she saw her lord about to pull off his hat once more.

"Ma come? Cosa c'è? Why may I not bow to the respectable matron?"

"Nonsense; be quiet! She is a farmer's wife. And I must say, I never saw a more presumptuous manner of saluting her clergyman. What has come to the woman, papa? She is nodding and grinning like a ridiculous old china image!"

"She did not nod and grin at *you*, Veronica," returned the vicar, with unexpected heat, and in a flurried, quick way. "I have a great liking and—and—respect—a great respect—for Mrs. Meggitt. I have received kindness and comfort from her and hers when I was deserted and alone. Yes, quite lonely and miserable. And let me tell you, that it would have done you no harm to return her salute. If you expect Shipley people to ko-too to you, you are mistaken. Your husband, who was to the manner born, understands how to play prince a great deal better than you have yet learned to act princess!"

Veronica was too genuinely surprised to utter a word. But silence was in keeping with the tone of disdainful nonchalance she had lately chosen to assume, and eked out by a slight raising of the brows, and a still slighter shrug of the shoulders, it was sufficiently expressive.

Cesare did not understand all that had passed between the father and daughter, and indeed had paid but slight attention to it, being occupied with gazing after Mrs. Meggitt. He was delighted with the good lady's appearance, as approaching more nearly than any thing he had yet seen to his ideal of the color, form, and size of a thoroughbred, average Englishwoman.

He had not got over his fit of admiration when the carriage arrived at the corner of Bassett's Lane, which, as the reader knows, was skirted on one side by the wall of the vicarage garden. The coachman pulled up his horses, and Dickinson, hat in hand, looked down into the carriage for orders.

"Which way is he to take, your 'Ighness?" demanded Dickinson.

Suddenly it rushed upon Veronica that she could not bear to be driven up Bassett's Lane to the back-door of the garden. She had felt no emotion, or scarcely any, so far, on revisiting her old home. But the events of a certain February gloaming were so indissolubly associated in her memory with that one special spot that she shuddered to approach it. The whole scene was instantly present to her mind—the chill murky sky, the heap of flint stones, the carter holding the trembling horse, and on the ground Joe Dowsett, with that unconscious, scarlet-coated, mud-bespattered figure in his arms!

She sank back shivering into a corner of the carriage, and said, in a voice little louder than a whisper, "Not that way, papa!" The vicar partly understood her feeling. But he could not understand why that spot, and that alone, out of all the numerous places and persons connected with the past that she had hitherto seen, should so move her. She herself could not have told why; but it indubitably was so.

Cesare had marked her changing face and voice. He leaned forward and took her hand. "Cara mia diletta," he murmured, "you are chill! This evening air is too sharp for you. I saw you shiver! Did not your maid put a shawl into the carriage? Let me wrap you more warmly."

Veronica accepted his assumption, and suffered herself to be enfolded in the shawl. The vicar meanwhile explained to Dickinson the road which the coachman must follow to approach the vicarage by the side of St. Gildas.

"You will see a specimen of our ancient church architecture," said Mr. Levincourt to his son-in-law, in labored and highly uncolloquial Italian.

Cesare professed himself much interested. But when his eyes lighted on the squat tower of the old church, and the bleak, barren graveyard, he stared around him as though he had in some way missed the object he was bidden to look at, and as though *that* could not surely be the "specimen of ancient church architecture."

"Why, there is Maudie on the look-out for me," said the vicar. "How surprised she will be! And who is that with her? I declare it is—yes, positively it is Mr. Plew!"

THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

THE large number of eminent descendants from illustrious men must not be looked upon as expressing the results of their marriage with mediocre women; for the average ability of the wives of such men is above mediocrity, contrary to the commonly expressed opinion that clever men marry silly women. It is not easy to prove my point without a considerable mass of quotations to show the estimation in which the wives of a large body of illustrious men were held by their intimate friends; but the two following arguments are not without weight. First, the lady whom a man marries is very commonly one whom he has often met in the society of his own friends, and therefore not likely to be a silly woman. She is also usually related to some of them, and therefore has a probability of being hereditarily gifted. Secondly, as a matter of fact, a large number of eminent men marry eminent women. Philip II. of Macedon and Olympias; Cæsar's *liaison* with Cleopatra; Marlborough and his most able wife; Helvetius married a charming lady, whose hand was also sought by both Franklin and Turgot; August Wilhelm von Schlegel was heart and soul devoted to Madame De Staël; Necker's wife was a blue-stocking of the purest hue; Robert Stephens, the learned printer, had Petronella for his wife; the Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon and the great Lord Burleigh married two of the highly accomplished daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke. All these names are those of decidedly eminent women. They establish the existence of a tendency of "like to like" among intellectual men and women. On the other hand, there is no evidence of a strongly marked antagonistic taste—of clever men liking really half-witted women. A man may be conscious of serious defects in his character, and select a wife to supplement what he wants, as a shy man may be attracted by a woman who has no other merits than those of a talker and manager. Also, a young awkward philosopher may accredit the first girl who cares to show an interest in him with greater intelligence than she possesses. But these are exceptional instances; the great fact remains that able men take pleasure in the society of intelligent women, and, if they can find such as would in other respects be suitable, they will marry them in preference to mediocrities.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE readers of "The Dodge Club Abroad" and "Cord and Creese" will be glad to learn that a new novel, "THE CRYPTOGRAM," by the author of those popular works, will be commenced in the next number of *Harper's Bazar*. This story is one of great dramatic power and thrilling interest, and we would call the attention of the public to its opening chapters.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," seems a solemn truth as anxious days and weeks have passed by, and no news has come of the missing steamer *City of Boston*. The past holds a melancholy record of wrecked ocean steamers, though the total disappearance of a vessel, with the loss of all on board, is a rare disaster. "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," recently published, and an invaluable book of reference, contains a long list, no less than seven columns, of remarkable wrecks. Some, which have occurred within the last thirty years, stand out sadly prominent in the dismal catalogue. The *President* sailed from New York, March 11, 1841, with many passengers. Two days after she encountered a terrible storm, and was never heard of afterward. In September, 1854, the United States Mail steamer *Arctic* collided in a fog with the *Vesta*, a French steamer, off Newfoundland, and over 300 lives were lost. The *City of Glasgow*, with 480 persons on board, disappeared in November of the same year. The *Pacific*, a Collins steamer, left Liverpool for New York, January 23, 1856. It was never heard of afterward, and is supposed to have struck an iceberg; 186 persons were on board. The clipper *Dunbar*, with 121 persons and a valuable cargo on board, was wrecked, near Sydney, August 20, 1857. Only one escaped to tell the tale—he was rescued after having been upon the rocks thirty hours. When the *Central America* foundered at sea, September 12, 1857, out of the 579 on board only 152 were saved. The *Austria*, a steam emigrant ship, was burned, in mid-ocean, September 13, 1858, and of the 538 on board but 67 escaped. The *Pomona*, an American ship, from Liverpool to New York, with 419 on board, was wrecked in April, 1859, only 24 being saved. The same year 446 lives were lost by the wreck of the *Royal Charter*. In September, 1860, 287 lives were lost in consequence of the sinking of the *Lady Elgin*, by collision, on Lake Michigan. The *Anglo-Saxon* was wrecked in 1863, and the *London* in 1866, by which disasters more than 450 lives were lost. Such are some of the sad records of the past. The number of wrecks occurring every year is far greater than is generally supposed.

At the recent sale of the Rice Library in this city an illustrated copy of Dibdin's "Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany," in six volumes, brought the remarkable price of $1920. The finest known copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, published in 1663, was sold for $1030—a fair price, it is thought, for a book which only one man on the American continent can read.

We understand that Governor Hoffman has signed the bill empowering the city of New York to lease a block between Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets to the Sisters of Charity for the purpose of erecting a great foundling hospital thereon.

The Bombay *Gazette* tells a little anecdote of the Duke of Edinburgh. "At Agra he inquired whether the city had a lunatic asylum. On being informed that such an institution would be of no utility in the place, he devoutly thanked Heaven, observing that wherever there was one they invariably took him there, and he always found the word 'welcome' in large letters over the entrance."

The first edition of Charles Dickens's new novel will consist of 70,000 copies.—It has been reported that Père Hyacinthe was about to edit a paper in Paris. This statement is now contradicted; but it is said that he will assist his brother, who is soon to start *La Concorde*, in connection with several ecclesiastical and literary celebrities.—"The History of the Œcumenical Council" is to be published in six magnificent volumes.—"Feathers and Arrows" is the name of a new volume of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, now in press.—A new publication highly spoken of by the English papers is Messrs. Sampson Low & Son's *Photographic Art Journal*, illustrated with photographs printed in permanent pigments.—Gustave Doré is reported to be about to make an artistic tour through the United States.

The West Side Elevated Railway is now completed to the Hudson River Dépôt at Thirtieth Street, and will soon be opened to the public. The road commences at the lower end of Greenwich Street, running along its east side to Ninth Avenue, which it crosses, and continues on the west side of the Avenue to Thirty-first Street. The track is supported by iron columns strongly bolted together. The engines are situated at Cortlandt, Franklin, and Twenty-second streets. The cars are similar to those on the ordinary street railroads.

Not many months ago a peasant woman entered a church near Tivoli, in Italy, and standing before an altar dedicated to St. Antony of Padua, addressed the saint in the wildest and most excited manner. "Thou art a cheat," she exclaimed; "a thief, a villain! I have brought thee candles, I have given thee oil and wine, and yet thou hast permitted my child, the son of a widow, to die. Thou art a villainous cheat." An English visitor in the church, concerned for the sanity of the woman, applied to a priest who was praying from his breviary. "Sir," replied the priest, "I will not say that the peasant woman is right in acting as she does, but she is not entirely in the wrong. She really has made St. Antony a number of presents, at some personal inconvenience to herself; for the widow is poor, and yet the saint has done nothing for her—her child is dead. We must allow the poor woman to speak her mind freely, for her complaints are just."

Are Cambridge (Mass.) scholars worse than the general run of pupils? Or is there a deficiency of moral power among the teachers, that it is deemed necessary to restore the discipline of the rod? Report says that the old policy, somewhat modified, is to be re-adopted.

Death at a gaming-table! What scene could be more fearful? A short time ago a middle-aged man entered the gaming-saloon at Koethen, in the principality of Anhalt. He sat down at a table and soon won one thousand ducats. The money was passed over to him, but he did not take it up. Presently some one touched him on the shoulder, and asked if he wished to continue. The man continued immovable, and it was discovered that he was dead! The man in charge of the table then raked up the gold, saying that it belonged to the bank, as no engagement could have been entered into with a corpse. The heirs of the deceased are not convinced of the soundness of this reasoning, and they have commenced an action for the recovery of the sum.

It is intended to erect a suitable monument to Luther at Eisleben, the town where he was born. It is hoped it will be completed before November 10, 1883, the four-hundredth anniversary of the Reformer's birth.

The increase of pauperism in London is spoken of as "alarming." In addition to nearly one hundred thousand poor who are in receipt of regular aid, there are nearly as many more "casuals"—persons who apply for meals or lodgings.

Rev. Aziel Backus, the first President of Hamilton College, was well known as a wit in his earlier days; and while connected with the college his quaint sayings were a constant source of amusement. Once, on being asked his opinion of a brilliant but rambling and incoherent sermon, he extinguished the glory of the young preacher who had delivered it in the college pulpit, by saying: "It would take a spry man to think of the text and the sermon simultaneously. They were so far apart that if the text had had the small-pox, the sermon would never have caught it."

A fond father, who believed in transmitted greatness, sent his son to President Backus with a letter, in which he said he was aware his boy would seem to be a little backward and slow, and perhaps poorly fitted for the freshman class; but he trusted the President's watchful care would be rewarded by finding a talent or two hid away in the napkin. When the slow freshman returned for his first vacation, he carried to his father a written assurance from the President that he had "shaken the napkin by its corners, without seeing the first sign of a hidden talent."

There are in the city of New York no less than seven thousand saloons whose exclusive business is to serve up to customers oysters, in the form of stews, fries, roasts, broils, or *raws*. Every body eats oysters for nine months in the year, and regrets he can not for twelve. The richest oyster-beds are found along the indented coast of the Atlantic Ocean. In the vicinity of New York they are abundant. It would be almost impossible to mention all the different varieties that are brought to market, although a few favorite kinds are most in demand. Not less than ten thousand men are engaged in the shipment of oysters to New York; and thousands of bushels are annually shipped to Europe.

Many persons believe that various little personal peculiarities are strongly indicative of character. The *Horoscope*, a Paris paper, thinks that the style of laughing is an index of character; that "Ha, ha" shows the laugher to be frank, fickle, noisy, and nervous. "He, he, he" is the laugh of a phlegmatic and melancholy person, or of one timid and irresolute. "Ho, ho" betokens a man of firmness and generosity. Those who laugh "Hu, hu" are avaricious, hypocritical, and take pleasure in nothing.

Coarse black hair and dark skin are said to denote great force of character: fine black hair to indicate not only strength of character, but also purity and goodness. Stiff black hair indicates a coarse, strong, rigid character. Harsh, upright hair is the sign of a reticence and harshness. Coarse red hair indicates powerful animal passions, with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair, with florid countenance, denotes intensity of feeling, purity, with the highest capacity for enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even, smooth, glossy hair denotes strength, harmony, and evenness of character. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament. Crisp, curly hair indicates a hasty and somewhat impetuous character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and indolent constitution. There are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter of the hair-tube which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, while very black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them.

The gait is sometimes regarded as an index of character. Observing persons are said to move slowly. Careful people lift their feet high and place them down flat and firm. Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets and their heads slightly inclined. Modest persons step lightly, for fear of being observed. The timid often step off the side-walk on meeting another, and always go around a stone instead of stepping over it! Wide-awake persons have a long swing to their arms, while they shake about miscellaneously. The careless are forever stubbing their toes. The lazy scrape about loosely with their heels. Very strong-minded persons have a kind of stamp movement. Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns.

Concerning eyes, it has been said that "a woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never talks too much or too little, and is always an entertaining, agreeable, and affectionate companion." Doubtless—but we know women with blue, black, brown, and gray eyes of whom as much could may be truly said.

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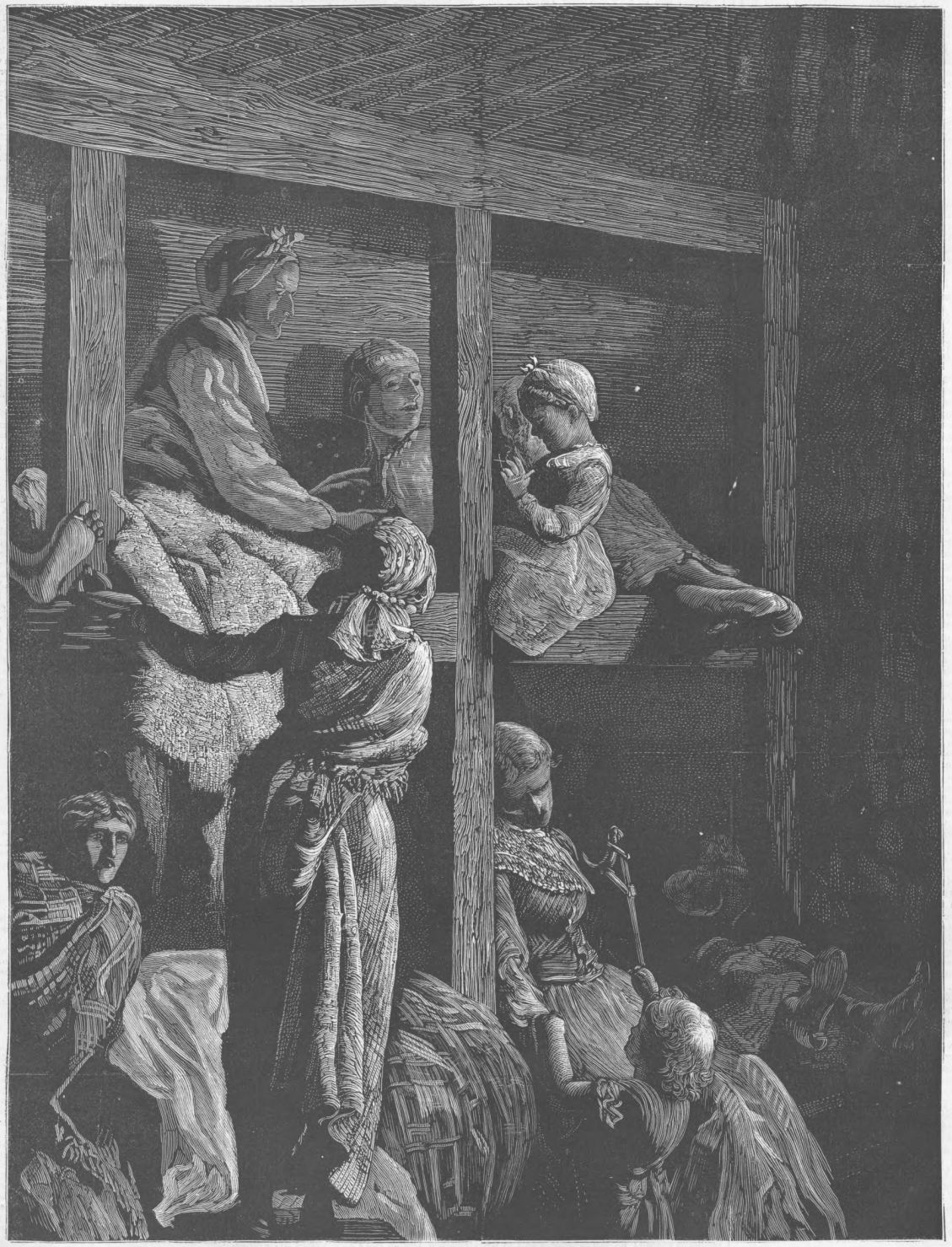

STEERAGE BUNKS.

STEERAGE BUNKS.

THE discomforts of a long ocean voyage are sufficiently trying to the nerves, even when alleviated by all the luxuries and comforts of the first-cabin. To be sure, the first-cabin, or saloon, as it is now generally called, is small and cramped, and the state-rooms are narrow, dark, and close; but these accommodations are palatial in comparison with the steerage—the quarters where the poor emigrants are huddled together like beasts in pens. Their Atlantic voyage is any thing but a holiday trip. They are literally packed together in a dark, cavernous part of the vessel; they have their food doled out to them in rations; they have but little space among the ropes and beams of the forward decks wherein to "take the air;" and they must live during the voyage in an atmosphere which is close at best, and is too often tainted with disease. See, in the picture, how they are crowded up together, and how rude are their berths and surroundings! The poor ill woman in the corner has scarcely space to move; one man's berth is so narrow that his feet project over it. Still, the emigrants make the best of things. Some one has given the shaggy-haired little girl a toy, which she exultingly displays to her sea-sick mother; another little girl is unraveling a string puzzle; and the interested faces of the two women who are watching her show that even in this dark hole there are cheerful, contented souls. On calm nights, when the sea is still, and the steamer rolls steadily and gently across the waves, you may hear songs rising from the steerage, and see the emigrants standing in groups on the forward deck, the men smoking and chewing, and the women, their arms burdened with infants, chatting together and watching the spray and the surging sea.

SHEEP IN WINTER-TIME.

THE pretty winter pastoral on page 237, engraved from a drawing by Mr. HARRISON WEIR, is thoroughly English in general character and detail. Few American farms present the picturesque material to be found on those of England; the graceful rows of hedges, the cottages and outbuildings, with their thatched roofs and projecting eaves, offer a striking contrast to the ungainly fences and the prim, unromantic country architecture in which American farmers delight. It is to be hoped the time may come here when these simple but enjoyable elements of beauty will not be considered incompatible with thrift and enterprise.

SUBTRACTION.

THE illustration with the above heading, on page 237, engraved from a clever drawing by MR. J. MAHONY, a young English artist of considerable promise, hardly requires explanation. The two boys are evidently on their way to school, sauntering slowly along through the snow, and making up for lost time on their arithmetic lesson, which, as the title suggests, involves the mysteries of subtraction. The younger boy appears to be the quicker at figures; and his duller or lazier companion quietly "subtracts" the results of his calculations while looking over his shoulder.

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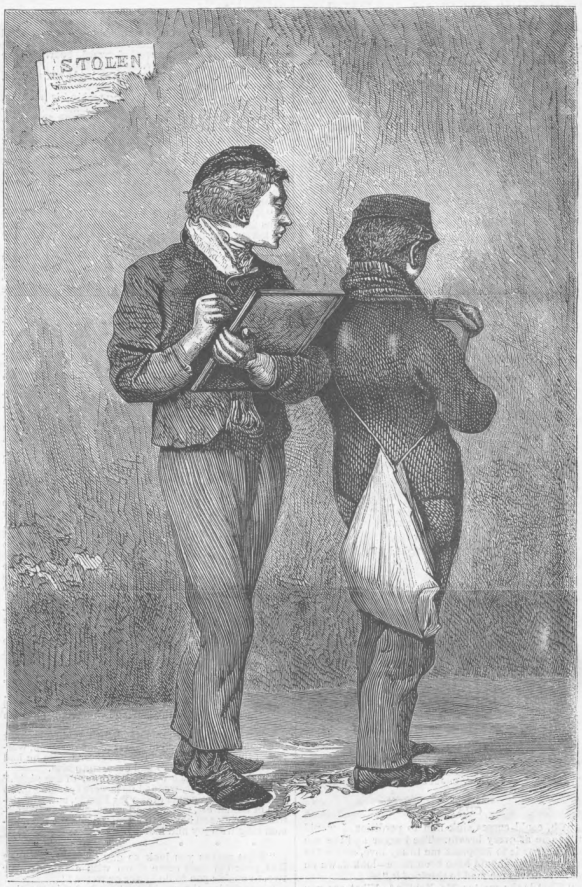
THE KING OF SIAM.

THE KING OF SIAM.

SOMDETCH-PHRA-PARAMENDZ-MAHA-CHULALON-KORN, the reigning King of Siam, whose portrait is given on this page, is only seventeen years old. He is the fifth sovereign of the dynasty of which he is the representative. From his European education, the young King is well calculated to carry on the enlightened progress made in that strange Oriental monarchy under the auspices of his father; but the Regent is still more advanced than was his late master. This Regent, chosen to the post for his eminent qualities, is CHOW-PHIA-SRI-SURY-WONGSE, close friend and companion of the late King, and Minister of War, in which capacity he is in direct communication with, and has enormous influence over, the council of mandarins. It is of this celebrated Siamese statesman that Sir JOHN BOWRING gives so complimentary an account in his work on Siam, where he says that in all his conversations with the "Kalahome" he found in him great judgment, and profound experience in men and things.



SUBTRACTION.—[SEE PAGE 236.]

SHEEP IN WINTER-TIME.—FROM A DRAWING BY HARRISON WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 236.]

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"OUT OF THE DARK."

Air—"*John Anderson, my Jo.*"

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

John Alcohol, my Jo John,
When we were first acquaint,
My eyes were bright with health, John,
My breath was free from taint;
But soon my eyes were bleared, John,
My face was full of woe,
And all because I stuck to you,
John Alcohol, my Jo.

John Alcohol, my Jo, John,
My sky was very clear
Until I met with you, John,
Then all was bleak and drear;
But now the pledge is mine, John,
And I am safe I know—
I'm fairly raised "out of the dark,"
John Alcohol, my Jo.

John Alcohol, my Jo, John,
My wife and children dear
Are glad to meet me, now, John,
Whenever I appear.
But while I kept with you, John,
Alas, it was not so,
They ran and hid away from me,
John Alcohol, my Jo.

John Alcohol, my Jo, John,
Let all your cronies mark
And inwardly digest, John,
The tale "Out of the Dark,"
'Tis in the NEW YORK WEEKLY,
And all will wiser grow
Who heed the lessons taught by it,
John Alcohol, my Jo.

NED BUNTLINE'S

GREAT PRIZE TEMPERANCE STORY.

Out of the Dark.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

By NED BUNTLINE

(E. Z. C. JUDSON).

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, could curses sink him to perdition, I would utter one at every breath. The beggar and the son of a beggar is to supplant me in my love, attain the fortune which should have been mine—look down on *me!* It drives me mad to think of it."

"What is the matter, Mr. Neville? What are you raving about? Were not your face so white, I would fancy you had been drinking, even at this unfashionably early hour."

And Mr. Selden, the princely gambler of —— Square, approached a young man, fashionably dressed, who, in a state of great agitation, had just entered the front parlor of his establishment.

"Matter? Look there, Selden, read *that*, and then wonder why I do not blow out my own brains, or kill somebody else!"

The young man thrust a crumpled note into the hands of the genteel gambler.

"Why, it is only an invitation to a wedding. One Eugene Westcott is to be married to Miss Florence Pendleton—ceremony at the house of Mr. Pendleton."

"Do you know who she is?"

"The daughter of Mr. Pendleton, I suppose."

"Yes; but more, she is the girl, the only girl I ever loved. My marriage with her would have reconciled my father to me, made him willing to pay my debts and set me up in any business that I desired. He told me as much. Yesterday, on my knees, I poured out my passionate declaration of love—pleaded for her hand as never man pleaded before.

"She was ice. I wept hot, scalding tears. She smiled derisively and told me I could get an engagement at Wallack's, I did it so naturally. I grew desperate and vowed I would blow out my brains. She suggested that it would be a pity to disfigure such a fine head of—hair.

"I swore I would drink myself to death.

"She said that was the most fashionable mode of suicide, she was sure, but hoped I would not commence until after receiving a note which would be placed in my hands to-day. I began to hope that she had been merely 'chaffing' me, and waited. This is the note—an invitation to her marriage with Eugene Westcott, the son of a man who impoverished his family by drink. Westcott has come up, step by step, in Pendleton's employment, until he is his cashier, and now, marrying his daughter, will undoubtedly become a partner. Oh, is it not enough to make one mad, to be supplanted by an upstart like him. I will be revenged. If it costs me my life. I will attend the wedding, and I'll shoot him down in his tracks."

"No; you'll not commit any such folly. You'll wait—you'll be patient; and if you want revenge, you'll make it sure, and not lay yourself liable to swing from the gallows. This fellow has come *up*—he can be dragged *down*. He has won her hand, or will have it, and most likely her love. He can be robbed of both."

"How, Selden, how? Oh, if that *could* be!"

"Contrive to get *me* invited to that wedding, and I'll enable you to have your revenge."

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The wedding-day came. It had dawned without a cloud. And all day there was a busy hum of preparation until the hour of four in the afternoon came on.

Then carriage after carriage drew up before the grand mansion, and people from the first circles in the city began to crowd into the parlors.

At five the company invited were all present, and the minister, one of the most noted and eloquent in the land, waited only for the bride and groom.

They came—preceded by Mrs. Westcott on the arm of Mr. Pendleton.

In a moment, while a deep solemn silence fell over all in the room, the lovely bride stood side by side with the man of her heart's choice.

On *her* left, May Westcott, as beautiful as a poet's dream, stood without a tremor or a blush, fair as the fairest, pure as the purest.

On *his* right, the brave Colonel D——.

The ceremony, brief but affecting, went on and was concluded.

Then friends pressed forward to offer their congratulations. Foremost among the young men who did so was Alfred Neville. He disguised his envy and his *hate*, and seemed earnest and sincere when he wished them long years of happiness.

And now servants hurried forward, bearing cake and wine on silver salvers.

First to the minister, then to the bride and groom, the wine was tendered.

Alas, for one of his high calling and in his position, that minister was one who did not shun the cup! Abstinence among his list of virtues. He took the wine, and seemed surprised when Eugene Westcott declined to raise his glass, and the fair bride did the same.

"I hope you are not so fanatical as to forget that there was wine at the marriage feast of Cana, when One wiser than we was present," he said. "But perhaps you belong to the Good Templars, or Sons, or Rechabites?"

"No, sir; I belong to no society. But I have lived thus far without using wine, and do not see the need of taking any now to add to the joy which fills my heart," replied young Westcott.

"Eugene, my boy, and you, too, my Florence, are right in one sense, but wrong in another. Our friends here wish to pledge you, and to refuse to lift the festive glass in response to their good wishes would be uncourteous. A single glass for *my* sake!"

Could that young husband refuse the father of her he loved, when he had no obligation to break in taking that *one* glass? Oh, had he but belonged to some order, and could he have said:

"I can not, sir, even for your sake, break my solemn pledge."

Then he might have been saved from—a future, oh, so, *so* dark!

"For your father, Florence, my own sweet wife—for no other should a single glass pass my lips," said Eugene, as he handed her one glass and took another.

She sighed, but a smile passed over her face when all the rest raised their filled glasses, and a glad health passed from lip to lip all around the room.

"*Alf!*" No—there were two who did not, would not touch the tempting gems.

Mrs. Westcott had seen and suffered too much in the long years which had linked her with a drunken husband, not to hate, with a spurning hatred, the deadly poison. May had heard too much from her mother's lips, even yet remembered too much of cold, and hunger, and suffering which strong drink had brought within the home of her infant days, not to dread and turn from the cup.

Eugene drank off the brimming glass, and as the wine ran like electric fire from vein to vein, his eye brightened, and it seemed as if he was translated into a realm of ecstasy.

Strangely did one pair of eyes glitter when they noticed the effect of a single glass of wine on Eugene Westcott.

"I have him—I *have* him. The milk-sop, in spite of his stingy years of temperance, likes the taste and the effect of wine," murmured Alfred Neville. "I know where his weak spot is, and I'll never rest till wine has done the work I might otherwise never do."

The next hour was enjoyed in pleasant converse, with wine passing from lip to lip, and then the bridal pair were escorted to the carriage which started them on a bridal tour.

The gay assemblage remained, for the old merchant had a banquet, prepared in honor of the occasion, worthy of the love he bore to the daughter whom he had given away, the son who had come unto him.

Feasting and music were the "order of the night," and while the happy wedded ones were speeding off to view the golden sands of the far Pacific, and the glories of the fairest, richest land on earth—dear California—dancing and harmonious song made the old mansion ring with joy and melody.

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"What makes you look so gay to-night, Neville? Has your old man come down with a thousand or two, to enable you to do better or worse?"

It was Selden, the gambler, who asked this question of Alfred Neville, as the latter came into his rooms on —— Square, singing the popular air of "Shoo Fly."

"Gay? Why, I'm as gay as they're made nowadays. Eugene Westcott has come back from California with his blooming bride. Only *she* doesn't bloom quite as much as she did, and *he* blooms a good deal more, especially about the eyes and nose."

"What, does he drink already?"

"Nothing but California wine, but I think he goes in heavy on that. He says he has ten cases with him, and has ordered twenty more from the Latona Vineyard, all for his own use."

"Then you *have* him. Tell him to drop in here with you some night. I have California wine, too, some Calistoga, nicely *fixed*, and three glasses will set him up till he thinks he owns the sub-treasury, and could buy out Vanderbilt, Fisk, and Stewart on one check. Get him in here, and I'll play him a little for a draw, and then drain him. You shall go me halves."

"I want nothing but revenge, Selden—nothing but revenge on him and her. And I'll have it, if I have to break his neck by pitching him down a stairway when he is full."

"Good on your head, my boy. I like a good hater. You suit me to an idea. Where does he stay—at a hotel?"

"No, he is an inmate of her father's house. The old man has made him a full partner, and I guess things will rattle before all that California wine is gone."

"But the young wife may wean him off from it."

"A child that has an appetite for milk will take it as long as it is within reach. Eugene Westcott *craves* drink—I think it was born in him, for his father was a drunkard, and died of delirium tremens. They say the appetite can be inherited."

"That is an excuse which hard drinkers throw out, but it is *only* an excuse. *I* don't believe a word of it. But it will soon be time for us to light up—will you indulge to-night?"

"Yes, lightly. I feel so happy since I've seen and talked to Eugene Westcott that I hardly know how to keep my spirits down. I thought, when I saw his eyes flash over that first glass on his wedding-eve, that I saw a way open for his ruin. Now I know it. If he can only get the old gentleman into the way of liking his 'harmless' California wine, the firm will go to wreck in a little while."

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Step by step Eugene Westcott was hastening on the path which leads to ruin. The appetite for drink was only increased, not appeased, by the liquor which it craved. Soon his mother, his sister, and his now thin and sad-looking wife began to realize the bitter truth that Eugene was fast becoming a *drunkard*.

The change in his habits was one morning under discussion by the three females above-mentioned, when, in the excitement caused by the contemplation of her great wrong, Mrs. Westcott revoked that "a man had better die at once than lead a drunkard's life."

"Who says I'm—*I'm* a drunkard? That's what *I* want to know. I'll have him up for slander, by Jupiter, I will!"

It was Eugene Westcott who spoke. He had come in unnoticed, while both the young women, his wife and sister, listened to the excited words of Mrs. Westcott.

His bloodshot eyes, his flushed face, his position as he held by the door-casing, all told as well as his thick utterance that he was drunk.

"Oh, Eugene—why are you away from the store at this hour?" said poor Florence, imploringly.

"The store be bothered! I had the headache this morning, and wouldn't go down. Alf Neville and I had a glorious old time last night, and I'm not over it yet. Plenty of clerks down there to do the drudgery. I'm above it now—a partner, old gal—a partner! Ha! ha!"

"Oh, Heaven! That vile man, Alfred Neville, is leading you on."

"What, Florence! call your old sweetheart such hard names! Why, he says you're an angel, all but the wings—ha! ha!—and they're a-growing—ha! ha!"

"Eugene, your wife will soon be an angel in heaven, if you do not change your course. You are breaking her heart day by day," cried Mrs. Westcott, indignantly.

"Mother, I don't like to be personal, but that's a lie. I love Florence too well to break her heart—don't I, my little wifey?"

"Oh, Eugene, I believe you love me; but if you would stop drinking, and attend to business, I'd be so happy."

"Now, you're going to preach, too. I can't bear sermons from men, let alone women. There's Steve Merritt, he was at me this morning to join the Sons, and I told him to go to——no matter what I told him. If he had said as much to me I would have knocked his two eyes into one. He only said he would go and pray for me. But good by—I'll go and hitch up my buggy, and drive over to Sneddicor's, with Alf. He said he'd like to go. They've got to keeping California wine there since *I* came back."

The young husband waved his hands, already dark and grimy with that neglect of person the drunkard always shows, and staggered away.

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"Hi! hi! Two-thirty on the road!" cried Eugene Westcott, as, followed by Alfred Neville, he entered the bar-room of a noted way-side house on the road. "That is what I call life. I've been a snail until now—crept along, too, at a snail's pace. Wine—give us some of Bugbee's best Latona, and be in a hurry about it! I've got a layer of dust in my throat as thick as one of Cuyler's sermons on temperance. Ha! ha!"

The wine was brought, opened, and with clinking glasses Neville and Westcott pledged each other.

"That's the stuff!" cried Westcott, as his eyes flashed with a strange fire. "It puts new life in the veins. Huzza for California and her wines! I never knew what was good till I got hold of them. Fill up, Alf, fill up. No shirking when you're with *me*. I'm out for a time, and I'll go through. Two-forty used to be the gait, but I'm down into the thirties. Ha! ha! I told my wife I was coming out with you; and she's down on you, the little fool, because she thinks you're getting me off."

"And you know that isn't so," said Neville.

"Of course it isn't, and I tell her so. But she is getting to be a regular shiveler. I'm sick of it. The more she cries, the harder I'll drink. That's the way to tame a woman, isn't it?"

"It is one way, but not the only one."

"Then take another glass, and tell me a better. Here, boy, another bottle of wine, and be quick about it. You're slow as molasses in the winter time. Now, Neville, let's hear what other plan you have to cure a woman who snivels and frets if you 'get over the bay' once in a while, and stay out late."

"Why, let her snivel and fret *alone*. There are other women in the world, pretty ones, too, who don't snivel, and who'll drink wine with you, glass for glass, as long as they can stand."

"Jolly! That's the kind of a woman for me! Do you know any such?"

"Lots of 'em—lots of 'em, my dear fellow."

"Will you introduce me, eh?"

"You'd go and tell that baby wife."

"Thunder, no! I'm not such a fool as that. My nest is too well feathered for me to want to get out of it. I'm a full partner with the old man—profits a cool hundred thousand a year, you see. If she got a back hold of me and threw me, a divorce and all that would heave me up higher than a kite, and I'd smash coming down."

"So you would. By Jupiter! there comes that man Selden! I'd rather see any body else than him, for I owe him nine hundred dollars, and haven't got an X in my pocket to-day."

"Poh! don't let that bother you. Here is my pocket-book: pay him, and take what you need for present use; make a memorandum of the amount, and pay when you can. Not a word—take it. I was poor once, and don't forget it. Take it, and throw me to your friend. He looks like a jolly good fellow."

"He *is*; one of the best fellows in the world, and that was one reason why I hated to remain in his debt," said Neville, accepting the well-filled pocket-book, as he cried: "Ah! good day, Mr. Selden—delighted to see you. I can pay that kind loan of yours the other day, now. My friend, Mr. Eugene Westcott—firm of Pendleton & Westcott—recently from a tour in California."

Mr. Selden bowed profoundly, ungloved, and exhibited in so doing, as he shook Westcott's hand, a solitaire-diamond ring worth thousands.

"I am very happy to see Mr. Westcott," said the gambler. "I was just admiring your team. Thoroughbreds, well matched, and they must be fast, or I am no judge."

"They come into the thirties on the road—cost me twelve thousand dollars. Join us in a bottle of Bugbee's best, Mr. Selden."

"Thank you, Mr. Westcott. I imbibe occasionally, and my great weakness is California wine."

"A bottle of wine here!" shouted Westcott. "Come, gents, here is to life that is merry, be it ever so short!"

Clinking glasses made music for the fiends below, while more and more reckless each moment became that man who was not only wrecking his own life, but darkening the existence of a dear young wife, blasting the hopes of a fond sister, of a mother whose sole joy in her declining years had been the early manhood which had made him so loved, trusted, and honored by his employer.

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"Dark—oh, so dark! My poor heart will sink under this last burden!" moaned Mrs. Westcott. "I struggled through long years to support and educate that boy to honor and to usefulness. I hid from him his father's sad and terrible failings so far as I could, and even the nature of the fearful disease which carried him away. I procured for him the situation which he held so long, with such credit to himself and me, rising step by step, until he owned no higher; then becoming the son-in-law and partner of his employer, with millions literally in his control. And this success, which should have made him more than ever manly—which should have fired his soul with ambition to do good and to be good, seems to hasten him on to ruin. For a course like his must end in but one way—in degradation and in death."

"Mother, let us yet hope," sighed poor little May.

"Hope, my child, against the madness of ruin? Oh, hope as well to stay the rising or the setting of the sun! I see but despair—*despair!*"

A knock at the door, and to the summons to "come in," a man, rather under than over the medium size, entered. He was evidently young—under thirty—but his face wore a grave, careworn expression that would have betokened more years to a careless observer.

"My name is Merritt," said the visitor, as May Westcott handed him a chair.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you! You are the noble man who sought to persuade my son to join the Sons of Temperance?"

"Yes, Mrs. Westcott; and it was to concert a plan to get him there that I have taken the liberty to call upon you."

"Oh, sir, do not call it a *liberty*. To me a visit from a good man is a pleasure and an honor; and now, when I am mourning over the fall of a son on whom I hoped to rest in my declining years, your visit is doubly welcome. Oh, sir, if you can save him, you will do a most blessed work, and render me the happiest of living mothers. What can I do?"

"Induce him to go with you to our Cooper Institute meeting on next Sunday night. Get him, his dear young wife, and her father all to come with you and your daughter, and I will have a speaker present who will, without his knowing it, make his case a specialty. If we can so affect his mind then as to get him to sign the pledge, we will not find it difficult on the next night to get him into one of our divisions of Sons of Temperance, or a lodge of Good Templars. Once in either, with fraternal sympathies to aid, a solemn obligation to bind, you may consider him safe."

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"At last—at last! I have him *surely* now!" murmured Alfred Neville, as by much persuasion he succeeded in getting Eugene Westcott to promise to go with him to the "Club House," as Selden ostentatiously named his gambling palace.

"I have him—aye—his fate is sealed! The victim of wine, once in the gambler's net, needs but one more lure, and he is gone forever," he repeated, when with him, at an early hour, he entered the parlor of Selden's house.

"Does he keep California wine here?" asked Eugene, as he glanced at the sideboard, on entering.

"The best you ever tasted. I'll ring the bell to open some," said Neville.

A black servant in livery answered the signal, and when he came—with a sly wink not observed by Westcott, but at once seen and understood by the man—Alfred Neville said:

"A bottle of that extra Napa Valley wine from the San Braman Vineyard!"

"Yes, sir!"

The wine came, was opened, and Westcott pronounced it as good, if not better, than any of his own. It was, indeed, extra, he observed.

Glass after glass was drained by him, while his companion drained his also, but in a convenient bowl near at hand, and not down his throat. Alfred Neville had purposely called for wine which he dared not drink, for he wanted all his own wits about him, while he robbed Eugene of what sense he had.

Before the bottle was emptied, Eugene Westcott was fit for any thing. The wine he drank fairly lifted him to the skies in excitement of the brain, while it seemed to leave his body free from its effects. He could walk as well as ever, and he thought he could talk better than ever he did. He could not comprehend that his tongue was thickening.

"Let us go up-stairs and see what is going on there," said Neville, playing well his part of roper-in. "It is a good three hours to supper time, and you'll see more money lost and won in that time than you can count."

Eugene Westcott never before had been inside of such a room. He had traveled to California, over it, and back, guarded by the angel presence of his pure young wife, and had not been tempted into such a place. Eugene Westcott paused and glanced around the great room, occupying all of the third story—all ablaze with gas-jets.

Tables, spread with faro-cards, monte—wheels whirling in roulette—*rouge et noir*, and the inevitable dice of "chuck luck," were posted all about, and before each there were plenty of well-dressed men tempting, as they thought, the smiles of *fortune*.

Eugene was astonished to recognize men whom he would never have suspected of coming to such a place. Men of high official position—others all-powerful in the Stock Board—still others whose paper in the mercantile world was as good as its amount in greenbacks.

"Plenty of good company up here, at any rate," he muttered. "There's old Gunnisacks, worth three millions, and president of half a dozen Reform societies, if one. I suppose he is here to save some brand from the burning. But no—he is betting money on those cards!"

"Yes, bucking against faro, while Selden deals. Let us watch the game," said Neville.

He knew too much to hint now to Eugene to play. The desire would come soon enough when that drugged wine had full effect on his elated brain.

Eugene pressed up among the players, was greeted with a pleasant word and smile by Selden, which he acknowledged blandly, while he watched the game.

"I believe I'll risk a hundred on the ace," said Neville, now, as Selden quietly raised one finger, looking him in the eye.

He laid down two fifty-dollar notes on the ace. The very next slide of the cards doubled his money.

Two fingers raised by Selden, observed only by Neville, caused him to say, "I will try the king"—for they indicated the second card of importance.

"Why, what luck you're in! You've won again!" cried Westcott, in surprise.

"Yes, I'm in luck to-night—shall I bet a thousand for you?" said the roper-in.

"No, thank you; I'll bet for myself. If you can win, so can I."

And Eugene took out his pocket-book, and drawing out a half dozen hundred-dollar notes, laid them without any thought, for he knew nothing of the game, on the first card he saw.

"You, too, are in luck—your money is doubled," cried Neville, as the card turned up on which Westcott had laid his money. "Let it lay—it will be sure to win again, for that is the first turn of the Jack this deal."

Eugene trembled with a new excitement, for he had twelve hundred dollars laying there at the mercy of a single turn of the cards.

A cry of exultation broke from his lips when his money was again doubled.

"You're a magician, Alf," he cried. "I've won again."

"Yes; take up your money, now, or you'll lose."

"Thank you for your advice, but it conflicts with my judgment. I'll try that Jack again," cried Eugene. He did so, and lost.

"Well—that's only luck. I won twice, to losing once. Let's have a bottle of wine, and I'll try more."

The extra wine came in an instant. Watchful servants were on the alert, ready to furnish any player with the drink he wanted.

One, two, three glasses in quick succession, and then Eugene Westcott was *primed* for the game.

"A thousand dollars on a single card? You bet high, Mr. Westcott!" exclaimed Selden.

Eugene laughed wildly.

"I'd like to see the man that can afford to bet higher," he cried. "I'll double if I lose—quadruple if I win."

He won, of course.

And now he went on, calling for wine every little while, winning at one time, losing at another, until at last excitement, or some thing else, completely overpowered him. The last that he remembered, he was betting with his hands full of money.

When next he knew himself, he was on a sofa in the house of his father-in-law. A wet cloth was around his head, and kneeling by his side was the dear little girl whom he had vowed to love and cherish so long as he lived, when she became his wife. From her he learned that Alf Neville had brought him home, dead drunk, at three o'clock in the morning. On realizing the extent of his folly, he exclaimed, as he gazed at his empty pocket-book:

"Ten thousand dollars gone in one night! Oh, it is infamy! It is infamy to waste so much when people are dying of want in this great city. Hate me, Florence—hate me, for I hate myself."

"No, my husband, I will not, can not hate you. I grieve because you drink—I shudder at this new peril, but do what you will, strike me down at your feet, curse me, spurn me from your side, and *I will love you still!*"

And the sobbing wife pressed her pure lips to his hot brow, while her tears rained over his face.

"Florence," said he, sobbing also, "you are too good for me. I will try to reform. I will not drink any more."

Wildly glad rang the cry of joy from her lips.

"Oh, my husband—my own Eugene, if you will only keep this promise, I will be the happiest wife on earth."

"I will, darling, I will. Give me some water. The fever seems to eat into my very vitals."

Again he drank of that beverage distilled in the cerulean vaults of heaven, with a relish which none but the fever-parched inebriate can know. Then he sank back into a quiet slumber, while she, patient and loving, knelt there by his side, holding his hand pressed against her throbbing heart.

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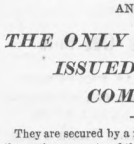

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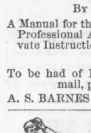

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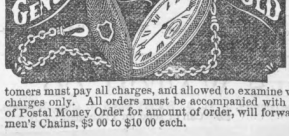

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GENERAL PRIM

GENERAL PRIM.

GENERAL PRIM, who has occupied the foremost place in Spain since the expulsion of Queen ISABELLA, was born in December, 1814, and is consequently now in his fifty-sixth year. His romantic and adventurous career commenced when he was a little more than eighteen years of age, with active service in the civil war which followed the succession of ISABELLA II. Throwing himself heartily into the arms of the CRISTINA party, he rapidly made his way through the inferior grades, and at the age of twenty-three was already a full Colonel. On the flight of MARIA CRISTINA, PRIM became one of the leaders of the Progresista party, vehemently opposing ESPARTERO, by whom he was at length expelled the country in 1842. Escaping to France, he again renewed his allegiance to MARIA CRISTINA, and returning to Spain in the following year, on his election to the Cortes by the city of Barcelona, effected a coalition between the Cristinos and the Progresistas; and after a struggle of varying fortune, in the course of which he more than once narrowly escaped capture, succeeded in upsetting his great rival ESPARTERO, and was rewarded by CRISTINA with the Governorship of Madrid. His triumph, however, like most modern *cosas de Espana*, did not last long. Moved partly by PRIM'S own injudicious action, and partly by the ceaseless machinations of the host of intriguers by whom what in Spain passes for politics is carried on, the Queen herself was soon turned against him; and for some years the name of PRIM seemed almost to have dropped out of the history of Europe. The Crimean War, however, at length drew him from his retirement; and at Silistria and elsewhere he gave good proof of the talent and courage which six years later reflected so much credit on the Spanish arms in the highly successful war with Morocco. His next command, though somewhat less glorious, can hardly be considered less successful. Intrusted with the leadership of the Spanish contingent associa-

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ted with France and England in the ill-fated expedition to Mexico, PRIM was one of the first to recognize the error that had been made, and to execute a wise, if not perhaps a very chivalrous retreat. Of this the country no doubt reaped the benefit, but PRIM's own star appeared for some time after to be somewhat under a cloud. Three years of incessant intrigue and agitation culminated in 1866 in an abortive insurrection, followed the year after by a failure, if possible, even more complete; and the conqueror of Morocco found himself once more an exile in London, damaged in credit, and almost bankrupt in pocket. In this condition he remained for nearly two years, till another turn of Fortune's wheel placed him once more at the head of affairs, apparently, at least, the arbiter of the future destinies of Spain.

In the course of his eventful life General PRIM has come in for a full share of honors. Twice he has sat in the Cortes for the important town of Barcelona; his military promotion was rapid; and he has been made at different stages of his career Conde de Reuss, his native place, and Marquis de Castillejos and Grandee of Spain, these latter titles being conferred in recognition of his distinguished services in Morocco. In person he is about the middle height, grave, reticent, and reserved, and, notwithstanding his numerous exiles, speaking but little French, and no English. His favorite amusement, like that of most Spaniards, is gambling, of which he is passionately fond.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

THE NEW NATION.

THE last few years of our national history have been so full of astonishing events, all tending to one end, that the formal completion of the cycle is saluted not with excitement, but with tranquil gratitude and satisfaction. The President has most wisely chosen to signalize the occasion by a special message, and thus to record, by the hand of its chief executive officer, the nation's sense of the significance and grandeur of the event. With simple impressiveness, conscious that the plainest statement of the fact is the most eloquent, he says: "A measure which makes at once four millions of people voters who were heretofore declared by the highest tribunal in the land not citizens of the United States nor eligible to become so, with the assertion that at the time of the Declaration of Independence the opinion was fixed and universal—in the civilized portion of the white race regarded as an axiom in morals as well as in politics—that 'black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect,' is indeed a measure of grander importance than any other one act of the kind from the foundation of our free government to the present time."

It is most fit that in announcing this great act of the people the chief Executive should recall that most false and odious declaration of the Supreme Court which was intended to wither the hopes of a race, and to commit a government founded upon equal rights to a policy of the foulest injustice and the most cruel oppression. How gloriously vindicated is the faith of those who in the darkest days of the supremacy of slavery never faltered, and who, although unable to see the way of deliverance, were unalterably convinced that an intelligent, moral, sober people, loving liberty, and taught liberty from the cradle, and teaching liberty, and trained by liberty, however for a time involved and confused by sophistry and apparent interest, would at last emerge from the clouds, and behold the truth like the sun in the heavens! That truth to which we are pledged is equal rights—fair play for all men. And if at this moment half of the land is scarred with the terrible wounds of war—if one part of the nation has been fiercely alienated from another—if in a myriad homes and hearts the light has gone out forever—if we all bear the heavy burden of enormous debt—it is because those who denied equal rights and refused fair play to every man so long controlled the government, and fixed their grasp so firmly that it could be relaxed only with infinite suffering and blood.

"And when he came to himself," says the parable, "he arose and went to his father." The act which the President solemnly commemorates shows that, after the lapse almost of a century, the country has come to itself; to its great principle; to its true faith. Henceforth it remains for us, as the President suggests, to study the conditions which will alone enable us to continue to be masters of ourselves. Intelligence and honesty, these are the charmed lance and shield. Without these there may be a vast nation, but only with these can there be a free and progressive people.

ST. DOMINGO AND ST. THOMAS.

WE presume that the obligation which makes the executive debate upon the St. Domingo treaty secret will be removed, and that the speeches will be published. The annexation of foreign territory, with an alien population, a debt, and a civil war, is a subject of sufficient importance to be very fully presented and considered. As we write, it is understood that the treaty will not be ratified by the necessary two-thirds vote of the Senate. We hope so. But as we have now apparently entered upon our era of West Indian acquisition, or propositions of acquisition, it is most desirable that the country should become familiar with the advantages and disadvantages of territorial expansion in that direction; and with the extent and character of the "rings" and "pools" that have been formed in expectation of favorable action, and to compel it. St. Domingo contains about 140,000 inhabitants. General TATE writes that, even if the debt of the country were $10,000,000, it would still be a cheap bargain. Senator MORTON says that he thinks the expense of the purchase would not be more than $1,500,000 in gold; and he draws a fascinating picture of two or three millions of natives in earlier days basking in the genial sun of the island, and subsisting without labor upon the fruits that "spontaneous grew there," as in the pleasant groves of Blarney.

Now, fertility and productiveness alone are not conclusive reasons for buying more territory and adding to our population that of St. Domingo. We have plenty of fertile and productive territory already, waiting only for our own sparse population to develop. There is also enough discordant element of various kinds in our population, and there is no imperative necessity of increasing it. There must be some particular and powerful reason to justify the United States in extending themselves into the Gulf. Is there any such reason, and if so, what is it? The reason alleged is the necessity of a naval station in the West Indies. This was the ground of the negotiations opened by Mr. SEWARD with Denmark for St. Thomas; and it is understood that a naval station is very desirable. But the arguments that prove the desirability of obtaining such a station at a cost so prodigious as that which is involved in absorbing St. Domingo are yet to be made public. Certainly, as the case stands, no advantage arising from a naval station can overcome the disadvantages of the acquisition.

Besides, there is St. Thomas. We need not repeat what has been said upon that subject in these columns and elsewhere. It is enough that the treaty was urged again and again upon Denmark, and that Denmark, with the full informal, but, as appears, mistaken, understanding that it was agreeable to the Senate, submitted the question of separation to the inhabitants of St. Thomas, who decided that they would be transferred. But the treaty, to which a small and most friendly power assented only upon the extreme pressure of our Foreign Secretary, has been regarded with the utmost disdain by the Senate. The extension of the term of ratification expires on the 14th of April, and the treaty will probably be rejected. Henceforward it will be very difficult for any foreign power to satisfy itself that our negotiators have any authority whatever, or that the work of the official agent of the Government may not be contemptuously disowned. The rejection of the St. Thomas treaty will probably be followed by the retirement of the Danish Ministry—one of the ablest that the country has known; and we shall be in the attitude of wanton offense toward a small but honest and faithful friend. When the St. Thomas treaty is rejected, it will be only proper that Congress forbid the Secretary of State hereafter to initiate negotiations of such a character.

Meanwhile, having refused to buy St. Thomas, for which we have made an offer, we await the reasons for buying St. Domingo, at an incalculably higher price, if we consider the probable debt, the jobs, the immediate contiguity to Hayti, the domestic troubles, the ignorant, superstitious, and utterly alien people.

DEFENDING THE CITADEL.

THE meeting at the Cooper Institute to protest against the diversion of the public school money of New York to sectarian purposes, and the stream of petitions against the same abuse which pours into the Legislature, show that the public mind is fully aroused upon the subject. It is not a subject upon which any citizen can afford to be silent. The influences which press for this violation of one of the fundamental principles of the government are both subtle and powerful. The purpose will not be relaxed. It is founded in the perception of the Roman Catholic clergy that an absolute separation of church and state is not favorable to the increase of their sect. Nobody needs to be told that they are tenacious and skillful; and every body should remember that the great securities of our government do not take care of themselves, and that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

There has recently been an immense increase of voters in this country and among the most ignorant classes. At the same time there is a pressure, which is likely to grow rather than diminish, for West Indian annexation, and a consequent further increase of ignorance in the population. Meanwhile the extent of corruption, of a kind which especially depends upon ignorance, corruption upon a scale which menaces the whole American system, becomes one of the gravest subjects of apprehension. For these difficulties there is one practicable remedy, and that is education. Intelligence is the primary condition of a permanent and peaceful popular government, and therefore the common school is the citadel of America. It is the consciousness of this fact which leads Congress to propose the continuance of the educational department of the Freedmen's Bureau, and which inspires the timely words of the President in announcing the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. It is the same consciousness which brings the community to its feet when it hears the report of the first faint shot at the common school system.

But if the common school system is to be a blessing and not a curse, it must be a united and unsectarian system. The separation between church and state, which is observed in every other department of the government, must be rigorously maintained here. It must be clearly seen that the schools are established for the public welfare, and that, in a community of countless sects, it is impossible that the public welfare can be promoted if the schools undertake to teach sectarian views. If, therefore, any sect declares that it will not send its children to schools where its peculiar tenets are not taught, we must say to it that, as all sects are taxed for the schools, the peculiar tenets of no sect can be inculcated in them. If the sect declares that the tenets of certain sects are now taught in the schools, and can establish the truth of such a charge, it will be an imperative duty to reform such an abuse. But it is not enough to establish the charge to assert that not to teach its own views is to teach other views.

The hostility of the Roman Catholic clergy to our system of common schools is not founded upon the fact that the Bible is read in them, but that religion is not taught in them. The very excellence of the schools—the very object that was most strenuously sought and achieved by them—is made the ground of opposition. It is not the duty of the schools to teach religion, because those who are taxed to support the schools do not agree upon what religion is. The Episcopalian thinks it is one thing, the Methodist and Baptist, the Unitarian and Presbyterian, think that it is another: at least they do not choose that those who do not hold their view of it shall teach it to their children. And therefore they agree that, in their families and Sunday-schools and private sectarian schools, they will take care of the religious education of their youth. When, therefore, the Roman Catholic clergy insist that, if religion is not taught in the schools, it is an injustice to tax Roman Catholics for their support, they advocate the overthrow of the whole system. And, as we said last week, while they may do this as citizens just as they may advocate the establishment of an empire and an ecclesiastical censorship of the press, their assertion that they are persecuted as a religious sect, if their political opinions do not prevail, is the merest folly.

If there be one just pride and glory of the American government greater than another, it is that it has never in the least degree persecuted any religious sect. Its impartiality has been absolute and austere. In popular elections, indeed, the appeal to religious rancor has sometimes been made, as when Mr. JEFFERSON was denounced as a French infidel, and a KNOW-NOTHING prejudice was sought to be excited against Mr. FREMONT as a Roman Catholic. But the government itself has been untainted by this spirit. It has known neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Trinitarian nor Unitarian. And he who, in the ghastly history of older governments and other times, is familiar with the tragical consequences of the opposite policy, will need no other exhortation to be vigilant and vigorous to oppose the least attempt to change the wise and beneficent practice of our own government.

POLITICS UPON THE BENCH.

ELSEWHERE we consider the general question of reopening the late legal-tender decision. It is warmly alleged by those who oppose the proposition that it is to be deplored as a political movement, and that the Supreme Court should sit above politics superior and serene. Undoubtedly it should. But is it not a painful truth that, when Mr. LINCOLN nominated Mr. CHASE as Chief Justice, he unwittingly seated politics upon the Supreme Bench? It was supposed that to be chief of the Judiciary Department, and for life, would satisfy, or at least pacify, the ambition of the Secretary who, in 1863, had so industriously intrigued for the Presidential succession. Has the event justified the expectation? Has that ambition been either pacified or satisfied? Alas! the Chief Justice had been inflamed with the Presidential fever, and not the touch of the softest ermine can assuage that fire.

The events of two years ago are not forgotten. They were incredible, but they were true. He would be a bold man who should deny that, when Mr. SEYMOUR accepted the nomination at Tammany Hall, he had in his pocket the speech with which he meant to urge the nomination of Mr. CHASE, with the express consent of that gentleman. The Chief Justice of the United States, theoretically superior to the turmoil of politics, was in communication with those who sat in convention with WADE HAMPTON and his friends, glorying that they were unchanged, and was arranging with them the terms upon which he would be a candidate against the party that had successfully ended the war and emancipated the slaves. It was the most disastrous illustration of the demoralization produced by Presidential ambition which can be found in our history. We doubt if any equally conspicuous man ever so suddenly forfeited the confidence of the best part of a nation. Perhaps a man who has once become the victim of this Presidential poison ought not to be considered responsible. Certainly all those who with us had so long respected and trusted the Chief Justice would gladly think so.

Whether it was after or before this communication with his political opponents we do not now recall, nor is it of any importance, but Mr. CHASE announced that he had withdrawn from politics. But if the Democratic Convention of 1872 should nominate him for President, would he decline? Does any one familiar with his career believe he would decline? The peculiar impropriety that the Chief Justice should negotiate for a nomination must have been, of course, as evident to him in 1868 as it will be in 1872. The prospect of the Presidency itself would certainly not be less alluring. It is not probable that a public man who has been always aiming at the Presidency would refuse the chance when at last it came; and we must, therefore, believe that the Democratic nomination in 1872 would be at least extremely agreeable to the Chief Justice. He waves a coyly denying hand indeed; but Mr. SEYMOUR also took great pains to announce that he could not and would not be a candidate. But when the Convention told its love, the gentle HORATIO blushed, and faintly whispering he would ne'er consent—consented.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court must be considered still a candidate for the Presidency. We do not say, therefore, that he would favor an unjust decision, nor consent to one of the legality of which he was not persuaded. But unquestionably, when a decision is announced so consonant with party decisions in lower courts as that upon the Legal-Tender act, and so agreeable to those who declared the conduct of the war to be unconstitutional in some most vital points, it can not possibly seem to the country a decision superior to political feelings and influences, when it is known to have been adopted by a majority of one, and when the political situation is what it is to-day, and the Chief Justice is mentioned as a probable candidate for the Presidency. And if this is—as undoubtedly it is—a general feeling, is it the fault of the country, which has always wished to believe the Court beyond political ambition, or of the Chief Justice who negotiated for a nomination?

We said at the time that the precedent was deplorable; and one of the chief reasons that we urged was that the confidence of the country in the Court would necessarily be shaken if it were not kept absolutely free from suspicion of personal political aspiration. The decision that is sought to be reversed is not free from that suspicion; and surely it is not necessarily, in an evil sense, a political movement which seeks to set aside such a decision, when it declares, as the Attorney-General says, that it is "unconstitutional to have a rebellion beyond a certain magnitude."

THE RING-BREAKERS BROKEN.

IT would be difficult to mention a more illustrative comedy than the political events of the past month in New York and Albany. The dissensions which always attend a party in unquestioned supremacy have not been unknown to the Democratic party in this city, whose government is the perpetual monument of the party principle and character. A certain clique, called the Ring, turned the Democratic ascendency to its own peculiar advantage. Other members of the party rebelled at this monopoly of power and plunder. Suddenly war was loudly declared by the chief Democratic paper in the city upon the Ring. It alleged that "handicapped" with the Ring the Democratic party could no more succeed at the next election than in 1864 with the Chicago surrender platform, or in 1868 with the Tammany repudiation and rebel platform. If the party was to be saved the Ring must be destroyed. Simultaneously in the Legislature hostilities began. It was announced that such was the enthusiasm of the movement that Messrs. SWEENY and TWEED, the representatives of the Ring, were sinking into the smallest minority, and would soon disappear. The reply went up from the paper: "No quarter; the black flag; war to the knife!"

The Ring-breakers at last displayed their plan of campaign, which had evidently been modified by the Ring, showing that the Ring was, after all, master of the situation. But, as if to prove it by covering the self-glorifying assailants with utter contempt, the Ring mercilessly defeated the bills which had been changed to suit its pleasure. Then followed heroics of every kind, and an appeal was made to the Tammany Committee, Mr. TWEED, the Ring-

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master, should be hurled from the chairmanship of the Committee, and conspicuously disgraced. The Ring-breakers assembled their hosts, counted a majority, and, forecasting their triumph, proceeded to Tammany Hall. It was dark. It was silent. The police forbade them to enter. The trustees of the Hall had refused to allow the meeting, fearing a riot. It was a flank movement of the Ring-master so ingenious and disabling that the Ring-breakers, conscious that they were ludicrously outwitted, disappeared, and the next day, arriving exhausted in Albany, discovered that the indefatigable Ring-master had taken them upon the other flank also, and had made his own bill the special order for the next day.

The next day came. The bill was called up. There was a little more gasconade from the Ring-breakers in the Assembly, like the sputter of expiring candles; and then the precious squad of reformers and saviors of the Democratic party from being handicapped by the Ring, the heroes of the war to the knife and the knife to the hilt, supported the Ring-master's bill, and with a rapidity and a ridicule unparalleled in our political annals the truculent Ring-breakers were summarily broken. It can not be said that it was the least wool ever known for so great a cry; for there was not even a visible shred left. The bill for which the Ring-breakers voted confirms and extends the power of the Ring; and the vote itself is the most extraordinary evidence of its present power. The action of the Ring-breakers in the Assembly spiked all the guns of the paper which had been constantly declaring that the supremacy of the Ring was due to a coalition with the worst Republicans; for with two or three exceptions the whole body of its own party in the Assembly voted for the Ring. And now that the farce is ended, nobody, probably, is very seriously disappointed nor surprised. The hostility, as we said last week, will smoulder, and there will be consequences hereafter. But the judicious Young Democrat who hopes for preferment will be chary of his boasts of breaking the Ring.

LEGAL TENDER.

IN 1866, during the Presidential term of ANDREW JOHNSON, Congress passed an act that no vacancy in the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States should be filled by appointment until the number of Associate Justices had been reduced to six, and that thereafter the Court should consist of a Chief Justice and six Associates, any four of whom should constitute a quorum.

At the time of the passage of this act the Court was composed of eight Associate Justices, in addition to Chief Justice CHASE, viz.: Justices WAYNE, GRIER, CLIFFORD, NELSON, DAVIS, SWAYNE, MILLER, and FIELD; and it was generally supposed, as three of the Court were of great age—WAYNE, GRIER, and NELSON—that vacancies were likely to happen within the term of the then incumbent of the Presidency, and that they would be filled temporarily by persons in harmony with him. It was deemed expedient to provide against this contingency by declaring that, if the vacancies did not exceed two, they should not be filled. Justice WAYNE, who had been assigned to a Southern Circuit, died in 1867, and in February of this year Justice GRIER resigned.

After the elevation of General GRANT to the Chief Magistracy the power to fill vacancies up to the original number was restored, and nominations and appointments for this purpose were made of Judges STRONG and BRADLEY, who have entered upon the discharge of their duties. During the pendency of these nominations the legal-tender case was decided; Justices CLIFFORD, NELSON, and FIELD uniting with the Chief Justice against Justices DAVIS, SWAYNE, and MILLER.

As this case involved the right to exercise a power in war which Congress and the Administration had declared to be essential to success, it would seem that it ought to have been reserved until the Court was full. So far as concerns Chief Justice CHASE, who had urged Congress with great earnestness to pass the bill, there were strong reasons for delay so that he might not be required to declare as void an act which he, as the chief financial officer at the time, had induced Congress to pass. The position would have been regarded as painful by those who wished to avoid the suspicion of extraordinary motives.

The relations of the Court to Congress, as prescribed in the Constitution, constitutes a powerful reason for the utmost delicacy in the treatment of questions of Congressional power. The authority to adjudicate upon them belongs to its appellate jurisdiction which the Court was to "have," "with such *exceptions* and under such *regulations* as the Congress shall make." The Court itself, when presided over by Chief Justice MARSHALL, decided, in the familiar case reported in 3d Cranch, that although the Constitution specifies the subjects of its jurisdiction, yet when Congress, in an affirmative enumeration of the matters upon which the Court might act on appeals, specified some of those mentioned in the Constitution and omitted others, it amounted to a *regulation* imperative in the exclusion of those omitted.

Far be it from us to wish to limit in any degree the perfect independence of the judiciary, as we regard this freedom as the sheet-anchor of our safety; but prudence requires that a tribunal subjected so materially to the power of Congress by the fundamental law should continue to use the same delicacy in questions affecting Congressional power which governed the Court when MARSHALL presided over its deliberations. Its dignity and usefulness will always be promoted by extreme caution. The exhibition of this care will command public confidence, and prevent extremities in providing for the *regulations* which Congress is empowered to make.

We wish that the Attorney-General could have been saved the necessity of a motion to open one of its decisions, on the ground that the Court was not full when it was made. The attention of partisans is warmly directed to the contest, and even the foreign press has spoken of the attempt as unusual and indefensible. But as the decision involves the very essence of the war power, and subjects the country to peril in case of a new war, reargument of the question, so that it may be considered by the full Court, is required for public security.

The affirmance of the Kentucky decision against the Legal-Tender act, in its application to pre-existing debts, is supported by many on the ground that it is a step in the direction of specie payments. In nearly every loyal State the act was declared legal, by the highest State courts, in its application to such debts, on the ground that Congress had power to determine what *means*, which promoted the end in view, were "necessary and proper" for conducting war, and that it was for courts to consider the question of necessity and propriety as settled if it was a means, and was not prohibited.

In the argument of the case at Washington the action of the British Parliament in creating a precedent for this legislation was entirely overlooked. The act of 1797, which legalized the refusal of the Bank of England to pay its bills in coin, and prevented the arrest of debtors who could show that they had tendered them, was followed, in 1814, by another act making it a misdemeanor to pass such bills for less than their nominal value, or gold for more. This act also provided that, in case of distraint for rent, after such bills had been tendered, the goods seized upon should be returned, but the law left the creditor to his other remedies.

These acts have a direct bearing, because they applied to pre-existing debts of the most sacred character, and produced a forced circulation of the bills of the Bank of England, to the utter exclusion of gold and silver for a period of over twenty years. The policy of the act continued for seven or eight years after the war.

The Parliament of Great Britain passed the act, and ultimately provided for its repeal. Both of these are legislative functions; and it is a great error to suppose that we can with safety rely upon a court to employ a legislative function and restore the country to specie payments.

We are the firm advocates of a return to specie payments as soon as it can be accomplished with advantage. This is a duty which Congress ought not to omit; but its omission does not justify an irregular mode of accomplishing the object. If we can not secure a repeal of the law in the mode prescribed by the Constitution, the infliction must be borne, as in that case it is the will of the people.

THE BOARD OF REGENTS.

THERE has been a great deal of satirical fun leveled at the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. The functions of the body are very little understood, and they have been often represented as a close corporation of useless old fogies. The Constitutional Convention was besieged with petitions for the abolition of the Board; and it debated the proposition of a State Board of Education, to combine the duties of the Regents and of the Department of Public Instruction. The Regents are a body of great dignity, for they are elected like United States Senators, and for life; and they are certainly an inexpensive body, for the members are paid nothing but their actual expenses. Some of the most distinguished citizens of the State have been members of the Board, and Mr. VERPLANCK, who recently died rich in honors and years, was the Vice-Chancellor.

Last year the attempt to abolish the Board was renewed in the Legislature, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction was instructed to report upon the expediency of such action. In his report, lately submitted, he treats the subject at some length. In brief, the facts are these. There are two systems of education connected with the State: one consists of the public schools, the other of the chartered academies and colleges. The Department of Public Instruction manages the relations of the State to the first, the Board of Regents to the second. The Regents are authorized by the Legislature to grant charters both to colleges and academies, and to distribute money among the latter upon certain conditions. They may grant honorary degrees, and are required to visit and inspect the colleges and academies annually, reporting upon their condition to the Legislature. They have also charge of the State Library and State Cabinet of Natural History, and of the State Normal School at Albany. These are their duties, and the question is whether it is desirable that all the schools of every kind with which the State has relations should be under the control of one body, or whether it is wiser to maintain the present separate supervision.

The Superintendent states that the powers of the Regents are very limited, and that practically they can do nothing but visit and report. If greater efficiency is sought in the academic system greater power must be given to the Board. But the Superintendent is of opinion that the time has not come for making the academies free; in other words, for including what is called higher education in the public school system; and that to unite free schools with chartered academies charging for tuition would make a very incongruous system. He thinks, therefore, that the principle of the present system of a dual supervision should be maintained; but he sees no reason that the Board which has the care of the academies should be an independent body separately reporting to the Legislature. He would have unity of control of all the schools of every kind that depend in any degree upon the State; and to this end there should be a single Department of Education. He consequently recommends that the Board of Regents be made a part of that Department, charged with their present duties, and that their report be made to the Head of the Department, to be incorporated in his annual report, so that one document may show the operation of the entire system of State relation to education. And he also recommends that the Regents be hereafter elected for a limited term.

The Superintendent does not enter upon the question—for it was not submitted to him—whether the State should give any aid whatever to private academies. There are now in the State of New York twenty-two colleges, about two hundred academies, and eighty Union free schools, which are a combination, by consent of the districts, of the academy and the common school. There have been altogether forty colleges and four hundred and twenty academies chartered, but many have become dormant or are relinquished. Others undoubtedly would languish, if not die, but for the State aid. Upon the whole, however, it is wisely given. The public money that helps to support an academy in a district where otherwise there would be none is probably well spent.

That the changes proposed by the Superintendent would tend to make the management of the relation of the academies to the State more efficient is not very clear. In subordinating the Regents to the Head of the Department of Education, and limiting their term, their dignity is somewhat diminished. And although it is their dignity which is the object of much irreverent satire, to which HALLECK contributed, yet to reduce the dignity of an unpaid body of public officers does not seem to be a policy likely to increase their zeal or efficiency. The Superintendent argues forcibly and well in favor of maintaining the substance of the present system; and with great deference for the opinion of an officer of experience and sagacity, it seems to us that, if the system is to continue, the changes proposed would be disadvantageous.

THE PUBLIC MONEY AND THE SECTS.

IN the minority report of the Committee on Public Education made to the Assembly and signed by the chairman, Mr. FLAGG, and three associates, it is asserted that the subject of the diversion of the public money to sectarian purposes has been either misunderstood or misrepresented; and this paper is charged with publishing "vulgar and blasphemous pictures" to arouse the prejudice of the community against a wrong which exists only in its imagination. The report states that the law of last year by which money was given to sectarian schools does not involve any money received for the common school tax; and, consequently, that it will be time enough to defend the school moneys when they are attacked.

Of course the Committee are aware that this is the merest quibble. The act complained of is the tenth section of the New York county tax levy for 1869, which divides an "amount equal to twenty per cent. on the excise moneys received for said city in 1868" among certain schools. This is not money taken from the common school fund, which the constitution secures to the support of common schools; *but it is money paid out of the State treasury for the support of sectarian schools*, and that is the very point of the opposition. It is public money paid for sectarian education—a measure wholly at war with one of the fundamental principles of the government. And, however earnestly the minority of the Committee may insist that the school moneys have not been touched, they know, as well as the rest of us, the claim now made is that those moneys shall be divided proportionally among the sects. It seems to us unworthy of the accomplished chairman of the Committee on Education painfully to elaborate a quibble as a reply to the demand that the State shall not provide sectarian instruction; and the report merely shows how utterly unjustifiable and dangerous is the act of last year, under which it is done.

THOMAS R. GLEN.

ONE of the most faithful friends of the readers of this paper, and one to whom they are greatly indebted for the accuracy and neatness of its general "make up," but one, also, whose name even was unknown to them, has recently died, after a wasting illness of some months; and nowhere more properly than here could the name of THOMAS R. GLEN be mentioned, and with the sincerest honor and regard. He was born in Scotland, and came to this country in 1840. Very soon afterward he was in the employment of HARPER & BROTHERS, with whom he continued for twenty-eight years, until his death on Tuesday, March 29, at the age of fifty-four. During much of that time he was foreman of the composing-room of the *Magazine*, *Weekly*, and *Bazar*; and no man could be more devoted and able in the discharge of his important responsibility. Indeed his conscientious fidelity was such that, despite the most friendly remonstrance, he was anxious to assume every burden, and seemed to feel any failure of others as a fault of his own. Mr. GLEN had all the proverbial sagacity of his nation. Intelligent, perceptive, interested in every generous and humane effort, modest and gentle in manner, an efficient and admirable chief in his vocation, his noiseless professional devotion, his singularly upright and simple character, his blameless life, will always be not only kindly, but gratefully, remembered by those who were his daily companions.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 28.—Nothing of importance was done in the Senate.—In the House, the whole day was devoted to the debate on the Tariff bill.

March 29.—In the Senate, Mr. Sherman reported a substitute for the joint resolution regarding the income tax, which provides for the taxing of incomes received during the present year at the rate now established, and thereafter at three per cent. The Texas bill, striking out the proviso that the act shall not affect in any manner the condition and guarantees upon which the State was annexed and admitted, was passed.—In the House, nothing of importance was done.

March 30.—In the Senate, the day was mostly devoted to debate, in executive session, on the San Domingo treaty; no action was taken.—In the House, the Senate amendment to the Texas bill was, after some discussion, concurred in by a party vote.

March 31.—In the Senate, the credentials of Messrs. Hamilton and Flanigan, Senators elect from Texas, were presented and the members sworn in. A bill was passed allowing retired army officers to be assigned for duty at Soldiers' Homes.—In the House, the admission of the Texas members was the occasion of a long debate, mainly in the case of Captain Conon, against whom Messrs. Butler and Shanks, of Indiana, attempted to bring serious charges. The entire delegation, however, was sworn in.

April 1.—In the Senate, the case of General Ames, Senator elect from Mississippi, was finally disposed of after another long debate. The report of the Judiciary Committee, on motion of Mr. Sumner, by a vote of forty to twelve, was changed so as to read "is eligible," instead of "is not," and General Ames was admitted to his seat.—In the House, the whole day was given to debate on the Tariff bill.

April 2.—The Senate was not in session.—In the House, a bill was passed authorizing the city of Buffalo to tunnel the Niagara River. The greater part of the session was taken up with the discussion of the Tariff bill.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

A meeting of the Democratic General Committee was to take place in Tammany Hall, in this city, on the 28th ult., for the purpose of investigating the action of Mr. Tweed, Chairman of the Democratic General Committee, who was freely charged by members of the rival Democratic factions with having betrayed the party, and securing the defeat of the new charter for New York. On assembling in answer to the call, the members of the Committee found the doors of the "Wigwam" closed by order of the Sachems. The reason assigned for this course was that violence and riot were feared; but the "Young Democracy" assert that Mr. Tweed was afraid of being voted out of his chairmanship if he permitted the meeting to be held. Since then the ill-feeling that existed between the rival factions appears to have subsided, and on the 30th ult. another charter for New York was passed by the Assembly with scarcely any opposition.

On the 30th ult. the President sent both Houses of Congress a message communicating the fact of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution by the required number of States, and inclosing also the official proclamation of the event.

The people of San Francisco were dreadfully frightened on the 2d inst. by a severe earthquake shock. No serious damage was done; but the rocking of the buildings sent the whole population into the streets, and for a little while the excitement was intense.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE project of a Senatus Consultum, drawn up by M. Ollivier, in accordance with the view of the Emperor, has been presented to the French Senate. It makes some important changes, dividing the legislative powers between the Emperor, Corps Législatif, and the Senate. The latter body is to number one-third less than the Chamber of Deputies, and former articles giving the constituent power to the Senate are abrogated. No change can henceforth be made in the Constitution except by the voice of the people on the proposal of the Emperor. The Emperor desires a vote of the people on this project.

Pierre Bonaparte has been sentenced to pay the family of Victor Noir 25,000 francs and the expenses of the civil suit.

A very serious strike exists among the iron workers at La Creuzot, in France, and the military have been sent there to preserve order.

Discontent in Ireland is on the increase, and many outrages against landlords and property are reported. In consequence of the passage of the Irish Force bill by the British Parliament the tide of emigration has greatly increased.

A general movement of Spanish troops against the Cuban insurgents of the Central Department is reported. Strong columns left Puerto Principe on the 1st. One from Puerto del Padre is directed to the rear of the Cubans. General Goyenche, who is in the mountains, reports the surrender of 300 insurgents, and the capture of a depôt of artillery. Five hundred Spanish troops arrived at Havana on the 3d instant.

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WATCHING FOR THE MISSING.

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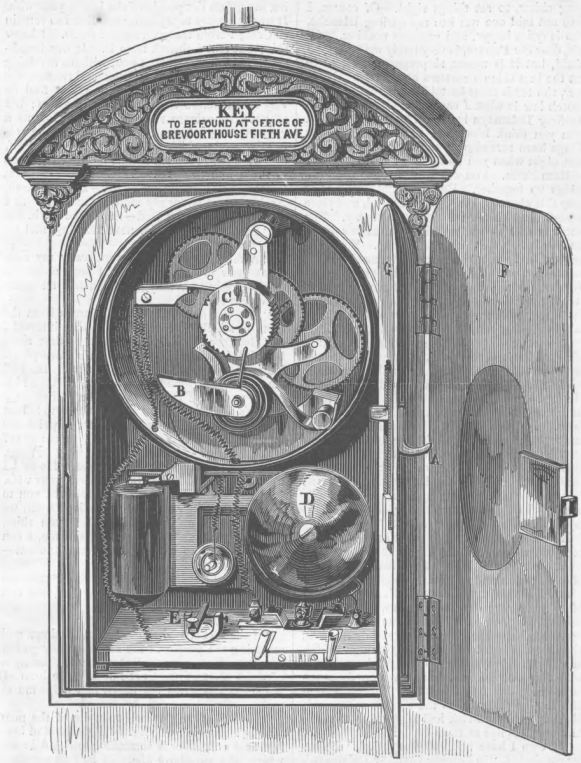
PRINCE HENRI DE BOURBON.—[SEE PAGE 247.]



THE NEW FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH—SIGNAL-BOX.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

Two days after the marriage—on Wednesday, the ninth of September—a packet of letters, received at Windygates, was forwarded by Lady Lundie's steward to Ham Farm.

With one exception, the letters were all addressed either to Sir Patrick or to his sister-in-law. The one exception was directed to "Arnold Brinkworth, Esq., care of Lady Lundie, Windygates House, Perthshire"—and the envelope was specially protected by a seal.

Noticing that the post-mark was "Glasgow," Sir Patrick (to whom the letter had been delivered) looked with a certain distrust at the handwriting on the address. It was not known to him—but it was obviously the handwriting of a woman. Lady Lundie was sitting opposite to him at the table. He said, carelessly, "A letter for Arnold"—and pushed it across to her. Her ladyship took up the letter, and dropped it, the instant she looked at the handwriting, as if it had burned her fingers.

"The Person again!" exclaimed Lady Lundie. "The Person, presuming to address Arnold Brinkworth, at My house!"

"Miss Silvester?" asked Sir Patrick.

"No," said her ladyship, shutting her teeth with a snap. "The Person may insult me by addressing a letter to my care. But the Person's name shall not pollute my lips. Not even in your house, Sir Patrick. Not even to please *you*."

Sir Patrick was sufficiently answered. After all that had happened—after her farewell letter to Blanche—here was Miss Silvester writing to Blanche's husband, of her own accord! It was unaccountable, to say the least of it. He took the letter back, and looked at it again. Lady Lundie's steward was a methodical man. He had indorsed each letter received at Windygates with the date of its delivery. The letter addressed to Arnold had been delivered on Monday, the seventh of September—on Arnold's wedding-day.

What did it mean?

It was pure waste of time to inquire. Sir Patrick rose to lock the letter up in one of the drawers of the writing-table behind him. Lady Lundie interfered (in the interest of morality).

"Sir Patrick!"

"Yes?"

"Don't you consider it your duty to open that letter?"

"My dear lady! what can you possibly be thinking of?"

The most virtuous of living women had her answer ready on the spot.

"I am thinking," said Lady Lundie, "of Arnold's moral welfare."

Sir Patrick smiled. On the long list of those respectable disguises under which we assert our own importance, or gratify our own love of meddling in our neighbor's affairs, a moral regard for the welfare of others figures in the foremost place, and stands deservedly as number one.

"We shall probably hear from Arnold in a day or two," said Sir Patrick, locking the letter up in the drawer. "He shall have it as soon as I know where to send it to him."

The next morning brought news of the bride and bridegroom.

They reported themselves to be too supremely happy to care where they lived, so long as they lived together. Every question but the question of Love was left in the competent hands of their courier. This sensible and trust-worthy man had decided that Paris was not to be thought of as a place of residence, by any sane human being, in the month of September. He had arranged that they were to leave for Baden—on their way to Switzerland—on the tenth. Letters were accordingly to be addressed to that place, until further notice. If the courier liked Baden, they would probably stay there for some time. If the courier took a fancy for the mountains, they would in that case go on to Switzerland. In the mean while nothing mattered to Arnold but Blanche—and nothing mattered to Blanche but Arnold.

Sir Patrick re-directed Anne Silvester's letter to Arnold, at the Poste Restante, Baden. A second letter, which had arrived that morning (addressed to Arnold in a legal handwriting, and bearing the post-mark of Edinburgh), was forwarded in the same way, and at the same time.

Two days later Ham Farm was deserted by the guests. Lady Lundie had gone back to Windygates. The rest had separated in their different directions. Sir Patrick, who also contemplated returning to Scotland, remained behind for a week—a solitary prisoner in his own country house. Accumulated arrears of business, with which it was impossible for his steward to deal single-handed, obliged him to remain at his estates in Kent for that time. To a man without a taste for partridge-shooting the ordeal was a trying one. Sir Patrick got through the day with the help of his business and his books. In the evening the rector of a neighboring parish drove over to dinner, and engaged his host at the noble but obsolete game of Piquet. They arranged to meet at each other's houses on alternate days. The rector was an admirable player; and Sir Patrick, though a born Presbyterian, blessed the Church of England from the bottom of his heart.

Three more days passed. Business at Ham Farm began to draw to an end. The time for Sir Patrick's journey to Scotland came nearer. The two partners at Piquet agreed to meet for a final game, on the next night, at the rector's house. But (let us take comfort in remembering it) our superiors in Church and State are as completely at the mercy of circumstances as the humblest and the poorest of us. That last game of Piquet between the baronet and the parson was never to be played.

On the afternoon of the fourth day Sir Patrick came in from a drive, and found a letter from Arnold waiting for him, which had been delivered by the second post.

Judged by externals only, it was a letter of an unusually perplexing—possibly also of an unusually interesting—kind. Arnold was one of the last persons in the world whom any of his friends would have suspected of being a lengthy correspondent. Here, nevertheless, was a letter from him, of three times the customary bulk and weight—and, apparently, of more than common importance, in the matter of news, besides. At the top the envelope was marked "*Immediate.*" And at one side (also underlined) was the ominous word, "*Private.*"

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" thought Sir Patrick.

He opened the envelope.

Two inclosures fell out on the table. He looked at them for a moment. They were the two letters which he had forwarded to Baden. The third letter remaining in his hand, and occupying a double sheet, was from Arnold himself. Sir Patrick read Arnold's letter first. It was dated "Baden," and it began as follows:

"My Dear Sir Patrick,—Don't be alarmed, if you can possibly help it. I am in a terrible mess."

Sir Patrick looked up for a moment from the letter. Given a young man who dates from "Baden," and declares himself to be in "a terrible mess," as representing the circumstances of the case—what is the interpretation to be placed on them? Sir Patrick drew the inevitable conclusion. Arnold had been gambling.

He shook his head, and went on with the letter.

"I must say, dreadful as it is, that I am not to blame—nor she either, poor thing."

Sir Patrick paused again. "She?" Blanche had apparently been gambling too? Nothing was wanting to complete the picture but an announcement in the next sentence, presenting the courier as carried away, in his turn, by the insatiate passion for play. Sir Patrick resumed:

"You can not, I am sure, expect *me* to have known the law. And as for poor Miss Silvester—"

"Miss Silvester?" What had Miss Silvester to do with it? And what could be the meaning of the reference to "the law?"

Sir Patrick had read the letter, thus far, standing up. A vague distrust stole over him at the appearance of Miss Silvester's name in connection with the lines which had preceded it. He felt nothing approaching to a clear prevision of what was to come. Some indescribable influence was at work in him, which shook his nerves, and made him feel the infirmities of his age (as it seemed) on a sudden. It went no further than that. He was obliged to sit down: he was obliged to wait a moment before he went on.

The letter proceeded, in these words:

"And, as for poor Miss Silvester, though she felt, as she reminds me, some misgivings—still, she never could have foreseen, being no lawyer either, how it was to end. I hardly know the best way to break it to you. I can't, and won't, believe it myself. But even if it should be true, I am quite sure you will find a way out of it for us. I will stick at nothing, and Miss Silvester (as you will see by her letter) will stick at no-

"I MUST LEAVE OFF, AND REST A LITTLE."

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thing either, to set things right. Of course, I have not said one word to my darling Blanche, who is quite happy, and suspects nothing. All this, dear Sir Patrick, is very badly written, I am afraid, but it is meant to prepare you, and to put the best side on matters at starting. However, the truth must be told—and shame on the Scotch law is what *I* say. This it is, in short: Geoffrey Delamayn is even a greater scoundrel than you think him; and I bitterly repent (as things have turned out) having held my tongue that night when you and I had our private talk at Ham Farm. You will think I am mixing two things up together. But I am not. Please to keep this about Geoffrey in your mind, and piece it together with what I have next to say. The worst is still to come. Miss Silvester's letter (inclosed) tells me this terrible thing. You must know that I went to her privately, as Geoffrey's messenger, on the day of the lawn-party at Windygates. Well—how it could have happened, Heaven only knows—but there is reason to fear that I married her, without being aware of it myself, in August last, at the Craig Fernie inn."

The letter dropped from Sir Patrick's hand. He sank back in the chair, stunned for the moment, under the shock that had fallen on him.

He rallied, and rose bewildered to his feet. He took a turn in the room. He stopped, and summoned his will, and steadied himself by main force. He picked up the letter, and read the last sentence again. His face flushed. He was on the point of yielding himself to a useless outburst of anger against Arnold, when his better sense checked him at the last moment. "One fool in the family is enough," he said. "*My* business in this dreadful emergency is to keep my head clear for Blanche's sake."

He waited once more, to make sure of his own composure—and turned again to the letter, to see what the writer had to say for himself, in the way of explanation and excuse.

Arnold had plenty to say—with the drawback of not knowing how to say it. It was hard to decide which quality in his letter was most marked—the total absence of arrangement, or the total absence of reserve. Without beginning, middle, or end, he told the story of his fatal connection with the troubles of Anne Silvester, from the memorable day when Geoffrey Delamayn sent him to Craig Fernie, to the equally memorable night when Sir Patrick had tried vainly to make him open his lips at Ham Farm.

"I own I have behaved like a fool," the letter concluded, "in keeping Geoffrey Delamayn's secret for him—as things have turned out. But how could I tell upon him without compromising Miss Silvester? Read her letter, and you will see what she says, and how generously she releases me. It's no use saying I am sorry I wasn't more cautious. The mischief is done. I'll stick at nothing—as I have said before—to undo it. Only tell me what is the first step I am to take; and, as long as it don't part me from Blanche, rely on my taking it. Waiting to hear from you, I remain, dear Sir Patrick, yours in great perplexity, Arnold Brinkworth."

Sir Patrick folded the letter, and looked at the two inclosures lying on the table. His eye was hard, his brow was frowning, as he put his hand to take up Anne's letter. The letter from Arnold's agent in Edinburgh lay nearer to him. As it happened, he took that first.

It was short enough, and clearly enough written, to invite a reading before he put it down again. The lawyer reported that he had made the necessary inquiries at Glasgow, with this result. Anne had been traced to The Sheep's Head Hotel. She had lain there utterly helpless, from illness, until the beginning of September. She had been advertised, without result, in the Glasgow newspapers. On the 5th of September she had sufficiently recovered to be able to leave the hotel. She had been seen at the railway station on the same day—but from that point all trace of her had been lost once more. The lawyer had accordingly stopped the proceedings, and now waited further instructions from his client.

This letter was not without its effect in encouraging Sir Patrick to suspend the harsh and hasty judgment of Anne, which any man, placed in his present situation, must have been inclined to form. Her illness claimed its small share of sympathy. Her friendless position—so plainly and so sadly revealed by the advertising in the newspapers—pleaded for merciful construction of faults committed, if faults there were. Gravely, but not angrily, Sir Patrick opened her letter—the letter that cast a doubt on his niece's marriage.

Thus Anne Silvester wrote:

"GLASGOW, *September* 5.

"DEAR MR. BRINKWORTH,—Nearly three weeks since I attempted to write to you from this place. I was seized by sudden illness while I was engaged over my letter; and from that time to this I have laid helpless in bed—very near, as they tell me, to death. I was strong enough to be dressed, and to sit up for a little while yesterday and the day before. To-day, I have made a better advance toward recovery. I can hold my pen and control my thoughts. The first use to which I put this improvement is to write these lines.

"I am going (so far as I know) to surprise—possibly to alarm—you. There is no escaping from it, for you or for me: it must be done.

"Thinking of how best to introduce what I am now obliged to say, I can find no better way than this. I must ask you to take your memory back to a day which we have both bitter reason to regret—the day when Geoffrey Delamayn sent you to see me at the inn at Craig Fernie.

"You may possibly not remember—it unhappily produced no impression on you at the time—that I felt, and expressed, more than once on that occasion, a very great dislike to your passing me off on the people of the inn as your wife. It was necessary to my being permitted to remain at Craig Fernie that you should do so. I knew this; but still I shrank from it. It was impossible for me to contradict you, without involving you in the painful consequences, and running the risk of making a scandal which might find its way to Blanche's ears. I knew this also; but still my conscience reproached me. It was a vague feeling. I was quite unaware of the actual danger in which you were placing yourself, or I would have spoken out, no matter what came of it. I had what is called a presentiment that you were not acting discreetly—nothing more. As I love and honor my mother's memory—as I trust in the mercy of God—this is the truth.

"You left the inn the next morning, and we have not met since.

"A few days after you went away my anxieties grew more than I could bear alone. I went secretly to Windygates, and had an interview with Blanche.

"She was absent for a few minutes from the room in which we had met. In that interval I saw Geoffrey Delamayn for the first time since I had left him at Lady Lundie's lawn-party. He treated me as if I was a stranger. He told me that he had found out all that had passed between us at the inn. He said he had taken a lawyer's opinion. Oh, Mr. Brinkworth! how can I break it to you? how can I write the words which repeat what he said to me next? It must be done. Cruel as it is, it must be done. He refused to my face to marry me. He said I was married already. He said I was your wife.

"Now you know why I have referred you to what I felt (and confessed to feeling) when we were together at Craig Fernie. If you think hard thoughts, and say hard words of me, I can claim no right to blame you. I am innocent—and yet it is my fault.

"My head swims, and the foolish tears are rising in spite of me. I must leave off, and rest a little.

"I have been sitting at the window, and watching the people in the street as they go by. They are all strangers. But, somehow, the sight of them seems to rest my mind. The hum of the great city gives me heart, and helps me to go on.

"I can not trust myself to write of the man who has betrayed us both. Disgraced and broken as I am, there is something still left in me which lifts me above *him*. If he came repentant, at this moment, and offered me all that rank and wealth and worldly consideration can give, I would rather be what I am now than be his wife.

"Let me speak of you; and (for Blanche's sake) let me speak of myself.

"I ought, no doubt, to have waited to see you at Windygates, and to have told you at once of what had happened. But I was weak and ill; and the shock of hearing what I heard fell so heavily on me that I fainted. After I came to myself I was so horrified, when I thought of you and Blanche, that a sort of madness possessed me. I had but one idea—the idea of running away and hiding myself.

"My mind got clearer and quieter on the way to this place; and, arrived here, I did what I hope and believe was the best thing I could do. I consulted two lawyers. They differed in opinion as to whether we were married or not—according to the law which decides on such things in Scotland. The first said Yes. The second said No—but advised me to write immediately and tell you the position in which you stood. I attempted to write the same day, and fell ill as you know.

"Thank God, the delay that has happened is of no consequence. I asked Blanche, at Windygates, when you were to be married—and she told me not until the end of the autumn. It is only the fifth of September now. You have plenty of time before you. For all our sakes, make good use of it.

"What are you to do?

"Go at once to Sir Patrick Lundie, and show him this letter. Follow his advice—no matter how it may affect *me*. I should ill requite your kindness, I should be false indeed to the love I bear to Blanche, if I hesitated to brave any exposure that may now be necessary in your interests and in hers. You have been all that is generous, all that is delicate, all that is kind in this matter. You have kept my disgraceful secret—I am quite sure of it—with the fidelity of an honorable man who has had a woman's reputation placed in his charge. I release you, with my whole heart, dear Mr. Brinkworth, from your pledge. I entreat you, on my knees, to consider yourself free to reveal the truth. I will make any acknowledgment, on my side, that is needful under the circumstances—no matter how public it may be. Release yourself at any price; and then, and not till then, give back your regard to the miserable women who has laden you with the burden of her sorrow, and darkened your life for a moment with the shadow of her shame.

"Pray don't think there is any painful sacrifice involved in this. The quieting of my own mind is involved in it—and that is all.

"What has life left for *me*? Nothing but the barren necessity of living. When I think of the future now, my mind passes over the years that may be left to me in this world. Sometimes I dare to hope that the Divine Mercy of Christ—which once pleaded on earth for a woman like me—may plead, when death has taken me, for my spirit in Heaven. Sometimes I dare to hope that I may see my mother, and Blanche's mother, in the better world. Their hearts were bound together as the hearts of sisters while they were here; and they left to their children the legacy of their love. Oh, help me to say, if we meet again, that not in vain I promised to be a sister to Blanche! The debt I owe to her is the hereditary debt of my mother's gratitude. And what am I now? An obstacle in the way of the happiness of her life. Sacrifice me to that happiness, for God's sake! It is the one thing I have left to live for. Again and again I say it—I care nothing for myself. I have no right to be considered; I have no wish to be considered. Tell the whole truth about me, and call me to bear witness to it as publicly as you please!

"I have waited a little, once more, trying to think, before I close my letter, what there may be still left to write.

"I can not think of any thing left but the duty of informing you how you may find me, if you wish to write—or if it is thought necessary that we should meet again.

"One word before I tell you this.

"It is impossible for me to guess what you will do, or what you will be advised to do by others, when you get my letter. I don't even know that you may not already have heard of what your position is from Geoffrey Delamayn himself. In this event, or in the event of your thinking it desirable to take Blanche into your confidence, I venture to suggest that you should appoint some person whom you can trust to see me on your behalf—or, if you can not do this, that you should see me in the presence of a third person. The man who has not hesitated to betray us both, will not hesitate to misrepresent us in the vilest way, if he can do it in the future. For your own sake, let us be careful to give lying tongues no opportunity of assailing your place in Blanche's estimation. Don't act so as to risk putting yourself in a false position *again!* Don't let it be possible that a feeling unworthy of her should be roused in the loving and generous nature of your future wife!

"This written, I may now tell you how to communicate with me after I have left this place.

"You will find on the slip of paper inclosed the name and address of the second of the two lawyers whom I consulted in Glasgow. It is arranged between us that I am to inform him, by letter, of the next place to which I remove, and that he is to communicate the information either to you or to Sir Patrick Lundie, on your applying for it personally or by writing. I don't yet know myself where I may find refuge. Nothing is certain but that I can not, in my present state of weakness, travel far.

"If you wonder why I move at all until I am stronger, I can only give a reason which may appear fanciful and overstrained.

"I have been informed that I was advertised in the Glasgow newspapers during the time when I lay at this hotel, a stranger at the point of death. Trouble has perhaps made me morbidly suspicious. I am afraid of what may happen if I stay here, after my place of residence has been made publicly known. So, as soon as I can move, I go away in secret. It will be enough for me, if I can find rest and peace in some quiet place, in the country round Glasgow. You need feel no anxiety about my means of living. I have money enough for all that I need—and, if I get well again, I know how to earn my bread.

"I send no message to Blanche—I dare not till this is over. Wait till she is your happy wife; and then give her a kiss, and say it comes from Anne.

"Try and forgive me, dear Mr. Brinkworth. I have said all. Yours gratefully,

"ANNE SILVESTER."

Sir Patrick put the letter down with unfeigned respect for the woman who had written it.

Something of the personal influence which Anne exercised more or less over all the men with whom she came in contact seemed to communicate itself to the old lawyer through the medium of her letter. His thoughts perversely wandered away from the serious and pressing question of his niece's position into a region of purely speculative inquiry relating to Anne. What infatuation (he asked himself) had placed that noble creature at the mercy of such a man as Geoffrey Delamayn?

We have all, at one time or another in our lives, been perplexed as Sir Patrick was perplexed now.

If we know any thing by experience, we know that women cast themselves away impulsively on unworthy men, and that men ruin themselves headlong for unworthy women. We have the institution of Divorce actually among us, existing mainly because the two sexes are perpetually placing themselves in these anomalous relations toward each other. And yet, at every fresh instance which comes before us, we persist in being astonished to find that the man and the woman have not chosen each other on rational and producible grounds! We expect human passion to act on logical principles; and human fallibility—with love for its guide—to be above all danger of making a mistake! Ask the wisest among Anne Silvester's sex what they saw to rationally justify them in choosing the men to whom they have given their hearts and their lives, and you will be putting a question to those wise women which they never once thought of putting to themselves. Nay, more still. Look into your own experience, and say frankly, Could you justify your own excellent choice at the time when you irrevocably made it? Could you have put your reasons on paper when you first owned to yourself that you loved him? And would the reasons have borne critical inspection if you had?

Sir Patrick gave it up in despair. The interests of his niece were at stake. He wisely determined to rouse his mind by occupying himself with the practical necessities of the moment. It was essential to send an apology to the rector, in the first place, so as to leave the evening at his disposal for considering what preliminary course of conduct he should advise Arnold to pursue.

After writing a few lines of apology to his partner at Piquet—assigning family business as the excuse for breaking his engagement—Sir Patrick rang the bell. The faithful Duncan appeared, and saw at once in his master's face that something had happened.

"Send a man with this to the Rectory," said Sir Patrick. "I can't dine out to-day. I must have a chop at home."

"I am afraid, Sir Patrick—if I may be excused for remarking it—you have had some bad news?"

"The worst possible news, Duncan. I can't tell you about it now. Wait within hearing of the bell. In the mean time let nobody interrupt me. If the steward himself comes I can't see him."

After thinking it over carefully, Sir Patrick decided that there was no alternative but to send a message to Arnold and Blanche, summoning them back to England in the first place. The necessity of questioning Arnold, in the minutest detail, as to every thing that had happened between Anne Silvester and himself at the Craig Fernie inn, was the first and foremost necessity of the case.

At the same time it appeared to be desirable, for Blanche's sake, to keep her in ignorance, for the present at least, of what had happened. Sir Patrick met this difficulty with characteristic ingenuity and readiness of resource.

He wrote a telegram to Arnold, expressed in the following terms:

"Your letter and inclosures received. Return to Ham Farm as soon as you conveniently can. Keep the thing still a secret from Blanche. Tell her, as the reason for coming back, that the lost trace of Anne Silvester has been recovered, and that there may be reasons for her returning to England before any thing further can be done."

Duncan having been dispatched to the station with this message, Duncan's master proceeded to calculate the question of time.

Arnold would in all probability receive the telegram at Baden, on the next day, September the seventeenth. In three days more he and Blanche might be expected to reach Ham Farm. During the interval thus placed at his disposal Sir Patrick would have ample time in which to recover himself, and to see his way to acting for the best in the alarming emergency that now confronted him.

On the nineteenth Sir Patrick received a telegram informing him that he might expect to see the young couple late in the evening on the twentieth.

Late in the evening the sound of carriage-wheels was audible on the drive; and Sir Patrick, opening the door of his room, heard the familiar voices in the hall.

"Well!" cried Blanche, catching sight of him at the door, "is Anne found?"

"Not just yet, my dear."

"Is there news of her?"

"Yes."

"Am I in time to be of use?"

"In excellent time. You shall hear all about it to-morrow. Go and take off your traveling-things, and come down again to supper as soon as you can."

Blanche kissed him, and went on up stairs. She had, as her uncle thought in the glimpse he had caught of her, been improved by her marriage. It had quieted and steadied her. There were graces in her look and manner which Sir Patrick had not noticed before. Arnold, on his side, appeared to less advantage. He was restless and anxious; his position with Miss Silvester seemed to be preying on his mind. As soon as his young wife's back was turned, he appealed to Sir Patrick in an eager whisper.

"I hardly dare ask you what I have got it on my mind to say," he began. "I must bear it, if you are angry with me, Sir Patrick. But—only tell me one thing. Is there a way out of it for us? Have you thought of that?"

"I can not trust myself to speak of it clearly and composedly to-night," said Sir Patrick. "Be satisfied if I tell you that I have thought it all out—and wait for the rest till to-morrow."

Other persons concerned in the coming drama had had past difficulties to think out, and future movements to consider, during the interval occupied by Arnold and Blanche on their return journey to England. Between the seventeenth and the twentieth of September Geoffrey Delamayn had left Swanhaven, on the way to his new training quarters in the neighborhood in which the Foot-Race at Fulham was to be run. Between the same dates, also, Captain Newenden had taken the opportunity, while passing through London on his way south, to consult his solicitors. The object of the conference was to find means of discovering an anonymous letter-writer in Scotland, who had presumed to cause serious annoyance to Mrs. Glenarm.

Thus, by ones and twos, converging from widely distant quarters, they were now beginning to draw together, in the near neighborhood of the great city which was soon destined to assemble them all, for the first and the last time in this world, face to face.

THROUGH THE BARS OF A CELL.

COURTEOUS READER,—I am the inmate of a State Prison. Do not be astonished, my friend, at being addressed by such a being. I can assure you I am a special convict, and, perhaps, some of these days when I am free, you may encounter my veritable self in the bosom of your social circle. If your curiosity is awakened, I will breathe to you through the gratings of my cell my eventful history. It is a strange one, respected friend. Indeed I make bold to say that a stranger one was never breathed into you rear.

I had an only brother. We had been brought

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up in a distant village in the State of Pennsylvania. Our father died when my younger brother was born, leaving my mother very poor. She brought us up bravely, however. I being the eldest, was sent off at an early age to fight the battle of life, and, while helping myself, to do something toward helping others. With this noble purpose in my mind I made rapid progress, and finally had the hardihood to set off to New York, rightly imagining that there there were the greatest prizes for an ambitious youth. Full of the most ardent affection for my mother, I tried to make every thing turn to my own advancement. I felt as though every act of my life had an effect upon their fortunes. This feeling so inspired me that self-denial was not only easy, but delightful. Feeling as I did, that all my savings benefited them so greatly, how could I do otherwise than save?

I was extremely fortunate in New York. My last employers in the country gave me letters to one of the chief merchants in that city. He received me kindly. Finding out my industrious and saving habits, he speedily promoted me. Year by year he added to my salary. At length, after years of labor, I found myself, at the age of twenty-five, the confidential clerk of my employer, with a large salary, and the control of millions.

Some years before I had conceived the idea of giving my brother a good education. My brother was to me more like a son than any thing else. His nature was widely different from mine. I was bold, resolute, daring; he was gentle, poetical, and full of sentiment. I was stern, practical, and independent; he was quiet, reliant, and meditative. I was formed for a life of warfare and action; he for a life of study and meditation.

He went to college. His progress was remarkable; he was at the head in every thing; he graduated with the highest honors. I saw him at the final exhibition when he obtained his degree. I admired and applauded more than any one else my young brother. In truth, as he stood there with his fragile form, his pale face, his eye beaming with the light of genius, he was worthy of all the admiration I had to bestow. I have his portrait now with me. It resembles the poet Shelley more than any face that I have ever seen.

My brother went home, and, as I supposed, studied for his profession. I corresponded always with my mother. My brother was always irregular in letter-writing, and I never thought much of not hearing from him. I soon became troubled, however, at learning that he was unwell. I recommended a trip across the ocean and a tour through Europe, and offered to pay his expenses. After this offer I waited anxiously to learn the effect. I did not hear from home for nearly a month. I grew very anxious, and thought seriously of paying them a visit. Since my departure, fifteen years before, I had never been home, and had only met my relatives on their visits to me at New York.

One day on going to the office I found a telegraphic dispatch. The words of that dispatch have burned themselves into my memory:

"Your brother is dying! Come home!" It was a stranger's name. Great God! my brother dying! A stranger, too, telegraphing to me! What meant all this? Was my mother also dying?

I never closed my eyes for three days and three nights, nor did I eat a mouthful until I came in sight of my native town in Pennsylvania. I waited for two hours trying to overcome my agitation created by fasting and want of sleep. Ordinarily nothing ruffled me; but now I was as weak as a child. I walked up the main street. I came within sight of the old familiar cottage. The blinds were all down. Great Heaven! I was not prepared for such a blow. I dreaded the worst. The worst had come. A stranger opened the door—a stranger stared at me. I recognized much of the old furniture with which my mother would not part. I saw my brother's portrait hanging in the hall.

"Are they in?" I gasped out, not knowing what I said.

No one recognized me. I did not wish to be recognized. Fearful of being an object of vulgar pity, I had determined to act as a stranger. So, with all the calmness that I could muster, I asked after my mother by name. Then the blow fell. The woman at the door spoke solemnly:

"She's dead, Sir."

"Hadn't she a son?" I asked, with a frightful attempt at indifference.

"Yes, Sir—his death broke her down. She died next day."

"Unfortunate people!"

"Ah yes, Sir. There's never been a death in the village so unfortunate. Especially poor Henry, Sir. He was a great favorite."

"I used to know a brother of his in New York. Does he know about this?"

"Ah, Sir, I don't know. It 'll be a sad blow for him."

"How did it happen?"

"Won't you walk in, Sir? and I'll tell you."

"No, thank you. It's so close. I'm hot; I'll sit here."

I sank into a seat by the cottage door. The woman told me all. Her story was simply this:

When Henry came home from college he was the pride and boast of the village. People sought his acquaintance who before had overlooked him, and his learning and genius won the regards and admiration of all. Among the young ladies of the place there was one from Philadelphia who appeared to be greatly struck by my brother. She belonged to one of the first families in that city, and was exceedingly beautiful. Her beauty, however, was only in appearance. Strange to say, with the utmost loveliness of form and features, she combined a hardness of heart and a selfishness of nature frightful to contemplate. She only sought my brother for the sake of making a conquest of the talented young villager. As to love or marriage, she would have laughed at the idea. Her aspirations were far higher than that. By the utmost artfulness, and by the exceeding charm which she was capable of displaying, she completely overcome my brother. With all the intoxication of genius he surrendered himself to her power. With him to love was to give up his soul, his life, his all. It was no light or transitory matter. It was the most serious thing on earth. As to her, he never doubted her sincerity.

At last he woke from his dream, and only awaked—to die. He spoke to her once about his feelings. She treated him cruelly. When sure of his affections she began to try to torture him with jealousy. On his remonstrating, she turned him away forever with a withering sneer. He was stunned at first, but afterward thought it a mistake. He sought her out again, and implored her to tell him truly. This time her calm contempt was unmistakable; he saw her as she was. Had he possessed my strong nature he would have survived this shock. The woman does not live who could kill me by a disappointment. But my brother was a gentle soul. When his heart broke, he died. And so he yielded to this blow.

All can be told in a few words. My mother, horrified, startled, overwhelmed, by this most unlooked-for calamity, and gentle in nature like my brother, sank like him under the sudden stroke.

"And now," concluded the woman, "they both lie buried beside her husband."

All the time she spoke I did not utter a word.

As she ceased I rose slowly, murmured "Thank you," and staggered away. Instinctively I wandered to the burying-ground. I knew well where they lay. I soon stood before their newly-made grave—two twin mounds containing all that I cared for on earth—the treasured objects of a lifetime's labor—the ones for whose happiness I had been a slave! And they had come to this!

I spent the night there. I brooded over plans of vengeance. If they were crushed by a blow, I rose under mine and heard their cry for vengeance coming even from the tomb. I had that woman's name. She had, under the outward beauty of her fiendish soul, killed my mother and brother. She should suffer! But how? This was the meditation of the night. I took long strides up and down as I paced beside the graves, and before the dawn I had decided.

My scheme was one of grandeur. You seldom hear of such schemes. People generally find it difficult to take revenge because they are too anxious to take care of themselves. Now, I cared nothing for myself. My sole desire was for vengeance. For that desire I was ready to sacrifice every thing.

I started for New York immediately, and arrived there as soon as possible. The head of our house was living at that time up the Hudson. He left every thing to me. My measures were all taken. I wrote to him informing him that I was going to Europe to see about some British funds that were endangered. I drew on England for those funds to the amount of two million dollars, and then left the office. But I did not go to England. I calmly returned to my own lodgings, where I wrote some letters. These were letters of introduction to the chief people in the United States from the leading aristocracy of Great Britain. With these I knew I could have the *entrée* of any society. I started for Philadelphia, and put up at the first hotel in the place. I lavished my money with a liberal hand, ordered the servants peremptorily, and acted like an eccentric nobleman. On the books of the hotel I wrote the name, "Henry Lord Arlington."

On my card there was the same name, and over it a neatly-engraved crest. This nobleman I was personally acquainted with. He had large dealings with our house, and all his circumstances were well known to me. On the following day I saw the following in the principal paper:

"DISTINGUISHED STRANGER.—Yesterday a distinguished nobleman arrived at the —— Hotel. He is Henry Lord Arlington, and is related to the leading English nobility. He comes to this country to study our institutions, and see the wonders of nature in which our land is so rich. His father is the Earl of Sunderland, to which he is heir. When we state that his Lordship has an income of about a million dollars a year, and is a gay young bachelor of twenty-five, we think we have said enough to turn the heads of all the young belles in the city."

I was soon waited on by the chief people in the city. I bore letters of introduction to them, and met with an eager welcome. My stately manners, my calmness, and self-reliance won me respect. I was shortly the lion of the city. I soon encountered my victim.

Isabel Nevers, for this was her name, was the daughter of one of the old families. Her father was a man full of self-importance and absurd conceit. He prided himself on being the son of an American officer, and cultivated his lofty feeling of arrogance to a ridiculous extent. His daughter was worthy of him. Hard, cold, and selfish. She was only attractive in outline and feature. The feeling of ambition and self-importance overruled all other sentiments. Love she could not feel. Marriage she looked upon as a speculation. She sought a husband only for the sake of wealth and social influence. Wealth and Position were her gods.

I saw with exultation how readily she fell into the snare I had spread for her. No sooner had she seen me than she exerted all her arts to win me. And I—never did any lover appear half so intoxicated as I. The reader can foresee the end. The newspapers announced it:

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—It is stated that Lord Arlington is about to lead to the Hymeneal altar the daughter of one of our most distinguished citizens. If this be so, we venture to say that the Court of St. James will have no brighter ornament than Miss Nevers."

All this transpired in about a fortnight. The marriage was settled upon. I showed to old Nevers my banker's authority to draw on England for millions. I made deeds of settlement to my bride of estates and lands. I lavished my wealth with a liberal hand. She held instruments with my signature to the extent of millions.

On the evening before our marriage I wrote off to my old employer, anonymously:

"SIR,—The young man in whom you place confidence is a scoundrel. He is now not in Europe but Philadelphia, with forged letters bearing the name of Lord Arlington. Do not despise this, but come yourself to Philadelphia. Learn all, and save yourself from Ruin—"

We were married. It was the most magnificent wedding ever known in Philadelphia. All the *élite* of the city were present. Such splendor, such display, had never before been seen.

Three days passed. One morning a loud and peremptory knock was heard at the door. I had been living with my wife at Mr. Nevers's, in seclusion, preparatory to taking her to the aristocratic connections of her noble husband. The crisis approached. Well, I had nerve for any thing. The servant opened the door. Loud voices sounded in the hall. My wife stepped to the door and hurried back. She was white as a sheet.

"Ha, ha!" she exclaimed, nervously; "they want Lord Arlington. They say he's an *impostor*."

"An impostor! Well, that is good!" I cried, gayly.

"I must see him," cried a loud voice.

"Well, it's getting better and better!" I exclaimed; and, springing up, I went to the door.

I saw my late employer. He started back.

"Well, my good man, can I do any thing for you?" My calmness, my hauteur, my impudence, were beyond description.

"Edward," said he, "has it come to this? Confess all, and I'll forgive you."

Had not my heart been beyond the reach of pity his tones would have melted me. But I calmly gazed at him.

"My dear Sir, you are laboring under some strange delusion," I said. "Do I resemble any one whom you know?"

"You will not confess, then?" he exclaimed, sternly confronting me. "Then, officer, I leave him to you."

He turned away. I felt myself seized by officers, with a warrant, and carried away. My employer was no man to be trifled with. He had proofs against me too strong to slight, and he held me to bail to such a vast amount that I could not get bonds. I had to go to prison.

On the following day the papers were full of it. To add to the excitement, I wrote a confession of my misdeeds, which was circulated every where. It was a terrific blow to the Neverses and my wife.

I sent for my employer. I told him all. I handed him back the draft for millions. I had only used it to show. The money I had spent was all my own—the savings of years. None of it had gone to my wife, however. I had made her presents of jewels, but they all turned out to be paste. My employer forgave me. He had not lost a cent through me. He shook hands warmly.

"God bless you, my poor boy!" he cried. "Your desire for revenge has misled you. May you be forgiven as I forgive you!"

He exerted himself for me, but could do nothing. My offense had been too great. I was sentenced to five years' solitary imprisonment.

Here I am now. My wife has never been near me. I hear she and her father went to California. Perhaps she has married again. If so, I wish her joy. But if she has, when I get out of prison I'll track her and make her give her new husband up again.

Courteous reader, through the bars of his cell a felon wishes you adieu.

PRINCE HENRI DE BOURBON.

ON page 245 we give the portrait of this unfortunate Prince, who was recently killed in a duel with the Duke DE MONTPENSIER. This tragic affair has put the finishing touch to the melancholy history of the elaborate scheme of LOUIS PHILIPPE, generally called the Spanish Marriages. Conceived in selfishness and carried out in cruelty, that iniquitous conspiracy has been the cause of manifold misfortunes during the last twenty years to all persons and countries concerned, and has at last given rise to a fatal encounter between two princes. The unfortunate man who has now fallen may have sinned very freely in his political conduct, but he was, at all events, bitterly sinned against himself. He might have been the husband of ISABELLA, if the ambition of the Orleans family had not stood in the way and condemned the unhappy Queen to the marriage she was actually forced to contract. Had she been permitted to marry Prince HENRI, whom she loved and wished to marry, she might have spent a happy and blameless life, and have transmitted her crown tranquilly to her children. But it was to the interest of the Orleanists that her sister's husband or his children should inherit her scepter, and measures were taken accordingly to arrange her future in such a way that all chance of a direct succession seemed to be obviated. The Queen was hurried into a deplorable career, and Don HENRI subsided into that favorite refuge for disappointed princes, Democracy. In the quarrel which cost him his life he was unquestionably in fault. He wrote the Duke a letter filled with insults, which, to a Spaniard or Frenchman, could only be atoned for by blood; and it must be said of him that he met his fate with as much courage and indifference as he had courted it.

NEW FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH.

WE give on page 245 an engraving of the new fire-alarm boxes, now ready in all that part of New York city lying south of Fourteenth Street. Every officer and member of the Fire Department, every officer and member of the Police Department, and every officer of the Fire Insurance Patrol, is furnished with a key which will open all the boxes. A key is also deposited with the occupant of a building near each alarm-box, the number of which is posted in the box. The door, G, is kept closed. To give an alarm open the outer door, F, draw down the catch, A, which winds up a spring, by means of the lever, B, which sets in motion the wheel, C, and registers the number of the box on the gong, D, and on the instrument at the Fire Department Headquarters. To give a second or third alarm the door, G, is opened, and the Morse key, E, is struck ten times. The Fire Department has issued the following directions to be observed when a fire is discovered:

1. Go to the nearest box and open the door, pull the hook down as far as you can (firmly without jerking), and then let it slide back. Remove the key and close the door.

2. If you do not immediately hear the number of the box struck upon the small bell within, or upon the tower bells, go to the next nearest box to the fire and repeat the operation.

3. If upon going to a box to give an alarm you hear the small bell inside ringing (which is an indication that an alarm is being sent over the lines from the Central Office), do not open the box until it has done ringing. In all such cases count the signal being sounded, and be certain that it is not for the same fire.

Key-holders are also cautioned not to open the box except in case of fire; not to give alarm until certain of a fire; not to give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance; not to pull down the hook more than once in giving an alarm; to be sure, after giving an alarm, that the door is securely closed before leaving the box; and not to let the key go out of their possession, except when demanded by proper authority. The proper observance of these directions will give increased efficiency to the Fire Department, and add greatly to the security of property against destruction by fire.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AT a trial in an Alabama town, not long since, one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opposing counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight. "Can you see me?" said he. "Yes," was answered. "How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer. "Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman." The answer brought down the house and silenced the counsel.

The Dutch woman kept a toll-gate. One foggy day a traveler asked, "Madam, how far is it to B——?" "Shoost a leetle ways," was the reply. "Yes, but how far?" again asks the traveler. "Shoost a *leetle ways*"—more emphatically. "Madam, is it *one, two, three, four*, or *five* miles?" The good woman ingenuously replied, "*I dinks it is!*"

"What do people mean," said a French lady, "by saying that Rome is not a free city? Why, you may hang your clothes out to dry at your drawing-room window and nobody will prevent you."

The Rev. Mr. Thom, minister of the parish of Govan, had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow; forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it, the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the gallery. Mr. Thom could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "Oh, man, man! surely your psalm-book has been awfu' ill bound."

THE MITTEN.

The bull-dog barks on the top of the hill,
And the lambs are skipping in glee;
But I'm sad as the dickens—I am—
My gal gave the mitten to me.

Ah, where will I go, and what will I do?
I feel like a crazy bum-bee;
By thunder, I'll fight! I'll lick any boy
That says the word *mitten* to me!

I'm really mad—be dogged if I ain't!
I swear I will kill any she;
I'll slather and slash—I'll murder that gal—
By thunder! she sha'n't mitten me!

No, I won't do that—I'll spite her—I will!
I'll hang myself on a big tree;
And then she will cry—she'll die in remorse
For giving the mitten to me.

BEST CLIMATE FOR A TOPER—The temperate zone.

Why do young ladies whiten their faces?—Because they think the powder will make them go off.

A young lady from the rural districts went to Des Moines to see the elephant. In the street-car the conductor said to her, "Miss, your fare." "Well, if I am," replied she, "I don't want any of your impertinance."

ACADEMY OF DESIGN—A young ladies' boarding-school.

"Why do you walk, Bob, when you've got a donkey to ride?" said a gentleman to an Irish lad who was walking by the side of his donkey. "Shure, then," said the boy, "I'm just walking to rest my legs."

Which is the largest jewel in the world?—The Emerald Isle.

A schoolmaster in Ireland advertises that he will keep a Sunday-school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

"Can you return my love, my dearest Juli
"Certainly, Sir; I do not want it, I am sure."

A fashionable clergyman in Chicago warns th
ners of his congregation that if they don't
they will go to the "place of eternal uneas
Certainly a mild way of putting it.

LIGHT TIMBER—Sunbeams.

A poor man being ill, on being asked by
man whether he had taken any remedy, repli
I ain't taken any remedy, but I've taken lots
ic."

The petroleum men are great bores, but they
well.

And the principal thing is the interest.

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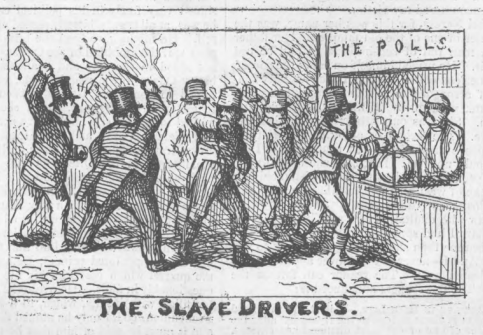
THE CREEK SLAVE.



THE SLAVE DRIVERS.

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HAMLET. Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
QUEEN (*TWEED*). Oh, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
HAMLET. Oh! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
ASSUME A VIRTUE, IF YOU HAVE IT NOT.—*Shakspeare.*

SENATOR TWEED IN A NEW RÔLE.

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THE SILENT BATTLE.

THE war that Spring and Winter wage
Goes on in silence, day by day;
Strong youth against decrepid age,
New growth opposed to dark decay;

The strife of hope against despair,
Life against death; and, morn by morn,
A tenderer warmth is in the air,
And richer hues and hopes are born.

And lo, on every side appears
The hurrying host of Spring's advance—
The crowding grass, with bristling spears,
The brook-side rushes' ready lance,

The javelins of daring reeds,
The iris-sprout's keen bayonet-thrust,
With rank and file of sturdy weeds
Rising exultant from the dust.

Each day a fresher guidon flaunts,
Marking the vantage-ground by turns;
The arrow-heads of water-plants,
The hard-clenched fists of valiant ferns,

The willow's pennons, brave and fair,
The wild-flag's sharp and slender blade,
With every force of earth and air,
Join boldly in the glad crusade,

Till Winter's sullen struggles cease,
And cold and darkness fail and flee,
And all the hills are fair with peace,
And green with palms of victory.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. PLEW SPEAKS HER MIND.

MAUD'S visit to Lowater took place as arranged. Only instead of remaining merely a day with the Sheardowns she staid in their house a week. Mrs. Sheardown had strongly urged, almost insisted on, this.

"You have not now the plea that you can not leave the vicar to be lonely," she said. "The vicar has no lack of society and excitement at present. As for you, I don't think you desire to share in either the society or the excitement. Do you think Hugh would like that you should? Stay with us. I shall tell Hugh that I have taken good care of his treasure, and he will be grateful to me."

As to Veronica's presence in Shipley Magna, Mrs. Sheardown did not trust herself to say very much on that score to Maud. She did say a few words quietly, but sternly, disapproving the proceeding. And Maud was unable to gainsay her. But in speaking to her husband, Nelly Sheardown gave utterance to her disgust and indignation quite vehemently.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing, Tom? Did any one ever hear of such a thing? The woman must have lost all sense of decency!"

"Why, Nelly," returned the captain, "have I not heard you say more than once that if that misguided girl were to return you would not turn your back on her, but would hold out a helping hand to her in any way that you could? Have I heard you say that, or did I dream it?"

"You know that you have heard me say it. And I do not repent of having said it. But you are not speaking fairly. You know very well, Tom, that my 'helping hand' was to be contingent on a very different state of things from that which actually exists. If she had shown any penitence, any remorse for the misery she caused, any consideration for others, I would have done what I could for her; more, I confess, for Maud's sake and the vicar's than her own. But to come back here under the present circumstances; not letting even a sufficient time elapse to soften the memory of her disgrace; flaunting her ill-gotten riches and her contemptible husband in the face of every body who has known her from childhood—"

"Contemptible husband! Why, my dear little wife, you know nothing about *him* at all events!"

"Do I not know the circumstances under which his marriage was made?"

"Certainly not."

"I know, at least, so much of them as suffices to prove that he must be a man without any sense of honor, or dignity, or even decency! That he is, in short, as I said—contemptible!"

The captain had thought it necessary to endeavor to stem his warm-hearted wife's vehemence with a little show of that judicial impartiality which so becomes a man, and which he is usually so ready to display for the edification of the weaker sex in cases that do not touch his own passions or prejudices. But in his heart Captain Sheardown was little less shocked and disgusted at Veronica's conduct than his wife was, and he warmly concurred with her in desiring to keep Maud as far as possible apart from the vicar's daughter. There were other reasons, also, why the Sheardowns considered the vicarage to be no longer a pleasant or desirable home for Maud Desmond. But of these they did not speak to her fully.

"Perhaps it may be all idle gossip and rumor," said Captain Sheardown, half interrogatively, to his wife.

"*Perhaps* it may," she returned, with an expressive shake of the head.

"At all events, there is no need to vex Maud with what may turn out to be all false, vulgar scandal."

"No need at all, dear. But it is not very easy to me to dissemble. Once or twice lately Maud has spoken with some anxiety of the vicar, and I assure you it has been on the tip of my tongue to tell her the report we had heard."

"Gulp it down again, like a brave little woman."

Meanwhile the reappearance of Veronica in her new character of Princess de' Barletti was the theme of discussion and animadversion in half the houses in the county. Mrs. Begbie had nearly fainted when she heard it. She had said to her maid, who had first conveyed the information to her, "No, Tomlins. I can not believe you. I will not, I must not, think so evil of my own sex." When subsequently the atrocious fact had been confirmed, Mrs. Begbie had been thrown into quite a low, nervous state by it. The sight of her innocent Emmie, and the recollection that that pure scion of the united houses of Gaffer and De Wynkyn had been in the same room, had actually breathed the same air with the *creature*, was too much for her. But finally Mrs. Begbie had found strength to rouse herself, and to take a stand against the barefaced audacity of continental corruption, as she characterized the visit of the Prince and Princess de' Barletti to the Crown Inn at Shipley Magna. Such, at least, was Mrs. Begbie's own account of the various phases of feeling she had gone through. Lady Alicia Renwick was very grim and sarcastic on the occasion. Disapproving Veronica's proceeding quite as strongly as Mrs. Begbie disapproved it, her ladyship could not resist the pleasure of metaphorically digging her sharp beak into the pulpy self-complacency of Miss Emma.

"Ay," she said, dryly. "It's a curious social fact that yon brazen flirt, without a penny to her tocher, as we say in the north, should have got two husbands (for, ye know, that wretch Gale married her), one a baronet and the other a prince, no less—and the young fellow really and truly well born: the Barlettis come of an illustrious line—that that good-for-nothing hussy, I say, should get two such husbands by nothing in the world but her handsome face, while so many of our virtuous young virgins can't manage to get married for the life of them. And dear knows it isn't for want of energy in trying, as far as my observation goes."

"Lady Alicia," said Mrs. Begbie, with dignity, "no well brought-up girl would put forth the—the lures, for so I must call them, which I have seen exercised by that—*creature!* Men are unfortunately weak enough to be attracted by that sort of thing."

"Oh, men are fools enough for any thing, I grant you," replied Lady Alicia, giving up the male sex en masse with the greatest liberality.

"They tell me," pursued Mrs. Begbie, who, despite her virtuous indignation, seemed unable to quit the discussion of Veronica's altered fortunes, "that this—*person* has brought down a carriage and horses—splendid horses!—and a suit of servants with her to the Crown Inn. And her dress is something incredible in its extravagance. She makes three toilets a day—"

"Four, mamma," put in Miss Begbie.

"Emmie! I beseech you not to enter into this topic. Indeed, I regret that it has ever been mentioned before you at all."

"Oh, I don't think it will do Miss Emmie any harm," said Lady Alicia, with an inscrutable face.

"No, Lady Alicia. You are right. I feel obliged to you for judging my child so correctly. But still it is a pity that the bloom of youthful freshness should be injured by a too early acquaintance with the wickedness of the world!"

"And they say she *paints* awfully!" observed Miss Begbie, in whose mind the word "bloom" had conjured up by association this crowning iniquity of Veronica.

Mrs. Begbie executed a quite gymnastic shudder.

"It positively makes me ill to think of her!" said she.

"H'm. I don't remember that ye were so overcome when the girl first ran off, were you? Ay? Well, my memory may be at fault. But I understand very well it *is* aggravating to people—especially to people with daughters—to see that sort of thing flourishing and prospering."

"Vice, Lady Alicia, *never* prospers in the long run!"

"Oh, of course not. To be sure not. We have high authority for that, Mrs. Begbie. But then ye see it's often such a very long run."

The above conversation is a pretty fair specimen of the light in which the Princess de' Barletti's appearance at Shipley was looked on by the Daneshire society.

Could Veronica have overheard one morning's chat in any dressing-room or boudoir whose inmates' favor or countenance she desired, she would have at once despaired of making good her footing as a member of the "county" circles. It may seem strange that she had ever for a moment conceived the hope that the gentry of the neighborhood would receive her. But she had an exaggerated idea of the power of money. And she thought that the bright refulgence of her new rank would dazzle the world from a too close inspection of old blots and spots on her fair fame. And then it had all been vague in her mind. There had perhaps been hardly any definite expectation of what would occur when she should be at Shipley. But she had had a general idea of awaking envy and admiration and astonishment; of dashing past old acquaintances in a brilliant equipage; of being addressed as "your highness" within hearing of unpolished Daneshire persons devoid of a proper sense of the distinction of classes, and who had habitually spoken of her in her childish days as "the vicar's little lass!" And these things in prospect had appeared to her to suffice. But after a day or two she became aware how strongly she desired to be visited and received by persons whose approval or non-approval made Fate in Daneshire society. She was entirely unnoticed except by one person.

This solitary exception served but to emphasize more strongly the marked neglect of the rest. Lord George Seagrave called on her. Lord George had taken Hammick Lodge for a term of years. He had never been down there at that time of year before. But his health wouldn't stand a London season; getting old, you know, and that sort of thing. So, as he had to pay for the place, he had come down to the Lodge to pass a month or so until it should be time to go to Schwalbach. And he had heard that Prince Cesare and the princess—whom he had the honor of perfectly remembering as Miss Levincourt—were at the Crown. So he had called, and that sort of thing. And he should be uncommonly charmed if the prince would come and dine with him and one or two friends, any day that might suit him. And Cesare accepted the invitation with something like eagerness, and announced that he should drive himself over to Hammick Lodge very soon. This promise he kept, having his horses harnessed to a nondescript vehicle, which the landlord of the Crown called a dog-cart; and sending the London coachman, who sat beside him, to the verge of apoplexy by his unprofessional and incompetent handling of the ribbons. The vicar had pleaded his parish duties as a reason why he could not go very frequently to Shipley Magna. Maud was with the Sheardowns. And besides, Hugh Lockwood, in his interview with Veronica, had so plainly conveyed his determination to keep his future wife apart from her, that Veronica had chosen not to risk a refusal by asking Maud to come to her. They had met but for a few minutes on the evening when Veronica had driven her father back to the vicarage. Veronica had not alighted. She had looked at her old home across the drear little grave-yard, and had turned and gone back in her grand carriage. But on that same occasion she had seen Mr. Plew. There needed but a small share of feminine acuteness to read in the surgeon's face the intense and painful emotions which the sight of her awakened within him. She was still paramount over him. She could still play with idle, careless, capricious fingers on his heart-strings. It was a pastime that she did not intend to deny herself.

But what she could not see, and had not nobleness enough even to guess at, was the intense pity, the passion of sorrow over the tarnished brightness of her purity, that swelled her old lover's heart almost to breaking. She had never possessed the qualities needful to inspire the best reverence that a man can give to a woman. And it may be that in the little surgeon's inmost conscience there had ever been some unacknowledged sense of this. But he had looked upon her with such idolatrous admiration; he had been so unselfishly content to worship from a humble distance; he had so associated her beauty and brightness with every thing that was bright and beautiful in his life, that her degradation had wounded him to the quick. She had never been to him as other mortals, who must strive and struggle with evil and weakness. He had not even thought of her as of a woman fast clinging to some rock of truth in the great ocean of existence, and supplying her own feebleness by its steady strength. She had been to his fancy a creature to whom it was simply natural and inevitable to be brilliant and stainless as the petal of a lily. And now she was smirched and fallen. After the first paroxysms of impotent rage against the man who had taken her away, almost the bitterest reflection of all was the reflection how base a bait had tempted her.

When her carriage stopped at the gate of St. Gildas's church-yard, and he advanced, hat in hand, and touched—very slightly touched—her proffered hand, and stammered a few incoherent words of greeting, in his shy, awkward, unpolished manner, Veronica thought, "He is overcome at seeing me again, and seeing me in this pomp! Poor little Plew! He really is not a bad fellow; and I sha'n't forget the good turn he did me about forwarding my letter." Her gratitude did not by any means go to the extent of relinquishing her power to torture his feelings. But the truth, could she have read it in his heart, was, that he was crushed by the humiliation of being ashamed for her. And yet he loved her still. A more perfect being would doubtless have ceased to love that which his moral sense told him ought to be utterly unlovable. But Mr. Plew was a very far from perfect being; and from the nature of the case, and the nature of the man, there was mingled with his love an almost feminine passion of pity which rendered it indestructible.

"You used to have patients in Shipley Magna, Mr. Plew," the "princess" had said, graciously. "Whenever your professional duties bring you there, mind you come and see us!"

But two days, three days, passed, and Mr. Plew did not appear at the Crown Inn. Veronica had, in her security that he would come, given orders that he should be admitted at any time. Still, he did not appear. Then came Lord George Seagrave's invitation to Cesare. Veronica told him by all means to go, and told herself that it was a relief to get rid of him for a day. Poor Cesare was very fond of her; almost too fond of her. It became a bore to have his constant presence. But when he was gone, and she was left alone with no companion but her maid, and no resource but the inspection of her jewel-box, she began to feel depressed.

"I'm getting into a horrible habit of being low-spirited," she thought. "It *is* habit, I suppose. I want keeping up. This leaden weight is intolerable. Bah! I won't stay in this odious hole! I always hated it. I don't know whether one always comes back to one's old loves, but I do believe one returns unfailingly to one's old hates. I will go away. But where? Dio mio! Any where! Back to town. But meanwhile I positively am not well. I ought to see some one. I'll send for little Plew!"

Miss Turtle happened to be spending the afternoon with old Mrs. Plew, when the Princess de' Barletti's pink, perfumed note was brought into the cottage by a servant from the Crown Inn. Mr. Plew was not at home. He was expected back in the course of an hour or so. Very good, the man said. He would put up his horse and gig in the village, and return in the course of an hour to see if the doctor (so Mr. Plew was always styled in Shipley parlance) had come in. He had orders to wait and drive him back to Shipley Magna. Was any thing the matter? Any one ill? Not that he knew, special. The lady as they called Barley-etty seemed a bit out o' sorts. But *he* couldn't say much about it. The moment the groom's back was turned, the two women pounced upon the note. They felt it, they smelt it, they turned it this way and that.

"V. B.," said Miss Turtle, deciphering the monogram. "And a crown above. The paper's for all the world like satin. And *how* it is perfumed!"

"Ah! It smells to *me* like them yellow lozengers in the surgery," said Mrs. Plew, pushing the note away from her with a little dissatisfied gesture.

"What a bold handwriting!" exclaimed Miss Turtle. "Quite the aristocrat. Oh, dear me! I suppose Mr. Benjamin will be taken up with high society now."

The tip of the poor governess's little nose became red, and her eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Plew grasped her wooden knitting-needles more tightly than was her wont, and shook her head with the tremulous movement of age.

"If you could but have seen the carriage she was in," whispered Miss Turtle, plaintively. She was by nature and habit so humble-minded that her jealous comparison of herself with Veronica had only resulted in her crushing sense of the latter's overwhelming superiority in all points.

"But I did describe it to you, didn't I? And the silver on the horses' harness? Mrs. Meggitt thinks a deal of her spoons, but la! Mrs. Plew, I tell you Mrs. Meggitt's spoons would be but a drop in the ocean if you were to melt them down to ornament that harness. And then the bonnet she had on. And leaning back with such an elegant kind of a loll against the cushions. She was painted," said poor Miss Turtle, making a faint little protest on behalf of her own self-respect. *She* at least was never painted. But she added almost immediately, with a profound sigh, "But I have been told they all do it in high life."

Still old Mrs. Plew kept her lips closed, and her head shook tremulously. In a few minutes the surgeon came in. Miss Turtle looked at his mother as though expecting her to speak of the note from Shipley Magna. But the old woman said not a word.

"There's a—a—note for you, Mr. Benjamin," said Miss Turtle, timidly; and at the same instant his eye lighted on it as it lay on the table. He took it up quickly, and walked to the window as though to get a better light as he read it, turning his back on the two women.

"Where is the messenger?" he asked, looking round. "There is mention here of a man and gig waiting to take me back."

"The man said he'd be here again in an hour, Mr. Benjamin. We thought—that is, your mother expected you back by then."

"I must wait for him then, I suppose," said Mr. Plew, pulling out his watch, and beginning to walk softly up and down the room. "It's a—a—patient. The Princess Barletti, in fact. She is not very well, and wishes to see me. It really is very good of you to give my mother so much of your company, Miss Turtle."

Then Mrs. Plew unclosed her lips and spake.

"Benjy, love, don't you go."

"Mother!"

"Benjy, darling, don't you go."

"Not go to see a patient when I am sent for!"

"Benjy, love, I don't believe she's ill a bit more than you are. Nor so bad either, if feelings could count. And if she *is* bad let her send for Doctor Gunnery from Danecester, and not for them that she's treated so heartless, and cruel, and shameful."

Mr. Plew had turned ashy pale, and was standing quite still, staring at his mother. The little governess sat with clasped hands and parted lips, glancing nervously from one to the other. She was dumfoundered at Mrs. Plew's unexampled boldness and eloquence. The wooden needles clicked and rattled in the old woman's trembling hands. A bright red spot burned on each withered cheek; and she went on in a strained voice unlike her natural soft tones.

"Shameful, and cruel, and heartless she's treated one that she's not worthy to tie his shoe-strings! A painted, wanton thing, playing her airs to break an honest man's heart! A man that might have had a good loving wife, and good loving children at his knee but for her. Beauty! Why there's women in the world, common, plain-looking women, with common coarse clothes on their backs, that to my eyes seem as beautiful as the saints and angels beside her! She's bad; bad, and wicked, and wanton! And a painted—"

She stopped suddenly with the opprobrious word on her lips. Her son, without uttering a syllable, had dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. The governess cowered, awe-stricken, and trembling like a frightened bird. The knitting fell from the old woman's hands. She sat as still as though she had been turned to stone for a minute or so, looking at her son. Then all at once she got up, went to him, and put her hand on his bowed head.

"Benjy," she said, "my own dear boy, forgive your poor old mother! And may God forgive her for saying a word to hurt the best son that ever mortal woman bore into this world!

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I don't know what came over me, Benjy. I couldn't help it. 'Twas as if I fain must speak. I'll not say another word, love; not another word. Oh, my boy, don't be angry with your poor mother. I sha'n't be here to trouble you long! And—Benjy—'twas only because I love you so, my own dear darling." Mr. Plew removed one hand from his face, and put it out to take his mother's. She raised it to her lips and kissed it. "Thank you, my boy," she said, with pathetic humility. And then—with all the angry flush gone from her face, and the tears streaming down it—she feebly tottered out of the room. Miss Turtle rose and followed her to the door. There she turned, and said, in a quite placid, almost cheerful, tone. "You needn't be anxious about your mother, Mr. Benjamin. I'll stay with her, and look after her whilst you're gone. Your mother's used to me. And for me it's a real pleasure to do any thing for her; it is indeed!"

"God bless you for your kindness. I shall always be grateful to you, and be your friend with all my heart—if you will let me be so," answered the surgeon.

Within a quarter of an hour he was on his road to Shipley Magna.

GREAT EATERS.

BADHAM, in his "Prose Halieutics," tells us that, "among immortal gluttons, Hercules the beef-eater was the chief; he would eat up the grilled carcass of a cow at a meal, with all the live coals attached to it. The edacity of Ulysses is competently attested in the Odyssey. Milo carried an ox round the stadium in his arms, and then with as little difficulty in his inside."

If it be alleged that these three ancient worthies never lived except in the pages of mythology, there is no difficulty in finding real mortals that will serve the purpose. Lucullus had a room in his house for every kind of supper, each at a particular cost; and even his cheapest supper was worth a moderate fortune. Apicius killed himself when he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left, fearing that he would die of starvation. One epicure had sauce for a pair of partridges prepared from two dozen; and twenty-five legs of mutton cut up to supply one choice plateful of special delicacy; and a dish prepared at endless cost from peacocks' brains.

Boehmer, a German writer, described somewhat fully the case of a man at Wittenberg who, for a wager, would eat a whole sheep, or a whole pig, or a bushel of cherries, including the stones. His strength of teeth and power of swallowing enabled him to masticate, or at least to munch into small fragments, glass, earthen-ware, and flints. He preferred birds, mice, and caterpillars; but when he could not get these delicacies he put up with mineral substances. Once he devoured pen, ink, and sand-pounce, and seemed half inclined to deal in the same way with the inkstand itself. He made money by exhibiting his powers in this way until about sixty years of age, after which he lived nearly a score more years in a more rational way. Although a Latin treatise was published in elucidation of his marvelous powers, it may not be uncharitable to suppose that there was a little chicanery in the matter, as in the case of the fire-eaters with whom we are familiar at the fairs and in the streets, and who doubtless live upon more reasonable diet when not engaged in money-making exhibitions. A story is told of General Kœnigsmark, an officer engaged in one of the many wars waged in by-gone times by Sweden against Poland and Bohemia, which illustrates both the pig-eating attribute and the fear which such an achievement may possibly produce in the minds of others. A peasant came to the King of Sweden's tent during the siege of Prague, and offered to devour a large hog for the amusement of his Majesty. The general, standing by, said that the fellow ought to be burned as a sorcerer. Nettled and irritated at this, the peasant exclaimed, "If your Majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig," accompanying this offer with a vast expansion of mouth and jaws. Brave as he was in battle, Kœnigsmark could not stand this; he beat a hasty retreat from the tent, and hurried to his own quarters.

In the time of Charles the First, Taylor, the water poet, gave an account of one Nicholas Wood, a Kentish man, who had a power of stowing away a marvelous quantity of food at a meal. He was credited with having on one occasion devoured a whole raw sheep; on another, three dozen pigeons; on a third, several rabbits; on a fourth, eighteen yards of black pudding; while on two other occasions the quantities set down were sixty pounds of cherries and three pecks of damsons. But it will be better to disbelieve these statements, and attend to the more moderate though still startling account given by Taylor, that "Two loynes of mutton and one loyne of veal were but as three sprats to him. Once, at Sir Warham St. Leger's house, he showed himself so violent of teeth and stomach that he ate as much as would have served thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving-man turned him to the fire, and anointed his paunch with grease and butter, to make it stretch and hold; and afterward, being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while, which when the knight understood he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long as he had lain bedrid with eating." In the time of George the First there was a man who, in a fit of religious enthusiasm, tried to maintain a Lenten fast of forty days and forty nights. Breaking down in this resolution after a few days, he took revenge on himself by becoming an enormous eater, devouring large quantities of raw flesh with much avidity. Somewhat over a century ago, a Polish soldier, presented to the court of Saxony as a marvel of voracity, one day ate twenty pounds of beef and half of a roasted calf. About the same time a youth of seventeen, apprentice to a Thames waterman, ate five pounds of shoulder of lamb and two quarts of green pease in fifty minutes. An achievement of about equal gluttony was that of a brewer's man, who, at an inn in Aldersgate Street, demolished a roast goose of six pounds' weight, a quartern loaf, and three quarts of porter in an hour and eighteen minutes. Early in the reign of George the Third a watch-maker's apprentice, nineteen years of age, in three-quarters of an hour devoured a leg of pork weighing six pounds, and a proportionate quantity of pease pudding, washing down these comestibles with a pint of brandy taken off in two draughts. A few years afterward there was a beggar at Göttingen who on more than one occasion ate twelve pounds of meat at a meal. After his death, his stomach, which was very large, was found to contain numerous bits of flint and other odds and ends, which Nature very properly refused to recognize as food. In fact, setting aside altogether the real or alleged eating up of a whole sheep or hog, the instances are very numerous in which a joint sufficient for a large family has disappeared at a meal within the unworthy corpus of one man.

It is clearly evident that many of the records of voracious eating point to a morbid craving which the person suffers, and which is as much a disease as the opposite extreme—loss of appetite—while being still more difficult of cure. Medical men have at hand a stock of learned Greek names to apply to various manifestations of the disease. Dr. Copland describes a case which came under his professional notice. There were two children possessing insatiable appetites, of which the youngest, seven years old, was the worst. "The quantity of food devoured by her was astonishing. Every thing that could be laid hold of, even in its raw state, was seized upon most greedily. Besides other articles, an uncooked rabbit, half a pound of candles, and some butter were taken at one time. The mother stated that this little girl, who was apparently in good health otherwise, took more food, if she could possibly obtain it, than the rest of her family, consisting of six besides herself." Such extreme manifestations of the disease are of course very rare.

As to fire-eaters, they have always been exhibitors rather than persons possessing a real liking for this peculiarly hot kind of food. There was one Powell, very eminent in this line of business toward the close of the reign of George II. It used to be jocularly said of him, that "his common food is brimstone and fire, which he licks up as eagerly as a hungry peasant would a mess of pottage; and such is his passion for this terrible element, that if he were to come hungry into your kitchen while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire and leave the beef." Some of the former paragraphs in this article contain incidental notices of persons swallowing mineral substances of various kinds; and it appears that medical men recognize a disease called lithophagy, or stone-eating. Persons have been known to devour, not merely spiders and flies, toads and serpents, and other living creatures—not merely cotton, hair, paper, and wood, but cinders, sand, earth, clay, chalk, flint, glass, stone, musket-bullets, and earthen-ware. One man could swallow billiard-balls and gold and silver watches. There is an accredited case in the medical journals of New York for 1822, of a man who could swallow clasp-knives with impunity; but on one day he overshot the mark by swallowing fourteen: it killed him. If we would go into the particulars of all these kinds of voracity, we should have to establish three grades—digesting without mastication; swallowing without digesting; and simply swallowing without either mastication or digestion. But every one can trace this matter for himself. As to earth-eating, the young women of certain lands are said to eat chalk and clay, to improve their complexions.

Cases have been known in which the limitation to the quantity of food taken at once is brought about rather by the effects of fumes and vapors upon the brain than by an exhaustion of the deglutitory powers of the eater. One of those persons to whom a whole joint is a mere trifle was tempted to accept a wager to the effect that he could not take three shillings' worth of bread and ale at a meal. The man who laid the wager provided twelve new hot penny loaves, and steeped them in several quarts of ale. The effect of the ale upon the hot crumb of the bread was such as to send off the glutton into a drowsy helplessness long before he had come to the end of his allotted task, and he was greatly mortified afterward at having lost the wager.

If the propensity be really due to an abnormal condition of the system, a morbid craving which physiologists and physicians can trace to an organic source, the person is no more to blame than other patients suffering under maladies. But if he boasts of his achievements, and makes them the subject of bets, we can have no difficulty in settling the degree of reprobation due to him. About forty years ago there was an inscription on the window of a small road-side inn, between Peckham and Sydenham, recording such a boast; whether railways and other novelties have swept it away, we can not tell, but Hone described it thus:

March 16, 1810,
Thomas Mount Jones dined here,
Eat six pounds of bacon, drank nineteen pots of beer.

It is nonsense, and a libel upon the four-footed races, to call such exhibitions of gluttony brutal or beastly; seeing that real brutes and beasts eat only when they are hungry, and leave off when they have had enough.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LIFE in the temperate zone is not without its trials—so think the English, in view of the unusual severity of the past winter with them. For eight or ten days all traffic on the Thames was suspended, and when the ice broke up, one might have imagined himself on the banks of some river of the frigid zone; for the floating ice soon became frozen together into huge, irregular masses. In Paris, the weather seems to have been equally severe; the Seine has been full of masses of floating ice. Rome and Florence have been, according to one account, "almost buried in snow-storms," though this statement is doubtless rather exaggerated. In Danzig the cold has been so excessive that theatres were closed. At Swinemunds, the Baltic was covered with ice, and some adventurous skaters crossed to Hersingdorf, a distance of several miles.

On the 17th of March the case of the ill-fated *City of Boston* was brought up in the House of Commons. Among other facts respecting the dangers of the sea, it was stated that up to that time, since the first of January, nine steamships had been lost, seven of which foundered at sea with great loss of life; and that most of these casualties were due to the want of proper bulk-heads, and a proper check upon overloading.

The "Old Fashioned Girl," Miss L. M. Alcott's last work, was published with an edition of 12,000 copies. The authoress is now on her way to Italy, with Miss May Alcott, the artist by whom "Little Women" was illustrated.

A magnificent ball has been given at Paris by Saidaha, a Persian, which cost more than $20,000. His lounges were covered with cashmeres embroidered with gold, which he gave away to the departing guests. One "lady," not caring for cashmere, took away a Persian carpet. Supper was served under a gilded trellis, bearing ripe grapes, peaches, and cherries.

For fifteen years Mr. Charles Dickens has been a public reader to delighted audiences. Last month he gave a farewell reading at St. James's Hall, London. He remarked in a closing address: "I have been uniformly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous sympathy, and the most stimulating support. Nevertheless, I have thought it well, at the full flood-tide of your favor, to retire upon those older associations between us which date from much further back than these, and henceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art which first brought us together."

Dr. Osgood, in a recently published letter concerning "Americans in Europe," remarks that titled people speak to each other in the simplest way, and only when presenting distinguished persons to others is the full title given. "I think," he says, "that it is good-breeding in England to address a distinguished person once by his title, and afterward to say 'you' or 'Sir.' I heard Tyndall, the philosopher, address the Prince of Wales at a public meeting, and after calling him 'Your Royal Highness' once or twice, he spoke to him simply as 'Sir,' which I thought was a slip of the tongue, until I learned otherwise, and was assured that it was proper even to speak to the Queen as 'Madame,' after addressing her as 'Your Majesty.' These are little matters; but they are becoming more important as the best-bred people in Europe and America are coming together, and we wish to be mutually agreeable."

Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, whose death has recently taken place, suffered, from the age of eighteen, with an affection of the spine, which caused severe torture and partial paralysis, and finally culminated in loss of sight. Notwithstanding all this, he maintained a wonderful cheerfulness, and continued to retain an undiminished interest in all his affairs. All the journals of the day were read to him; his memory was singularly retentive, and his judgment acute. His opinion in matters of politics and finance was highly valued; and his magnificent house in Paris was the constant resort of the political and literary celebrities of France and Germany.

Bleeding from the nose is always regarded as an unwelcome event, yet, in the opinion of Dr. Hall, it always is beneficial, preventing headache or more serious illness, and sometimes arresting apoplexy and sudden death. Therefore it should not be immediately arrested. When the nose threatens to bleed excessively, it can sometimes be arrested by putting the feet in hot water, or by applying a mustard plaster between the shoulders.

The eagerness of the freedmen for learning is equaled only by their eagerness for land; and they are gaining a foothold on Southern ground. On the islands near Charleston 2000 families have paid for their little farms. During the last year 200 have bought places near Augusta, and a greater number have put up houses near Atlanta. Of the $12,000,000 which the freedmen's banks have taken at least one-half has been saved for actual investment. It is drawn out mainly to buy homes.

Report tells of some barbarians in a west-of-England town, who deserve expulsion from civilized society. During some recent skating a lady broke through the ice, and a skatesman in attendance pulled her half out; but, finding that she would not or could not give him any thing if he rescued her, pushed her in again! When, finally, she was rescued by others, a cabman charged her double fare for carrying her home!

At a criminal trial in France not long ago a witness refused to take the oath, from religious scruples, declaring that she was a Quaker. As that sect is quite unknown in France, no provision appears to have been made for such an eventuality. The court, in consequence, had to deliberate on the point, and at length decided—with the consent of the public prosecutor, the jury, and the advocates of the prisoners—to receive the testimony of the witness as simple information, but not as legal evidence.

The genuine asphalt roads of Paris are admirable, and the material of which they are made possesses points of great interest. The French asphalt is a carbonate of lime or chalk, naturally impregnated with bituminous matter. Extensive beds of this deposit are found at Seyssel and Pyrimont, on the right bank of the Rhone, between the French fortress Bellegrade and the town of Culloz. Large amounts of this rock are quarried and sent to the French capital, where it is used in making the beautiful pavements which now adorn some of the streets of that city. In heating asphalt rock to about 212° it disintegrates, and by the softening of the bitumen it turns into a sort of a brown dust. If in that state, while the dust is yet hot, it is compressed in a mould, the particles will stick together, and the matter will resume again, in cooling, its general appearance, hardness, and all the properties of primitive rock, while it retains the shape of the mould. At the present time the whole surface of Paris asphalt streets comprises about 133,333 square yards.

The day of women's rights and minors' privileges is dawning in Connecticut. At a recent meeting of the members of a Congregational church in Greenwich, for the purpose of electing deacons, it was contended by some that women and minors, when members of the church, were entitled to vote for officers. After quite a stormy debate it became evident that a majority were disposed to grant the privilege of ecclesiastic suffrage to the new claimants, and a resolution to that effect was passed.

An English earl's daughter has raised a new scandal by eloping with the organist of a Catholic chapel. The organist is of "the plainest possible pattern," is twenty-three, and an Irishman. The Lady Blanche is twenty-six, and the marriage has now been celebrated in legal form, causing strange stories to be circulated in the upper circles.

The new fire-alarm boxes have confused the ideas of some unsophisticated country people. The other day a verdant-looking individual was seen attempting to insert a letter in one of the Broadway boxes. A policeman, thinking he was on evil bent, valiantly collared him, but was forced to let him depart uninjured when explanation was made.

There is very good philosophy in what a poor man once said: "When a stranger treats me rudely I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claims to admiration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; it is nothing to me."

A little fellow of three years was taken to church for the first time. On his return home his father said, "Well, Charlie, how did you like the minister?" "Not very well," replied the child. "Didn't you? Why not?" "Why he spoke so lond I couldn't hear him," said Charlie, with a grave face. Parents little imagine how difficult it is for a young child to understand the forced style and pulpit tones of most ministers, or even to get any correct ideas from words that are simple enough to adults. Another little boy could not remember the text exactly, but thought it was "something about a hawk between two pigeons." It was, "Why halt ye between two opinions?"

At the present time, when disasters at sea are awakening so much painful interest, a recently-invented life-saving device is worthy of attention. The invention consists in so constructing a part or the whole of the hurricane-deck that it may be readily detached from the vessel if she should sink; and, being buoyant, will serve as a raft, on which the passengers may take refuge. The hurricane-deck is constructed with double walls, between which air-vessels or cork may be placed to increase the buoyancy of the raft; and it is so secured to the vessel that it may be instantaneously detached. A suitable supply of provisions, and other things necessary, should be constantly kept in wells in the deck. This invention was patented November, 1869.

An exchange says that a great economy in the manufacture of bread is secured by the following process: Gluten to the amount of ten or twelve per cent. is extracted by boiling water from bran, and the flour is kneaded with this infusion, whereby from twenty to thirty per cent. more bread is obtained. The bread, of course, is not so white as that of first quality, but is much more nutritious.

The walls of Sebastopol have now been completely restored, and upward of three hundred houses built in place of those ruined by the bombardment. A new marble church, in the form of a pyramid, has also been erected in the church-yard of the town. The funds for the construction of this building were raised by a public subscription in the whole of Russia. The chief of the subscribers was the Princess Wassiltchykoff, who gave up for that purpose the whole of her year's pension, amounting to 15,000 rubles. A sum of 200,000 rubles in all was expended on the building. The principal monument in the church-yard is that of Prince Michael Gortchakoff. On it is the following inscription: "Here lie, among warriors, the mortal remains of the man who prevented the enemies of our country from penetrating to this spot." The tombstones of the men are all alike in shape and size, and each of them bears this inscription: "Grave of our brothers."

His Holiness the Pope remarked the other day, referring to the bishops of the Œcumenical Council: "In their eagerness to make me infallible they will make me fall!" The bishops cost the Pope somewhere about 25,000 francs (£1000) daily, so that he has had to pay for two months' barren discussion the pretty little sum of 1,500,000 francs.

The Empress's Grand Prize of 10,000 francs, given this year for the first time by the French Geographical Society, has just been awarded to M. De Lesseps. On receiving the medal which accompanies the prize, M. De Lesseps announced that he would devote the sum of money to the expedition which the Society is about to undertake into Central Africa.

The following anecdote is told of Charles Dickens, who was once present at a dinner-party where a young writer inveighed against the world generally, in a very "forcible feeble manner." During a pause in this philippic against the human race, Dickens said across the table, in the most self-congratulatory of tones: "I say, ——, what a lucky thing it is you and I don't belong to it. It reminds me," continued the author of "Pickwick," "of two men who on a *raised* scaffold were awaiting the final delicate attention of the hangman: the notice of one was aroused by observing that a bull had got into the crowd of spectators, and was busily engaged in tossing one here and another there: whereupon he said to the other, 'I say, Bill, *how lucky it is for us that we are up here!*'"

Ali Pasha Monbarek, the Minister of the Khedive of Egypt, has purchased 30,000 volumes in London and Paris, to found a public library at Cairo, the only one of the kind in Egypt.

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STEAMSHIP LIFE—TAKING IT EASY.

STEAMSHIP LIFE—OILING THE BINNACLE.

STEAMSHIP LIFE.

WE gave last week an illustration of the miseries and discomforts attendant upon a steerage passage across the Atlantic in one of the large steamers that ply between Europe and this country; this week we give several sketches of other scenes to be witnessed on every voyage. The first represents a group of passengers endeavoring to while away the tedious time by sleeping. Protected from the sharp ocean air by heavy shawls and wrappers, the family is huddled together on a bench on deck. They have no sentiment for the poetry of the "dark blue ocean;" and if they apostrophized the waves at all, it would not be to bid them "roll on." Another sketch shows some of the more interested passengers eagerly watching the oiling of the binnacle, while the mate supervises, with a critical eye, the delicate operation.

None of those on board enjoy a warm and sunny day more than the poor steerage passengers, who come up from their close quarters and crowd the forward part of the ship to obtain a breath of pure air and a pleasant outlook upon the sea. Hundreds of them may be seen, on such a day, grouped about on the little prow deck, gazing delightedly on the prospect, sewing, or singing, or smoking, or holding up their children so that they too may have a look over the high steamer's side, and watch the spray, the sea-gulls flapping and cawing about the prow, and the great fish which now and then leap in the broad path of the ship. Some of the faces in the picture are unmistakably German, others as clearly Hibernian: the old man with the little girl is contented, patient, interested, and the German emigrants all seem quiet and hopeful. The Irish in the back-ground are chattering after the custom of their race, not quite so neat as their German companions, but far more boisterous and lively. The group in the centre is evidently composed of disappointed Fenians returning to this country.

A WOUNDED DANISH SOLDIER.

THE picture from which our illustration with the above title is engraved is a reminiscence of the campaign in Holstein, and will remind our readers of many similar episodes of our own recent war. It was painted by Madame JERICHAU, wife of the eminent Danish sculptor, and is considered one of the most meritorious of the works that have placed her in the foremost rank of female artists. The circumstances of the Prussian war against Denmark are not yet forgotten. Whatever may have been the merits of Prussia's claim to the territory in dispute, it was pressed with an overbearing insolence which no nation retaining its self-respect could admit, except on compulsion; and we all recollect the brave stand made by the little Danish army against the overwhelming odds brought by its gigantic neighbor. But when, in addition to this, we reflect how peaceful, industrious, and virtuous is the modern Dane, yet losing none of his ancient courage—how thoroughly domestic in his habits, yet ever ready to obey when patriotism calls him from the happy contentment of home, we shall then better appreciate the touching story suggested by this picture. We need not stop to point out the true womanly refinement shown in the artist's treatment of her theme. The life of the wounded man, perhaps, still hangs in the balance; but, if he recover, he will surely owe more to the soothing, gentle nursing of that true-hearted girl now reading to him from the Book of Life than to the surgeon's skill. We may, however, in illustration of the picture, remind the reader that generally on the Continent of Europe the act of betrothal is regarded far more seriously than our American "engagement" between lovers.

THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

IT appears to be very important to success in science that a man should have an able mother. I believe the reason to be, that a child so circumstanced has the good fortune to be delivered from the ordinary narrowing, partisan influences of home education. Our race is essentially slavish; it is the nature of all of us to believe blindly in what we love, rather than in that which we think most wise. We are indignant when others pry into our idols, and criticise them with impunity, just as a savage flies to arms when a missionary picks his fetich to pieces. Women are far more strongly influenced by these feelings than men; they are blinder partisans and more servile followers of custom. Happy are they whose mothers did not intensify their naturally slavish dispositions in childhood, by the frequent use of phrases such as, "Do not ask questions about this or that, for it is wrong to doubt;" but who showed them, by practice and teaching, that inquiry may be absolutely free without being irreverent, that reverence for truth is the parent of free inquiry, and that indifference or insincerity in the search after truth is one of the most degrading of sins. It is clear that a child brought up under the influences I have described is far more likely to succeed as a scientific man than one who was reared under the curb of dogmatic authority. Of two men with equal abilities, the one who had a truth-loving mother would be the more likely to follow the career of science; while the other, if bred up under extremely narrowing circumstances, would become as the gifted children in China, nothing better than a student and professor of some dead literature.

STEAMSHIP LIFE—STEERAGE PASSENGERS.

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GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

On the 29th of March the sorrowful intelligence was communicated to us of the death of Major-General GEORGE H. THOMAS. He died at eight o'clock on the 28th, from a stroke of apoplexy, at San Francisco, his post of duty.

General THOMAS was born on July 31, 1816, in the county of Southampton, Virginia. In his early boyhood he accepted a subordinate position under his uncle, the clerk of the county, and at the same time commenced the study of law. It is worthy of notice that he was a native of Virginia, belonging, as did General ROBERT E. LEE, to a wealthy and respectable family of that State. Like General LEE, also, he was sent from Virginia to West Point, where he graduated June 30, 1840, ranking twelfth in a class of forty-two.

His military career previous to our Civil War is soon told. Immediately after his graduation at West Point he took part in the Indian campaign in Florida, serving as Lieutenant. He took a prominent part in the Mexican War, and for gallant conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of September, 1846, was brevetted Captain. February 23, 1847, he was brevetted Major "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista."

November, 1860, found THOMAS in Texas. General TWIGGS had surrendered, and Major THOMAS at Carlisle Barracks took command of the Sixth Cavalry, and entered into the great conflict for the preservation of the Union. We do not purpose in this brief sketch to follow his military career during the Civil War in all its details. Unlike General LEE, he did not consider it his duty to sacrifice his allegiance to the nation to that which he owed to Virginia. On May 3, 1861, we find him Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry (the old Second), in the place of General LEE, who had resigned. He commanded the first brigade of General PATTERSON'S army of Northern Virginia until August 26, 1861, when he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was ordered to Kentucky. Thenceforth his career was eminently successful, and in many respects more remarkable than that of any other Federal general during the war.

General THOMAS was never defeated. After his victory over General ZOLLICOFFER at Mill Spring, in January, 1862, he moved forward and, after the fall of Fort Donelson, occupied Nashville. On the second day of the battle of Pittsburg Landing he commanded the reserve of the Union army. He was made a Major-General April 25, 1862, and at the close of the year we find him in command of a corps under ROSECRANS'S command. In the official report of the battle of Stone River General ROSECRANS alluded to General THOMAS as "true and prudent, distinguished in counsel and on many battle-fields for his courage."

In the summer and autumn of 1863 General THOMAS especially distinguished himself in the Chattanooga campaign. But for his wise precautions ROSECRANS could never have concentrated his army at Chickamauga, and must have been overcome in detail by BRAGG. ROSECRANS would have it that BRAGG was retreating in confusion into Georgia. But THOMAS knew better. When the army was finally concentrated at Chickamauga General THOMAS commanded the left wing, which he held in position on the 19th of September, retrieving the battle which ROSECRANS had already given up as lost. In October THOMAS was assigned to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, succeeding ROSECRANS.

In the Atlanta campaign, early in 1864, THOMAS took a prominent part. After its successful completion General SHERMAN, setting out for his March to the Sea, sent THOMAS back to Nashville to attend to HOOD, who had succeeded General BRAGG. HOOD'S design was to compel SHERMAN'S retreat by a bold march northward, looking to the occupation of Nashville.

The result of the battle of Nashville, near the close of 1864, gave General THOMAS his most characteristic distinction. He will ever be known as "the hero of Nashville." His patience before the battle, when the wiseacres at Washington were clamoring for an immediate advance on his part, was not less remarkable than his tactics on the battle-field after that he had mustered all his forces and entered upon the conflict. His victory over HOOD was the most complete victory of the war. HOOD'S forces were utterly demoralized, and the rebel power in the Southwest never recovered from the blow. For this THOMAS was made a Major-General in the regular army.

Since the close of the war General THOMAS has been assigned to department duty in Tennessee and Kentucky, and latterly in California. During the few weeks preceding his death he enjoyed remarkably good health; but on the 28th, at half past five o'clock, P.M., he was seized with a fit of apoplexy while attending to business in his office. In less than three hours after the attack he died. His death is truly a national calamity. As a man and as a soldier his character is unreproached and irreproachable.

A WOUNDED DANISH SOLDIER.—FROM A PAINTING BY MADAME JERICHAU.—[SEE PAGE 252.]

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INFALLIBLE RELICS.

ALL men are more or less fond of relics. Do not most of us look with interest on the garments of distinguished people who lived before us? No wonder that the Romish Church, speculating on all emotions and weaknesses of the human mind, should have availed itself of this predilection.

The old Romans and Greeks had their holy relics, and some were almost Roman Catholic; for instance, the egg of Leda. The Indians carried on bloody wars about a monstrous supernatural tooth of Buddha. The Mohammedans preserve the standard, arms, clothes, beard, and two teeth of their prophet. In the Christian church, however, we find no trace of this relic-culture before the Emperor Constantine. According to the legend, he saw a cross with a victory-promising inscription in the sky, and adopted it as a standard. He conquered, and became a Christian. From that time the cross became the symbol of the Christians.

The mother of the Emperor, Helena, discovered the true cross; so, at least, we are told by late papal authors. Contemporary historians, however, do not say one word about this remarkable discovery. According to the legend, not only was the true cross discovered, but also the crosses of the two thieves who were crucified with our Saviour. They were all found together; but as the inscription affixed by Pilate was not forthcoming, the finders were at a loss how to discover the true cross. The priests, however, found a way to solve this difficulty. They laid a sick man on one of the crosses, and, behold! he became worse; from which they concluded that they had struck on the cross of the thief who taunted Christ. When the sick man was laid on another of the crosses, he became much better; but when he was laid on the third, he jumped up quite well. There could not be any doubt of which was the true cross after this.

The graves of the Apostles were likewise discovered, and the bodies of some of them too. Very pious people even succeeded in entering into direct communication with the saints. A woman at St. Maurin, for instance, who had chosen St. John the Baptist for her patron, invoked him for three years every day! imploring him to let her have only a little bit of his body, for which he had no further use. The saint would not listen to her prayers. At last the woman got desperate—as even pious women will sometimes, if they can not have their own way—and vowed that she would not touch food until the saint fulfilled her prayer. She kept her vow for seven days, and was nearly at her last gasp, when she found on the altar the thumb of the saint! Three bishops wrapped this holy relic very reverentially in linen, and three drops of blood fell from it—one drop per bishop.

Some saints have had several skeletons. That of St. Denis, for instance, exists in duplicate at the present time; besides a third head in Prague, and a fourth head in Bamberg, while Munich can boast of a hand of his. This remarkable saint, therefore, had two perfect bodies, four heads, and five hands; it can not possibly be otherwise; for each of these relics has to show for its genuineness a document of authenticity from an infallible Pope.

Albertus Magnus, Bishop of Regensburg, devoted a great deal of learning to investigations about the bodily appearance of the Holy Virgin, and to trying to find out what kind of eyes and hair she had. As the present compiler does not feel inclined to read the eight hundred books left to us of this gentleman's writings, he does not know the result of his researches; but, according to the specimens of her hair, testified to by popes as genuine, it must have been piebald; for the infallible relics of it are fair, red, brown, and black.

The most ponderous relic left of the Virgin Mary is her house, now in Loretto. This house stood once, of course, in Palestine; but, according to the legend, angels carried it to Italy. They placed it first at Tersatto, near Fiume; but in the year 1297 they transported it to Loretto. It is a wonderful circumstance that the houses of Palestine of the time of our Saviour should have so exactly resembled the peasants' houses in the neighborhood of Loretto. It is enshrined now in a magnificent church, and thousands and thousands of pilgrims flock there, to stir their rosaries in the mug of the infant Christ, and to depose a more or less considerable sum on the altar.

The credulity of people in the matter of relics really surpasses belief. One monk, by name Eiselin, traveled in 1500 in Wurtemburg, exhibiting to the faithful a pinion of the wing of the Archangel Gabriel. Who kissed it (and of course paid for it) could not be seized by the plague. When staying in the little town of Aldingen this precious relic was stolen from him. Eiselin, however, was not at a loss; before the very eyes of his hostess, he filled his empty casket with hay, and exhibited it as hay from the manger in Bethlehem. All the faithful thronged to kiss it, and the hostess among them; so that the monk whispered, full of astonishment, into her ear: "Even you, sweetheart?"

At the time of the Crusades the world was overflowed with relics. Whenever a town in the Holy Land was conquered, the crusaders looked first for relics, as more precious than golden gems. Lewis the Saint made two unfortunate crusades, but he comforted himself with the relics he brought home. These were: some splinters from the cross, a few nails, the sponge, the purple coat which the mocking soldiers threw over the shoulders of Christ, and the thorn crown. These holy things he acquired for immense sums. When they arrived he and his whole court went out barefoot as far as Vincennes to meet them.

Henry the Lion brought many relics to Brunswick: among them the thumb of St. Mark, for which the Venetians offered in vain one hundred thousand ducats.

The whole wardrobe of our Saviour, of the Holy Virgin, of St. Joseph, and of many saints turned up, certified by Infallibility. The holy lance was found, with which the Roman knight Longinus wounded the body; also the handkerchief of St. Veronica, which she handed to Christ to wipe his face when he was on his way to Golgotha, and on which he left the impression of his features. This handkerchief must have been at least fifty yards long, to judge from the pieces (always certified by Infallibility) which are shown at different places. The dish of emerald was found, which was presented to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, and from which Christ ate the Easter lamb; the water-pots were found from the wedding at Cana, and they were still filled with wine. There exist so many splinters of the cross, and so many nails from it, that it is supposed a man-of-war does not contain more wood and iron. Thorns from the crown were found in great quantity, and some of them bled every holy Friday. The cup from which Christ drank when he instituted the Lord's Supper was discovered, together with some of the bread left from that repast. The dice which the soldiers used for casting lots for the garments were also found, and likewise the unseamed tunic. There exist tunics at Triers, Argenteuil, St. Jago, Rome, and many other places. All have a certificate from Infallibility.

There were also found infallible shirts of the Virgin, as large as carriers' frocks. Her very precious wedding-ring was shown at Perusa, together with a pair of very neat slippers, and a pair of very large red slippers, which she wore when paying a visit to St. Elizabeth. Milk of Mary was discovered in great abundance, and Divine blood—sometimes in single drops, sometimes bottled. There exist also the infallible swaddling-clothes, a very small pair of infallible breeches of St. Joseph, and his carpenter's tools. One of the thirty silver pieces, the price of the awful treachery of Judas, has also been preserved, together with the rope—twelve feet long and rather too thin—by which the traitor hanged himself; also, his very small empty purse. Even the perch turned up on which the cock crew which startled the conscience of the Prince of Apostles; even the stone with which the evil one tempted our Lord in the desert; even the basin in which Pilate washed his hands; even the bones of the ass on which the entry into Jerusalem was made. There were even revealed relics from the Old Testament which had lain safely hidden vast numbers of years. For instance: the staff with which Moses parted the Red Sea; manna from the desert; the beard of Noah; a piece of the rock from which Moses drew water.

The belief of the benighted people in these relics was so strong that the priests could even venture to show, not merely absurdly improbable, but manifestly impossible relics; there once were on exhibition, and are even now in some countries, such relics as the dagger and buckles of the Archangel Michael; something of the breath of our Saviour preserved in a box; a bottle of Egyptian darkness; something of the sound of the bells chiming at the entry into Jerusalem; a beam of the star which conducted the wise men from the East to Bethlehem; something of the Word that had become flesh; sighs of Joseph, breathed forth when he had to plane very knotty boards; the thorn in the flesh which so greatly troubled St. Paul.

In Germany alone there were nearly one hundred wonder-working images of the Virgin, but the most celebrated is that at Loretto, in the house already mentioned. It is ascribed to St. Luke, and is most carefully cut out of cedar wood, and is dyed black by the smoke of many millions of wax-candles burned there by pilgrims. The next celebrated image is at St. Jago de Compostella, where you might have seen, but a few years ago, thirty thousand pilgrims at once; none of whom dared to approach it empty-handed.

EATING AT A LUNCHEON BAR.

THERE are some persons who enter a luncheon bar with a knowingness and a deliberation which indicate that they are about to lay out the limited space of time available for the luncheon bar to the greatest possible advantage. They select the best bar, and at the best bar they select the best things. With a cool, critical eye they run down the bill of fare, and with instinctive judgment make a selection which reflects credit on their taste. But if a man is exceedingly busy, or very much occupied in mind, he has no time for this. He has perhaps staid at his post until faintness, or the gnawing tooth of hunger, has absolutely driven him from his work to the luncheon bar; and thus he has a wandering eye and a preoccupied air. He has not the slightest idea what he is eating, whether roast or boiled, joint or *entrée*. He satisfies a brute, canine instinct, and retires. Such a man has been known to come to a luncheon bar with a pen behind his ear. Such a one always brings a note-book, some memoranda, or a pocketful of letters with him. Such a one has a business friend with him; and they will continue their discussion or negotiation in the brief allotment of time apportioned to refection. They are probably lean, unwholesome-looking men, with bodily disorganization of some sort setting in, chiefly because they bolt their food whole, and allow no time for digestion. I know of an invalid of this sort, who, in solemn repentance for his ill-advised alacrity in feeding, has stuck up all over his house inscriptions in large letters, "Masticate, masticate, masticate!" A judicious man, who knows that he has a great deal of important work to do, and wishes to do it in a high state of bodily efficiency, generally confines himself to a mutton chop and a glass of sherry, which he transacts leisurely. If there is head-work, really requiring attention, a man is very careful in his diet. You can not be loading two great organs with work at the same time without impeding and impairing their action. This is a most elementary physiological truth.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

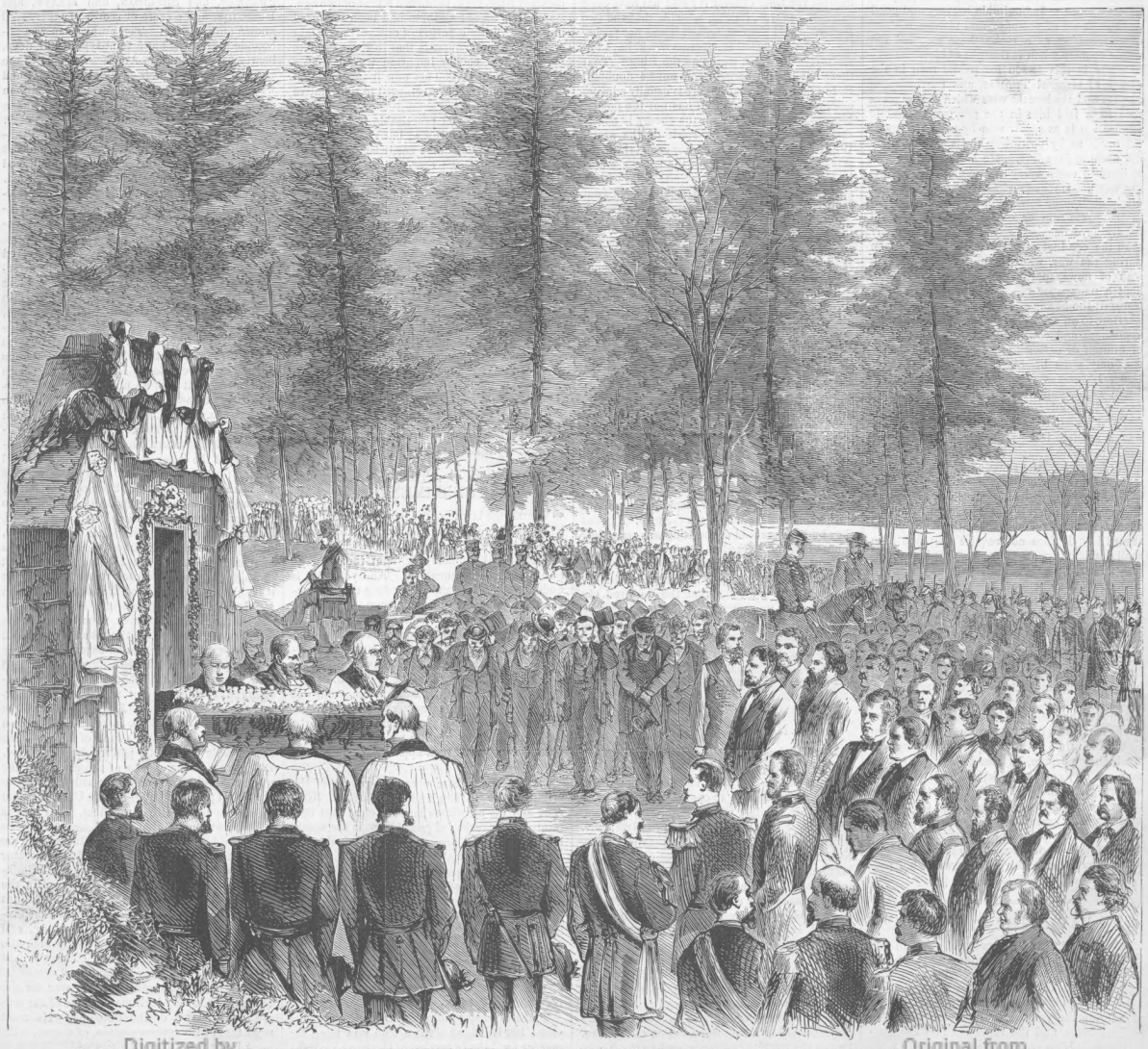
VOL. XIV.—No. 695.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE FUNERAL OF GEN. THOMAS.

On the 8th inst. the remains of Major-General GEORGE H. THOMAS, the hero of Mill Spring and Nashville, were buried with appropriate civil and military honors in Oakwood Cemetery, at Troy. The occasion drew together a vast concourse of people desirous of paying the last tribute of respect to one whose services to the Union will ever cause his memory to be held in the highest veneration by his countrymen. The funeral services were held in St. Paul's Church, which was appropriately draped for the occasion. The remains of the lamented soldier, in a metallic burial casket, were deposited on a dais in front of the chancel. A ribbon of immortelles and wreaths of ivy were twined around the edge of the casket in California, and were deposited with it in the grave. As it lay in the chancel an elegant crown of evergreens and roses, surmounted by a cross of immortelles, was placed at the head, and a wreath of japonicas and lilies at the foot of the casket. A plain silver plate bore the simple inscription: "Gen. GEORGE HENRY THOMAS, U. S. Army. Born July 31, 1816. Died March 28, 1870." President GRANT, General SHERMAN, General HOOKER, and many other distinguished men were present to do honor to his memory.

The sketch underneath represents the scene in the cemetery at the moment of depositing the remains in the vault belonging to the family of the deceased soldier's wife. The burial service was read by Bishop DOANE, after which the customary burial salute was fired by the United States Infantry, and the procession left the cemetery, each portion of it wheeling out of line on the return, as it reached its appropriate place. In the evening a funeral oration was delivered, in Dr. BALDWIN'S church, by General STEWART L. WOODFORD, on the life, character, and services of the late General, there having been, at the special request of Mrs. THOMAS, no panegyric or eulogy pronounced over the remains. After a rapid sketch of his military career the orator gave some interesting personal reminiscences of the General, which served to illustrate his character and show the estimate in which he was held by his soldiers. Silent, sedate, never familiar, though always kind, he had none of the petty arts and practiced none of the stage devices that sometimes attract a short-lived popularity. His men had always known him to be thoughtful of their wants and considerate of their comforts. He had never exacted from them useless work. He had never tolerated the slightest evasion of duty, from his brigadiers down to his orderlies. Always, when possible opportunity was afforded, he had visited the regimental hospitals and looked himself after the condition of the sick. Many a hospital steward and company cook in the old Cumberland Army remember the unexpected and personal inspection which the sick-quarters and the company kitchen received from the Major-General himself. And not soon will they forget how once his face hardened into a white heat of passion when he found that a drunken commissary had neglected to provide sufficient food, and how, taking out his penknife, he ripped off the fellow's shoulder-straps, and simply said, "Go home, Sir, by the next train. You may do to feed cattle; you shall not feed my soldiers." His soldiers called him "Old Pap THOMAS." The name was not over-respectful, perhaps; but it fitly expressed the love and fealty of the brave men who followed him from victory to victory. Our hardy volunteers, while as obedient to discipline as they were steady in fight, when off duty and around the camp-fires, retained their democratic habits and their sturdy personal independence of thought and language. They picked off the shoulder-straps and dissected the uniforms, and looked down below the commission and into the man, and measured his real worth and work with unerring instinct. The judgments they formed of their leaders, expressed in quaint and familiar epithets, have undoubtedly anticipated the graver verdict of the historian.



THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL THOMAS—DEPOSITING THE REMAINS IN OAKWOOD CEMETERY, TROY.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870.

DICKENS SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HARPER & BROTHERS intend to issue with the present Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, or with the next Number, a SUPPLEMENT containing the FIRST MONTHLY PART COMPLETE of

CHARLES DICKENS'S

NEW STORY,

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

WITH

PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Supplement is furnished Gratuitously to the Purchasers of Harper's Weekly.

THE LESSON OF A LIFE.

IF it is pleasant to contemplate the simple, sturdy, upright character of the late General THOMAS—his silent devotion to duty, his sagacity, his modesty, his tenacity—it is not less agreeable to observe the profound and sincere appreciation of that character upon the part of the country. We are a good deal given to rhetoric and extravagant expression, and public men who choose the "sensational" style do not want great applause and troops of admirers. But here was one of the least rhetorical of Americans, and no man could be more truly admired nor more universally deplored. Every body felt that the country was stronger because of General THOMAS. The quality that held him "pounding away" at Chickamauga when the rest of the army was in retreat, and the day was supposed to be lost, was precisely the quality which commands the sincerest public confidence. Indomitable bravery and good sense, a scorn of pretense and bluster, a character steadfast as a rock—these steadied the whole country when it thought of him.

There is this lesson for public men in the career of General THOMAS, and the immense respect and tenderness with which his countrymen have laid him in the grave—that public admiration is as surely won by solid and modest merit as by posturing and shouting. He did nothing for effect. He had no newspaper at hand to catch every attitude and record every word. He had evidently an antique, soldierly disdain of intriguing for notoriety either in his profession or out of it; and he could hardly have despised any thing more heartily than the conduct of some excellent gentlemen during the war, who did not move without a staff of newspaper correspondents, and who kept a newspaper reporter always at hand to transmit the heroic and witty remarks at headquarters to an admiring public. Without these appliances and contrivances, without thinking of himself or caring for his reputation, but intent only upon his highest and truest honor, General THOMAS was always at the front of duty; and whether supported or alone, whether the lines advanced or retreated, he stood fast and "pounded away" at the enemy. He was a soldier, indeed; but if some civilians would meditate his career and do likewise, they might be sure of the same respect and regard, if they did their work as he did his.

And the national feeling for General THOMAS has this further and kindred lesson for conspicuous men, that it shows how catholic the public regard is. It does not require that one man shall duplicate another, but only that he be honestly himself. PLUTARCH says that the young THEMISTOCLES exclaimed that the trophies of MILTIADES would not suffer him to sleep. But if he had, therefore, aimed to become MILTIADES instead of THEMISTOCLES, PLUTARCH would never have told his story. The public heart is large enough for every kind of excellence. It admires WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN; but the young statesman need not therefore try to model himself upon those men. They did not model themselves upon each other. If the young statesman devotes his powers to the questions of his time with fidelity and industry and the highest purpose, he does all that any statesman can do; and in the degree that those powers are great and well used, not in the degree that they reproduce somebody else, may he be sure of public recognition. General THOMAS's career, and the regard of the country for him, are the fullest vindication of the old proverb, often obscure, often unfairly interpreted, but profoundly true, Honesty is the best policy.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE results of the late political crisis in this State must have been rather inexplicable to the country at large. A body of politicians who were believed to have corrupted the government of the city, and to have grown rich by plundering the people, to whom the frauds in naturalization and the repeating and cheating at the polls were popularly ascribed, who were supposed to scruple at no measure necessary to carry their purpose, and whose name of the "Ring" implied all that is really worst in political management, proposed to the Legislature a charter for the city, for which all its furious opponents within its own party—with one or two exceptions—and all the Republican members, voted. The alleged coalition of ADAMS and CLAY was nothing to this. Every body declared that there was some mysterious "bargain," some profound party finesse, some complicated system of hidden wires, that could alone explain such a result.

The Republicans in the Legislature insist that it was a fair move in the game of politics to vote for a Ring charter for the city, and they justify it in this way. The Democratic party, they say, has control of the Legislature, and is responsible for legislation. But they were divided into two factions, and it was lawful for us to make the most of the quarrel. Both sides were indifferent to us, and we therefore supported that side whose success would help us most. If we voted with the Ring-breakers we merely made a new ring, and turned out all our friends, and helped the Democratic party to a victory in the autumn. If we voted with the Ring, we secured an admirable election law, we abolished the Board of Supervisors, we obtained quiet Sundays, and we virtually maintained the Police Commission, which is one of the greatest benefits that the party has ever conferred upon the State. Beside this, we perpetuated and exasperated the division in the enemy's ranks, because the hostility of the "honest" Democracy will be pacified by nothing but the defeat of the Ring. The Republican members, as partisans, therefore consider that they have turned the crisis to the utmost advantage for their own friends and principles.

The argument is ingenious, but it is a sophistry. It is true that a legislator must do the best he can, but the best he can is always to oppose what he actively disapproves. The Republicans voted against the Huckleberry charter, and it was defeated. Had they voted against the Ring charter it could not have been carried. It was, indeed, possible that the two factions would then unite, but it was not probable. The "honest" Democrats would have felt themselves to be as strong as the Ring. That there has been a bargain can not be doubted. But in political bargains there is usually a losing side, and it is the side that has not the power. Moreover, to bargain with the enemy is necessarily to demoralize the spirit of the army. What Republican can hereafter complain if the principles and candidates of the party are sold by bargains in the city and State? It will be alleged, and truly, that the policy of bargaining has the approval of the representatives of the party.

"I must do the best I can," is a phrase which will cover any weakness or treachery. It was never used with sadder or more memorable effect than by Mr. SEWARD in the Senate when he made his long-expected speech during the secession winter. "I learned early from JEFFERSON," said Mr. SEWARD, "that in political affairs we can not always do what seems to us absolutely best." It is true—nothing can be truer. But words are truly interpreted by the circumstances under which they are spoken; and from the moment he said those words Mr. SEWARD began to lose the sympathy of his own party. It was not, we repeat, because the words were not true, but because they were thought to be uttered at that moment to excuse a weak, halting, unheroic, and therefore fatal policy.

In the present case the Republicans should have kept aloof from both the factions. If what they had always said of the Ring was true, they should not have voted to confirm and extend its power. Neither could they support their opponents, believing that they were of no higher principle, and knowing that the declared object of their movement was the overthrow of the Republican party. "It is splendid," said the Frenchman, as he watched the charge of the Light Brigade, "but it is not war." It was smart, we may say, of the Republican action, but it was not statesmanship.

A NEW SLAVE-TRADE.

NOTHING has been lately heard of the enterprising Mr. KOOPMANSCHOOP—if that was his excellent name—who was last year going about the country proposing to open a kind of Chinese slave-trade, against which, of course, we shall presently have that hopeful proselyte, Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, vigorously protesting. Mr. KOOPMANSCHOOP—always supposing that to be his name—was an importer of coolies or Chinese laborers, and he was willing to contract to supply plantations, or even whole States, as might be desired. There was some discussion of the general subject in the newspapers, and Mr. KOOPMANSCHOOP made speeches and was "interviewed," and his opinions were duly published. But we have not heard of any large contracts made with him, nor has the cooly importation to this country yet begun. The Chinese immigrants who arrive in California are not supposed to have suffered upon the voyage. But as the current continues, and as the KOOPMANSCHOOP project may be at any moment entertained, it is worth while to remark that the cooly trade is but a form of the slave-trade.

The English colonial experience upon this subject should be a warning to us; and we will mention a few facts which it will be worth while to remember whenever the Chinese immigration is mentioned. The cooly trade has been carried on for more than twenty years in the English and other Gulf colonies, and the facts which have been disclosed in regard to it are most melancholy. Rules of many kinds have been laid down by the British Government for the regulation of the traffic. Agents have been appointed to prevent abuses. Attention has occasionally been drawn to the facts to arouse public interest and indignation. But the great atrocities of the system have not been relieved. Kidnapping and fraud precede embarkation, as in the old Guinea slave-trade, and the horrors of the middle passage, which CLARKSON so terribly portrayed, seem to be renewed in the suffering of the coolies. This very last winter the ship *Strand* left Calcutta with 468 coolies, for Demerara, and arrived with only 364 still living.

The Rev. HENRY CLARKE, who has lived in Jamaica for twenty years, presented a paper two years ago to the Anti-Slavery Conference held in Paris, in which he said: "I know the cooly immigration to be the most atrocious and cruel form of the slave-trade and slavery that has ever existed, since it is worse to capture people by fraud than by force, and a slave for life is in a far better position than a slave for a short period, because in the one case it is the owner's interest to care for him when sick, in the other to let him die off as soon as possible. The negroes themselves say that the slaves were never treated as badly as the coolies."

In Cuba, where negro slavery has existed in its worst forms, the coolies have long been bought and sold like cattle in the open market, and the investigations of those who are peculiarly interested in the subject show that they have been treated accordingly. A Parliamentary Blue-book, published a year or two ago, states that 96,581 Chinese had been imported into Cuba within a period of one year and eight months. And it appears that in Peru, of more than 100,000 coolies imported within twenty years, less than 10,000 are now living, and that not more than 100 have returned to their native land.

Of course it is not practicable to obtain exact numbers in such cases; but the general situation and tendency may easily be ascertained. In the nature of the case, even with a KOOPMANSCHOOP as chief importer, the utmost knavery and immense suffering are unavoidable in the transfer across the sea under contract of vast numbers of the poorest inhabitants of an overpeopled country, to do the hardest work of another country. And we may well be warned, if we needed any warning, by the circumstances of the cooly traffic in the Gulf that the millennium has not arrived, and that care and thought will not be lost if devoted to the possibility or probability of a cooly trade to the United States. Immigration upon fair and just principles is one of the great sources of the prosperity of this country. But a cooly trade, an importation upon the great scale of laborers by contract into a country in half of which slavery has recently been the universal system of labor, should be plainly seen to be a very grave peril.

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF PUNISHMENT.

WHILE the law requires that murderers shall be hung, there was no reason that REYNOLDS should escape his doom. His crime was a wanton, cruel homicide, without the pretense of any kind of extenuation. And yet there is undoubtedly a very general feeling that the object of punishment has not been obtained in his case. REYNOLDS was a man utterly friendless and forlorn. He committed a great crime, and the extreme penalty of the law swiftly followed. Has that fact helped to persuade other men who may be meditating crimes that they will suffer likewise? If not, his execution was a mistake. It has merely shown that where there is no influence, there is no evasion of the law; and the quickness to perceive this fact is blunted by an act which apparently satisfies the law.

In the long debate upon the reform of the criminal law in England, Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY and his associates made it clear that certainty, not severity, of punishment is the security of society. When a score of criminals were "left for execution" by the judge at the assizes—when a desperate girl was hung for stealing a sixpenny loaf to feed her starving children, after the law had impressed her husband into the navy—when the law made no distinction in the penalty between the most atrocious crimes and the most excusable offenses, the ratio of crimes was steadily increasing. "Strike harder!" cried the dull, indolent public opinion of the time. "Strike wisely," replied ROMILLY and his friends.

There are many murders in New York every year; but it is long since a man was hung for murder until the execution of REYNOLDS. Public morality and order would gain infinitely more if every murderer were punished, even if he were not hung, than if he be tried and sentenced and finally escapes. It was found, upon investigation, in England that juries would not convict upon the plainest testimony when they thought the penalty disproportioned to the offense. Consequently not only did laws fall into disrespect, but evidence was deliberately disregarded. And when it is plain, from whatever reason, that the penalty is not enforced even when the crime is proved, the result is the same. There is felt to be an uncertainty in the operations of law which is demoralizing.

These are general truths to which the execution of this hapless man ought to call public attention. There are convicts now lying under sentence, but for some reason execution is delayed. We do not ask for execution, for there may be good reasons for delay; but we do ask for consideration of the facts. If there be reluctance because the punishment is felt even by the Judges and the Executive to be extreme, it is a most significant fact. If there be delay because of "influence," it is still to be considered whether under the same circumstances "influence" could postpone punishment if it were less severe and irrevocable. The public demand for the punishment of REAL, for instance, is doubtful and hesitating, because the penalty is the extreme one. If it were something different a pressure might be brought to bear which is now impracticable. Such considerations and such facts necessarily suggest the question whether the general feeling in regard to the death-penalty is not such as seriously to imperil public security by making the legal punishment for murder the most uncertain of all.

THE POTOMAC GENERALS.

THE meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac in the Philadelphia Academy of Music was one of the finest and most memorable events of the year. GRANT was there, and SHERMAN, and SHERIDAN, and MEADE, and BURNSIDE, and a score or scores of others well known and beloved. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and was but a faint type of the deep, hearty gratitude of the American people to the Generals who led their armies to victory, and who did all that brave and sagacious men can do. Of course there was an oration and a poem; and of course a banquet, with speeches. How pleasant it would be, said General SHERMAN, if we could only enjoy ourselves and not make speeches! But there is no unalloyed pleasure, as the General has probably learned. The American, like the Englishman, can celebrate his great events only by eating and talking, and he has the sublimest pity for the nations that do otherwise.

The address in the Academy was delivered by General MARTINDALE, and it has been severely criticised. The *Tribune* correspondent said that it was much too long; and certain resolutions, aimed at the orator and the oration, were laid upon the table by the Society. Indeed it is very hard for an orator to satisfy both his own requirements and those of his hearers upon such an occasion. Its significance seems to him so great that he must not treat it cursorily. It demands careful and even elaborate preparation. Mr. LINCOLN's immortal speech at Gettysburg is always compared with the oration by Mr. EVERETT, and to the great disadvantage of the latter. But if Mr. EVERETT had spoken for ten minutes and then sat down, the dissatisfaction would have been overwhelming. He would have been accused of insulting the country and of desecrating the occasion. If, indeed, he had spoken as Mr. LINCOLN spoke, he might wisely have risked the consequences of speaking briefly. But if orators, upon great occasions, are to be limited to ten minutes, let it be also understood that they are to speak as Mr. LINCOLN spoke.

The resolutions, however, were aimed at the orator not because of the time that he occupied, but of the sentiments that he expressed. They pointedly thanked Mr. BOKER, the poet, and they pointedly omitted thanking General MARTINDALE, the orator, but requested future orators to avoid politics. Let them talk of the war, said the resolutions, in effect. Let them describe the pomp and terror of battle. Let them allude cautiously, perhaps, to the Union. But if any orator speaks of the causes of the war, its significance and its results, except to say that it preserved our glorious Union, let him be ——, or words to that effect. All this is well meant enough, but it is absurd. Suppose there had been a meeting of the Generals of the Army of the Revolution addressed by an orator under injunctions to depict the battle of Bunker Hill and the surrender at Yorktown in the most glowing rhetoric he could command, but not to allude to the political doctrine that taxation without representation is tyranny, and not to speak of the independence which the war had achieved. How the country would have rocked and rung with laughter!

The causes and results of the war for the Union are the very legitimate theme of the orator of the Army of the Potomac. He must treat them with common-sense, of course. He must bring to his duty the tact which is always and every where imperative upon those who ad-

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dress others. He must not needlessly offend, nor generally vituperate. But what is his great inspiration but the universal liberty and political equality which the war accomplished, and which have gloriously obliterated the appalling blot that has stained our history from the beginning? Suppose that the war had issued, as possibly the supporters of the resolutions wished, in maintaining the Union with slavery untouched, what kind of orations might we have expected then? Mr. VOORHEES, or Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, or Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, might have been the orators. But what generous American heart, even among the officers who would not thank General MARTINDALE, would have burned and thrilled with enthusiasm over a victory that secured slavery more firmly than ever?

It is the misfortune of certain officers that they served in a war which they did not approve. It would not, probably, be difficult to mention several conspicuous military gentlemen who would have marched with great gusto against a rebellion of Yankee abolitionists, but who moved with secret reluctance against a rebellion of slaveholding Southern gentlemen. They know, as well as the rest of us, that half-hearted service is not efficient service. They know also, probably, that politics, of which they complain, were never so influential in the Army of the Potomac, and were never so menacing to the country, as when General M'CLELLAN was in command. There was a time when it was doubtful whether his head would not be turned by politicians, and his letter from Harrison's Landing was, in every point of view, unpardonable. Surely these gentlemen ought to see that they are not in harmony with the country nor with history. They see that the American Union is now the great security of American liberty. They may regret it. But something must be pardoned to a soldier who has contributed to that result, if he congratulates his fellow-soldiers even with enthusiasm and at some length.

MR. GLADSTONE AND IRELAND.

THE details of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish Force bill painfully recall the old English system for Ireland, which was the worst in the world, and the measure seems to postpone indefinitely the fulfillment of the hope that Ireland might at least see the beginning of pacification under a liberal ministry in England — a ministry of which JOHN BRIGHT is part. The difficulty is indeed immense. It is very easy to insist upon a conciliatory policy; and for people who read newspapers and are active and intelligent, such a policy is most advisable even under adverse circumstances. But what are you to do in dealing with savages? and there seems to be a large savage element in the Irish population. What are you to do with those who too truly and universally hit a head wherever they see it? In Ireland it is of the utmost necessity that the land be well tilled, and a good population scattered upon it. Individual security is therefore indispensable. It is the first condition. And how can you get peace to begin with among such a distempered people but by the strong hand?

This is the reasoning of the English papers. But the difficulty is that this has always been their reasoning, and upon this reasoning the Irish policy has been founded, and the Irish policy has made the Ireland that we know. The progress of civilization, indeed, works real changes. We do not anticipate under the Force bill of Mr. GLADSTONE the Irish reign of terror of '94 and '96. But look at the facts. The cool British historian of that time truly says that the suspension of the *habeas corpus* "outlawed the whole people of Ireland"—and Mr. GLADSTONE does not shrink from a similar measure. Under the authority to search for concealed arms the most wanton and incredible atrocities were committed—and Mr. GLADSTONE grants that authority. The press was of course silenced, and the people as a whole were struck dumb. They could not protest against their oppression. They could not appeal to the conscience and judgment of mankind. They were at once tortured and gagged —and Mr. GLADSTONE lays his hand upon the press.

LOUIS BLANC, who is one of the truest friends of liberal England, and one of the shrewdest observers and critics of current affairs, says that the Force bill places Ireland in a state of siege. But it also puts Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government in the same position. The liberal sentiment of the world besieges him. It asks him, "Why is it that with all experience teaching one lesson—why, with Ireland itself the most melancholy monument of the result, do you renew, even in a modified form, the terrible code of '94?" Such a system is a confession of incapacity. What more or worse could the most malignant Tory Government have devised? Indeed what recent Tory Government has for a moment thought of adopting such measures?

It is surprising that there has been no vigorous exposure and denunciation of this bill in Parliament. The occasion was worthy of DISRAELI'S most fiery invective, and it is hardly possible that even one strong speech recalling and vividly portraying the infamies of the code that made the Irish reign of terror would not have aroused a public feeling that would have affected Parliament. But England seems to be insane whenever Ireland is to be treated, as this country used to be whenever it treated slavery. Nevertheless slavery was our touchstone, as Ireland is England's; and Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government is undergoing its crucial experiment.

PROVING TOO MUCH.

WE observe that in the opening argument in defense of M'FARLAND, his counsel, Mr. SPENCER, said that the plea of insanity would be urged. Presently he said substantially that if he had been situated as M'FARLAND was he should have done the same thing. We do not understand him to have meant that if he had been in the same situation he would have been crazed, but that the offense deserved the retribution it received. This sentiment was applauded by the audience; and it is the applause which makes it significant. That an advocate should say to a jury, in defense of a man charged with murder, that he would be a murderer too under similar circumstances, is not important. It is a kind of legal buncomb. But that the audience should applaud, shows that it is a general feeling.

If it be so, it will be henceforth unnecessary to urge insanity in defense of this kind of homicide. It will be incumbent upon the counsel of the accused only to show the circumstances, and the verdict will necessarily follow. As we write the trial is proceeding, and the argument of the counsel for the Government is yet to be made. But it was hardly well considered in the defense to suggest insanity as an excuse for what, in the judgment of the counsel, needs no apology. A crazy man may do any thing. He has drifted beyond reason and coherence. Consequently he may embrace the person whose conduct is alleged to have deranged his intellects as well as strike him. The striking is no evidence of insanity; and why attempt to show that it is the result of insanity, when, upon the theory, the saner a man is, and the sounder his just wrath, the more surely he will deal the blow?

In this particular case there has been immense injustice shown by part of the press toward persons who have been associated with some events in the sad history. One paper, for instance, expressed a hope that the person who really knew most of the facts—that is, the late wife of M'FARLAND—would state what she knew; and the paper was immediately branded by another as an "apologist for adultery." The trial had scarcely begun; nothing whatever had been proved; but nothing would serve but that the most unhappy of women should be stigmatized with the most shameful of epithets. So Mr. BEECHER and Mr. FROTHINGHAM were assailed as if they had been scoundrels seeking to destroy the sanctity of the family relation. Every word, every act, was tortured into the worst significance. Even the Recorder, in charging the Grand Jury, angled, in our judgment, for a little cheap applause by his covert allusions to Mr. BEECHER at a moment when public opinion seemed to condemn him.

We express no opinion, while the trial is yet pending, upon the fact of the homicide. The real question involved is very much greater than any that will be submitted to the jury. Meanwhile the verdict is undoubtedly anticipated. But let us be just. If it shall be decided not that the defendant was insane, which settles nothing except his condition, but if it shall be decided that a man may properly shoot another man under the circumstances alleged in this case, let us concede that a woman may justly shoot another woman under similar circumstances.

NOTES.

ON Wednesday, Senator GENET, in his place in the Senate of New York, declared that he was "in favor of allowing the sale of lager-beer or any kind of liquor in New York during any part of the day or night." On Friday, REYNOLDS was hung for murder, and said, "I wish all the liquor was out of the world." Mr. GENET voted alone, and the rest of the Senate, twenty-seven Senators of all parties, voted against him. Public opinion is clearly resolved that the sale of liquor should not be free; for it knows that restrictive laws are for the benefit of just such men as REYNOLDS. Meanwhile a paper says that Mr. GENET'S action shows that, like HENRY CLAY, he would rather be right than be President.

AN orator was the other day denouncing what he called a bargain between Mr. GREELEY and Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY, and declared that its first-fruits were "an attempt to tax Catholics for the support of the public schools, and to repeal the law authorizing them to draw a fair proportion of the money they paid into the public treasury for the support of their own schools." We understand that a clergyman suggested from his pulpit that if the Roman Catholic schools depended for support upon the taxes paid by Roman Catholic tax-payers, there would not be a great many of them.

AT the late Commencement of the Women's Medical College, under charge of the Misses BLACKWELL, in which Dr. WILLARD PARKER is a professor, and of which he is one of the warmest friends, Dr. M'CREADY, one of the examining board, said that the examination had been most thorough and searching. He added: "I speak the sentiments of the whole board when I say that all of these ladies are beyond the average, decidedly beyond the average, of male students."

THERE are many more than two millions of totally illiterate adults in the Southern States. In the whole country there are probably five millions of children who are in the condition of the "300,000 Dangers to the State of New York," of which we recently spoke. The pressing necessity of the country, therefore, is the diffusion of education, in which it is a painful truth that we lag behind many foreign countries. The establishment of the Hampton Normal and Industrial School in Virginia was, therefore, a movement worthy of attention and sympathy. It is situated upon the site of the Hospital Barracks of M'CLELLAN'S and GRANT'S armies, and the spot where the first school for freedmen stood, and was originated by General ARMSTRONG, who had charge of the Freedmen's Bureau at that point. The object of the school is to fit youth from the Southern States, without regard to color, for school teachers in those States. The school was opened in 1868; and President HOPKINS of Williams College, General SARFIELD of Ohio, Mr. ALEXANDER HYDE of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and Mr. B. G. NORTHRUP of the Connecticut Board of Education, visited it last summer, and spoke of it in the highest terms.

THE *World* says: "A first-class disturbance on occasion of the negro glorification in this city, on Friday last, would have been a godsend at Washington; but, as it happened, this much-maligned Democratic strong-hold looked on poor Cuff's performance with no feeling more bitter than mere amusement, and so in peace and good order the black man strutted his little day." When slave-drivers were trying to destroy the Government to perpetuate slavery, and it was known that many of the militia regiments were away from the city, "this much-maligned Democratic strong-hold" hunted and shot and hung and roasted "poor cuff," and burned the orphan asylum in which the children of his race were gathered. Now that the law and the strong hand of the American people protect him, "this much-maligned Democratic strong-hold" merely insults him. "Those grapes are contemptibly sour," said the much-maligned fox, with his tail between his legs.

MR. CHARLES L. BRACE tells us an interesting story of one of the children who have been saved from the gulf of crime in the city. It is of a girl in the Lord Industrial School, who had long been its pest. Both of her parents were drunkards, and were half the time on the Island under arrest. She herself was twice found drunk in the school before she was thirteen years old; once she attacked the teacher violently. She swept crossings for a living, and "lived about," often sleeping in halls and stairways. For a year she occupied the same bed and living room with eight large boys and girls from the school, and some thirteen grown people. The lower part of the house was a dance saloon and place of bad character. ANNIE seemed to be hopeless. She swore, and used the vilest language, and was evidently growing up to be a most abandoned woman. The teacher of the school, Miss BLODGETT, was a person of singular sweetness and elevation of character, and she soon acquired a great influence over the wild girl. Once little ANNIE was found waiting with her broom in a bitter storm of sleet and hail, on a corner, and the teacher asked her why she was there, and why she did not go home! She said she only wanted just to see the teacher, and the fact was she hadn't any home, "for you know, Miss BLODGETT, there is no one cares for me in all New York but you!"

At length the father died on Blackwell's Island, and the mother was in prison; and Miss BLODGETT persuaded ANNIE to go away to a place she had found for her in an excellent family in the West. When the mother came out she was furious, and often made Miss BLODGETT tremble lest she should insist on having the child back. But the mother gradually ceased to be troublesome, and is now permanently in the almshouse. Meanwhile the girl has been living in Illinois. She goes constantly to school, and "is our main dependence," writes the person in whose family she was placed; "her truthfulness and honesty are something quite remarkable." And such is the excellence of her conduct that the neighbors are ready to give homes to scores like her. "One such case," says Mr. BRACE, although there are hundreds not so striking, "repays all the sacrifices made by the friends of the school."

IN noticing the Hon. Mrs. WILLIAM GREY'S "Journal of a Visit to Egypt" with the Princess of Wales, recently published, a newspaper asks: "Why does not some one republish Miss MARTINEAU'S 'Eastern Life?'" It was republished by LEA & BLANCHARD, in Philadelphia, in 1848.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate fate of the Winnepeg insurrection, the movement had at least one good result. It has called the attention of the emigrant and the land speculator to the advantages of the great Northwest territory of the Red River country; and, as usual, railway enterprises follow closely in their wake. We hear of another grand highway across the Continent—a railroad from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, and the papers are filled with projects for the improvement of this region. It is pretty well settled that the isothermal line of Southern Europe and New York city, Harrisburg, and Cleveland, sweeps around the southern end of Lake Michigan, up its western shore, past Green Bay and Lake Superior, five hundred miles from the boundary line of Dakota, far up into the Saskatchewan country. The lands within these lines are said to be good cereal-bearing lands. Many schemes are in progress for opening up this territory to emigration; but nothing shows more convincingly that it bids fair to become a land of promise to the farmer, and the miner, and the lumberman, than the drift of capital in that direction, especially in railway securities. We hear of some three or four railroads in Minnesota alone being pushed through by a well-known banker of Philadelphia, besides the Northern railroad enterprise; and one of our sagacious New York bankers has undertaken to negotiate the bonds of the Burlington Cedar Rapids and Minnesota Railway, which is to bring St. Paul and the whole system of Minnesota and other Northwestern railways some twenty-eight miles nearer Chicago and ninety miles nearer St. Louis than any other. This road, besides commanding the trade of the whole Cedar Valley—the best wheat land in the world—must become a grand trunk road for the whole Northwest. Coal abounds in Saskatchewan; in some cases, in the banks of the Red Deer River, the veins are seventy-two feet thick. Lumber is almost limitless, consisting of forest trees of mammoth proportions. The copper and iron of Lake Superior are famous the world over. In view of these and other sources of profit to such a trunk railway, we do not wonder that confidence is given to the enterprises of the Northwest; and the probabilities are that capital, for some time at least, will flow into these railway securities.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 4.—In the Senate, among the bills introduced was one incorporating the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and granting the Rio Grande to San Diego, California; and another providing for an American line of mail and emigrant passenger steamships between this city and certain Scandinavian ports.—In the House, Mr. Julian offered an amendment to the Constitution, to give women the right of suffrage. A bill was passed, by a vote of 114 to 40, fixing the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November as the day for electing representatives and delegates to Congress in all States and Territories.

April 5.—In the Senate, most of the day was occupied in Executive Session.—In the House, Mr. Butler asked leave to offer a joint resolution to annex the Republic of San Domingo; but it was objected to.

April 6.—In the Senate the session was mainly devoted to the Appropriation bill, which was finally passed. The appropriation for the Post-office in this city is increased from $400,000 to $800,000, and for the one in Boston from $200,000 to $350,000.—In the House, Mr. Wood made a series of charges against General O. O. Howard in relation to his management of the Freedmen's Bureau. After a long debate, a resolution of investigation was adopted, the subject being referred to the Committee on Education and Labor.

April 7.—In the Senate, the bill declaratory of the law in regard to the Income Tax was taken up, amended, and passed. It continues for the present year, the tax on salaries, dividends, and interest, payable by corporations.—In the House, the session was mainly occupied with the Tariff bill. A special appropriation bill of $106,375 to supply deficiencies in the Diplomatic Service was passed.

April 8.—In the Senate, the question of committing to a Joint Committee the treaty-making power with the Indians was discussed, but no vote was taken on the subject. The House Diplomatic Deficiency bill was passed.—In the House, a bill was introduced providing that future Congresses shall consist of 275 members, and of such additional members as newly admitted States may be entitled to under an apportionment on that basis. Mr. Henry W. Barry, member elect from the Third Mississippi District, was admitted to his seat and sworn in.

April 9.—In the Senate, the session was chiefly occupied with a discussion on the policy of subsidizing steamship lines for carrying the mails; but no action was taken on the subject. A bill was introduced to repeal all existing laws in reference to transporting and exporting goods in bond to or from Mexico.—In the House, Mr. Butler made another ineffectual effort to introduce his bill for the annexation of San Domingo. The Deficiency bill, as amended by the Senate, was taken up. A portion of the appropriations were concurred in; but the most important, including those for the post-offices in this city and Boston, failed to meet the approval of the House, and a Committee of Conference was appointed.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The new charter for this city was passed by the Senate of the State Legislature on the 5th inst., and was immediately signed by Governor Hoffman. In accordance with its provisions, Mayor Hall has appointed the heads of the several departments, giving the Democrats a majority on every Board except the Police Board, which consists of two Democrats and two Republicans. The Superintendent of Police is to be a Democrat.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has instructed assessors not to furnish the income lists for publication.

A number of election clerks in California refuse to register colored men as voters until the opinion of the Attorney-General of the State is received in regard to the constitutionality of the Fifteenth Amendment!

A very spirited demonstration in honor of the Fifteenth Amendment was made by the colored population of this city on the 8th inst. The procession was large and orderly, and presented a fine appearance.

The Connecticut election resulted in a majority of about seven hundred votes for Mr. English, the Democratic candidate for Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE is a great amount of uneasiness in France. On the 7th inst. it was reported that the Emperor had had a long fainting fit, from which he recovered after several hours of rest. The strike at La Creuzot shows no signs of coming to an end. In Paris placards were for several days posted on the dead-walls, inviting all workmen to refuse to pay their monthly rents and to join in general strike on the 10th inst. The day passed quietly, however.

The conscription riots in Barcelona, Spain, have ended in the defeat of the rioters in one of the suburbs of the town, where they made a stand and fought two hours. The casualties are said to be light on both sides. The completion of the conscription was announced in the Cortes on the 9th inst.

The University boat-race on the Thames, on the 6th inst., resulted in a victory for the Cambridge crew, who won by a length, in twenty minutes and thirty seconds. This is the fastest time on record.

The remains of Hon. Anson Burlingame left Hamburg on Wednesday April 6, and will probably arrive in this city within twelve days from that date.

The Chinese Embassy has gone to Brussels, to negotiate a treaty with the Belgian Government.

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IRISH TURF-CARRIERS.

A FEW years ago it was discovered by some profound English statesman that the true solution of the Irish question was to be found in the peat-bogs of the Green Isle. They were to become mines of wealth, and work the regeneration of that unhappy country. But, though bogs are plentiful, and stacks of peat stand by every cottage door, the desired regeneration is still far out of sight; and the famous cartoon in *Punch*, representing a jovial well-clad Irishman shoveling peat in at one side of a kiln, while on the other his buxom partner received in her apron a shower of good things in the shape of joints of meat, potatoes, quartern loaves, and candles, remains an unsubstantial dream. There is good stock in the Irish peasantry, which requires only the operation of just laws and the influence of education to give the people the sobriety and industrial thrift which are essential to good order and prosperity. The turf-carriers in the engraving on this page are characteristic types of Irish peasant girls, as well as of that unthrifty sort of industry that always prevails in a country where the working-classes have no hope of ever bettering their condition.

THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER.

THE Duke De Montpensier, the youngest son of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and a claimant to the Spanish throne, his wife the Infanta LOUISA FERNANDA being sister to the ex-Queen ISABELLA, has sprung into an unenviable notoriety by his fatal encounter with his cousin, HENRI DE BOURBON, Infanta of Spain, Duke of Seville, and brother to DON FRANCISCO DE ASSIS, the ex-Queen's consort. For some time before the duel Prince HENRI, a thorough Republican, did every thing in his power publicly to insult and ridicule the Duke, and wrote letters and pamphlets containing such outrageous expressions as are rarely used by a gentleman, even to his most bitter political opponent. The Duke hitherto had apparently disregarded these attacks, although he had several times manifested a desire to fight their author, but had been dissuaded from this by his nephew, the Comte De Paris.

THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER.

On the 7th of March Don HENRI published in the Madrid journals an article entitled "AUX Montpensieristes," more abusive than any he had yet written. This time the provocation was so great that a challenge was immediately sent, and at once accepted. The seconds of the Duke were Generals CORDOVA and ALAMINOS and Colonel SOLIS. Two Republican Deputies, RUBIO and SANTA MARIA, and an agent of the Bourse, M. ORTIZ, acted for the other side. The preliminaries were easily arranged, the arm chosen being the pistol; the place the little village of Alcorcon, a great resort of Spanish duelists. The details and the result of the duel are well known to our readers. If it was fatal to the life of Prince HENRI, it may also be fatal to the pretensions of the Duke, the general opinion in Spain being that he has forfeited every chance of ascending the throne of that country.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

THE Prince Imperial of France, now in his fifteenth year, has put off the knickerbockers and small jacket of his childhood, and assumed the black frock-coat and long trowsers and the close shirt-collar of an adult modern gentleman. Rumor speaks well of the youthful Prince, as inheriting the gentleness of his mother, the Empress EUGENIE, with the thoughtfulness of the Emperor, his father. He is said, however, to be more reserved in disposition than most lads of his years. He is fonder of study than of games and exercises in the open air; but he has learned to ride skillfully and boldly. The engraving we present this week, on page 264, shows him mounted on horseback, at the door of that side of the Tuileries where are situated the apartments reserved for his use. He is accompanied by Gen-

IRISH TURF-CARRIERS.

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eral FROSSARD, his governor, who has the superintendence of his daily life and habits, while another tutor is charged with his literary and scientific instruction.

THE M'FARLAND TRIAL.

IT is many years since a trial in this city has excited such deep and general interest as that of DANIEL M'FARLAND on the charge of having murdered ALBERT D. RICHARDSON, which commenced before Recorder HACKETT on the 6th instant. All the circumstances of the case tended to excite the deepest public interest in the approaching trial. The prisoner's counsel kept their line of defense a profound secret until the trial was actually begun; but it was suspected that the defense would be momentary insanity.

The story of this terrible domestic tragedy is briefly as follows:

DANIEL M'FARLAND was born in Ireland, and came to this country at an early age. Left an orphan at the age of twelve to fight his own way, he rose, by industry and perseverance, to be a member of the bar and a professor in Brandywine College in Delaware. In 1852 he made the acquaintance of the lady who subsequently became his wife. She was young, the daughter of a poor weaver. They were married in 1857, and for some years the course of their domestic life ran smoothly. He had been successful in business, and had acquired considerable property in the West and in this city. But at length affairs took another turn. He became unfortunate, lost his property, and took a position in the Revenue Department.

While on a visit to her early home in New Hampshire, in the summer of 1866, Mrs. M'FARLAND first made the acquaintance of Mr. RICHARDSON, and the acquaintance soon ripened into intimate friendship; and when shortly afterward, for the purpose of earning her own support, she proposed to go upon the stage, Mr. RICHARDSON assisted her in obtaining an engagement at the Winter Garden theatre, where she made her *début as Nerissa* in "The Merchant of Venice." It is alleged by the defense that during this time an unlawful intimacy existed between Mrs. M'FARLAND and Mr. RICHARDSON; that he managed to procure rooms in the house where she and her husband were boarding with their children; that their intimacy was suspected and finally discovered by Mr. M'FARLAND; and that Mr. RICHARDSON persuaded her to leave her husband.

On the 21st of February, 1867, she left home, taking with her their children, who were soon afterward sent to Massachusetts. Mr. M'FARLAND made efforts to discover her and recover the children, without success. He was in the habit of visiting the *Tribune* office, and one day, while sitting there, a letter was given to him which proved to be from Mr. RICHARDSON to Mrs. M'FARLAND. It is too long to quote entire, and we give only the close:

DANIEL M'FARLAND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

"I never seek my pillow without wanting to fold you in my arms for a good-night kiss and blessing, and the few months before you can openly be mine will be long enough at best. No grass shall grow under my feet; but I never let public opinion bully me a bit, and never mean to. So, sunbeam, I shall come whenever I can, and stay as long as business will permit. I will decide about the summer just as soon as I can, darling; can probably surmise by Monday or Tuesday.

"Darling, I should be *afraid* if you had fascinated me in a day or week. The trees which grow in an hour have no deep root. Ours I believe to be no love of a noonday hour, but for all time. Only *one* love ever grew so slowly into my heart as yours has, and that was so tender and blessed that Heaven needed and took it.

"My darling, you are all I would have you—exactly what I would have you in mind, body, and estate; and my tired heart finds in you infinite rest and riches and sweetness. Good-night, my love, my own, my wife.

"Burn this, will you not?"

Mr. M'FARLAND, convinced that his wife had left him forever, again sought to recover the custody of his children, but succeeded only in the case of his son PERCY. He afterward heard that a divorce had been procured in Indiana, and that Mr. RICHARDSON was about to marry her.

In a condition of mind which his counsel represent as bordering on insanity, he entered the *Tribune* office, on the afternoon of the 25th of November, and went behind the counter, as he had been in the habit of doing. A short time afterward Mr. RICHARDSON entered, and went up to the counter to receive his mail, directly opposite the place where Mr. M'FARLAND stood, but apparently without perceiving him. The distance between the two men was about four feet. Mr. M'FARLAND, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, thrust out a pistol and fired at Mr. RICHARDSON; and then, in the confusion that ensued, left the office. He was arrested in the course of the evening, confronted with the wounded man, and identified by him as the one who had shot him.

Mr. RICHARDSON was taken to a room in the Astor House, where he lingered several days, attended by skillful physicians and carefully nursed by friends, among whom was Mrs. M'FARLAND. When it was no longer doubtful that death would be the result of the wound he had received, he was married, at his own request, to that lady, the ceremony being conducted by Mr. BEECHER and Mr. FROTHINGHAM. A few hours later he died.

Mr. M'FARLAND was formally indicted for murder, and confined in the Tombs to await trial. As the day approached it was evident that great difficulty would be experienced in obtaining a jury, and the number of jurors summoned was unusually large. Three days were consumed in selecting the jury, the defense using the right of challenge very freely. The jury was finally obtained and sworn. The prosecution undertook to prove the killing of Mr. RICHARDSON, in the manner narrated above, and there rested its case. On the fourth day Mr. C. S. SPENCER opened for the defense, taking the ground, as above stated, that the act was committed in a moment of temporary insanity.

FIRST DAY OF THE M'FARLAND TRIAL—SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM.—[FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.]

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MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

THE WAY OUT.

BREAKFAST was just over. Blanche, seeing a pleasantly-idle morning before her, proposed to Arnold to take a stroll in the grounds.

The garden was bright with sunshine, and the bride was bright with good-humor. She caught her uncle's eye, looking at her admiringly, and paid him a little compliment in return. "You have no idea," she said, "how nice it is to be back at Ham Farm!"

"I am to understand then," rejoined Sir Patrick, "that I am forgiven for interrupting the honey-moon?"

"You are more than forgiven for interrupting it," said Blanche—"you are thanked. As a married woman," she proceeded, with the air of a matron of at least twenty years' standing, "I have been thinking the subject over; and I have arrived at the conclusion that a honey-moon which takes the form of a tour on the Continent, is one of our national abuses which stands in need of reform. When you are in love with each other (I consider a marriage without love to be no marriage at all), what do you want with the excitement of seeing strange places? Isn't it excitement enough, and isn't it strange enough, to a newly-married woman to see such a total novelty as a husband? What is the most interesting object on the face of creation to a man in Arnold's position? The Alps? Certainly not! The most interesting object is the wife. And the proper time for a bridal tour is the time—say ten or a dozen years later—when you are beginning (not to get tired of each other; that's out of the question) but to get a little too well used to each other. Then take your tour to Switzerland—and you give the Alps a chance. A succession of honey-moon trips, in the autumn of married life—there is my proposal for an improvement on the present state of things! Come into the garden, Arnold; and let us calculate how long it will be before we get weary of each other, and want the beauties of nature to keep us company."

Arnold looked appealingly to Sir Patrick. Not a word had passed between them, as yet, on the serious subject of Anne Silvester's letter. Sir Patrick undertook the responsibility of making the necessary excuses to Blanche.

"Forgive me," he said, "if I ask leave to interfere with your monopoly of Arnold for a little while. I have something to say to him about his property in Scotland. Will you leave him with me, if I promise to release him as soon as possible?"

Blanche smiled graciously. "You shall have him as long as you like, uncle. There's your hat," she added, tossing it to her husband, gayly. "I brought it in for you when I got my own. You will find me on the lawn."

She nodded, and went out.

"Let me hear the worst at once, Sir Patrick," Arnold began. "Is it serious? Do you think I am to blame?"

"I will answer your last question first," said Sir Patrick. "Do I think you are to blame? Yes—in this way. You committed an act of unpardonable rashness when you consented to go, as Geoffrey Delamayn's messenger, to Miss Silvester at the inn. Having once placed yourself in that false position, you could hardly have acted, afterward, otherwise than you did. You could not be expected to know the Scotch law. And, as an honorable man, you were bound to keep a secret confided to you, in which the reputation of a woman was concerned. Your first and last error in this matter, was the fatal error of involving yourself in responsibilities which belonged exclusively to another man."

"The man had saved my life," pleaded Arnold—"and I believed I was giving service for service to my dearest friend."

"As to your other question," proceeded Sir Patrick. "Do I consider your position to be a serious one? Most assuredly, I do! So long as we are not absolutely certain that Blanche is your lawful wife, the position is more than serious: it is unendurable. I maintain the opinion, mind, out of which (thanks to your honorable silence) that scoundrel Delamayn contrived to cheat me. I told him, what I now tell you—that your sayings and doings at Craig Fernie, do *not* constitute a marriage, according to Scottish law. But," pursued Sir Patrick, holding up a warning forefinger at Arnold, "you have read it in Miss Silvester's letter, and you may now take it also as a result of my experience, that no individual opinion, in a matter of this kind, is to be relied on. Of two lawyers, consulted by Miss Silvester at Glasgow, one draws a directly opposite conclusion to mine, and decides that you and she *are* married. I believe him to be wrong; but, in our situation, we have no other choice than to boldly encounter the view of the case which he represents. In plain English, we must begin by looking the worst in the face."

Arnold twisted the traveling hat which Blanche had thrown to him, nervously, in both hands. "Supposing the worst comes to the worst," he asked, "what will happen?"

Sir Patrick shook his head.

"It is not easy to tell you," he said, "without entering into the legal aspect of the case. I shall only puzzle you if I do that. Suppose we look at the matter in its social bearings—I mean, as it may possibly affect you and Blanche, and your unborn children?"

Arnold gave the hat a tighter twist than ever. "I never thought of the children," he said, with a look of consternation.

"The children may present themselves," returned Sir Patrick, dryly, "for all that. Now listen. It may have occurred to your mind that the plain way out of our present dilemma is for you and Miss Silvester, respectively, to affirm what we know to be the truth—namely, that you never had the slightest intention of marrying each other. Beware of founding any hopes on any such remedy at that! If you reckon on it, you reckon without Geoffrey Delamayn. He is interested, remember, in proving you and Miss Silvester to be man and wife. Circumstances may arise—I won't waste time in guessing at what they may be—which will enable a third person to produce the landlady and the waiter at Craig Fernie in evidence against you—and to assert that your declaration and Miss Silvester's declaration are the result of collusion between you two. Don't start! Such things have happened before now. Miss Silvester is poor; and Blanche is rich. You may be made to stand in the awkward position of a man who is denying his marriage with a poor woman, in order to establish his marriage with an heiress: Miss Silvester presumably aiding the fraud, with two strong interests of her own as inducements—the interest of asserting the claim to be the wife of a man of rank, and the interest of earning her reward in money for resigning you to Blanche. There is a case which a scoundrel might set up—and with some appearance of truth too—in a court of justice!"

"Surely, the law wouldn't allow him to do that?"

"The law will argue any thing, with any body who will pay the law for the use of its brains and its time. Let that view of the matter alone now. Delamayn can set the case going, if he likes, without applying to any lawyer to help him. He has only to cause a report to reach Blanche's ears which publicly asserts that she is not your lawful wife. With her temper, do you suppose she would leave us a minute's peace till the matter was cleared up? Or take it the other way. Comfort yourself, if you will, with the idea that this affair will trouble nobody in the present. How are we to know it may not turn up in the future under circumstances which may place the legitimacy of your children in doubt? We have a man to deal with who sticks at nothing. We have a state of the law which can only be described as one scandalous uncertainty from beginning to end. And we have two people (Bishopriggs and Mrs. Inchbare) who can, and will, speak to what took place between you and Anne Silvester at the inn. For Blanche's sake, and for the sake of your unborn children, we must face this matter on the spot—and settle it at once and forever. The question before us now is this. Shall we open the proceedings by communicating with Miss Silvester or not?"

At that important point in the conversation they were interrupted by the reappearance of Blanche. Had she, by any accident, heard what they had been saying?

No; it was the old story of most interruptions. Idleness that considers nothing, had come to look at Industry that bears every thing. It is a law of nature, apparently, that the people in this world who have nothing to do can not support the sight of an uninterrupted occupation in the hands of their neighbors. Blanche produced a new specimen from Arnold's collection of hats. "I have been thinking about it in the garden," she said, quite seriously. "Here is the brown one with the high crown. You look better in this than in the white one with the low crown. I have come to change them, that's all." She changed the hats with Arnold, and went on, without the faintest suspicion that she was in the way. "Wear the brown one when you come out—and come soon, dear. I won't stay an instant longer, uncle—I wouldn't interrupt you for the world." She kissed her hand to Sir Patrick, and smiled at her husband, and went out.

"What were we saying?" asked Arnold. "It's awkward to be interrupted in this way, isn't it?"

"If I know any thing of female human nature," returned Sir Patrick, composedly, "your wife will be in and out of the room, in that way, the whole morning. I give her ten minutes, Arnold, before she changes her mind again on the serious and weighty subject of the white hat and the brown. These little interruptions—otherwise quite charming—raised a doubt in my mind. Wouldn't it be wise (I ask myself), if we made a virtue of necessity, and took Blanche into the conversation? What do you say to calling her back and telling her the truth?"

Arnold started, and changed color.

"There are difficulties in the way," he said.

"My good fellow! at every step of this business there are difficulties in the way. Sooner or later, your wife must know what has happened. The time for telling her is, no doubt, a matter for your decision, not mine. All I say is this. Consider whether the disclosure won't come from you with a better grace, if you make it before you are fairly driven to the wall, and obliged to open your lips."

Arnold rose to his feet—took a turn in the room—sat down again—and looked at Sir Patrick, with the expression of a thoroughly bewildered and thoroughly helpless man.

"I don't know what to do," he said. "It beats me altogether. The truth is, Sir Patrick, I was fairly forced, at Craig Fernie, into deceiving Blanche—in what might seem to her a very unfeeling, and a very unpardonable way."

"That sounds awkward! What do you mean?"

"I'll try and tell you. You remember when you went to the inn to see Miss Silvester? Well, being there privately at the time, of course I was obliged to keep out of your way."

"I see! And, when Blanche came afterward, you were obliged to hide from Blanche, exactly as you had hidden from me?"

"Worse even than that! A day or two later, Blanche took me into her confidence. She spoke to me of her visit to the inn, as if I was a perfect stranger to the circumstances. She told me to my face, Sir Patrick, of the invisible man who had kept so strangely out of her way—without the faintest suspicion that I was the man. And I never opened my lips to set her right! I was obliged to be silent, or I must have betrayed Miss Silvester. What will Blanche think of me, if I tell her now? That's the question!"

Blanche's name had barely passed her husband's lips before Blanche herself verified Sir Patrick's prediction, by reappearing at the open French window, with the superseded white hat in her hand.

"Haven't you done yet!" she exclaimed. "I am shocked, uncle, to interrupt you again—but these horrid hats of Arnold's are beginning to weigh upon my mind. On reconsideration, I think the white hat with the low crown is the most becoming of the two. Change again, dear. Yes! the brown hat is hideous. There's a beggar at the gate. Before I go quite distracted, I shall give him the brown hat, and have done with the difficulty in that manner. Am I very much in the way of business? I'm afraid I must appear restless? Indeed, I *am* restless. I can't imagine what is the matter with me this morning."

"I can tell you," said Sir Patrick, in his gravest and dryest manner. "You are suffering, Blanche, from a malady which is exceedingly common among the young ladies of England. As a disease it is quite incurable—and the name of it is Nothing-to-Do."

Blanche dropped her uncle a smart little courtesy. "You might have told me I was in the way in fewer words than that." She whisked round, kicked the disgraced brown hat out into the veranda before her, and left the two gentlemen alone once more.

"Your position with your wife, Arnold," resumed Sir Patrick, returning gravely to the matter in hand, "is certainly a difficult one." He paused, thinking of the evening when he and Blanche had illustrated the vagueness of Mrs. Inchbare's description of the man at the inn, by citing Arnold himself as being one of the hundreds of innocent people who answered to it! "Perhaps," he added, "the situation is even more difficult than you suppose. It would have been certainly easier for *you*—and it would have looked more honorable in *her* estimation—if you had made the inevitable confession before your marriage. I am, in some degree, answerable for your not having done this—as well as for the far more serious dilemma with Miss Silvester in which you now stand. If I had not innocently hastened your marriage with Blanche, Miss Silvester's admirable letter would have reached us in ample time to prevent mischief. It's useless to dwell on that now. Cheer up, Arnold! I am bound to show you the way out of the labyrinth, no matter what the difficulties may be—and, please God, I will do it!"

He pointed to a table at the other end of the room, on which writing materials were placed. "I hate moving the moment I have had my breakfast," he said. "We won't go into the library. Bring me the pen and ink here."

"Are you going to write to Miss Silvester?"

"That is the question before us which we have not settled yet. Before I decide, I want to be in possession of the facts—down to the smallest detail of what took place between you and Miss Silvester at the inn. There is only one way of getting at those facts. I am going to examine you as if I had you before me in the witness-box in court."

With that preface, and with Arnold's letter from Baden in his hand as a brief to speak from, Sir Patrick put his questions in clear and endless succession; and Arnold patiently and faithfully answered them all.

The examination proceeded uninterruptedly until it had reached that point in the progress of events at which Anne had crushed Geoffrey Delamayn's letter in her hand, and had thrown it from her indignantly to the other end of the room. There, for the first time, Sir Patrick dipped his pen in the ink, apparently intending to take a note. "Be very careful here," he said; "I want to know every thing that you can tell me about that letter."

"The letter is lost," said Arnold.

"The letter has been stolen by Bishopriggs," returned Sir Patrick, "and is in the possession of Bishopriggs at this moment."

"Why, you know more about it than I do!" exclaimed Arnold.

"I sincerely hope not. I don't know what was inside the letter. Do you?"

"Yes. Part of it at least."

"Part of it?"

"There were two letters written, on the same sheet of paper," said Arnold. "One of them was written by Geoffrey Delamayn—and that is the one I know about."

Sir Patrick started. His face brightened; he made a hasty note. "Go on!" he said, eagerly. "How came the letters to be written on the same sheet? Explain that!"

Arnold explained that Geoffrey, in the absence of any thing else to write his excuses on to Anne, had written to her on the fourth or blank page of a letter which had been addressed to him by Anne herself.

"Did you read that letter?" asked Sir Patrick.

"I might have read it if I had liked."

"And you didn't read it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Out of delicacy."

Even Sir Patrick's carefully-trained temper was not proof against this. "That is the most misplaced act of delicacy I ever heard of in my life!" cried the old gentleman, warmly. "Never mind! it's useless to regret it now. At any rate, you read Delamayn's answer to Miss Silvester's letter?"

"Yes—I did."

"Repeat it—as nearly as you can remember at this distance of time."

"It was so short," said Arnold, "that there is hardly any thing to repeat. As well as I remember, Geoffrey said he was called away to London by his father's illness. He told Miss Silvester to stop where she was; and he referred her to me, as messenger. That's all I recollect of it now."

"Cudgel your brains, my good fellow! this is very important. Did he make no allusion to his engagement to marry Miss Silvester at Craig Fernie? Didn't he try to pacify her by an apology of some sort?"

The question roused Arnold's memory to make another effort.

"Yes," he answered. "Geoffrey said something about being true to his engagement, or keeping his promise, or words to that effect."

"You're sure of what you say now?"

"I am certain of it."

Sir Patrick made another note.

"Was the letter signed?" he asked, when he had done.

"Yes."

"And dated?"

"Yes." Arnold's memory made a second effort, after he had given his second affirmative answer. "Wait a little," he said. "I remember something else about the letter. It was not only dated. The time of day at which it was written was put as well."

"How came he to do that?"

"I suggested it. The letter was so short I felt ashamed to deliver it as it stood. I told him to put the time—so as to show her that he was obliged to write in a hurry. He put the time when the train started; and (I think) the time when the letter was written as well."

"And you delivered that letter to Miss Silvester, with your own hand, as soon as you saw her at the inn?"

"I did."

Sir Patrick made a third note, and pushed the paper away from him with an air of supreme satisfaction.

"I always suspected that lost letter to be an important document," he said—"or Bishopriggs would never have stolen it. We must get possession of it, Arnold, at any sacrifice. The first thing to be done (exactly as I anticipated), is to write to the Glasgow lawyer, and find Miss Silvester."

"Wait a little!" cried a voice at the veranda. "Don't forget that I have come back from Baden to help you!"

Sir Patrick and Arnold both looked up. This time Blanche had heard the last words that had passed between them. She sat down at the table by Sir Patrick's side, and laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"You are quite right, uncle," she said. "I *am* suffering this morning from the malady of having nothing to do. Are you going to write to Anne? Don't. Let me write instead."

Sir Patrick declined to resign the pen.

"The person who knows Miss Silvester's address," he said, "is a lawyer in Glasgow. I am going to write to the lawyer. When he sends us word where she is—then, Blanche, will be the time to employ your good offices, in winning back your friend."

He drew the writing materials once more within his reach, and, suspending the remainder of Arnold's examination for the present, began his letter to Mr. Crum.

Blanche pleaded hard for an occupation of some sort. "Can nobody give me something to do?" she asked. "Glasgow is such a long way off, and waiting is such weary work. Don't sit there staring at me, Arnold! Can't you suggest something?"

Arnold, for once, displayed an unexpected readiness of resource.

"If you want to write," he said, "you owe Lady Lundie a letter. It's three days since you heard from her—and you haven't answered her yet."

Sir Patrick paused, and looked up quickly from his writing-desk.

"Lady Lundie?" he muttered, inquiringly.

"Yes," said Blanche. "It's quite true. I owe her a letter. And of course I ought to tell her we have come back to England. She will be finely provoked when she hears why!"

The prospect of provoking Lady Lundie seemed to rouse Blanche's dormant energies. She took a sheet of her uncle's note-paper, and began writing her answer then and there.

Sir Patrick completed his communication to the lawyer—after a look at Blanche, which expressed any thing rather than approval of her present employment. Having placed his completed note in the post-bag, he silently signed to Arnold to follow him into the garden. They went out together, leaving Blanche absorbed over her letter to her step-mother.

"Is my wife doing any thing wrong?" asked Arnold, who had noticed the look which Sir Patrick had cast on Blanche.

"Your wife is making mischief as fast as her fingers can spread it."

Arnold stared. "She must answer Lady Lundie's letter," he said.

"Unquestionably."

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"And she must tell Lady Lundie we have come back."

"I don't deny it."

"Then what is the objection to her writing?"

Sir Patrick took a pinch of snuff—and pointed with his ivory cane to the bees humming busily about the flower-beds in the sunshine of the autumn morning.

"I'll show you the objection," he said. "Suppose Blanche told one of those inveterately-intrusive insects that the honey in the flowers happens, through an unexpected accident, to have come to an end—do you think he would take the statement for granted? No. He would plunge head-foremost into the nearest flower, and investigate it for himself."

"Well?" said Arnold.

"Well—there is Blanche in the breakfast-room telling Lady Lundie that the bridal tour happens, through an unexpected accident, to have come to an end. Do you think Lady Lundie is the sort of person to take the statement for granted? Nothing of the sort! Lady Lundie, like the bee, will insist on investigating for herself. How it will end, if she discovers the truth—and what new complications she may not introduce into a matter which, Heaven knows, is complicated enough already—I leave you to imagine. *My* poor powers of prevision are not equal to it."

Before Arnold could answer, Blanche joined them from the breakfast-room.

"I've done it," she said. "It was an awkward letter to write—and it's a comfort to have it over."

"You have done it, my dear," remarked Sir Patrick, quietly. "And it may be a comfort. But it's not over."

"What do you mean?"

"I think, Blanche, we shall hear from your step-mother by return of post."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

THE NEWS FROM GLASGOW.

THE letters to Lady Lundie and to Mr. Crum having been dispatched on Monday, the return of the post might be looked for on Wednesday afternoon at Ham Farm.

Sir Patrick and Arnold held more than one private consultation, during the interval, on the delicate and difficult subject of admitting Blanche to a knowledge of what had happened. The wise elder advised; and the inexperienced junior listened. "Think of it," said Sir Patrick; "and do it." And Arnold thought of it—and left it undone.

Let those who feel inclined to blame him remember that he had only been married a fortnight. It is hard, surely, after but two weeks' possession of your wife, to appear before her in the character of an offender on trial—and to find that an angel of retribution has been thrown into the bargain by the liberal destiny which bestowed on you the woman whom you adore!

They were all three at home on the Wednesday afternoon, looking out for the postman.

The correspondence delivered included (exactly as Sir Patrick had foreseen) a letter from Lady Lundie. Further investigation, on the far more interesting subject of the expected news from Glasgow, revealed—nothing. The lawyer had not answered Sir Patrick's inquiry by return of post.

"Is that a bad sign?" asked Blanche.

"It is a sign that something has happened," answered her uncle. "Mr. Crum is possibly expecting to receive some special information, and is waiting on the chance of being able to communicate it. We must hope, my dear, in to-morrow's post."

"Open Lady Lundie's letter in the mean time," said Blanche. "Are you sure it is for you—and not for me?"

There was no doubt about it. Her ladyship's reply was ominously addressed to her ladyship's brother-in-law. "I know what that means," said Blanche, eying her uncle eagerly while he was reading the letter. "If you mention Anne's name you insult my step-mother. I have mentioned it freely. Lady Lundie is mortally offended with me."

Rash judgment of youth! A lady who takes a dignified attitude, in a family emergency, is never mortally offended—she is only deeply grieved. Lady Lundie took a dignified attitude. "I well know," wrote this estimable and Christian woman, "that I have been all along regarded in the light of an intruder by the family connections of my late beloved husband. But I was hardly prepared to find myself entirely shut out from all domestic confidence, at a time when some serious domestic catastrophe has but too evidently taken place. I have no desire, dear Sir Patrick, to intrude. Feeling it, however, to be quite inconsistent with a due regard for my own position—after what has happened—to correspond with Blanche, I address myself to the head of the family, purely in the interests of propriety. Permit me to ask whether—under circumstances which appear to be serious enough to require the recall of my step-daughter and her husband from their wedding-tour—you think it DECENT to keep the widow of the late Sir Thomas Lundie entirely in the dark? Pray consider this—not at all out of regard for Me!—but out of regard for your own position with Society. Curiosity is, as you know, foreign to my nature. But when this dreadful scandal (whatever it may be) comes out—which, dear Sir Patrick, it can not fail to do—what will the world think, when it asks for Lady Lundie's opinion, and hears that Lady Lundie knew nothing about it? Whichever way you may decide I shall take no offense. I may possibly be wounded—but that won't matter. My little round of duties will find me still earnest, still cheerful. And even if you shut me out, my best wishes will find their way, nevertheless, to Ham Farm. May I add—without encountering a sneer—that the prayers of a lonely woman are offered for the welfare of all?"

"Well?" said Blanche.

Sir Patrick folded up the letter, and put it in his pocket.

"You have your step-mother's best wishes, my dear." Having answered in those terms, he bowed to his niece with his best grace, and walked out of the room.

"Do I think it decent," he repeated to himself, as he closed the door, "to leave the widow of the late Sir Thomas Lundie in the dark? When a lady's temper is a little ruffled, I think it more than decent, I think it absolutely desirable, to let that lady have the last word." He went into the library, and dropped his sister-in-law's remonstrance into a box, labeled "Unanswered Letters." Having got rid of it in that way, he hummed his favorite little Scotch air—and put on his hat, and went out to sun himself in the garden.

Meanwhile, Blanche was not quite satisfied with Sir Patrick's reply. She appealed to her husband. "There is something wrong," she said—"and my uncle is hiding it from me."

Arnold could have desired no better opportunity than she had offered to him, in those words, for making the long-deferred disclosure to her of the truth. He lifted his eyes to Blanche's face. By an unhappy fatality she was looking charmingly that morning. How would she look if he told her the story of the hiding at the inn? Arnold was still in love with her—and Arnold said nothing.

The next day's post brought not only the anticipated letter from Mr. Crum, but an unexpected Glasgow newspaper as well.

This time Blanche had no reason to complain that her uncle kept his correspondence a secret from her. After reading the lawyer's letter, with an interest and agitation which showed that the contents had taken him by surprise, he handed it to Arnold and his niece. "Bad news there," he said. "We must share it together."

After acknowledging the receipt of Sir Patrick's letter of inquiry, Mr. Crum began by stating all that he knew of Miss Silvester's movements—dating from the time when she had left the Sheep's Head Hotel. About a fortnight since he had received a letter from her informing him that she had found a suitable place of residence in a village near Glasgow. Feeling a strong interest in Miss Silvester, Mr. Crum had visited her some few days afterward. He had satisfied himself that she was lodging with respectable people, and was as comfortably situated as circumstances would permit. For a week more he had heard nothing from the lady. At the expiration of that time he had received a letter from her, telling him that she had read something in a Glasgow newspaper, of that day's date, which seriously concerned herself, and which would oblige her to travel northward immediately as fast as her strength would permit. At a later period, when she would be more certain of her own movements, she engaged to write again, and let Mr. Crum know where he might communicate with her if necessary. In the mean time, she could only thank him for his kindness, and beg him to take care of any letters or messages which might be left for her. Since the receipt of this communication the lawyer had heard nothing further. He had waited for the morning's post in the hope of being able to report that he had received some further intelligence. The hope had not been realized. He had now stated all that he knew himself thus far—and he had forwarded a copy of the newspaper alluded to by Miss Silvester, on the chance that an examination of it by Sir Patrick might possibly lead to further discoveries. In conclusion, he pledged himself to write again the moment he had any information to send.

Blanche snatched up the newspaper, and opened it. "Let me look!" she said. "I can find what Anne saw here if any body can!"

She ran her eye eagerly over column after column and page after page—and dropped the newspaper on her lap with a gesture of despair.

"Nothing!" she exclaimed. "Nothing any where, that I can see, to interest Anne. Nothing to interest any body—except Lady Lundie," she went on, brushing the newspaper off her lap. "It turns out to be all true, Arnold, at Swanhaven. Geoffrey Delamayn *is* going to marry Mrs. Glenarm."

"What!" cried Arnold; the idea instantly flashing on him that this was the news which Anne had seen.

Sir Patrick gave him a warning look, and picked up the newspaper from the floor.

"I may as well run through it, Blanche, and make quite sure that you have missed nothing," he said.

The report to which Blanche had referred was among the paragraphs arranged under the heading of "Fashionable News." "A matrimonial alliance" (the Glasgow journal announced) "was in prospect between the Honorable Geoffrey Delamayn and the lovely and accomplished relict of the late Mathew Glenarm, Esq., formerly Miss Newenden." The marriage would, in all probability, "be solemnized in Scotland, before the end of the present autumn;" and the wedding-breakfast, it was whispered, "would collect a large and fashionable party at Swanhaven Lodge."

Sir Patrick handed the newspaper silently to Arnold. It was plain to any one who knew Anne Silvester's story that those were the words which had found their fatal way to her in her place of rest. The inference that followed seemed to be hardly less clear. But one intelligible object, in the opinion of Sir Patrick, could be at the end of her journey to the north. The deserted woman had rallied the last relics of her old energy—and had devoted herself to the desperate purpose of stopping the marriage of Mrs. Glenarm.

THE BRETON BLUE-BEARD.

IN the ancient Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuys, in Brittany, may be seen a rude colored print relative to the legend of Comorre, or Comor, the Breton "Blue-beard," in which St. Gildas plays a conspicuous part. The story, as told by Emile Souvestre, is this: Guerech, Count of Vannes, the country of white corn, had a daughter, Triphyna, whom he tenderly loved. One day embassadors arrived from Comorre, a prince of Cornouaille, the country of the black corn, demanding her in marriage. Now this caused great distress; for Comorre was a giant, and one of the wickedest of men, held in awe by every one for his cruelty. As a boy, when he went out, his mother used to ring a bell to warn people of his approach. He shot a child in order to prove his gun; and, when unsuccessful in the chase, would set his dogs on the peasants to tear them in pieces. But most horrible of all, he had had four wives, who all died, one after the other, under suspicion of having been killed by either the knife, fire, water, or poison. The Count of Vannes, therefore, dismissed the embassadors, and advanced to meet Comorre, who was approaching with a powerful army; but St. Gildas went into her oratory, and begged Triphyna would save bloodshed, and consent to the marriage. He gave her a silver ring, which would warn her of any intended evil by turning, at the approach of danger, as black as the crow's wing. The marriage took place with great rejoicings. The first day six thousand guests were invited; on the next as many poor were fed, the bride and the bridegroom serving at table, a napkin under their arms. For some time all went on well. Comorre's nature seemed changed, his prisons were empty, his gibbets untenanted; but Triphyna felt no confidence, and every day went to pray at the tombs of his four wives. At this time there was an assembly at Rennes of the Breton princes, which Comorre was obliged to attend. Before his departure he gave Triphyna the keys, desiring her to amuse herself in his absence. After five months he unexpectedly returned, and found her occupied in trimming an infant's cap with gold-lace. On seeing the cap Comorre turned pale; and when Triphyna joyfully announced to him that in two months he would be a father, he drew back in a rage and rushed out of the apartment. Triphyna saw that her ring had turned black, which betokened danger, she knew not why. She descended into the chapel to pray. When she arose to depart it was midnight, and she saw the four tombs of Comorre's wives open slowly, and they all issued forth in their winding-sheets. Half dead with fear, Triphyna tried to escape; but the spectres cried, "Take care, poor lost one! Comorre seeks to kill you." "I!" says the Countess; "what evil have I done?" "You have told him that you will soon become a mother; and, through the Spirit of Evil, he knows that his child will kill him; and that is why he has murdered us, when we told him what he has just learned from you." "What hope, then, of escape remains for me?" cried Triphyna. "Go back to your father," answered the phantoms. "But how escape, when Comorre's dog guards the court?" "Give him this poison which killed me," said the first wife. "But how can I descend this high wall?" "By means of this cord which strangled me," answered the second wife. "But who will guide me through the dark?" "The fire which burned me," replied the third wife. "And how can I make so long a journey?" returned Triphyna. "Take this stick which broke my skull," returned the fourth spectre. Armed with these weapons, Triphyna sets out, silences the dog, scales the wall, sees her way through the darkness, and proceeds on her road to Vannes. On awaking next morning, Comorre finds his wife fled, and pursues her on horseback. The poor fugitive, seeing her ring turn black, turned off the road and hid herself till night in the cabin of a shepherd, where was only an old magpie in a cage at the door. Comorre, who had given up the pursuit, was returning home that road, when he heard the magpie trying to imitate her complaints, and calling out, "Poor Triphyna!" He therefore knew his wife had passed that way, and set his dog on the track. Meanwhile Triphyna felt she could proceed no further, and lay down on the ground, where she brought into the world a boy of marvelous beauty. As she clasped him to her arms, she saw over her head a falcon with a golden collar, which she recognized as her father's. The bird came to her call, and giving it the warning ring of St. Gildas, she told it to fly with it to her father. The bird obeyed, and flew with it like lightning to Vannes; but almost at the same instant Comorre arrived. Having parted with her warning ring, Triphyna, who had no notice of his approach, had only time to conceal her babe in the cavity of a tree, when Comorre threw himself upon his unhappy wife, and with one blow severed her head from her body. When the falcon arrived at Vannes, he found the King at dinner with St. Gildas. He let the ring fall into the silver cup of his master, who, recognizing it, exclaimed, "My daughter is in danger! Saddle the horses, and let St. Gildas accompany us." Following the falcon, they soon reached the spot where Triphyna lay dead. After they had all knelt in prayer, St. Gildas said to the corpse, "Arise; take thy head and thy child, and follow us." The dead body obeyed; the bewildered troop followed. But, gallop as fast as they could, the headless body was always in front, carrying the babe in her left hand, and her pale head in the right. In this manner they reached the castle of Comorre. "Count," says St. Gildas, "I bring back your wife such as your wickedness has made her, and thy child such as Heaven has given it thee. Wilt thou receive them under thy roof?" Comorre was silent. The Saint three times repeated the question, but no voice returned an answer. Then St. Gildas took the new-born infant from its mother, and placed it on the ground. The child marched alone to the edge of the moat, and picking up a handful of earth and throwing it against the castle, exclaimed, "Let the Trinity execute judgment!" At the same instant the towers shook and fell with a great crash; the walls yawned open and the castle sunk, burying Comorre and all his fellow-partners in crime. St. Gildas then replaced Triphyna's head upon her shoulders, laid his hands upon her, and restored her to life, to the great joy of her father.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two Scotchmen, turning the corner of a street very sharply, came into collision. The shock was rather stunning to one of them. He pulled off his hat, and laying his hand on his forehead, said: "Sic a blow! my heed's a' ringing again." "Nae wonder," said his companion; "your heed was aye boss (empty); that makes it ring. My heed disna ring a bit." "How could it ring," said the other, "seeing it is crackit?"

Two Jews in Vienna recently passed an Austrian officer who strutted up and down the street in his gold-embroidered uniform as majestically as a peacock. "Why," said Isaacs to Levy, "that officer looks as proud as if he had lost the battle of Sadowa all alone."

A lawyer who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying: "I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel." Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued: "But what great and good men ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries?"

HOW TO PREPARE A GOOSE FOR THE TABLE.—Take your goose confidentially into a corner (any corner will do), and then break the news to him as gently as possible. When the dinner hour comes round you will find him fully prepared.

The following lines were taken from a young lady's hymn-book, a few days ago, which she thoughtlessly left in church:

"I look in vain—he does not come;
Dear, dear, what shall I do?
I can not listen as I ought,
Unless he listens too.
He might have come as well as not;
What plagues these fellows are!
I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
Or smoking a cigar."

Moral.—Don't write your thoughts in a hymn-book, or, if you do, be careful not to let them lie "around loose."

SURE ENOUGH.—If you want a policeman, it's ten to one you won't find him; but if you *don't* want him, it's a hundred to one *he will* find *you!*

When is the wind like a certain fruit?—When it is current.
When is it like music?—When it whistles.
When is it like a baby?—When it is squally.
When like a fruit tree?—When it blows.
When like a person in deep grief?—When it moans.
When like a newspaper?—When it puffs.

A man was indicted for felony. His innocence was proven; but notwithstanding this the jury found him guilty. The Judge was shocked, and arose and said: "Gentlemen, the prisoner's innocence was clearly proven." "Yes," said the foreman, "he is innocent of the crime now charged against him, but he stole my gray mare last Christmas."

A REAL TEETOTAL CURIOSITY.—A pair of watertight boots.

A young member of the Legislature, who rose to deliver his sentiments on the bill to abolish capital punishment, with a dignified serenity of countenance, commenced with, "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general." Just at this point, one, who sat immediately behind him, pulled him by the coat tail, and cried, "Stop, stop, I say: you are coming out of the same hole you just went in at."

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the *dark ages* of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Smith, can't you tell what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages just before the invention of *spectacles*." "Go to your seats."

They had female voters in Shakspeare's day. Thus:

"And the imperial *vot'ress* passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Nat M——was a queer genius. A neighbor found him one day at work at an enormous wood-pile, sawing away for dear life with an intolerably dull saw. "Why don't you sharpen your saw, Nat?" asked the neighbor. Looking up with an inimitably droll expression, "I should think I had work enough to do to saw up this wood-pile without stopping to sharpen saws."

"You are in bad health; your face is spare," said a friend of ours on meeting an acquaintance. "Very well," said the other, "if I am thin-faced you are double-faced, so that both of us have spare faces."

CITY RAILROAD CARS.

Never full, pack 'em in;
Move up, fat men; squeeze in, thin;
Trunks, valises, boxes, bundles,
Fill up gaps as on she tumbles.
Market baskets without number,
Owners easy, nod in slumber,
Thirty seated, forty standing,
A dozen or more on either landing.
Old man lifts his signal finger,
Car slacks up, but not a linger;
He's jerked aboard by sleeve or shoulder,
Shoved inside to sweat and smoulder.
Toes are trod on, hats are smashed,
Dresses soiled, hoop skirts crashed.
Thieves are busy bent on plunder;
Still we rattle on like thunder.
Packed together unwashed bodies,
Bathed in fumes of whisky toddies;
Tobacco, garlic, cheese, and lager-beer
Perfume the heated atmosphere;
Old boots, pipes, leather, and tan,
And, if in luck, a "soap-fat man."
Aren't we jolly? What a blessing!
A horse-car hash, with such a dressing!

A member of the Wyoming Legislature, seeking to sustain a point of order, jerked his coat off, with "Mr. Speaker, if some reliable man will hold these duds, I'll teach him that he is out of order." The point was sustained.

"How much water do you put in your milk?" asked a Pittsfield man of a boy who delivers milk on one of the milk routes. "We don't put any water in it," replied the boy. "What do you put in it, then?" "Ice!" said the candid youth.

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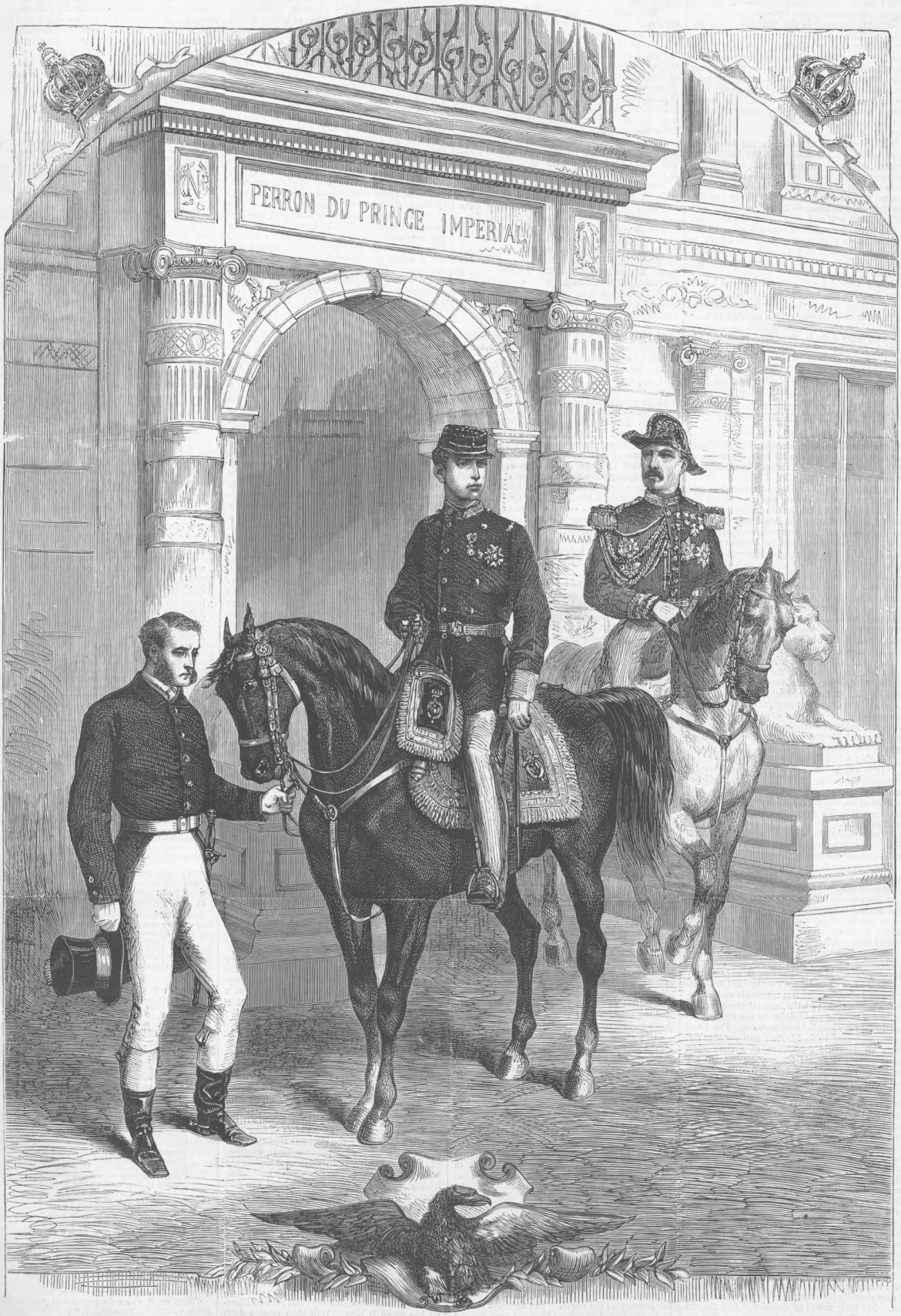

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.—[See Page 260.]

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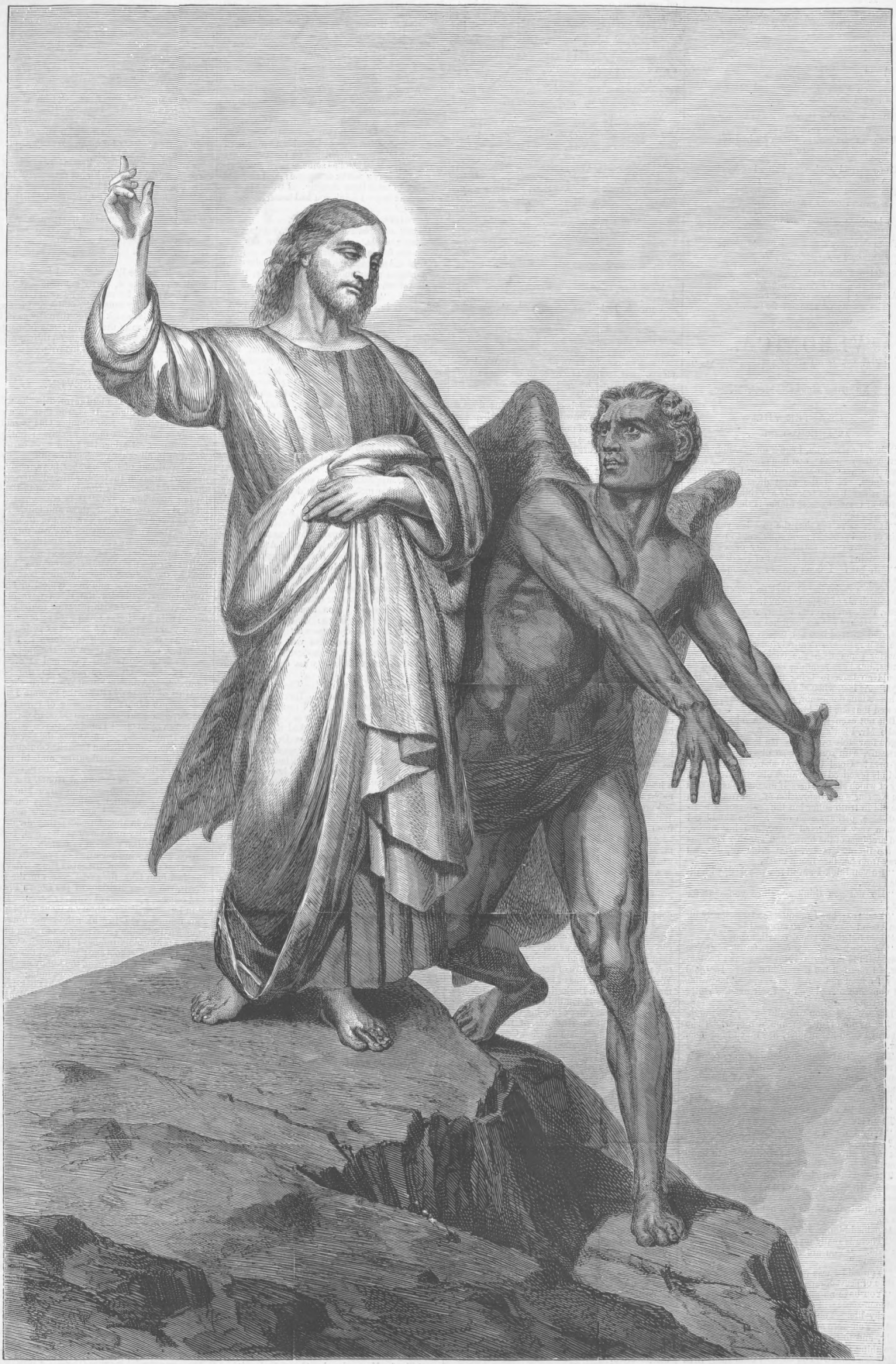

THE TEMPTATION.—From the Painting by Ary Scheffer.—[See Page 267.]

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A DREAM OF SUMMER.

I DREAMED 'twas golden Summer's time,
Although the snow lay deep,
And howling winds and hurricanes
Did through the forests sweep.

The snow-clad plain appeared to me
A mirror clear and bright,
In which I saw the gladdened earth
In verdure's beauty dight.

Dread Frost, the torrent's tyrant king,
Relaxed his icy hold;
And with the stream which he had stilled
His melting sceptre rolled.

The softened sunbeams poured around
A radiance calm and pale;
The scented flowers that gemmed the fields
Breathed odors on the gale.

So in those winters of the soul,
O'erswept by tempests drear,
From Memory's sad and frozen clime
Bright sunny days appear.

Reviving Faith and Hope still show
The soul its living powers,
And how the winter snow conceals
The germs of summer flowers.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AWKWARD IDIOM.

"BUT, I assure you, I suffer unspeakably from nervous depression! You don't know how I sink down like a leaden weight dropped into water sometimes. It is the most dreadful feeling! And besides, I take scarcely any thing. A glass or two of Champagne at dinner is the only thing that keeps me up!"

"It seems to me that the reaction you complain of feeling ought to be sufficient to convince you that even the small quantity of wine you take is doing you harm instead of good."

"Ah, bah! I don't believe you understand the case."

Veronica threw herself back on her chair with the pettish air of a spoiled child.

Mr. Plew sat opposite to her, very grave, very quiet. He had put aside all her gracious coquetries, and entered into her reason for sending for him in a manner so entirely unexpected by her that for some time she could not credit her senses, but kept awaiting the moment when he should go back to being the Mr. Plew of old days. At last, when she found that he persisted in his serious demeanor, she lost her temper, and showed that she had lost it.

But not even this change of mood availed to shake Mr. Plew's steadiness. And gradually a vague fear stole over her. He looked at her so earnestly, with something so like compassion in his eyes! Good God, was she *really* very ill? Did his practiced observation discern latent malady of which she was herself unconscious? Was the weariness and depression of soul from which she did in truth suffer but the precursor of bodily disease, perhaps even of—? She shuddered with a very unaffected terror, and her smiles, and archings of the brow, and haughty curvings of the lip, and pretty, false grimaces, dropped away from her face like a mask.

"Do you think I am ill?" she asked, with dilated eyes.

"Do not *you* think so, since you sent for me?"

"Yes, yes; but I mean *very* ill—seriously ill, you know! You look so strange!"

"I do not think you are well, madam."

"What—is—it?" she asked, faintly. "You must tell me the truth. But there can't be danger. Don't tell me if you think so! It would only frighten me. And of course I know it's all nonsense. And you *will* tell me the truth, won't you?"

Her self-possession was all gone. The unreasoning terror of disease and death, which she inherited from her mother, had taken hold upon her.

The egotism which enabled her so effectually to resist the sorrows and sufferings of others, beyond a mere transitory movement of dilettante sentiment, made her terribly, exquisitely sensitive to her own.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Plew, gently. "There is no need."

"Why do you look so, then? And speak so? I have never been ill since I was a child—not really ill. It would be so dreadful to be ill now!"

The tears were absolutely in her eyes as she spoke. In the presence of a stranger she might have succeeded in commanding herself more, but with Mr. Plew she did not even attempt to do so.

It pained him greatly to see her tears.

"There is really no cause for your distress," he said. "You are frightening yourself quite needlessly."

"You said I was not well," she answered, in a tone of peevish reproach.

"You have no ailment that a little care and common-sense will not cure. You do not live a healthy life. You do not take sufficient exercise. You were accustomed in your girlhood to walk, and to be out in the open air. There is something febrile and overstrained about you."

"I *can't* walk. You see that I am easily tired—that I want support. I have no appetite. I am not so strong as I was."

"You will never be stronger unless you shake off the habits of inertness and languor that have crept over you."

"I am not languid when there is any thing to interest or excite me. But what am I to do when I feel bored to death?"

"Boredom" was not a disease with which Mr. Plew's village practice had made him familiar.

"If you were to get up at six o'clock, and take a walk before breakfast, I am sure you would feel the benefit of it," said he, very simply.

Veronica's panic was passing away. A disorder that could be alleviated by getting up and walking out at six o'clock in the morning was evidently, she conceived, not of an alarming nature.

"My dear Mr. Plew," she said, with a little faint smile, "you are accustomed to prescribe for Shipley constitutions. Now, Shipley people, among other charming qualities, are famous for robustness; if I were to say *rude* health, you would think I was malicious. As for me, such violent proceedings as you speak of would simply kill me. Can't you give me something to—keep me up a little? Some—some—what is the proper technicality?—some stimulants—isn't that the word?"

"Fresh air is an excellent stimulant—the best I know."

Veronica looked at his candid, simple face searchingly. She looked once, and withdrew her eyes. Then she looked again, and the second time she waved her hand as though dismissing something.

"Let us talk no more of my nonsensical ailments," she said. "I ought to be ashamed of myself for having brought you here to listen to the recital of them."

"No, Veronica—I beg pardon. No; do not say that. I hope you will send for me whenever you think I can be of use. It would be more to me than, perhaps, you can imagine, to know that I was of real use to you, and that you relied on me."

Her face brightened. This was more like the tone she had expected from her old adorer. Poor little Plew! Yes; she really did like him very much. After all, there was something touching in his humble worship.

She made answer with a soft, liquid, beaming glance of her beautiful eyes: "My dear, good Mr. Plew—we always *were* good friends in the old days, were we not?—I think I gave you proof once upon a time that I relied on you. I have never had an opportunity of saying to you how grateful I was, and am, and always shall be, for your forwarding that letter!"

She held out her jeweled hand to him as she spoke, with a gesture of irresistible grace and spontaneity. Mr. Plew was not in the least graceful. He took the slender white hand for an instant, looked at it as though it were some frail, precious thing, which a too rough touch might break or injure, and then gently let it go again.

He liked to hear her speak so, to hear her allude to the "old days," and acknowledge so candidly her obligation regarding that letter he had sent to Maud (the outer cover, with its few words addressed to himself, was treasured in a little rose-wood box, which was the only repository, except the chest in the surgery containing poisons, that Mr. Plew ever locked). It showed a heart still unspoiled, still capable of generous movements. Poor Mr. Plew!

Veronica saw the impression she had made. Without conscious and deliberate duplicity, but from sheer habit and instinct, she assumed the tone most of all adapted to win the surgeon's admiration. He was not quite so meek and so weak, not quite so easily dazzled by tinsel glories, as she had been wont to think him. She had made a little mistake with her airs of "bonne princesse" and spoiled child.

Now she was all feeling, all candor, all ingenuous confidence. She had suffered much, very much. She had too much pride to appeal to the sympathies of the envious vulgar. To strangers she presented a front as cold and impassible as their own. So few had enough nobility of nature to be exempt from love of detraction. Her rank! Well, her husband was of her own kindred. Her mother had been a Barletti. Those who grudged her her social elevation did not know that in accepting it she was but assuming the rank of her ancestors. But all that was of trifling consequence to her. She had married Cesare because he was devoted to her, and because she was grateful and really—yes, really—attached to him. No one knew the real facts of her story. Those were between herself and one who was gone forever. If she revealed them the world would understand and forgive much that it had judged harshly. No matter. She was incapable of stooping to make such an appeal to those whom her heart did not value. With a true friend it was different. She had never yet spoken to any one as she was speaking then to Mr. Plew.

He took his leave in a state of bewilderment, out of which only three clear convictions arose—namely, that Veronica Levincourt had been more unhappy than culpable, that her beauty was the least of her attractive and lovable qualities, and that few of her sex would be capable of her magnanimous candor.

As he stood for an instant, hat in hand, in the doorway, Veronica resolved to put the crowning spell on her enchantments.

"Do you know what I mean to do, Mr. Plew?" said she, with a smile of mingled sweetness and melancholy. "I mean to drive over to-morrow afternoon and see your good mother. She must not think I have forgotten her."

Mr. Plew almost staggered. If a reservoir of ice-cold water had been opened above his head he could scarcely have been for the moment more disconcerted.

"Oh, no, no, you mustn't!" he exclaimed, with as hasty an impulse of fright and apprehension as though the Princess de' Barletti had been about to transport herself into his cottage that instant.

"Mustn't!" echoed Veronica, thinking he had misunderstood her. "I must not do what?"

"I don't mean 'must not,' of course. And it is very good and kind of you to think of it. But, I think—I believe—I should advise—in fact, you had better not."

"Why?" demanded Veronica, more puzzled than offended by the unceremonious rejection of her proffered condescension.

"Because— Well—my mother is a dear, good woman. No son ever had a better mother, and I love her and respect her with all my heart. But—she is old; and old people are not easily persuaded. And she has some notions and prejudices which can not be overcome; and I should be sorry to treat them roughly. I would it were otherwise; but—I think you had better not come to see us."

Veronica understood it all now.

"Poor dear old soul!" said she, with a compassionate smile. "I did not know she had grown too feeble to see people."

"She did not comprehend—she misunderstood my meaning about mother," thought Mr. Plew, as he walked slowly and meditatively out of the inn-yard. "Perhaps it is all the better. It would only have hurt her to know the truth."

Meanwhile, the subject of his reflections was pondering with knit brows, flushed cheek, and tightly-closed lips, on the incredible and infuriating circumstance that "that ignorant, low-born, idiotic old woman" should dare to refuse to receive the Princess Cesare de' Barletti!

When Cesare returned that evening from Hammick Lodge, and gave his wife an account of Lord George's dinner-party, which he said had been exceedingly pleasant, he appealed to her for enlightenment as to an English phrase which had puzzled him.

"English!" said Veronica, conveying into her voice and manner a skillful mingling of insolence and indifference—for Mr. Plew's revelation had galled her unspeakably, and she was by no means in an amiable mood. "You don't mean to say that you tried to speak English?"

"Yes, I tried!" answered Cesare, simply. "But Lorgiorgio speaks French pretty well, and so did some of the others. So I was not embarrassed to make myself understood. And, do you know, signora mia, that I make progress in my English! Per Bacco, I shall soon be an accomplished Cockani!"

"An accomplished *what?*—Cockney? How ineffably absurd you are, Cesare!"

"Tante grazie! You don't spoil one with compliments! But listen: what do they mean when they say that one wears a tight corset?"

"How can I *guess* what you have in your head? Who says so? I suppose that if any one says so, he means simply what the words convey."

"Niente! Not at all! There is another meaning. You shall judge. There was a young man at dinner named Snō. I remembered that name—Signor Neve! What a comical patronymic! Well, Signor Snō asked me if we had seen much of your friend Miss Desmond since we had been in this place. He spoke in French. And I told him no; we had not had that pleasure, for she was visiting in the house of some friends. Then a man—a great hunter of the fox, Lorgiorgio told me—laughed, and said to Snō in English, 'No, no. They took Miss Desmond out of the way. They did not want her to have any thing to say to the princess. They are too'—I can not remember the word, but I know it meant—"

"Strait-laced?" suggested Veronica, with flashing eyes, and quickly-heaving bosom.

"Ecco! Precisely! And now what did he mean by saying that the friends in question were too tight-laced?"

"He meant— He meant to be insolent, and odious, and insulting! How could Lord George permit such audacious impertinence in your presence?"

"Eh?" exclaimed Cesare, greatly amazed. "I had no idea! I thought it was a jest! Lorgiorgio called out to the man to take some wine and stop his mouth. The others did not laugh, it is true," he added, reflectively. "And they looked at me oddly."

"I will not stay another day in this hateful, barbarous, boorish den!" cried Veronica. And then she burst into a passion of angry tears.

"Diavolo!" muttered Cesare, staring at her in much consternation. "Explain to me, cara mia, what it means exactly, this accursed tight-lacing!"

"I have told you enough," returned Veronica, through her tears. "Don't, for Heaven's sake, begin to tease me! I *can not* bear it."

"Listen, Veronica," said Cesare, stroking down his mustache with a quick, lithe movement of the hand that was strangely suggestive of cruelty, "you *must* answer me. Ladies do not understand these things. But if your red-faced chaser of the fox permitted himself an impertinence in my presence at the expense of my wife—he must receive a lesson in good manners."

"Cesare! I hope you have no absurd notion in your head of making a scandal."

"No; I shall merely correct one."

"Cesare! Cesare! you surely are not indulging in any wild idea of— Oh, the thing is too ridiculous to be thought of. Entirely contrary to our modern manners and customs—"

"Giuro a Dio!" exclaimed her husband, seizing her wrist, "don't preach to me, but answer, do you hear?"

The sudden explosion of animal fury in his face and voice frightened her so thoroughly that she was for the moment incapable of obeying him.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Cesare! Don't look so! You—you startle me. What is it you want? Oh my poor head, how it throbs! Wait an instant. Well—the foolish word means—means—I hardly know what I'm saying—it means strict, prudish, collet-monté. What that man was saying—I dare say he was not quite sober—was that the Sheardowns were too prudish and particular to like Maud to associate with *me*. There, I have told you. And I'll never forgive you, Cesare, for behaving in this way to me, never!"

Cesare dropped her wrist. "Che, che!" he said. "Is that all? Diamine, it seems to me that the impertinence was to those others, not to you. Do *we* want the visits of prudes and 'colli torti!' And you cry for *that?* Women, women, who can understand you?"

Veronica gathered her draperies together and swept out of the room with her face buried in her handkerchief. She told her maid that she had a violent headache. And her maid told Dickinson that she was sure "monsieur and madame" had been having a dreadful quarrel; which announcement Mr. Dickinson received with the profoundly philosophical remark: "Oh! Well, you know, they'd have had to begin *some* time or other."

And the prince lit a cigar, and leaned out of window to smoke it, partly penitent and partly cross. And as he smoked he could not help thinking how very much pleasanter and jollier it had been at Hammick Lodge than it was in the best sitting-room of the Crown; and how utterly impossible it was to calculate on the capricious and unreasonable temper of his wife.

NUMBER SEVEN.

NUMBER Seven is more favored in the world than any other digit. It is true that, in a certain conventional sense, Number One is said to occupy more of each man's attention; but, this selfish aspect set aside, the palm must certainly be given in all other respects to Number Seven. The favoritism of this number is variously explained: Ingpen, in 1624, satisfied himself of the superexcellence of Number Seven in the following ingenious way: "It is compounded of one and six, two and five, three and four. Now, every one of these being excellent of themselves (as hath been demonstrated), how can this number but be far more excellent, consisting of them all, and participating, as it were, of all their excellent virtues?" Number Seven was largely used by the Hebrew Biblical writers, both in the plain ordinary sense and in a typical or figurative manner. Besides the seven days of the week, there were Jewish feasts or festivals connected with a period of seven weeks; seven times seven years constituted a jubilee or period of rejoicing; the candlestick of Moses had seven branches, etc. Then there are the many passages relating in various ways, and at different eras in the Biblical narrative, to the Seven Churches of Asia, the Seven Wise Men, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the Seventh Day of the Seventh Month, the freeing of bondmen in the Seventh Year, the Seven Mysterious Seals, the Seven Symbolical Trumpets, the Seven Heads of the Dragon, the Seven Angels, the Seven Witnesses, etc. The Roman Catholic Church is rich in Number Seven, in doctrine and in ritual. There are the Seven Deadly Sins, the Seven Sacraments, the Seven Canonical Hours, the Seven Joys and Seven Sorrows of the Virgin Mary, and the Seven Penitential Psalms. The canonical hours here mentioned are the times fixed for divine service in the churches; they divide the ecclesiastical day into seven parts; and, besides having a mystical relation to certain sacred occurrences, they are regarded as symbolizing the seven days of creation, the seven times a day that the just man falls, the seven graces of the Holy Spirit, the seven divisions of the Lord's Prayer, and other applications of Number Seven. There is in Lambeth Palace library a manuscript about four centuries old, in which the seven hours are connected with the seven periods of man's life, as follows: Morning, infancy; midmorrow, childhood; undern, school age; mid-day, the knightly age; nones or high noon, the kingly age; midovernoon, elderly; evenson, declining. It is interesting to compare this with Shakspeare's Seven Ages of Man, as depicted by melancholy Jaques in "As You Like It." There is a still older MS. illuminated in an elaborate manner. It represents a wheel cut into seven rays, and composed of seven concentric cordons, which, with the rays, form seven times seven compartments; seven of these compartments contain the Seven Petitions of the Lord's Prayer; seven others, the Seven Sacraments; seven others, the Seven Spiritual Arms of Justice; seven others, the Seven Works of Mercy; seven others, the Seven Virtues; seven others, the Seven Deadly Sins; and the last seven, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost—all beautifully written and painted.

Departing from these serious matters, we find Number Seven in favor in all sorts of mundane and social affairs. There were the Seven Stones of the Arabs, and the Seven Tripods of Agamemnon. There were the Seven Wonders of the World, and the Seven Hills on which more than one celebrated city is said to be built. There were the Seven Planets and the Seven Stars—the former, cruelly disturbed in number and put out of joint by modern astronomical discoveries; the latter, applicable either to the seven principal stars in Orion, or to those in the Great Bear, or to the beautiful little Pleiades. There were the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, whose sound nap lasted two hundred and twenty-nine years, and who have had companions in the Seven Mohammedan Sleepers, and the Seven Sleepers of the North. We are told that there are Seven liberal arts, seven senses, seven notes in music, and seven colors in the rainbow, neither more nor less. For some special inquiries there is a jury of seven matrons. There used to be, more frequently

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than at present, a period of seven years' apprenticeship; and many a malefactor has had occasion to know that seven years was a frequent duration for a sentence of transportation. Some years ago there was a Septuagenarian Club proposed, in which every member was to be seven times ten years old or upward: all young fellows between sixty-five and seventy entering it simply as cadets. Seven Oaks have, as we know, given a name to a pleasant place in Kent; and Dean Stanley describes seven oaks standing in a line, at a particular spot in Palestine, associated in the minds of the natives with a very strange legend. When Cain (the legend runs) killed his brother Abel, he was punished by being compelled to carry the dead body during the long period of five hundred years, and to bury it in this spot; he planted his staff to mark the spot, and out of this staff grew up the seven oak-trees.

Who can tell us any thing about the Seven Sisters—the name of seven elm-trees at Tottenham, which have also given their name to the road from thence to Upper Holloway? In Bedwell's "History of Tottenham," written nearly two hundred and forty years ago, he describes Page Green, by the side of the high-road at that village, and a group of seven elm-trees in a circle, with a walnut-tree in the centre. He says: "This tree hath this many yeares stod there, and it is observed yearely to live and beare leavs, and yet to stand at a stay, that is, to growe neither greater nor higher. This people do commonly tell the reason to bee, for that there was one burnt upon that place for the profession of the Gospell." There was also some connecting link between the walnut-tree and the Seven Sisters by which it was surrounded. There were seven elms planted by seven sisters, one by each. The tree planted by the most diminutive of the sisters was always irregular and low in its growth. But now comes another legend of the walnut-tree. There was an eighth sister, who planted an elm in the midst of the other seven; it withered and died when she died, and then a walnut-tree grew in its place. But now the walnut-tree is gone, one of the elms is gone, and the others are gradually withering. In Ireland there is a legend connected with a lonely castle on the coast of Kerry, telling, in like manner, of seven sisters. The lord of the castle was a grim and cruel man, who had seven beautiful daughters. Seven brothers, belonging to a band of Northmen rovers, were cast on that coast, and fell desperately in love with the seven ladies. A clandestine escape was planned; this being discovered, the heartless parent threw all the seven lovely damsels down a chasm into the raging surf below. Something more is known about the paradise of bird-cages, that emporium of birds and bird-lime, that resort of bird-catchers and bird-buyers, Seven-dials. Evelyn, writing in 1694, said: "I went to see the building beginning near St. Giles's, where seven streets make a star from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of a circular area." This erection was said to be seven feet square at the top, had seven faces or sides, and seven sun-dials on those seven faces. The seven dials faced seven streets: Great Earl, Little Earl, Great St. Andrew's, Little St. Andrew's, Great White Lion, Little White Lion, and Queen streets. The pillar and its seven dials were removed about three-quarters of a century ago. Were they not taken to Walton-on-Thames, and are they in existence now?

Those friends of our boyish years, the "Seven Champions of Christendom," have been a subject of more learned discussion than most boys—even old boys—would suppose. It would seem a daring question to ask whether Shakspeare condescended to borrow any of his beautiful language, any of his rich imagery, from this book. And yet such a question has been asked. Mr. Keightley, author of the "Fairy Mythology," started the subject a few years ago in *Notes and Queries*. It appears that Richard Johnson, the author of the "Seven Champions," was one of the contemporaries of Shakspeare, and that the book was published at about the same time as many of the plays of our great poet. Let us cite three passages pointed out by Mr. Keightley. The Champions say: "As they passed along by the riverside, which, gently running, made sweet music with the enameled stones, and seemed to give a gentle kiss to every sedge he overtook in his watery pilgrimage." Compare this with a passage in the Second Act of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona:"

> The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
> Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
> But, when his fair course is not hindered,
> He *makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones*,
> Giving *a gentle kiss to every sedge*
> *He* overtaketh *in his pilgrimage.*

The italicized words in the latter show how many are the points of resemblance in the imagery and language. A second passage runs thus: "Where they found in Duke Ursini, Death's pale flag advanced in his cheeks." With this compare a passage in the Fifth Act of "Romeo and Juliet:"

> Beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy *cheeks*,
> And *Death's pale flag* is not *advanced* there.

Once more: "It seemed indeed that the leaves wagged, as you may behold when Zephyrus with a gentle breath plays with them." Now turn to the Fourth Act of "Cymbeline:"

> As *Zephyrs*, blowing below the violet,
> Not *wagging* his sweet head.

We can not go into the critical questions of bibliography involved here; but may simply state that an opinion is held by commentators in favor of Johnson having had precedence of Shakspeare in these passages. At any rate, Number Seven is very much honored by such comparisons.

Not the least curious among these associations of Number Seven is that with the seventh son. Whoever has the good fortune to be the father of seven boys, especially if no girl intervene to break the continuity of the series, is to be congratulated forthwith. Let him not talk about too many olive-branches in his garden, or too many arrows in his quiver, or too many little folks around his table: his seventh boy will be a wonder. In the district around Orleans, in France, a seventh son, without a daughter intervening, is called a marcou. His body is (or is supposed by the peasantry to be) marked in some spot or other with a fleur-de-lis. If a patient suffering under king's-evil touch the fleur-de-lis, or if the marcou breathe upon him, the malady disappears. Or at least there is so great a popular faith that it *will* do so, that the country people will come from places far and wide to visit a marcou. About fifteen years ago there was one of these persons named Foulon, a cooper, at Ormes, who was greatly sought for his reputed healing powers, especially in Holy-Week, and more especially on Good-Friday, when his patients reached the number of four or five hundred. As to the origin of the name king's-evil, a manuscript in the University library at Cambridge tells us that "the kings of England and Fraunce by a peculiar guift cure the king's-evill by touching them with their hands; and so doth the seaventh sonne." It is something to say that a seventh son, in this matter, is as good as a king. Mr. Keightley has found among the Welsh folk-lore an account of a family famous in this way. "Jones was their name, and they lived at a place called Muddfi. In them was said to have originated the tradition of the seventh son, or Septimus, being born for the healing art; as for many generations seven sons were regularly born in each family, the seventh of whom became the doctor, and wonderful in his profession." Steele jested at this belief a century and a half ago, in sarcastic relation to another of the troubles with which men are occasionally visited: "Tipstaff, being a seventh son, used to cure the king's-evil, but his rascally descendants are so far from having that healing quality, that by a touch upon the shoulder they give a man such an ill habit of body that he can never come abroad afterward."

But if there happen to be a seventh son of a seventh son, the curative powers are much more marvelous. Mr. Carleton, in his story of the Black Prophet, says that the Irish peasantry entertain a very undoubting faith in the reality of these powers. In Cornwall the belief is, in like manner, entertained; the ordeal being that the gifted person should thrice gently stroke the part affected, thrice blow on it, and repeat certain words. At Bristol, some years ago, a tradesman was regularly called Dr. So-and-so, simply because he was the seventh son of a seventh son, and without any relation to his actual trade. Early in the present century a man perambulated the rural districts of Hampshire to cure the blind, the sick, and the lame. Numerous cures were ascribed to him, and he had quite a large collection of crutches and walking-sticks, said to have been left by his patients who had no longer any need for them. How much was deception, and how much due to the implicit faith placed in him by the ignorant, it might have been difficult to decide; but he was held in much awe and respect on account of his claim to be the seventh son of a seventh son. At Plymouth, not very long ago, was to be seen this inscription on a board:

> A. SHEPHERD,
> The third seventh daughter,
> Doctress.

A Yorkshire lad at a school was purposely intended to study afterward for the medical profession, because, as he told his school-fellows, "The seventh of the seventh maks the bigg'st o' doctors." Another story is told of an Irish lad who, as an errand-boy, was frequently censured for being late in his arrival, and dilatory when on his errands. His excuse on one occasion took the following form: "I'm sure I wouldn't help it, Sir, I'm sure I wouldn't. I've only bin on an act o' mercy. Ye see, Sir, I'm a seventh of a seventh, an' I touches for sickness, Sir, an' I've bin to two childer this morn, Sir, a long way." It appeared that he had to touch fasting, in order that his wonderful properties should be developed, and his palm was crossed by a piece of silver varying in value from a four-penny piece to half-a-crown, according to the social condition of his patients.

ARY SCHEFFER'S "TEMPTATION."

ARY SCHEFFER, of whose celebrated painting of the "Temptation on the Mount" we print an engraving on page 265, was born in a little Holland town in 1794. He was an artist from early youth, having at the age of twelve years painted an historical picture of considerable promise, which attracted great attention in the exhibition at Amsterdam. Subsequently he studied art under Baron GUÉRIN at Paris, where his life was passed. He was one of the founders of the French Romantic School, and many of his earlier works were suggested by the poems of GOETHE, UHLAND, and other German authors; but his greatest and most characteristic works are those devoted to religious subjects, or suggested by the poetry of DANTE. Among his religious pictures the most widely known are "Christ Comforting the Weary and Heavy-Laden" (*Christus Consolator*), the "Dead Christ," the "*Mater Dolorosa*," "The Temptation," and the "Three Marys." His picture of DANTE and VIRGIL meeting with FRANCESCA DA RIMINI and her lover in hell is one of the most pathetic creations of the imagination ever painted. This picture, and his "Dante and Beatrice," and the illustrations to "Faust," are widely known by engravings. ARY SCHEFFER was at one time instructor of the children of LOUIS PHILIPPE. He died in Paris in the summer of 1858.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A HUNDRED years hence somebody will offer a valuable relic of 1870 to our great-grandchildren! It is said that before the ink of the Fifteenth Amendment Proclamation was dry, General Grant received a note from a member of the press asking for the pen. It was sent immediately, and before the messenger left the anteroom he was offered fifty dollars for it.

The St. Louis *Times* reports that more than fifty of the workmen laboring in the caissons of the St. Louis bridge have been prostrated by partial paralysis, and four have died, from the effect of the compressed air. Such an unusual amount of paralysis has occasioned considerable inquiry among scientific men. Some suppose that no serious effects from the air would be experienced by any one of strictly temperate habits who followed the sanitary regulations established by the engineer.

This is the way Kansas juries lunch. A farmer in that region, who sold a keg of butter to a store-keeper, representing the same to be "a prime article," was lately sued by the latter, who declared that the farmer's statement regarding the quality of the butter was incorrect. On the occasion of the trial the jury took the butter (which was in court) with them when they went out to deliberate. Some crackers were procured, and the keg being open, they all "pitched in," and after amply satisfying the wants of the inner man, they returned to the court-room and rendered a verdict of "no cause of action."

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, having, in passages across the Atlantic, been impressed with the inadequate means of safety on our steamers in case of accident, suggests several points of reform in this matter, which it is hoped may lead to other suggestions, and result in some practical improvement. In view of the small supply of boats frequently carried, he proposes: First, that twenty-four boats be the legal number instead of eight, these to be of different sizes, so that they can be placed one within another. Second, let every ship carry at least two life-preservers in each state-room, and where steerage passengers are carried, let a requisite number be carried in the steerage. Third, let every ship be provided with six tin tubes about three inches in diameter, about three feet long, weighted with lead at the bottom sufficient to cause them to stand upright in the heaviest sea. These should be painted bright red, so as to be easily seen; and thus, if a short account of an accident were inclosed in them and thrown overboard, we might be saved that long suspense about missing steamers which "maketh the heart sick." Fourth, a few carrier-pigeons might be useful. Fifth, a more southerly passage would lengthen the voyage from twelve to twenty-four hours; but thereby fogs on the banks and ice and icebergs would be avoided, and the dangers of the sea greatly lessened. Certainly, in view of a season which bears a record of an unusual number of ocean disasters, it is fitting that the public should awake to a sense of possible danger in every voyage, and the necessity of ample precautions in every case.

The gate-keeper of one of the Paris cemeteries detected a young lady in attempting to enter the cemetery with a small coffin under her cloak. He mentally pronounced it a case of infanticide, and the trembling culprit was marched off to the Commissary's between a brace of policemen, who, on officially opening the coffin, were nonplused on finding that it contained the dead body of a sweet little Havana dog!

Some queer cases of smuggling are detected by the collectors of customs at Castle Garden. Not long ago a steerage passenger in one of the German steamers brought as baggage three large cases which he represented to contain wearing apparel, some grape-vines, and other articles of no consequence. Upon opening one of the cases a forty-gallon cask was rolled out. At the bottom of this cask was an immense Limburger cheese; in the centre of the cask was a twenty-gallon keg of prime brandy, surrounded with prunes and other dried fruit. The other boxes were partially filled with grape-vines and peach and pear-tree scions. A woman was observed to waddle rather queerly as she came from a steamer some time ago, and she was accordingly invited into the boudoir of the female inspector. When she emerged fourteen boxes of cigars were left in the room, which the woman had concealed under her skirts. About the same time the panier of a woman was observed to be quite prominent, and upon being dissected the ornament was found to be stuffed with fifty yards of costly silk. One man was searched, and around his person were found two whole pieces of silk, while in the legs of his pantaloons were stowed several yards of valuable ribbon.

A pretty cottage for President Grant is nearly finished at Long Branch, and is already known as "The White House." It is situated on the grand drive from the Stetson House to the new race-course, which is to be called President's Avenue.

Statistics show that in Europe frequency of suicide, in any given year, increases and decreases with the length of the days. In June and July there are more than in November and December. So far as American statistics have been collected on this subject, it is doubtful whether they agree with the European. It is thought from facts gathered that in New England suicides have been more frequent in cold weather. It is stated that in every country three-fourths of all the suicides are men, and that the disposition to commit this crime increases with years. The proportion of unmarried persons who kill themselves is decidedly greater than that of the married; the proportion of widowed persons is far larger still; but that of the divorced and separated is incomparably the largest of all, being uniformly five times as great as that of the married.

An exchange remarks: "Maple-sugar, you know, is made by grinding up maple-trees, and squeezing out the juice in a cheese press!"

No less than forty distinct plans of Broadway travel have been laid before the Legislature of New York. These are all varieties of three general kinds—surface, super-surface, and sub-surface.

Some very private details concerning a "private" ball in Paris have just come to light. There were, by-the-way, 12,000 persons invited to this ball, but only 9500 responded! But the "private" details relate to the estimated cost of dresses, jewelry, gloves, flowers, etc., worn on the occasion—the total amount being 1,214,725 francs. It was estimated that the false hair worn weighed thirteen hundred pounds, and that if placed lengthwise it would reach two and a half miles! These details of the private ball must of course be considered strictly "private."

The following anecdote is related concerning Richard Wagner, or perhaps, more strictly, concerning Offenbach. Wagner had sent to Offenbach, who is of the Jewish persuasion, his work entitled, "Le Regne des Juifs dans la Musique." In reply the latter wrote: "Dear Wagner, you will do better to write music." On receiving this letter the other forwarded the score of his "Meister Singer," whereupon, after a few days, the following answer was returned: "Dear Wagner, on reflection, you will do better, I think, to continue writing books."

Nearly seven hundred citizens of New York were subpœnaed in order to find a jury of twelve men who had not formed a decided opinion in regard to the M'Farland case, and were of sufficient intelligence and fairness to serve. In these days it is becoming difficult to find men who do not read newspapers, or receive an impression on the mind respecting matters of general notoriety. And yet reading newspapers seems to be deemed a disqualification for a juror!

An "up-town" physician, who has been in the habit of writing his medical prescriptions in an unusual and blind manner, so that they could be read by no one excepting a particular druggist and his clerks, has got into difficulty. A man died the other day from the effect of an overdose of morphine taken by his order. When the narcotic began to produce alarming symptoms another physician was called, who went to the druggist who had put up the prescription, requesting a copy of it that he might know what antidotes to give. Druggist's clerk refused the copy until it was demanded by the police. Even then he refused to explain the blind terms used in it, though told that the man was dying. When at length the physician who wrote the prescription was called it was too late to save the man. Such was the consequences of writing prescriptions contrary to the usual and well-known nomenclature.

"Dickinson Hall" at Princeton, New Jersey, is now nearly inclosed, and will be ready for occupancy next college year. It will cost about $70,000, and is built mainly by the liberality of John C. Green, a retired merchant of New York. It is for college uses—for recitation and lecture rooms. The present recitation rooms are wholly inadequate and rudely finished. The new gymnasium is one of the finest in the country, and was built at a cost of $38,000, the joint gift of Mr. Bonner of New York and Mr. Marquis of Philadelphia. Arrangements are now being made to erect an elegant dormitory sufficient to accommodate about seventy students.

Elihu Burritt estimates the waste of pens, ink, paper, type-setting, and printing in the world by the use of the letter "u" in words from the Latin—such as labour, favour—where it is not needed, at £10,000 a year.

The prohibitory liquor law of Michigan does not regard alcoholic liquor as "property." Not long ago a woman in that State recovered all the money her husband had spent at a saloon for six years, on the ground that it had been paid to the liquor-dealer "without consideration." It is well for women to understand something of law.

A comic accident—which might have been a fearful one—is reported from Maine. A farmer, quietly crossing a railroad-track near Portland, was suddenly startled by the appearance of a train, which quickly made splinters of the sled. The astonished farmer, recovering somewhat, stood gazing at the remains of his vehicle, and wondering where the pieces of his horse had gone. Meanwhile the train sped on for some distance, when the engineer, looking out, saw the horse staring at him from the cow-catcher. The train was stopped, and it was found that the horse had been picked up by the cow-catcher and deposited on the platform in front of the engine, where, too much stunned or frightened to move, he lay comparatively uninjured.

Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, whose fame as an artist is world-wide, was born at Bordeaux, March 22, 1822. She is therefore forty-eight years old. Her personal habits are eccentric. It has long been her custom, both in France and in other countries, to visit horse-fairs in masculine attire, which, combined with the decided character of her features, enables her personally to select and purchase with greater freedom than she could otherwise hope to do. An ante-chamber near to her studio she has fitted up as a stable for the use of the many animals that she has always about her. She has always avowed her intention of never marrying, but to devote her life exclusively to art. Years ago, when she had few opportunities of studying from life the animals she wished to paint, her enthusiasm led her to walk the streets of Paris for hours to observe animals that might pass. She even would visit slaughter-houses in search of work for her pencil.

It is said to be the intention of Miss Marwedel to receive into the horticultural school at Brentwood, Long Island, lads from fourteen to eighteen years of age. These boys will share alike with the female pupils all the home-advantages of the establishment, and they will be carefully instructed in their out-of-door occupations.

M. Soliel, chief cashier of the Bank of France, and who in that capacity signed all its notes, has recently died.

A Western medical journal seems to intimate that the new remedy, chloral hydrate, is nothing new, after all, but the very drug that Shakspeare's Friar gave Juliet:

> "Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
> And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
> When presently, through all thy veins shall run
> A cold and drowsy humor, which shall seize
> Each vital spirit.
> And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
> Thou shalt remain *full two-and-forty hours*,
> *And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.*"

What will not yet be accomplished by electricity? A machine has been recently invented which, if it works as well on a large scale as it does as now applied, will enable steamships to ply the ocean by its propelling power. We understand that a machine of great capacity is being constructed, and will soon be on exhibition in New York. The whole thing, said to be mighty enough to carry a Cunarder to Liverpool, can be secured in a small trunk.

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DRAWING FROM LIFE.—[See Page 269.]

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FURNISHING VACCINE MATTER TO COUNTRY DOCTORS.

VACCINATION AT PARIS.

THE ravages of that terrible scourge, the small-pox, date far back in the early history of the world. During the Middle Ages it slew more than the sword; and it was not until near the close of the eighteenth century that its virulence received a partial check through the discovery and general introduction of vaccination. The honor of this discovery is usually ascribed to Dr. JENNER, an English physician, by whom it was publicly made known in 1796; but the French claim it for one of their own countrymen, a simple Protestant clergyman of Cévennes, who, several years before JENNER'S discovery was announced, practiced vaccination among the peasantry of that mountain district. While JENNER was rewarded by a national grant of £20,000, and after death was honored with a statue in the cathedral of Gloucester, the French pastor died in poverty and obscurity, and his very name is forgotten.

But whoever may claim the honor of the discovery, vaccination has unquestionably been of immense benefit to humanity. Since its general introduction the ravages of small-pox have sensibly diminished, and in cities where it once raged as a terrible epidemic, sweeping off hundreds and thousands of victims, it is now comparatively unknown. On the continent of Europe vaccination is made compulsory by law, and is far more rigidly enforced than in England or this country. Our illustrations on this page will give our readers an idea of the way in which it is managed in France. There, says a lively French journalist, it is all the rage, especially among the ladies, a fact which he attributes to their vanity and fear of being disfigured! For though it is told of a beautiful Frenchwoman that hearing of the suicide of a gentleman whose suit had been rejected by a woman who was quite the reverse of beautiful, she exclaimed, "I am really jealous of a homely woman who can excite a passion like that!" it would not be safe to accept her word for truth in the guise of a jest. Young and old are vaccinated and revaccinated. The municipal authorities of Paris have granted a large sum for the purpose of organizing a bureau for gratuitous vaccination; and every day, from the 2d of March until every one has been attended to, thousands of arms are presented to the doctor's lance in every ward of the city. The utmost care is exercised in obtaining the vaccine matter from a heifer selected by the medical authorities, by whom it is distributed to country physicians.

Recently attempts have been made in England and this country to prove that, so far from being a benefit to the human race, vaccination has been a worse scourge than the plague it is intended to prevent, and that it has brought in its train the most terrible consequences, in the form of scrofula and other diseases; but the weight of evidence and medical authority is in favor of the means of prevention first brought to light by Dr. JENNER and the unknown pastor of Cévennes.

THE HEIFER FROM WHICH THE VACCINE MATTER IS TAKEN.

DRAWING FROM LIFE.

THIS pleasant picture, which our readers will find on page 268, engraved from a painting by Mr. T. HENDERSON, an English artist of considerable talent and well-founded reputation as a *genre* painter, tells its simple story in an appropriately unpretending way. The young artist appears to be pursuing his studies under very agreeable conditions. He has his cottage-studio all to himself; there are no rivals or competitors to distract him; his knees save him the embarrassment of an easel; his slate and pencil render him independent of the artists' colormen; above all, his model seems to be posed quite naturally, and to be displaying exemplary patience. Well may the embryo artist become wholly absorbed in his task under conditions such as these! And if the immediate result may not be commensurate with the effort—if the portrait of Grimalkin should not turn out to be a master-piece—still the art of even a LANDSEER must have had an equally humble beginning.

SOLDIERS' CHILDREN WAITING TO BE VACCINATED.

THE CARNEGIES.

THE elder Carnegie was the porter of the Dennistown Bank; and as Dennistown was the county town, and this the only bank, it followed that Roderick Carnegie, having been porter for fifteen years, and always faithful to his duties, was considered to hold a rather responsible position, and was respected accordingly.

It was an old country bank, and the safe was an antiquated specimen of rusty iron-work; but, though all the farmers round about deposited their funds there after harvest, no one thought of questioning the safety of the bank, any more than they would have doubted the medical skill of old Doctor Hyslop, who doctored every body within a circuit of twenty miles, and whose gray pony and battered chaise were as familiarly known as the steeple of the Baptist church.

So when, one morning, the town was informed that the bank safe had been broken open and robbed of gold and silver and bank-notes to the amount of—well, the amount was not settled on for a week, and then turned out to be about twenty thousand dollars — the towns-people, and pretty soon the county farmers, thought the world must be coming to an end.

And so, when rumors began to be circulated—which they did—concerning some connection of Roderick Carnegie with the robbery, people were not so much horror-stricken as they should have been, because that they had exhausted all their capacity in that line on learning of the first catastrophe.

The story finally settled down to this statement: The paying-

GENERAL VACCINATION-DAY AT THE PARIS ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

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teller of the bank, who lived opposite, was called upon by Mrs. Carnegie at about nine o'clock on the night of the robbery, and informed by her—she being in great distress at the time—that her husband was either dead or in a fit, the safe open, and the side-door of the bank likewise open.

The teller repaired at once to the bank, and found things in precisely that condition, with the additional incident that the safe had evidently been despoiled of its entire contents, in so far as they included money.

Roderick Carnegie was found lying at the foot of the stairs, in the basement entry, near his own room—the Carnegie family occupied apartments in the basement of the bank. Beside him was a small empty bottle, and in his right hand he clutched a bag, containing some gold, and which had been deposited in the safe that afternoon by the teller.

Dr. Hyslop, being called in, made an examination of the prostrate porter, and announced that he was dead-drunk, and that the small bottle had contained brandy. So Roderick Carnegie was lifted to the bed in his room, and there remained snoring and groaning, as is usual in such cases, until the next morning.

Then he awoke from his stupor, and looked about in a dazed sort of way, and finally, observing his wife, who sat near the head of his bed, some memory of the night's work reached his muddled brains, and he buried his face in his pillow, and began to sob convulsively.

Mrs. Carnegie was a wise woman, and, refraining from any remarks on his condition or on the events of the night, she soothed, as well as she could, the unhappy man, and finally, when he became more tranquil, induced him to rise and clothe himself, that he might be prepared for the inquisition which she knew must shortly follow.

But even a woman's curiosity must be satisfied some time; and Mrs. Carnegie was only a woman, after all. So, when Roderick had dressed and shaved himself, and had swallowed his tea, and taken a bite of something—though very little, for he evidently ate with an effort and without appetite, she said to him, "And now, Roderick, tell me all about it!"

But to her utter astonishment Roderick replied, "Ask me no questions, wife, for I've nothing to tell—nothing for you nor for them up stairs—not if I swings for it!"

Here was a condition of things! Found drunk in the entry, with a bag of the bank's money in his hand, the safe broken open, and the rest of the money gone, nobody but he knew where, and he with "nothing to tell about it." She doubted her sense of hearing.

But such was the fact, and the most stubborn of facts it proved to be; for when Roderick Carnegie was questioned by the bank officials he utterly refused to make any statement whatever, simply saying, "I knows nothing about it—ye've known me here for fifteen year, an' I come to ye with a good recommend, an' if ye think I done it, why there's no help."

So, as nothing else could be wrung from him, either by coaxing or threatening, the bank officials had to yield to the natural clamor of the depositors, and Roderick Carnegie was duly arrested and imprisoned, charged with the crime.

He could not be tried for a month, as the county court would not sit until then, so there was ample time to canvass the matter in all its bearings. And *pro* and *con*, it was canvassed in every house in the county.

The most astonishing feature was that Roderick Carnegie, whose head was like a grindstone, and who never took more than his drop of whisky-toddy before going to bed, should have been laid out by about a gill of brandy—which was all the little bottle would hold.

He had never been seen drunk during his residence in Dennistown; and as a hard-headed Scotchman, and canny withal, would have scouted the possibility.

That he must know the perpetrators of the crime was obvious; yet what possible reason could he have had for screening them at his own expense?

Finally, popular opinion reached the conclusion that the porter had committed the robbery, with the assistance of confederates; that he had somehow been overcome by the liquor he drank, and that they had left him to make good their own escape; and that he remained silent, in the belief that his previous good character and the want of proof would clear him, when he could still share the booty. So it was concluded that he was an unmitigated rascal after all, and every man's hand and every man's voice was against him; and the women were the loudest and most violent of all, as is usually in such cases made and provided. All but Mrs. Carnegie; she, poor creature, stood by him, and trusted him in the face of that drunken fit and the little bag of gold clutched in his hand—and in the face too, of what was harder to bear, the absolute and unflinching determination of Roderick not to give her his confidence.

Roderick Carnegie's family comprised, besides his wife, two buxom daughters, respectively eighteen and twenty years of age, who had hitherto been made much of by the Dennistown people, as they were pretty, well-behaved, and intelligent girls, and decided accessions to the parties, picnics, and other merry-makings of the neighborhood. But now they received the cold shoulder from all directions, and were completely cut by the "unco' gude and rigidly righteous" ones of Dennistown. This was a sad blow, and their father's moody reticence and the suspicion that clung about him like a winding-sheet still more bitter.

And so for this unhappy family the days were long and dreary that separated them from the trial, when, they fondly hoped, something might happen to change Roderick Carnegie's determination, or that Providence might interfere to restore them to their former position of acknowledged probity and worth. The day of the trial came, and every body in the county who could possibly accomplish it was at the court-house.

The prisoner pleaded "not guilty," which made the spectators laugh; and his lawyer—the court provided him with one—pleaded his previous good character, which made the spectators hiss, and caused the crier to shout "Silence!" in a loud voice; and then every body laughed again, because the crier was a boozing scalawag whom every body knew, and who was public game.

And after all the talk and the jargon and the vituperation of counsel, and all the other trivialities of such trials had been duly accomplished, the jury was charged; and after a moment's consultation in whispers the foreman rose, and, announcing that they did not require to go out, presented the verdict of "*guilty.*"

It was silent enough then. The proverbial pin, if dropped, would have sounded like a paving rammer.

Perhaps just at that moment some more tender and compassionate impulse influenced that mass of beings, greedy for the punishment of Roderick Carnegie, for having, as they believed, stolen their idol—their hard-earned money.

Perhaps some weakness overcame those fathers and mothers when they saw the stricken wife and daughters as they bowed their heads, hopeless and in shame.

However this may be it was very still, until the silence was broken by a harsh, manly voice that shouted out, "You fools! he's guilty, is he? Why, I stole the money, and hocussed the old man's liquor and poured it down his throat; and he hung on to the other bag precious hard, or I'd 'a had that. Oh, you're a set of precious fools! What's the use of men being honest if that's all the confidence you have in 'em? Here, officer, put on the darbies! I'm the man wot busted your old rusty money-box; and I wouldn't 'a blown on myself, 'cause I thought his character would 'a got him off; but you see he's my father, an' I couldn't go back on the old man."

Then there was a scream went up from the little group that formed Roderick Carnegie's family, and Mrs. Carnegie was carried out of the court-room in a fit.

Then there was commotion and hubbub every where, and the young girls were surrounded by anxious and tender and *inquiring* friends. They, poor girls, were lost in amazement.

They had heard of a brother, who had disgraced them, but was long since dead; but they had never seen him.

Meanwhile the new prisoner had been handcuffed and led away, and then—and not till then—every body looked for Roderick Carnegie; and they found him doubled up on the floor, just where he had dropped when he heard his son's voice, and where, in the intense excitement produced by the entrance of the new character in the drama, he had lain forgotten.

He was lifted up tenderly now, however, and kindly cared for, as were his family.

Roderick Carnegie the younger was tried for the burglary, and as he gave up nearly all the money, and on account of his having surrendered himself, he was let off with the lightest punishment permitted by the law—two years in the State prison.

In making his statement in open court he said that he had not seen his father or mother for twenty years, and that they believed him dead. He had been a thief in London, a gold-digger in Australia, a lumberman in Maine, and, finally, was traveling toward the coast, and passing through Dennistown, when he accidentally saw his father standing in the doorway of the bank, and had recognized him.

He had gone to the bank on the night of the robbery, and easily opened the door; and, being an expert burglar, had as easily got into the safe. That he had been surprised by his father, and had made himself known to him. He had stowed away all the money except one bag of gold, which the old man grasped; but that under the pressure of the excitement, and the fear that he would be the cause of the discovery of his son, he had fainted. The son had then poured the prepared liquor down his throat—this he always carried with him in case of accidents—and had then left him at the foot of the stairs, supposing he would find his way to his room when the fumes had cleared away from his head, and that he would then disclose all. He had remained in the vicinity, however, and watched; and learning his father's danger, his conscience finally overcame him, and he attended the trial, determined that if the old man would not speak, he would; and so he did; and he concluded his statement by the remark, "And he's the gamiest old pop there ever was, and I warn't a-goin' to send him up, nohow!"

And three years later all of them—the son reformed and a respectable and hard-working man—were united once more; and to-day few families are more respected in the town of Dennistown than *the Carnegies.*

A CARD

FROM THE NATIONAL (ELGIN) WATCH CO.

OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
CHICAGO, *March*, 1870.

AN advertisement, replete with false statements, which has recently appeared in various newspapers in the guise of a communication over the signature of "HOWARD & CO.," a concern in New York, nominally engaged in selling watches "C. O. D.," would be passed unnoticed but for the fact that they are generally understood to be in the interest of, and their advertising bills paid for by a rival American Watch Company of respectable pretensions, for the purpose of injuring the reputation of the *genuine* Elgin watches.

In the recent injunction suit, decided against those parties in favor of the National (Elgin) Watch Company, by Judge VAN BRUNT, in the *N. Y. Common Pleas, Special Term, March* 14, 1870, it appeared in evidence that said "HOWARD & Co." (nominally the agents of the Waltham watches) *never had in their possession but six* GENUINE *Elgin watches*, ALL TOLD, and yet they had expended large sums of money in advertising "Elgin Watches" to be sent upon the "C. O. D." plan. (*Vide* reports of the case published.)

In view of these pertinent facts, and the odium attached to the "C. O. D." watch business, the public may safely be left to determine the character of the traffic "HOWARD & Co." are engaged in, or whether they are the "agents" used by the envious Watch Company referred to, to degrade the standing of the genuine ELGIN WATCHES to the medium level of their own, or even of foreign-made watches offered at approximate prices.

The National Watch Co., of Elgin, Illinois, for the common protection of distant watch buyers, as well as themselves, *once more* caution the public that they do not now nor ever have furnished watches to any party whatever to be advertised and sold upon the "C. O. D." plan, which has been made the medium of so much swindling, and which would naturally be made the screen for traffic in the worthless imitations of Elgin watches known to be in the market. The prudent course for those desirous of purchasing the *genuine* Elgin watches is to apply to any respectable jeweler in your own locality or elsewhere.

The real Elgin watches — elegant, accurate, durable—in many styles and at various prices, each accompanied by the special warranty certificate of this Company, and usually, also, guaranteed by the local dealer or watchmaker, can be had of most jewelers in all towns throughout the United States. Call and ask to see them. As an additional protection, look for "National Watch Co." on the dial, and one of the following TRADE-MARKS, viz., "*B. W. Raymond,*" "*H. Z. Culver,*" "*H. H. Taylor,*" "*G. M. Wheeler,*" "*W. H. Ferry,*" "*Matt. Laflin,*" "*J. T. Ryerson,*" "*Lady Elgin,*" or "*Frances Rubie,*" together with the words "ELGIN, ILLS." engraved upon the gilt plate inside. These are the trade-marks to denote the various grades and styles; but as even these have been pirated, require also the special warranty certificate, duly signed by T. M. AVERY, the President of the Company, and *numbered* to correspond with the watch.

THE NATIONAL WATCH CO.

Factory at Elgin, Ills.
Business Office, 159 Lake St., Chicago. — [*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pimples on the Face.

For Comedones, Black-Worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Depot, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, & Tan,

Use "Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists every where.

STANDARD PHONOGRAPHY. — The best Short-Hand has been learned by many thousands, without a teacher, from GRAHAM'S HAND-BOOK. $2 20, postpaid. — Outline, 8c.; Two Hours' Course, 25c.; Pocket Reading Exercises, 25c.; Weekly Phonographic Visitor, 12c. a No.; $3 a year. Address A. J. GRAHAM, 563 Broadway, N. Y.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!

The reputation of the NOVELTY JOB PRINTING-PRESS is thoroughly established, as meeting all the requirements of a first-class press, with which to "*do your own printing,*" and as being second to none for the use of *general Job Printers.* Many printers are using them, and find them most admirably adapted for job work. Many young men have bought them, and are doing all the printing for the house which employs them, thereby materially adding to their salaries. TEACHERS and MANUFACTURERS are finding them great aids to their business. Principals of Schools are finding them very useful assistants; and boys are finding them a never-failing source of instruction, pleasure, and profit. Most lads of fourteen, with one of these presses and a few dollars' worth of material, are perfectly capable of doing all the printing for their father's business, and will be thereby gaining instruction. **Prices of Presses, $15, $30, $32, $50.** Send for full descriptive illustrated circular, with testimonials from all parts of the country, and specimens of plain and colored printing done on the press, and specimen sheets of types, cuts, &c., to **BENJ. O. WOODS,** Manufacturer, 351 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS., dealer in every description of printing materials; or to the following Agents: C. C. THURSTON, No. 16 College Place, New York; KELLY, HOWELL, & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. C. KELLOGG, 68 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Fishing in American Waters.

Opening of the Season for Angling and Fish-Farming. To the angler or the fish-culturist Scott's book on "Fishing in American Waters" will prove a real *vade mecum* in every thing about angling and breeding fishes.

Sent throughout the United States, postpaid, for $3 50. HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

$60 A WEEK paid agents in a new business. Address SACO NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 327 Pearl St., N. Y., furnish Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar.*

Employment for Every Body,

UPON HIGHLY REMUNERATIVE TERMS.

What we Have Done, What we are Willing to Do.

READ THIS ATTENTIVELY.

During the past ten years we have been extensively engaged in the Publishing business in the City of New York, principally in the publication of books; in the Fall of 1868 we conceived the idea of familiarizing the masses with valuable music by supplying it in sheet form at greatly-reduced rates—in short, *to place select music within the reach of all.* This undertaking has cost us a large amount of money and incessant labor, yet we have persevered, and our labors have been successful. We have received written encouragement from hundreds, and orders for our sheet music from thousands, until copies can be seen upon nearly every piano in the cities from Maine to California. What we now desire is to have a lady or gentleman in every little town and village, who will make it a part of their business to see that HITCHCOCK'S HALF-DIME MUSIC and other publications are supplied to customers at the regular retail price, to take orders for our publications, and then remit us the wholesale price and receive the supply by mail or express, according to their wishes. To enable agents to do this business, we have arranged a scale of prices that we think will satisfy the most enterprising. A five-cent stamp will pay for a specimen copy of our Half-Dime Music, or a ten-cent stamp a specimen of our Dime Music. From a single specimen agents frequently sell hundreds of copies.

Special Terms to Agents for our Sheet Music:

From 15 to 50 copies HALF-DIME SERIES, by mail, postpaid, 3 cents each.
From 5 to 25 copies DIME SERIES, by mail, postpaid, 6 cents each.
100 assorted copies HALF-DIME SERIES, by express, $2 50; by mail, $3 00.
100 assorted copies DIME MUSIC, by express, $5 00; by mail, $6 50.
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEN-CENT MUSICAL ALBUMS, 60 cents per assorted dozen; by mail, 75 cts.
Schools and Seminaries are also supplied at the above rates.
Catalogues mailed on receipt of 3-ct. postage stamp.

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We will publish any good original or non-copyright hymn or sacred melody which may be sent to us, without charge, provided the money for 500 copies at agent's price is sent with the order. In such cases we place the name of the school upon the bottom of the title-page. TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES and other MORAL ASSOCIATIONS dealt with upon the same terms. The Half-Dime size and style is generally selected. AS WE JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE,
LET US DO GOOD BY THE WAY.

Those who sell our cheap music are doing a vast amount of good to others. Cheap music is rapidly being recognized as one of the great moral aids of society, and when first-class music is supplied to communities at low rates, its benefits can scarcely be overrated.

WHOM WE WANT AS OUR AGENTS.

Every man, woman, and child is invited to assist us in making our publications known, and the smallest order receives prompt attention, provided it is accompanied with the money at agent's rates. We are compelled to pursue strictly the cash system, as our business is already large, and we could not sell at low rates if we engaged otherwise.

HOW TO SEND MONEY.

Write your order plainly; state how much money you enclose; sign your name in full, with Post-Office, County, and State; then register the letter at your Post-Office. If you prefer it, you can purchase a money order and enclose that instead of bank-bills. Drafts on New York are preferable to either, for the reason that, if lost, the payment can be stopped. We will be responsible for any loss in either case provided the amount does not exceed $25. Amounts over $25 should invariably be sent by express, or in checks or bank drafts. Address all orders as below.

OUR NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Will Speak for Itself. It Stands Unrivaled.

No similar publication has received such flattering praise and commendation from the entire press of this country. There is no monthly periodical in the United States printed upon as good paper, no better printing done, no clearer type used, no more pains taken nor liberality shown in the production of any work, and, when bound, the twelve numbers of our Magazine will form a volume that can have no superior. Our engravings are first-class, the literary matter unexceptionable, and the EIGHT PAGES OF CHOICE PIANO MUSIC which accompany each number, combine to make this a standard work for all time. It is issued on the 20th of each month, dated for the following month. Price $3 00 per annum, in advance.

MAGNIFICENT PREMIUMS TO OUR AGENTS.

As we outrival all others in the production of a Musical Magazine, so are we determined to outrival all others in our circulation. To secure a still larger list of subscribers immediately without the enormous expense of advertising and the delay of awaiting returns by that channel, we propose to use the money in advertising would cost in remunerating our agents, and therefore make the following offers to every body who can and will assist in procuring subscriptions to HITCHCOCK'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Read these Offers.

For One subscription, with $3 00, for one year, we will send by mail to the agent any 20 pieces of Dime or 20 pieces of Half-Dime Music on our Catalogue.

For Three subscriptions, with $9 00, we will send by mail 50 pieces of Dime and also 50 pieces of Half-Dime Music.

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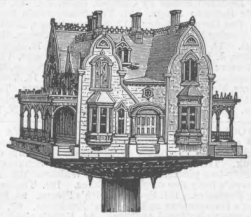

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THE DICKENS SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

To accompany No. 695, Vol. XIV.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870. [*Gratuitous.*

CHARLES DICKENS.

Just thirty-four years ago the London daily journals contained the modest announcement that on the 31st of March "will be published, to be continued monthly, the first number of the 'Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club,' containing a faithful record of the perambulations, perils, adventures, and sporting transactions of the corresponding members, edited by Boz; each monthly part embellished with four illustrations by Seymour." Marvelous are the changes that have passed upon the world within these thirty-four years! The author of "Pickwick" is not yet an old man—he still lacks two years of sixty—yet to turn the pages of an early edition of those immortal papers now is like taking a glance into some far-off and shadowy realm of romance, of another world from that in which we are living. Since Cruikshank and Seymour embodied in graphic form the creations of the author's fancy, and gave to the commonplace, tea-garden-frequenting people of the sketches, and Pickwick and the members of his Club, a visible existence, the fashions and habits of society have undergone complete transformation. Witness the high-shouldered coats that were then considered stylish and elegant, the long-strapped trowsers of the men, the shoulder-of-mutton sleeves and wide-spreading bonnets of the women; witness the cumbrous hackney-coaches which figure in the sketches, which appeared to combine the utmost possible amount of weight with the least possible amount of accommodation, and that mysterious, open, high-hooded cab, with its side-seat for the driver, who in the earliest of the illustrations to the "Pickwick Papers" has descended from his perch to invite the mild and benevolent founder of the Club to a pugilistic contest. Ages seem to have passed since that venerable vehicle, which we have never seen in America, really plied for hire in the streets of London. More than a generation of men has passed away since the first numbers of "Pickwick" appeared; and now, thirty-four years after his earliest substantial success, Mr. Dickens comes before the world again with a fancy as brilliant, a humor as genial and youthful, a wit as sparkling, an inventive faculty as free and unexhausted, as when his career was in its earliest spring. What other story-teller in the world has ever maintained a popularity like this?

The first acknowledged appearance of Mr. Dickens as an author dates two years back of the announcement to which we have referred. It was in the *Monthly Magazine*—a periodical issued by Cochrane & Macrone, of Waterloo Place, which must not be confounded with the more famous *New Monthly* of Colburn—that the sketch bearing the title of "Mrs. Joseph Porter over the Way," first made the name of Boz known to the public.

The history of the "Pickwick Papers" is thus related by Mr. Dickens:

"I was a young man of two or three-and-twenty when Messrs. Chapman & Hall, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, or had just written in the old *Monthly Magazine* (of which one series had been lately collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or, I believe, to any body else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used to be carried about the country by peddlers, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I had served my apprenticeship to Life.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, a paper—in the sketch called "Mr. Minns and his Cousin"—which, dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street, appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen, and so fell to business."

It was at first proposed between Mr. Dickens and his publishers to issue the "Pickwick Papers" in monthly parts with four illustrations each to thirty-two pages of reading matter, which, it was then supposed, was to bear a

CHARLES DICKENS.

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rather subordinate relation to the work of the artists! The illustrations were soon reduced to two in each number, and took their proper secondary position. Not long since an interesting discussion occupied the literary journals as to the relative shares of Mr. DICKENS and Mr. SEYMOUR in the invention of "Pickwick." We believe it was then fully established that that benevolent bald-head, and above all those comely limbs encased in black shorts, were the happy inspiration of the artist; but the fact is, that the whole character of the project became rapidly changed in Mr. DICKENS's hands. There was in those days a curious rage for the humor of cockney sportsmen and cockneyism in general. The public were supposed to be never tired of pictures of city gentlemen shooting at sparrows on hedges and poultry in farm-yard hen-coops; and as this sort of thing undoubtedly paid, the enterprising publishers, as already stated, projected a monthly serial in which the literary matter should furnish a monthly pretext for four plates of that kind. The advertisement referred to the travels of the corresponding members of the Club over "the whole of Middlesex, a part of Surrey, a portion of Essex, and several square miles of Kent," and promised to show how in a rapid steamer they smoothly navigated the placid Thames, and in "an open boat fearlessly crossed the turbid Medway." But Mr. DICKENS soon got rid of this cumbrous machinery of mild wit. The very first chapter, in fact, dismissed all the hackneyed humor of the sporting and antiquarian club, and the story entered at once upon the connected narrative which has become so famous. In fact, so completely uninterested does the author appear to have been in the club idea, that he dates its earliest transactions "May 12, 1817," regardless of the advertisement, in which its foundation is distinctly assigned to the year 1822. Of the haste with which "Pickwick" was undertaken there are other indications; for the author put forth a public apology for Mr. HABLOT BROWNE, who succeeded SEYMOUR as illustrator of the serial, on the ground that the monthly illustrations had been executed from the author's mere verbal descriptions of what he intended to write. The novelist's hands were, in truth, pretty full at that time; for it was during this period that he undertook the editorship of *Bentley's Miscellany*, for which he wrote his powerful story of "Oliver Twist." "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist," in fact, were written together, month by month, neither work being at any time, we believe, one day ahead of the printer's demand for manuscript, a fact which is in itself of some interest in literary history. "Pickwick's" green leaves—since indissolubly associated with Mr. DICKENS's monthly appearance as a serial story-teller—never, we believe, failed to appear on time; but the "Parish Boy's Progress" was certainly once interrupted. In the month of June, 1837, the readers of *Bentley* missed the usual installment of "Oliver Twist," an apology appearing for the author on the ground that, owing to "the sudden death of a dear young relative to whom he was most affectionately attached, he is compelled to seek a short interval of rest and quiet." *Bentley* was given up in the following year; for "Pickwick" had laid hold of the public attention, and the author was already widely famous.

It is a curious circumstance that "Pickwick" was very coolly received by the literary journals of the day. One weekly critic, indeed, did remark, on the first number of "Pickwick," that "the design is playful, and the opportunities for good-natured satire do not seem likely to be neglected." When nine numbers had appeared the *Athenæum* reported as follows: "The writer of the periodical which is now before us has great cleverness, but he runs closely on some leading hounds in the humorous pack; and when he gives tongue (perchance a vulgar tongue) he reminds you of the baying of several deep dogs who have gone before. The 'Papers of the Pickwick Club,' in fact, are made up of two pounds of SMOLLETT, three ounces of STERNE, a handful of HOOK, a dash of a grammatical PIERCE EGAN—incidents at pleasure, served with an original sauce *piquante*."

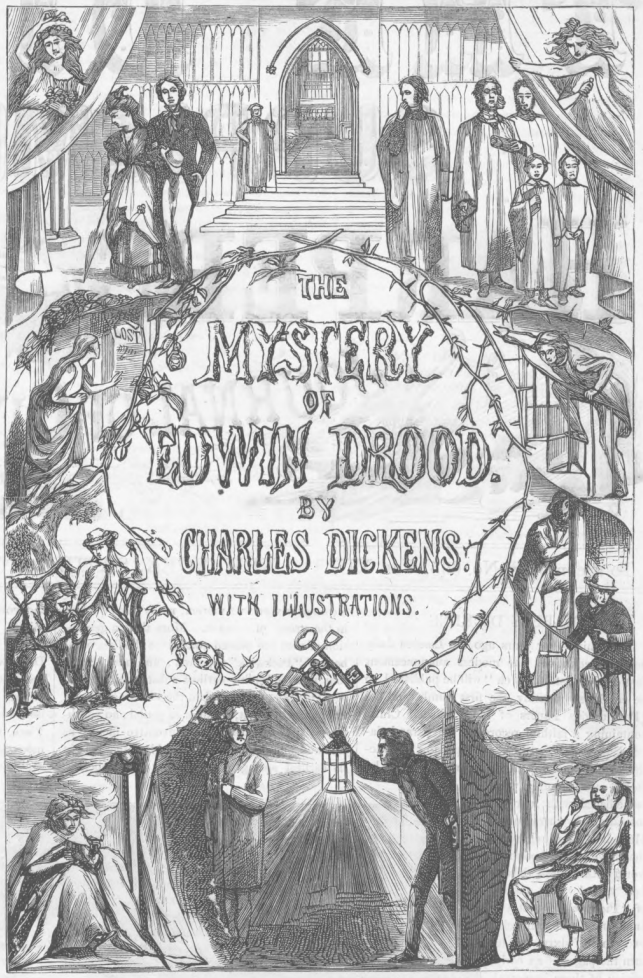
Mr. DICKENS is not a native Londoner. He was born at Portsmouth on the 7th of February, 1812, and when he was a boy of three or four years old his father, who had held an office in the Navy Pay Department, became a reporter for the London newspapers. He intended CHARLES for an attorney, and he passed some time in an office, where he evidently kept his eyes and ears open. But he read literature rather than law, and following the leading of his taste and preference, he, too, became a newspaper critic and reporter. He wrote for the *Sun* and the *Morning Chronicle*, and it was in the latter paper that he published the series of "Sketches" of low London life, by Boz. This whimsical signature he had adopted from the nickname of a petted younger brother, whom CHARLES called Moses in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, "which," he says, "being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz." It was this series of sketches which led to the interview with Mr. HALL, which he has recorded. Since then the events of his life have been the publication of his stories.

With the beginning of the year 1846 he became editor of the *Daily News*, the liberal journal which was then started, and in this his "Pictures from Italy" were published. But he did not remain long in the daily editorial harness, although since 1850 he has been the conductor of a weeky periodical, first *Household Words*, and now *All the Year Round*. The editorship of these magazines, with the writing of his novels and all the other work which must inevitably fall upon a man so conspicuous, shows that he is a most faithful laborer.

Mr. DICKENS lives at Gadshill, some twenty miles or more from London, and he frequently walks into the city, which he and MACAULAY and DICKENS's old and warm friend, JOHN FORSTER, the historian, are said to have known more thoroughly than any men of their time. Like all English authors, he often slips over to the Continent, with the utmost refreshment both for himself and his readers. To his thoughtful observation in France and of French history we owe his "Tale of Two Cities," which in this country was first published in this paper, and which is one of the most powerful of his works, and a terribly vivid chapter of real history. The hidden springs, the essential character, the social aspect and condition of France just before and during the Revolution, are nowhere more wonderfully exposed than in this story; and its conclusion is one of the most profoundly pathetic passages in English literature.

Mr. DICKENS has paid two visits to this country—the first in 1842, which was signalized by the publication of his "American Notes," and the second twenty-five years later, when he came over here to delight us with his charming readings from his own works. The irritation caused by his earlier criticisms on some of our habits and customs had entirely subsided. We had grown wiser, and, in truth, had long before come to feel thankful that he had left so much unsaid in his good-humored raillery. The ball given in his honor at the old Park Theatre must have seemed exquisitely comical to the great humorist. The theatre was especially fitted up for the great occasion. The pit—theatres had pits in those days—was of course floored over, and the balustrades of the various tiers of boxes were covered with canvas, and the ornaments painted upon it were representations of little libraries, and shelves of books, and piles and groups of books, with all the titles very plainly lettered, and they were all "Pickwick," and "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby." During the evening, from time to time, there were tableaux, and all the tableaux were scenes from the works of the immortal guest. And all the managers had ribbons suggestive of the great novelist. It was altogether a very droll affair; and though we complained bitterly that he made fun of us—and still think he should have looked rather at the heartiness and sincerity of our enthusiasm than the manner in which it was displayed—we had learned to laugh over it ourselves. His tour through the principal cities of the country was like a triumph; and when he departed from our shores he left only friends and well-wishers behind.

It is too early to speak of the new novel, of which we herewith present the first monthly installment to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*, except to say that the author of "Pickwick," having never yet disappointed the expectations of his readers, is not likely, in the full maturity of his powers, to begin with "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," and that we have a right to look forward to a story that shall occupy no second place in the long list of books with which this chief of living novelists has delighted, amused, and instructed the world.



CHAPTER I.

THE DAWN.

AN ancient English Cathedral Tower? How can the ancient English Cathedral Tower be here! The well-known massive gray square tower of its old Cathedral? How can that be here! There is no spike of rusty iron in the air, between the eye and it, from any point of the real prospect. What is the spike that intervenes, and who has set it up? Maybe it is set up by the Sultan's orders for the impaling of a horde of Turkish robbers, one by one. It is so, for cymbals clash, and the Sultan goes by to his palace in long procession. Ten thousand cimeters flash in the sunlight, and thrice ten thousand dancing-girls strew flowers. Then follow white elephants caparisoned in countless gorgeous colors, and infinite in number and attendants. Still the Cathedral Tower rises in the background, where it cannot be, and still no writhing figure is on the grim spike. Stay! Is the spike so low a thing as the rusty spike on the top of a post of an old bedstead that has tumbled all awry? Some vague period of drowsy laughter must be devoted to the consideration of this possibility.

Shaking from head to foot, the man whose scattered consciousness has thus fantastically pieced itself together at length rises, supports his trembling frame upon his arms, and looks around. He is in the meanest and closest of small rooms. Through the ragged window-curtain, the light of early day steals in from a miserable court. He lies, dressed, across a large unseemly bed, upon a bedstead that has indeed given way under the weight upon it. Lying, also dressed and also across the bed, not longwise, are a Chinaman, a Lascar, and a haggard woman. The two first are in a sleep or stupor; the last is blowing at a kind of pipe, to kindle it. And as she blows, and, shading it with her lean hand, concentrates its red spark of light, it serves in the dim morning as a lamp to show him what he sees of her.

"Another?" says this woman, in a querulous, rattling whisper. "Have another?"

He looks about him, with his hand to his forehead.

"Ye've smoked as many as five since ye come in at midnight," the woman goes on, as she chronically complains. "Poor me, poor me, my head is so bad! Them two come in after ye. Ah, poor me, the business is slack, is slack! Few Chinamen about the Docks, and fewer Lascars, and no ships coming in, these say! Here's another ready for ye, deary. Ye'll remember, like a good soul, won't ye, that the market-price is dreffle high just now? More nor three shillings and sixpence for a thimbleful! And ye'll remember that nobody but me (and Jack Chinaman t'other side the court; but he can't do it as well as me) has the true secret of mixing it? Ye'll pay up according, deary, won't ye?"

She blows at the pipe as she speaks, and, occasionally bubbling at it, inhales much of its contents.

"O me, O me, my lungs is weak, my lungs is bad! It's nearly ready for ye, deary. Ah, poor me, poor me, my poor hand shakes like to drop off! I see ye coming-to, and I ses to my poor self, 'I'll have another ready for him, and he'll bear in mind the market-price of opium, and pay according.' O my poor head! I makes my pipes of old penny ink-bottles, ye see, deary—this is one—and I fits in a mouthpiece, this way, and I takes my mixter out of this thimble with this little horn spoon; and so I fills, deary. Ah, my poor nerves! I got Heavensard drunk for sixteen year afore I took to this; but this don't hurt me, not to speak of. And it takes away the hunger as well as wittles, deary."

She hands him the nearly emptied pipe, and sinks back, turning over on her face.

He rises unsteadily from the bed, lays the pipe upon the hearthstone, draws back the ragged curtain, and looks with repugnance at his three companions. He notices that the woman has opium-smoked herself into a strange likeness of the Chinaman. His form of cheek, eye, and temple, and his color, are repeated in her. Said Chinaman convulsively wrestles with one of his many Gods, or Devils, perhaps, and snarls horribly. The Lascar laughs and dribbles at the mouth. The hostess is still.

"What visions can *she* have?" the waking man muses, as he turns her face toward him, and stands looking down at it. "Visions of many butchers' shops, and public-houses, and much credit? Of an increase of hideous customers, and this horrible bedstead set upright again, and this horrible court swept clean? What can

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she rise to, under any quantity of opium, higher than that!—Eh?"

He bends down his ear, to listen to her mutterings.

"Unintelligible!"

As he watches the spasmodic shoots and darts that break out of her face and limbs, like fitful lightning out of a dark sky, some contagion in them seizes upon him: insomuch that he has to withdraw himself to a lean arm-chair by the hearth—placed there, perhaps, for such emergencies—and to sit in it, holding tight, until he has got the better of this unclean spirit of imitation.

Then he comes back, pounces on the Chinaman, and, seizing him with both hands by the throat, turns him violently on the bed. The Chinaman clutches the aggressive hands, resists, gasps, and protests.

"What do you say?"

A watchful pause.

"Unintelligible!"

Slowly loosening his grasp as he listens to the incoherent jargon with an attentive frown, he turns to the Lascar and fairly drags him forth upon the floor. As he falls, the Lascar starts into a half-risen attitude, glares with his eyes, lashes about him fiercely with his arms, and draws a phantom knife. It then becomes apparent that the woman has taken possession of his knife, for safety's sake; for, she too starting up, and restraining and expostulating with him, the knife is visible in her dress, not in his, when they drowsily drop back, side by side.

There has been chattering and clattering enough between them, but to no purpose. When any distinct word has been flung into the air, it has had no sense or sequence. Wherefore "unintelligible!" is again the comment of the watcher, made with some reassured nodding of his head, and a gloomy smile. He then lays certain silver money on the table, finds his hat, gropes his way down the broken stairs, gives a good-morning to some ra-ridden doorkeeper, in bed in a black hutch beneath the stairs, and passes out.

That same afternoon, the massive gray square tower of an old Cathedral rises before the sight of a jaded traveller. The bells are going for daily vesper service, and he must needs attend it, one would say, from his haste to reach the open cathedral door. The choir are getting on their sullied white robes, in a hurry, when he arrives among them, gets on his own robe, and falls into the procession filing in to service. Then the Sacristan locks the iron-barred gates that divide the sanctuary from the chancel, and all of the procession, having scuttled into their places, hide their faces; and then the intoned words, "WHEN THE WICKED MAN—" rise among groins of arches and beams of roof, awakening muttered thunder.

CHAPTER II.

A DEAN, AND A CHAPTER ALSO.

WHOSOEVER has observed that sedate and clerical bird, the rook, may perhaps have noticed that when he wings his way homeward toward nightfall, in a sedate and clerical company, two rooks will suddenly detach themselves from the rest, will retrace their flight for some distance, and will there poise and linger, conveying to mere men the fancy that it is of some occult importance to the body politic that this artful couple should pretend to have renounced connection with it.

Similarly, service being over in the old cathedral with the square tower, and the choir scuffling out again, and divers venerable persons of rook-like aspect dispersing, two of these latter retrace their steps, and walk together in the echoing Close.

Not only is the day waning, but the year. The low sun is fiery and yet cold behind the monastery ruin, and the Virginia creeper on the cathedral-wall has showered half its deep-red leaves down on the pavement. There has been rain this afternoon, and a wintry shudder goes among the little pools on the cracked, uneven flag-stones, and through the giant elm-trees as they shed a gust of tears. Their fallen leaves lie strewn thickly about. Some of these leaves, in a timid rush, seek sanctuary within the low arched cathedral-door; but two men, coming out, resist them, and cast them forth again with their feet; this done, one of the two locks the door with a goodly key, and the other flits away with a folio music-book.

"Mr. Jasper was that, Tope?"

"Yes, Mr. Dean."

"He has stayed late."

"Yes, Mr. Dean. I have stayed for him, your Reverence. He has been took a little poorly."

"Say 'taken,' Tope—to the Dean," the younger rook interposes in a low tone with this touch of correction, as who should say: "You may offer bad grammar to the laity, or the humbler clergy, not to the Dean."

Mr. Tope, Chief Verger and Showman, and accustomed to be high with excursion parties, declines with a silent loftiness to perceive that any suggestion has been tendered to him.

"And when and how has Mr. Jasper been taken—for, as Mr. Crisparkle has remarked, it is better to say taken—taken—" repeats the Dean; "when and how has Mr. Jasper been taken—"

"Taken, sir," Tope deferentially murmurs.

"—Poorly, Tope?"

"Why, sir, Mr. Jasper was that breathed—"

"I wouldn't say 'That breathed,' Tope," Mr. Crisparkle interposes, with the same touch as before. "Not English—to the Dean."

"Breathed to that extent," the Dean (not unflattered by this indirect homage) condescendingly remarks, "would be preferable."

"Mr. Jasper's breathing was so remarkably short," thus discreetly does Mr. Tope work his way round the sunken rock, "when he came in, that it distressed him mightily to get his notes out: which was, perhaps, the cause of his having a kind of fit on him after a little. His memory grew DAZED." Mr. Tope, with his eyes on the Reverend Mr. Crisparkle, shoots this word out, as defying him to improve upon it: "and a dimness and giddiness crept over him as strange as ever I saw; though he didn't seem to mind it particularly, himself. However, a little time and a little water brought him out of his DAZE." Mr. Tope repeats the word and its emphasis, with the air of saying, "As I *have* made a success, I'll make it again."

"And Mr. Jasper has gone home quite himself, has he?" asked the Dean.

"Your Reverence, he has gone home quite himself. And I'm glad to see he's having his fire kindled up, for it's chilly after the wet, and the Cathedral had both a damp feel and a damp touch this afternoon, and he was very shivery."

They all three looked toward an old stone gate-house crossing the Close, with an arched thoroughfare passing beneath it. Through its latticed window, a fire shines out upon the fast-darkening scene, involving in shadow the pendent masses of ivy and creeper covering the building's front. As the deep Cathedral-bell strikes the hour, a ripple of wind goes through these at their distance, like a ripple of the solemn sound that hums through tomb and tower, broken niche and defaced statue, in the pile close at hand.

"Is Mr. Jasper's nephew with him?" the Dean asks.

"No, sir," replies the Verger, "but expected. There's his own solitary shadow betwixt his two windows—the one looking this way, and the one looking down into the High Street—drawing his own curtains now."

"Well, well," says the Dean, with a sprightly air of breaking up the little conference, "I hope Mr. Jasper's heart may not be too much set upon his nephew. Our affections, however laudable, in this transitory world, should never master us; we should guide them, guide them. I find I am not disagreeably reminded of my dinner, by hearing my dinner-bell. Perhaps Mr. Crisparkle you will, before going home, look in on Jasper?"

"Certainly, Mr. Dean. And tell him that you had the kindness to desire to know how he was?"

"Ay, do so, do so. Certainly. Wished to know how he was. By all means. Wished to know how he was."

With a pleasant air of patronage, the Dean as nearly cocks his quaint hat as a Dean in good spirits may, and directs his comely gaiters toward the ruddy dining-room of the snug old red-brick house, where he is at present "in residence" with Mrs. Dean and Miss Dean.

Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, fair and rosy, and perpetually pitching himself headforemost into all the deep running water in the surrounding country; Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, early riser, musical, classical, cheerful, kind, good-natured, social, contented, and boy-like; Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon and good man, lately "Coach" upon the chief Pagan high-roads, but since promoted by a patron (grateful for a well-taught son) to his present Christian beat; betakes himself to the gate-house, on his way home to his early tea.

"Sorry to hear from Tope that you have not been well, Jasper."

"O, it was nothing, nothing!"

"You look a little worn."

"Do I? O, I don't think so. What is better, I don't feel so. Tope has made too much of it, I suspect. It's his trade to make the most of every thing appertaining to the Cathedral, you know."

"I may tell the Dean—I call expressly from the Dean—that you are all right again?"

The reply, with a slight smile, is, "Certainly; with my respects and thanks to the Dean."

"I'm glad to hear that you expect young Drood."

"I expect the dear fellow every moment."

"Ah! He will do you more good than a doctor, Jasper."

"More good than a dozen doctors: for I love him dearly, and I don't love doctors, or doctors' stuff."

Mr. Jasper is a dark man of some six-and-twenty, with thick, lustrous, well-arranged black hair and whisker. He looks older than he is, as dark men often do. His voice is deep and good, his face and figure are good, his manner is a little sombre. His room is a little sombre, and may have had its influence in forming his manner. It is mostly in shadow. Even when the sun shines brilliantly, it seldom touches the grand piano in the recess, or the folio music-book on the stand, or the bookshelves on the wall, or the unfinished picture of a blooming schoolgirl hanging over the chimney-piece; her flowing brown hair tied with a blue ribbon, and her beauty remarkable for a quite childish, almost babyish, touch of saucy discontent, comically conscious of itself. (There is not the least artistic merit in this picture, which is a mere daub; but it is clear that the painter has made it humorously—one might almost say, revengefully—like the original.)

"We shall miss you, Jasper, at the 'Alternate Musical Wednesdays' to-night; but no doubt you are best at home. Good-night. God bless you! 'Tell me, shep-herds te-e-ell me; tell me-e-e, have you seen (have you seen, have you seen, have you seen) my-y-y Flo-o-ora-a pass this way!'" Melodiously good Minor Canon the Reverend Septimus Crisparkle thus delivers himself, in musical rhythm, as he withdraws his amiable face from the doorway and conveys it down-stairs.

Sounds of recognition and greeting pass between the Reverend Septimus and somebody else, at the stair-foot. Mr. Jasper listens, starts from his chair, and catches a young fellow in his arms, exclaiming—

"My dear Edwin!"

"My dear Jack! So glad to see you!"

"Get off your great-coat, bright boy, and sit down here in your own corner. Your feet are not wet? Pull your boots off. Do pull your boots off."

"My dear Jack, I am as dry as a bone. Don't moddley-coddley, there's a good fellow. I like any thing better than being moddley-coddleyed."

With the check upon him being unsympathetically restrained in a genial outburst of enthusiasm, Mr. Jasper stands still, and looks on intently at the young fellow, divesting himself of his outer coat, hat, gloves, and so forth. Once for all, a look of intentness and intensity—a look of hungry, exacting, watchful, and yet devoted affection—is always, now and ever afterward, on the Jasper face whenever the Jasper face is addressed in this direction. And whenever it is so addressed, it is never, on this occasion or on any other, dividedly addressed; it is always concentrated.

"Now I am right, and now I'll take my corner, Jack. Any dinner, Jack?"

Mr. Jasper opens a door at the upper end of the room, and discloses a small inner room pleasantly lighted and prepared, wherein a comely dame is in the act of setting dishes on table.

"What a jolly old Jack it is!" cries the young fellow, with a clap of his hands, "Look here, Jack; tell me; whose birthday is it?"

"Not yours, I know," Mr. Jasper answers, pausing to consider.

"Not mine, you know? No; not mine, *I* know! Pussy's!"

Fixed as the look the young fellow meets is, there is yet in it some strange power of suddenly including the sketch over the chimney-piece.

"Pussy's, Jack! We must drink Many happy returns to her. Come, uncle, take your dutiful and sharp-set nephew in to dinner."

As the boy (for he is little more) lays a hand on Jasper's shoulder, Jasper cordially and gayly lays a hand on *his* shoulder, and so Marseillaise-wise they go in to dinner.

"And Lord! Here's Mrs. Tope!" cries the boy. "Lovelier than ever!"

"Never you mind me, Master Edwin," retorts the Verger's wife; "I can take care of myself."

"You can't. You're much too handsome. Give me a kiss, because it's Pussy's birthday."

"I'd Pussy you, young man, if I was Pussy, as you call her," Mrs. Tope blushingly retorts, after being saluted. "Your uncle's too much wrapped up in you, that's where it is. He makes so much of you, that it's my opinion you think you've only to call your Pussys by the dozen, to make 'em come."

"You forget, Mrs. Tope," Mr. Jasper interposes, taking his place at table with a genial smile, "and so do you, Ned, that Uncle and Nephew are words prohibited here by common consent and express agreement. For what we are going to receive His holy name be praised!"

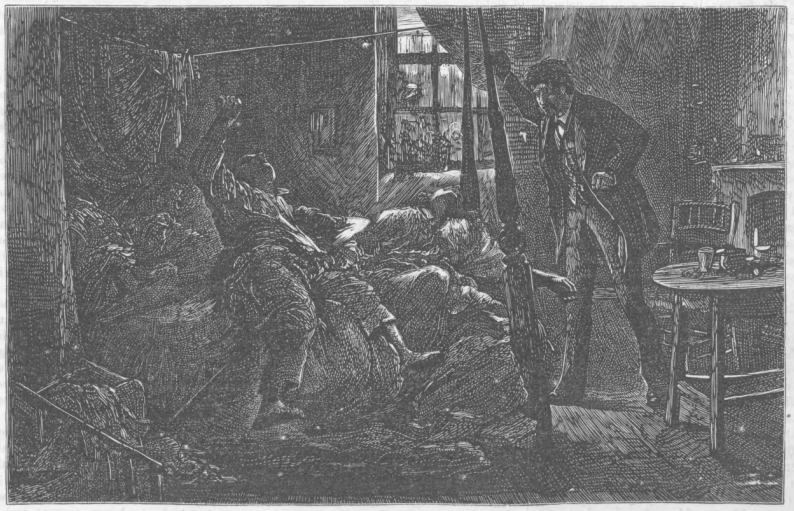
"Done like the Dean! Witness Edwin Drood! Please to carve, Jack, for I can't."

This sally ushers in the dinner. Little to the present purpose, or to any purpose, is said, while it is in course of being disposed of. At length the cloth is drawn, and a dish of walnuts and a decanter of rich-colored sherry are placed upon the table.

"I say! Tell me, Jack," the young fellow then flows on: "do you really and truly feel as if the mention of our relationship divided us at all? *I* don't."

"Uncles as a rule, Ned, are so much older than their nephews," is the reply, "that I have that feeling instinctively."

"As a rule? Ah, maybe! But what is a difference in age of half a dozen years or so? And some uncles, in large families, are even younger than their nephews. By George, I wish it was the case with us!"



IN THE COURT.

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"Why?"

"Because if it was, I'd take the lead with you, Jack, and be as wise as Begone dull care that turned a young man gray, and begone dull care that turned an old man to clay. Halloa, Jack! Don't drink."

"Why not?"

"Asks why not, on Pussy's birthday, and no Happy Returns proposed! Pussy, Jack, and many of 'em! Happy returns, I mean."

Laying an affectionate and laughing touch on the boy's extended hand, as if it were at once his giddy head and his light heart, Mr. Jasper drinks the toast in silence.

"Hip, hip, hip, and nine times nine, and one to finish with, and all that, understood. Hooray, hooray, hooray! And now, Jack, let's have a little talk about Pussy. Two pairs of nut-crackers? Pass me one, and take the other." Crack. "How's Pussy getting on, Jack?"

"With her music? Fairly."

"What a dreadfully conscientious fellow you are, Jack! But *I* know, Lord bless you! Inattentive, isn't she?"

"She can learn any thing, if she will."

"*If* she will? Egad that's it. But if she won't?"

Crack. On Mr. Jasper's part.

"How's she looking, Jack?"

Mr. Jasper's concentrated face again includes the portrait as he returns, "Very like your sketch indeed."

"I *am* a little proud of it," says the young fellow, glancing up at the sketch with complacency, and then shutting one eye, and taking a corrected prospect of it over a level bridge of nut-cracker in the air: "Not badly hit off from memory. But I ought to have caught that expression pretty well, for I have seen it often enough."

Crack. On Edwin Drood's part.

Crack. On Mr. Jasper's part.

"In point of fact," the former resumes, after some silent dipping among his fragments of walnut with an air of pique, "I see it whenever I go to see Pussy. If I don't find it on her face, I leave it there.—You know I do, Miss Scornful Pert. Booh!" With a twirl of the nut-crackers at the portrait.

Crack. Crack. Crack. Slowly, on Mr. Jasper's part.

Crack. Sharply, on the part of Edwin Drood.

Silence on both sides.

"Have you lost your tongue, Jack?"

"Have you found yours, Ned?"

"No, but really—isn't it, you know, after all!"

Mr. Jasper lifts his dark eyebrows inquiringly.

"Isn't it unsatisfactory to be cut off from choice in such a matter? There, Jack! I tell you! If I could choose, I would choose Pussy from all the pretty girls in the world."

"But you have not got to choose."

"That's what I complain of. My dead-and-gone father and Pussy's dead-and-gone father must needs marry us together by anticipation. Why the—Devil, I was going to say, if it had been respectful to their memory—couldn't they leave us alone?"

"Tut, tut, dear boy," Mr. Jasper remonstrates, in a tone of gentle deprecation.

"Tut, tut? Yes, Jack, it's all very well for *you*. *You* can take it easily. *Your* life is not laid down to scale, and lined and dotted out for you like a surveyor's plan. *You* have no uncomfortable suspicion that you are forced upon anybody, nor has anybody an uncomfortable suspicion that she is forced upon you, or that you are forced upon her. *You* can choose for yourself. Life, for *you*, is a plum with the natural bloom on; it hasn't been over-carefully wiped off for *you*—"

"Don't stop, dear fellow. Go on."

"Can I anyhow have hurt your feelings, Jack?"

"How can you have hurt my feelings?"

"Good Heaven, Jack, you look frightfully ill! There's a strange film come over your eyes."

Mr. Jasper, with a forced smile, stretches out his right hand, as if at once to disarm apprehension and gain time to get better. After a while he says, faintly:

"I have been taking opium for a pain—an agony—that sometimes overcomes me. The effects of the medicine steal over me like a blight or a cloud, and pass. You see them in the act of passing; they will be gone directly. Look away from me. They will go all the sooner."

With a scared face the younger man complies, by casting his eyes downward at the ashes on the hearth. Not relaxing his own gaze at the fire, but rather strengthening it with a fierce, firm grip upon his elbow-chair, the elder sits for a few moments rigid, and then, with thick drops standing on his forehead, and a sharp catch of his breath, becomes as he was before. On his so subsiding in his chair, his nephew gently and assiduously tends him while he quite recovers. When Jasper is restored, he lays a tender hand upon his nephew's shoulder, and, in a tone of voice less troubled than the purport of his words—indeed, with something of raillery or banter in it—thus addresses him:

"There is said to be a hidden skeleton in every house; but you thought there was none in mine, dear Ned."

"Upon my life, Jack, I did think so. However, when I come to consider that even in Pussy's house—if she had one—and in mine—if I had one—"

"You were going to say (but that I interrupted you in spite of myself) what a quiet life mine is. No whirl and uproar around me, no distracting commerce or calculation, no risk, no change of place, myself devoted to the art I pursue, my business my pleasure."

"I really was going to say something of the kind, Jack; but you see, you, speaking of yourself, almost necessarily leave out much that I should have put in. For instance: I should have put in the foreground, your being so much respected as Lay Precentor, or Lay Clerk, or whatever you call it, of this Cathedral; your enjoying the reputation of having done such wonders with the choir; your choosing your society, and holding such an independent position in this queer old place; your gift of teaching (why, even Pussy, who don't like being taught, says there never was such a Master as you are!) and your connection."

"Yes; I saw what you were tending to. I hate it."

"Hate it, Jack?" (Much bewildered.)

"I hate it. The cramped monotony of my existence grinds me away by the grain. How does our service sound to you?"

"Beautiful! Quite celestial."

"It often sounds to me quite devilish. I am so weary of it! The echoes of my own voice among the arches seem to mock me with my daily drudging round. No wretched monk who droned his life away in that gloomy place, before me, can have been more tired of it than I am. He could take for relief (and did take) to carving demons out of the stalls and seats and desks. What shall I do? Must I take to carving them out of my heart?"

"I thought you had so exactly found your niche in life, Jack," Edwin Drood returns, astonished, bending forward in his chair to lay a sympathetic hand on Jasper's knee, and looking at him with an anxious face.

"I know you thought so. They all think so."

"Well; I suppose they do," says Edwin, meditating aloud. "Pussy thinks so."

"When did she tell you that?"

"The last time I was here. You remember when—three months ago."

"How did she phrase it?"

"Oh! She only said that she had become your pupil, and that you were made for your vocation."

The younger man glances at the portrait. The elder sees it in him.

"Anyhow, my dear Ned," Jasper resumes, as he shakes his head with a grave cheerfulness, "I must subdue myself to my vocation, which is much the same thing outwardly. It's too late to find another now. This is a confidence between us."

"It shall be sacredly preserved, Jack."

"I have reposed it in you, because—"

"I feel it, I assure you. Because we are fast friends, and because you love and trust me, as I love and trust you. Both hands, Jack."

As each stands looking into the other's eyes, and as the uncle holds the nephew's hands, the uncle thus proceeds:

"You know now, don't you, that even a poor monotonous chorister and grinder of music, in his niche, may be troubled with some stray sort of ambition, aspiration, restlessness, dissatisfaction—what shall we call it?"

"Yes, dear Jack."

"And you will remember?"

"My dear Jack, I only ask you, am I likely to forget what you have said with so much feeling?"

"Take it as a warning, then."

In the act of having his hands released, and of moving a step back, Edwin pauses for an instant to consider the application of these last words. The instant over, he says, sensibly touched—

"I am afraid I am but a shallow, surface kind of fellow, Jack, and that my head-piece is none of the best. But I needn't say I am young; and perhaps I shall not grow worse as I grow older. At all events, I hope I have something impressible within me, which feels—deeply feels—the disinterestedness of your painfully laying your inner self bare, as a warning to me."

Mr. Jasper's steadiness of face and figure becomes so marvellous that his breathing seems to have stopped.

"I couldn't fail to notice, Jack, that it cost you a great effort, and that you were very much moved, and very unlike your usual self. Of course, I knew that you were extremely fond of me, but I really was not prepared for your, as I may say, sacrificing yourself to me in that way."

Mr. Jasper, becoming a breathing man again, without the smallest stage of transition between the two extreme states, lifts his shoulders, laughs, and waves his right arm.

"No; don't put the sentiment away, Jack; please don't; for I am very much in earnest. I have no doubt that that unhealthy state of mind which you have so powerfully described is attended with some real suffering, and is hard to bear. But let me reassure you, Jack, as to the chances of its overcoming Me. I don't think I am in the way of it. In some few months less than another year, you know, I shall carry Pussy off from school as Mrs. Edwin Drood. I shall then go engineering into the East, and Pussy with me. And, although we have our little tiffs now, arising out of a certain unavoidable flatness that attends our love-making, owing to its end being all settled beforehand, still I have no doubt of our getting on capitally then, when it's done and can't be helped. In short, Jack, to go back to the old song I was freely quoting at dinner (and who knows old songs better than you!), my wife shall dance and I will sing, so merrily pass the day. Of Pussy's being beautiful there cannot be a doubt; and when you are good besides, Little Miss Impudence," once more apostrophizing the portrait, "I'll burn your comic likeness, and paint your music-master another."

Mr. Jasper, with his hand to his chin, and with an expression of musing benevolence on his face, has attentively watched every animated look and gesture attending the delivery of these words. He remains in that attitude after they are spoken, as if in a kind of fascination attendant on his strong interest in the youthful spirit that he loves so well. Then he says, with a quiet smile—

"You won't be warned, then?"

"No, Jack."

"You can't be warned, then?"

"No, Jack; not by you. Besides that I don't really consider myself in danger, I don't like your putting yourself in that position."

"Shall we go and walk in the church-yard?"

"By all means. You won't mind my slipping out of it for half a moment to the Nuns' House, and leaving a parcel there? Only gloves for Pussy; as many pairs of gloves as she is years old to-day. Rather poetical, Jack?"

Mr. Jasper, still in the same attitude, murmurs, "'Nothing half so sweet in life,' Ned!"

"Here's the parcel in my great-coat pocket. They must be presented to-night, or the poetry is gone. It's against regulations for me to call at night, but not to leave a packet. I am ready, Jack!"

Mr. Jasper dissolves his attitude, and they go out together.

CHAPTER III.

THE NUNS' HOUSE.

For sufficient reasons, which this narrative will itself unfold as it advances, a fictitious name must be bestowed upon the old Cathedral town. Let it stand in these pages as Cloisterham. It was once possibly known to the Druids by another name, and certainly to the Romans by another, and to the Saxons by another, and to the Normans by another; and a name more or less in the course of many centuries can be of little moment to its dusty chronicles.

An ancient city Cloisterham, and no meet dwelling-place for any one with hankerings after the noisy world. A monotonous, silent city, deriving an earthy flavor throughout, from its cathedral-crypt, and so abounding in vestiges of monastic graves, that the Cloisterham children grow small salad in the dust of abbots and abbesses, and make dirt-pies of nuns and friars; while every ploughman in its outlying fields renders to once puissant Lord Treasurers, Archbishops, Bishops, and such-like, the attention which the Ogre in the story-book desired to render to his unbidden visitor, and grinds their bones to make his bread.

A drowsy city Cloisterham, whose inhabitants seem to suppose, with an inconsistency more strange than rare, that all its changes lie behind it, and that there are no more to come. A queer moral to derive from antiquity, yet older than any traceable antiquity. So silent are the streets of Cloisterham (though prone to echo on the smallest provocation), that, of a summer-day, the sunblinds of its shops scarce dare to flap in the south wind; while the sun-browned tramps, who pass along and stare, quicken their limp a little, that they may the sooner get beyond the confines of its oppressive respectability. This is a feat not difficult of achievement, seeing that the streets of Cloisterham city are little more than one narrow street by which you get into it and get out of it: the rest being mostly disappointing yards with pumps in them and no thoroughfare—exception made of the Cathedral-close, and a paved Quaker settlement, in color and general conformation very like a Quakeress's bonnet, up in a shady corner.

In a word, a city of another and a by-gone time is Cloisterham, with its hoarse Cathedral-bell, its hoarse rooks hovering about the Cathedral-tower, its hoarser and less distinct rooks in the stalls far beneath. Fragments of old wall, saint's chapel, chapter-house, convent, and monastery, have got incongruously or obstructively built into many of its houses and gardens, much as kindred jumbled notions have become incorporated into many of its citizens' minds. All things in it are of the past. Even its single pawnbroker takes in no pledges, nor has he for a long time, but offers vainly an unredeemed stock for sale, of which the costlier articles are dim and pale old watches apparently in a slow perspiration, tarnished sugar-tongs with ineffectual legs, and odd volumes of dismal books. The most abundant and the most agreeable evidences of progressing life in Cloisterham are the evidences of vegetable life in its many gardens; even its drooping and despondent little theatre has its poor strip of garden, receiving the foul fiend, when he ducks from its stage into the infernal regions, among scarlet beans or oyster-shells, according to the season of the year.

In the midst of Cloisterham stands the Nuns' House; a venerable brick edifice whose present appellation is doubtless derived from the legend of its conventual uses. On the trim gate enclosing its old court-yard is a resplendent brass plate flashing forth the legend: "Seminary for Young Ladies. Miss Twinkleton." The house-front is so old and worn, and the brass plate is so shining and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old beau with a large modern eye-glass stuck in his blind eye.

Whether the nuns of yore, being of a submissive rather than a stiff-necked generation, habitually bent their contemplative heads to avoid collision with the beams in the low ceilings of the many chambers of their House; whether they sat in its long low windows, telling their beads for their mortification instead of making necklaces of them for their adornment; whether they were ever walled up alive in odd angles and jutting gables of the building for having some ineradicable leaven of busy mother Nature in them which has kept the fermenting world alive ever since: these may be matters of interest to its haunting ghosts (if any), but constitute no item in Miss Twinkleton's half-yearly accounts. They are neither of Miss Twinkleton's inclusive regulars, nor of her extras. The lady who undertakes the poetical department of the establishment at so much (or so little) a quarter, has no pieces in her list of recitals bearing on such unprofitable questions.

As, in some cases of drunkenness, and in others of animal magnetism, there are two states of consciousness which never clash, but each of which pursues its separate course as though it were continuous instead of broken (thus, if I hide my watch when I am drunk, I must be drunk again before I can remember where), so Miss Twinkleton has two distinct and separate phases of being. Every night, the moment the young ladies have retired to rest, does Miss Twinkleton smarten up her curls a little, brighten up her eyes a little, and become a sprightlier Miss Twinkleton than the young ladies have ever seen. Every night, at the same hour, does Miss Twinkleton resume the topics of the previous night, comprehending the tenderer scandal of Cloisterham, of which she has no knowledge whatever by day, and references to a certain season at Tunbridge Wells (airily called by Miss Twinkleton, in this state of her existence, "The Wells"), notably the season wherein a certain finished gentleman (compassionately called by Miss Twinkleton, in this state of her existence, "Foolish Mr. Porters") revealed a homage of the heart, whereof Miss Twinkleton, in her scholastic state of existence, is as ignorant as a granite pillar. Miss Twinkleton's companion in both states of existence, and equally adaptable to either, is one Mrs. Tisher, a deferential widow with a weak back, a chronic sigh, and a suppressed voice, who looks after the young ladies' wardrobes, and leads them to infer that she has seen better days. Perhaps this is the reason why it is an article of faith with the servants, handed down from race to race, that the departed Tisher was a hair-dresser.

The pet pupil of the Nuns' House is Miss Rosa Bud, of course called Rosebud; wonderfully pretty, wonderfully childish, wonderfully whimsical. An awkward interest (awkward because romantic) attaches to Miss Bud in the minds of the young ladies, on account of its being known to them that a husband has been chosen for her by will and bequest, and that her guardian is bound down to bestow her on that husband when he comes of age. Miss Twinkleton, in her seminarial state of existence, has combated the romantic aspect of this destiny by affecting to shake her head over it behind Miss Bud's dimpled shoulders, and to brood on the unhappy lot of that doomed little victim. But with no better effect—possibly some unfelt touch of foolish Mr. Porters has undermined the endeavor—than to evoke from the young ladies a unanimous bed-chamber cry of "Oh, what a pretending old thing Miss Twinkleton is, my dear!"

The Nuns' House is never in such a state of flutter as when this allotted husband calls to see little Rosebud. (It is unanimously understood by the young ladies that he is lawfully entitled to this privilege, and that if Miss Twinkleton dis-

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puted it she would be instantly taken up and transported.) When his ring at the gate-bell is expected, or takes place, every young lady who can, under any pretence, look out of window, looks out of window; while every young lady who is "practising" practises out of time; and the French class becomes so demoralized that the Mark goes round as briskly as the bottle at a convivial party in the last century.

On the afternoon of the day next after the dinner of two at the Gate House, the bell is rung with the usual fluttering results.

"Mr. Edwin Drood to see Miss Rosa."

This is the announcement of the parlor-maid in chief. Miss Twinkleton, with an exemplary air of melancholy on her, turns to the sacrifice, and says, "You may go down, my dear." Miss Bud goes down, followed by all eyes.

Mr. Edwin Drood is waiting in Miss Twinkleton's own parlor, a dainty room, with nothing more directly scholastic in it than a terrestrial and a celestial globe. These expressive machines imply (to parents and guardians) that even when Miss Twinkleton retires into the bosom of privacy, duty may at any moment compel her to become a sort of Wandering Jewess, scouring the earth and soaring through the skies in search of knowledge for her pupils.

The last new maid, who has never seen the young gentleman Miss Rosa is engaged to, and who is making his acquaintance between the hinges of the open door, left open for the purpose, stumbles guiltily down the kitchen-stairs, as a charming little apparition, with its face concealed by a little silk apron thrown over its head, glides into the parlor.

"Oh! It *is* so ridiculous!" says the apparition, stopping and shrinking. "Don't, Eddy!"

"Don't what, Rosa?"

"Don't come any nearer, please. It *is* so absurd."

"What is absurd, Rosa?"

"The whole thing is. It *is* so absurd to be an engaged orphan; and it *is* so absurd to have the girls and the servants scuttling about after one, like mice in the wainscot; and it *is* so absurd to be called upon."

The apparition appears to have a thumb in the corner of its mouth while making this complaint.

"You give me an affectionate reception, Pussy, I must say."

"Well, I will in a minute, Eddy, but I can't just yet. How are you?" (Very shortly.)

"I am unable to reply that I am much the better for seeing you, Pussy, inasmuch as I see nothing of you."

This second remonstrance brings a dark, bright, pouting eye out from a corner of the apron; but it swiftly becomes invisible again, as the apparition exclaims, "Oh! Good Gracious, you have had half your hair cut off!"

"I should have done better to have had my head cut off, I think," says Edwin, rumpling the hair in question, with a fierce glance at the looking-glass, and giving an impatient stamp. "Shall I go?"

"No, you needn't go just yet, Eddy. The girls would all be asking questions why you went."

"Once for all, Rosa, will you uncover that ridiculous little head of yours and give me a welcome?"

The apron is pulled off the childish head as its wearer replies, "You're very welcome, Eddy. There! I'm sure that's nice. Shake hands. No, I can't kiss you, because I've got an acidulated drop in my mouth."

"Are you at all glad to see me, Pussy?"

"Oh yes, I'm dreadfully glad.—Go and sit down.—Miss Twinkleton."

It is the custom of that excellent lady, when these visits occur, to appear every three minutes, either in her own person or in that of Mrs. Tisher, and lay an offering on the shrine of Propriety by affecting to look for some desiderated article. On the present occasion, Miss Twinkleton, gracefully gliding in and out, says, in passing, "How do you do, Mr. Drood? Very glad indeed to have the pleasure. Pray excuse me. Tweezers. Thank you!"

"I got the gloves last evening, Eddy, and I like them very much. They are beauties."

"Well, that's something," the affianced replies, half grumbling. "The smallest encouragement thankfully received. And how did you pass your birthday, Pussy?"

"Delightfully! Everybody gave me a present. And we had a feast. And we had a ball at night."

"A feast and a ball, eh? These occasions seem to go off tolerably well without me, Pussy."

"De-lightfully!" cries Rosa, in a quite spontaneous manner, and without the least pretence of reserve.

"Hah! And what was the feast?"

"Tarts, oranges, jellies, and shrimps."

"Any partners at the ball?"

"We danced with one another, of course, sir. But some of the girls made game to be their brothers. It *was* so droll!"

"Did anybody make game to be—"

"To be you? O dear, yes!" cries Rosa, laughing with great enjoyment. "That was the first thing done."

"I hope she did it pretty well," says Edwin, rather doubtfully.

"Oh! It was excellent!—I wouldn't dance with you, you know."

Edwin scarcely seems to see the force of this; begs to know if he may take the liberty to ask why?

"Because I was so tired of you," returns Rosa. But she quickly adds, and pleadingly, too, seeing displeasure on his face: "Dear Eddy, you were just as tired of me, you know."

"Did I say so, Rosa?"

"Say so! Do you ever say so? No, you only showed it. Oh, she did it so well!" cries Rosa, in a sudden ecstasy with her counterfeit betrothed.

"It strikes me that she must be a devilish impudent girl," says Edwin Drood. "And so, Pussy, you have passed your last birthday in this old house."

"Ah, yes!" Rosa clasps her hands, looks down with a sigh, and shakes her head.

"You seem to be sorry, Rosa?"

"I am sorry for the poor old place. Somehow, I feel as if it would miss me, when I am gone so far away, so young."

"Perhaps we had better stop short, Rosa?"

She looks up at him with a swift, bright look; next moment shakes her head, sighs, and looks down again.

"That is to say, is it Pussy, that we are both resigned?"

She nods her head again, and, after a short silence, quaintly bursts out with, "You know we must be married, and married from here, Eddy, or the poor girls will be so dreadfully disappointed!"

For the moment there is more of compassion, both for her and for himself, in her affianced husband's face, than there is of love. He checks the look, and asks, "Shall I take you out for a walk, Rosa dear?"

Rosa dear does not seem at all clear on this point, until her face, which has been comically reflective, brightens. "Oh, yes, Eddy; let us go for a walk! And I tell you what we'll do. You shall pretend that you are engaged to somebody else, and I'll pretend that I am not engaged to anybody, and then we sha'n't quarrel."

"Do you think that will prevent our falling out, Rosa?"

"I know it will. Hush! Pretend to look out of window—Mrs. Tisher!"

Through a fortuitous concourse of accidents, the matronly Tisher heaves in sight, says, in rustling through the room like the legendary ghost of a dowager in silken skirts, "I hope I see Mr. Drood well; though I needn't ask, if I may judge from his complexion? I trust I disturb no one; but there *was* a paper-knife—oh, thank you, I am sure!" and disappears with her prize.

"One other thing you must do, Eddy, to oblige me," says Rosebud. "The moment we get into the street, you must put me outside, and keep close to the house yourself—squeeze and graze yourself against it."

"By all means, Rosa, if you wish it. Might I ask why?"

"Oh, because I don't want the girls to see you."

"It's a fine day; but would you like me to carry an umbrella up?"

"Don't be foolish, sir. You haven't got polished leather boots on," pouting, with one shoulder raised.

"Perhaps that might escape the notice of the girls, even if they did see me," remarks Edwin, looking down at his boots with a sudden distaste for them.

"Nothing escapes their notice, sir. And then I know what would happen. Some of them would begin reflecting on me by saying (for *they* are free) that they never will on any account engage themselves to lovers without polished-leather boots. Hark! Miss Twinkleton. I'll ask for leave."

That discreet lady being indeed heard without, inquiring of nobody in a blandly conversational tone as she advances, "Eh? Indeed! Are you quite sure you saw my mother-of-pearl button-holder on the work-table in my room?" is at once solicited for walking leave, and graciously accords it. And soon the young couple go out of the Nuns' House, taking all precautions against the discovery of the so vitally-defective boots of Mr. Edwin Drood—precautions, let us hope, effective for the peace of Mrs. Edwin Drood, that is to be.

"Which way shall we take, Rosa?"

Rosa replies, "I want to go to the Lumps-of-Delight shop."

"To the—"

"A Turkish sweetmeat, sir. My gracious me! don't you understand any thing? Call yourself an Engineer, and not know *that?*"

"Why, how should I know it, Rosa?"

"Because I am very fond of them. But oh! I forgot what we are to pretend. No, you needn't know any thing about them; never mind."

So he is gloomily borne off to the Lumps-of-Delight shop, where Rosa makes her purchase, and, after offering some to him (which he rather indignantly declines), begins to partake of it with great zest, previously taking off and rolling up a pair of little pink gloves, like rose-leaves, and occasionally putting her little pink fingers to her rosy lips, to cleanse them from the Dust of Delight that comes off the Lumps.

"Now, be a good-tempered Eddy, and pretend. And so you are engaged?"

"And so I am engaged."

"Is she nice?"

"Charming."

"Tall?"

"Immensely tall!" (Rosa being short.)

"Must be gawky, I should think," is Rosa's quiet commentary.

"I beg your pardon; not at all," contradiction rising in him. "What is termed a fine woman, a splendid woman."

"Big nose, no doubt," is the quiet commentary again.

"Not a little one, certainly," is the quick reply. (Rosa's being a little one.)

"Long pale nose, with a red nob in the middle. *I* know the sort of nose," says Rosa, with a satisfied nod, and tranquilly enjoying the Lumps.

"You *don't* know the sort of nose, Rosa," with some warmth; "because it's nothing of the kind."

"Not a pale nose, Eddy?"

"No." Determined not to assent.

"A red nose? Oh! I don't like red noses. However, to be sure, she can always powder it."

"She would scorn to powder it," says Edwin, becoming heated.

"Would she? What a stupid thing she must be! Is she stupid in every thing?"

"No. In nothing."

After a pause, in which the whimsically wicked face has not been unobservant of him, Rosa says:

"And this most sensible of creatures likes the idea of being carried off to Egypt; does she, Eddy?"

"Yes. She takes a sensible interest in triumphs of engineering skill, especially when they are to change the whole condition of an undeveloped country."

"Lor!" says Rosa, shrugging her shoulders, with a little laugh of wonder.

"Do you object," Edwin inquires, with a majestic turn of his eyes downward upon the fairy figure—"do you object, Rosa, to her feeling that interest?"

"Object? My dear Eddy! But really. Doesn't she hate boilers and things?"

"I can answer for her not being so idiotic as to hate Boilers," he returns, with angry emphasis; "though I cannot answer for her views about things, really not understanding what Things are meant."

"But don't she hate Arabs, and Turks, and Fellahs, and people?"

"Certainly not," very firmly.

"At least she *must* hate the Pyramids? Come, Eddy?"

"Why should she be such a little—tall, I mean—goose, as to hate the Pyramids, Rosa?"

"Ah! you should hear Miss Twinkleton," often nodding her head, and much enjoying the Lumps, "bore about them, and then you wouldn't ask. Tiresome old burying-grounds! Isises, and Ibises, and Cheopses, and Pharaohses; who cares about them? And then there was Belzoni or somebody, dragged out by the legs, half choked with bats and dust. All the girls say serve him right, and hope it hurt him, and wish he had been quite choked."

The two youthful figures, side by side, but not now arm in arm, wander discontentedly about the old Close; and each sometimes stops and slowly imprints a deeper footstep in the fallen leaves.

"Well!" says Edwin, after a lengthy silence. "According to custom. We can't get on, Rosa."

Rosa tosses her head, and says she don't want to get on.

"That's a pretty sentiment, Rosa, considering."

"Considering what?"

"If I say what, you'll go wrong again."

"*You* 'll go wrong, you mean, Eddy. Don't be ungenerous."

"Ungenerous! I like that!"

"Then I *don't* like that, and so I tell you plainly," Rosa pouts.

"Now, Rosa, I put it to you. Who disparaged my profession, my destination—"

"You are not going to be buried in the Pyramids, I hope?" she interrupts, arching her delicate eyebrows. "You never said you were. If you are, why haven't you mentioned it to me? I can't find out your plans by instinct."

"Now, Rosa, you know very well what I mean, my dear."

"Well, then, why did you begin with your detestable red-nosed giantesses? And she would, she would, she would, she would, she WOULD powder it!" cries Rosa, in a little burst of comical contradictory spleen.

"Somehow or other, I never can come right in these discussions," says Edwin, sighing and becoming resigned.

"How is it possible, sir, that you ever can come right when you're always wrong? And as to Belzoni, I suppose he's dead—I'm sure I hope he is—and how can his legs, or his chokes, concern you?"

"It is nearly time for your return, Rosa. We have not had a very happy walk, have we?"

UNDER THE TREES.

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"A happy walk? A detestably unhappy walk, sir. If I go up-stairs the moment I get in and cry till I can't take my dancing-lesson, you are responsible, mind!"

"Let us be friends, Rosa."

"Ah!" cries Rosa, shaking her head and bursting into real tears. "I wish we *could* be friends! It's because we can't be friends, that we try one another so. I am a young little thing, Eddy, to have an old heartache; but I really, really have, sometimes. Don't be angry. I know you have one yourself, too often. We should both of us have done better, if What is to be had been left, What might have been. I am quite a serious little thing now, and not teasing you. Let each of us forbear, this one time, on our own account, and on the other's!"

Disarmed by this glimpse of a woman's nature in the spoilt child, though for an instant disposed to resent it as seeming to involve the enforced infliction of herself upon her, Edwin Drood stands watching her as she childishly cries and sobs, with both hands to the handkerchief at her eyes, and then—she becoming more composed, and indeed beginning in her young inconstancy to laugh at herself for having been so moved—leads her to a seat hard by under the elm-trees.

"One clear word of understanding, Pussy dear. I am not clever out of my own line—now I come to think of it, I don't know that I am particularly clever in it—but I want to do right. There is not—there may be—I really don't see my way to what I want to say, but I must say it before we part—there is not any other young—"

"O no, Eddy! It's generous of you to ask me; but no, no, no!"

They have come very near to the Cathedral windows, and at this moment the organ and the choir sound out sublimely. As they sit listening to the solemn swell, the confidence of last night rises in young Edwin Drood's mind, and he thinks how unlike this music is to that discordance.

"I fancy I can distinguish Jack's voice," is his remark, in a low tone in connection with the train of thought.

"Take me back at once, please," urges his affianced, quickly laying her light hand upon his wrist. "They will all be coming out directly; let us get away. O, what a resounding chord! But don't let us stop to listen to it; let us get away!"

Her hurry is over, as soon as they have passed out of the Close. They go, arm in arm now, gravely and deliberately enough, along the old High Street, to the Nuns' House. At the gate, the street being within sight empty, Edwin bends down his face to Rosebud's.

She remonstrates, laughing, and is a childish school-girl again.

"Eddy, no! I'm too sticky to be kissed. But give me your hand, and I'll blow a kiss into that."

He does so. She breathes a light breath into it, and asks, retaining it and looking into it—

"Now say, what do you see?"

"See, Rosa?"

"Why, I thought you Egyptian boys could look into a hand and see all sorts of phantoms? Can't you see a happy Future?"

For certain, neither of them sees a happy Present, as the gate opens and closes, and one goes in and the other goes away.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. SAPSEA.

ACCEPTING the Jackass as the type of self-sufficient stupidity and conceit—a custom, perhaps, like some few other customs, more conventional than fair—then the purest Jackass in Cloisterham is Mr. Thomas Sapsea, Auctioneer.

Mr. Sapsea "dresses at" the Dean; has been bowed to for the Dean, in mistake; has even been spoken to in the street as My Lord, under the impression that he was the Bishop come down unexpectedly, without his chaplain. Mr. Sapsea is very proud of this, and of his voice, and of his style. He has even (in selling landed property) tried the experiment of slightly intoning in his pulpit, to make himself more like what he takes to be the genuine ecclesiastical article. So, in ending a Sale by Public Auction, Mr. Sapsea finishes off with an air of bestowing a benediction on the assembled brokers, which leaves the real Dean—a modest and worthy gentleman—far behind.

Mr. Sapsea has many admirers; indeed, the proposition is carried by a large local majority, even including non-believers in his wisdom, that he is a credit to Cloisterham. He possesses the great qualities of being portentous and dull, and of having a roll in his speech, and another roll in his gait; not to mention a certain gravely-flowing action with his hands, as if he were presently going to Confirm the individual with whom he holds discourse. Much nearer sixty years of age than fifty, with a flowing outline of stomach, and horizontal creases in his waistcoat; reputed to be rich; voting at elections in the strictly respectable interest; morally satisfied that nothing but he himself has grown since he was a baby; how can dunder-headed Mr. Sapsea be otherwise than a credit to Cloisterham, and society?

Mr. Sapsea's premises are in the High Street, over against the Nuns' House. They are of about the period of the Nuns' House, irregularly modernized here and there, as steadily deteriorating generations found, more and more, that they preferred air and light to Fever and the Plague. Over the doorway, is a wooden effigy, about half life-size, representing Mr. Sapsea's father, in a curly wig and toga, in the act of selling. The chastity of the idea, and the natural appearance of the little finger, hammer, and pulpit, have been much admired.

Mr. Sapsea sits in his dull ground-floor sitting-room, giving first on his paved back-yard, and then on his railed-off garden. Mr. Sapsea has a bottle of port-wine on a table before the fire—the fire is an early luxury, but pleasant on the cool chilly autumn evening—and is characteristically attended by his portrait, his eight-day clock, and his weather-glass. Characteristically, because he would uphold himself against mankind, his weather-glass against weather, and his clock against time.

By Mr. Sapsea's side on the table are a writing-desk and writing materials. Glancing at a scrap of manuscript, Mr. Sapsea reads it to himself with a lofty air, and then, slowly pacing the room with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, repeats it from memory: so internally, though with much dignity, that the word "Ethelinda" is alone audible.

There are three clean wine-glasses in a tray on the table. His serving-maid entering, and announcing "Mr. Jasper is come, sir," Mr. Sapsea waves "Admit him," and draws two wine-glasses from the rank, as being claimed.

"Glad to see you, sir. I congratulate myself on having the honor of receiving you here for the first time." Mr. Sapsea does the honors of his house in this wise.

"You are very good. The honor is mine and the self-congratulation is mine."

"You are pleased to say so, sir. But I do assure you that it is a satisfaction to me to receive you in my humble home. And that is what I would not say to everybody." Ineffable loftiness on Mr. Sapsea's part accompanies these words, as leaving the sentence to be understood: "You will not easily believe that your society can be a satisfaction to a man like myself; nevertheless, it is."

"I have for some time desired to know you, Mr. Sapsea."

"And I, sir, have long known you by reputation as a man of taste. Let me fill your glass. I will give you, sir," says Mr. Sapsea, filling his own:

"When the French come over,
May we meet them at Dover!"

This was a patriotic toast in Mr. Sapsea's infancy, and he is therefore fully convinced of its being appropriate to any subsequent era.

"You can scarcely be ignorant, Mr. Sapsea," observes Jasper, watching the auctioneer with a smile as the latter stretches out his legs before the fire, "that you know the world."

"Well, sir," is the chuckling reply, "I think I know something of it; something of it."

"Your reputation for that knowledge has always interested and surprised me, and made me wish to know you. For, Cloisterham is a little place. Cooped up in it myself, I know nothing beyond it, and feel it to be a very little place."

"If I have not gone to foreign countries, young man," Mr. Sapsea begins, and then stops: "You will excuse my calling you young man, Mr. Jasper? You are much my junior."

"By all means."

"If I have not gone to foreign countries, young man, foreign countries have come to me. They have come to me in the way of business, and I have improved upon my opportunities. Put it that I take an inventory, or make a catalogue. I see a French clock. I never saw him before in my life, but I instantly lay my finger on him and say 'Paris!' I see some cups and saucers of Chinese make, equally strangers to me personally: I put my finger on them, then and there, and I say 'Pekin, Nankin, and Canton.' It is the same with Japan, with Egypt, and with bamboo and sandal wood from the East Indies; I put my finger on them all. I have put my finger on the North Pole before now, and said, 'Spear of Esquimaux make, for half a pint of pale sherry!'"

"Really? A very remarkable way, Mr. Sapsea, of acquiring a knowledge of men and things."

"I mention it, sir," Mr. Sapsea rejoins, with unspeakable complacency, "because, as I say, it don't do to boast of what you are; but show how you came to be it, and then you prove it."

"Most interesting. We were to speak of the late Mrs. Sapsea."

"We were, sir." Mr. Sapsea fills both glasses, and takes the decanter into safe-keeping again. "Before I consult your opinion as a man of taste on this little trifle"—holding it up—"which is *but* a trifle, and still has required some thought, sir, some little fever of the brow, I ought perhaps to describe the character of the late Mrs. Sapsea, now dead three-quarters of a year."

Mr. Jasper, in the act of yawning behind his wine-glass, puts down that screen, and calls up a look of interest. It is a little impaired in its expressiveness by his having a shut-up gape still to dispose of, with watering eyes.

"Half a dozen years ago, or so," Mr. Sapsea proceeds, "when I had enlarged my mind up to—I will not say to what it now is, for that might seem to aim at too much, but up to the pitch of wanting another mind to be absorbed in it—I cast my eye about me for a nuptial partner. Because, as I say, it is not good for man to be alone."

Mr. Jasper appears to commit this original idea to memory.

"Miss Brobity at that time kept, I will not call it the rival establishment to the establishment at the Nuns' House opposite, but I will call it the other parallel establishment down town. The world did have it that she showed a passion for attending my sales, when they took place on half-holidays, or in vacation time. The world did put it about, that she admired my style. The world did notice that, as time flowed by, my style became traceable in the dictation-exercises of Miss Brobity's pupils. Young man, a whisper even sprang up in obscure malignity, that one ignorant and besotted Churl (a parent) so committed himself as to object to it by name. But I do not believe this. For, is it likely that any human creature in his right senses would so lay himself open to be pointed at, by what I call the finger of scorn?"

Mr. Jasper shakes his head. Not in the least likely. Mr. Sapsea, in a grandiloquent state of absence of mind, seems to refill his visitor's glass, which is full already; and does really refill his own, which is empty.

"Miss Brobity's Being, young man, was deeply imbued with homage to Mind. She revered Mind, when launched, or, as I say, precipitated, on an extensive knowledge of the world. When I made my proposal, she did me the honor to be so overshadowed with a species of Awe, as to be able to articulate only the two words, 'Oh Thou!'—meaning myself. Her limpid blue eyes were fixed upon me, her semi-transparent hands were clasped together, pallor overspread her aquiline features, and, though encouraged to proceed, she never did proceed a word further. I disposed of the parallel establishment, by private contract, and we became as nearly one as could be expected under the circumstances. But she never could, and she never did, find a phrase satisfactory to her perhaps-too-favorable estimate of my intellect. To the very last (feeble action of liver), she addressed me in the same unfinished terms."

Mr. Jasper has closed his eyes as the auctioneer has deepened his voice. He now abruptly opens them, and says, in unison with the deepened voice, "Ah!"—rather as if stopping himself on the extreme verge of adding—"men!"

"I have been since," says Mr. Sapsea, with his legs stretched out, and solemnly enjoying himself with the wine and the fire, "what you behold me; I have been since a solitary mourner; I have been since, as I say, wasting my evening conversation on the desert air. I will not say that I have reproached myself; but there have been times when I have asked myself the question: What if her husband had been nearer on a level with her? If she had not had to look up quite so high, what might the stimulating action have been upon the liver?"

Mr. Jasper says, with an appearance of having fallen into dreadfully low spirits, that he "supposes it was to be."

"We can only suppose so, sir," Mr. Sapsea coincides. "As I say, Man proposes, Heaven disposes. It may or may not be putting the same thought in another form; but that is the way I put it."

Mr. Jasper murmurs assent.

"And now, Mr. Jasper," resumes the auctioneer, producing his scrap of manuscript, "Mrs. Sapsea's monument having had full time to settle and dry, let me take your opinion, as a man of taste, on the inscription I have (as I before remarked, not without some little fever of the brow), drawn out for it. Take it in your own hand. The setting-out of the lines requires to be followed with the eye, as well as the contents with the mind."

Mr. Jasper complying, sees and reads as follows:

ETHELINDA,
Reverential Wife of
MR. THOMAS SAPSEA,
AUCTIONEER, VALUER, ESTATE AGENT, ETC.,
OF THIS CITY,
Whose Knowledge of the World,
Though somewhat extensive,
Never brought him acquainted with
A SPIRIT
More capable of
LOOKING UP TO HIM.
STRANGER PAUSE
And ask thyself the Question,
CANST THOU DO LIKEWISE?
If Not,
WITH A BLUSH RETIRE.

Mr. Sapsea having risen and stationed himself with his back to the fire, for the purpose of observing the effect of these lines on the countenance of a man of taste, consequently has his face toward the door, when his serving-maid, again appearing, announces, "Durdles is come, sir!" He promptly draws forth and fills the third wine-glass, as being now claimed, and replies, "Show Durdles in."

"Admirable!" quoth Mr. Jasper, handing back the paper.

"You approve, sir?"

"Impossible not to approve. Striking, characteristic, and complete."

The auctioneer inclines his head, as one accepting his due and giving a receipt; and invites the entering Durdles to take off that glass of wine (handing the same), for it will warm him.

Durdles is a stone-mason; chiefly in the gravestone, tomb, and monument way, and wholly of their color from head to foot. No man is better known in Cloisterham. He is the chartered libertine of the place. Fame trumpets him a wonderful workman—which, for aught that anybody knows, he may be (as he never works); and a wonderful sot—which everybody knows he is. With the Cathedral crypt he is better acquainted than any living authority; it may even be than any dead one. It is said that the intimacy of this acquaintance began in his habitually resorting to that secret place, to lock out the Cloisterham boy-populace, and sleep off the fumes of liquor: he having ready access to the Cathedral, as contractor for rough repairs. Be this as it may, he does know much about it, and in the demolition of impedimental fragments of wall, buttress, and pavement, has seen strange sights. He often speaks of himself in the third person; perhaps being a little misty as to his own identity when he narrates; perhaps impartially adopting the Cloisterham nomenclature in reference to a character of acknowledged distinction. Thus he will say, touching his strange sights: "Durdles come upon the old chap," in reference to a buried magnate of ancient time and high degree, "by striking right into the coffin with his pick. The old chap gave Durdles a look with his open eyes, as much as to say, 'Is your name Durdles? Why, my man, I've been waiting for you a Devil of a time!' And then he turned to powder." With a two-foot rule always in his pocket, and a mason's hammer all but always in his hand, Durdles goes continually sounding and tapping all about and about the Cathedral; and whenever he says to Tope: "Tope, here's another old 'un in here!" Tope announces it to the Dean as an established discovery.

In a suit of coarse flannel with horn buttons, a yellow neckerchief with draggled ends, an old hat more russet-colored than black, and laced boots of the hue of his stony calling, Durdles leads a hazy, gypsy sort of life, carrying his dinner about with him in a small bundle, and sitting on all manner of tombstones to dine. This dinner of Durdles's has become quite a Cloisterham institution: not only because of his never appearing in public without it, but because of its having been, on certain renowned occasions, taken into custody along with Durdles (as drunk and incapable), and exhibited before the Bench of Justices at the Town Hall. These occasions, however, have been few and far apart; Durdles being as seldom drunk as sober. For the rest, he is an old bachelor, and he lives in a little antiquated hole of a house that was never finished: supposed to be built, so far, of stones stolen from the city wall. To this abode there is an approach, ankle-deep in stone-chips, resembling a petrified grove of tombstones, urns, draperies, and broken columns, in all stages of sculpture. Herein, two journeymen incessantly chip, while other two journeymen, who face each other, incessantly saw stone; dipping as regularly in and out of their sheltering sentry-boxes, as if they were mechanical figures emblematical of Time and Death.

To Durdles, when he has consumed his glass of port, Mr. Sapsea intrusts that precious effort of his Muse. Durdles unfeelingly takes out his two-foot rule, and measures the lines calmly, aloying them with stone-grit.

"This is for the monument, is it, Mr. Sapsea?"

"The Inscription. Yes." Mr. Sapsea waits for its effect on a common mind.

"It'll come in to a eighth of a inch," says Durdles. "Your servant, Mr. Jasper. Hope I see you well."

"How are you, Durdles?"

"I've got a touch of the Tombatism on me, Mr. Jasper; but that I must expect."

"You mean the Rheumatism," says Sapsea, in a sharp tone. (He is nettled by having his composition so mechanically received.)

"No, I don't. I mean, Mr. Sapsea, the Tombatism. It's another sort from Rheumatism. Mr. Jasper knows what Durdles means. You get among them Tombs afore it's well light on a winter morning, and keep on, as the Catechism says, a-walking in the same all the days of your life, and *you'll* know what Durdles means."

"It is a bitter cold place," Mr. Jasper assents, with an antipathetic shiver.

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"And if it's bitter cold for you, up in the chancel, with a lot of live breath smoking out about you, what the bitterness is to Durdles, down in the crypt among the earthy damps there, and the dead breath of the old 'uns," returns that individual, "Durdles leaves you to judge.—Is this to be put in hand at once, Mr. Sapsea?"

Mr. Sapsea, with an Author's anxiety to rush into publication, replies that it cannot be out of hand too soon.

"You had better let me have the key, then," says Durdles.

"Why, man, it is not to be put inside the monument!"

"Durdles knows where it's to be put, Mr. Sapsea; no man better. Ask 'ere a man in Cloisterham whether Durdles knows his work."

Mr. Sapsea rises, takes a key from a drawer, unlocks an iron safe let into the wall, and takes from it another key.

"When Durdles puts a touch or a finish upon his work, no matter where, inside or outside, Durdles likes to look at his work all round, and see that his work is a-doing him credit," Durdles explains, doggedly.

The key proffered him by the bereaved widower being a large one, he slips his two-foot rule into a side-pocket of his flannel trousers made for it, and deliberately opens his flannel coat, and opens the mouth of a large breast-pocket within it before taking the key to place it in that repository.

"Why, Durdles!" exclaims Jasper, looking on amused. "You are undermined with pockets!"

"And I carries weight in 'em, too, Mr. Jasper. Feel those;" producing two other large keys.

"Hand me Mr. Sapsea's likewise. Surely this is the heaviest of the three."

"You'll find 'em much of a muchness, I expect," says Durdles. "They all belong to monuments. They all open Durdles's work. Durdles keeps the keys of his work mostly. Not that they're much used."

"By-the-by," it comes into Jasper's mind to say, as he idly examines the keys: "I have been going to ask you, many a day, and have always forgotten. You know they sometimes call you Stony Durdles, don't you?"

"Cloisterham knows me as Durdles, Mr. Jasper?"

"I am aware of that, of course. But the boys sometimes—"

"Oh! If you mind them young Imps of boys—" Durdles gruffly interrupts.

"I don't mind them, any more than you do. But there was a discussion the other day among the Choir, whether Stony stood for Tony;" clinking one key against another.

("Take care of the wards, Mr. Jasper.")

"Or whether Stony stood for Stephen;" clinking with a change of keys.

("You can't make a pitch-pipe of 'em, Mr. Jasper.")

"Or whether the name comes from your trade. How stands the fact?"

Mr. Jasper weighs the three keys in his hand, lifts his head from his idly-stooping attitude over the fire, and delivers the keys to Durdles with an ingenuous and friendly face.

But the stony one is a gruff one likewise, and that hazy state of his is always an uncertain state, highly conscious of its dignity, and prone to take offence. He drops his two keys back into his pocket one by one, and buttons them up; he takes his dinner-bundle from the chair-back on which he hung it when he came in; he distributes the weight he carries, by tying the third key up in it, as though he were an Ostrich, and liked to dine off cold iron; and he gets out of the room, deigning no word of answer.

Mr. Sapsea then proposes a hit at backgammon, which, seasoned with his own improving conversation, and terminating in a supper of cold roast-beef and salad, beguiles the golden evening until pretty late. Mr. Sapsea's wisdom being, in its delivery to mortals, rather of the diffuse than the epigrammatic order, is by no means expended even then; but his visitor intimates that he will come back for more of the precious commodity on future occasions, and Mr. Sapsea lets him off for the present, to ponder on the instalment he carries away.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DURDLES AND FRIEND.

JOHN JASPER, on his way home through the Close, is brought to a stand-still by the spectacle of Stony Durdles, dinner-bundle and all, leaning his back against the iron railing of the burial-ground enclosing it from the old cloister-arches; and a hideous small boy in rags flinging stones at him as a well-defined mark in the moonlight. Sometimes the stones hit him, and sometimes they miss him, but Durdles seems indifferent to either fortune. The hideous small boy, on the contrary, whenever he hits Durdles, blows a whistle of triumph through a jagged gap convenient for the purpose, in the front of his mouth, where half his teeth are wanting; and whenever he misses him, yelps out "Mulled agin!" and tries to atone for the failure by taking a more correct and vicious aim.

"What are you doing to the man?" demands Jasper, stepping out into the moonlight from the shade.

"Making a cock-shy of him," replies the hideous small boy.

"Give me those stones in your hand."

"Yes, I'll give 'em you down your throat, if you come a-ketching hold of me," says the small boy, shaking himself loose, and backing. "I'll smash your eye, if you don't look out!"

"Baby-Devil that you are, what has the man done to you?"

"He won't go home."

"What is that to you?"

"He gives me a 'apenny to pelt him home if I ketches him out too late," says the boy. And then chants, like a little savage, half stumbling and half dancing among the rags and laces of his dilapidated boots:

"Widdy Widdy wen!
I—ket—ches—Im—out—ar—ter—ten,
Widdy widdy wy!
Then—E—don't—go—then—I—shy—
Widdy Widdy Wake-cock warning!"

—with a comprehensive sweep on the last word, and one more delivery at Durdles.

This would seem to be a poetical note of preparation, agreed upon, as a caution to Durdles to stand clear if he can, or to betake himself homeward.

John Jasper invites the boy with a beck of his head to follow him (feeling it hopeless to drag him, or coax him) and crosses to the iron railing where the Stony (and stoned) One is profoundly meditating.

"Do you know this thing, this child?" asks Jasper, at a loss for a word that will define this thing.

"Deputy," says Durdles, with a nod.

"Is that it's—his—name?"

"Deputy," assents Durdles.

"I'm man-servant up at the Travellers' Twopenny in Gas Works Garding," this thing explains. "All us man-servants at Travellers' Lodgins is named Deputy. When we're chock full and the Travellers is all a-bed I come out for my 'elth." Then withdrawing into the road, and taking aim, he resumes:

"Widdy Widdy wen!
I—ket—ches—Im—out—ar—ter—"

"Hold your hand," cries Jasper, "and don't throw while I stand so near him, or I'll kill you! —Come, Durdles; let me walk home with you to-night. Shall I carry your bundle?"

"Not on any account," replies Durdles, adjusting it. "Durdles was making his reflections here when you come up, sir, surrounded by his works, like a poplar Author.—Your own brother-in-law;" introducing a sarcophagus within the railing, white and cold in the moonlight. "Mrs. Sapsea;" introducing the monument of that devoted wife. "Late Incumbent;" introducing the Reverend Gentleman's broken column. "Departed Assessed Taxes;" introducing a vase and towel, standing on what might represent the cake of soap. "Former pastry-cook and muffin-maker, much respected;" introducing gravestone. "All safe and sound here, sir, and all Durdles's work! Of the common folk that is merely bundled up in turf and brambles, the less said, the better. A poor lot, soon forgot."

"This creature, Deputy, is behind us," says Jasper, looking back. "Is he to follow us?"

The relations between Durdles and Deputy are of a capricious kind; for, on Durdles's turning himself about with the slow gravity of beery soddenness, Deputy makes a pretty wide circuit into the road, and stands on the defensive.

"You never cried Widdy Warning before you begun to-night," says Durdles, unexpectedly reminded of, or imagining, an injury.

"Yer lie, I did," says Deputy, in his only form of polite contradiction.

"Own brother, sir," observes Durdles, turning himself about again, and as unexpectedly forgetting his offence as he had recalled or conceived it; "own brother to Peter the Wild Boy! But I gave him an object in life."

"At which he takes aim?" Mr. Jasper suggests.

"That's it, sir," returns Durdles, quite satisfied; "at which he takes aim. I took him in hand and gave him an object. What was he before? A destroyer. What work did he do? Nothing but destruction. What did he earn by it? Short terms in Cloisterham Jail. Not a person, not a piece of property, not a winder, not a horse, nor a dog, nor a cat, nor a bird, nor a fowl, nor a pig, but what he stoned, for want of an enlightened object. I put that enlightened object before him, and now he can turn his honest half-penny by the three penn'orth a week."

"I wonder he has no competitors."

"He has plenty, Mr. Jasper, but he stones 'em all away. Now, I don't know what this scheme of mine comes to," pursues Durdles, considering about it with the same sodden gravity; "I don't know what you may precisely call it. It ain't a sort of a—scheme of a—National Education?"

"I should say not," replies Jasper.

"*I* should say not," assents Durdles; "then we won't try to give it a name."

"He still keeps behind us," repeats Jasper, looking over his shoulder; "is he to follow us?"

"We can't help going round by the Travellers' Twopenny, if we go the short way, which is the back way," Durdles answers, "and we'll drop him there."

So they go on; Deputy, as a rear-rank of one, taking open order, and invading the silence of the hour and place by stoning every wall, post, pillar, and other inanimate object, by the deserted way.

"Is there any thing new down in the crypt, Durdles?" asks John Jasper.

"Any thing old, I think you mean," growls Durdles. "It ain't a spot for novelty."

"Any new discovery on your part, I meant."

"There's a old 'un under the seventh pillar on the left as you go down the broken steps of the little underground chapel as formerly was; I make him out (so far as I've made him out yet) to be one of them old 'uns with a crook. To judge from the size of the passages in the walls, and of the steps and doors, by which they come and went, them crooks must have been a good deal in the way of the old 'uns! Two on 'em meeting promiscuous must have hitched one another by the mitre, pretty often, I should say."

Without any endeavor to correct the literality of this opinion, Jasper surveys his companion—covered from head to foot with old mortar, lime, and stone grit—as though he, Jasper, were getting imbued with a romantic interest in his weird life.

"Yours is a curious existence."

Without furnishing the least clew to the question, whether he receives this as a compliment or as quite the reverse, Durdles gruffly answers: "Yours is another."

"Well! Inasmuch as my lot is cast in the same old earthy, chilly, never-changing place. Yes. But there is much more mystery and interest in your connection with the Cathedral than in mine. Indeed, I am beginning to have some idea of asking you to take me on as a sort of student, or free 'prentice, under you, and to let me go about with you sometimes, and see some of those odd nooks in which you pass your days."

The Stony One replies, in a general way, All right. Every body knows where to find Durdles, when he's wanted. Which, if not strictly true, is approximately so, if taken to express that Durdles may always be found in a state of vagabondage somewhere.

"What I dwell upon most," says Jasper, pursuing his subject of romantic interest, "is the remarkable accuracy with which you would seem to find out where people are buried.—What is the matter? That bundle is in your way, let me hold it."

Durdles has stopped and backed a little (Deputy, attentive to all his movements, immediately skirmishing into the road) and was looking about for some ledge or corner to place his bundle on, when thus relieved of it.

"Just you give me my hammer out of that," says Durdles, "and I'll show you."

Clink, clink. And his hammer is handed him.

"Now lookee here. You pitch your note, don't you, Mr. Jasper?"

"Yes."

"So I sound for mine. I take my hammer, and I tap." (Here he strikes the pavement, and the attentive Deputy skirmishes at a rather wider range, as supposing that his head may be in requisition.) "I tap, tap, tap. Solid! I go on tapping. Solid still! Tap again. Halloa! Hollow! Tap again, persevering. Solid in hollow! Tap, tap, tap, to try it better. Solid in hollow; and inside solid, hollow again! There you are! Old 'un crumbled away in stone coffin, in vault!"

"Astonishing!"

"I have even done this," says Durdles, drawing out his two-foot rule (Deputy meanwhile skirmishing nearer, as suspecting that Treasure may be about to be discovered, which may somehow lead to his own enrichment, and the delicious treat of the discoverers being hanged by the neck, on his evidence, until they are dead). "Say that hammer of mine's a wall—my work. Two; four; and two is six," measuring on the pavement. "Six foot inside that wall is Mrs. Sapsea."

"Not really Mrs. Sapsea?"

"Say Mrs. Sapsea. Her wall's thicker, but say Mrs. Sapsea. Durdles taps that wall represented by that hammer and says, after good sounding: 'Something betwixt us! Sure enough, some rubbish has been left in that same six-foot space by Durdles's men!"

Jasper opines that such accuracy "is a gift."

"I wouldn't have it as a gift," returns Durdles, by no means receiving the observation in good part. "I worked it out for myself. Durdles comes by *his* knowledge through grubbing deep for it, and having it up by the roots when it don't want to come.—Halloa you Deputy!"

"Widdy!" is Deputy's shrill response, standing off again.

"Catch that ha'penny. And don't let me see any more of you to-night, after we come to the Travellers' Twopenny."

"Warning!" returns Deputy, having caught the halfpenny, and appearing by this mystic word to express his assent to the arrangement.

They have but to cross what was once the vineyard, belonging to what was once the Monastery, to come into the narrow back lane wherein stands the crazy wooden house of two low stories currently known as the Travellers' Twopenny:—a house all warped and distorted, like the morals of the travellers, with scant remains of a lattice-work porch over the door, and also of a rustic fence before its stamped-out garden; by reason of the travellers being so bound to the premises by a tender sentiment (or so fond of having a fire by the roadside in the course of the day), that they never can be persuaded or threatened into departure, without violently possessing themselves of some wooden forget-me-not, and bearing it off.

The semblance of an inn is attempted to be given to this wretched place by fragments of conventional red curtaining in the windows, which rags are made muddily transparent in the night-season by feeble lights of rush or cotton dip burning dully in the close air of the inside. As Durdles and Jasper come near, they are addressed by an inscribed paper lantern over the door, setting forth the purport of the house. They are also addressed by some half-dozen other hideous small boys—whether twopenny lodgers or followers or hangers-on of such, who knows!—who, as if attracted by some carrion-scent of Deputy in the air, start into the moonlight, as vultures might gather in the desert, and instantly fall to stoning him and one another.

"Stop, you young brutes," cries Jasper, angrily, "and let us go by!"

This remonstrance being received with yells and flying stones, according to a custom of late years comfortably established among the police regulations of our English communities, where Christians are stoned on all sides, as if the days of St. Stephen were revived, Durdles remarks of the young savages with some point, that "they haven't got an object," and leads the way down the lane.

At the corner of the lane, Jasper, hotly enraged, checks his companion and looks back. All is silent. Next moment, a stone coming rattling at his hat, and a distant yell of "Wake-cock Warning!" followed by a crow, as from some infernally-hatched Chanticleer, apprising him under whose victorious fire he stands, he turns the corner into safety, and takes Durdles home: Durdles stumbling among the litter of his stony yard as if he were going to turn head foremost into one of the unfinished tombs.

John Jasper returns by another way to his gate-house, and entering softly with his key, finds his fire still burning. He takes from a locked press a peculiar-looking pipe, which he fills—but not with tobacco—and, having adjusted the contents of the bowl, very carefully, with a little instrument, ascends an inner staircase of only a few steps, leading to two rooms. One of these is his own sleeping-chamber; the other, is his nephew's. There is a light in each.

His nephew lies asleep, calm and untroubled. John Jasper stands looking down upon him, his unlighted pipe in his hand, for some time, with a fixed and deep attention. Then, hushing his footsteps, he passes to his own room, lights his pipe, and delivers himself to the Spectres it invokes at midnight.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 696.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE ACTOR'S LESSON.

THE most admired and idolized of all French living actors is Frédérick Lemaître, often spoken of affectionately as plain Frédérick. He touches nothing that he does not adorn, even the strangest absurdities and incongruities; witness his performance of Père Gachette at the Folies-Dramatiques, in 1867. Such a drama would never enter your head—such a promising glut of crimes and corpses. It was a posthumous piece which would never have been played had its author, Paulin Deslandes, still survived; but there was his family to be assisted, and certainly it would have been a pity to lose one of Frédérick's most striking creations. Paulin Deslandes was a man of talent who, in the popular drama, more than once touched the right note. This "Père Gachette" was found in his drawer, and they determined to act it. They polished it up, remodeled the frame-work, and, in short, tried to render it passable, presentable—no very easy task. Luckily, a great actor was at their disposal, Frédérick Lemaître, who weathered the storm. A man of genius, like him, fixes all our attention upon himself, and causes his surroundings to be forgotten. Frédérick is the soul of this crazy drama. In his hands impossibilities become probable, absurdities superb, and the ridiculous story haunts and worries you like an actual occurrence.

The great power of Frédérick lies in his continual and conscientious truthfulness — truth in his passion, truth both in his comic and his grander scenes. There is not one of those striking gestures, which surprise you by their emphasis, which has not been studied and copied from nature. He is a dramatic genius born, not full armed, like Minerva, from Jupiter's brain, but who has armed himself, little by little, with all the feverish sorrows in his own experience, and the dramas of real life that have fallen in his way. His only professor has been, in fact, life. His conservatoire is the street or the saloon, any place where the collisions of love and hate cause passion to flash out like lightning. It is said that one day Lafontaine, who had been playing with great success, called on the old hero and begged his counsels.

"What counsels would you have me give you?" Frédérick asked. "The first person you happen to meet, if joyful or sad, and provided he manifest his sorrow or his joy, will give you more valuable hints than mine."

"Nevertheless—"

"We artists find only one true teacher, and this is our own proper heart. Come," continued Frédérick, "you wish me to give you a lesson. So be it; you shall have your lesson. Very well. You are returning home in good spirits, satisfied with every thing, after a pleasant evening, a dinner with friends—never mind what. You mount the staircase, smiling, before you see her, at your wife, who is awaiting you with open arms, and ready to give the usual kiss. You open the door and enter; your wife is not there. You look about you, and find, on a table, a letter, in which she tells you that she has left you, that she will never return, and that it is useless to search after her retreat. Here is a situation. How will you render it? Try it. I am all attention."

Frédérick Lemaître, quietly seated on his chair, regarded M. Lafontaine, who hesitated a little, feeling nervous in the great artist's presence. Perhaps he was also taken by surprise. Abrupt modes of teaching, like this, are unknown in the schools of declamation, where the professor lays the principal stress on the accent and the diction, implanting in his pupils a uniform mode of speech, which, in the end, becomes fatiguing to the hearer, and busying himself with the gesture rather than the soul—with the style of walking more than the intensity of feeling. Lions only, like Frédérick, take the bull by the horns, or rather pin him by the nostrils.

Frédérick Lemaître rose from his seat. "Look," he said to Lafontaine, "how I should do it!"

And then, as if in the course of conversation, with his hands in his pockets, and without any of the resources of the theatre, he acted before wondering Lafontaine one of the most astounding scenes it is possible to witness. At first he was the happy, confiding husband, stepping up stairs, humming a song. With a commonplace open countenance, and a half silly smile, he opens the door, draws a deep breath, rubs his hands. He is at home. He looks about him. Where is his wife? She has not sat up for him. Very extraordinary. Is she ill? Note that Frédérick did not utter a single word; all this was expressed by his unaided pantomime. He goes to the bed. Nobody! Has she gone out? He sits down; he will wait for her. He takes up a newspaper to while away the time.

But what is that letter on the side-table in the corner? A letter; and a letter from her! Why should she write? What need can she have to write? The husband changes countenance. He guesses some misfortune.

GRANDMAMMA.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 274.]

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Yes; there is misfortune in that letter. He takes it, turns it about, dares not open it. He reads it, and falls in a fainting fit.

"These, my good friend, are the only counsels I can give you," said Frédérick, rising. "Lay your hand on your heart, and listen to its beatings."

GRANDMAMMA.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

Ay! 'twas very long ago,
That my grandmamma sat so
By the oriel that dreary morning with her head half turned to see,
Where across the oaken floor
Of the sunlit corridor
Came a visitor, unconscious, singing with a boyish glee.

That was grandpapa who came;
She had only heard his name,
He had her face commended, but had seen it not till then;
She was glowing with her ride,
He was blushing, half in pride,
Angry with himself for feeling shyest of all bashful men.

It was very long ago,
Yet I like to hear it so—
How they met that bright May morning in a summer long passed by.
Were her eyes not sunny brown?
Frank, when you come next to town,
I will show you grandpapa, they've his portrait—such a brow, and such an eye!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

THE REAL ENEMY.

THE late Convention in Albany to protest against any sectarian use of the State funds shows how deep the interest is, and how sensitive is the public mind upon the subject. There is, however, a great deal of cross-firing in the skirmish. The disposition to assault the Roman Catholics as such, for instance, is an illustration of the cross-firing. The question is not in the least theological; it is exclusively political. It is not whether Roman Catholics are more or less Christians than other sects; nor whether they have persecuted more or less than others; nor whether the theory of the Roman Catholic Church is not essentially hostile to the American political system; but simply and only whether Church and State shall be kept absolutely independent of each other. If the debate should degenerate into a squabble between sects, the Roman Catholics will be quite able to give blows, as well as to take them. American citizens may hold to what religious faith they will, and the Government will defend their equal rights with all others. But American citizens who, in the interest of a sect, attack one of the fundamental principles of the Government, must be met and exposed at the beginning of their enterprise.

It is this attack which is made by the demand for the sectarian division of the public money. And the plea upon which it was first urged is not valid. It was said by the Roman Catholic clergy that the schools as conducted were sectarian, and that it was plainly unfair to tax for sectarian schools. They therefore demanded a division of the public school money in proportion to the number of each sect. Now if what they alleged were true, the remedy proposed was absurd. What was needed was not to destroy a vital principle of our polity, but to correct the abuse. If any public school was sectarian it violated the cardinal condition of the school system, and the necessary measure was obvious. It was simply to remove the cause of just complaint, not to abolish the system.

The plea by which the Roman clergy sought to sustain their charge was that the Bible, as read in some of the schools, was, in their view, a sectarian book. Of course it is no answer to the plea for other sects, who may be numerically in the majority, to reply that they don't think so. We must remember that to the American citizen who is a Jew Christianity itself is a mere sect, and the Jews have precisely the same rights as the rest of us. Ours is not a Protestant Christian government: as a government it supports no religion, but equally protects the supporters of all religions. The Jew, the Mohammedan, the man who professes a general unbelief—so long as they all keep the peace and violate no law—stand in the regard of the government side by side with Universalists, Romanists, Quakers, Presbyterians, Baptists, and the members of all other sects. The Jew, for instance, does not believe that the New Testament is a divinely-inspired book. Can the majority rightfully compel him to support schools in which, under pretense of secular instruction, this book is read to his children as of supernatural authority? Is this a point upon which the will of the mere majority ought to prevail?

If we establish secular schools, to be supported by a general tax, for the benefit of all, by what right do we obtrude into them the religious views of the majority? In every little village in the country there are Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists. Let us suppose that they agree to pay for a school for the secular instruction of all their children. But the Baptists are two to one in numbers. May they therefore introduce the reading of Baptist books as part of the system of instruction? Will not the Methodists very properly say, "If Baptist books are to be read on Monday, we insist that Methodist books shall be read on Tuesday, or we will withdraw from the agreement?" And is not the only rightful solution of the difficulty to resolve that the school is not intended to teach Baptist or Methodist views, and therefore no such books shall be read?

But when the good sense of the country met the plea of the Roman clergy by this simple statement of the case, the clergy immediately showed that their outcry against the Bible was a pretense only, by declaring that the removal of the Bible would not satisfy them. Their real objection was of another kind. "A Catholic Priest" wrote to the Boston *Advertiser* last November: "Catholics would not be satisfied with the public schools even if the Protestant Bible and every vestige of religious teaching were banished from them;" and he proceeded to say that Protestants ought to have their schools and Catholics theirs. The Rev. THOMAS PRESTON, in his discourse upon the question, says: "The exclusion of the Bible would not render the common schools satisfactory to us; for this alone would not make them non-sectarian.....No schools will satisfy us but those in which we can teach our religion." Thus the point of the Roman Catholic assault is not the Bible in the schools, but the fact that the schools do not teach religion. And the question, therefore, is, shall the public schools teach religion?

Manifestly that is impossible, because the next question is, what religion? And to that there will be as many answers as there are sects. To demand it, therefore, is to demand, as the Roman priesthood does demand, that the school money be divided among the sects, and the American common school system be abandoned. Now the State supports schools as a part of its police, and for no other reason. It leaves religious instruction to the parent, to the Church, and to the Sunday-school. To allege that the public school is "irreligious" because it does not directly teach the religious tenets of some sect—the Roman Catholic, for instance—is as laughable as to say that a public gymnasium or a public bath is irreligious. The object of the gymnasium is muscular exercise, and that of the bath cleanliness, just as that of the public school is elementary secular instruction, and that of a Sunday-school religious instruction. To abandon our present school system in order to ally Church with State by a sectarian division of the public money is to invite the fury of religious rancor and the contest of sectarian hate in a country which owes very much of its prosperity and intelligence to the rigorous separation of the two. Let each sect, with its own influence and its own money, do what it lawfully chooses; but let all sects sternly insist that the State shall be non-sectarian.

CONSTITUTIONAL CÆSARISM.

IF a man has made up his mind that LOUIS NAPOLEON is Satan, he will have a very simple key to French politics. Or if, on the other hand, he really believes that the French people intelligently and spontaneously elected LOUIS NAPOLEON Emperor, he will upon that readily explain all political events in France. The facts in the mean while seem to show that NAPOLEON is a man who came unscrupulously to an imperial throne, and whose word can not, of itself and unsustained by circumstances, be safely trusted.

But it is very clear that, after a trial of eighteen years, he is convinced that the Empire, as he conceived and has sought to practice it—an old-fashioned empire—is wholly impracticable. It is a candle after daybreak, neither beautiful nor useful. He has recently decided, therefore, to save as much of an empire and of the imperial chances of his heirs as possible. To do this he must, of course, introduce a constitutional form. But to expect him to establish a Republic, in which he might not even be nominated for constable, is hardly sagacious.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is undoubtedly just as selfish, just as unscrupulous, and just as unveracious as ever. But his good faith in the measures he has recently proposed may be trusted, because obviously they are for his interest. Discontent in France is chronic, and certainly not unnatural. The glamour of the Empire has vanished. But sensible Frenchmen know and LOUIS NAPOLEON knows that a revolution is a movement of very uncertain issue. Such Frenchmen are loth to appeal to it. But they are aware of the discontent, and so is he. He, therefore, proposes a compromise to retain their support and his own throne. This is the significance of his recent proposition. It is a liberal change of the Constitution. It makes the fundamental law accord still more with the forms of freer governments. Under the recent system the Senate was the ruling power in the Legislature, and the Emperor controlled the Senate. But he now proposes that the Lower House, to be elected by universal suffrage, shall originate laws and taxes; and the power of the Senate over the Lower House and the Constitution is abolished. The ministry is responsible, although the same section which declares this vaguely states that they depend solely upon the Emperor.

So far this is like other constitutional monarchical governments. But now comes the extraordinary provision which leaves the Emperor an indefinable power. "The Constitution can only be modified by the people on the proposition of the Emperor." This right of appeal is unconditional. The Emperor may propose the abolition of the Legislature and a return to absolute personal government, and his Ministers and the Legislature must be silent. But if it is not likely that he would make, nor that the people would sustain, such a proposition, yet amendment of the Constitution is impossible except by his will. The Empire is made permanent until the Emperor proposes its dissolution, or until a revolution overthrows it. The wisest heads in France may see the vital necessity of constitutional change. They may persuade the country; but until they can persuade the Emperor, the change can not be lawfully made. This is a vague and immense peril. In this country, if we had a similar provision, we might assume that the President, elected by a party, would propose to the country any amendment that the party thought desirable. But the Emperor is not elected. He is hereditary. He is for life, and he is amenable to no one.

Under the ordinary constitutional form a popular government is practicable even in a monarchy. If, for instance, there were as general a suffrage in England as there is in this country, the popular will would be felt more immediately than it is here. But a Constitution which is changeable only upon the proposition of the sovereign, is not a popular Constitution, and progress is possible under it only as fast and as far as he chooses. This was well enough when the system was that of personal government, as it has been since the *coup d'état*. But it can not be satisfactory to intelligent Frenchmen who do not wish revolution, but who do wish that the lawful steps of political progress shall not depend upon the whim of an Emperor.

The election of representatives to initiate laws and to lay the taxes, a ministry responsible to the majority of the Legislature, and the abolition of the power of the Senate—the creature of the Emperor—over the Lower House and the Constitution, are all great gains. But here the divergence begins. The Emperor considers himself. The opposition consider the people. The Emperor says: "I will change the Constitution as my conception of my own necessities and interest dictates." The opposition says: "The people should have the power to change the fundamental law whenever their welfare requires." If the Emperor should concede this, the people might require him to retire to-morrow. But until he concedes this he is not, in the ordinary sense, a Constitutional Emperor.

REPEAL OF THE TAX ON STATE BANK CIRCULATION.

THERE is a combined effort on foot to repeal the tax imposed by the General Government which has not only operated to destroy the vicious circulation of the old State bank system, but to give us one in its place of improved if not of uniform credit. The change should be firmly resisted by Congress and the people.

The right to impose this tax assumes the supremacy of the General Government in providing a circulating medium. Although the States exercised this power for many years, recent events have shown that it was a clear violation of fundamental principles.

At the outset of the recent war the alternative presented to the nation was this: whether to rely on the State banks in the multitudinous financial operations that grew out of the contest, or to devise a national system. After the suspension of the banks on the 31st December, 1861, they undoubtedly aspired to become the fiscal agents of the Government. The Sub-treasury act prevented any arrangement of this character without the action of Congress, but a proposition to repeal the Sub-treasury act and devolve the duties of a fiscal agent upon the banks was made at the time under imposing auspices. The arrangement would have involved the use by the Government of the irredeemable currency of State banks, largely augmented in volume to meet a vast expenditure. The institutions which aimed at occupying this confidential position were in no degree responsible to the Government for their action, but were created by States not all of them harmonious with the principal object, and in many of them there were directors who were quite willing to interpose obstructions. The banks were under no obligations to accept the duty; and if accepted and neglected they could be reached by no process whatever, as it was foreign to the objects for which they had been created. Even if this duty had been imposed upon them by State laws, their refusal to perform it could be punished only by the slow process of legal proceedings.

The motives presented to the Treasury for an alliance with these institutions were these: that the war was on foot; that all the gold and silver which they could raise had been loaned; that it was dangerous in the face of the enemy to establish a new system; and that, as they were in operation, the increase of their irredeemable issues would create less of a shock than either to create national banks, which were to start on the same unsound basis, or to rely on Treasury notes.

The emergency was appalling, but the Government had the wisdom to decide that there were no features in the organization of State banks which permitted this connection. It would have been as reasonable to commit important national duties connected with commerce or the coinage to them, as to have devolved upon them this control over the circulating medium. The next step to follow such a measure would have been to make their bills a legal tender. In any event it would have amounted to a surrender of an important national power into the control of the States.

Perhaps no greater proof of the impolicy of creating State banks could be afforded than results from their inadequacy in time of war to meet the necessities of the condition. Although those of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston loaned freely at the beginning of hostilities, yet it became manifest as hostilities advanced that their character was anomalous, and that if we were to have a paper system, another and a different one was required. The obligation to rely on the State banks was very much like that imposed by the articles of Confederation, which compelled the Government to call upon the States for quotas of men and money.

In the distribution of power between the States and the General Government complete control over commerce and the coinage was devolved upon the United States. As money is an important instrument of commerce, its regulation is of national concern; but there was a constant tendency to transfer this power over to the States, as a part of the policy of State rights. So far did this extend that the right to create a national bank was denied, and the authority to create banks was practically surrendered to the States. This was, in truth, a surrender of one of the attributes of sovereignty.

The prohibition in the National Constitution upon the States, forbidding them to issue bills of credit, or to make any thing but gold and silver a tender for debts—prohibitions not extended to the General Government—show that the States were neither to issue nor to authorize the issue of paper-money. The power to make the bills a tender in great emergencies must appertain to the paper system, and as the States were stripped of it, it is not to be supposed that any power of regulation was intended to be conferred on them.

These institutions have been held to be constitutional on the ground that they were incorporated by the States to exercise private rights, and that their bills were not issued on the basis of State credit, but only of corporate credit. The mischief intended to be remedied was the universal circulation of paper-money, and this mischief was in full operation when the Government, in 1861, was brought face to face with the dilemma of a paper circulation over the whole Union, as to which it had surrendered its control.

In the light derived from recent events it can scarcely be supposed that the right to issue circulating notes free of tax, or under any circumstances, will be conceded to the States, and especially as the Supreme Court of the United States has sustained the power to impose such tax.

It is to be regarded as fortunate that the same influences which operated upon the mind of the Chief Justice to retrace the path of clearly expressed opinion in favor of the Legal-Tender act, had no effect upon the kindred measure in question. The two subjects—restriction upon State circulation, and against the States making paper a tender—are linked together in the Constitution, and from present appearances—the legal-tender decision having been opened—there is likely to be the same harmony in the decisions of the Court that exists in constitutional provisions.

A POLITICAL CALM.

WITH the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment there is a striking lull in the interest of general politics. The Georgia debate in the Senate has been interminable, and to most persons incomprehensible; and it yet remains to be explained upon what ground Senators justify long speeches addressed to the empty chairs of their colleagues. They can not even plead that they are meant for Buncombe, for Buncombe does not read them. They are printed, indeed, in the *Globe*, and editors are supposed to read that paper. But editors are human, and they discriminate. It is, therefore, fair to say that the speeches upon the Georgia question, which have occupied precious days of the Senate, have been heard by nobody and read by nobody. The languor of public interest in the Congressional debates was never more remarkable. In the House the tariff discussion, confined to the details of taxation, has been really very im-

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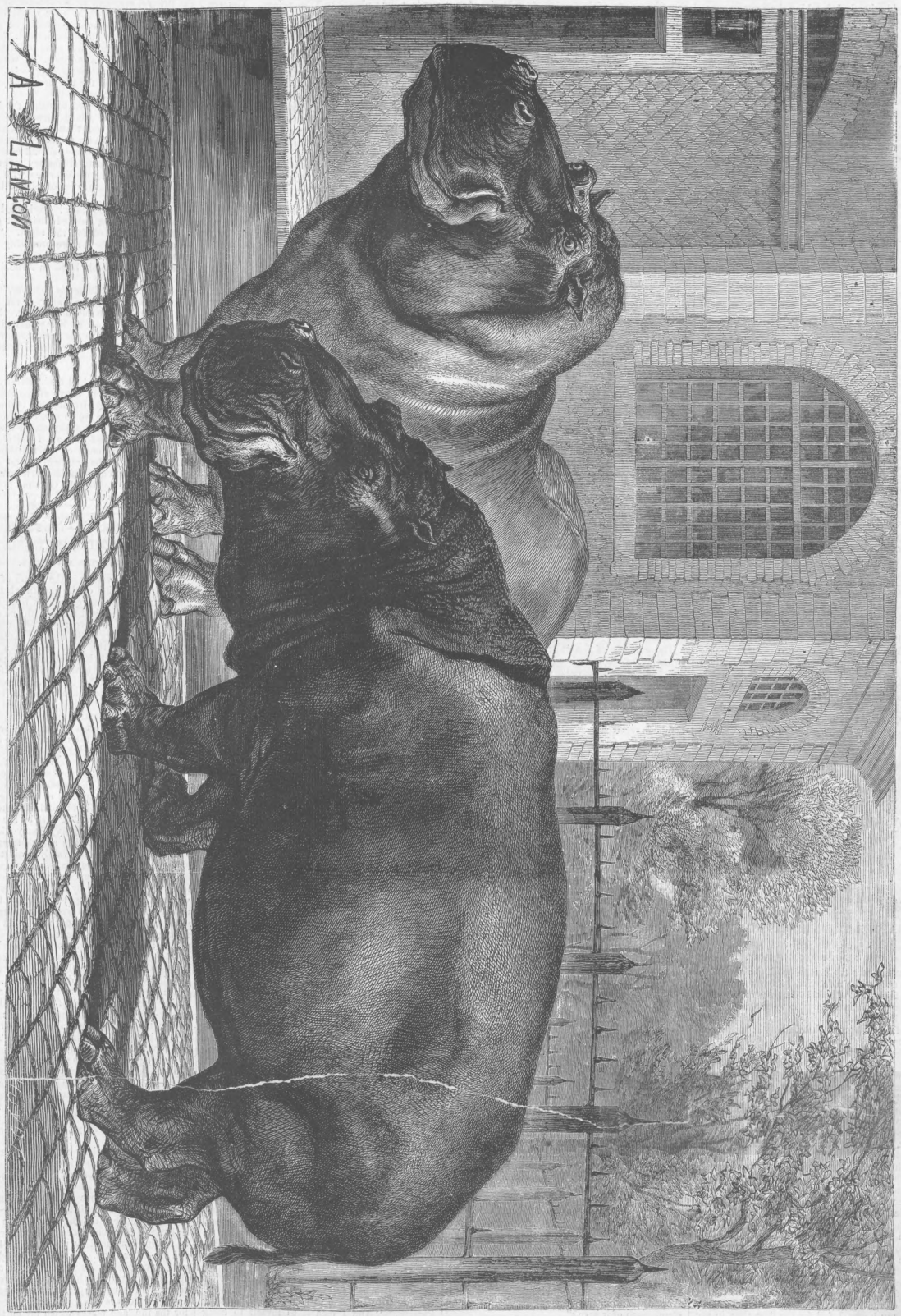

HIPPOPOTAMI IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES AT PARIS.

mous; when only fifteen days old he required daily the milk of fifteen goats or of six cows to satisfy him, which nourishment he obtained by sucking a goat-skin made into a nursing-bottle—but then he weighed at birth nearly two hundred pounds. His appetite grew with his growth; when a month old the yield of thirty goats or twelve cows barely sufficed to keep him alive; however, he reached Cairo and eventually France, where he received a not over-generous welcome, as a female, not male, was required and expected at the Jardin des Plantes.

The gentleman who had acted as his guardian for the first six months of his babyhood, having absented himself for some twelve weeks, paid his protégé a visit when he was nine months old, and attracted his attention by calling him by his Arabic name, when immediately he rose to the surface of the water-tank, exhibiting the most intense satisfaction at meeting his foster-father once more, giving vent to his joy in grunts resembling those of fifty porkers. So ALEXANDER DUMAS writes; but then DUMAS is a professed teller of stories.

The hippopotamus, as seen in captivity, although not beautiful, appears a quiet, inoffensive animal, and as such he was formerly described by naturalists; but modern travelers have many stories to relate of unprovoked attacks on men; and the natives of the country in which they are found certainly hold them in great dread.

Their jaws are extremely powerful, and, according to RAY, are hung as are those of the crocodile, viz.: the upper jaw as well as the lower being movable.

They are very cunning and sagacious, and Providence has gifted them with eyes which can be protruded or withdrawn at the will of the animal, commanding a very wide area. PLINY tells us that "the cunning and dexterity of this beast is so great that he will walk backward in order to mislead his enemy." Of course this is not true; but they are wonderfully keen in scenting a trap, and will pause at the brink of the most naturally covered pit, grunt knowingly, and walk round it. The "spoor" of a man discovered in their regular paths is enough to rouse the suspicions of all the mother hippopotami of

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the neighborhood, and, taking their young ones, they emigrate, several miles sometimes, to safer quarters.

The researches of geologists have proved that in the earlier ages the hippopotamus was common to Europe and Asia; it is now found only in Africa, and there not universally, as it inhabits no river falling into the Mediterranean, with the exception of the Nile.

Hippopotami are commonly seen in families of from ten to thirty, and in certain districts, particularly Nubia, are a terrible plague to the native farmer, by nightly prowls through the grain fields, eating enormous quantities, and spoiling more by the tread of their great feet. These animals rarely take to the dry land in the daytime, so the natives usually hunt them in what appears to be their more congenial element, and kill them with a peculiarly shaped harpoon; using an ingeniously constructed raft or floating *blind* made of reeds, under cover of which they approach to within striking distance of the shy brutes. This manner of hunting is comparatively safe, for, on account of the great size, buoyancy, and elasticity of the raft, the animal, however wickedly inclined, can neither "board" nor capsize it; but when one pursues him, as is sometimes done, in a canoe, the peril is very considerable, the wounded animal sometimes attacking the frail craft, which is instantly upset, and seizing one or other of the crew with a single grasp of his horrid jaws, either terribly mutilates the poor fellow, or, it may be, cuts his body fairly in two.

White settlers and sportsmen usually shoot them from the shore; but this comparatively, or indeed quite, safe plan is accompanied by the drawback that the hippopotamus when killed outright usually sinks, and then the stream must be watched for the carcass to reappear on the surface, when it can be secured.

Various devices are resorted to by the natives of Southern Africa to destroy these animals. At times they are entrapped, despite of their caution, in pitfalls; but the most ingenious plan is by means of the downfall, a heavily weighted harpoon, suspended over a frequented hippopotamus path or trail, which is so contrived that the legs of the animal coming in contact with a rope instantly destroy the support of the cunningly poised implement, which, descending, is driven deep into the back of the beast, who, wounded and bloody, rushes with pain and fury to the nearest water, where he soon dies.

The flesh of the hippopotamus is highly esteemed, and with justice, for it is very palatable. The tongue is reckoned a delicacy; the fat is very excellent, and forms a capital substitute for butter.

As civilization advances the hippopotami recede before it; and in a century or two they will be extinct, known only to students of natural history, classed with the mastodons and megatheriums of by-gone ages.

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MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

(Continued.)

THE NEWS FROM GLASGOW.

BLANCHE was the first to break the silence.

"It seems like a fatality," she said. "Perpetual failure! Perpetual disappointment! Are Anne and I doomed never to meet again?"

She looked at her uncle. Sir Patrick showed none of his customary cheerfulness in the face of disaster.

"She has promised to write to Mr. Crum," he said. "And Mr. Crum has promised to let us know when he hears from her. That is the only prospect before us. We must accept it as resignedly as we can."

Blanche wandered out listlessly among the flowers in the conservatory. Sir Patrick made no secret of the impression produced upon him by Mr. Crum's letter, when he and Arnold were left alone.

"There is no denying," he said, "that matters have taken a very serious turn. My plans and calculations are all thrown out. It is impossible to foresee what new mischief may not come of it, if those two women meet; or what desperate act Delamayn may not commit, if he finds himself driven to the wall. As things are, I own frankly I don't know what to do next. A great light of the Presbyterian Church," he added, with a momentary outbreak of his whimsical humor, "once declared, in my hearing, that the invention of printing was nothing more or less than a proof of the intellectual activity of the Devil. Upon my honor, I feel for the first time in my life inclined to agree with him."

He mechanically took up the Glasgow journal, which Arnold had laid aside, while he spoke.

"What's this!" he exclaimed, as a name caught his eye in the first line of the newspaper at which he happened to look. "Mrs. Glenarm again! Are they turning the iron-master's widow into a public character?"

There the name of the widow was, unquestionably; figuring for the second time in type, in a letter of the gossiping sort, supplied by an "Occasional Correspondent," and distinguished by the title of "Sayings and Doings in the North." After tattling pleasantly of the prospects of the shooting season, of the fashions from Paris, of an accident to a tourist, and of a scandal in the Scottish Kirk, the writer proceeded to the narrative of a case of interest, relating to a marriage in the sphere known (in the language of footmen) as the sphere of "high life."

Considerable sensation (the correspondent announced) had been caused in Perth and its neighborhood, by the exposure of an anonymous attempt at extortion, of which a lady of distinction had lately been made the object. As her name had already been publicly mentioned in an application to the magistrates, there could be no impropriety in stating that the lady in question was Mrs. Glenarm—whose approaching union with the Honorable Geoffrey Delamayn was alluded to in another column of the journal.

Mrs. Glenarm had, it appeared, received an anonymous letter, on the first day of her arrival as guest at the house of a friend, residing in the neighborhood of Perth. The letter warned her that there was an obstacle, of which she was herself probably not aware, in the way of her projected marriage with Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn. That gentleman had seriously compromised himself with another lady; and the lady would oppose his marriage to Mrs. Glenarm, with proof in writing to produce in support of her claim. The proof was contained in two letters exchanged between the parties, and signed by their names; and the correspondence was placed at Mrs. Glenarm's disposal, on two conditions, as follows:

First, that she should offer a sufficiently liberal price to induce the present possessor of the letters to part with them. Secondly, that she should consent to adopt such a method of paying the money as should satisfy the person that he was in no danger of finding himself brought within reach of the law. The answer to these two proposals was directed to be made through the medium of an advertisement in the local newspaper—distinguished by this address, "To a Friend in the Dark."

Certain turns of expression, and one or two mistakes in spelling, pointed to this insolent letter as being, in all probability, the production of a Scotchman, in the lower ranks of life. Mrs. Glenarm had at once shown it to her nearest relative, Captain Newenden. The captain had sought legal advice in Perth. It had been decided, after due consideration, to insert the advertisement demanded, and to take measures to entrap the writer of the letter into revealing himself—without, it is needless to add, allowing the fellow really to profit by his attempted act of extortion.

The cunning of the "Friend in the Dark" (whoever he might be) had, on trying the proposed experiment, proved to be more than a match for the lawyers. He had successfully eluded not only the snare first set for him, but others subsequently laid. A second, and a third, anonymous letter, one more impudent than the other, had been received by Mrs. Glenarm, assuring that lady and the friends who were acting for her, that they were only wasting time, and raising the price which would be asked for the correspondence, by the course they were taking. Captain Newenden had thereupon, in default of knowing what other course to pursue, appealed publicly to the city magistrates; and a reward had been offered, under the sanction of the municipal authorities, for the discovery of the man. This proceeding also having proved quite fruitless, it was understood that the captain had arranged, with the concurrence of his English solicitors, to place the matter in the hands of an experienced officer of the London police.

Here, so far as the newspaper correspondent was aware, the affair rested for the present.

It was only necessary to add, that Mrs. Glenarm had left the neighborhood of Perth, in order to escape further annoyance; and had placed herself under the protection of friends in another part of the county. Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn, whose fair fame had been assailed (it was needless, the correspondent added in parenthesis, to say how groundlessly), was understood to have expressed, not only the indignation natural under the circumstances, but also his extreme regret at not finding himself in a position to aid Captain Newenden's efforts to bring the anonymous slanderer to justice. The honorable gentleman was, as the sporting public were well aware, then in course of strict training for his forthcoming appearance at the Fulham Foot-Race. So important was it considered that his mind should not be harassed by annoyances, in his present responsible position, that his trainer and his principal backers had thought it desirable to hasten his removal to the neighborhood of Fulham—where the exercises which were to prepare him for the race were now being continued on the spot.

"The mystery seems to thicken," said Arnold.

"Quite the contrary," returned Sir Patrick, briskly. "The mystery is clearing fast—thanks to the Glasgow newspaper. Miss Silvester has gone to Perth, to recover her correspondence with Geoffrey Delamayn."

"Do you think she would recognize it," said Arnold, pointing to the newspaper, "in the account given of it here?"

"Certainly! And she could hardly fail, in my opinion, to get a step farther than that. Unless I am entirely mistaken, the authorship of the anonymous letters has not mystified *her*."

"How could she guess at that?"

"In this way, as I think. Whatever she may have previously thought, she must suspect, by this time, that the missing correspondence has been stolen, and not lost. Now, there are only two persons whom she can think of, as probably guilty of the theft—Mrs. Inchbare or Bishopriggs. The newspaper description of the style of the anonymous letters declares it to be the style of a Scotchman in the lower ranks of life—in other words, points plainly to Bishopriggs. You see that? Very well. Now suppose she recovers the stolen property. What is likely to happen then? She will be more or less than woman if she doesn't make her way next, provided with her proofs in writing, to Mrs. Glenarm. She may innocently help, or she may innocently frustrate, the end we have in view—either way, our course is clear before us again. Our interest in communicating with Miss Silvester remains precisely the same interest that it was before we received the Glasgow newspaper. I propose to wait till Sunday, on the chance that Mr. Crum may write again. If we don't hear from him, I shall start for Scotland on Monday morning, and take my chance of finding my way to Miss Silvester, through Mrs. Glenarm."

"Leaving me behind?"

"Leaving you behind. Somebody must stay with Blanche. After having only been a fortnight married, must I remind you of that?"

"Don't you think Mr. Crum will write before Monday?"

"It will be such a fortunate circumstance for us, if he does write, that I don't venture to anticipate it."

"You are down on our luck, Sir."

"I detest slang, Arnold. But slang, I own, expresses my state of mind, in this instance, with an accuracy which almost reconciles me to the use of it—for once in a way."

"Every body's luck turns sooner or later," persisted Arnold. "I can't help thinking *our* luck is on the turn at last. Would you mind taking a bet, Sir Patrick?"

"Apply at the stables. I leave betting, as I leave cleaning the horses, to my groom."

With that crabbed answer he closed the conversation for the day.

The hours passed, and time brought the post again in due course—and the post decided in Arnold's favor! Sir Patrick's want of confidence in the favoring patronage of Fortune was practically rebuked by the arrival of a second letter from the Glasgow lawyer on the next day.

"I have the pleasure of announcing" (Mr. Crum wrote) "that I have heard from Miss Silvester, by the next postal delivery ensuing, after I had dispatched my letter to Ham Farm. She writes, very briefly, to inform me that she has decided on establishing her next place of residence in London. The reason assigned for taking this step—which she certainly did not contemplate when I last saw her—is, that she finds herself approaching the end of her pecuniary resources. Having already decided on adopting, as a means of living, the calling of a concert-singer, she has arranged to place her interests in the hands of an old friend of her late mother (who appears to have belonged also to the musical profession): a dramatic and musical agent long established in the metropolis, and well known to her as a trust-worthy and respectable man. She sends me the name and address of this person—a copy of which you will find on the inclosed slip of paper—in the event of my having occasion to write to her, before she is settled in London. This is the whole substance of her letter. I have only to add, that it does not contain the slightest allusion to the nature of the errand on which she left Glasgow."

Sir Patrick happened to be alone when he opened Mr. Crum's letter.

His first proceeding, after reading it, was to consult the railway time-table hanging in the hall. Having done this, he returned to the library—wrote a short note of inquiry, addressed to the musical agent—and rang the bell.

"Miss Silvester is expected in London, Duncan. I want a discreet person to communicate with her. You are the person."

Duncan bowed. Sir Patrick handed him the note.

"If you start at once you will be in time to catch the train. Go to that address, and inquire for Miss Silvester. If she has arrived, give her my compliments, and say I will have the honor of calling on her (on Mr. Brinkworth's behalf) at the earliest date which she may find it convenient to appoint. Be quick about it—and you will have time to get back before the last train. Have Mr. and Mrs. Brinkworth returned from their drive?"

"No, Sir Patrick."

Pending the return of Arnold and Blanche, Sir Patrick looked at Mr. Crum's letter for the second time.

He was not quite satisfied that the pecuniary motive was really the motive at the bottom of Anne's journey south. Remembering that Geoffrey's trainers had removed him to the neighborhood of London, he was inclined to doubt whether some serious quarrel had not taken place between Anne and Mrs. Glenarm—and whether some direct appeal to Geoffrey himself might not be in contemplation as the result. In that event, Sir Patrick's advice and assistance would be placed, without scruple, at Miss Silvester's disposal. By asserting her claim, in opposition to the claim of Mrs. Glenarm, she was also asserting herself to be an unmarried woman, and was thus serving Blanche's interests as well as her own. "I owe it to Blanche to help her," thought Sir Patrick. "And I owe it to myself to bring Geoffrey Delamayn to a day of reckoning if I can."

The barking of the dogs in the yard announced the return of the carriage. Sir Patrick went out to meet Arnold and Blanche at the gate, and tell them the news.

Punctual to the time at which he was expected, the discreet Duncan reappeared with a note from the musical agent.

Miss Silvester had not yet reached London; but she was expected to arrive not later than Tuesday in the ensuing week. The agent had already been favored with her instructions to pay the strictest attention to any commands received from Sir Patrick Lundie. He would take care that Sir Patrick's message should be given to Miss Silvester as soon as she arrived.

At last, then, there was news to be relied on! At last there was a prospect of seeing her! Blanche was radiant with happiness. Arnold was in high spirits for the first time since his return from Baden.

Sir Patrick tried hard to catch the infection of gayety from his young friends; but, to his own surprise, not less than to theirs, the effort proved fruitless. With the tide of events turning decidedly in his favor—relieved of the necessity of taking a doubtful journey to Scotland; assured of obtaining his interview with Anne in a few days' time—he was out of spirits all through the evening.

"Still down on our luck!" exclaimed Arnold, as he and his host finished their last game of billiards, and parted for the night. "Surely, we couldn't wish for a more promising prospect than *our* prospect next week?"

Sir Patrick laid his hand on Arnold's shoulder.

"Let us look indulgently together," he said, in his whimsically-grave way, "at the humiliating spectacle of an old man's folly. I feel, at this moment, Arnold, as if I would give every thing that I possess in the world to have passed over next week, and to be landed safely in the time beyond it."

"But why?"

"There is the folly! I can't tell why. With every reason to be in better spirits than usual, I am unaccountably, irrationally, invincibly depressed. What are we to conclude from that? Am I the object of a supernatural warning of misfortune to come? Or am I the object of a temporary derangement of the functions of the liver? There is the question. Who is to decide it? How contemptible is humanity, Arnold, rightly understood! Give me my candle, and let's hope it's the liver."

EIGHTH SCENE.—THE PANTRY.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

ANNE WINS A VICTORY.

ON a certain evening in the month of September (at that period of the month when Arnold and Blanche were traveling back from Baden to Ham Farm) an ancient man—with one eye filmy and blind, and one eye moist and merry—sat alone in the pantry of the Harp of Scotland Inn, Perth, pounding the sugar softly in a glass of whisky-punch. He has hitherto been personally distinguished in these pages as the self-appointed father of Anne Silvester and the humble servant of Blanche at the dance at Swanhaven Lodge. He now dawns on the view in amicable relations with a third lady—and assumes the mystic character of Mrs. Glenarm's "Friend in the Dark."

Arriving in Perth the day after the festivities at Swanhaven, Bishopriggs proceeded to the Harp of Scotland—at which establishment for the reception of travelers he possessed the advantage of being known to the landlord as Mrs. Inchbare's right-hand man, and of standing high on the head-waiter's list of old and intimate friends.

Inquiring for the waiter first by the name of Thomas (otherwise Tammy) Pennyquick, Bishopriggs found his friend in sore distress of body and mind. Contending vainly against the disabling advances of rheumatism, Thomas Pennyquick ruefully contemplated the prospect of being laid up at home by a long illness—with a wife and children to support, and with the emoluments attached to his position passing into the pockets of the first stranger who could be found to occupy his place at the inn.

Hearing this doleful story, Bishopriggs cunningly saw his way to serving his own private interests by performing the part of Thomas Pennyquick's generous and devoted friend.

He forthwith offered to fill the place, without taking the emoluments, of the invalided head-waiter—on the understanding, as a matter of course, that the landlord consented to board and lodge him free of expense at the inn. The landlord having readily accepted this condition, Thomas Pennyquick retired to the bosom of his family. And there was Bishopriggs, doubly secured behind a respectable position and a virtuous action, against all likelihood of suspicion falling on him, as a stranger in Perth—in the event of his correspondence with Mrs. Glenarm being made the object of legal investigation on the part of her friends!

Having opened the campaign in this masterly manner, the same sagacious foresight had distinguished the operations of Bishopriggs throughout.

His correspondence with Mrs. Glenarm was invariably written with the left hand—the writing thus produced defying detection, in all cases, as bearing no resemblance of character whatever to writing produced by persons who habitually use the other hand. A no less far-sighted cunning distinguished his proceedings in answering the advertisements which the lawyers duly inserted in the newspaper. He appointed hours at which he was employed on business-errands for the inn, and places which lay on the way to those errands, for his meetings with Mrs. Glenarm's representatives: a pass-word being determined on, as usual in such cases, by exchanging which the persons concerned could discover each other. However carefully the lawyers might set the snare—whether they had their necessary "witness" disguised as an artist sketching in the neighborhood, or as an old woman selling fruit, or what not—the wary eye of Bishopriggs detected it. He left the pass-word unspoken; he went his way on his errand; he was followed on suspicion; and he was discovered to be only "a respectable person," charged with a message by the landlord of the Harp of Scotland Inn!

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To a man intrenched behind such precautions as these, the chance of being detected might well be reckoned among the last of all the chances that could possibly happen.

Discovery was, nevertheless, advancing on Bishopriggs from a quarter which had not been included in his calculations. Anne Silvester was in Perth; forewarned by the newspaper (as Sir Patrick had guessed) that the letters offered to Mrs. Glenarm were the letters between Geoffrey and herself, which she had lost at Craig Fernie, and bent on clearing up the suspicion which pointed to Bishopriggs as the person who was trying to turn the correspondence to pecuniary account. The inquiries made for him, at Anne's request, as soon as she arrived in the town, openly described his name, and his former position as headwaiter at Craig Fernie—and thus led easily to the discovery of him, in his publicly avowed character of Thomas Pennyquick's devoted friend. Toward evening, on the day after she reached Perth, the news came to Anne that Bishopriggs was in service at the inn known as the Harp of Scotland. The landlord of the hotel at which she was staying inquired whether he should send a message for her. She answered, "No, I will take my message myself. All I want is a person to show me the way to the inn."

Secluded in the solitude of the head-waiter's pantry, Bishopriggs sat peacefully melting the sugar in his whisky-punch.

It was the hour of the evening at which a period of tranquillity generally occurred before what was called "the night-business" of the house began. Bishopriggs was accustomed to drink and meditate daily in this interval of repose. He tasted the punch, and smiled contentedly as he set down his glass. The prospect before him looked fairly enough. He had outwitted the lawyers in the preliminary negotiations thus far. All that was needful now was to wait till the terror of a public scandal (sustained by occasional letters from her "Friend in the Dark") had its due effect on Mrs. Glenarm, and hurried her into paying the purchase-money for the correspondence with her own hand. "Let it breed in the brain," he thought, "and the siller will soon come out o' the purse."

His reflections were interrupted by the appearance of a slovenly maid-servant, with a cotton handkerchief tied round her head, and an uncleaned sauce-pan in her hand.

"Eh, Maister Bishopriggs," cried the girl, "here's a braw young leddy speerin' for ye by yer ain name at the door."

"A leddy?" repeated Bishopriggs, with a look of virtuous disgust. "Ye donnert ne'er-do-weel, do you come to a decent, 'sponsible man like me, wi' sic a Cyprian overture as that? What d'ye tak' me for? Mark Antony that lost the world for love (the mair fule he!)? or Don Jovanny that counted his concubines by hundreds, like the blessed Solomon himself? Awa' wi' ye to yer pots and pans; and bid the wandering Venus that sent ye go spin!"

Before the girl could answer she was gently pulled aside from the doorway, and Bishopriggs, thunder-struck, saw Anne Silvester standing in her place.

"You had better tell the servant I am no stranger to you," said Anne, looking toward the kitchen-maid, who stood in the passage staring at her in stolid amazement.

"My ain sister's child!" cried Bishopriggs, lying with his customary readiness. "Go yer ways, Maggie. The bonny lassie's my ain kith and kin. The tongue o' scandal, I trow, has naething to say against that.—Lord save us and guide us!" he added in another tone, as the girl closed the door on them, "what brings ye here?"

"I have something to say to you. I am not very well; I must wait a little first. Give me a chair."

Bishopriggs obeyed in silence. His one available eye rested on Anne, as he produced the chair, with an uneasy and suspicious attention. "I'm wanting to know one thing," he said. "By what meeraiculous means, young madam, do ye happen to ha' fund yer way to this inn?"

Anne told him how her inquiries had been made, and what the result had been, plainly and frankly. The clouded face of Bishopriggs began to clear again.

"Hech! hech!" he exclaimed, recovering all his native impudence, "I hae had occasion to remark already, to anither leddy than yersel', that it's seemply mairvelous hoo a man's ain gude deeds find him oot in this lower warld o' ours. I hae dune a gude deed by pure Tammy Pennyquick, and here's a' Pairth ringing wi' the report o' it; and Sawmuel Bishopriggs sae weel known that ony stranger has only to ask, and find him. Understand, I beseech ye, that it's no hand o' mine that pets this new feather in my cap. As a gude Calvinist, my saul's clear o' the smallest figment o' belief in Warks. When I look at my ain celeebrity I joost ask, as the Psawmist asked before me, 'Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?' It seems ye've something to say to me," he added, suddenly reverting to the object of Anne's visit. "Is it humanly possible that ye can ha' come a' the way to Pairth for naething but that?"

The expression of suspicion began to show itself again in his face. Concealing as she best might the disgust that he inspired in her, Anne stated her errand in the most direct manner, and in the fewest possible words.

"I have come here to ask you for something," she said.

"Ay? ay? What may it be ye're wanting of me?"

"I want the letter I lost at Craig Fernie."

Even the solidly-founded self-possession of Bishopriggs himself was shaken by the startling directness of that attack on it. His glib tongue was paralyzed for the moment. "I dinna ken what ye're drivin' at," he said, after an interval, with a sullen consciousness that he had been all but tricked into betraying himself.

The change in his manner convinced Anne that she had found in Bishopriggs the person of whom she was in search.

"You have got my letter," she said, sternly insisting on the truth. "And you are trying to turn it to a disgraceful use. I won't allow you to make a market of my private affairs. You have offered a letter of mine for sale to a stranger. I insist on your restoring it to me before I leave this room!"

Bishopriggs hesitated again. His first suspicion that Anne had been privately instructed by Mrs. Glenarm's lawyers returned to his mind as a suspicion confirmed. He felt the vast importance of making a cautious reply.

"I'll no' waste precious time," he said, after a moment's consideration with himself, "in brushing awa' the fawse breath o' scandal, when it passes my way. It blaws to nae purpose, my young leddy, when it blaws on an honest man like me. Fie for shame on ye for saying what ye've joost said—to me that was a fether to ye at Craig Fernie! Wha' set ye on to it? Will it be man or woman that's misca'ed me behind my back?"

Anne took the Glasgow newspaper from the pocket of her traveling cloak, and placed it before him, open at the paragraph which described the act of extortion attempted on Mrs. Glenarm.

"I have found there," she said, "all that I want to know."

"May a' the tribe o' editors, preenters, papermakers, news-vendors, and the like, bleeze together in the pit o' Tophet!" With this devout aspiration—internally felt, not openly uttered—Bishopriggs put on his spectacles, and read the passage pointed out to him. "I see naething here touching the name o' Sawmuel Bishopriggs, or the matter o' ony loss ye may or may not ha' had at Craig Fernie," he said, when he had done; still defending his position, with a resolution worthy of a better cause.

Anne's pride recoiled at the prospect of prolonging the discussion with him. She rose to her feet, and said her last words.

"I have learned enough by this time," she answered, "to know that the one argument that prevails with you is the argument of money. If money will spare me the hateful necessity of disputing with you—poor as I am, money you shall have. Be silent, if you please. You are personally interested in what I have to say next."

She opened her purse, and took a five-pound note from it.

"If you choose to own the truth, and produce the letter," she resumed, "I will give you this, as your reward for finding, and restoring to me, something that I had lost. If you persist in your present prevarication, I can, and will, make that sheet of note-paper you have stolen from me nothing but waste paper in your hands. You have threatened Mrs. Glenarm with my interference. Suppose I go to Mrs. Glenarm? Suppose I interfere before the week is out? Suppose I have other letters of Mr. Delamayn's in my possession, and produce them to speak for me? What has Mrs. Glenarm to purchase of you *then?* Answer me that!"

The color rose on her pale face. Her eyes, dim and weary when she entered the room, looked him brightly through and through in immeasurable contempt. "Answer me that!" she repeated, with a burst of her old energy which revealed the fire and passion of the woman's nature, not quenched even yet!

If Bishopriggs had a merit, it was a rare merit, as men go, of knowing when he was beaten. If he had an accomplishment, it was the accomplishment of retiring defeated, with all the honors of war.

"Mercy presairve us!" he exclaimed, in the most innocent manner. "Is it even You Yersel' that writ the letter to the man ca'ed Jaffray Delamayn, and got the wee bit answer in pencil, on the blank page? Hoo, in Heeven's name, was I to know *that* was the letter ye were after when ye cam' in here? Did ye ever tell me ye were Anne Silvester, at the hottle? Never ance! Was the puir feckless husband-creature ye had wi' ye at the inn, Jaffray Delamayn? Jaffray wad mak' twa o' him, as my ain eyes ha' seen. Gi' ye back yer letter? My certie! noo I know it *is* yer letter, I'll gi' it back wi' a' the pleasure in life!"

He opened his pocket-book, and took it out, with an alacrity worthy of the honestest man in Christendom — and (more wonderful still) he looked with a perfectly assumed expression of indifference at the five-pound note in Anne's hand.

"Hoot! toot!" he said, "I'm no' that clear in my mind that I'm free to tak' yer money. Eh, weel! weel! I'll een receive it, if ye like, as a bit Memento o' the time when I was o' some sma' sairvice to ye at the hottle. Ye'll no' mind," he added, suddenly returning to business, "writin' me joost a line—in the way o' receipt, ye ken—to clear me o' ony future suspicion in the matter o' the letter?"

Anne threw down the bank-note on the table near which they were standing, and snatched the letter from him.

"You need no receipt," she answered. "There shall be no letter to bear witness against you!"

She lifted her other hand to tear it in pieces. Bishopriggs caught her by both wrists, at the same moment, and held her fast.

"Bide a wee!" he said. "Ye don't get the letter, young madam, without the receipt. It may be a' the same to *you*, now ye've married the other man, whether Jaffray Delamayn ance promised ye fair in the by-gone time, or no. But, my certie! it's a matter o' some moment to *me*, that ye've chairged wi' stealin' the letter, and making a market o't, and Lord knows what besides, that I suld hae yer ain acknowledgment for it in black and white. Gi' me my bit receipt—and een do as ye will with yer letter after that!"

Anne's hold of the letter relaxed. She let Bishopriggs repossess himself of it as it dropped on the floor between them, without making an effort to prevent him.

"It may be a' the same to *you*, now ye've married the other man, whether Jaffray Delamayn ance promised ye fair in the by-gone time, or no." Those words presented Anne's position before her in a light in which she had not seen it yet. She had truly expressed the loathing that Geoffrey now inspired in her, when she had declared, in her letter to Arnold, that, even if he offered her marriage, in atonement for the past, she would rather be what she was than be his wife. It had never occurred to her, until this moment, that others would misinterpret the sensitive pride which had prompted the abandonment of her claim on the man who had ruined her. It had never been brought home to her until now, that if she left him contemptuously to go his own way, and sell himself to the first woman who had money enough to buy him, her conduct would sanction the false conclusion that she was powerless to interfere, because she was married already to another man. The color that had risen in her face vanished, and left it deadly pale again. She began to see that the purpose of her journey to the north was not completed yet.

"I will give you your receipt," she said. "Tell me what to write, and it shall be written."

Bishopriggs dictated the receipt. She wrote and signed it. He put it in his pocket-book with the five-pound note, and handed her the letter in exchange.

"Tear it if ye will," he said. "It matters naething to *me*."

For a moment she hesitated. A sudden shuddering shook her from head to foot—the forewarning, it might be, of the influence which that letter, saved from destruction by a hair's-breadth, was destined to exercise on her life to come. She recovered herself, and folded her cloak closer to her, as if she had felt a passing chill.

"No," she said; "I will keep the letter."

She folded it and put it in the pocket of her dress. Then turned to go—and stopped at the door.

"One thing more," she added. "Do you know Mrs. Glenarm's present address?"

"Ye're no' reely going to Mistress Glenarm?"

"That is no concern of yours. You can answer my question or not, as you please."

"Eh, my leddy! yer temper's no' what it used to be in the auld times at the hottle. Aweel! aweel! ye ha gi'en me yer money, and I'll een gi' ye back gude measure for it, on my side. Mistress Glenarm's awa' in private—incog, as they say—to Jaffray Delamayn's brither at Swanhaven Lodge. Ye may rely on the information, and it's no' that easy to come at either. They've keepit it a secret as they think from a' the warld. Hech! hech! Tammy Pennyquick's youngest but twa is page-boy at the hoose where the leddy's been veesitin', on the outskirts o' Pairth. Keep a secret if ye can frae the pawky ears o' yer domestics in the servants' hall!—Eh! she's aff, without a word at parting!" he exclaimed, as Anne left him without ceremony in the middle of his dissertation on secrets and servants' halls. "I trow I ha' gaen out for wool, and come back shorn," he added, reflecting grimly on the disastrous overthrow of the promising speculation on which he had embarked. "My certie! there was naething left for't, when madam's fingers had grippit me, but to slip through them as cannily as I could. What's Jaffray's marrying, or no' marrying, to do wi' *her?*" he wondered, reverting to the question which Anne had put to him at parting. "And whar's the sense o' her errand, if she's reely bent on finding her way to Mistress Glenarm?"

Whatever the sense of her errand might be, Anne's next proceeding proved that she was really bent on it. After resting two days, she left Perth by the first train in the morning, for Swanhaven Lodge.

ANTIPATHIES.

SOME curious instances are on record of the antipathy displayed by individuals toward certain articles of food. Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that even the smell of it threw him into a fever. Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk; and Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Philip II. of Spain gave a whimsical reason for his dislike of fish: "They are nothing but elements congealed, or a jelly of water."

Usually the odors of flowers are agreeable; but instances occasionally occur where they exercise a totally different effect. The jonquil and the tuberose are insupportable to some; others can not bear the fragrance of the lilac; even violets, the last flowers to be suspected, have excited the greatest antipathy. Hysterics have been brought on by the marsh-mallow; saffron has been known to produce swooning.

Others have shown aversion to certain animals. Henry III. of France, though he had driven his enemies before him at Jarnac, trembled from head to foot at the sight of a cat. When a hare crossed the celebrated Duke d'Epernon's path his blood stagnated in his veins. Albert, a brave field-marshal of France, fell insensible to the ground on discovering a sucking-pig served up at his own table. Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman who could never see an eel without fainting. There is an account of another person who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp. A French lady always fainted on seeing boiled lobsters. M. De Lanere gives an account of a man who was so terrified at seeing a hedgehog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by such an animal. The same author was intimate with a very brave officer who was so frightened at the sight of a mouse that he never dared to look at one unless he had a sword in his hand. The author of the "Turkish Spy" tells us that he would rather encounter a lion, provided he had but a weapon in his hand, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark.

Two English sailors, who had been left in charge of Dr. Livingstone's steamer at Tette, had a curious method of dealing with the traders there. Having ascertained the market-price of provisions, they paid that and no more. If the traders refused to leave the steamer till the price was increased, a chameleon, of which the natives have a mortal dread, was brought out of the cabin; and the moment the natives saw the creature they at once sprang overboard. The chameleon settled every dispute in a twinkling.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.—Close all the outer doors of a four-story house, open the inner doors, and then take a long switch, and chase a cat up and down stairs till she sweats.

Charlie, a bright four-year-old, of Norwich, was in an unamiable mood the other day, and his mother admonished him to look pleasant. But his face continued to wrinkle, till she remarked: "Why, Charlie, I am astonished to see you making faces at your mother!" Charlie brightened up at once, and retorted: "Why, I calculated to laugh, but, mamma, my face slipped."

A husband two years after marriage met an old friend who congratulated him upon his improved personal appearance, but said, "It seems to me you have grown smaller." "No wonder," was the reply: "ever since I saw you I have been coming down handsomely."

A smart old Western lady, being called into court as witness, grew impatient at the questions put to her, and told the judge that she would quit the stand, for he was "raly one of the most inquisitive old gentlemen she ever seen."

A young gentleman, who has just married a little under-sized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature could not afford it.

A CHECK-RED EXPERIENCE—That of the railway station men.

A young lady in Galesburg, having "set her cap" for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win him, was telling her sorrows to a couple of her confidants, when one of them confronted her with these words: "Never mind, Mollie, there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." "Mollie knows that," replied her little brother; "but she wants a whale."

A young gentleman at Wapello, Iowa, sent seventy-five cents to New York recently, for a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription, in large type, on a card: "Write with a pencil."

A blind mendicant who frequents the Rue St. Honoré has the following announcement affixed to his bosom: "Blind! Father of four children, the result of a terrible accident!"

PLEADING AT THE BAR—Begging for a drink.

A lady occupying a room, letter B, at a hotel in New York, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven, and if letter B says, 'Let her be,' don't let her be, nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B——, who is to call at half past ten." The porter, a much better boot-black than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to "let her be."

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women only players." And it may be added, without irreverence to Shakspeare—very poor players, most of them.

A NATURAL COLOR—The gray of the evening.

If a girl were to fall into the water, and were unable to sink, why would she partly change her sex?—Because she would be a boy and (buoyant) girl.

FRESH FROM SCHOOL.

EMILY (*little sister*). "What a large family the Spinsters must be! I hear in church every Sunday that some of them are going to be married!"

FRANCES (*elder sister*). "Oh, you little stupid! Don't you know what spinsters are?—Bachelor ladies, of course."

THE ROUND OF DOMESTIC LIFE—A hoop-skirt.

The following anecdote is told of the painter Barrett: His only pets were a cat and a kitten, its progeny. A friend, seeing two holes in the bottom of his door, asked him for what purpose he made them there. Barrett said it was for his cats to go in and out. "Why," replied his friend, "would not one do for both?" "You silly man!" answered the painter, "how could the big cat get into the little hole?" "But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?" "Egad!" said Barrett, "so she could; but I never thought of that."

THE TIME O' DAY.—A lady in the country—the clock having stopped—sent one of the servants out into the garden to see what time it was by the sun-dial. He was town-bred, and sharp enough at most things, but he had not learned this, and so brought the face of the dial indoors that his mistress might tell the time herself.

PLEASANT FITS TO HAVE—Those of your tailor.

Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit, and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has been provoked by his sayings. He was recently engaged in the sale of very fine household furniture and fixings. He had just got to "going, going, and a half, going," when he saw a smiling countenance, on agricultural shoulders, wink at him. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse or sharp-sighted auctioneer, so Smith winked, and the man winked, and Smith kept "going, going," with a lot of stove-pipes, glass-ware, carpets, pots, and perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down. "To whom?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger. "Who? Golly!" said the stranger, "I don't know who." "Why, you, Sir," said Smith. "Who, me?" "Yes, you bid on the lot," said Smith. "Me? Hang me if I did!" insisted the stranger. "Why, did you not wink, and keep winking?" asked Smith. "Winking? Well, I did, and so did you at me. I thought you was winking as much as to say, 'Keep dark, and I'll stick somebody in this lot of stuff;' and I winked as much as to say, 'I'll be hanged if you don't, mister!'"

No matter how low gold may get, it will never want friends.

The only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

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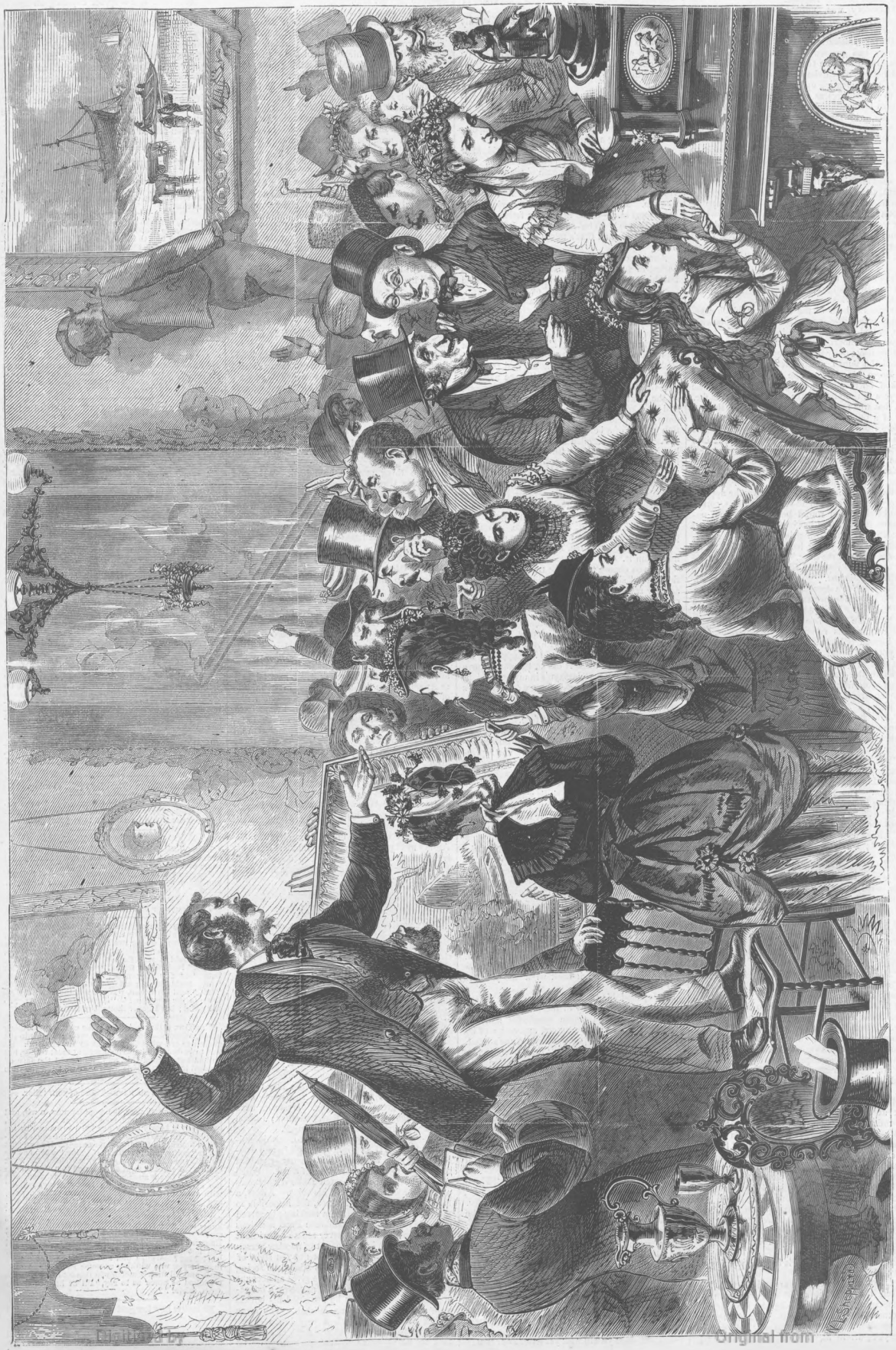

AN AUCTION SALE.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

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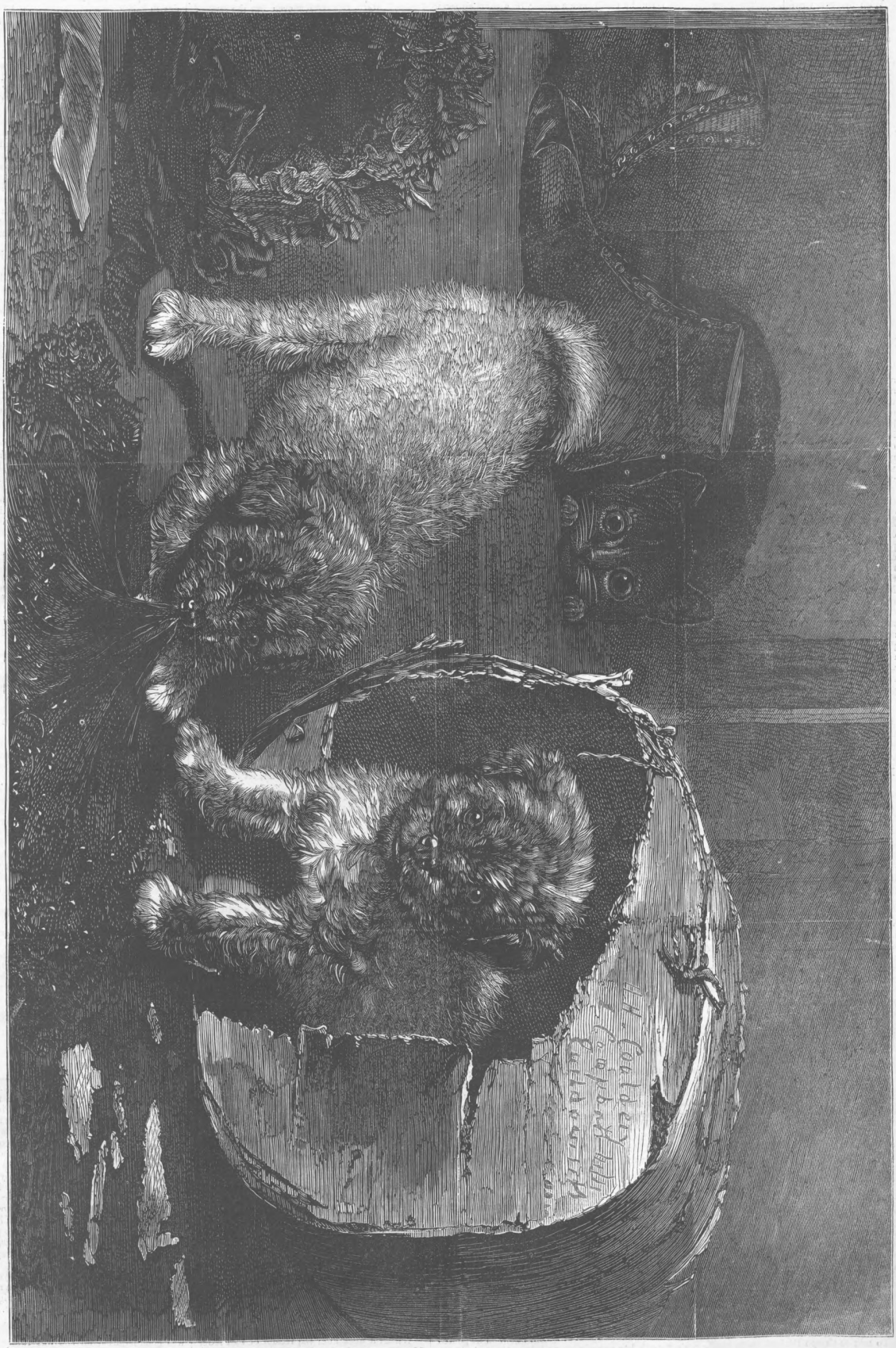

JACK IN THE BOX.—From a Painting by H. H. Coulbert.—[See Page 282.]

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A STOLEN VISIT.

WHEN you are wrapt in happy sleep,
I walk about your house by night,
With many a wistful, stealthy peep
At what I've loved by morning light.

Your head is on the pillow laid,
My feet are where your footsteps were;
Your soul to other lands has strayed,
My heart can hear you breathe and stir.

I seat me in your wonted chair,
And ope your book a little space;
I touch the flowers that knew your care,
The mirror that reflects your face.

I kiss the pen that spoke your thought,
The spot whereon you knelt to pray,
The message with your wisdom fraught,
Writ down on paper yesterday,

The garment that you lately wore,
The threshold that your step goes by,
The music that you fingered o'er,
The picture that contents your eye.

Yet when you wake from happy sleep,
And busy here, and busy there,
You take your wonted morning peep
At what is good and what is fair,

"She has been here," you will not say,
My prying face you will not find;
You'll think, "She is a mile away:"
My love hath left no mark behind.

JACK IN THE BOX.

OUR illustration on page 281 is engraved from a pleasant little picture by Mr. H. H. COULDERY, a young English artist of great promise. It is well composed and excellently drawn. Its chief merit, apart from the spirit and freedom of handling exhibited in all the details of the picture, lies in the character the artist has thrown into the faces of these mischievous little Skye terriers. He has not only made himself acquainted with the droll ways common to puppies in general, but he has mastered the quaint and almost human expression which so peculiarly distinguishes this particular breed. The playful movements of the young of all animals are full of grace or fun, and we all know that the Skye terrier yields to no domestic creature in sagacity. The situation which the painter has provided for the puppies of course essentially helps the genuine humor of the representation. A wardrobe door has been incautiously left open, and the result is before us. Master "Jack" and his partner in mischief have rolled out and broken through a bandbox, and therefrom extracted a bonnet, the veil of which the latter is proceeding to tear; while Jack himself, feeling master of the situation, is content to plant his paws outside the box, and, with head slightly awry and twinkling eyes, to survey the wreck with a comical expression of triumph. A no less happily conceived touch is that of the peering kitten in the back-ground, who, longing to share in the sport, is yet fearful of joining those rougher playmates.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER IX.

A RESOURCE.

THE evening of Lord George Segrave's dinner-party was the first occasion on which Cesare de' Barletti had given his wife a glimpse of the brute fury that was latent under his gentle lazy demeanor. They had had quarrels before: lovers' quarrels; in which Cesare had protested against Veronica's cruelty, and Veronica had played off her despotic airs, and they had both been vehement, and demonstrative, and childish. And the end of such quarrels had invariably been to bring back Cesare humbly imploring pardon at the feet of the triumphant beauty.

But never had his looks and tones been such as met her astonished eyes and ears on that miserable evening.

And there was no deep repentance afterward, no humble suing for pardon on his part. He approached her the next morning with a smile and a kiss! and when she drew back in dumb resentment, he merely shrugged his shoulders, lit his cigar, and sauntered off into the stable-yard.

In truth Cesare considered himself to be the injured person. His wife, by her inconceivably absurd temper, had led him into an error, which error had thrown him into a rage. That was no trifle. Cesare was always particularly careful not to fly into a passion if he could avoid it. And his temper was so indolently mild in general that he had no great difficulty in avoiding frequent ebullitions of anger.

To an unaccustomed English eye, indeed, he might have seemed to be in paroxysms of fury on many occasions when his feelings were scarcely stirred. He had the national characteristic of instantly translating slight and superficial emotions into very violent outward expression by means of voice, face, and gesture, and of thus working off excitement at a cheap cost, if the phrase may pass.

But whenever angry motion went beyond the slight and superficial stage with him, it was apt to become very terribly intense indeed, and to assume the form of personal hatred, and a deadly desire of vengeance against the object of it.

To talk to Cesare Barletti about hating a sin but pardoning a sinner, or to use any phrase involving a similar idea, would have appeared to him very much like uttering meaningless jargon. He never conceived or thought of *any thing* in an abstract form. The unseen—the intangible—had no power over his imagination. Hate a sin, indeed! Why should he hate a sin? Che, che! But he could hate a sinner, or a saint either, if need were—with a relentless animosity of which it would be difficult to exaggerate the bitterness.

On the occasion in question, however, his anger had been merely evanescent. It was all an absurdity and a mistake. What if a man did express his opinion that such and such people were too rigid in their notions to desire to associate with Veronica? Well, so much the worse for such and such people, as he had said to his wife. He had all his life heard about English prudery. There were even persons who objected to play cards and to go to the opera. Was he to distress himself about that? Veronica was Princess Cesare de' Barletti. That was sufficient with persons who knew the world. He would permit no man to insult the Princess Cesare de' Barletti with impunity.

Cesare's quickness of perception was rapidly bringing him to the conviction that it was a far finer thing to be a "prince" in England than in Naples. Veronica, in bestowing her wealth and herself upon him, had not then made an entirely one-sided bargain. The consideration was not an unpleasant one.

He drove over to Hammick Lodge more than once after his first visit to Lord George, and met several guests there, mostly bachelors, and, with few exceptions, active patrons of that noble institution—the Turf. Cesare found these gentlemen pleasant and unaffected; entirely devoid of the insular stiffness which he had kept continually looking for since his arrival in Great Britain, and had found up to the height of his expectation in only one individual—the accomplished Mr. Dickinson.

The "turfy" gentlemen, on their part, found Barletti a charming fellow, and were delighted to make his acquaintance. But the "turfy" gentlemen were greatly disappointed at discovering one singular blemish in Barletti's moral nature; he steadily refused to "speculate" on any coming event whatever, on the extraordinarily naïve plea that he did not understand betting.

"My dear fellow," said one tall, thin gentleman, with a long, sharp chin and dull, fishy eyes, "it's as simple as A, B, C."

"Ah, già!" returned the prince, with much suavity. "But A-a, B-a, C-a is not simple until you have learned it."

Nevertheless, despite this deplorable lack of enterprise on Cesare's part, he was very popular at Hammick Lodge. He played an uncommonly good game at écarté, a very fair one at whist, and that he was no match for his host at billiards did not certainly operate against him in Lord George's good graces.

He had no formal reconciliation with his wife, but the coolness between them—which in fact had only existed on her side—passed away in a day or two.

Cesare never knew how much it cost Veronica to condone his violent behavior, without an expression of the deepest penitence on his part. And his ignorance of the sacrifice her haughty spirit was forced to make rendered that sacrifice, perhaps, a little less difficult than it would otherwise have been. At least there was in his mind no perception of what she deemed a bitter humiliation.

In her loneliness—and she was very lonely; but, as Cesare said, it was she who had desired to come to Shipley, and could be help it if the people would not call on her?—she had recourse to the only human being on whose entire devotion she could rely. She took to writing letters to Mr. Plew.

The letters at first were short; mere notes written with the excuse of asking his advice upon this or that trifling point of regimen. She would follow his advice. She had been thinking over it, and she really believed that exercise would be good for her. Could he not come to see her? Why had he not been? The first note brought, not Mr. Plew, but a brief professional recapitulation of the points he had urged upon her consideration. In the second note, she asked again why he had not been to see her. Was it true, as had been whispered to her, that the attractions of a certain meek *dove* had succeeded in engrossing him altogether? No sooner had she dispatched this note than she wished to recall it. She was ashamed of it. It was too familiar—too condescending.

The answer to it, however, contained no allusion to her hint; neither denial nor confirmation. It merely stated that Mr. Plew would willingly go over to Shipley Magna if he could be of real service to her; but that, unless she had need of his presence, he must refrain from doing so. His mother was ill, and required all the care and attention he could give her.

This reply of the surgeon reached Veronica on a rainy afternoon. She was dull and dispirited. Her husband was at Hammick. The quiet sorrow in the tone of Mr. Plew's letter chimed in with Veronica's mood at the moment of receiving it. A few slow tears trickled down her cheeks as she sat with her head leaning on her hand, looking down on the note. She *must* have some sympathy! She must dissipate somewhat of the weight of sadness that oppressed her soul, by confiding to another human heart a few, at least, of her sorrows.

She sat down to write to Mr. Plew. As she wrote on, the half revelations she had intended became whole revelations. She found a relief in the depiction of her feelings—even in that of her faults. She would rather speak evil of herself than not speak of herself at all. She poured forth her complaints and her disappointments without reserve.

Here was one who would listen patiently, who would sympathize sincerely, who would feel her sorrows as his own. Here was a heart that might be trusted to beat faithfully, let it ache as it would. His judgment might condemn her, but his feelings would take her part. He might preach, warn, reprove her even, but the reproof would have no sting. She could accept such reproof, she could embrace it, for she would know that it came out of the depth of a great love. He would ask nothing, he would expect nothing, he would resent nothing. He could thrust himself aside with a sublime magnanimity, and think only of her.

So she sent the letter.

"What do you write so often to that man for, Cara Veronica?" asked Cesare, unexpectedly, on the day following that on which her third letter was dispatched.

"So—so often?" she stammered. The question took her by surprise, and she was startled by it.

"Yes; it is often, I think. Two letters in one week. This lying on the table"—and Cesare took up a pink envelope sealed and directed—"is the second that I *know of*."

"It is kind of you not to recollect that I told you I had consulted Mr. Plew about my nervous headaches! I write to him partly about them; and, besides, he is one of my oldest and most intimate friends. I have known him from a child."

"Ah, Benissimo!" replied Cesare, carelessly. And the next minute he seemed to have forgotten the whole affair.

But when, in the course of two more days, a reply arrived from Mr. Plew, Cesare, playing with the Spitz dog in one corner of the sofa, watched his wife when the letter was delivered to her—watched her while she opened it and began to read it, and finally asked, "Is the letter from our good papa, il reverendissimo Signor Vicario?"

"No; it is from Mr. Plew."

The instant directness of the answer seemed a little unexpected by him. He looked up at her for an instant, and then began to stroke the dog in a more caressing way than he had used before.

"Where are you going, dearest?" he asked, presently.

"To my own room."

"To read your letter in peace? May I see it?"

"See it? See this letter?"

"Yes; is it indiscreet?" he asked, showing his white teeth in a smile that flashed for a second and was gone.

For a scarcely perceptible space of time Veronica hesitated. Then she tossed him the letter disdainfully.

"You are as curious as a baby!" she said.

He took the letter and pored over it gravely. Then he brought it back to her and kissed her hand.

"I can't read it," he said. "What a devil of a writing!"

Veronica had fully reckoned on this inability of Cesare's. Between his imperfect knowledge of English and the cramped characters of Mr. Plew's handwriting, that looked as though it were expressly invented and adopted for the purpose of scrawling the hieroglyphics familiar to our eyes in doctors' prescriptions, she had been tolerably sure that Cesare would fail to glean much information from the letter, let it contain what it might.

"Why should Cesare have wanted to see that letter!" she asked herself when she was alone in her own room. "It must be from the mere suspicious dislike that any thing, however trifling, should pass between me and any one else with which he is not fully acquainted. I have noticed this trait in him lately—only lately. He used not to be so in Italy."

Veronica forgot that in Italy Cesare had been himself her sole possible confidant.

When she had perused Mr. Plew's letter she felt glad that Cesare had been unable to decipher it. There was no word in it which should have made him justly discontented with Mr. Plew; but there were many words which would have roused his anger against his wife.

"The account of your unhappiness cuts me to the heart," he wrote in one place. "I am not at all skillful with my pen, nor able to express what I feel. But I am so sure you are wrong in giving way to these morbid feelings; and yet I pity you so much for having them. I had hoped that you were at last happy and contented. God knows that there is nothing I would not give to see you so."

And again: "I am solemnly certain that your first duty now is to try to gain your husband's whole confidence and affection. Remember you chose him freely, and he loved you when there was no one else, whom you knew of, to love you!"

And once more: "I wish I was clever and could write like you. But I can not. I can only beg and beseech you to cast off gloomy and repining thoughts. There is one thing we can all do—try to be useful to others. Think of their sorrows more than your own. Even in my humble way I find that this soothes my pain of mind as nothing else soothes it. And you who are so rich, and so young, and so clever, might do a deal of good. You don't know the suffering there is in the world that a few copper coins would lighten. I feel your confidence in writing to me very much. But I wish for your sake that you would have no secrets from your husband. You ask me to come and see you. I can not just at present. My mother is very ill; and there is an epidemic fever in the parish. My life is not altogether a bed of roses."

Within a week after the receipt of that letter Mrs. Plew was dead. And the Prince and Princess de' Barletti had gone away to London in great haste; for a malignant form of typhus fever was raging in Shipley Magna.

CHAPTER X.

A FRIENDLY TEA-DRINKING.

IT was near the end of a very sultry summer day in London—a day in the quite late summer. The people who were able to leave town next week pronounced that the season was over. The people whose business, or interest, or impecuniosity obliged them to linger a while longer, declared that there was so much going on still they positively didn't know how to keep all their engagements.

It was, however, near enough to the period styled by London tradesmen "the fag end of the season" to bring it to pass that Miss Betsy Boyce had no dinner invitation for that day, and no invitation to any later assembly, and that she was consequently drinking tea at about half past seven o'clock in Mr. Lovegrove's house in Bedford Square.

Betsy Boyce was quite free from any vulgar prejudices on the score of fashionable or unfashionable hours. She would drink tea at seven o'clock, or dine at eight, or breakfast at any hour from nine A.M. to two P.M., with perfectly accommodating good-humor.

"It matters very little what you call a meal," she would say. "If you eat between eight and nine o'clock at night, and like to call that dinner, I'm quite content. If you have your real solid dinner at two or three, and your old-fashioned tea at five or six, and like to call that lunch, or kettle-drum, or any thing else, I'm equally content. When one lives in the world one must do as the world does in those matters. I have heard papa say that when he was at Vienna, and knew the old Prince Metternich, he has seen him often at a grand banquet, playing with a plateful of brown bread-and-butter, and tasting nothing else. Well, he ate his wholesome food at a wholesome hour, of course. But he never thought of changing people's manners and customs. No more do I."

Something of this kind she had said in answer to Mrs. Lovegrove's ostentatiously humble apology for inviting her to tea at seven o'clock.

"It is not," said Mrs. Lovegrove, with a kind of virtuous, self-denying severity that would have exasperated any one less genuinely tolerant and good-natured than Betsy Boyce—"it is not that I do not understand the usages of the circles in which you habitually move. It would be strange, bred up as I was at our place in the country, among the élite of our country society—you won't mind my saying that country society is, as a general rule, more exclusive and more rigid on the score of birth than the mixed and ever-varying circles of the metropolis?—it would be strange if I did not understand those usages."

"To be sure," said Miss Boyce, pleasantly. "What good cake this is! Thanks; I *will* have a piece more of it."

"But when I married Mr. Lovegrove I put all that aside at once and forever. I looked my position in the face, and accepted all its conditions."

"And a very comfortable position it is, too, Mrs. Lovegrove. And excessively delighted a good many ladies of my acquaintance would be to jump into such another."

It will be perceived that the acquaintance between Mrs. Lovegrove and Miss Boyce, begun in Mrs. Frost's drawing-room, had advanced toward something like intimacy.

Betsy Boyce was, as she herself declared, eminently a social being. She was just as cheerful and content in the solicitor's house in Bedford Square as at my lord duke's in Carlton Gardens. And while she regaled the lawyer's wife with stories of the Olympian feasts she shared with the gods and goddesses, whose mythology (carefully edited with a view to its meeting the public eye) is contained in Sir Bernard Burke's red volumes, she never offended her hosts by appearing to despise their earthlier hospitality.

Mr. Lovegrove considered Miss Boyce to possess extraordinary spirits and an immense fund of anecdote. Mrs. Lovegrove said she had a pensive pleasure in her conversation, as it reminded her of the old times passed at her papa's place in the country. Augustus asked her serious opinion as to the spread of High-Church doctrine among the aristocracy, and was it true that a certain illustrious person was going over to Rome? Altogether, she was a general favorite with the whole family.

One frequent topic of her conversations with Mrs. Lovegrove was the lamentable state of affairs in the household at Bayswater, as she designated Mr. Frost's residence. Things were going on there from bad to worse; that is, between husband and wife, she meant. Georgina was an old friend of hers, but she must say Georgina was to blame. She was so indifferent to Mr. Frost's comfort, so neglectful of his home, so careless to please him, and so indifferent about displeasing him. She on her side complained of her husband's meanness and parsimony. He grudged her this, and declined to give her that. Which, said Miss Boyce, was certainly odd in a man who had always been so lavishly indulgent a husband.

"Perhaps he has at last been able to see what a fool that woman has been making of herself by her extravagance, and is beginning to turn over a new leaf. Let us hope so! Let us, at least, *try* to hope so!" said Mrs. Lovegrove, with all the fervor of charity.

"Georgina tells me," said Miss Boyce, "that there is at times something so strange about her husband, that he seems scarcely in his right mind. Something is preying on him, I fancy. It isn't business troubles, I suppose, eh?" It was fortunate for her acquaintances that Betsy Boyce was good-natured, for she was rarely discreet, and not a little curious.

"What business troubles Mr. Frost may have on his private account I am unable to say," replied Mrs. Lovegrove. "But as to Frost and

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Lovegrove, there is no cause for anxiety about them; of that you may be quite assured."

"Ah, then I dare say it is mostly, if not entirely, Georgina's fault. He is desperately fond of her, and she is as hard and cold to him as a block of ice."

"I consider Mrs. Frost's infatuated weakness for his wife to be positively culpable! But what, alas! can one expect from a man totally devoid of religious principles?"

In order to avert the stream of Mrs. Lovegrove's indignation from Sidney Frost—for whom the kindly old maid had a real liking—Miss Boyce changed the subject of discourse.

"Ah, dear me!" she exclaimed, fanning herself, "it is a queer world! Talk of books! I know much stranger stories than ever I saw in a book yet. There's that Princess de' Barletti, for instance. What a career hers has been!"

"Oh, do tell me, Miss Boyce, *is* she received in the highest society? I trust not, for the credit of our aristocracy."

"H'm! Well, I don't know that one more or less would much affect the credit of our aristocracy."

"Eh?"

"However, that's neither here nor there. I believe the fact is she is not much received. She might have been taken up at one time by a certain set. But she is devoured by ambition. She wanted to be as great a lady as the greatest, and to play princess; and that wouldn't do."

"Ambition indeed! pretty ambition!"

"Yes; pretty ambition. But yet—it seems a strange thing to say; but I am not sure there is not a grain of perverted good in it."

"Good? How do you mean?"

"Well, I—I think a woman who would have been downright, frankly bad and unscrupulous, might have had a better chance."

"My *dear* Miss Boyce!"

"Yes; I know it sounds very horrible. But what I mean is this: this young woman can't be contented with the society of flashy folks of doubtful reputation. She might have got that, having money and beauty, and a certain notoriety. But—you may call it pride, or ambition, or whatever you like—the fact remains that she knows there is something higher and better than that sort of thing, and that she aspires to it. She can't be at peace without the good opinion of persons she can respect, and—she will never get it."

"I should think not."

"She will never get it, because she has not strength to make any real sacrifice of her vanity and selfishness. And yet I believe she is eating her heart out with misery and mortification in the midst of all that she paid such a terrible price to gain!"

Mrs. Lovegrove stared at the speaker in surprise. She had never seen such a grave expression on Betsy Boyce's round, rubicund visage. The brisk, lively old lady had gradually fallen into a serious tone as she spoke, and when she ceased there was something like a tear in her eye.

Sarah Lovegrove's heart, although it did not beat with remarkable warmth, was better than her creed. But she repressed a womanly movement of pity by way of asserting the stern purity of her principles, and replied, with elongated upper lip and incisive brevity, "That is the natural result to which such iniquity leads, Miss Boyce."

"Dear me," said Miss Boyce, "I've been making quite a preachment! But it is not altogether my own wisdom that I have been uttering. The fact is that I was yesterday with that sweet creature, Maud Desmond, and she talked to me a little about the vicar's daughter; and when she was out of the room, Mrs. Sheardown talked of her a good deal, and, between the two, I got a pretty clear notion of the state of the case."

"You don't mean to say that Miss Desmond visits her?"

"No, no; their lives are apart altogether. But I do believe that if Veronica needed any thing—if she were sick, for instance—Maud would go to her directly."

"Would Mr. Lockwood allow that?" asked Mrs. Lovegrove, with something like a sneer.

"Yes, I think he would. He's not the good fellow I take him for, if he would oppose it!"

Mrs. Lovegrove had not quite forgiven Maud for preferring Hugh to her son. As Maud had not turned out to be an heiress, the thing was the less to be regretted. But to do Mrs. Lovegrove justice, she had been almost as willing to encourage Augustus's penchant before there was any idea of Maud's being wealthy as after. And her maternal vanity had been ruffled by the young lady's cold discouragement of her darling Gus.

Mrs. Lovegrove's character was not malicious at bottom, however, and, after a minute or so, she said, "I do think Miss Desmond is a really good girl."

"Good? She's an angel! And so clever!"

"Indeed? I did not perceive much—a—much solidity of intellect in Miss Desmond, I confess; but she is very young still. However, it was a very proper attention on her part to call on us directly she came to town. Mr. Lovegrove knew her mother well. He is, indeed, in some sort, the young lady's guardian, and he was gratified by her coming."

"Maud Desmond always does the right thing," said Miss Boyce, in serene unconsciousness of Augustus's ill-starred wooing. "It was a good thing that the Sheardowns brought her to town with them on a visit. Very nice people the Sheardowns. I knew them at Shipley. I hear often from that neighborhood, and I fancy the vicarage was no fitting or pleasant place for the girl."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovegrove, with a strong gleam of curiosity in her gray eyes.

"No, I'm afraid not. Emma Begbie writes to me—there, I've let her name slip out. But you don't know her, and, probably, never will, so it don't much matter. Well, this young lady tells me that the vicar is going to the dogs—that isn't her phrase, but it is her meaning—as fast as he can. He has cut his old friends, and formed low connections. And he doesn't even attend to the duties of his church, but has got a wretched curate, at twopence a year, to do his duty for him, and, in fact, the whole thing is as bad as it can be. He's no fit guardian, and his house is no fit home, for a young girl."

"A—clergyman—of—the—Church—of—England!" said Mrs. Lovegrove, with portentous slowness, nodding her head at each word.

"Oh dear, yes! There's no doubt in the world about *that*."

Then the tea-things were cleared away, and presently the Misses Phœbe and Lucy and Dora Lovegrove made some music. And Augustus sang a Latin hymn, accompanying himself; and if the vocal portion of this performance were almost inaudible at the other end of the drawing-room, the piano-forte part was attacked with unsparing vigor. Then Miss Boyce's cab was sent for, and she went home, having passed, as she protested, a very pleasant evening.

AUCTION SALES.

OUR illustration on page 280 will be recognized by every New Yorker as a truthful sketch of the scene presented by many of the auction rooms of this metropolis at this season of the year, when families are breaking up for the customary summer residence in the country, or preparing for "moving-day"—the grand annual nuisance to which our citizens are subjected. There is probably no city in the world where the rule of the landlord is more despotic, or more oppressively enforced than in New York. Few tenants, comparatively, keep the same house two years in succession; and almost every change of residence entails changes of carpets, furniture, etc. If the family move into a more elegant or larger house than the one they have been occupying, the style of furnishing must be made to correspond; and if, as is the case with hundreds this year, high rents compel them to take only part of a house, they have superfluous furniture to dispose of. At any rate, some of these causes operate to fill the auction rooms, and give rise to many scenes like the one so faithfully depicted by our artist.

"THE RED PLANET MARS."

MARS stands prominent among the planets for the distinctness and variety of the colors which his disk exhibits. When a telescope of adequate power is turned toward this miniature world, we are struck, in the first place, by the singular brilliancy of the two white spots, which have long since been recognized as "the snowy poles of moonless Mars." They stand out so conspicuously from the rest of the disk, that often, when a mist passes over the surface of the planet, they may be distinctly recognized, like two faint stars, while all the rest of the planet is totally hidden from view.

Next we notice the delicately-tinted border of white light which surrounds the rest of the disk, and forms a sort of frame, within which the true features of the planet's surface are to be recognized. This border is supposed to be due to light cumulus clouds in the Martial atmosphere. Such clouds, if formed like those in our own air, would only become perceptible to us where, through the effect of foreshortening near the edge of the disk, they were crowded together—in appearance—and thus concealed the true surface of the planet from our view. Occasionally they exhibit a greenish tint of exquisite delicacy.

But it is within this boundary that the true colors of Mars are to be seen. The body of the planet, or what may be assumed to be its true surface, is of a ruddy or ochreish tint, here and there somewhat yellowish. There are also to be seen occasionally spots of salmon-colored light, brownish patches, and even black spots of small size. We may not unreasonably look upon all these portions of the planet as consisting of earthy substances, resembling those which constitute our own lands and continents. Next, covering an extent of the disk very little less than that occupied by the ruddy regions, we have spaces which some observers consider to be green, while to others they appear of an indigo-gray or neutral color. Like the red parts, the grayish or greenish spaces are not uniformly dark. In some places they are so faintly tinted as to appear almost white; in others they seem tinged with a purplish hue. We can not doubt that these portions are in reality seas, and not fresh-water seas, but seas like our own, colored by the salts which they contain. The varieties of color correspond, indeed, quite closely with those observed in our own oceans, from the light green hues of the polar seas to that strange, deep hue which Homer has described as "wine-colored."

A French astronomer was led, by the singular contrasts of color observable on Mars, to form a very strange theory respecting the physical conditions which prevail upon his surface. Noticing that the ruddy tints always appear most clearly during the Martial summer, he came to the conclusion that vegetation is of a different nature on Mars than on our own earth. In place of green leaves the trees on that distant world put forth red leaves, he argued; as spring progresses, the fields recover from the effects of the long Martial winter, but in place of what we term verdure they are clothed with rubescence. If this theory be true, the Martial poets might say of spring, more truthfully than our own have done, that

"She cometh, blushing like a maid."

But we have no great reason for supposing that the theory is true. Certainly our earth would not appear green if her continents could be viewed from afar off, as we see Mars. Nay, even our forests, supposing them large enough to be separately visible, would scarcely exhibit a discernible green tint. A very eminent landscape-painter used to deride the notion that trees are green; "leaves are green, if you will," he used to say; "but trees—they are any color but green; black, white, yellow, red, but never green." And, making allowance for the requirements of paradox, the assertion is not far from the truth. No one ever saw out of a picture-book, and that a bad one, a really green forest. And, by parity of reasoning, we may assume that if vegetation on Mars were red, yet, seen in large masses, the red tints would be lost.

The fact seems to be that we have a reasonable explanation of the ruddy tint of the Martial continents in the fact that the principal part of the soil of the planet resembles those red and ochreish soils which appear in various parts of our own earth. A geologist may suppose, if he will, that the Martialists are passing through the old red sandstone period; and possibly some thousands of years hence observers of Mars may see with wonder the signs of a soil wholly different from that now visible to us.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ALL the independent newspapers in France express their astonishment at the result of the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte. His friends advise him to keep away from Paris until the storm of indignation blows over. Yet he is not one who is likely to hide himself for any such reason. On the day of the acquittal an immense crowd had gathered outside of the court-house, eager to see the Prince, who, on his release, was expected to go to the Hôtel de l'Univers, nearly opposite, where his wife and family awaited him. The crowd was quiet, yet scattered all through it were gens d'armes, sergents de ville, and Corsican body-guards. Wonderfully patient were the people—never stirring all through the day, until at last, about four o'clock, there was a sudden rush. A low carriage, with all the windows up, slowly forced its way through the multitude, the gens d'armes closing in its rear all along the way from the prison to the hotel. There was a feeble attempt at cheering by the Corsicans, but it met with no general response from the by-standers. On entering the hotel, however, friends of the Prince were awaiting his arrival, and tendered warm congratulations to him on the happy result of the trial. A rumor was circulated in Paris that Prince Pierre would be requested by the Emperor to quit France for an indefinite period, and many of the newspapers gave the report full credit.

The University of Vienna has taken a progressive step in deciding to open its medical lectures to women, and confer medical diplomas on them.

A singular story is told of a man in Fall River, Massachusetts, who in December last, while eating a piece of bread at breakfast, felt something sharp, which subsequently proved to be a needle, in his throat. It lodged cross-wise, but was too far down to be seen. After three or four days it worked into the left side and came nearly through the neck, causing a painful abscess. A little above the abscess the needle was so near the surface that it caused the flesh to protrude like a pimple; but the physicians declined to cut to find it, especially as they had some doubt as to the cause. The abscess was subsequently lanced. The needle in the mean time worked back into the side of the throat, and then up under the tongue, causing great swelling and pain. A week or two ago it was discovered protruding under the tongue, and was extracted. The needle measured one and a quarter inches, and at times during the four months it has caused the man great suffering.

A report has recently been made by the French committee for encouraging hippophagy, which contains some startling figures. The first horse-flesh mart was opened July 9, 1866, and during the remainder of the year 902 steeds were cut up and sold for Paris dining-tables. This would be at the rate of 1800 a year. In 1867 the whole number of victims was 2152; and in 1868 the number increased to 2421. The record for the last year has not yet appeared; but it is evident Parisians are not afraid of feasting on this delicacy.

It is a dreadful state of affairs when members of the same family, especially when husband and wife, get so "put out" that they can't speak peaceably to one another! What then must be the mental state of the Siamese Twins, if, as report says, they have not spoken to each other for a month, owing to a difficulty about receipts!

The French navy has adopted a novel arrangement on board all national vessels—singing is hereafter to be taught on the ships as a regular exercise.

During the recent Carnival festivities an amusing incident occurred in a city on the Rhine. The mayor of the city had ordered that no person should appear in domino dress on the streets. The police had strict orders to arrest every person so found. Unfortunately, the mayor's wife and one of her friends had not heard of the ordinance; they put on dominos, were arrested, and had to pass several hours in the police-station before they were released. The policeman who arrested them showed great zeal in the performance of his duty.

A little fellow, not ten years old, performed a noble deed not long ago, which deserves public record. One morning as the Pacific Express train, Pennsylvania Railroad, was rounding a curve on the mountain-side near Altoona at a rapid rate, a deep precipice being on one hand and high rocks on the other, a small lad was seen ahead waving his hat and tossing his little arms aloft. The train was stopped within a few feet of a mass of rock and dirt upon the track sufficient to have thrown engine and passenger-cars over the precipice. The lad, whose name is Willie Cahko, had seen the fall and hastened to signal the approaching train.

The moths are busy these warm April days: and unless furs and woolen garments are carefully attended to they will be ruined. Every lady has her own special method of packing such articles as are liable to be injured by these destructive creatures. Camphor, pepper, cedar chips, sandal-wood, kerosene, and sundry powders, are used as preservatives. Some use linen wrappings, some merely newspapers. In every case the articles should be thoroughly beaten before being put away, so that if moth-eggs have been already deposited they may be dislodged.

One of Raphael's finest paintings is now on exhibition at the Louvre, and possibly may be purchased by the French government. It is the Virgin and Child, executed for the monastery of St. Anthony of Padua, at Perugia, in 1505. The picture is in an excellent state of preservation, and art critics in France are eager for its purchase; but the price demanded is no less than one million francs.

The free use of tomatoes is condemned by Dr. Dio Lewis, as he is of opinion that they cause bleeding of the gums, loosening of the teeth, and irritation of the membrane of the intestinal canal. The tomato is said to have a direct and specific action upon the liver; and as, by temperament and habits, Americans are predisposed to biliousness, Dr. Lewis thinks a moderate quantity—perhaps a spoonful at a meal—may be very beneficial: but that it is not well to make it a principal dish.

A maiden lady of ninety-three recently appeared in a Massachusetts court to defend herself against an action brought for less than a dozen dollars' worth of labor which had been performed for her. When placed upon the stand she made a clear statement, and, aside from being deaf, seemed to possess all her faculties in a healthy condition, and to be good for many more lawsuits.

A man being brought into court on charge of larceny was asked if guilty of the crime. Turning to the judge, he brusquely replied, "No, Sir, are you?" "Prisoner," said the ruffled magistrate, "don't put on any airs with me, or I'll commit you for contempt of court. I ask you again, are you guilty?" "And I tell you, no!" "But this man says he detected you in the very act of larceny." "Yes, Sir; but I was fooling him." "Fooling him! How do you make that out?" "Just making-believe, as you do sometimes." "Sir, what do you mean?" "Why, the other night, when you were staggering in the street, some folks thought you were tight, but I knew you were only making-believe!" Prisoner discharged.

In one of the most fashionable quarters of Paris a great dry-goods establishment recently held a grand spring opening. The novelty of the occasion was the presentation of a small bouquet of Parma violets to every lady who visited the shop; 25,000 bouquets had been sent from Nice for the purpose. Large bouquets of roses, camellias, and violets bloomed at the entrance; and over the whole establishment, outside beneath its portico, on the pavement, down the street, poured and pushed a number of customers such as few shops have dreamed of in their most golden dreams.

The "Bazar Book of Decorum," which has just been issued in a tasteful form by the Messrs. Harper, says: "The functions of the natural eye and eye-glasses are much abused. It is quite clear that the whole world of fashion has not all of a sudden become so afflicted with short-sightedness as to render the use of artificial means for its relief universally necessary. Nine-tenths of the people, male and female, who are constantly eying the universe and each other through glass, require no other medium than the one provided by Nature. Nothing can be more ill-bred, and we assert it in the face of assenting Fashion, than ogling a stranger in the streets through an eye-glass—'Gorgonizing him all over with a stony British stare, or surveying an opposite neighbor at the theatre with a lorgnette.'"

The other day a man applied to a New York physician to be vaccinated. On examining his arm the doctor found that the operation had been recently performed, and inquired about it. The man replied that he was vaccinated a few weeks ago in Chicago, but that he didn't suppose it was of any account in New York!

It is said that the Irish female domestics in New York city, having been assessed one dollar a month each toward building the Catholic Cathedral, they have, in turn, assessed the amount on their employers. Employers have objected very naturally, and hence there are a good many idle servants in intelligence offices, and a good many ladies in the kitchen.

About five miles from Yonkers, in a rude hut in a secluded nook, lives an old man, who for many years has supported himself by carving canes and toys. According to his own account he was born in Strasbourg in 1793. He was well educated, an artist by profession, and traveled extensively in Europe. Circumstances, however, compelled him to join the army, and he served many years in Algeria. His time having expired he found his friends dead or scattered, and came to America eleven years ago. While frescoing a church in Albany he accidentally lost his footing on the scaffold and fell to the floor, breaking his right leg and arm. He was laid up a long time, and when the wounds had healed had lost the use of his right arm; and no longer able to follow his legitimate occupation, became a beggar. Nine years ago he wandered to his present abode, where he has lived ever since, earning a precarious livelihood by carving wooden canes and toys with his left hand.

The hermit occasionally makes excursions to Yonkers to dispose of his wares and purchase provisions. He is cheerful and talkative when treated with respect. He converses in French, German, and English with fluency.

Some gentle hints on manners are given by an exchange, from which we select a few:

Don't be disturbed if you find the best seats in a railroad-car taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course they did not reserve one.

When a car is crowded don't fill a seat with your bundles. True politeness is not amiss, even amidst the confusion and bustle of a public conveyance.

If an open window proves uncomfortable to another, you will close it.

Whispering in church is impolite. Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent accompaniment, snoring, had better be done at home.

Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, and to some positively distressing. Don't scent yourself when going to any crowded assembly. Beecher says "there is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."

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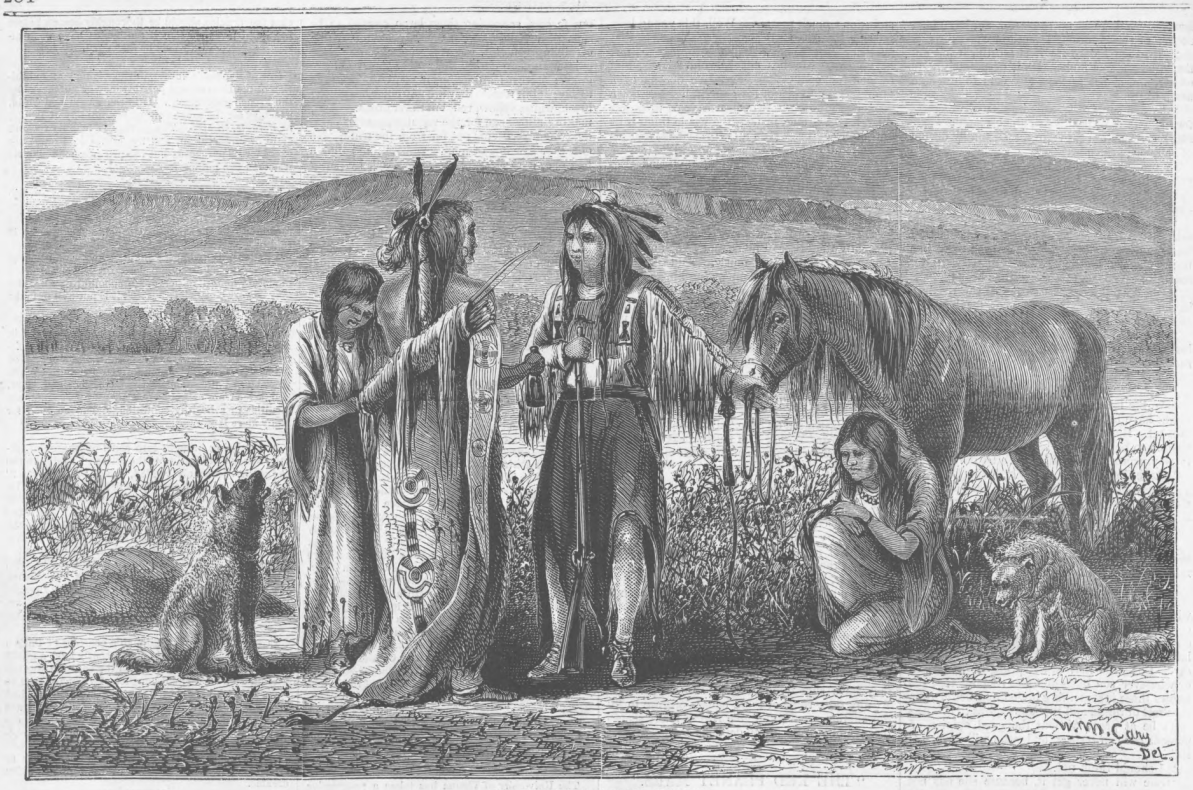
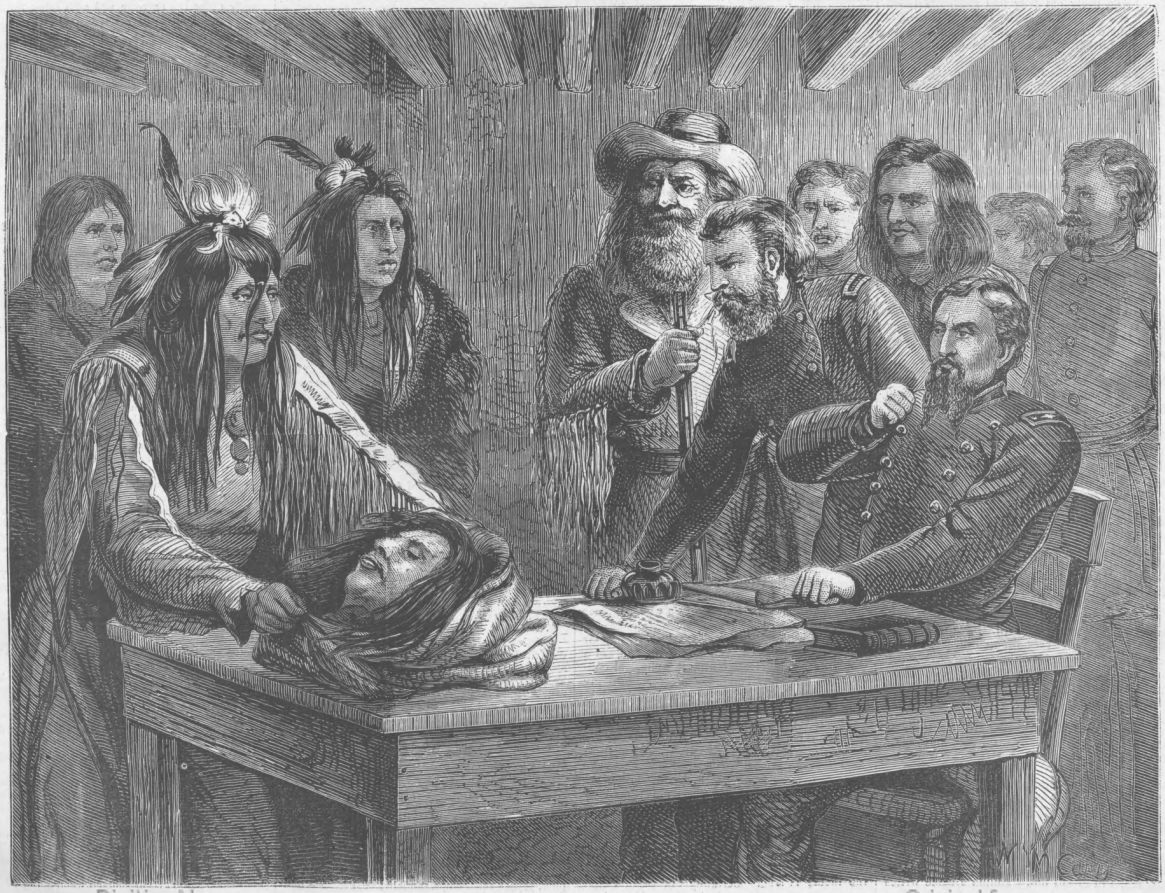


INDIANS SWAPPING WIVES.

OUR BARBARIAN BRETHREN.

OUR Indian fellow-citizens, it is well known, entertain very lax notions respecting the sanctity of the marriage tie—which, in fact, they consider any thing but a tie. The noble red man not only regards his wives as inferiors, but in the light of goods and chattels, and when tired of them trades them off in barter, or swaps them for another's. Our illustration on this page is an accurate sketch of the kind of trade that frequently takes place among them—an old, homely wife swapped for a young and pretty one, and a horse thrown in to boot. The women submit, knowing very well that they can't help themselves.

Our second illustration on this page records a very curious incident that took place recently at Fort Shaw, Montana. The Piegan Indians, being about to sue for peace, as a preliminary step, killed "PETE," one of the principal mur-



AN INDIAN PEACE-OFFERING.

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derers of white settlers in that region, and brought his head to General DE TROBRIAND as a pledge of their sincerity. The face of the dead "brave," deeply pitted with small-pox and scarred with wounds, presented a ghastly spectacle when uncovered in the General's presence; but as a token of their desire to cultivate more friendly relations with the whites it was more eloquent than words.

BROUGHT HOME.

BROUGHT HOME.

IT is only within a few years that the people of England and this country have become familiar with the idea of Protestant sisterhoods, organized to enable charitable women to carry on their philanthropic work among the poor in a systematic and thorough manner. Grave doubts still exist in the public mind as to the necessity and expediency of such institutions; and it may be that their work might be accomplished without an organization so closely resembling that of the "Sisters of Charity." However this may be, a great amount of real, hard, unobtrusive, self-denying, and beneficent work has been done by these Sisters, especially in the over-crowded population of England, in visiting and nursing the sick, reclaiming the unfortunate, tending and educating orphan children. Our engraving on this page, from a picture by the English artist, Mr. A. ACKLAND HUNT, touchingly illustrates the latter department of their labors. To almost every sisterhood in England is attached an orphanage, in which orphan children (generally girls only) are fed, clothed, and taught under the superintendence of the Sisters, there being generally some one or more of their number who devote themselves especially to this work. Except in a few extreme cases, the orphans are not usually received gratuitously, but the payment required is very small. Many a poor little fatherless and motherless child is thus "brought home," and finds a refuge and shelter under the fostering care and gentle guidance of these devoted women. And besides this systematic tending of orphans, many a sickly and neglected little one of either sex is from time to time discovered and "brought home" by the Sisters, and taken care of by them till it has in some degree regained health and strength, or till the parents desire its restoration. Both in this country and in England, the "Sisters" adopt a simple costume, in harmony with the unostentatious and self-denying character of their work. Their vows are less rigid than those of the "Sisters of Charity," and their regulations do not demand the same seclusion from worldly society. The best known institution of the kind in this country is the "House of Mercy," in this city, where hundreds of unfortunate women, who in all probability could not have been reached in any other way, have been reclaimed through the agency of the sisterhood, and the means of earning an honest livelihood placed within their reach.

POLEWARD *VIA* THE GULF STREAM.

THE proposition to equip a new American Arctic expedition is just now exciting a deep interest. The discovery of the North Pole is an object of geographical ambition, unrivaled in its claim of importance and in its charm of romance. For centuries this great pivot of the

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globe has defied every effort to approach it; and it has seemed as if the energies of the Frost King had been all employed in building around it a wall of ice not less impassable and impregnable than a wall of fire.

Against this adamantine wall explorers have repeatedly knocked, knocked patiently, knocked violently, and often, to themselves, fatally. The forbidding parapets of this gigantic barrier have been scaled, but never dismantled or pierced by human enginery. As around the bulwarks of some proud old castle, against which the battle surged and many fell, nearly every where around this Polar cordon lie strewn the wrecks of the most sanguine expeditions; and the word "*Arctic*" instantly recalls a thousand grim-visaged horrors and catastrophes.

But what the Persians could not carry by storm at Thermopylæ was won by art. Who that has read the thrilling stories of Arctic narrative has not wondered if this ice-belt encircling the Pole is not at some point open? Is there, then, a gateway to the mysterious axis of the planet? is a question the solution of which engages to-day many minds; and it is in the interests of this problem that the scientific and cosmographical world hope to see the newly-proposed expedition to the Pole approved and fitted out by the Government. Since the days of old Hendrick Hudson and his predecessors to within a few years, no geographer suggested any feasible or plausible method of finding such a gateway, if one exists. Navigators have gone with several years' provisions and stores, prepared and expecting to *guess* their way through the ice, and, after passing through the usual routine of being "frozen in," having their ships drifted on "ice-islands," the crew all down with the "scurvy," etc., they have returned home to enjoy their fame, and the applause of their friends. The cause of geographical science can not afford longer to submit to this heroic trifling. It has become manifest that, if no better routes to the Pole can be found than those attempted by Franklin, Kane, and their successors, the time has arrived for all humane and scientific men to discountenance Arctic voyages, as the mariner would avoid a shoal or the soldier a masked battery.

Within a few years, and since the last Polar expedition from our shores returned to tell the old tale of failure and defeat, a new and most important theory for finding the Pole has been propounded by Captain Silas Bent, the experienced seaman and well-known flag-officer of Commodore Perry's Expedition in the waters of Japan. Captain Bent, with great modesty, but simplicity and force of reasoning, has shown that the Kuro Siwo, or Black Stream of Japan —the *Gulf Stream* of the Pacific Ocean—moves through Behring's Straits in majestic volume and with temperature sufficient to thaw the ice of the Polar ocean, and, in all probability, to open a navigable way into the very heart of the great geographical mystery. The Gulf Stream of our ocean, he has likewise shown, moves off the coast of Spitzbergen with a similar mission to produce, in combination with the Kuro Siwo, that unfrozen sea observed by Dr. Kane in the second Grinnell Expedition. The suggestion and theory of Captain Bent, based on the most authentic estimates of these two great currents, from the Coast Survey reports of Lieutenant Bache, Maury, and others, and from his own observations under Commodore Perry, have been subjected to the most rigid criticism and scrutiny, and so far, at least, pronounced satisfactory and practical by the scientific men who have reviewed it. Captain Bent proposes the navigation of these Polar waters by the means of thermometrical indications—*i. e.*, following where the water-thermometer shows the sea to be warmest, and hence where the great tropical current is moving toward the Pole. There is nothing simpler than this, and it is believed that an experiment of the "Thermometric Gateway" theory, as the new proposal has been termed, can be made for less than one-half the cost and in half the time required for the old-fashioned journeys to the Arctic. If the thermometric route can be demonstrated, it would possess great advantages over every other ever attempted, because open to the seaman in his ship, and not merely to the foot-traveler capable of Herculean labor and endurance. And the great objection to all these Arctic foot-paths and sledge-tracts is, that they sometimes move under the explorer's feet faster in one direction than he is able to move in the contrary direction, as Parry found off the shores of Spitzbergen when, in 1827, he endeavored to reach the Pole by a journey over the ice.

The proposition has been made by some of our explorers to repeat the experiment of Dr. Kane through Smith's Sound, and to watch the ice in that narrow gorge until it may be dislodged and drift to the south, and then to attempt to find a way into the open sea to the north. Whether this plan be practicable or not it is, perhaps, impossible to say, as no one can judge of the freaks and whims of Polar ice. It may be so accommodating as to move out of the Sound, although the experience of those who have tried it is against such an abandonment or drift. If, however, it should, in any given year, break up in time for a vessel to pass to the north, the return of the vessel would be very uncertain and precarious, especially should she tarry long enough at the Pole to survey its waters and to take scientific observations. The route, if successfully demonstrated through Smith's Sound once or twice or several times, could never become a navigable or commercial highway, and, in all probability, would prove little more than a trap for seamen and enterprising explorers. Such a route could never conduct a vessel into that long-promised passage to the Indies, so ardently hoped for by all the maritime nations of Europe, from the day of the announcement of the successful rounding of Cape Horn by the gallant Magellan.

Not to go into the argument for the new theory, *via* the Gulf Stream or Kuro Siwo, with the aid of the water-thermometer, it may be proper to state that, after mature reflection, Dr. Kane, to whom Captain Bent explained the theory, thought very highly of it, and, in his narrative of the second Grinnell Expedition, so declares himself. The German Expedition of last year found piles of drift-wood twenty feet high on the southern and eastern shore of Spitzbergen; and it has long been a common occurrence for mariners to find weeds and wood from the West Indies on the western coast of Nova Zembla. In 1823, General Sabine, while on a visit to the North Cape, discovered casks which had been washed from the decks of a vessel known to have foundered off Cape Lopez, on the western coast of Africa. The casks had evidently floated on the equatorial current of the Atlantic, which is the chief feeder of the Gulf Stream, and, on the latter, had been transported into the polar basin. But one of the most important confirmations of the views of Captain Bent is found in the facts of the Dutch whale-fisheries in the seventeenth century. The right-whale, the object of commercial enterprise in 1600, was found in immense schools between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla and south of Spitzbergen. The pursuit of them attracted and maintained, in the middle of the seventeenth century, more than 10,000 men, and afterward more. In a little over a century Dutch fishermen, engaged in this lucrative business, made, according to records preserved in Holland, 17,461 voyages. The greed and rapacity of these sailors, early in the eighteenth century, began to be seen in the retreat of the whale into higher and less accessible latitudes, and at no time since has the whaling business equaled its former figures, but has greatly decreased. In the Pacific Ocean, in our day, there has been a great falling off in the gains of fishermen. The annual statistics prepared by the Collector of Hawaii, in the Sandwich Islands, show that the commerce of the islands has greatly suffered by this decrease. The number of whaling vessels engaged in the North Pacific for the year 1869 was only 46; while, in 1852, there were 275. The decline in the industry has been brought about by the scarcity of the fish, captains sometimes being forced to go north of Behring's Straits and beyond the limits of their chart before they can obtain a cargo of oil.

The fact is well known that the whale can not live in the warm water of southern or tropical latitudes, and that his respiratory organs require him to come to the surface every few minutes to breathe. Where, then, have the old tribes and families of the whale kingdom gone, on whose blubber the Dutch once fattened and grew rich, and which, only fifteen or twenty years ago, satisfied the avarice of nearly three hundred whalers? That they have retreated into the circumpolar regions is evident; but is it not equally evident that, if this be so, those regions can not be mantled with ice?

But we did not undertake the task of arguing the theory; that has already been done.

The year just elapsed saw the small Norwegian steamer, the *Solid*, sail as far as the Sea of Kara, thence through the Strait of Waigatz and along the coast of Siberia as far as the neighborhood of the White Island, without perceiving the slightest traces of ice. Captain Carlsoun, commanding her, was often in sight of land, which he describes as an immense series of low-lying steppes of great extent, covered over with brushwood and trees of stunted growth, the water near the shores of uniform depth with a muddy bottom, and walrusses and seals every where abundant. The English ship *Samson*, Captain Palliser, followed the same route as the preceding. After having entered the Sea of Kara, however, Captain Palliser turned northward, coasted around Nova Zembla, doubling it, and entered the Sea of Kara again by the Strait of Matoschkin, ice being nowhere visible. The Scotch steamer *Diana*, commanded and owned by M. Lamont, likewise doubled Nova Zembla, having sailed a few degrees to the northward and eastward of its most northern extremity, and reported an open sea in all directions. And M. Nordenskiold, who last year commanded the Swedish expedition which penetrated to the 81st degree of north latitude, calculates that the sea will be open, at least for some months—from the end of January to the middle of September—along the whole Siberian coast and around the shores of Nova Zembla. There is, therefore, every reason for an immediate and vigorous prosecution of the great Polar enterprise, and especially along these thermometeric paths between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, unless an attempt can be made in the yet untried route of the Kuro Siwo. Not to repeat what has been said of the Dutch fishermen in the seventeenth century, a congress of these whalemen met at the Helder in 1773, with the express purpose of comparing notes of their experience as to the best way of reaching the Pole. The deliberations of the congress were conducted by Captain May, an officer of the Dutch service, and, according to his statement, the oldest commanders agreed that they would never seek the Pole to the west of Spitzbergen, but run out to the north from the westward of Nova Zembla, the route advocated by Captain Bent.

It is said that this route can be tested in a few weeks by thermometrical navigation at less hazard of life than by the old routes, and at less than half the expense of any other yet suggested. It seems to be the first proposal for finding the Pole sustained by scientific deduction. If any scheme, having this end in view, is promising, it is the one advanced by Captain Bent, and it is to be hoped that Congress, in making any appropriation to assist in Polar discovery, will provide for a fair and speedy experiment of the "*Thermometric Gateways.*"

THE MEMORY OF ANIMALS.

THAT the faculty of memory exists in animals, there are many proofs. Bees, according to Huber, who had been fed in the autumn with honey at a particular window, returned in expectant crowds to the same place in the spring, when the window, closed through the winter by an outer shutter, was reopened. The recognition of their own hives, out of a number of others, on returning from their excursions, would appear to be from a remembrance of its situation, rather than from any peculiarity about the individual hive. Swallows, on returning from their winter-quarters in southern latitudes, resume possession of their former summer residence. A horse will almost always be found to preserve an acute recollection of any spot where he has received a fright, however many years may have since elapsed.

We can not just now call to mind where we met, long ago, with a very amusing example of memory in a horse—the charger of the commanding officer of an Indian regiment. He was an exceedingly large and heavy man, and the horse, having a dislike to carrying such a burden, acquired the habit of lying down on the ground whenever the colonel prepared to mount. This, as may be supposed, annoyed him, and, to avoid the ridicule of the soldiers, he parted with the animal, and procured another not so fastidious as to a few stones more or less. We believe it was a year or two—certainly some considerable time—after that the colonel, visiting another station, was invited to review the troops there, and a horse was placed at his service, which, on his attempting to mount, immediately lay down in full view of the assembled regiment. It turned out to be the identical dismissed charger, who had at once recognized his former objectionable owner.

A very interesting anecdote is related by Frederick Cuvier, showing not only great power of memory, but also strong attachment in an animal generally supposed to be destitute of all good qualities—the wolf. A gentleman had trained up one from infancy till he was as tractable as a dog, would follow him about whenever allowed, and become quite low-spirited when he was absent. Being compelled to leave home, his master made him over to the Ménagerie du Roi, where he at first drooped and refused to eat, but gradually became more reconciled to the situation. After the lapse of a year and a half his master returned home and paid him a visit. The wolf knew his voice the moment he spoke, and flew to him with every demonstration of delight and affection, planting his fore-feet on his shoulders and licking his face. The same scene occurred after a second separation of three years' duration, the wolf, as before, at once recognizing his master's voice, and bounding toward him as soon as set at liberty by the keeper. A final parting followed, and from that time the faithful creature never appeared to regain his former spirits and equable temper, occasionally indeed betraying ominous signs of the ferocity inherent in his race.

Stories of elephantine intelligence are numerous, but most of them too well known to repeat. One, however, recorded by a traveler, in a paper contributed to a scientific journal, and which is vouched for from personal knowledge, is worth a brief notice. The author was on a journey, and several elephants were engaged to carry his tent and baggage. One of them, euphoniously named Fattra Mungul, coming on the scent of a tiger, was seized with a panic and ran off into the woods, the driver saving himself by clinging to the branch of a tree and letting himself down. All attempts to recover the animal were fruitless, and the party proceeded on their way, giving up all idea of seeing him again. Among a herd of wild elephants entrapped eighteen months afterward was found the runaway, who at first was as uproarious and unmanageable as the rest; but on an old hunter who knew him well riding up to him on a tame elephant, pulling him by the ear, and ordering him to lie down, he immediately obeyed the familiar word of command and became perfectly tractable. This writer also mentions a female elephant which escaped from her owner and was at large for *fourteen years*. On being recaptured she remembered her former driver, and instantly lay down at his order.

Locke adduces the learning of tunes as proof that birds are gifted with memory. "It can not," he says, "with any appearance of reason be supposed—much less proved—that birds, without sense and memory, can approach their notes nearer and nearer by degrees to a tune played yesterday, which, if they have no idea of it in their memory, is nowhere, nor can be a pattern for them to imitate, or which any repeated essays can bring them nearer to. Since there is no reason why the sound of a pipe should leave traces in their brains, which not at first, but by their after-endeavors, should produce the like sounds; and why the sounds they make themselves should not make traces which they should follow as well as those of the pipe, is impossible to conceive."

There is no question that many animals understand the measurement of time. It is a well-known fact that, on lands where the crows are habitually shot at, the birds, instead of keeping at a respectful distance, as on the rest of the week, come close up to the farm-houses on Sundays, having somehow found out that the guns are then shelved.

Every one who has traveled much in Scotland, more especially in the Highland districts, must have remarked the large attendance of shepherds' dogs at church on Sundays. The peculiarity is very interesting to English tourists, one of whom states that he was told that many of the dogs were more regular attendants than their masters. This gentleman mentions that, in one parish, the animals, perhaps demoralized by a "black sheep" among their number, became so quarrelsome and unmannerly in their behavior that the minister requested all who had been in the habit of bringing their dogs to confine them to the house before leaving for church. This plan answered exceedingly well for the first Sunday, but, for the future, not a single shepherd or farmer could find his dog on a Sunday morning. They had no notion of being deprived of their accustomed liberty, and, well knowing the hour of service, set off to church without their masters. An attempt was then made to compromise matters, by erecting a large kennel close to the church, where the dogs were imprisoned during public worship, but they kept up such a fearful howling that the congregation was seriously disturbed, and there was no help for it but to restore them to their former rights and privileges.

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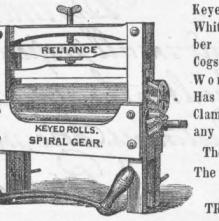

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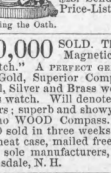

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ANTEROS. (*Omitted from this Number, the Author having failed to furnish Copy in time for publication.*)

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In the January Number was commenced the publication, from the author's manuscript, of "*Anteros*," a serial story, by the Author of "Guy Livingstone."

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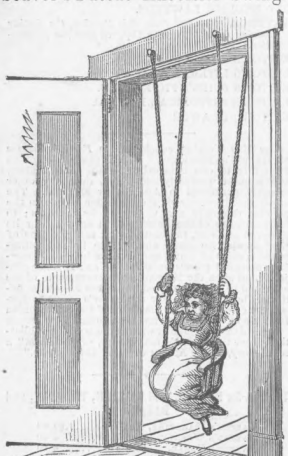

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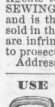

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 697.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

MRS. EMMA WILLARD, whose portrait, taken in advanced years, we give on this page, was born in the town of Berlin, Connecticut, February 23, 1787. Her family, of Puritan stock, were among the earliest settlers in Connecticut. Her father was SAMUEL HART, a man of prominence in his day, both in Church and State, of extensive reading and information, and liberal views in politics and religion. From him his daughter inherited many of those intellectual qualities and traits that made her in after-life one of the most successful and popular of American female educators.

Her first experience in teaching was in 1804, when, at the age of seventeen, she took charge of a children's school in her native town. Her predecessor had been lax in discipline, and the children were accustomed to do just as they pleased. First she tried remonstrance and reasoning, telling them that she was there to do them good—to make them fine boys and girls—but all her pathetic appeals fell on listless ears. The rod was next tried, and before the day wore away the young teacher had nearly worn herself out in the punishment which she was compelled to bestow upon her scholars. But the lesson was well learned, and the whippings never had to be resorted to again. The school soon became a model one—its reputation extended, people came from a distance to inspect it, and by their commendation cheered the heart of the young teacher in what was to become the great work of her life.

The next two or three years of her life were spent in teaching and study. In 1807 she became assistant in the academy at Westfield, Massachusetts, and soon afterward took entire charge of a female seminary at Middlebury, Vermont. Here she was married to DR. JOHN WILLARD. The union proved a most fortunate and happy one. DR. WILLARD was a man of liberal education, and fully sympathized with his accomplished wife in her literary labors and scientific studies. His profession gave her facilities for the study of physiology; and

MRS. EMMA WILLARD.—[PHOT. BY SCHOONMAKER, TROY, NEW YORK.]

at one time she announced a scientific theory in regard to the circulation of the blood, which has received countenance from eminent members of the medical profession. In consequence of financial losses, Mrs. WILLARD, with her husband's consent, opened a boarding-school in Middlebury, and in 1816 she published an address to the Legislature, proposing a plan for improving female education. In the spring of 1819 she removed her school to Waterford, and two years afterward again removed it, for the last time, and settled permanently in Troy. The Common Council of that city appropriated $4000 toward the expense of maintaining the school.

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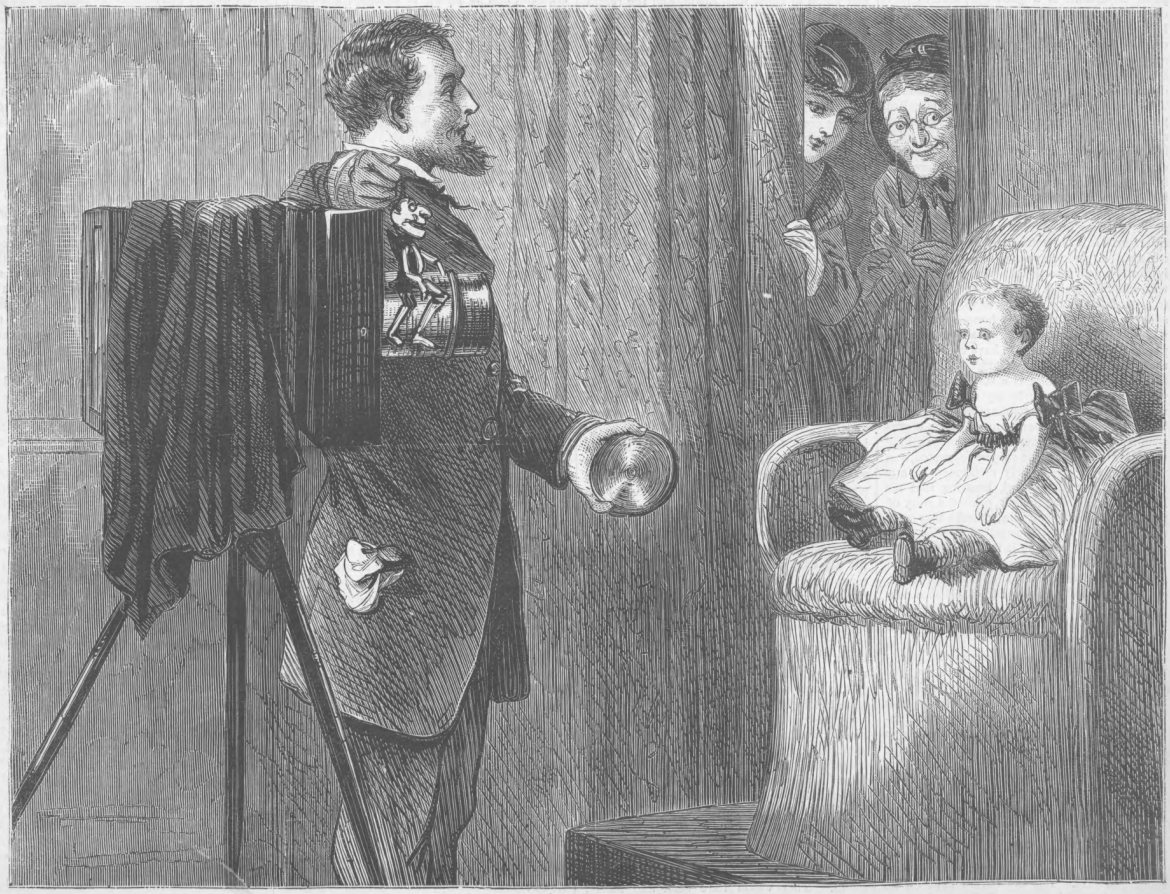
Mrs. WILLARD was the author of many educational works, over a million copies of which have been circulated. She was fond of travel, and twice visited Europe—the second time in 1854, to attend the World Educational Convention in London. Her whole life was consecrated to the education and advancement of woman, and her services will always be held in grate-



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ful remembrance. She lived to see the complete triumph of her views in regard to education, and passed away, at the ripe age of eighty-four, regretted by all who knew her.

[The following poem is not to be found in any edition of Leigh Hunt's works. I am indebted for this copy of it to Mr. Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, the author of a very valuable work entitled "List of the Works of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt." M. D. CONWAY.
LONDON, *March* 25, 1870.]

DIRGE FOR AN INFANT.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

He is dead and gone—a flower
Born and withered in an hour.
Coldly lies the death-frost now
On his little rounded brow;
And the seal of darkness lies
Ever on his shrouded eyes.
He will never feel again
Touch of human joy or pain;
Never will his once-bright eyes
Open with a glad surprise;
Nor the death-frost leave his brow—
All is over with him now.

Vacant now his cradle-bed,
As a nest from whence hath fled
Some dear little bird, whose wings
Rest from timid flutterings.
Thrown aside the childish rattle;
Hushed for aye the infant prattle—
Little broken words that could
By none else be understood
Save the childless one who weeps
O'er the grave where now he sleeps.
Closed his eyes, and cold his brow—
All is over with him now!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870.

THE LIBERTINE PRESS.

THE conduct of the Prince of Wales has been very freely criticised by the press both in England and this country, and a suit for slander has now been brought in his name against a newspaper in Sheffield, which had stated that he would soon be implicated in another action for divorce. The fact calls attention to the extreme freedom of personal comment by the press in both countries. It is a liberty which has become license. It has been so abused that nobody of experience or intelligence now believes any damaging personal comment in the newspapers without further proof. The rule of taking no notice of newspaper aspersions is a good one, and to very conspicuous persons it is an unavoidable one; but it is undeniable that the constant reiteration of a slander produces an effect. The pecuniary success of what may most truly be defined as blackguard newspapers shows that there is a decided popular taste for personal scandal. The inroads of the records of what is called personal intelligence upon the best newspapers are another illustration of it. And the practice is now pushed to such an extreme that nobody can be sure that his most private letters and most unguarded words may not be served up for the public amusement.

The consequence of this practice is that the press becomes formidable not by reason, but by terror. It levies a universal black-mail upon society. A person appears as a reporter, and instantly a man who shrinks from notoriety, and with whom the public has no concern, is tempted to propitiate him by servility or to bribe him to silence. But as the most honorable of men will not serve as purveyors of scandal for the public, those who will serve have every body at their mercy. They may distort and invent at their pleasure; and he is a very foolish fellow who believes that people say what the interviewer elaborately reports them as having said. We have known a reporter to call upon a gentleman, who told him that he had nothing whatever to say upon the subject suggested, and wished not to be publicly mentioned in any manner. But the jackal, knowing that his lion, the public, was hungry, printed a story of the interview, with all the remarks that were not made. It is an illustration of what happens daily; and nothing is more truly edifying than to see such a newspaper pluming itself upon its defense of public morality. Indeed, the papers which endeavor to establish a control by terror, the ROBESPIERRES and MARATS of the press, imitate their prototypes. As MARAT called his sheet the *Friend of the People*, so these papers assume to be the especial guardians of public virtue.

The remedy for this primarily lies in the editorial profession, and not in the public. It is useless merely to denounce and decry the libertinism of the press as shameful. All sin is shameful; but many sins are profitable, and men love money. No editor or proprietor would publish a blackguard newspaper at a constant loss; any more than a man would keep a gambling-house or worse unless he made money by it. A quarter of a century ago there were periodical attacks in the other newspapers upon the New York *Herald*. It was decried as a disgrace to journalism, as a moral nuisance and pest. But the *Herald* kept on its course and flourished exceedingly, and has survived, apparently still prosperous, many of its warmest assailants. The bursts of moral indignation spent themselves without result. The truth is that the public wants entertainment in a newspaper. It is not news only that it seeks, nor didactic morality, and there is a large part of the public that delights in personal scandal. The same curiosity that carries old people to look at the dead body of a person whom they never knew, or that draws the young people to crowd a church to see the marriage of those in whom they have no interest, whets the appetite of thousands of readers for every kind of gossip.

Now, if shrewd and honorable editors make an interesting paper without pandering to the blackguard taste of the public, they detach from the support of the blackguard papers those who buy them because they find them more entertaining than others; and thus the line will be drawn. The blackguard papers will not be ruined, indeed, for they can always count upon a fellow-feeling in a certain part of the public. But honorable men who become journalists will prefer to make money honorably, and will decline the other kind of service. In this way the real dignity and worth of the press may be advanced, while just in the degree that the libertinism increases the character and civilizing power of the press will decline. The touch of the libertine press soils every cause as it dishonors every person. Its advocacy is felt to be either venal or sensational. Its object is that of the pirate and of the adventurer—to make money at any price, and to give its baseness the finest name. Among truly sagacious and self-respecting journals the libertine newspaper is what a sharper and a pander is among gentlemen. He affects to resemble them. But he listens at keyholes. He cheats at cards. He lies and swears. He swaggers and cringes. He is a bully and a coward. Gentlemen avoid him, and do not name him.

It is in this way that the encroachments of the libertine press in this country are to be opposed. The active work must be done by the editors. If they denounce and then embrace, they must not be surprised that the public embraces without denouncing. They must show that libertinism is not essential to the liveliest and the most attractive of newspapers, and then the blackguard journals will go to their own place and patrons.

CUBAN PROSPECTS.

THE chief Republican leader in Spain, CASTELLAR, has declared strongly for the continued union of Cuba with Spain, and the recent accounts from the island show that the struggle languishes. General BANKS evidently does not think the moment favorable for pressing his resolution in the House of Representatives, and he was wise enough not to appear at the late meeting in this city. It is not a subject upon which it is safe to speak with confidence; but the conditions of union proposed by Señor CASTELLAR, if adopted, would certainly remove all suspicion of oppression upon the part of Spain. Señor CASTELLAR would have, first, slavery abolished; second, custom-houses abolished, to take from Cuba the idea of separation and from the United States the desire of annexation; third, the extension to the Cubans of all the rights of Spanish citizens; and fourth, local self-government. If the local self-government involved the power of taxation and of general financial control, so that Cuba should not be made tributary to Spain, it is not probable that serious resistance would continue upon the island.

Señor CASTELLAR and his friends naturally think that it was rather hard for the Cubans to select, as the moment of the rising against Spain, the very time at which they had risen against Queen ISABELLA and the régime that had made Spain odious to Cuba. If the revolution, when fully established and organized, had refused justice to Cuba, an armed protest might have commanded the sympathy of the world. But that sympathy has never been given, because when the black roll of old Spanish oppressions was recited, it was instantly answered that similar oppressions at home had also produced a revolution, the expulsion of the old Court, an appeal to the people, and a republican influence in the Cortes. By what right, therefore, it was asked, do you plunge Cuba into all the inevitable horrors and sufferings of war upon the plea of old oppressions, until you know that the new system will continue them? And to this question there was no answer.

The strenuous appeal for active sympathy with the insurrection in Cuba, by referring to the revolution of the Spanish American colonies fifty years ago, has constantly failed for the same reason. If the Spain against which Mexico rebelled still existed, the Cuban revolt might have been hailed by a very different feeling in this country. We may be very sure that JAMES OTIS and the fathers of our Revolution would have paused to await the issue if, just as they felt the armed struggle to be unavoidable, a victorious revolution against the tyranny of the British Government had taken place in England. They would have said, and wisely, that revolution was not a good thing in itself, and that the appeal to arms can never be justified while there is yet a fair chance of peaceful remedy. And they would have insisted that the movement in the mother country offered the fairest possible chance for avoiding war. An oppressed people, indeed, is not likely to be prudent. But if its leaders are not prudent they betray their cause.

The truth was, that the Cuban revolution had been planned before that in Spain was known. It was to begin almost simultaneously. And when the news of the Spanish movement came it paralyzed, without wholly preventing, that in Cuba. From that paralysis it has never recovered. It may be the misfortune of brave and devoted men, but the Cuban revolution has evidently never seemed to the American mind the heroic rising of an outraged people resolved to break the hand of the oppressor, and entitled to our national admiration and sympathy. It has seemed from the beginning a speculation. The real actors in the affair were apparently a knot of persons in New York. There was talk of a government which has always been as shadowy as that of Barataria, and which, claiming to be that of an island, did not hold a single port. There was further talk of a war of emancipation—and the only visible head of the philanthropic crusade was General JORDAN, one of the late rebel generals in this country, urgent to destroy our government because it could not be made a mere conspiracy to extend slavery. General JORDAN may be a soldier who sells his sword and his service, and therefore not a person to be considered. But if that be so, doubts as to the humane intention of the Cuban war may at least be pardoned.

It is stoutly asserted, also, that if General RAWLINS had lived the President would long ago have virtually declared for Cuba. The influence of General RAWLINS upon the President may have been great, and he may have been especially well-informed upon Cuban affairs. Certainly he was a noble soldier and an honorable man, whose death the country sincerely deplored. But we see no reason in General GRANT'S character or career to suppose that he would have been eager in the matter, or willing to tarnish the fair renown of the United States by a policy of emotion rather than of principle. The end is not yet. Spain is far from tranquil; and the conscription seems, at this distance, to be ill-advised. But the great and well-considered principles that have guided the public action of this country in foreign affairs are not likely to be disregarded by this Administration. It certainly is not hostile to Spain, which has thrown off an intolerable government, and is trying to establish a better; nor is it hostile to those Cubans who are honestly striving for independence.

A FRIEND INSULTED.

THE contempt with which the Senate has treated Denmark, a small but most friendly power, is a stain upon the national honor. Our own Foreign Secretary, with the concurrence of the President, urged a treaty upon Denmark for buying St. Thomas, and Denmark declined. The offer was persistently renewed, until Denmark was satisfied that it was made in good faith; and, after a long negotiation, constantly pressed and urged by us, a convention agreeable to the wishes and proposals of the President and Secretary of State was signed by the accredited Minister of the United States, on the 24th of October, 1867. It was to have been ratified by the 24th of February, 1868. That day passed without so much as a word from the Foreign Committee of the Senate. Eight months later, an additional extension was agreed upon by the Secretary of State and the Danish Minister, making a year from the date of the convention. That day passed without the slightest notice from the Senate. Under the new Administration the term was again extended until the 14th of April, 1870. That day passed with the disdainful silence of the Senate. The convention is, of course, at an end, and General RAASLOFF, the Danish Minister of War, one of the ablest of the Danish statesmen, and recently Minister of Denmark in this country, to whom the negotiation was first proposed, who was necessarily trusted by his Government, and who was unwilling to believe that the United States would treat with contempt a friendly power which they had themselves solicited to negotiate, has offered his resignation to the King.

In the St. Thomas treaty there was no job, no plunder. It secured us a naval station amidst a friendly population—perhaps the best in the Gulf—whose assent to the transfer was unanimous. If we must have an island in the West Indies, there was none more desirable. It would have very slightly increased our population: it was involved in no debt and in no war. The proposal for its acquisition was the act of our Executive, and the contemptuous silence with which the Senate has treated the convention not only insults a power which has no remedy, and, therefore, puts us in the attitude of a bully, but it will necessarily incline every government in the world to listen with the utmost incredulity to every proposal of a negotiation with this country, and tend to the constant mortification of our foreign ministers.

ARCADE RAILROAD.

THE annual gathering of the Legislature has come to be regarded with serious apprehension; and it is therefore an inexpressible relief to know that its hundred days have nearly expired. The presence of individual members among the people may be counteracted, as it is easier to deal with foul matter diffused than in accumulated masses. If the people are true to themselves, the position at home of those who in legislative halls have brought disgrace upon the system under which they assemble will be made to correspond with this formidable infliction. Each year's experience shows a decisive advance in corruption; but in the Arcade Railroad bill the policy of proceeding in that direction by successive steps has been abandoned, and at a single bound all prudence has been dismissed. The bill confers a right to take whole parks away from the public as a free gift to the incorporators, and subjects to their power hundreds of millions' worth of private property.

The corruption which is now so general in municipal and State legislation owes its origin and progress almost entirely to street railroads. Prior to the grant to the Sixth and Eighth Avenue roads, made in the first instance by the Common Council, the city was honestly governed; but the passage of these measures, and the action which followed, earned for the Common Council of that day the title of the Forty Thieves. A grant of a Broadway Railroad was made at about the same time, and by the same authority; and whoever will take the trouble to look over the names of grantees and officers of roads of that day will find among them and their friends the most conspicuous authors of the wide-spread corruption that prevails. It threatens to destroy every safeguard for public and private protection. The power to establish these roads having been held not to be an incident of municipal authority, the scene of these abuses was transferred to the State Legislature; and the result is that honest men, one after another, have been expelled from public life in an unavailing contest with these powerful interests. A majority has been established at Albany who legislate only for pecuniary rewards, and in the direction of selfish interests.

The constitutional restriction that private property shall not be taken for public use "without *just* compensation" is in effect neutralized by the provisions of this bill, which declares that "in proceedings to ascertain the value of the property taken" (meaning for stations, dépôts, etc.) "and the injury or damage sustained, the question of benefit shall be considered, and when it shall appear that the construction of said road will enhance the value of *the property of the* person or party claiming damages to an amount greater than the amount of the injury sustained, then and in that case the claimants shall not be entitled to recover more than nominal damages; and in case the benefits are less than the injury, the claimants shall only be entitled to recover the excess of such damage or injury."

This, which is a sample of the injustice of the whole bill, would entitle the company to take any property in Broadway, and pay for it by the supposed advantage which the construction of the road, in the view of friendly commissioners, may confer on the unproductive property of the owner in the upper part of the island. Of course, in taking land under this power the Company will be sure to ascertain how much other property may belong to the owner over which they may distribute the value of what they take for stations, dépôts, and other purposes.

The furthest extent hitherto reached is that of gradually sequestering private property through a system of increased and increasing taxation. The tax eaters, in carrying out this agrarian policy, allow the advantage to the owner of a partial and somewhat prolonged enjoyment; but this bill is sudden and effective in its operation, and the benefit to unproductive property may be set off against the productive which the corporators may covet.

The owner is driven to the "Supreme Court of the first judicial district of this State, and not elsewhere," for his remedies to enjoin this iniquity; and the motion for it may be made only at a special term, and after eight days' notice. Some of the press which affects to feel a great horror because vacancies on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States have been filled with judges of loyal antecedents, support the Arcade Railroad bill, notwithstanding that it subjects the rights of individuals to the mercies of a tribunal selected in the interests of an antagonist. It thus appears that a fundamental principle incorporated in the Bill of Rights, established for public safety, is held in perfect contempt by the Legislature, as it is expected by them that it will be so held in the tribunal constructed for the purpose.

But on grounds of mere convenience the power over the business of the city which the bill confers will be considered one of its worst features. The travel and transportation conducted over Broadway are driven there because there is no other convenient avenue not occupied with railroads. The bill supposes that

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these interests will for a reasonable time, to be judged of by the Company, be interrupted, and provision is made, as the construction of the road proceeds, only for public *travel*. The omission in the bill to require temporary bridges for the transportation of merchandise as well as travel is doubtless due to the desire to save the expense of a heavy structure, but it is at the sacrifice of the business of the city. By an amendment the Commissioner of Public Works of the City of New York may compel the erection of temporary bridges for such travel, and compel the execution of the work below Fourteenth Street in such manner as no to interfere with the surface of Broadway exeept under such conditions as he may prescribe. But what can be expected from this source?

No compensation is provided for the incidental loss to owners on Broadway in rents and profits which must inevitably follow. Their property may be isolated by excavation and deprived of any revenue. The work may be delayed for a year and a half, and then five years may be consumed, not counting any time lost in litigations. But it will take infinitely longer to complete the road. By what right can property owners on this line be subjected to irreparable loss?

An examination of the provisions of the bill will show that it disregards the principle on which the right to take private property for public use is founded; that it subjects the business of the city to the control of speculators in public grants; that it exposes property owners to spoliation and exactions; that it closes the door of the ordinary tribunals of the State against them; and places our parks in the power of those who will not scruple to convert them into railroad property.

GLIMPSES OF "THE DEMOCRACY."

THE four months' session of Governor HOFFMAN'S "honest" New York Legislature is drawing very reluctantly to an end. The Democratic party, which has had a majority in both branches, came into power last autumn with two promises upon its lips. One was to restore —as its phrase was—to the city of New York the right of self-government; and the other, to secure a stricter economy in the public expenditure. It kept its first promise by giving the appointment of every chief officer in the city of New York, for four years and more, to a Mayor elected last year. As for its economy, let us hear the words of an ardent Democrat, the special Albany correspondent of the *World:*

"I should have some patience with the huge tax if it were for the necessary expenditure of the costly life of a great State, but so much of it is so recklessly ordered; and even in a party sense, men are not true to their party when they allow it to drift into a severity of taxation beyond former years.

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"And so unnecessary millions are wrung out of a people just faintly recovering from the effects of the war, and all this because so few men are found capable of perceiving and resisting the combinations which are formed. The Legislature acts like men sitting round a common object of plunder, and extorts out of the State all that is possible.

* * * * * * *

"This session ought to end Saturday at noon of this week. If the people of the State knew how much they would be spared of reputation and treasure by such vacation of the Capitol, they would almost, physically, re-enact the ejectment process by which CROMWELL and NAPOLEON thrust out the legislatures of their day."

Nothing could be added to such statements as illustrative of the character and methods of the dominant party in the State.

But they will be of use if they remind those who are inclined to think that any change is for the better, that the Democratic party is one that does not and can not learn. Thus, one of its committees or associations in Philadelphia has been lately gravely discussing whether the Democratic party will or will not resist the recent Constitutional Amendments, and it issues "a declaration," which is an extremely comical document. The "declaration" sets forth, among other great truths, that "the Democratic party was created to proclaim and defend this system of government." Considering that the rebellion to overthrow it by arms was waged by the most conspicuous Democratic leaders, and had none but Democratic support and sympathy; that the Democratic Convention of 1864 insisted upon surrender to the rebellion; and that of 1868 favored the repudiation of the debt incurred in suppressing it—this point of the "declaration" is historically amusing.

The "declaration" proceeds to state that "the enemies of the Constitution" have been in power since 1860, and that they have continually made mince-meat of it ever since—especially, probably, under the Appomattox apple-tree. They have been perpetrating acts of "fraud, force, and violence," of which the Philadelphia Committee "proclaims its abhorrence." The same virtue abhorred the malefactor LINCOLN and the butcher GRANT, and its "declaration" smacks dismally of a Mr. INGERSOLL, who does the Philadelphia Democratic thunder, or of the patriotic Mr. WILLIAM B. REED, who in 1863 awaited with ineffable complacency the arrival of the Christian hero, General LEE, in the city of brotherly love, and was grievously disappointed that he did not come.

This is the kind of political business to which the Democratic party devotes itself when it is out of power, and how full it is of promise to the peace and good feeling of the country is evident to him who reads as he runs. Where the party is in power, as in New York, it does not fulminate against the enemies of the Constitution, but it is thrifty like the Tammany Ring. It cultivates abstractions, but of another kind than the Philadelphia "declaration." It wrings taxes out of the people, according to the Democratic witness we have quoted. It sits "round a common object of plunder, and extorts out of the State all that is possible." This is congenial and familiar work. I salute the honest Legislature, said the Governor when the honesty of his party at the polls secured its ascendency; we shall now behold long-needed reforms. What a perceptive Governor it is!

THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

AMONG the bills passed by the lower branch of the New York Legislature is one which deserves attention, partially reorganizing the present system of educational supervision in the State. It is in accordance with the suggestions of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, to which we recently alluded. The bill constitutes a Board of Education, of which the Superintendent is the head, and in which the Board of Regents are made a bureau. There are to be thirty-two Regents instead of nineteen as now. They are to be elected as now by joint ballot of the Senate and Assembly; but while the present members are to remain, as they were elected, for life, or at the pleasure of the Legislature, the new members are to retire every ten years. The Regents are hereafter to report to the Superintendent, instead of to the Legislature as hitherto; while their present duties are to continue, and they are still to be unpaid.

For reasons which we have already stated we can not see that this change is thorough enough to be of any essential service. It goes just far enough to be mischievous. It merely deprives the Board of Regents of its independent dignity, and does nothing else. The Board, in obedience to a resolution of the last Senate, has just made a brief report to that body, showing that it has already every desirable power of a board of visitation of colleges and academies, and declaring that no change in its present organization would make it more efficient for that purpose. And we confess that we are unable to see how the efficiency of this Board would be increased by requiring it to report to the Superintendent instead of to the Legislature, and by limiting the term of membership to ten years. Nor do we understand why an unpaid post for ten years in a bureau of the Board of Education should be considered more honorable than membership for life of the present Board, reporting directly to the Legislature.

It seems to us that the constitution of the present Board should remain unchanged, or that it should be abolished and its duties discharged by paid officers in a Department of Education. For such a reform there may be very serious arguments. But there can be none for merely degrading the present Board, which is all that seems to be accomplished by the proposed bill.

LAW AND LICENSE.

THE public has various serious interests in the M'FARLAND trial quite apart from the merits of the case. One of them is the question whether a lawyer, under pretense of defending an accused person, may heap the foulest epithets upon other persons without rebuke from the court or redress of any kind? If an editor who in his paper calls somebody a swindler or a liar is liable to an action for damages, may a lawyer in open court call any body a thief, a forger, an assassin, and—if a woman—a strumpet, a pander, a procuress, without any kind of remedy? Is it to be tolerated, for instance, that a lawyer, hard driven to invent a theory by which his client may escape, shall publicly say that he intends to prove Mr. PETER COOPER to be a hoary old hypocrite, an abandoned villain, a forger, and a burglar? Would not the dignity of the bench, the decency of the bar, instantly silence such an advocate? And if they did not, would not public opinion justly regard them so far as sharers of the offense?

If the lawyer introduces no evidence to sustain this charge, what then? Should the jury convict the prisoner, do they not simultaneously convict the advocate of the grossest libel; and ought not prisoner and advocate to be sentenced together? And if the jury acquit the prisoner, although the verdict be not in the least affected by the advocate's aspersions of Mr. COOPER, will not the result be popularly held to justify them, and Mr. COOPER be accounted a proved hypocrite and rascal? When such practices as these are tolerated by the Judge of one of the high criminal courts in the city of New York it is only too plain that the reputation of those courts will be still more degraded, and the paramount necessity of the late movement toward a rescue of the character of the profession here becomes still more evident.

Another public concern is the general character of the defense in criminal trials. That in the M'FARLAND trial has been a furious assault upon the living and the dead. The more violent the epithets which the counsel could apply to persons and events, the more satisfied they seem to have been. The intention apparently was to carry the jury by a storm of vituperation, and by an immense affectation of virtue. The murdered man—before any thing whatever was proved—was treated as an unspeakable villain, defiant of divine and human laws. This strain in the court was echoed by many newspapers. Every body who did not instantly cry, "Served him right!" whenever the victim's name was mentioned, was in sore peril of denunciation as a "free-lover" by the spotless Bohemians who parade themselves as the body-guard of public virtue. A case involving the gravest considerations, in which the guilt or innocence of the dead and of the living could be made evident only upon the most careful scrutiny, was attempted to be decided by a loud outcry before the vital facts were known.

It seems to have been wholly forgotten that if there was a man upon trial for his life, there was also a woman upon trial for her character, which is more precious than life. She was not indeed formally arraigned, but every word spoken involved her good name. It is a merciful maxim of the law that every accused person shall be held innocent until proved guilty. But there was an eager haste to brand this woman as an adulteress before adultery was proved. The murdered man was denounced as a seducer before his body was cold. And why? For no other purpose than to prejudice the public mind so that the result of the trial might be a foregone conclusion. It was unmanly. It was most dishonorable. If it is to be received as a settled point of the social code that the husband may justifiably shoot the seducer of the wife, at least let us not justify him before the fact is proved.

SARAH WINNEMUCCA.

SARAH WINNEMUCCA, an Indian girl in Nevada, has written a very sagacious letter to Indian Commissioner PARKER. She says what all the intelligent and, at least, semi-civilized Indians have always said, and constantly repeat. SARAH is the daughter of WINNEMUCCA, the chief of the Pah-utes, and she states that the civilization offered to them upon their reserve was worse than the barbarism of savage life. If the agents had been honorable the Indians would have remained. But they could not consent to starve. Nor has she any doubt that they would willingly try to maintain themselves by their labor if "they could be made to believe" that they could securely enjoy the fruit of it. At the military posts the Indians get enough to eat and "considerable cast-off clothing;" but, she asks, "how long is this to continue?" It will take more soldiers to confine the Indians to reservations upon which they are starved and maltreated than to keep them in subjection. On the other hand, if they are sure that they can acquire a permanent home, and that the white neighbors can be prevented from encroaching, then, with proper teaching, "I warrant that the savage, as he is called today, will be a law-abiding member of the community fifteen or twenty years hence."

Prophecies, as Mr. SEWARD could teach SARAH WINNEMUCCA, are dangerous. But it is surely worth while to make the effort to try an honest policy with the Indians. If there are savages who will not be tamed, at least there are a great multitude of Indians of whom what this letter says is true. And if it shall turn out that there is no SARAH WINNEMUCCA, and that no such letter was ever written, its statements will still remain as the plea and protest of thousands of the Indians.

NOTES.

IF the artists who paint the portraits of famous men do a great service for the world, how much greater is that of those who tell us the story of good men's lives! When we read of a neighbor of whom we had never heard, and discover that he was gentle and pure and devoted, that his influence was as lofty and his character as spiritual and morally heroic as those of any of the legendary saints, our sense of the richness and power of life is deepened, and our own good endeavors are strengthened. Such a story is told in a little book called the "Way, Truth, and Life," a memoir of the late Rev. N. A. STAPLES, of Brooklyn, written with singular grace and charm by his friend and successor, JOHN W. CHADWICK. It was a life without events: short, active, unselfish. But the character of Mr. STAPLES was so lovely, his spirit was so pure, his views of duty and of the religious nature and relations of men so lofty, that the little memoir, and the few extracts from his writings which accompany it, are an addition as modest as they are valuable to the list of good books.

A DELIGHTFUL book of travel is Professor JAMES ORTON'S "The Andes and the Amazon," just published by the HARPERS. Mr. ORTON landed at Guayaquil, crossed the shoulder of Chimborazo to Quito, made the tour of the volcanoes under the equator, then descended the long eastern slope of the continent, and by the river Napo reached the Amazon, own which he sailed to Para upon the Atlantic coast, and thence came home. His description of the incidents of travel is simple and very charming, and his account of the people, scenery, and natural history of the mountain and river region is that of an accomplished scholar who knows how to gratify the most intelligent curiosity. His book is not only pleasant and lively, but it is of permanent value.

IT is stated that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM authorizes the announcement that "under no circumstances" will he be a candidate for the House of Representatives at the next election. But, it is added, his friends propose that "he shall attend to his.....business until the next Senatorial election." If friends always gave politicians such sound advice they would be invaluable. It is a pity, however, in this case, that the friends had not advised him to attend to his business after the Senatorial election also, for that will not in the least interfere with such attention. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM will never come so near political honors again as when he was defeated for Governor by a hundred thousand majority.

WE are glad to remark that the United States flag-ship *Severn* has gone to Santiago de Cuba to inquire into the outrage, which we recently mentioned, upon Mr. PHILLIPS, the United States Consul at that port.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 18.—In the Senate, a resolution of inquiry was adopted as to alleged charges of an attempt to improperly influence the vote of Senators on the Georgia bill.—In the House, a bill was introduced, and passed by a vote of 86 to 83, for the apportionment of the next Congress, fixing the number of members at 275, exclusive of representatives from newly-admitted States.

April 19.—In the Senate, Mr. Chandler endeavored unsuccessfully to introduce a resolution looking to the annexation of the Winnipeg country to the United States.—In the House, nearly the whole day was taken up with the Tariff bill.

April 20.—Very little was accomplished in the Senate; and in the House, the discussion of the day was on a resolution to admit J. H. Sypher as Representative for the First Congressional District of Louisiana. The election in that district was finally declared invalid.

April 21.—In the Senate, the principal business of the day was the passage of the Northern Pacific Railway bill.—Nothing of any importance was accomplished in the House.

April 22.—In the Senate, a long debate occurred on Mr. Chandler's resolution looking to the annexation of the Winnipeg country as a Territory. It was finally referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Among other bills passed was one to repeal the act of 1805, prohibiting the importation of persons of color into certain States. This is the last law on the statute-books in reference to slavery.—In the House, the Tariff was the main topic of the day, the sections discussed being those relating to certain classes of iron.

April 23.—The Senate was not in session.—In the House, the Senate amendment to the Income-tax bill was reported back and debated at length. The House finally refused to concur, and also refused to ask for a committee of conference.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The lower house of the New York Legislature has passed a bill repealing the Registry law throughout the State, except in the city of New York, and one to amend the Election law so as to give colored people the same rights as white voters—in accordance with the provisions of the Fifteenth Amendment.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives, after a long debate, has rejected the proposed amendment to the State Constitution enabling women to vote and to hold office.

The Prince Edward Island Legislature has rejected, by a large majority, a resolution in favor of confederation with Canada.

The remains of the late Minister Burlingame, which arrived here April 19, on the German steamer *Silesia*, were interred with appropriate ceremonies, on April 23, in Mount Auburn Cemetery, near Boston.

The Fenian scare still continues in Canada, and every preparation has been made to give the raiders a warm reception, should they venture across the border. A Fenian "Congress" convened in New York April 19, and continued in session several days. The meeting is supposed to have had reference to the proposed invasion of Canada.

The Supreme Court of the United States has denied the motion of the Attorney-General for a rehearing in the case of Hepburn and Griswold—involving the legal-tender question in regard to contracts made previous to the passage of the Legal-Tender act—on the ground that none of the judges who concurred in that decision desired a rehearing.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported that the papal police in Rome are active in seizing and destroying pamphlets against the dogma of Infallibility.

In the Tyrol, a strongly Catholic province of Austria, there is a wide-spread movement in favor of secession from the Romish Church in case the dogma of Infallibility is promulgated.

The Fenians are again becoming troublesome in England. They have threatened to mob the offices of the London *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, and both establishments are guarded by the military.

Legal proceedings have been instituted against the Sheffield (England) *Daily Telegraph* for asserting that the Prince of Wales would be a co-respondent in the Divorce Court in the case of the Earl *vs.* the Countess of Sefton.

On the 24th of April the Emperor of France issued a proclamation in regard to the *plebiscitum*, in which he reviews the reforms of the last ten years, and calls upon his supporters to ratify them, and by this means "place order and liberty on a solid basis," the fruit of which will be stability of political institutions and the peaceful transmission of power to the heir to the throne.

The workmen in Paris are uneasy, and great numbers of them have struck for higher wages and industrial reforms.

Count Bismarck is seriously ill at his country seat in Pomerania.

A party of travelers, including several persons of high rank, recently captured by Greek bandits near Athens, have been murdered by their captors.

The city of Lisbon, Portugal, suffered from a severe tornado on the 12th ult. Several persons were killed and a large number seriously injured, and great damage was done to the buildings. Many vessels at anchor in the Tagus were wrecked.

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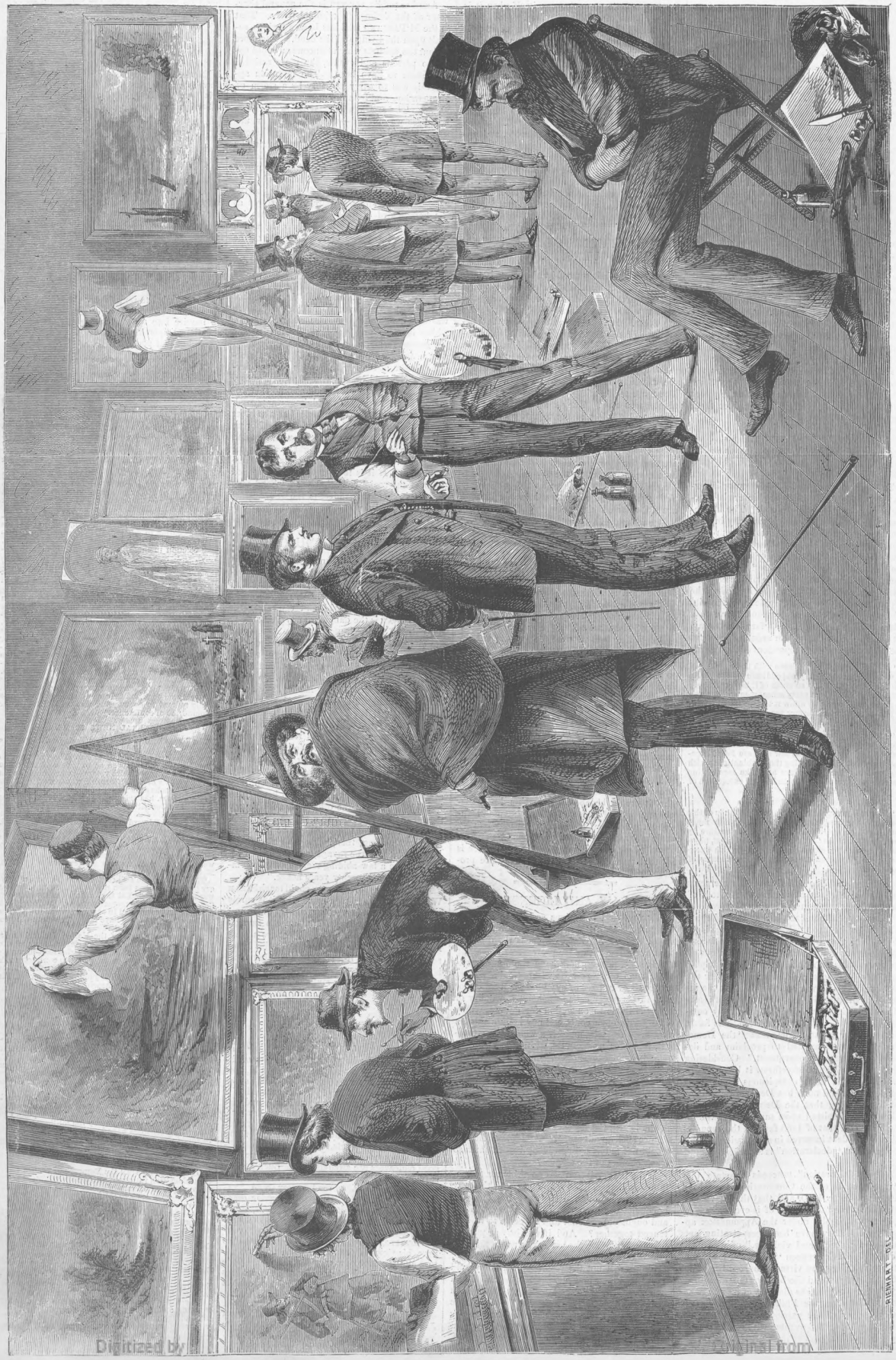

VARNISHING DAY AT THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 302.]

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THE WAR IN CUBA—SURPRISE OF AN INSURGENT CAMP.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

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MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

NINTH SCENE.—THE MUSIC-ROOM.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

JULIUS MAKES MISCHIEF.

JULIUS DELAMAYN was alone; idly sauntering to and fro, with his violin in his hand, on the terrace at Swanhaven Lodge.

The first mellow light of evening was in the sky. It was the close of the day on which Anne Silvester had left Perth.

Some hours earlier, Julius had sacrificed himself to the duties of his political position—as made for him by his father. He had submitted to the dire necessity of delivering an oration to the electors, at a public meeting in the neighboring town of Kirkandrew. A detestable atmosphere to breathe; a disorderly audience to address; insolent opposition to conciliate; imbecile inquiries to answer; brutish interruptions to endure; greedy petitioners to pacify; and dirty hands to shake: these are the stages by which the aspiring English gentleman is compelled to travel on the journey which leads him from the modest obscurity of private life to the glorious publicity of the House of Commons. Julius paid the preliminary penalties of a political first appearance, as exacted by free institutions, with the necessary patience; and returned to the welcome shelter of home, more indifferent, if possible, to the attractions of Parliamentary distinction than when he set out. The discord of the roaring "people" (still echoing in his ears) had sharpened his customary sensibility to the poetry of sound, as composed by Mozart, and as interpreted by piano and violin. Possessing himself of his beloved instrument, he had gone out on the terrace to cool himself in the evening air, pending the arrival of the servant whom he had summoned by the music-room bell. The man appeared at the glass door which led into the room; and reported, in answer to his master's inquiry, that Mrs. Julius Delamayn was out paying visits, and was not expected to return for another hour at least.

Julius groaned in spirit. The finest music which Mozart has written for the violin associates that instrument with the piano. Without the wife to help him, the husband was mute. After an instant's consideration, Julius hit on an idea which promised, in some degree, to remedy the disaster of Mrs. Delamayn's absence from home.

"Has Mrs. Glenarm gone out, too?" he asked.

"No, Sir."

"My compliments. If Mrs. Glenarm has nothing else to do, will she be so kind as to come to me in the music-room?"

The servant went away with his message. Julius seated himself on one of the terrace-benches, and began to tune his violin.

Mrs. Glenarm—rightly reported by Bishopriggs as having privately taken refuge from her anonymous correspondent at Swanhaven Lodge—was, musically speaking, far from being an efficient substitute for Mrs. Delamayn. Julius possessed, in his wife, one of the few players on the piano-forte under whose subtle touch that shallow and soulless instrument becomes inspired with expression not its own, and produces music instead of noise. The fine organization which can work this miracle had not been bestowed on Mrs. Glenarm. She had been carefully taught; and she was to be trusted to play correctly—and that was all. Julius, hungry for music, and resigned to circumstances, asked for no more.

The servant returned with his answer. Mrs. Glenarm would join Mr. Delamayn in the music-room in ten minutes' time.

Julius rose, relieved, and resumed his sauntering walk; now playing little snatches of music; now stopping to look at the flowers on the terrace, with an eye that enjoyed their beauty, and a hand that fondled them with caressing touch. If Imperial Parliament had seen him at that moment, Imperial Parliament must have given notice of a question to his illustrious father: Is it possible, my lord, that *you* can have begotten such a Member as this?

After stopping for a moment to tighten one of the strings of his violin, Julius, raising his head from the instrument, was surprised to see a lady approaching him on the terrace. Advancing to meet her, and perceiving that she was a total stranger to him, he assumed that she was, in all probability, a visitor to his wife.

"Have I the honor of speaking to a friend of Mrs. Delamayn's?" he asked. "My wife is not at home, I am sorry to say."

"I am a stranger to Mrs. Delamayn," the lady answered. "The servant informed me that she had gone out; and that I should find Mr. Delamayn here."

Julius bowed—and waited to hear more.

"I must beg you to forgive my intrusion," the stranger went on. "My object is to ask permission to see a lady who is, I have been informed, a guest in your house."

The extraordinary formality of the request rather puzzled Julius.

"Do you mean Mrs. Glenarm?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Pray don't think any permission necessary. A friend of Mrs. Glenarm's may take her welcome for granted in this house."

"I am not a friend of Mrs. Glenarm. I am a total stranger to her."

This made the ceremonious request preferred by the lady a little more intelligible—but it left the lady's object in wishing to speak to Mrs. Glenarm still in the dark. Julius politely waited, until it pleased her to proceed further, and explain herself. The explanation did not appear to be an easy one to give. Her eyes dropped to the ground. She hesitated painfully.

"My name—if I mention it," she resumed, without looking up, "may possibly inform you—" She paused. Her color came and went. She hesitated again; struggled with her agitation, and controlled it. "I am Anne Silvester," she said, suddenly raising her pale face, and suddenly steadying her trembling voice.

Julius started, and looked at her in silent surprise.

The name was doubly known to him. Not long since, he had heard it from his father's lips, at his father's bedside. Lord Holchester had charged him, had earnestly charged him, to bear that name in mind, and to help the woman who bore it, if the woman ever applied to him in time to come. Again, he had heard the name, more lately, associated scandalously with the name of his brother. On the receipt of the first of the anonymous letters sent to her, Mrs. Glenarm had not only summoned Geoffrey himself to refute the aspersion cast upon him, but had forwarded a private copy of the letter to his relatives at Swanhaven. Geoffrey's defense had not entirely satisfied Julius that his brother was free from blame. As he now looked at Anne Silvester, the doubt returned upon him strengthened—almost confirmed. Was this woman—so modest, so gentle, so simply and unaffectedly refined—the shameless adventuress denounced by Geoffrey, as claiming him on the strength of a foolish flirtation; knowing herself, at the time, to be privately married to another man? Was this woman—with the voice of a lady, the look of a lady, the manner of a lady—in league (as Geoffrey had declared) with the illiterate vagabond who was attempting to extort money anonymously from Mrs. Glenarm? Impossible! Making every allowance for the proverbial deceitfulness of appearances, impossible!

"Your name has been mentioned to me," said Julius, answering her after a momentary pause. His instincts, as a gentleman, made him shrink from referring to the association of her name with the name of his brother. "My father mentioned you," he added, considerately explaining his knowledge of her in *that* way, "when I last saw him in London."

"Your father!" She came a step nearer, with a look of distrust as well as a look of astonishment in her face. "Your father is Lord Holchester—is he not?"

"Yes."

"What made him speak of *me*?"

"He was ill at the time," Julius answered. "And he had been thinking of events in his past life with which I am entirely unacquainted. He said he had known your father and mother. He desired me, if you were ever in want of any assistance, to place my services at your disposal. When he expressed that wish, he spoke very earnestly—he gave me the impression that there was a feeling of regret associated with the recollections on which he had been dwelling."

Slowly, and in silence, Anne drew back to the low wall of the terrace close by. She rested one hand on it to support herself. Julius had said words of terrible import without a suspicion of what he had done. Never until now had Anne Silvester known that the man who had betrayed her was the son of that other man whose discovery of the flaw in the marriage had ended in the betrayal of her mother before her. She felt the shock of the revelation with a chill of superstitious dread. Was the chain of a fatality wound invisibly round her? Turn which way she might, was she still going darkly on, in the track of her dead mother, to an appointed and hereditary doom? Present things passed from her view as the awful doubt cast its shadow over her mind. She lived again for a moment in the time when she was a child. She saw the face of her mother once more, with the wan despair on it of the bygone days when the title of wife was denied her, and the social prospect was closed forever.

Julius approached, and roused her.

"Can I get you any thing?" he asked. "You are looking very ill. I hope I have said nothing to distress you?"

The question failed to attract her attention. She put a question herself instead of answering it.

"Did you say you were quite ignorant of what your father was thinking of when he spoke to you about me?"

"Quite ignorant."

"Is your brother likely to know more about it than you do?"

"Certainly not."

She paused, absorbed once more in her own thoughts. Startled, on the memorable day when they had first met, by Geoffrey's family name, she had put the question to him whether there had not been some acquaintance between their parents in the past time. Deceiving her in all else, he had not deceived in this. He had spoken in good faith, when he had declared that he had never heard her father or her mother mentioned at home.

The curiosity of Julius was aroused. He attempted to lead her on into saying more.

"You appear to know what my father was thinking of when he spoke to me," he resumed. "May I ask—"

She interrupted him with a gesture of entreaty.

"Pray don't ask! It's past and over—it can have no interest for you—it has nothing to do with my errand here. I must return," she went on, hurriedly, "to my object in trespassing on your kindness. Have you heard me mentioned, Mr. Delamayn, by another member of your family besides your father?"

Julius had not anticipated that she would approach, of her own accord, the painful subject on which he had himself forborne to touch. He was a little disappointed. He had expected more delicacy of feeling from her than she had shown.

"Is it necessary," he asked, coldly, "to enter on that?"

The blood rose again in Anne's cheeks.

"If it had not been necessary," she answered, "do you think I could have forced myself to mention it to *you*? Let me remind you that I am here on sufferance. If I don't speak plainly (no matter at what sacrifice to my own feelings), I make my situation more embarrassing than it is already. I have something to tell Mrs. Glenarm relating to the anonymous letters which she has lately received. And I have a word to say to her, next, about her contemplated marriage. Before you allow me to do this, you ought to know who I am. (I have owned it.) You ought to have heard the worst that can be said of my conduct. (Your face tells me you have heard the worst.) After the forbearance you have shown to me, as a perfect stranger, I will not commit the meanness of taking you by surprise. Perhaps, Mr. Delamayn, you understand, *now*, why I felt myself obliged to refer to your brother. Will you trust me with permission to speak to Mrs. Glenarm?"

It was simply and modestly said—with an unaffected and touching resignation of look and manner. Julius gave her back the respect and the sympathy which, for a moment, he had unjustly withheld from her.

"You have placed a confidence in me," he said, "which most persons in your situation would have withheld. I feel bound, in return, to place confidence in you. I will take it for granted that your motive in this matter is one which it is my duty to respect. It will be for Mrs. Glenarm to say whether she wishes the interview to take place or not. All that I can do is to leave you free to propose it to her. You *are* free."

As he spoke the sound of the piano reached them from the music-room. Julius pointed to the glass door which opened on to the terrace.

"You have only to go in by that door," he said, "and you will find Mrs. Glenarm alone."

Anne bowed, and left him. Arrived at the short flight of steps which led up to the door, she paused to collect her thoughts before she went in.

A sudden reluctance to go on and enter the room took possession of her, as she waited with her foot on the lower step. The report of Mrs. Glenarm's contemplated marriage had produced no such effect on her as Sir Patrick had supposed: it had found no love for Geoffrey left to wound, no latent jealousy only waiting to be inflamed. Her object in taking the journey to Perth was completed when her correspondence with Geoffrey was in her own hands again. The change of purpose which had brought her to Swanhaven was due entirely to the new view of her position toward Mrs. Glenarm which the coarse common-sense of Bishopriggs had first suggested to her. If she failed to protest against Mrs. Glenarm's marriage, in the interests of the reparation which Geoffrey owed to her, her conduct would only confirm Geoffrey's audacious assertion that she was a married woman already. For her own sake she might still have hesitated to move in the matter. But Blanche's interests were concerned as well as her own; and, for Blanche's sake, she had resolved on making the journey to Swanhaven Lodge.

At the same time, feeling toward Geoffrey as she felt now—conscious as she was of not really desiring the reparation on which she was about to insist—it was essential to the preservation of her own self-respect that she should have some purpose in view which could justify her to her own conscience in assuming the character of Mrs. Glenarm's rival.

She had only to call to mind the critical situation of Blanche—and to see her purpose before her plainly. Assuming that she could open the coming interview by peaceably proving that her claim on Geoffrey was beyond dispute, she might then, without fear of misconception, take the tone of a friend instead of an enemy, and might, with the best grace, assure Mrs. Glenarm that she had no rivalry to dread, on the one easy condition that she engaged to make Geoffrey repair the evil that he had done. "Marry him without a word against it to dread from *me*—so long as he unsays the words and undoes the deeds which have thrown a doubt on the marriage of Arnold and Blanche." If she could but bring the interview to this end—there was the way found of extricating Arnold, by her own exertions, from the false position in which she had innocently placed him toward his wife!

Such was the object before her, as she now stood on the brink of her interview with Mrs. Glenarm.

Up to this moment, she had firmly believed in her capacity to realize her own visionary project. It was only when she had her foot on the step that a doubt of the success of the coming experiment crossed her mind. For the first time, she saw the weak point in her own reasoning. For the first time, she felt how much she had blindly taken for granted, in assuming that Mrs. Glenarm would have sufficient sense of justice and sufficient command of temper to hear her patiently. All her hopes of success rested on her own favorable estimate of a woman who was a total stranger to her! What if the first words exchanged between them proved the estimate to be wrong?

It was too late to pause and reconsider the position. Julius Delamayn had noticed her hesitation, and was advancing toward her from the end of the terrace. There was no help for it but to master her own irresolution, and to run the risk boldly. "Come what may, I have gone too far to stop *here*." With that desperate resolution to animate her, she opened the glass door at the top of the steps, and went into the room.

Mrs. Glenarm rose from the piano. The two women—one so richly, the other so plainly dressed; one with her beauty in its full bloom, the other worn and blighted; one with society at her feet, the other an outcast living under the bleak shadow of reproach—the two women stood face to face, and exchanged the cold courtesies of salute between strangers, in silence.

The first to meet the trivial necessities of the situation was Mrs. Glenarm. She good-humoredly put an end to the embarrassment—which the shy visitor appeared to feel acutely—by speaking first.

"I am afraid the servants have not told you?" she said. "Mrs. Delamayn has gone out."

"I beg your pardon—I have not called to see Mrs. Delamayn."

Mrs. Glenarm looked a little surprised. She went on, however, as amiably as before.

"Mr. Delamayn, perhaps?" she suggested. "I expect him here every moment."

Anne explained again. "I have just parted from Mr. Delamayn." Mrs. Glenarm opened her eyes in astonishment. Anne proceeded. "I have come here, if you will excuse the intrusion—"

She hesitated—at a loss how to end the sentence. Mrs. Glenarm, beginning by this time to feel a strong curiosity as to what might be coming next, advanced to the rescue once more.

"Pray don't apologize," she said. "I think I understand that you are so good as to have come to see *me*. You look tired. Won't you take a chair?"

Anne could stand no longer. She took the offered chair. Mrs. Glenarm resumed her place on the music-stool, and ran her fingers idly over the keys of the piano. "Where did you see Mr. Delamayn?" she went on. "The most irresponsible of men, except when he has got his fiddle in his hand! Is he coming in soon? Are we going to have any music? Have you come to play with us? Mr. Delamayn is a perfect fanatic in music, isn't he? Why isn't he here to introduce us? I suppose you like the classical style, too? Did you know that I was in the music-room? Might I ask your name?"

Frivolous as they were, Mrs. Glenarm's questions were not without their use. They gave Anne time to summon her resolution, and to feel the necessity of explaining herself.

"I am speaking, I believe, to Mrs. Glenarm?" she began.

The good-humored widow smiled and bowed graciously.

"I have come here, Mrs. Glenarm—by Mr. Delamayn's permission—to ask leave to speak to you on a matter in which you are interested."

Mrs. Glenarm's many-ringed fingers paused over the keys of the piano. Mrs. Glenarm's plump face turned on the stranger with a dawning expression of surprise.

"Indeed? I am interested in so many matters. May I ask what *this* matter is?"

The flippant tone of the speaker jarred on Anne. If Mrs. Glenarm's nature was as shallow as it appeared to be on the surface, there was little hope of any sympathy establishing itself between them.

"I wished to speak to you," she answered, "about something that happened while you were paying a visit in the neighborhood of Perth."

The dawning surprise in Mrs. Glenarm's face became intensified into an expression of distrust. Her hearty manner vanished under a veil of conventional civility, drawn over it suddenly. She looked at Anne. "Never at the best of times a beauty," she thought. "Wretchedly out of health now. Dressed like a servant, and looking like a lady. What *does* it mean?"

The last doubt was not to be borne in silence by a person of Mrs. Glenarm's temperament. She addressed herself to the solution of it with the most unblushing directness—dextrously excused by the most winning frankness of manner.

"Pardon me," she said. "My memory for faces is a bad one; and I don't think you heard me just now, when I asked for your name. Have we ever met before?"

"Never."

"And yet—if I understand what you are referring to—you wish to speak to me about something which is only interesting to myself and my most intimate friends."

"You understand me quite correctly," said Anne. "I wish to speak to you about some anonymous letters—"

"For the third time, will you permit me to ask for your name?"

"You shall hear it directly—if you will first allow me to finish what I wanted to say. I wish—if I can—to persuade you that I come here as a friend, before I mention my name. You will, I am sure, not be very sorry to hear that you need dread no further annoyance—"

"Pardon me once more," said Mrs. Glenarm, interposing for the second time. "I am at a loss to know to what I am to attribute this kind interest in my affairs on the part of a total stranger."

This time, her tone was more than politely cold—it was politely impertinent. Mrs. Glenarm had lived all her life in good society, and was a perfect mistress of the subtleties of refined insolence in her intercourse with those who incurred her displeasure.

Anne's sensitive nature felt the wound—but Anne's patient courage submitted. She put away from her the insolence which had tried to sting, and went on, gently and firmly, as if nothing had happened.

"The person who wrote to you anonymously," she said, "alluded to a correspondence. He is

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no longer in possession of it. The correspondence has passed into hands which may be trusted to respect it. It will be put to no base use in the future—I answer for that."

"You answer for that?" repeated Mrs. Glenarm. She suddenly leaned forward over the piano, and fixed her eyes in unconcealed scrutiny on Anne's face. The violent temper, so often found in combination with the weak nature, began to show itself in her rising color, and her lowering brow. "How do *you* know what the person wrote?" she asked. "How do *you* know that the correspondence has passed into other hands? Who are you?" Before Anne could answer her, she sprang to her feet, electrified by a new idea. "The man who wrote to me spoke of something else besides a correspondence. He spoke of a woman. I have found you out!" she exclaimed, with a burst of jealous fury. "*You* are the woman!"

Anne rose on her side, still in firm possession of her self-control.

"Mrs. Glenarm," she said, calmly, "I warn —no, I entreat you—not to take that tone with me. Compose yourself; and I promise to satisfy you that you are more interested than you are willing to believe in what I have still to say. Pray bear with me for a little longer. I admit that you have guessed right. I own that I am the miserable woman who has been ruined and deserted by Geoffrey Delamayn."

"It's false!" cried Mrs. Glenarm. "You wretch! Do you come to *me* with your trumped-up story? What does Julius Delamayn mean by exposing me to this?" Her indignation at finding herself in the same room with Anne broke its way through, not the restraints only, but the common decencies of politeness. "I'll ring for the servants!" she said. "I'll have you turned out of the house."

She tried to cross the fire-place to ring the bell. Anne, who was standing nearest to it, stepped forward at the same moment. Without saying a word, she motioned with her hand to the other woman to stand back. There was a pause. The two waited, with their eyes steadily fixed on one another—each with her resolution laid bare to the other's view. In a moment more, the finer nature prevailed. Mrs. Glenarm drew back a step in silence.

"Listen to me," said Anne.

"Listen to you?" repeated Mrs. Glenarm. "You have no right to be in this house. You have no right to force yourself in here. Leave the room!"

Anne's patience—so firmly and admirably preserved thus far—began to fail her at last.

"Take care, Mrs. Glenarm!" she said, still struggling with herself. "I am not naturally a patient woman. Trouble has done much to tame my temper—but endurance has its limits. You have reached the limits of mine. I have a claim to be heard—and after what you have said to me, I *will* be heard!"

"You have no claim! You shameless woman, you are married already. I know the man's name. Arnold Brinkworth."

"Did Geoffrey Delamayn tell you that?"

"I decline to answer a woman who speaks of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn in that familiar way."

Anne advanced a step nearer.

"Did Geoffrey Delamayn tell you that?" she repeated.

There was a light in her eyes, there was a ring in her voice, which showed that she was roused at last. Mrs. Glenarm answered her, this time.

"He did tell me."

"He lied!"

"He did *not!* He knew. I believe *him*. I don't believe *you*."

"If he told you that I was any thing but a single woman—if he told you that Arnold Brinkworth was married to any body but Miss Lundie of Windygates—I say again he lied!"

"I say again—I believe *him*, and not *you*."

"You believe I am Arnold Brinkworth's wife?"

"I am certain of it."

"You tell me that to my face?"

"I tell you to your face—you *may* have been Geoffrey Delamayn's mistress; you *are* Arnold Brinkworth's wife."

At those words the long-restrained anger leaped up in Anne—all the more hotly for having been hitherto so steadily controlled. In one breathless moment the whirlwind of her indignation swept away, not only all remembrance of the purpose which had brought her to Swanhaven, but all sense even of the unpardonable wrong which she had suffered at Geoffrey's hands. If he had been there, at that moment, and had offered to redeem his pledge, she would have consented to marry him, while Mrs. Glenarm's eye was on her—no matter whether she destroyed herself in her first cool moment afterward or not. The small sting had planted itself at last in the great nature. The noblest woman is only a woman, after all!

"I forbid your marriage to Geoffrey Delamayn! I insist on his performing the promise he gave me, to make me his wife! I have got it here in his own words, in his own writing. On his soul, he swears it to me—he will redeem his pledge. His mistress, did you say? His wife, Mrs. Glenarm, before the week is out!"

In those wild words she cast back the taunt —with the letter held in triumph in her hand.

Daunted for the moment by the doubt now literally forced on her, that Anne might really have the claim on Geoffrey which she advanced, Mrs. Glenarm answered nevertheless with the obstinacy of a woman brought to bay—with a resolution not to be convinced by conviction itself.

"I won't give him up!" she cried. "Your letter is a forgery. You have no proof. I won't, I won't, I won't give him up!" she repeated, with the impotent iteration of an angry child.

Anne pointed disdainfully to the letter that she held. "Here is his pledged and written word," she said. "While I live, you will never be his wife."

"I shall be his wife the day after the race. I am going to him in London—to warn him against You!"

"You will find me in London, before you—with this in my hand. Do you know his writing?"

She held up the letter, open. Mrs. Glenarm's hand flew out with the stealthy rapidity of a cat's paw, to seize and destroy it. Quick as she was, her rival was quicker still. For an instant they faced each other breathless—one with the letter held behind her; one with her hand still stretched out.

At the same moment—before a word more had passed between them—the glass door opened; and Julius Delamayn appeared in the room.

He addressed himself to Anne.

"We decided, on the terrace," he said, quietly, "that you should speak to Mrs. Glenarm, if Mrs. Glenarm wished it. Do you think it desirable that the interview should be continued any longer?"

Anne's head drooped on her breast. The fiery anger in her was quenched in an instant.

"I have been cruelly provoked, Mr. Delamayn," she answered. "But I have no right to plead that." She looked up at him for a moment. The hot tears of shame gathered in her eyes, and fell slowly over her cheeks. She bent her head again, and hid them from him. "The only atonement I can make," she said, "is to ask your pardon, and to leave the house."

In silence, she turned away to the door. In silence, Julius Delamayn paid her the trifling courtesy of opening it for her. She went out.

Mrs. Glenarm's indignation—suspended for the moment—transferred itself to Julius.

"If I have been entrapped into seeing that woman, with your approval," she said, haughtily, "I owe it to myself, Mr. Delamayn, to follow her example, and to leave your house."

"I authorized her to ask you for an interview, Mrs. Glenarm. If she has presumed on the permission that I gave her, I sincerely regret it, and I beg you to accept my apologies. At the same time, I may venture to add, in defense of my conduct, that I thought her—and think her still —a woman to be pitied more than to be blamed."

"To be pitied—did you say?" asked Mrs. Glenarm, doubtful whether her ears had not deceived her.

"To be pitied," repeated Julius.

"*You* may find it convenient, Mr. Delamayn, to forget what your brother has told us about that person. *I* happen to remember it."

"So do I, Mrs. Glenarm. But, with my experience of Geoffrey—" He hesitated, and ran his fingers nervously over the strings of his violin.

"You don't believe him?" said Mrs. Glenarm.

Julius declined to admit that he doubted his brother's word, to the lady who was about to become his brother's wife.

"I don't quite go that length," he said. "I find it difficult to reconcile what Geoffrey has told us, with Miss Silvester's manner and appearance—"

"Her appearance!" cried Mrs. Glenarm, in a transport of astonishment and disgust. "*Her* appearance! Oh, the men! I beg your pardon—I ought to have remembered that there is no accounting for tastes. Go on—pray go on!"

"Shall we compose ourselves with a little music?" suggested Julius.

"I particularly request you will go on," answered Mrs. Glenarm, emphatically. "You find it 'impossible to reconcile'—"

"I said 'difficult.'"

"Oh, very well. Difficult to reconcile what Geoffrey told us, with Miss Silvester's manner and appearance. What next? You had something else to say, when I was so rude as to interrupt you. What was it?"

"Only this," said Julius. "I don't find it easy to understand Sir Patrick Lundie's conduct in permitting Mr. Brinkworth to commit bigamy with his niece."

"Wait a minute! The marriage of that horrible woman to Mr. Brinkworth was a private marriage. Of course, Sir Patrick knew nothing about it!"

Julius owned that this might be possible, and made a second attempt to lead the angry lady back to the piano. Useless, once more! Though she shrank from confessing it to herself, Mrs. Glenarm's belief in the genuineness of her lover's defense had been shaken. The tone taken by Julius—moderate as it was—revived the first startling suspicion of the credibility of Geoffrey's statement which Anne's language and conduct had forced on Mrs. Glenarm. She dropped into the nearest chair, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. "You always hated poor Geoffrey," she said, with a burst of tears. "And now you're defaming him to me!"

Julius managed her admirably. On the point of answering her seriously, he checked himself. "I always hated poor Geoffrey," he repeated, with a smile. "You ought to be the last person to say that, Mrs. Glenarm! I brought him all the way from London expressly to introduce him to *you*."

"Then I wish you had left him in London!" retorted Mrs. Glenarm, shifting suddenly from tears to temper. "I was a happy woman before I met your brother. I can't give him up!" she burst out, shifting back again from temper to tears. "I don't care if he *has* deceived me. I won't let another woman have him! I *will* be his wife!" She threw herself theatrically on her knees before Julius. "Oh, *do* help me to find out the truth!" she said. "Oh, Julius, pity me! I am so fond of him!"

There was genuine distress in her face, there was true feeling in her voice. Who would have believed that there were reserves of merciless insolence and heartless cruelty in this woman—and that they had been lavishly poured out on a fallen sister not five minutes since?

"I will do all I can," said Julius, raising her. "Let us talk of it when you are more composed. Try a little music," he repeated, "just to quiet your nerves."

"Would *you* like me to play?" asked Mrs. Glenarm, becoming a model of feminine docility at a moment's notice.

Julius opened the Sonatas of Mozart, and shouldered his violin.

"Let's try the Fifteenth," he said, placing Mrs. Glenarm at the piano. "We will begin with the Adagio. If ever there was divine music written by mortal man, there it is!"

They began. At the third bar Mrs. Glenarm dropped a note—and the bow of Julius paused shuddering on the strings.

"I can't play!" she said. "I am so agitated; I am so anxious. How *am* I to find out whether that wretch is really married or not? Who can I ask? I can't go to Geoffrey in London—the trainers won't let me see him. I can't appeal to Mr. Brinkworth himself—I am not even acquainted with him. Who else is there? Do think, and tell me!"

There was but one chance of making her return to the Adagio—the chance of hitting on a suggestion which would satisfy and quiet her. Julius laid his violin on the piano, and considered the question before him carefully.

"There are the winesses," he said. "If Geoffrey's story is to be depended on, the landlady and the waiter at the inn can speak to the facts."

"Low people!" objected Mrs. Glenarm. "People I don't know. People who might take advantage of my situation, and be insolent to me."

Julius considered once more; and made another suggestion. With the fatal ingenuity of innocence, he hit on the idea of referring Mrs. Glenarm to no less a person than Lady Lundie herself!

"There is our good friend at Windygates," he said. "Some whisper of the matter may have reached Lady Lundie's ears. It may be a little awkward to call on her (if she *has* heard any thing) at the time of a serious family disaster. You are the best judge of that, however. All I can do is to throw out the notion. Windygates isn't very far off—and something might come of it. What do you think?"

Something might come of it! Let it be remembered that Lady Lundie had been left entirely in the dark—that she had written to Sir Patrick in a tone which plainly showed that her self-esteem was wounded and her suspicion roused —and that her first intimation of the serious dilemma in which Arnold Brinkworth stood was now likely, thanks to Julius Delamayn, to reach her from the lips of a mere acquaintance. Let this be remembered; and then let the estimate be formed of what might come of it—not at Windygates only, but also at Ham Farm!

"What do you think?" asked Julius.

Mrs. Glenarm was enchanted. "The very person to go to!" she said. "If I am not let in I can easily write—and explain my object as an apology. Lady Lundie is so right-minded, so sympathetic. If she sees no one else—I have only to confide my anxieties to her, and I am sure she will see me. You will lend me a carriage, won't you? I'll go to Windygates tomorrow."

Julius took his violin off the piano.

"Don't think me very troublesome," he said, coaxingly. "Between this and to-morrow we have nothing to do. And it is *such* music, if you once get into the swing of it! Would you mind trying again?"

Mrs. Glenarm was willing to do any thing to prove her gratitude, after the invaluable hint which she had just received. At the second trial the fair pianist's eye and hand were in perfect harmony. The lovely melody which the Adagio of Mozart's Fifteenth Sonata has given to violin and piano flowed smoothly at last—and Julius Delamayn soared to the seventh heaven of musical delight.

The next day Mrs. Glenarm and Mrs. Delamayn went together to Windygates House.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HARVARD COLLEGE has received a valuable addition to its art collection in the bust of C. Cilnius Mæcenas, found at Herculaneum in 1822, and exhibited in the Royal Museum at Portici. It was afterward purchased by an antiquarian of Rome, who presented it to Mr. B. Davis Washburn of Melrose, and by him it was donated to Harvard. The bust is in a good state of preservation, and represents Mæcenas at the age of seventy, after he had retired from public affairs. Mæcenas was an enthusiastic patron of learning and genius, and the personal friend of Virgil and Horace. He died 8 B.C., in the same year with Horace, and was buried in his own gardens, on the Esquiline Hill.

By the will of the late Lord Derby his personal property appears to have been about £250,000. The present Lord Derby will succeed to a magnificent income, which he is not in the least likely to diminish. His habits are of the most inexpensive kind, and if *noblesse* did not oblige otherwise, he would probably prefer living in a couple of rooms and dining at a club. He does not inherit his father's fondness for horses, and has lately sold out his stable.

"Association Hall" is a great improvement upon the old name, "Young Men's Christian Association Hall," which is too long for comfort. Can not the name of the building itself be abridged for common use?

If lovers quarrel, and wish their love-letters returned, we warn them to deliver the important documents personally—it is not safe to trust expresses! At a recent auction sale of unclaimed express packages in Hartford a lot of love-letters were bid off. They were written by a young lady who, having got married, requested her old lover to return them. The purchaser, it is said, is heartlessly and dishonorably giving a series of evening readings from them at his boarding-house.

It is rumored abroad that Father Hyacinthe has been converted to Protestantism by the pastor of the French Reformed Church, and that he is soon to be married.

Now that the ladies are having every thing their own away, it is said that printed declarations, with blank forms, are to be used by young ladies who have lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill out the blanks, and, of course, no sensible man can refuse signing them.

A second novel by Garibaldi has been published at Milan. It is called "Cantoni; or, The Volunteer."—Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems will be entitled "Songs Before Sunrise."—Mr. Goldwin Smith is preparing a "History of England for American Readers."

How very thoughtful and considerate some editors are to make such suggestions as these, in commenting upon the death of a young Vermont girl from the effects of tight-lacing: "These corsets should be done away with, and if the girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can be found who would rather devote three hours a day, without a cent of pay, as a brevet corset, than see these girls dying off in that manner. Office hours almost any time."

A remarkable marriage recently took place at Galesburg, Illinois. The bridegroom and bride were aged respectively eighty-three and eighty-one years. When they were eighteen and sixteen they were engaged to each other, but broke their troth; and since then each has followed two companions to the grave. Late in life the early love has been rekindled.

Not so very far out of the way was an English sailor at Brussels, who emptied his pockets, containing 250 francs, into the apron of a woman with half a dozen starving children. The sailor remarked to the astounded natives who witnessed the act: "I am a good fellow, and never drink when I have nothing to drink with." A good many young men might be safer to "go and do likewise."

There are at the present time quite a number of "Apartment Houses" being erected in different parts of our city. These houses will contain suits, each complete in itself, including parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bath-room, and bedrooms. It is indicative of the probable popularity of this style of building, that in one which is nearly finished on Eighteenth Street, every suit was rented before the foundation was laid. Some very handsome "Apartment Houses" are already projected. People of moderate incomes are weary of paying enormous rents, and welcome the prospect of cheaper and yet comfortable quarters.

Miss Mulock says to parents that the time must come in every family when it is the children's right to begin to think and act for themselves, and the parents' duty to allow them to do it; when it is wisest gradually to slacken authority, to sink "I command" into "I wish," and to grant large freedom of opinion, and the expression of it.

During the recent spring freshets some of the rivers in New England rose higher than they have been known to do since 1827. The Mohawk was reported higher than ever before, and the Merrimac higher than since 1852. All through the New England and Middle States immense damage was done. In many places the inhabitants were roused in the night by floods of water rushing over their premises, and were obliged to flee for their lives. Bridges, dams, barns, and cattle were destroyed; and in many towns there has been a dismal repetition of the ruinous scenes of last October. Such a heavy spring freshet is discouraging enough to those who suffered so much damage from that last fall.

Our Dumb Animals—a monthly journal published by the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—as a brief method of stating the purposes of the Society, gives "Thirty-nine Articles of Faith." Some of these are to prevent—the beating, overloading, overdriving, and underfeeding of animals; driving galled and disabled horses; tying calves' and sheep's legs; cruelties on railroad stock trains; overloading horse-cars; neglect of shelter for animals; plucking live fowls; dog-fights; to introduce—better roads and pavements; better methods of slaughtering and of horse-shoeing; improved cattle-cars; drinking-fountains; and to induce—children to be humane; teachers to teach kindness to animals; clergymen to preach it; authors to write it; editors to keep it before the people; and generally to make men, women, and children better, because more humane.

Reports come from Delaware that the peach-trees have been seriously injured in consequence of the warm weather in January and February, and that the crop is likely to be small. Berries, however, promise well, and it is expected that strawberries will be ready for market in about a month.

Professor Blot gives the following directions for frying potatoes: Cut them in whatever form you wish above a bowl of cold water, so that they will drop into it. Then drain and wipe them dry. This must be done quickly, so as not to allow the potatoes to turn reddish. Have a coarse towel ready, then turn the potatoes into a colander, and immediately turn them into the towel, shake them a little, and quickly drop them in hot fat. When done, turn them into a colander, sprinkle salt on them, and serve hot. If you wish them light or swelled, leave the potatoes in the colander only about half a minute, then put them back in the very hot fat, stir for about one minute, and put them again in the colander. If the fat is very hot, when dropped into it for the second time they will certainly swell. Bear in mind that fried potatoes must be eaten as hot as possible. Fry only one size at a time, as it takes three times as long to fry them when cut in pieces as when sliced.

Three or four years ago a colored woman from New Bedford graduated from the New England Medical College of Boston, and is now successfully practicing her profession. The New England Female Medical College was opened in 1848, and since then has graduated seventy-four women, many of whom are exceedingly useful in practice among women and children, and some are filling important positions in hospitals and educational institutions.

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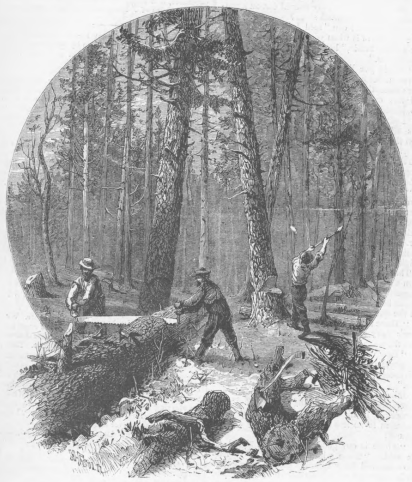
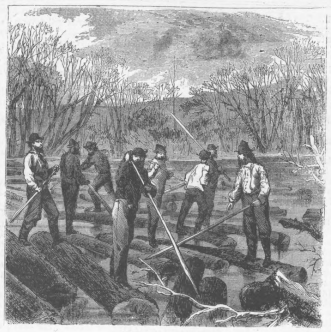


SAWING INTO LOGS.



BREAKING A JAM.

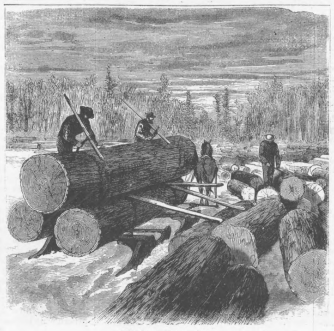
WINTER SCENES IN MINNESOTA.

We give on this double page a series of engravings, from some exceedingly fine photographs sent us by Whitney and Zimmermann, of St. Paul, Minnesota, illustrating winter life and scenery in that State. The sketches tell their own story so graphically, that but few words are necessary in the way of explanation. The uppermost line of pictures illustrates the manner of getting out lumber in the great pine forests of Minnesota—from the cutting down of the great trees, sawing them into lengths, hauling them out with ox-teams, and, finally, "landing" the logs on the surface of the frozen river or stream, in readiness for the spring freshet to sweep them down to a market. Though many of these streams are too shallow in summer to float an Indian in the lightest bark canoe, yet when swollen by spring freshets, each one becomes a wide and deep river. In some instances the pines grow near the streams, and the trouble of hauling the logs is very slight; but often they grow four or five miles away, and the distance becomes greater every year, as the forests are gradually cut down, and with it the expense of logging. The camp-fire shown in one of our sketches are Chippewa Indians, who frequently stop at the camps for provisions and whisky.

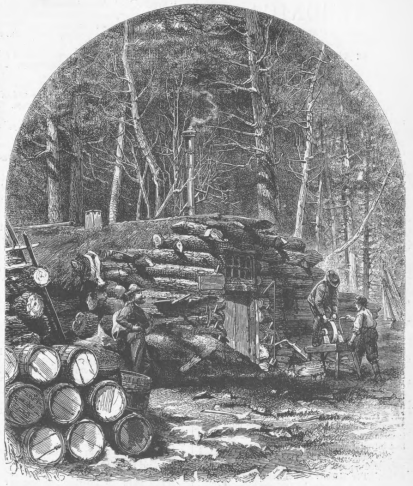
Underneath these forest scenes we give two views of the river scenery of Minnesota in winter. "St. Anthony's Falls" and "Silver Cascade," within sight of each other, present a most beautiful appearance in their wintry dress, while the falls of "Minnehaha" on a frosty morning look more like a picture from Fairyland than an actual scene in nature. Since the photograph was taken from which our engraving is made, a heavy freshet has destroyed several mills at St. Anthony's Falls, and washed away a large portion of Hennepin Island, under which a tunnel had been excavated. Fears are entertained that this magnificent water-power may be permanently injured by this catastrophe.

The third series of sketches will give our readers an idea of the mode of gathering the ice-crop in Minnesota—a subject in which we are all interested this summer. The thickness of the ice is well indicated in the engraving, which shows the great, almost transparent blocks hauled out upon the bank, where they are chipped into shape for storage and transportation. As the thermometer sometimes indicates a temperature of 40 degrees below zero, the thickness of these blocks is not surprising. When the ice is of moderate thickness, it is cut by means of ice plows; but when very thick, saws are employed for this purpose. The people of this city, where ice is no longer a luxury but a common necessity, will be glad to have the ocular demonstration afforded by these sketches—which are as nearly fac-similes of the original photographs as could be made in wood-engraving—that in Minnesota, at any rate, the crop has been so abundant that ice-dealers will have no excuse for an exorbitant rise in the price of this commodity.

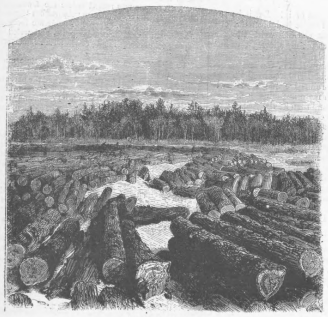
IN THE PINE FORESTS.



UNLOADING LOGS.

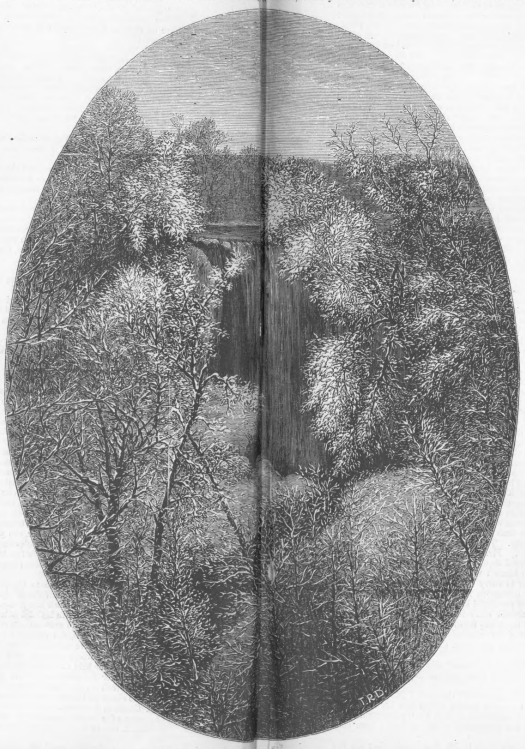


LOGGERS' CAMP.



LANDING LOGS.

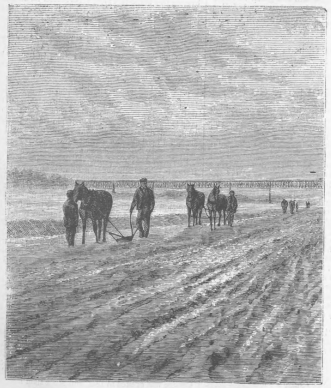
SILVER CASCADE.



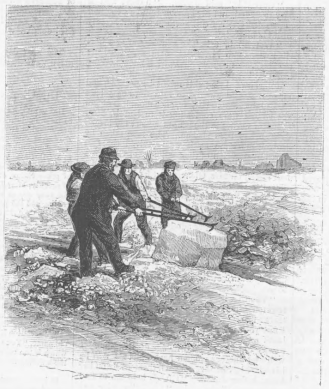
FALLS OF MINNEHAHA ON A FROSTY MORNING.

SAINT ANTHONY'S FALLS IN WINTER.

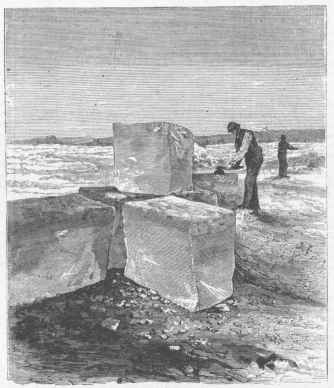
CAMP FOLLOWERS.



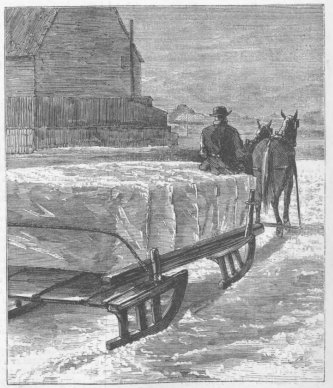
ICE PLOWS.



HAULING OUT THE ICE BLOCKS.



BLOCKS OF ICE.



HAULING ICE.

WINTER SCENES IN MINNESOTA.—[From Photographs by Whitney and Zimmermann, St. Paul, Minnesota.]

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VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER XI.

TEMPEST.

THEIR life in town, however it may have proved to be dust and ashes in Veronica's mouth, was mightily to the taste of her husband. One great drawback to his pleasure at first was Veronica's perverse determination to be discontented, as he deemed it. What could she desire that she had not? They were rich, young, fond of one another—he, at least, still loved her, although she seemed resolved to try to cure him of his fondness—and surrounded by companions who asked nothing better than to be merry and enjoy themselves. What though this dowager had declined to be introduced to her; or that dowdy countess refused her invitations; or that it had hitherto been impossible to find a lady to present her at court? Were not the ladies whom she did know incomparably more lively and amusing than these dull persons? And was it not an incredible perversity in Veronica to long for that which, had it been offered to her—or so Cesare thought—she would have loathed? The husband and wife had many a sharp discussion on this score.

When Veronica now told Cesare that he did not understand this or that he would argue the point with vivacity. Indeed, but he did understand: quite as well as she did; perhaps better! She was but a woman. And if he *were* a foreigner in England, he yet knew the world—it might be that he even knew the English world—a great deal more thoroughly than she thought for. His friends mauvais genre? Bah! Mrs. Douglas De Raffville was one of the most fashionable women in London. Lord George, who had introduced her to them, said so. She was, at any rate, very handsome, very brilliant, and very good-natured: that they could see for themselves. Per Bacco! These simagrées on her part were too amusing! Did she know the history of the withered little Duchess with the pearls, to whom she had been so civil at Naples? Then for a day, perhaps, Veronica would break out into wild gayety. She would be all ablaze with excitement, until even the rather noisy mirth of the society that surrounded her would grow dumb, and its members would stare at her uneasily, or indulge in expressive shrugs and grimaces to each other. These fits of feverish spirits were invariably followed by prolonged depression and gloom; sometimes even by attacks of illness that obliged her to keep her bed for a day or so. But she would see no physician. Her husband, more and more separated from her companionship, and absorbed in his own pursuits, gradually ceased to disquiet himself about these strange fluctuations of health and spirits. There was no one at hand who cared for her. Her father wrote rarely and briefly. Maud was separated from her as though the thickness of the globe were between them.

One afternoon Veronica was lying half asleep on a couch in her boudoir. Her Swiss maid Louise entered the darkened room quietly, and stood listening.

"Is Madame la Princesse asleep?"

"Eh? What is it? My head aches," answered Veronica, in a drowsy voice.

"I should not have ventured to disturb Madame la Princesse, but the gentleman was so importunate that the footman begged me to come and speak with madame."

"A gentleman? I can't see the card by this light. Tell me the name."

"Mistare—Mistare Frost."

"Mr. Frost! Well—yes; let Mr. Frost come up stairs. Give me the eau de cologne. Draw that curtain a little more. No light, no light! Ah, Dio buono, how my head throbs!"

In another minute Mr. Frost was ushered into the boudoir.

"Have I the honor of speaking to the Princess de' Barletti?" asked Mr. Frost, to whom the gloom of the chamber seemed at first almost pitch darkness.

Veronica greeted him, and told him where to find a seat. She half rose from her sofa, but fell back again with a murmur of pain.

"You are suffering? I grieve to intrude. But my business is of such importance—"

"Of such importance?"

"To me of the very deepest."

Veronica poured some eau de cologne on her hands, and passed them over her forehead. Then she looked steadily at Mr. Frost, and her eyes, more accustomed to the dimness than his, could perceive that he was changed; bent, and thin, and haggard. And that his restless hands wandered constantly to his mouth, and that he bit his nails furiously. He, for his part, could but just discern the outline of her face and figure.

"Madam," said Mr. Frost, "I will not waste your time or my own—minutes are very precious—by useless preamble. In preferring the request I am about to make, I know that I am doing an unusual—some might say unwarrantable thing. But I am hard pressed: temporarily—only temporarily. And I was to-day inspired suddenly with the hope that you might help me."

"In what way can it be in my power to help you?" said Veronica, in a strange, dreamy voice.

"Will you lend me some money?"

"Lend *you* some money? I thought you were very rich!"

"I shall be. I am, virtually. But there is a temporary pressure—a severe pressure." Mr. Frost put his hand to his head, as though the pressure he spoke of were there. "I will be frank with you. Women can be compassionate and generous sometimes. If you will lend me the sum I want you will save me from ruin."

"From ruin!" Veronica made an effort, and seemed to rouse herself from a lethargy that had apparently benumbed her faculties. Her voice was more like her own as she said, "But *can* I do this?"

"I think you can. The sum I need is a large one. But I know your means are large. I want two thousand pounds."

"It is indeed a large sum!"

"If I can have that sum by the end of this month the rest may go. I shall not care. That is—I mean I shall be safe."

"I should like to do good to somebody," murmured Veronica, half aloud.

"You can do good to more than one person. You know young Lockwood, who is engaged to marry Maud Desmond?"

"Yes: is it for *him?*"

"You love Maud Desmond, do you not? I have heard that you loved her so much as to offer her a part of your fortune!"

"I do love her. But what—"

"I can not explain particulars. But I will swear to you by any solemn oath you choose, that in lending me this money you will be serving them. If I can not induce you to believe that—believe at least that, as I said, you will be saving me from ruin. God is my witness that that is true!"

The manner of the man—so different from the self-possessed, easy, dignified air she remembered in him—impressed her greatly.

"I should like," she said again, "to do good to somebody."

Mr. Frost gathered all his energies to plead his cause. His words were eloquent. But more eloquent to Veronica were his trembling lips, his wrinkled brow, his eager and restless hands.

"If I can do this thing I will," she said, at length.

He sprang up and took her hand. "I can not thank you in words," he said. "It was a good inspiration that made me think of applying to you!"

"But—I shall need my husband's consent."

"Your husband's only?"

"Certainly. Whose else?"

"You have no marriage settlement? No trustees?"

This was the first time that the idea of having her money settled on herself had occurred to her. Her marriage had been hurried and private. There had been no one to watch her interests or advise her. And, lest it should be supposed that Cesare had purposely taken a dishonorable advantage of her confidence or imprudence, it must be explained that marriage settlements are unknown in his country; and that he was too ignorant of English customs to be aware of their existence here.

"No," she answered, after a moment's pause. "I have no settlement; no trustees. I have no one but Cesare."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Frost, looking at her for an instant with his old searching keenness. "Fortunately for me," he added, "your influence over Prince Barletti is unbounded. I remember noting that."

"Do you?"

"Yes. If I have your promise, I am secure about the prince. But he may require more explanations than you have asked for. You have been generous in refraining from questioning me. I feel it. I shall not forget it. But he will say, perhaps, 'Why did not this man apply elsewhere? to his partner, for example? to those connected with him by business ties?' I reply that in certain circumstances to be seen to need a thing is fatal. The very urgency of the case excites mistrust and apprehension. And the small sum which divides ruin from security can not be obtained, *because* it is so essential to obtain it. But I will see the prince. I will speak with him. I will give him any guarantee in my power. Only let me have your promise. That is sufficient. One word more! I rely on your generosity and honor to keep this application a secret."

"If I can do this thing, I will," said Veronica once more.

Then Mr. Frost took his leave, scarcely daring to believe in his success; and yet feeling as though a mantle of lead, such as Dante gives to certain wretched souls in purgatory, had been lifted from his head and shoulders since entering that house.

Cesare returned late in the afternoon from his ride. Cesare's riding, though better than his driving, was yet not altogether satisfactory to insular eyes. There was a wooden rigidity about his legs, and a general air of being keenly alive to the possibility of his horse having the best of it in case of any difference of opinion arising between them inimical to grace. Nevertheless as he had good horses, and was willing to lend one of them now and then to a friend, he found companions content to join him in equestrian excursions to places in the neighborhood of London; or even—though of this his friends were more shy—in a canter in the Row. On the present occasion he had been honored by the society of two ladies, in addition to that of his friend Count Polyopolis, a Greek gentleman of very varied accomplishments, which were apparently not duly appreciated in his own country, but for the exercise of which he found a favorable field in London, after having exhausted Paris and Vienna. They had all been very merry, and Cesare entered in high good-humor.

"You were wrong not to come, ma belle princesse," said he, gayly. "It was very pleasant. We alighted at a village inn, and had beer! Figurati! And there was a garden to the inn, where there was a target. We shot at the target with bows and arrows. Nobody could hit the mark. It was immensely amusing!"

Veronica's headache had apparently passed off. She was dressed with care and elegance. Her voice was gentle, and her manner conciliating, as she said to him,

"Come here and sit down by me, Cesare mio! I have a word to say to you."

"Must I not dress for dinner?"

"There is time enough. Come here for a moment."

He obeyed. Seating himself beside her, he pressed her hand to his lips. It was very thin, and burned with a feverish heat.

"Cara!" he said, touched with a vague pity as he looked at the wasted little fingers on which the sparkling rings sat so loosely. "If you would always be kind to me, I would rather stay here with you than divert myself with those others!"

"Ah, you would get tired of staying here with me, Cesare! and I do not wish you to do so. But I like to hear you say so. Do you really love me, Cesare?"

"Ma si!"

"I had a visitor while you were out this afternoon; an unexpected visitor."

"Il Vicario? No? It was not that accursed doctor?"

"Oh, Cesare! Why should you speak so of poor Mr. Plew? What reason on earth have you to dislike him?"

"How can I tell? It is an antipathy, I suppose. With his insipid face, and his eyes like your English sky, neither blue nor gray! He attacks my nerves. Well it was *not* he?"

Veronica made an effort to suppress an angry reply.

"It was Mr. Frost," she answered, shortly, not trusting her self-control to say more at that instant.

"Mr. Frost! Davvero!—Mr. Frost! Ah il povero Frost! He was très bon enfant at Naples; and what was better, a very good lawyer!"

"He is in trouble."

"Si, eh?" said Cesare, whose interest in this announcement did not appear to be keen.

"And I have promised to help him."

"Oh! that was very kind of you," observed Cesare, with a shade of surprise, that yet was not lively enough to rouse him to any great demonstration of caring about what Veronica was saying.

"Yes; I have promised to lend him some money."

"*What?*" He was not indifferent now. "You are jesting! Lend Mr. Frost money!"

"I, too, was surprised at his request."

"What was it? How was it? Oh!" exclaimed Cesare, struck by a sudden idea, "perhaps he had forgotten his pocket-book, and wanted a few pounds. Were you able to give them to him?"

"Then you would not have objected to my doing so?"

"*In that case*, no."

"I am glad of that," said Veronica, ignoring the words in italics, "because I promised to assist him. It is a large sum he wants. But we can afford it, I suppose. I never enter into the details of our fortune, but I make no doubt that it will not be difficult for us. In serving him, I shall be indirectly serving others in whom I am interested. I do not exactly understand how; but if you were to ask him he might tell you more explicitly. I was greatly struck by the change in Mr. Frost's appearance. He seems to have been harassed nearly to death. But if you had seen the light that came into his face when I said 'Yes!' It gave me quite a new sensation. I promised to lend him two thousand pounds!"

Cesare had sat silent, listening to his wife with growing uneasiness in his face. At these last words he jumped up and uttered a loud ejaculation. But in the next instant he burst into a mocking laugh:

"What a fool I am! You made me believe you were in earnest."

But even as he said the words his angry face belied them.

"I am in earnest, Cesare."

For all reply he laughed again, and began to walk up and down the room, switching his riding-whip right and left with a sharp, vicious motion.

Veronica proceeded to recapitulate Mr. Frost's words as well as she could remember them. She spoke earnestly and eagerly. At length, finding that she made no impression on her husband, she began to lose patience. "It would be somewhat less grossly ill-bred and discourteous," she said, "if you were to favor me with your objections, if you do object, instead of sneering and strutting in that intolerable manner."

"My objections are that the whole idea is contrary to common-sense. Tu sei pazza—you are mad, mia cara."

"How contrary to common-sense? I do not think it at all contrary to common-sense."

"You do not see, for example, that this man must be at the last extremity before he would attempt such a desperate forlorn hope as this? That he must be as good as ruined already? Tu sei pazza!"

"But if we could save him—and others?"

"Pazza, pazza, pazza!"

"Cesare, I gave him my promise."

"You must have been bewitched, or—*dreaming* when you gave it," he answered, with a singular look.

"After all, the money is mine, and I choose to claim the disposal of it," she cried, her long-repressed resentment blazing out on her cheeks and in her eyes.

Cesare wheeled sharp round in his walk, and looked at her.

"Do you know," he said, slowly, "I begin to be afraid that you really are not in possession of your senses."

"I am in full possession of my senses. I despise your sneer. I despise *you;* yes, I despise you! I will not forfeit my word to please your grudging, petty meanness! The money is mine, mine, I tell you. And I *will* have some share in the disposal of it."

Then he let the demon of rage take full possession of him. From between his clenched teeth he hissed out such words as speedily made her quail and shudder and sink down, burying her head among the cushions of the couch. He had learned much during the past three months, both of her position and his own in the eyes of the world; and he spared her no detail of his knowledge. He knew his privileges; he knew that there was nothing in all the world which she could call her own; and he also knew that his name and title were looked on as more than equivalent for the surrender of herself and all she possessed. He had lately had increasing reason to be displeased with her. His new friends did not love her. They resented her pride, and ridiculed her pretensions. A hundred taunts which, but for the accidental firing of the long train of discontents, and spites, and vexations, might have remained forever unspoken, leaped from his tongue. His passion grew with speech, as a smouldering fire rushes into flame at the contact of the outer air. He turned and twisted the elastic riding-whip ferociously in his hands as though it were a living thing that he took pleasure in torturing. And at length, approaching nearer and nearer to Veronica as she cowered on the sofa, bending closer and closer over her, and hissing his fierce invectives into her ear, he suddenly drew himself upright, whirled the twisted whip with a crash into the midst of some porcelain toys that stood on a distant table, and dashed headlong from the room.

CHAPTER XII.

IN TIME.

MR. LOVEGROVE was very uneasy in his mind. His uneasiness was not the less irksome in that he confided it to no one. A small circumstance had put the climax to a heap of doubts and suspicions which had long been accumulating. It may be remembered that Mr. Lovegrove had expressed to his partner his desire to have a little confidential talk with him, and that his partner had expressed himself perfectly willing that the confidential talk should take place. It had not yet taken place, however. Mr. Frost always found some excuse for postponing it.

On the same day on which Mr. Lovegrove had first spoken of this desire on his part it may also be remembered that a sum of money just received by the firm had been taken away by Mr. Frost, to bank, as he said. Mr. Lovegrove had asked him about it later, and Mr. Frost had answered, Oh yes; it was all right. And there the matter had dropped. But two days after Mr. Frost's visit to the Princess de' Barletti Mr. Lovegrove made the very disagreeable discovery that the money in question had never been paid into the bank at all! The sum was an insignificant one, after all; and could he have looked upon the circumstance as a mere instance of carelessness and forgetfulness on the part of Mr. Frost he would have been irritated and annoyed by it, certainly, but he would have felt no more serious distress than those epithets might convey. But Mr. Frost, when questioned, had not clapped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed that the matter had slipped his memory: he had not even acknowledged that he had not yet paid the money, and promised that he would remedy the omission. He had answered with composure that the matter was all right. Mr. Frost, then, had told his partner a lie. Mr. Lovegrove was more hurt by this discovery than he would willingly have acknowledged. He had a very strong attachment to Sidney Frost. He had the habit of looking up to his talents and character with much the same admiring delight with which an ingenuous little boy contemplates the cock of his school. Though at the same time Mr. Lovegrove understood very well what were the solid plodding qualities in which he himself excelled his partner, and which were especially useful to the success of their joint affairs.

Mr. Lovegrove knew himself to be a plain man—plain in looks, plain in mind, and plain in manners.

But he had great pride and delight in Mr. Frost's brilliant superiority on all these points.

If one might dare to hint at the existence of any thing like romance in the regard of one middle-aged lawyer for another, it might almost be said that Mr. Lovegrove's feeling for his friend was romantic. And be it understood that there was no human being on the face of the earth who would have more derisively scouted such an idea, could it have been broached to him, than Mr. Lovegrove himself. Mr. Lovegrove had no sooner made the discovery above mentioned than he resolved with an inflexible resolution to lose no more time in coming to an explanation with his partner. The discovery was made after office-hours. Mr. Frost had, therefore, already left Bedford Square. The junior partner debated with himself what measures he should take in order to carry out the purpose he had formed. Mr. Lovegrove having once formed a purpose, never permitted himself to discuss *whether or no* he should carry it out: he merely considered *how* he should fulfill it, which was one of the results of the smallness of his faculty of imagination—and also one of the secrets of his success in life.

"Sarah, my dear," said he to his wife, after tea, "I am going over to Bayswater this evening."

"To a party?" demanded Mrs. Lovegrove, with a rapid jealous notion that her long-nourished suspicions of Mrs. Frost's intention to insult her unmistakably had at length been confirmed.

"To a party! My dear Sarah, what are you dreaming of? Do I ever go to a party without you? And is it likely that the Frosts would invite me alone?"

Mrs. Lovegrove, a little ashamed of her too hasty conclusion, murmured something to the

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effect that there was no knowing what "that woman" might not do.

"But I am not going to see 'that woman;' I am going to see 'that man.' My visit is solely on business."

"It's a strange hour to have a business appointment. I think, Augustus, that you might consecrate your evenings to domestic peace. I'm sure you work hard enough in the day, poor old Gus!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

The lady's sudden descent from the regions of lofty severity to undignified and familiar affection was due to the pressure of her husband's arm encircling her waist and the touch of her husband's lips on her forehead.

"You know I never want to leave you and the girls, Sally. But I want to speak to Frost particularly. I must speak with him. Give me a kiss, Sally. I don't go because I like going, and I sha'n't spend a pleasant time, you may depend on it."

Mrs. Lovegrove was very sincerely fond of her husband; and as she marked his face and gauged the tone of his voice—every vibration of which had become known to her as thoroughly as those things are known which love teaches, behind the accuracy of whose instructions all other powers and passions limp at a long distance—she perceived that there was, as she phrased it, "something on his mind." And she refrained from saying another provoking word to add to the burden. Mr. Lovegrove walked part of the way toward Bayswater, meaning to pursue his journey from a certain point in the omnibus. But the night was fine, and the walk was agreeable to the lawyer after his day spent busily in a hot, close office; and he therefore strolled on and on, until he found that he might as well proceed to his destination on foot. Thus, as it turned out, it was close on ten o'clock by the time he reached Mr. Frost's house in Bayswater. He had no need to knock or ring for admittance. The street door was open, and a couple of servants—a man and woman—were lounging on the steps enjoying the evening air.

"Is Mr. Frost within?" asked Lovegrove, almost fearing to be answered in the negative.

"*Mr.*—not *Mrs.*?" asked the man, who did not at first recognize Mr. Lovegrove. The visits of the latter to Bayswater were not frequent enough to render his face very familiar to the servants there.

"*Mr.* Frost. I wish to see your master if he is at home."

"Oh, Mr. Lovegrove! I beg pardon, Sir; I asked because my mistress is gone. I suppose you know."

"Gone! Good Heavens! not dead?"

"Oh no, Sir; but she has left master, Sir. I shouldn't say any thing only you're of course so intimate, and such a friend."

"I had heard nothing! I had no idea! Perhaps you are mistaken. Mrs. Frost has merely gone on a visit—for a time. It *can't* be!"

"Well, Sir, I'm afraid you'll find it is true. As for our knowing it, why, we couldn't help ourselves. The next-door neighbors might have known it—very likely they do." (The speaker had already discussed the affair in its minutest details with half the servants in the neighborhood.) "And I'm glad you've chanced to come up to-night, Sir, for master's in a awful state—indeed, I thought that was what you come for."

Mr. Lovegrove was in much consternation.

"Do you think I had better try to see him?" he asked, doubtfully.

The very fact of his asking the servant's opinion would have sufficed to prove to any one who knew Mr. Lovegrove the extraordinary perturbation of his spirit.

"I think you had, Sir. *Some one* ought to see him. He's shut hisself up in his study since six o'clock, and wouldn't take food nor do nothing. Half an hour ago he opened his door and called to us that we might go to bed, and shut up the house as soon as we liked. We weren't to go near him again. He wanted nothing."

"I will go in," said Mr. Lovegrove, with decision. "I don't want you. I know my way."

The door of the little room behind the dining-room, which Mr. Frost occupied as his study, was shut. Mr. Lovegrove approached it and paused, hesitating whether or not he should knock for admission. But after a moment he turned the handle and went in.

Frost was sitting at a table with writing materials upon it. A tumbler with some brandy in it stood by his right hand. On the other side was placed a polished wooden box of peculiar shape. Before him lay two or three sheets of letter-paper closely covered with writing. At the opening of the door he looked up quietly, and tossed some papers over the box that stood on the table. He had expected to see the servant merely. When he recognized Lovegrove his face changed, and he looked at him fixedly without speaking. Lovegrove had no need to ask a question. The haggard countenance that met his eyes, with the light of the lamp falling full on it, was confirmation stronger than words that the servant had not exaggerated the state of matters.

"Frost!" he said, and held out his hand.

The other did not take it. "So you have heard!" he said, hoarsely.

"Only this instant. I was more overwhelmed—more amazed than I can say. I—I had some hope that the man—your servant—had misstated in some way. But I fear— My dear Frost, I feel for you if ever one man felt for another. I do, upon my soul!"

"Why did you come here, then?" asked Mr. Frost, in the same monotonous hoarse voice.

"I came—no matter now for the business that brought me here. I can not harass you with it now. But, Frost, you must not break down in this way! For all sakes you must take courage!"

"Break down!" echoed Frost, in precisely the same tone and manner as before; "no: I have not broken down."

"This," said Lovegrove, pointing to the brandy, "is a bad comforter and a worse counselor. You should take food; and perhaps a glass of sherry when you have eaten. God bless my soul! I—I—feel like a man in a dreadful dream! When did it happen? I mean, when did—did she—"

"She went away this afternoon. She was gone when I came home from the office. She took her maid, and her jewels, and her clothes. She was very fond of her clothes. They were the only objects that ever touched her affections," Sidney Frost laughed a short laugh as he said the last words: a laugh that made the man opposite to him shiver.

"For Heaven's sake, man, don't—don't laugh!—if that hideous sound can be termed a laugh. Then she—Mrs. Frost—did she go *alone?*"

"I tell you she was accompanied by all that she loved in the world! But you mean, did she elope? Did she leave me for a lover? Did she disgrace herself? Oh no! Not so. I would have you to understand that Mrs. Frost is a woman of spotless virtue—spotless, spotless virtue! She only breaks her husband's heart; but in nowise tarnishes his honor."

And again the horrible laugh sounded through the room.

"Here is her letter. She left a letter. That was very considerate, was it not? Would you like to read it?"

Frost tossed a letter across the table to his partner, and then, leaning his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands. Mr. Lovegrove read the letter slowly and attentively. When he had finished it he threw it down with an expression of disgust, and something like an oath rose to his lips.

"By G—! such heartlessness is incredible!"

Georgina Frost had left her home, as her husband had said, taking with her her jewels and the greater part of her costly wardrobe. She wrote that her life had long been intolerable to her; that her husband was either a ruined man, or was growing rapidly to a pitch of parsimony which threatened to become a monomania.

In the first case he would be relieved by her absence; in the second, she must decline to make herself a victim to his avarice and his temper. She was going to her mother and her widowed sister, who resided abroad. They would willingly receive her. Her mother's property would eventually be hers, and she had no scruple in accepting a home with her parent. If brighter days should come, they might meet again. But Sidney must be aware that his conduct and temper during the past three months had been such as to alienate her affection to a great extent. Indeed, there were moments when she had feared personal violence. He would scarcely be surprised—if indeed he were *at all surprised*—at the step she had taken. And she remained his affectionate and unhappy wife.

"Frost," said Mr. Lovegrove, laying his hand on the forsaken husband's arm, "you said something about a broken heart. You are not going to break your heart for a woman who could write such a letter as that!"

Mr. Frost looked up at him with a ghastly face. His features writhed and worked convulsively, but no tears fell from his hot eyes.

"What is the use of your talking?" he gasped out. "You did not love her. She was not your wife, your life, your idol. All these years that she lay in my bosom I loved her more and more day by day. I had not a thought nor a hope nor a wish that did not tend to her pleasure and comfort and happiness. I knew she did not love me as I loved her. How could she? How could any woman have the strength to love as I loved her? But I thought she had some gleam of kindness for me—some human pity. Not break my heart! It *is* broken, and crushed, and dead. The light has gone out of my life."

"Sidney Frost," exclaimed Lovegrove, suddenly springing up and laying his hand on the wooden box, the significance of which had at that moment flashed on his mind for the first time, "I thank Almighty God that I came here to-night to save you from an awful crime. Give me the pistol-case. I will have it. I am not afraid of you. Sit down. Sit down, and sit still. And listen to me!"

After a brief and unavailing struggle—for his strength was worn out, and he was, although a powerfully built man, no match just then for the other's cool, determined energy—Frost obeyed. He sank back into his chair, and a great burst of tears came to relieve his overcharged brain. Then Lovegrove talked to him gently and firmly. Mr. Lovegrove was not a man of commanding intellect; and he used many arguments at which Sidney had been accustomed to scoff, less from conviction than a careless, irreverent tone of mind, to which cynicism appeared a short and easy method of cutting sundry Gordian knots that could not be unraveled. But Lovegrove possessed the enormous advantages of thoroughly believing what he said, and of speaking with a heart-felt interest in the man he addressed. Gradually Frost grew calmer. He said nothing, but he listened at least with patience: and once he put out his hand, with his face turned away, and pressed the other man's for a moment.

"You—you do not know all," he faltered at length, when Lovegrove paused.

"Confide in me, Frost, I beseech you! We have known each other many years. We have always been friends, have we not? Confide in me fully. You will not repent doing so."

"I had written to you—a farewell letter—a letter of explanation. I had thought it would meet no human eye until I should be out of reach of— Well, I had made a clean breast of it. You may see it if you will. It matters little. I am past caring for any thing, I think. But I have a dull, dim sense of your goodness, Lovegrove. I *think* you are a good fellow."

Poor Mr. Lovegrove had little conception of the revelations that awaited him. His first act was to ring for the servant. He stood at the door of the room to prevent the man from entering it. When the servant appeared he bade him bring a tray with food: cold meat, or whatever could be had, he said, and a little wine and bread. This tray, when it was brought, he received at the door, and set before his partner with his own hands. Then he shut the door, and, standing over Frost, commanded him peremptorily to eat. Having seen the latter reluctantly swallow one or two mouthfuls, Mr. Lovegrove sat down, with the pistol-case under his elbow, to peruse the closely-written sheets of his partner's confession. More than once, during the perusal, Mr. Lovegrove wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and breathed hard, like a man undergoing severe bodily exertion. But he read on, with a steady, silent perseverance, little less than heroic. Frost had indeed, as he had said, made a clean breast of it.

The reader is already acquainted with the main points of the confession. He acknowledged his fraud in depriving Hugh Lockwood of his rightful inheritance during so many years—merely suppressing, with a lingering trait of the generous honor he had once possessed, and which he had forfeited for the wife who had deserted him, Zillah's part in the deception of her husband and her son. Then came a record of disastrous speculations, recklessly entered into, in the spirit of an unsuccessful gambler, who throws one stake to bring back another, and with the object of supplying the extravagant expenditure of his household. Debts pressed on every side. Latterly there had been the threat of disgrace and exposure should he fail to refund Hugh Lockwood's money. There had been a temporary gleam of hope when his attempt to borrow from Veronica had seemed crowned with success. The affairs of the wretched Parthenope Company had also, just at that time, flickered up into brightness. But a few hours had wrested this last hope from him. He received from Cesare a note, couched in the most courteous and almost affectionate terms, regretting much that the Principessa had been led by an impulse of sympathy (which Cesare begged to say he thoroughly shared) into promising that which it was out of their power to perform. Their expenses had been very heavy. And Mr. Frost was aware that the fortune inherited by Sir John Gale's widow represented only a comparatively small portion of the late baronet's wealth. In brief, Prince Cesare was deeply afflicted, but he could not lend Mr. Frost a guinea; and he trusted with all his heart that the latter would speedily tide over his embarrassments.

After getting this note Frost confessed that he had almost despaired. There was but one motive left to induce him to struggle on—Georgina. He reached his home, and found that she had fled from the falling house. Her letter, proving beyond all possibility of self-delusion that her heart was entirely hardened against him, had broken down the last remnant of his courage, and he had resolved, as Lovegrove had divined, to die by his own hand. Mr. Lovegrove thought long and anxiously as to the course it behooved him to follow; and at length, after a conversation which lasted far into the night, he made the following propositions to Mr. Frost. First, that the latter should retire from the partnership, giving up his share of the business to Augustus, who was now qualified to take it. For this concession Mr. Lovegrove would undertake at once to settle Hugh Lockwood's claim, and to make such other advances as might be agreed on hereafter. Secondly, Frost was to give his word that he would, as soon as his retirement from the firm of Frost and Lovegrove should be announced, call a meeting of his creditors, and lay his affairs candidly before them. If a composition was found to be impracticable, he must then become a bankrupt: but in an open and upright manner, giving up whatsoever property he had, without reserve.

Thus the disgrace of having the name of one of its members in the gazette would be averted from the firm, which point weighed a good deal with Mr. Lovegrove. Finally, Mr. Lovegrove would undertake to assist his former partner in any way that might seem, on due consideration, to be advisable, and within the limits of what he (Lovegrove) considered compatible with justice to his own family. All this Mr. Lovegrove set forth at length, and with a clearness of statement which, even in that depth of misery and despair in which he found himself, impressed Frost with the conviction that he had hitherto a little underestimated his partner's powers of mind.

"I am not in the least a sentimental man, you know, Frost," said Mr. Lovegrove. "And I do not pretend that in proposing these arrangements I am not, as far as is fair and practicable, consulting my own interests."

Nevertheless the fact was that the junior partner was willing to make more than one sacrifice for the senior, and to treat him with generosity. But Mr. Lovegrove would have been much angered had he been taxed with any such weakness as a tender desire to spare Sidney Frost's feelings at the expense of solid advantage to himself. Frost was broken down in mind and body. He had no will to oppose to that of his friend. And he knew in his heart that the other man was using his position with forbearing kindness. He agreed to all.

Mr. Lovegrove deemed it his duty to admonish Mr. Frost once more with some sternness on the fatal intention he had entertained.

"Suicide," said he, "is not only criminal, but cowardly. A man of your sort has better things to do than to die like a dog because he finds life hard."

He extorted from Frost a solemn promise that he would make no further attempt on his own life. And he did not leave him until he had seen him prepared for his night's rest.

"I think he will sleep," thought Mr. Lovegrove. "Nature is wearied out. And I believe there is no further fear of—*that!*"

Nevertheless, before quitting the house, Mr. Lovegrove took the precaution of plunging the loaded pistols into a basin of water, and then locking them up in the case, damp and dripping as they were.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FUNNY story is told of General S——, Secretary of the State of ——. The General has a sightly person, and knows it. Being at the dépôt in Sandusky a short time ago, walking the platform, in a plain linen duster, he was rather loudly accosted by a friend. An old codger, sitting in a car near, overheard the salutation, and remarked to a companion that he didn't believe that was the Secretary of State, nohow. "Hello, you," yelled the old codger to the General. "Be you the Secretary of State?" "That's what they call me," said the distinguished individual. "Wa'al, then," retorted the old chap, "I owe you an apology." "How so?" asked the Secretary of State. "Why, yeou see, this 'ere fellow said yeou was the Secretary of State, and I told him I didn't believe it; I stuck to it that you was a hog drover!" The conversation was abruptly broken off at this point.

Old John Berry that used to live up Lake Champlain liked to tell a big story. One evening sitting in the village store he said he once drove a horse seventy-two miles in one day on the ice, when the ice was so thin that the water spirted up through the holes cut through it by the horse's corks. One of the by-standers remarked that seventy-two miles was a pretty good drive for one day. "Yes," said Uncle John, "*but it was a long day in June.*"

There is a scene reported from the Paris Correctional Court: "Prisoner, what were you doing on the Boulevard?" "I was walking there." "How! at two o'clock in the morning?" "There is no article in the 'code' which says I may not walk on the Boulevard at two o'clock in the morning." "Where do you live?" "I prefer not to answer that on account of my creditors." "What have you to say in your defense?" "That I have done nothing: if I have robbed or assassinated any one, let it be proved, and let me be guillotined. Last night there were heaps of men walking. They were not arrested because they had money. I, having no money, am a criminal. If I had the means of passing the night at a restaurant nothing would be said to me. What harm if I choose to walk? Do they believe that I am wearing out the road? If so, let them condemn me for that. This is my defense." "One question more: what do you do for a living?" "*I sell second-hand tooth-picks.*"

A raw Jonathan who had been gazing at a garden in the vicinity of a city, in which were several marble statues, exclaimed: "Just see what a waste! Here's no less than six scarecrows in this little ten-foot patch, and any on 'em would keep the crows from a five-acre lot."

WHERE TO FIND MILKMEN—At the watering-places.

At a restaurant the other day the antics of a green-looking customer, who was twisting up in his chair, and turning round in all sorts of contortions, attracted attention. Approaching him, finally, the restaurant man asked, in deep perplexity, "What do you do that for? For Heaven's sake, what is the matter? Was it the cucumbers?" "Cucumbers be darned!" growled the victim, with well-feigned anger; "I'm only taking my dessert." "Your dessert?" "Yes—look at your bill of fare." We threw our eyes over it. It enumerated some dozen good things for dinner, and at the bottom were printed in fair large type the words, "*For dessert, turn over!*"

HOW TO MANAGE BACHELORS—To miss-manage them.

A burly Teuton, whose taste for lager could not be disputed, entered a city car one day with a huge meerschaum in his mouth, and, taking the only vacant seat, proceeded to roll forth volumes of smoke. The conductor, seeing this violation of rules, stepped up to him and said: "No smoking allowed." The Dutchman, taking his pipe from his mouth with an air of astonishment, thus replied to the polite conductor: "I don't make no noise ven I schmokes."

A young lady, wishing to entangle a young man in the meshes of Cupid, sent him the following invitation:

"Oh, will you come to tea with I,
And help me eat a custard pie?"

To which the young man, with corresponding sentiment and grammar, replied:

"Another one's asked me to tea,
And I must go and sup with she."

LONG FACES.—"Barber," said a farmer to his tonsor, "now corn's cheap, you ought to shave for half price." "Can't, Mr. Jones," said the man of razors. "I ought really to charge more, for when corn's down farmers make such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."

A young lady pupil in a Western female college thus closes a letter to a friend: "But I must stop, for here comes a soph. who parts his hair in the middle, and wears a mustache that pricks dreadful."

New Orleans relates a case of absent-mindedness. A gentleman, writing a letter at his breakfast-table, dipped his pen in the coffee and continued his letter. Noticing his mistake, he put a large lump of sugar in the ink, and then, finding his second blunder, poured the contents of the inkstand into the coffee-cup to set it right.

A juryman was asked whether he had been charged by the judge. "Well," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and stares over the crowd gin us a lecture, but I don't know whether he charges any thing or not."

HOW TO ACT IN EVENT OF BURGLARY.

1. Lie very still, and draw the bed-clothes over your head.
2. Sit up and listen.
3. Pinch your wife, and tell her she ought to be ashamed of herself.
4. Tell her to go down stairs and see what's the matter.
5. Call out for the servants to order the robbers off the premises.
6. If the burglars still persist in their nefarious occupation, go on the landing, and ask them if they know what they're about.
7. If they don't desist now, make your wife tell them that in your opinion they are wicked men, and that you have a great mind to be very angry.
8. Say you are very dangerous when you are once roused.
9. Beg them to leave quietly, and so obviate the necessity of a disturbance in the house.
10. Ask them if they would like some cold meat and pickles, and a glass of beer and a pipe.
11. Let them have what they like, do what they like, and give them a dollar each besides. When they've gone, bring out your pistols and send for a policeman.
12. Go to bed again, and say that the only reason why you didn't go down stairs at first, punch all their heads, shoot them, and take them prisoners, was that you didn't want to disturb the neighbors.

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IRISH SKETCHES—INTERIOR OF A MUD CABIN AT KILDARE.—[See Page 301.]

IRISH SKETCHES—COTTAGERS AT KILDARE.—[See Page 301.]

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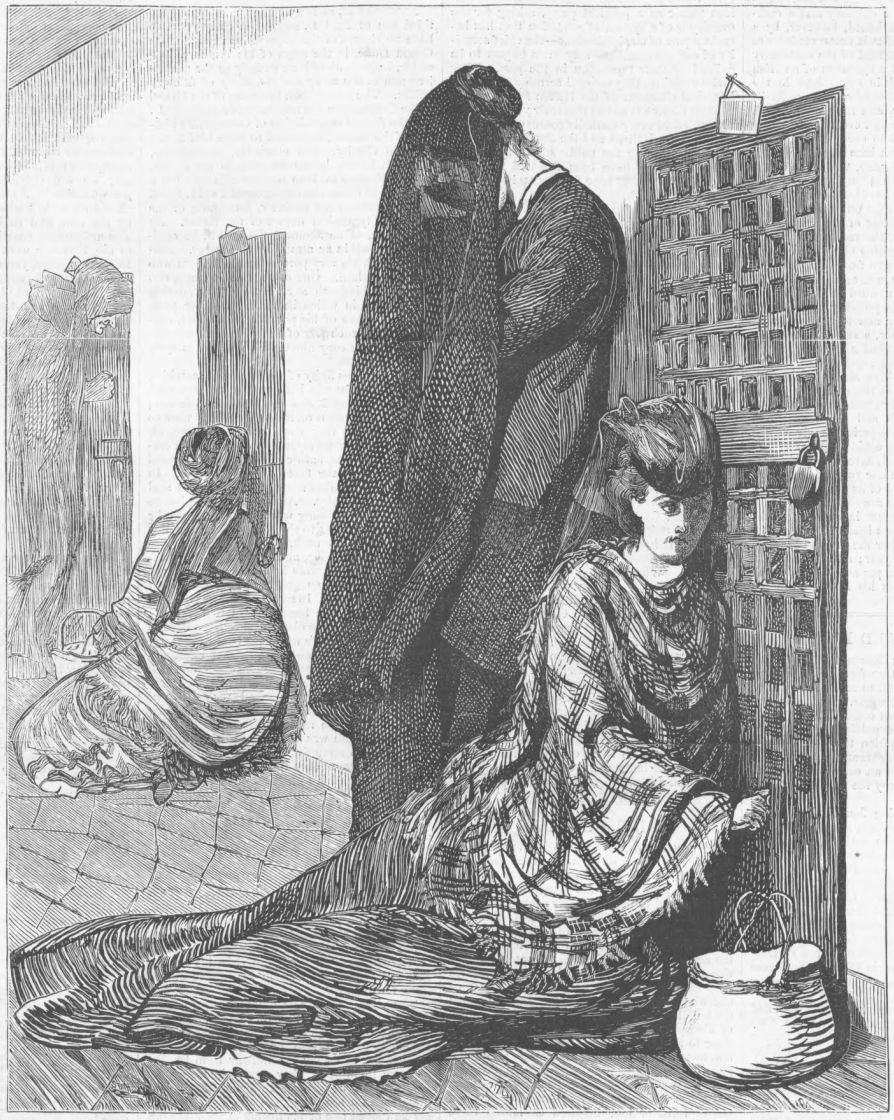
IN THE TOMBS.

ONE of the saddest sights that meet the eye of the visitor to the gloomy prison in Centre Street, known as "The Tombs," is that so accurately and feelingly depicted in the first engraving on this page—a sight that may be witnessed every day. The artist has represented one of the long, narrow passages which lead between the rows of cells, against whose grated doors are kneeling grief-stricken women. Through the heavy bars may be caught a glimpse of some poor wretch who, perhaps, has just been arrested, and whose hand clasps that of his wife who has come to comfort him. By her side is her basket, which she has brought laden with better provisions than the jail rations, to which he would otherwise be subjected, while near by stands another woman, dressed in deep mourning—a sister, or perhaps the mother—and who seems overcome with her sorrow. Under certain restrictions, necessary to good order and discipline, these humane visitations are constantly permitted by the prison authorities, and are a grateful alleviation of the discomforts of close confinement behind the bars of a cell.

THE RAG-PICKER.

THE business of rag-picking, in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, gives employment and a living to a very large number of men and women, sometimes estimated as high as fifteen hundred. It is not confined to the collection and sale of rags. The poor scavengers despise nothing that can be sold—bits of old iron, pieces of wire, old boots, shoes, scraps of leather, half-burned coal from the ash-barrel, broken glass, and every other sort of rubbish thrown out into the streets and alleys. Many of these poor creatures carry a separate bag, in which they put whatever they can pick up in the way of refuse eatables. A large proportion of the rag-pickers are foreigners, and mostly Germans, who sometimes make the trade very profitable in the end. With the patience characteristic of the race, they live for months and even years in the most wretched manner, lodging in the vilest cellars and garrets, and subsisting on refuse food. All this time they keep adding to their little hoard in the savings bank, until they have accumulated enough to move out West and buy a farm.

The rag-pickers sometimes present a decidedly picturesque appearance, with a barrel or bag strapped upon the back; others, a grade higher in the business, provide themselves with a dog-cart, like the one shown in the engraving. In this case the owner—an old German woman—has just started out in the early morning. Before noon it will be heaped to the very bells; and then she will make her way to the cellar where her load will be assorted for sale. The earnings of these rag-pickers vary from five to ten dollars per week, according to good luck and diligence.



VISITING PRISONERS IN THE TOMBS

IRISH COTTAGES.

WE give on the opposite page two engravings—one showing the interior of an Irish cottage, the other a too common street scene in an Irish village—from which our readers can form a very fair notion of the condition of the Irish peasantry at home. The sketches were made in the principal street of Kildare, and are accurate representations of the actual state of things in that town. A correspondent, writing from that place, says that in one cottage, which consists of a single room, eight feet by ten in size, lives a widow, with a grown-up son twenty years of age, another son of sixteen, and a daughter of ten years. They have no bedstead or bedding, but sleep in their clothes on the bare ground, with a few dirty rags over them. The only furniture is a rick-

THE RAG-PICKER.

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ety table and a broken bench, with an iron pot and kettle and two or three cups. Except that it actually has a chimney and a comparatively lofty roof, blackened, however, by a century of smoke, and that it accommodates at night simply a donkey instead of the customary pig, this is about as bad a specimen of an Irish cabin as could be found in any village in the county. There are puddles of water in different places on the mud floor, and the planks of the door very nearly tumble apart every time it opens or shuts. The widow who occupies the cabin, although in rags, and with bare legs and feet, is a person of some intelligence, who has a good choice of language, and has taught her children to read, if not to write; her idea being "there's nothing like education to get on in the world."

To judge of the character of the poor people who live in these cabins, the reader has only to look at the group of peasants about the cottage door, every one being drawn from life. The old man seated on the bench, and resting both hands heavily on his staff, is upward of eighty years old. He was born on the property, and remembered the cabins as they now are when a boy. His condition is, no doubt, a sufficiently forlorn one, as he describes himself as being "only a lodger." The young man standing next to him is the eldest son of the widow already spoken of; and the other old man at the extreme right of the engraving is a poor debilitated looking creature, with hacking cough and glassy eyes, and having death at no remote period plainly written in his countenance. The cabin occupied by him contains two rooms; and, save its sleeping accommodation, which is alike rude and unclean, is tidily enough furnished of its kind.

These miserable cabins are the property of the Earl of Kildare, the largest landed proprietor, and reputed to be the best landlord, in Ireland. For such a wretched shelter the tenant pays from ten to fifteen dollars per year; and at the rate of about forty dollars a year per acre for the patch of land on which he rears his little crop of potatoes.

PRINTERS AND POPES.

As the war between the Roman Catholic Church and the Bible has been transferred from Europe to America, it may be well to recall some of the earlier incidents of the struggle. For three centuries the popes have been endeavoring to chain the press, to prevent the publication of Bibles. Almost at its very invention the clank of the printing-press had to their ears an ominous sound. Said an English vicar, in an early period of the contest, "We must destroy the printing-press or it will destroy us."

At Paris, where printing flourished with rare excellence in the dawn of the sixteenth century (1534), the popes and the Sorbonne were perfectly successful. Every printer detected in publishing a translation of the Bible was burned alive. A printer was condemned to the stake for having prepared an edition of Luther's works; a bookseller, for having sold them. Henry Stephens, the accomplished printer and scholar, fled from Paris to avoid a similar fate. Amidst the general persecution none suffered more severely than the printers. At last, in 1535, the Sorbonne obtained an edict from the king suppressing printing altogether.

The printers, meantime, unterrified, had fled to Switzerland or Germany. At Geneva, Calvin's presses ran incessantly, and poured forth a full tide of Bibles and Protestant works. They were distributed over France by a band of devoted *colporteurs*, who, in the midst of danger, toil, and death, wandered through the by-ways of their native land selling their forbidden wares. The printers boldly defied the popes: the press overthrew the political power of Rome. In Strasbourg, Mentz, Antwerp, and Amsterdam the heretical engine still kept up its incessant clamor. Of Luther's catechism one hundred thousand were sold, and his smallest tracts were eagerly seized upon by the booksellers while they were yet wet from the press. From Antwerp, long the seat of a band of gifted printers, immense editions of the Bible and the New Testament were issued, in defiance of the commands of the pope. But a dreadful punishment at last came upon the powerful city. It fell before the arms of Philip II., and its printing-presses and its printers perished with its industry and its prosperity.

The popes now made reading or printing the Bible a political offense. Philip II. made war upon Holland chiefly to destroy its press. In 1559 Paul IV. issued an *Index Expurgatorius*, containing a list of books prohibited by the Roman Church. It embraced all Bibles printed in the modern languages, and sixty-one printers were expressly put under the ban. All works issued from their presses were condemned. Slowly, however, the printers began to win a series of victories over the popes. The whole North of Europe insisted upon reading the Bible freely. For three centuries the press has continued to assail its ancient adversary, until, at length, even Italy and Spain have yielded to its assaults, and the printer rules and labors in Florence and Madrid. In Rome alone the Bible is excluded from the school and the family; and there, with the aid of French arms, the Holy Father is still enabled to keep up a feeble warfare upon the active printers. Yet so rapid has been the revolution that it is not many years since the prisons of Bologna, Faenza, and Naples were filled with political offenders, whose chief crime was that they were the advocates of a free press.

The attempt of the Roman Catholic Church, therefore, to exclude the Bible from the public schools of New York or Cincinnati is only a continuation of the policy that led the popes and their adherents to burn printers alive at Paris in the sixteenth century, or to throw them into the dungeons of Rome or Bologna in the nineteenth. The Roman Catholics can not complain of history. When they present themselves to the American public as a political party, asking for the overthrow of a system of education that has become a part of our institutions—the chief security of our government—they must expect to be judged by their reputation in the past. They invite criticism, they demand scrutiny. But the historical character of the Italian faction in the Romish Church is so bad that their yoke has been thrown off in every Catholic country of Europe. And it is the Italians and the Jesuits alone who are now assailing the public school system of America. They have been defeated in Spain, Italy, Austria; they hope for success in the elections of New York.

To the Italian faction in the Romish Church may be traced all those cruel acts that have covered it with shame. When France was on the verge of reform the popes and the Italian bishops interfered and filled it with bloodshed. When Italy was ready to purify its Church Paul III. founded the Inquisition, and exterminated the liberal Catholics. At the Council of Trent the Italian bishops forced upon reluctant Germany and France the policy of death to the reformers. Of their falsehood and their fraud history records endless examples. Yet it is such a faction, covered with misdeeds of which it has never repented, of which it still covertly boasts, that asks a free government to aid it in excluding the Bible from the school, and knowledge from the people.

It is quite likely that many liberal Catholics do not share in that dread of the Bible or of Protestant writers professed by their Italian rulers. Germany, and even France, possess many able thinkers who are not afraid of a free press. But the Roman Catholic Church in America seems at present united in its assault upon the public schools. It has organized itself into a political party; it proposes to demand what it desires at the polls. Whatever may be the result of the struggle, however it may end, the attempt to bring religion into party politics will come wholly from the Roman Catholic Church. To every serious thinker this must seem a most unhappy event. That a foreign sect, ruled by an Italian priest, should attempt openly to control the elections of Cincinnati or New York is almost as unwise as it was for the Sorbonne to burn printers, or for the popes to decree death to all readers of the Bible. We may trust that all liberal Roman Catholics will shrink from the dangerous policy of their ultramontane leaders, and avoid that contest which must otherwise follow with the public sentiment of the country in which they have found a home.

VARNISHING DAY.

"VARNISHING DAY" at the National Academy of Design, of which we give a sketch on page 292—when those artists whose pictures have been accepted by the Hanging Committee are permitted to touch up their works for the last time before the Exhibition opens—is the most trying period of the year to those who are thus interested. The artist has been informed of the acceptance of his picture, but not of its position on the walls—for the Hanging Committee keep their secrets well; and, if a young man, or one who has been unfortunate before, he enters the building on Varnishing Day with forebodings of disappointment in his heart, hoping against hope to find that his work has been appreciated and awarded a position appropriate to its merits. But the best places are few, and even very desirable ones, in respect to light and "the line," are not as numerous as they ought to be; and out of three or four hundred exhibitors there must be many disappointed ones. They generally take their revenge in hearty abuse of the luckless Hanging Committee, who have doubtless done the best they could under the circumstances, and who always perform their duty with the moral certainty of offending nine-tenths of the exhibitors. It is after all a charity to an artist to hang a bad picture in a bad position; it gives him a chance to complain that they have spoiled it in the hanging. Some of our would-be Pre-Raphaelite artists harped on this string so long and so loudly that one year the Hanging Committee gave them all the best places in the galleries. The public were no better satisfied than before, and the discomfited Pre-Raphaelites had nothing to say.

FIGHTING IN CUBA.

THE war in Cuba still continues, with varying success on either side. It is difficult to get at the true state of affairs in the island. One day we have the Spaniards claiming that the revolution is morally if not actually subdued, the rebel armies disbanded, and their leaders escaping out of the country; and next day we hear, from Cuban sources, that the revolution is stronger than ever, that the Spaniards have been defeated and driven back at every point, and will soon be compelled to abandon the contest. We suspect both stories have a basis of truth. The insurrectionary districts of Cuba are mountainous, covered with forest, destitute of good roads, and exceedingly difficult for regular military operations. The only war possible is a desultory, guerrilla style of fighting, in which the insurgent has always a great advantage over the regular soldier. Such a battle as the one represented on page 293, though desperate and bloody, has no effect on the ultimate fortunes of the war. The insurgents may be driven from their camp, only to gather somewhere else; the Spaniards may be repulsed, only to fall back upon their own lines, where the poorly-armed and ill-disciplined insurgents can not follow them, and prepare for a renewal of the attack. This sort of warfare may go on for years.

NICHOLAS I. OF RUSSIA.

NICHOLAS I., as is well known, being but the third son of Paul I., seemed in early years to have no chance of the imperial succession. As Grand Duke, in the reign of his brother Alexander, he gave himself up entirely to the administration of the army and the study of military affairs. The *mésalliance*, however, of the Grand Duke Constantine, the testament of Alexander I., and the formal renunciation of Constantine himself of the throne, combined to raise him to the imperial dignity. His character, nevertheless, was well known before he came to the crown. His admiration of Ivan the Terrible was not a secret; and those who remembered Paul I. found in him, without the madness, something of the imperious tyrannical nature of the father. As soon, then, as he assumed the crown, he environed himself in an atmosphere of terror. After his death his very portrait terrified those who had known him. One of his aids-de-camp, two years after his death, at an evening party, during a discussion in which he wanted to take part, turned the face of his portrait to the wall, saying, "I had such fear of the original in my lifetime, that the copy alone, with its terrible eyes, embarrasses me."

The relentless fixity of the dull, cold, searching eyes of Nicholas was both terrible and strange; he counted upon it as a means of intimidation; and when he used it on his subjects, they were so fascinated that they could withhold no secret, and were often paralyzed with terror. Forebodings of the real nature of his character created conspiracies in the first days of his reign. In suppressing them he showed that he had a soul impervious to pity. Among the conspirators condemned to be hung was the poet Relieff: he was taken the first to the gibbet, the halter was placed round his neck, he was launched into space, the rope broke, and he fell upon the scaffold. "Nobody knows how to do any thing in Russia," he said, on getting up; "they can't even make a rope!" In such a case it was thought pardon would have been granted to the poet; and a messenger was dispatched to the palace to ask for the Emperor's will. He heard the story. "Ah! the rope broke! Well, what effect did this contact with eternity produce on the spirit of the rebel?" "He has a brave spirit, Sire." "What did he say?" he asked, with a frown. He was told. "Let them prove to him, then, that we can make ropes in Russia." A great Polish nobleman was condemned, for the same conspiracy, to serve for life as a private in the army, and to go at once to the Caucasus. Nicholas wrote with his own hand on the sentence, "On foot."

One morning, as the Neva was breaking up, the Emperor perceived from one of the windows of the Winter Palace a crowd watching a man leaping across the masses of floating ice on the river toward the opposite bank. He called his aid-de-camp. "Look at that madman. What courage! Go, learn why the maniac risks his life in that way." The aid-de-camp returned. "Sire, he is a peasant, who has made a bet of twenty-five rubles that he will cross the Neva." "Let him have twenty-five blows with a stick," said Nicholas; "a man who risks his life for such a wretched sum would be capable of any thing for money."

The willfulness of his despotic nature could not endure that even the theodolite and spirit-level should point to any conclusion but such as he chose to adopt. When the engineers had studied the plans for the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, they were laid before the Emperor, and he was asked which towns he gave preference for the passage of the line. For reply he dipped one of his fingers in the inkstand, and drew a straight line from Moscow to St. Petersburg on the map of Russia. Engineers and ministers all exclaimed that the thing was impossible; that the railway would be taken through a desert. Nicholas smiled disdainfully, and turning to a courtier present—known for his obsequiousness to the imperial will—asked if he would undertake the task of carrying out his plans. The line was made accordingly in the trace of this ink-smudge of the Emperor. Novgorod, Twer, and other most important places were left entirely out the line of route; the road was laid through forests and morasses and immense solitudes: it cost Russia sixteen millions of English pounds sterling, or about £32,000 a mile.

Some weeks after the opening of the line, a new Turkish embassador came to St. Petersburg. Nicholas said to Prince Mentschikoff—who was noted for his wit and sarcasm, and who was accepted as a sort of licensed jester by the Emperor—"What can we show him to astonish him?" after the Turk had looked at every thing with Oriental gravity and without a sign of surprise. "The accounts of Kleinmichel," said Mentschikoff, "for the Nicholas Railway."

The very balls of the palace were directed in military style and with military precision. At the one end of the hall of St. George, the Emperor, on foot and in a general's uniform, stood erect beneath the baldaquin, decorated with medals of the imperial orders, towering above the dignitaries of the court and the diplomatic body around him. At a stroke of the bow, given by the chief of the orchestra, the dances were executed one after the other with a military precision. Nicholas, though he did not like balls, assisted at those of his court, which he wished to be as brilliant as possible, but it was with visible bad humor. His majesty sulked generally, and spoke no word; and as all the aristocracy, as a rule, fashioned its countenance after that of its sovereign, the gayety of these festivals was something unimaginable. But nevertheless one must have the air of being amused at the same time; such was the rule of the master. So, what with affected gayety and real ennui, these imperial balls were of an indescribable character.

A fault of etiquette was a crime, and if such was committed by one of his chamberlains, still deeper, of course, was its hue. The story of the punishment of one unfortunate chamberlain is still remembered at St. Petersburg.

The Emperor was talking with a foreign embassador, when a chamberlain approached, and invited the latter to "do her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg the honor of dancing with her in the next quadrille." The embassador regarded the Emperor with astonishment, who said, "Go and dance with my daughter; we will continue our conversation after the quadrille." As soon as the minister had turned his back, Nicholas seized the chamberlain by the arm, and said, "Animal! stay here." The unfortunate courtier seemed turned to stone as the Emperor went on: "Triple blockhead! In the first place, you might have chosen another moment for performing the mission of my daughter. In the second place, you gave her a wrong title. She is not her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg, but her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolowna. In the third place, it is the princess, hearest thou, who does her partners the honor to dance with them." "Pardon, pardon, Sire!" cried the chamberlain, with a piteous mien. "No; I will be without pity for so gross a fault," said Nicholas, shaking him violently by the arm. "These are my orders: after the lights are out, thou shalt remain here till nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and keep on walking up and down the room, crying out, *Ja dourak! Ja dourak!* I am a brute! I am a brute!" The unfortunate chamberlain carried out his punishment with the most religious scrupulousness, such was his terror of the possible results of disobedience.

More fortunate was a guest of the palace, who, though a good dancer, had the misfortune to fall down as he danced with the Empress, and to draw her with him in his fall. As the unfortunate dancer took his place behind the chair of the Empress, the Emperor walked straight up to him with a severe face, and took him by the collar. The unhappy man wished the earth would open below him as the Emperor dragged him off; he took him only, however, to a farther corner of the room, where stood a porcelain vase with powdered chalk at the bottom of it, in which Nicholas invited his terrified captive to rub his feet.

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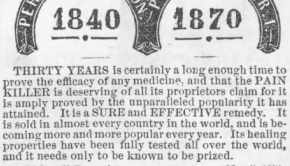

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 698.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

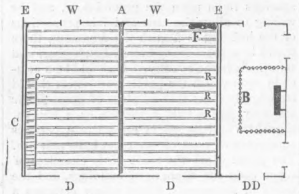
THE RICHMOND CALAMITY.

THE country was shocked last week by the news of a dreadful disaster, in which more than fifty people were instantly killed, and more than a hundred wounded, many of them so seriously that, even if their life should be spared, they will bear the effects of their injuries to the grave. The circumstances of this calamity remove it from the catalogue of ordinary disasters. We are so accustomed to railway accidents, by collision, by the breaking of rails, by the misplacement of switches—to boiler accidents in factories and on steamboats—to fires in hotels and tenement-houses, that we have come to regard these almost as visitations of Providence, or as the result of chances against which no foresight could provide. But the calamity at Richmond occurred in a public building, the Capitol of the State, where the Legislature met and several courts held their sessions. It was often densely crowded, and on these occasions the life and safety of hundreds of people depended on its strength.

On Wednesday, April 27, the court-room in the second story of the Capitol was packed with an immense audience to hear the decision of the Court of Appeals in the Mayoralty case. This room was constructed in a most extraordinary manner. A few years ago, when it became necessary to have additional offices in the Capitol, a floor was thrown across the very high hall in which the lower house of the Legislature met, thus making two stories instead of one. In doing this the architect, instead of inserting the floor-beams in the walls, rested them upon a slight ledge, or offset, projecting about four inches from the wall. This frail ledge was made to support timbers measuring two feet by ten inches, assisted by a row of pillars in the hall below. This arrangement was probably sufficient to resist ordinary pressure; but a few years ago, in order to improve the appearance of the Hall of Delegates, these pillars were removed, under the direction of an incompetent architect, leaving the beams without any central support whatever, and further weakened by the mortices in which the pillars had been fastened. The flooring immediately commenced sagging, and for several years, says a Richmond paper, it "had been concave to an extent that was alarming; but familiarity had, as usual, removed the doubts of its safety."

In this frightful man-trap hundreds of people were packed on the occasion alluded to above. The bells had just struck the hour of eleven. The clerk of the court had just entered, and placed his books on the table. One judge was in his seat, his associates being still in the conference-room. The counsel, the reporters, were in their places, and the spectators were engaged in pleasant conversation. All at once, without a moment's warning, the large girder under the partition between the clerk's office and the court-room snapped in twain, and the floor, yielding to the pressure, began to bend downward, loosening the supports of the crowded gallery, which was wrenched away from the wall and precipitated into the centre of the court-room. The floor was crushed through as if it had been glass, and, with its mass of human beings, fell into the Hall of Delegates, a cloud of dust rising like smoke from the ruin. The scene was terrible. Through the cloud of dust and plaster that obscured the atmosphere, the horror-stricken survivors could discern nothing but a confused mass of dead and wounded flung together on the floor, while cries and groans arose that none who heard will ever forget.

The annexed diagram shows the interior of the court-room, and will aid materially in understanding the catastrophe.



EXPLANATION.

A. Girder which gave way; the joists reached from this to the girders E, E, which stood. The joists were tenoned into the large girder A; and, of course, when *that* fell, the joists all pulled out right and left from the girders E, E, and the crowd was all thrown to the centre. The reporters and lawyers, who were seated close to the railing, just far enough to be clear of the safe point—say about R, R, R—and facing the railing, fell backward.

B. Railing around the judges' seat.

C. Steps leading to the gallery, the marks of which on the wall are shown in the large sketch on page 312. The gallery toppled over, and fell on the crowd below.

D. Doors.

DD. Door to conference-room.

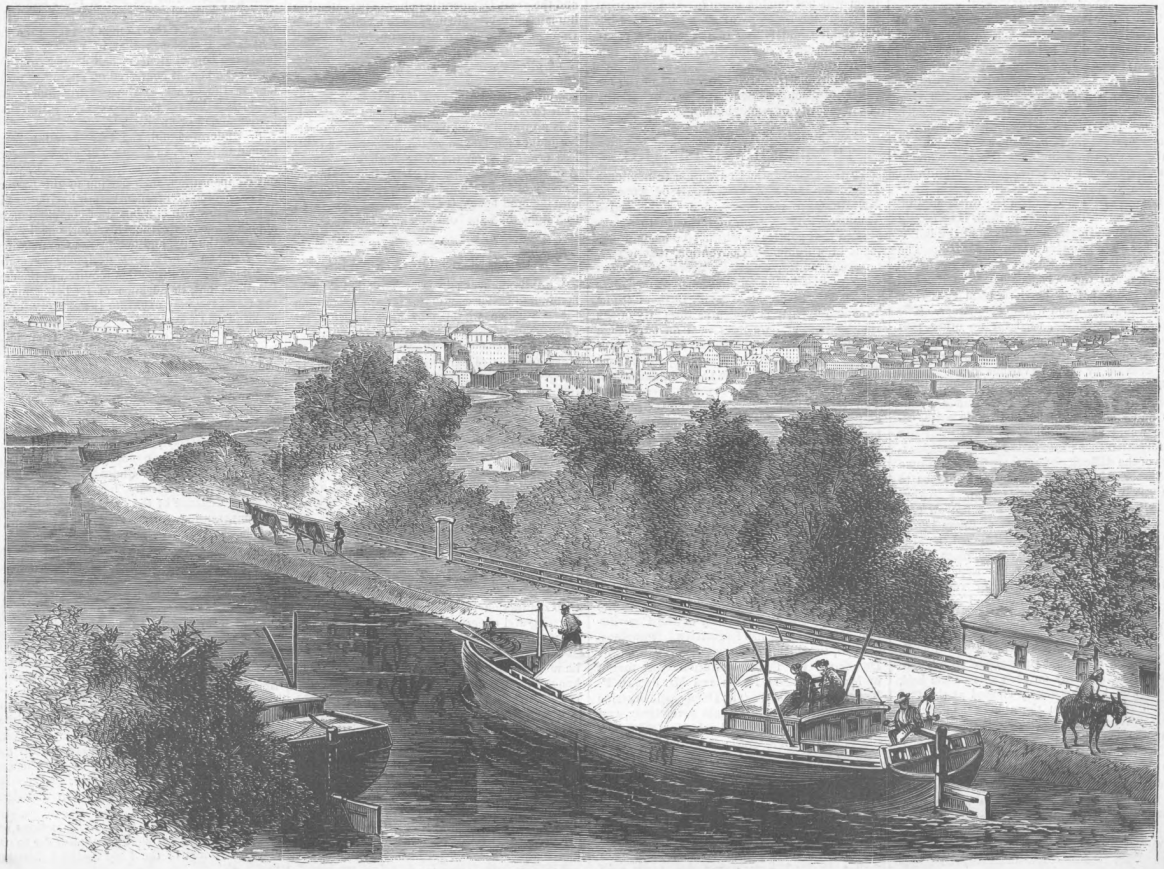
F. Mantle-piece, to which a man clung for a long time before he could be rescued.

W, W. Windows. People also clung to these over the chasm.

Immediately after the catastrophe the survivors set about the work of rescuing those who were buried beneath the ruins, and whose groans and cries for help were pitiful to hear. The firemen were called out by the fire-alarm, and rendered most valuable assistance in this work. Ladders were raised to the windows of the Hall of Delegates, and, as fast as they were recovered, the bodies of the dead and wounded were passed out through the windows and brought down by the firemen, in the manner shown in our illustration on page 313.

Most of them were placed under the trees in the square for recognition or surgical attendance. The whole city wore an aspect of mourning, and business was every where suspended.

It was several hours before the number of dead and wounded could be ascertained; but at length the ruins were cleared away, and it was found that sixty persons were killed and nearly a hundred and twenty wounded. Providentially the Hall of Delegates was nearly empty, or the loss of life would have been much greater than it was. The greater number of those who went down with the floor were uninjured, most of the casualties having been among those who were caught by the falling gallery, and those who were in the hall below. It is sad to know that many who escaped death and even wounds by the falling timbers, were suffocated by the clouds of dust that rose from the crumbling plastering. When the dead bodies were brought out and exposed on the square, scarcely one of them could be recognized, so fearfully disfigured were they; and the broken-hearted wives, sisters, and mothers of several even failed, in some instances, to recognize the victims. The faces of all the dead were fearfully swollen and blackened, it is supposed from suffocation; and about the mouth and lips was a sort of coagulated froth, tinctured



VIEW OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON AND CO., RICHMOND.]

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with blood, which was hardened and stiffened with dust. In the case of Dr. J. H. BROCK, reporter of the *Enquirer*, it is said his wife failed to recognize him; and a brother reporter only discovered his identity by searching his pockets.

Among the prominent persons killed were Mr. P. H. AYLETT, an eminent member of the Richmond bar, and Assistant Attorney-General for the Confederate States until LEE's surrender; Mr. E. M. SCHOFIELD, a brother of Major-General SCHOFIELD, and an officer in the Union army during the war; Mr. J. W. D. BLAND (colored), a member of the Virginia State Senate; General THOMAS H. WILCOX, a Major-General in the Confederate army; and Dr. J. B. BROCK, a reporter of the Richmond *Enquirer and Examiner*. Among the seriously wounded was ex-Governor WELLS.

Some very remarkable escapes are related of some of the survivors. Mr. D. B. WHITE, a member of the Legislature, fell through the floor with the rest, and did not receive a scratch. He did not leave the spot, but, despite the suffocating dust, remained and worked vigorously to get out the wounded and dead. Mayor KELLY, of Fredericksburg, was conversing with Mr. AYLETT when the crash began, and says Mr. AYLETT was killed by a beam from the gallery. The larger number of deaths, as already stated, occurred among those persons who were standing under the gallery. Dr. BROCK was just in reach of it, sitting at his table writing, when the same beam that killed Mr. AYLETT struck him. A member of the Legislature describes his fall as follows:

"I heard a low, rumbling sound, and felt myself sinking rapidly. I was facing the gallery, and saw it falling toward me. Fortunately it did not reach me. I saw the men scrambling over each other in the gallery, and heard what seemed to be one unearthly yell of agony. Then came the crash, and I sank into darkness. I found myself under a mass of rubbish, with a dead body over me, a wounded man under me, and another at my side. The poor fellow under me said: 'Oh me! but if I could only fear God always as I do now! How wicked I have been all my days! O God, forgive me! Spare me, and I will be a true follower of Jesus!' The man at my side exclaimed: 'O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!' I heard a number of cries all about me; some were speaking about their wives, others of their children, while others were begging for air. I believe many of them died from suffocation, for, although but little hurt myself, I should have died from suffocation if I had not been removed when I was."

On the day following the catastrophe many of the dead were buried, and the day was devoted by the whole city to mourning, humiliation, and prayer.

In the general view of the city of Richmond, on the preceding page, the position of the Capitol is seen. It is the large building a little to the left of the centre, with columns on the front.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870.

OUR BARBARISM.

THE sad catastrophe at Richmond should impress upon us the fact of the wanton exposure of human life in most of our public halls. It is a singular streak of barbarism in our civilization, that we submit so patiently not only to the wholly unnecessary but the very perilous insecurity and ill ventilation of such rooms. We speak from personal knowledge of many of the finest halls in the older part of the country, in saying that there is scarcely one which would not prove to be a trap in an emergency. They are generally upon the second, some of the finest upon the third, floor of the building. The access to them is by totally inadequate staircases and halls, and the buildings are in no proper sense fire-proof. The great Music Hall in Boston has two ranges of galleries, and the only passage from the hall is through a narrow corridor upon each side, ending in narrow and winding stairways. The building is, however, used for no other purposes than those of the hall, and the exposure is necessarily less than when the lower stories are occupied by shops of various kinds.

Tweddle Hall in Albany is upon the third-floor of a building occupied by all kinds of offices and shops; and, should a panic arise, escape would be impossible. And it must not be forgotten that panic is due to the consciousness of the difficulty of egress. The handsome Corinthian Hall in Rochester is obnoxious to the same censure. Two narrow stairways bring the audience together in a narrow passage below, with yet another staircase before the street is reached. In New Haven the Music Hall, a brilliant and spacious room, is ingeniously perilous in the same way. It can hold, perhaps, two thousand or twenty-five hundred people upon the floor and in the galleries. They must all descend together to the end of a long narrow passage, at the other end of which are the stairs to the street. Rand's Hall in Troy is perhaps the worst of all. There is a narrow stairway on each side of the hall, which would be hopelessly choked at the first alarm. We mention these halls as illustrations. What is true of them is true of most of the great halls in the country.

In Providence there was a spacious hall upon the third-floor, in which lectures and concerts were given. It was reached in the usual way by two winding narrow stairways with a common landing. Upon the second-floor, and directly under the hall, there was a furniture store-room! One night, after a lecture had been given to a crowded audience, the building took fire, and was consumed like pasteboard. It was rebuilt in the same way—and was again destroyed by fire. It was very natural for the good sense of Providence to ask what would happen if the fire broke out an hour or two earlier in the evening, when the hall was thronged? The consequence was, the erection of a building disconnected with others and open upon all sides, with a hall upon the ground-floor, so that in an emergency instant escape would be practicable from doors and windows, while the chance of fire or other alarm, and of consequent panic, was virtually removed. It is neither a very handsome nor a very costly hall, but there is a sense of security in it which is not felt in another hall in New England.

Public halls are not generally thought to be good investments of property, and they are therefore subordinated to other rooms in a building. But it would greatly increase the public comfort and security if they were erected with chief reference to the easy escape of an audience. They need not be expensive. There is many a town meditating a hall to-day which will not think of building until it can put up "an ornament to the place," and that will be at a cost which will compel the building of shops under it to insure a fair return for the outlay. If the town would but be content with a simple spacious room upon the ground-floor, and be willing to allow the neat and fair proportions of the building to furnish the ornament, there would be a great many better, handsomer, and safer halls in the country. It should be a principle upon which the public authorities should strenuously insist that no place of great public assembly, like a hall, a theatre, or a church, should be as hopeless of escape in a perilous emergency as most of our great halls now are. The power which the State justly exercises of supervising the strength of buildings, and the safety of steamboats, might wisely embrace a severe censure of this subject.

The want of proper ventilation in public rooms is another constant evidence of our barbarism. It is the perpetual accusation of our scientific skill. There is scarcely a court-room which is not a black hole. Within a few days the Recorder of New York, presiding at an important trial, was obliged to leave the bench ill, and no wonder. In Trenton, New Jersey, Mr. Justice FIELD was prostrated in the same way. In both cases there may have been severe nervous tension. But what do we expect of judges but the intensest application? and for that very reason there should be every kind of healthful provision made for them. What, also, is more preposterous than the necessity of issuing grave certificates by builders that there is every reason to believe that the houses just erected by them will not tumble down? And yet, what occasions the necessity of such certificates but the sinking and falling of other houses? If there is no officer of authority sufficient for this supervision of the public safety, let us be warned by the terrible tragedy at Richmond of the necessity of placing somewhere the responsibility of the security of public buildings.

THE BENCH AND POLITICS.

IN the Democratic Convention to nominate Judges for the New York Court of Appeals, Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN, one of the active Tammany leaders, said, in response to a suggestion that politics should not be made prominent in a Judiciary Convention, that it was, on the contrary, especially necessary to consider politics in the nominations. The *World* reports Mr. O'GORMAN as saying further: "The Democratic party is known as the party of the Constitution, and we want men on our bench who will fight the fight of the Democracy for the Constitution." The *Times* reports him as adding that "we had gone through, and might still have to go through, revolutionary times." The Convention applauded Mr. O'GORMAN, and agreed with him that a politician ought to be nominated, and consequently named a gentleman whose reputation in the State is wholly political, and who, it is very well understood, if he had not been nominated for Chief Justice, would have been the candidate of the "Cheese-Press" Democracy for Governor against Mr. HOFFMAN, the candidate of the Tammany Ring. The Ring have nominated Mr. CHURCH, not because they like him, but because they feared him as unquestionably the most conspicuous and popular of the rural Democrats.

Mr. O'GORMAN's amusing assertion that the Democratic party is the party of the Constitution, shows that he has forgotten a late unpleasantness, in which the distinctive "fight of the Democracy for the Constitution" was fought by Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and Mr. JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, and lost. The Democratic doctrine of the Constitution was State sovereignty, and that doctrine is demolished. If Mr. O'GORMAN thinks that a Democratic Court of Appeals in New York, even with Mr. SANFORD E. CHURCH at its head, would seriously bring this State into conflict with the National Government upon the question of equal suffrage, he is profoundly mistaken. The days are gone when Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR, in the old Court of Appeals — Mr. O'CONOR then the head of the New York bar — gravely demanded that New York should hunt slaves for Virginia. No more shameful claim was ever made, and it was one of those acts which aroused the perception and revolted the conscience of the people of New York, and swept them on to the magnificent Republican victories of 1860 and the war. And when those days ended, the possibility passed away of persuading the State to fight the United States for the purpose of oppressing negroes. That work was undertaken by the Southern States, under the same pretense of vindicating the Constitution, and the success of the attempt will hardly inspire a repetition of it elsewhere.

But the speech of Mr. O'GORMAN will show the people of this State the spirit of the Tammany Ring which controls the Democratic party. If it were practicable, it would gladly undo all the great work of the last ten years; for the leaders of that party know that its hopes of success fade with the increase of intelligence and with acquiescence in a policy of justice. Mr. O'GORMAN, who was one of the most resolute of Copperheads during the war—and we use the word merely as a political definition—with the persons who composed the Philadelphia declaration of which we spoke last week, can not forgive the triumph of liberty and union. To them the government of the United States, as administered by the party of the war, is a remorseless despotism. In their view it tramples upon all the most precious securities of freedom. To them there are no people in the Southern States but the ex-rebels, who are heroes, graced with the dignity of misfortune, the unstained soldiers of a lost but lovely cause. In their judgment the great and happy days of the republic were those when four millions of slaves were held in hopeless bondage; when the slave power absolutely controlled, in its own interest, the policy of the government, and filled every office, large and small, with its lackeys; when the slave-hunter coursed freely for his prey all over the land, cheered by "the Democracy;" and when every honorable and proud American hung his head before the taunting subject of every European king who said to him what he could not deny: "In all monarchical Europe that you deride there is no tyranny so base and inhuman as that which your republic cherishes!"

This is the ideal American epoch of those who think with Mr. O'GORMAN. And when he says that it is necessary to put politicians upon the bench of our highest court, or not to forget politics in the nomination of Judges who must fight a party fight, it is with the vague hope that somehow the settlement of the war may be disturbed or perplexed by the courts of New York. For the war, never to be forgiven by these gentlemen, has certainly ended without hope of return their palmy days of the republic and the great Democratic policy of perpetuating human slavery. Meanwhile the collateral advantages of placing politicians upon the bench may be seen in the case of the Chief Justice of the United States. It is a painful illustration, and one which we have lately considered in these columns. That the practice is wholly repugnant to common-sense needs not to be stated. It is a growth of the miserable system of elective judges; a system which gives us the spotless ermines upon the New York city bench. And if the reputation of the judiciary in the country at large should ever be like that of our own honored bench, it might justly be expected to "fight the fight" of those who elected it.

FOR JUDGES OF APPEALS.

THE Republicans in New York have never nominated better candidates for any office than the gentlemen whom they have selected for Judges of Appeals. They were not nominated, as we have elsewhere shown that the Democratic candidates were, to fight the fight of a party. They are nominated to administer justice under the laws. That they will do this, and nothing else, their characters and careers are sufficient pledges.

HENRY R. SELDEN is known to the whole State as one of the purest of men—as a learned and sagacious lawyer, and a magistrate of experience. In politics he has never been a hot partisan; but his political principles are so sound, and his character so upright, that his name is always suggested when a great and responsible office is to be filled. Judge CHARLES MASON is not less favorably known to his profession, nor has he been conspicuous in politics. Judge ROBERT S. HALE, of Essex, has served with distinction in Congress; and his judicial learning and experience, his ability and sagacity, peculiarly fit him for the highest bench.

CHARLES J. FOLGER is one of the ablest public men in the State. Firm, independent, and honorable, his career has most closely commended him to the respect of those who would have only the best men in the political and judicial service. In the Constitutional Convention Mr. FOLGER was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and its work had both his inspiration and his sanction. Upon the same Committee was CHARLES ANDREWS, who was one of the two candidates at once nominated by the Convention. Among the younger men in the State, Mr. ANDREWS is eminent for admirable professional accomplishments, for the highest intellectual ability, and for a certain weight of personal character, which have plainly marked him for high honors. Among his neighbors he has been always one of the strongest candidates for any position; and the unfailing courtesy with which he treats any difference of opinion secures for him the hearty respect and regard even of his political opponents.

We repeat that there was never a better ticket, for any purpose, presented to the voters of New York than the Republican nominations for Judges of Appeals.

THE ARCADE RAILROAD BILL.

As we supposed, this bill passed the Assembly as it had passed the Senate when we last went to press; and it appears that the Governor, soon after the adjournment of the Legislature, assigned a day for hearing objections. It may be that before we issue this number the bill may be signed or vetoed; but its remarkable features ought to be clearly understood by the public.

1. It names fifty-seven persons, and constitutes them, in violation of all precedent, a complete incorporation, without any preliminary subscription of stock; and authorizes them to appoint thirteen directors out of their own number to manage its affairs. In creating corporations it is an invariable rule to authorize certain individuals to open books of subscription, and to distribute the stock *pro rata* to prevent favoritism; but in the present case the Company, after organizing, and during the process of executing its corporate powers, receives subscriptions on the condition that the subscribers shall pay to the treasurer of the Company ten per cent. of the amount subscribed. This permits favoritism, as a check would doubtless be accepted from those whose subscriptions were desired, and money would be required from others. But the worst feature in its organization is the provision that the fifty-seven persons and their *assigns* and successors shall, after the stock subscription, constitute the incorporation. These provisions make the Company a close corporation, and not such a corporation as the Constitution contemplates.

2. In advance of the stock subscription, and without capital or responsibility, the Company is authorized to commence operations below Wall Street; to take lands, by assessment, for dépôts and stations; to scoop out Broadway under restrictions which may easily be avoided, from building to building, except under the sidewalks in front of Trinity Church; to take up and remove to parallel streets the water and gas pipes and sewers, public and private, under restrictions that are nominal; without being required to make compensation for the damage inflicted by the loss of rents and business, and with this rule of compensation for the lands and parks the Company may take for dépôts and stations; that in valuing private lands the commissioners shall deduct from the award the benefit conferred on any other property of the owner by the construction of the road; and that for parks no compensation shall be demanded or awarded.

3. Under the bill, the fifty-seven persons named in it may, in advance of any stock subscription, take for dépôts, stations, etc., without compensation, such portion of the Battery not exceeding 500 feet in length by 100 feet in depth as any two of a board of commissioners, appointed, one by the Governor, one by the Mayor of the city, and one by the Commissioner of Public Works, may designate by metes and bounds. No record is required of the designation; but, in advance of its being made, the Company may excavate the Battery for its underground ways.

4. After the stock subscription of ten millions, and the payment thereon of two millions, the Company may proceed above Wall Street; may take, without compensation, the whole of any small parks they touch, and 500 feet by 100 of the City Hall Park, of Union Square, of Madison Avenue, of the Central Park, and, under the authority to extend their lines, the whole or the like quantity of other parks. They may also take, without limit, all private lands deemed necessary for dépôts and stations, in defiance of the owner, under the rule of compensation already mentioned, which will enable the Company to pay for the most valuable stores or hotels by the advantage to other property of the owner, which, in the view of commissioners appointed by a selected court, the construction of the road will confer. No affidavit or proof is required of the payment of the two millions, which makes the provision worthless.

5. The 9th and 10th sections of the bill authorize the Company to stop, for a reasonable time, the supply of water and gas, and the operation of the sewerage; but, although this is to be done by the Company, under the direction and superintendence of the board of commissioners described, no pecuniary means are provided to the commissioners to pay the expense of enforcing their directions, and, consequently, the most serious discomfort and danger may ensue.

6. The bill requires that all injunctions relating to the railway shall be applied for to the Supreme Court of the First Judicial District, and not elsewhere, at a special term to be held

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at the court-house, on a notice of not less than eight days. The commissioners and individuals aggrieved would be obliged to submit to this tribunal. As it takes a summer recess, and may adjourn at its pleasure, this amounts to a practical denial of justice, the more flagrant considering the abuses which have lately prevailed.

7. The bill restricts the Company from excavating under the sidewalks and removing the vaults except with the consent of a majority of owners on the whole line. Inasmuch as the line, after proceeding from the Battery up Broadway, divides at Union Square, one going up Fourth Avenue to the Harlem River, and the other up Broadway to the Central Park, and thence to the Hudson River Road with no defined route, the owners of valuable vaults on Broadway are subjected to the consent of property owners not interested in vaults such as appertain to all the stores on that street. The last preceding assessment roll is to govern in ascertaining the owners. For the purpose of giving a majority to the Company a single lot up town may be conveyed to its stockholders by name or to their friends, and thus enable the Company to overpower the substantial owners on Broadway.

8. The only safeguard provided in the bill against the interruption of business, travel, and transportation on Broadway, during the many years which the construction of the road will require, is the one that the Commissioner of Public Works of the city of New York shall compel the erection of temporary bridges for travel only, and supervise the construction below Fourteenth Street; but, as in the case of the commissioners mentioned, no fund is provided for this purpose, and no special means are placed at the disposal of this officer, who, as one of the board, is to receive from the Company a compensation of ten dollars per day. It is not to be supposed that any officer will be appointed to this post hereafter who will interpose any difficulties in the way of the Company, so that the enormous business of the city is placed largely under the control of the Company, if the Governor shall approve the bill.

9. The clause with respect to fares is so drawn that for the shortest ride ten cents may be charged; and what appears to be a restriction in the bill of fifteen cents for the whole length of road, applies only to through and express trains, which may be omitted.

Stripped of its thin disguises, the bill amounts to an absolute grant of city property to the fifty-seven persons named in it, and is a precedent for reaching all property that remains undisposed of. The names of those who are expected to have such vast control over our most vital interests are as follows:

Melville C. Smith, Origen Vanderbergh, N. B. La Bau, Edward M. Clymer, John A. Griswold, Sidney W. Hopkins, W. C. Church, R. R. Hazard, Jun., Benjamin F. Dunning, Samuel O. Bigelow, Daniel D. Badger, George H. Bronson, Philip Caswell, Jun., Richard D. M'Graw, Samuel Barton, James H. Ingersoll, Frank Work, Augustus Schell, John H. Fry, C. Francis Bates, Henry W. Perkins, James Crawford, Henry Clews, Nathaniel Cheeney, Martin E. Green, Austin Myers, John P. Moore, Homer A. Nelson, Samuel F. Barger, John P. Nazro, John C. Robinson, William H. Rix, Edward O. Eaton, Jeremiah Eighmie, Gilbert Comstock, Joseph G. Jennings, Jacob S. Freer, George W. Carpenter, D. P. Dey, John H. Sanborn, William Turnbull, Luke S. Putnam, John O'Donnell, George D. Lord, A. Ferris Smith, D. Ashley Dickinson, Harlow M. Wilcox, Theo. P. Austin, James L. Miller, C. Sidney Brown, Rodney M. Whipple, Charles H. Horton, Michael Nolan, Cornelius S. Groat, Hubbard L. Cummings, Theodore M. Pomeroy, Philo Remington, Norman W. Kingsley, Henry G. Coggeshall.

The authority to them and their assigns to take whatever private property along Broadway may be deemed necessary under proceedings instituted before the tribunal they select, on a rule of compensation which enables them to pay for it with the supposed benefits which the construction of the road confers on other property of the owner, is a clear violation of the fundamental provision contained in the Constitution, that "private property shall not be taken for public use without *just* compensation."

A bill so sweeping in its powers, so reckless in withdrawing protection from the public, so monstrous in its provisions, could not have passed a Legislature which paid respect to the oath of office, or was not steeped deeply in corruption.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

BY JOHN JONES, A.M.

ALTHOUGH I have sent nothing to the Exhibition this year, it is probably the best that we have ever had, and I was therefore very glad to find that by some kindly coincidence there is among the pictures a work by Mr. MORSE, who was, I believe, our first President. It is a portrait of the Rev. Dr. STANFORD, now of the Church triumphant, and formerly chaplain of the New York Almshouse. The picture recalls the traditions of STUART and Sir JOSHUA, and has a force and character and breadth which may be profitably studied by my fellow-artists. My own style, indeed, is formed, but I can still admire what is excellent in the other old masters, and give good advice to the young ones.

In looking at this portrait by Mr. MORSE, I remember with pleasure that he is still living; that this is only the forty-fifth annual exhibition, so that any boy can remember when the Academy was founded; and that within that time the interest in art in this country, such as it is, has developed itself. And there is certainly a good deal of interest. Here, for instance, is our building, which cost nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and there are several very admirable private collections in the city. I do not say that the owners are profoundly versed in art, but that they have galleries shows that public opinion expects rich men to appear, at least, to cultivate a taste for the fine arts. Had TRUMBULL foreseen this day he would hardly have advised our late admirable President HUNTINGTON to relinquish the profession; nor would Mr. MORSE, after one sore disappointment, have been ready to abandon his easel and try his fortune otherwise in Mexico.

Above all, perhaps, the vital interest in the subject is shown by nothing more than our dissensions in the Academy itself. We are divided into two parties, and we call ourselves, Heaven alone knows why, Radicals and Conservatives. Some of the very wisest of us, however—among whom I humbly take my place—refuse to take sides. Do I, for instance, not know how faithfully KENSETT and GIFFORD and others labored for the Fellowship fund during the war, and how much money they collected; and am I likely to believe evil of them, or to feel any thing but gratitude? The Radicals raise a tremendous war-whoop. They accuse the Academy, or its management, of fogyism, favoritism, narrowness, and indifference to the demands of the time and of art itself. The Conservatives reply that it is not very fogyish to have collected the Fellowship fund during the war, nor very narrow to have placed the Academy in such a noble home. To this the Radicals again answer that the building is a folly; that it lies like an incubus upon the Academy, which is as poor in its splendid house as the Italian nobleman who was obliged to keep his bed while his only shirt was washed. And the press has joined the cry. There has been a great deal of gibing latterly at the Academy, when criticism would have been more serviceable.

Perhaps the building, beautiful as it is, is a mistake. The Academy's revenues are not sufficient for a palace. With a flowing treasury, which a judicious sale of the building and more economical quarters would supply, there might be courses of lectures, and the most admirably appointed schools in every art of design. And—for I will make a clean breast of it—I don't see any sufficient reason for the distinction between Associate and Academician. Why, for instance, should Mr. JOSEPH AMES, whose portraits in this exhibition are his credentials, and Mr. F. B. CARPENTER, be only Associates, and several of us—whose names you will find in the catalogue—National Academicians? I am sure that I don't know the reason. But I see that we are all very much excited, and blood will evidently be shed. I think it will flow freely at the annual election, on the 11th of May.

Meanwhile the public ought to be grateful to any association that will offer them so attractive an exhibition as this, and in so beautiful a building. There is no pleasanter resort in the city than the Academy rooms at the corner of Twenty-third Street and the Fourth Avenue, and I remind readers beyond the city of that fact. Unluckily, in this space, I can not be a cicerone for them. I can not even mention by name all the pictures that they will enjoy. But if they go straight up the grand staircase and enter the room before them they will first of all see two pictures by Mr. WINSLOW HOMER, one of which represents girls bathing upon the beach at Manchester, Massachusetts, and the other a girl upon a white horse, just reaching the top of Mount Washington. The pictures are not wholly pleasing; perhaps the bathing scene—like another which he has in the east room—is not quite refined. But the pictures show a fresh eye and a wholesome independence of conventions with spirit and vigor. So in Mr. HENNESSY'S pictures, among which that of Mr. BRYANT as the "Poet of the Woods" has been even contemptuously criticised, there is a faithful study and careful rendering of the details of the landscape, which are certainly essential elements in any good picture. If the critic must gibe, it should not be at such work, however faulty, but at the hopeless, conventional, dead and buried commonplace of many of the pictures, which suggest nothing but that the painter has seen nature only in very namby-pamby engravings. In the works of Mr. HOMER and Mr. HENNESSY you are very sure that the painter has really seen what he paints, and really tries to represent it. When he fails, it is therefore a hopeful failure.

In this room, also, is Mr. GIFFORD'S "San Giorgio at Venice," which seems to me one of the most pleasing of his pictures. A sagacious and cultivated observer told me that the bright sail ought not to be the central point, because it dulls the brilliancy of the buildings. As an artist I reserve my opinion; but I insist that the buildings are still brilliant, and the bright sail is very Venetian, although its precise hue is perhaps not quite true to the fact. But the scene is that trance of noon—still, hot, luminous—which is almost peculiar to the lagoons. From this exquisite repose let the rural friend, whom, with his kind permission, I am accompanying, now turn suddenly to Mr. THOMAS NAST'S "Departure of the Seventh Regiment for the War," on the 19th of April, 1861. It is a large picture, almost without color, and often out of drawing, but its spirit, its vigor, its electric life, are delightful. It is Broadway. The regiment has reached BALL & BLACK'S, and we look up the street. What a scene! It is crowded with figures—windows, balconies, roofs, posts, lanterns, are overflowing with the shouting, weeping, frantic throng. Every where the flag is flying and handkerchiefs are waving, and the street itself is all motion with the advancing soldiers, whose bayonets go glistening and bristling up the vista. The boldness, the freedom, the force of this picture, the evident fact that the artist deeply felt his subject, and that it is, therefore, a wholly sincere work, makes me wish all the more that I could praise the drawing and the color. But with all its defects it is the best war picture that I have seen. It shows a very great talent.

Mr. LOUIS TIFFANY'S "Fruit-Vender under the Sea-Wall at Nassau" is a bright, picturesque work; a bit of Naples astray near the Gulf. There is a great deal of poetic feeling in the picture; but the subject is not important enough for the size of the canvas. In the next room Mr. PERRY'S "Huldy," an illustration of LOWELL'S courtin' poem, is charming. She sits by the fire paring apples; and she is so maidenly lovely that 'Ziekel is entirely justified in flattening his nose, enamored, against the window-pane. It is a great point gained in a picture of lovers if the affection is made, upon the face of it, to appear to be the most natural thing in the world. The firelight is admirably rendered, and the picture is so good that my rural friend and I agreed that we should expect pictures constantly better from the same hand. And what is this modest little canvas before which there is always a group of ladies intently gazing? What tender interest and kindly curiosity they show! Of course they do, for they are welcoming "The Little Stranger." Mrs. Smith has presented the Colonel with Number Two, and here is Number One sitting upon mamma's bed, who watches her fondly, while Mrs. Monthly Nurse exclaims that she is a little lady to hold baby so well; and Number One's dumpy little legs and feet stick straight out, and she holds the little stranger as if she were made of glass, while poor dolly lies prostrate and neglected, with her nose against the floor; and dimly seen over the bed upon the wall is a picture of Christ, saying, Suffer little children to come unto me. It is full of feeling and poetry, this little picture, and it is most carefully executed. The drawing is admirable. Every object is firm, clear, and natural. I heartily congratulate Mr. GUY. But baby is unquestionably a bouncer, considering that mamma does not yet sit up, or only for a very short time, during the day; and as for dolly— It was fortunate that my fellow-artist did not hear the discussion that I heard carried on in a group of admiring spectators, whether dolly were not a living baby, with her wretched nose grinding the dust! The admiring group were full of interest and enjoyment of the picture; but what idea must they have had of it! How entirely the sentiment was lost upon them, the desertion of dolly for baby, and the dimly suggested blessing! But the discussion strongly enforced the great truth that he who speaks to the public, whether by tongue, or pencil, or pen, must, first of all, speak with perfect distinctness. It seems to me as if Mr. Guy had done so in this picture; but, I suppose, the discussion shows that he has not.

It is very pleasant to observe the growth and activity which the Exhibition reveals; and I could wander up and down all these columns talking of the pictures. But I can not go further to-day. The chief defect which any careful spectator—who listens to me—will remark in the galleries is a want of thoroughness; a dash to grasp the prize of success without the preparation. But, dear brethren, there are no short cuts in any art. Genius may impress by a sudden sally; but genius holds its own only by patience and knowledge. As the *Nation* truly says, there are too many sketches in the exhibition. A painter's memoranda and note-books are essential to his pictures; but they are not pictures. When he has become a master, it is interesting to know his methods. Mine, for instance, are very interesting. But in your case, gentlemen, who are yet tyros, the results, and not the processes, of your work alone interest us. If you object to this demand of thoroughness and conscience that you are poor men, who must make a living, the court rules that you ought not to be able to make a living by painting poor pictures. And a sensational picture is a poor one. A sensational style palls in painting as well as in literature. The great names in both departments are not those of odd and grotesque men, but of those who were simple and healthful and intelligent.

NOTES.

THERE is a report in the papers that the Pacha of Egypt has offered a commission to General BEAUREGARD. We have heard also of the departure of other military gentlemen for the East, with the understanding that there is to be an Egyptian revolution and republic. To those who have been in that country, and who are familiar with its inhabitants, the prospects of a republic will not seem to be very promising. A revolution of the Pacha against the Sultan would not be very interesting, nor would its success offer any prospect of improvement; while a revolution of the Egyptians themselves is inconceivable.

WE are very sorry to see that Governor ALCORN has sent a message to the Mississippi Legislature recommending separate schools for white and colored children. If the colored citizens do not wish their children to be taught in company with white children, or *vice versa*, it is a matter of taste which they should gratify at their own expense. But the State ought not to recognize color more than sect or race. It is a perilous discrimination which can have no other conceivable result than mischief; and we trust that the Legislature will have sagacity and humanity enough to refuse to follow the advice of the Governor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 25.—In the Senate, a bill was reported relative to the subject of the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment, and Conference Committees were appointed on the Census and Income-Tax bills.—In the House, bills were introduced for the reduction of taxation and the abolition of special licenses, except on certain articles: chartering the American and Holland Ocean Cable Company; regulating trade and commerce between the States; and changing the standard weights of silver coin. A resolution was adopted for a bill providing pensions for all surviving soldiers of the war of 1812.

April 26.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson reported his substitute for the House Army bill, which, although similar to Mr. Logan's bill passed by the House, is less severe in its provisions. It reduces the number of enlisted men in the army to 25,000 by July 1, 1871. A resolution was adopted for a distribution among the States of the proceeds from the sale of public lands, for the purpose of establishing a general educational system. Mr. Pomeroy's joint resolution in relation to the conduct of Spain in her treatment of the Cuban insurgents was indefinitely postponed.—In the House, almost the entire session was occupied with debate on the Tariff.

April 27.—In the Senate, a bill was reported to organize the Territory of Oklahoma, and to consolidate the Indian tribes under a territorial form of government.—In the House, besides the debate on the Tariff bill, there was a long discussion in reference to the report of a General Amnesty bill, in place of private bills of a similar nature. It was called up by a bill, which was passed, relieving certain persons in Texas of civil disabilities.

April 28.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced relieving, under the operation of the Fourteenth Amendment, all persons, with certain exceptions, from political disabilities—the exceptions being such persons as left Congress and the army and navy to aid the rebellion, and all persons who were members of State conventions which adopted ordinances of secession.—The House passed a bill to establish a Department of Justice.

April 29.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to provide for a new method of selecting military and naval cadets, by examination before a competent committee in each district.—In the House, the Senate bill granting public lands to aid in the construction of a railroad in Oregon was passed. After a long discussion adverse reports were received on the petition for the relief of General Robert Anderson, and the bill permitting retired officers to hold civil offices.

April 30.—The Senate was not in session, and in the House most of the day was occupied with the discussion of private bills.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The New York State Legislature adjourned *sine die*, April 26. Among the bills passed toward the close of the session was the Arcade Railroad bill. The Pneumatic Tube Company's bill was defeated.

The Attorney-General of this State has given an opinion on the new Excise act, in which he states that the only important change is in vesting the power to grant licenses in city and town, instead of county authorities. There is, he then says, no conflict between the acts of 1857 and 1870, and the sale of liquors on Sunday, or on election days, within a certain distance of the polls, he holds to be prohibited by the latter.

A poor old crazy man, under the delusion that his life was threatened, fled from New York to Long Island, the other day, to escape his imaginary pursuers. Passing through Middle Village on the run, he was set upon by a crowd of men and boys, who mistook him for a burglar, and so severely beaten that he is not expected to survive.

Rumors thicken of a serious war with the Indians. It is reported that several thousand warriors are collecting at different points on the frontier, for a campaign against the whites, of greater magnitude than was ever before attempted. Red Cloud, it is stated, left Fort Fetterman a few days since, with three hundred Sioux warriors, for Powder River, to collect his bands.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news from France is disquieting. The discovery of a new plot against the life of the Emperor is reported. A man named Beauri, recently arrived from England, was arrested in Paris on the 30th ult., and upon his person was found a letter from Gustave Flourens, with a note of instructions as to the part he was to take in the "conspiracy." A part of the plot, it was said, was to blow up the Tuileries and the Police Head-quarters, but this was subsequently denied. The organizers of the plot are said to belong to the International Association of Workmen. Beauri is an English student of science, and, it is stated, has confessed his intention to assassinate the Emperor. There seems to be no doubt of the existence of a very formidable conspiracy, and many arrests have been made by the police. The meetings held to discuss the plebiscite are increasing in "turbulence." One has been dispersed by the police, because some one present proposed the impeachment of the Emperor. The people left quietly, but expressed their disapprobation by cheering for the Republic and singing the "Marseillaise." The proposer of impeachment was arrested the following morning.

Fresh outbreaks have occurred in various parts of Spain, but they were at once suppressed. At Santiago one hundred arrests were made. Three hundred refugees from Spain have arrived in France.

Captain Eyre, of the *Bombay*, is making an effort to secure the restoration of his certificate.

Six hundred fathers in the Œcumenical Council voted on the 26th ult. for the *Constitutio de Fide*.

There is very little news from Cuba. Spanish reports are given of a recent nine hours' fight in the Maclo mountains, in which the insurgents under Modisto Diaz were defeated. Three battalions of Spanish troops were engaged.

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AN IRISH LANDLORD WALKING OUT, GUARDED BY POLICEMEN.

SCENE IN IRELAND.

THE severity of the act recently passed by the English Parliament for the suppression of disorders in Ireland, as might have been foreseen, has had just the contrary effect to that intended. Not only has it given a fresh impulse to emigration, but rendered life and property more insecure than ever. The illustration we give this week on this page is a sketch taken at Balrath, in the county of Meath, the residence of Mr. NICHOLSON, a large owner of land, who was fired at, near his own house, and his coachman killed by the assassin's bullet, intended for Mr. NICHOLSON, four or five months ago. Since that attempt upon his life Mr. NICHOLSON has had a force of armed police constantly stationed at his house. He seldom ventures beyond the limits of his own park; and whenever he takes a walk he carries a loaded rifle, and is protected by a constable on each side of him, with two more constables behind, all with their carbines at full cock. If he goes along the high-road he is followed by a party of armed policemen in a car, with a short

THE PASCHAL LAMBS.—[SEE PAGE 309.]

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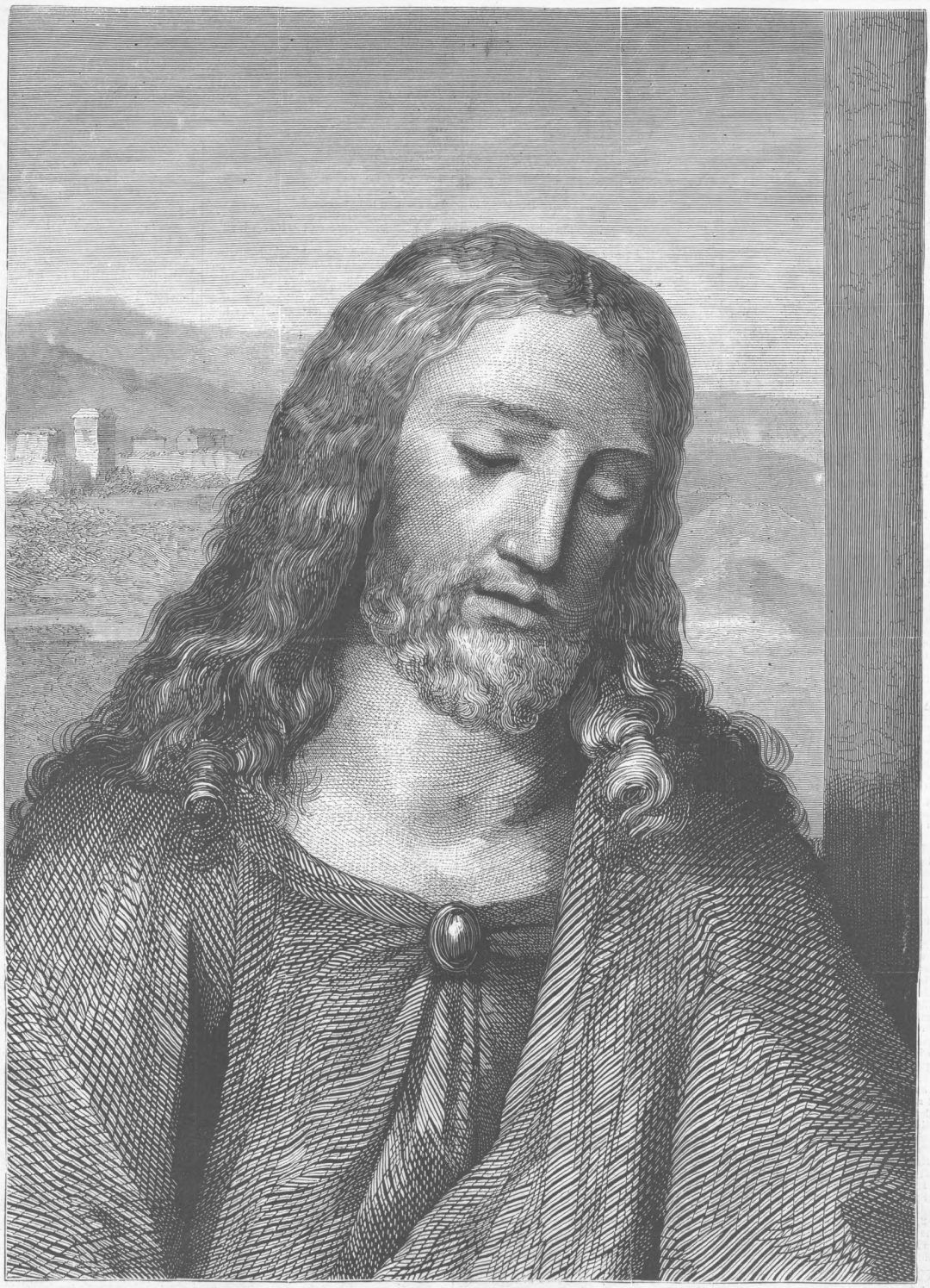

HEAD OF OUR SAVIOUR.—[BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.]

ladder, by which to scale any wall over which the assassins might escape pursuit. He never for a moment feels any security, and knows that any neglect of these precautions would probably cost him his life.

THE PASCHAL LAMBS.

THE two paschal lambs to be killed at Easter every year, for the Pope's table, are blessed on St. Agnes's Day, January 21, in the church of St. Agnes, outside the city walls of Rome, on the Tivoli Road. The engraving on page 308 shows the performance of this ceremony, by Cardinal BARILLI, in the present year. The animals, having been bandaged with red ribbons and placed on cushions, were brought into the church, and laid upon the altar. After the celebration of high-mass they were sprinkled with holy-water, and a formal sentence of benediction was pronounced over them. It is usual for the Pope at Easter to present one of them to some royal personage: a part of the other is served on his own table on Easter-Sunday, and part is given to the poor. The wool of these lambs is carefully preserved, spun into yarn by the nuns of St. Agnes, and woven into cloth for the sacred pallium. This vestment, having been blessed by the Pope, is laid upon the tomb of the Apostle, under the great dome of St. Peter's.

HEAD OF OUR SAVIOUR.

THE engraving on this page is taken from the greatest of LEONARDO DA VINCI's greatest painting, "The Last Supper." This extraordinary work was painted near the close of the fifteenth century, for the end wall of the refectory of the Dominican Convent of Santa Maria della Grazie at Milan. From the beginning all went wrong with this picture, which seemed projected under evil stars. The convent was damp and ill built, the wall dangerously placed between the kitchen and the refectory. In 1500 an inundation laid the chamber under water for some time; and one who saw the picture in 1642 spoke of it as a thing of the past. In 1652 a door was broken through under the figure of our Saviour, which destroyed the feet. In 1726 a miserable bungler, as conceited as he was imbecile, painted it all over. In 1770 a fool named Mazza retouched all but three heads. Before this the unhappy picture had been whitewashed. In 1796 NAPOLEON gave express orders to respect the sacred room; but later generals turned it into a stable and hay dépôt. Luckily the great man's sketches for these pictures are still extant; the head of the Saviour, from which our engraving is taken, is in the Gallery at Milan, on a soiled and creased bit of paper.

Of this great picture of "The Last Supper" there are several anecdotes extant. The Prior, it is said, complained to the Pope of LEONARDO's delay in completing the work—especially the heads of our Saviour and of JUDAS. The painter, summoned to account for his tardiness, replied that he despaired of attaining his ideal of the tender beauty and dignity of our Saviour's face; but that the malice and greed of JUDAS he could take from the Prior; which indeed he is said to have done. DA VINCI in this picture has invested the Saviour's face with the blended attributes of divinity and humanity. The serene majesty of Deity is softened by a compassionate forgiveness, in which love and sorrow are touchingly united.

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THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO, BY ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

TAKE heed of this small child of earth;
He is great: he hath in him God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light, bitter world of wrongs
They come; God gives us them a while.
His speech is in their stammering tongues,
And His forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.
Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged babes that weep!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

TENTH SCENE.—THE BEDROOM.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

LADY LUNDIE DOES HER DUTY.

THE scene opens on a bedroom—and discloses, in broad daylight, a lady in bed.

Persons with an irritable sense of propriety, whose self-appointed duty it is to be always crying out, are warned to pause before they cry out on this occasion. The lady now presented to view being no less a person than Lady Lundie herself, it follows, as a matter of course, that the utmost demands of propriety are, by the mere assertion of that fact, abundantly and indisputably satisfied. To say that any thing short of direct moral advantage could, by any possibility, accrue to any living creature by the presentation of her ladyship in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular position, is to assert that Virtue is a question of posture, and that Respectability ceases to assert itself when it ceases to appear in morning or evening dress. Will any body be bold enough to say that? Let nobody cry out, then, on the present occasion.

Lady Lundie was in bed.

Her ladyship had received Blanche's written announcement of the sudden stoppage of the bridal tour; and had penned the answer to Sir Patrick—the receipt of which at Ham Farm has been already described. This done, Lady Lundie felt it due to herself to take a becoming position in her own house, pending the possible arrival of Sir Patrick's reply. What does a right-minded woman do, when she has reason to believe that she is cruelly distrusted by the members of her own family? A right-minded woman feels it so acutely that she falls ill. Lady Lundie fell ill accordingly.

The case being a serious one, a medical practitioner of the highest grade in the profession was required to treat it. A physician from the neighboring town of Kirkandrew was called in.

The physician came in a carriage and pair, with the necessary bald head, and the indispensable white cravat. He felt her ladyship's pulse, and put a few gentle questions. He turned his back solemnly, as only a great doctor can, on his own positive internal conviction that his patient had nothing whatever the matter with her. He said, with every appearance of believing in himself, "Nerves, Lady Lundie. Repose in bed is essentially necessary. I will write a prescription." He prescribed, with perfect gravity: Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia—15 drops. Spirits of Red Lavender—10 drops. Syrup of Orange Peel—2 drams. Camphor Julep—1 ounce. When he had written, Misce fiat Haustus (instead of Mix a Draught)—when he had added, Ter die Sumendus (instead of To be taken Three times a day)—and when he had certified to his own Latin, by putting his initials at the end, he had only to make his bow; to slip two guineas into his pocket; and to go his way, with an approving professional conscience, in the character of a physician who had done his duty.

Lady Lundie was in bed. The visible part of her ladyship was perfectly attired, with a view to the occasion. A fillet of superb white lace encircled her head. She wore an adorable invalid jacket of white cambric, trimmed with lace and pink ribbons. The rest was—bed-clothes. On a table at her side stood the Red Lavender Draught—in color soothing to the eye; in flavor not unpleasant to the taste. A book of devotional character was near it. The domestic ledgers, and the kitchen report for the day, were ranged modestly behind the devout book. (Not even her ladyship's nerves, observe, were permitted to interfere with her ladyship's duty.) A fan, a smelling-bottle, and a handkerchief lay within reach on the counterpane. The spacious room was partially darkened. One of the lower windows was open, affording her ladyship the necessary cubic supply of air. The late Sir Thomas looked at his widow, in effigy, from the wall opposite the end of the bed. Not a chair was out of its place; not a vestige of wearing apparel dared to show itself outside the sacred limits of the wardrobe and the drawers. The sparkling treasures of the toilet-table glittered in the dim distance. The jugs and basins were of a rare and creamy white; spotless and beautiful to see. Look where you might, you saw a perfect room. Then look at the bed—and you saw a perfect woman, and completed the picture.

It was the day after Anne's appearance at Swanhaven—toward the end of the afternoon.

Lady Lundie's own maid opened the door noiselessly, and stole on tip-toe to the bedside. Her ladyship's eyes were closed. Her ladyship suddenly opened them.

"Not asleep, Hopkins. Suffering. What is it?"

Hopkins laid two cards on the counterpane. "Mrs. Delamayn, my lady—and Mrs. Glenarm."

"They were told I was ill, of course?"

"Yes, my lady. Mrs. Glenarm sent for me. She went into the library, and wrote this note." Hopkins produced the note, neatly folded in three-cornered form.

"Have they gone?"

"No, my lady. Mrs. Glenarm told me Yes or No would do for answer, if you could only have the goodness to read this."

"Thoughtless of Mrs. Glenarm—at a time when the doctor insists on perfect repose," said Lady Lundie. "It doesn't matter. One sacrifice more or less is of very little consequence."

She fortified herself by an application of the smelling-bottle, and opened the note. It ran thus:

"So grieved, dear Lady Lundie, to hear that you are a prisoner in your room! I had taken the opportunity of calling with Mrs. Delamayn, in the hope that I might be able to ask you a question. Will your inexhaustible kindness forgive me if I ask it in writing? Have you had any unexpected news of Mr. Arnold Brinkworth lately? I mean, have you heard any thing about him, which has taken you very much by surprise? I have a serious reason for asking this. I will tell you what it is, the moment you are able to see me. Until then, one word of answer is all I expect. Send word down—Yes, or No. A thousand apologies—and pray get better soon!"

The singular question contained in this note suggested one of two inferences to Lady Lundie's mind. Either Mrs. Glenarm had heard a report of the unexpected return of the married couple to England—or she was in the far more interesting and important position of possessing a clew to the secret of what was going on under the surface at Ham Farm. The phrase used in the note, "I have a serious reason for asking this," appeared to favor the latter of the two interpretations. Impossible as it seemed to be that Mrs. Glenarm could know something about Arnold of which Lady Lundie was in absolute ignorance, her ladyship's curiosity (already powerfully excited by Blanche's mysterious letter) was only to be quieted by obtaining the necessary explanation forthwith, at a personal interview.

"Hopkins," she said, "I must see Mrs. Glenarm."

Hopkins respectfully held up her hands in horror. Company in the bedroom in the present state of her ladyship's health!

"A matter of duty is involved in this, Hopkins. Give me the glass."

Hopkins produced an elegant little hand-mirror. Lady Lundie carefully surveyed herself in it down to the margin of the bed-clothes. Above criticism in every respect? Yes—even when the critic was a woman.

"Show Mrs. Glenarm up here."

In a minute or two more the iron-master's wife fluttered into the room—a little overdressed as usual; and a little profuse in expressions of gratitude for her ladyship's kindness, and of anxiety about her ladyship's health. Lady Lundie endured it as long as she could—then stopped it with a gesture of polite remonstrance, and came to the point.

"Now, my dear—about this question in your note? Is it possible you have heard already that Arnold Brinkworth and his wife have come back from Baden?" Mrs. Glenarm opened her eyes in astonishment. Lady Lundie put it more plainly. "They were to have gone on to Switzerland, you know, for their wedding tour, and they suddenly altered their minds, and came back to England on Sunday last."

"Dear Lady Lundie, it's not that! Have you heard nothing about Mr. Brinkworth except what you have just told me?"

"Nothing."

There was a pause. Mrs. Glenarm toyed hesitatingly with her parasol. Lady Lundie leaned forward in the bed, and looked at her attentively.

"What have *you* heard about him?" she asked.

Mrs. Glenarm was embarrassed. "It's so difficult to say," she began.

"I can bear any thing but suspense," said Lady Lundie. "Tell me the worst."

Mrs. Glenarm decided to risk it. "Have you never heard," she asked, "that Mr. Brinkworth might possibly have committed himself with another lady before he married Miss Lundie?"

Her ladyship first closed her eyes in horror, and then searched blindly on the counterpane for the smelling-bottle. Mrs. Glenarm gave it to her, and waited to see how the invalid bore it before she said any more.

"There are things one *must* hear," remarked Lady Lundie. "I see an act of duty involved in this. No words can describe how you astonish me. Who told you?"

"Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn told me."

Her ladyship applied for the second time to the smelling-bottle. "Arnold Brinkworth's most intimate friend!" she exclaimed. "He ought to know if any body does. This is dreadful. Why should Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn tell *you?*"

"I am going to marry him," answered Mrs. Glenarm. "That is my excuse, dear Lady Lundie, for troubling you in this matter."

Lady Lundie partially opened her eyes in a state of faint bewilderment. "I don't understand," she said. "For Heaven's sake explain yourself!"

"Haven't you heard about the anonymous letters?" asked Mrs. Glenarm.

Yes. Lady Lundie had heard about the letters. But only what the public in general had heard. The name of the lady in the background not mentioned; and Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn assumed to be as innocent as the babe unborn. Any mistake in that assumption? "Give me your hand, my poor dear, and confide it all to *me!*"

"He is not quite innocent," said Mrs. Glenarm. "He owned to a foolish flirtation—all *her* doing, no doubt. Of course, I insisted on a distinct explanation. Had she really any claim on him? Not the shadow of a claim. I felt that I only had his word for that—and I told him so. He said he could prove it—he said he knew her to be privately married already. Her husband had disowned and deserted her; she was at the end of her resources; she was desperate enough to attempt any thing. I thought it all very suspicious—until Geoffrey mentioned the man's name. *That* certainly proved that he had cast off his wife; for I myself knew that he had lately married another person."

Lady Lundie suddenly started up from her pillow—honestly agitated; genuinely alarmed by this time.

"Mr. Delamayn told you the man's name?" she said, breathlessly.

"Yes."

"Do I know it?"

"Don't ask me!"

Lady Lundie fell back on the pillow.

Mrs. Glenarm rose to ring for help. Before she could touch the bell, her ladyship had rallied again.

"Stop!" she cried. "I can confirm it! It's true, Mrs. Glenarm! it's true! Open the silver box on the toilet-table—you will find the key in it. Bring me the top letter. Here! Look at it. I got this from Blanche. Why have they suddenly given up their bridal tour? Why have they gone back to Sir Patrick at Ham Farm? Why have they put me off with an infamous subterfuge to account for it? I felt sure something dreadful had happened. Now I know what it is!" She sank back again, with closed eyes, and repeated the words, in a fierce whisper, to herself. "Now I know what it is!"

Mrs. Glenarm read the letter. The reason given for the suspiciously-sudden return of the bride and bridegroom was palpably a subterfuge—and, more remarkable still, the name of Anne Silvester was connected with it. Mrs. Glenarm became strongly agitated on her side.

"This *is* a confirmation," she said. "Mr. Brinkworth has been found out—the woman *is* married to him—Geoffrey is free. Oh, my dear friend, what a load of anxiety you have taken off my mind! That vile wretch—"

Lady Lundie suddenly opened her eyes.

"Do you mean," she asked, "the woman who is at the bottom of all the mischief?"

"Yes. I saw her yesterday. She forced herself in at Swanhaven. She called him Geoffrey Delamayn. She declared herself a single woman. She claimed him before my face in the most audacious manner. She shook my faith, Lady Lundie—she shook my faith in Geoffrey!"

"Who is she?"

"Who?" echoed Mrs. Glenarm. "Don't you even know that? Why her name is repeated half a dozen times in this letter!"

Lady Lundie uttered a scream that rang through the room. Mrs. Glenarm started to her feet. The maid appeared at the door in terror. Her ladyship motioned to the woman to withdraw again instantly, and then pointed to Mrs. Glenarm's chair.

"Sit down," she said. "Let me have a minute or two of quiet. I want nothing more."

The silence in the room was unbroken until Lady Lundie spoke again. She asked for Blanche's letter. After reading it carefully, she laid it aside, and fell for a while into deep thought.

"I have done Blanche an injustice!" she exclaimed. "My poor Blanche!"

"You think she knows nothing about it?"

"I am certain of it! You forget, Mrs. Glenarm, that this horrible discovery casts a doubt on my step-daughter's marriage. Do you think, if she knew the truth, she would write of a wretch who has mortally injured her as she writes here? They have put her off with the excuse that she innocently sends to *me*. I see it as plainly as I see you! Mr. Brinkworth and Sir Patrick are in league to keep us both in the dark. Dear child! I owe her an atonement. If nobody else opens her eyes, I will do it. Sir Patrick shall find that Blanche has a friend in Me!"

A smile—the dangerous smile of an inveterately vindictive woman thoroughly roused—showed itself with a furtive suddenness on her face. Mrs. Glenarm was a little startled. Lady Lundie below the surface—as distinguished from Lady Lundie *on* the surface—was not a pleasant object to contemplate.

"Pray try to compose yourself," said Mrs. Glenarm. "Dear Lady Lundie, you frighten me!"

The bland surface of her ladyship appeared smoothly once more; drawn back, as it were, over the hidden inner self, which it had left for the moment exposed to view.

"Forgive me for feeling it!" she said, with the patient sweetness which so eminently distinguished her in times of trial. "It falls a little heavily on a poor sick woman—innocent of all suspicion, and insulted by the most heartless neglect. Don't let me distress you. I shall rally, my dear; I shall rally! In this dreadful calamity—this abyss of crime and misery and deceit—I have no one to depend on but myself. For Blanche's sake, the whole thing must be cleared up—probed, my dear, probed to the depths. Blanche must take a position that is worthy of her. Blanche must insist on her rights, under My protection. Never mind what I suffer, or what I sacrifice. There is a work of justice for poor weak Me to do. It shall be done!" said her ladyship, fanning herself with an aspect of illimitable resolution. "It shall be done!"

"But, Lady Lundie, what can you do? They are all away in the south. And as for that abominable woman—"

Lady Lundie touched Mrs. Glenarm on the shoulder with her fan.

"I have my surprise in store, dear friend, as well as you. That abominable woman was employed as Blanche's governess in this house. Wait! that is not all. She left us suddenly—ran away—on the pretense of being privately married. I know where she went. I can trace what she did. I can find out who was with her. I can follow Mr. Brinkworth's proceedings, behind Mr. Brinkworth's back. I can search out the truth, without depending on people compromised in this black business, whose interest it is to deceive me. And I will do it to-day!" She closed the fan with a sharp snap of triumph, and settled herself on the pillow in placid enjoyment of her dear friend's surprise.

Mrs. Glenarm drew confidentially closer to the bedside. "How can you manage it?" she asked, eagerly. "Don't think me curious. I have my interest, too, in getting at the truth. Don't leave me out of it, pray!"

"Can you come back to-morrow, at this time?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Come, then—and you shall know."

"Can I be of any use?"

"Not at present."

"Can my uncle be of any use?"

"Do you know where to communicate with Captain Newenden?"

"Yes—he is staying with some friends in Sussex."

"We may possibly want his assistance. I can't tell yet. Don't keep Mrs. Delamayn waiting any longer, my dear. I shall expect you to-morrow."

They exchanged an affectionate embrace. Lady Lundie was left alone.

Her ladyship resigned herself to meditation, with frowning brow and close-shut lips. She looked her full age, and a year or two more, as she lay thinking, with her head on her hand, and her elbow on the pillow. After committing herself to the physician (and to the red lavender draught), the commonest regard for consistency made it necessary that she should keep her bed for that day. And yet it was essential that the proposed inquiries should be instantly set on foot. On the one hand, the problem was not an easy one to solve; on the other, her ladyship was not an easy one to beat. How to send for the landlady at Craig Fernie, without exciting any special suspicion or remark—was the question before her. In less than five minutes she had looked back into her memory of current events at Windygates—and had solved it.

Her first proceeding was to ring the bell for her maid.

"I am afraid I frightened you, Hopkins. The state of my nerves. Mrs. Glenarm was a little sudden with some news that surprised me. I am better now—and able to attend to the household matters. There is a mistake in the butcher's account. Send the cook here."

She took up the domestic ledger and the kitchen report; corrected the butcher; cautioned the cook; and disposed of all arrears of domestic business before Hopkins was summoned again. Having, in this way, dextrously prevented the woman from connecting any thing that her mistress said or did, after Mrs. Glenarm's departure, with any thing that might have passed during Mrs. Glenarm's visit, Lady Lundie felt herself at liberty to pave the way for the investigation on which she was determined to enter before she slept that night.

"So much for the indoor arrangements," she said. "You must be my prime minister, Hopkins, while I lie helpless here. Is there any thing wanted by the people out of doors? The coachman? The gardener?"

"I have just seen the gardener, my lady. He came with last week's accounts. I told him he couldn't see your ladyship to-day."

"Quite right. Had he any report to make?"

"No, my lady."

"Surely, there was something I wanted to say to him—or to somebody else? My memorandum-book, Hopkins. In the basket, on that chair. Why wasn't the basket placed by my bedside?"

Hopkins brought the memorandum-book. Lady Lundie consulted it (without the slightest necessity), with the same masterly gravity exhibited by the doctor when he wrote her prescription (without the slightest necessity also).

"Here it is," she said, recovering the lost remembrance. "Not the gardener, but the gardener's wife. A memorandum to speak to her about Mrs. Inchbare. Observe, Hopkins, the association of ideas. Mrs. Inchbare is associated with the poultry; the poultry are associated with the gardener's wife; the gardener's wife is associated with the gardener—and so the gardener gets into my head. Do you see it? I am always trying to improve your mind. You do see it? Very well. Now about Mrs. Inchbare? Has she been here again?"

"No, my lady."

"I am not at all sure, Hopkins, that I was right in declining to consider the message Mrs. Inchbare sent to me about the poultry. Why

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shouldn't she offer to take any fowls that I can spare off my hands? She is a respectable woman; and it is important to me to live on good terms with all my neighbors, great and small. Has she got a poultry-yard of her own at Craig Fernie?"

"Yes, my lady. And beautifully kept, I am told."

"I really don't see—on reflection, Hopkins—why I should hesitate to deal with Mrs. Inchbare. (I don't think it beneath me to sell the game killed on my estate to the poulterer). What was it she wanted to buy? Some of my black Spanish fowls?"

"Yes, my lady. Your ladyship's black Spaniards are famous all round the neighborhood. Nobody has got the breed. And Mrs. Inchbare—"

"Wants to share the distinction of having the breed with me," said Lady Lundie. "I won't appear ungracious. I will see her myself, as soon as I am a little better, and tell her that I have changed my mind. Send one of the men to Craig Fernie with a message. I can't keep a trifling matter of this sort in my memory—send him at once, or I may forget it. He is to say I am willing to see Mrs. Inchbare, about the fowls, the first time she finds it convenient to come this way."

"I am afraid, my lady—Mrs. Inchbare's heart is so set on the black Spaniards—she will find it convenient to come this way at once as fast as her feet can carry her."

"In that case, you must take her to the gardener's wife. Say she is to have some eggs—on condition, of course, of paying the price for them. If she does come, mind I hear of it."

Hopkins withdrew. Hopkins's mistress reclined on her comfortable pillows, and fanned herself gently. The vindictive smile reappeared on her face. "I fancy I shall be well enough to see Mrs. Inchbare," she thought to herself. "And it is just possible that the conversation may get beyond the relative merits of her poultry-yard and mine."

A lapse of little more than two hours proved Hopkins's estimate of the latent enthusiasm in Mrs. Inchbare's character to have been correctly formed. The eager landlady appeared at Windygates on the heels of the returning servant. Among the long list of human weaknesses, a passion for poultry seems to have its practical advantages (in the shape of eggs) as compared with the more occult frenzies for collecting snuff-boxes and fiddles, and amassing autographs and old postage-stamps. When the mistress of Craig Fernie was duly announced to the mistress of Windygates, Lady Lundie developed a sense of humor for the first time in her life. Her ladyship was feebly merry (the result, no doubt, of the exhilarating properties of the red lavender draught) on the subject of Mrs. Inchbare and the Spanish fowls.

"Most ridiculous, Hopkins! This poor woman must be suffering from a determination of poultry to the brain. Ill as I am, I should have thought that nothing could amuse me. But, really, this good creature starting up, and rushing here, as you say, as fast as her feet can carry her—it's impossible to resist it! I positively think I must see Mrs. Inchbare. With my active habits, this imprisonment to my room is dreadful. I can neither sleep nor read. Anything, Hopkins, to divert my mind from myself. It's easy to get rid of her if she is too much for me. Send her up."

Mrs. Inchbare made her appearance, courtesying deferentially; amazed at the condescension which admitted her within the hallowed precincts of Lady Lundie's room.

"Take a chair," said her ladyship, graciously. "I am suffering from illness, as you perceive."

"My certie! sick or well, yer leddyship's a braw sight to see!" returned Mrs. Inchbare, profoundly impressed by the elegant costume which illness assumes when illness appears in the regions of high life.

"I am far from being in a fit state to receive any body," proceeded Lady Lundie. "But I had a motive for wishing to speak to you when you next came to my house. I failed to treat a proposal you made to me, a short time since, in a friendly and neighborly way. I beg you to understand that I regret having forgotten the consideration due from a person in my position to a person in yours. I am obliged to say this under very unusual circumstances," added her ladyship, with a glance round her magnificent bedroom, "through your unexpected promptitude in favoring me with a call. You have lost no time, Mrs. Inchbare, in profiting by the message which I had the pleasure of sending to you."

"Eh, my leddy, I wasna' that sure (yer leddyship having ance changed yer mind) but that ye might e'en change again if I failed to strike, as they say, while the iron's het. I crave yer pardon, I'm sure, if I ha' been ower hasty. The pride o' my hairt's in my powltry—and the 'black Spaniards' (as they ca' them) are a sair temptation to me to break the tenth commandment, sae lang as they're a' in yer leddyship's possession, and nane o' them in mine."

"I am shocked to hear that I have been the innocent cause of your falling into temptation, Mrs. Inchbare! Make your proposal—and I shall be happy to meet it, if I can."

"I must e'en be content wi' what yer leddyship will condescend on. A haitch o' eggs if I can come by naething else."

"There is something else you would prefer to a hatch of eggs?"

"I wad prefer," said Mrs. Inchbare, modestly, "a cock and twa pullets."

"Open the case on the table behind you," said Lady Lundie, "and you will find some writing-paper inside. Give me a sheet of it—and the pencil out of the tray."

Eagerly watched by Mrs. Inchbare, she wrote an order to the poultry-woman, and held it out with a gracious smile.

"Take that to the gardener's wife. If you agree with her about the price, you can have the cock and the two pullets."

Mrs. Inchbare opened her lips—no doubt to express the utmost extremity of human gratitude. Before she had said three words, Lady Lundie's impatience to reach the end which she had kept in view from the time when Mrs. Glenarm had left the house burst the bounds which had successfully restrained it thus far. Stopping the landlady without ceremony, she fairly forced the conversation to the subject of Anne Silvester's proceedings at the Craig Fernie inn.

"How are you getting on at the hotel, Mrs. Inchbare? Plenty of tourists, I suppose, at this time of year?"

"Full, my leddy (praise Providence), frae the basement to the ceiling."

"You had a visitor, I think, some time since of whom I know something? A person—" She paused, and put a strong constraint on herself. There was no alternative but to yield to the hard necessity of making her inquiry intelligible. "A lady," she added, "who came to you about the middle of last month."

"Could yer leddyship condescend on her name?"

Lady Lundie put a still stronger constraint on herself. "Silvester," she said, sharply.

"Presairve us a'!" cried Mrs. Inchbare. "It will never be the same that cam' driftin' in by hersel'—wi' a bit bag in her hand, and a husband left daidling an hour or mair on the road behind her?"

"I have no doubt it is the same."

"Will she be a freend o' yer leddyship's?" asked Mrs. Inchbare, feeling her ground cautiously.

"Certainly not!" said Lady Lundie. "I felt a passing curiosity about her—nothing more."

Mrs. Inchbare looked relieved. "To tell ye truth, my leddy, there was nae love lost between us. She had a maisterfu' temper o' her ain—and I was weel pleased when I'd seen the last of her.

"I can quite understand that, Mrs. Inchbare—I know something of her temper myself. Did I understand you to say that she came to your hotel alone, and that her husband joined her shortly afterward?"

"E'en sae, yer leddyship. I was no' free to gi' her house-room in the hottle till her husband daidled in at her heels and answered for her?"

"I fancy I must have seen her husband," said Lady Lundie. "What sort of a man was he?"

Mrs. Inchbare replied in much the same words which she had used in answering the similar question put by Sir Patrick.

"Eh! he was ower young for the like o' *her*. A pratty man, my leddy—betwixt tall and short; wi' bonny brown eyes and cheeks, and fine coal-blaik hair. A nice douce-spoken lad. I hae naething to say against him—except that he cam' late one day, and took leg-bail betimes the next morning, and left madam behind, a load on my hands."

The answer produced precisely the same effect on Lady Lundie which it had produced on Sir Patrick. She, also, felt that it was too vaguely like too many young men of no uncommon humor and complexion to be relied on. But her ladyship possessed one immense advantage over her brother-in-law in attempting to arrive at the truth. *She* suspected Arnold—and it was possible, in her case, to assist Mrs. Inchbare's memory by hints contributed from her own superior resources of experience and observation.

"Had he any thing about him of the look and way of a sailor?" she asked. "And did you notice, when you spoke to him, that he had a habit of playing with a locket on his watch-chain?"

"There he is, het aff to a T!" cried Mrs. Inchbare. "Yer leddyship's weel acquented wi' him—there's nae doot o' that."

"I thought I had seen him," said Lady Lundie. "A modest, well-behaved young man, Mrs. Inchbare, as you say. Don't let me keep you any longer from the poultry-yard. I am transgressing the doctor's orders in seeing any body. We quite understand each other now, don't we? Very glad to have seen you. Good-evening."

So she dismissed Mrs. Inchbare, when Mrs. Inchbare had served her purpose.

Most women, in her position, would have been content with the information which she had now obtained. But Lady Lundie—having a man like Sir Patrick to deal with—determined to be doubly sure of her facts before she ventured on interfering at Ham Farm. She had learned from Mrs. Inchbare that the so-called husband of Anne Silvester had joined her at Craig Fernie on the day when she arrived at the inn, and had left her again the next morning. Anne had made her escape from Windygates on the occasion of the lawn-party—that is to say, on the fourteenth of August. On the same day Arnold Brinkworth had taken his departure for the purpose of visiting the Scotch property left to him by his aunt. If Mrs. Inchbare was to be depended on, he must have gone to Craig Fernie instead of going to his appointed destination—and must, therefore, have arrived to visit his house and lands one day later than the day which he had originally set apart for that purpose. If this fact could be proved, on the testimony of a disinterested witness, the case against Arnold would be strengthened tenfold; and Lady Lundie might act on her discovery with something like a certainty that her information was to be relied on.

After a little consideration she decided on sending a messenger with a note of inquiry addressed to Arnold's steward. The apology she invented to excuse and account for the strangeness of the proposed question, referred it to a little family discussion as to the exact date of Arnold's arrival at his estate, and to a friendly wager in which the difference of opinion had ended. If the steward could state whether his employer had arrived on the fourteenth or on the fifteenth of August, that was all that would be wanted to decide the question in dispute.

Having written in those terms, Lady Lundie gave the necessary directions for having the note delivered at the earliest possible hour on the next morning; the messenger being ordered to make his way back to Windygates by the first return train on the same day.

This arranged, her ladyship was free to refresh herself with another dose of the red lavender draught, and to sleep the sleep of the just, who close their eyes with the composing conviction that they have done their duty.

The events of the next day at Windygates succeeded each other in due course, as follows:

The post arrived, and brought no reply from Sir Patrick. Lady Lundie entered that incident on her mental register of debts owed by her brother-in-law—to be paid, with interest, when the day of reckoning came.

Next in order occurred the return of the messenger with the steward's answer.

He had referred to his Diary; and he had discovered that Mr. Brinkworth had written beforehand to announce his arrival at his estate for the fourteenth of August—but that he had not actually appeared until the fifteenth. The one discovery needed to substantiate Mrs. Inchbare's evidence being now in Lady Lundie's possession, she decided to allow another day to pass—on the chance that Sir Patrick might alter his mind, and write to her. If no letter arrived, and if nothing more was received from Blanche, she resolved to leave Windygates by the next morning's train, and to try the bold experiment of personal interference at Ham Farm.

The third in the succession of events was the appearance of the doctor to pay his professional visit.

A severe shock awaited him. He found his patient cured by the draught! It was contrary to all rule and precedent; it savored of quackery—the red lavender had no business to do what the red lavender had done—but there she was, nevertheless, up and dressed, and contemplating a journey to London on the next day but one. "An act of duty, doctor, is involved in this—whatever the sacrifice, I must go!" No other explanation could be obtained. The patient was plainly determined—nothing remained for the physician but to retreat with unimpaired dignity, and a paid fee. He did it. "Our art," he explained to Lady Lundie in confidence, "is nothing, after all, but a choice between alternatives. For instance. I see you—not cured, as you think—but sustained by abnormal excitement. I have to ask which is the least of the two evils—to risk letting you travel, or to irritate you by keeping you at home. With your constitution, we must risk the journey. Be careful to keep the window of the carriage up on the side on which the wind blows. Let the extremities be moderately warm, and the mind easy—and pray don't omit to provide yourself with a second bottle of the Mixture before you start." He made his bow, as before—he slipped two guineas into his pocket, as before—and he went his way, as before, with an approving conscience, in the character of a physician who had done his duty. (What an enviable profession is Medicine! And why don't we all belong to it?)

The last of the events was the arrival of Mrs. Glenarm.

"Well?" she began, eagerly, "what news?"

The narrative of her ladyship's discoveries—recited at full length; and the announcement of her ladyship's resolution—declared in the most uncompromising terms—raised Mrs. Glenarm's excitement to the highest pitch.

"You go to town on Saturday?" she said. "I will go with you. Ever since that woman declared she should be in London before me, I have been dying to hasten my journey—and it is such an opportunity to go with you! I can easily manage it. My uncle and I were to have met in London, early next week, for the footrace. I have only to write and tell him of my change of plans.—By-the-by, talking of my uncle, I have heard, since I saw you, from the lawyers at Perth."

"More anonymous letters?"

"One more—received by the lawyers this time. My unknown correspondent has written to them to withdraw his proposal, and to announce that he has left Perth. The lawyers recommended me to stop my uncle from spending money uselessly in employing the London police. I have forwarded their letter to the Captain; and he will probably be in town to see his solicitors as soon as I get there with you. So much for what *I* have done in this matter. Dear Lady Lundie—when we are at our journey's end, what do *you* mean to do?"

"My course is plain," answered her ladyship, calmly. "Sir Patrick will hear from me, on Sunday morning next, at Ham Farm."

"Telling him what you have found out?"

"Certainly not! Telling him that I find myself called to London by business, and that I propose paying him a short visit on Monday next."

"Of course, he must receive you?"

"I think there is no doubt of that. Even *his* hatred of his brother's widow can hardly go to the length—after leaving my letter unanswered—of closing his doors against me next."

"How will you manage it when you get there?"

"When I get there, my dear, I shall be breathing an atmosphere of treachery and deceit; and, for my poor child's sake (abhorrent as all dissimulation is to me), I must be careful what I do. Not a word will escape my lips until I have first seen Blanche in private. However painful it may be, I shall not shrink from my duty, if my duty compels me to open her eyes to the truth. Sir Patrick and Mr. Brinkworth will have somebody else besides an inexperienced young creature to deal with on Monday next. I shall be there."

With that formidable announcement, Lady Lundie closed the conversation; and Mrs. Glenarm rose to take her leave.

"We meet at the Junction, dear Lady Lundie?"

"At the Junction, on Saturday."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

As the members of the Massachusetts Legislature moved slowly in hacks through New Bedford's streets, an old lady, attracted by their solemn and dignified appearance, stepped into a store and asked, "Whose funeral is that?" The shop-keeper replied, "Why, that's the Legislature." "Du tell," said the old lady, "when did he die?"

A stranger in a printing-office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was. "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon; and when I want a chew of tobacco I make a paragraph."

To Cure Deafness.—Tell a man you've come to pay him money. It beats acoustic oil all hollow.

This Side Up.—We saw Jake nailing up a box, the other day, containing some articles which he intended to send by express. From the nature of the contents it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage, so we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much-abused "This side up," etc., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after we saw Jake. "Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they go there safely?" "Every one broke," replied Jake, suddenly. "Lost the hull lot! Hang the Express Company!" "Did you put 'this side up,' as we told you?" "Yes, I did; and fur fear they shouldn't see it on the kiver, I put it on the bottom too—confound 'em!"

The first Sign of Spring—"To Let."

A story is told of two men who traveled together three days in a stage-coach without a word ever passing between them. On the fourth day one of them at length ventured to remark that it was a fine morning. "And who said it weren't?" was the reply.

The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that, in writing his name, he simply used the letter "J," and then punched a hole through the paper.

Two rival sausage dealers in Paris have their shops adjoining. One of them has painted on his glass window, over a pyramid of sausages, "At ten cents a pound; to pay more is to be robbed;" while the other puts his sausages into an obelisk, and paints above it, "At twelve cents a pound; to pay less is to be poisoned."

Switch-tenders—Hair-pins.

Two twin brothers in New York are so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.

"Oh that mine enemy had written a book!" said Job. "What do you suppose Job wanted his enemy to write a book for?" a pupil was said to have asked her teacher, who had something of a literary turn. "Why, my dear, Job wanted to review it, of course, and cut it up."

When is a boat like a pile of snow?—When it is adrift.

The lady whose blood curdled in her veins, has ever since been very sour in her disposition.

A boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched fast on me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

Mindful of the traditional relationship of dog to sausage, a waggish rhymer pens the following "ode" to his favorite puppy:

"Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup!
Drinking his milk from a china cup,
Gamboling round so frisky and free,
First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea;
Jumping,
Running,
After the pony;
Beautiful pup, you will soon be Bologna."

An Unpopular "Ism" with Every Body—The rheumatism.

A good story is told of a young man who applied to one of our hotels for a situation. The landlord informed him that there was but one place vacant, that of lamp-cleaner. The questioner accepted the situation, observing that he would like something as remunerative as possible, as he was once a clerk, spoke four different languages fluently, etc. "Oh! that's of no consequence," said the unappreciative landlord; "this business won't require you to speak but one language, and mighty little of that."

You ask me, love, how many times
I think of you a day;
I frankly answer only once,
And mean just what I say.
You seem perplexed, and somewhat hurt;
But wait and hear the rhyme;
Pray, how can one do more than once
What one does all the time?

An exchange received the following advertisement for publication: "Whare As My Whife polly Jane —— has Left my bed And Bored with out Eny good Cauze, hoosumever Will trust Her in my Count I wunt Pay him. James ——."

Josh Billings says he will never patronize a lottery so long as he can hire any body else to rob him at reasonable wages.

A Clock is like a Man.—It has two hands, a face, an inside, and an outside. Sometimes the hands point to the truth—but it is not ashamed to show its face when they don't. It is a useful bit of machinery—so is man. It often gets out of order—so does man. It is often wound up—so is man. It strikes—so does man. It is not always to be relied on—no more is man. It is hung up in the Tombs—so is man.

People who are behind the times should be fed on ketchup.

Song for a Deaf Person—"Come back to Erin."

A prodigal son writes from Omaha: "I have to have my only shirt washed by the dozen, for it is in as many pieces, and the smallest hole in it is the one I put my head through."

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THE RICHMOND CALAMITY—INTERIOR OF HALL OF DELEGATES—GETTING OUT THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.
FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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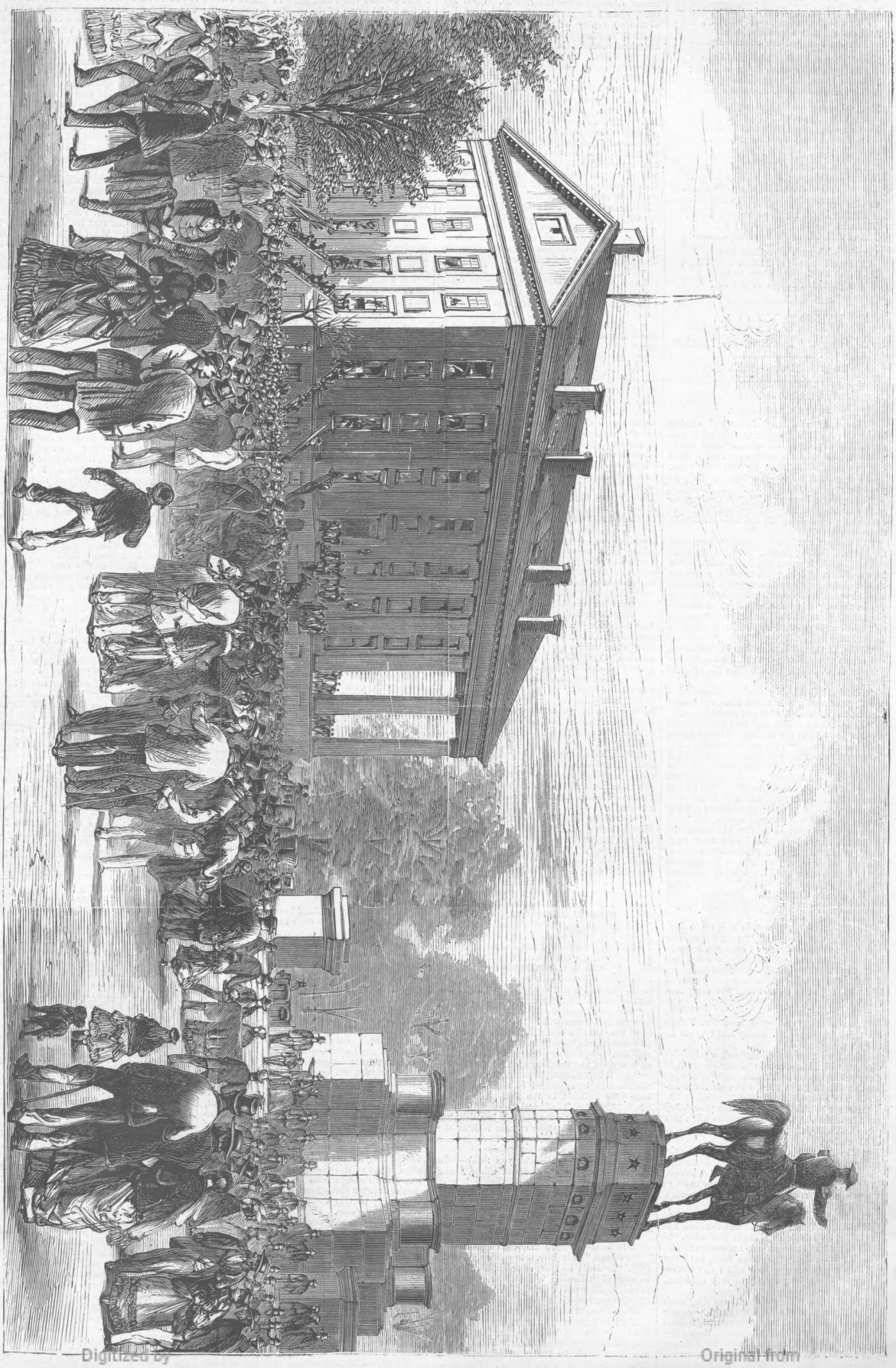

THE RICHMOND CALAMITY—REMOVING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED FROM THE CAPITOL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. AND H. T. ANTHONY, 501 BROADWAY, N. Y.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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THE SWALLOWS.

WITH rapid shoot of purple wings,
Like crescent arrow-heads, they fly,
And cut the soft blue deeps as if
To them belonged the endless sky.

Now high and soaring near the dome
That spreads in azure down to earth;
Now low along the river wide
That mirrors all the Summer's mirth;

Now skimming over meadows rich
With waving crowds of golden flowers;
Now stooping close, a moment's rest,
On lichened rail in orchard bowers.

Then up and swift again they hunt
Through deserts of the air and light,
Where bluest space and yielding breath
Stretch wide around their utmost flight.

O who can e'er such gladness know
As that which fills the swallow's breast,
When all the land in morning lies,
And skies above the sun hath dressed!

Or who with such a reckless dive
The sea immense of Heaven would dare,
And rush on fearless wings to taste
The glorious freedom of the air!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER XIII.

ZILLAH'S RESOLUTION.

"MOTHER!" cried Hugh Lockwood, coming hastily into the little parlor in Gower Street, and taking his mother in his arms, "good news, mother! Let me see your dear face a little brighter than it has been for this long time. There is good news for you, little mother, do you hear?"

"Good news for me? *That* can only mean good news for you, my son!" replied Zillah, unconsciously epitomizing all her widowed life in the sentence.

"Of course; good for me, good for you, good for Maud. Darling Maud! Kiss me, mother."

Then he told her that Mr. Frost had that day informed him by letter that the sum of money borrowed from his late father—so the note was worded—plus the interest on the capital during the last twenty-five years, was lying at his disposal at Mr. Lovegrove's office in Bedford Square, and that on his personal application it would be handed over to him.

"Why, mother, it is more than I hoped to get out of the fire. Five per cent. for twenty-five years! It will more than double the original sum!"

"Oh, thank God! My Hugh, my Hugh, what a weight of remorse is taken from my heart! And he has done well, after all, poor Sidney!"

"Done well? Not at all," said Hugh, whose sense of justice was not obfuscated by his joy as his mother's was. "Very far from well he has done, mother. Five per cent. on the capital every year is the very least that could pretend to approach fair dealing—and, in fact, nothing can make his conduct out to be fair. But he has done better than I expected; and I am very glad and thankful, and mean to think of nothing but the bright side of things, I assure you."

When Hugh went to receive his money he perceived that the brass plate on the outer door, which usually stood open during office hours, had been removed, and a man was painting out the black letters on a drab ground on the door-post, which formed the words, "Messrs. Frost and Lovegrove, Solicitors." Hugh was shown into Mr. Lovegrove's office, and received by that gentleman in person.

"The last time we met in this office, Mr. Lockwood," said the lawyer, "your errand here was to repudiate a fortune. Now you come to receive—well, not a fortune, perhaps, but a sum of money that in my young days would have been looked upon as affording a very pretty start in life. I am glad of it, and wish you every success."

"Thank you heartily."

"You have—ahem!—you have Mr. Frost's acknowledgment for the money lent by your father, Mr. Lockwood?"

Hugh took from his pocket-book a yellow bit of paper with some words in Sidney Frost's bold clear writing upon it. At one corner of the paper there was a green stain, and near it the impression of a thumb in red paint.

"Here it is, Mr. Lovegrove. My poor father must have been at work in his studio when that paper was written. It is marked with the traces of his calling."

"H'm!" said Mr. Lovegrove, examining the paper gravely. "A sadly informal document. Ha! well, here is the money, Mr. Lockwood. Will you be kind enough to count the notes in the presence of my clerk? Just step here for a moment, if you please, Mr. Burgess."

"It is all quite right, Sir," said Hugh, when this had been done. Then, when the clerk left the room, he said, with a slight hesitation, "I don't know how intimate your knowledge of Mr. Frost's private affairs may have been, but I can not help entertaining an idea that I owe the recovery of this money mainly to your influence, Mr. Lovegrove."

"As to my knowledge of the state of Mr. Frost's private fortune, it is now, I may say, *extremely* intimate. But I have only quite recently learned the existence of this debt to you. And—Mr. Lockwood, I make no excuses for my partner. But I—I—I will confess to you that it hurts me to hear any one hard upon him. And there were certain palliations—certain palliations. His domestic relations were unfortunate. Upon my word, when I see the quantity of mischief that women are capable of causing, I feel thankful, positively most truly thankful, that they don't exercise their power more ruthlessly than they do!"

Hugh smiled. "You have had a happy experience of the sex yourself, Sir," said he.

"Why, yes. My mother was an excellent woman, and my wife is an excellent woman, and my girls are good, sound-hearted girls as you'll find any where, thank God! And I most firmly believe, Mr. Lockwood, that the young lady whom you are about to marry is an ornament to her sex. You love her and respect her very much now, I have not the least doubt. But, take my word for it, that you will love her and respect her more when she has been your wife some dozen years! Oh, of course, that seems impossible! Yes, yes, I know. I suppose you will be married very soon now?"

"As soon as possible!" said Hugh, with much energy. "Oh, by-the-by, Mr. Lovegrove, I see they are painting out the name of the firm on your door-post. Are you going to make any change in the style and title of it?"

"Yes; a considerable change. Mr. Frost retires from the business altogether—the deeds were signed this morning—and the firm will henceforth be known as Lovegrove and Lovegrove."

"All success to it under its new name, say I. But I had not heard that this was in contemplation."

Mr. Lovegrove proceeded to narrate as briefly as might be the misfortunes that had, as he said, determined Mr. Frost to give up business—so much, that is, of his misfortunes as must inevitably become matter of public notoriety. He spared his old partner as much as possible in the narrative. But he did not by any means spare his old partner's wife, to whom indeed he was inclined to attribute every thing that had gone ill, even to the total smash and failure of the Parthenope Embellishment Company, which had become matter of public notoriety within the last week.

Hugh was much shocked. And his good opinion of Mr. Lovegrove was greatly enhanced by the feeling he evinced for his old friend.

"He is really a most superior man, Mr. Lockwood. I don't know a more superior man than Sidney Frost is—or *was*—was, alas! He is a wreck now, Sir. You wouldn't know him. I want to send him off to Cannes or Nice, or some of those places for the winter. He has given up every thing most honorably to his creditors, and they have not behaved badly. They understood to a man whose door to lay the extravagance at. Any thing like that woman— However, it is unavailing to dilate upon *that*. But when all is done, there will be a small—a small annuity remaining, which will suffice to maintain Frost in comfort at some of those southern places. Ah, bless my soul, *what* a superior man he was when I first knew him!"

Mr. Lovegrove did not say that the "small annuity" was to come entirely out of his own pocket, and that its amount caused him sundry twinges of conscience when he looked at his wife and children.

"Well, Mr. Lovegrove, I hope that one of the first transactions of the new firm will be to draw up my marriage settlement. And I shall ask you to continue to look after Maud's interests. Perhaps Captain Sheardown will be the other trustee?"

"I shall be delighted. You intend to have Miss Desmond's little bit of money settled entirely on herself?"

"To be sure I do! I won't detain you any longer. Your time is precious, and I suppose you can guess in which direction *my* steps are to be bent. I long to see Maudie's face flush and brighten when I tell her my news. Good-by."

Maud's face did flush and brighten in a manner which may be supposed to have been satisfactory to her lover. But it also expressed much pity for Mr. Frost when she heard his story.

Hugh merely informed her that Mr. Frost had at length paid an old debt that had been due to his (Hugh's) father; and that having entertained but slender hopes of ever receiving the money, he had deemed it best to say nothing about it to her, lest she might suffer disappointment.

"Oh, poor, poor man! How dreadful to be deserted by his own wife! The very one person in all the world he might have hoped to rely on for comfort and sympathy in his troubles. I have seen her. She is a very beautiful woman. But, oh how cruel and heartless she must be!"

"Let it be a warning to you not to suffer your affections to be engrossed by millinery, and to keep your husband in the first place in your heart, Mrs. Hugh Lockwood!"

The Sheardowns were scarcely less delighted than Hugh himself. The captain insisted that the wedding should take place from Lowater House.

"But ought I not—don't you think—what will Uncle Charles say?" Maud asked, hesitatingly.

"Do you think, my dearest, that your guardian will be hurt if you are not married from his roof?"

"I—I'm afraid so," said Maud.

"Well, I will write and ask his permission to let it be from Lowater," said the captain.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Sheardown, thoughtfully, "it would be best, after all, for Maud to be married in London, if she will, and go down to Shipley after the ceremony. Would you consent to that, Maudie?"

Maud thought she would consent to that.

If all had gone differently, she would have liked to be married in the ancient village church that she had worshiped in from childhood. But now there would be too many painful associations connected with St. Gildas! She would miss Veronica's face beaming out from its accustomed corner; she would miss Veronica's voice in the bridal hymn of the choir. It would call up in the vicar's mind all that was sad and terrible in his daughter's fate. No: it would be better to be married in town. And, after all, it mattered very little to herself. Hugh would be there. Hugh would take care of her. Hugh would love her. Could any thing matter very much as long as she had Hugh? Mrs. Sheardown took an opportunity of drawing Hugh aside, and explaining to him her reasons for thinking that the vicar of Shipley-in-the-Wold would be rather relieved than offended by getting rid of the spectacle of his ward's wedding. Meanwhile there was much to be done. A letter had to be written to the architect whose business Hugh intended to purchase. A friend in the neighborhood of Danecester was to be commissioned to look out for a house for the young couple. The house must have a garden, at any rate, and, if possible, a little stable for a pony and pony-carriage, which Hugh intended to purchase for the use of his wife. Though this latter desideratum, he observed smilingly, he could build for himself, if need were. And there must be a cottage found in the neighborhood for Mrs. Lockwood.

But when he spoke of this to his mother, she met him with a request that he would leave that part of his arrangements which concerned her in abeyance for a while.

"But, mother darling, why? Surely you mean to live near us, don't you?"

"Perhaps not, Hugh. Don't ask me any more at present. I may have something to tell you by-and-by. You need not look uneasy. It is nothing terrible. I will not deceive you—*again*."

At the end of a fortnight, and when the day fixed for the wedding was near at hand, Zillah Lockwood made the confidence she had announced to her son.

"Hugh," said she, "I have become a Roman Catholic."

"A Roman Catholic! Mother!"

"Yes: I humbly hope to find peace and forgiveness in the bosom of the Church. I shall at least be able to make some expiation, and to pray for those whom I love. Rome does not reject the humble pious efforts after goodness of the faithful, as your stern Calvinistic creed does. I always, when I was a girl in Paris, had a great admiration for the good religieuses, and was attracted by them. The seed of their blessed example has borne fruit in my soul. The price of this house, which your father bequeathed to me, will suffice to gain me admission into a poor order whose members devote themselves to the sick poor. On the day of your marriage I shall become a member—an unworthy and humble member—of a pious sisterhood in Belgium. The good priest, who has been enlightening my dark mind with the comfortable truths of religion, will make all the necessary arrangements for me. I shall pray fervently for you, my son, and for your sweet young wife. And all I ask of you, Hugh, is to make me one promise. If ever you feel your heart drawn toward the ancient and holy Mother Church, do not resist the impulse. It may be that it comes from Heaven, in answer to the petitions of the earthly mother who bore you."

Nor could any expostulations or entreaties shake Zillah's determination. Hugh was greatly distressed by it. But wise, kind Nelly Sheardown consoled and comforted him.

"My dear Hugh," she said, "your mother will be happier in following this life than in any other which you could give her. I do not know Mrs. Lockwood's history; but she gives me the idea of a woman who has suffered much, and who is continually tormented by the contentions of pride with a very singularly sensitive conscience."

"You describe my mother with wonderful accuracy. How could you learn to know her so well?"

"Well, you know, Maud has talked to me of her much. Maud is as clear as crystal, and the impression she received of your mother she faithfully transmitted to me. Your mother has been accustomed to reign paramount in your affections; when you are married, that could, of course, no longer be the case. Indeed, it has already ceased to be the case. Mrs. Lockwood, in living near you, would be continually tormented by a proud jealousy of Maud's influence over you; and equally tormented by a conscientious sense of the wrongness of such a feeling. In her convent, in her care of the sick, and her devotion to good works, she will feel that her life is not useless and wasted, and that if even *only* by her prayers, still by her prayers she may serve you and yours."

So Zillah had her way without further opposition, and her two children, as she called them, were surprised by the air of serenity and cheerfulness which had succeeded to her old *repressed* look; the expression of one who had indeed resolved to be calm, but who paid a heavy price for the carrying out of her resolution. But the chief secret of this change in her was, that her new creed recommended itself to her notion of justice, always throughout her life unsatisfied. According to this creed, her sufferings would *count in her favor*. Every prayer, every privation, every penance, would be registered to her credit in the records of the Great Tribunal. She would suffer perhaps—yes; but she would not at least suffer *in vain*. And this thought conciliated Zillah's rebellious soul with the decrees of Providence, and in it her weary spirit found peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST PLANK.

VERONICA was more wretched than she had ever yet been after the scene in which Cesare had asserted his masterhood over her, and her fortune. She had fancied a week before that she could hardly be more unhappy than she then was. But she was doomed to taste a yet bitterer cup. It was bitter, with a bitterness at which her soul shuddered, to see herself so treated by one who had been the slave of her caprices, and had sworn that he loved her better than his own life. Men were all tyrants; all base, and fickle, and cruel. All, all, all— No, stay! Did she not know one man who was none of these things? One obscure, humble man whom she had disdained and derided in her old happy days. Happy days? Oh yes, how happy, how heavenly, in comparison with these! And she had been discontented and complaining then? *How* could it have been? She must have been mad. Why had no one taught her, warned her, helped her? Oh, if the past would but come back!

"Come back, come back, come back!" she cried aloud, with outstretched arms; and then crouched down sobbing and wailing in her misery.

The thought of Mr. Plew, however, came to strengthen an idea that had been vaguely floating in her mind. What if she could be separated from Cesare! She would give him half her fortune— Give him! Had he not said himself that all she had was his? No; she could give him nothing. But might he not consent to some arrangement being made? She did not love him now. She detested him, and she feared him. It was dreadful so to fear one with whom one lived one's daily life! She could not appeal to her father. He would do nothing. He would reproach her, and would not help her. She doubted even if he could. He seemed to have lost all energy. But Mr. Plew! Perhaps! She would write to Mr. Plew. When she had half finished her letter, she remembered that his mother was recently dead, and that he, too, must be in affliction. She tried to say some word of condolence. But it was flat and unmeaning. She could think of no grief, she could feel no sorrow save her own. Would the fact of his mother's death prevent his attending to her letter? No: surely not. It might even leave him freer to serve her. In any case she must send the letter. It was her last chance. Three days elapsed, and no answer came. She had reckoned that she might receive an answer on the afternoon of the third day. When the time passed, and brought no reply, her heart sank woefully.

"Has he forgotten me?" she thought, and clasped her hands together until her sharp rings drew blood from the soft flesh.

But that night—it was nine o'clock, Cesare was absent, as he was most evenings except when he had company at home, and Veronica, declining to accompany him, was at home in solitude—that same night there came a gentle ring at the bell, and the servant who answered it presently came up stairs with an insolent, half-suppressed smile of amusement on his face, and announced "Mr. Plew." Veronica by a great effort sat still on her accustomed sofa until the man had disappeared; but no sooner had he closed the door than she rushed to the little surgeon, and almost threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, God bless you for coming! I was fretting that you did not write; but it is better—how much better—that you have come yourself! I did not dare to hope *that!*"

The tears gathered in his eyes. That she should be so overjoyed to see *him!* The fact, thought Mr. Plew in his unselfishness and humility, was more eloquent than words to express the utterness of her desolation.

"Yes, princess—"

"Call me Veronica."

"Yes, Veronica. I came, because I could speak to you better than I could write. And I have much to say."

He looked very pale and wobegone in his black clothes.

"I was sorry to hear of your loss," she said, glancing at his mourning garments.

"Ah, my poor mother! She did not suffer much. And I—I did what I could to make her life happy."

"You have only just arrived. You must want food. Let me get you something."

"I do not feel as though I wanted food; but on principle, and to set you a good example, I will try to eat something. It is not well to fast too long. And if I am knocked up I can't do any good. I must be in possession of what energy and faculty I possess."

Veronica gave her orders. There was a difficulty in executing them. Wine there was, certainly, of various kinds; but as to supper, Madame la Princesse did not usually take supper. They did not know; they could not say that there was any thing provided!

"Get some supper, immediately!" said Veronica, imperiously.

Her command was literally obeyed. A nondescript subordinate, who served the servants, was dispatched to buy some cooked meat. It was sent up on a porcelain dish, flanked by two flasks of rare wine, and served with fine damask, and silver brave with the foreign-looking showy crest of the Barlettis. The village surgeon began to perceive that homely comfort and hospitable abundance did not always belong to the mansions of princes. In short, that things meant for human governance had an obstinate habit of declining to "govern themselves!"

"I'm afraid I have given you a good deal of trouble," said Mr. Plew, meekly.

"You see what kind of a banquet it is I am able to set before you," said Veronica. And she added, with a bitter laugh: "When I used to come to your cottage, and have tea with your mother, she was able to give me abundance of sweet, wholesome, appetizing food. But she was a poor widow in a country village. I am a princess with a grand retinue! However, here is something that the cottage could not furnish. This is good." And she rapidly poured out two goblets full of foaming wine, and drank nearly

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the whole contents of one at a draught. Mr. Plew laid down his knife and fork, aghast.

"Take care, Veronica! That is a dangerous experiment! You have tasted no food, I'll be sworn, since dinner. And perhaps you ate but little at dinner? Am I not right?"

"Quite right. I never eat now. I hate eating."

"Good God!"

"Well—not quite *never!* Don't look so. You make me laugh, in spite of every thing, to see your horror-stricken face!"

But Mr. Plew showed no symptom of joining in the laugh. Timid and self-distrustful in most things—on his own ground, in matters pertaining to his profession, he could be strong and decided and resolute enough. What had contributed to make him so had been that his practice lay neither among educated persons who could in some measure be trusted to understand their own maladies, nor among idle, fanciful, imaginary invalids, who took to being "delicate" by way of amusement, and found life uninteresting until they could succeed in persuading themselves that they ran some risk of losing it; but among the lowest ranks of the ignorant poor, who had to be cured *in spite of themselves.*

"You don't know what you are doing," said Mr. Plew, gravely; and, without the least ceremony, he took the flask away from the neighborhood of Veronica's hand, and placed it near his own.

"Ha, mio povero Plew," she said, nodding her head at him, "you little know! This will have no effect upon me. I am past that."

"What do you mean, Veronica?" he said, sharply and sternly. "If you are joking, the joke is a very bad one. I think you are talking without rightly weighing the meaning of what you say."

"Ah, per Bacco, it is likely enough. I often do! But come, you don't eat—and you don't drink! Won't you try this wine? It isn't bad."

"What is it? I am not used to these costly vintages. I think I never tasted that kind of wine in my life before."

"That which I poured out is sparkling Moselle. The other is Hock. Which are you for?"

"Well—a little of this, I think," said Mr. Plew, filling a small wine-glass full of Hock.

"Oh misericordia, don't pour the Hock into that thimble! The bigger glass—the green glass—is meant for the Hock!"

"Thank you, this will do," said Mr. Plew, sipping the wine gravely. "That effervescent stuff I should take to be very heating and unwholesome."

Veronica leaned back on her sofa cushions and looked at him. He was small, common-looking, ill dressed, unpolished. His boots were thick and clumsy, his hands coarse and ungloved. She saw all this as keenly as she had ever seen it. But she saw also that he was good and generous and devoted. The only human being, she told herself, who was true to her;—the only one!

"I am so thankful you are come!" she exclaimed. The words broke from her almost involuntarily. Mr. Plew pushed his plate aside. In spite of what he had said, he had scarcely touched the food they had set before him. Then he drew his chair so as to front her sofa, and sat with his knees a little apart, his body leaning forward, his elbows resting on his knees, and his hands loosely clasped together. It was a familiar attitude of his. Veronica had seen him sitting thus a hundred times in the vicarage parlor, listening to her father, and looking at herself.

"Now," said he, "let us talk seriously."

"You must not oppose my wish! You *must* not! I tell you I can not go on living this life. I must part from Cesare. *He* will not care! Why should he? He has the money!"

As he now saw her, looking at her intently, and marking her face, her voice, her attitude, he perceived that she was greatly and deplorably changed. It cut him to the heart to see it.

"Before we speak of that, Veronica, I had best tell you something which I have it in charge to tell you."

"*In charge* to tell me? It is not about yourself, then?" An unreasonable suspicion flashed through her mind that he was going to tell her he was married—or betrothed. She forgot how unlikely his very presence there rendered such a suspicion: she forgot his mother's recent death. She only thought, "I shall lose him! He will slip through my fingers!"

Poor, wasted, fevered, clinging fingers, grasping with desperate selfishness at the kind true hand which offered the only touch of sympathy, the only chance of safety that remained to her!

"No: it is not about myself. It is news that you will, I am afraid, be vexed to hear. Your father—is married."

"Married!"

"I feared it would be disagreeable to you."

"Married! But when? Whom has he married?"

"He was married the day before yesterday to Farmer Meggitt's youngest daughter."

"Cissy Meggitt! *Cissy Meggitt!* It is impossible! Why, in the first place, Cissy is a child."

"She is very young, certainly, for the vicar. But she is not exactly a child. She is turned seventeen."

"My father married to Cissy Meggitt!"

Veronica repeated the words as though they were unintelligible to her.

"You must not let it afflict you too much. I am sorry for it, I confess. But you must hope for the best."

She remained silent and thoughtful for a few minutes, idly plucking at the lace around her sleeve.

"No," she said, at length. "I need not be afflicted. I don't know that it makes very much difference. In any case my father would not have been likely to do much to help *me.*"

"Perhaps not. But I was not contemplating the event from that point of view. I was thinking, when I said I was sorry—of him," answered Mr. Plew, gently.

"Ah, yes—yes—very true—of him. I suppose he will—it will be a bad thing for papa."

Mr. Plew had dreaded an explosion of wrath and mortification on Veronica's part when she should learn her father's marriage. He knew her pride, her social ambition, her notion of her father's superiority by birth and breeding to most of those with whom he was brought into contact at Shipley. Even at Shipley the vicar's marriage was looked upon as a terrible mésalliance. Every body was offended and disgusted: the gentry, that the vicar should have stooped so low; the farmers, that Cissy Meggitt should have been raised so high. Mrs. Sack made it a text for justifying her secession from orthodoxy, and for prophesying the speedy downfall of the Establishment. The men wondered what could have bewitched rosy-cheeked Cissy Meggitt, a well-grown lass, as might have had her pick in the county, to go and tie herself up to an old man like that, and him as poor as a rat into the bargain. The women pitied the vicar, that they did. He was a fool, well and good, that they didn't gainsay. But Mrs. Meggitt's artfulness and cunning passed every thing. She'd wheedled the vicar till he didn't know which end of him was uppermost. They had thought it wouldn't never come to good, having a governess, and learning to play on the pianny. And now you saw, didn't you? If the height (a mysterious and oft-reiterated charge) of Mrs. Meggitt had been onbearable before, what did you suppose it 'ud be now? Though what there was to boast on, they couldn't tell. Cissy wasn't a lady, and wouldn't never be made into one, not if she married fifty vicars!

Mr. Plew had been sent for by the vicar on the evening before the wedding, and had had a painful scene with him. Mr. Levincourt oscillated between haughty declarations that he owed an account of his conduct to no man, and that he fully believed the step he was taking would be entirely for his happiness, and peevish lamentations over the misconduct of his daughter, who had left his home desolate and disgraced, and thus driven him to find sympathy and companionship where he could.

"Have you informed Ve— the Princess Barletti, Sir?" asked Mr. Plew.

"Informed her! No, Sir, I have not informed her. I am not bound to ask my daughter's permission to take what step I please. She deserves no confidence from me—none whatever!"

But presently it appeared that the vicar very much desired that Mr. Plew should take upon himself the task of communicating the news to Veronica.

"I promised to write to you," said Mr. Plew, finishing his recital, in which he had softened all the points that were likeliest to give her pain. "But then came your letter, and I—I made up my mind to come. Mr. Brown, of Shipley Magna, promised to look after my patients for a day or two. And—there is no one else to miss me."

"Then," said Veronica, raising her eyes, and coming out of a black reverie in which Mr. Plew's words had but faintly reached her consciousness, "I am quite alone in the world now!"

"Don't say that! Don't say that, Veronica! Your husband—"

"My husband!"

The accent with which she uttered the words was so heart-breaking in its utter hopeless bitterness, that Mr. Plew was silent for a moment. What could he oppose to that despair? But he presently made a brave effort to speak again.

"Yes, Veronica, your husband! If I cared less for you I should not have the courage to oppose you. But I *must* tell you, I *must* urge you to consider well that your husband is your natural friend and protector. No one can come between you and him. It can not be that reconciliation between you is hopeless. You are both young. He loves you. He seemed gentle and—"

She burst out into a storm of passionate tears.

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? No one will believe me! no one will understand! Did you read my letter? I ask, did you read it? Gentle! yes, he is very gentle! Oh, very, very gentle! As velvet-footed as a tiger-cat! Would you like to see the mark of his claws?"

With a sudden fierce movement she tore open the long lace sleeve that she wore, and bared her arm to the shoulder. There were on the white, tender flesh two livid marks made by the brutal pressure of a clasping hand.

"Good God! you did not say—you did not tell me that he struck you!"

Mr. Plew's white face grew livid, and then turned crimson. He clenched his hand involuntarily.

"Oh, no! He did not strike me! He merely held me down in my chair with gentle violence, endeavoring to make me promise to receive a woman whom he desired to invite, and who had openly insulted me. I cried out with the pain, but I would not promise. I said he might kill me first."

"Oh, my good Heavens, this is dreadful!"

"I should not have escaped so easily—and perhaps I might have given way, for he hurt me, and I dread pain, I never could bear pain—and—and I am afraid of him. Oh, you don't know what deadly fear I am in sometimes! But a servant came into the room by chance, and I ran away and locked myself up."

"But—but he was sorry—he asked your pardon—what a damned cowardly brute the fellow must be!" cried Mr. Plew, suddenly breaking down in his efforts to preach patience to Veronica.

"When I showed him the marks next day, he said I had provoked him by my obstinacy, and that if I had had an English husband he would have beaten me within an inch of my life for my disobedience."

Mr. Plew got up and walked about the room, wiping his hot forehead with his handkerchief.

Presently he came back to the sofa. His eyes were full of tears. He took her hand in one of his, and placed his other hand on her head.

"Poor child!" he said. "Poor, unhappy child! Veronica, I would lay down my life to bring you comfort."

As he so stood looking at her with a tender compassion that was almost sublime in its purity from any alloy of self, the door was opened quickly and quietly, and Cesare de' Barletti stood in the room.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BLOSSOM ROCK, the most dangerous obstruction in the harbor of San Francisco, was blown up on the 23d of April. This rock was submerged six feet below the surface at low tide, and has proved a great annoyance and danger to shipping. The difficulties to be encountered in an attempt to remove this huge mass were immense. Nevertheless, the work was undertaken about four years ago, with the utmost confidence of success. After laborious preliminary preparations excavations in the rock commenced, and continued until a cavity was made, measuring 140 by 50 feet. It is estimated that about 40,000 cubic feet of stone were removed in making it. Into this cavity about twenty-five tons of powder were placed, with the most perfect arrangements for exploding the charge. It had been imagined by some that the explosion of such a quantity of powder, confined in a submarine vault, would be grand—terrifically grand. Between fifty and sixty thousand persons assembled to witness it; but the explosion was scarcely perceptible in the city: only a deep thud accompanied the blast. The water for, apparently, a space one hundred feet in diameter was thrown to a height of about one hundred feet, the centre being filled with smoke and stones. The success of this bold enterprise must certainly encourage and justify the most expeditious measures to be taken in removing the obstructions at Hell Gate.

Last week a child of two years, while playing in front of a house with other children, ventured on the railroad track, and a street car, passing swiftly, knocked him down and passed over his body. Death ensued in a few hours. This is by no means an uncommon incident—every few weeks some child is killed or injured by the cars in this city. The fact calls for an increase of care on the part of car-drivers, and also on the part of parents who allow children of tender age to play in the streets.

The Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, an organization comprising the principal rowing clubs of the cities of New York, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Albany, as well as clubs of other localities on the Hudson River, have sent a challenge to the London Rowing Club to invite a six-oared crew to visit this city, and compete in a six-oared shell race with a crew composed of members of that association; the race to take place about the first day of October next. The course is to be three miles, one and a half miles to a stakeboat and return, to be rowed over the Association Course on the Hudson River, and it is to be optional with either crew to carry or dispense with a coxswain.

The Rothschilds of Paris have recently been robbed of about half a million of dollars by an employé named Tassius. His position was that of manager of the bullion department, and in that capacity he purchased ingots of the precious metals which were offered for sale. The discovery of his frauds was accidentally made, in consequence of his delay in forwarding a bulk of 1000 English sovereigns, for which a customer had paid in 25,000 francs. Upon his failure to reappear at the bank, his till and chests were searched, and it was discovered that neither the 1000 sovereigns nor the 25,000 francs were there. The police were immediately informed, and they succeeded in arresting Tassius. A part of the lost money was found among his effects, and also some correspondence which indicated that a Prussian physician was implicated with him in the frauds.

The proper names Mr. Dickens introduces into his new novel are characteristically Dickens-like. Drood is neither common nor pretty; Jasper and Tope are rare names; Rev. Septimus Crisparkle is odd enough; Mr. Sapsea and Mr. Durdles, Miss Twinkleton and Mrs. Tisher, will not be likely to be confounded with the great families of Smith and Jones.

The New York *impresario*, Mr. Max Maretzek, has gone to Vienna, to secure, so report says, the celebrated Strauss, with his orchestra.

Not long ago the prima donna Nilsson witnessed a fatal accident in the streets of Paris, by which a young man on a velocipede was run down by a carriage and killed. In consequence of her nervous terror and anxiety she lost her voice for a day or two, and the opera in which she was announced to appear on the evening of the day of the disaster had to be postponed.

Is it, or is not, true that in the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island there is a large number of sane inmates, who are destitute of friends to secure their emancipation from the hospital? Such an assertion has been made by some persons officially connected with public charities. The matter should be promptly investigated; remedied if the report is true; and if not true, the public should have the satisfaction of knowing it to be false.

The "oldest inhabitant" of New Jersey, Miss Sallie Jelf, recently died at her residence in her native city of Elizabeth, in the one hundred and fifth year of her age. She was about ten years of age when the Revolutionary War broke out, and up to the time of her death remembered this event distinctly. She was fond of telling about her interviews with Washington and Lafayette, and of various incidents connected with the war. Although Miss Jelf kept up her knowledge of the progress of civilization, she had never seen a locomotive or rode in a street car. Indeed, for the last fifteen years she had never left her house.

From Washington comes a curious story, which is told about Colonel Cheney, a California politician, who went to hear the Parepa troupe perform "The Marriage of Figaro." Finding the lower part of the house crowded to suffocation, Cheney, rather than miss the music, went up into the unknown regions, and seated himself in that part of the gallery appropriated to the sons and daughters of Africa. Just as he was becoming enraptured by the sweet concord he felt a light tap on the shoulder, accompanied by "Dis am de cullud gallery," from a sable attendant. "S—h! All right," said the Californian, and again directed his entire attention to the stage, where Parepa was warbling like a robin. "But dis am de cullud gallery," interposed the black tormentor. "All right, I know it. I'd as soon be here as any where," said the placid Cheney. "But it am not all right. Dis am de cullud gallery, and you can't stay here," persisted the attendant; and Cheney had to clamber around and take a back seat among the "white trash" on the other side.

The floral decorations in the Arlington Street Church, on the occasion of the funeral of the late Anson Burlingame, were the most magnificent ever witnessed in Boston. Some idea of its extent may be gained by the statement that the array comprised 40,000 violets, 20,000 pinks, 300 dozen roses, 2000 camellias, and 1000 *Lilium candidum.*

A Massachusetts lady who has been suffering from an inflamed neck has been told by her physician that it is caused by horrid insects called borers, inhabiting the Hindoo bark braid of her chignon. She has cast the chignon from her, and has had her head shaved as smooth as a billiard-ball, fearing some of the vile insects had taken up their abode in her natural back hair.

We are not responsible for the report which comes from abroad that a young French lady, who was by accident vaccinated from the lymph taken from a Zouave, has ever since, to the distress of her family, given herself up to smoking, fencing, absinthe, and dancing, *à la militaire.*

The Russian government having admitted women to medical schools and medical practice, a foreign journal gives the following singular origin of this concession:

"Formerly it was found that the Cossacks objected to being attended by male physicians. On investigation it was discovered that they held a superstition concerning all diseases, and that their only ideas of remedial agents related to the incantations, charms, and holy herbs administered by witches. For ages the witch had been their physician; and the tradition was so strong that a few years ago, when some ladies applied to the government for admission to the chief medical school of St. Petersburg, a few of them were admitted on condition that they would pursue their practice among the Cossacks. It was evidently intended to supersede the 'witches.' This seems to have been followed by a larger concession."

About five months ago a man traveling on the New Jersey Railroad could not find his ticket when it was called for by the conductor. He asserted that he had bought one, but could not produce it, neither had he money enough to purchase another. The conductor told him he must get off of the car; and though in general in such a case a person is put off at the first station next reached, no such consideration was shown this poor man. The train was then nearing the Hackensack bridge, and though it was dark, he was forced to leave the car at once. He had not walked half a dozen steps when he fell through the bridge into the river. Passengers testified that he shouted for help, but the train moved on, and he was seen no more in life. Last week his body was found by two fishermen. The inquest has not been held at the time of this writing, but it is said that the conductor has fled to parts unknown.

A very good story is told of General Sheridan during the late gathering of the officers of the Army of the Potomac in Philadelphia. Invitations had been extended to the assembled heroes to visit the exhibition of "Sheridan's Ride" at the Academy of Fine Arts. Most of them soon stood among the crowd of visitors before the celebrated picture; but Sheridan himself was too modest to look at his own picture at a time when hundreds of his fellow-countrymen were discussing both the painting and the man. But he would not leave the city without seeing the painting, and therefore went alone and early in the morning to see what Mr. Buchanan Read's idea of his ride would prove to be. On leaving the hall he stopped for a moment before a chromo of the painting. The young man in attendance, ever anxious to extend the influence of art, inquired of the visitor (without looking up from the book in which he was rapidly entering the sales of chromos) if he would like to buy one of these pictures. "A capital likeness, Sir, of General Sheridan," said he. The Lieutenant-General put his hands in the pockets of his citizen's dress, and mildly replied that he did not care particularly for a likeness of Sheridan.

"But the horse, Sir," said the young man. "That famous black horse. There is no other picture of him in existence."

"Oh!" said General Sheridan, "I own the horse."

At Oberstein, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse is carefully turned to good account by being made into marbles, which are such favorite playthings with American boys. In Saxony a hard calcareous stone is used, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are thrown by the hundred into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of concentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the same diametric size, is placed over the small stones and partly resting upon them. This block or log is kept revolving, while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned to spheres, called "marbles." One establishment, containing only three of these rude mills, will turn out full sixty thousand "marbles" in each week.

In Oregon, Washington Territory, and Alaska, there is no limit to the supply of salmon. The streams at certain seasons of the year are literally jammed with these fish. Contracts are frequently made with the Indians to catch and pack a barrel of salmon for $1 to $1 50. The efforts to export salmon in barrels have not been very successful. Being fat, they do not keep well, and, after a long voyage round the Horn, are not in good merchantable order. In order to keep well during a long overland transportation they must be packed in ice, or frozen by artificial process; and as there are parties ready to freeze the salmon, and the Pacific Railroad will transport, Eastern markets may be furnished with the best fish in the world abundantly.

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NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE.—[SEE PAGE 317.]

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CONSECRATION OF A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

NEW SYNAGOGUE IN LONDON.

ON this page we give an illustration of the consecration of the new Central Jewish Synagogue in London, which took place on the 7th of April. The building is a fine specimen of Moresque design, its thoroughly Oriental style being especially exemplified in the interior, with its tiers of columns decorated with Saracenic capitals, supporting the gallery, clear-story, and lofty vaulted roof. The ark, in which are placed the sacred scrolls of the law, is situated at the southeast end of the building, looking toward Jerusalem, and is covered by a heavy curtain, embroidered with gold. Immediately over it are the two tables of stone inscribed with the Ten Commandments; and above them, through a small circular window, shines the "perpetual light," which is never extinguished. The ark rests on a platform of white marble, raised several steps above the floor. The almemar, a large raised pew, where the readers, choristers, and harmonium are placed, stands conspicuously in the centre of the Synagogue, and is richly ornamented with gilt stanchions.

The ceremony chosen by the artist for illustration took place at the beginning of the service—bearing the scrolls of the law under a crimson canopy to their future resting-place in the ark, which was opened to receive them by Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE. These scrolls are wound round silver cylinders, decorated at the top with innumerable little bells, and are encased in gold-embroidered covers. Before their deposition in the ark they were carried seven times round the almemar, the choir meanwhile singing dedicatory psalms. The leading members of the Jewish community were present at the ceremony, among others the ROTHSCHILD family, who contributed liberally toward the construction of the synagogue.

Some of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in this country are to be found in the religious edifices erected by our fellow-citizens of the Jewish faith, among which the splendid synagogue situated at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, in this city, built in the Moresque style, is one of the most celebrated. It will have a magnificent rival in the synagogue now in process of erection in Cincinnati, as well as by one in this city, for which land has been recently purchased at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. The latter building will be constructed of freestone, at a cost of from $150,000 to $200,000.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

OUR illustration on page 316 may be taken as a companion picture to that entitled "Varnishing Day," published in our last Number. The Exhibition this spring is, to say the least, interesting. It contains fewer really bad pictures than any one we have had for years back, and gives a very fair impression of the condition of art in America at the present time, as well as encouraging promise for the future.

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A SONG OF THE WIND.

SHE went across the autumn woods,
The netted branches through;
And the rotted leaves clung to her feet,
And to her hair the dew.
"O wind!" she cried, "for the Spring's sake,
And the love beyond the sea,
O south wind! O tender wind!
Oh, blow him back to me."

She went across the winter fields,
The salt tears rising fast,
With her folded robe about her head,
Against the bitter blast.
"O north wind! O winter wind!
Because the sun is gone,
Oh, tell him thou art keen and cold,
And I am all alone."

The wind came over the fair fields,
And the wind came through the woods,
And strange feet cross'd the pale spring grass,
And strange eyes saw the buds.
"O love!" he cried, "who called to me,
And I was slow to come;
The wail of the wind is in my heart,
But death is in my home."

GREEK BRIGANDS.

THE recent massacre of a party of travelers by Greek brigands, near Athens, will lend new interest to the following account of the system under which these desperadoes pursue their calling. It is taken from a curious pamphlet written last year by a certain Andrew Moskonisco, a cavalry lieutenant in the Greek army. He states that after the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, and the subjugation of Greece by the Turks, bands of patriots, particularly from among the tribes known as the Clepita and the Armatoli, joined together to resist the tyrants, and, retreating to the mountains and fast-holds of nature, there set up a code of laws, and formed a small but independent government in the midst of the conquered country. Gradually, however, these heroes dwindled into robbers; and the warfare against tyranny became a spoiling of the weak. Their code of laws, as at present existing, is a strange mixture of barbarity and chivalry. It contains fifteen clauses, which are as follows:

1. All treachery to be punished by cutting off the extremities of the traitor, as an example to others.
2. On a second offense, the traitor to be killed and exposed.
3. The rich to be captured, and not allowed to depart till they have paid ransom, and sworn not to injure the brigands by a relation of their adventures to the authorities.
4. The captives, if not ransomed, to be strangled.
5. If the ransom be short of the sum named, lots to be drawn whether the captive shall go free, having one ear cut off to show that the sum was deficient, or shall be killed.
6. Captives once ransomed must, if recaptured, pay a second time.
7. All soldiers to be killed.
8. The bearers of the ransom to be respected, and small money to be given them on their departure.
9. After the ransom is paid, before the captive is released, he is to be kept and entertained some few days, to see what manner of man he is; and before he goes his beard is to be shaved off.
10. All robbers plotting with government to be killed.
11. No one to be admitted into the band as a member who has not previously committed a criminal act.
12. Should a captive escape, his keeper is to be held responsible, and expelled from the band.
13. Never to steal the goats and sheep from the shepherds, but to pay for all taken.
14. To offer gifts at any monastery or hermitage, by way of expiation for sin.
15. Not to be cruel to captives; to go shares in every thing; and never to injure women.

It is the shepherds who support the brigands, and by whose means they are so well hid from the authorities. The shepherds supply them with bread, meat, and wine, serve them as guides in times of danger, and it is their children who are educated to be brigands, and who reinforce their ranks. Immense precautions are taken by the robbers against surprises. In the fine weather they come down from their strong-holds among the rocks and evergreen olives to the more sheltered country, to retire again in the winter. They always travel by night, proceeding in file through the open country; never through the narrow passes, for fear of ambushes. The smallest object, the faintest sound, startles them; and down they drop flat on their stomachs till their confidence is renewed. A tree waving in the breeze, or the rustle of dead leaves as they walk over them shoeless for fear of noise, is often enough to cause one of these panics. Before starting on any of these journeys, they always appoint a rendezvous in case of separation. Their scouts go on in front, driving horses or oxen, and habited as drovers. Under their shelter follows the main body, peeping constantly beneath the cattle to see if an enemy is approaching; and behind come the van-guard, who, if any thing is amiss, whistle like a night-bird, and the band disperses.

It is said that the crows are the best detectives of the robbers. When the band are camping in a marsh, their clothes, owing to their uncleanly habits, emit so strong a smell, that the crows, imagining it to be carrion, collect in swarms, and hover above them, so that the soldiers are often guided to the spot by seeing the dark cloud in the air.

There is a regular system of treating for the ransom of the captives. A letter is first conveyed by the robbers from the captive to his friends. This generally contains a safe-conduct for the messenger who shall be chosen to go to the robber camp and treat, and a plan marking out certain places he must stop at. He travels by night, on a white horse, and carries a small bell, which he rings at certain convenient and solitary situations, where he is answered by a shrill whistle if all is well. Unless the whistle is heard he must not go on, and the whole plan is so arranged that the man himself does not know where he is finally going to, so that it is impossible for the authorities to discover the brigands' haunt thereby. At a certain spot the robbers meet him, and conduct him into the presence of the chief. Then a regular bargaining is commenced. The chief names a sum, which the messenger, if he is a man of determination, and represents well the insufficient means of the captive, can often get reduced. When the bargain is finally struck, the messenger goes back for the money by a different road to that he came by, and returns with the same ceremonies and precautions. The ransom is delivered to the chief in presence of all the band, who light a taper and examine the coins to see if they are good. The captive is then brought in, loosed from his ropes, his beard cut off, and then he is kissed by each robber on the cheek, while they all cry out several times, "Kallali!" that is to say, "Begone, and be of good health." Should the robbers be besieged during the time of the bargaining, both captive and ransom are destroyed.

The robbers' great object is to terrify the people into bringing sufficient ransom; therefore, when it is deficient, or the captive is too poor to pay at all, the most horrible cruelties are practiced. There are several such cases known to have occurred quite lately. One man, whose ransom was short of the sum named, was tortured, stripped naked, and slowly burned with a lighted fusee to such an extent that he can never recover. A boy of fifteen had his ear cut off from the roots because a hundred drachmi of the ransom was wanting. But the most terrible account of all was as follows: Three peasants had been taken prisoners. Two of them were enabled, by the sale of their oxen, to make up a sum sufficient to content the brigands. The third was a poor man, and could pay nothing. He was condemned to death. He fell at their feet praying for mercy. "The law forbids it," was the answer. Lots were drawn as to who should be the executioner, and it fell to the chief. The chief led him out, and compelled him to dig his own grave, standing over him dirk in hand, and occasionally, as the peasant hesitated over his task, sharpening it on an instrument usually employed for lighting the fires. When the grave was dug the man fainted; but recovering, and trembling all over like a fish, again knelt down, crying, "Spare me, brothers, for my children's sake." He might as well have prayed to a stone. The chief seized his long hair in one hand, with the other made six thrusts at his neck, and finally threw the body into the grave. Then the other captives had to cast in earth and bury him.

It would be impossible to believe that such atrocities could be carried on without the connivance of government. Such has been hinted to be the case—whether with truth, can not be positively ascertained.

WORDSWORTH'S LOVE OF NATURE.

EVERY object in nature was invested in Wordsworth's eyes with a halo of poetry: a thorn on a hill-side overgrown with lichens, an old huntsman in his tattered scarlet coat talking of his hounds, a

Solitary Highland lass
Reaping and singing by herself

in the harvest-field, a group of children gathering flowers on the banks of a stream, the notes of the cuckoo, the shadows of the falling leaves dancing amidst the sunshine, a poem in every glen, a romance in every ruin or castled crag; and, consistently with his theory of poetry, he never hesitated to follow in thought wheresoever he could find "an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings." "Poetry," he said, finely, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge. It is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science;" and, in his opinion, the appropriate business of poetry, her privilege and her duty, is "to treat of things not as they are, but as they appear; not as they exist in themselves, but as they seem to exist in the senses and to the passions." He has thus been called the English Plato; and the phrase is an apt description of his genius and tone of thought. His appreciation of the diversified beauty of nature was as keen and as pure as that of the keenest and purest of the Greeks; and when contemplating nature, he, too, like the Greeks, loved—to use his own phrase—"to send the soul into herself," to analyze his sensations, and to picture to himself in their most vivid colors, "the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature."

This was Wordsworth's theory of poetry. To Byron, and to men of Byron's tone of thought, it was a stumbling-block. To the Edinburgh Reviewers, and to the mass of people, it was, and is still, perhaps, foolishness. But to Wordsworth it was a living faith; and, when strolling through the woods at Abbotsford with Sir Walter Scott, he exclaimed, with enthusiasm: "What delightful variety there is in trees!" he was simply expressing the thought which was probably always uppermost in his mind in his strolls. Years and years before, writing to his sister from a Swiss cottage in the Alps, he had expressed the thought that underlay this remark, by a touching description of his sensations at quitting scenes with which, as he says, "I have, as it were, conversed so long, and with such increasing pleasure, that the idea of parting from them oppresses me with a sadness similar to what I have always felt in quitting a beloved friend." He idolized Rydal Mount as much as it was in his nature to idolize any thing, and often asked himself what would become of it after his time. "Will the old walls and steps remain in front of the house and about the grounds, or will they be swept away, with all the beautiful mosses and ferns, and wild geraniums, and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them? This little wild-flower, 'Poor Robin,' is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting what may be called a domestic interest, with the varying aspects of its stalks, and leaves, and flowers. Strangely do the tastes of men differ according to their employment and habits of life. 'What a nice well would that be,' said a laboring man to me one day, 'if all that rubbish was cleared off!' The *rubbish*," Wordsworth adds, with horror at the man's sacrilegious spirit, "was some of the most beautiful mosses, and lichens, and ferns, and other wild growths that could possibly be seen."

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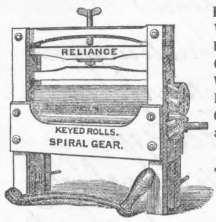

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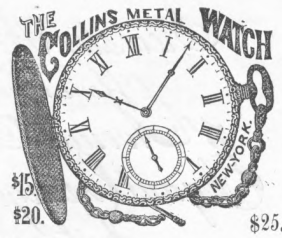

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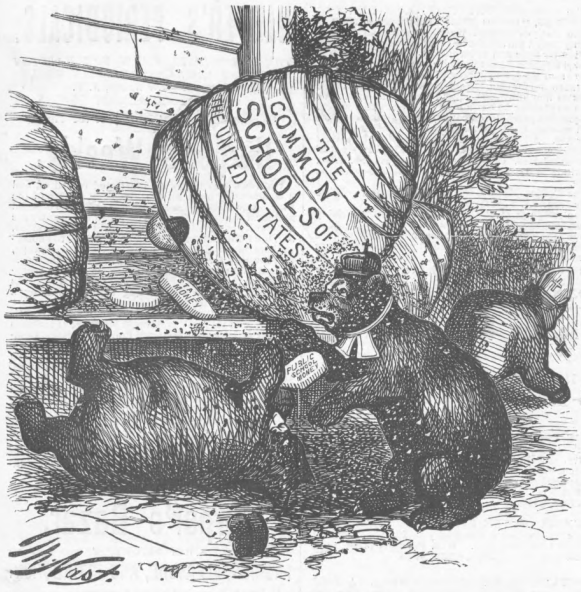

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

WITH THE DICKENS SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. XIV.—No. 699.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

SWALLOWS' NESTS.

FOR several centuries the common swallow has disported itself in our crowded cities, and with its friendly masonry attached itself to our houses. The chimney swallow, still more familiar and audacious, often builds in the smoky shafts of our domiciles, or even in the noisiest factories, undisturbed by the din, or the fires, or the movement around them. Such habits must form a strong contrast with those of their predecessors in times long gone by. When our ancestors wandered untutored savages in the prehistoric times, or when, still later, they constructed lacustrine towns, or megalithic monuments, the habits of the birds can scarcely have been identical with those of to-day, for such human edifices afforded little security or shade. They must then have built among rocks. Nearly the same remarks apply to the storks, which have not remained stationary, but have preferred to their less commodious dwellings those offered to them by man. These changes in the industry or manners of birds are perhaps even more rapid than we might at first sight suppose; and notable improvements have been adopted by swallows in their modification during the first half of the present century. A distinguished French naturalist, having directed a number to be collected for the purpose of having drawings made from them, was astonished to find that they did not resemble those he had collected some forty years ago, and which were still preserved in the museum of Rouen. The swallows of the present generation have notably improved on the architecture of their forefathers, especially those still

A SPRING SCENE NEAR RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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building in the arches and against the pillars of the churches. Some, however, still adhere to the old methods, or such nests may possibly have been old ones which have undergone reconstruction. In the streets, on the other hand, all the nests appeared to be constructed on the new method. And now for the differences observed. The old nests show, and all ancient writers describe, the nest of the house swallow as globular, or as forming a segment of a spheroid with a very small rounded opening, scarcely permitting the ingress and egress of the couple that inhabit it. The new nests, on the contrary, have the form of the quarter of a hollow semi-oval with very elongated poles, and the three sectional surfaces of which adhere to the walls of edifices throughout their whole extent, with the exception of the upper one, where the orifice of the nest is situated; and this is no longer a round hole, but a very long transverse fissure formed below by an excavation of the border of the section, and above by the wall of the building to which the nest is attached. This opening has a length of nine or ten centimetres, and a height of two centimetres. This new form affords more room for the inmates, and especially for the young, which are not so crowded, while they can put out their heads for a mouthful of fresh air, and their presence does not interfere with the entrance and exit of the parents. Lastly, the new form protects the inhabitants of the nest better than the old one from rain, cold, and foreign enemies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.

THE FOLLY OF POLITICAL DESPONDENCY.

POLITICAL events at Albany and at Washington, with reports of the venality of the Southern Legislatures, occasion a great deal of political despondency in the minds of certain persons, and the only remedy they can see is of the heroic kind. "There is no honesty, no honor, left in politics," they exclaim; "Republicans don't hesitate to make bargains with the most notoriously corrupt Democrats. Corruption, indeed, is universal; and there is nothing for it but to let things drive to destruction as swiftly as possible, and then we shall see daylight." But the policy of allowing things to become as bad as they can be, in the hope of thereby stimulating a resolution of reform, is not the wisest policy. The tendency of "things" in the bad direction needs no encouragement; and in abandoning them to their fate, or in hastening them downward, the most tremendous risks are incurred, by subjecting the public mind to total demoralization.

What, for instance, would have been gained in 1868, if the Democrats had been allowed, through the indifference of good men, to elect Mr. SEYMOUR and Mr. BLAIR, with Mr. WADE HAMPTON as the chief Southern friend of the Administration, and Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON'S performances continued as its policy? The country has a great deal of corruption to encounter now; but in that event it would have been confronted with corruption and disaffection combined. Or what advantage would it have been to civilization if the anti-slavery reformers had said, forty years ago, that they would give slavery rope enough and let it hang itself? Is it not a little doubtful which would be now dangling, slavery or liberty? The only practicable and honorable method in a free government, conducted by parties, is to act with a party if you can, and if not, to protest against both parties in the interest of the country. But in both cases a man resists the "drifting" of affairs with all his power, and does what seems to him best to withstand a bad tendency. If he decides that his party can no longer be expected to benefit the country, he will withdraw from it; but he will hardly look on quietly and see the country imperiled as the forlorn hope of arousing a vigorous protest, and inspiring decisive action.

Undoubtedly party ties are just now somewhat relaxed in this country. The great political contest of the last generation has resulted in the complete triumph of one of the great parties. But there is no new party, nor is there any indication of a speedy dissolution of either the Republican or the Democratic organization. It is evident that for some time the political work of the country will be done by these two parties; and the practical, patriotic question, therefore, is, whether to act with one of them, or to withdraw, and, protesting against both, to begin the formation of a new party. For a Republican this is a very serious question, because his party is in power, and to desert it is to abandon the country to Democratic control. That this would be a serious disaster in every way can hardly be doubted.

We are just recovering from a terrible civil convulsion, the issues of which are in course of settlement according to the principles which have triumphed. It will not be questioned that the great mass of what are known as loyal men is to be found in the Republican party; nor will it be doubted that what is known as the more intelligent and moral part of the population is, as a rule—certainly not exclusively—friendly to the same party. On the other hand, the disaffected, the "irreconcilables," of all degrees, and the less intelligent, swell the ranks of the Democratic party. Corruption, despite the Honorable Mr. PETERS, is, unhappily, to be found in both parties; but he would be more daring than well informed who should allege that the Democratic party is more honest than its opponent. Yet, because of corruption, ought a Republican, under these circumstances, to leave his party, or to remain in it and strive earnestly to purify it? Is the task so hopeless that the only wise course is to yield to the greater corruption of the Democracy?

If we look for the measures that ought now to be desired, we find that they are, in the first place, economical administration. Now, with all the alleged extravagance, the debt has been reduced nearly ninety-eight millions of dollars during the last year. Would the Democratic party probably have done better? In the second place, we ought to wish an honorable maintenance of peace with other nations. Has the party in power failed in this duty, and is there any reason to suppose that the foreign policy of a party which contains the Fenian and filibuster elements would have been more temperate and wise? In the third place, we have a right to demand greater efficiency and purity in the civil service. And does not every effort to that end proceed from the Republican party? Even if we take the most disheartening view, if we admit that under our present wretched system of patronage and the caucus, many of the unworthiest members of the party worm themselves into conspicuous positions, do the chief representatives of the Republican party compare disadvantageously with their opponents, and is there not always the saving consciousness of the general character of the party?

A wise man takes counsel, in political action, of his discretion, not of his disgust. If, in the conduct of our foreign affairs, a man sees only the appointment of General SICKLES, and not that of Mr. MOTLEY and Mr. JAY, and the continuance of Mr. MARSH and Mr. BANCROFT—if, in internal affairs, he fixes his eye upon Mr. BAILEY only, forgetting the host of honest officers—if, in reconstruction, he knows only some sly "carpet-bagger," and not the principles involved, nor the comparative pacification of a community so lately and so long fiercely convulsed—if, in this State, he contemplates only the Albany bargains, and not the tone and the nominations of the Judiciary Convention, for instance, he will easily believe that it is an era of political hopelessness. But does he think the campaign and election of 1868 show it? Does he think the *personnel* of this Administration shows it? Does he not think that the nomination of a technically "respectable" man like Mr. HOFFMAN by the Ring shows that even the Tammany managers recognize a moral sentiment, to which they must at least seem to defer? The golden age always seems to be in the past. We praise the good old times; but we run away from them. LINCOLN will be as precious a name to the future as WASHINGTON; and the Fifteenth Amendment will be seen to be as great a step in human progress as the Declaration of Independence.

A GREAT REFORM POSTPONED.

WE feared, from his long silence, that Mr. JENCKES was in despair, and that he would not again present his Civil Service bill. But we are glad to have been mistaken, and every friend of this most desirable reform is indebted to him for once more summoning its opponents to expose the weakness of their objections. The difficulty with the gentlemen who oppose is, that they can not urge the real reason of their hostility. They summon the spectre of a "privileged class" as a cry to defeat it; the truth being, that the bill is a blow at the privileged class of politicians. It virtually proposes to abolish patronage—the sole magic by which so many honorable gentlemen hold their places. That the civil service of the country is properly the spoils of victory is now a principle so established that to question it is to confuse the voter. That one man is as good as another he believes as an American. That, therefore, it is folly for the dominant party not to reward its supporters, he believes as a partisan. Consequently, every petty officer of the government, theoretically owing his place to his party, must pay a heavy tax out of his miserable salary for the party expenses, or be discharged. Every election is, therefore, not so much a question of political policy as of bread-and-butter to thousands and thousands of persons. What the result must be under such a system is easily imagined. What it is, is plainly seen.

Now the civil service reform proposes substantially this: that every person who wishes a government office shall undergo an examination of his general qualification and capacity, and that the appointments shall be made from those who are proved to be competent and fit. The details of any bill, of course, may be modified. Mr. JENCKES proposes to apply the principle to the officers appointed by the heads of departments. Mr. SCHURZ would include all of the Presidential appointments except the highest: the Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the foreign Ministers, etc. But, whatever the details, the principle is the same.

It is objected that such a system can not ascertain business ability nor moral character. But certainly it will do more toward ascertaining them than a system of partisan appointment. No system is ideal, nor will obviate every objection. But if no man employs another to do any work without some inquiry into his capacity for it, it certainly can not be unwise in a state or a great political partnership to do the same thing.

It is objected that such a system is aristocratic, and removes the public service from the control of the people. But the people have tried their present system for forty years. They find that it is extravagant, corrupt, and nonsensical; that nothing does more to weaken the government and exasperate the chief peril of a republic, party spirit. It is therefore proposed that they try the old system, the system approved by experience and common-sense; and if that is equally unsatisfactory they can abolish it and try another. Is it an argument against the Presidency that the term is four years, and that during that time, except by impeachment, the office is beyond popular control? Suppose that the law makes the term of the civil offices eight years, as Senator SCHURZ proposes, what would such a law be but the expression of the popular conviction that the public welfare would be promoted by that change? Moreover, if it be a privilege that a man shall hold a minor office during a certain term, and while he is faithful and competent and honest, because every body else in the country has as sound a claim to it as he, the argument is equally applicable to the present system. Those who hold the offices for four years, or during an administration, are but a handful compared with those who want an office, and whose claims as citizens are just as strong. By a good civil service bill the country says merely that it wishes its routine business to be done in the most efficient and economical way. If a system of patronage is that way, very well. Let every politician take care of his supporters. But if official permanence founded in reason and experience, with ascertained ability and character, is a better way, the country would be very easily deluded if it feared that, in adopting it, it was establishing an aristocracy.

Nothing can be worse than our present system. Senators and Representatives, as Mr. FESSENDEN said, are chiefly office-brokers. Secretary COX and his predecessor, Mr. BROWNING, declare that some reform is imperative. Senator TRUMBULL would make it an offense in a Senator to solicit office. Mr. KELLEY would accept a renomination only upon the distinct understanding that he is not to be wholly given up to asking office. Mr. SCHENCK heartily agrees to "almost any form" in which Mr. JENCKES might put his bill. The bill was recommitted—that is, it is lost for the present. But Mr. JENCKES appeals, and justly, from the politicians to the people. The press is generally with him. Mr. BINGHAM pooh-pooh'd the press. But why should so experienced a public man do so foolish a thing? Mr. BINGHAM knows that the press influences public opinion much more directly and powerfully than Congress—and that public opinion is the American lawgiver. The civil service reform is really a fight between the politicians and the people. The politicians are very strong, and can do infinite mischief; but the people are stronger when they really move. We beg Mr. JENCKES to persevere. His action stimulates interest and discussion, and they are all that the friends of the reform need to secure their victory.

GENERAL JORDAN AND CUBA.

GENERAL JORDAN has arrived from Cuba, and tells the most glowing tale of the richness and value of the island, and the invincible desire of the confident and hopeful inhabitants to be annexed to the United States—in order to avoid the fate of the South American republics. This is rather a dismal ending of the story. It is practically a confession that the inhabitants can not govern themselves; and what advantage to this country a large increase of that kind of population would be is not evident. The substance of General JORDAN'S statement is, that the Cuban insurrectionists are waging a desultory guerrilla warfare, which they prefer, but that they are virtually without arms and ammunition, which he hopes to find means to send from the United States. The General does not like the guerrilla method, which is endless; and he thinks that, with a nucleus of hardy and disciplined American soldiers, he could gather an efficient army, which, properly armed, would "drive the Spaniards into the sea in ninety days." He says distinctly that in Camaguey, which is the insurrectionary district and the seat of the republic, there is "a regular civil organization, including an efficient postal service and judiciary." He adds that the government is effectively organized in all its parts, "the civil power being, perhaps, invested with too much authority for the situation of the country."

But the implication of the General's account of the insurrection is, that it is a movement against an oppressive foreign government. Is that the fact? The old Spanish rule was undoubtedly tyrannical; but that rule has been thrown off in Spain, and there is no evidence that the new Spanish rule in Cuba would be harsh, nor that there would be any general wish to overthrow it. The denunciations of the insurrection are hurled at a régime in Spain which has ceased to exist. The new régime found itself confronted with opponents in arms, and has done what every other government under the same circumstances would do. The Cubans in arms owed to themselves, to Spain, and to the good opinion of mankind, which they invoke, to ascertain whether the Bourbon system in Cuba fell with the Bourbon monarchy in Spain. If it did, against what were they contending? And how could they ascertain while they persisted in war?

General JORDAN will find that this is one of the chief reasons of the extreme apathy of the public mind in this country toward the situation in Cuba. Sympathy for suffering men, women, and children he will unquestionably find. But certainly he will have to try very hard before he discovers much faith in the revolution as the rising of an intolerably oppressed people against a cruel government. Yet had the movement in Cuba been stayed until it was evident that the new government in Spain designed to continue the Bourbon oppression, or that the "Volunteers" in Cuba truly represented the new Spanish spirit, and had then broken out in a way which showed that it was not a job for annexation, the island might by this time have been independent. The sympathy of this country would have been active, not passive. General JORDAN is an American, and he ought to understand his own countrymen. If he finds that even the city of New York can not be roused to excitement upon this subject, let him rather reflect upon the reason than denounce the fact.

THE SPRING TRADE.

THE trade of the country turns more upon the success of the planting and farming interest than upon any other, as the mass of those engaged in it, in the shape of owners, laborers, and families, constitutes six or seven tenths of the population of the United States. The country merchant is ordinarily here to make his spring purchases a little in advance of the period of tillage, so that he may be able to dispose of many of his goods in the interim after cold weather that precedes plowing and planting, for, when these duties commence, they are too engrossing to allow of cessation. The Southern merchant is earliest on the ground, and, as the season opens, each portion of the Union is in succession represented, until the extreme Northern line is reached. The soil is now being turned up in the coldest latitudes, and the active portion of the spring trade is very nearly at an end. On the shelves of our importing and jobbing houses winter cloths already appear, but this is to supply the establishments which make up clothing, who are the first to commence both spring and fall purchases, as their business involves the necessity of working their materials into a form convenient for use. The time, therefore, has arrived when a correct view of the spring trade may be taken.

It may be said of it that it has been prosecuted under very serious disadvantages, and generally at a loss. We stated at the opening of the season that our crops of cotton and food for consumption and export were large—sufficient to afford a prosperous trade—yet that in forcing down the price of gold the produce of the country would be carried with it, and cause extensive depression. The sensitiveness of the market to this influence is now generally admitted. Trade revived to a limited extent during the upward movement of gold, from 110⅜ to say 115, which is about its present rate, and relieved many who, during its decline, were marking down their goods in precise accordance with the fall in gold. As nearly every thing sold this season was produced or purchased at the high currency prices which prevailed when gold was at 132, the difference in rate constitutes the percentage of loss which merchants, farmers, and planters have suffered.

It is now generally believed that the circumstances do not exist, and will not soon occur, which will cause gold to recede, except, it may be, temporarily and slightly. No efforts are likely to be made by Congress, at this session, to improve the paper currency to an extent necessary to produce an important effect—a circumstance to be deplored—and hence it is that the spring trade has become tolerably active, and will be prolonged to an unusual period. One feature favorable to this result has marked the season—purchases have been made only to supply immediate wants both by merchants and their customers, and the former have been obliged to make frequent visits to the city, or send orders for supplies. An immense change has taken place in the views of those engaged in trade. Instead of depression, there is now much confidence.

But there are still serious matters to engage attention. The entire woolen industry, especially in cloths and carpets, is suffering severely. At the close of the last fall season the best ingrain carpets were sold by jobbers at $1 35 per yard. The January price was fixed in the expectation that it would remain for the season

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at $1 22½. They are now selling at $1 15. Low ingrains are now selling at 80 cents per yard, which is below the cost of production; and the consequence is, that those engaged in this industry are closing up work as fast as they can. Unless there shall be an advance in price, there will not be a sufficient supply to satisfy the wants of the country. A large number of carpet factories have already been closed, and particularly at Kensington, and hands are thrown out of employment. Many mills which made cloths and cassimeres have also been compelled to stop work, with the same results. Those only go on which have large capitals, and expect ultimately to derive advantage from the inability of others to continue their production. When interests so important as these are crippled, no really active general and satisfactory trade can exist. Other manufactures in many sections have been more or less affected by the condition of affairs, but to a less serious extent than the woolen interest. A large hosiery establishment, whose manufactures three years ago reached seven hundred thousand dollars, and the next year about four, expects to limit its production this season to one hundred thousand, although it has capital and power sufficient to produce goods to the extent of a million in value in any one year. This must tell seriously upon our internal revenues, although, from the concurrence of extraordinary efforts at collection and of economy in public expenditure, the amount received for such revenues furnishes to the public no indication of our largely diminished industry.

The circumstances favorable to a revival in this respect, and of trade generally, are these: that Congress is not expected to produce further depression; that the cotton crop is expected to reach three million bales; that the price of what remains here can be controlled in this country; that we have tolerably large supplies of wheat; that its price has stiffened at London and Liverpool; and that our surplus of cotton and grain will be wanted abroad.

It is supposed that in California, from which State the English receive large supplies of grain —obtained there because it is flinty and dry, and suitable to mix with the grain of the moist climate of England—the season is unfavorable, and such is also the case in Great Britain. The grain dealers of London and Liverpool are therefore more active purchasers than they have been. Since January the consumption in England has been steadily gaining upon the large stock which had been accumulated at the beginning of the year, and there will undoubtedly be a necessity for taking a large portion of the surplus from this country. This will benefit the Northwest, which still holds a large amount of grain.

If it were not that our imports still continue to exceed our exports, and that we are still running heavily into debt to foreign people upon railroad securities, the position would be hopeful; but there seems to be no help for our imprudence except in the refusal of the other side to encourage it—a result greatly to be desired, and as to which, at some money centres in Europe, capitalists seem to be in action.

THE MASSACRE IN GREECE.

THE recent massacre of English travelers, by brigands in Greece, has naturally produced a great excitement in England. A party of eight persons left Athens on the 11th of April, in two carriages, under the escort of four gens d'armes for Marathon. Upon their return in the afternoon the party was fired upon by brigands, two of the escort were killed, and the travelers were made prisoners. The ladies were sent to Athens, and the five gentlemen were allowed to send one of their number to negotiate in the city for a complete pardon, and a ransom of twenty-five thousand pounds. The money was easily raised, but the amnesty was not promised, for the Government could not endure the humiliation of yielding to the demands of the brigands. It dispatched troops in pursuit. The brigands retreating from the mountains toward the sea were unable to keep together, and, in revenge, murdered all their captives, except Lord MUNCASTER, who had carried on the negotiation.

The event exposes both the folly and the weakness of the Greek Government; and the London *Times* is of opinion that it will prove to be of great political importance. It is a matter in which Americans are not less concerned than the English, and it is absurd that the most interesting historic places in the world should be inaccessible to scholars and travelers, because of the imbecility of the local authorities in a country which is under the protection of three great powers. The *Times* remarks that nine millions of pounds were spent upon an expedition to Abyssinia to punish a much smaller provocation; and undoubtedly public opinion in England, which always resents an injury done to any traveling Englishman, will compel the Government to some decided action.

And apropos of injuries and insults, we hope that we have not heard the last of the indignity offered to the United States Consul in Santiago de Cuba. The United States man-of-war *Severn* went "to inquire." What did she ascertain? Are our consuls to be protected only by the English flag? Has the commander of the *Severn* received any explanation or apology from the Spanish authorities? And if not, why not?

MRS. LINCOLN'S PENSION.

THE Senate Committee on Pensions have decided that MRS. LINCOLN ought not to receive a pension. They have evidently examined the subject carefully, and their conclusions can not be fairly questioned. So long as it was generally supposed that MRS. LINCOLN was in straitened circumstances, the demand for a proper pension, and impatience at the delay in granting it, were but natural. MR. LINCOLN'S services had been so great that there seemed to be something inexpressibly pitiful in hesitating and hitching about the allowance for his widow. But it now appears that there has been a general misunderstanding of the facts. MRS. LINCOLN has a fortune of about sixty thousand dollars, and it is to be presumed that any person can live becomingly upon the income of that sum. In her petition from Frankfort she states that she has been advised to try the mineral waters during the summer, and then to go to Italy. But she adds, "My financial means do not permit me to take advantage of the urgent advice given me, nor can I live in a style becoming the widow of the chief magistrate of a great nation, although I live as economically as I can."

Of course it is impossible to decide what style of living might be thought by MRS. LINCOLN becoming to her position. But with the best feeling for her, and with the very proper desire that she should not suffer from poverty, the Committee are of opinion that neither sentiment nor duty requires a further provision from the Treasury for her maintenance. It has been throughout a painful subject. Nothing could be more repugnant, we are very sure, to Senator EDMUNDS, the chairman of the Committee, and to the majority of the Senate, than to seem even to be reluctant to show any mark of respect for the great and good President. But they have no right to recommend generosity without justice, nor to establish a precedent which could very easily, and would very certainly, be disastrously abused. They have therefore honorably discharged a disagreeable duty in recommending the indefinite postponement of the bill.

THE FATE OF GOICOURIA.

WE invite the attention of MR. WOODWARD, of Pennsylvania, and the other gentlemen who are never weary of denouncing the malignant despotism of the United States Government in its treatment of rebels, to the brief dispatch which announced last Sunday that the Cuban General GOICOURIA arrived in Havana on the night of Friday, the 6th of May, under a strong guard; that he was instantly carried to the jail, where a court-martial was summoned without delay, which sentenced him to death; that at four o'clock on Saturday morning he was taken to the fort, and at eight o'clock was garroted. This is the usual manner in which conspicuous rebels have been every where treated when they were captured. But when we compare the character and extent of the rebellion in this country, and the conduct and provocation of its leaders, with those in Cuba or any where else, at any period of history, the action of the United States shines without parallel for clemency and wisdom. This Government is stained with the blood of no DERWENTWATER nor GOICOURIA. It has not even prosecuted rebel leaders incomparably more guilty than the Earl or the General. Its only vengeance against rebels has been securing equal rights to all citizens. And whoever denounces such a Government as malignant, ingeniously cruel, and wantonly unjust, only judges and condemns himself.

The folly of a ferocious policy will doubtless be made evident at once, by a feeling of sympathy for the cause in which General GOICOURIA has suffered. The political scaffold is always a mistake. It is a barricade fatal to those who erect it. The Cuban insurrection has not gained a very firm hold upon the real sympathy of this country; and if GOICOURIA, brought to Havana, had been merely sent out of the country again, even that slight hold would have been relaxed. At this moment one Spanish act of clemency would have been more effective than a great victory in the field. But the horror with which the account of the indecent haste of this execution is read will produce a reaction of feeling. What, it will be asked, was this man's crime? A life-long effort to free his native soil from the oppression of a foreign rule. Nothing more. And although what we have elsewhere said is still true, and it is not evident that the oppression would continue under the new order, yet it will be remembered that GOICOURIA'S life had been given to fighting the old order, which was an indefensible tyranny. His fate may not change the issue of the revolution, but it will certainly check any sympathy for the Spaniards.

This tragedy also reminds us of the traditions, feelings, and policy of people whose incorporation with our own population some Americans earnestly desire and expect. The Cuban people are totally alien in race, in character, in customs, in political traditions and sentiments, in every thing that would promote homogeneity. The mutual hatred of the natives and "the Volunteers," or Spanish residents, may be conceived, but the advantage to this country of absorbing both can not be shown. And for us the melancholy fate of the Cuban soldier will not be without its uses if it recalls us from the greed of territory to a consciousness of some of the perils of promiscuous annexation.

THE RIGHTS OF PASSENGERS.

LAST week we published the following paragraph.

"About five months ago a man traveling on the New Jersey Railroad could not find his ticket when it was called for by the conductor. He asserted that he had bought one, but could not produce it, neither had he money enough to purchase another. The conductor told him he must get off of the car; and though in general in such a case a person is put off at the first station next reached, no such consideration was shown this poor man. The train was then nearing the Hackensack bridge, and, though it was dark, he was forced to leave the car at once. He had not walked half a dozen steps when he fell through the bridge into the river. Passengers testified that he shouted for help, but the train moved on, and he was seen no more in life. Last week his body was found by two fishermen. The inquest has not been held at the time of this writing, but it is said that the conductor has fled to parts unknown."

A few weeks since we called attention to the case of MR. COLEMAN, who was violently thrown from a New Haven train at Stamford by the conductor and brakemen, and who was seriously and permanently injured. MR. COLEMAN, fortunately, has had the public spirit to sue the Company.

Another recent case is that of a gentleman commuting upon the Montclair branch of the Morris and Essex road, in New Jersey. With his commutation ticket for the day he came as far as Newark, and took a later train of the same road, upon the same day, to proceed to Montclair. He offered his ticket, and the conductor refused it, and demanded payment of the fare. The gentleman demurred, and insisted upon his right to pass with the ticket. The conductor persisted, and, to avoid trouble, the gentleman, supported by the passengers, told the conductor he should have the money upon condition that he gave a receipt for it, adding that he should sue the Company, and wished the receipt as evidence of his payment of the fare. The conductor refused to give a receipt, and peremptorily demanded the fare. The gentleman declined to pay, under the circumstances, without a receipt. Thereupon the conductor telegraphed for orders, and, upon receiving them, renewed the demand for the fare, and snatched the money.

Of course the facts will be represented to the managers of the road; and should they be established, the managers, it is to be presumed, will remove the conductor. But that is not enough. This bullying and assaulting occurs continually. The gentleman chiefly interested generally submits, because he does not wish "to have a row;" and when it goes to the extremity of MR. COLEMAN'S case, or of this upon the Montclair branch, the other passengers are quiet for the same reason. It is quite time that there was some distinct understanding of the limits of a conductor's discretion. Is he to do exactly as he chooses, or have the passengers also some rights? If he and a passenger differ about the virtue of a ticket, is his interpretation to rule, even at the cost of maiming or killing the passenger by ejecting him?

The Morris and Essex Company issue twelve commutation tickets for the year to every commuter, one for each month; and such is the noble courtesy of the Company that it instructs its conductors to have no mercy upon the best-known commuters, and to insist upon full payment of the fare from gentlemen who pass daily over the road, and are entirely familiar to the conductors as commuters, if they chance to have left their tickets at home by changing a coat at the last moment, or from forgetfulness of the beginning of a new month. Several gentlemen upon one train were thus compelled to pay on the 1st of May because they had only their April tickets with them. It is by such little acts of consideration for passengers that a railroad becomes popular among those who depend upon it. And it is because this is the spirit of the Morris and Essex road, of which MR. SAMUEL SLOAN is President, that it enjoys so grateful a reputation among those who live along its line.

It is certainly surprising and shameful that, with the constant trouble arising from the powers assumed by conductors, there is not a precise statement of their actual authority placed in every car. And if the railroad companies plead that the law allows them to authorize a conductor to use violence upon a passenger who courteously differs upon such a point as that involved in the Montclair case, or in that of MR. COLEMAN, it would not be difficult to procure a change of the law, unless the companies had bagged the Legislature; in which case—which seems to be rapidly approaching—nothing would remain but submission.

NOTES.

THE *Nation* misapprehends what we said of the Libertine Press. The remedy that we suggested as practicable by editors is not abolition of the blackguard newspapers. We should as soon think of abolishing noxious disease. As we said, there will always be an immense public which will buy such papers. But there are a great many persons who buy them now, in spite of the blackguard tone. If papers were made spirited and interesting without this tone, that part of the public, at least, would be detached from the support of the Libertine Press, which would then depend upon its natural friends, the blackguards. That is all that can be done. And this is what we meant by drawing the line. Decent people would be entertained in a decent way, and "the blackguard journals would go to their own place and patrons."

The London *Saturday Review*, speaking of the fondness for "high-life scandal," reads the British public a scorching lecture upon its tuft-hunting, flunkeying, and lying. "In no other civilized country," it exclaims, "would the *Court Circular* or the *Morning Post* go down—that is, not under the same social conditions." Then, suddenly pricking its ears, it shouts, in the most laughably characteristic way, "Of course, things are worse in the United States." There is one satisfaction, at least, left for MR. PODSNAP.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 2.—In the Senate, a bill was passed for the relief of the widows and orphans of the officers and seamen lost in the *Oneida*.—In the House, a bill was passed granting a life annuity of $3000 to Mrs. Lincoln.

May 3.—In the Senate, the House bill making May 30—Decoration-day—a legal holiday, was referred to the Military Committee.—In the House, the Tariff bill was debated, and several sections disposed of.

May 4.—In the Senate, the House joint resolution was passed to pay the widow of the late General Rawlins a sum amounting to one year's salary of the Secretary of War. A bill was introduced to incorporate the International Society of the United States for the protection of immigration, and a memorial numerously signed was presented, protesting against granting subsidies for steamship lines.—In the House, the main business of the day was devoted to the Tariff debate.

May 5.—In the Senate, an unsuccessful effort was made to take up the Franking bill. A report was made proposing indefinite postponement of the bill for a pension to Mrs. Lincoln.—In the House, no business of public importance was transacted.

May 6.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced as a substitute for the House bill reducing the number of officers of the army.—The House was not in session.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The public debt statement for April shows that the reduction of the debt for the month is $11,697,793; the coin balance $115,525,000, including $38,540,000 in coin certificates; and the currency balance $6,954,000.

Professor Maillefert has closed his operations at Hell Gate. He has increased the depth of water on Shell Drake, Way's Reef, and Pot Rock by about five feet each; but, as surface blasting does no good except on an uneven surface, he can do no more.

The coinage at the branch mint in San Francisco during the month of April was $1,260,000 in double eagles, and $70,000 in silver. The coinage since January 1 is $6,025,000.

A few days ago two "prominent" citizens of Monticello, Kansas—Colonel A. Payne and M. C. Stapleton—undertook to settle a quarrel in a dark room, one armed with a revolver, and the other with a knife. The report of a pistol was soon heard, and, opening the door, one was found with his throat cut, and the other with a pistol-shot through the lungs.

On the 2d inst. the citizens of Helena, Montana, tried two prisoners, by lynch-law, for robbery and attempted murder. A committee of twenty-four was named to try the case; a verdict was found at 3 P.M., and at 5 P.M. the prisoners were executed by hanging them to a tree.

Our Indian difficulties appear to be on the increase. The War Department has ordered all available troops to the Plains to guard the Pacific Railroad. Advices from Fort Sully represent that the Cheyenne Agency has fallen into the hands of the Indians, with all the officers and men. The Indians have slaughtered large numbers of cattle belonging to the Agency, and left their carcasses to decay on the ground. On the 4th inst. a party of cavalry made an excursion from South Pass, Wyoming Territory, and in a skirmish killed several savages. The country is said to be alive with Arrapahoes. The Union Pacific Railroad track-repairers were attacked three times, on the 4th inst., between Potter and Antelope stations, Nebraska, and driven into Antelope.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE vote in France on the *plebiscitum* took place on Sunday, May 8, and resulted in a large majority in favor of the measures proposed by the Emperor. The city of Paris voted against the Government. Disturbances had been apprehended; but, owing to the extraordinary precautions taken by the Government to preserve order, Paris remained quiet throughout the day. A strong force of police was posted at each voting station, and the military were in readiness to suppress any attempt at riot.

Arrests for complicity in the plot against the life of the Emperor continue to be made in Paris, but the whole matter is so involved in obscurity that the English journals persist in regarding it as an electioneering job, and predict that it will be quietly dropped as soon as the election is over, and the excitement subsides. On the other hand, a decree has been issued convening the High Court of Justice for the trial of the suspected conspirators. It is said that the "International Society of Workmen" is also connected with the plot, through a letter from its president advising united action in case of an outbreak. A report by the Procureur-Général accompanies the decree. It gives a history of the conspiracy against the Emperor, the confession of Beaury implicating Gustave Flourens, certain letters that passed between Flourens, Ballot, and Beaury, and the discovery of the bombs. A letter from "Gustave" to Beaury is printed, in which the writer acknowledges the receipt of three letters, and regrets they were not sent through Mr. Smalley, of the New York *Tribune*, in London, and speaks of a secret enterprise to be undertaken by Beaury. Mr. Smalley, who went to Paris immediately on the publication of this report, admits receiving letters for Flourens in London, but says he knew nothing of their contents nor of the conspiracy.

On the 4th inst. the bill removing the disabilities of women with regard to voting was passed to a second reading in the British House of Commons, after an animated debate. A petition for female suffrage, bearing 100,000 names, had just before been presented.

General Goicouria, a Cuban patriot well known in this country, was captured recently by the Spaniards and taken to Havana. He was immediately tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be garroted. At eight o'clock on the morning of May 7 he was executed. The General was calm and firm to the last.

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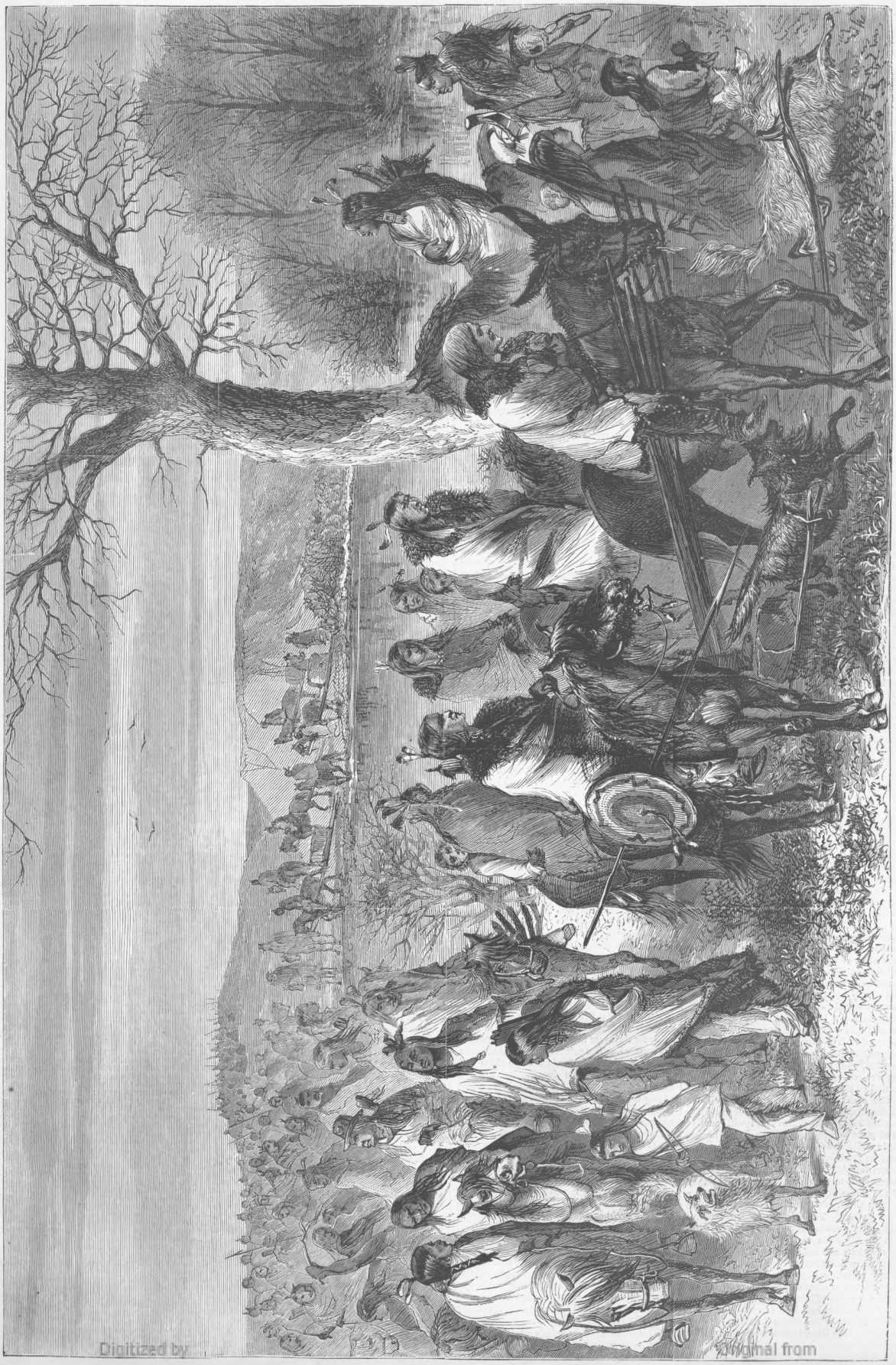

POPULATION OF AN INDIAN VILLAGE MOVING.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

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LUCRETIA MOTT.

MRS. MOTT is the daughter of THOMAS COFFIN, a Quaker of Nantucket; and upon that island she was born in 1793. In 1811 she married JAMES MOTT, of Philadelphia. Her Quaker education early turned her mind and heart to the question of slavery; and after the business reverses of her husband, following the war of 1812, Mrs. MOTT taught school, and in 1818 became a preacher in the Society of Friends. Like JOHN WOOLMAN, she traveled and preached against slavery, even in some of the border slave States, and exhorted all Christian people to abstain from the use of products of slave labor. When the Friends, in 1827, separated into the Orthodox and Hicksite branches, Mrs. MOTT adhered to what she believed to be the simpler and more Christian part. Naturally, when the abolition movement began under Mr. GARRISON, she was fully ready. In 1833 she was among the founders of the American Anti-Slavery Society. And when Pennsylvania Hall was destroyed by the mob in Philadelphia, because of the abolition meetings, Mrs. MOTT was present, sharing the peril and exhorting her friends steadily to bear their testimony whatever fate befell. In 1840 Mrs. MOTT was sent as a delegate to the World's Convention in London; and, although refused a seat as a delegate, she was most courteously and hospitably received as a guest. Her interest in the cause was unflagging to the end. Always present at the annual meetings, she was one of the most impressive and delightful of the speakers. Indeed, the loftiness, the purity, the tranquillity of her mien and manner will be always memorable to those who have heard her. The precision peculiar to her society of believers is in her only elegant repose and a simplicity as lovely as it is severe. In 1848 Mrs. MOTT was a leader in the first Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls; and her active interest in the subject is unabated. She recently came from Philadelphia to New York to join in an endeavor to unite the two national societies; and had it been a mere matter of will upon the part of the representatives, she would have succeeded. Time seems not to have touched her intellectual vigor; and her clear and profound moral insight, the nobility of her nature, the inexpressible sweetness of her manner, the consecration of a spotless life to the welfare of the oppressed—a life showing that the most active interest and participation in the common interests of society may enhance the loveliest womanliness—all these inspire the most affectionate reverence for LUCRETIA MOTT.

LUCRETIA MOTT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.]

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

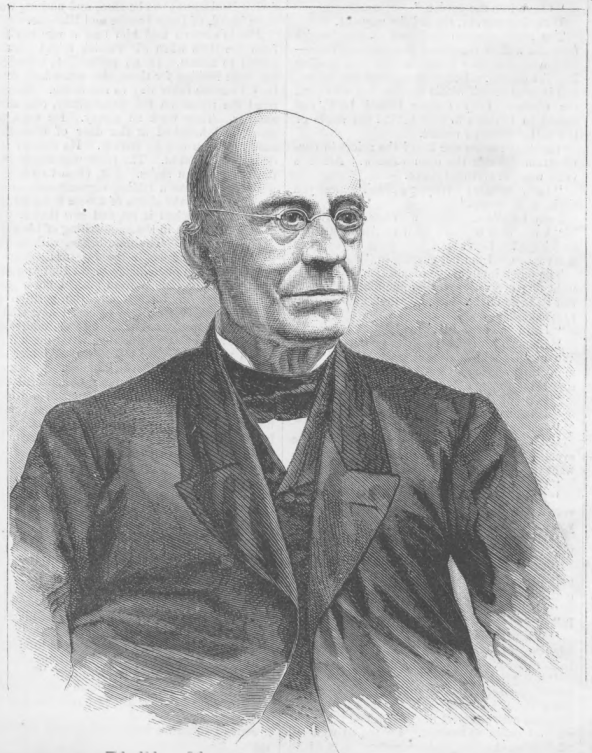
MR. GARRISON was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 12th of December, 1804. At the age of ten he was placed with a Quaker in Lynn, to learn the mystery of shoemaking, but soon returned to Newburyport, where he went to school and helped to support himself. When he was fourteen he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker; but he did not like the business, and was soon after indentured to an editor in Newburyport, and so, to his great satisfaction, became a printer. When he was sixteen or seventeen he began to write upon subjects of public interest, sending his articles anonymously to his employer, and receiving from him thanks and requests to continue. He wrote also notable articles for other papers; and in 1826, when his apprenticeship ended, he began a paper of his own, which failed; and in the two following years was an editor in Boston, and Bennington in Vermont. In the latter town he aroused public opinion upon the subject of slavery; and in Boston he became acquainted with BENJAMIN LUNDY, the editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, published in Baltimore.

On the 4th of July, 1829, Mr. GARRISON delivered an oration in Park Street Church in Boston, in which he vigorously denounced slavery. In the autumn he went to Baltimore with Mr. LUNDY, and, as joint editor of the *Emancipator*, he demanded immediate emancipation as the duty of the master and the right of the slave. Presently a Newburyport ship took a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana. Mr. GARRISON instantly denounced it as "domestic piracy," and declared that he would "cover thick with infamy" all who were engaged in the transaction. Baltimore, a chief seat of the domestic slave trade, hummed about his ears. He was convicted of "a gross and malicious libel" upon the captain of the ship and FRANCIS TODD the owner, and was imprisoned for forty-nine days, until the fine and costs were paid by ARTHUR TAPPAN, of New York. HENRY CLAY had been appealed to, and was about to pay the fine, and DANIEL WEBSTER spoke kindly and hopefully to the young man upon his release.

Mr. GARRISON had now seen the great enemy Slavery face to face. He instantly issued proposals for an anti-slavery paper, and delivered lectures in various cities to raise the money. He saw that the anti-slavery attack must be made upon public opinion in the Northern States, and on the 1st of January, 1831, he issued in Boston the first number of the *Liberator*. Its motto was, "My country is the world: my countrymen are all mankind." Its first words, addressed to a country curiously dull and indifferent to the subject of slavery, were: "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." From that moment Mr. GARRISON's history is really that of the country. When these words were written, slavery was established in half the Union. Its power was supreme. Society, politics, trade, literature, the church, all the great interests, were subservient to it or silent. If it was felt to be horrible, it was acknowledged to be hopeless. But the young man of twenty-seven, alone, without capital, without promise of support, with nothing but his clear conscience, his unconquerable will, and his skill as a writer and printer to sustain him, closed in the deadly struggle with American slavery; and now, at the age of sixty-six, he sees it utterly swept away, and four millions of slaves freed and made equal citizens with himself.

The contest was as fierce as it was brief. Mr. GARRISON kept his word. He did not retreat a single inch, and he was heard. From the first he demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation, and a party of persons of similar conviction and resolution arose around him. They were almost universally denounced as fanatics, mischief-makers, and traitors. They were hated and ridiculed, reviled and mobbed. A price was set upon Mr. GARRISON's head. The name Abolitionist—which should have been only another name for American—became the most odious of epithets. Yet Mr. GARRISON waged only a moral warfare. He would not vote, because voting would be a recognition of the Constitution, which he held to be, by its fugitive slave provision, a bond of slavery. He disapproved appeals to force, as a Christian disciple; and he was one of the most earnest advocates of non-resistance. Moreover, he claimed for women an equal liberty of choice and action with men; and refused to sit in the "World's Anti-Slavery Convention," in England, in 1840, because female delegates were excluded. In the same year the American Anti-Slavery Society divided upon the question of the participation of women, and the part that favored it became, under the name of Garrisonian Abolitionists, the chief and aggressive wing. In 1843 Mr. GARRISON was chosen President of the American Society, and held the office until the war ended and slavery was abolished.

During all this time his paper was published every week, and the pen and tongue of the editor were never idle. Mr. GARRISON's style, both as writer and speaker, was clear, trenchant, and precise. Upon the platform he was always calm and deliberate, giving the impression of entire



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]

WENDELL PHILLIPS.—PHOT. BY C. D. FREDERICKS, 587 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 326.]

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self-possession, of thorough knowledge of his subject, and of indomitable will. His strongest phrases were not the rhetorical bursts of excitement, but the careful statement of matured conviction. If he called the American church the bulwark of American slavery, or the Constitution a compact with death and a league with hell, he meant exactly what he said, and was ready to justify his words.

When the public mind had been thoroughly aroused by the incessant agitation of the Abolitionists, and by the aggressions of the slavery influence in the government, the anti-slavery movement passed into politics. The annexation of Texas and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise produced the Republican party. But Mr. GARRISON and the Abolitionists maintained their independence and their purely moral appeal, regarding the Republicans as men who saw the right but were timid in its pursuit. The Republicans, on their part, found all their argument and their array of facts already prepared for them by the Abolitionists. Indeed, between the latter and the advanced Republicans there was only a difference of method. Mr. GARRISON always recognized the good purpose of the Republicans before the war, and when they proposed the great measures of the war and of reconstruction, they had no firmer friend and supporter than he. His late letter to the Union League Club, in New York, upon the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, expresses his full appreciation of the great work of the Republican party.

The United States have no patents of nobility for those who have best served their country. They make no Dukes, they build no Blenheims, nor do they offer to them such a noble fortune as was justly given to RICHARD COBDEN by his admiring friends. But some of those who appreciated Mr. GARRISON'S immense service to his country and to civilization, and who knew that at sixty years of age he was as poor as when he began the struggle, quietly raised a modest sum, which has been invested for his benefit. Meanwhile his activity and zeal in all humane reforms do not decline. He lives pleasantly upon Roxbury Heights, near Boston, interested in the movements for temperance, for peace, and especially for the equality of women.

Few men in history have ever devoted themselves more unreservedly than Mr. GARRISON to a great moral and social reform, and very few have ever lived to see so marvelous and beneficent a triumph.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE first number of the *Liberator* was issued, as we have said in speaking of Mr. GARRISON, on the 1st of January, 1831. The anti-slavery debate, unsparingly urged by the Abolitionists, provoked the intensest feeling, and on the afternoon of the 21st of October, 1835, a mob assailed the building in Boston in which the Female Anti-Slavery Society was to meet. The object of the mob, in which were many so-called respectable persons, was GEORGE THOMPSON, an eloquent English Abolitionist. But he had left the city, and Mr. GARRISON, who was present, was their next prey. The mayor of the city had but a few constables at his command, and his only further authority under the law was to summon by-standers to his aid, and, if the riot became unmanageable, to appeal to the Governor of the State. Mr. GARRISON in leaving the building was seized by the mob, and was hurried along the street with a rope around his waist. He was finally rescued from the mob by the mayor, and to save his life was committed to the jail, where he passed the night. At the height of the tumult a young lawyer, twenty-four years old, who had been admitted to the Boston bar a year before, after graduating at Cambridge in the brilliant class of the historian MOTLEY, CHARLES EAMES, WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, and others, stopped in the street and watched the riot. He had no sympathy with the Abolitionists, but he had a very clear perception of the rights of American citizens, and the dastardly attempt to stifle free speech in the town of JAMES OTIS and SAMUEL ADAMS so stirred his manhood, that he investigated the question which Boston was afraid to hear discussed, and joined the Abolitionists. It was like one of the Medici becoming a Lutheran. In college a chief among the chiefs, a fencer, a boxer, and a lover of horses, yet so given to chemistry and mechanics that his mother said, when he became a lawyer, that a good carpenter was spoiled, already a graceful and persuasive orator, it was incredible that, with all the ordinary prizes of life within his grasp—position, ease, fame—he should surrender them, and turn away to join those odious fanatics, the Abolitionists. But there was no doubt that he had done so after the evening of the 8th of December, 1837. Upon that evening there was a meeting of the citizens of Boston, to express their sentiments upon the murder of E. P. LOVEJOY, at Alton, on the 7th of November. DR. CHANNING had spoken, and some resolutions becoming honorable men and honest Americans had been offered, when JAMES T. AUSTIN, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, vehemently justified the Alton murder, declaring that LOVEJOY died as the fool dieth. The excitement was intense, and the feeling of the audience was evidently strongly divided, when Mr. PHILLIPS, then twenty-six years old, appeared upon the platform, and in a brief speech, which restored to Faneuil Hall its old glory of eloquence and patriotism and humanity, and seemed to be the living echo of the fiery tongues of the Revolution, recalled the audience to itself, and spoke for the heart and conscience of NEW England. The resolutions were adopted; and from that evening until the abolition of slavery WENDELL PHILLIPS was the great orator of the cause and of the country. Like Mr. GARRISON'S, his life has been devoted to influencing public opinion upon the question of slavery. The two have been the representative Abolitionists. But those who for so many years heard of Mr. PHILLIPS with a shudder as the arch-agitator, could not believe, when they saw a tranquil, manly, graceful, polished gentleman upon the platform, that it was WENDELL PHILLIPS. "A great orator," said one; "why, it is only a man pleasantly talking." An accomplished scholar, a gentleman of captivating courtesy, graced with all the orator's gifts, Mr. PHILLIPS, constantly speaking, has never lost his charm. His oratory is the perfection of art—simplicity itself. "His rhetoric is faultless, his manner superb," said recently the most scholarly and stringent of English critics, who yet thought him an advocate, and not quite fair. But we have no space to say more. In 1839 Mr. PHILLIPS renounced his profession, because he would not take an oath to support the Constitution, and, although a man of ample resources, he lives with Spartan simplicity, and with a boundless benevolence. He is the severest censor of the country and time. The moral judgment of no man among us upon public affairs is so powerful as his. Its enunciation is often greeted with impatience by his best friends. But he could answer as the sage wrote upon the wall in Damascus, "Time; time." He has been the sharpest critic of the Republican party, because he believed it was the only one from which progress could be expected, while he sees that it is the tendency of all parties to trim to the timidity of their weakest members. When Mr. GARRISON retired from the presidency of the American Anti-Slavery Society, because its object, in his opinion, was accomplished, Mr. PHILLIPS, thinking that an outside organization was still necessary to hold the Republicans to their duty, succeeded his friend as President. But upon the recent adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment the Society was formally dissolved.

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MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ELEVENTH SCENE.—SIR PATRICK'S HOUSE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

THE SMOKING-ROOM WINDOW.

"I CAN'T believe it! I won't believe it! You're trying to part me from my husband—you're trying to set me against my dearest friend. It's infamous. It's horrible. What have I done to you? Oh, my head! my head! Are you trying to drive me mad?"

Pale and wild; her hands twisted in her hair; her feet hurrying her aimlessly to and fro in the room—so Blanche answered her step-mother, when the object of Lady Lundie's pilgrimage had been accomplished, and the cruel truth had been plainly told.

Her ladyship sat, superbly composed, looking out through the window at the placid landscape of woods and fields which surrounded Ham Farm.

"I was prepared for this outbreak," she said, sadly. "These wild words relieve your overburdened heart, my poor child. I can wait, Blanche—I can wait!"

Blanche stopped, and confronted Lady Lundie.

"You and I never liked each other," she said. "I wrote you a pert letter from this place. I have always taken Anne's part against you. I have shown you plainly—rudely, I dare say—that I was glad to be married and get away from you. This is not your revenge, is it?"

"Oh, Blanche, Blanche, what thoughts to think! what words to say! I can only pray for you."

"I am mad, Lady Lundie. You bear with mad people. Bear with me. I have been hardly more than a fortnight married. I love *him*—I love *her*—with all my heart. Remember what you have told me about them. Remember! remember! remember!"

She reiterated the words with a low cry of pain. Her hands went up to her head again; and she returned restlessly to pacing this way and that in the room.

Lady Lundie tried the effect of a gentle remonstrance. "For your own sake," she said, "don't persist in estranging yourself from me. In this dreadful trial, I am the only friend you have."

Blanche came back to her step-mother's chair; and looked at her steadily, in silence. Lady Lundie submitted to inspection—and bore it perfectly.

"Look into my heart," she said. "Blanche! it bleeds for you!"

Blanche heard, without heeding. Her mind was painfully intent on its own thoughts. "You are a religious woman," she said, abruptly. "Will you swear on your Bible, that what you told me is true?"

"*My* Bible!" repeated Lady Lundie with sorrowful emphasis. "Oh, my child! have *you* no part in that precious inheritance? Is it not *your* Bible, too?"

A momentary triumph showed itself in Blanche's face. "You daren't swear it!" she said. "That's enough for me!"

She turned away scornfully. Lady Lundie caught her by the hand, and drew her sharply back. The suffering saint disappeared, and the woman who was no longer to be trifled with took her place.

"There must be an end to this," she said. "You don't believe what I have told you. Have you courage enough to put it to the test?"

Blanche started, and released her hand. She trembled a little. There was a horrible certainty of conviction expressed in Lady Lundie's sudden change of manner.

"How?" she asked.

"You shall see. Tell me the truth, on your side, first. Where is Sir Patrick? Is he really out, as his servant told me?"

"Yes. He is out with the farm bailiff. You have taken us all by surprise. You wrote that we were to expect you by the next train."

"When does the next train arrive? It is eleven o'clock now."

"Between one and two."

"Sir Patrick will not be back till then?"

"Not till then."

"Where is Mr. Brinkworth?"

"My husband?"

"Your husband—if you like. Is he out, too?"

"He is in the smoking-room."

"Do you mean the long room, built out from the back of the house?"

"Yes."

"Come down stairs at once with me."

Blanche advanced a step—and drew back. "What do you want of me?" she asked, inspired by a sudden distrust.

Lady Lundie turned round, and looked at her impatiently.

"Can't you see yet," she said, sharply, "that your interest and my interest in this matter are one? What have I told you?"

"Don't repeat it!"

"I must repeat it! I have told you that Arnold Brinkworth was privately at Craig Fernie, with Miss Silvester, in the acknowledged character of her husband—when we supposed him to be visiting the estate left him by his aunt. You refuse to believe it—and I am about to put it to the proof. Is it your interest or is it not, to know whether this man deserves the blind belief that you place in him?"

Blanche trembled from head to foot, and made no reply.

"I am going into the garden, to speak to Mr. Brinkworth through the smoking-room window," pursued her ladyship. "Have you the courage to come with me; to wait behind out of sight; and to hear what he says with his own lips? I am not afraid of putting it to that test. Are you?"

The tone in which she asked the question roused Blanche's spirit.

"If I believed him to be guilty," she said, resolutely, "I should *not* have the courage. I believe him to be innocent. Lead the way, Lady Lundie, as soon as you please."

They left the room—Blanche's own room at Ham Farm—and descended to the hall. Lady Lundie stopped, and consulted the railway time-table hanging near the house-door.

"There is a train to London at a quarter to twelve," she said. "How long does it take to walk to the station?"

"Why do you ask?"

"You will soon know. Answer my question."

"It's a walk of twenty minutes to the station."

Lady Lundie referred to her watch. "There will be just time," she said.

"Time for what?"

"Come into the garden."

With that answer, she led the way out.

The smoking-room projected at right angles from the wall of the house, in an oblong form—with a bow-window at the farther end, looking into the garden. Before she turned the corner, and showed herself within the range of view from the window, Lady Lundie looked back, and signed to Blanche to wait behind the angle of the wall. Blanche waited.

The next instant she heard the voices in conversation through the open window. Arnold's voice was the first that spoke.

"Lady Lundie! Why, we didn't expect you till luncheon time!"

Lady Lundie was ready with her answer.

"I was able to leave town earlier than I had anticipated. Don't put out your cigar; and don't move. I am not coming in."

The quick interchange of question and answer went on; every word being audible in the perfect stillness of the place. Arnold was the next to speak.

"Have you seen Blanche?"

"Blanche is getting ready to go out with me. We mean to have a walk together. I have many things to say to her. Before we go, I have something to say to *you*."

"Is it any thing very serious?"

"It is most serious."

"About me?"

"About you. I know where you went on the evening of my lawn-party at Windygates—you went to Craig Fernie."

"Good Heavens! how did you find out—?"

"I know whom you went to meet—Miss Silvester. I know what is said of you and of her—you are man and wife."

"Hush! don't speak so loud. Somebody may hear you!"

"What does it matter if they do? I am the only person whom you have kept out of the secret. You all of you know it here."

"Nothing of the sort! Blanche doesn't know it."

"What! Neither you nor Sir Patrick has told Blanche of the situation you stand in at this moment?"

"Not yet. Sir Patrick leaves it to me. I haven't been able to bring myself to do it. Don't say a word, I entreat you! I don't know how Blanche may interpret it. Her friend is expected in London to-morrow. I want to wait till Sir Patrick can bring them together. Her friend will break it to her better than I can. It's *my* notion. Sir Patrick thinks it a good one. Stop! you're not going away already?"

"She will be here to look for me if I stay any longer."

"One word! I want to know—"

"You shall know, later in the day."

Her ladyship appeared again round the angle of the wall. The next words that passed were words spoken in a whisper.

"Are you satisfied now, Blanche?"

"Have you mercy enough left, Lady Lundie, to take me away from this house?"

"My dear child! Why else did I look at the time-table in the hall?"

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

THE EXPLOSION.

ARNOLD'S mind was far from easy when he was left by himself again in the smoking-room.

After wasting some time in vainly trying to guess at the source from which Lady Lundie had derived her information, he put on his hat, and took the direction which led to Blanche's favorite walk at Ham Farm. Without absolutely distrusting her ladyship's discretion, the idea had occurred to him that he would do well to join his wife and her step-mother. By making a third at the interview between them, he might prevent the conversation from assuming a perilously confidential turn.

The search for the ladies proved useless. They had not taken the direction in which he supposed them to have gone.

He returned to the smoking-room, and composed himself to wait for events as patiently as he might. In this passive position—with his thoughts still running on Lady Lundie—his memory reverted to a brief conversation between Sir Patrick and himself, occasioned, on the previous day, by her ladyship's announcement of her proposed visit to Ham Farm. Sir Patrick had at once expressed his conviction that his sister-in-law's journey south had some acknowledged purpose at the bottom of it.

"I am not at all sure, Arnold" (he had said), "that I have done wisely in leaving her letter unanswered. And I am strongly disposed to think that the safest course will be to take her into the secret when she comes to-morrow. We can't help the position in which we are placed. It was impossible (without admitting your wife to our confidence) to prevent Blanche from writing that unlucky letter to her—and, even if we had prevented it, she must have heard in other ways of your return to England. I don't doubt my own discretion, so far; and I don't doubt the convenience of keeping her in the dark, as a means of keeping her from meddling in this business of yours, until I have had time to set it right. But she may, by some unlucky accident, discover the truth for herself—and, in that case, I strongly distrust the influence which she might attempt to exercise on Blanche's mind."

Those were the words—and what had happened on the day after they had been spoken? Lady Lundie *had* discovered the truth; and she was, at that moment, alone somewhere with Blanche. Arnold took up his hat once more, and set forth on the search for the ladies in another direction.

The second expedition was as fruitless as the first. Nothing was to be seen, and nothing was to be heard, of Lady Lundie and Blanche.

Arnold's watch told him that it was not far from the time when Sir Patrick might be expected to return. In all probability, while he had been looking for them, the ladies had gone back by some other way to the house. He entered the rooms on the ground-floor, one after another. They were all empty. He went up stairs, and knocked at the door of Blanche's room. There was no answer. He opened the door and looked in. The room was empty, like the rooms down stairs. But, close to the entrance, there was a trifling circumstance to attract notice, in the shape of a note lying on the carpet. He picked it up, and saw that it was addressed to him in the handwriting of his wife.

He opened it. The note began, without the usual form of address, in these words:

"I know the abominable secret that you and my uncle have hidden from me. I know *your* infamy, and *her* infamy, and the position in which, thanks to you and to her, I now stand. Reproaches would be wasted words, addressed to such a man as you are. I write these lines to tell you that I have placed myself under my step-mother's protection in London. It is useless to attempt to follow me. Others will find out whether the ceremony of marriage which you went through with me is binding on you or not. For myself, I know enough already. I have gone, never to come back, and never to let you see me again.—Blanche."

Hurrying headlong down the stairs with but one clear idea in his mind—the idea of instantly following his wife—Arnold encountered Sir Patrick, standing by a table in the hall, on which cards and notes left by visitors were usually placed, with an open letter in his hand. Seeing in an instant what had happened, he threw one of his arms round Arnold, and stopped him at the house-door.

"You are a man," he said, firmly. "Bear it like a man."

Arnold's head fell on the shoulder of his kind old friend. He burst into tears.

Sir Patrick let the irrepressible outbreak of grief have its way. In those first moments, silence was mercy. He said nothing. The letter which he had been reading (from Lady Lundie, it is needless to say), dropped unheeded at his feet.

Arnold lifted his head, and dashed away the tears.

"I am ashamed of myself," he said. "Let me go."

"Wrong, my poor fellow—doubly wrong!"

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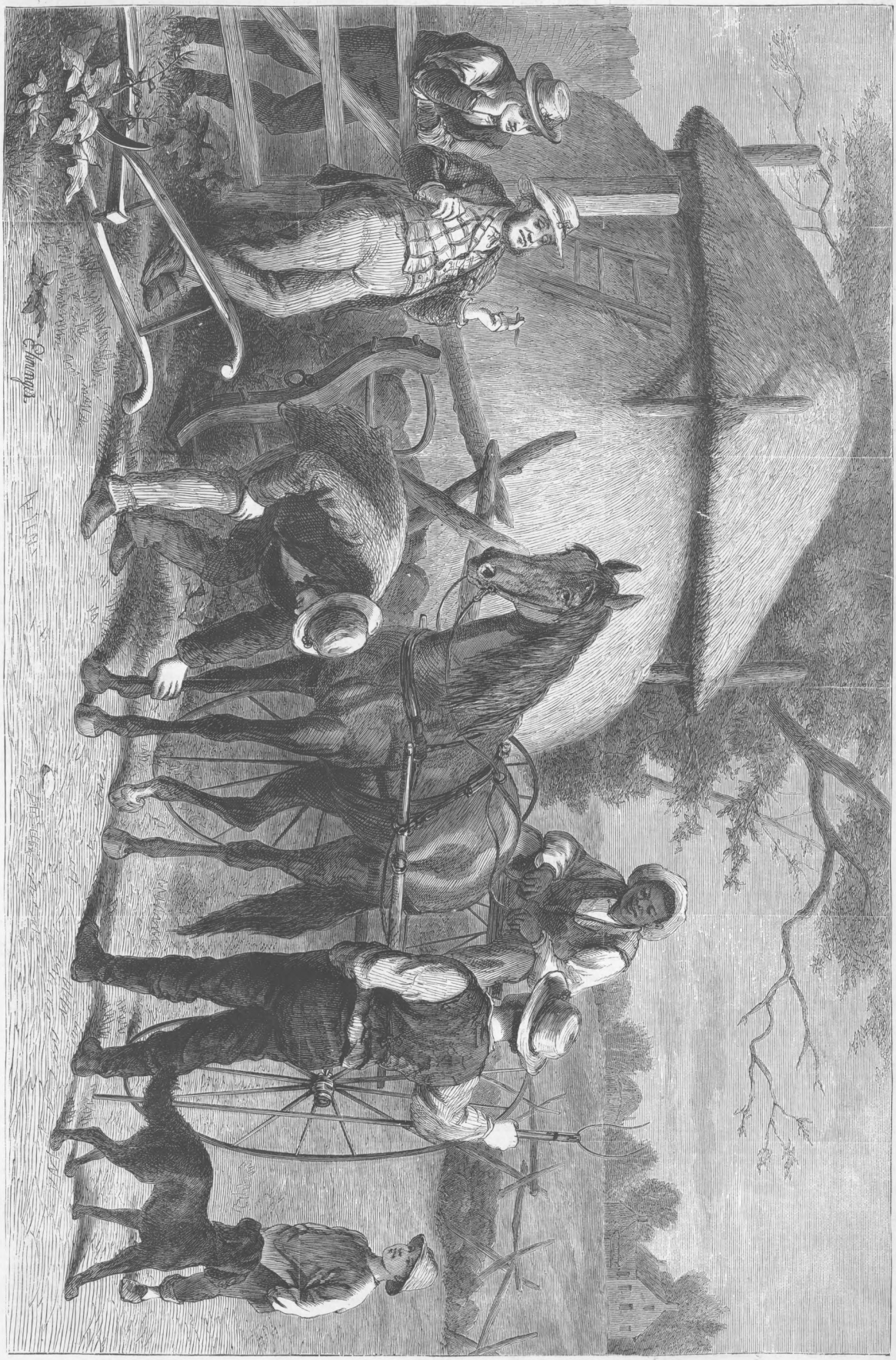

THE PROMISING COLT.—[DRAWN BY J. W. EBSWORTH.]

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REGRET.

My love is gone: the summer sea
Shall sing the rocks their roundelay;
But who will care to sing to me,
I am so full of misery?

My love is gone: in angry mood,
From my caprice and scorn, this day
He passed, and left me where I stood;
And I am full of misery.

My love is gone: the girdled bee
Shall kiss the bluebell day by day;
But who will care to comfort me,
I am so full of misery?

My love is gone: my aching breast
Shall weep and sob, and weep away
Its grief; but it will never rest,
It is so full of misery.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER XV.

INFELICE.

CESARE advanced into the room silently, with his eyes fixed on his wife. He was very pale, and his hand plucked at his mustache with the lithe, serpentine motion of the fingers that was so suggestive of cruelty. Veronica, when she saw him, started violently, and dropped Plew's hand. The surgeon stood firm and still, and looked at Cesare quietly, neither apprehensive nor defiant. For some seconds no one spoke. The room was as still as death. Cesare's eyes quitted his wife's face, and wandered round the boudoir, looking more than ever like the inscrutable eyes in a picture on which you can not get a good light. This glance took in every detail of the scene. The preparations for supper, the half-emptied flasks of wine; above all, his wife's torn sleeve, and the wasted arm with its livid bruises. Then he spoke.

"Mille scuse! I intrude. No wonder you preferred to stay at home, cara gioja! But why did you not tell me that you expected a guest? Ha! Quite a carouse—a banquet! Per Dio! It is diverting! Like a scene in a comedy. It is complete! Lelio and Rosaura—and the husband!"

He spoke in Italian, and with an insolent, mocking bitterness of irony, which perhaps only an Italian can attain. Veronica did not speak. She sat still, with parted lips and dilated eyes, and her heart beat with such suffocating rapidity that she panted for breath as she sat. Suddenly Barletti turned to Plew, and addressed him in English, with a total change of tone.

"What do you here?" he asked, abruptly.

"I came here, Prince Barletti, because—" He saw in Veronica's face a mute appeal to conceal the fact that she had sent for him. "Because I happened to be in town, and thought that, for old acquaintance sake, I might venture to call on your wife. I am sorry to perceive by your manner—an unnecessarily discourteous manner, you will allow me to say, toward one whom you consider your inferior—that my visit is distasteful to you."

"Distasteful! *Come?* How can you think it? *Come, come?* How distasteful? Schiavo suo! I am your slave."

"I think, Cesare, you—might—be—decently civil—if not kind—to an old friend of mine—whom—I—so—value," gasped out Veronica, with her hand pressed to her side to restrain the painful beating of her heart.

"Angelo mio diletto! I have a great defect. I confess it with much penance. I am not of those husbands—those amiable and dear husbands—who are kind to the old and valued friend of their wife! *Che vuoi?* I am made so. *Son fatto così.*"

"You are mad, Cesare!"

"Not at all. Ah no! I have the disgrazia—the disgrace—to be in my sound mind. I have a memory—oh! so good memory. Did I tell you of my antipathy—another defect—I am full of them—for a certain person? And did I say that I like him not to come in my house?"

All this while Cesare was standing, with folded arms, on the opposite side of the table to his wife and Plew. The latter left his position near Veronica, and advanced toward Barletti, still, however, keeping the table between them.

"I shall not trust myself to say what I think of your conduct," said the little surgeon. "How you treat *me* matters little—"

"It matters nothing. You are right. It matters not that!" returned Barletti, snapping his fingers close to the surgeon's face. The latter stood like a rock.

"You had better take care," said he, quietly. "You might chance to touch me if you did that again."

"And if so? Even if so, eh? *Maledetta canaglia che tu sei!*"

Plew did not understand the words, but the look and tone that accompanied them were intelligible enough. He colored high, but spoke still in the same quiet manner, that in its unaffected manliness had a certain dignity.

"You have told your wife in my presence that you had an antipathy to me—why, Heaven knows!—and that you had desired never to see me in your house. Even had I known this, I do not think it would have prevented me from coming—"

"Without doubt! Oh, without doubt! He is pleasant, this buffone!"

"But I did not know it. And my errand here to-night was—partly—to deliver a message to your wife from her father."

"You lie!"

"Cesare! Per pieta!" cried Veronica, rising and holding up her hands as though to shut out the words from the surgeon's ears.

"Don't be afraid, Veronica," said Plew, with a quivering lip. "I am not a child, to be carried away into passion by a vile, vulgar insult from one whom I despise."

"Be silent, then!" cried Cesare, turning on her with savage fury. He spoke now in his own language, and poured out a torrent of opprobrious taunts and invectives with the volubility of an angry lazarone.

He was jealous of Mr. Plew. Wild and incredible as the idea appeared to Veronica, it nevertheless was so. Some jesting word dropped by the vicar about Mr. Plew's old adoration for his daughter had first attracted his attention to the behavior of Veronica toward this man. He had been struck by the unexampled fact of her taking the trouble to write letters to him from Shipley Magna. He had more than once told Veronica, as the reader knows, that the village surgeon was, as he phrased it, *antipatico* to him. Still she persisted in communicating with him. Cesare had watched the posting of her letters. Why should she care to write to Mr. Plew? Friendship? Bah! He was not a fool. What friendship could there be between a beautiful, brilliant young woman like his wife and a man who, however unattractive he might be in Cesare's eyes, was still far from old, and, moreover, had loved Veronica in years gone by? Che, che! If she did not love him, she allowed him to make love to her. Cesare's jealousy was alert and furious at the thought. Then one night he comes home unexpectedly, and finds this man with his wife—with his wife, who had refused to go out with him in spite of his urgent request to her to do so. She had been complaining of him, too, to this accursed doctor. Did he not see the torn sleeve, the uncovered arm? There was no reproach that could lacerate a woman's feelings that he did not heap on her in his fury.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" she cried, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples, "this is more than I can bear. Listen, Cesare. Since you are possessed with this insanity—yes, insanity! I would say so with my dying breath—I will tell you now the truth. I can not remain with you. I have made up my mind to separate from you, and to live apart. You may have all the money—all the wicked, weary money; give me only enough to live on, and let me go. I am broken and crushed. I only want peace."

"You hear the Signora Principessa!" said Cesare, resuming for a moment his mocking sneer. "You hear her! Can not you, you valued friend, persuade her to be wise? I am her husband. Ah, I know your English law! I am master, she is slave. Can not you advise her? But I fear you are not yourself very wise! You give her wine. See, here is the flasco nearly void. Do you not know that she has too great penchant for the wine, la nostra cara principessa? Or did you perhaps teach her to love it, like the rest of the Inglesi?"

"You are more base and contemptible than I could have believed it possible for a man to be. I shall not remain longer beneath your roof. But I would have you know, and to understand, and to lay to heart, that this lady is not without friends and protectors, and that the English law, which you profess to know so well, does not permit you to treat her with the gross brutality to which I can bear witness."

"Giuro a Dio!" cried Cesare, in a transport of fury. "This to me—to me! *You* are perhaps her protector—cane maledetto!"

"Don't go!" screamed Veronica, clinging to the surgeon's arm, and cowering away from her husband. "He will kill me when you are gone!"

With a tremendous oath, Cesare seized a knife from the table, and made a thrust at the surgeon. At the same instant Veronica threw herself between the two men, and the knife, glancing off Plew's thick coat, was plunged into her side.

"O God! Veronica!" cried the surgeon, supporting her in his arms, and, as her weight sank, kneeling down upon the ground, and resting her head on his knee. "Oh, my beloved!"

Cesare stood transfixed and motionless, looking at the flowing blood, the dark, disheveled hair that covered the surgeon's knee, the white face of his hapless wife.

"Get assistance! Call for help! You have murdered her. Veronica! Veronica!"

"Is—is she dead?" said Cesare. Then, without waiting for a reply, he rushed out of the room with a rapid, noiseless step, descended the stairs with headlong vehemence, and was gone. The surgeon's cries presently brought up a crowd of scared servants, most of them heated and flustered with a revel they had been holding in their own domain, and which had prevented their hearing Cesare rush down the stairs and from the house. There was a chorus of exclamations—a confused Babel of voices. Some of the women screamed murder.

"Be quiet, for God's sake! Help me to lay her on the couch."

He had stanched the blood as well as he could, but it still flowed, and as they lifted her to place her on the couch it broke forth afresh, and left a ghastly trail that marked their path across the gayly-flowered carpet.

"Go for a doctor instantly! Go you!" said Mr. Plew, singling out one man who looked less scared and more self-possessed than the others. He was a groom, and had not long been in the prince's service.

"I am a medical man myself," said Mr. Plew, "but I must have assistance."

The man set off, promising to make good speed. Several doctors lived within a short distance of the house. He would not return without some one. Mr. Plew then asked for water and linen, and sending the other men away, he made two of the women assist him to do what could be done. They laid a white sheet over her, and put pillows and cushions beneath her head. In a few minutes, as he hung over her with an agonized face, she opened her eyes.

"Lord be merciful! She's alive!" cried one of the women.

Mr. Plew checked her by putting his hand over her mouth.

"Be quiet. It's a matter of life and death that you should be quiet. Veronica," he added, putting his lips near to her ear, and speaking very softly. "Do you know me?"

She formed the word "yes," with her colorless lips. Then her eyes languidly wandered about the room as though in search of some one. Then for the first time Mr. Plew remarked Cesare's absence. He had hitherto had eyes and ears only for her.

"Where is—your master?" he asked of one of the women, interpreting Veronica's look.

"Master? Master? I don't know! Did he come in?"

"Yes, yes; he was here. He was here just now."

"Then," cried one of the women, clasping her hands, "was it *he* that done it?"

Veronica made a violent effort to speak. "It was not all his fault," she gasped. "I—fell—on—the knife."

The exertion was too great for her, and she swooned again. In a few moments the groom returned, bringing with him the doctor and a policeman.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE END.

"THERE is not the least hope. You had better send for her friends at once. Are they in London? She can not last many hours."

The sickly gray dawn was creeping in at the windows of the room where Mr. Plew had watched all night by the side of the dying girl. Dying? Ah yes, too surely. Before his colleague's verdict had been uttered Mr. Plew had known full well, although he had striven against the knowledge, that it was beyond mortal skill to save her. The light of a shaded lamp struggled with the dawn. They had not dared to remove Veronica from the couch on which she had been placed at first. The growing daylight gradually revealed more and more of the horrible aspect of the chamber. The contrast of its gaudy richness and bright gilding with the awful stains that ran along the floor, and with the ghastly whiteness of the covering that concealed the helpless form on the sofa, and with the livid face and forlorn, disheveled hair tossed wildly around it, was horrible.

They had cut the hair off roughly here and there, in jagged ends, to keep it from distressing her by its long abundance. Both the doctors had at first concurred in thinking that there might be some hope. When it was desired to take her deposition, the medical men had said that to disturb her with questions would be at that moment infallibly to kill her. With a little quiet and patience, she might be able by-and-by to speak.

Meanwhile search was being made for her guilty husband, who, it was clear, had fled from the consequences of his crime. But, after a few hours, a violent fever set in. From that moment Mr. Plew knew that she was doomed. She had been delirious all night, and had asked constantly for water, water, water. But she spoke chiefly in Italian. Her faithful, loving friend had watched by her through the long night of agony, such as breaks the heart and blanches the head. Then, with the first gray of morning, came the words that head this chapter:

"There is no hope."

Her father had been telegraphed for, but it was scarcely possible that she should survive to see him, let him make the utmost speed he could.

After the long night of pain, fever, and delirium, the first rays of morning found the sufferer sleeping. It seemed not, indeed, so much a sleep as a lethargy that weighed on her eyelids, surrounded by a livid violet circle that made the pallor of her cheeks and brow startling.

"Has any news been heard of the man—the Prince Cesare?" asked the London physician, in a low voice, of Mr. Plew. The former had not passed the whole night by Veronica's couch, as her old friend had done. He had contented himself with sending a nurse, and promising to come again in the early morning. This promise he had kept. Mr. Plew shook his head in answer to the physician's question.

"I hope they'll catch the villain," said the physician.

Mr. Plew at that moment had no thought or care for Cesare's punishment. His whole soul seemed to hang upon the prostrate form from which the life was ebbing with every breath.

"The magistrate will be here by-and-by," said the doctor.

"She must not be disturbed!" said Mr. Plew. "She must not be tortured."

The physician slightly shrugged his shoulders, and looked at the sleeper with a cool compassion in his face. "They must not delay very long, if they want to see her alive. The end is near," said he.

Mr. Plew remained perfectly still, watching her face, from which he did not withdraw his eyes for a moment, even in addressing the other man. His hands were folded together on his breast. In his heart he was praying that she might regain consciousness, and recognize him, before the end.

"O Lord, may this grace be vouchsafed to me!"

So ran his prayer.

Mr. Plew was not unskilled in his own science, and he did not pray for her recovery. That, thought he, would be a miracle. A man can not hope for a miracle. It did not occur to him that any special answer to special prayer must be miraculous. The human heart is complex and illogical, and deduces many contradictory inferences from the simplest premise. Half an hour passed. Then there came a ring at the door, which sounded with painful metallic vibrations through the hushed house.

"I will go down and see them," said the physician, divining who the early visitors must be, and not sorry to leave a scene in which he could be of no use.

"She must not be disturbed," said Mr. Plew, still without moving or changing the fixed direction of his glance. The other nodded, and noiselessly left the room. The hired nurse sat, with closed eyes, in a chair in a distant corner of the room. She was not fully asleep; but she took a measure of repose in the half-waking fashion rendered familiar by her avocations. There was a muffled sound of feet below; the closing of a door—then all was still.

Suddenly the surgeon's gaze, instead of looking on closed, violet-tinted eyelids, with their heavy black fringe, met a pair of wide-open, haggard eyes, that looked strange, but not wild: there was speculation in them.

"Mr. Plew!"

The whispered sound of his own uncouth name was like music in his ears. All the night she had been calling on Cesare, begging him to save her from *that other;* imploring him to give her a drink of water; appointing an hour for him to meet her in the Villa Reale; always associating him with some terror or trouble. She had spoken in Italian; but her husband's name, and one or two other words, had sufficed to give the watcher an idea of the images that filled her poor fevered brain.

"My dearest," he answered.

She feebly moved her hand, and he took it in his own. She closed her eyes for a moment, as though to signify that that was what she had desired him to do.

Then she opened her eyes again, and looking at him with a terrible, wide stare, whispered, "Shall I die?"

His heart was wrung with a bitter agony as he saw her plaintive, pleading face, full of the vague terror of a frightened child. He pressed her hand gently, and stroked the matted hair from her forehead. He tried to speak comfort to her. But it was in vain. He *could* not tell her a lie.

"Don't let me die! I am very young. *Can't* I get better? Oh, can't I get better? I am so afraid! Keep me with you. Hold my hand. Don't let me die!"

"Veronica! My only love! Be calm! Have pity on me."

"Oh, but I am afraid. It is so dreadful to—to—die!"

She hid her face against his hand, and moaned and murmured a little incoherently.

"Our Father, have mercy upon her!" sobbed the surgeon. Even as he sobbed he was careful to suppress the convulsive heaving of his chest, as far as it was in his power to command it, lest it should shake the hand she clung to.

Again she moved her head enough to enable her to look up at him. "You are good," she said. "You can pray. God will hear you. Will he?—will he hear you? Oh yes, yes; you and Maud. You and Maud—you and— Do you see that tombstone in St. Gildas's graveyard? I dreamed once that I was going to marry you, and *he* started out from behind the tombstone to prevent it. That was a dream. But the tombstone is there: white, all white on the turf. Don't you see it?"

"Veronica! Do you hear me?"

"Yes—Mr. Plew. Poor Mr. Plew! He loved me. Was it you?"

"I loved you. I love you. Listen! Do you think you can pray?"

"O-h-h-h! I'm afraid! But if you say—if you say it—I will try."

He uttered a short prayer.

"Do you forgive all those who have done you wrong?"

"Forgive! I am very sorry. I *am* sorry. I hope they will forgive me. Yes: I forgive."

"My darling, let me kiss you. You are not in pain?"

"N-no. It is so dark now! That old yew-tree shades the window too much. But we shall go away where there is more light, sha'n't we? We won't stay here."

"We will go where there is more light, my treasure. Lean your dear head on my arm, beloved. So. You are not frightened now?"

"Not frightened now; tired—so tired! How dark the yew-tree makes the window! Ah!"

She gave a long, quivering sigh, and dropped her head quite down upon his hand.

When they came to see if the sufferer could be spoken to, they found him standing, rigid, with her fingers clasped in his. He raised his hand to warn them to be silent as they entered.

"She must not be disturbed!" he whispered.

"Disturbed!" echoed the physician, advancing hastily. "She will never be disturbed more. My dear Sir, you must compose yourself. I feel for your grief. You were evidently much attached to the unfortunate lady. But there is no more to be done—she is dead!"

* * * * * *

Several years later there arrived in Leghorn, from the United States, an Italian—a Sicilian he called himself—who was supposed by those who understood such matters to be mixed up with certain political movements, of a republican tendency, in the South. He was an agent of Mazzini, said one. He was a rich adventurer, who had been a filibuster, said another. He was a mere chevalier d'industrie, declared a third, and the speaker remembered his face in more than one capital of Europe. Doubtless he had been attracted to the neighborhood of Florence by its

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recent elevation to the rank of a metropolis. Or it might be that he had made New York too hot to hold him.

One night there was a disturbance at a low café in Leghorn, near the port, frequented chiefly by Greek sailors. A man was stabbed to the heart, and his assassin, a certain Greek of infamous character, named Polyopolis, was condemned to the galleys for life.

Of the murdered man little was known. The landlord of the café deposed that he had entered his house together with the Greek, the latter seeming more boastfully insolent and elated than was his wont; that he (the landlord), perceiving that the stranger was of a different class to the generality of his customers, was induced by curiosity to pay some attention to his conversation (in other words, to listen at the door of the miserable room occupied by the Greek); that he had heard the two men quarreling, and the Greek especially insisting on a large sum of money, reiterating over and over again that twenty thousand francs was a cheap price to let him off at. He supposed there had been a struggle, for he had soon heard a scuffling noise, and the voice of Polyopolis crying out that he should not serve him as he had served his wife! He had got assistance, and broken open the door. The stranger was dead: stabbed to the heart. Che vuole? Pazienza! Polyopolis had tried to escape by the window, but was too great a coward to jump. So they caught him. That was all he knew. Ecco!

The murdered man was known in Leghorn as Cesare Cesarini. But there was more than one distinguished noble who could have given a different name to him. But they never thought of doing so. The man was dead. There had been sundry unpleasant circumstances connected with his history. And would it not have been exceedingly *inconvenable* to stir up such disagreeable recollections, to the annoyance of a really illustrious Neapolitan family, who had become quite the leaders of society since their influx of wealth from the sale of some property to an English company that afterward went to smash?

Che, che! let by-gones be by-gones!

So Cesare de' Barletti sleeps in a pauper's grave, and his own people know his name no more.

Maud was not told of Veronica's tragic fate until some weeks after her marriage—her husband feeling that it would cast a deep gloom over the early brightness of their wedded life. Her grief, when she knew the truth, was sincere and intense. And her only consolation was—as she often said to the poor surgeon—to know that her dear girl had died with his loving hand in hers, and had not been quite lonely and abandoned at the last.

The vicar's affliction was more demonstrative, but briefer, than Maud's. He soon had troubles enough in the present to prevent his brooding over the past. His young wife speedily discovered the anomalous nature of her position: not received by the gentry, and looked on with cold jealousy by those of her own class. She became fretful and slatternly, and turned out to have a shrewish tongue, and to be energetic in the using of it. And her vulgar family established themselves in the vicarage, and lorded it over the vicar as only the callousness of vulgarity can.

Old Joanna left her old master with regret. But, as she said, she could not stand being crowed over by Mrs. Meggitt. The faithful old woman went to live with Mrs. Hugh Lockwood, whose children—especially a bright-eyed little girl, named Veronica—she spoiled with supreme satisfaction to herself, and under the delusion that her discipline was Spartan in its rigor.

Miss Turtle inherited a trifling legacy from a bachelor uncle, who was a tradesman in London; on the strength of which legacy she set up a day-school for the children of small shop-keepers, and such persons. As she was very gentle, very honest, and very industrious, she prospered. She never married; and she and Mr. Plew continued fast friends to the end of their days.

Of the little surgeon—if these pages have succeeded in portraying him as he was—it need not be said that his life continued to be one of humble usefulness and activity. He was never merry, and seldom—to outward observation at least—sad. Once a year he made a pilgrimage to London, where he visited a lonely tomb in a suburban cemetery. But of these visits he never spoke.

And it was observed in him that, while he was always kind and gentle to all children, he was especially attached to one of Maud's little girls. But he always gave her the uncouth name she had bestowed upon herself in her baby efforts to talk—Wonca!—and he never called her Veronica!

THE END.

HAND-SHAKING.

How did people first get into the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own lawgiver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand—the hand alike of offense and defense, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man can not well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left, while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with his victim. The custom of hand-shaking prevails, more or less, among all civilized nations, and is the tacit avowal of friendship and good-will, just as the kiss is of a warmer passion.

Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen; unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. It is for them to receive homage, not to give it. They can not be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted, unless such persons are very closely related to them by family or affection; in which cases hand-shaking is not needed, and the lips do more agreeable duty.

Some people are too "robustious" to be altogether pleasant. They take the offered hand with the grasp of a vice, and as if they had, with malice prepense, resolved to squeeze all the delicate little bones of your knuckles into pulp or mince-meat. And while the tears of agony come into your eyes, and run down your cheeks, they smile at you benignantly, like gentle giants, unconscious of their strength, and of the tyranny with which they exercise it. Many of them are truly good fellows, and mean all the cordiality of which their awful squeeze is the manifestation. They would exert all the strength that goes to waste in such hand-shaking in rescuing you from danger, if you were in it, or in doing battle against your enemies, if you were assailed by superior numbers. Yet when such seemingly cordial good fellows manifest the same cordiality toward people whom they met for the first time yesterday, and toward those with whom they may have been intimate for a half or a quarter of a century, it is impossible to avoid a suspicion that they act from habit, rather than from the ebullition of heart. But of all the men to be avoided, he who squeezes your hand in this excruciating fashion, on a false pretense, is the worst. He dislocates your joints to convince you that he loves you very dearly, and as soon as you are out of sight forgets you, or thinks that you are no "great shakes" after all, or, worse still, abuses you behind your back to the next acquaintance whom he meets. Him, in his turn, he serves in the same manner, and gradually establishes for himself the character, which he well deserves, of being a snob and a humbug of a particularly offensive type.

Another, and even more odious kind of hand-shaker, is he who offers you his hand, but will not permit you to get fair hold of it; one of whom it has been sung:

> "With finger tip he condescends
> To touch the fingers of his friends,
> As if he feared their palms might brand
> Some moral stigma on his hand."

To be treated with the cool contempt or supercilious scorn which such a mode of salutation implies, is worse than not to be saluted at all. Better a foeman, with whom you feel on terms of equality, than an acquaintance—he can not be called a friend—who looks down upon you as if he were a superior being, and will not admit your social equality without a drawback and a discount. It sometimes happens, however, that this result is due to the diffidence of the shakee rather than to the pride of the shaker. If a timid man will not hold his hand out far enough to enable another to grasp it fairly, it is his own fault, and betrays a weakness in his own character, and not a defect in that of him who would be friendly with him.

Another hand-shaker whose method is intolerable, and with whom it is next to impossible to remain on friendly terms, is the one who offers you one finger instead of the tips of the whole five, as much as to say, I am either too preoccupied in myself, or think too little of you, to give you my whole hand. With such a man the interchange of any but the barest and scantiest courtesy is rendered difficult by any one who has a particle of self-respect.

To shake hands without removing the glove is an act of discourtesy, which, if unintentional and thoughtless, requires an apology for the hurry or inadvertence which led to it. This idea would also seem to be an occult remnant of the old notion that the glove might conceal a weapon. Hence true courtesy and friendship required that the hand should be naked as a proof of bonâ fides.

To refuse pointedly to shake hands with one who offers you the opportunity in a friendly manner amounts to a declaration of hostility. And after a quarrel—or act of open hostility—the acceptance of the hand offered is alike the sign and the ratification of peace.

The nations of continental Europe are scarcely so much addicted to hand-shaking as the English, while the English in this respect are far less demonstrative and apparently cordial than the Americans, who shake hands with one another from morning to night, if even the slightest excuse or opportunity arises. "Since my arrival in the United States," wrote the late Mr. Smith O'Brien, "I have been surrounded by crowds of well-wishers, whose greatest desire seemed to be to shake hands with me. In Ireland this practice does not prevail, but here it seems to be a universal custom."

One of the greatest penalties attached to the by no means enviable office of President is the stupendous amount of hand-shaking which that functionary has to undergo. The late good-natured President Lincoln was a serious sufferer, though it must be confessed that he often took his revenge and gave some too importunate hand-shakers such squeezes of his powerful grasp as made them remember him with pain for a few hours after the infliction of his cordiality. Both he and other occupants of his uneasy and thankless office have, on New-Year's Day especially, and on many other occasions, to undergo an amount of hand-shaking sufficient almost to wrench the arm off, or at least to make it ache for a fortnight afterward. Five or six thousand people of all rank and classes of men, from the polite European embassadors and diplomatic agents at Washington, and the legislators, bankers, merchants, lawyers, newspaper editors and reporters, the military and naval officers, down to the common soldiers and sailors, and, lower still, down to the very roughs of the street, who are all admitted without the intervention of a Gold Stick or any other kind of stick, or a Black or a White Rod, or any kind of usher or introduction, and in any costume they please, even in that of the navvy with his heavy boots and his working-jacket, or the sweep with the soot still on his face (though it must be admitted as a rule that the rowdies, the sweeps, and the navvies put on their best clothes on such great occasions), pass through the reception-hall, each of them expecting to shake hands with the chief magistrate.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, of Brooklyn, and its earnest, enthusiastic pastor, are well known throughout the country. And the fact that on the beautiful Sabbath that ushered in the month of May ninety-eight persons united with that church, is of interest to many outside the immense throng present on that occasion. The first Sunday in May has been regarded as a sacred and joyful anniversary in Plymouth Church since about eleven years ago, when two hundred individuals together made a public profession of their Christian faith. On this last May morning the platform, which is the pastor's pulpit, was fragrant with the choicest flowers, arranged in elegant vases and massive stands, while a double border of mosses and trailing arbutus encircled the entire platform. Some of the flowers were sent as a memorial of loved friends "not lost, but gone before," to whom the day had been a personal anniversary. The extremes of life were represented in those who joined the church that day: one of the ninety-eight was but ten years old, and another eighty. Henry Ward Beecher has been for twenty-three years pastor of Plymouth Church, which now numbers over two thousand members. Between five and six thousand have been at different times connected with the church, many of whom, scattered throughout the country, remember with interest occasions similar to the one to which we have alluded. Not long ago it was stated in a certain newspaper that Mr. Beecher's congregation was largely composed of strangers, who were drawn thither by curiosity. Doubtless a large proportion of the hundreds who found it impossible to find entrance to the church on the 1st of May were strangers, and hundreds of strangers go there every Sunday. But the great mass are regular attendants. The large lecture-room, at the weekly Friday evening meetings, is often filled to overflowing, even as the church is on the Sabbath.

The registry of the Bethel Mission Sabbath-school, which is sustained by Plymouth Church, shows a membership of nearly one thousand teachers and scholars; and there is a regular attendance of between seven and eight hundred. During the winter there has been a series of attractive entertainments at the Bethel one evening each week; and these, with the Free Reading-room, and evening schools for boys, draw many from the dangers of idle evening hours in the streets of a great city.

We notice the statement in an exchange that over one hundred young women are studying law in different sections of the country; some in universities, but more in lawyers' offices, where many are able to pay their tuition fees by writing.

Finely crystallized iceland or rhombic spar has the property of doubly refracting the rays of light, and is much employed in making optical instruments for polarizing light. Perfectly transparent pieces are rare and valuable, and American opticians have usually supplied themselves from abroad. It is said, however, to abound in Rockingham County, Virginia.

Advertising is an immense convenience; in proof of which is the following, clipped from a foreign exchange: "Wanted, on Tuesday evening next, a handsome, tall, and highly respectable unmarried gentleman, to escort a young lady to an entertainment. Address, inclosing carte, Constance, Post-office, St. Heliers."

The Central Park omnibuses are extensively patronized, and have really proved a decided success. They can be found now at both the Fifth and Eighth Avenue entrances; and for twenty-five cents one can make a very delightful tour of the Park.

Night should be consecrated to sleep. The better the sleep, the greater the probability of longevity. The amount necessary for reinvigoration depends upon the age, habits, and constitution of the individual. A person who thinks but little is always in a sort of torpor; but after vigorous mental effort sleep is even more necessary than after bodily labor. To be refreshed by sleep one should have an abundance of pure air, the stomach should not be loaded, and all anxious and harassing thoughts should be laid aside.

Never quarrel with your wife—is the advice of some sage benedict—for you will only have to make it up, and pay for the reconciliation in the shape of a season ticket to the Opera, a trip to the Springs, a silk dress, or a Cashmere shawl!

Seven American ladies are engaged as sculptors in Rome at the present time—Misses Hosmer, Whitney, Lewis (colored), Freeman, Stebbins, Foley, and Virginia Ream. Miss Lewis has received orders from the Marquis of Bute for works from her chisel. The Marquis is a nobleman of great wealth and influence, and is a well-known patron of art.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-one and eighteen hundred and seventy-two will be rendered notable by a great polar expedition, for which preparations are now being made in Sweden. It is to be under the direction of Professor Nordenskjold, the celebrated scientific leader of the Swedish expedition of 1868; and the Professor intends to proceed to Greenland this summer to purchase dogs for the sledges, and procure some necessary information.

Christine Nilsson has made an engagement with M. Maurice Strakosch for one hundred representations in America. The third of September is fixed as the date of her departure from Europe. The proceeds of her farewell performance in Paris she generously gave to the Artists' Fund.

People who "can't imagine what ails them," have now a chance of making discoveries. A celebrated Russian surgeon, Dr. Millo, has invented a method of illuminating the interior of the living human body with the aid of a concentrated beam of electric light. The workings of the mortal machine are rendered as perceptible as if it was made of glass. Whether *thoughts* are "brought to light" by this means, does not yet appear.

"Sir," inquired a minister of a well-known lawyer, with whom he was conversing, "do you ever make any mistakes in pleading?"

"Certainly," replied the man of law.

"And what do you do with the mistakes?" said the minister.

"Why, Sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go," said the lawyer. "And pray, Sir, do *you* ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Yes, Sir, I have."

"And what do *you* do with the mistakes?"

"Why, Sir, I dispose of them in the same manner you do—I rectify the large ones, and pass the small ones. Not long since," continued he, "as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the devil was the father of *liars;* but made a mistake, and said the father of *lawyers*. The mistake was so small that I let it go."

The divorce courts would make much of a certain law passed in England in 1770, if it could be re-enacted now. This is it: "Any person who shall by means of rouge or of blanc, of perfumes, of essences, of artificial teeth, of false hair, of coton Espagnol, of steel stays or hoops, of high-heeled shoes, or of false hips, entice any of his Majesty's male subjects into marriage, shall be prosecuted for s rcery, and the marriage shall be declared null and void."

An old-fashioned American, after having viewed the beauties of the Rhine without extraordinary raptures, was asked his opinion of it. "Wa'al, Sir," said he, "it's not so grand as our North River. We hain't got them old castles, to be sure; but our water's as broad and our rocks air twice as big and mostly perpendic'lar." It being remarked that the ruins on the Rhine were extremely picturesque, he coolly replied, "Wa'al, I shouldn't wonder if our builders could put us up a few if we offered them the contract; but our people don't deal much in ruins, that's a fact; and when you come to think of it, you can't say there's much use in 'em."

Harriet Hosmer has received an order from the children of Edward Everett for a monument of bronze and red sandstone, to be placed in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Ever since the city passenger cars have been running in Baltimore, colored people, though paying the same fare as others, have been compelled to ride upon the front platform. No seats were provided, and only the roof overhead protected from storms. This matter has been recently brought into the United States Circuit Court, where it was explicitly declared that there must be an equality of accommodations provided for all classes. Consequently the railroad authorities have provided separate cars on the several lines for colored people. It is, however, predicted that white people will prefer availing themselves of these cars to waiting for others, provided white people are to be "*allowed*" in those reserved for colored people!

Since the fourteenth birthday of the Prince Imperial of France his signature to every act relating to the government of his household is as valid as if he were twice as old. He is said to be a lovable boy, with many good qualities to outweigh the prominent defect of character—a haughtiness which is not always concealed by the habitual politeness of address taught by education. He is well informed on general subjects, as, of course, he should be. When quite a baby he was taken by the Empress to be presented to the inhabitants of Bordeaux; and in consequence of a shock given to his nerves by the sudden firing of a cannon at that time, until last year, even the firing of a pistol would cause him to turn pale, while the tears ran down his cheeks in spite of the self-command which prevented him from uttering any exclamation indicative of the annoyance it gave him. His growing strength and the judicious treatment have enabled him to overcome the most trying of the symptoms; but although *fear* at the shock has departed, the dislike which seeks avoidance still remains.

Somebody suggests that the marriage service should now be changed to read, "Who dares take this woman?" And the groom can then answer, "I dare"—if he feels courageous enough when the crisis comes.

Last April Wagner's great opera, "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," was performed for the first time in the Berlin Opera-House. Not an available spot in the house was unoccupied, and hundreds applied for tickets in vain. The interest in the piece was of course heightened by the conflicting opinions which prevail in the musical world on the merit of Wagner's operatic compositions. The task of bringing the "Meistersinger" before the public was any thing but easy, no less than forty-four rehearsals having been judged necessary. On the whole, the execution was exceedingly good, and the whole performance was well received. The "Meistersinger" is Wagner's first attempt at comic opera; and those who know him only through his graver compositions can not but wonder at the versatility of his powers.

It is rumored that Ristori, having a young and beautiful daughter to provide for matrimonially, and thinking that it will be a good means of furthering her object to have a local habitation as well as a name, is about to leave the stage, and, as Marchioness del Grillo, settle in her native land.

One of the games much appreciated by the Emperor of France is that of *Les Définitions*, at which he has made the Prince Imperial as great an adept as himself, while the Empress has never been able to master the mysteries of its construction. One night great laughter was created in the imperial circle by the question propounded by M. Laferrière: "What is a usurer?" "An unlawful banker," replied the Emperor, quickly. "Then what is a banker?" asked the Empress, in some surprise, as the laughter went round. "Why, a lawful usurer, to be sure!" replied the Emperor, amidst a paroxysm of merriment, as the circle of the Tuileries does not exclude bankers, and there were two of the fraternity present at the moment, who joined in the laugh, notwithstanding the pointed nature of the joke.

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THE RIGHT HONORABLE W. E. FORSTER, M.P.

WILLIAM E. FORSTER, M.P.

THIS distinguished English statesman, who has peculiar claims to the respect of Americans, was the son of WILLIAM FORSTER, a minister of the society of Friends, and was born at Bradpole, Dorsetshire, England, July 11, 1818. He was educated at Tottenham, in the school belonging to his society, and afterward settled at Bradford as a worsted manufacturer. In April, 1859, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament at Leeds; but in February, 1861, he was returned for Bradford, for which borough he has continued to sit. In politics he is what is termed a "Philosophical Radical," and by his great ability has won for himself a foremost position in his party.

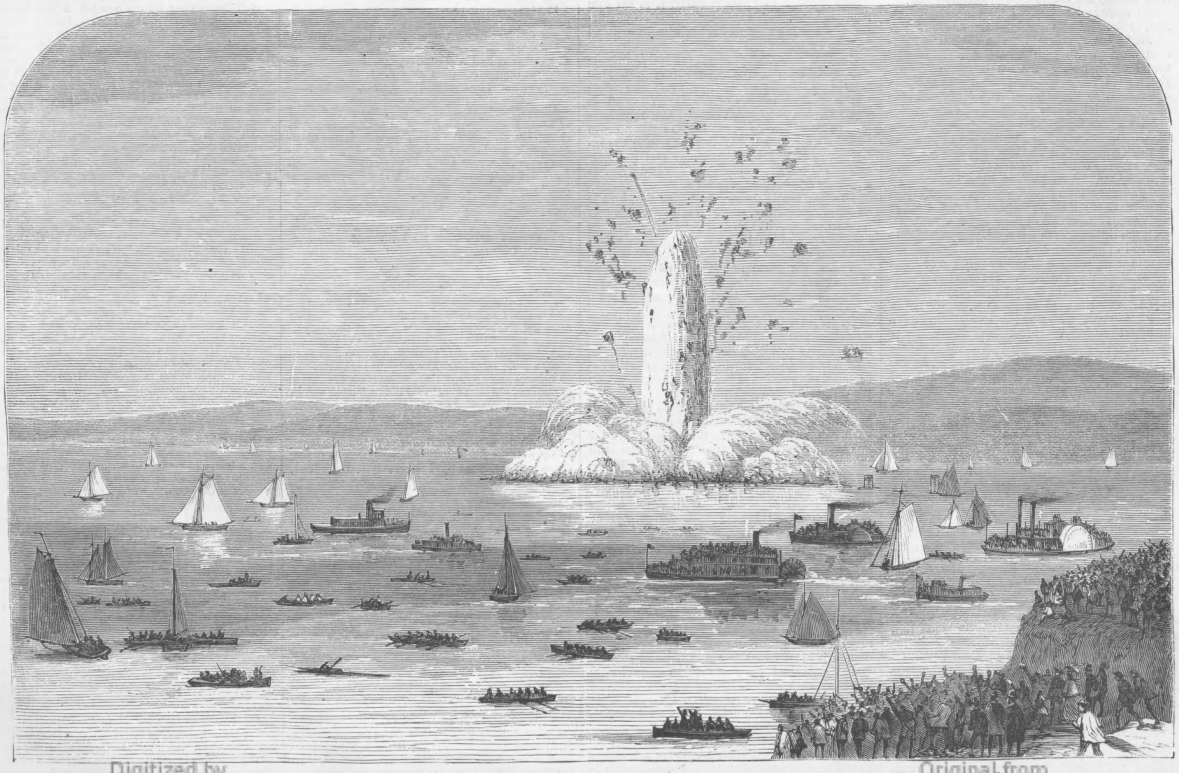
Mr. FORSTER has made his mark in Parliament less by oratorical eloquence—for he is not what is generally termed an eloquent speaker—than by his thorough mastery of the subjects with which he dealt, and by his power, so valuable in debate, of being able to convince waverers, if not convert opponents. A memorable instance of this occurred in the important debate on the blockade of our Southern ports early in the war, when the English government, sore pressed by the opposition argument that the blockade was but a paper one, and ought therefore to be disregarded, was saved by the timely rising of Mr. FORSTER, who, with hard facts admirably arranged and well argued, knocked the paper theory to pieces, and saved the ministry from what would probably have led to war between England and America. Mr. FORSTER holds an honorable position in the Cabinet—that of Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, which he is well fitted to occupy by training, sound judgment on the matter of national education, and general acquaintance with the requirements of the working-classes.

THE REV. FATHER BECKX, GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUITS.

THE JESUIT GENERAL.

As every thing connected with the powerful society of Jesuits derives new interest at present from their influence on the great questions now before the Œcumenical Council, we give this week the portrait of the Rev. Father BECKX, who has been their General since his election in 1853. The General of this society is second only to the Pope in ecclesiastical importance. He is invested with almost absolute power, restrained only by the admonitions of a Monitor, whose duty it is to observe his conduct and actions, and by a sort of council, consisting of five assistants, appointed by the general congregation, whose advice he is bound to seek on all important occasions.

The operations of this powerful society embrace every part of the world, and are carried on by means of the most intricate and ingenious machinery ever contrived by man. The society is divided into five classes: 1st. Professed Members (*Professi*); 2d, Spiritual Coadjutors; 3d, Lay Coadjutors; 4th, Approved Pupils; 5th, The Novices. The professed members constitute the governing body of the society, and take upon themselves a fourth vow to go as missionaries wherever the Pope may send them. The spiritual coadjutors take the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, but not the fourth. The approved pupils are students accepted after a novitiate of two years, and on taking the three vows. In this second stage of his ecclesiastical



BLOWING UP BLOSSOM ROCK, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY L. R. TOWNSEND.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

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AFTER THE MATINEE.

training, the pupils sometimes devote fifteen years, or even more, to study and teaching. At the end of this period they may take the fourth vow in regard to missions. They are prohibited from accepting ecclesiastical honors unless by direct command of the sovereign pontiff; and their whole life must have but one aim—the advancement of the order to which they are attached. The Jesuit is not allowed to accumulate personal wealth, but is obliged to labor incessantly to increase the wealth, power, and influence of the society. This entire self-abnegation is the secret of the success of the Jesuits as an order.

From his residence in Rome the General directs the movements of the society in every part of the world, by means of a system in which the art of *espionage* is brought to perfection. Every month or every quarter he receives reports from the heads of all subordinate departments; and every third year the catalogues of every province, with detailed reports on the capacity and conduct of every member, are laid before him. Besides this, the most active correspondence is maintained with all parts of the world, in order to supply the officers of the society with the information they require. In the central house at Rome are kept voluminous registers, in which are inscribed the names of all Jesuits, of their adherents, and of all the considerable persons, whether friends or enemies, with whom they have any connection. In these registers, we are told, "are reported, without alteration, without hatred, without passion, the facts relating to the life of each individual. It is the most gigantic biographical collection that has ever been formed. The frailties of a woman, the secret errors of a statesman, are chronicled in these books with the same cold impartiality. Drawn up for the purpose of being useful, these biographies are necessarily exact. When the Jesuits wish to influence an individual, they have but to turn to these volumes to know immediately his life, his character, his faults, his family, his friends, his most secret ties." By the use of such machinery the order has attained its high position and wide-spread influence.

In EUGENE SUE's powerful novel, "The Wandering Jew," there is a remarkable scene between the Marquis D'Aigrigny, General of the order of Jesuits, who once had held a command in the French army, and his former mistress. The Marquis is lamenting that he had never been able to attain to the complete abnegation demanded by the order. She replies:

"No doubt, Frederic, such renunciations are painful—but, in return, what influence! what power!"

"True," said the Marquis, after a moment's silence; "what would one not sacrifice to rule, in secret, over the mighty of the earth who seem to rule openly! This journey to Rome, that I have just made, has given me a new idea of our formidable power."

"Oh yes! that power is great, very great," said the Princess; "and the more formidable and sure because it acts mysteriously on the mind and the conscience."

"Listen, Herminia!" said the Marquis: "I have had under my orders a magnificent regiment. Often have I felt the vigorous and deep enjoyment of command. At my voice my cavaliers were all in motion, the trumpets sounded—my officers, glittering with gold embroidery, flew to repeat my orders—and when

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all those brave and ardent soldiers, marked with the scars of battle, thus followed a sign from me, I felt myself proud and strong, holding in my hand, as it were, the courage that I could wield at will, even as I could control my fiery war-horse. Well, in spite of our evil days, I now feel myself a thousand times stronger and more powerful, at the head of this black and mute militia, which thinks, wills, acts, obeys, the passive instruments of my designs."

The man who now wields this tremendous power is a quiet, refined Belgian priest, about seventy-five years of age—a man of great energy, shrewdness, and practical wisdom. He is the twenty-second man who has held the position of General since the foundation of the order.

OLD LOVES.

WALKING beside a brook to-day,
By the plains of sunny June,
I thought of the girl who had loved me once,
When life was all in tune.

Gazing into the brook, I saw
Her face as it looked of old;
The smiling lips that were rosy once,
With kisses that now are cold.

Listening beside the brook, I heard
Her laugh and quick replies;
Sparkling within its sheen, I saw
The light of her glorious eyes.

Stooping beside the brook, I said,
"O brook, with song and whirl,
You can bring me back all my old vain dream,
But never that darling girl!"

THE MONSTER BLAST.

OUR San Francisco artist sends us a spirited illustration of the monster blast by which the beautiful harbor of that city was recently delivered from the obstruction known as "Blossom Rock." This was a mass of rather soft sandstone, about one hundred and eighty feet long, ninety feet wide, with abrupt sides and a comparatively smooth surface. It lay near the channel, and a large number of vessels have been wrecked on it, notwithstanding its exact location was known and marked with a buoy. At intervals during the past twelve or fifteen years efforts have been made by government engineers to either remove the rock or reduce its size, so as to allow ships to pass over it; but every attempt ended in failure.

About a year ago Colonel A. W. VON SCHMIDT was awarded the contract for the removal of this dangerous obstruction to the navigation of the harbor. A coffer-dam was ingeniously constructed on the surface of the rock, and within this shelter a shaft was sunk to the depth of twelve feet, and from the bottom tunnels were run in every direction. The loose rock, as it was cut out, was hoisted up and, by means of an immense crane, swung off into deep water. The excavation, when completed, resembled an immense bake-oven. Its dimensions were as follows: Extreme length, 132 feet; width, 60 feet; height at the shaft, 12 feet; the lowest point, 3 feet; the thickness of the crust or shell, about 10 feet 6 inches, as near as could be estimated.

Into this chamber twenty-three tons of California blasting powder were packed in barrels, and connected by wires with a battery placed on a scow one thousand yards distant from the rock. Saturday, the 23d of April, was fixed as the day for the blast; and for days previous it was the sole theme of conversation in San Francisco. All manner of conjectures were indulged in. Some people thought it would shake the city like an earthquake; others that every vessel in the bay would suffer more or less damage, and that not a fish within a radius of five miles would be alive after the explosion. When the day arrived every wharf whence the rock could be seen was covered with spectators. The surface of the bay was dotted with steamers and boats of every description. Every roof commanding a view of the harbor was crowded. Probably fifty thousand people were gathered to witness.

Precisely at two o'clock the blast was ignited, and a magnificent spectacle rewarded the patience of the watchers. A single jet of water, probably twenty feet in diameter, was thrown into the air to the height of nearly 300 feet, while an immense mass, fully 150 feet in length, at first white with foam, and then cream-colored as the spray died out, showing the water discolored with the mud and rock, was lifted to an elevation perhaps a hundred feet less. High above the water could be discovered, flying through the air, pieces of timber and rock, some of which were thrown a distance of a thousand yards. A few seconds later a second explosion took place, and then the agitated waters settled quietly over the spot, and the grand spectacle was ended.

DEAD CALM.

CALMS are quite as natural as storms in the ocean, though far less frequent. The varying heat at the surface of the earth is the main cause of both of them. Trade-winds, monsoons, simooms, siroccos—all depend on the fact that one locality is warmer than another, and that air rushes in from the colder to the warmer regions. The daily rotation of the earth determines the *direction* of some of these winds, but the winds themselves owe their origin to the cause just named. There are two kinds of calms—those which depend permanently on the latitude, and those which result from temporary peculiarities in winds counteractive of each other. The former are far the more important of the two. There is a *region of calms* near the equator. When the sun is in the northern hemisphere (our summer), this region extends as far north as 15° north latitude, with a southeast trade-wind between it and the equator; but when the sun is in the southern hemisphere (our winter), the calms extend nearly from the equator to the latitude of England. Only a small portion of this wide-spreading region is, however, calm at any one time, a belt varying from two to ten degrees of latitude in width. This belt is always north of the equator in the Atlantic, a fact supposed to be due, in some degree, to the relative conformation of Africa and America.

It is often a terrible time while a ship is passing through these calms. If the vessel be a steamer, she can forge along by paddle or screw, whether there be any wind or not; but if an ordinary sailing ship, she remains like a log on the water—her sails almost utterly useless. The temperature in those latitudes is usually very high; and in such cases the mariners are exposed to a fierce heat which there is no escaping. The old navigators, before the days of steam, suffered more from the calms than the go-ahead seamen of the present day, and their narratives contain frequent allusions to these matters. Adamson, who consted along the west side of Africa about a hundred and twenty years ago, says: "At the time when we were within two hundred leagues of the coast, between seventeen and eighteen degrees of latitude, a calm came on which lasted almost fifteen days, with suffocating heats; it was so still that the ship did not seem to change situation. There is nothing more tiresome than to be in a vessel becalmed, and nothing more dreadful than to be far out at sea when provisions begin to run short."

But the extraordinary part of this phenomenon is the danger which ships sometimes incur of slowly grinding and crushing each other. It is about the very last thing we should expect in vessels lying motionless on the water. Some kind of attraction seems to arise, the nature of which has not been fully ascertained. Captain Basil Hall states that many such instances as the following are known to have occurred. An anxious alarm springs up among the crews when they perceive two ships slowly drifting toward each other. The motion, slow and gentle as it may appear to the eye, becomes irresistible in its force. As the chances are against the two vessels moving exactly in the same direction at the same moment, they must speedily grind or tear each other to pieces. Supposing them to come in contact side by side, the first collision would probably tear away the fore and main chains of both ships by interlacing the lower yards; and entangling the spars of one ship with the shrouds and back-stays of the other, would in all likelihood bring down the masts of both ships—not piecemeal, but in one furious crash. "Beneath the ruins of the spars, the coils of rigging, and the enormous folds of canvas, might be crushed many of the best hands, who, from being always the foremost to spring forward in such seasons of danger, are surest to be sacrificed. After the first catastrophe, the ships would probably drift away from one another for a little while, only to tumble together again and again, till they had ground one another to the water's edge, and one or both of them would fill and go down. In such encounters it is impossible to stop the mischief, and oak and iron break and crumble to pieces like sealing-wax or pie-crust."

Of course we are not to suppose that such terrible disasters are always, or even generally, the result of being becalmed. Only under special circumstances is such the case. More usually, the mariners are able to detect the approach of this very *un*fraternal hug in time to prevent it. They hoist out the boats in readiness, and tow the two ships to a safe distance apart, or, which is generally sufficient, turn the heads in directly opposite positions; seeing that every ship, by its very build, has naturally a tendency to move ahead rather than astern. When there is not a breath of wind to act upon the sails there may still be a slight current in the water beneath; and the sailors have a method of ascertaining in which direction this current tends. They row a boat out to a little distance from the ship, and throw overboard a plummet, weighing forty pounds or so, attached to a line; this they lower to a depth of two hundred fathoms, where it acts (so nearly still is the sea) as a kind of anchor to keep the boat in its place. The boat turns its head in the direction of whatever current there may be, as it would do if anchored.

Nor are we to suppose that the calm latitudes are often absolutely calm, else steamers between English ports and India would espy those fleets of helpless sail almost every time of steaming up and down the Atlantic. Light breezes sometimes blow in the Region of Calms, usually from some point between south and west; and besides this, the calm is commonly interrupted every day by a wind which lasts a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Soon after noon a black and well-defined cloud forms near the east, and is followed by a sharp gust of wind for a few minutes, accompanied by a few drops of rain. All this soon clears off, and the calm resumes its monotonous reign. The navigator makes use of every such puff of wind as a godsend, helping him by some short distance across the Region of Calms.

BEWARE OF LEAD POISONS

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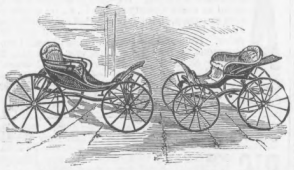

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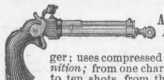

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 700.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE SECRETS OF THE SEA.

THE energy with which in recent times men have sought to master the problem of deep-sea sounding and deep-sea dredging is, perhaps, one of the most striking instances ever afforded of the charm which the unknown possesses for mankind. Not long ago, one of the most eminent geographers of the sea spoke regretfully about the small knowledge men have obtained of the depths of ocean. "Greater difficulties," he remarked, "than any presented by the problem of deep-sea research have been overcome in other branches of physical inquiry. Astronomers have measured the volumes and weighed the masses of the most distant planets, and increased thereby the stock of human knowledge. Is it creditable to the age that the depths of the sea should remain in the category of unsolved problems? that its 'ooze and bottom should be a sealed volume, rich with ancient and eloquent legends, and suggestive of many an instructive lesson that might be useful and profitable to man?"

Since that time, however, deep-sea dredging has gradually become more and more thoroughly understood and mastered. Seas so deep that many of the loftiest summits of the Alps might be completely buried beneath them have been explored. Dredges weighing, with their load of mud, nearly half a ton have been hauled up without a hitch from depths of some 14,000 feet. But not merely has comparatively rough work of this sort been achieved, but by a variety of ingenious contrivances men of science have been able to measure the temperature of the sea at depths where the pressure is so enormous as to be equivalent to a weight of more than 430 tons on every square foot of surface.

No light can be supposed to penetrate the enormous depths just spoken of. Therefore, how certainly we might conclude that there can be no life there! If, instead of dealing with the habitability of planets, Whewell, in his "Plurality of Worlds," had been considering the question whether at depths of two or three miles living creatures could subsist, how convincingly would he have proved the absurdity of such a supposition! Intense cold, perfect darkness, and a per-

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sistent pressure of two or three tons to the square inch—such, he might have argued, are the conditions under which life exists, if at all, in those dismal depths. Even if we were disposed to concede the bare possibility that life of some sort may be found there, then certainly some new sense must replace sight—the creatures in these depths can assuredly have no eyes, or only rudimentary ones.

But the recent deep-sea dredgings have proved that not only does life exist in the very deepest parts of the Atlantic, but that the creatures which live and move and have their being beneath the three-mile mountain of water have eyes which the ablest naturalists pronounce to be perfectly developed. Light, then, of some sort must exist in those abysms, though whether the home of the deep-sea animals be phosphorescent, as Sir Charles Lyell suggests, or how light may reach these creatures, we have no present means of determining.

Even more interesting to many are the results which have been obtained respecting the varying temperatures of deep-sea regions. It has been found that the depths of the equatorial and tropical seas are colder than those of the North Atlantic. In the tropics the deep-sea temperature is considerably below the freezing-point of fresh water, in the deepest part of the Bay of Biscay the temperature is several degrees above the freezing-point. Thus one learns that the greater part of the water which lies deep below the surface of the equatorial and tropical seas comes from the antartic regions, though undoubtedly there are certain relatively narrow currents which carry the waters of the arctic seas to the tropics.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870.

☞ *Our readers will find in this Number of the* WEEKLY *the opening chapters of a very interesting account of* BAKER'S TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA, *superbly Illustrated from his own sketches. This will be followed by similar narratives of* TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE *in other countries, both savage and civilized, illustrating, with pen and pencil, whatever is interesting, curious, and noteworthy in their scenery, and the manners, customs, and occupations of the inhabitants. The Publishers believe that this novel and instructive department will be one of the most entertaining and popular attractions ever laid before their readers.*

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PARAGUAY AND ITS DICTATORS.

GENERAL M'MAHON, late United States Minister in Paraguay, writes us a note courteously controverting some statements made by us in a recent article upon LOPEZ. The substance of the view taken by us has always been that the government of LOPEZ was the most absolute despotism, and that nothing was more preposterous than the appeal to the republican sympathies of this country in its favor. In the particular article to which the General refers we spoke of slavery as existing in Paraguay as in Brazil, and of the elder LOPEZ as the nephew and immediate successor of Dr. FRANCIA. General M'MAHON states that slavery was abolished in Paraguay twenty-five years ago, and that the elder LOPEZ was neither the nephew nor the immediate successor of FRANCIA, who was succeeded by a consulate of two members. The relationship is of no importance. If the elder LOPEZ were not the nephew of FRANCIA, he was popularly believed to be so upon the Plate River. As for the other points, let us see.

The ecclesiastical absolutism of the Jesuits in Paraguay prepared the country for political despotism. Dr. FRANCIA caused himself to be named Dictator for life in 1817. His rule was relentless. Those who opposed it were shot. He closed the country to the world, imprisoned foreigners, and put to death those of his subjects whom he found endeavoring to escape. He died in 1840. His successors were the elder LOPEZ and another person as Consuls. But LOPEZ very soon disembarrassed himself of his colleague, and made himself "President." After FRANCIA'S death the will of LOPEZ, whether as Consul or as "President," was supreme, and we therefore call him, and properly, FRANCIA'S immediate successor. He also continued FRANCIA'S policy. The seventh article of the Constitution which LOPEZ wrote made the authority of the President unlimited whenever he chose to think it necessary, and without responsibility of any kind. The Congress was to meet once in every five years. Its sessions lasted usually five days, and were devoted to ratifying the acts of the Dictator. The Presidential term was ten years, but this was a feint merely, and in 1844 the Congress made the elder LOPEZ perpetual Dictator. In 1856 it authorized him to designate his successor by secret will. The Dictator had unrestricted control over the post, the roads, the education of the people, the finances, and the police, and he was the exclusive judge of all political offenses and of the most important legal cases. Two-thirds of the landed estate belonged to the government, that is, to the Dictator, and he was the sole merchant. Guarantees of liberty were wholly unknown. There was no freedom of the press, of assembly, of worship. There was no freedom whatever. LOPEZ ruled as absolutely as the Jesuits and FRANCIA before him, and he left the country by will to his son, the late Dictator.

This was the "republic," as it is called, in which General M'MAHON says that slavery was abolished more than twenty-five years ago. But M. SARMIENTO, the President of the Argentine Republic, the ablest and best informed of South American statesmen, under whose administration, inspired by the spirit of our own institutions, his country is the most progressive and hopeful of South American states, says that slavery existed in Paraguay precisely as it did in Brazil. The Count D'Eu, the Brazilian General, wrote to the present Provisional Government of Paraguay, soliciting the abolition of slavery, and it was decreed. In 1852, within the General's twenty-five years, the elder LOPEZ, in a decree concerning the revenue from stamped paper, ordained that the "sale of slaves should be authorized (or licensed) under the stamp No. 4." If there were a decree in Paraguay abolishing slavery, it was not known to M. SARMIENTO, nor to the Count D'EU, and it was disregarded by the elder LOPEZ, which, of course, would not be surprising. If General M'MAHON will refer us to the document, we will certainly own that in company with those who may be presumed to know the facts, we were in error.

Yet even in that case the decree would be but a form, and the emancipation only technical. Under such a government as we have described, a system of terror and superstition, the whole Indian population—and others were practically excluded, except for the purposes of the Dictator—was virtually enslaved. The proclamation of the Provisional Government is a sufficient indication of the system which it supplants. It abolishes in terms the decree which takes from the courts the supervision of political offenses, and also abolishes the laws of confiscation and of torture. It provides that punishment shall be inflicted upon the offender only, and that no kind of industry or trade shall be prohibited. By the treaty of alliance, into which the Argentine Republic entered with Brazil only after LOPEZ had invaded its territory and captured two men-of-war, it was stipulated that as the war was waged, not against the people of Paraguay, but against the Dictator, the independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of the republic should be respected. There is as yet no disposition to disregard this understanding. The character of the Emperor of Brazil and the President of the Argentine Republic forbids the suspicion of duplicity.

Of a population of Guarani Indians, who have been for two centuries crushed by an unparalleled despotism begun by the Jesuits, and remorselessly continued by FRANCIA and the elder and younger LOPEZ, little is to be hoped. But by the overthrow of the Dictator the country will now be opened to the world. Further discussion as to the character and conduct of the younger LOPEZ is unnecessary. On the 27th of December, 1868, his campaigning desk, full of official documents, was captured by the allies. It appears from these papers that between July and December of that year five hundred and fifty-eight persons were put to death by the order of LOPEZ. The details of torture inflicted by his order and duly reported to him are revolting. It is very hard to understand how a citizen of the United States can speak the late Despotism in Paraguay as "a republic," or of a man who received Paraguay by will from his father, who continued the policy of FRANCIA and his successor, which we have described, and the official proof of whose conduct was found in his desk, as General M'MAHON does when he calls LOPEZ "a wounded hero whose noble constancy was the adoration of the world."

THE LATE TRIAL AND TRAGEDY.

THE verdict in the M'FARLAND case was rendered after our last issue went to press. No trial in the country has ever excited more interest or warmth of feeling; none has ever been more bitterly discussed. During its progress we ventured to point out the reckless spirit of the course adopted by the defense, and to remind our readers that if there was a man on trial for his life, there was also a woman on trial for something much more precious than life. In the present state of public opinion the result of the trial itself was a foregone conclusion. The verdict was in strict accordance with the extraordinary concluding sentence of the plea of the prisoner's counsel, "that jealousy is the rage of a man, and that he will not, can not, must not spare in the day of his vengeance." It is remarkable that an advocate who showed in his argument such familiarity with certain passages in the Bible should have betrayed total forgetfulness of one memorable text: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The trial before the jury being ended, that before the public has been continued. Since the case in court was closed the affidavits of Mr. COLFAX and others in relation to the divorce, and a letter of Mr. RICHARDSON'S, to be opened after his death, have been printed. The statement of the unhappy lady who has been so tragically conspicuous in the case has also been published; and to counteract its possible effect Mr. M'FARLAND has printed some of her letters to him. It is not likely that any material facts can now be added to the case; and in very many aspects it deserves attention.

In the first place the conduct of the defense was inexcusable, and the Court itself deserves the severest censure for permitting the counsel such latitude of assertion and such treatment of the witnesses. It is astonishing, since the Court was so utterly unmindful of its duty, that some of the witnesses did not appeal to it for protection from the insults and insinuations of the counsel. In the second place, the charge of conspiracy which was the theory of the defense, and in support of which Mr. SPENCER publicly and most foully maligned a woman "of the personal purity of whose character," he simultaneously declared, "he had not the shadow of a doubt," was practically abandoned before the evidence began. The defense, in the very outset, acknowledged by its own organ that for the purposes of the case it denounced a woman of irreproachable purity as a pander and procuress. This was the end of the conspiracy theory; but it was an indication of the spirit and manner in which the defense was to be conducted.

In the third place, the theory of insanity which was sought to be established by the testimony of experts was also, as we showed at the time, virtually relinquished by the opening of the defense, and entirely contemned at its close. In opening, the counsel said that, under the same circumstances, he would do the same thing. In closing, the counsel said that he trusted the verdict would teach those who dishonored the husband that they would be left by society to his vengeance. The defense evidently did not believe the plea of insanity, and there is probably no reader of the trial who supposes that Mr. M'FARLAND was insane in any other sense than all men are insane whose passions are violently excited. The verdict, therefore, really is that, when one man kills another, if it be shown that he had reason to be violently excited, he shall not be punished. Practically, however, the principle is modified by requiring proof that the violent excitement proceeds from an injury to the honor of a husband —an honor which, in our judgment, can be stained only by the conduct of the husband himself.

There appears, further, to be no serious doubt expressed by the press or in private conversation that the statement of the unhappy lady who is most deeply concerned in the tragedy is substantially accurate; and a more pitiful tale was never told. Her letters which have been printed to break the effect of her statement by showing that she wrote affectionately to her husband at the time that she says that her feelings were estranged from him, are generally of an earlier date than that which she ascribes to her estrangement. But one of the printed letters is dated in 1868, long after all intercourse between the husband and wife had ceased; a fact which shows at least a certain unscrupulousness in dealing with the correspondence. Moreover, the tone of a wife's letters who both fears her husband and who has a deep sense of wifely duty, can not be accepted as a faithful index of real feeling. We have also seen no disposition to doubt the substantial truthfulness of the statement made by Mr. RICHARDSON in the letter to his friend Mr. BROWNE, written in view of his possible assassination; and we are very sure that there is no general belief that it is the letter of an adulterer, nor of an evil-minded man.

Mr. RICHARDSON acknowledges that his precipitate declaration was very wrong, and undoubtedly the lady sees now that, however estranged she may have been, she should have remembered that she was legally a wife, and therefore should have peremptorily forbidden any overtures of love until the legal relation had been fully dissolved. But the lady's explanation of her own conduct and feelings will be at least most charitably and, therefore, truly construed by those who reflect upon the cruel and bewildering position in which she was placed, and by all who understand how inconsistent and fallible and unsatisfactory the conduct of all of us is when judged by the severe standard of cool subsequent reflection. It was a great mistake also that the divorce was not openly sought. If, as she believed, and as those must believe who accept her statement, she had just reason to separate from her husband, and sufficient proof under the laws of Indiana to secure a divorce, the husband should have been summoned to the trial. It is plain enough now that if he had been present and the divorce had been granted, and the shooting had followed, public feeling and the result of the late trial would have been different. But that she believed herself to be legally divorced, that Mr. FROTHINGHAM and Mr. BEECHER were so informed, and that they did not feel at liberty under the solemn circumstances to disregard the wishes of two persons whom they believed to be legally free to be married, will not be questioned by any one who knows them and who has carefully considered the facts.

One other point in this sad case should occasion very serious public reflection. Whatever may be thought of the statement of the unhappy wife, which few, as we believe, doubt, we all know that such a statement might be true. And if, in any case, it were literally true, should we not agree that the wife was justified in seeking a legal release from her husband, and that neither her duty to God nor to her children nor to society required that she should remain his helpless and hopeless victim? But if this be so, ought she to be forced to leave the State in order to be legally and honorably free? It is by reflection and experience that the laws are improved; and nothing has happened for many years that should turn public attention more thoughtfully than this case to the question whether the divorce laws require modification. It is said that thousands of wives suffer as much, and say and do nothing about it. But is the public welfare more promoted by their silence than it would it be by their lawful relief? The fear that reasonable divorce laws would encourage what is called "free love" is the result of the same ignorance which told Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY that reasonable penalties for stealing would encourage theft. This trial should show that this is a subject not to be avoided. Whoever is afraid to deal with the most delicate questions in the light of common-sense and experience is as incompetent for a public critic as for a statesman. Every effort will be made by all good citizens to deepen the sanctity of marriage. But it can not be deepened by requiring submission to outrages that imperil life and revolt affection itself; nor by justifying assassination by all the forms of law.

REMEDY FOR THE ACCUMULATION OF NATIONAL BANK NOTES.

THERE is a general complaint on the part of the banks in this city that there is an unusual plethora of national bank notes, for which they have no use. Some of them have an excess of gold and a surplus of legal tenders, and complain of inability to make advantageous loans of either. The abundance of money here is due, unfortunately, to depression in business and industry—produced artificially in the face of abundant crops—and also to the defects of the national banking system.

The National Currency act provides, section 32, "that every association formed or existing under the provisions of this act shall take and receive at par, for any debt or liability to said association, any and all notes or bills issued by any association existing under and by virtue of this act." As there is no power to refuse these bills, and no means provided for adequately assorting and redeeming them, their accumulation in New York, at certain periods and in inconvenient amounts, results.

Each of the banks of St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Albany, Leavenworth, San Francisco, Washington city, Charleston, and Richmond may keep "one-half of its lawful money reserve in cash deposits in the city of New York," at an association selected subject to the approval of the Controller of the Currency, at which it "must redeem its circulating notes at par." The banks not organized within the cities named above are also bound to select, under the approval of such Controller, one of the banks of those cities, "at which it will redeem its circulating notes at par." Under this provision, the nearest bank to the outside banks was undoubtedly selected by the latter. The Controller has given appropriate notice to all the banks of the Union of each place of redemption, but the system fails to accomplish the object intended.

If the banks of the city were all equally sound, their interests would be one, and they would unite voluntarily to establish an agency for assorting and presenting those notes; but their interests are as various as are the respective circumstances of their condition. The weak banks want money plenty whatever may be its character, and will not unite in measures that may produce stringency. The duty of assorting and presenting such notes needs therefore to be prescribed by act of Congress, which should provide some bureau in New York to attend promptly to the business.

The system will always be characterized by defects, because it is intrinsically bad. There will never be satisfaction until we go back to a specie basis, but judicious amendments may be made greatly to the improvement of the act. There are limits, however, to what may be done. Great stress is laid upon the objection that our currency is not elastic, as if the requisite elasticity can be obtained in an unnatural system. It is one of the defects and, at times, one of the merits of the present scheme that the currency is a fixed quantity. We have sometimes a plethora of money as a consequence of it, especially after the quantity sent out to move the crops is returned to the sea-board; but there is this compensation for it, that when the season of scarcity exists from shifting the currency to the West, no device of speculators can produce a panic. The quantity being fixed, and having no exportable character such as be-

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long to the precious metals, it is returned to the East as soon as there is an earnest demand, and panics are always prevented. It may be affirmed of the present system that a serious panic is an impossibility except in the contingency of the destruction of the credit of the banks—a contingency too remote to excite present attention. The currency is probably as good as one that is inconvertible can be, with the single exception that the original plan for its redemption fails to accomplish the object. The fact that an effort was made in this direction, in the first instance, by Congress, may be regarded as an admission that the feature is essential. Its failure in this respect is an admitted and great defect, and ought immediately to be remedied. Banks in the interior, not obliged to redeem here, count upon the accumulation of their bills in New York at certain seasons, and upon the failure to have them presented for redemption, and it amounts to a positive encouragement to unsound banking and speculation. The act itself may be said to contain the means of the ultimate destruction of the system. Banks, both strong and weak, ought to urge that this feature shall be eliminated from it, in order to promote the general safety. It will be a step in the direction of specie payments, and it will enhance the credit of the currency and of the government. Until it is done, the country will be exposed to all the vicissitudes of change. For the last eight months, notwithstanding that our crops were abundant, and that all the usual conditions for an active season existed, our trade and industry have been unremunerative and unsatisfactory. Is it the interest of the weak banks that this shall happen at another season? Can any compensation for it be found in the advantage of a redundant circulation? There can be no compensation for it whatever. The suffering which the country has lately endured reached every interest with great severity, and it will take years to repair the loss. It could never have happened if an efficient plan of redemption had prevailed.

Last year, just as we were about to export our crops of cotton, grain, and other productions, all of which had been produced at high currency prices—high because the quantity of money, from want of redemption, was excessive—the Erie clique of gamblers struck the country a severe blow. They had counted upon a continuation of the Treasury policy of accumulating gold. But such was the distress occasioned by their operations that the Government offered four millions for sale. One of the conspirators testified that he could more easily handle forty millions of Clearing-House gold than four millions of real gold. The power of the Treasury was instantly conceded by Wall Street, and, for the first time, was known at Washington; and, from that day to this, it has been exerted to put down the price of gold, with a view to prepare for funding the debt at a low rate of interest. It was deemed necessary to show that our bonds were above par, measured by gold.

In this process the prices of all our productions have been lowered in nearly exact conformity with the fall in gold. When it reached 103 and rebounded to 15 trade revived, and it is now very generally conceded that its activity or depression coincides with the changes in this medium in its relation to our paper system. If the rapid fall in gold had been due to the contraction of the currency, it would have been permanent and useful; but that it is artificial may be known from the accumulation in all the creditor banks of vast bundles of national bank notes, which are regarded with great concern, although the apparent difference between these piles of paper and gold is indicated by only 15 per cent. premium on the latter.

If the prosperity which existed when the raid took place still prevailed, these notes would be in tolerably active circulation; but the policy pursued from that time to this has been such that our whole industry is enormously diminished, and the circulation—too large for the business of last year—is infinitely too large for it in its diminished proportions. Now is the time for an act which shall provide for assorting and redeeming these bills, and giving partial health to our circulating medium.

AN "INSPIRED" MEETING.

THE difficulty with the St. Domingo meeting in New York, as an "expression of popular sentiment," was that the meeting was "inspired" from Washington. It was not an expression of popular sentiment, but of the wishes of the Administration. The arguments were two: Mr. FITCH'S, that to oppose the annexation is to be an old fogy; and General BANKS'S, that "the key-points of the continent are in foreign hands." If every thing new were therefore true, Mr. FITCH'S argument would be sound. But it is only the new with a good reason that can expect to be immediately received. General BANKS said that the strength of the rebellion was sustained by the neighboring islands under British rule, which were a base for privateering. They were, undoubtedly, of great value to the rebellion. But the General should have shown us that the advantage of owning the islands, in case of another rebellion, is greater than the disadvantage of immediately annexing civil war, ignorance, superstition, debt, and an alien tropical people to our population. This he did not do. If we want a coaling station in the West Indies, why did we treat the St. Thomas treaty so contemptuously? And if we are to absorb every island that may ask to be annexed, General BANKS tells us that there are eight hundred of them in the Gulf. Moreover, if we do not wish any European power to acquire more islands, we can say so in a tone that will be heeded.

Our last feat of annexation was Alaska. We paid several millions of dollars for it. Can any body mention any reason whatever for the transaction, except the vague desire of increasing our territory? Except for that feeling there would be no possibility of the ratification of the St. Domingo bargain. Indefinite extension is not indefinite increase of power or prosperity. If we buy St. Domingo, General BANKS says that we need not take any other island. But here is Cuba fighting with Spain, with the hope of union with us; and the argument for acquiring St. Domingo is infinitely stronger for acquiring Cuba. Moreover, Mr. FITCH, in following him, immediately said that to get St. Domingo was to get all the rest. The General says that when our war began, Europe was ready to proceed to carve this continent into portions for its own advantage. What does the General suppose that Europe thinks of the success of the French carving in Mexico? And does he really suppose that Europe will ever again, and especially after the result of the late unpleasantness, acquire any increased political power in America?

The politics of the world have changed. Foreign conquest is out of fashion. Colonies are no longer desirable dependencies. The modern principle of local self-government is so generally accepted that the old systems necessarily disappear. The hold of Spain upon Cuba is unquestionably relaxed, whatever the issue of the revolution. England would doubtless gladly see Canada independent, and would not fight very desperately to retain Nassau and St. Kitts. There was never a time when we had so little reason to fear European aggression upon this continent. It is more than ever a remote contingency; and we entreat General BANKS to be comforted. Let him, moreover, consider that, in case of another rebellion, an island commanded, peradventure, by a TWIGGS, would not be a useful island to the government; and in a foreign war a colony is but a weakness to the European owner. The St. Domingo bargain is a mistake, and we hope that it will not be ratified.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

BY JOHN JONES, A.M.

I SEE that my fellow-artists who are not yet successful have a crumb of comfort thrown them by Mr. DISRAELI, in his new novel. Mr. Phœbus, at a private view of one of his masterpieces, says: "To-morrow the critics will commence. You know who the critics are. The men who have failed in literature or art." That is worthy of Vivian Grey, in his most coxcombical mood. Poor England! Happily, we manage things differently in this country. Here our most successful artists criticise the Exhibition in the newspapers. And who does not know that if they did as I do, and signed their articles with their names, nobody, however severely treated by them, would ever think of saying that they were fellows who had failed in every thing else, and so took to barking at their betters. The other day I heard a poet say, in the hearing of another, that most poetry nowadays was poor stuff. Presently the other came to me and said: "Do you suppose that that donkey meant to say that *my* poetry was poor stuff? By George! I never saw any of *his* that wasn't wretched twaddle." That is a kind of remark which you never hear among artists. If I, for instance, say that Smith's things are inexpressibly bad, when Smith hears of it he sweetly replies that Jones certainly ought to know what bad things are.

It is indeed for that reason that I have allowed myself to be persuaded to write these little notices. The painters know that I and my fellow-artists who write anonymously in the other papers understand our subject. They see, for instance, that when I praise Mr. NAST'S picture, and my fellow-artist in the *World* pronounces it execrable, we are undoubtedly both correct. And it is this consciousness which makes our remarks so pleasant and so valuable. That reminds me that when I spoke of the "March of the Seventh" as a war picture I was describing its effect upon me, remembering the scene. As a picture it is not so good as Mr. JULIEN SCOTT'S "Rear-Guard at White Oak Swamp," which is admirably done. It is full of force and spirit. The veteran in the centre is worthy of HORACE VERNET, and the whole picture presents an unconscious real scene, and not a *tableau vivant*. But they are sad pictures, these of the war, to us who are so near it. I have seen women in the gallery looking for a moment at this one, and then hurrying by as if it struck them with a bitter pang. In that figure falling with the arms thrown up, or in the sinking soldier in the fore-ground, they saw some darling of their own.

Near by is PAGE'S portrait of Governor FENTON. It is remorselessly true. The very posture, the exact totality of impression which the original produces, are here. The picture is worked out with characteristic care and conscience. There is no shirking in it, no smearing, no short cuts toward an effect. The drawing is masterly, the color pure, the handling vigorous and firm. The younger gentlemen of the profession who incline to portraiture should study this work and other portraits by PAGE with the utmost care. And they must remember, as they will in looking at "A Family Group," by Mr. HUNTINGTON, that the portrait-painter does not choose his subject, nor always the details and accessories of his work. A gentleman, for instance, wishes to have a portrait of his family, and he wishes, also, to associate with them some familiar scene. My friend Alderman Eagle recently returned from his European travels with an enormous canvas, upon which was depicted his esteemed family as they appeared upon the top of the column in the Place Vendome, Paris. That was his preference, and the painter, of course, complied. A lawyer likes to be represented in a library leaning upon "Blackstone," with "Chitty" under one arm, and his own treatise upon the law of bailments lying open upon the table.

In like manner my own portrait shows me in my robes as a National Academician, with my pallet and brushes in my hand. So a lady, as you may see in many instances upon these gallery walls, has her preference of a dress and a scarf.

I think that I heard somebody complain of HUNTINGTON'S "Family Group," that it was "worldly." But I am sure that it was the satin and velvet and muslin and the general fête champêtre air of the scene which gave this impression. On the other hand, fancy how pleasant and quaint these costumes of to-day will be to the great-grandchildren of other centuries who see their comely young ancestors in this group! "Were these their garden dresses?" some of that posterity will artlessly inquire; but the more thoughtful part will reply that in summer afternoons ladies have been known to step from the drawing-room to the terrace in the most careful toilets. The difficulty with these gentle ancestors is that they are a little too much "composed." They have the air of expecting the curtain to rise and discover them properly adjusted for admiration.

In the portrait of the Rev. Dr. ANDERSON, our President, GRAY, seems to me at his best. I have seen no portrait of his which was so simple and strong; and his "Normandy Girl," a little further on, is exceedingly picturesque and agreeable. A less familiar name in our exhibition is JOSEPH AMES, whose "Portrait of a Young Lady" is very striking. It is a free, flowing, effective work—in many parts most delicately and admirably done. Somebody near me, one day, said that it was "sketchy," and "Frenchy," and that the color was not pure. I should have supposed, except for what I have already said, that the critic might be a portrait-painter himself, whose works had not happened to excite so much interest as this of Mr. AMES'S. But that supposition is, of course, incredible. "Frenchy" does not seem to be a very opprobrious epithet, as applied to painting; for France is the country in which, for some years, there has been the most interest, activity, and zeal in the art. The word, as used, means, probably, meretricious. But that can not be truly said of this portrait. Perhaps if somebody should say that it was not quite refined enough in sentiment, he would come very near the truth. But this portrait, with one of a gentleman—No. 318—has an ease and vigor of handling which are admirable, and which should inspire our timid friends with confidence.

There is another portrait of a lady, No. 377, by R. M. STAIGG, which is very delightful. It has a picturesque suggestion of Sir PETER LELY, and of the beauties of CHARLES II.'s time. But that is a superficial impression, which disappears when the face is seen, and the essential maidenliness of the subject makes itself felt. It is very delicate, but forcible; and I am more than ever surprised as I study it that an artist who gave so much time to miniature should treat a portrait in so large a style. I must stop here, for the present; and I am not at all disposed to withdraw my assertion that this exhibition, without any single work very superior to all the others, is in general excellence one of the very best in our annals.

NOTES.

MR. CHARLES READE is one of the English authors whose names are most familiar to American readers, and whom they most kindly regard for the great pleasure he has given them. We know that Mr. READE feels deeply the warm reception which his works meet in the United States, and some time since, it will be remembered, he sent a small sum for the relief of two poor fellows injured in a theatre during the performance of his drama, "Foul Play." Wishing to do what he can to acknowledge the good feeling always shown him in this country, he offers his new drama, "Put Yourself in His Place," for representation in New York before its production in London. The drama being unpublished, he is, of course, prepared to defend his rights according to common-law. But he naturally and earnestly hopes that the friendly feeling which already exists will be an adequate protection; and that any manager desirous of producing the play, upon which he has spared no pains, will apply for that purpose to Mr. BOOTH or Mr. J. S. CLARKE, who are authorized to treat for him. We hope sincerely that so fair a request from one who is so truly friendly to us will be respected as it deserves.

THE London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says, "The question of tyrannicide is one that has two sides to it, and I don't know whether FLOURENS agrees with a great Englishman, WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, who pronounced it the noblest of virtues, while denouncing assassination as the basest of crimes." But upon such a subject WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR is exactly the worst authority in the world. The sophistry of his assertion is conspicuous. If a man may justly kill one tyrant he may kill another, and he alone decides who is tyrannical.

It is mere bloody barbarism. Upon exactly this principle MARAT called for the heads of the aristocrats, the tyrants of the people. "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" cried BOOTH, as he murdered Mr. LINCOLN. Was he less an assassin because he called his victim a tyrant? The most revolting point in the European republicanism of to-day is that it seems to regard assassination as a question that has two sides to it. But MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, the Italian statesman, exposed the wild and perilous error of LANDOR in saying, "Nothing can excuse assassination, because it is an act of treachery in execution of a sentence pronounced without trial by an incompetent tribunal."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 9.—In the Senate, a resolution was adopted recommending the construction of a harbor of refuge on Block Island. A bill was introduced requiring the annual publication of the amount of interest due on certificates of stocks issued by the United States, dividends, deposits, and interest accruing from other sources, which have been unclaimed for two years.—The House was not in session.

May 10.—In the Senate, the principal topic of the day was the Army bill, which was discussed at length, but not acted upon. Several bills were introduced of minor interest, and a memorial was received in reference to the transmission of pensions through the mails by the money-order system.—No business of public importance occupied the time of the House.

May 11.—In the Senate, a bill to furnish artificial limbs to disabled soldiers was passed. Among amendments agreed upon to the Appropriation bills was one appropriating $500,000 for a new building for the State Department, and another for the enlargement of the Capitol grounds, at a cost of $500,000.—The House passed an appropriation bill of $500,000 to supply the deficiencies in the appropriation for the compensation and mileage of members and delegates for the year ending June 30, 1870.

May 12.—The Senate, after long discussion, passed the Army bill. Various changes were made in it, of which the following are the principal: Fixing the reduction of the army at 30,000 instead of 25,000, as provided by the bill; amending the eleventh section so that only such officers should be reported to the Examining Board as are unfit for duty from any cause other than injuries incurred in the line of duty; providing that all officers reported for retirement shall have a hearing before the Board; and striking out the fifteenth section fixing the compensation of officers. On the section prohibiting retired officers from holding civil positions under the government, a long debate occurred, but it was finally allowed to stand, and an additional amendment agreed to prohibiting all army officers, both on the active and retired list, from holding any civil office. The vote on this amendment was yeas 34, nays 21.—No business of public importance was before the House.

May 13.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill supplementary to the Civil Rights act, to secure equal rights in conveyances, hotels, theatres, schools, in the courts—every where. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The House Naval Committee reported a bill, which was passed, granting twelve months' pay, according to rank, to the widows and orphans of the officers, sailors, and marines of the *Oneida* from date of her loss.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

A serious railway collision occurred May 12 on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, twenty-eight miles west of St. Louis, by which nine persons were killed outright, and thirty wounded. The blame of the collision is said to rest on the conductor of a freight train, who was running out of time.

Twenty families of Josephite Mormons, numbering in all about one hundred souls, have recently left Utah for their old homes among the Gentiles.

On the 12th instant the Grand Army of the Republic, in Convention at Washington, elected General John A. Logan Grand Commander-in-Chief for the ensuing year.

Our "Barbarian Brethren" on the border continue to make trouble. The Indian Bureau has received information of several recent raids into Texas, and the abduction of the wives and children of settlers. In one case a settler offers $750 for the recovery of his wife stolen by the savages from his dwelling. At the same time, it is said that letters have been received in Washington from General Sherman which indicate that the threatened Indian hostilities may be avoided. Preparations are being made for a hospitable reception of Red Cloud, the Sioux war chief, who is now on his way to the capital.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE tranquillity of Paris was seriously threatened by riots immediately after the result of the recent vote was known. Barricades were erected in several streets, and stubbornly defended against the police and military, who, however, eventually carried the day and restored order. On the 12th inst. the Emperor addressed a letter to the army, in which he speaks of rumors regarding the vote of the army in Paris as absurd and exaggerated, and expresses confidence in the troops. He thanks them for their firmness and *sang-froid* during the recent disturbances. Paris is quiet, but the scenes of the riots are still occupied by troops.

The total vote on the *plebiscitum* was 7,336,434 yeas, and 1,562,709 nays.

It is reported that Prince Pierre Bonaparte will visit this country in June.

A formidable insurrection has broken out in Madeira.

The tranquillity of Italy is threatened by insurrection in the southern provinces. Garibaldi is said to be in sympathy with the insurgents.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER I.

Purpose of the Expedition.—Habits of the Camel.—Arab Migration.—Arrival at Sofi.—A German Hunter.—Purchase and Transportation of the Cabin.—Crossing the Atbara on a Bedstead.—A Giraffe Hunt.

IT will be remembered that in the spring of 1861 Sir SAMUEL BAKER set out from Lower Egypt, with the hope of encountering Speke and Grant in the vicinity of the sources of the Nile, and a firm resolve to add to their discoveries or perish in the attempt. It will also be remembered that Mrs. Baker, a lady in the spring-time of existence, and as charming as she was heroic, accompanied her husband, and, during the five years of the expedition, displayed a courage and devotion that nothing could appall. It will likewise be remembered with what success this noble enterprise was crowned, and we need not revert to it. But, before entering directly on his search for the sources of the Nile, Sir Samuel Baker determined to study the tributaries which this river received from Abyssinia. The result was a series of explorations which lasted a year, and demonstrated to the traveler that, if the permanent current of the river is kept up by the reservoirs arising from the equatorial rains, the inundation is produced exclusively by the Abyssinian rivers, and that these rushing torrents not only cause the river to overflow, but enrich its banks with the soil of the plateaux over which they sweep, whence proceeds the fertility of the banks on which this soil is deposited, and the formation of the Delta of Egypt. This important study, carried on in a country full of game, was diversified by exciting hunting expeditions, which enriched Baker's escort, and enabled the party to live in plenty during their journey.

Instead, therefore, of continuing their route to Khartoum, the explorer and his wife ascended the Atbara to within two hundred and twenty miles from its mouth; then, leaving it at their right, they turned southward and proceeded toward Cassala, on the Abyssinian frontier, where they arrived on the 9th of July. Since quitting the Nile boat the two travelers had journeyed, either on donkeys or camels, seven hundred and ten miles, six hundred and thirty miles of which had been through scorching deserts during the hottest season; 114° Fahr. in the shade under the water-skins, 137° in the sun.

The desert, even at this season, is not always terrible. The nights are cool and fresh, the sky is covered with stars, the horizon shuts down, the hills assume strange shapes in the moonlight, and the calmness which surrounds you in this mysterious solitude is invested with a supernatural character which is full of delight. There is not a mosquito; not one of those insects which are the pest of hot climates. As soon as the sun goes down you enjoy perfect comfort.

But the sun returns, the plain is boundless, and the traveler sees nothing but scorching sands and burning rocks. To the devouring rays of the sun is joined the withering breath of the simoom. Wood warps, ivory cracks, and paper splits at its touch; the marrow in one's bones dries up, and the wine-skins are emptied. The dust fills the ears and stops up the nostrils; it comes in thick clouds, formed of columns more than thirty feet in height, which revolve through the plain or scatter in all directions at the mercy of the whirlwind.

Even along the river, except the fringes of mimosas and clumps of dome-palms that line the banks, there is still the same burning plain. And to cross this furnace there are only the most execrable means of transportation. Of all species of fatigue, says Baker, the back-breaking, monotonous swing of a heavy camel is the worst, and, should the rider lose patience, and administer a sharp cut that induces the creature to break into a trot, the torture of the rack is a pleasant tickling compared to the sensation of having your spine driven, from a sledge-hammer below, half a foot deeper into the skull. There is indeed the hygeen, the pure-blooded dromedary, which deliciously ambles a mile in six minutes, and can travel without giving way for nine or ten hours, but the Arabs prize these too highly to let them to strangers.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker set out from Cassala on the 15th of July, and took their way westward toward the Atbara. They had had rain on the very day that they left the desert. From this time the showers, more and more copious, had become daily. There was verdure every where; but the camels' feet sank deep into the soil; this formed adhesive clods upon their spongy toes that almost disabled them. The Arabs were hastening to lead theirs to firmer ground. The road was blocked up with flocks of goats and sheep, and camels bearing women and children, or loaded with strange articles of quaint household goods. Fine bronzed figures of Arabs, with sword, shield, and white topes or plaids, guided their milk-white dromedaries through the confused throng. All were migrating to the north, where the grass was beginning to sprout, and where neither fevers nor the cattle-plague were to be feared. Our travelers, on the contrary, pursued their course toward the south, and, in spite of increasing difficulties, reached Sofi a fortnight after their departure from Cassala.

Sofi is nothing but a wretched village consisting of some thirty huts, but the location is superb. A German mason named Florian had built a stone cottage, the only one in the place, where he had lived for some years. He was a sallow, sickly-looking man, who, with a large, bony frame, had been reduced by constant hard work and frequent sickness to little but skin and bone. He had left Germany with the Austrian mission to Khartoum; but finding the work too laborious in such a climate, he had declared for independence, purchased a rifle, turned hunter, and employed his leisure in earning money by the work of his hands in various ways. This worthy man had thoroughly explored a part of the region which Baker proposed to visit, and could give him valuable information; and it was to consult him that the traveler had come to Sofi.

Outdoor life was no longer possible; it was necessary to seek a permanent shelter. This was an easy matter. For ten piastres, or about half a dollar, I purchased, says Baker, a remarkably neat house. This did not seem an extravagant outlay for a neat dwelling with a sound roof; neither were there any legal expenses in the form of conveyance, as in that happy and practical land the simple form of conveyance is the transportation of the house (the roof) upon the shoulders of about thirty men, and thus it is conveyed to any spot that the purchaser may consider desirable. Accordingly, our mansion was at once seized by a crowd of Arabs, and carried off in triumph, while the sticks that formed the wall were quickly arranged upon the site I had chosen for our camp. In the short space of about three hours I found myself the proprietor of an eligible freehold residence, situated upon an eminence in park-like grounds, commanding extensive and romantic views of the beautifully wooded valley of the Atbara, within a minute's walk of the neighboring village of Sofi, perfect immunity from all poor-rates, tithes, taxes, and other public burdens, not more than 2000 miles from a church, with the advantage of a post-town at the easy distance of seventy leagues. The manor comprised the right of shooting throughout the parishes of Abyssinia and Soudan, plentifully stocked with elephants, lions, rhinoceros, giraffes, buffaloes, hippopotami, leopards, and a great variety of antelopes; while the right of fishing extended throughout the Atbara and neighboring rivers, that were well stocked with fish ranging from five to a hundred and fifty pounds; also with turtles and crocodiles. The mansion comprised entrance-hall, dining-room, drawing-room, lady's boudoir, library, breakfast-room, bedroom, and dressing-room (with the great advantage of their combination in one circular room fourteen feet in diameter). The architecture was of ancient style, from the original design of a pill-box surmounted by a candle extinguisher.

I purchased two additional huts, and in the course of a week we had formed as pretty a camp as Robinson Crusoe himself could have coveted; but he, poor unfortunate, had only his man Friday to assist him, while in our arrangements there were many charms and indescribable little comforts that could only be effected by a lady's hand. Not only were our walks covered with snow-white sand, and the borders ornamented with beautiful agates that we had collected in the neighborhood, but the interior of our house was the perfection of neatness; the floor was covered with white sand beaten firmly together to the depth of about six inches, the surface was swept and replaced with fresh material daily; the traveling bedsteads, with their bright green mosquito-curtains, stood on either side, affording a clear space in the centre of the circle, while exactly opposite the door stood the gun-rack, with as goodly array of weapons as the heart of a sportsman could desire.

My revolver and a brace of double-barreled pistols hung upon the wall, which, although the exterior of the house was straw, we had lined with the bright-colored canvas of the tent. Suspended by loops were little ornamental baskets worked by the Arabs, that contained a host of useful articles, such as needles, thread, etc., etc.; and the remaining surface was hung with hunting knives, fishing lines, and a variety of instruments belonging to the chase.—A traveling table, with maps and a few books, stood against the wall, and one more article completed our furniture—an exceedingly neat toilet-table, the base of which was a flat-topped portmanteau, concealed by a cunning device of chintz and muslin; this, covered with the usual arrangement of brushes, mirror, scent-bottles, etc., threw an air of civilization over the establishment, which was increased by the presence of an immense sponging-bath, that, being flat and circular, could be fitted underneath a bed. In the draught of air next the door stood our filter in a wooden frame, beneath which was a porous jar that received and cooled the clear water as it fell.

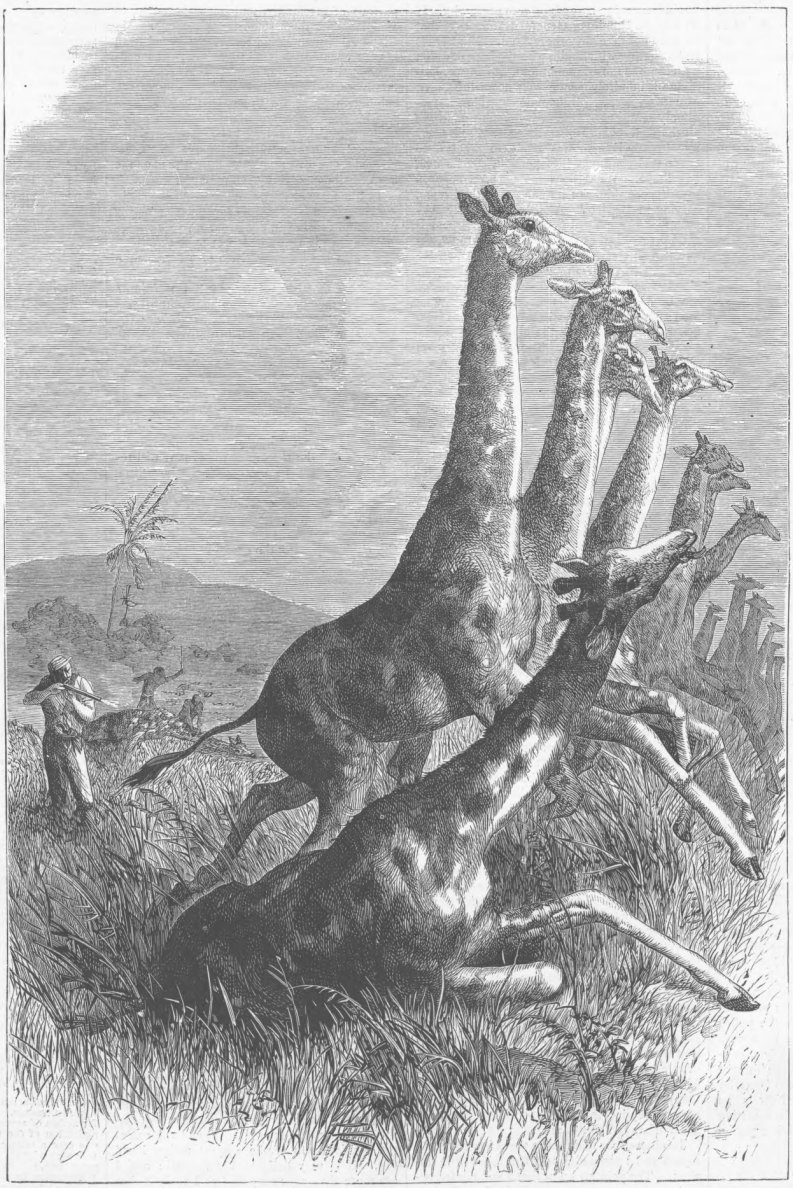
We were thoroughly happy. There was a delightful calm and a sense of rest, a total estrangement from the cares of the world. The eye plunged into the valley for a distance of five miles. Every day I took my telescope and spied wild beasts browsing tranquilly on the other side of the river, where the country was a desert. There was plenty of game there, but none at all on our side, and no means of crossing the Atbara. Every day without exception, and generally for several hours of the night, the lightning flashed and thunder roared with little intermission, while the rain fell in such torrents that the entire country became impassable, with the exception of the hard ground of the Atbara Valley. The rich loam of the table-land had risen like leavened dough, and was knee-deep in adhesive mud; the grass upon this surface grew with such rapidity that in a few weeks it reached a height of nine or ten feet. The glorious Atbara was at its maximum.

We had seen it quite dry; now its current was two hundred yards wide, and more than forty feet deep. Nevertheless, we must cross it. Seventy-six giraffes! We felled a tree for a canoe; and I find in my journal:

August 16. Our canoe is so heavy that it will only carry one person, and even then it threatens to become a bathing machine; thus nine days' hard work are lost. Florian is in despair; but *nil desperandum!* I shall set to work instanter and make a raft.

August 18. Launched the raft; it carries four persons safely, but the current is too strong, and it is therefore unmanageable. A dead elephant floated down the river to-day; this is the second that has passed within the last few days. They have probably been drowned in attempting to cross some powerful torrent tributary to the Atbara.

September 2. For many days past we have seen large herds of giraffes on the opposite side of the river, about two miles distant. To-day they tantalized me by descending below the level of the bank, and I was tempted at all hazards across the river. My bedstead, inverted and



THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SIR S. BAKER.]

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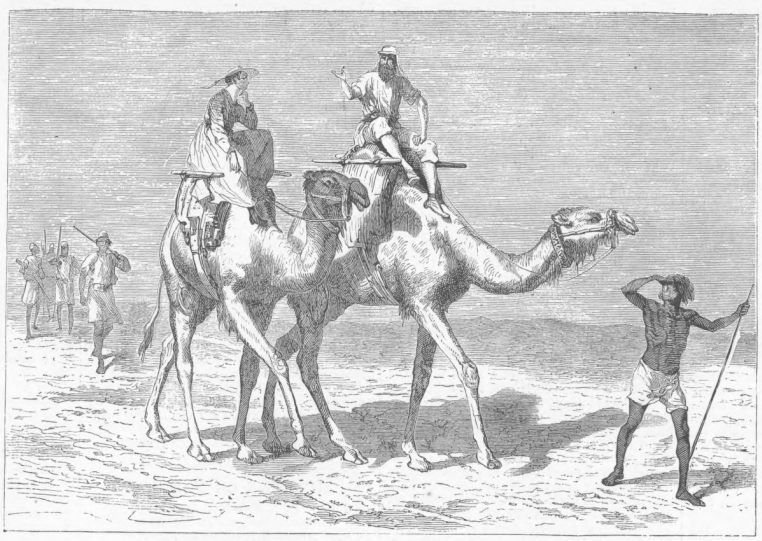
supported by water-skins, inflated, formed an excellent raft. There are hippopotami hunters in the village that swim like otters; two of these were to draw the raft across the river by tow-lines, while two others were to hang on behind and keep it in the rapid current.

Off we went! The current, running at nearly five miles an hour, carried us away at a great pace, and the whirlpools caused us much trouble, as we several times waltzed round when we should have preferred a straight course; but the towing swimmers being well mounted upon logs of light ambatch-wood, swam across in fine style, and after some difficulty we arrived at the opposite bank, and scrambled through thick bushes upon our hands and knees to the summit.

For about two miles' breadth on this side of the river the valley is rough, broken ground, full of gullies and ravines sixty or seventy feet deep, beds of torrents, bare sandstone rocks, bushy crags, fine grassy knolls, and long strips of mimosa covert, forming a most perfect locality for shooting.

I had observed by the telescope that the giraffes were standing as usual upon an elevated position, from whence they could keep a good look-out. I knew it would be useless to ascend the slope direct, as their long necks give these animals an advantage similar to that of the man at the mast-head; therefore, although we had the wind in our favor, we should have been observed. I therefore determined to make a circuit of about five miles, and thus to approach them from above, with the advantage of the broken ground for stalking. It was the perfection of uneven country; by clambering broken cliffs, wading shoulder-deep through muddy gullies, sliding down the steep ravines, and winding through narrow bottoms of high grass and mimosas, for about two hours, during which we disturbed many superb nellut (*Ant. strepsiceros*), and tétel (*Ant. Bubalis*), we at length arrived at the point of the high table-land, upon the verge of which I had first noticed the giraffes with the telescope. Almost immediately I distinguished the tall neck of one of these splendid animals about half a mile distant upon my left, a little below the table-land; it was feeding on the bushes, and I quickly discovered several others near the leader of the herd. I turned sharp to my right, intending to arrive on the leeward side of the herd.

I had marked a thick bush as my point of cover, and upon arrival I found that the herd had fed down wind, and that I was within two hundred yards of the great bull sentinel that, having moved from his former position, was now standing directly before me. He was shortly joined by two others. A puff of wind gently fanned the back of my neck; it was cool and delightful, but no sooner did I feel the refreshing breeze than I knew it would convey our scent direct to the giraffes. A few seconds afterward the three grand obelisks threw their heads still higher in the air, and fixing their great black eyes upon the spot from which the danger came, they remained as motionless as though carved from stone.



TRAVERSING THE DESERT.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SIR S. BAKER.]

The attitude of fixed attention and surprise of the three giraffes was sufficient warning for the rest of the herd, who immediately filed up from the lower ground, and joined their comrades. All now halted, and gazed steadfastly in our direction, forming a superb tableau; their beautiful mottled skins glancing like the summer coat of a thorough-bred horse, the orange-colored statues standing out in high relief from a background of dark green mimosas.

This beautiful picture soon changed; I knew that my chance of a close shot was hopeless, as they would presently make a rush and be off; thus I determined to get the first start. I had previously studied the ground; and I concluded that they would push forward at right angles with my position, as they had thus ascended the hill; and that, on reaching the higher ground, they would turn to the right, in order to reach an immense tract of high grass, as level as a billiard-table, from which no danger could approach them unobserved.

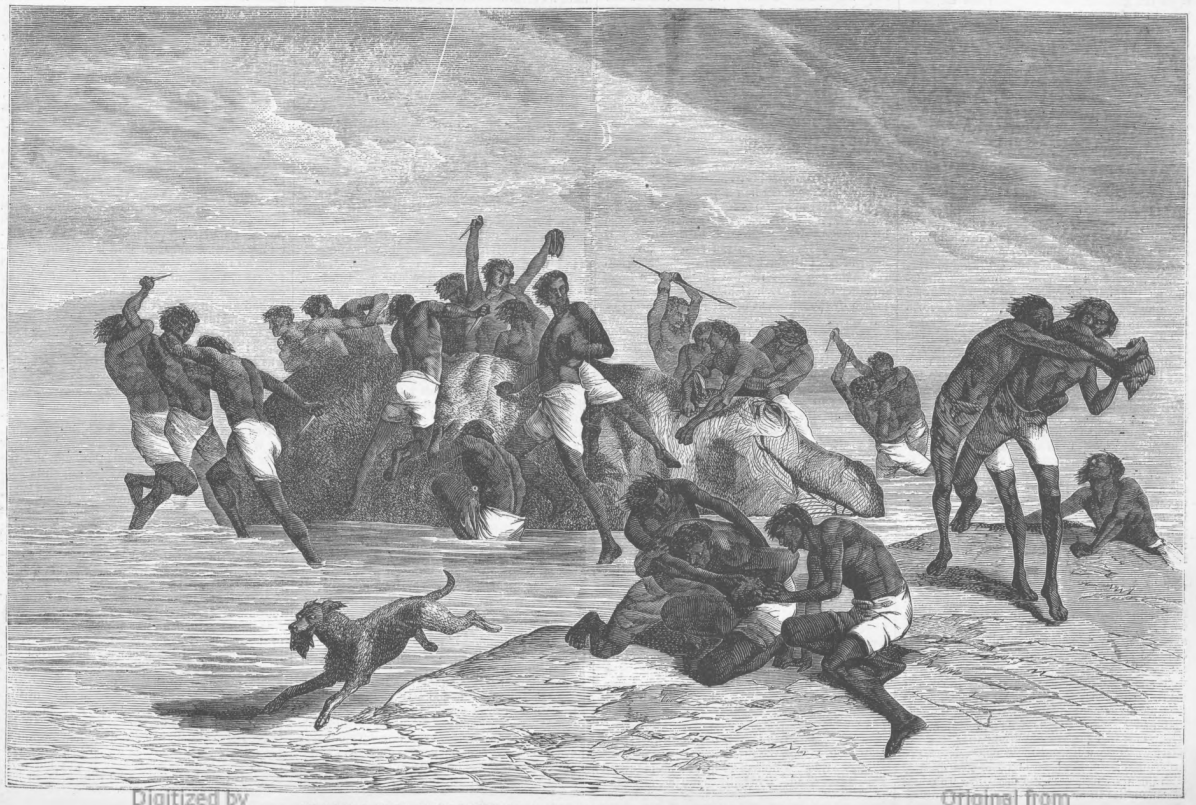
I accordingly, with a gentle movement of my hand, directed my people to follow me, and I made a sudden rush forward at full speed. Off went the herd, shambling along at a tremendous pace, whisking their long tails above their hind-quarters; and taking exactly the direction I had anticipated, they offered me a shoulder-shot at a little within two hundred yards' distance. Unfortunately I fell into a deep hole concealed by the high grass, and by the time that I resumed the hunt they had increased their distance; but I observed the leader turned sharp to the right, through some low mimosa bush, to make direct for the open table-land. I made a short cut obliquely at my best speed, and only halted when I saw that I should lose ground by altering my position. Stopping short, I was exactly opposite the herd as they filed by me at right angles in full speed, within about one hundred and eighty yards. I had only my old Ceylon No. 10 double rifle, and I took a steady shot at a large dark-colored bull. The satisfactory sound of the ball upon his hide was followed almost immediately by his blundering forward for about twenty yards, and falling heavily in the low bush. I heard the crack of the ball of my left-hand barrel upon another fine beast, but no effects followed. Bacheet quickly gave me the single 2-ounce Manton rifle, and I singled out a fine dark-colored bull, who fell on his knees to the shot, but recovering, hobbled off disabled, apart from the herd, with a fore-leg broken just below the shoulder. Upon my approach he attempted to move, but immediately fell, and was dispatched by my eager Arabs. I followed the herd for about a mile to no purpose, through deep clammy ground and high grass, and I returned to our game.

These were my first giraffes, and I admired them as they lay before me with a hunter's pride and satisfaction, but mingled with a feeling of pity for such beautiful and utterly helpless creatures. The eye of this animal is the most beautiful exaggeration of that of the gazelle, while the color of the reddish-orange hide, mottled with darker spots, changes the tints of the skin with the differing rays of light, according to the muscular movement of the body. No one who has merely seen the giraffe in a cold climate can form the least idea of its beauty in its native land. By the time we had skinned one of the animals it was nearly six o'clock, and it was necessary to hurry forward to reach the river before night; we therefore arranged some thorny boughs over the bodies, to which we intended to return on the following morning.

When about half-way to the river, as we were passing through grass about four feet high, three tétel bounded from a ravine, and, passing directly before us, gave me a splendid shot at about sixty yards. The Ceylon No. 10 struck the foremost through the shoulder, and it fell dead after running a few yards. This was also my first tétel (*Antelope Bubalis*); it was in splendid condition, the red coat was like satin, and the animal would weigh about five hundred pounds live weight. I had made very successful shots, having bagged three out of four at large game.

It was quite dark before we reached the river; we had been much delayed by repeated falls into deep holes and over hidden stones; thus I was well satisfied to find myself once more at home, after having crossed the river in pitchy darkness, in a similar manner as before.

The next morning we crossed the river anew in search of our game. There was but one giraffe left. The lions and tigers had devoured the other during the night, without leaving a single trace. The savage herd had wallowed in the mud, and the imprints told of the theft. This was a real loss. The natives set great



TEARING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS TO PIECES.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SIR S. BAKER.]

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store by the flesh of the giraffe, and they are right, for the meat is the best I have ever tasted. Every part of the animal is turned to some use. The skin, which is singularly hard, has the advantage of being as light as it is tough, which renders it very valuable for the manufacture of shields; and the long tendons of the legs are exceedingly prized by the Arabs in lieu of thread for sewing leather, and also for guitar-strings.

CHAPTER II.

Aggageers, or Hunters of the Hamran Tribe.—Swords and Shields.—Hunting with the Sword.—Last Departure from Sofi.—Encampment at Wat el Négur.—Purchase of three Horses.—Hippopotamus Hunt.—Tearing the Animal to Pieces.—Attack and Slaughter.

I HAD been a month at Sofi when I had an audience of a party of hunters whom I had long wished to meet. I had heard of certain Arabs of the Hamran tribe that inhabited the country south of Cassala, who hunted and killed all wild animals, from the antelope to the elephant, with no other weapon than the sword.

I could not understand how it could be possible to kill an elephant with the sword, unless the animal should be mobbed by a crowd of men and hacked to death, but I was assured that the most savage elephant had no chance upon good riding ground against four aggageers (as the hunters with the sword are designated). I had determined to engage a party of these hunters to accompany me throughout my exploration of the Abyssinian rivers at the proper season, when I should have an excellent opportunity of combining sport with an examination of the country. My intentions had become known, and the visit of the hunters was the consequence.

The Hamran Arabs are distinguished from the other tribes by an extra length of hair, worn parted down the centre, and arranged in long curls; otherwise, there is no perceptible difference in their appearance from other Arabs. They are armed, as are all others, with swords and shields; the latter are circular, and are generally formed of rhinoceros hide. There are two forms of shields used by the various tribes of Arabs; one is a narrow oval, the other is circular. There is no difference in the form of their swords. The blade is long and straight, two-edged, with a simple cross handle, having no other guard for the hand than the plain bar, which, at right angles with the hilt, forms the cross.

The swords of the aggageers differed in no respect from those usually worn; but they were bound with cord very closely from the guard for about nine inches along the blade, to enable them to be grasped by the right hand, while the hilt was held by the left; the weapon was thus converted into a two-handed sword.

The Hamrans who could not afford to purchase horses hunted on foot, in parties not exceeding two persons. Their method was to follow the tracks of an elephant, so as to arrive at their game between the hours of 10 A.M. and noon, at which time the animal is either asleep or extremely listless, and easy to approach. Should they discover the animal asleep, one of the hunters would creep stealthily toward the head, and with one blow sever the trunk while stretched upon the ground; in which case the elephant would start upon his feet, while the hunters escaped in the confusion of the moment. The trunk severed would cause a hemorrhage sufficient to insure the death of the elephant within about an hour. On the other hand, should the animal be awake upon their arrival, it would be impossible to approach the trunk; in such a case they would creep up from behind and give a tremendous cut at the back sinew of the hind-leg, about a foot above the heel. Such a blow would disable the elephant at once, and would render comparatively easy a second cut to the remaining leg; the arteries being divided, the animal would quickly bleed to death. These were the methods adopted by poor hunters, until, by the sale of ivory, they could purchase horses for the higher branch of the heart. Provided with horses, the party of hunters should not exceed four. They start before daybreak, and ride slowly throughout the country in search of elephants, generally keeping along the course of a river until they come upon the tracks where a herd or a single elephant may have drunk during the night. When once upon the tracks, they follow fast toward the retreating game. The elephants may be twenty miles distant; but it matters little to the aggageers. At length they discover them, and the hunt begins. The first step is to single out the bull with the largest tusks; this is the commencement of the fight. After a short hunt, the elephant turns upon his pursuers, who scatter and fly from his headlong charge until he gives up the pursuit; he at length turns to bay when again pressed by the hunters. It is the duty of one man in particular to ride up close to the head of the elephant, and thus to absorb its attention upon himself. This insures a desperate charge. The greatest coolness and dexterity are then required by the hunter. But we shall soon see him at work.

As I listened to these fine fellows, who, in a modest and unassuming manner, recounted their adventures as matters of course, I felt exceedingly small. My whole life had been passed in wild sports from early manhood, and I had imagined that I understood as much as most people of this subject; but here were men who, without the aid of the best rifles and deadly projectiles, went straight at their game, and faced the lion in his den with shield and sabre. I felt inclined to take off my cap and make a low bow to the gallant and swarthy fellows who sat before me. There is a freemasonry among hunters, and my heart was drawn toward these aggageers. We fraternized upon the spot, and I looked forward with intense pleasure to the day when we might become allies in action. For this it was necessary to take the field anew.

On the 15th of September a heavy shower of rain fell; this proved to be the last of the season, and from that moment the burning sun ruled the sodden country and rapidly dried up all vegetation. In a week the grass assumed a tinge of yellow, and by the end of October there was not a green spot to relieve the eye from the golden blaze of the landscape, except the patches of grass and reeds that sprang from the mud-banks of the retiring river. We had quitted Sofi on the day of the last shower, and, after encamping at different places, had pitched our tent on the right bank of the Atbara, two hundred yards below the village of Wat el Négur, and seven hours' journey from Settite. I at that time owned three horses, which I had purchased of the elephant hunters, all three of Abyssinian breed, and handsome animals, although none exceeded fourteen hands and a half. I had named them Gazelle, Tetel, and Aggahr, which is the singular of aggageer. The two latter were trained hunters; Gazelle was inexperienced, but remarkably handsome.

Scarcely had we arrived when I accepted an invitation to shoot a savage old bull hippopotamus that had been sufficiently impertinent to chase several of the natives. He lived in a deep and broad portion of the river, about two miles distant. We accordingly rode to the spot, and found the old hippo at home. The river was about 250 yards wide at this place, in an acute bend that had formed a deep pool. In the centre of this was a mud-bank, just below the surface; upon this shallow bed the hippo was reposing. Upon perceiving us he was exceedingly saucy, snorting at my party, and behaving himself in a most absurd manner, by shaking his head and leaping half-way out of the water. This plunging demonstration was intended to frighten us. I had previously given Bacheet a pistol, and had ordered him to follow on the opposite bank. I now hallooed to him to fire several shots at the hippo, in order to drive him, if possible, toward me, as I lay in ambush behind a rock in the bed of the river. Bacheet descended the almost perpendicular bank to the water's edge, and fired a shot with the pistol. The hippo, who was a wicked, solitary old bull, accustomed to have his own way, returned the insult by charging toward Bacheet, with a tremendous snorting that sent him scrambling up the steep bank in a panic. Once safe in his elevated position on the top of the bank, thirty feet above the river, he fired the second barrel in bold defiance at the hippopotamus.

As the hippo had gained confidence, I showed myself above the rock, and called to him by his Arab name, "Hásinth! Hásinth!" He, thinking no doubt that he might as well hunt me away, gave a loud snort, sank, and quickly reappeared about a hundred yards from me; but nearer than this he positively refused to approach. I therefore called to Bacheet to shout from the other side to attract his attention, and as he turned his head I took a steady shot behind the ear with the little Fletcher rifle. This happened to be one of those fortunate shots that consoles you for many misses, and the saucy old hippo turned upon his back and rolled about in tremendous struggles, lashing the still and deep pool into waves, until he at length disappeared. We knew that he was settled; then my people started off toward the village, and in a marvelously short time a frantic crowd of Arabs arrived with camels, ropes, axes, knives, and every thing necessary for an onslaught upon the hippo, who, up to this time, had not appeared upon the surface. In about one hour and a half from the time he received the bullet, we discovered his carcass floating about two hundred yards lower down the river. Several heads of large crocodiles appeared and vanished suddenly within a few feet of the floating carcass; therefore the Arabs considered it prudent to wait until the stream should strand the body upon the pebbly shallows about half a mile below the pool. Upon arrival at that point there was a general rush, and the excited crowd secured the hippo by many ropes and hauled it to the shore. It was a very fine bull, as the skin without the head measured twelve feet three inches. I had two haunches kept for the sheik, and a large quantity of fat, which is highly and deservedly prized by the Arabs, as it is the most delicate of any animal. Those portions secured, with a reserve of meat for ourselves, the usual disgusting scene of violence commenced, the crowd falling upon the carcass like maddened hyenas. A hundred knives were instantly at work. They fought over the spoil like wolves. No sooner was the carcass flayed than the struggle commenced for the meat. The people were a mass of blood, as some stood thigh-deep in the intestines wrestling for the fat, while many hacked at each other's hands for coveted portions that were striven for as a *bonne bouche*. I quitted this savage spectacle, which I had seen before, and which was always renewed on a like occasion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN OPIUM-EATER.

DE QUINCEY, in his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," has given us a picture of the delights experienced by indulging in this narcotic, which would be tempting enough to some minds, did not the miserable condition of the patient in his waking state serve as a horrible warning. Dr. Porqueville, in his "Voyage en Morée," gives a description of a case related by an English embassador to an Indian king. This high personage having been led to a sumptuous apartment, in a short time two slaves, bearing a litter, approached. Upon the litter, covered with shawls of great value, a human form was borne, to all appearance dead. Presently, however, an officer in attendance produced a bottle in which a bluish-looking liquor appeared. The embassador, thinking he was the involuntary witness of some funeral ceremony, wished to retire; but he was soon undeceived, upon observing one of the officers raise the head of this apparently lifeless being, replace the tongue which was hanging from the mouth, and make it swallow some black liquid, at the same time closing the mouth, and gently rubbing the throat in order to facilitate its passage. When this operation had been repeated five or six times, the figure opened its eyes and closed its mouth of its own accord; it then swallowed, without assistance, another large dose of the liquid, and in less than an hour became revived, and sat up upon the couch, having somewhat recovered its natural color and the partial use of its limbs. He then addressed the envoy in person, and asked him the object of his mission. For nearly two hours this extraordinary being remained perfectly conscious, and capable of transacting business of the greatest importance. The English embassador took the liberty of asking him some questions concerning the strange scene which he had witnessed. "Sir," he replied, "I have long been an opium-eater, and by degrees have fallen into this deplorable condition. I pass three parts of the day in the torpid state in which you have seen me. Although incapable of moving or speaking, I retain my consciousness, and during this time I am surrounded with the most delightful visions; but I should never awake if I was not surrounded by zealous and affectionate attendants, who watch over me with the most anxious solicitude."

SUNSHINE ON THE SEA.

THERE are blossoms on the cherry,
There are blossoms on the pear,
And my heart is light and merry
With the hope that blossoms there;
For the sorrow and the weeping
Wintry tempests brought to me,
In the past are calmly sleeping
Now there's sunshine on the sea.
I am looking for my lover
(Who is true as truth to me),
Now the wintry storms are over
And there's sunshine on the sea.

"When the bloom of pear and cherry
Are white upon the tree,
When you see the bud and berry,
Then look out, my love, for me."
So he said when last we parted,
While my tears rained on the deck,
For I felt half broken-hearted
In my dread of storm and wreck.
Now each spring-tide bud and blossom
Brings my own love nearer me,
And the sunshine in my bosom
Is the sunshine on the sea.

THE LOST CHANCE.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

"REMEMBER, Laurence, my dear boy, whatever you do, not to bring home a frivolous creature, a flirt, and a trifler, as your wife."

"But, my dear mother, I can assure you I have no intention of bringing home any wife."

"Well, I don't know—I think it is time you had a good wife" (this was said with something like a sigh); "but, oh Laurence, don't let it be one of the frivolous flirting creatures one sees almost every where now. Let her be somebody with a pure, steadfast nature—one in whom you could trust, and whom I could lean on as a daughter."

Laurence did not care to prolong the conversation, having nothing very particular to say on a subject which had as yet but little personal interest for him. So he laughed, promised, and bade his mother farewell for a season.

Laurence Gifford was a handsome young man, of good intellect, and some culture. In certain ways he would have been called slow and old-fashioned; for he was of a steady, domestic turn, and he had a profound veneration for his mother. They were New-Englanders, and Mrs. Gifford was a woman of pure and serene nature, to whom principle and goodness were every thing; but who was, perhaps, a little too prone to act in obedience to precept in her own life, and to inculcate the same course as the duty of others. Moreover, she was rather too much in the habit of judging other people by her own standard. Now, nobody ever can justly judge of others who has not something of what I may perhaps call the dramatic instinct, which enables one for the moment to put one's self in the place, feel the feelings, and understand the purposes, of another. The moral of this little story—if it can pretend to any—is, that good intention and high principle are not always enough in this world, and that for lack of a little of that which I have called dramatic instinct the best people may sometimes go wrong, and sadly mislead others.

Laurence Gifford might be called a young man of fortune. His father had left property enough, accumulated in trade, to relieve the son from any need of working for a living. So Laurence had studied and traveled for the sake of his own culture, and had lived for the most part quietly with his mother, seeing but little of society, and making himself her companion as well as her son.

Now he was going to make a little tour of visits among friends in Philadelphia and New York, and the neighborhood of those cities; and his mother, knowing that he was likely to meet many pretty and accomplished girls, thought it right to give him a word of warning before he left. Indeed, it was a warning she had many times already labored to impress upon him. One might have thought it superfluous, for Laurence had a nature grave, deep, and tender; and he had a strong natural aversion to frivolous and flirting women.

You might not have thought this, perhaps, if you had seen him during his stay at the country seat of one of his friends, where he met, for the first time, Jennie Millicent. Miss Millicent was one of the prettiest, brightest, most animated, and brilliant girls any society could boast of. She was a girl who seemed to lend an appearance of reasonableness to the extravagant gallantry of that little poem of Rousard's (at least, I think it is Rousard's), which avers that the sand in an hour-glass is all that remained of a hapless lover who was thus reduced to dust and ashes by the first bright glance of a lady's eyes. Chance first, and then perhaps mutual intention, threw Laurence Gifford and Jennie Millicent together a good deal at the house of their common friends. They found that they had many tastes in common. Jennie was a quick, eager reader, with a subtle, rapid appreciation, and a judgment more true than her vivacious, brilliant manner would lead one to expect; and Laurence found himself, for the first time in his life, intellectually interested in the society of a woman.

They met at many other places during that season, and Laurence was for the first time in his life unhappy. Fierce, new fires were lighting up in his heart. Strange doubts and pains racked him.

For he said to himself, sadly and bitterly, "Jennie Millicent is a flirt. She has no heart—no steadfastness. She is fascinating me, and she knows it; she was determined to fascinate me, and she cares nothing about me. I am just another little triumph to her, and nothing more." Then a more tender gleam in her blue eyes would seem to plead against his doubts, and he would devote himself to her—until some one else came near with whom she chose to divide her attention and her glances, and Laurence drew off, disheartened and miserable. "The shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks."

To add to his perplexities and pains he began to meet, in the same circles of society, a girl whose mother had been one of his mother's oldest friends; and to whom, therefore, he ought to have paid special attention, and would have paid it but for the distracting influence of bright Jennie Millicent. Caroline Horton was a noble-looking girl, with a serene, Madonna-like face, and dark brown hair smoothly reposing on a white broad forehead. Her calm eyes sometimes rested on Laurence, with an expression that seemed to him to speak of sweet sisterly sympathy and even compassion. He thought that she saw and understood his condition, and pitied him.

"She pities me," he said to himself, "for she believes that I am entangled by a brilliant and heartless flirt. Perhaps Miss Millicent herself has told her that she has made me her slave. Girls of that nature do such things sometimes, people say." And he drew nearer to Caroline Horton, and tried to maintain his independence and self-control, and to keep aloof from the perilous fascinations of Jennie Millicent. There was something soothing and consoling in the society of Miss Horton. She always welcomed him with the same sweet, serene smile; she always looked sympathy, if she did not actually put it into words. Poor Laurence felt that there must be some influence about her which he could not clearly define or characterize, for after leaving her side he could hardly remember what they had been talking of, and yet he seemed to know that a congenial nature had given its sympathy and strength to him. She was always the same in manner; Jennie Millicent changed every hour. Caroline Horton listened tenderly and calmly, and spoke little; Jennie Millicent was always starting new ideas, and pursuing them as if they were bright butterflies and she an eager child.

Presently the little company was about to break up. Breakings-up, as Dickens says, are capital things at school; but in after-life they have, among other drawbacks, the disadvantage, generally, that the boys and girls do not come back and play together any more. The guests in the social circle of which Laurence had formed a part were about to scatter far and wide—some to the South, some to the West, a few to New England, and a few to Old England. A dear friend of Laurence's, Charley Gray, whom he had known at Harvard, had joined the group lately, and his presence and his imminent departure had given an additional touch of pain to Laurence: his imminent departure, for Laurence was grieved to lose him; his presence, for Laurence soon observed that Gray and himself were rowing in the same boat—that Charley Gray was a captive and a bond-slave of Jennie Millicent.

One morning, about this time, Laurence received a letter from his mother which vexed him, for it wound up with the words, "Beware! my dear son. I have heard something about a triumphant flirt who claims to have captured you. I know I can trust your heart and head; but still, my son, be careful, and be true to yourself." Laurence felt ashamed. His mother, apparently, looked on him as a weak boy, who still must be kept in leading-strings. And Jennie Millicent had, then, really been boasting of her conquest! Who could have written to his mother on the subject?

"I have made a fool of myself," Laurence murmured, "and every one laughs at me!" It was morning, and he was walking alone in one of the shrubberies of a country house as he read his mother's letter. Suddenly he started and flushed, for Jennie Millicent was there before him. As he turned the corner of a winding walk he saw her. She was alone, and at first she did not see him. She held a paper in her hand, and her eyes were fixed on it. In her walk, her attitude, the bend of her neck and head, there was something which spoke of a profound and genuine sadness. It was but for a moment that Laurence could thus observe her, for his tread announced him, and she looked up, and their eyes met. She blushed a deep crim-

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son, and seemed quite agitated, and she hastily crumpled in her hand the paper she had been reading.

"She was reading a love-letter," Laurence said to himself. "Thank Heaven, I never wrote her a love-letter!"

Then they talked for a while, and, for some reason which Laurence could not explain even to himself, they talked very gravely and almost sadly. All the manner of the coquette was laid aside, and Jennie spoke to him in the frank and sympathetic tone of a sincere friend. There was something in her manner at once tender and calm which he had never observed before, and which he could not understand. It seemed to say, "Let there be henceforth only the clear truth between us. Let us not mistake each other. I am your friend; and only that. Be you my friend."

Laurence's soul was drawn toward her. "Have I not, after all, misunderstood this girl?" he began to ask himself.

As they walked along the thorns of a rose-bush caught Jennie's dress. She put out her hand to release herself, and the paper she had been holding fell to the ground. Laurence stooped to pick it up, and saw, not without some confusion, that it was in his own writing.

"It is the copy you made for me of that beautiful little poem of Victor Hugo's," she said, quietly. "I so like the poem that I have always kept it."

Then Laurence remembered that weeks and weeks before he had spoken to Jennie of a little poem of Victor Hugo's, and had copied it for her. It was that tender, half-melancholy poem which contains such verses as

"Puisque ici toute chose
Donne toujours
Son épine, ou sa rose
A ses amours."

There was a moment's silence. Then Laurence said:

"We are all scattering soon. Are we never all to meet again?"

"All are not likely to meet again, I suppose," she replied. "But some of us are pledged to meet soon again—is it not so? May I not congratulate you, Mr. Gifford?"

"Congratulate *me*, Miss Millicent? Good Heavens! for what?"

She looked into his face with unfeigned wonder. "Am I premature and rash?" she said, with a half smile. "Pray forgive me."

"But, Miss Millicent, pray tell me what you mean. I do beg of you—oh, confound it!"

He was actually about to take her hand, when he saw Charley Gray appearing in the walk, and he gave vent to the ungracious ejaculation which closed his speech.

Laurence would have given his friend the go-by, but Miss Millicent's manner seemed purposely to invite Charley to join them; and Laurence quietly drew off, resolving to find another opportunity of speaking to her. The Destinies were against him. As he wandered, restless and impatient, through the shrubbery he came suddenly to an opening—and he saw, at a little distance, Jennie and his friend Gray standing together. Gray had taken her hand in his; and she was not resisting. Her eyes were on the ground; and she was listening to what he was pouring into her ear. Laurence rushed from the spot.

"Heartless coquette!" he muttered, between his clenched teeth. "How nearly I had betrayed myself to her! Oh, thank Heaven for the chance which showed me how false and cruel she is!"

That evening Laurence left the place, after having proposed for Caroline Horton and been accepted. That evening poor Charley Gray left the place, having proposed for and passionately pleaded to Jennie Millicent; and been tenderly, compassionately, decisively rejected. And Charley Gray was ever so much wealthier than Laurence Gifford!

Laurence was married soon after, and took his beautiful, calm bride to Europe. She was always beautiful and calm. She was calm on the first sight of Mont Blanc and the first glimpse of Italy. She was calm through the wonderful sunsets of the Mediterranean, and in a sudden, fierce squall on the Levant. They crossed over to the East and visited the Holy Land, and Caroline's face wore the same sweet, placid expression as they stood in the street of Grief and gazed upon the Mount of Olives. And Laurence at last accepted the truth, which he had striven as long as he could to shut out from his heart and mind. There was nothing in his wife. He had married a shapely figure, and a calm, handsome face, without mind or soul attached. Caroline Gifford had neither brains nor sympathies. The quiet, sweet smile that always lay outside her face represented no more of glow within than a sunbeam on a stone. This, then, was his fate!

He brought home his wife to his mother, who was at first delighted with her. Then Laurence learned that it was Caroline who had conveyed to his mother the hint about his attentions to Jennie Millicent. He smiled rather grimly and said nothing. Before a week he saw that his mother had found out poor Caroline, and knew that her son was tied for life to a brainless, vapid, soulless woman. No word of what she knew was breathed to Laurence by his mother; but he could see an ever-present look of pity, regret, and something like remorse upon her face.

Laurence Gifford was no mean whiner against Destiny—which, indeed, in his case, as in that of most of us, meant his own folly and mistake; and he resolved to make the best of his life—and of his wife. At first he strove hard to love her; but after a while he gave that up as hopeless. There was nothing to love; and Caroline would not have cared to be troubled with love. She was married to a steadfast, good man, and she did not want any thing else. She did not even want her husband's society. She was glad to have him for her husband; and that was all. Indeed his efforts, in their first months of marriage, to get her to take an interest in literature, or art, or nature, or any of the things he loved, were terrible bores to her. And Laurence soon saw this, and mercifully spared her. He was always kind and affectionate to her, and he resolutely endeavored to keep his eyes fixed on her good qualities—a difficult task, for although poor Caroline had assuredly no bad qualities whatever, yet she possessed no attributes sufficiently marked to be classed as good qualities by any but the most indulgent and partial observer.

So life went on for Laurence Gifford—quiet, cheerless, hopeless. His wife brought him no children; but that fact in nowise disturbed her. She was placidly contented, while Laurence strove to bear manfully the fate he had brought upon himself. And his mother was utterly miserable in seeing what she saw, and believing that she had some share in causing it to be.

Once, and only once, he saw his old friend, Charley Gray. The latter was still unmarried, and had settled permanently in Europe. Once, however, he crossed the Atlantic to see his friends, and he paid Laurence a visit. The two old acquaintances talked long and late into the night.

"I sometimes see an old friend of yours and of mine, in London, Laurence," said Gray, slowly, and with a little hesitation, during their talk. "I mean Jennie Millicent. You have not forgotten her?" And he looked somewhat curiously into Laurence's face. A flush was there, and Laurence's lips were compressed.

"Oh no," Laurence replied, calmly. "I have not forgotten her. She is still unmarried?"

"She is still unmarried; and apparently resolved not to marry. A strange fate for one who was, and is, so brilliant, and who had so many admirers and offers. You know that I asked her to marry me, Laurence?"

"I do—I have heard so."

"Yes, the very day you proposed for your wife! A strange coincidence! I loved Jennie Millicent, and always shall love her—though we are good friends now, and always shall be, and can never be any thing more. She couldn't love me—I don't blame her. She is by far the best and noblest woman I ever knew. No good cause, no great thing to be done, but her heart and her help go to it. She lives only for her friends and for doing good. And, though I know as well as if she told me, Laurence, that her life is lonely and unhappy, she has the same bright ways that she always had. I think well of all womankind for her sake, although she is the only woman who ever made me unhappy."

"Why did she never marry?" Laurence asked. And he spoke with difficulty, and with a choking sensation at his throat.

"Don't *you* know?"

Laurence answered only by a motion of his hand. He could not speak then.

"Because, Laurence Gifford, she was like me—she loved somebody who did not love her!"

"The night is too hot, Charley," exclaimed Laurence, starting up. "I can't breathe here—let us go out into the open air."

They went into the open air; and they spoke of Jennie Millicent no more. When Laurence went to his bedroom his wife was sleeping comfortably and soundly, with her hair done up very neatly and carefully under her lace night-cap, and the unchanging, placid smile upon her handsome, soulless face.

THE HERO OF A FAST NOVEL.

THE pride of life is one of the leading notes of the "fast novel." Death may, with impartial heel, kick at the turreted palaces of kings and the hovel of the pauper; but the pride of life which informs the pen of our fast novelists condescends to treat of princely state alone. No man is fit to be a hero unless he can throw money about like water. It is not necessary that it should be his own money; indeed, it is better that it should not be—otherwise he would, perhaps, be too respectable for a hero. When, immersed in an inextricable state of debt, he goes down to shoot at one of his many places, he does so, we are informed, in a half-Bohemian, half-bivouac fashion; and his guests, all of them enormous swells of the period, are expected to be good enough to rough it. They arrive at a dim picturesque old house, with oak-paneled rooms, stained-glass windows, antiques, paintings, and china of fabulous value all around. They find a perfect cook, perfect wines, and perfect cigars; a grand piano in the Elizabethan drawing-room, the clash of billiard-balls under the painted arches of the chapel entrance, and whist-tables in the little garden-room that looks through oriel windows on to the terraces and the shady cedars. When out shooting, these gentlemen, who are "roughing it," toss the dogs *foie gras* and truffles, and drink delicate Burgundies to their perfumed cigarettes. When the hero flies from his debts and his difficulties, he betakes himself from the low white shore to his yacht. There, on a velvet-cushioned bench, lie the newest novels, just out. By its side is a splendid goblet, in which lumps of ice float in golden wine. Silky nectarines and purple grapes lie lazily together on his plate. In the mirrored cabin a choice dinner awaits him. When he returns to town, we find him ensconced in rooms decorated with imperial blue, filled with things of great antiquity and beauty—ivory, bronze, marble, china, enamel, all gleaming out of the prevailing hue of deep azure; chambers, in a word, summed up as containing as many treasures in them as Christie's itself on a view-day. When he gives a dinner at the little box inhabited by his Anonyma, all the male guests have half-guinea rose-buds in their coats, the dining-room is one sheet of light, a miniature sun in the blue arc of the ceiling sheds down its rays, the atmosphere is scented with pastilles, the table is ablaze with gold and silver, and the hangings of the walls are azure satin, silver-starred. Anonyma herself is dressed in flame-colored robes, and she seems to be literally on fire with the superb rubies that glitter all over her. She wears boots that cost thirty guineas a pair, with silver-gilt heels that go "click-clack" like a cavalryman's. But the golden tazze, costly china, exquisite pictures, Oriental stuffs, silks, satins, and furs, malachite vases, jasper tables, ivory-bound books, with monograms in turquoises and pearls on the cover, which are to be seen in the dining-room of the hero's nameless *protgée*, sink into insignificance when compared with the contents of her drawing-room. This glows with ten times more light, ten times more color, ten times more brilliancy, and is one mass of scintillating gold, silver, and amber—not a large room, but small and bijou, "intensely" luminous, and very costly. When he goes to the theatre and tosses a bouquet on to the stage, it contains a big sapphire, or is clasped by a jeweled holder. Elsewhere in the gorgeous pages of our fast instructor we meet with girls enfolded in a glitter of green and silver, with huge gold serpentine coils upon their arms, who lean over a boat's side and meditate—not upon the elusive smile of the sunlit waters, but upon the flavors of new sauces, and the strong old wines princes send to them, and of Oriental burnouses, all interwoven with pearls and turquoises, which Oriental embassadors give them for the asking. Even the artists of our fast novels have odorous cedar-lined studios, in which the smoke of choice cigars curls round antiques and bric-à-brac, and sherry and seltzer perpetually hiss in long fairy-like glasses of Venice.

BEARDS AND MUSTACHES.

DURING the first centuries of the Roman Republic the Romans of all classes allowed their beards to grow freely; shaving seems to have been quite unknown. It was not until the year 300 B.C. that any thing like a razor was seen in Rome; but at that time a few Greek barbers had made their appearance in the forum; and although, like all innovators, they were at first received with derision, yet after a time they succeeded in getting customers; few at first; then more; until at last the barbers' shops in Rome became what the clubs are in London or the cafés in Paris: places of lounging and resort, where every one with nothing to do spends a few hours of his time each day. As the Romans grew richer from the spoils of conquered nations, and as they began to discard the simple life of their ancestors for a mode of living more in keeping with their wealth, many had slaves whose sole business was to shave them and cover their hair with greases. At first this task was intrusted to men, but Lucullus is said to have had women trained to the work; and, as a woman's hand is much lighter, and usually more skillful, than that of a man, the change was pronounced by connoisseurs to be for the better. By Julius Cæsar's time the beard had fallen into thorough discredit among all classes of society, slaves being the only people who still wore it. Cæsar himself was shaved with scrupulous neatness every morning; Pompey, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Augustus, were all clean shaven too; even Cato Uticensis, who had but slight respect for the fashions, would have thought it disreputable and unseemly to appear in a public place with a beard.

It was Trajan who first had the courage to shake off the barber's yoke. This king, an excellent monarch in many respects, discovered that his shaving occupied a considerable portion of each day; and, as he was the first emperor since Cæsar who really felt that he was on the throne for something more than eating and drinking, he relinquished a habit that cost him more minutes than he could afford to lose. Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, his immediate successors, followed in his wake, and allowed their beards to grow unclipped. After them, however, came Commodus; as this exemplary monarch found the time hang so heavily upon his hands that he was obliged to kill flies of an afternoon, it was not likely that he would discard the precious means afforded him by shaving of making half-hours go by; barbers had a new time of it; and thenceforth continued to have the Roman emperors for patrons until Edoard overturned Romulus-Augustulus, the last imperator, and inaugurated the kingdom of Italy, and with it the reign of mustaches.

In the reign of Oswie, the last of the Bretwaldas, who flourished toward the end of the eleventh century, a fierce contest arose between the See of Rome and the Catholic Church of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as to how the priests should shave their heads and faces, or whether they should shave them at all. The British priests held that shaving was superfluous. The Pope, however, maintained that the use of razors was indispensable to salvation. The strife waxed warm; but, as things seemed likely to go too far, Oswie, who feared interdict and excommunication, convoked a meeting of ecclesiastics at Whitby, and there decreed: first, that priests should shave all but a thin crown of hair off their heads; secondly, that they should wear neither beard nor whiskers nor mustaches, upon pain of public penance. This was peremptory, and the English priests gave in.

Strangely enough, the beard, which had seemed a heresy to the Church of Rome in the time of Oswie, had come into favor again with the Catholic priesthood by the middle of the ninth century; bishops and priests allowed their hair to grow on their faces, and were even rather lax in shaving the crowns of their heads. This scandalized the Greek Church, the ministers of which made a diligent use of razors; and the dispute upon this subject grew as fierce as it had been two centuries before between Rome and England. On this occasion, however, the Papal See argued that, as all the Apostles, and notably St. Peter, had worn beards, it was the duty of their successors to imitate them. This failed to convince the Greeks; and, in the famous edict of excommunication which the Patriarch Photius launched against Pope Nicholas in 856, it was alleged as a *major* grievance that the Latin priests refused to shave, and were consequently unworthy of entering into communion with their brethren of the Eastern Church. Philosophers of the Democritus school will smile when they remember that opinions on this mighty point have see-sawed again since that time; nowadays the Greek priests wear beards, and the Romish shave!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"THAT bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff old Englishman, upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith, an' you'll find it is plenty long, Sir, when you get into it," was the reply: "for then there'll be two feet more added to it." Exit Pat, with a boot fetching up the rear.

APOSTROPHE TO AN OYSTER.

Delicious bivalve, let me pause
Ere I engulf thee in my jaws;
And let the muses aid my verse
While thy just praises I rehearse.
Blest is the man, who'er he be,
Whom friend invites to swallow thee.
In every form thou tastest well,
Fried, roasted, stewed, or on the shell.
Thou art, oh playmate of the shad!
A very type of iron-clad.
Virginia's shore no treasure owns,
Not even sable Brudder Bones,
To equal thee, oh oyster mine!
As thou reposest in the brine.
The daring wight whose lucky lip
Thy luscious flavor first did sip,
Deserves from us a tribute rare
For bringing thee to light and air.

A saloon-keeper of questionable honesty went to a lawyer to consult him about commencing an action of defamation against a fellow-townsman. "The scoundrel," said he, fiercely, "has robbed me of my character!" "Ah, has he? Are you sure of that fact?" replied the green-sachel gentleman, quickly, and in a sarcastic tone. "If so, for Heaven's sake let him go; for it is the luckiest thing that ever happened to you!" The fellow sneaked out of the office like a puppy when a foot is raised against him.

Jessie Williams had been doing something which her mamma had told her she mustn't do. She had been eating currants, and, of course, got her mouth all stained; that's the way she got found out. Mrs. Williams said, "You know you were forbidden to eat currants!" "But, mother, Satan tempted me!" "Why didn't you say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" "Well, I did say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan;' and he went and got behind me, and pushed me right into the currant-bushes!"

An anatomical observer asserted a few days since that there were 489,981 feathers on the wings of a butterfly. "I don't believe it," said one of his hearers. "Then count them for yourself," was the reply.

A gentleman who was very zealous on the subject of horses, but not according to knowledge, bought a mare at auction, and rode her home. "Well, Cæsar," said he to his sable coachman, "what do you think of her? She cost me five hundred dollars." "Dunno, massa." "Yes, but what do you think?" "Well, massa, it makes me tink of what the preacher said yesterday—something about 'his money is soon parted.' I disremember the fust part!"

The other day Molecule propounded the following to Atom: "A boy said to a gentleman, 'My father and mother have a daughter, but she is not my sister.' Now how do you explain that?" Atom reflected, but all in vain. To his every suggestion Molecule replied by a mild but decided negative. At length Atom was forced to give it up. "Why, it's simple enough," said Molecule, with an exasperating smile; "the boy lied!"

A man, being awakened by the captain of a passenger boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, considerately replied, "Oh, it won't hurt 'em; they're an old pair."

MAXIM FOR THE SALAD SEASON—Two heads are better than one.

The denizen of a house on West Lake Street, in Chicago, advertises "a hornen for sall," which doubtless means that he is willing to dispose of an awning.

"How is your wife to-day?" said a friend to a French gentleman. "Oh, moche de sem," said he; "she is no better, and I am 'fraid ver little waas. If she is gon to die, I wish she would do it soon. I feel so unhappy—my mind is so moche unsettel. Ven she die, I shall not be so moche dissatisfied."

A sick man was told that nothing could cure him but a quart of catnip tea. "Then I must die," said he, "for I don't hold but a pint."

"Waiter, I'll take my hat," said a gentleman at a ball one evening, as he was going home. "What kind of a hat is it, Sir?" "A brand new one—I bought it this morning." "Well, Sir," said the waiter, "all the good hats have been gone for two hours."

'Tis ever sew, as the seamstress said.

PLEADING AT THE BAR—Begging for a drink.

Love has been defined as an insane desire to maintain somebody else's daughter.

A stout, jolly-looking mendicant recently entered a shop in Dublin, and asked the owner for charity. He shook his head, and said, "I am not able to give you any thing." The woman, in quite a cheerful tone, promptly replied, "Thank you, Sir; and may you long be in the same position!"

THE UNION PACIFIC—A quiet marriage.

A Pennsylvania editor rejects an advertisement sent him by an Indiana lawyer on the condition that he should take his pay in divorces, saying, however, that he does so because he is a bachelor, and the proposition is "scandalously premature."

What is stronger in death than life?—An old yellow-legged hen.

In a little town out West a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for ten dollars—" when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars—father sold one for sixty dollars the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

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KING DEATH'S DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

BACCHUS TAKES THE FIRST PREMIUM.

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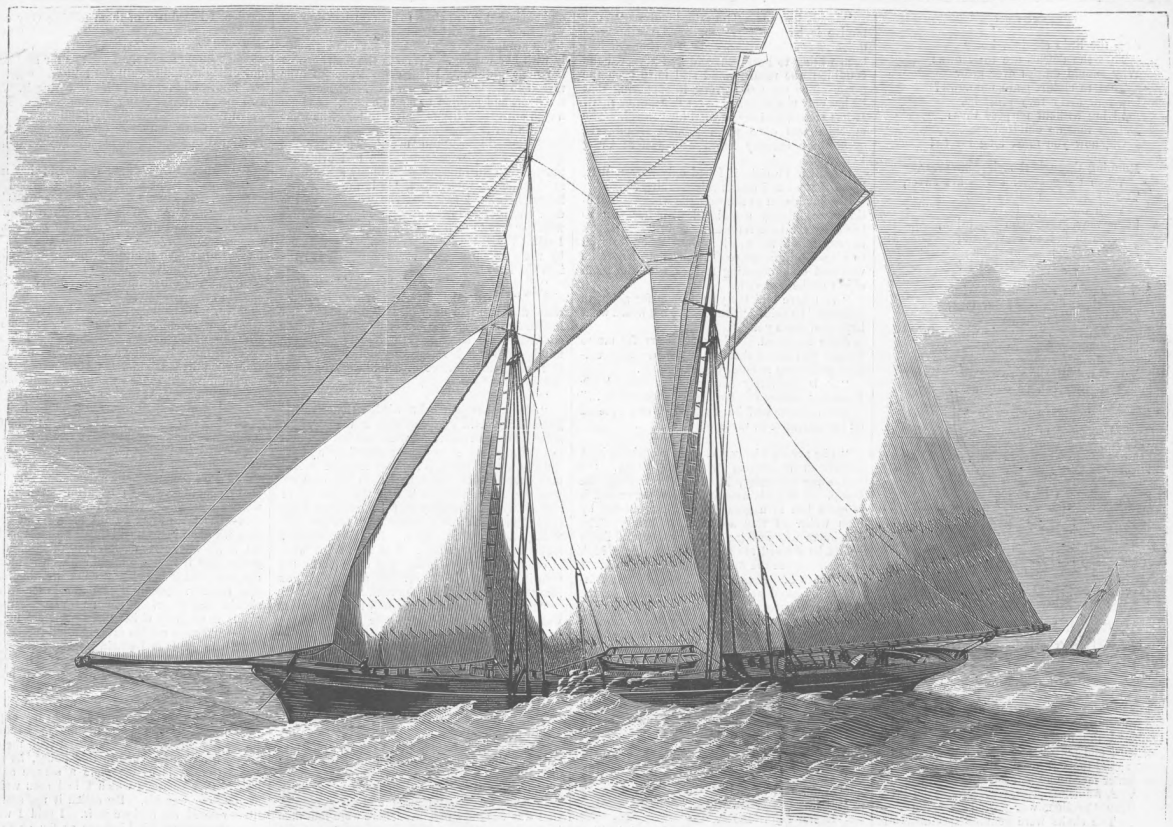
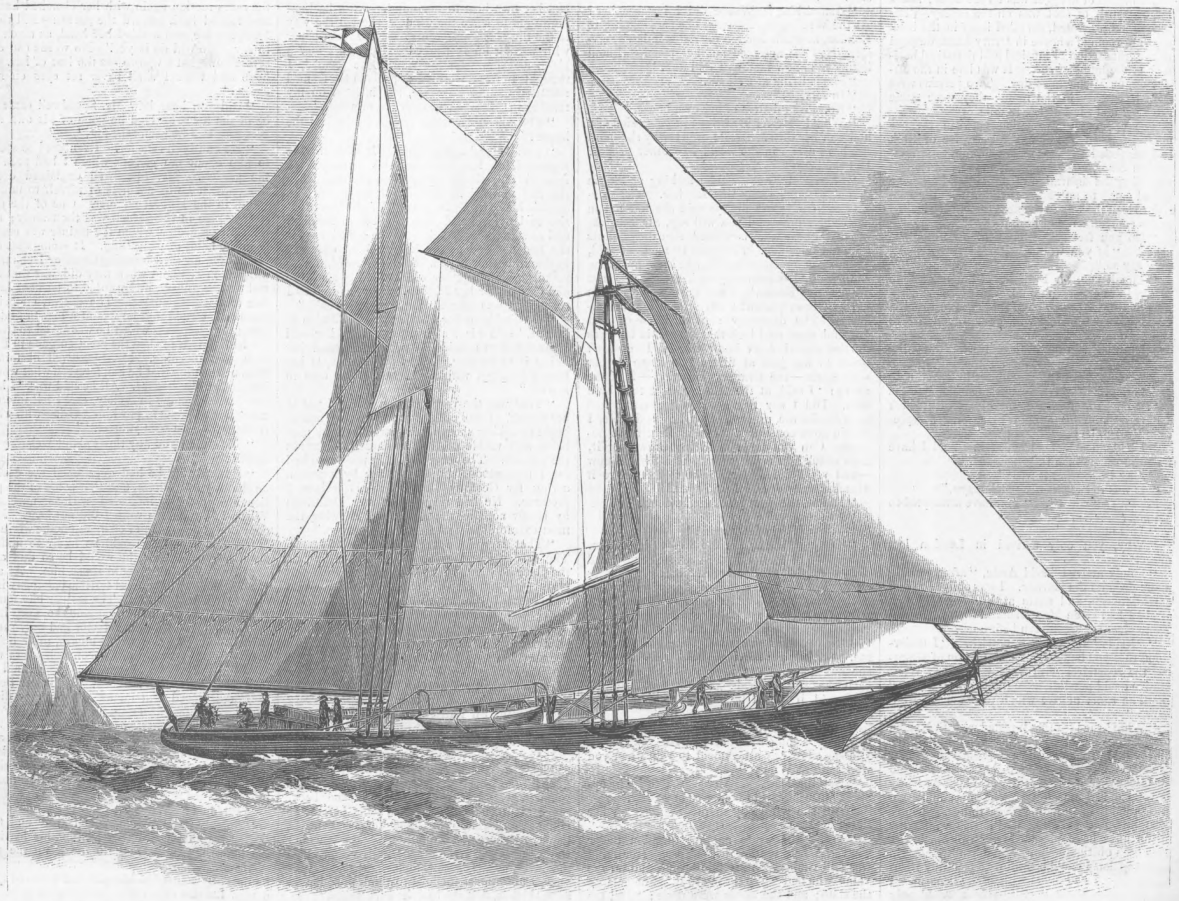


THE ENGLISH YACHT "CAMBRIA."



THE AMERICAN YACHT "SAPPHO.—[From a Sketch by C. R. Parsons.]

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.—[See Page 350.]

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DAISIES.

ALL the little children know
That the daisies are their own:
Why should daisies ever grow
That to children are unknown?
Oh, how sorry they must be,
Living without purpose thus:
Daisies that no children see,
Oh, how you must long for us!

Running through the pleasant grass,
When the summer scents are sweet,
Touching daisies as we pass
With our happy little feet.
Some may grow upon the brink,
Some in hidden crevice fit;
Let no daisy-blossom think
That we have neglected it!

We must be so kind and wise
To these daisies of our own,
Giving sensible replies
When they make their wishes known.
Butter-cups belong to all,
So do other pretty flowers,
But the daisies are so small
That they can be only ours.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

TWELFTH SCENE.—DRURY LANE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

THE LETTER AND THE LAW.

THE many-toned murmur of the current of London life—flowing through the murky channel of Drury Lane—found its muffled way from the front room to the back. Piles of old music lumbered the dusty floor. Stage masks and weapons, and portraits of singers and dancers, hung round the walls. An empty violin case in one corner faced a broken bust of Rossini in another. A frameless print, representing the Trial of Queen Caroline, was pasted over the fireplace. The chairs were genuine specimens of ancient carving in oak. The table was an equally excellent example of dirty modern deal. A small morsel of drugget was on the floor; and a large deposit of soot was on the ceiling. The scene thus presented, revealed itself in the back drawing-room of a house in Drury Lane, devoted to the transaction of musical and theatrical business of the humbler sort. It was late in the afternoon, on Michaelmas-day. Two persons were seated together in the room: they were Anne Silvester and Sir Patrick Lundie.

The opening conversation between them—comprising, on one side, the narrative of what had happened at Perth and at Swanhaven; and, on the other, a statement of the circumstances attending the separation of Arnold and Blanche—had come to an end. It rested with Sir Patrick to lead the way to the next topic. He looked at his companion, and hesitated.

"Do you feel strong enough to go on?" he asked. "If you would prefer to rest a little, pray say so."

"Thank you, Sir Patrick. I am more than ready, I am eager, to go on. No words can say how anxious I feel to be of some use to you, if I can. It rests entirely with your experience to show me how."

"I can only do that, Miss Silvester, by asking you without ceremony for all the information that I want. Had you any object in traveling to London, which you have not mentioned to me yet? I mean, of course, any object with which I have a claim (as Arnold Brinkworth's representative) to be acquainted?"

"I had an object, Sir Patrick. And I have failed to accomplish it."

"May I ask what it was?"

"It was to see Geoffrey Delamayn."

Sir Patrick started. "You have attempted to see *him!* When?"

"This morning."

"Why, you only arrived in London last night!"

"I only arrived," said Anne, "after waiting many days on the journey. I was obliged to rest at Edinburgh, and again at York—and I was afraid I had given Mrs. Glenarm time enough to get to Geoffrey Delamayn before me."

"Afraid?" repeated Sir Patrick. "I understood that you had no serious intention of disputing the scoundrel with Mrs. Glenarm. What motive could possibly have taken you *his* way?"

"The same motive which took me to Swanhaven."

"What! the idea that it rested with Delamayn to set things right? and that you might bribe him to do it, by consenting to release him, so far as your claims were concerned?"

"Bear with my folly, Sir Patrick, as patiently as you can! I am always alone now; and I get into a habit of brooding over things. I have been brooding over the position in which my misfortunes have placed Mr. Brinkworth. I have been obstinate—unreasonably obstinate—in believing that I could prevail with Geoffrey Delamayn, after I had failed with Mrs. Glenarm. I am obstinate about it still. If he would only have heard me, my madness in going to Fulham might have had its excuse." She sighed bitterly, and said no more.

Sir Patrick took her hand.

"It *has* its excuse," he said, kindly. "Your motive is beyond reproach. Let me add—to quiet your mind—that, even if Delamayn had been willing to hear you, and had accepted the condition, the result would still have been the same. You are quite wrong in supposing that he has only to speak, and to set this matter right. It has passed entirely beyond his control. The mischief was done when Arnold Brinkworth spent those unlucky hours with you at Craig Fernie."

"Oh, Sir Patrick, if I had only known that, before I went to Fulham this morning!"

She shuddered as she said the words. Something was plainly associated with her visit to Geoffrey, the bare remembrance of which shook her nerves. What was it? Sir Patrick resolved to obtain an answer to that question, before he ventured on proceeding further with the main object of the interview.

"You have told me your reason for going to Fulham," he said. "But I have not heard what happened there yet."

Anne hesitated. "Is it necessary for me to trouble you about that?" she asked—with evident reluctance to enter on the subject.

"It is absolutely necessary," answered Sir Patrick, "because Delamayn is concerned in it."

Anne summoned her resolution, and entered on her narrative in these words:

"The person who carries on the business here discovered the address for me," she began. "I had some difficulty, however, in finding the house. It is little more than a cottage; and it is quite lost in a great garden, surrounded by high walls. I saw a carriage waiting. The coachman was walking his horses up and down—and he showed me the door. It was a high wooden door in the wall, with a grating in it. I rang the bell. A servant-girl opened the grating, and looked at me. She refused to let me in. Her mistress had ordered her to close the door on all strangers—especially strangers who were women. I contrived to pass some money to her through the grating, and asked to speak to her mistress. After waiting some time, I saw another face behind the bars—and it struck me that I recognized it. I suppose I was nervous. It startled me. I said, 'I think we know each other.' There was no answer. The door was suddenly opened—and who do you think stood before me?"

"Was it somebody I know?"

"Yes."

"Man? or woman?"

"It was Hester Dethridge."

"Hester Dethridge!"

"Yes. Dressed just as usual, and looking just as usual—with her slate hanging at her side."

"Astonishing! Where did I last see her? At the Windygates station, to be sure—going to London, after she had left my sister-in-law's service. Has she accepted another place—without letting me know first, as I told her?"

"She is living at Fulham."

"In service?"

"No. As mistress of her own house."

"What! Hester Dethridge in possession of a house of her own? Well! well! why shouldn't she have a rise in the world like other people? Did she let you in?"

"She stood for some time looking at me, in that dull strange way that she has. The servants at Windygates always said she was not in her right mind—and you will say, Sir Patrick, when you hear what happened, that the servants were not mistaken. She must be mad. I said, 'Don't you remember me?' She lifted her slate, and wrote, 'I remember you, in a dead swoon at Windygates House.' I was quite unaware that she had been present when I fainted in the library. The discovery startled me—or that dreadful, dead-cold look that she has in her eyes startled me—I don't know which. I couldn't speak to her just at first. She wrote on her slate again—the strangest question—in these words: 'I said, at the time, brought to it by a man. Did I say true?' If the question had been put in the usual way, by any body else, I should have considered it too insolent to be noticed. Can you understand my answering it, Sir Patrick? I can't understand it myself, now—and yet I did answer. She forced me to it with her stony eyes. I said 'yes.'"

"Did all this take place at the door?"

"At the door."

"When did she let you in?"

"The next thing she did was to let me in. She took me by the arm, in a rough way, and drew me inside the door, and shut it. My nerves are broken; my courage is gone. I crept with cold when she touched me. She dropped my arm. I stood like a child, waiting for what it pleased her to say or do next. She rested her two hands on her sides, and took a long look at me. She made a horrid dumb sound—not as if she was angry; more, if such a thing could be, as if she was satisfied—pleased even, I should have said, if it had been any body but Hester Dethridge. Do you understand it?"

"Not yet. Let me get nearer to understanding it by asking something before you go on. Did she show any attachment to you, when you were both at Windygates?"

"Not the least. She appeared to be incapable of attachment to me, or to any body."

"Did she write any more questions on her slate?"

"Yes. She wrote another question under what she had written just before. Her mind was still running on my fainting fit, and on the 'man' who had 'brought me to it.' She held up the slate; and the words were these: 'Tell me how he served you; did he knock you down?' Most people would have laughed at the question. *I* was startled by it. I told her, No. She shook her head as if she didn't believe me. She wrote on her slate, 'We are loth to own it when they up with their fists and beat us—ain't we?' I said, 'You are quite wrong.' She went on obstinately with her writing. 'Who is the man?'—was her next question. I had control enough over myself to decline telling her that. She opened the door, and pointed to me to go out. I made a sign entreating her to wait a little. She went back, in her impenetrable way, to the writing on the slate—still about the 'man.' This time, the question was plainer still. She had evidently placed her own interpretation of my appearance at the house. She wrote, 'Is it the man who lodges here?' I saw that she would close the door on me if I didn't answer. My only chance with her was to own that she had guessed right. I said 'Yes. I want to see him.' She took me by the arm, as roughly as before—and led me into the house."

"I begin to understand her," said Sir Patrick. "I remember hearing, in my brother's time, that she had been brutally ill-used by her husband. The association of ideas, even in *her* confused brain, becomes plain, if you bear that in mind. What is her last remembrance of you? It is the remembrance of a fainting woman at Windygates."

"Yes."

"She makes you acknowledge that she has guessed right, in guessing that a man was, in some way, answerable for the condition in which she found you. A swoon produced by a shock inflicted on the mind, is a swoon that she doesn't understand. She looks back into her own experience, and associates it with the exercise of actual physical brutality on the part of the man. And she sees, in you, a reflection of her own sufferings and her own case. It's curious—to a student of human nature. And it explains, what is otherwise unintelligible—her overlooking her own instructions to the servant, and letting you into the house. What happened next?"

"She took me into a room, which I suppose was her own room. She made signs, offering me tea. It was done in the strangest way—without the least appearance of kindness. After what you have just said to me, I think I can in some degree interpret what was going on in her mind. I believe she felt a hard-hearted interest in seeing a woman whom she supposed to be as unfortunate as she had once been herself. I declined taking any tea, and tried to return to the subject of what I wanted in the house. She paid no heed to me. She pointed round the room; and then took me to a window, and pointed round the garden—and then made a sign indicating herself. 'My house; and my garden'—that was what she meant. There were four men in the garden—and Geoffrey Delamayn was one of them. I made another attempt to tell her that I wanted to speak to him. But, no! She had her own idea in her mind. After beckoning to me to leave the window, she led the way to the fire-place, and showed me a sheet of paper with writing on it, framed and placed under a glass, and hung on the wall. She seemed, I thought, to feel some kind of pride in her framed manuscript. At any rate, she insisted on my reading it. It was an extract from a will."

"The will under which she had inherited the house?"

"Yes. Her brother's will. It said, that he regretted, on his death-bed, his estrangement from his only sister, dating from the time when she had married in defiance of his wishes and against his advice. As a proof of his sincere desire to be reconciled with her, before he died, and as some compensation for the sufferings that she had endured at the hands of her deceased husband, he left her an income of two hundred pounds a year, together with the use of his house and garden, for her lifetime. That, as well as I remember, was the substance of what it said."

"Creditable to her brother, and creditable to herself," said Sir Patrick. "Taking her odd character into consideration, I understand her liking it to be seen. What puzzles me, is her letting lodgings with an income of her own to live on."

"That was the very question which I put to her myself. I was obliged to be cautious, and to begin by asking about the lodgers first—the men being still visible out in the garden, to excuse the inquiry. The rooms to let in the house had (as I understood her) been taken by a person acting for Geoffrey Delamayn—his trainer, I presume. He had surprised Hester Dethridge by barely noticing the house, and showing the most extraordinary interest in the garden."

"That is quite intelligible, Miss Silvester. The garden you have described would be just the place he wanted for the exercises of his employer—plenty of space, and well secured from observation by the high walls all round. What next?"

"Next, I got to the question of why she should let her house in lodgings at all. When I asked her that, her face turned harder than ever. She answered me on her slate in these dismal words: 'I have not got a friend in the world. I dare not live alone.' There was her reason! Dreary and dreadful, Sir Patrick, was it not?"

"Dreary indeed! How did it end? Did you get into the garden?"

"Yes—at the second attempt. She seemed suddenly to change her mind; she opened the door for me herself. Passing the window of the room in which I had left her, I looked back. She had taken her place, at a table before the window, apparently watching for what might happen. There was something about her, as her eyes met mine (I can't say what), which made me feel uneasy at the time. Adopting your view, I am almost inclined to think now, horrid as the idea is, that she had the expectation of seeing me treated as *she* had been treated in former days. It was actually a relief to me—though I knew I was going to run a serious risk—to lose sight of her. As I got nearer to the men in the garden, I heard two of them talking very earnestly to Geoffrey Delamayn. The fourth person, an elderly gentleman, stood apart from the rest at some little distance. I kept as far as I could out of sight, waiting till the talk was over. It was impossible for me to help hearing it. The two men were trying to persuade Geoffrey Delamayn to speak to the elderly gentleman. They pointed to him as a famous medical man. They reiterated over and over again, that his opinion was well worth having—"

Sir Patrick interrupted her. "Did they mention his name?" he asked.

"Yes. They called him Mr. Speedwell."

"The man himself! This is even more interesting, Miss Silvester, than you suppose. I myself heard Mr. Speedwell warn Delamayn that he was in broken health, when we were visiting together at Windygates House last month. Did he do as the other men wished him? Did he speak to the surgeon?"

"No. He sulkily refused—he remembered what you remember. He said, 'See the man who told me I was broken down?—not I!' After confirming it with an oath, he turned away from the others. Unfortunately, he took the direction in which I was standing, and discovered me. The bare sight of me seemed to throw him instantly into a state of frenzy. He—it is impossible for me to repeat the language that he used: it is bad enough to have heard it. I believe, Sir Patrick, but for the two men, who ran up and laid hold of him, that Hester Dethridge would have seen what she expected to see. The change in him was so frightful—even to me, well as I thought I knew him in his fits of passion—I tremble when I think of it. One of the men who had restrained him was almost as brutal, in his way. He declared, in the foulest language, that if Delamayn had a fit, he would lose the race, and that I should be answerable for it. But for Mr. Speedwell, I don't know what I should have done. He came forward directly. 'This is no place either for you, or for me,' he said—and gave me his arm, and led me back to the house. Hester Dethridge met us in the passage, and lifted her hand to stop me. Mr. Speedwell asked her what she wanted. She looked at me, and then looked toward the garden, and made the motion of striking a blow with her clenched fist. For the first time in my experience of her—I hope it was my fancy—I thought I saw her smile. Mr. Speedwell took me out. 'They are well matched in that house,' he said. 'The woman is as complete a savage as the men.' The carriage which I had seen waiting at the door was his. He called it up, and politely offered me a place in it. I said I would only trespass on his kindness as far as to the railway station. While we were talking, Hester Dethridge followed us to the door. She made the same motion again with her clenched hand, and looked back toward the garden—and then looked at me, and nodded her head, as much as to say, 'He will do it yet!' No words can describe how glad I was to see the last of her. I hope and trust I shall never set eyes on her again!"

"Did you hear how Mr. Speedwell came to be at the house? Had he gone of his own accord? or had he been sent for?"

"He had been sent for. I ventured to speak to him about the persons whom I had seen in the garden. Mr. Speedwell explained every thing which I was not able of myself to understand, in the kindest manner. One of the two strange men in the garden was the trainer; the other was a doctor, whom the trainer was usually in the habit of consulting. It seems that the real reason for their bringing Geoffrey Delamayn away from Scotland when they did, was that the trainer was uneasy, and wanted to be near London for medical advice. The doctor, on being consulted, owned that he was at a loss to understand the symptoms which he was asked to treat. He had himself fetched the great surgeon to Fulham, that morning. Mr. Speedwell abstained from mentioning that he had foreseen what would happen, at Windygates. All he said was, 'I had met Mr. Delamayn in society, and I felt interest enough in the case to pay him a visit—with what result, you have seen yourself.'"

"Did he tell you any thing about Delamayn's health?"

"He said that he had questioned the doctor on the way to Fulham, and that some of the patient's symptoms indicated serious mischief. What the symptoms were I did not hear. Mr. Speedwell only spoke of changes for the worse in him which a woman would be likely to understand. At one time, he would be so dull and heedless that nothing could rouse him. At another, he flew into the most terrible passions without any apparent cause. The trainer had found it almost impossible (in Scotland) to keep him to the right diet; and the docter had only sanctioned taking the house at Fulham, after being first satisfied, not only of the convenience of the garden, but also that Hester Dethridge could be thoroughly trusted as a cook. With her help, they had placed him on an entirely new diet. But they had found an unexpected difficulty even in doing that. When the trainer took him to the new lodgings, it turned out that he had seen Hester Dethridge at Windygates, and had taken the strongest prejudice against her. On seeing her again at Fulham, he appeared to be absolutely terrified."

"Terrified? Why?"

"Nobody knows why. The trainer and the doctor together could only prevent his leaving the house, by threatening to throw up the responsibility of preparing him for the race, unless he instantly controlled himself, and behaved like a man instead of a child. Since that time, he has become reconciled, little by little, to his new abode—partly through Hester Dethridge's caution in keeping herself always out of his way; and partly through his own appreciation of the

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change in his diet, which Hester's skill in cookery has enabled the doctor to make. Mr. Speedwell mentioned some things which I have forgotten. I can only repeat, Sir Patrick, the result at which he has arrived in his own mind. Coming from a man of his authority, the opinion seems to me to be startling in the last degree. If Geoffrey Delamayn runs in the race on Thursday next, he will do it at the risk of his life."

"At the risk of dying on the ground?"

"Yes."

Sir Patrick's face became thoughtful. He waited a little before he spoke again.

"We have not wasted our time," he said, "in dwelling on what happened during your visit to Fulham. The possibility of this man's death suggests to my mind serious matter for consideration. It is very desirable, in the interests of my niece and her husband, that I should be able to foresee, if I can, how a fatal result of the race might affect the inquiry which is to be held on Saturday next. I believe you may be able to help me in this."

"You have only to tell me how, Sir Patrick."

"I may count on your being present on Saturday?"

"Certainly."

"You thoroughly understand that, in meeting Blanche, you will meet a person estranged from you, for the present—a friend and sister who has ceased (under Lady Lundie's influence mainly) to feel as a friend and sister toward you now?"

"I was not quite unprepared, Sir Patrick, to hear that Blanche had misjudged me. When I wrote my letter to Mr. Brinkworth, I warned him as delicately as I could, that his wife's jealousy might be very easily roused. You may rely on my self-restraint, no matter how hardly it may be tried. Nothing that Blanche can say or do will alter my grateful remembrance of the past. While I live, I love her. Let that assurance quiet any little anxiety that you may have felt as to my conduct—and tell me how I can serve those interests which I have at heart as well as you."

"You can serve them, Miss Silvester, in this way. You can make me acquainted with the position in which you stood toward Delamayn at the time when you went to the Craig Fernie inn."

"Put any questions to me that you think right, Sir Patrick."

"You mean that?"

"I mean it."

"I will begin by recalling something which you have already told me. Delamayn has promised you marriage—"

"Over and over again!"

"In words?"

"Yes."

"In writing?"

"Yes."

"Do you see what I am coming to?"

"Hardly yet."

"You referred, when we first met in this room, to a letter which you recovered from Bishopriggs, at Perth. I have ascertained from Arnold Brinkworth that the sheet of note-paper stolen from you contained two letters. One was written by you to Delamayn—the other was written by Delamayn to you. The substance of this last Arnold remembered. Your letter he had not read. It is of the utmost importance, Miss Silvester, to let me see that correspondence before we part to-day."

Anne made no answer. She sat with her clasped hands on her lap. Her eyes looked uneasily away from Sir Patrick's face, for the first time.

"Will it not be enough," she asked, after an interval, "if I tell you the substance of my letter, without showing it?"

"It will *not* be enough," returned Sir Patrick, in the plainest manner. "I hinted—if you remember—at the propriety of my seeing the letter, when you first mentioned it; and I observed that you purposely abstained from understanding me. I am grieved to put you, on this occasion, to a painful test. But if you *are* to help me at this serious crisis, I have shown you the way."

Anne rose from her chair, and answered by putting the letter into Sir Patrick's hands. "Remember what he has done, since I wrote that," she said. "And try to excuse me, if I own that I am ashamed to show it to you now."

With those words she walked aside to the window. She stood there, with her hand pressed on her breast, looking out absently on the murky London view of house-roof and chimney, while Sir Patrick opened the letter.

It is necessary to the right appreciation of events, that other eyes besides Sir Patrick's should follow the brief course of the correspondence in this place.

1. *From Anne Silvester to Geoffrey Delamayn.*

"WINDYGATES HOUSE, *August* 12, 1868.

"GEOFFREY DELAMAYN,—I have waited in the hope that you would ride over from your brother's place, and see me—and I have waited in vain. Your conduct to me is cruelty itself; I will bear it no longer. Consider! in your own interests, consider—before you drive the miserable woman who has trusted you to despair. You have promised me marriage by all that is sacred. I claim your promise. I insist on nothing less than to be what you vowed I should be—what I have waited all this weary time to be—what I *am*, in the sight of Heaven, your wedded wife. Lady Lundie gives a lawn-party here on the 14th. I know you have been asked. I expect you to accept her invitation. If I don't see you, I won't answer for what may happen. My mind is made up to endure this suspense no longer. Oh, Geoffrey, remember the past! Be faithful—be just—to your loving wife,

"ANNE SILVESTER."

2. *From Geoffrey Delamayn to Anne Silvester.*

"DEAR ANNE,—Just called to London to my father. They have telegraphed him in a bad way. Stop where you are, and I will write you. Trust the bearer. Upon my soul, I'll keep my promise. Your loving husband that is to be,

"GEOFFREY DELAMAYN.

"WINDYGATES HOUSE, *Aug.* 14, 4 P.M.

"In a mortal hurry. The train starts 4.30."

Sir Patrick read the correspondence with breathless attention to the end. At the last lines of the last letter he did what he had not done for twenty years past—he sprang to his feet at a bound, and he crossed a room without the help of his ivory cane.

Anne started; and turning round from the window, looked at him in silent surprise. He was under the influence of strong emotion; his face, his voice, his manner, all showed it.

"How long had you been in Scotland, when you wrote this?" He pointed to Anne's letter as he asked the question, putting it so eagerly that he stammered over the first words. "More than three weeks?" he added, with his bright black eyes fixed in absorbing interest on her face.

"Yes."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am certain of it."

"You can refer to persons who have seen you?"

"Easily."

He turned the sheet of note-paper, and pointed to Geoffrey's penciled letter on the fourth page.

"How long had *he* been in Scotland, when *he* wrote this? More than three weeks, too?"

Anne considered for a moment.

"For God's sake, be careful!" said Sir Patrick. "You don't know what depends on this. If your memory is not clear about it, say so."

"My memory was confused for a moment. It is clear again now. He had been at his brother's in Perthshire three weeks before he wrote that. And before he went to Swanhaven, he spent three or four days in the valley of the Esk."

"Are you sure again?"

"Quite sure!"

"Do you know of any one who saw him in the valley of the Esk?"

"I know of a person who took a note to him, from me."

"A person easily found?"

"Quite easily."

Sir Patrick laid aside the letter, and seized in ungovernable agitation on both her hands.

"Listen to me," he said. "The whole conspiracy against Arnold Brinkworth and you falls to the ground before that correspondence. When you and he met at the inn—"

He paused, and looked at her. Her hands were beginning to tremble in his.

"When you and Arnold Brinkworth met at the inn," he resumed, "the law of Scotland had made you a married woman. On the day, and at the hour, when he wrote those lines at the back of your letter to him, you were *Geoffrey Delamayn's wedded wife!*"

He stopped, and looked at her again.

Without a word in reply, without the slightest movement in her from head to foot, she looked back at him. The blank stillness of horror was in her face. The deadly cold of horror was in her hands.

In silence, on his side, Sir Patrick drew back a step, with a faint reflection of *her* dismay in his face. Married—to the villain who had not hesitated to calumniate the woman whom he had ruined, and then to cast her helpless on the world. Married—to the traitor who had not shrunk from betraying Arnold's trust in him, and desolating Arnold's home. Married—to the ruffian who would have struck her that morning, if the hands of his own friends had not held him back. And Sir Patrick had never thought of it! Absorbed in the one idea of Blanche's future, he had never thought of it, till that horror-stricken face looked at him, and said, Think of *my* future, too!

He came back to her. He took her cold hand once more in his.

"Forgive me," he said, "for thinking first of Blanche."

Blanche's name seemed to rouse her. The life came back to her face; the tender brightness began to shine again in her eyes. He saw that he might venture to speak more plainly still: he went on.

"I see the dreadful sacrifice as *you* see it. I ask myself, have I any right, has Blanche any right—"

She stopped him by a faint pressure of his hand.

"Yes," she said, softly, "if Blanche's happiness depends on it."

DREAMS.

IT is a remarkable characteristic of the state of dreaming, that the mind often assimilates in the train of ideas it is pursuing any chance sound that may strike upon the ear. The slamming of a door, for instance, is changed into the discharge of a gun, and the current of the dream is, no doubt, often changed by these interruptions. The bodily movements, again, which take place in sleep set the mind upon a new course of adventure, and possibly these extraneous sights and sounds are accountable for many of the sudden distractions which we all experience with visions we have in the night. This power of weaving fact into the substance of the fantastic stories we tell ourselves in the somnolent condition is a proof that the brain at such times is partially awake. Many persons who sleep in snatches have the power of continuing the thread of their dream after it has been broken by the wakeful state. In the act of dreaming many persons talk, holding imaginary conversations with individuals. Maniacs very often unconsciously give a clew to the cause of their affliction in this manner. Secrets that they kept close during the day with the reticent cunning of their class, thus leak out in the silence of the night. Esquirol, we are told, utilized this fact in his own asylum by passing the night near the beds of patients whose history was unknown to him, and in this manner possessed himself of a key to their malady. That ideas occur to us in our sleep which we are not capable of in our waking state, the experience of every one proves. It is acknowledged that there is such a thing as unconscious cerebration; in other words, when we have cudgeled our brains in vain over some mental work, and are compelled to give it up in disgust, it often occurs that, on returning to the subject next morning, our ideas flow from our pen smoothly and swimmingly. This fact will account for the remarkable tales we hear of mental difficulties solved during sleep. It is related of Tartini, the famous composer, that after wearing himself ill in vainly attempting to finish a sonata, he fell asleep and dreamed of the theme that was upon his mind. In this dream the devil appeared to him, and proposed to help him in his sonata, provided he would give him his soul in return. He agreed, and the devil at once composed the sonata off-hand in the most charming manner. When he awoke, he rushed to his desk and put down the notes which still lingered in his memory, and the result was the masterly sonata which is now known by the name of the "Sonate du Diable."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE arbitrary confinement in France of three or four prominent persons as lunatics, when it is generally supposed that they are perfectly sane and intelligent, has induced Frenchmen to make the pertinent inquiry, "What is a lunatic?" The answer to this question certainly varies according to time, custom, and country. The developments of our American courts would tend to make one doubt his own sanity, and to look with suspicion upon half his neighbors. But in France it is a very common thing for men to be confined who are no madder than three-fourths of their countrymen. In accordance with the present French lunacy laws, no one can be shut up without a certificate from two physicians, one being the doctor of the asylum where the alleged insane person is to be confined. Moreover, every asylum, public and private, is subjected to an official inspection every three months. Yet it is quite certain that these regulations are not effective. Great use is made of *maisons de santé* by French parents to bring unruly children to obedience. It is easy to induce the family physician to sign a certificate that the refractory young person is suffering from excitement of the brain, and needs rest; and this power of locking up often extends to other relatives. The *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests that when M. Emile Ollivier has done with the *plebiscitum* and other "small matters," he should devise a humane set of lunacy laws, and see that they are faithfully executed.

A prominent citizen of Bombay, his Highness Aga Khan, has addressed a loyal letter to Queen Victoria, requesting that her son, the Duke of Edinburgh, be sent back to India as her Majesty's Viceroy. Among other arguments to support this request, the Aga asserts that if the Duke is made Governor-General a very large reduction of army expenses would be possible, and a majority of the European troops in India might be safely sent home.

At the last regular meeting of the Geographical and Statistical Society, a silver medal was presented to Paul B. Du Chaillu, from the Imperial Geographical Society of Paris, in acknowledgment of his journeys and discoveries in Achango Land. The medal was presented by the Secretary of the New York society, and bears the following inscription: "*Société de Géographie, Fondé à Paris en* 1824—*à Paul du Chaillu, pour les voyages au pays des Achangos*, 1863–1864."

A new style of cheap one-story houses for laborers has been patented in London, and now they are being introduced into Berlin by the Prussian government. These houses consist of a light iron framework, connected by cross-bars, and filled in between with three layers of straw, which are sewed together. The straw before being put in is soaked in water-glass to make it fire-proof, and the layers are well pressed together, after which they are covered with a coat of asphaltum on the outside, and mortar or plaster on the inside. In the middle layer the straws lie horizontally, in the two others vertically, an arrangement which gives the wall solidity. The roof is supported by iron beams, covered with corrugated iron and asphaltum, and may be used as a garden or yard. Such a house is put together in from two to three days, is thoroughly fire-proof, and warm in winter and cool in summer. A dwelling-house with two rooms, kitchen, and its appendages, costs in London about three hundred dollars; with four rooms and the other necessary complements, less than five hundred dollars.

Among the remarkable circumstances connected with the calamity at Richmond was the experience of Professor Dews, a well-known violinist. At the moment of the disaster he was standing in an avenue leading from the Governor's house. He heard the crash of the falling timbers, and saw the clouds of dust rising from the windows, when, with terrible suddenness and by some inexplicable working of the imagination, the whole scene, as described afterward, became vividly impressed upon his mind. He knew that a horrible accident had taken place; but more than this, he could hear, he fancied, the moans of the dying and the cries of the wounded, and could see their struggles under the mass of fallen timbers. The effect upon him was to produce paralysis of the left side; his whole system was shocked as if by an electric current; the nerves vibrated and tingled till they seemed as if they must snap, so great was the tension. He is yet confined to bed, but is improving under medical attention. Professor Dews is a reliable, middle-aged gentleman, was in vigorous health, and is not of an imaginative temperament.

Lady Franklin, though now eighty years of age, is indefatigable in searching for any item regarding her husband, of whom she still hopes to hear something definite. Recently she went to Rio on her way from England to Vancouver Island, to obtain a letter regarding Sir John, which is said to be in possession of some one living there, who refuses to deliver it to any one but Lady F. in person.

"Hauteville House" is a name interesting to all readers of current literature, as from that spot on the island of Guernsey the later productions of the great Victor Hugo have emanated. Hauteville House was formerly crown property, but now, with its garden, belongs to Victor Hugo himself, he having purchased it for one thousand pounds. Externally it is an ordinary solid Guernsey-built house of three floors, and with conspicuous attics. The interior has been thoroughly metamorphosed to suit the fantastic taste of the master. An air of comfort, and even luxury, pervades the whole, and no pains have been spared to make it home-like to its owner. Victor Hugo spends most of the year at Guernsey; his habits are simple, and he is very methodical in his work. In diet he is abstemious himself, but always provides handsomely for his guests. The drawing-room into which guests are generally shown is a modern room, handsomely furnished. Adjoining this room is the bedroom of the late Madame Victor Hugo, which is regarded as a *sanctum sanctorum* by the poet. Every morning he here devotes some moments of quiet communion to thoughts of the loved ones who have passed away. In this room Madame Hugo seems to have collected every relic of her eldest daughter, Leopoldine, who was so unfortunately drowned in the Seine, with her husband, Charles Vaquerie. Perhaps one of the most touching mementoes is a colored crayon, executed by the mother herself, representing her young daughter, at the age of seven, carelessly reclining on a sofa. Another equally touching memorial is a piece of unfinished work, the needle still in it, on which Madame Vaquerie was engaged when sudden death prevented its completion.

"Adam's Wedding" is the title of an amusing article in an English journal. The writer is of the opinion that, although Adam and Eve were rather young to be married, yet on the whole they managed matters extremely well. There was no great parade about arrangements—every thing was quiet and private, and the idea of a wedding in a garden is in very good taste. Would it not be a relief to anxious mammas and harassed papas if the simplicity of early days was in some measure revived? No elaborate outfit, no expensive cake, no fashionable ceremony, no costly gifts, no reception, no bridal tour, but only love and Eden!

The recent fires which have devastated the woods and mountains of various counties in New York, New Jersey, and Delaware are the most extensive ever known in those sections. Some of these fires originated from the carelessness of those who were clearing land; others resulted from sparks from passing locomotives. It is also supposed that some of them were of incendiary origin, having probably been kindled by parties of gipsy proclivities, who live in shanties on the hill-sides. So rapid was the spread of the fires that in several instances persons and families barely escaped with their lives. Indeed, it is reported that a man, his wife, and child were hemmed in upon the rocks, and perished in the flames. The loss of property has been immense.

The following conversation was overheard between gentlemen on the Third Avenue between Yorkville and Harlem: "How's this? This street has only just been paved, and now they are taking up the pavement again." "Putting down a sewer, that's all," was the answer. "But why wasn't that done before?" pursued the gentleman. "That would have been stupid." "How stupid?" "Not half the money in it." This last response fully explains what otherwise would require several paragraphs to make it clear.

Is it generally known by drivers of carts and coaches that there is an ordinance regulating the speed with which these vehicles may be driven through the streets of this city? One would suppose that no information on this point had ever been diffused. This paragraph deserves attention: "It shall not be lawful for any cart, wagon, coach, public cart, or any other vehicle to be driven through any of the streets of the city of New York at a greater speed than six miles an hour; nor shall it be lawful for any such vehicle to be driven around the corner of any of the streets of said city with the horse or horses attached thereto traveling at a faster gait than a walk." It would be a comfort to pedestrians if a few of those racers around corners should be made to know that there is such a law.

A weak solution of phosphoric acid is said to be a strong poison for all kinds of insects, and yet to be beneficial to plants by adding to the soluble phosphates in the soil. It is predicted that it will be extensively used in agriculture.

Curious "safes" some persons use. A Vermont man has informed General Spinner that for some time past he found an old stove a convenient safe for his bonds; but recently, without his knowledge, the stove was used, and, to his astonishment, the bonds were baked to a crisp. The Treasurer has notified him to forward, with the greatest care, the "baked bonds," and, if they can be identified, the government will either pay their value or issue registered bonds in their place.

Tassius, who embezzled nearly three million francs from the Rothschilds of Paris, has disclosed the way in which he was drawn into such extensive dishonesty. About ten years ago, in a moment of pecuniary difficulty, he borrowed from the funds with which he was intrusted five or six thousand francs. This he hoped to replace a little later, but he unfortunately confided the secret to a Dr. Beckers, with whom he made acquaintance at a café. Some days after the latter called on Tassius and asked him for a loan of some thousands. He at first refused, declaring that he was himself embarrassed for money. "I must have it," insisted Beckers, "or I will denounce you." "Where am I to get it?" replied Tassius. "Where you got the other, *parbleu!*" Tassius, finding himself in the other's power, advanced the sum; the loan was followed by others; and Beckers at last persuaded Tassius to gamble on the Bourse to make up the deficit. Their speculations were unsuccessful, and, the abyss becoming wider, the catastrophe at length arrived.

The emancipation of children, and the formation of liberating societies, is going on in the Brazilian provinces, and Rio Janeiro is moving in the same direction. The Grand Orient, a Masonic order of Brazil, has resolved to promote emancipation; and a short time ago the Segredo Lodge freed twenty-one children. Other children have been freed by different organizations; and between seventy and eighty ladies have formed themselves into a society for the promotion of emancipation.

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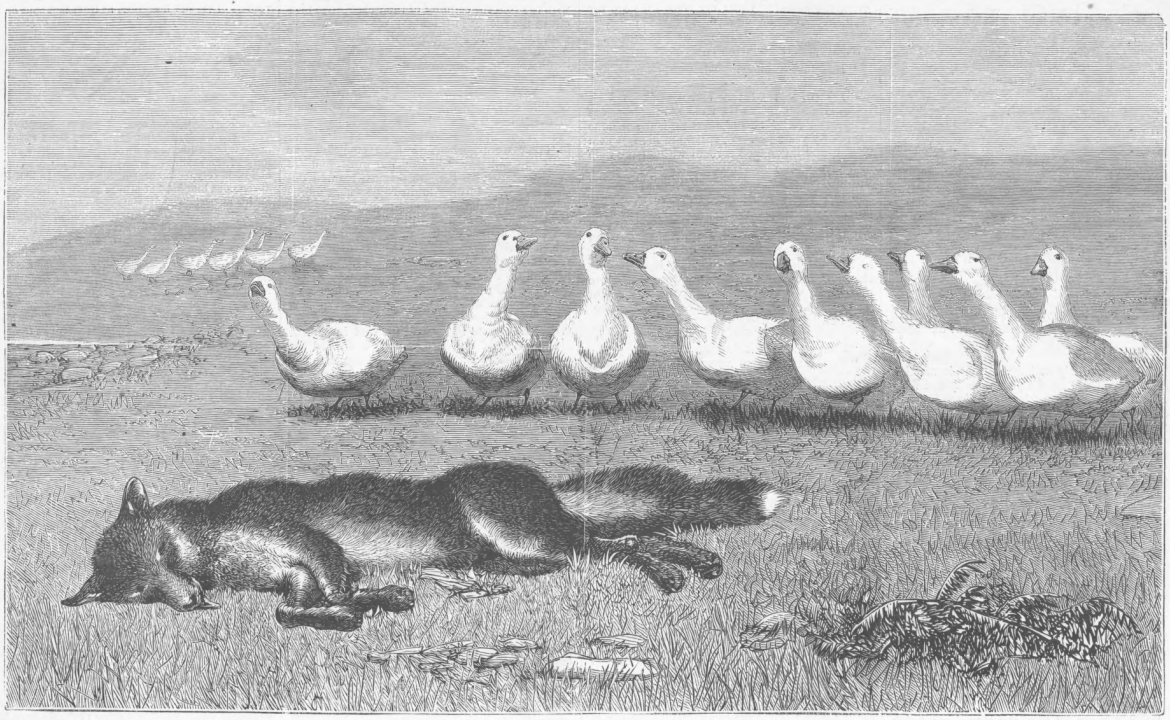
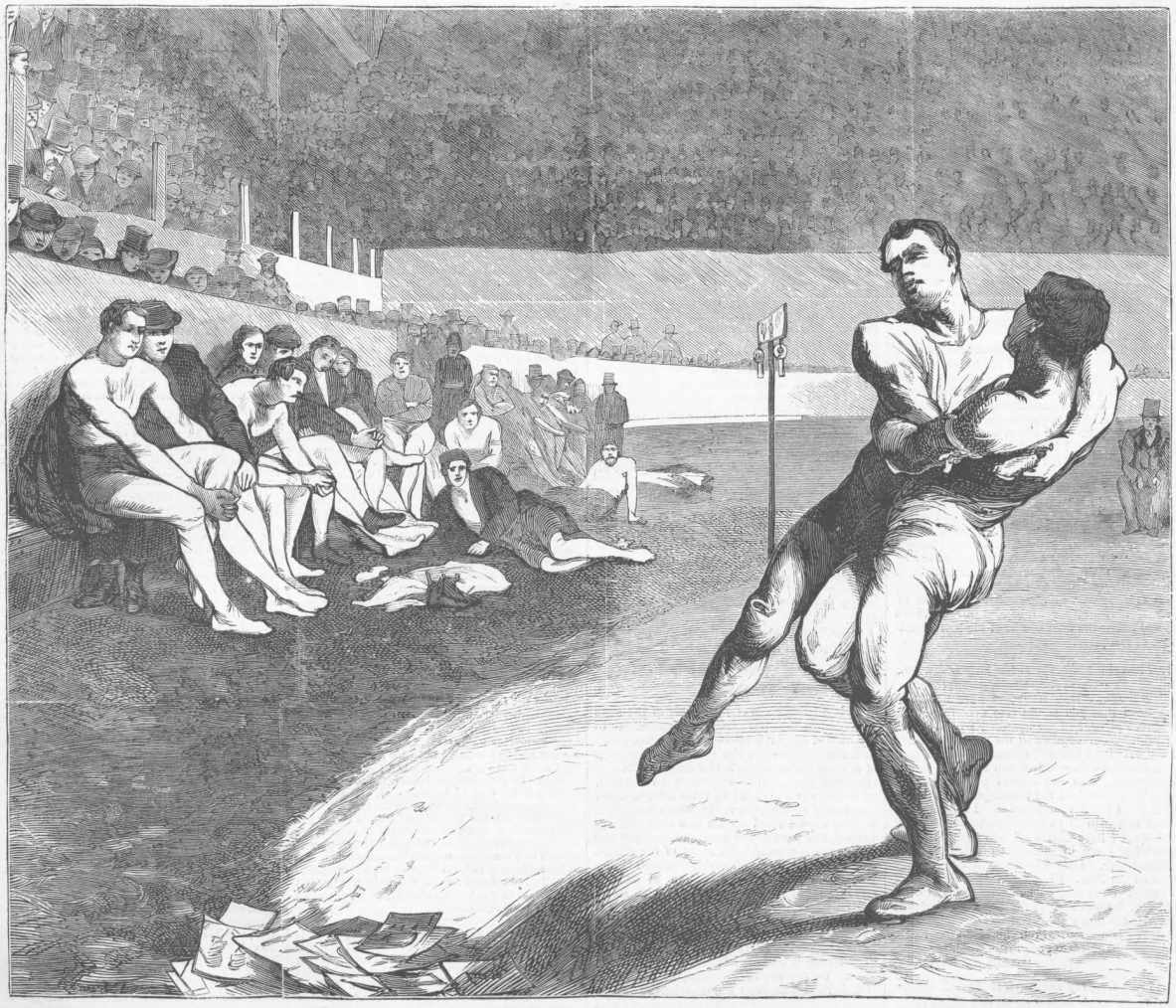


"A GAME OF FOX AND GEESE."—[SEE PAGE 349.]



WRESTLING.—[SEE PAGE 349.]

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A SPONGE FISHER'S HOME, NEAR THE COAST OF CUBA.

SPONGE FISHERIES, COAST OF CUBA.

MANY of the shallow reefs that lie between the northeastern shores of Cuba and the Bahamas are dotted with marine villages, which, by their singular situation and mode of construction, recall the lacustrine cities of the antique world. They are the habitations of the sponge fishers, a hardy race, genuine toilers of the sea, whose acquaintance with dry land is limited to occasional visits to the neighboring islands for the purpose of procuring fresh water and provisions and disposing of their wares. Their huts, as shown in the above illustration, are built upon pliant and rather slender poles, firmly fixed in crevices of the reef, and so bound together as to defy the fury of the tempest, while presenting but little resistance to the waves. The chief danger to be dreaded is, indeed, from the winds, as the shallow sea rarely rises into heavy waves on the broad surface of the reef.

In these huts, suspended between sea and sky, the hardy sponge fishers spend their toilsome lives. They are almost amphibious, and, indeed, appear to be much more at home in the water than on land. The huts are generally some distance apart, and the usual means of intercourse between the inhabitants is a rude kind of boat; but if no boat happens to be at hand, the sponge fisher who desires to visit a neighbor makes nothing of plunging into the water and swimming a distance of sometimes two or three miles. There is little danger from sharks, so long as the swimmer keeps in shallow water; though should he venture beyond the limits of the reef he would be instantly gobbled up.

The sponges from these reefs are mostly obtained by diving. They adhere firmly to the reef by a kind of root, and considerable force is required to tear them off. Most of the coarser kinds of sponge used in this country are obtained from these fisheries. When taken from the water they have a sickish, disagreeable odor, which soon becomes putrid and disgusting, like decomposing animal matter. They are buried in sand, kept for the purpose in the huts; and when decomposition has ceased are exposed in open wire nets to the action of the tide. When thus purified they are carried ashore for sale.

The huts shown in our illustration were sketched on a reef some distance out from the port of Nuevitas, on the northeastern coast of Cuba.

A TOBACCO PLANTATION IN CUBA.

THE tobacco plantation of which we give a view on this page is situated near the pleasant city of Trinidad, on the southern coast of Cuba, in one of the most beautiful regions of the island. From the lofty mountain range that forms the back-ground of our picture the country slopes into a gently undulating plain, well watered by the river from which the city takes its name, fertile, exceptionally salubrious, and admirably adapted to the cultivation of tobacco. Some of the finest and most productive plantations are situated in this part of the island.

"A GAME OF FOX AND GEESE."

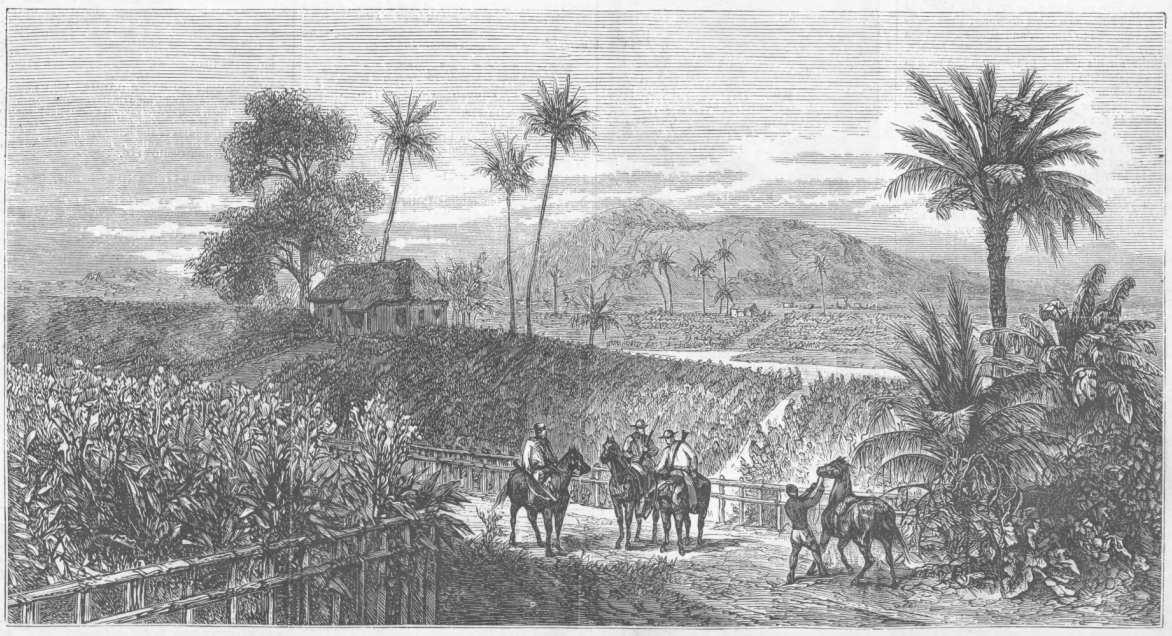
THE engraving from Mr. B. RIVIÈRE's clever drawing, which we print on page 348, might serve as an illustration to one of ÆSOP's fables. It represents nothing more than is to be credited to the cunning of the fox, and the equally proverbial foolishness of the goose. Monsieur Reynard has ventured from his hole in the cover to prowl about the open common; and, although no source of danger is discernible along the wide horizon, he is cautious, for it is daylight, and geese have wings, if no brains. The hunger which thins his flanks serves to sharpen his wits; so he stretches himself at full length, still as death, cunningly reckoning upon the curiosity of the geese to bring them within his reach.

WRESTLING.

WE give, on page 348, a picture of the interior of a London wrestling arena, from which our readers may gain some idea of a sport which is more popular in England than in any other country. Neither the French nor the Germans have the least conception of wrestling; and even in England it is conceded that the art has reached perfection only in Devon and Cornwall.' We need not attempt to describe the various holds and falls which wrestlers practice. They are manifold, and must be described in technical language; and when the thing was done the reader would not be converted into a wrestler. It is a pity this famous athletic sport should not be more popular in this country. The accomplished wrestler uses every limb, every muscle indeed, and hence the superiority of the art over boxing, single-stick, and fencing.

REDUCED ROYALTY.

PERHAPS no case of royalty in reduced circumstances is so sad as that of the lion in his latter days. Frequent as are, in our times, the vicissitudes of monarchs, neither the deposed Queen of Spain at Bayonne, nor the exploded Bomba in Rome, nor, to look further back, Louis Philippe appearing suddenly in England as Mr. Smith, with a carpet-bag and cotton umbrella, is so melancholy a figure of fallen greatness as the King of the Solitudes in his old age. The first stage of his decline is marked by the inability any longer to spring on the nimble antelope, or to cope with the sturdy buffalo; and, against his better nature, the leonine Lear, still grand and imposing of aspect, but bereft of his power, is driven to watch for stray children going to the well, or old women picking sticks in the forest. It might be imagined that the sable



A TOBACCO PLANTATION IN CUBA.

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philosophers of the bereaved tribe would regard this abduction of aged females as praiseworthy, or would at least consider the eating of them as a sufficient punishment for the offense. Not so, however; a lion once known as a man, woman, or child eater, is by no means encouraged, even in Africa, in the indulgence of his tastes; and what with constant interruptions, and the necessity for increased vigilance against his foes, he seldom enjoys a meal in peace. As his teeth fail and his joints stiffen, he is no longer able to capture the feeblest crone, or to masticate the tenderest virgin; and, in the "last stage of all that ends this strange eventful history," he catches mice for a subsistence, gulping them like pills, and ekes out the insufficient diet with grass. Imagine this incarnation of absolute power; this rioter in the blood of swift and powerful beasts; this emitter of the roar that causes all the hearts in the wilderness to quake, driven, in what should be a majestic old age, to pick his own salads and to turn mouser! The number of times that, with his large frame and corresponding appetite, he must perform for each scanty meal the degrading act of watching for and pouncing on a mouse, must ultimately deprave his whole character; daily he must sink lower in his own esteem; reformation and suicide are equally denied him; till, happily, the savage who comes upon his track, knowing by signs that he has been forced to graze, knows also that his feebleness is great; and finding him not far off, stretched out beneath a bush, in the sleep of exhaustion, or the torpor of self-contempt, considerately hastens with his assagai to draw a veil over the painful scene.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

THE series of three races, sixty miles to windward and return, arranged between the American yacht *Sappho* and the English yacht *Cambria*, has resulted in a victory for the former. The first race took place May 10, in the English Channel, the starting-point being about sixty miles southeast of Cowes Roads, to which point the yachts were towed by steam-tugs. The *Sappho* carried thirty-two hands and a cloud of canvas, including, with her regular fore and aft sails, a maintopmast-staysail and flying jib, while the *Cambria* set but one jib in addition to her foresail and other racing sails, and carried twenty-six hands.

The *Cambria* won the toss for position, and took the weather side. At half-past eight A.M. the signal to go was given. The *Sappho* took the lead from the start, and by the time she was off Beachy Head, about fifty miles from the starting-point, she was fully ten miles to windward of the *Cambria*. The latter, seeing it was impossible to win, returned to Cowes without rounding the umpire's steamer.

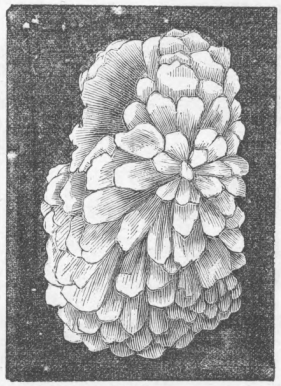
The second race was set down for Saturday, May 14. The interim was employed in making certain alterations in the *Cambria*, to enable her to compete on better terms with her antagonist. In accordance with a proposition made by Mr. ASHBURY, the owner of the *Cambria*, the distance to be sailed had been reduced from sixty to thirty miles, and the course for the second race was laid in a southwesterly direction across the Channel, starting from Cowes and terminating at the port of Cherbourg, in France. The weather was propitious, and a vast concourse of people assembled to witness the race. The yachts made a prompt appearance, and all being in readiness, the umpires gave the signal to take position. To the surprise and disappointment of all, the *Cambria* refused, and when the starting gun was fired, at a quarter to eight, the *Sappho* got under way alone. A few minutes afterward the *Cambria* started, and followed a short distance; then tacking, she returned to Cowes, and allowed the race to go by default. The reason assigned by Mr. ASHBURY for his refusal to continue the race is that he objected to the start given by the umpire, and that the new course was in direct violation of the conditions and stipulations made with Mr. DOUGLAS, of the *Sappho*, previous to the race.

These two yachts, of which we give accurate portraits on page 345, are both admirable specimens of naval architecture. The *Cambria*, launched in April, 1868, is a beautiful model, and has always been regarded as the champion English yacht. Her dimensions are 94 feet on deck from stem to stern-post, 21 feet beam, and 11 feet hold, and, according to the Royal Thames Yacht Club measurement, she rates at 188 tons. By New York Club measurement she rates 248 tons. During the past three or four months great efforts have been made to put her in readiness for her race with the *Sappho*, and her ocean race on the 4th of July with the *Dauntless*. Her bulwarks have been raised, her scuppers enlarged, more ballast has been stowed in her hull, and her spars have been lightened by boring them. She has had a brilliant history, and has been the victor in many contests. Last August she beat the *Sappho* and, in the same race, three fast English yachts—the *Aline*, *Oimara*, and *Condor*.

The *Sappho* was built in 1867 by the Messrs. POILLON, of Brooklyn. She is a keel schooner, of 274 tons, New York Club measurement, 125 feet long, 25 feet beam, and 11 feet deep. Her rig has been somewhat changed during the winter, and the amount of sail she spreads is almost incredible. In light airs there is not an inch of space within the limits of the stays through which the sky is visible. To give her greater buoyancy under this immense spread of canvas, her width between the fore and main masts was recently increased by "hipping"—that is, by planking on the original frame-work below the water-line. Her bows are very long and fine, and her lines forward nearly straight. Her bowsprit is built in, thus securing greater strength with less weight than by the usual plan.

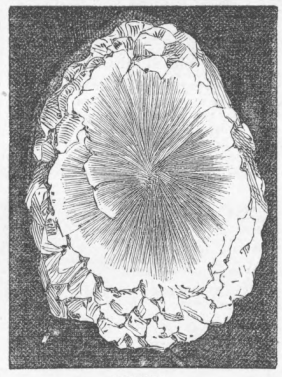
PHILADELPHIA HAILSTONES.

THE sketches below are accurate representations of the hailstones that fell during the recent severe storm in Philadelphia, showing their size and curiously crystallized character. In the obverse, the crystals start from a centre, and the whole structure resembles the broken end of a corn-cob. The reverse shows a hollow form, with the radiating crystals visible through the translucent covering of ice. These drawings were made to measurement, and are not exaggerated in size. Some of the hailstones picked up after the storm measured six inches in length, and many seven and eight inches in circumference.



OBVERSE.

REVERSE.



REVERSE.

OLD IRISH HOSPITALITY.

IN the good old days before the "Union" there was exercised in Ireland an amount of "hard living" scarcely credible in our time. One of the hospitable mansions of the period was Shane's Castle, in the North of Ireland, the residence of the O'Neill family; and in "the Cornwallis Correspondence," there are published "Rules to be regarded at Shane's Castle," drafted by Lord Mountjoy, 20th of November, 1785, which, though of course intended as amusement for the guests, afford evidence that the life of the times was fast indeed.

"1st Rule. That no noise be made during the forenoon, for fear of wakening the company.—2nd. That there shall be no breakfast made after four o'clock in the afternoon, or tea after one in the morning.—3d. To inform any stranger who may come in at breakfast that we are not at dinner.—4th. That no person be permitted to go out airing after breakfast till the moon gets up, for fear of being overturned in the dark.—5th. That the respective grooms may put up their horses after four hours' parading before the hall-door of the castle.—6th. That there shall be one complete hour before each meal.—7th. That all the company must assemble at dinner before the cloth is removed.—8th. That supper may not be called for till five minutes after the last glass of claret.—9th. That no gentleman be permitted to drink more than three bottles of Hock at or after supper.—10th. That all members of Parliament shall assemble on post days in the coffee-room at four o'clock to frank letters."

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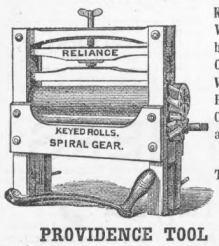

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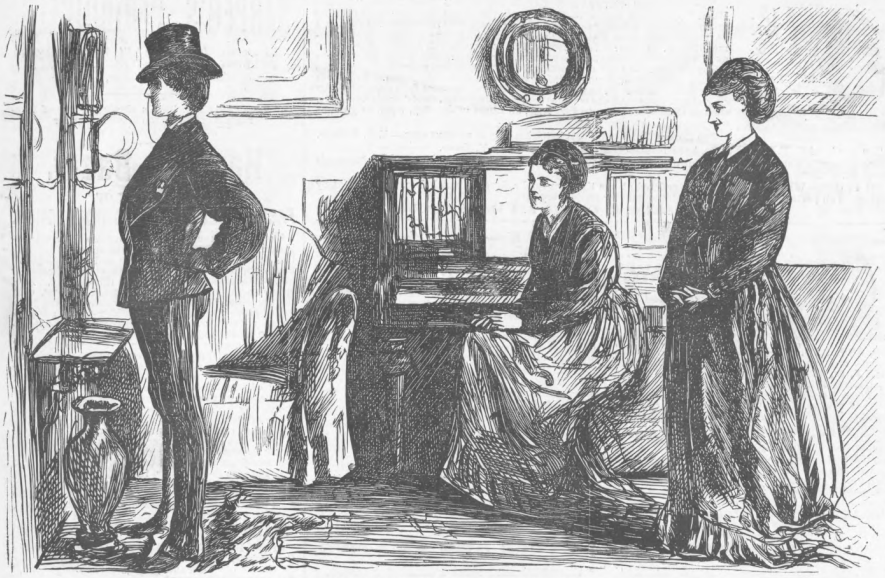

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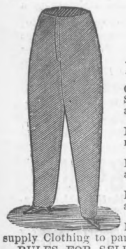

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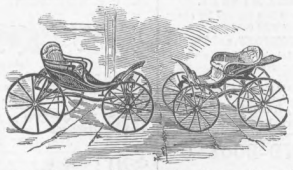

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MAKING ARROWS.

OUR illustration on this page represents a group of Indians seated at the door of a frontier fort, and engaged in the work of making arrows, which is generally intrusted by the warrior to his better half. The bow is still the favorite, as it is the natural, weapon of the Western Indian. He may become very expert with the rifle, and is now rarely without a breech-loader of the most recent and best pattern, as well as a couple of heavy revolvers. On foot he will use these with great skill; but on horseback, and especially when in rapid retreat, he instinctively takes to the bow, which he handles with marvelous dexterity. He always tries to keep to the right of his pursuer, and if the chase becomes too sharp, he will slip on one side, so as to bring the body of his pony between himself and his enemy, and, grasping his bow and five or six arrows in the left hand, will discharge them with such rapidity that sometimes two or three arrows will be flying through the air at once, a peculiar motion of the fingers of the left hand bringing an arrow to the string the instant one has been discharged. The range for a good bow varies from three to four hundred yards, and a strong man has been known to drive an arrow-head through an inch plank at a distance of one hundred yards.

Indian arrows are always made of ash or hickory, toughness being an essential quality. In ancient times the heads were rudely hammered out of flint, but now they are made from hoop-iron, and are of course much more effective.—For hunting, the string-notch is made parallel with the flat of the arrow-head, to keep it in the best position for piercing between the ribs of the buffalo and other game; while for war, the notch is at right angles with the flat of the arrow-head, to accommodate the position of the ribs in the human body. War-arrows are sometimes, though rarely, poisoned, either with the venom of the rattlesnake or by being inserted in putrid flesh, and afterward dipped in a kind of glue, which protects the poison until moistened by the victim's blood. A means of death quite as effective as poison are grooves cut in the wood of the arrows, which prevent the wound from closing tight, and allow the blood to drain slowly but surely away, as the arrow can not be withdrawn. The Indian in our illustration is probably engaged in the work of cutting these murderous grooves.

MAKING ARROWS.—[DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.]

MAN AND BEAST.

THE relation between man and his cotenants of the globe would have been altogether delightful but for one unlucky circumstance—a circumstance which, far from being inevitable or natural, is one of the insoluble problems of the earth, and has caused a terrible jar and discord in creation—namely, the fact that one animal is food for another. No doubt, as matters stand, beasts and birds of prey must follow their nature; the tearing of flesh and the picking of bones are the correlatives of fangs and grinders, beaks and talons; and the comparative anatomist is compelled to coincide with that practical Yankee who, being told that in the days of the millenium the lion and the lamb will lie down together, said, "he expected the lamb would lie down inside the lion." Nor is there any sign of relaxation in the vigor with which man continues to devour fish, flesh, and fowl; and no individual human stomach reaches maturity without sacrificing whole hecatombs of victims by the way.

The earliest trace of man on the earth is the flint weapon with which he slew the bear, the deer, and the beaver, whose bones strew the site of his dwellings. His first garments were torn from the backs they grew on. His first business was the chase. It was perhaps in this way that the germ of destructiveness, implanted by instant and ever-pressing necessity in the aboriginal breast, struck such deep root that, in all succeeding ages, every corner of the inhabited earth has been a shambles. In the pride of that power which, through the faculty of speech, man possesses, of combining forces and transmitting knowledge, he has exercised ruthlessly his dominion over the beast of the field and the fowl of the air. Wherever he has held sway, there have all other creatures drawn their painful breath in subjection, unchampioned and unpitied. If in an imaginary paradise of animals we simply introduce the figure of a native, the whole scene changes. That lean, low-browed, flat-nosed caricature of humanity, more like a painter's lay-figure than a sculptor's model—full of propensities much viler than those of the animals around him—selfish, remorseless, faithless, treacherous, is monarch of all he surveys. The birds have learned the power of the poisoned arrow—the beasts have a wholesome dread of the ambush and the snare. That bronze-colored being, distinguished from the ape chiefly by superior malevolence and articulate speech, walks surrounded by a wide circle of fear. The creatures around him have learned, and taught their young, the lesson that he is as malignant as he is powerful. Only give him time, and he will depopulate whole regions of their animals. The gigantic moa no longer stalks over the hills of New Zealand. The moose disappears from the east of the American continent as the buffalo from the west. South Africa, that used to teem with wild herds, crowding the wide landscape up to the horizon, and astounding the traveler with the magnificent spectacle of tribes of antelopes, zebras, and giraffes hiding the plain, elephants and rhinoceros browsing securely amidst the clumps of trees, and hippopotami swarming in the rivers, has, since the negroes were supplied with guns, been almost swept of its game, and in some cases not only have the birds disappeared, but the very moles and mice are growing scarce. In fact, in all the lands the savage gluts himself with slaughter. Nor is his civilized brother behind him in the propensity to destroy, which nothing but the interest of proprietorship avails to check. Sometimes, in distant seas, new tracts of coast have been discovered abounding in seals, and straightway crews of enterprising mariners have arrived armed with spears and clubs, who have wallowed in slaughter, never ceasing to stab and strike till all that hapless and harmless life was extinct, no tenants again forever lending cheer to those desolate shores, the gray lonely sea no more rippled by their sports.—Wherever there is no law for the river or the lake, the inhabitants of the flood disappear—even the countless tribes of the ocean are being rapidly thinned by the insatiate rapacity of man.

But not for his bodily needs alone has the human animal been so lavish in destroying others. His spiritual interests have also demanded much of that kind of prodigality. A devil, under one name or another, lies at the root of many religions; and many, in their infancies, have recognized the duty of propitiating the unseen powers by sacrifice. In most lands the supplications of the savage to his deity are written in blood; and his petitions, often foolish and often wicked, are thought to be more palatable if they ascend in the smoke of burnt-offerings. As civilization advances, sacrifice grows more ceremonial—butchery becomes a priestly function; and the ancient world was filled with blood-stained altars, the mythology of its peoples with prescribed modes of reveren-

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tial slaughter, and the assignment to particular deities of particular victims. "Moloch, horrid king," has been worshiped, though not always under that name, in many lands and in many ages; his grinning image has looked down on Druids with their wicker idols filled with victims, and on Aztec priests laying hearts yet beating on his altar-stone. Even in our day, his votary the Thug makes assassination the chief article of religion, and the king of Dahomey floats his consecrated canoe in human blood.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1870.

☞ *A very interesting account of* BAKER'S TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA, *superbly illustrated from his own sketches, was commenced in the* WEEKLY *for May 28, and is continued in the present Number. This will be followed, when completed, by similar narratives of* TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE *in other countries, both savage and civilized, illustrating, with pen and pencil, whatever is interesting, curious, and noteworthy in their scenery, and the manners, customs, and occupations of the inhabitants. The Publishers believe that this novel and instructive department will be one of the most entertaining and popular attractions ever laid before their readers.*

☞ *Arrangements have been made to furnish Cut Paper Patterns of the beautiful Single Costumes which appear from time to time in* HARPER'S BAZAR, *at the low rate of Twenty-five Cents for the entire Costume. The Pattern of the Street Suit in* HARPER'S BAZAR *No. 22, for May 28, is now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.—News-dealers supplied at the usual discount.*

THE SITUATION.

WHEN the Republican members of the New York Legislature made a bargain with the Tammany Ring we ventured to suggest that they had made a mistake; and when they pleaded that they had secured an efficient election law as the consideration, it was evident that they chose to forget the politics and the politicians of the city. The bargain was completed. The city was literally bound and delivered to the Ring; and now an election has taken place. It is confessedly the most unblushingly corrupt that was ever known. There was not a pretense of honesty. In certain wards there were three or four times as many votes cast as there are legal voters. Repeaters marched in squads from poll to poll. It was the most shameless travesty of a popular election; the total overthrow of popular government. Of course the Ring exclaimed next morning that the city had done "nobly." Of course it characteristically insinuated that the colored voters had done all the cheating. And the country has now had another illustration of the character and tendency of Democratic rule.

The election of the 17th of May was tentative. The Ring wished to try its power under its new system. That system, which the Republican members of the Legislature helped to establish, is intended to secure the election of the next President by determining the vote of the State of New York. It is supposed that in the reaction which is expected to follow the final victory of the Republicans in the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment the electoral vote of so many States will be changed that New York may turn the scale. If that should be so—if it should happen that New York decided the election, as in 1844, and it were known that the vote of the State had been determined by the frauds in the city—there is not a sensible man in the Union who does not see the nature of the peril that would threaten us. The leaders of the rebellion and their political friends would have come into power by open fraud. It is unnecessary to point out the possible consequences.

When the candidates for judges who have been successful were nominated, Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN, one of the Tammany managers, declared that Democratic magistrates were wanted upon the highest bench in New York for party purposes. These purposes involved differences with the government of the United States springing out of the rebellion. The hope of politicians was that the State might be arrayed against the nation. The Democratic withdrawal of assent to the Fifteenth Amendment in New York, and opposition in the Senate of the United States to the provisions for enforcing the amendment, are the offspring of the same spirit. The Democratic hostility at every point in the State and in the nation is founded upon the political theories which the war was supposed to have settled. It has been said that in the late New York election old issues were wisely forgotten. The truth is, that no issues were discussed. It is perfectly well known that the political body called Copperhead has not in the least changed its views upon any point of the war; and the very paper which a few weeks before was vociferous about "war to the knife" upon the Ring, strenuously supported the candidates which the Ring had given to its party. The election over, the same paper which recently declared that the Democratic party, handicapped with the Ring, could not possibly hope for success, now that the rule of the Ring is more inflexible and assured than ever, exults in what it considers to be the prospect of sure Democratic victory.

Neither the people of this State nor of the country should be deceived. Old issues can not be set aside until they are settled. The mere ascendency of a party, and the adoption of certain measures, do not set them aside. Nothing disposes of a political issue but general acquiescence. There is, indeed, one point in our controversy which has been settled, and that is emancipation. No party wishes or would try to restore chattel slavery. But is the political equality of all citizens a settled issue? No one who is familiar with Democratic politics asserts it. Some Democrats think it ought to be settled; but they do not deny that the party has not acquiesced. Is the honest payment of the debt a settled issue? Is what is called State Sovereignty a settled issue? On the contrary, the great questions of the war, excepting that of personal servitude, are still open. No Democratic convention has heartily expressed acquiescence in their settlement; nor is there any body who does not know that, if the Democratic party came into power, every one of those questions might instantly become threatening.

It is not a time, therefore, to assume that the old things having passed away, all things have become new; and that it is not of very vital importance whether or not the Democratic party is successful. Old things have not passed away. So tremendous a civil convulsion as the war can not suddenly subside and leave it, in five years, a matter of indifference to the country whether those who strove to destroy it shall control its government. It is the forgetfulness of this fact in Washington, and by many leading Republican papers, which has caused an appearance of discord in the party. The West Indian policy of the Administration, for instance, is a mistake. The sincerest Republicans are opposed to it. By dividing the sentiment of the party, it tends to keep open and unsettled the paramount domestic questions. Indifference to the civil service reform is another blunder. The country is heavily taxed. There is a conviction that the system of the public service is loose and wasteful, to say no more. A reformed civil service is a proposition for economy and honesty which every taxpayer can understand. He would favor it. But "the politicians" have thus far baffled it.

The enormous frauds at the New York polls, which the Democratic party could prevent, and does not, are now an essential weapon of that party for securing its ascendency in the country. With that ascendency comes no acquiescence in the settlements of the war, but the bitterest hostility to them. With that ascendency comes possible repudiation and the attempt to invalidate the Fifteenth Amendment. Could there be any political catastrophe more to be deprecated? Upon what principle of patriotism or honor does any Republican excuse his indifference? What conceivable advantage to the welfare of the country is promised by Democratic success? The sole hope of the undisturbed industry and prosperity of the Union lies in the continued predominance of the Republican party.

LABOULAYE AND THE EMPIRE.

THE rumored appointment of M. EDOUARD LABOULAYE as Minister of Public Instruction in France has excited a great deal of surprise in this country. M. LABOULAYE is so well known to us as a Liberal—he was so intelligently and strenuously a friend of this country during its contest with the slave power, that such a rumor is believed to be curiously erroneous, or to indicate a total renunciation of liberal principles. It is not supposed, however, that the telegraph was in error in reporting that M. LABOULAYE had written a letter in favor of voting Aye upon the late proposition of the Emperor; and it is known that his son has been appointed Secretary of Legation to the Imperial Embassy at Constantinople. As M. LABOULAYE is not accustomed to conceal his sentiments, and has doubtless expressed them fully in his letter upon the *plebiscitum*, and as we chance to know exactly what they are, from his unreserved correspondence with friends in this country, it is only fair that his position should be accurately stated. Much of the public correspondence of American newspapers from France is so violently partisan that it is extremely interesting to have the views of a French Liberal leader like LABOULAYE.

M. OLLIVIER, the Prime Minister, is one of LABOULAYE'S friends, and LABOULAYE himself has been placed upon several of the legislative commissions not only for the sake of his advice, but of his name, and he has not felt it to be his duty to decline. Mere political forms have evidently little value for him in contrast with political advantages. He is willing to serve his country and what he believes to be the cause of liberty in the most promising way; and he does not hesitate to say that he prefers the liberal empire to the republic with which those who call themselves republicans threaten France. LABOULAYE thinks that the French Reds, as they are called, or extreme republicans of the ROCHEFORT type who lead the movement, are heirs of all the madness of the Revolution, and are the most despotic of men. Their dream, in his judgment, is to establish a single assembly which should govern France at its pleasure; and LABOULAYE is suspected by them because he insists that two chambers are essential to the liberty of the country. He is very sure that in the United States there is no conception of the ignorance of the French republicans as a body. They have, in his view, no taste for religious liberty nor for liberty of education; and are the most intolerant of men. When he tells them that the object of the constitution of a free country is to secure the liberty of the people and to impose upon the legislative power limits which it can not pass, they look at him in amazement and can not understand him.

In a word, LABOULAYE thinks that the chances of progressive liberty in France are surer under LOUIS NAPOLEON, with the changes in the Constitution, than they are under a revolution. Therefore, when the proposition of the change was made, and the republicans announced that they should vote No, and that No meant revolution and the overthrow of the empire, LABOULAYE was sure that they had secured the success of the Emperor, because no nation ever deliberately accepts revolution. He was confident that all the peasants would vote for the Emperor, because he is a NAPOLEON; and all the moderates, because, after fourteen or fifteen revolutions in eighty years, they fear anarchy. The *plebiscitum* was a dilemma. One side or the other must be taken. And LABOULAYE took that which seemed to him to promise most for France and liberty. True liberty, he holds, is the liberty of the citizen; and in France, under the conditions of to-day, he has no question whatever that that liberty is more secure under a liberal empire than under a despotic republic.

In this very honest feeling lies the explanation of his conduct; and in the conviction of his sincere support of the empire as the least of two evils we may find the explanation of the rumor or the fact of the Emperor's offer. At this distance, and in the necessary ignorance of the real situation, LABOULAYE'S position will be honorably interpreted by those who know and respect him, from their confidence in his character and perceptions. It is not necessarily those who most loudly vociferate "Republic! Republic!" who are the best friends of the liberty of the citizen; and whatever may be thought of the conduct of the new ministry in France, no man can wonder that a country hesitates to vote for the whirlwind, with M. HENRI ROCHEFORT to ride upon it.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

THE spring trade is nearly over; but owing to light stocks held by country dealers throughout the season, of nearly all commodities, purchases are still necessary, and the prospect is that the trade will be prolonged to an unusual extent; although none suppose that the aggregate will equal that of any year since the termination of the war. The losses upon goods this year have fallen upon the importers and jobbers, more than upon dealers in the interior, and the latter are regarded as being in improved circumstances. It is, however, thought that, taking the whole United States into view, and all classes of employments, our trade and industry for the last eight months have not been profitable.

Considering the situation this year, it seems to be admitted that we manufacture too many goods, and yet the production is below the power of the country in nearly all the departments, except fine broadcloths and silks. An unusual stimulus was given to manufactures of wool for men's wear by the necessities of the war, and notwithstanding the large immigration into this country, the manufacture exceeds the wants of the population. So far as cotton goods are concerned, they are now generally produced in excess of the wants of the country. The South was obliged to diversify its industry, and has established numerous mills for the manufacture of domestics, which, in the coarser fabrics, compete successfully with older establishments. Prints and domestics are produced too extensively. Prints, owing to their being depressed unusually low, have lately advanced in price; but domestics have fallen perhaps two per cent. within about a month. A slight change in the make of skirts for under garments has had an effect upon the consumption of cotton goods. Instead of being made full, they are now universally gored, with a saving of a yard or more of the fabric in each garment. As the number which wear them may be estimated at ten millions, some having two, and the more favored as many as twenty, of these articles, the saving is immense, and on the score of safety against fire, is very important. If the whole population were profitably employed, it is barely possible that there might be such an improved demand for these manufactures as to keep the mills at work with advantage; but at present there is an excess of production, which communicates uncertainty to business. Some woolen manufacturers produce special articles which are sold ahead; but these are exceptions.

We lately gave an account of the condition of the carpet manufacturers who make the commonest description of ingrains, showing that they were dropping off, one after another, as their looms became disengaged, in the hope that in the course of the summer they would be at work again to prepare for the fall trade. Brussels carpets of the best styles and make are in demand, due to the fact that the importation slackened after January, owing to the depressed condition of trade for some time after the season had opened.

The depressed condition of trade, until the rebound in gold from 110⅛, which was about its lowest point, was due to the fact that the price of nearly all productions kept pace with the descent in gold. The grain producer and dealer felt it first in the Northern States, and the cotton planter in the Southern. As the trade of the country turns upon their success, so their weakness is communicated to the whole Union.

The respective localities where breadstuffs and cotton are produced were differently influenced by the fall in gold. In the South, owing to the price received for the cotton crop of the year 1868–69, and to a community of interest among the people of the Cotton States, the effort to keep up the price was made under favorable circumstances, in which they were powerfully aided by the belief that the whole surplus would be required by foreign manufacturers. It appears, from the returns made in England for the first three months of the year, that the excess of cotton cloth exported within that time exceeds the export for the same period in 1869 to the extent of 79,000,000 yards, and the like excess in exports of cotton yarns amounted to 4,000,000 pounds. But, what is equally important, the population of Great Britain, which suffered severely from the great panic of 1866, have been for some months in an improved condition, and *have* become consumers of their own manufactures. At a meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, held in the latter part of April, the improvement was commented upon, and it was apparent, as other sources of supply had partially failed, that there would be a necessity for taking the whole surplus of cotton raised in this country.

When the export of the crop of last year commenced it was supposed that it would amount to about 2,700,000 bales; but within the last month it has for the first time been evident that it would reach 3,000,000 bales. If its full extent had been known at the outset, the difficulty in maintaining the price would have been greater. At the time of the raid in September middling cotton was about 29 cents, to which price it had fallen from 35 cents. Its fall to only about 22 cents, while gold had fallen from, say, 132 to 110⅛, was due to favorable circumstances, and to a combination which embraced the whole financial strength of the Cotton States.

We have already referred to the fact stated in the London *Economist*, that the improved condition of English trade and manufactures was owing to the prolonged period of cheap bread. Soon after the raid of September struck the Northern States the dealers in grain became weak, and they were unable to uphold its price, which went down even lower than conformity to the subsequent fall in gold required. The London and Liverpool dealers were able to offset the failure to put down cotton to the limits expected, by the success with which, aided by the fall in gold and the great consequent depression here, they were able, from time to time, to lower their limits in purchasing grain from New York. The slaughter of this great interest of the Northwest was complete. Shipments of grain were made from St. Louis by way of New Orleans; but recent advices show that very little arrived at Liverpool in good order. Suits for damage have been commenced on this account, and it is probable that this experiment is now at an end.

Recent advices from the other side show that, owing to the necessity of calling upon grain in warehouse, and the refusal of farmers in England to sell on account of bad prospects for the growing crop, there has been an advance of two shillings per quarter. Later advices, however, state that the weather had improved and prices were stationary. It is reasonable, however, to hope that, from the wants of the other side, and the probability that the pressure upon gold, if continued, will no longer be successful, that the trade of the country for the residue of the year will stand on an improved basis.

SECTS AND POLITICS.

THE mission to Rome was always unnecessary, and was wisely abolished some years ago. When the bill for diplomatic appropriations came up the other day in the House, Mr. JAMES BROOKS moved to restore it, and to omit the mission to Guatemala. A very acrid debate immediately followed, provoked by the gross misrepresentation which Mr. BROOKS made of a remark of Mr. DAWES. That gentleman said that we had very little commercial intercourse with Rome, where we have a consul, and that the reason urged by his colleague, Mr. BANKS, namely, that it was a "spiritual power," was the very reason why we should not have political relations with it. It was a very true and proper remark, and should have settled the question. But Mr. BROOKS and his friends, Mr. COX and Mr. WOODBRIDGE, wanted to make

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political capital by seeming to favor a friendly policy toward the seat of the Roman Catholic primacy. Mr. BROOKS immediately fell upon Mr. DAWES, as representing "the Puritan element," and as preferring Turkey to Rome, the Moslem to the Christian; upon which Mr. DAWES fell back upon Mr. BROOKS, and pulverized him. Mr. BINGHAM made a vigorous attack upon the Pope's Syllabus, following it up by a sneering denial of the claims of Rome to be the patron of science and the mother of arts; and he said some very plain, but very irrelevant truths of the Papacy.

The engagement now became general. Mr. VOORHEES tried to give a personal turn to Mr. BINGHAM'S remarks, and charged the Republican party with "never loving" the Roman Catholic foreigner. He also laid about him lustily with sneers at Massachusetts, as the State in which witches and convents were burned. Mr. HOAR, of that State, replied, correcting Mr. VOORHEES in his history; stating that no human being had ever been burned at the stake within the limits of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and showing that Massachusetts was just as responsible for the mob that burned the Ursuline Convent as New Jersey for the mob that attacked Miss EDITH O'GORMAN the other evening at Madison, or as the State of New York for the shooting of Mr. RICHARDSON. Mr. HOAR ended by suggesting that complaints of ancient cruelties came with an ill grace from those whose political friends had burned alive our soldiers at Fort Pillow, and had burned orphan asylums and hung negroes in New York. Mr. VOORHEES replied that every word was false, and refused to withdraw his assertion. His words were taken down and ruled out of order, and Mr. HOAR'S were also taken down, and ruled to be pungent, but not unparliamentary.

This debate shows how considerable and inflammable an element Roman Catholicism is becoming in our politics. Those who belong to that sect are the only citizens who, as a sect, make political demands, and propose fundamental political changes. It is ill advised, as we have always shown. They are also the only citizens among whom there is the open intolerance of public discussion, which is shown by the riots which attend the lectures of Miss O'GORMAN. They may be very false and foolish lectures, but a riot is not the remedy for falsehood and folly. Meanwhile the pernicious obtrusion of a religious sect into politics is encouraged by such conduct as that of Mr. BROOKS and his companions. It is perhaps quite safe to say that if Mr. BROOKS had not known that very many of his constituents were Roman Catholics he would not have moved to restore the mission to Rome; and a more pitiful political performance it is not easy to imagine in an American representative. It is one of the most disgraceful events of the session. But it is full of suggestion.

DR. LANAHAN AND THE BOOK CONCERN.

A WRONG course will never end well. HOGARTH has illustrated this truth with a great deal of vigor, but not more pointedly than the Committee of the Methodist Book Concern. It is now nearly a year since there were rumors of fraud in the management of the publication department of that institution. The character of the officers, the honor of the denomination, and public opinion demanded prompt investigation. It was no secret within the denomination, although it was not much known beyond it, that in the management of the secular affairs of the Church there is a "Ring." This Ring holds the money and controls the press. Its power is necessarily enormous. It aspires to manage, if not to appoint, the very Bishops themselves. To hint at frauds was to defy the Ring. It was to summon it before the bar of public opinion, and to earn its relentless hatred. But the charges having been made, an investigation was unavoidable. It took place, and the result was a report that the egg was not very bad. Of course this only provoked still further remark, and excited the very gravest suspicion that there was not only fraud, but a determination to conceal it. Unable to resist the just discontent of the denomination, and the universal ridicule and denunciation of the press, there was another investigation announced. The result of this was a majority report that the egg was perfectly sound. No proof was offered, however, and the assertion was to be taken wholly upon the authority of those who had made it, and who had made a very different statement some weeks before.

But there was a minority report, sustained by ample evidence, declaring that the egg was very bad indeed; and, unless the evidence was spurious, there could be no question of the fact. There was no attempt to invalidate the evidence; and there is probably no disinterested person in the country, who has read the documents, who is not satisfied that there have been gross frauds in the management of the Concern. Probably also no such person supposed that the officer who had exposed the delinquencies would be suffered to escape the vengeance of those who held that he had brought a scandal upon the denomination. Ecclesiastical hostility is unsparing. It may work in secret, but it does not sleep. Therefore, although it is some weeks since the conclusive exposure of the frauds in the minority report, it is only now that the blow of revenge has fallen.

The discovery of the frauds was made by Dr. LANAHAN, the junior book agent. This agent is appointed for four years, and he may be removed for misconduct, after trial before the Book Committee and two Bishops, upon the consent of the Bishops and a majority of the Committee. Pending the trial the accused may be suspended; and four members of the Committee may call it together for action. This has been done. Charges were prepared against Dr. LANAHAN; the Committee was summoned; and as we write the result of its deliberation is not announced. As its spirit is known, however, it is easy to foretell its action. Dr. LANAHAN will probably be suspended until a convenient season for the trial, meanwhile remaining under such disgrace as suspension by a Committee acting in such a spirit, for such a purpose, can inflict.

BUT Dr. LANAHAN'S suspension will be like DE FOE'S condemnation to the pillory. He stood there, indeed; but the people threw him roses instead of stones, and it was plain that it was his accusers who were truly pilloried. The people drank his health, and repeated his own words:

> "Tell them the men that placed him here
> Are scandals to the times;
> Are at a loss to find his guilt,
> *And can't commit his crimes.*"

Such will be the feeling of the honest people of this country, who see a faithful officer punished for telling disagreeable truths, and for showing his religious denomination that it was dishonored by the practices of those whom it trusted. If Dr. LANAHAN is not suspended it will be because the Committee do not care to encounter the universal public censure of their conduct. If he is suspended, he will be punished for doing his duty. And who will have brought the scandal upon the Church will then be plain enough.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THE late debate in the Senate upon the proposition to reduce the appropriation for the Department of Education shows a very divided opinion upon the question of a national supervision of education. This question was not directly under consideration, but it was necessarily touched by the remarks that were made. The present Department is substantially a statistical bureau. In 1868 the Secretary of the Interior struck at it by stating in his report that some of the information to be acquired by the Department is provided in other ways; that the new census will show full educational statistics; that the information is not necessary to enable Congress to discharge its duties; and that education is a subject to be regulated by the different States, and not by the National Government. In the late brief debate Senator FERRY, of Connecticut, opposed any department of education, and said that the present bureau had no authority whatever, and could only solicit information. To which Senator SCHURZ well replied that, while he would not give the sole educational direction of the country to a central department, he was very much in favor of a central depository of official and accurate information upon every branch of the subject, derived from every State and from foreign countries. And the immense value of such a depository, even if nothing more were attempted, is evident.

Senators CORBETT, SPRAGUE, and YATES expressed themselves in favor of a national system of education. But whatever may be thought of the wisdom of such an establishment, there are certain facts which demand reflection. In commenting upon the report of the New York Superintendent of Public Instruction, some weeks since, we spoke of the three hundred thousand wholly uneducated children in New York as so many dangers to the State. In Pennsylvania, as we learn from the speech of the Hon. WILLIAM F. PROSSER, of Tennessee, there was more than twice as much money spent for education during the last year as in all the Southern States; yet the Governor speaks of seventy-five thousand children still unprovided for. The school system of Wisconsin is admirable; but the Governor reports fifty thousand children attending no school whatever. Mr. PROSSER has prepared a table from the various returns, computing the illiterate adults in the country at nearly six millions; and those between ten and twenty who are illiterate, and those under ten who have no prospect of education, at four millions five hundred thousand.

Mr. PROSSER very properly calls this a "solemn array of figures," and it is a question which deserves the most serious consideration, whether there is any subject which more truly belongs to the country at large than the education of the people. Senator FERRY thinks that any thing which would tend to divert the attention and interest of the people from the local means of education in the States would be "entirely disastrous." That is an assertion not admitting of qualification. But if the attention and interest of the people in the State machinery can effect no more than the results stated by Mr. PROSSER, it is clearly an imperative question, Which is the more disastrous to the country, ten millions of illiterate adults and children, or some system of national supervision of education supplementary to that of the States?

THE LAST FARCE.

THE chief accusation against the New York Ring urged by the *World* was corruption. The *World* said last November that its editor saw "by what shameless and cunning frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as WILLIAM M. TWEED and OAKEY HALL cut down below its level the rightful vote," etc., etc. Mr. CREAMER, the legislative orator of the "*World's* war" upon the Ring, appealed to the Senate not to continue "that system which has made the city of New York a disgrace to the country, and the by-word and laughing-stock of those who sneer at republican government.... What a farce it is for us to sit here and legislate as representatives in a republican government when the election system upon which such a government rests has been undermined, and is as corrupt as hell!"

Certainly if there be any vital point in our political system it is the purity of the ballot-box. When that goes, all goes. The *World* claims to be a respectable paper. It knows where the corruption is and who the corruptionists are. It might, therefore, be supposed that it would heartily welcome any serious proposition to secure honest elections. But that supposition would be entertained only by those who had not seen the steady assistance which the *World*, by sneering at the suspicion of frauds, and by charging that the other party is as bad as its own, always gives to the Ring and its corruption at elections. The latest illustration of the sincerity of its desire to purify the ballot-box is its reception of Senator SHERMAN'S proposition to defend the rights of the people at the polls. It is characteristic of the urbanity and decency of the paper that denounces "shameless corruptionists," and then zealously does their work.

"What does this howl about the necessity of Congress reconstructing the ballot-boxes of this city mean? Is it seriously meant that these fellows [the Congress of the United States] do not mean to lose their hold on the throats of the people? .... ? .....the baffled and stung trooly loil must have a care how they talk of putting the bayonet to New York..... The people of these United States have endured too much from Radicalism," etc. Certainly; they have endured from Radicalism the subjugation of a rebellion with the *World's* "Christian gentleman" and "great captain" at its head. They have endured from Radicalism the abolition of slavery, which the *World's* party tried to perpetuate and extend. They have endured from Radicalism the maintenance of the public faith and honor. They have endured from Radicalism the enthusiastic election to the Presidency of the soldier who overcame the "Christian gentleman," and was therefore called by the *World* "butcher." They have endured from Radicalism the salvation of their national life, and the elevation of their national name to an unprecedented glory. These things the people of the United States have endured from Radicalism, as they endured from the *World* and its party the support of the most infamous crimes against human nature, the utter disgrace of the national name, and the attempted destruction of the Union and the government. We deny the right of an apologist for the rebellion and the defamer of its greatest soldiers to speak for the people of the United States.

PARLIAMENT AND WOMEN.

THE defeat of Mr. JACOB BRIGHT'S bill in Parliament, extending the suffrage to a certain class of women, has been reported. It was lost by 126 majority, and the defeat was received with loud cheering. We suppose that nobody seriously anticipated any other result. A great political change is not made upon grounds of equity, nor even of probable public advantage; but only upon a strenuous demand. The rule in government is, that all is right until a change is threateningly demanded. The reformer may prove, unchallenged, the injustice of the actual situation; but, until the injustice grinds so that there is an outcry, or an evident danger, nothing is likely to be done. Statesmen naturally plead that they can not hunt up hypothetical evils. When they become real, they say, it is time enough to deal with them. The duty of every reformer, therefore, who advocates so great a change as that involved in the demand for the equal political power of women, is to show that their exclusion is injurious to the public welfare. This must be done by a presentation of the actual, unjust inequalities of the law, and by moral considerations, which can not hope for any speedy influence upon affairs, but which gradually mould them by affecting public opinion.

Mr. GLADSTONE is reported as saying, merely, that there was no demand nor desire for the bill. He did not evidently think it worth while to enter upon the merits of the question, and did not say that the demand was in itself improper, or unnatural. Indeed, his famous statement of the true limits of the elective franchise did not necessarily exclude women. What Mr. GLADSTONE now says, Mr. SUMNER has said in this country, and it is often put in a more positive form, namely: that when there is a general demand from women themselves, it will be granted. This is an immense concession; for it is a confession that there is no essential and incontrovertible reason against it. The subject, therefore, is especially the concern of women. To arouse their own sex and the public their efforts must be directed, aided, as they will be, in this country and in England, by those of the present political class who believe their claim to be just and, therefore, expedient. Meanwhile the fact that the question has been submitted to the voters of Vermont, and has been seriously presented in Parliament, shows that it must now be considered a recognized political question.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 16.—In the Senate, the Appropriation bills and the Franking bill were passed over, after some discussion, for the purpose of taking up the bill for the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment, on which there was a long debate, but no action.—A large number of new bills were introduced in the House, among them one allowing women to be appointed census marshals. A general amnesty bill was introduced by Mr. COX, and, after some debate, referred to the Reconstruction Committee. A bill enforcing the intent and purposes of the Fifteenth Amendment was passed by a vote of 131 to 44, without debate.

May 17.—In the Senate, nearly the whole day was taken up with debate on the bill to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment.—The House discussed the bill to revive commerce, but took no action upon it.

May 18.—Scarcely any thing was done in the Senate. The two bills—House and Senate—to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment were discussed without action.—In the House, a bill was introduced and passed to allow discharged soldiers and sailors to enter quarter sections of land, under the Homestead act, in the alternate reserved sections along the line of railroads and other public works to which lands have been granted.

May 19.—In the Senate, a memorial from citizens of Rhode Island was presented, asking Congress to do away with the property qualification now binding upon naturalized white voters, and notification was given of the proposed introduction of a bill upon this subject. Most of the day was occupied with the debate on the Fifteenth Amendment bill.—In the House, a resolution was introduced in reference to compelling Mexico to fulfill her treaty obligations. A sharp debate took place on an amendment to the Diplomatic Appropriation bill providing for the appointment of a minister at Rome. The amendment was not adopted.

May 20.—Beyond agreeing to adjourn on July 15, the Senate did nothing but discuss the Fifteenth Amendment bill.—In the House, the Senate resolution fixing the time of final adjournment was concurred in. A bill was passed appropriating $190,000 from the Japanese Indemnity fund for the compensation of the officers and men of the *Kearsarge* for the destruction of the *Alabama*. The amount already received for bounties is to be deducted.

May 21.—The Senate bill to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, after undergoing so many modifications as to be past all recognition, was passed in the Senate by a vote of 43 to 8, in place of the House bill.—No business of public importance was transacted in the House.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The election in this State on Tuesday, May 17, resulted in the triumph of the Democratic party, by about 70,000 majority.

The Indians are still actively hostile on the Plains. A raid was recently made on the workmen employed on the Kansas Pacific Railway, between Kit Carson and Willow Springs, and ten of them were killed. During the last week in April nine murders were committed by Indians in Arizona.

The Canadian steamer *Chicora*, of the Red River expedition, has been refused passage through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. Canadian papers are indignant at the refusal, and threaten the construction of a canal round the Sault Ste. Marie on British ground, and the suspension of all privileges enjoyed by American vessels in Canadian canals. The London *Observer* denounces this refusal of the United States as an act of studied unfriendliness.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE third race between the *Sappho* and the *Cam*... was won on the 18th of May by the former. The London *Times* admits that no schooner in England can sail with the *Sappho*, which, it adds, was sailed and handled by an English captain and a crew under his personal direction.

The crown of Spain has been accepted by Espartero, who is nearly eighty years old.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 18 declares the facts sustain the most unfavorable estimate of Captain Eyre's conduct in the *Oneida* disaster. The Liverpool Board of Trade have refused to reverse the judgment in the case.

It is reported that the Austrian and Hungarian Prime Ministers have agreed to forbid the promulgation of any decree of the Œcumenical Council declaring the infallibility of the Pope.

The Neapolitan insurrection against the Italian authorities has been suppressed.

The French Government is said to have notified the Government of Greece that if Frenchmen are captured by Greek bandits, Greece shall pay the ransom.

The Captain-General of Cuba has proclaimed the freedom of all slaves belonging to insurgents in the field or in foreign countries, who have taken up arms or served as guides to Spanish troops, or otherwise served the Spanish cause. Additional surrenders of insurgents are reported at Puerto Principe.

It is reported that an agent of Riel has arrived in Chicago from the Red River country, to urge the Fenians to expedite the proposed movement to intercept the British expedition, but that he has met with a cool reception from the Chicago leaders, who regard such an enterprise as fool-hardy and dangerous.

Recent advices from Hayti represent the country quiet. Opposition to the established government was virtually ended. Counterfeits of the Haytien currency had been discovered in large quantities.

A small revolution has been effected in Portugal, the old Ministry having been turned out and a new one installed in its place by military force. The country remains tranquil.

It is said that a pamphlet denouncing acquiescence in the dogma of infallibility as a mortal sin has created a sensation in Rome. Sixty bishops who have given notice of their intention to speak on infallibility are yet to be heard. The 29th of June is fixed for the close of the debate, when the next general congregation of the Council will be held.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER III.

Description of the Band.—Abou Do and Jali.—Charming Isle.—Buffalo Killed by the Camp.—Roaring of the Lions.—Hunt after Elephants.—Appearance of an Old Hermit.—Difficult Approach.—Audacious Manœuvre of the Aggageers.—Sword Thrust.—Elephants in Sight.—Attack in the Jungle.—Seven Elephants Dead: one Killed with the Sword.

THE band was complete. Besides our servants—the interpreter, a groom, two Arabs, and the woman who kneaded the sorghum and made the bread—I had nine camel drivers, six Tokrooris, a tracker named Taher Noor, and three aggageers, Abou Do, Jali, and Suleiman. Abou Do was a splendid-looking fellow, over six feet one, with a light, active figure, but exceedingly well developed muscles; his face was strikingly handsome; his eyes were like those of a giraffe, but the sudden glance of an eagle lighted them up with a flash during the excitement of conversation, which showed little of the giraffe's gentle character. Jali was not above five feet four inches, but wonderfully muscular, and in expression a regular dare-devil.

Never were there more complete centaurs than these Hamran Arabs; the horse and man appeared to be one animal, and that of the most elastic nature, that could twist and turn with the suppleness of a snake. The fact of being on horseback had suddenly altered the character of these Arabs; from a sedate and proud bearing, they had become the wildest examples of the most savage disciples of Nimrod. Excited by enthusiasm, they shook their naked blades aloft till the steel trembled in their grasp, and away they dashed over rocks, through thorny bush, across ravines, up and down steep inclinations, engaging in a mimic hunt, and going through the various acts supposed to occur in the attack of a furious elephant. I must acknowledge that, in spite of my admiration for their wonderful dexterity, I began to doubt their prudence.

We ascended the Settite. The country was very beautiful, but so absolutely deserted that the sand on the river bank, which, like the snow, shows the slightest mark, did not bear the vestige of a human trace. Near the eastern bank, two days' march from Gria, an island had been formed of about three hundred acres; this was a perfect oasis of verdure, covered with large nabbuk-trees, thirty feet high, and forming a mixture of the densest coverts, with small open glades of rich but low herbage.

To reach this island, upon which we were to encamp, it was necessary to cross the arm of the river, that was now dry, with the exception of deep pools, in one of which we perceived a large bull buffalo drinking, just as we descended the hill. As this would be close to the larder, I stalked to within ninety yards, and fired into his back, as his head inclined to the water. For the moment he fell upon his knee, but recovering immediately, he rushed up the steep bank of the island, receiving my left-hand barrel between the shoulders, and he disappeared in the dense covert of green nabbuk on the margin. As we were to camp within a few yards of the spot, he was close to home. Having crossed the river, we carefully followed the blood tracks through the jungle; but, after having pushed our way for about twenty paces through the dense covert, I came to the wise conclusion that it was not the place for following a wounded buffalo, and that we should find him dead on the next morning. A few yards upon our right hand was a beautiful open glade, commanding a view of the river, and surrounded by the largest nabbuk-trees, that afforded a delightful shade in the midst of the thick covert. This was a spot that in former years had been used by the aggageers as a camp, and we accordingly dismounted, and turned the horses to graze upon the welcome grass. Each horse was secured to a peg by a long leathern thong, as the lions in this neighborhood were extremely dangerous, having the advantage of thick and opaque jungle.

While the fires of our men were covered with strips of buffalo and tétel meat, ours was garnished with a row of marrow-bones. The table was spread with a clean cloth and arranged for dinner. Banaké, the cook, baked cakes on a fire of glowing embers, slices of liver, well peppered with cayenne and salt, were grilling on the gridiron, and we were preparing to dine, when a terrific roar within a hundred and fifty yards informed us that a lion was also thinking of dinner. A confusion of tremendous roars proceeding from several lions followed the first round, and my aggageers quietly remarked, "There is no danger for the horses to-night, the lions have found your wounded buffalo!"

Such a magnificent chorus of bass voices I had never heard; the jungle cracked, as with repeated roars they dragged the carcass of the buffalo through the thorns to the spot where they intended to devour it. That which was music to our ears was discord to those of the interpreter and poor Banaké. To reassure themselves, they related the most horrible tales of death and destruction that had been wrought by lions, when suddenly the aggageers changed the conversation by a few tales of the Basé natives, which so thoroughly eclipsed the dangers of wild beasts, that in a short time the entire party would almost have welcomed a lion, provided he would only have agreed to protect them from the Basé.

Early next morning I set out in search of our buffalo thieves. As I was returning from my fruitless quest, I met the aggageers, who had already made a reconnoissance of the country, having started before daybreak to look for elephants. They reported fresh tracks of a herd, and begged me to lose no time in accompanying them.

We were soon on the opposite bank. Tracking was very difficult; as there was a total absence of rain, it was next to impossible to distinguish the tracks of two days' date from those most recent upon the hard and parched soil. The only positive clew was the fresh dung of the elephants; and this being deposited at long intervals rendered the search extremely tedious.

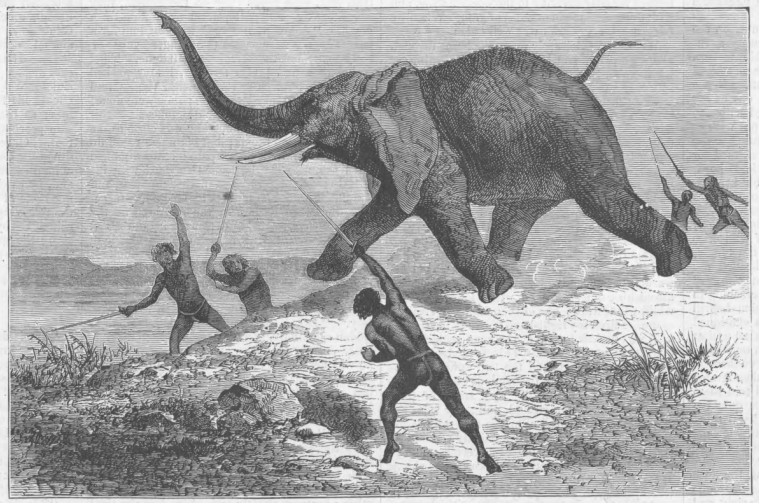
The greater part of the day passed in useless toil, and, after fording the river backward and forward several times, we at length arrived at a large area of sand in the bend of the stream, that was evidently overflowed when the river was full; this surface of many acres was backed by a forest of large trees. Upon arrival at this spot, the aggageers, who appeared to know every inch of the country, declared that, unless the elephants had gone far away, they must be close at hand, within the forest. We were speculating upon the direction of the wind, when we were surprised by the sudden trumpet of an elephant, that proceeded from the forest already declared to be the covert of the herd. In a few minutes later, a fine bull elephant marched majestically from the jungle upon the large area of sand, and proudly stalked direct toward the river.

At that time we were stationed under cover of a high bank of sand that had been left by the retiring river in sweeping round an angle; we immediately dismounted, and remained well concealed. The question of attack was quickly settled; the elephant was quietly stalking toward the water, which was about three hundred paces distant from the jungle: this intervening space was heavy dry sand, that had been thrown up by the stream in the sudden bend of the river, which, turning from this point at a right angle, swept beneath a perpendicular cliff of conglomerate rock formed of rounded pebbles cemented together.

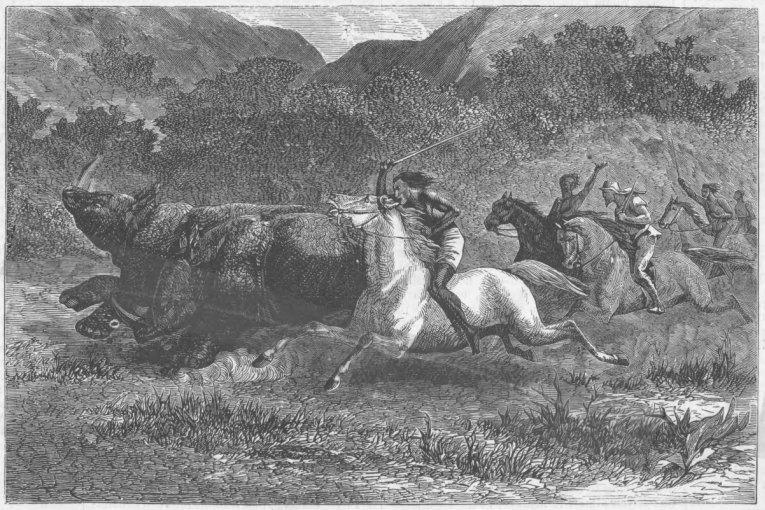
I proposed that we should endeavor to stalk the elephant, by creeping along the edge of the river, under cover of a sand-bank about three feet high, and that, should the rifles fail, the aggageers should come on at full gallop, and cut off his retreat from the jungle; we should then have a chance for the swords.

Accordingly I led the way, followed by Hadji Ali, my head Tokroori, with a rifle, while I carried the "Baby." Florian accompanied us. Having the wind fair, we advanced quickly for about half the distance, at which time we were within a hundred and fifty yards of the elephant, who had just arrived at the water, and had commenced drinking. We now crept cautiously toward him; the sand-bank had decreased to a height of about two feet, and afforded very little shelter. Not a tree nor bush grew upon the surface of the barren sand, which was so deep that we sank nearly to the ankles at every footstep. Still we crept forward, as the elephant alternately drank, and then spouted the water in a shower over his colossal form; but just as we had arrived within about fifty yards, he happened to turn his head in our direction, and immediately perceived us. He cocked his enormous ears, gave a short trumpet, and for an instant he wavered in his determination whether to attack or fly; but as I rushed toward him with a shout, he turned toward the jungle, and I immediately fired a steady shot at the shoulder with the "Baby," my large rifle. As usual, the fearful recoil of the rifle, with a half-pound shell and twelve drachms of powder, nearly threw me backward; but I saw the mark upon the elephant's shoulder in an excellent line, although rather high. The only effect of the shot was to send him off at great speed toward the jungle; but at the same moment the three aggageers came galloping across the sand like greyhounds in a course, and judiciously keeping parallel with the jungle, they cut off his retreat, and turning toward the elephant, they confronted him, sword in hand. At once the furious beast charged straight at the enemy; but now came the very gallant, but foolish, part of the hunt. Instead of leading the elephant by the flight of one man and horse, according to their usual method, all the aggageers at the same moment sprang from their saddles, and upon foot in the heavy sand they attacked the elephant with their swords.

In the way of sport I never saw any thing so magnificent, or so absurdly dangerous. The elephant was mad with rage, and nevertheless he seemed to know that the object of the hunters was to get behind him. This he avoided with great dexterity, turning as it were upon a pivot with extreme quickness, and charging headlong, first at one, and then at another of his assailants, while he blew clouds of sand in the air with his trunk and screamed with fury. Nimble as monkeys, nevertheless the aggageers could not get behind him. In the folly of excitement they had forsaken their horses, who had escaped from the spot. The depth of the loose sand was in favor of the elephant, and was so much against the men that they avoided his charges with extreme difficulty. It was only by the determined pluck of all three that they alternately saved each other, as two invariably dashed in at the flanks when the elephant charged the third, upon which the wary animal immediately relinquished the chase and turned round upon his pursuers. During this time I had been laboring through the heavy sand, and shortly after I arrived at the fight the elephant charged directly through the aggageers, receiving a shoulder shot from one of my Reilly No. 10 rifles, and at the same time a slash from the sword of Abou Do, who, with great dexterity and speed, had closed in behind him, just in time to reach the leg. Unfortunately he could not deliver the cut in the right place, as the elephant, with increased speed, completely distanced the aggageers; he charged across the deep sand, and reached the jungle. We were shortly upon his tracks, and after running about a quarter of a mile he fell dead in a dry water-course.



HUNTING AN ELEPHANT WITH SWORDS.



A SHARP RHINOCEROS CHASE.

Upon reaching the jungle by the river-side we again heard the trumpet of an elephant, and about a quarter of a mile distant we observed a herd of twelve of these animals shoulder-deep in the river, which they were in the act of crossing to the opposite side, to secure themselves in an almost impenetrable jungle of thorny nabbuk. A turn brought us to the edge of the jungle. We shortly heard a cracking on our right. I accordingly instructed Jali to creep quietly by himself into the bush, and to bring me information of their position: to this he at once agreed.

In three or four minutes he returned; he declared it impossible to use the sword, as the jungle was so dense that it would check the blow, but that I could use the rifle, as the elephants were close to us—he had seen three standing together between us and the main body of the herd. I told Jali to lead me direct to the spot, and followed by Florian and the aggageers, with my gun-bearers, I kept within a foot of my dependable little guide, who crept gently into the jungle; this was intensely thick, and quite impenetrable, except in such places where elephants and other heavy animals had trodden numerous alleys. Along one of these narrow passages we stealthily advanced, until Jali stepped quietly on one side, and pointed with his finger. I immediately observed two elephants looming through the thick bushes about eight paces from me. One offered a temple shot, which I quickly took with a Reilly No. 10, and floored it on the spot. The smoke hung so thickly that I could not see sufficiently distinctly to fire my second barrel before the remaining elephant had turned; but Florian, with a three-ounce, steel-tipped bullet, by a curious shot at the hind-quarters, injured the hip joint to such an extent that we could more than equal the elephant in speed. In a few moments we found ourselves in a small open glade in the middle of the jungle, close to the stern of the elephant we were following. I had taken a fresh rifle, with both barrels loaded, and hardly had I made the exchange when the elephant turned suddenly and charged. Determined to try fairly the forehead shot, I kept my ground, and fired a Reilly No. 10, quicksilver and lead bullet, exactly in the centre, when certainly within four yards. The only effect was to make her stagger backward, when, in another moment, with her

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immense ears thrown forward, she again rushed on. This was touch-and-go; but I fired my remaining barrel a little lower than the first shot. Checked in her rush, she backed toward the dense jungle, throwing her trunk about and trumpeting with rage. Snatching the Ceylon No. 10 from one of my trusty Tokroors (Hassan), I ran straight at her, took a most deliberate aim at the forehead, and once more fired. The only effect was a decisive charge; but before I fired my last barrel Jali rushed in, and with one blow of his sharp sword severed the back sinew. She was utterly helpless in the same instant. Bravo, Jali! I had fired three beautifully correct shots with No. 10 bullets, and seven drachms of powder in each charge; these were so nearly together that they occupied a space in her forehead of about three inches, and all had failed to kill! There could no longer be any doubt that the forehead shot at an African elephant could not be relied upon, although so fatal to the Indian species. This increased the danger tenfold, as in Ceylon I had generally made certain of an elephant by steadily waiting until it was close upon me.

I now reloaded my rifles, and the aggageers quitted the jungle to remount their horses, as they expected the herd had broken cover on the other side of the jungle; in which case they intended to give chase, and, if possible, to turn them back into the covert, and drive them toward the guns. We accordingly took our stand in the small open glade, and I lent Florian one of my double rifles, as he was only provided with one single-barreled elephant gun. I did not wish to destroy the prestige of the rifles by hinting to the aggageers that it would be rather awkward for us to receive the charge of the infuriated herd, as the foreheads were invulnerable; but inwardly I rather hoped that they would not come so direct upon our position as the aggageers wished.

About a quarter of an hour passed in suspense, when we suddenly heard a chorus of wild cries of excitement on the other side of the jungle, raised by the aggageers who had headed the herd, and who were driving them back toward us. In a few minutes a tremendous crashing in the jungle, accompanied by the occasional shrill scream of a savage elephant, and the continued shouts of the mounted aggageers, assured us that they were bearing down exactly upon our direction: they were apparently followed even through the dense jungle by the wild and reckless Arabs. I called my men close together, and told them to stand fast, and hand me the guns quickly; and we eagerly awaited the onset that rushed toward us like a storm. On they came, tearing every thing before them. For a moment the jungle quivered and crashed; a second later, and, headed by an immense elephant, the herd thundered down upon us. The great leader came direct at me, and was received with right and left in the forehead from a Reilly No. 10 as fast as I could pull the triggers. The shock made it reel backward for an instant, and fortunately turned it, and the herd likewise. My second rifle was beautifully handed, and I made a quick right and left at the temples of two fine elephants, dropping them both stone-dead. At this moment the "Baby" was pushed into my hand by Hadji Ali just in time to take the shoulder of the last of the herd, who had already charged headlong after his comrades, and was disappearing in the jungle. Bang went the "Baby;" round I spun like a weather-cock, with the blood pouring from my nose, as the recoil had driven the sharp top of the hammer deep into the bridge. My "Baby" not only screamed, but kicked viciously. However, I knew that the elephant must be bagged, as the half-pound shell had been aimed directly behind the shoulder.

In a few minutes the aggageers arrived; they were bleeding from countless scratches. Abou Do had blood upon his sword. They had found the elephants commencing a retreat to the interior of the country, and they had arrived just in time to turn them. Following them at full speed, Abou Do had succeeded in overtaking and slashing the sinew of an elephant just as it was entering the jungle.

We had done pretty well. I had been fortunate in bagging four from this herd, in addition to the single bull in the morning; total, five. Florian had killed one, and the aggageers one; total, seven elephants. One had escaped that I had wounded in the shoulder, and two that had been wounded by Florian. It was too late to pursue them, but the aggageers determined to search for the wounded elephants on the following day.

CHAPTER IV.

Search for the Wounded.—Fall of Jali.—The four Sheriff Brothers.—One-armed Rodur.—Numerous Traces, but no Elephants.—Idling.—A couple of Rhinoceros.—Attack and Pursuit.—Exciting Race.—Rivalry.—Despair of Abou Do.—Last Effort.—Victory escapes us.—The Rhinoceros.—His Habits.—Snare laid for him.

ONE of the three wounded elephants had returned to the thick jungle, where my aggageers found themselves face to face with him. As escape was next to impossible, Jali turned his mare sharp round, and she bounded off, but caught in the thorns and fell, throwing her rider under the feet of the elephant. The mare recovered herself in an instant, and rushed away; the elephant, occupied by the white color of the mare, neglected the man, upon whom he trod in the pursuit, thus breaking his thigh.

Shortly after the Sheriff brothers, having learned of the results of our expedition, came to ask to join our party. There were four of them, the most renowned of all the aggageers. Even Abou Do, though a perfect Nimrod in sport, felt himself inferior to the eldest of these accomplished hunters; and, seized with a fit of jealousy, he declared that if I accepted these new allies he would leave, taking Suleiman with him. I decided, however, to keep the Sheriffs till the arrival of the new huntsman who was to take Jali's place, to which Abou Do made no further objection.

The second of the brothers, Rodur, had lost the use of one arm. An elephant one day, after killing his horse, had ripped open his arm with a tusk. The bone, crushed from the elbow to the wrist, came out in pieces, and the flesh looked like a piece of shriveled leather, with a withered hand at the end, resembling a vulture's claw, which merely served to clutch the bridle. Rodur was, nevertheless, the most renowned of his tribe as a leader of the chase.

The next day, January 1, we set out early in the morning. Fresh tracks were numerous on the water's edge, but not one of an elephant. We therefore struck inland, and idled about, knocking down the ripe fruit of the baobab, and stripping from the acacias the gum with which they were covered, and which, hard as ice on the exterior, and limpid in the centre, resembling melted amber, called to mind the trees covered with jewels in the gardens of the "Arabian Nights." The aggageers took off from their saddles the skins of tanned antelope leather that formed the only covering to the wooden seats, and with these they made bundles of gum. When we remounted, every man was well laden.

We were thus leisurely returning home through alternate plains and low open forest of mimosa, when Taher Sheriff, who was leading the party, suddenly reined up his horse, and pointed to a thick bush beneath which was a large gray, but shapeless, mass. I immediately dismounted, and advanced as near as I could, followed by Suleiman. As I drew near, I discovered two rhinoceros asleep beneath a thick mass of bushes; they were lying like pigs, close together. I told Suleiman to return to the aggageers, and hold my horse in readiness with his own. I then walked quietly to within about thirty yards of the rhinoceros, but so curiously were they lying that it was useless to attempt a shot. In their happy dreams they must have been suddenly disturbed by the scent of an enemy, for, without the least warning, they suddenly sprang to their feet with astonishing quickness, and, with a loud and sharp whiff, whiff, whiff! one of them charged straight at me. I fired my right-hand barrel in his throat, as it was useless to aim at the head protected by two horns at the nose. This turned him, but had no other effect, and the two animals thundered off together at a tremendous pace.

Now for a "tallyho!" Our stock of gum was scattered on the ground, and away went the aggageers in full speed after the two rhinoceros. Without waiting to reload, I quickly remounted my horse, and spurred hard to overtake the flying Arabs. The ground was awkward for riding at full speed, as it was an open forest of mimosas, which, although wide apart, were very difficult to avoid, owing to the low crowns of spreading branches; these, being armed with fishhook thorns, would have been serious on a collision. I kept the party in view, until in about a mile we arrived upon open ground. Here I again applied the spurs, and by degrees I crept up, always gaining, until I at length joined the aggageers.

Here was a sight to drive a hunter wild! The two rhinoceros were running neck and neck, like a pair of horses in harness, but bounding along at tremendous speed within ten yards of Taher Sheriff, who, with his sword drawn, and his long hair flying wildly behind him, urged his horse forward in the race, amidst a cloud of dust raised by the two huge but active beasts, that tried every sinew of the horses. Rodur Sheriff, with the withered arm, was second; with the reins hung upon the hawk-like claw that was all that remained of a hand, but, with his naked sword grasped in his right, he kept close to his brother, ready to second his blow. Abou Do was third; his hair flying in the wind—his heels dashing against the flanks of his horse, to which he shouted in his excitement to urge him to the front, while he leaned forward with his long sword, in the wild energy of the moment, as though hoping to reach the game against all possibility. Now for the spurs! and as these, vigorously applied, screwed an extra stride out of Tétel, I soon found myself in the ruck of men, horses, and drawn swords. Passing Abou Do, whose face wore an expression of agony at finding that his horse was failing, I quickly obtained a place between the two brothers, Taher and Rodur Sheriff. There had been a jealousy between the two parties of aggageers, and each was striving to outdo the other; thus Abou Do was driven almost to madness at the superiority of Taher's horse, while the latter, who was the renowned hunter of the tribe, was determined that his sword should be the first to taste blood. I tried to pass the rhinoceros on my left, so as to fire close into the shoulder my remaining barrel with my right hand, but it was impossible to overtake the animals, who bounded along with undiminished speed. With the greatest exertion of man and horses we could only retain our position within about three or four yards of their tails—just out of reach of the swords. The only chance in the race was to hold the pace until the rhinoceros should begin to flag. The horses were pressed to the utmost; but we had already run about two miles, and the game showed no signs of giving in. On they flew—sometimes over open ground, then through low bush, which tried the horses severely; then through strips of open forest, until at length the party began to tail off, and only a select few kept their places. We arrived at the summit of a ridge, from which the ground sloped in a gentle inclination for about a mile toward the river; at the foot of this incline was thick thorny nabbuk jungle, for which impenetrable covert the rhinoceros pressed at their utmost speed. Never was there better ground for the finish of a race; the earth was sandy, but firm, and as we saw the winning post in the jungle that must terminate the hunt, we redoubled our exertions to close with the unflagging game. Suleiman's horse gave in—we had been for about twenty minutes at a killing pace. Tétel, although not a fast horse, was good for a distance, and he now proved his power of endurance, as I was riding at least two stone heavier than any of the party. Only four of the seven remained; and we swept down the incline, Taher Sheriff still leading, and Abou Do the last! His horse was done, but not the rider; for, springing to the ground while at full speed, sword in hand, he forsook his tired horse, and, preferring his own legs, he ran like an antelope, and, for the first hundred yards, I thought he would really pass us, and win the honor of first blow. It was no use, the pace was too severe, and, although running wonderfully, he was obliged to give way to the horses. Only three now followed the rhinoceros—Taher Sheriff, his brother Rodur, and myself. I had been obliged to give the second place to Rodur, as he was a mere monkey in weight; but I was a close third. The excitement was intense—we neared the jungle, and the rhinoceros began to show signs of flagging, as the dust puffed up before their nostrils, and, with noses close to the ground, they snorted as they still galloped on. Oh, for a fresh horse! "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" We were within two hundred yards of the jungle; but the horses were all done. Tétel reeled as I urged him forward, Rodur pushed ahead; we were close to the dense thorns, and the rhinoceros broke into a trot; they were done! "Now, Taher, for-r-a-a-r-r-d! for-r-r-a-a-r-d, Taher!!!" Away he went—he was close to the very heels of the beasts; but his horse could do no more than his present pace; still he gained upon the nearest; he leaned forward with his sword raised for the blow—another moment, and the jungle would be reached! One effort more, and the sword flashed in the sunshine as the rearmost rhinoceros disappeared in the thick screen of thorns, with a gash about a foot long upon his hind-quarters. Taher Sheriff shook his bloody sword in triumph above his head; but the rhinoceros was gone. We were fairly beaten, regularly outpaced; but I believe another two hundred yards would have given us the victory. "Bravo, Taher!" I shouted. He had ridden splendidly, and his blow had been marvelously delivered at an extremely long reach, as he was nearly out of his saddle when he sprang forward to enable the blade to attain a cut at the last moment. He could not reach the hamstring, as his horse could not gain the proper position.

We all immediately dismounted; the horses were thoroughly done, and I at once loosened the girths and contemplated my steed Tétel, who, with head lowered and legs wide apart, was a tolerable example of the effects of pace. The other aggageers shortly arrived, and as the rival Abou Do joined us, Taher Sheriff quietly wiped the blood off his sword without making a remark; this was a bitter moment for the discomfited Abou Do.

Although we had failed, I never enjoyed a hunt so much either before or since; it was a *magnificent* run, and still more magnificent was the idea that a man, with no weapon but the sword, could attack and generally vanquish every huge animal of creation.

Taher Sheriff explained that at all times the rhinoceros was the most difficult animal to sabre, on account of his extraordinary swiftness, and although he had killed many with the sword, it was always after a long and fatiguing hunt; at the close of which, the animal becoming tired, generally turned to bay, in which case one hunter occupied his attention, while another galloped up behind, and severed the hamstring. The rhinoceros, unlike the elephant, can go very well upon three legs, which enhances the danger, as one cut will not utterly disable him.

There is only one species of this animal in Abyssinia; this is the two-horned black rhinoceros, known in South Africa as the keitloa. This animal is generally five feet six inches to five feet eight inches high at the shoulder, and, although so bulky and heavily built, it is extremely active, as our long and fruitless hunt had exemplified. This two-horned black species is exceedingly vicious; it is one of the very few animals that will generally assume the offensive; it considers all creatures to be enemies, and, although it is not acute in either sight or hearing, it possesses so wonderful a power of scent that it will detect a stranger at a distance of five or six hundred yards should the wind be favorable.

I have observed that a rhinoceros will generally charge down upon the object that it smells, but does not see; thus, when the animal is concealed either in high grass or thick jungle, should it scent a man who may be passing unseen to windward, it will rush down furiously upon the object it has winded, with three loud whiffs, resembling a jet of steam from a safety-valve. As it is most difficult and next to impossible to kill a rhinoceros when charging, on account of the protection to the brain afforded by the horns, an unexpected charge in thick jungle is particularly unpleasant; especially when on horseback. These animals are generally seen in pairs, or the male, female, and calf; the mother is very affectionate, and exceedingly watchful and savage. Although so large an animal, the cry is very insignificant, and is not unlike the harsh shrill sound of a penny trumpet. The drinking hour is about 8 P.M., or two hours after sunset, at which time the rhinoceros arrives at the river from his daily retreat, which is usually about four miles in the interior. He approaches the water by regular paths made by himself, but not always by the same route; and, after drinking, he generally retires to a particular spot beneath a tree that has been visited upon regular occasions; in such places large heaps of dung accumulate. The hunters take advantage of this peculiarity of the rhinoceros, and they set traps in the path to his private retreat; but he is so extremely wary, and so acute is the animal's power of scent, that the greatest art is necessary in setting the snare. A circular hole about two feet deep and fifteen inches in diameter is dug in the middle of his run, near the tree that has been daily visited; upon this hole is placed a hoop of tough wood arranged with a vast number of sharp spikes of a strong elastic wood, which, fastened to the rim, meet at the centre, and overlap each other as would the spokes of a wheel in the absence of the nave, if lengthened sufficiently. We will simplify the hoop by calling it a wheel without a centre, the spokes sharpened and overlapping in the middle. This instrument being fitted neatly above the hole, a running noose of the strongest rope is laid in a circle upon the wheel; the other extremity of the rope is fastened to the trunk of a tree that has been felled for that purpose, and deeply notched at one end to prevent the rope from slipping. This log, which weighs about five or six hundredweight, is then buried horizontally in the ground, and the entire trap is covered with earth and carefully concealed; the surface is smoothed with a branch instead of the hand, as the scent of a human touch would at once be detected by the rhinoceros. When completed, a quantity of the animal's dung is swept from the heap upon the snare. If the trap is undiscovered, the rhinoceros steps upon the hoop, through which his leg sinks into the hole, and upon his attempt to extricate his foot, the noose draws tight over the legs; as the spiked hoop fixing tightly into the skin prevents the noose from slipping over the foot. Once caught, his first effort to escape drags the heavy log from the trench, and as the animal rushes furiously away, this acts as a drag, and, by catching in the jungle and the protruding roots of trees, it quickly fatigues him. On the following morning the hunters discover the rhinoceros by the track of the log that has plowed along the ground, and the animal is killed by lances, or by the sword.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"DEAD BROKE."

"HE is dead broke."

"How much does he owe?"

"One week, to-morrow, over the month," said the clerk, examining the ledger.

"Whew!" whistled the landlord. "Has he no friends to pay for him?"

"Plenty of friends now, but let them find out that he is broke and they'll be off like a covey of birds."

"I must see him;" and the hotel proprietor, walking out upon the piazza, approached a young man leaning against one of the front pillars.

"Mr. Watson, your bill, I see, is in arrears one week over the settlement-day. Why is it?"

The young man flushed at first as if in anger; then a smile overspread his handsome face. "I know I am a delinquent, Major Snow, but I can't pay at present."

"Do you expect money soon?"

"Well, really, I don't know who should send me any thing from their surfeit of cash."

"Then I am to understand that you are not only unable to pay, but do not expect to be able?"

"Undoubtedly, Major."

"Sorry, Watson, for you have been a favorite of the season, and I don't like to turn you out before the break-up. Nor will I. If you can give up your suit of rooms and take up with one suited to your circumstances, I will let you remain the season out, trusting you to pay me in the future."

"You are very good, Major, and I guess I'll have to consent."

So the baggage of Robert Watson was lifted and borne from the elegant suit on the second-floor to a little seven by fourteen room on the fifth-floor.

How quickly it became known that the change had been made! Every servant in the house betrayed the knowledge in the absence of the usual deference paid to the possessors of "parlors." At dinner, the "boy," who had been only too eager to anticipate Mr. Watson's wants, suddenly became oblivious to those wants, and only answered them after repeated orders. The cashier and register clerk, always so obsequious, grew dignified and indifferent. Only the urbane Major preserved a kindly greeting for the guest too poor to pay his bill, and remaining by sufferance.

"Queer," thought the hotel proprietor. "He certainly had money enough when he came, for he deposited a cool five thousand in the safe. He hasn't been *fast*, I am certain, and his habits have been so good that the young bloods have rather played off from him. But he has been a favorite. Not a belle in the room but would have dropped her best friend for his attendance. Hang me if I can understand it."

Watson, hailing from Baltimore, had been a season guest at the Cascade. Friends he had in plenty. He was courteous, well-bred, good-looking, intelligent, and, apparently, rich—what more could be asked? Among the ladies he had moved quite a prince; and many were the gossamer webs woven as toils to capture him, but to all he proved a very incorrigible recusant—he would not be any one's prize. The exquisite charm of voice, manner, and sentiment, the beauty of person, the elegance of attire—all were agreeable to him, deeply so, for he seemed to enjoy them all immensely; but not the brilliant poetess, Miss Mountjoy, nor the coy and artless Miss Dumain, nor the rattle-headed young Miss Lambert, nor the haughty, elegant, and exclusive Miss Percy, nor the very rich Miss Oromanes, appeared to command him. He was to all alike, the agreeable companion, the candid friend, the shrewd resistant of all arts to lead him into love's labyrinthine mazes.

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How would all these beauties of the *salon* receive the announcement sure to be made of his "altered circumstances," as the Major expressed it?

Evidently Mr. Watson was not indifferent. He still frequented the piazzas and parlors, giving every friend, male or female, ample opportunity to "cut" his acquaintance, or otherwise to express themselves. It was somewhat curious to note the progress of his decline, not his fall, for Watson had that in his character construction which, even in poverty and trial, would preserve him from a sacrifice of personal dignity and self-reliance. But that he *was* on the decline became to him a sorrowful fact.

Sorrowful, did we say? That is, judging by the usual standards of human felicity or misery. To lose one's friends, to behold your position in society gradually slipping away, to realize that no longer you are held in coveted consideration by a chosen few, is, ordinarily, a source of sorrow. But in Watson's case it was difficult to determine how keenly the knife cut to the quick of his sensibilities; for, while every acquaintance was given full facilities for doing the disagreeable office of giving the "cold shoulder," the Baltimorean appeared like an interested spectator, and was as unmoved, when passed by a supposed friend without the slightest notice, as if he were a newspaper reporter, anxious to see the act and to note the fact.

Into the parlors during the evening he particularly pressed his way. If a bevy of gay fellows surrounded Miss Mountjoy, he worked his way to the circle, and, at last, received from that lady of Sappho-like lips his discharge. She did most gracefully and crushingly turn her back upon him not three days after his removal from the second-floor.

Miss Dumain he sought, confident that one so artless certainly would be above the hollow-hearted crowd, and still give him her kindly greeting. Vain conception! The artless girl was coy indeed; and when at length he cornered her, it was to his discomfiture. She suddenly turned and forced her way past him, without even one of her downcast glances. On the contrary, her eyes were fixed fully on his face, and plainly said, "Sir, we are strangers."

Next he tried rattle-headed Miss Lambert, and she rattled on quite as usual; but Watson soon discovered that the rattle was not for him.

Strangely enough, the proud and exclusive Miss Percy unbent somewhat from her lofty carriage, and gave him a welcome; but over it all was a shadow—a fear, apparently, which made Miss Percy shy rather than haughty; and Watson began to catch glimpses of a character beneath all that conventional veil which he had not expected to find.

Of course the wealthy Miss Oromanes would scorn his further friendly relations. Her rooms were near his own second-floor apartments; she daily, all the season, had encountered him in his walks through the long corridor, and must have been one of the first to learn of his fallen fortunes. Indeed, he half surmised that her dressing-maid had made special inquiry into his case, seeing her in confidential confab with the floor-stewardess and room-girls. So Watson, with a reserve or pride not entertained with others, kept apart from Miss Oromanes.

On that third evening of his changed fortunes, when the Sappho of the Cascades annihilated him, greatly to the pleasure of the young "bloods" around her, Watson wandered away at length upon the piazzas; then up through the long, deserted halls, restless, thoughtful, digesting the notes which he had been taking of human nature, and trying to fix the relative value of a man without money. It was the crystalline truth he was learning—not the truth in mere solution, sometimes clear, sometimes opaque, but always thin, but the precipitated, hard, angular, clear-cut crystals of experience, mined in unexpected places. Had he remained upon the second-floor, never would he have obtained the gems; the mere solution only would have repaid his keenest search. But that migration to the upper spaces had given him a wondrous lens; his horizon was so immeasurably extended that, barring the fact that his bill was unpaid, he was the happier, because wiser for the upward reverse.

Suddenly, in his solitary promenade, he confronted the heiress. She was walking arm in arm with young Evans, of her "set," in confidential communication it would appear, else why should they have been in that long hall alone? asked Watson, as, with a glance, he took in the situation. The meeting was a surprise to both parties, and the inclination of both men was to pass without recognition. Evans, indeed, frowned; Watson flushed in anger, and with head erect bore down and passed his enemies, like a suspended or cashiered officer of the line, conscious of his soldierly qualities, but equally conscious of his "altered circumstances."

Too high he held his head, in fact, for he caught no soft glance from the lady's eye, and trod so firmly upon the trail of her elegant evening dress as to cause a perceptible cracking of seams at the skirt pleats. Evans turned with a sudden anger.

"Dolt!" he hissed.

Watson passed on, staying to make no apology, but he heard the lady say:

"Fie, it is nothing;" and he was conscious, too, that she was looking at him wonderingly.

An hour later Watson was down on the piazzas again, evidently on the quest for some person, and he found his man ere long. Evans was the gentleman wanted. Going up to him Watson said:

"Mr. Evans, what was the word you used at the time I trod on the trail of Miss Oromanes's dress?"

"I said *dolt*, Sir! and I say it again. We have hitherto supposed you to be a gentleman, and now learn that you can not pay your bills;" and he laughed, half in scorn and half in humor of the fact so opportunely given him to crush another.

The hot blood flew to Watson's face; his hands were clenched as if to strike; but, by a strong effort, he mastered his passion.

"Evans, no gentleman ever would have uttered that sentence. Only a coward would fling another's poverty in his face. Miss Oramanes, educated as she has been to give virtue to wealth, might find in my inability to pay my hotel bill a justification for dropping my acquaintance; but I doubt if ever she would have countenanced incivility. I owe her an apology for my seeming rudeness, and will give it to her, but you I hold in too supreme contempt even to exchange more words with you. Hereafter do not speak to me, for if you do I shall slap your face, even in the presence of the ladies." And the speaker went his way to his attic room.

This scene, overheard by several gentlemen and ladies, soon was the talk of the rooms. Evans, being a recognized leader of a very aristocratic circle, soon convened others of the set; and Major Snow was, ere long, summoned to be informed that he must "clear out Watson"—Evans offering to pay the delinquent's bill.

And the news flew throughout the parlors and promenades that Major Snow was to give Mr. Robert Watson, of Baltimore, his walking papers in the morning.

An observer of the scene between the two gentlemen on the piazza was Miss Oromanes. Having at once retired to her room to repair the accident to her skirt, the lady donned another dress, and, to enjoy half an hour undisturbed, stole out upon the pleasant open weather promenade. She thus was a witness of what transpired. She, too, retired, in evident excitement, to her rooms; and when her maid, half an hour later, brought the house-news that the Major was to clear Watson out in the morning, the heiress, with perfect deliberation, but with brightened color in her cheeks, and a clear sparkle in her beautiful eyes, sat down to her desk and indited the following note:

"Major Snow will please take no action in the matter of the difference between Mr. Watson and Mr. Evans. I overheard every word that passed between the gentlemen, and I fully justify Mr. Watson. Were it not an insult to him, I would offer to become responsible for any amount which he may not now be able to pay; but I know that he is a thorough gentleman, and would equally scorn to wrong you or to leave your house at the dictation of others.

"I am, Sir, yours,
"HELENE OROMANES."

This the maid was instructed to place in the Major's hands at once. The maid had not far to go, for she met the proprietor advancing up the stairway. He glanced at the billet and laughed; then paused and said:

"No use of my trip up five pair of stairs. Mr. Robert Watson has the freedom of this house for the next five seasons."

And down stairs he went again; while the open-eared maid, having lost not a word, returned to her mistress to find her absorbed in penning another note. This was written with great care and many pauses. It was finally finished, and read as follows:

"Mr. Watson will please excuse the boldness of this note; but, having been a witness to the meeting between yourself and Mr. Evans on the piazza, I feel it incumbent on me to say that I fully justify your proceeding and your words. I ask no apology from you. Indeed, I will be pained to receive it. Believe me, I am exceedingly pained at the inference you have drawn, namely: that I could find a justification in dropping your acquaintance in the fact of your temporary embarrassment. Alas for my riches, if they compel me to bear such imputations on my sense and motives! I am, Sir, yours very sincerely,

"HELENE OROMANES."

This missive the maid bore to the fifth story. It found the romantic Robert in bed; but the letter was flung in over the door ventilator.

"A letter for Monsieur Watson from my lady," said a voice at the door; and Watson sprang up as the envelope floated down to his feet.

"A note from my lady!" What on earth did that mean? Another rumpus brewing, of course! Turning on the gas he read—astonished, pleased, delighted, as the rich color mounting to his temples testified. And then, foolish man, he kissed the note.

So very preposterous for one in his circumstances!

Many were the guests who "turned out" fully two hours before their usual ten o'clock breakfast the next morning, in order to see Mr. Robert Watson depart. To their surprise there was Watson, cheerful and content, promenading up and down the back piazza, arm in arm with Miss Oromanes, and Major Snow looking on admiringly. To Evans and his set it was a declaration of war; but who would dare take up arms against the spirited heiress to a million? They all retired, resolved to let events take their course.

And they did take their course, *of course*. In three days' time a magnificent equipage drove to the stand, and Watson soon appeared with the beautiful Miss Oromanes for his companion in the morning drive.

"Whose equipage is that?" demanded Evans of the Major, who had escorted his guests to the carriage.

"Oh, that's Watson's, to be sure!" was the reply.

"Watson's be hanged! Say, Major, has he paid his bill?" asked Evans, maliciously.

"Paid his bill? Lord bless you, he is rich enough to buy out this whole concern, and to hire you and me for call boys!"

"Explain yourself, then, Sir!" demanded Evans, irately. "Did you not inform the guests that he could not pay his bill, and that you had sent him up stairs out of his second-floor suit?"

"Not I! Some of the clerks may have said something, to which others added more; but I really thought too much of the gentleman to mention the matter to any one. Now it turns out that it was all a little game of his own."

"Little game? What object could he have had in playing such hide and seek?" demanded Evans again, in tones peremptory.

"Well, in part, I suppose, to test the value of friendship in general, and the power of money in particular—both of which I have no doubt he has done to his entire satisfaction. Ha-ha-ha! What do you think about it, Mr. Evans?"

"Think about it? Why, that it was—it was—"

"What?"

"Why, a very artful dodge—nothing less."

"Capital dodge, that's a fact, seeing that, as a poor man, he won Miss Oromanes, and—"

"Now, what do you mean?" fairly shouted Evans, in his excitement.

"Mean? That before 10 o'clock on the morning of the day when he was to have had his walking papers, by your orders, he was dead in love with the heiress, and—"

"And what, sir?"

"And she dead in love with him!"

"It's false, I know!" cried the man, now white in the face from some inexplicable emotion.

"False, eh? Going off in that carriage together to the preacher's looks like it, don't it?"

"Good Heavens!"

The Major's conjecture was premature, as he well knew; but the shaft had struck Evans to the heart, and he fairly staggered to a seat. Evans had played a long and a deep game to win the heiress. He had long been her recognized suitor—he had discounted her possessions in his gay life; and the result was—*he* was dead broke!

He left the watering-place that day.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN breathing the impure and oppressive air of some crowded church, or hall, or concert-room, we have often wished it were possible for one to carry with him, as he does his spectacles or opera-glass, a personal supply of oxygen for the comfort and support of his own lungs. The time may yet come when it will be quite the fashion to carry about a little India rubber bag of pure oxygen to be inhaled as circumstances may require. Within a few years the use of oxygen as a remedy in disease has greatly increased. Experiments have been tried showing that a man can breathe the pure gas with great benefit in certain conditions of the body. In cases of consumption it has been found to assist nutrition and respiration; even when the lungs are badly diseased, life is sometimes prolonged beyond all hopes of friends and physicians. In cases of diphtheria, croup, asthma, and other diseases involving difficult respiration, great relief is often experienced by oxygen gas. Indeed, it is surprising how many difficulties, which have refused to yield to other remedies, have been conquered by this article. Although the use of oxygen medicinally is still a novelty, the demand for it has recently increased so that now India rubber bags and all requisite breathing apparatus are furnished by apothecaries, and the gas itself is condensed in cylinders of various sizes and dispensed like other medicines. Also a simple apparatus has been devised for manufacturing it as it is needed.

Who wants to take a trip across the country in a palace car? Strawberries are selling in San Francisco at ten cents a pound. Is not that an inducement?

A building has been secured at the corner of Second Avenue and St. Mark's Place by the trustees of the New York State Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, and the institution will soon be opened for the reception of patients. This is the first hospital of the kind established in the country. There is to be an outdoor department, at which patients residing at their own homes can attend and receive gratuitous medical treatment.

Sorosis takes a positive stand in favor of woman. At a recent meeting of the society some resolutions were unanimously adopted, which warmly sympathized with Mrs. M'Farland-Richardson and those friends who have aided and supported her. The following resolution was also carried with enthusiasm:

Resolved, That while we reprobate any expression that tends to convey the idea of ownership in marriage, we distinctly encourage it, as a holy and God-ordained institution, based upon the equal interests, equal affections, and equal rights of the contracting parties; and that the recent change in the marriage ceremony by the Methodist Church, which substitutes for the word "obey" the words "you mutually agree," is in accordance with the enlightened spirit of the age, which is tending to equal justice in human relations."

A farmer in England has committed suicide in a fit of mental aberration, caused by his crops having been almost completely destroyed by rabbits. His fields have been overrun with them for years past, and he had made complaint about it in vain. He could obtain no relief, and, seeing nothing but ruin in the future for him, in utter despair, he killed himself. The rabbits have conquered, and the man has retired from the field of battle.

In Great Falls, New Hampshire, the Manufacturers' and Village Library contains over five hundred volumes. Every girl who is connected with the factories can have the benefit of the library for fifty cents a year.

A Louisville man is rendering himself notable, or notorious, by a strange mania for which no name has been invented. He is a burglar, for he breaks into houses by night; but he steals nothing, except the luxury of standing by the bedside of some person who is sleeping, and watching him or her, as the case may be. Some months ago he entered the room of a young lady after she had retired and gone to sleep. Taking his favorite position beside the bed, he stood gazing at the beautiful sleeper till, perhaps, conscious of his presence near her, she awoke, and was frightened terribly. By the faint light of the moon she saw this stranger standing motionless at her bedside. She screamed and fainted, and the inmates of the house came rushing in just in time to catch the intruder. The affair caused no little gossip at the time, but subsequent facts have proved that the man was harmless, having no design to disturb any thing or any body.

Pleasant sort of wife has a certain New Hampshire man! She arose one night and made a rope of twisted cotton cloth, one end of which she tied around the bed-post, and coiling it around her sleeping husband's neck, pulled hard upon the other end. Husband was awakened, however, and succeeded in getting clear. Wife claims to have been acting in a fit of somnambulism.

The London *Art Journal* gives a very interesting and commendatory account of certain lady artists from America, whose studios are located in Rome. Miss Hosmer is still at work on the statue of the ex-Queen of Naples, which has thus far been entirely concealed from the public eye. Not even the Empress of Austria, the Queen's own sister, has been permitted to see it; but now it is nearly ready for exhibition. Miss Hosmer is also engaged in modeling the beautiful medallions representing the twelve hours of night, which are to decorate the door in bronze gilt she has designed for Earl Brownlow. The door is intended for a drawing-room opening into the library, and every medallion is a treasure of art. Miss Foley has in hand the bust of the Pope, which is considered a most admirable likeness of his Holiness. Miss Foley has acquired an enviable reputation for her beautifully finished medallions. Vinnie Ream is making a few alterations in the model of Lincoln before she begins working upon it in marble. Father Hyacinthe gave three sittings to Miss Ream just before he came to America; and she has also modeled a bust of Gustave Doré. Miss Lewis is executing a Madonna for the Church of St. Francis, in Baltimore; and also is designing a monument to be erected in Montalban, Massachusetts.

Science has conquered nature in the establishment of a singular society in Paris, consisting at present of more than a hundred members. So great is the desire of these individuals to aid the science of anatomy, that they have pledged themselves not to be buried after death, but to bequeath their bodies for dissection!

A Connecticut minister, in a time of drought, prayed for rain in a more specific way than is customary. He asked not for thunder-showers that would carry away the bridges, but for a drizzle-drozzle, that would last for a week.

William Cullen Bryant recently delivered an address before the New York Historical Society, on the "Life, Character, and Writings of Gulian C. Verplanck." In the course of the address some extracts were read from letters written by Mr. Verplanck many years ago, while in Europe. The following anecdote was related in one of these letters:

"You may expect another explosion of mad poetry from Lord Byron. Lord Holland, who returned from Geneva a few days ago, told Mr. Gallatin that he was the bearer of a considerable cargo of verses from his lordship to Murray, the publisher—the subject not known. That you may have a higher relish for the new poem, I give you a little anecdote which is told in London. Some time ago Lord Byron's books were sold at auction, where a gentleman purchased a splendid edition of Shakspeare. When it was sent home a volume was missing. After several fruitless inquiries of the auctioneer, the purchaser went to Byron. 'What play was in the volume?' asked he. 'I think "Othello."' 'Ah! I remember. I was reading that when Lady Byron did something to vex me. I threw the book at her head, and she carried it out of the room. Inquire of some of her people, and you will get your book.'"

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg was recently the recipient of an elegant present, consisting of an exquisitely designed fruit receiver, lined with gold, and spoons and nut-picks to match. Tastefully engraved on the front of the fruit receiver were the words "'Il Trovatore,' May 16, 1870." This gift was presented by several highly cultivated amateur critics and devoted admirers of Italian opera, who were desirous of showing their appreciation of the satisfactory manner in which Miss Kellogg acquitted herself in the *rôle* of Leonora, in "Il Trovatore," on the evening of the 16th ult.

Theodore, eldest son of Henry Clay, recently died in Lexington Lunatic Asylum, after a long confinement. At thirty he was a promising lawyer, although he was not free from the imputation of being "wild." He had become deeply attached to a young lady of Lexington, who did not reciprocate his feeling, and by whom he was firmly but kindly repulsed when he began to show her special attentions. But the infatuated young man refused to be repulsed; he followed the lady in the streets by day, and haunted the neighborhood of her home by night, in an annoying manner, until it became evident that he was insane. Violent demonstrations soon proved the truth of this supposition, and it became necessary to send him to an asylum. Ample provision was made for him by his father, and for many years he was one of the most noted of the inmates of the asylum—his proud descent, his graceful manners, and his flow of conversation rendering him a marked object of interest. He labored under the hallucination that he was George Washington. At the occasional balls given to the inmates he was always exquisitely dressed in the style of his day, and was the beau *par excellence*. During all these long years, despite his general gentleness and cheerfulness of manner, he was restless and discontented, and required close watching, it never, in fact, having been considered prudent to allow him to go out into the grounds without attendants. About the year 1860 his condition began to grow worse, and he soon after became demented, continuing in hopeless idiocy until the day of his death. Two sons of Henry Clay yet survive him, T. H. Clay, ex-Minister to Honduras, now residing on his place, "Mansfield," near Lexington: and John M. Clay, the raiser of *Kentucky*, and one of the greatest turfmen living.

A pitcher of water in a room will in a few hours absorb all the perspired gases, and purify the air, but the water becomes unfit for use. Onions are recommended as a specific against epidemics, if they are kept sliced in a room, where they will absorb the poisonous air.

There is a rumor that Queen Victoria has become matrimonially inclined, and is, indeed, affianced to a foreign prince of the blood royal, but without fortune. The English papers do not feel inclined to accept the report; but give a little general advice on the subject, to the effect that there are a plenty of rich peers in England, "all honorable men," from whom the Queen might select more appropriately—unless she intends to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales, in which case she might marry whom she chose.

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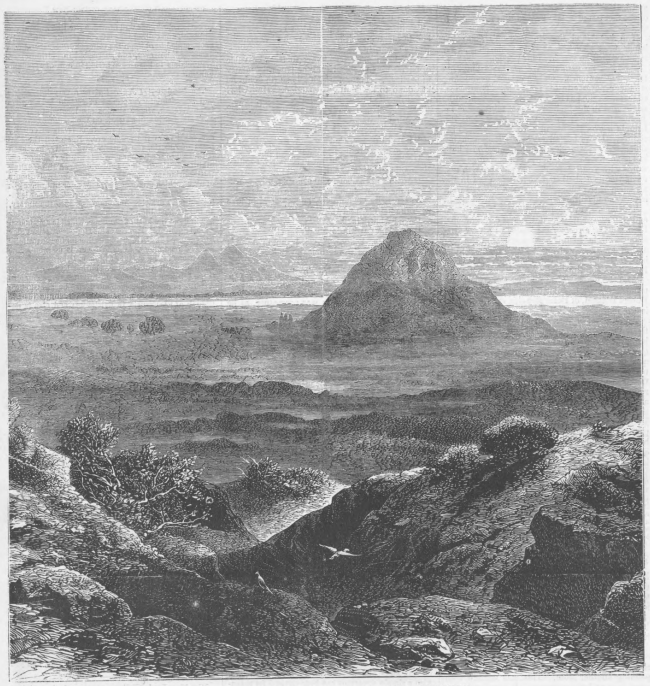
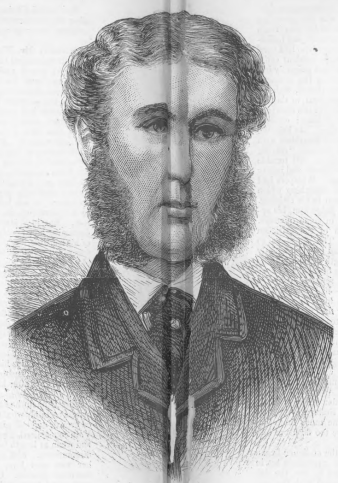


SCENE OF THE RECENT MASSACRE AT MARATHON.

GREEK BRIGANDAGE.

WE present on this page several illustrations *à propos* to the recent massacre of a party of travelers by Greek brigands in the vicinity of Athens. The party, our readers may recollect, consisted of Lord and Lady MUNCASTER, Mr. HERBERT, Secretary to the British Legation, Count BOYL, Secretary to the Italian Legation, Mr. and Mrs. LLOYD, with their young child, five years old, and Mr. VYNER. On the morning of April 11 they left Athens in carriages for Marathon, under the escort of four mounted gens d'armes, and accompanied by an intelligent and experienced dragoman named ALEXANDROS. On the plain they encountered several bands of soldiers patrolling the road, and felt no apprehensions of danger. After exploring the scene of one of the most interesting events in Grecian history, they started on their return to Athens. About half past four in the afternoon they were ambushed in a lonely part of the road. One of the gens d'armes was instantly killed and another mortally wounded. The brigands, twenty-eight in number, forced the party out of the carriages with much violence, seizing Lady MUNCASTER, and tearing off her watch and lockets, and menacing the lives of all. They then hurried their captives off the road, easily repulsing an attack by a small detachment of soldiers that had hastened to the scene on hearing the firing.

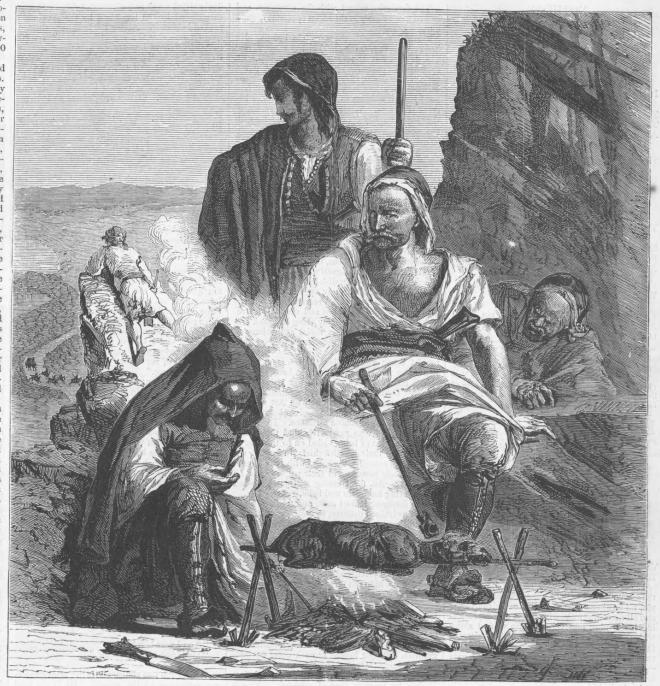


LORD MUNCASTER.

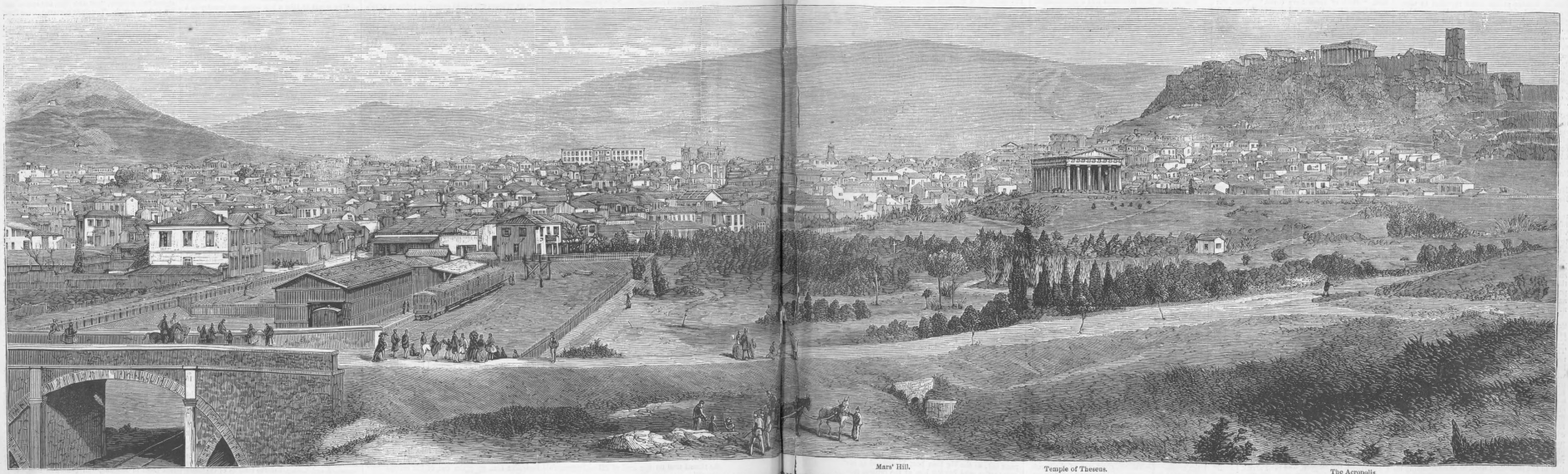
Reaching a place of security next day they halted after a most fatiguing march, and there agreed to release the ladies and child, retaining it to the southward. To allow LORD MUNCASTER to return to Athens to raise the sum demanded for the ransom of himself and his four companions. The ransom money, one hundred thousand dollars, was raised without difficulty, but in order to transport so large a sum of gold in safety it was necessary to obtain a promise of amnesty for the brigands, with an understanding that they should not be pursued in the mean time. On the application of the Greek Minister, the Greek Minister of War gave a solemn promise that the brigands should be let alone until the captives were released, but the amnesty was refused, on the ground that the King had no constitutional authority to grant it. A Greek officer was sent, however, to inform the brigands that, if they would take the money and release their captives, they could go on board a British ship of war, and leave the country for Malta; but they would not be permitted to ted to quit the neighborhood of the village of Oropos, where they had taken refuge, with their captives, and where they were surrounded by a force of 600 soldiers.

The brigand chiefs would not submit to these terms. They demanded amnesty for all their crimes, and refused to remain at Oropos, threatening to kill their captives if the troops opposed their march. On the afternoon of April 21, without waiting for the return of Lord MUNCASTER, who thus escaped the fate of his companions, they set out from Oropos, and were immediately pursued by cavalry. In accordance with their threats, they shot Mr. HERBERT and Mr. LLOYD on perceiving the approach of the troops. A sharp battle ensued, in which six of the brigands were killed, including the chief. The others fled up the country, dragging Mr. VYNER and Count BOYL with them, as far as Skimatari, where they put these two gentlemen also to death. Their bodies were afterward found and brought to Athens. They were mutilated in a shocking manner.

Our view of the Plains of Marathon shows the scene of the capture of this unfortunate party. The shore lies northeast and southwest, and is the chord of an arc about four miles in length, inclosing this celebrated plain. About the centre of the beach a small river, anciently called the Charadrus, falls into the sea, in its course from the mountains, dividing the plain into two nearly equal portions. The land side of the plain is closely shut in by a long range of mountains, the eastern shoulder of Pentelicus terminating in the channels cut by the winter torrents. The plain consists of a level, but in many places covered with myrtle, the higher parts of which are generally undulating ground, the lowest parts of which are marshy. There are two or three small villages upon it with a few trees about them. The slopes of the mountains are in many places covered with myrtle, scrub-wood, and small pines. The principal object of interest on the plain, is the tumulus shown in our illustration, supposed to be the tomb of the one hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell in battle with the Persians twenty-three centuries ago. Though small—only 60 feet in diameter and 25 in height—it is a striking object on the plain when seen from a distance.



GROUP OF GREEK BANDITS.



Mars' Hill. Temple of Theseus. The Acropolis.

GENERAL VIEW OF MODERN ATHENS, WITH PARTS OF THE ANCIENT CITY ON THE RIGHT.

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NOTHING.

THERE is nothing to see!
It is only a silver birch;
But it comes like a beautiful joy to me,
Like the joy you feel so calm and free,
When all is still as still can be,
After a psalm in the church.

It is so fair and light!
It grows on a rock by a well!
The rock is so strong, and the birch is so slight,
That they fill my heart with a strange delight,
And I think they make a wonderful sight,
Though why I can never tell!

The rock I grasp and reach,
And the birch-tree I can not touch;
But its rustling leaves have a tender speech,
For I feel a particular love for each,
And I know that their whispered words can teach
And comfort me very much.

The rock is strong and wild,
And the well is wide and deep;
So I nodded my little head and smiled,
For I felt they could both protect a child;
And the birch-tree murmured soft and mild,
And so I fell fast asleep.

Why should this written be?
And what have I got to tell?
The wise, wise people will laugh at me,
And say there is nothing at all to see,
Only a rock, and only a tree,
And only a little well!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THIRTEENTH SCENE.—FULHAM.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

THE FOOT-RACE.

A SOLITARY foreigner, drifting about London, drifted toward Fulham on the day of the Foot-Race.

Little by little, he found himself involved in the current of a throng of impetuous English people, all flowing together toward one given point, and all decorated alike with colors of two prevailing hues—pink and yellow. He drifted along with the stream of passengers on the pavement (accompanied by a stream of carriages in the road) until they stopped with one accord at a gate—and paid admission-money to a man in office—and poured into a great open space of ground which looked like an uncultivated garden.

Arrived here, the foreign visitor opened his eyes in wonder at the scene revealed to view. He observed thousands of people assembled, composed almost exclusively of the middle and upper classes of society. They were congregated round a vast inclosure; they were elevated on amphitheatrical wooden stands; and they were perched on the roofs of horseless carriages, drawn up in rows. From this congregation there rose such a roar of eager voices as he had never heard yet from any assembled multitude in these islands. Predominating among the cries, he detected one everlasting question. It began with, "Who backs—?" and it ended in the alternate pronouncing of two British names unintelligible to foreign ears. Seeing these extraordinary sights, and hearing these stirring sounds, he applied to a policeman on duty; and said, in his best producible English, "If you please, Sir, what is this?"

The policeman answered, "North against South—Sports."

The foreigner was informed, but not satisfied. He pointed all round the assembly with a circular sweep of his hand; and said, "Why?"

The policeman declined to waste words on a man who could ask such a question as that. He lifted a large purple forefinger, with a broad white nail at the end of it, and pointed gravely to a printed Bill, posted on the wall behind him. The drifting foreigner drifted to the Bill.

After reading it carefully, from top to bottom, he consulted a polite private individual near at hand, who proved to be far more communicative than the policeman. The result on his mind, as a person not thoroughly awakened to the enormous national importance of Athletic Sports, was much as follows:

The color of North is pink. The color of South is yellow. North produces fourteen pink men, and South produces thirteen yellow men. The meeting of pink and yellow is a solemnity. The solemnity takes its rise in an indomitable national passion for hardening the arms and legs, by throwing hammers and cricket-balls with the first, and running and jumping with the second. The object in view is to do this in public rivalry. The ends arrived at are (physically) an excessive development of the muscles, purchased at the expense of an excessive strain on the heart and the lungs—(morally), glory; conferred at the moment by the public applause; confirmed the next day by a report in the newspapers. Any person who presumes to see any physical evil involved in these exercises to the men who practice them, or any moral obstruction in the exhibition itself to those civilizing influences on which the true greatness of all nations depends, is a person without a biceps, who is simply incomprehensible. Muscular England develops itself, and takes no notice of him.

The foreigner mixed with the assembly, and looked more closely at the social spectacle around him.

He had met with these people before. He had seen them (for instance) at the theatre, and had observed their manners and customs with considerable curiosity and surprise. When the curtain was down, they were so little interested in what they had come to see, that they had hardly spirit enough to speak to each other between the acts. When the curtain was up, if the play made any appeal to their sympathy with any of the higher and nobler emotions of humanity, they received it as something wearisome, or sneered at it as something absurd. The public feeling of the countrymen of Shakspeare, so far as they represented it, recognized but two duties in the dramatist—the duty of making them laugh, and the duty of getting it over soon. The two great merits of a stage proprietor, in England (judging by the rare applause of his cultivated customers), consisted in spending plenty of money on his scenery, and in hiring plenty of brazen-faced women to exhibit their bosoms and their legs. Not at theatres only; but among other gatherings, in other places, the foreigner had noticed the same stolid languor where any effort was exacted from genteel English brains, and the same stupid contempt where any appeal was made to genteel English hearts. Preserve us from enjoying any thing but jokes and scandal! Preserve us from respecting any thing but rank and money! There were the social aspirations of these insular ladies and gentlemen, as expressed under other circumstances, and as betrayed amidst other scenes. Here, all was changed. Here was the strong feeling, the breathless interest, the hearty enthusiasm, not visible elsewhere. Here were the superb gentlemen who were too weary to speak, when an Art was addressing them, shouting themselves hoarse with burst on burst of genuine applause. Here were the fine ladies who yawned behind their fans, at the bare idea of being called on to think or to feel, waving their handkerchiefs in honest delight, and actually flushing with excitement through their powder and their paint. And all for what? All for running and jumping—all for throwing hammers and balls.

The foreigner looked at it, and tried, as a citizen of a civilized country, to understand it. He was still trying—when there occurred a pause in the performances.

Certain hurdles, which had served to exhibit the present satisfactory state of civilization (in jumping) among the upper classes, were removed. The privileged persons who had duties to perform within the inclosure, looked all round it; and disappeared one after another. A great hush of expectation pervaded the whole assembly. Something of no common interest and importance was evidently about to take place. On a sudden, the silence was broken by a roar of cheering from the mob in the road outside the grounds. People looked at each other excitedly, and said, "One of them has come." The silence prevailed again—and was a second time broken by another roar of applause. People nodded to each other with an air of relief and said, "Both of them have come." Then the great hush fell on the crowd once more; and all eyes looked toward one particular point of the ground, occupied by a little wooden pavilion, with the blinds down over the open windows, and the door closed.

The foreigner was deeply impressed by the silent expectation of the great throng about him. He felt his own sympathies stirred, without knowing why. He believed himself to be on the point of understanding the English people.

Some ceremony of grave importance was evidently in preparation. Was a great orator going to address the assembly? Was a glorious anniversary to be commemorated? Was a religious service to be performed? He looked round him to apply for information once more. Two gentlemen—who contrasted favorably, so far as refinement of manner was concerned, with most of the spectators present—were slowly making their way, at that moment, through the crowd near him. He respectfully asked what national solemnity was now about to take place. They informed him that a pair of strong young men were going to run round the inclosure for a given number of turns, with the object of ascertaining which could run the fastest of the two.

The foreigner lifted his hands and eyes to heaven. Oh, multifarious Providence! who would have suspected that the infinite diversities of thy creation included such beings as these! With that aspiration, he turned his back on the race-course, and left the place.

On his way out of the grounds he had occasion to use his handkerchief, and found that it was gone. He felt next for his purse. His purse was missing too. When he was back again in his own country, intelligent inquiries were addressed to him on the subject of England. He had but one reply to give. "The whole nation is a mystery to me. Of all the English people I only understand the English thieves!"

In the mean time the two gentlemen, making their way through the crowd, reached a wicket-gate in the fence which surrounded the inclosure.

Presenting a written order to the policeman in charge of the gate, they were forthwith admitted within the sacred precincts. The closely packed spectators, regarding them with mixed feelings of envy and curiosity, wondered who they might be. Were they referees appointed to act at the coming race? or reporters for the newspapers? or commissioners of police? They were neither the one nor the other. They were only Mr. Speedwell, the surgeon, and Sir Patrick Lundie.

The two gentlemen walked into the centre of the inclosure, and looked round them.

The grass on which they were standing was girdled by a broad smooth path, composed of finely-sifted ashes and sand—and this again was surrounded by the fence and by the spectators ranked behind it. Above the lines thus formed rose on one side the amphitheatres with their tiers of crowded benches, and on the other the long rows of carriages with the sight-seers inside and out. The evening sun was shining brightly, the light and shade lay together in grand masses, the varied colors of objects blended softly one with the other. It was a splendid and an inspiriting scene.

Sir Patrick turned from the rows of eager faces all round him to his friend the surgeon.

"Is there one person to be found in this vast crowd," he asked, "who has come to see the race with the doubt in his mind which has brought *us* to see it?"

Mr. Speedwell shook his head. "Not one of them knows or cares what the struggle may cost the men who engage in it."

Sir Patrick looked round him again. "I almost wish I had not come to see it," he said. "If this wretched man—"

The surgeon interposed. "Don't dwell needlessly, Sir Patrick, on the gloomy view," he rejoined. "The opinion I have formed has, thus far, no positive grounds to rest on. I am guessing rightly, as I believe, but at the same time I am guessing in the dark. Appearances *may* have misled me. There may be reserves of vital force in Mr. Delamayn's constitution which I don't suspect. I am here to learn a lesson—not to see a prediction fulfilled. I know his health is broken, and I believe he is going to run this race at his own proper peril. Don't feel too sure beforehand of the event. The event may prove me to be wrong."

For the moment Sir Patrick dropped the subject. He was not in his usual spirits.

Since his interview with Anne had satisfied him that she was Geoffrey's lawful wife, the conviction had inevitably forced itself on his mind that the one possible chance for her in the future was the chance of Geoffrey's death. Horrible as it was to him, he had been possessed by that one idea—go where he might, do what he might, struggle as he might to force his thoughts in other directions. He looked round the broad ashen path on which the race was to be run, conscious that he had a secret interest in it which it was unutterably repugnant to him to feel. He tried to resume the conversation with his friend, and to lead it to other topics. The effort was useless. In despite of himself, he returned to the one fatal subject of the struggle that was now close at hand.

"How many times must they go round this inclosure," he inquired, "before the race is ended?"

Mr. Speedwell turned toward a gentleman who was approaching them at the moment. "Here is somebody coming who can tell us," he said.

"You know him?"

"He is one of my patients."

"Who is he?"

"After the two runners he is the most important personage on the ground. He is the final authority—the umpire of the race."

The person thus described was a middle-aged man, with a prematurely wrinkled face, with prematurely white hair, and with something of a military look about him—brief in speech, and quick in manner.

"The path measures four hundred and forty yards round," he said, when the surgeon had repeated Sir Patrick's question to him. "In plainer words, and not to put you to your arithmetic, once round it is a quarter of a mile. Each round is called a 'Lap.' The men must run sixteen Laps to finish the race. Not to put you to your arithmetic again, they must run four miles—the longest race of this kind which it is customary to attempt at Sports like these."

"Professional pedestrians exceed that limit, do they not?"

"Considerably—on certain occasions."

"Are they a long-lived race?"

"Far from it. They are exceptions when they live to be old men."

Mr. Speedwell looked at Sir Patrick. Sir Patrick put a question to the umpire.

"You have just told us," he said, "that the two young men who appear to-day are going to run the longest distance yet attempted in their experience. Is it generally thought, by persons who understand such things, that they are both fit to bear the exertion demanded of them?"

"You can judge for yourself, Sir. Here is one of them."

He pointed toward the pavilion. At the same moment there rose a mighty clapping of hands from the great throng of spectators. Fleetwood, champion of the North, decorated in his pink colors, descended the pavilion steps and walked into the arena.

Young, lithe, and elegant, with supple strength expressed in every movement of his limbs, with a bright smile on his resolute young face, the man of the north won the women's hearts at starting. The murmur of eager talk rose among them on all sides. The men were quieter—especially the men who understood the subject. It was a serious question with these experts whether Fleetwood was not "a little too fine." Superbly trained, it was admitted—but, possibly, a little *over*-trained for a four-mile race.

The northern hero was followed into the inclosure by his friends and backers, and by his trainer. This last carried a tin can in his hand. "Cold water," the umpire explained. "If he gets exhausted, his trainer will pick him up with a dash of it as he goes by."

A new burst of hand-clapping rattled all round the arena. Delamayn, champion of the South, decorated in his yellow colors, presented himself to the public view.

The immense hum of voices rose louder and louder as he walked into the centre of the great green space. Surprise at the extraordinary contrast between the two men was the prevalent emotion of the moment. Geoffrey was more than a head taller than his antagonist, and broader in full proportion. The women who had been charmed with the easy gait and confident smile of Fleetwood, were all more or less painfully impressed by the sullen strength of the southern man, as he passed before them slowly, with his head down and his brows knit, deaf to the applause showered on him, reckless of the eyes that looked at him; speaking to nobody; concentrated in himself; biding his time. He held the men who understood the subject breathless with interest. There it was! the famous "staying power" that was to endure in the last terrible half-mile of the race, when the nimble and jaunty Fleetwood was run off his legs. Whispers had been spread abroad hinting at something which had gone wrong with Delamayn in his training. And now that all eyes could judge him, his appearance suggested criticism in some quarters. It was exactly the opposite of the criticism passed on his antagonist. The doubt as to Delamayn was whether he had been sufficiently trained. Still the solid strength of the man, the slow, panther-like smoothness of his movements—and, above all, his great reputation in the world of muscle and sport—had their effect. The betting which, with occasional fluctuations, had held steadily in his favor thus far, held, now that he was publicly seen, steadily in his favor still. "Fleetwood for shorter distances, if you like; but Delamayn for a four-mile race."

"Do you think he sees us?" whispered Sir Patrick to the surgeon.

"He sees nobody."

"Can you judge of the condition he is in, at this distance?"

"He has twice the muscular strength of the other man. His trunk and limbs are magnificent. It is useless to ask me more than that about his condition. We are too far from him to see his face plainly."

The conversation among the audience began to flag again; and the silent expectation set in among them once more. One by one, the different persons officially connected with the race gathered together on the grass. The trainer Perry was among them, with his can of water in his hand, in anxious whispering conversation with his principal—giving him the last words of advice before the start. The trainer's doctor, leaving them together, came up to pay his respects to his illustrious colleague.

"How has he got on since I was at Fulham?" asked Mr. Speedwell.

"First-rate, Sir! It was one of his bad days when you saw him. He has done wonders in the last eight-and-forty hours."

"Is he going to win the race?"

Privately the doctor had done what Perry had done before him—he had backed Geoffrey's antagonist. Publicly he was true to his colors. He cast a disparaging look at Fleetwood—and answered Yes, without the slightest hesitation.

At that point, the conversation was suspended by a sudden movement in the inclosure. The runners were on their way to the starting-place. The moment of the race had come.

Shoulder to shoulder, the two men waited—each with his foot touching the mark. The firing of a pistol gave the signal for the start. At the instant when the report sounded, they were off.

Fleetwood at once took the lead; Delamayn following, at from two to three yards behind him. In that order, they ran the first round, the second, and the third—both reserving their strength; both watched with breathless interest by every soul in the place. The trainers, with their cans in their hands, ran backward and forward over the grass, meeting their men at certain points, and eying them narrowly, in silence. The official persons stood together in a group; their eyes following the runners round and round with the closest attention. The trainer's doctor, still attached to his illustrious colleague, offered the necessary explanations to Mr. Speedwell and his friend.

"Nothing much to see for the first mile, Sir, except the 'style' of the two men."

"You mean they are not really exerting themselves yet?"

"No. Getting their wind, and feeling their legs. Pretty runner, Fleetwood—if you notice, Sir? Gets his legs a trifle better in front, and hardly lifts his heels quite so high as our man. His action's the best of the two; I grant that. But just look, as they come by, which keeps the straightest line. There's where Delamayn has him! It's a steadier, stronger, truer pace; and you'll see it tell when they're half-way through." So, for the first three rounds, the doctor expatiated on the two contrasted "styles"—in terms mercifully adapted to the comprehension of persons unacquainted with the language of the running ring.

At the fourth round—in other words, at the round which completed the first mile, the first change in the relative position of the runners occurred. Delamayn suddenly dashed to the front. Fleetwood smiled as the other passed him. Delamayn held the lead till they were half-way through the fifth round—when Fleetwood, at a hint from his trainer, forced the pace. He lightly passed Delamayn in an instant; and led again to the completion of the sixth round. At the opening of the seventh, Delamayn forced the pace on his side. For a few moments, they ran exactly abreast. Then Delamayn drew away inch by inch; and recovered the lead. The first burst of applause (led by the south) rang out, as the big man beat Fleetwood at his own tactics, and headed him at the critical moment when the race was nearly half run.

"It begins to look as if Delamayn *was* going to win!" said Sir Patrick.

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The trainer's doctor forgot himself. Infected by the rising excitement of every body about him, he let out the truth.

"Wait a bit!" he said. "Fleetwood has got directions to let him pass—Fleetwood is waiting to see what he can do."

"Cunning, you see, Sir Patrick, is one of the elements in a manly sport," said Mr. Speedwell, quietly.

At the end of the seventh round, Fleetwood proved the doctor to be right. He shot past Delamayn like an arrow from a bow. At the end of the eight round, he was leading by two yards. Half the race had then been run. Time, ten minutes and thirty-three seconds.

Toward the end of the ninth round, the pace slackened a little; and Delamayn was in front again. He kept ahead, until the opening of the eleventh round. At that point, Fleetwood flung up one hand in the air with a gesture of triumph; and bounded past Delamayn with a shout of "Hooray for the North!" The shout was echoed by the spectators. In proportion as the exertion began to tell upon the men, so the excitement steadily rose among the people looking at them.

At the twelfth round, Fleetwood was leading by six yards. Cries of triumph rose among the adherents of the north, met by counter-cries of defiance from the south. At the next turn Delamayn resolutely lessened the distance between his antagonist and himself. At the opening of the fourteenth round, they were coming side by side. A few yards more, and Delamayn was in front again, amidst a roar of applause from the whole public voice. Yet a few yards further, and Fleetwood neared him; passed him; dropped behind again; led again; and was passed again at the end of the round. The excitement rose to its highest pitch, as the runners—gasping for breath; with dark-flushed faces, and heaving breasts—alternately passed and repassed each other. Oaths were heard now as well as cheers. Women turned pale, and men set their teeth, as the last round but one began.

At the opening of it, Delamayn was still in advance. Before six yards more had been covered, Fleetwood betrayed the purpose of his running in the previous round, and electrified the whole assembly, by dashing past his antagonist—for the first time in the race at the top of his speed. Every body present could see, now, that Delamayn had been allowed to lead on sufferance—had been dextrously drawn on to put out his whole power—and had then, and not till then, been seriously deprived of the lead. He made another effort, with a desperate resolution that roused the public enthusiasm to frenzy. While the voices were roaring; while the hats and handkerchiefs were waving round the course; while the actual event of the race was, for one supreme moment, still in doubt—Mr. Speedwell caught Sir Patrick by the arm.

"Prepare yourself!" he whispered. "It's all over."

As the words passed his lips, Delamayn swerved on the path. His trainer dashed water over him. He rallied, and ran another step or two—swerved again—staggered—lifted his arm to his mouth with a hoarse cry of rage—fastened his own teeth in his flesh like a wild beast—and fell senseless on the course.

A Babel of sounds arose. The cries of alarm in some places, mingling with the shouts of triumph from the backers of Fleetwood in others—as their man ran lightly on to win the now uncontested race. Not the inclosure only, but the course itself was invaded by the crowd. In the midst of the tumult the fallen man was drawn on to the grass—with Mr. Speedwell and the trainer's doctor in attendance on him. At the terrible moment when the surgeon laid his hand on the heart, Fleetwood passed the spot—a passage being forced for him through the people by his friends and the police—running the sixteenth and last round of the race.

Had the beaten man fainted under it, or had he died under it? Every body waited with their eyes riveted on the surgeon's hand.

The surgeon looked up from him, and called for water to throw over his face, for brandy to put into his mouth. He was coming to life again—he had survived the race. The last shout of applause which hailed Fleetwood's victory rang out as they lifted him from the ground to carry him to the pavilion. Sir Patrick (admitted at Mr. Speedwell's request) was the one stranger allowed to pass the door. At the moment when he was ascending the steps, some one touched his arm. It was Captain Newenden.

"Do the doctors answer for his life?" asked the captain. "I can't get my niece to leave the ground till she is satisfied of that."

Mr. Speedwell heard the question, and replied to it briefly from the top of the pavilion steps.

"For the present—yes," he said.

The captain thanked him, and disappeared.

They entered the pavilion. The necessary restorative measures were taken under Mr. Speedwell's directions. There the conquered athlete lay: outwardly an inert mass of strength, formidable to look at, even in its fall; inwardly, a weaker creature, in all that constitutes vital force, than the fly that buzzed on the window-pane. By slow degrees the fluttering life came back. The sun was setting; and the evening light was beginning to fail. Mr. Speedwell beckoned to Perry to follow him into an unoccupied corner of the room.

"In half an hour or less he will be well enough to be taken home. Where are his friends? He has a brother—hasn't he?"

"His brother's in Scotland, Sir."

"His father?"

Perry scratched his head. "From all I hear, Sir, he and his father don't agree."

Mr. Speedwell applied to Sir Patrick.

"Do you know any thing of his family affairs?"

"Very little. I believe what the man has told you to be the truth."

"Is his mother living?"

"Yes."

"I will write to her myself. In the mean time, somebody must take him home. He has plenty of friends here. Where are they?"

He looked out of the window as he spoke. A throng of people had gathered round the pavilion, waiting to hear the latest news. Mr. Speedwell directed Perry to go out and search among them for any friends of his employer whom he might know by sight. Perry hesitated, and scratched his head for the second time.

"What are you waiting for?" asked the surgeon, sharply. "You know his friends by sight, don't you?"

"I don't think I shall find them outside," said Perry.

"Why not?"

"They backed him heavily, Sir—and they have all lost."

Deaf to this unanswerable reason for the absence of friends, Mr. Speedwell insisted on sending Perry out to search among the persons who composed the crowd. The trainer returned with his report. "You were right, Sir. There are some of his friends outside. They want to see him."

"Let two or three of them in."

Three came in. They stared at him. They uttered brief expressions of pity in slang. They said to Mr. Speedwell, "We wanted to see him. What is it—eh?"

"It's a break-down in his health."

"Bad training?"

"Athletic Sports."

"Oh! Thank you. Good-evening."

Mr. Speedwell's answer drove them out like a flock of sheep before a dog. There was not even time to put the question to them as to who was to take him home.

"I'll look after him, Sir," said Perry. "You can trust me."

"I'll go too," added the trainer's doctor; "and see him littered down for the night."

(The only two men who had "hedged" their bets, by privately backing his opponent, were also the only two men who volunteered to take him home!)

They went back to the sofa on which he was lying. His bloodshot eyes were rolling heavily and vacantly about him, on the search for something. They rested on the doctor—and looked away again. They turned to Mr. Speedwell—and stopped, riveted on his face. The surgeon bent over him, and said, "What is it?"

He answered with a thick accent and laboring breath—uttering a word at a time: "Shall—I—die?"

"I hope not."

"Sure?"

"No."

He looked round him again. This time his eyes rested on the trainer. Perry came forward.

"What can I do for you, Sir?"

The reply came slowly as before. "My—coat—pocket."

"This one, Sir?"

"No."

"This?"

"Yes. Book."

The trainer felt in the pocket, and produced a betting-book.

"What's to be done with this, Sir?"

"Read."

The trainer held the book before him; open at the last two pages on which entries had been made. He rolled his head impatiently from side to side of the sofa pillow. It was plain that he was not yet sufficiently recovered to be able to read what he had written.

"Shall I read for you, Sir?"

"Yes."

The trainer read three entries, one after another, without result; they had all been honestly settled. At the fourth the prostrate man said, "Stop!" This was the first of the entries which still depended on a future event. It recorded the wager laid at Windygates, when Geoffrey had backed himself (in defiance of the surgeon's opinion) to row in the University boat-race next spring—and had forced Arnold Brinkworth to bet against him.

"Well, Sir? What's to be done about this?"

He collected his strength for the effort; and answered by a word at a time.

"Write—brother—Julius. Pay—Arnold—wins."

His lifted hand, solemnly emphasizing what he said, dropped at his side. He closed his eyes; and fell into a heavy stertorous sleep. Give him his due. Scoundrel as he was, give him his due. The awful moment, when his life was trembling in the balance, found him true to the last living faith left among the men of his tribe and time—the faith of the betting-book.

Sir Patrick and Mr. Speedwell quitted the race-ground together; Geoffrey having been previously removed to his lodgings hard by. They met Arnold Brinkworth at the gate. He had, by his own desire, kept out of view among the crowd; and he decided on walking back by himself. The separation from Blanche had changed him in all his habits. He asked but two favors during the interval which was to elapse before he saw his wife again—to be allowed to bear it in his own way, and to be left alone.

Relieved of the oppression which had kept him silent while the race was in progress, Sir Patrick put a question to the surgeon as they drove home, which had been in his mind from the moment when Geoffrey had lost the day.

"I hardly understand the anxiety you showed about Delamayn," he said, "when you found that he had only fainted under the fatigue. Was it something more than a common fainting fit?"

"It is useless to conceal it now," replied Mr. Speedwell. "He has had a narrow escape from a paralytic stroke."

"Was that what you dreaded when you spoke to him at Windygates?"

"That was what I saw in his face when I gave him the warning. I was right, so far. I was wrong in my estimate of the reserve of vital power left in him. When he dropped on the race-course, I firmly believed we should find him a dead man."

"Is it hereditary paralysis? His father's last illness was of that sort."

Mr. Speedwell smiled. "Hereditary paralysis?" he repeated. "Why the man is (naturally) a phenomenon of health and strength—in the prime of his life. Hereditary paralysis might have found him out thirty years hence. His rowing and his running, for the last four years, are alone answerable for what has happened to-day."

Sir Patrick ventured on a suggestion.

"Surely," he said, "with your name to compel attention to it, you ought to make this public—as a warning to others?"

"It would be quite useless. Delamayn is far from being the first man who has dropped at foot-racing, under the cruel stress laid on the vital organs. The public have a happy knack of forgetting these accidents. They would be quite satisfied when they found the other man (who happens to have got through it) produced as a sufficient answer to me."

Anne Silvester's future was still dwelling on Sir Patrick's mind. His next inquiry related to the serious subject of Geoffrey's prospect of recovery in the time to come.

"He will never recover," said Mr. Speedwell. "Paralysis is hanging over him. How long he may live it is impossible for me to say. Much depends on himself. In his condition, any new imprudence, any violent emotion, may kill him at a moment's notice."

"If no accident happens," said Sir Patrick, "will he be sufficiently himself again to leave his bed and go out?"

"Certainly."

"He has an appointment that I know of for Saturday next. Is it likely that he will be able to keep it?"

"Quite likely."

Sir Patrick said no more. Anne's face was before him again at the memorable moment when he had told her that she was Geoffrey's wife.

ART AND MORALITY.

WE can not fail to remark, says Mr. Ruskin in a recent lecture, that it is not in the peace and purity of simple peasant life that Art is to be found; but that Art attains its highest perfection in a stage of civilization sullied by crime—that the noblest development of Art may almost be allowed to be a sure sign of a nation's approaching ruin. For Art finds its highest perfection by its contention with evil—its noblest development by its struggle with what is base and degrading—it is hence that it derives its power. The virtues of artless peasants are apparent, not real; it is their ignorance of evil and the absence of all temptation which make them virtuous. A noble nation, as it hastens on the path of progress, passes through a stage of feverish energy which increases as, step by step, it draws nearer to its perfection. At last conscience and intellect are so highly developed that new kinds of error spring up from inability to satisfy the one or to minister to the other; wealth increases, and luxury with wealth, while the arts are exponent of each phase of its growth or decline. At last the catastrophe comes, but Art does not in any way bring it about; it rather is that wealth, that root of all evil, has made all the nation's skill minister to evil purposes, and it has caused Art to do so among the rest.

Although it is true that in many great artists there has been an element of sorrow in their character, a kind of momentary despair from time to time, arising from their consciousness of the unprofitableness of their short-lived service, yet in most the motive power has been a strong instinct of duty or a hopeful love of doing with their might all that the great Master gives them to do. Art can not co-exist with what is selfish: the true artist must have an energy of love joined to an energy of order. These two instincts are necessary—the one to teach him to deal kindly with surrounding life, the other to enable him to subdue rebellious forces. All in him must be strong, and yet gentle and obedient: he must suppress no natural instinct, but only bring it into proper subjection. Anger, for instance, must not be starved, as it is too often starved in modern life. We suppress our just feeling of vengeance against evil; we make the end of punishment expediency, and not the vindicating of the majesty of Justice; we put our criminal to death, not because he deserves to die, but that he may serve as a scarecrow to prevent others doing the like.

Art, then, must always be founded on a *love of order* based on *justice*, and on a *love of beauty* based on *affection*. This latter is an essential part of all noble natures: it is the direct adversary of cruelty, avarice, mean worldly care. The intensity of all other perceptions of beauty is always commensurate with the imaginative purity of the passion of love.

The moral power of imagination is unbounded; it is on the gradual increase of the dignity of the relations existing between the sexes that the gradual increase of the imaginative faculty depends. It was imperfect among the Greeks because of the subordinate position of women and the presence of inferior passions, whereby the ethical progress of the Greek mind was arrested. In its highest form imagination gives rise to the noblest chivalry—that bulwark of honor and of patience. Its highest function is not to suppress the passions, but to exalt them to right objects.

Imagination, rightly cultivated, gives us a true knowledge of the past, a firm grasp of the present, a confident hope for the future. It is our best educator: it fills our conceptive faculty with noble thoughts when directed aright; it enables us to conquer that kingdom of our thoughts wherein lies our noblest victory. Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

True Art, then, is never immoral—we might almost say that little else but Art is moral; for as life without industry is guilt, so industry without Art is brutality. But we must always remember that in order to be great artists we must first of all be good men; that his work only lives and prospers who hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, but steadily pursues solely what is pure and honest and of good report.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"You are quite welcome," as the empty purse said to the shilling.

An instance of distinction without a difference was offered by the Irishman who, having legs of different sizes, ordered boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed; but, as he tried the smaller boot upon the larger leg, he exclaimed, indignantly: "Confound the fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other, and, instead of that, he has made one smaller than the other."

A quarrel on the Boulevards terminated thus one day, to the amusement of the spectators: "Monsieur, you shall give me satisfaction." Reply (amidst a peal of laughter): "Monsieur, I can not. I am a member of the Society for Protecting Animals."

"Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" said a father, in a ball-room, to his daughter. "Because, papa, it hurts when any one squeezes my hand." "What business have you to have your hand squeezed?" "Certainly, none; but still, you know, papa, one would like to keep it in a squeezable order."

At a very successful séance the other night, a man burst into tears when the medium described very particularly a tall, blue-eyed spirit standing near with light side-whiskers, and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a by-stander, in a sympathetic whisper. "Know him: I guess I do!" replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. Oh, George, George!" he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion, "why, why did you peg out?"

An impatient Welshman called to his wife, "Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day!" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock with, "Come, Bridget, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning, to-morrow is Tuesday, the next day's Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet!"

A young lady of Kansas City, one of the fashionable belles, was frightened almost out of her wits a few mornings since, on discovering, snugly ensconced in her chignon, an innocent little mouse, which had crawled into, and made a bed of, that feminine adornment while its fair owner slept. Moral: Every young lady should keep a cat in her chignon.

A New London Sabbath-school teacher said to a little boy recently: "Suppose some bad, wicked boy should stop you on your way to church, and ask you to go to some bad place with him. What would you say?" "What would I say?" repeated the little wag. "I would say, 'Shoo, fly, don't bodder me; I'm bound for Sunday-school."

Sir Watkins William Wynne, conversing with a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried back to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Ay!" said he; "how so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me; it filled about five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin: *About this time the world was created.*"

"Don't beat your carpets," says some kind-hearted person: "try kindness and firmness; and if that don't keep them down, send for a policeman and have them taken up."

"Why, Charlie, I am surprised to see you making faces at your mother!" Charlie brightened up at once, and retorted, "Why, I calculated to laugh, but, mamma, my face slipped."

A vulgar mason, who had become rich by the recent demolition in Paris, was anxious to marry his only son to one of the daughters of a marquis. "I wish you would let my son marry one of your girls," said he. "Certainly," said the marquis; "which does he want—the girl that waits in the kitchen, or the girl that washes?"

A poor laird of Macnab was in the habit of riding a most wretched horse to the Musselburgh races, where a young wit asked him, in a contemptuous tone, "Is that the same horse you had last year?" "No," said the laird, brandishing his whip in the interrogator's face so emphatically as to preclude further questioning—"no; but it's the same whip."

An Irishman asked a gentleman to write a letter for him. The substance of it was advice to his friend Tim O'Brien to come out to America. "Tell him, yer Honor," said Patrick, "that we have mate twice a week here." "You know very well that you get it every day," interrupted the amanuensis. "Troth, an' I do; but he would think I was foolin' him. Sure, he'd not believe me." The letter was ordered to end as follows: "I send you twenty pounds with this, to bring you over here. If you're alive, Tim, you're welcome to it; but if you're dead, you'll just send it back at onst."

A gentleman who suicided a few days ago left a note to the landlady, apologizing for making so much trouble, but stating that he must have "some place to die."

A few days ago a gentleman whose proboscis had been lost, was invited out to tea. "My dear," said the good woman of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular, and to make no remark about Mr. Jenkins's nose." Gathered about the table, every thing was going well; the child peeped about, looked rather puzzled, and at last startled the table: "Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins's nose? he hasn't got any."

A lady made reference the other day to Mr. Bryant's translation of Homer in the presence of an old lady, who suddenly remarked, with a look of wonder, "Why, I didn't know's th's ever but one besides Enoch translated. I don't think of his name now; but 'tain't Homer, any way."

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THE FLORAL TRIBUTE TO THE NATION'S DEAD.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

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FLOWER-SELLERS IN THE MARKET AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—[DRAWN BY A. L. JACKSON.]

FIRST MUNICIPAL ELECTION IN RICHMOND SINCE THE END OF THE WAR—REGISTRATION OF COLORED VOTERS.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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A GOOD WORD FOR OLD MAIDS.

THE spitefulness of an old maid has become quite a proverb, because her own disappointment makes her envious of the success of others, and she is as quick in detecting flaws as she is open-mouthed in proclaiming them. The domestic and daily life of her neighbors supplies her with food for gossip, which is said to be the *specialité* of an old maid. It has been humorously affirmed that the Kilkenny cats are a fitting type of all spinsters of a certain age, and that a contest between them affords as much sport as the greatest lover of mischief can desire.

Admitting the justice, in some instances, of the complaint that is made against old maids, and not denying that some among them are conspicuous for their *mauvaise langue*, we maintain that they have not the monopoly of it, but that married women have before now acquired a reputation for unequaled skill in backbiting and spitefulness against their fellows. We maintain also that, while admitting the evil tendency of every thing that contracts the affections, some of the pleasantest, most agreeable persons we have known, we have found in the condemned ranks of old maids. We said that it required some strong counteracting influences to neutralize the consequences of a life disappointed of what may be said to be its legitimate aims; but when these influences are in full and unfettered operation, the result is that they produce refinement and an elevation of character which is rarely found elsewhere. The discipline of life tries us all, whatever our condition may be. They who fret and strive and fight against their trials expend their strength uselessly; but they who, on the other hand, accept and make the best of them, find a grace and a strength which more than compensate for whatever suffering and weariness accompany the search after the sweetness which lies at the bottom of even the bitterest cup. The old maid who has accepted her lot without repining, who cultivates her intellect and stores her mind, who enlarges her charity by making the trials of others in some measure her own, who sees that there lies before her a large sphere of usefulness which she can pursue undistracted by domestic and family cares, is a source of blessing to herself and others. Her presence is always hailed because of its healing influence. She can allay dissensions, knowing how to speak the "soft answer that turneth away wrath." As in the still moonlight the outer world loses whatever it may have of harshness, and all things are mellowed beneath its rays, so in the presence of one who has learned lessons of patience, resignation, and unselfishness, the world's irregularities are toned down and softened, and the tumult even of undisciplined hearts is stilled.

THE HEROINE OF THE FAST NOVEL.

THE alliance between luxury and lust is proverbial; and it would be strange if the enthusiastic admirers of sofas covered with black velvet, of rooms papered with pale azure hangings, silver-starred, of little sequestered beds adorned with mirrors and overhung by silver-winged angels, were not keenly alive to those feminine charms which are not expressed by the word "spiritual." Accordingly, we find our fast novelists deeply enamored of the female form, and presenting it to us as seductively as the nature of their art will admit of; and, considering that perhaps the majority of our fast novelists are themselves of the fair sex, they likewise copiously indulge in frank admiration for manly proportions. Sometimes we are presented to a stately woman—a splendid animal, the brilliancy of whose pale bright hair, and the perfect smoothness of whose great satin throat, are heightened by the richness of her creaseless black velvet, but who—cold, white, voluptuous—chills by the passionless stupor of her soul the passions her splendid physique provokes; and this agreeable description affords the narrator the opportunity of making the remark, that she is not sure whether impassioned ugliness—supposing the ugliness to be moderate, and the passion immoderate—has not more attraction for men than iced beauty. Sometimes we are admitted to the private chamber of a young lady who lies prone on her bed, the tangled riches of whose swart hair wander over her tossed pillow, and whose bare feet gleamingly emerge from her dressing-gown, while a young gentleman leans over her in passionate admiration. Even a statue is described as though it were flesh; and a lad of eighteen is represented as telling of the subtle emotion which the contemplation of a copy of the Venus Anadyomene excited in him—how he caressed the crossed arms, gazed on her undulating bosom and her pear-shaped breast, and pictured her to himself with her perfect limbs raised by the moving veil of cool waters. Sometimes, "the fairest of God's works, a beautiful woman," steps out from her dressing-room on to her balcony afront the sea, with a goodly number of spectators below and on a line with her. The wind lifts the warm-colored auburn hair that floats over her shoulders, and flutters the lace sleeves that hang loosely about her round white arms. Perceiving that a gentleman in a neighboring balcony is admiring her, with a voluptuous grace of manner she flings back the lace sleeves still farther, and sends a great float of warm hair down to her waist. All her movements are declared to say, in plain language, "Do you not see that I am lovely? In the soft shadows of my satin petticoat a tiny foot is tipped over its fellow, disclosing the most delicate of ankles. Does not the roundness of my arms and the wealth of my hair attract you irresistibly?" When such bewitching creatures ride, there is always a wind that blows their habit closer to their figures. When a man enters the room, their first thought is, "There's a perfect figure, lithe, and well-knit." They always carefully select their seats, for they are good judges of effect, and know how alluring they seem when the dazzling whiteness of their bust and arms *are* (for such is almost invariably the notion of grammar entertained by our voluptuaries) brought into relief by dark crimson settees, and when the half-averted head shows the exquisite contour of the throat. They are of opinion that five-foot-ten in a man is, "for all practical purposes," better than six-foot; and their comments on a successful sister are, that "she has a thundering good figure, and knows how to use her eyes."

JAPANESE CULTURE.

THE Japanese are a cultivated people, with letters and literature partly of Chinese origin, but modified, in order to adapt them to Japanese use. They have also a distinct national history; and their literature, though not rich in philosophical disquisitions, abounds in legends, in fables, in satirical descriptions. The Japanese have also highly developed artistic tastes; and painting, drawing, and sculpture are followed as distinct professions. The Japanese drawing does not always satisfy European exigencies with regard to perspective; but the coloring is brilliant; and in Japanese sketches, whether of plants or animals, people or landscape, there is a breadth, life, and truth which many European artists of much higher pretensions might envy. In fact, the best notions that we can obtain of Japanese life and its surroundings are to be derived from the numerous sketches by Japanese artists which exist, and which represent the people pursuing their daily occupations. The Japanese have what the Chinese seem to be deficient in, a strong sense of humor; and this they exhibit in a very striking manner in their sketches, in which human beings are represented by typical animals. Thus, sketches may be seen in which an old priest is represented as a wolf, a group of Buddhist nuns as weasels, and a company of rats acting as rice merchants.

The artistic tastes of the people and their love of nature are both illustrated by their passion for flowers, and by the skill with which they are cultivated. No feast is considered perfect without flowers, and flower-shows meet with as much approbation in Japan as in this country. The Japanese gardeners exhibit great skill in the arts of raising new varieties of flowers, of grafting plants, so that different flowers and leaves grow in what appear to be branches of the same plant; and they are, above all, learned in the manufacture of dwarfed plants, which are in great request as house ornaments. The Japanese delight in gardens, and they lay out small pieces of ground with wonderful skill, contriving to "give ample space to narrow bounds" with much ingenuity. The vast *enceinte* of Yeddo incloses much garden ground, and the people make at least three definite excursions to the suburbs at different times of the year, to see with their own eyes how the seasons progress. These excursions are often made as picnics, in which merry family groups take part. The Japanese have also a great fondness for aquaria; every house possesses one, and an aquarium, with small fish in it, is a very common object to be seen in houses.

MONKEY HUMORS.

WHAT a wealth of humor is comprised in the phrase, "A wilderness of monkeys!" What endless fun, what fresh comedy, what brilliant farce, what infinity of by-play and private jesting, quite beyond the reach of our most popular comedians, is being forever enacted in those leafy theatres where they hold their untiring revels! How little are they dependent on the stimulus of a sympathetic audience, how free from the vulgarity of playing at the gallery, how careless about splitting the ears of the groundlings, how careful always to hold the mirror up to nature and to man! Hamlet could have given them no advice that would have been of service. On the contrary, they would have been spoiled by being "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—a metaphysical monkey, mooning over his barren philosophy, would sit in dismal discord with the surrounding fun. Even in captivity the merry race cultivate the drama. One holiday last summer we witnessed, in the monkey-house in the Regent's Park, a piece, the serious cast of which was, on Shakspearean principles, relieved by passages of lighter matter. Perched on their poles, engaged in mutual friendly investigation, or swinging airily on ropes, the community was unusually quiet, while a female monkey, not the least of whose attractions was a roseate flush which spread itself over part of her else russet-gray person, was engaged in deep flirtation with a cavalier whose nether-monkey was of a tender green, shading into gold. The impassioned Romeo, chattering voluble protestations, followed the coy but loquacious Juliet, while that *lasciva puella* pelted him in retiring with orange-peel, nut-shells, and straws, till they arrived beneath a branch along which lay extended another monkey, who watched the pair attentively. He may have been a rival, like the County Paris, or a dissatisfied relative, like Tybalt, or possibly he may have resented as an injury and a slight any preference of other attractions to his own; for he presented to the curious eye some embellishments of brilliant azure. Be that as it may, without the slightest warning, he dropped like a plummet on the enamored pair, and, seizing Romeo, bit him in his gorgeous hinder parts. The injured swain, turning with an appalling grin, grappled his assailant. Juliet fled, shrieking, and her outcries, mingling with the noise of combat, conveyed the tidings of the strife to all the cage, and "spread the truth from pole to pole." Thereupon all the other monkeys, leaving their own private concerns, vaulted from rope and perch toward the scene of action, where, with shrill clamor, they precipitated themselves on the combatants, and joined in a general fray; while an elderly and morose baboon, delayed by age and infirmity, arrived rather later, and, armed with a stick, belabored all indiscriminately who came within his reach. Shortly after, we beheld, in a neighboring cage, a monkey, of dark attenuated figure, clinging with hands and feet, like a gigantic hairy spider, to the wire roof, apparently absorbed in meditation, while his tail hung perpendicularly down to the length of about a yard. This appendage offered irresistible attractions to a friend upon a neighboring rope, who, after long earnestly surveying it as he swung, reached it in one wild leap, and, grasping it with both hands, proceeded to use it as the vehicle of an animated gymnastic performance. The sage above, nowise discomposed, slowly turned his head, and, after a patronizing glance at the pendent acrobat, resumed the thread of his meditations. Possibly this was intended as a practical illustration of the feat known to logicians as "jumping at a conclusion."

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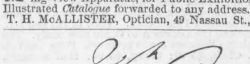

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE REV. J. TRUMBULL BACKUS, D.D.

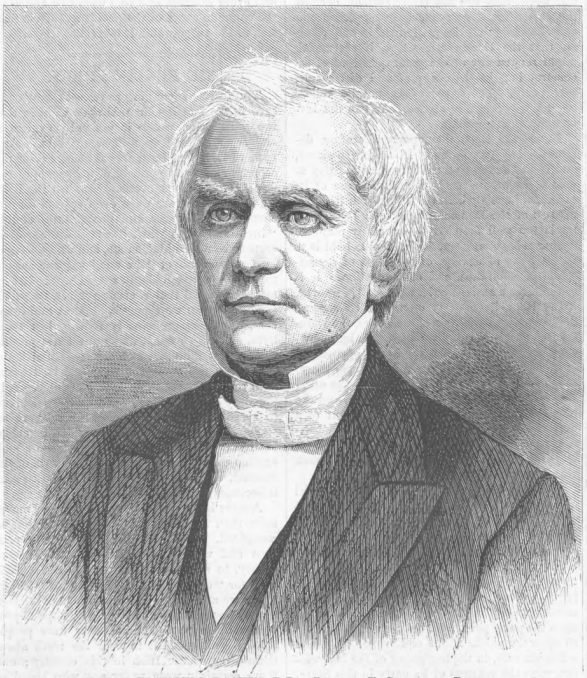
THE Rev. J. TRUMBULL BACKUS, D.D., is the son of E. F. BACKUS, who was a well-known and highly respected successful merchant of Albany, in this State. He was born in that city in 1809. He was carefully prepared for college in the Albany Academy, and entered Columbia College, in this city, in 1823. His assiduity in his studies, and the activity and vigor of his faculties, gave promise of his future success in his professional life. He was graduated, with honor, in 1827, with the Senior Class of that year, among whom he was a general favorite. He immediately entered upon a thorough course of theological study, which he diligently pursued for three years at Princeton Seminary, under the direction of the venerated professors ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER and SAMUEL MILLER. Not satisfied with this regular course of study, he also availed himself of other opportunities, and spent two additional years at sister seminaries.

Dr. BACKUS was licensed to preach in 1830 by the Presbytery of New York, Dr. PHILLIPS, Dr. KREBS, and others now departed, being then among its members, with Dr. SPRING, who still survives.

The young licentiate was invited, in 1832, to preach before the congregation of the Presbyterian Church at Schenectady. In response to a call soon after urged upon him, he was ordained and installed its pastor in December, 1832. He has never served any other church as pastor, having held that office in it now nearly thirty-eight years.

The influence of Dr. BACKUS in the whole region of which his church is the natural centre has gradually but steadily increased. The president and professors of Union College have found him a constant helper in their important work. This college conferred upon him the degree of S.T.D. many years since.

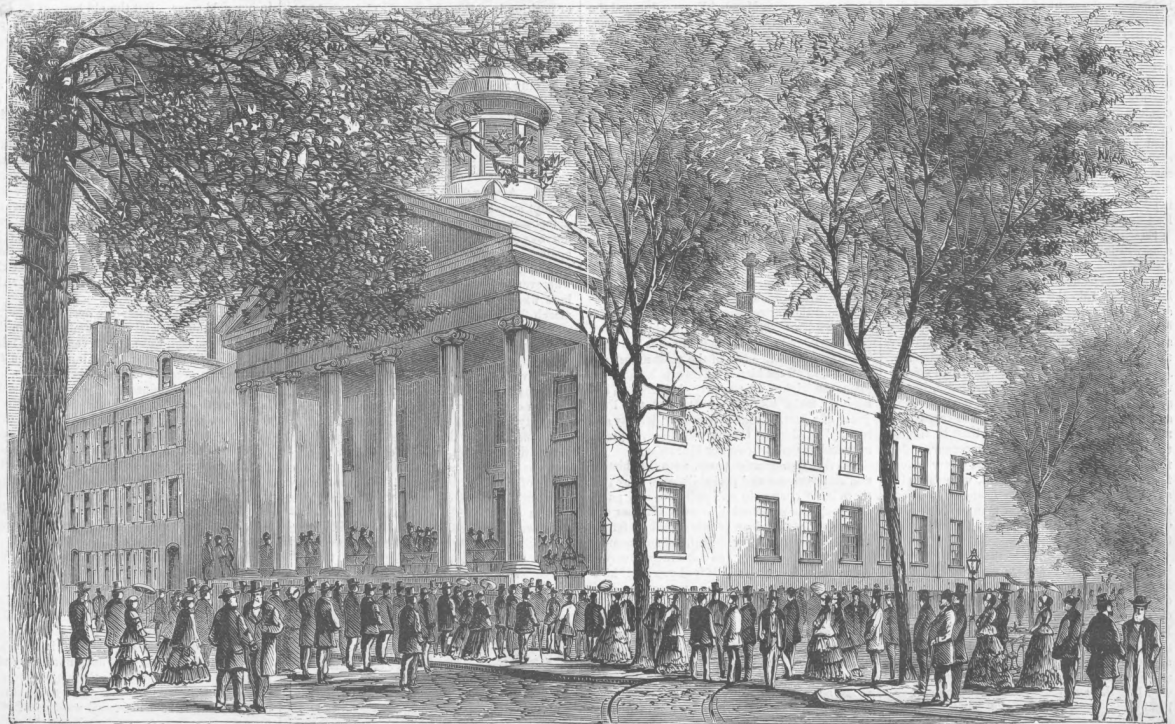
Dr. BACKUS has given faithful labor to the interests of the Presbyterian Church. He has been a commissioner to six different Assemblies. He has frequently served upon important committees. He was one of that committee which prepared for the use of the churches the "Hymnal," a valuable collection of sacred hymns with music, that has become widely useful and popular. He has been a bold and earnest friend of the "reunion," and contributed to its success. He is also possessed of views, original and much prized, upon the whole subject of the reconstruction of the Church. It is not strange then that he was suggested by many for the post of Moderator upon the convening of the great United Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which recently met in Philadelphia. In a speech of singular eloquence, the Rev. Dr. ADAMS, of New York, nominated him to this honorable position. He was elected, without any opposition, by a unanimous vote. As our readers will see, from the excellent portraiture of Dr. BACKUS, which we furnish in our present number, he is a man of noble and genial presence. His manners are easy and winning, his parliamentary experience is full, and his decisions are prompt and impartial. In his replies to the various delegates from other churches his allusions are happy, and calculated to promote friendly and fraternal confidence. It is no easy task to control and direct the debates of an Assembly of nearly six hundred members, but Dr. BACKUS seems to perform it without embarrassment or difficulty, and proves himself equal to every occasion. We also give on this page a view of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, in which the sessions of the General Assembly were held.



THE REV. J. TRUMBULL BACKUS, D.D.—[PHOT. BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

SOCIAL SLAVERY.

CERTAIN arbitrary social arrangements are just as necessary, and for much the same reasons, as a currency. It is only a savage who has no established standard of value, and who, with amiable frankness, hits every man over the head as soon as he takes a dislike to him. The petty ceremonies of life are the small change which enables business to be carried on without striking a new bargain at every step; though it is not to be denied that many of them become exceedingly vexatious and eminently absurd. Nobody ever attended a funeral without inwardly reviling the hideous apparatus of undertakers, with all their preposterous mummery, which grates so harshly upon our feelings during the



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY HELD ITS SESSIONS.—[PHOT. BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

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most solemn events of our lives. Why can't we be natural and simple even when we are taking our last leave of our dearest friends, and why must we be worried with all the buffoonery of plumes and hearses? That some conventional arrangement is essential is obvious from the fact that the very danger which we most reasonably desire to avoid is precisely that of being natural and simple. We wish to have some mode of testifying respect, without explaining to the world at large whether the deceased was as the apple of our eye, or was an old ruffian who had at last taken the step which public opinion had unanimously demanded for years. There is a decency in such matters which it is needless to defend. The public is only too anxious as it is to pry into feelings with which they have no concern; and it is as well to have a uniform in which the true mourner and the indifferent observer may equally pass muster. We must submit to do many things not very excellent in themselves simply because our neighbors do them, on penalty of advertising our private fancies and crochets to mankind at large. People who talk about the decline of individuality are fond of declaring that eccentricity should be encouraged, because it implies indifference to the tyranny of the majority. It may be so; but eccentric people often seem to be only slaves to public opinion who have hit upon a more cunning way of flattering their master, and appealing to the world at large for wonder, if not for praise. The value of doing as the world does is that it enables you to think as pleases yourself. You are like a person who wears a domino at a masquerade instead of appearing in a fancy costume, and practically you have most liberty when you do not dash your peculiarities in people's faces.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

☞ *A very interesting account of* BAKER'S TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA, *superbly Illustrated from his own sketches, was commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for May 28. This will be followed, when completed, by similar narratives of* TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE *in other countries, both savage and civilized, illustrating, with pen and pencil, whatever is interesting, curious, and noteworthy in their scenery, and the manners, customs, and occupations of the inhabitants. The Publishers believe that this novel and instructive department will be one of the most entertaining and popular attractions ever laid before their readers.*

☞ *Arrangements have been made to furnish Cut Paper Patterns of the beautiful Single Costumes which appear from time to time in* HARPER'S BAZAR, *at the low rate of Twenty-five Cents for the entire Costume. The Patterns of the Street Suit in* HARPER'S BAZAR *No. 22, and of the Visiting Suit in No. 24, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. News-dealers supplied at the usual discount. In ordering, please specify the Pattern wanted.*

THE PARTIES.

THE late election in New York has been the occasion of a great deal of political discussion. The Democratic papers have hailed the result as an indication of the dissolution of the Republican party, and of the swift return of the Democrats to power; while the Republican papers have explained the defeat by defective leadership, the want of decided issues, and the discord and fruitlessness of the Republican action in Congress. In suggesting remedies for the situation, however, there has been too much stress laid upon a change of leaders and of prominent officers of the government. Party leaders are not changed at will. They are not elected. They are displaced only by leaders of superior sagacity, and that can be determined only by experiment. When there are cleverer men for party purposes in this State than Mr. TWEED and Mr. SWEENY, those statesmen, who are now the unquestioned Democratic managers, will be superseded. But they will lead until the cleverer men are discovered.

So with the Republican party. Certain persons will lead it until abler men for that purpose present themselves. If the present leaders are incapable the party will suffer. Such leaders may ruin the party, but they can not be arbitrarily displaced; for the person who should be able to persuade the party that their policy should be exchanged for another, would, by that fact, establish his claims to the leadership. As for the gentlemen in office, they can neither make nor save a party. Undoubtedly, in our system a shrewd distribution of offices is very serviceable for party discipline; but that it can not save a party was shown in 1860 by the total overthrow of the Slavery Democracy, which for a generation had garrisoned every office, from the largest to the smallest, with the spies and pimps of Slavery. To change the office-holders, therefore, might in many instances be of great service, but it would not of itself renew the vigor of a party.

The political situation in the country is very intelligible. The President was elected by the Republican party upon the general issue of securing upon Republican principles the results of the war. While that has been done by the Reconstruction acts and the Fifteenth Amendment, the President, who was not a politician, and who sought for office, as far as practicable, those whom he personally knew, and not those who had the strongest party recommendation, has by that course relaxed the party discipline and unity. Meanwhile Congress, in a long session, during which the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment and the practical restoration of the States have formally disposed of the chief issues of the campaign, has not replaced those issues by others. There has been nothing done in regard to taxation, to a general financial system, to a civil service reform. There has been a long and fruitless debate upon the Funding bill and the Tariff. Upon every great question the Republican party has seemed to be divided. There is, at least, at the end of six months, no positive party policy in regard to immediate and pressing issues. Unluckily, also, the West Indian views of the Administration are mistaken. Its wishes are not and can not be supported by the better portion of the party, while a favorable settlement of the *Alabama* question, which would be a glory to any administration, has not yet been made. The great body of the party, therefore, is lisgless or half discontented; and that is a perilous frame of mind for any party.

We say that the action of Congress has formally disposed of the old issues; but, as we stated last week, they are not really settled, because the opposition does not acquiesce. And this consciousness that the settlement is only formal, that the Democratic party, if successful, might reopen any of the great questions of reconstruction, inspires a profound distrust of that party. Yet a party can not be rallied upon issues formally settled. It can not bivouac, it must march.

But is the Republican party, therefore, demoralized and moribund? Is it going to pieces, and is the success of the Democratic party as sure as its organs declare, and as some of its members honestly believe? Far from it. The distrust of the Democratic party by this country is too well founded to be easily removed during this generation. The people hold it to be the party of slavery, of rebellion, of repudiation, of ignorance, and of corruption. It is essentially an anti-American party. Moreover, if the Republican party offers the country no defined policy upon immediate issues, the Democratic party is equally silent. It has, however, the advantage of being in the opposition. It has no responsibility, and its silence, therefore, is not so hurtful to it as that of the other side. But besides its fatal reputation, and the popular disgust with it—besides its want of a declared policy upon any subject as a substitute for the Republican action—the Democratic party has no conspicuous leaders, no men whose names are charms to conjure with.

We have already mentioned its most skillful chiefs. They are not Mr. BELMONT, the chairman of its National Committee, nor Mr. TILDEN, the chairman of its New York State Committee, but two men who are extremely distasteful to Mr. BELMONT and Mr. TILDEN—that is to say, Mr. TWEED and Mr. SWEENY. The party paper in the city of New York is an amusing merry-andrew, with as much influence upon the party policy and counsels as a GRIMALDI upon the public affairs of Europe. It made a Fenian raid, in the beginning of the last winter, upon the masters of its party in this State, and they as incontinently bundled it into their baggage-wagon as Marshal FOSTER dumped the valorous General O'NEIL into a hackney-coach. It is now the lackey and laughing laureate of the Ring.

Looking further for leaders, the poverty of the Democratic party is dismally conspicuous. By common consent its "coming man" is not a gentleman of any personal power, magnetism, or influence whatever. He is without marked capacity, and totally destitute of national reputation. If, indeed, national reputation were sought, would the party look into Congress and select Mr. SAULSBURY or Mr. DAVIS, Mr. M'VICKARS or Mr. M'CREERY, Mr. THURMAN or Mr. BAYARD, Mr. VOORHEES or Mr. WOOD, Mr. MUNGEN or Mr. COX? No man hitherto conspicuous as a Democrat would suit the exigency, and Mr. HOFFMAN is the coming man of his party, because he is the least known. He is emphatically an accident. He is the "creation" and the instrument of the chiefs, TWEED and SWEENY. They made him Governor of New York, and his great official act is the signing of the Erie bill—one of the most monstrous assaults, in all the history of corrupt legislation, upon the rights of property-holders. They hope to make him President; and the little joker of a journal that now finds "debility and inanity" in General GRANT will discover greatness and grasp in Governor HOFFMAN.

Of the Democratic party, with its history and management and probabilities, we say that there is, of course, in an intelligent and patriotic people, a profound distrust. Without any question, the American people would prefer the Republican ascendency. But, as is constantly and truly said, a party can not always succeed upon its past successes. If it shows itself hesitating and doubtful, if it fails to see and seize every occasion as it arises, it will be overthrown. Mere distrust of the Democratic party will not avail against its fine professions in a platform, if the Republicans are chilled and disheartened. The Administration, by which we mean the Executive and Congress, must take the initiative of positive action. The ablest statesmen in this country are in the Republican ranks, and they must comprehend their responsibility. There must be a simple and decided financial policy, and not a mere drift of words. The *Alabama* controversy must be bravely grasped and settled. The West Indian policy must be abandoned. The reform of the civil service must be actively pressed. Taxation must be lightened; and the whole revenue system simplified.

If gentlemen in Congress understood how carefully their conduct is scanned, how earnestly and impatiently the best men of the dominant party in this country await some clear and precise course of action—if they felt as we all feel who are in immediate and daily contact with the current of public opinion, that the power of the Republican party is permanent if its confidence is restored, and that the restoration of confidence depends upon a prompt and vigorous and sagacious treatment of the actual issues of to-day—those gentlemen would take care that the last weeks of the session should atone for the first; and that when Congress adjourns it should have adopted measures that would be beneficially felt in every household and every interest, and that would be hailed by the common-sense of the people as the vindication of the party which it loves and trusts.

THE FENIAN FOLLY.

THERE was something so transcendently absurd in the late Fenian raid upon Canada that the indignation which it naturally excites is almost smothered in pitiless ridicule. And next to the farce itself was the comedy of the attempt at grave treatment of it in some of the newspapers as a "movement" against the British empire. There were even solemn discussions of the chances and probabilities of this "invasion" by an "army" which did not even seem to be a formidable mob, and whose leader, in the very crisis of "the war," was carried off to jail, by a constable, in a coach. It is certainly shameful that a crude project, by which some men who were possibly honest and innocent, but incomprehensibly foolish, lost their lives, and which daily, under the finest professions, takes the money of hundreds and thousands who can not spare it, should be treated with respect by the press of this country. It is the duty of the press toward honest Irishmen to spare no pains in exposing the mixture of stupendous folly and knavery which is called Fenianism. And when the leaders send a mob against the innocent and peaceful homes of the frontier, whoever does not tell the truth about it becomes a partner in the guilt.

A more ludicrous travesty of a national movement than what is called Fenianism can not be conceived. Certain ringleaders persuade poor men and women to give their hard-earned money, to squander their time, and risk their lives for "the liberation of Ireland!" Public meetings are held, and conspicuous politicians flatter the movement, because they hope to propitiate the voters. There never were people who so sadly needed to hear the truth about themselves as the Irish in this country; and there certainly were never any who heard so little. What Irishman, of whatever education or position in this country, ever plainly told his countrymen the truth about this Fenian folly? The best friend of the Irish citizens is President GRANT, who promptly warned all maranders and breakers of the law of the risks they assumed. It is only to be regretted that there was not a military force at hand to prevent the crossing of the line by the mob, and which would have saved the lives of those who were shot. But it is not practicable to cover every point of such a frontier as ours; and vigorous measures at the earliest moment of action is all that can be expected. Among those vigorous measures are the prompt arrest of the expeditions. The Fenian detachments leaving various towns for the rendezvous are unlawful expeditions or enterprises against other countries with which we are at peace, and the members should be arrested wherever found. They are as amenable to the laws when they leave New York as when they march from St. Albans or Malone.

The Canadians are no more responsible for the misgovernment of Ireland than the people of Vermont; and it is intolerable that those who have not the pluck to go to Ireland, nor to fight England, should harass peaceable people in another country, and "humble the proud Saxon" by proxy. One of the telegrams from Malone mentioned that "the invaders" occupied the cars without paying, and the conductor "pocketed the swindle for the sake of peace and the safety of his other passengers." The same day "an enthusiastic meeting of the friends of the Fenian cause" was held in Troy, and a company was recruited. "As the recruits were leaving the hall, three were arrested for burglary at the suburban residence of Mr. GARY." Three years ago, when the last "war" was made against Canada, the luckless inhabitants of towns in Maine, upon which the recruits were quartered, found themselves at the mercy of a mob, locked up their spoons, and sent their wives and daughters out of town. What security has any home, upon either side of the line, from the forays of such a crowd as the Fenian leaders are able to collect, under the pretense that the Irish republic can be established by robbing Canadian hen-roosts?

But it is no jest for those, either upon the American or Canadian side, who undertake to defend themselves against such incursions. It is not Englishmen nor Canadians—it is American citizens and homes that suffer most from these riotous and murderous outrages upon the frontier; and if the press seconds the Government in its resolution that our laws shall be respected, and our innocent neighbors left undisturbed, the Fenian fire will soon expire for lack of fuel.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

ON the 24th of May gold sold as low as 13$\frac{7}{8}$, the opinion prevailing that a Funding bill, satisfactory to Mr. BOUTWELL, stood in improved favor with the Committee of Ways and Means, and that a larger amount of gold would be sold by the Treasury in June than had been in May. Owing, however, to a firmer demand for exchange, which rose nearly to the gold-shipping point, and to the Fenian movement, gold advanced to 115. On the 27th of May the rates which prevailed here for gold and exchange, together with the momentary state of the market at New York and London for our public debt, permitted the sale of our bonds in London, and the drawing of cable exchange founded upon it. This was instantly done. Whereupon gold again receded, although the opinion gains strength that we are on the eve of the shipment of coin to London. One of our banking-houses, connected closely with California, and having branches at the principal money centres of Europe, exported gold bars by the steamer of the 28th, and previously, which bars, with Mexican dollars, constitute the forerunners of coin shipments. Both can be sent with better advantage than even new double eagles, which latter are more profitable than old coins.

The precise point at which gold can be shipped with advantage varies slightly with circumstances. During last season a house which sent several millions when exchange was 10$\frac{1}{4}$ (or $4 90 gold per pound sterling) made one penny per pound sterling as the profit. The shipment, which consisted of new double eagles, went directly to the Bank of England, which, upon recoinage into sovereigns, passed the amount to the credit of the shipper. If sixty-day bills are worth here say 9$\frac{13}{16}$, double eagles, in the present condition of the money-market in London, may be shipped without a loss. The present rate for such bills is 9$\frac{3}{4}$ to 9$\frac{7}{8}$, and of sight bills 10$\frac{1}{8}$ to 10$\frac{3}{8}$. The percentage, as all but the unexperienced are aware, is calculated upon $4 44 as the assumed value of the pound sterling. By an act of 1799, Congress, for certain purposes, established this value, following, perhaps, an English precedent, which for like purposes fixed the value of our dollar at 4*s.* 6*d.* By a later act, passed in 1842, Congress declared that the value of the pound sterling shall be estimated in payments by or to the Treasury, and in valuing goods at the custom-house, invoiced in English money, at $4 84, which is very nearly up to its actual value, measuring the quantity of pure gold contained in the English sovereign with the like quantity contained in our gold coins. But the old basis of $4 44.4 has not been departed from in commerce, although it confounds all except those who are familiar with the subject.

The question, whether or not we are on the eve of shipping gold coin, is discussed in all financial circles with great interest; but so many have been misled heretofore, and so inexplicable are the changes, as appears by the experience from the 24th to the 28th of May, that people generally prefer to wait for events rather than to express decisive opinions. Some of the circumstances which bear upon the question are these: that our cotton bills are nearly exhausted; that we shall have no new exports until October; that Europe, in refusing to take our new railroad securities, indicates that they are held in sufficient abundance; and that the recovery going on in England will call for the use of her loose capital.

The excess of our imports over our exports, which, for the financial year terminating on the 30th of June last, was about seventy-eight millions of dollars, has been diminished thus far this year on account of our larger exports, but our annual indebtedness to the foreigner, arising from the present excess of imports—from the excess in freights in foreign bottoms over what is carried in American—from the expenses of American travelers in Europe—and from the interest on bonds, national, State, and corporate, held abroad, is not less than one hundred and eighty millions of dollars, which annual indebtedness we continue to meet with—*securities!* So long as this is satisfactory to Europe we shall be at ease in this country.

The recovery of the English in their trade and industry is stated by the *Economist*—their chief financial authority—to be "general and marked." In the great manufacturing districts the demands of workmen in cotton for an advance of five per cent. in their wages is met by the statement that the improvement in the price of cotton yarns and cloths does not justify the advance. In other districts the manufacturers recommend a resort to short time, to meet not only the demand for increased wages, but also to affect the price of cotton, claiming that their

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interests require that it shall be reduced. The question is perplexing, as many laborers in the mills stand always upon the verge of pauperism, and the improved condition of the manufacturer is not sufficiently assured to justify an important increase of expense. On the other hand, the emigration of skilled workmen from England produces, in some districts, a scarcity of hands, which is the subject of serious complaint. Inasmuch as the rate of interest in England remains at three per cent., the extent of the improvement referred to by the *Economist* can not be sufficient of *itself* to induce a demand from this country for English balances, as they can at present earn more invested here.

Part of the prosperity now existing in Great Britain is attributed to cheap bread, which is enjoyed at our expense in part. The period of cheap bread is coincident with the pressure upon the gold market on this side, and is widely attributed to that influence. It rarely happens that cotton and wheat rule high in England simultaneously; and if the advance in price of the latter shall continue to a point which will afford remuneration to the farming interest of the Northwest, cotton might suffer in a corresponding degree, unless the state of English industry and of the cotton supply conspire to prevent that result. Although cotton had arrived in England by way of the Suez Canal, yet up to the 12th of May, owing to the lateness and the deficiency of the crop, only 2355 bales more than usual had been received from India. The deficiency of cotton in England is now marked in the higher grades, and it may be that good middlings may be in demand as long as the supply lasts. The quantity of cotton still to be sent from this side may amount to from twenty-five to thirty millions of dollars' worth, not nearly enough, added to the value of our expected exports of grain, oil, cheese, and other productions, to keep pace with the indiscreet volume of our imports.

The indications continue to be strong that a large amount of grain will be required from us. This fact has given greater activity to trade in the West than is usual so late in the season. Trade has also been improved by the firmness in gold. If, between this and October, gold shall be required from us in considerable quantities, neither the passage of the Funding bill nor the sales of gold by the Treasury can prevent its advance in price. If, however, the foreigner shall continue to receive our securities to the extent in which our debt is now being increased, gold will continue at a low price until the day of settlement shall arrive. The postponement of that period will complicate our difficulties in the end, a result which the prudent will notice and guard against. In the present condition of the money market and of the tariff our exports are valued high, in order to obtain full advances, and imports are undervalued, in order to have low duties, so that allowance is to be made on both sides of the account to reach the true sum. A hundred and eighty millions of *annual* indebtedness can be contemplated only with anxiety by those who consider the difference between the circumstances now and those which must soon exist, when, instead of running up a further debt, we shall be compelled to pay in coin to the foreigner over eighty millions of annual interest, on corporate, State, and national bonds.

DECORATION-DAY.

DECORATION-DAY is becoming one of the most beautiful of our festivals. It occurs at the loveliest season of the year, when the earth is brilliant with flowers and musical with birds, and when every thought of the dead is naturally most tender and most hopeful. Surely it is little to ask that, in the midst of our prosperity and freedom, one day shall be consecrated to the memory of the men who secured them by their lives. The current of events is so deep and swift that even the war is fading a little from our memories. There is already a certain forgetfulness of the immense services of the soldiers and sailors; and there was a touching and lofty pride in the words of General SHERMAN, that he had earned the money that was paid him. If Decoration-day served no other purpose than to refresh in the public mind the sense of the claims of the soldiers, it would be a wise and most serviceable occasion. But it does more. It renews the remembrance of the great cause in which they fell; and this is as serviceable as to celebrate the Fourth of July, and to recall the principles as well as the devotion of the Revolution.

It has been sometimes felt that the tendency of Decoration-day must be to preserve the memory of hostilities that should be forgotten. But this is not a necessity. There is no more vindictiveness in the remembrance of the struggle than there was in the spirit with which it was maintained. The dead soldiers are not honored because they were brave, and died—for their enemies were brave, and they also died—but it is the cause for which they fell that consecrates their memory; and that cause is as much that of their opponents as of themselves. It is not a private tribute of affection that is paid on Decoration-day; it is the expression of a national feeling of gratitude and joy. Just as independence was really the cause of the whole country, although the Tories did not believe it, so the perpetuity of the Union, as the security of the liberty and equal rights of every citizen, is the cause of the whole nation. If it were merely the celebration of the victory of the North over the South, nothing could be more unwise than such a festival. But obviously, and consciously upon the part of every one who shares in it, it is no more the celebration of a victory, in the limited personal sense, than our national anniversary.

Therefore we see no reason to doubt that it will gradually become a general and national festival. It may be otherwise observed than now, although it is not easy to imagine any observance more appropriate and beautiful. One of the most significant feasts of the Romish Church in Italy is All-souls' Day. Then the friends and relations of the dead visit their graves, and the Church militant and the Church triumphant mingle. Let this be our All-souls' Day. Let it send us meditatively to the graves of our heroes, and there, as we recall them and renew in memory our common hopes and joys and pains, let us also renew our vows to live for the great cause for which they died. The longer the day is celebrated the tenderer the feeling will become; and when this generation, which saw the war and felt its sharp wounds, has passed away, nothing but the cause and the heroism will remain for admiration and for undying honor.

THE RIGHTS OF RAILROAD PASSENGERS.

THE case of Mr. JOHN A. COLEMAN against the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, of which we have spoken more than once, is the cause of the people against the tyranny of the great corporations. The case has now been tried for the third time, and the verdict is again for Mr. COLEMAN, with somewhat increased damages. The general ruling of the Court, however, seems to have been as before. Apparently it is one of the cases in which, as the phrase is, justice is upon one side, and law upon the other; and as law is greatly precedent, it appears that a series of unjust precedents may become law. Mr. COLEMAN had a coupon ticket from New Haven to New York. Not having used it, he soon after offered it upon the train from New York to New Haven. The conductor refused it, and also refused to listen to any proposition involving the test of the right claimed by Mr. COLEMAN. The conductor threatened, and Mr. COLEMAN offered to yield to an officer of the law. But, under the immediate instructions of Mr. JAMES H. HOYT, the Superintendent of the road, the conductor summoned four brakemen, who violently flung Mr. COLEMAN from the car, seriously and permanently injuring him. With the most admirable public spirit, feeling that the rights of all travelers were involved, Mr. COLEMAN sued the Company, and recovered thirty-three hundred dollars damages. The judge set them aside as excessive. Upon the second trial the jury disagreed. Upon this third trial the jury have given thirty-four hundred and fifty dollars damages.

The Court, Judge PITMAN presiding, held that the ticket was a contract; that the Railroad Company may make such regulations as it chooses; that it had a right to eject Mr. COLEMAN from the car; and that the only question was whether unnecessary violence had been used. That is to say, the law authorizes a corporation to construe and execute its own contract; forcibly to seize any person whom it chooses to regard as a delinquent, and to be responsible only for what is proved to be excessive violence. Apparently this ruling regards the conductor in a railway car as a householder in his own house, and authorizes him to expel trespassers at his discretion. Of course, if such a preposterous proposition be law, it is law which ought not to survive the first day of the next Legislature. It permits every conductor, with the aid of brakemen, to settle peremptorily at his pleasure any difference as to the scope and value of tickets, and the interpretation of the railroad regulations themselves. It gives the subordinate agent of a railroad corporation the most absolutely despotic authority. Nothing but the already enormous power of those corporations could secure such a privilege; and if this really be the law, it is but another illustration of the alarming increase of that power.

And if, as the Court holds, a ticket is a contract, where is the United States stamp? If it be a contract, every railroad ticket sold is invalid. Indeed, the extraordinary interpretation of law, and the boundless authority claimed by the Railroad Company, to do exactly what it chooses to do upon its trains, if once established, will subject travelers to every kind of oppression and inconvenience. We have recently called attention to the petty annoyances practiced upon the Morris and Essex road, and authorized by the management. It is merely insulting to say that, if passengers are dissatisfied, they can build a road to suit themselves. The railroad companies in this country are chartered by the people for the public accommodation, and the people should cultivate the utmost jealousy of their rights. If they have said, as is claimed, that the companies may make what regulations they will, let them take care not to repeat so fatal an error. The Legislature prescribes the limits of fare. It makes laws for the public safety upon the railroads. Let it also feel the determined pressure of a public opinion, which demands that the convenience and comfort of passengers shall not be wantonly outraged.

What evidence has a passenger—what evidence had Mr. COLEMAN—that there was any such rule as the conductor declares, that it is a rule which the Company may lawfully make, or that it has been made by the Company, and not by the Superintendent? In Mr. COLEMAN'S case, how could he know that what the conductor called the rule of the Company was really more than the whim of a Superintendent, who, upon this road, would recognize the coupon, and upon the next, would not? We hope, sincerely, that this case may not be disposed of until there is an authoritative declaration of the law by the highest tribunal. And if it shall appear that this assumption is legal, we trust that the popular good sense will be too strong even for the power of the railroad companies, and that the law will be changed.

NOTES.

WE hope, with the London *Standard*, that the race between the *Sappho* and the *Cambria* will be the last of international matches. No good result whatever is achieved by them. There is an immense excitement and jealousy, and enormous private exultation upon the part of the victor, and a little spurious compliment of the vanquished, at the end. Mere success in a match proves nothing. The superiority of one system or building, or training, or sailing, or rowing, or whatever it may be, is determined only by the comparison and fortune of years. Certainly nobody was satisfied or comfortable or happy at the result of the Harvard and Oxford race last year, except the winners, and John Bull in general. And the great result is only a little sharper feeling between the two countries. The jealousy of our international relation with England is natural enough in consideration of the circumstances. But what is most desirable now is not to foster that jealousy. It is not to put a chip on our shoulder, and then look insultingly across the sea. There are people who think that nothing would be so fine as a war with England. But they are the people who ought to be grievously disappointed. Boys at rival schools may taunt each other, and clench their valorous fists. But there is no greater nuisance than the man who is constantly anticipating a quarrel with others. The whole duty of an American is honorably to avoid difficulties with other nations; and one way of doing that duty is to decline, with thanks, an "international match" at blindman's-buff, or any other of the manly pastimes.

THE latest illustration of personal news that is not news was this announcement in one of the chief of our daily contemporaries: "The gentleman to whom Miss Smith has been erroneously reported to be engaged is Mr. Brown, the son of the distinguished statesman of that name. It is, however, authoritatively denied by the parents of Miss Smith, and the story is entirely unfounded." That is the best of all padding, for there is no end to its manufacture. Thus if the printer calls for a little more copy, the city editor has only to write: "The silver fork which Mr. —— was erroneously stated to have taken from the supper-table at Mrs. ——'s ball, on Wednesday evening, was of the newest pattern, and the set is duplicated at TIFFANY'S. But Mrs. —— emphatically denies that any of her forks are missing, and the story is therefore quite without foundation, and very possibly malicious." Or, more briefly: "It is wholly untrue that the Hon. —— slipped upon a piece of orange-peel and fell in the mud yesterday in Broadway."

THE death of GEORGE W. DEMERS, of the Albany *Evening Journal*, was not unexpected. He was but thirty-four years old, and had been long seriously ill. Mr. DEMERS was a man of acute and vigorous mind, of very positive convictions, which he expressed in a trenchant and aggressive style, and he was an effective orator. He succeeded to a very difficult position, the editorship of a journal so long identified with Mr. WEED. But he was a skillful partisan, and he maintained the reputation, if not the peculiar influence, of the paper.

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art is now organized under the most admirable auspices, and with the finest promise of ample success. It is to be judged not by any formal and detailed programme, which could not be wisely made, but by the character of the gentlemen concerned. They are generally well-known citizens; men of the highest character and energy, many of them rich, and all of them sincerely and intelligently interested in the subject. They have not issued any promises; but the executive committee is engaged in considering the measures which are to be taken, both for raising subscriptions and for gathering the collection. The object of the movement is to provide a permanent museum of objects, illustrative of the history of art, from the earliest times to our own. This includes, of course, the finest accessible works of every kind in sculpture, painting, and architecture, and in the minor ornamental arts, pottery, porcelain, engravings, mosaics, coins, metal works, textile fabrics, etc. The value and interest of such a collection are indescribable; and an idea of what it is, and of its civilizing advantages, may be gathered from an admirable paper upon Art Museums, by Professor COMFORT, published in "Old and New," for April, and now separately issued. The Professor has made the subject a special study, and he states, with propriety and force, that such a museum could begin with a complete collection of the finest sculptures in the world, by means of casts, which are perfect reproductions of originals. The Museum has been incorporated, and it will not languish.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 23.—In the Senate, an amendment to the Appropriation bills was agreed to, allowing the appointment of female clerks in any of the classes of clerkships in the Departments; also an amendment appropriating $100,000 to meet the expenses of an expedition to the North Pole.—A bill was passed in the House, extending to the navy the provisions of the act which confers the right of naturalization to aliens honorably discharged from the army. The Roman mission amendment to the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill was rejected.

May 24.—In the Senate, most of the session was consumed in discussing the report of a Conference Committee in regard to the disagreement between the House and Senate on the Fifteenth Amendment bill. No action was taken.—In the House, a long debate took place on the bill for the revival of American commerce, but no action was taken. A new Tax bill was introduced which revives the income tax. The Diplomatic Appropriation bills were passed.

May 25.—In the Senate, the report of the Conference Committee on the Fifteenth Amendment bill was accepted by a strictly party vote. The rest of the session was occupied with a debate on an amendment to the Appropriation bill, prohibiting the admission of a pardon as a proof of the loyalty of the claimant in the Court of Claims, and establishing a rule prohibiting the use of such pardon in appeals from the Court of Claims, and requiring that proof of loyalty provided for in previous acts of Congress shall be made irrespective of such pardon; also that judgments made on such proof be reversed in the Supreme Court, and suits in the Court of Claims based on such proof be dismissed forthwith. The amendment was adopted.—In the House, the bill for the revival of American commerce was debated at great length, without action.

May 26.—In the Senate, a joint resolution, giving the consent of Congress to the State of New Jersey to accept the Stevens Battery under the will of Edwin A. Stevens, was passed.—In the House, the Northern Pacific Railway bill was passed as it came from the Senate.

May 27.—In the Senate, the Appropriation bill was taken up. The amendment giving equal pay to male and female clerks in the Departments was agreed to. The amendment appropriating $500,000 for the extension of the Capitol grounds, after a protracted debate, in which the question of moving the capital westward was brought up, was also agreed to. The amendment appropriating $100,000 for an Arctic expedition occasioned a facetious discussion, but was finally adopted. Amendments were also adopted increasing the salary of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to $10,000, and of the other Judges in proportion. The bill was then passed.—In the House, the report on the Fifteenth Amendment bill was taken up, and, after some discussion, was agreed to by a strictly party vote.

May 28.—In the Senate, no business of public importance was transacted. Mr. Chandler made a long speech on American commerce, in the course of which he declared himself to be in favor of the annexation of the Gulf and Sandwich islands, Canada, Columbia, and San Domingo.—In the House, a bill was passed providing for the payment of pensions to the survivors of the War of 1812, after being so amended as to include the widows of officers and men married before the close of that war.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Since the last number of the *Weekly* went to press a second attempt has been made by the Fenians to invade Canada, ending, as did the first, in complete failure. The preliminary arrangements were made with great secrecy. Large quantities of military stores were collected at various points along the frontier, without the knowledge of the authorities on either side; and had the leaders been able to concentrate their men at these points, for a simultaneous dash across the line, before the reporters got wind of the movement, their attempt might have had at least a temporary success. But the reporters were not to be cheated. The news that large bodies of Fenians had left New York and other places for the frontier was published the very day the movement began; and the result was that the "Army of Invasion" found itself confronted at all points by superior forces of Canadian Volunteers, and their supplies cut off by the United States authorities. The President's proclamation against the violation of our neutrality laws had a disheartening effect on the rank and file. The military leaders of the movement proved to be either cowardly or imbecile. General O'Neil, who led the Fenians across the border near St. Albans, allowed himself to be arrested in the face of his army by United States Marshal Foster, and conveyed to jail. There was no serious fighting any where, and but few casualties are reported on either side. The unfortunate men who were decoyed to the border were left to get home as best they might. Several of their prominent leaders have been arrested, and will be held for trial.

It is reported that the Northern Indians have sent runners south to ask the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kioways, and Comanches to join in a general war. The Indians are planting but little corn this year.

Nathaniel Willis, a publisher and journalist, and father of the late N. P. Willis, died at his residence in Boston on Thursday, May 26. He was ninety years of age.

A destructive fire has ravaged a large extent of territory on the Saguenay River, covering an area of five miles wide by thirty miles long. Five hundred families, numbering 4500 persons, are reduced to destitution, while six grown persons and two children were burned to death.

Recent advices from Darien represent the surveying expedition as having progressed twelve miles inland. Considerable impediment was experienced from swollen streams, owing to heavy rains. The weather was extremely hot during the day.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ESPARTERO has finally decided to decline the Spanish crown, and the Cortes is again on the look-out for candidates for the kingship. There is said to be a great reluctance to invest Serrano with royal powers.

A measure providing for the gradual extinction of slavery in the Spanish possessions has been introduced in the Cortes. It provides for indemnity to the master for children born of slaves since 1868, and that all born after the passage of the law shall be free.

The Duke of Saldanha, head of the new Portuguese ministry, has issued a proclamation denying that the recent *coup d'état* was made with the object of effecting a union with Spain. The Portuguese Cortes has adjourned, all the members taking an oath to defend the independence of Portugal. General Prim, in the Spanish Cortes, has stated that Spain had taken no part in the Portuguese political movement.

At a recent meeting in London, at which the Lord Mayor presided, resolutions approving of the proposed Evangelical Council in New York, and accepting the invitation to be present, were adopted unanimously.

Another expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone is on foot in England.

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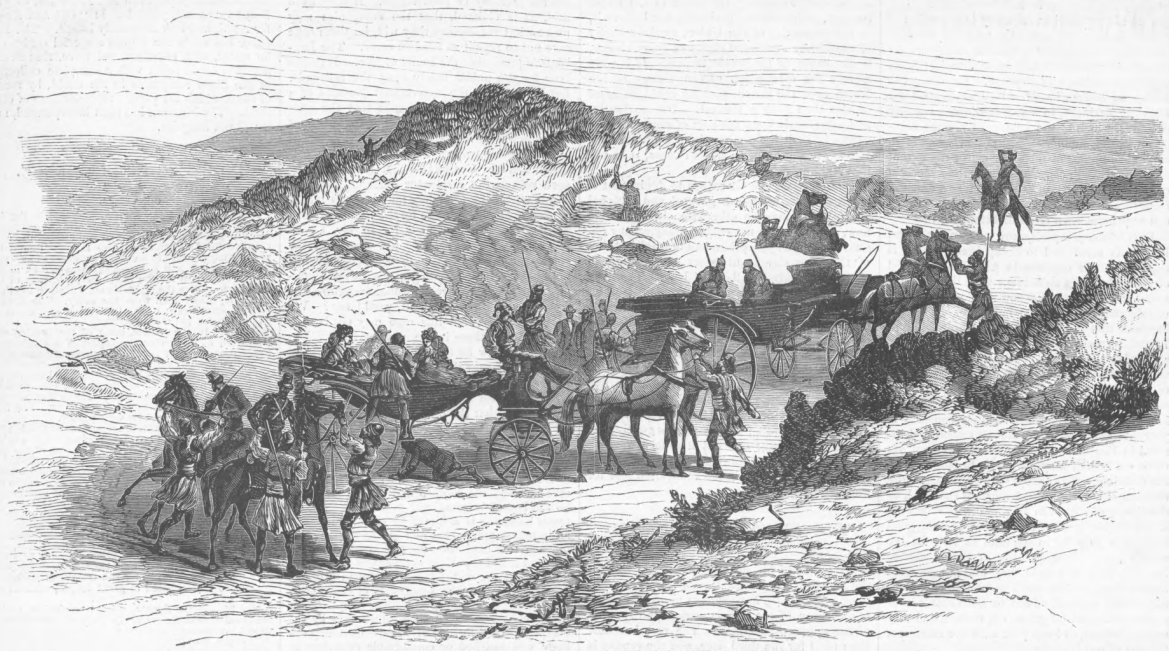
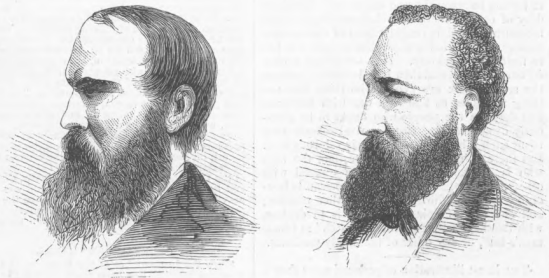


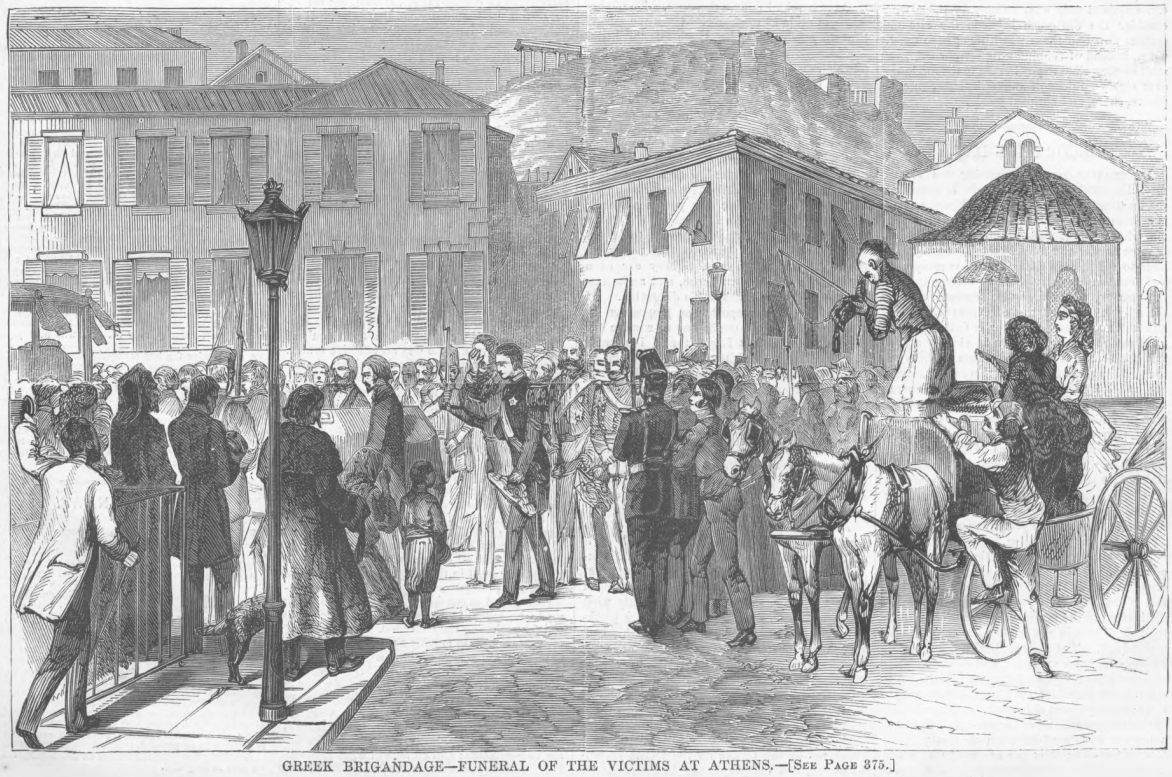
GREEK BRIGANDAGE—THE ATTACK ON THE CARRIAGES.



MR. LLOYD. MR. HERBERT.

MURDERED BY THE BRIGANDS.

HEADS OF BRIGANDS EXPOSED AFTER EXECUTION.



GREEK BRIGANDAGE—FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS AT ATHENS.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Delladilla.—Encampment Sixteen Miles up the River.—Hippopotamus Hunters.—Harpooning of a Crocodile.—A Hippopotamus Family.—Attack of the Male.—Prolonged Struggle.—Capture.

WE quitted the islet and encamped at Delladilla, the forest where I had first shot the bull elephant when the aggageers fought with him on foot. No European had ever been farther than this point of the river, which had only been visited by Florian and his companion, Johann Schmidt. After setting fire to the tall grass, which not only hid the game from us, but prevented us from overtaking it after we had discovered it, I resolved to explore the country for a fortnight, which would give the animals that had been driven off by the flames time to return to their lairs.

We followed the river to the foot of the mountains, and encamped sixteen miles above Delladilla, at the place where a party of the Basé had been sabred the year before by the aggageers. Our huntsmen pretended that the enemy would try to take revenge on us; but the enemy was afraid of our rifles, and knew, besides, that we were strong in numbers. A dozen of howartis, or hippopotamus hunters, of the Hamran tribe, had joined our band, and we could therefore make ourselves respected.

These howartis are full of skill and courage. Their trade is a perilous one, less from the hippopotami than from the crocodiles, amidst which they live continually without any means of defense. The harpoon which they use is a piece of soft steel about eleven inches long, with a narrow blade or point of about three-quarters of an inch in width, and a single but powerful barb. To this short and apparently insignificant weapon a strong rope is secured, about twenty feet in length, at the extremity of which is a buoy or float as large as a child's head. The extreme end of the stout harpoon is fixed on the point of a bamboo about ten feet long, around which the rope is twisted, while the buoy end is carried in the left hand.

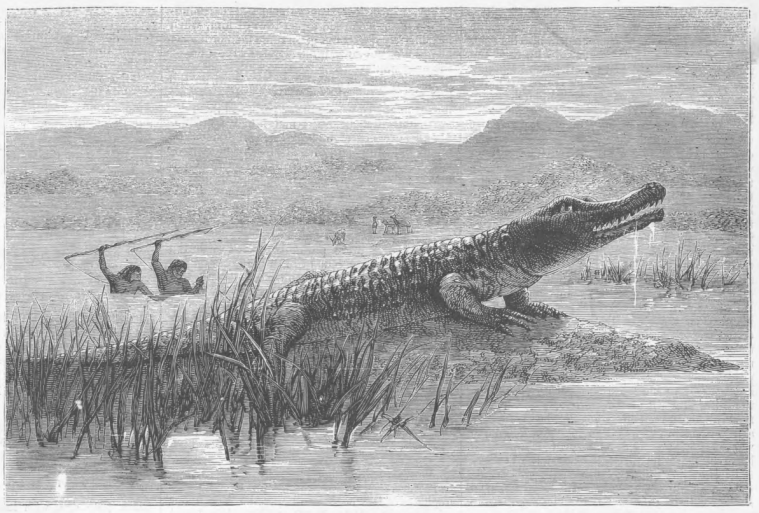
A little before sunrise, eight or ten days after their arrival, I accompanied the howartis for a day's sport. There were two of them; I say nothing of their followers. There were numbers of hippos in this part of the river, and we were not long before we found a herd. The hunters failed in several attempts to harpoon them; but they succeeded in stalking a crocodile after a most peculiar fashion. This large beast was lying upon a sand-bank on the opposite margin of the river, close to a bed of rushes. The howartis, having studied the wind, ascended for about a quarter of a mile, and then swam across the river, harpoon in hand. The two men reached the opposite bank, beneath which they alternately waded or swam down the stream toward the spot upon which the crocodile was lying. Thus advancing under cover of the steep bank, or floating with the stream in deep places, and crawling like crocodiles across the shallows, the two hunters at length arrived at the bank of rushes, on the other side of which the monster was basking asleep upon the sand. They were now about waist-deep, and they kept close to the rushes, with their harpoons raised, ready to cast the moment they should pass the rush bed and come in view of the crocodile. Thus steadily advancing, they had just arrived at the corner within about eight yards of the crocodile, when the creature either saw them or obtained their wind; in an instant it rushed to the water; at the same moment the two harpoons were launched with great rapidity by the hunters. One glanced obliquely from the scales; the other stuck fairly in the tough hide, and the iron, detached from the bamboo, held fast, while the float, running on the surface of the water, marked the course of the reptile beneath.

The hunters chose a convenient place and recrossed the stream to our side, apparently not heeding the crocodiles more than we should fear pike when bathing. They would not waste their time by securing the crocodile at present, as they wished to kill a hippopotamus; the float would mark the position, and they would be certain to find it later. We accordingly continued our search for hippopotami; these animals appeared to be on the *qui vive*, and, as the hunters once more failed in an attempt, I made a clean shot behind the ear of one, and killed it dead. At length we arrived at a large pool, in which were several sand-banks covered with rushes, and many rocky islands. Among these rocks was a herd of hippopotami, consisting of an old bull and several cows; a young hippo was standing, like an ugly little statue, on a protruding rock, while another infant stood upon its mother's back that listlessly floated on the water.

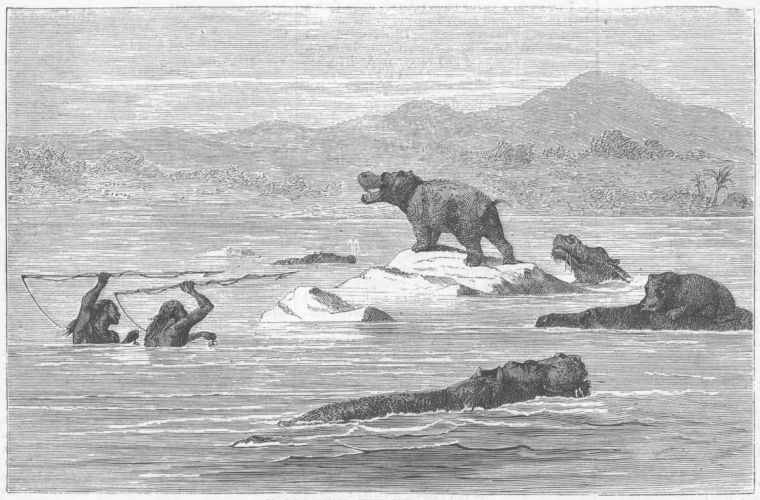
This was an admirable place for the hunters. They desired me to lie down, and they crept into the jungle out of view of the river. I presently observed them stealthily descending the dry bed about two hundred paces above the spot where the hippos were basking behind the rocks. They entered the river and swam down the centre of the stream toward the rock. This was highly exciting; the hippos were quite unconscious of the approaching danger, as steadily and rapidly the hunters floated down the strong current; they neared the rock, and both heads disappeared as they purposely sank out of view; in a few seconds later they reappeared at the edge of the rock upon which the young hippo stood. It would be difficult to say which started first, the astonished young hippo into the water, or the harpoons from the hands of the howartis! It was the affair of a moment; the hunters dived directly they had hurled their harpoons, and swimming for some distance under water, they came to the surface and hastened to the shore lest an infuriated hippopotamus should follow them. One harpoon had missed; the other had fixed the bull of the herd, at which it had been surely aimed. This was grand sport! The bull was in the greatest fury, and rose to the surface snorting and blowing in his impotent rage; but as the float was exceedingly large, and this naturally accompanied his movements, he tried to escape from his imaginary persecutor, and dived constantly, only to find his pertinacious attendant close to him upon regaining the surface. This was not to last long; the howartis were in earnest, and they at once called their party, who, with two of the aggageers, Abou Do and Suleiman, were near at hand; these men arrived with the long ropes that form a portion of the outfit for hippo hunting.

The whole party now halted on the edge of the river, while two men swam across with one end of the long rope. Upon gaining the opposite bank, I observed that a second rope was made fast to the middle of the main line; thus upon our side we held the ends of two ropes, while on the opposite side they had only one; accordingly, the point of junction of the two ropes in the centre formed an acute angle. The object of this was soon practically explained. Two men upon our side now each held a rope, and one of these walked about ten yards before the other. Upon both sides of the river the people now advanced, dragging the rope on the surface of the water until they reached the float that was swimming to and fro, according to the movements of the hippopotamus below. By a dextrous jerk of the main line, the float was now placed between the two ropes, and it was immediately secured in the acute angle by bringing together the ends of these ropes on our side.

The men on the opposite bank now dropped their line, and our men hauled in upon the float that was held fast between the ropes. Thus cleverly made sure, we quickly brought a strain upon the hippo, and, although I have had some experience in handling big fish, I never knew one pull so lustily as the amphibious animal that we now alternately coaxed and bullied. He sprang out of the water, gnashed his huge jaws, snorted with tremendous rage, and lashed the river into foam; he then dived, and foolishly approached us beneath the water. We quickly gathered in the slack line, and took a round turn upon a large rock, within a few feet of the river. The hippo now rose to the surface, about ten yards from the hunters, and, jumping half out



HARPOONING THE CROCODILE.



HARPOONING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

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of the water, he snapped his great jaws together, endeavoring to catch the rope, but at the same instant two harpoons were launched into his side. Disdaining retreat, and maddened with rage, the furious animal charged from the depths of the river, and, gaining a footing, he reared his bulky form from the surface, came boldly upon the sand-bank, and attacked the hunters open-mouthed. He little knew his enemy; they were not the men to fear a pair of gaping jaws, armed with a deadly array of tusks, but half a dozen lances were hurled at him, some entering his mouth from a distance of five or six paces, at the same time several men threw handfuls of sand into his enormous eyes. This baffled him more than the lances; he crunched the shafts between his powerful jaws like straws, but he was beaten by the sand, and, shaking his huge head, he retreated to the river. During his sally upon the shore, two of the hunters had secured the ropes of the harpoons that had been fastened in his body just before his charge; he was now fixed by three of these deadly instruments, but suddenly one rope gave way, having been bitten through by the enraged beast, who was still beneath the water. Immediately after this he appeared on the surface, and, without a moment's hesitation, he once more charged furiously from the water straight at the hunters, with his huge mouth open to such an extent that he could have accommodated two inside passengers. Suleiman was wild with delight, and springing forward, lance in hand, he drove it against the head of the formidable animal, but without effect. At the same time Abou Do met the hippo sword in hand, reminding me of Perseus slaying the sea-monster that would devour Andromeda, but the sword made a harmless gash, and the lance, already blunted against the rocks, refused to penetrate the tough hide; once more handfuls of sand were pelted upon his face, and, again repulsed by this blinding attack, he was forced to retire to his deep hole and wash it from his eyes. Six times during the fight the valiant bull hippo quitted his watery fortress, and charged resolutely at his pursuers; he had broken several of their lances in his jaws, other lances had been hurled, and, falling upon the rocks, they were blunted, and would not penetrate. The fight had continued for three hours, and the sun was about to set, accordingly the hunters begged me to give him the *coup de grace*, as they had hauled him close to the shore, and they feared he would sever the rope with his teeth. I waited for a good opportunity, when he boldly raised his head from water about three yards from the rifle, and a bullet between the eyes closed the last act.

CHAPTER VI.

Pursuit of a Lion.—Aggahr's Cleverness.—Hunting the Lion with the Sword.—Cutting up a Buffalo.—Dainty Morsel.—Traces of the Rhinoceros.—Every Man for Himself.—Burning the Grass.—The Méhedéhet.

HERE, as at Delladilla, we were surrounded by the tall grass. Wishing to burn it, not only because it obstructed our progress, but because it afforded a lurking-place for the enemy, we set out at daybreak, while the howartis were gone in search of their crocodile. On this occasion I rode Aggahr, my best hunter.

We had crossed the river, and, as we passed through an opening in the belt of jungle on the banks, and entered upon a plain interspersed with clumps of bush, we perceived, at about two hundred yards' distance, a magnificent lion, whose shaggy, yellow mane gave him a colossal appearance, as he stalked quietly along the flat sandy ground toward the place of his daily retreat. The aggageers whispered, "El Assut!" (the lion), and instinctively the swords flashed from their sheaths. In an instant the horses were at full speed sweeping over the level ground. The lion had not observed us; but, upon hearing the sound of the hoofs, he halted and raised his head, regarding us for a moment with wonder, as we rapidly decreased our distance, when, thinking retreat advisable, he bounded off, followed by the excited hunters, as hard as the horses could be pressed. Having obtained a good start, we had gained upon him, and we kept up the pace until we at length arrived within about eighty yards of the lion, who, although he appeared to fly easily along like a cat, did not equal the speed of the horses. It was a beautiful sight. Aggahr was an exceedingly fast horse, and thoroughly understood his work. His gallop was perfection, and his long, steady stride was as easy to himself as to his rider; there was no necessity to guide him, as he followed an animal like a greyhound, and sailed between the stems of the numerous trees, carefully avoiding their trunks, and choosing his route where the branches allowed ample room for the rider to pass beneath. In about five minutes we had run the lion straight across the plain, through several open strips of mimosas, and we were now within a few yards; but, unfortunately, just as Taher and Abou Do dashed forward in the endeavor to ride upon either flank, he sprang down a precipitous ravine, and disappeared in the thick thorns.

I was much disappointed, as we should have had a glorious fight, and I had long sought for an opportunity of witnessing an attack upon the lion with the sword. The aggageers were equally annoyed, and they explained that they should have been certain to kill him. Their plan was to ride upon either flank, at a few yards' distance, when he would have charged one man, who would have dashed away, while the other hunter would have slashed the lion through the back with his sword. They declared that a good hunter should be able to protect himself by a back-handed blow with his sword, should the lion attack the horse from behind; but that the great danger in a lion hunt arose when the animal took refuge in a solitary bush, and turned to bay. In such instances the hunters surrounded the bush, and rode direct toward him, when he generally sprang out upon some man or horse; he was then cut down immediately by the sabre of the next hunter. The aggageers declared that, in the event of an actual fight, the death of the lion was certain, although one or more men or horses might be wounded, or perhaps killed.

A short time before, I had killed a buffalo. My aggageers carefully flayed it, and divided the tough hide into portions, accurately measured, for shields. The others, in the mean time, cut up the animal, and prepared the usual disgusting feast, by cutting open the reeking paunch, over which they squeezed the contents of the gall-bladder, so that nothing might be lost, and consumed the whole, raw and steaming.

The camels were promptly loaded with the meat, and we proceeded to fire the grass on our return to camp. The north wind was brisk, and the flames extended over miles of country within an hour. We were passing through a mass of kittar thorn-bush, almost hidden by the immensely high grass, when, as I was ahead of the party, I came suddenly upon the tracks of rhinoceros; these were so unmistakably recent that I felt sure we were not far from the animals themselves. I was accompanied by my Tokrooris, and my horse-keeper, Mohammed. It was difficult ground for the men, and still more unfavorable for the horses, as large disjointed masses of stone were concealed in the high grass.

We were just speculating as to the position of the rhinoceros, and thinking how uncommonly unpleasant it would be should he obtain our wind, when whiff! whiff! whiff! We heard the sharp whistling snort, with a tremendous rush through the high grass and thorns close to us; and at the same moment two of these determined brutes were upon us in full charge. I never saw such a scrimmage; *sauve qui peut!* There was no time for more than one look behind. I dug the spurs into Aggahr's flanks, and clasping him round the neck, I ducked my head down to his shoulder, well protected with my strong hunting cap, and I kept the spurs going as hard as I could ply them, blindly trusting to Providence and my good horse, over big rocks, fallen trees, thick kittar thorns, and grass ten feet high, with the two infernal animals in full chase only a few feet behind me. I heard their abominable whiffing close to me, but so did my horse also, and the good old hunter flew over obstacles that I should have thought impossible, and he dashed straight under the hooked thorn bushes and doubled like a hare. The aggageers were all scattered; Mohammed was knocked over by a rhinoceros; all the men were sprawling upon the rocks with their guns, and the party was entirely discomfited. Having passed the kittar thorn, I turned, and seeing that the beasts had gone straight on, I brought Aggahr's head round, and tried to give chase, but it was perfectly impossible; it was only a wonder that the horse had escaped in ground so difficult for riding. Although my clothes were of the strongest and coarsest Arab cotton cloth, which seldom tore, but simply lost a thread when caught in a thorn, I was nearly naked. My blouse was reduced to shreds; as I wore sleeves only half-way from the shoulder to the elbow, my naked arms were streaming with blood; fortunately my hunting cap was secured with a chin strap, and still more fortunately I had grasped the horse's neck, otherwise I must have been dragged out of the saddle by the hooked thorns. All the men were cut and bruised, some having fallen upon their heads among the rocks, and others had hurt their legs in falling in their endeavors to escape. Mohammed, the horse-keeper, was more frightened than hurt, as he had been knocked down by the shoulder and not by the horn of the rhinoceros, as the animal had not noticed him; its attention was absorbed by the horse. I determined to set fire to the whole country immediately, and descending the hill toward the river to obtain a favorable wind, I put my men in a line, extending over about a mile along the river's bed, and they fired the grass in different places. With a loud roar, the flame leaped high in air and rushed forward with astonishing velocity; the grass was as inflammable as tinder, and the strong north wind drove the long line of fire spreading in every direction through the country.

We now crossed to the other side of the river to avoid the flames, and we returned toward the camp. On the way, I made a long shot and badly wounded a tétel, but lost it in thick thorns; shortly after I stalked a nellut (*A. strepsiceros*), and bagged it with the Fletcher rifle.

Dismounting I ordered one of the hunters to lead my horse while I attempted to stalk a fine buck méhedéhet (*Redunca ellipsyprimna*). There were several in the herd, but there was a buck with a fine head a few yards in advance; they were standing upon an undulation on open ground backed by high grass. I had marked a small bush as my point of cover, and, creeping unobserved toward this, I arrived unseen within about a hundred and twenty yards of the buck. With the Fletcher 24 I made a good shoulder-shot; the buck gave a few bounds and fell dead; the does looked on in astonishment, and I made an equally lucky shot with the left-hand barrel, bringing down what I at first had mistaken to be a doe, but I discovered it to be a young buck.

The méhedéhet is an antelope of great beauty; it resembles the red deer in color, but the coat is still rougher; it stands about thirteen hands in height, with a pair of long, slightly curved, annulated horns. The live weight of the male would be about five hundred pounds; the female, like the nellut (*Tragelaphus strepsiceros*), is devoid of horns, and much resembles the female of the Sambur deer of India. This antelope is the "water-buck" of South Africa.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"WE."

OH! love is left in by-gone years,
Yet there has been no broken vow.
"*We*" met of yore; 'tis "*you* and *I*"
That sometimes meet each other now.
A quite indifferent *he* and *she*,
Though once enshrined in lovers' "*we*."

That time, 'tis now long, long ago—
Its hopes, its joys all passed away;
On life's calm tide three bubbles glow,
And pleasure, youth, and love are they.
Hope paints them bright as bright can be—
Or did when *you and I* were "*we*."

I paradised some woodland cot;
I built great "castles in the air;"
And pleasure was, and grief was not.
In cot or castle *thou* wert there;
Yet it was not alone for thee,
For Fancy always whispered "*we*."

The distant isles of future years
Gleam brightly though the golden haze;
Time's sea a reflex heaven appears,
In which the stars are happy days;
At least 'twas always so with me
When lovers *you and I* were "*we*."

My life was all one web of gold,
Where thoughts of thee like gems were set;
But soon the light of love grew cold,
And gems and gilding faded; yet
The "gilt" and "paste" seemed true to me,
But 'twas when *you and I* were "*we*."

Long, long ago, with life-hope shone
These faded fancies; now they seem
Wild fragments of a gladness gone,
The memory of a pleasant dream.
And Wonder whispers, "Can it be
That ever *you and I* were '*we*?'"

A NIGHT ATTACK.

I WAS still a young man, scarcely more than a boy, in fact, when I left England to become the partner of my old school-mate, Dick Merton, who had settled down as a sheep-farmer in South America. Our joint and rather modest capital was invested in a league of land near Santa Fé, on the Parana, bought "for a song," on account of some defect in the title; also in a few sheep, having the lathy appearance, and almost the speed, of greyhounds; and, lastly, in the materials for our house, of which, as we had ourselves been the architects, builders, and clerks of the work, we were not a little proud. It was built of sun-baked bricks, and consisted of one tolerably large room, with a flat roof and parapet, accessible from the inside by means of a ladder. Around it, at about thirty yards' distance, we had dug a deep dry ditch, crossed by a draw-bridge, and intended as a protection against surprise by our enterprising neighbors the Indians. The latter dusky gentlemen had hitherto behaved themselves very much as such, and had confined their throat-cutting propensities to certain stray sheep, instead of gratifying them at the expense of the owners. But ugly tales were still told of their doings round about us—of white men taken while riding in sight of home, and tortured; of cattle driven off, and sheep speared in very wantonness of mischief—which were not reassuring, and which caused us to keep a particularly sharp look-out, especially when, as now, the Indian moon (their favorite time of attack) gave light enough to point the way to plunder, but not to guide the aim of the defenders.

Dick Merton, changed indeed since the days when his word was law among a select circle of Pall Mall dandies, lounged up to where I was standing. His costume was simple in the extreme, and consisted merely of a sufficiently aged pair of leather unmentionables and a red flannel shirt—the whole being surmounted and relieved by a very long black beard, and a very short but equally black pipe; but through rough attire and surroundings, the indefinable *je ne sais quoi* of gentility was as clearly recognizable as when he was sowing his rather extensive crop of wild-oats upon home soil, and before that memorable Derby which induced him, after settling with duns of every description, to embark himself and the leavings of his property, and dwell among sheep and savages, until he could return with fresh grist to carry on the civilized mill.

"Can you see any thing stirring in the camp?" said he, as he came up. "Those horses are making a confounded row in the corral. I saw Johnson the Yankee this morning, and he said that Indians had crossed the river, and he guessed we'd better keep our wits well iled, that the dusky varmin didn't look in when we warn't ready for visitors."

Now, horses were our surest safeguards against surprise. Dogs we had too, but they roused us up so frequently by barking at nothing more formidable than a stray deer or fox that—reminded of the gentleman whose amusement it was to cry, "Wolf!"—we lost all faith in them; but our little, half-wild Pampa horses had a truer instinct, and their warnings, given by stamping upon the ground, were not to be disregarded with safety.

"I can make out some objects moving about half a mile to the southward," said I, after a long look-out on the plains.

"They are mounted men, by Jove!" exclaimed my companion; "and riding hard this way too. Stand here with your rifle, Alfred, while I slip cartridges into the others. At that pace they will be here directly."

And so they were. Almost before Dick had reached my side again, two "Guachos," their usually swarthy faces livid with fear, sprung from their horses, which, covered with blood, sweat, and foam, showed how sharp had been the ride, and rushed over the draw-bridge. They told us, as soon as terror would allow them, that three hundred Indians were in hot pursuit, and would soon be on the spot, and besought us, for the love of the Virgin, to give them shelter, as to ride out again into the camp upon their foundered horses would be certain death.

Dick, rather to my surprise—for I did not then know what distinguished liars the natives as a rule are—calmly lit his pipe, and then ordered our visitors, in a somewhat doubtful Spanish idiom, to "make themselves scarce."

"Unless," he said, politely, "you can tell a plain tale, señores, without lies, *vamos* and *adios*."

Upon this we learned, after much cross-questioning, that they had been to buy horses ("To steal them, more likely," interjected Dick) at the station of a rich Spaniard, Don Ramon Garcia, who lived about four leagues from us; and that when they reached the top of a gentle rise in the ground, and had a view of the house, they had seen, to their horror and dismay, a large body of the dreaded Indians, who were attacking—for they heard shots—Don Ramon's *estancia*.

"Whereupon," said the spokesman, with teeth chattering, "we rode hard to your abode, well knowing that the brave Englishmen would not deliver us up. But let us mount your fleetest horses, señores, and ride for life. Soon they will be here, and who can withstand the fierce *bravos*?"

"If this be true," said Dick, turning to me—"and I believe it is, for these cowardly scoundrels' faces are proof that they have seen *something*—the sooner we prepare to fight the better. Of course they were not attacking Ramon's place; he has a fort strong enough to resist a thousand of them, and plenty of men and arms as well. Most likely they made a dash to carry off any one who might be strolling at a distance from the house, or to drive off the horses; and it's equally likely that we shall have them here soon, where there's a better chance for a night attack. In any event, we must be prepared for them. Naturally, we can't run away, and leave all we have in the world to be destroyed, as these valiant gentlemen propose."

The natives—both the late arrivals and our own two men, who had often boasted of what they meant to do and had already done in the way of fighting Indians—suddenly disappeared. We afterward learned that they took refuge in a corn-field in the rear of the house, where they lay concealed until the fight was over.

Our preparations were very simple—a box of cartridges was opened (for we were provided with those inestimable peace and life preservers, breech-loading rifles) and placed ready to hand, together with a bottle of whisky and a jar of water; the door and window, our weakest points, were secured as strongly as possible; and then, sheltering our bodies behind the parapet, we peered cautiously over, and strained our eyes to get the first glimpse of an enemy.

Nothing is so daunting as suspense to a young campaigner, and I felt my heart thumping against my ribs with excitement, and a sort of nervous dread that I should not play a man's part in the struggle we expected. But Dick's voice, calm, low, and with a slight drawl in it, reassured me.

"Now look here, Alfred, my boy," he said; "if we have to fight, keep cool, and do as I tell you. Reach your hand over here—that's right; I like to feel you gripe like that. Now remember to aim steadily, as though you were winning a cup in the rifle corps at home, and don't show yourself more than you can help; for, though these beggars have only a few muskets and pistols in the shape of fire-arms, they can shoot pretty straight if you stand still enough for a long sight. Their great point will be to force the door; but we can soon stop that if you are steady with your shots; and they can't fire the bricks. Do you see any thing?"

"There's something dark on the ground near the corral," I answered; "it seems nearer than it was."

"An Indian, sure enough, and the ball's going to commence." As he said this, Dick's rifle rung out in the silence of the night, and I saw a splinter fly white in the moonlight, about a foot above the dark object, which thereupon started up with a cry, and fled. Then we heard the galloping of horse, and about one hundred Indians rode into view, and, breaking into twos and threes, circled round us within shot—waving spears and shouting as though the whole company of fallen angels had met to lament their change of circumstances chorally.

"Don't shoot! This is all a feint." And my superior's warning came just in time; for a dusky cloud of men sprung out from the ditch, and rushed, lance in hand, against the door. Well for us that its fastenings were secure, and that we had not been tempted to throw away shots by the first demonstration. Bang, bang! went our rifles, and I saw with a feeling of pleasure that the man I had covered fell back with a hoarse yell.

"Don't hurry, but in with your cartridges," I heard next; and both fired again together. This was too much for them; they halted, wavered one moment, and then disappeared as if by magic—our rapid system of firing having completely discomfited them.

"Down with you!" and I felt myself pulled suddenly under the parapet, in time to hear the bullets from the cavalry outside the ditch sing over our heads. "So far so good," was Dick's comment. "Take a drop of whisky, and watch the next move."

The moon was now nearly over; but that was not so much against us, the night being clear and starlight enough to see a man at ten paces. We could hear the trampling of horses' feet, and guttural sounds of talking, and guessed that a council of war was being held. Suddenly a spark appeared about two hundred yards from the house—for they had fired our haystack—and grew rapidly into a flame. Brighter and bright-

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lutely innocent of the slightest intention to marry Miss Silvester?"

"No such thing as the thought of marrying Miss Silvester entered my head."

"And this you say, on your word of honor as a gentleman?"

"On my word of honor as a gentleman."

Sir Patrick turned to Anne.

"Was it a matter of necessity, Miss Silvester, that you should appear in the assumed character of a married woman—on the fourteenth of August last, at the Craig Fernie inn?"

Anne looked away from Blanche for the first time. She replied to Sir Patrick quietly, readily, firmly—Blanche looking at her, and listening to her with eager interest.

"I went to the inn alone, Sir Patrick. The landlady refused, in the plainest terms, to let me stay there, unless she was first satisfied that I was a married woman."

"Which of the two gentlemen did you expect to join you at the inn—Mr. Arnold Brinkworth, or Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn."

"When Mr. Arnold Brinkworth came in his place, and said what was necessary to satisfy the scruples of the landlady, you understood that he was acting in your interests, from motives of kindness only, and under the instructions of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"I understood that; and I objected as strongly as I could to Mr. Brinkworth placing himself in a false position on my account."

"Did your objection proceed from any knowledge of the Scottish law of marriage, and of the position in which the peculiarities of that law might place Mr. Brinkworth?"

"I had no knowledge of the Scottish law. I had a vague dislike and dread of the deception which Mr. Brinkworth was practicing on the people of the inn. And I feared that it might lead to some possible misinterpretation of me on the part of a person whom I dearly loved."

"That person being my niece?"

"Yes."

"You appealed to Mr. Brinkworth (knowing of his attachment to my niece), in her name, and for her sake, to leave you to shift for yourself?"

"I did."

"As a gentleman who had given his promise to help and protect a lady, in the absence of the person whom she had depended on to join her, he refused to leave you to shift for yourself?"

"Unhappily, he refused on that account."

"From first to last, you were absolutely innocent of the slightest intention to marry Mr. Brinkworth?"

"I answer, Sir Patrick, as Mr. Brinkworth has answered. No such thing as the thought of marrying him ever entered my head."

"And this you say, on your oath as a Christian woman?"

"On my oath as a Christian woman."

Sir Patrick looked round at Blanche. Her face was hidden in her hands. Her step-mother was vainly appealing to her to compose herself.

In the moment of silence that followed, Mr. Moy interfered in the interests of his client.

"I waive my claim, Sir Patrick, to put any questions on my side. I merely desire to remind you, and to remind the company present, that all that we have just heard is mere assertion—on the part of two persons strongly interested in extricating themselves from a position which fatally compromises them both. The marriage which they deny I am now waiting to prove—not by assertion, on my side, but by appeal to competent witnesses."

After a brief consultation with her own solicitor, Lady Lundie followed Mr. Moy, in stronger language still.

"I wish you to understand, Sir Patrick, before you proceed any farther, that I shall remove my step-daughter from the room if any more attempts are made to harrow her feelings and mislead her judgment. I want words to express my sense of this most cruel and unfair way of conducting the inquiry."

The London lawyer followed, stating his professional approval of his client's view. "As her ladyship's legal adviser," he said, "I support the protest which her ladyship has just made."

Even Captain Newenden agreed in the general disapproval of Sir Patrick's conduct. "Hear, hear!" said the captain, when the lawyer had spoken. "Quite right. I must say, quite right."

Apparently impenetrable to all due sense of his position, Sir Patrick addressed himself to Mr. Moy, as if nothing had happened.

"Do you wish to produce your witnesses at once?" he asked. "I have not the least objection to meet your views—on the understanding that I am permitted to return to the proceedings as interrupted at this point."

Mr. Moy considered. The adversary (there could be no doubt of it by this time) had something in reserve—and the adversary had not yet shown his hand. It was more immediately important to lead him into doing this than to insist on rights and privileges of the purely formal sort. Nothing could shake the strength of the position which Mr. Moy occupied. The longer Sir Patrick's irregularities delayed the proceedings, the more irresistibly the plain facts of the case would assert themselves—with all the force of contrast—out of the mouths of the witnesses who were in attendance down stairs. He determined to wait.

"Reserving my right of objection, Sir Patrick," he answered, "I beg you to go on."

To the surprise of every body, Sir Patrick addressed himself directly to Blanche—quoting the language in which Lady Lundie had spoken to him, with perfect composure of tone and manner.

"You know me well enough, my dear," he said, "to be assured that I am incapable of willingly harrowing your feelings or misleading your judgment. I have a question to ask you, which you can answer or not, entirely as you please."

Before he could put the question there was a momentary contest between Lady Lundie and her legal adviser. Silencing her ladyship (not without difficulty), the London lawyer interposed. He also begged leave to reserve the right of objection, so far as *his* client was concerned.

Sir Patrick assented by a sign, and proceeded to put his question to Blanche.

"You have heard what Arnold Brinkworth has said, and what Miss Silvester has said," he resumed. "The husband who loves you, and the sisterly friend who loves you, have each made a solemn declaration. Recall your past experience of both of them; remember what they have just said; and now tell me—do you believe they have spoken falsely?"

Blanche answered on the instant.

"I believe, uncle, they have spoken the truth!"

Both the lawyers registered their objections. Lady Lundie made another attempt to speak, and was stopped once more—this time by Mr. Moy as well as by her own adviser. Sir Patrick went on.

"Do you feel any doubt as to the entire propriety of your husband's conduct and your friend's conduct, now you have seen them and heard them, face to face?"

Blanche answered again, with the same absence of reserve.

"I ask them to forgive me," she said. "I believe I have done them both a great wrong."

She looked at her husband first—then at Anne. Arnold attempted to leave his chair. Sir Patrick firmly restrained him. "Wait!" he whispered. "You don't know what is coming." Having said that, he turned toward Anne. Blanche's look had gone to the heart of the faithful woman who loved her. Anne's face was turned away—the tears were forcing themselves through the worn weak hands that tried vainly to hide them.

The formal objections of the lawyers were registered once more. Sir Patrick addressed himself to his niece for the last time.

"You believe what Arnold Brinkworth has said; you believe what Miss Silvester has said. You know that not even the thought of marriage was in the mind of either of them, at the inn. You know—whatever else may happen in the future—that there is not the most remote possibility of either of them consenting to acknowledge that they ever have been, or ever can be, Man and Wife. Is that enough for you? Are you willing, before this inquiry proceeds any farther, to take your husband's hand; to return to your husband's protection; and to leave the rest to me—satisfied with my assurance that, on the facts as they happened, not even the Scotch Law can prove the monstrous assertion of the marriage at Craig Fernie to be true?"

Lady Lundie rose. Both the lawyers rose. Arnold sat lost in astonishment. Geoffrey himself—brutishly careless thus far of all that had passed—lifted his head with a sudden start. In the midst of the profound impression thus produced, Blanche, on whose decision the whole future course of the inquiry now turned, answered in these words:

"I hope you will not think me ungrateful, uncle. I am sure that Arnold has not, knowingly, done me any wrong. But I can't go back to him until I am first *certain* that I am his wife."

Lady Lundie embraced her step-daughter, with a sudden outburst of affection. "My dear child!" exclaimed her ladyship, fervently. "Well done, my own dear child!"

Sir Patrick's head dropped on his breast. "Oh, Blanche! Blanche!" Arnold heard him whisper to himself; "if you only knew what you are forcing me to!"

Mr. Moy put in his word, on Blanche's side of the question.

"I must most respectfully express my approval also of the course which the young lady has taken," he said. "A more dangerous compromise than the compromise which we have just heard suggested it is difficult to imagine. With all deference to Sir Patrick Lundie, his opinion of the impossibility of proving the marriage at Craig Fernie remains to be confirmed as the right one. My own professional opinion is opposed to it. The opinion of another Scottish lawyer (in Glasgow) is, to my certain knowledge, opposed to it. If the young lady had not acted with a wisdom and courage which do her honor, she might have lived to see the day when her reputation would have been destroyed, and her children declared illegitimate. Who is to say that circumstances may not happen in the future which may force Mr. Brinkworth or Miss Silvester—one or the other—to assert the very marriage which they repudiate now? Who is to say that interested relatives (property being concerned here) may not, in the lapse of years, discover motives of their own for questioning the asserted marriage in Kent? I acknowledge that I envy the immense self-confidence which emboldens Sir Patrick to venture, what he is willing to venture upon his own individual opinion on an undecided point of law."

He sat down amidst a murmur of approval, and cast a slyly-expectant look at his defeated adversary. "If *that* doesn't irritate him into showing his hand," thought Mr. Moy, "nothing will!"

Sir Patrick slowly raised his head. There was no irritation—there was only distress in his face—when he spoke next.

"I don't propose, Mr. Moy, to argue the point with you," he said, gently. "I can understand that my conduct must necessarily appear strange and even blameworthy, not in your eyes only, but in the eyes of others. My young friend here will tell you" (he looked toward Arnold) "that the view which you express as to the future peril involved in this case was once the view in my mind too, and that in what I have done thus far I have acted in direct contradiction to advice which I myself gave at no very distant period. Excuse me, if you please, from entering (for the present at least) into the motive which has influenced me from the time when I entered this room. My position is one of unexampled responsibility and of indescribable distress. May I appeal to that statement to stand as my excuse, if I plead for a last extension of indulgence toward the last irregularity of which I shall be guilty, in connection with these proceedings?"

Lady Lundie alone resisted the unaffected and touching dignity with which those words were spoken.

"We have had enough of irregularity," she said, sternly. "I, for one, object to more."

Sir Patrick waited patiently for Mr. Moy's reply. The Scotch lawyer and the English lawyer looked at each other—and understood each other. Mr. Moy answered for both.

"We don't presume to restrain you, Sir Patrick, by other limits than those which, as a gentleman, you impose on yourself. Subject," added the cautious Scotchman, "to the right of objection which we have already reserved."

"Do you object to my speaking to your client?" asked Sir Patrick.

"To Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"Yes."

All eyes turned on Geoffrey. He was sitting half asleep, as it seemed—with his heavy hands hanging listlessly over his knees, and his chin resting on the hooked handle of his stick.

Looking toward Anne, when Sir Patrick pronounced Geoffrey's name, Mr. Moy saw a change in her. She withdrew her hands from her face, and turned suddenly toward her legal adviser. Was she in the secret of the carefully concealed object at which his opponent had been aiming from the first? Mr. Moy decided to put that doubt to the test. He invited Sir Patrick, by a gesture, to proceed. Sir Patrick addressed himself to Geoffrey.

"You are seriously interested in this inquiry," he said; "and you have taken no part in it yet. Take a part in it now. Look at this lady."

Geoffrey never moved.

"I've seen enough of her already," he said, brutally.

"You may well be ashamed to look at her," said Sir Patrick, quietly. "But you might have acknowledged it in fitter words. Carry your memory back to the fourteenth of August. Do you deny that you promised to marry Miss Silvester privately at the Craig Fernie inn?"

"I object to that question," said Mr. Moy. "My client is under no sort of obligation to answer it."

Geoffrey's rising temper—ready to resent any thing—resented his adviser's interference. "I shall answer if I like," he retorted, insolently. He looked up for a moment at Sir Patrick, without moving his chin from the hook of his stick. Then he looked down again. "I do deny it," he said.

"You deny that you have promised to marry Miss Silvester?"

"Yes."

"I asked you just now to look at her—"

"And I told you I had seen enough of her already."

"Look at *me*. In my presence, and in the presence of the other persons here, do you deny that you owe this lady, by your own solemn engagement, the reparation of marriage?"

He suddenly lifted his head. His eyes, after resting for an instant only on Sir Patrick, turned, little by little; and, brightening slowly, fixed themselves with a hideous, tigerish glare on Anne's face. "I know what I owe her," he said.

The devouring hatred of his look was matched by the ferocious vindictiveness of his tone, as he spoke those words. It was horrible to see him; it was horrible to hear him. Mr. Moy said to him, in a whisper, "Control yourself, or I will throw up your case."

Without answering—without even listening—he lifted one of his hands, and looked at it vacantly. He whispered something to himself; and counted out what he was whispering slowly; in divisions of his own, on three of his fingers in succession. He fixed his eyes again on Anne, with the same devouring hatred in their look, and spoke (this time directly addressing himself to her) with the same ferocious vindictiveness in his tone. "But for you, I should be married to Mrs. Glenarm. But for you, I should be friends with my father. But for you, I should have won the race. I know what I owe you." His loosely hanging hands stealthily clenched themselves. His head sank again on his broad breast. He said no more.

Not a soul moved—not a word was spoken. The same common horror held them all speechless. Anne's eyes turned once more on Blanche. Anne's courage upheld her, even at that moment.

Sir Patrick rose. The strong emotion which he had suppressed thus far, showed itself plainly in his face—uttered itself plainly in his voice.

"Come into the next room," he said to Anne. "I must speak to you instantly!"

Without noticing the astonishment that he caused; without paying the smallest attention to the remonstrances addressed to him by his sister-in-law and by the Scotch lawyer, he took Anne by the arm—opened the folding-doors at one end of the room—entered the room beyond with her—and closed the doors again.

Lady Lundie appealed to her legal adviser. Blanche rose—advanced a few steps—and stood in breathless suspense, looking at the folding-doors. Arnold advanced a step, to speak to his wife. The captain approached Mr. Moy.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

Mr. Moy answered, in strong agitation on his side.

"It means that I have not been properly instructed. Sir Patrick Lundie has some evidence in his possession that seriously compromises Mr. Delamayn's case. He has shrunk from producing it hitherto—he finds himself forced to produce it now. How is it," asked the lawyer, turning sternly on his client, "that you have left me in the dark?"

"I know nothing about it," answered Geoffrey, without lifting his head.

Lady Lundie signed to Blanche to stand aside, and advanced toward the folding-doors. Mr. Moy stopped her.

"I advise your ladyship to be patient. Interference is useless there."

"Am I not to interfere, Sir, in my own house?"

"Unless I am entirely mistaken, madam, the end of the proceedings in your house is at hand. You will damage your own interests by interfering. Let us know what we are about at last. Let the end come."

Lady Lundie yielded, and returned to her place. They all waited in silence for the opening of the doors.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE GERMAN QUESTION—"Haf some peer?"

A TREATISE ON ETIQUETTE.

Never eat soup with a fork.

If you want to run for office next fall, nominate yourself at once, and pitch right into the caldron with a vim.

If you see Jones at the theatre with a young lady, yell out, "Hello, Jones, how is your wife?" Jones will think it funny.

Young ladies, always give precedence to age, and never go to the wash-tub if your mother or grandmother are present; they might consider it disrespectful.

In the dining-room no gentleman will sit on the table, nor is it polite to get under it until too drunk to sit in a chair.

At a school examination in New Bedford last week the teacher sought to develop the "general intelligence" of an infant class by asking, "What are cows good for?" After a moment's pause a small hand went up with tremendous energy. "Well, Johnny, what is it?" "Their thomachth are good for tripe," shouted the young savant.

At a recent parish meeting a strait-laced and most exemplary curate submitted a report in writing of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish. "Are you sure, reverend Sir," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

Mr. Jones was afflicted, and thus he told his sorrow: "By dabe is Jodes—Daddle Jodes. I ab the bost biserable bad udder the sud. I ab eterdally catchig code, so that I dever cad talk plaid. I tried every thig id the world to prevedt it; subber ad widter, it's all the sabe. I breathe through by bouth frob Jadiary to Decebber, frob the begiddig to the edd of the year. I've tried every systeb of bedicid, but id vaid. All kides of teas, broths, ad old wibbid dostrubs have bid tried. I've swallowed edough of theb to drowd be; but it's do use. Dothig udder heaved cad keep by feet warb; dothig keeps be frob catchig code."

"How does the Empress Eugénie dress?" inquired an inquisitive female of a bachelor friend just returned from Paris. "Like a woman," was the brusque reply. "Of course," continued the inquirer; "but I wish to know whether she wears costly dresses." "I understand you, madam," was the ungallant response; "she dresses like a woman—wearing the most costly garments she can procure."

A Portland club has the following question proposed for discussion: "Can a big man ache harder than a little man?"

HIGH-TONED MEN—The tenor singers.

The recent action of the jury of Wyoming women in convicting a man of manslaughter, shows that the weakness of the sex is not prejudicial to justice—that is, female juries will not favor *male*factors.

"Ah," said old Mrs. Doosenbury, "larning is a great thing! I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and I only know the name of three months in the year, and them's spring, fall, and autumn. I larnt the names of them when I was a leetle bit of a gal!"

A MEDICAL QUESTION—Is opening a dead-letter a post-mortem examination?

A lady teacher in the Baptist Sunday-school at Orange recently had occasion to illustrate a lesson on "faith," by the story of a child who was told by his father to drop from an elevated place into his arms. The father could not be seen by the child, yet, when commanded, it dropped. Upon the teacher asking her class what was shown by this story, a bright little fellow immediately replied: "It showed he had pluck!"

A lawyer built him an office in the form of a hexagon. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by. They made a full stop, and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, raised the window, put his head out, and addressed them: "What do you stand there for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?" "Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so till I saw the divil poke his head out of the windy."

If you want to get a sure crop and a big yield sow wild oats.

A gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, and who had arrived at the Northern Central Dépôt, in Baltimore, from some point North, rushed up to the baggage-room, and in a peremptory manner demanded that his baggage should be given to him in preference to all other customers. His manner was somewhat offensive, and when informed, by a plainly clad but humorous-looking son of the Emerald Isle, that he must have patience, and wait his turn, he turned upon the adviser and imparter of knowledge with, "Sir, you're an ass." The honest Irishman gazed at him an instant, and then replied, "And you, Sir, are an ape; and what a pity it is that when we two were made bastes that ye wasn't made an illiphant, so that ye could have yer blasted trunk under your nose all the time."

"So you are going to keep a school?" said a young lady to her old aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the reply; "but where is the widower?"

The agent for a patent coffin says, in his circular: "Undertakers who have used it pronounce it a perfect success, and we ask you to try it, free of charge, and judge for yourself."

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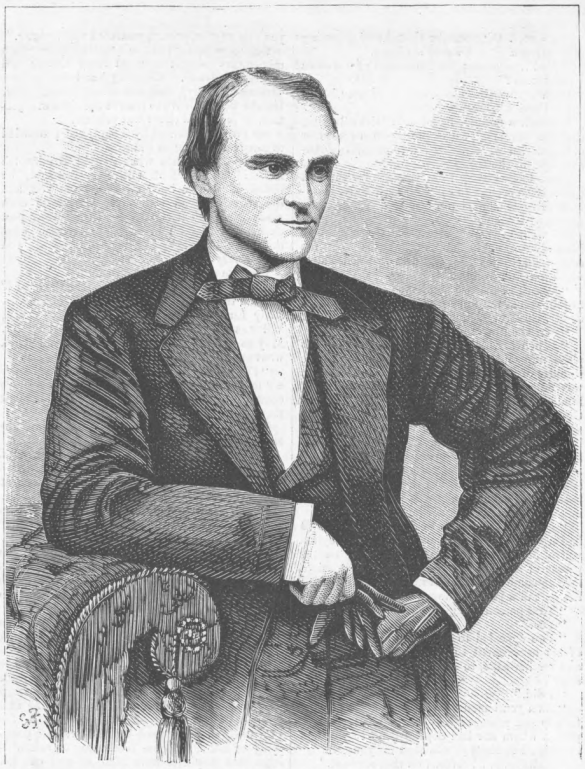
MARK LEMON.—[PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY E. B. FAY, NEW YORK.]



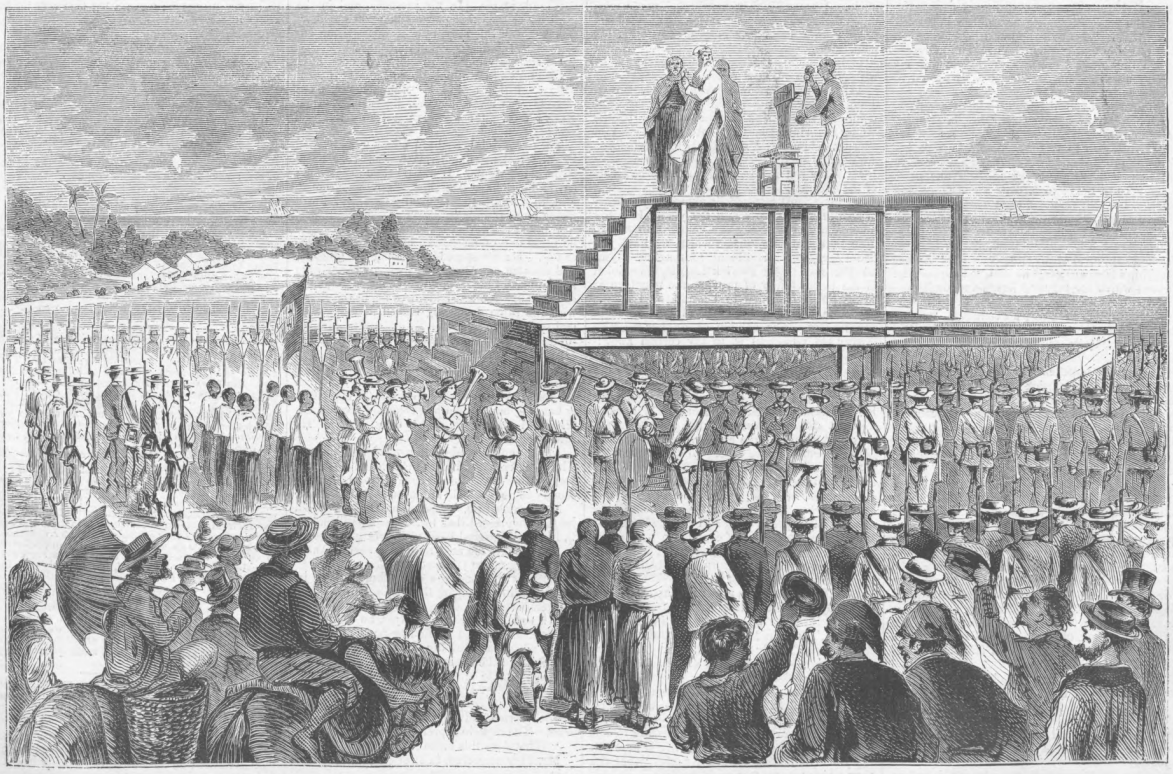
WESTON, THE PEDESTRIAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICKS.]

MARK LEMON.

MR. MARK LEMON, well known both in England and this country as the editor of *Punch*, as a successful dramatist and pleasant story-writer, whose portrait we give on this page, died in London on the 23d ult., at the age of 62. His earliest literary efforts were dramatic productions, and he occasionally appeared on the stage. On the establishment of *Punch* he was made associate editor of that entertaining comic journal, and remained in that position until the retirement of the editor, Mr. HENRY MAYHEW, when he succeeded to the chief post, and held it till his death. Mr. LEMON was popular as a writer, and a favorite in society. In addition to his contributions to *Punch*, he wrote upward of sixty dramatic pieces, and numerous articles and stories for the English literary journals and magazines. He also edited a collection of jests, and wrote a large number of songs. Recently he played the character of Falstaff at one of the London theatres, and, according to the popular verdict, was very successful. The stout, massive frame and genial countenance which he possessed no doubt helped to secure public favor in this part, which he undertook rather as an amateur than as a professional player. It will be difficult to find a man to fill the position he so long occupied as editor of the most successful comic periodical ever established.

WESTON, THE PEDESTRIAN.

WE give on this page a portrait of Mr. EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, the well-known pedestrian, who has just accomplished the feat of walking one hundred miles in twenty-one hours and forty minutes—twenty minutes less than the time required by his wager. The performance took place at the Empire Rink, in Third Avenue. He made about nine stoppages for rest during his walk, none of which was longer than ten minutes. His chief nourishment was beef-tea, together with crackers, raw eggs, and lemonade. He accomplished the one hundred miles without giving evidences of any great strain on his mental or physical system, being nearly as fresh at the finish as he was at the opening. The first fifty miles were made in ten hours and thirty-five minutes. His quickest mile was done in about



THE EXECUTION OF THE CUBAN PATRIOT, GENERAL GOICOURIA, AT HAVANA.—[SEE PAGE 381.]

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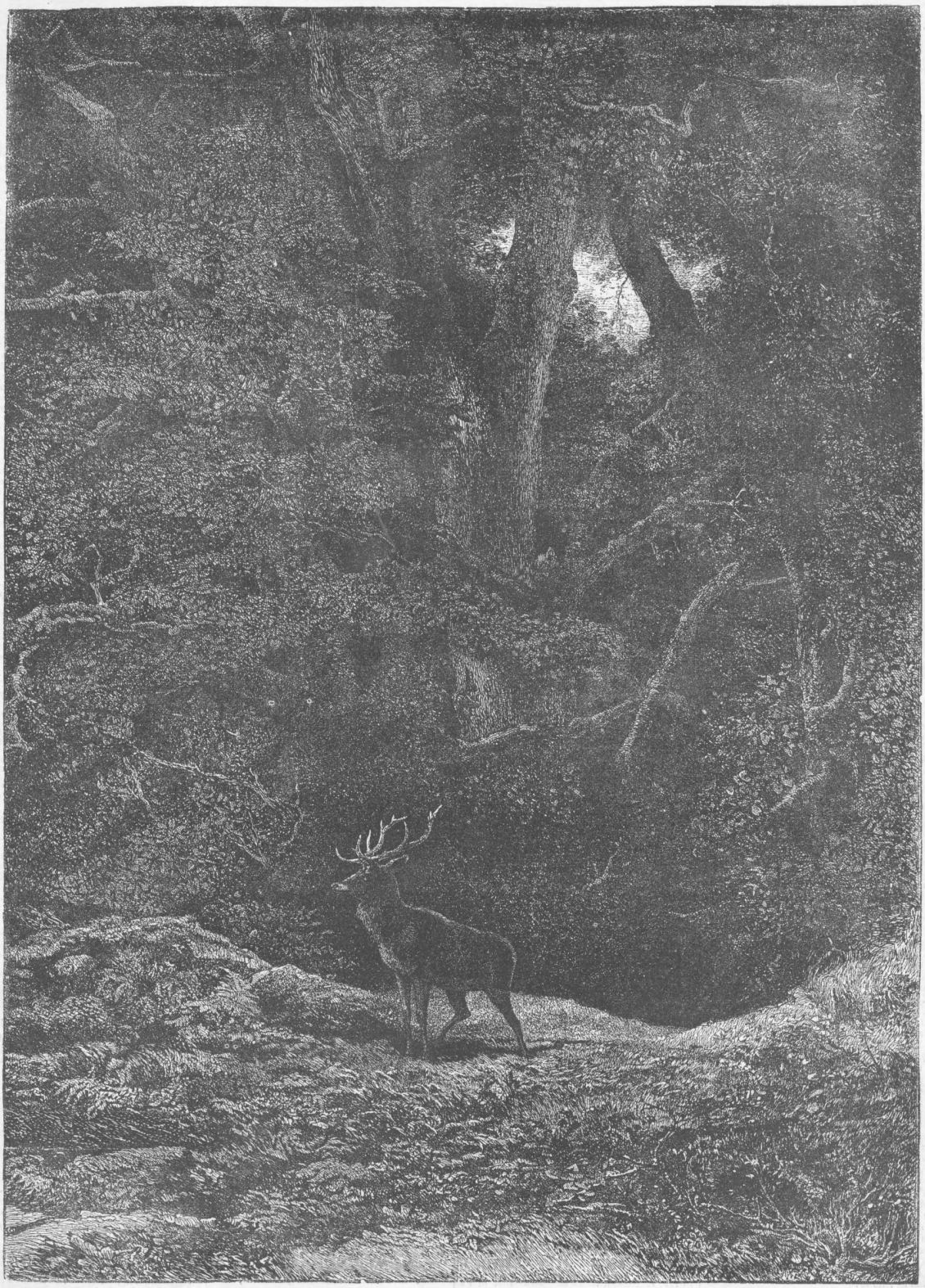

IN THE WOODS.—[DRAWN BY K. BODMER.]

eleven minutes, and his best single circuit of the rink in one minute and twenty seconds. The close of his performance was witnessed by an audience of at least 5000 people, who greeted his triumph with enthusiastic applause.

THE EXECUTION OF GOICOURIA.

WE give on page 380 a representation of the execution of General DOMINGO DE GOICOURIA, a brave and energetic Cuban soldier, who died by the garrote at Havana on the 7th of May.

General GOICOURIA had been for more than a quarter of a century closely identified with the revolutionary cause in Cuba. A native of that island, and married to a lady of large possessions there, he was, many years ago, compelled to fly his home on account of his political sympathies, and take up his residence in this country. In all the subsequent movements in behalf of Cuban independence he took an active and prominent part. He was the friend and associate of LOPEZ in his enterprises, though he remained in this country, devoting all his time, energy, and means to the organization and direction of the plans set on foot to liberate Cuba from the Spanish yoke. The failure of the expeditions under LOPEZ and QUITMAN seemed not to dampen his enthusiasm in the cause; and when the present insurrection broke out he was among the first to engage in the war of liberation. As in former enterprises, he acted mainly as an organizer and manager of expeditions from this country. He was recently captured on an island near the coast of Cuba, taken to Havana, and immediately executed.

By the death of General GOICOURIA the Cuban cause has sustained a serious loss.

A HANDY MAN.

IN the year 18— there resided in the north of England a gentleman who was known as Sir William Marston. He was one of those men who are cool and calculating—always looking before them. He had made all his money at iron-working; but after having got his title, he thought fit to "sell out" and retire.

He accordingly chose a residence in Durham, and resided there for three years, when he determined to build a large mansion for himself; and he accordingly consulted with an architect,

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and the drawings and specifications were made out, tenders received, and the work proceeded with.

Now when this mansion was built, Sir William found that every one was admiring it, and artists came and sketched it before the glass was in the windows. Every one declared it perfection, all but Sir William himself.

A very unpleasant idea had come into Sir William's head. He intended to keep a good many valuables and money on the premises. Thus the question arose, "Was it burglar-proof?" The architect assured him it was; the inspector of police said so too; he thought so himself, but he would like to be sure. The following advertisement accordingly appeared in some of the local papers a few days after the house was finished:

NOTICE TO BURGLARS AND OTHERS.—WHEREAS, Sir William Marston, having gone to great expense in the building of his new mansion, "Fallow Hill," is desirous of ascertaining whether it be burglar-proof or not, and with that object has placed in his writing-table drawer the sum of five hundred pounds. And whosoever shall, with the ordinary appliances of a burglar, contrive to abstract the said five hundred pounds *without being caught in the act*, shall be permitted to enjoy the same, on condition that he write to the said Sir William Marston and fully inform him how he did succeed in abstracting the same; and be it known, no steps shall be taken to recover the money or bring the offender to justice. But if the said burglar be caught, he shall be bound to state how he entered the premises, and how he *proposed* abstracting the money, and he shall then be permitted to depart.

A week passed, and Sir William was getting in servants for his establishment, buying furniture, horses and carriages, and all the paraphernalia necessary for the comfort of a mansion. Still there came no answer to his extraordinary advertisement. At last a thought struck him. He put the advertisement in again, adding that "no extraordinary precautions would be taken to preserve the house from being broken into."

The next day Sir William was sitting in the small room adjoining his office, quietly reading a book, when the footman entered and stood waiting till his master should speak.

"Well?" at last he said, looking up.

"A man wanting to speak to you, Sir. Says he believes you want a groom. He can groom, Sir; harness a horse, clean a carriage, fust-rate at gardening, rubbing up knives and forks, cleaning windows—in fact, Sir, I assure you, by his own account, he is a 'very handy man.'"

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Decent enough, Sir—tall, determined-looking; a kind of man as would knock dander out of you, Sir, or could—"

"That will do; show him in."

"He has a portmanteau, Sir. Shall I take care of it? It might—"

"Less o' your lip!" Sir William was becoming the iron-founder again. "Show him in!"

He was shown in, and began to run up his accomplishments, which, to Sir William, seemed very suitable to him. He was just the sort of man he wanted, and Sir William began to think of clenching the bargain.

While they were quibbling about terms they were assailed by a strong smell of burning, and a scream suddenly startled them. Upon hearing loud shouts of "Fire!" Sir William and the man instantly rushed to the door; but the man suddenly fell headlong on the floor, Sir William darting off to the scene of the conflagration.

Upon arriving in the hall he found volumes of smoke coming from a cupboard under the stairs, and he immediately ordered in the little hand fire-engine kept in the kitchen (a thing no mansion should be without). He ran it up to the cupboard-door, and, seizing the hose in his left hand, he commenced to pump furiously with the right, and the little lever-handle was almost invisible, with such speed did it go up and down. The footman kicked away the portmanteau, that had been left in the hall, and burst the cupboard-door open, and then proceeded to drag to light a vast assortment of rags, and brown paper, and damp straw, all of which made a terrible smoke, although no flame was visible. It was soon put out, and Sir William returned to his room.

He found the door locked on the inside upon his arrival; but this did not startle him at first. He knocked, but he got no answer; so, quietly stepping back along the passage (being a powerful man), he flung himself at the door, and it gave way with a crash. The room was empty.

He looked every where, and found two things—viz., that the window was wide open, and that his five hundred pounds were gone.

He was mortified in the extreme. Had this man who wanted a situation taken his money? If so, was it a plot to do so, or merely that, knowing there was money there, he had availed himself of the opportunity and taken it? He thought the latter.

The man that was at the porter's lodge said that he saw a man come in the morning of the fire with a portmanteau, and that soon afterward he saw him running toward the gate, saying he was going for the fire-engines; so he let him pass.

The next morning Sir William received a letter by the post, which puzzled him not a little. It ran as follows:

"SIR,—Having seen your advertisement in the —— inviting burglars to break in and steal, I thought that as it was hardly to be called a crime, this housebreaking—being, in fact, an out-of-the-way proof of the safety of your house—I might with safety venture to show you that 'forcible entry' is not the only way of robbing a house. And, moreover, as you specified so accurately where the rhino was, I determined to possess it.

"I accordingly took an old portmanteau, and filled it with some very smoky and inflammable, but not dangerous, materials; and, donning some old clothes, I proceeded to your mansion.

"As I had often visited it while it was building, I knew it well; and so, upon giving an elaborate message to the footman, I staid in the hall while he delivered it; but I was not idle. I knew of the cupboard under the stairs, and immediately opening it (for the key was in it), I emptied my portmanteau, and lighted a match and applied it to the damp straw and the bits of brown paper, and then I quietly closed the door and pocketed the key, knowing it would be some time before the smoke would ooze through.

"I then palavered to your Highness till the alarm was given, whereupon I pretended to trip and fall while running for the door; but picked myself up immediately, locked the door, forced all the drawers of your writing-table, pocketed the money, and, lifting up the window, leaped on to the lawn—a good jump, certainly; but I ran off toward the gate. Here I was stopped. I pointed to the smoke coming through the hall-door, said I was going for the engines, and then quietly returned home.

"It is my intention to indulge in a tour to the United States with the five hundred pounds I procured by my ingenuity.

"Pray remember they are not all thieves that steal, and believe me, yours truly,

"A VERY HANDY MAN."

Sir William never put any more advertisements in the paper to say where his money was.

"THEY SAY."

No words can condemn too strongly the grosser and more malignant forms of backbiting and scandal. The ancient laws, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people," are for all time. The Divine opinion of such conduct is concisely and judicially given—for example, "He who uttereth slander is a very fool;" "He who goeth about as a slanderer revealeth secrets; but he who is of a faithful spirit concealeth a matter;" "The words of a tale-bearer are like sportive ones, yet they go down into the innermost parts of the body."

There is, however, a somewhat milder form of this evil, of which too many are more or less guilty. It appears in the use of the insignificant, sneaking, half-apologetic phrase, "They say—;" the sentence being generally completed with something damaging to the character of the person spoken of. Several friends meet at an evening party, or in the street, when the name of some one not present is mentioned, and forthwith one of the company speaks quietly, gently, and with professed sympathy, or regret, or mild censure, or solemn disapprobation in the tones of his voice to the following effect: "*They say* he has a great many bills in the market, and will find it difficult to meet them." Or, "*They say* that his bankruptcy was a good thing for him." Or, "*They say* that he is a perfect bear at home." Or, "*They say* he didn't marry the woman he wanted." Or, "*They say* she is very fond of dress, and gets things unknown to her husband." Or, "*They say* no servant stays with her longer than a month; they can't bear her." Or, "*They say* she is not what she pretends to be."

These are fair average specimens of "sayings" that may not perhaps be called slanderous, but which are decidedly mischievous. It is not necessary to look far for the reason of their use. Men believe evil of others more readily or more easily than they believe good. A late writer exposes this sad failing of human nature in the following incisive terms: "How comes it that the evil men say spreads so widely and lasts so long, while our good, kind words don't seem, somehow, to take root and bear blossom? Is it that in the stony hearts of mankind these pretty flowers can't find a place to grow? Certain it is that scandal is a good, brisk talk, whereas praise of one's neighbor is by no means lively hearing. An acquaintance grilled, scored, deviled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite; whereas a slice of cold friend, with currant jelly, is but a sickly, unrelishing meat."

The expression "They say—" is most generally used in retailing small bits of scandal. The speaker in effect says, "Now, *I* am not responsible fo this, *I* do not vouch for its truth; but you were speaking just now of Smith. Well, they say—" and out comes something not altogether to Smith's credit. Observe, the speaker does not wish to give you the unclean thing as from himself; he carries, as it were, a pair of moral tongs, with which he handles the matter, and when he has put down the tongs he says, "*I* am not dirty."

THE AMERICAN ORGAN.

ORGAN with voice: this is one of the invariable links in nature. The piano-forte is bright, sparkling, incisive; its clear-cut phrases represent well the movements of instrumental melody, but its contact with that finest organ—the human voice—is slight and momentary. Its tones may be likened to the microscopic stones that form a mosaic picture, in which you can have juxtaposition of color only: the separate hues may show lovely contrasts, but they never blend as do the same colors under the painter's brush. But the sustaining power of harmony, the intellectual beauty of counterpoint, these are felt only when the singer's bland and flowing style is supplemented by the continuous volume of wind instruments. Hence it is no wonder that for social occasions, for musical practice, and for worship in chapels and churches, the reed organ, as it now exists, with its ample power and variety of tone, its appliances for musical effect, has come into such general use. The AMERICAN ORGAN made by S. D. & H. W. SMITH, of Boston, ranks deservedly first of its class, and grows yearly into more extended use, with ever-increasing approbation. Read their advertisement on the last page of this paper.—[*Com.*]

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OF all the effects that exposure of the skin to the air or sun produces, the most disagreeable is called freckle or tan. If spread over the entire surface of the parts exposed, it is called tan; if scattered at intervals, freckles. The finest skins are most subject to them. The *Kalliston* prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, contains a peculiar erasive property which will remove these disagreeable stains. It is at the same time perfectly harmless, allays all tendency to inflammation, and renders the complexion clear and beautiful. For sale by all dealers.—[*Com.*]

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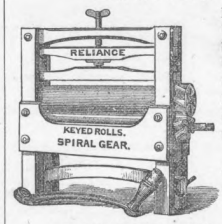

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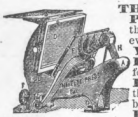

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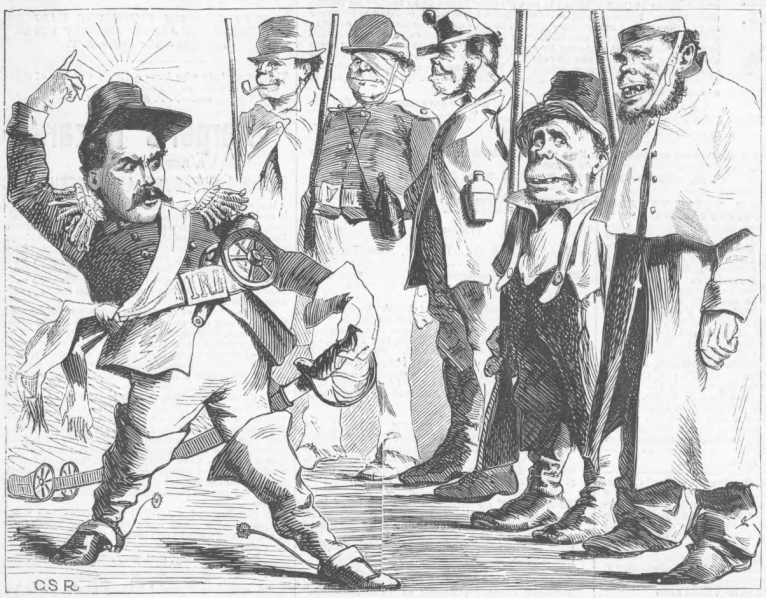
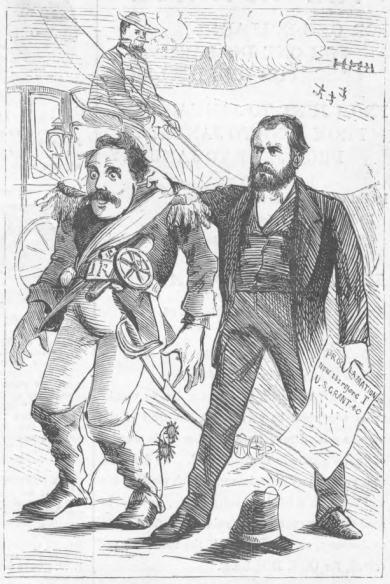
TWO SCENES IN THE CAREER OF GEN. BOMBASTES FURIOSO O'NEILL.



SCENE 1st.—THE ADVANCE.

St. Albans, Vt., May 25, Morning.—On reaching the Canadian frontier, Gen. O'NEILL addressed his men as follows: "Soldiers! I am going into the enemy's country. I shall cross the lines with cannon and sabre, and never recross them unless I am Victorious or Dead!"



SCENE 2d.—THE CAPTURE.

St. Albans, Vt., May 25, Afternoon.—Gen. O'NEILL, *going back alone from his line of battle*, was arrested by United States Marshall GEO. P. FOSTER, turned into a close carriage, and hurried to this city, where he was bound over under $20,000 bonds for violation of the neutrality law. He will be taken to Burlington jail to-night.

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34	39, and 2 are 41. Set this down, and you have
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 703.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

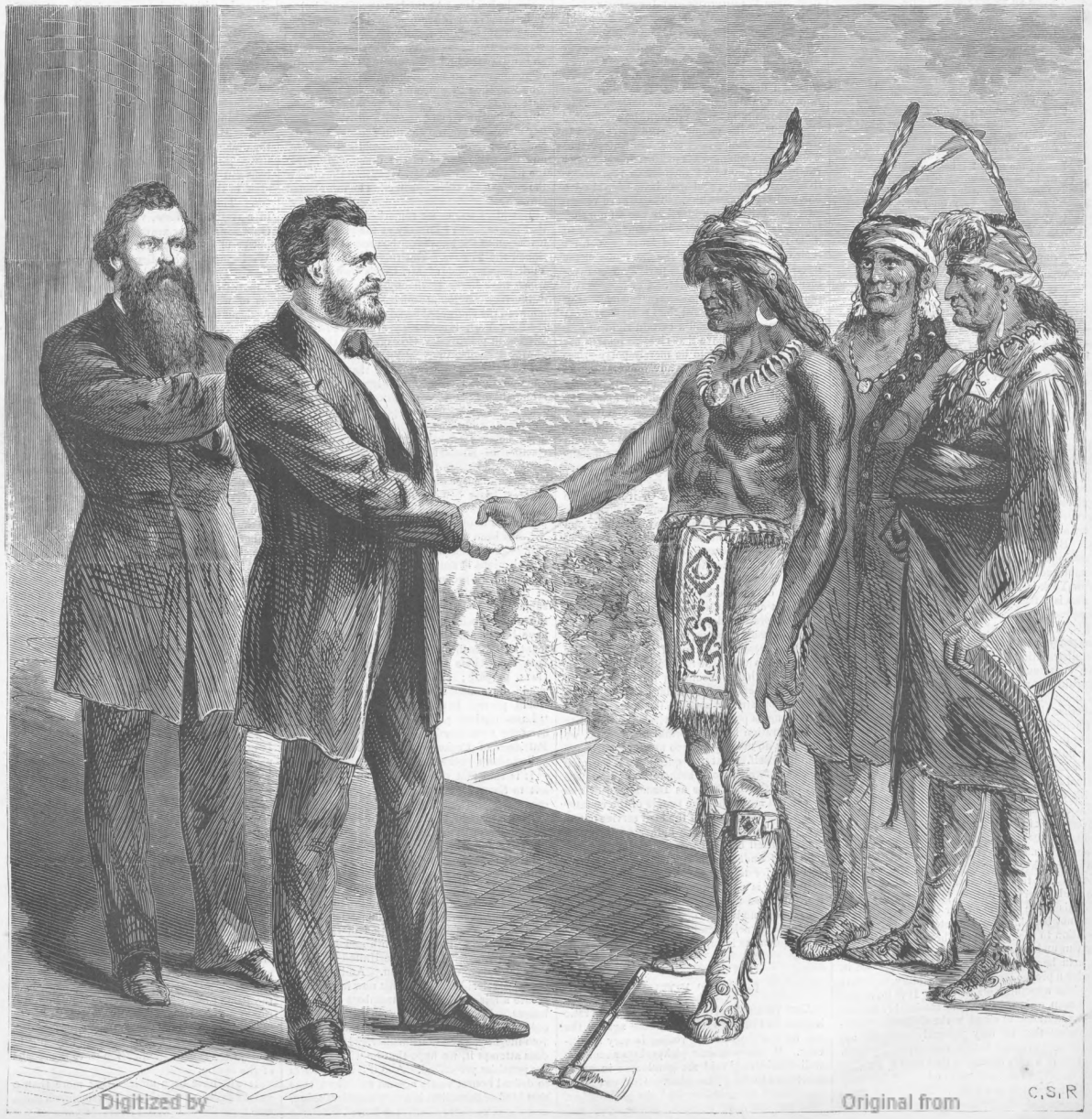
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

ON THE WAR-PATH.

On the first of the present month a motley delegation of Indians waited on Commissioner PARKER, at Washington, for the purpose of conferring with him in regard to Indian affairs in the Territories of the Northwest. The English names of the principal men are RED CLOUD, SPOTTED TAIL, and SWIFT BEAR. RED CLOUD, who for more than twenty years has been the head chief of the Sioux Nation, is a man of herculean stature, six and a half feet in height, and large in proportion. Indeed there is not a small man in the delegation; but in every other respect the sight of them instantly dispels every illusion in regard to the "noble savage" which one may have received from Indian romances. Large, coarse features, prominent cheek-bones, faces painted in every imaginable style of ugliness, are the characteristics of the party. The women are particularly ugly, with pug or flat noses, wide mouths, and big feet. They are all magnificently dressed in Indian style. All wear splendid buffalo-robes, ornamented with embroidery and jewels.

The object of this visit to Washington is to obtain protection and redress. In a conversation with Commissioner PARKER, SPOTTED TAIL stated his grievances in round terms. The government, he said, does not fulfill its treaty obligations; and that supplies promised and money owed are not forthcoming at stated times; and that white men, wherever they can find many buffaloes or gold, come to the Indians' land and take the Indians' ponies and other possessions. The Commissioner promised that these grievances should be redressed, and gave the delegation some excellent advice in regard to fighting and stealing.

While the members of the delegation are enjoying the hospitalities of the government at Washington, their brethren in the West have suddenly appeared on the war-path. Colonel MORROW, who commands the military forces at



"LET US HAVE PEACE."—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

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Fort Buford, Dakota Territory, communicates the information that the Indians in that vicinity have openly declared war upon their white neighbors, and that they were preparing to make an attack upon the fort in great force. The Indian warriors thereabout, who are Sioux, number from three hundred to five hundred, while Colonel MORROW had but fifty men ready for service. Yet, with even that disparity of numbers, he felt confident he could successfully resist any attack which the Indians might make, and also protect his herds of stock. He had sent out ten friendly Indians to reconnoitre, who met what was supposed to be the advance-guard of the hostile band, and were driven back.

Our illustration on page 392 shows a band of these warriors on the war-path, and is a faithful representation of the appearance they make when out for a fight. It is their practice, before starting out on one of these excursions, to tie up their ponies' tails—as a careful coachman will sometimes tie up his horses' tails in bad weather, to keep them from becoming draggled with mud. This is never done on hunting excursions, and is a sure sign of hostile intentions.

JUNE.

WHY should I care to count the time?
I know the moments flee too fast,
I know the day has seen its prime,
And I shall lose it in the past.

What if the whole of happy June
Is full of just such days of bliss?
I would not have them come too soon,
I would not lose an hour of this!

The world has made me laugh and weep,
And dreams have been her only boon:
I would give *all* the world to keep
The gold of this one afternoon!

To lose all memory and all care,
And lie forever at my ease,
Fanned by this faintly scented air,
Wandering across such fields as these;

To need no more—to wish no more
Than butter-cups and columbine—
Nursed by the days that came before,
And happy, if the sun will shine;

To be as wealthy as the grass,
Gay as yon brook, and not know why,
Idle as those white clouds that pass
Across the quiet of the sky.

Beyond the town I catch the wide
And distant gleaming of the sea;
The bees are humming by my side,
The shadows are my company.

How can I wish to count the hours?
Too fast, too fast they pass away!
Too soon to-morrow will be ours,
And we shall call this yesterday.

While all the good old earth is glad,
Is gay because the June is here,
For me, I can not but be sad
To think it comes but once a year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1870.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND POLITICS.

IF the celebrated traveler from New Zealand, or the planet Mercury, should alight at this port, he would naturally suppose that the business of the Collector is the supervision of the collection of customs, and he would probably surmise that the qualities required in that officer are honesty, energy, industry, and capacity. But we should like to hear him make that amusing suggestion in any meeting of any party committee. That the duty of the Collector of New York is the faithful collection of the revenues is a fact which is beneath even the contemptuous regard of such a body. The Collector is, in the political view, the working head of the party in the city. His real function is skillful distribution of the patronage, to the end of the continued ascendency of the party. The question in regard to him is never whether he is a faithful and efficient officer, but always whether the party thrives under his rule. The principle of appointment to the subordinate offices in his gift is neither intelligence, fitness, nor fidelity, but party service. The intelligent New Zealander would learn that there is a political ledger kept, in which accounts are opened with certain political men and interests, and that every appointment is charged accordingly. Every clerk in every department in the Custom-house represents somebody out of the Custom-house. And it is but the truth to say that, as in every other public department, the expectation is that the first consideration shall be not the public service, but the party advantage.

This is the system of our civil service. We are not blaming the Collector. He owes his position to the system, and he must do the best he can under it. So must every body else. If a man has political influence, he must use it, under a proper sense of responsibility, to secure the best appointments he can. It is no shame to a man, although it may be intolerably tedious and vexatious, to stand in the Collector's ante-chamber that he may presently urge the appointment of some honest and capable person. But it is a sore shame to that man if he does not do all he can to put an end to the necessity of that vexation and waste. And it is a great shame to the country that it does not authoritatively demand a radical reform in a system which, beginning in prostituting the whole civil service to party, ends in the gravest injury to the public revenue and to the national character.

Such is the ferocity of the office-seeking pressure that every body who is familiar with the subject knows how utterly impossible it is for the Collector or any other great appointing officer to master the business of his office. Secretary COX says that a member of the Cabinet can scarcely do it. But this pressure will, and indeed ought to, continue so long as the present system is tolerated. We mean that good men must press the appointment of other good men as strenuously as unfit men are urged. But it is a disgusting business, however necessary, and decent men constantly recoil. And that is but another imperious reason for abandoning a system in which the brazen and the unprincipled have so much the better chance. It is foolish to ask the Collector, or any other officer, to correct the difficulty, for he is himself part of it. The difficulty is the system. When General GRANT was inaugurated he hoped, undoubtedly, to be able to disregard it. In selecting his Cabinet he took gentlemen whom he personally knew. He was unwilling to follow the usual party precedent, and the more as he had not been a partisan, and was both unfamiliar with party tactics and ignorant of party men and relations. But he immediately found himself, as every President will find himself under the present system, powerless against the universal understanding and precedent. If he had persisted his administration would have been paralyzed before it had fairly begun. Yet General GRANT, in his last message, spoke more independently upon the subject than any President since WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON.

If any other officer attends strictly to his duty, and refuses to allow his party interests to interfere with his public service, he is instantly attacked by the party authorities. General BARLOW, the late United States Marshal of the southern district, was one of the ablest, most faithful, and efficient of public officers. During his brief term he saved both the money and the honor of the country. But he refused to listen to the commands of a score of persons who do not command the public confidence nor respect, but who called themselves representatives of the party, and who instantly raised a hue and cry against him. They swore vengeance, not because the Marshal was an unfit officer, but because he smiled contemptuously at their request that he would be their tool, for their own purposes, under the fine name of the interests of the Republican party. The President, of course, smiled also. For private reasons General BARLOW presently resigned. But what can be more absurd than a system under which these persons had a certain right to protest? And they have that right so long as the offices are conceded to be merely party prizes for the promotion of party advantage.

It is this understanding, and only this, which has occasioned the late discussion about the office of Collector of New York. The Republican vote in the city and State has fallen off. If the Collector were fit for the office he would—collect the revenue economically and efficiently?—not at all; he would keep up the party majority. Off with his head, cry the managers. It is most Turkish justice. Or if he is to be supported, do the managers commend their party to public confidence by asserting the fidelity and vigor with which he has served the country? Nobody but an estray from New Zealand or the planet Mercury would ask such a question. Here is the answer: "Resolved, that in active support of the policy and measures of the President and his Cabinet no officer in charge of any subordinate department of the government has been more zealous, efficient, and faithful than the present Collector of the port of New York." In view of the real duties of a collector what a laughable resolution this is! But in view of his actual duties under our civil service system how strictly apposite it is!

So long as parties are inevitable and a party administration has an enormous patronage, we certainly do not expect it to use that patronage against itself. But the question of the civil service reform is not whether Republicans are not as fit for the offices as Democrats, or *vice versa*. It is whether the people of the country will not take the bulk of the civil service out of the party arena. It is whether our political contests shall be the conflict of principles and policies founded upon them, or a debasing squabble for the spoils. If our great danger at present is corruption, patronage is both its fruitful cause and fatal effect. We can deal the monster no blow so direct as a reform which would make such a resolution as we have quoted as ridiculous as it ought to be, but is not.

HONEST VOTING.

THE vehement screaming of the Democratic leaders in Congress and elsewhere against the law for securing honest voting is very significant. "'Laws against pickpockets should be well considered,' said the gentleman in green spectacles to the philosopher. 'Sir, you speak like a man of sense,' replied the philosopher. 'I wish you a very good-morning, Sir,' said the gentleman in spectacles; and he departed with the philosopher's watch, purse, and handkerchief in his pocket." There are gentlemen in Congress who were very anxious that the law should be well considered. The interests of political pickpockets is very dear to them. Mr. ELDRIDGE thought that the bill for preventing the cheating of honest citizens by rascals and repeaters was but another illustration of "the empire of despotism," as if there could be any despotism so hopeless as that of packed polls. Mr. COX said that the city of New York was a Paradise, and that the reports of a little occasional unfairness in voting there were the vile inventions of an effete press. The purity of the polls in that city is evidently, in his judgment, surpassed only by the intelligence of the voters; and although he did not say so, it may fairly be inferred from the tenor of his remarks that Mr. COX left the corruptions of Ohio and repaired to the shadow of the City Hall and the new Court-house that he might bathe his soul in the bliss of political honesty and an ideal public spirit.

If there is any subject upon which all good citizens should be agreed, it is the necessity of securing honest elections; and therefore those who uniformly resist all attempts to that end must be considered curiously indifferent to the purity of elections. One of the most obvious methods of obtaining an honest vote is to register the qualified voters. Another is to provide for the prompt and sufficient punishment of "repeating," and of all kinds of frauds at the polls. That there are such frauds, and especially in the matter of naturalization papers in the city of New York, is as well known to those who call the reports of them wild slanders as it is to every body else. At the last Presidential election these frauds were open and notorious. They were familiar to all who were active and watchful in the campaign. They were, indeed, so conspicuous and flagrant, and the public indignation was so aroused, that Mr. HOFFMAN, who was then Mayor, and who was the candidate for Governor of the party that was to be helped by the frauds, issued a proclamation a day or two before the election delaring that the charges of fraud were "gross and unfounded," and the mere device of the other party. By the frauds over which Mr. HOFFMAN thus threw the cloak of his official protection he was elected Governor.

But Mr. COX, as we remarked, is of opinion that the reports of knavery at the polls are the invention of the knaves of the press. He mentioned the *Tribune*. But there are other New York papers, and of Mr. COX's own politics, which have borne testimony to the corruption at the very election at which Mr. HOFFMAN denounced the charges of fraud as unfounded. In the New York *World*, a paper opposed to the *Tribune* in politics, Mr. COX may read that even in this Paradise of New York, which has "a cheaper and purer government" than Rochester and some other cities, and "less taxation and crime than Boston," the editor saw "by what shameless frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as WILLIAM M. TWEED and OAKEY HALL cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of HORATIO SEYMOUR." Recently, also, we quoted the words of one of the most active and conspicuous politicians of Mr. COX's party, a State Senator from this city, who, in his place in the Senate, remarked of Mr. COX's political Paradise that "the election system .....has been undermined, and is as corrupt as hell." Thus the purity even of the New York city elections is not beyond suspicion. If the gentleman in green spectacles were a member of the opposition in Congress—an intolerable supposition!—he would have lustily cheered the noble sentiments of Mr. COX. He would have loudly agreed with Mr. BROOKS's statement that four-fifths of the New York merchants vote the tickets which Mr. TWEED and Mr. HALL prepare; and with Mr. ELDRIDGE he would have denounced the despotism which would protect honest voters against rascals. "Laws against pickpockets should be very carefully considered," said the Worthy Grand Patriarch of Pocket-picking, as he rifled the philosopher's pockets.

It is said that the subject should have been left to State regulation, that Congress has no constitutional right to interfere. It is remarkable, and should be well considered by every thoughtful citizen, that any effort made by the government to secure liberty or to repress political evil-doing is always resisted upon the ground of State sovereignty. State sovereignty was pleaded to protect slavery, and it is now urged to defend the most shameless corruption at the polls. But upon the immediate subject, as a matter of fact, the question of the manner of enforcing the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, whether by the United States or the States, is one of discretion. And Congress has wisely decided that it must now interfere to secure a fair election of the members of its own houses. Meanwhile the law against stealing is only terrible to thieves. If nobody attempts to vote illegally, nobody will suffer. If any body does attempt it, we hope that he will suffer all the penalties prescribed. And if it is despotism to defend honest voters against swindlers, then that kind of despotism is a very excellent thing, and the more there is of it the better.

FOREIGN DEMAND FOR OUR GRAIN.

MR. H. KAINS JACKSON is once more out in the London *Times* to check the advance in wheat, which he concedes has risen "contrary to his expectations." He thinks, however, that the causes which produced the advance are "likely to disappear whenever the season becomes normally genial." As he furnishes the "key-note" to the dealers in grain throughout England, his opinions are worthy of consideration at home and abroad.

So far as the countries are concerned from which England obtains her supplies, it can not be supposed that MR. JACKSON treats them otherwise than as the appropriate contributors to English interests; but yet his opinions are circulated far and wide, and are adopted by dealers in exporting communities as if they were uttered for their advantage. The object of these frequent publications is to produce a public opinion in England and elsewhere, so defined and general that it will enable the English to procure wheat at their own rates. They are stimulated to this by a great necessity. In the competition with the Continent in manufacturing industry, they have the disadvantage of a more condensed population relatively to the land appropriated to the cereals than most of the Continental states, and they must oppress their own laborers unless they can be supplied with cheap food. The demand of cotton spinners and weavers for an advance in wages is now met with the answer that it is unreasonable because they have the advantage of cheap bread.

On the score of humanity no complaint would be made of this policy if it were pursued consistently with the interests of the grain producers of the United States; but as the latter have not been receiving a remunerative price for grain, it is not to be expected that this shall be continued. Every season we are confronted with a determined, general, and powerful interest proceeding from the dealers of London and Liverpool to press down this important interest.

We have, from time to time, shown what are the difficulties in the way of meeting this pressure. The English employ their consular establishment to obtain precise information of the state of the crops in every wheat-growing country. This information is presented in London in a statistical form, with comparative tables embracing former years, so that at a glance the power of each state to export is ascertained. We have no such policy and no such information. The English also, from a necessity to import from eighty to a hundred million bushels of wheat, in addition to other articles of food, amounting in value in the aggregate to about five or six hundred millions of dollars, spread their agents over the whole world, so that the knowledge may be minute and specific of the quantity and value of the world's production. We have a few branch houses in countries which produce tea, coffee, sugar, rice, hemp, etc., and at great commercial centres, but have no means to arrive with the precision of the English at the quantity of those staples which are produced and sold in competition with us. We can not meet the systematic and effective course of dealing which is employed against us. At one time purchases are made of wheat in San Francisco and neglected in New York, and *vice versa*. Then both are left, and either the Black Sea, the Baltic, or Egypt becomes the theatre of operations. The three or four hundred vessels which are constantly converging from all the four quarters of the universe to England are consigned by those who know and appreciate the views of H. KAINS JACKSON, and of the powerful interests which he represents and advances. We have, from time to time, urged upon Congress and the Administration that our consular establishment shall be Americanized, and charged with the special duties which the English devolve upon this class of officers; but, although Mr. SARGENT, of California, introduced a bill for this purpose, it seems not to have been pressed toward its passage. It may be, as we are reveling in the luxury of abundant supplies of food, that we can afford to be neglectful of the means which enable us to make the most of them; but with the heavy burden of taxation which the country bears, it must soon become necessary that we shall not waste our resources.

Although supplies of wheat are expected from other quarters, yet there is more than common reliance upon the United States. "Combined with Canada," MR. JACKSON says, "and Pacific ports (California has shipped over one million quarters since July 1) America seems able to forward all the wheat and flour we require between this date and harvest, and without present rates advancing." The advance in wheat at San Francisco, due to drought, has already disturbed these expectations. The region along the Pacific coast is less affected than the interior, owing, it is said, to the influence of sea fogs; but it is admitted that the crops will be very light. The farmers are not bringing in grain, from some apprehension as to the results of the season.

It will have been noticed that more than a usual number of vessels partly loaded with grain and flour for sea-ports in various parts of the

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continent of Europe have lately sailed from New York, which give force to what Mr. JACKSON states as to the injurious effect of a late and unfavorable spring in parts of Europe upon the growing crops. The same influence has prevailed in England, and although the districts from which Europe obtains her supplies are numerous and extensive, many of them unknown in this country, except from the English, it seems probable that the advance in price, both in England and here, will be maintained. The rapidity of dealing is remarkable. On the 2d of June an English agent in New York, after the close of business hours in Liverpool, received an order to purchase a parcel of old and sound spring wheat which he had been watching for some time, and before the day was over all the transactions relating to it, including the sale of the exchange drawn to pay for it, had been concluded and announced to the house abroad.

Mr. JACKSON gives the price of wheat for several successive months, per quarter of eight bushels, as follows: September, 50*s.* 8*d.*; October, 47*s.* 6*d.*; November, 46*s.* 4*d.*; December, 43*s.* 10*d.*; January, 43*s.* 8*d.*; February, 41*s.* 3*d.*; March, 41*s.* 6*d.*; April, 42*s.* 7*d.*; May 12th, 43*s.* 3*d.*; and he adds, "The next gazette average is likely to be 44*s.*" There is a remarkable coincidence between these fluctuations and those which attended our gold market. Leaving out of view the price 162½, accomplished momentarily during the raid in September, we give the highest and lowest rates during several successive months:

1869.		1870.	
September	135 to 133⅜	January	122⅝ to 119⅛
October	131⅜ to 128¼	February	121⅜ to 115¾
November	128⅜ to 122	March	115⅞ to 110⅜
December	123⅞ to 119⅝	April	111⅜ to 115¾
		May	113¼ to 116⅞

The pressure to sell gold commenced in September, at about the period when our exports of grain commence. As they are paid for in gold, which the seller immediately turns into currency, the difference between the September and the March price of gold constituted the measure of loss of those who are engaged in purchasing grain in the interior, and selling it at the sea-board. When the sales of gold had become weak, and the price turned upward, wheat advanced in this market from the strength communicated to our dealers; and it advanced also abroad—the latter due, in part, to unfavorable weather. The prospect is, that owing to the fact that our productions will be required at a remunerative rate, the trade and industry of the country will stand on a much improved basis.

PUTTY.

IT is not pleasant to read such an article as that which lately appeared in the London *Spectator* exposing the action of the "Erie" management, with the complicity of the Legislature and of Governor HOFFMAN. That the Governor of the State of New York should be represented by a leading foreign journal, friendly to this country, as the tool of a Ring, and that every American familiar with the facts should feel that the charge is probably not unfounded, is one of the sorest humiliations that could befall us. The alternative was offered to Governor HOFFMAN of becoming putty in the hands of a powerful and unscrupulous Ring, of which the political managers who had made him were important members, or of becoming, with the support of all honest men, a rod of iron to break it. He chose to be putty; and thus verified the words of the *Spectator* that the Erie Ring had "bought up" the State. It is an instructive fact that this gentleman is the "coming man" of the party of which JEFFERSON DAVIS, ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, ROBERT TOOMBS, JUDAH BENJAMIN, and LOUIS WIGFALL are the going men, or what the boys call the "goners."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

BY JOHN JONES, A.M.

SINCE the exhibition opened we have had the election of officers in the Academy, and, to the great surprise of many, the revolution was not successful. The reformers were very confident, and we all went to the ballot in high excitement. The vote was very close, and we watched the counting with profound interest. There was no election at the first trial, which only made matters more interesting; and we went on to the fifth ballot, I think, before Mr. GRAY was declared elected by a majority of two or three out of nearly sixty votes. The result was received quietly, although we all knew how some of our respected brethren were loudly huzzaing, and others savagely cursing, inwardly. I say cursing, metaphorically, for artists do not swear, although I have sometimes heard them affirm.

We shall now probably remain quiet for another year. The council is supposed to be of reforming tendencies, but the action of the Academicians is very significant. Those who voted against Mr. PAGE were moved by no personal feeling whatever, for I believe we are all agreed in liking him personally, and in honoring his genius and devotion to his art. But he was understood to be the representative of a policy of censure upon the general conduct of affairs, and his defeat, therefore, means only a disapproval of that policy. So I think that we shall not see any very violent departures from the traditions of the Academy during the next year. For my part, I am glad that the gentleman who annually scalped us in the *Tribune* is now abroad, for I don't know what consequences the result of the election might have produced upon his mind. My impression is that we shall have a ricochet shot across the Atlantic when he hears what has occurred. But meanwhile I will continue my remarks upon the pictures.

Over the "Little Stranger" of Mr. GUY, which I have already mentioned, hangs Mr. CARPENTER'S careful and most interesting portrait of ALICE CARY. It has a pathetic attraction which certifies the fidelity both of the likeness and of the feeling with which it is painted. I think there is no portrait in the Gallery which will hold the eye longer and touch the heart more deeply than this. Besides, there is a simplicity and modesty and honesty in the work which suggest a very pleasant impression of the artist, and one delightfully different from the sensational schools. I am glad that there is so much superior talent and excellence of execution among my fellow-artists that we are not obliged to make Mr. CARPENTER an Academician. Otherwise, comparing his annual work with that of some of the N.A.'s, I should be surprised that a man who painted the portrait of Mr. GREELEY last year and of Miss CARY this year is still only an Associate. Mr. CARPENTER is not an Academician, and his portrait is not upon the line, while in the next room—well, I mean that in the next room there is a portrait upon the line by a nameless somebody who is an N.A., and I beg you to look at it and share my wonder. I say a nameless somebody because I wish to imitate posterity in regard to that painter. I confess that I don't see why CARPENTER is not an N.A. as well as some of the rest of us.

What characteristic pictures of KENSETT'S are "The Meadows at Cold Spring" and "Narraganset," in the south room! His best things always recall to my mind that line of TENNYSON'S, "The tender grace of a day that is dead;" not that there is any thing sentimental in them, for there is not; but they have the pathos of intense tranquillity, a summer hush, a sweep of delicate but firm outline, a calm, deep sweetness. I don't suppose that he aims at poetic effects, as they are called; but there have been no more perfect poems upon our walls than many of his pictures. COLE, I think, used to try to paint poetry, and it seems to me that he failed. His romance was sophomoric. It was suggested, not by sentiment, but by the stock-properties of romance—a castle, a knight on horseback, a youth in a boat with a good genius attending. He imitated imagination, while he undoubtedly had what I have heard called "a beautiful eye for color." I suppose it is a kind of test of the G. P. R. JAMES genius that it sees poetry in old armor, and not in old clothes. That seems to it a romantic hero who swears "by'r lady," or "by my halidome," pronounced always "bee mee halidome;" but a hero in the next house and in the last fashion it is not easy for it to perceive.

There is a great deal of this JAMES genius among us artists. We are very fond of trying to make a sentimental suggestion stand for poetry. Shall I say, for instance, "Nothing but Leaves," a little picture in this same room? The shop-windows are full of specimens of engravings in which this JAMES tendency is paramount. The most favorite form at present is some picture of a cross in a stormy sea—the idea of which is really cribbed from DORE'S "Deluge." In poetry we have the same thing in the Sunday-school hymns, which are nauseously sentimental. But I must not speak of them, or I shall never get back to the pictures. KENSETT is a most faithful observer, and a most patient student. I used to smile when the *Tribune* descended upon him as a scumbler and shirker, who ought to go into the country and study nature; for I remember when I saw him in Rome how carefully and conscientiously he passed the day before a mullein or a dock plant, and worked away at it until he had fully mastered it. I feel that same conscience in every part of his pictures now; and the result is a fresh, healthful representation so faithful that the very sentiment of the scene is there. Refinement in natural form is most alluring to him, and his pictures, therefore, are of tranquil effects. They are called cool and silvery, but that, I suppose, is temperament. It is very much as TENNYSON is called finical and exquisite. Then I hear regrets that there is a certain monotony. But where there is a characteristic talent, to complain of monotony is to complain of individuality. It is to complain that a man is himself. Among the flowers in my studio there is a tea-rose; but I don't find it monotonous, although it never puts out tulips. *Non omnia omnes.* We can't all do every thing. KENSETT paints KENSETTS, and we have no right to expect BIERSTADTS and INNESSES from him. On the other hand, I—as the public well knows—paint tremendous battle pieces; and he will be very much mistaken who expects to find me painting a lily with LA FARGE or an autumn glade with M'ENTEE.

Of Mr. BIERSTADT'S "Sierra Nevada Mountains" I can say nothing pleasant. It looks like an extravagant drop-scene seen through the wrong end of a spy-glass. My fellow-Academician ought to remember that by exhibiting every year we submit ourselves to the severest ordeal. If we make an impression one year and carry off the honors, every following season we must justify the effect we have produced, or we shall suffer. We can not succeed upon past successes. If a man, for instance, delivers a popular lecture this year, he will probably be asked again next year. But if he is very stupid then, he will hardly be summoned the third time. The same fate awaits us at the Exhibition. There is nothing more pathetic than looking at the works of the men who used to paint well, or who promised finely but have never performed. If Mr. BIERSTADT had always painted works like this his name would not have its honorable reputation. If he continues to do this kind of work, what will become of that reputation? Mr. CHURCH'S "After Glow" is one of the studies of light and atmospheric effect of which he is so fond. It is necessarily momentary, and in this instance almost grotesque. It shows the skill and observation of the artist, but it is not a very pleasing picture, nor is there the sentiment in it which seems to be implied. I wonder why it reminds me of the peaches I found in Marseilles, which were very large and blooming and handsome, but without flavor? They were the mere forms of peaches; peaches de-peached, if a National Academician may indulge in such an expression; and if he may not, I do it in my other capacity of A.M. But it is interesting to observe the skill in this picture; and after his long wanderings in tropical effects, I should like to see Mr. CHURCH trying his hand upon some of the familiar aspects of our own nature, with which he began. He has so much knowledge and such skill that the result would be delightful.

We all miss many of the most familiar names this year. EASTMAN JOHNSON, THOMAS HICKS, REGIS GIGNOUX, are among the absentees, and so is THOMAS C. FARRAR, who for some time represented the pre-Raphaelites, and who was regarded by the rest of us very much as the Anabaptists were by the Church. Mr. FARRAR is now in Europe, studying and painting diligently; and some of his works during the last year which I have seen seem to me to show both positive progress, and also the value of that stern drill in drawing to which he subjected himself. When he returns, I am disposed to think that he will assert his claims to consideration in a very decided manner. The Anabaptists of this year are Mr. CHARLES H. MOORE and Mr. WILFORD LINSLY—at least, I have remarked them. There may be others, for whom I will look. I can not see nature as they do; but I can see their sincerity and patience and care. But their works seem to me to be as yet studies merely. If they are in the right course, they have not yet gone far enough to prove it. I am sure that I feel all the conscience in their work; but do they see atmosphere, gradation, harmony, in it? And are there not such qualities in nature? Unquestionably a landscape is an aggregate of details; but is that fact perceived as you survey it, and can you elaborately give the details without losing the landscape? In Mr. FARRAR'S larger pictures I always felt the want of proportion within the conditions of the art. I mean merely, that as the possibility of the exact imitation of any natural object is various, as you may imitate some more successfully than others, that which you can imitate least must be the keynote of the whole. We can imitate, for instance, the texture of the white wristband much more perfectly than that of the skin of the hand. Therefore, I should say, we must not do each as well as we can—for that would be sure to result in want of harmony—but we must do each with a full consciousness of the conditions, so as to reproduce the relation and proportion of the facts. I don't believe that I make myself understood; but if the artists of whom I am speaking perceive what I am trying to say, I shall be satisfied. And, meanwhile, if those who laugh at these works only wait until they can draw as well, the room will be very quiet for a long time.

Mr. R. SWAIN GIFFORD has given us some fresh and fine effects of Pacific coast scenery in "Mount Hood and the Dalles," and the "Desert near Corinne, Utah." He shows a very marked improvement, and he will certainly use to the utmost every opportunity of his European visit. Mr. CRANCH, too, gives us a lovely glimpse of woods, and another glance at Venice; and there is a promising little sketch of autumn marshes by Miss F. ELIOT. I should be very glad if Mr. W. A. GAY, of Boston, would again show us some of his tender and beautiful pictures of the salt marshes in that neighborhood. Mr. GAY studied with TROYON in Paris, and can do most excellent things. For some reason he has deserted us. But Brother GAY should remember that we are a "National" Academy, and that really good pictures can nowhere be exhibited to such advantage as upon our walls: as he lives near Boston I will not say our metropolitan walls. But I beg him to try them again. We all wish to do better every year. And we shall do so if he will come once more.

GOLDWIN SMITH AND DISRAELI.

THOSE who think Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH unduly sensitive in taking notice of Mr. DISRAELI'S sneer in "Lothair," should reflect that the attack upon him is most indecent; for it is an aspersion of his personal character. That is something of which the thousands of the English and American readers of "Lothair" can know nothing, and they will naturally suppose that a person in the position of a gentleman like Mr. DISRAELI would not say of a political opponent that he was a drunkard, nor a profane swearer, nor an atheist, nor, as in this case, "a social parasite," without knowing it to be true. And if GOLDWIN SMITH and his friends suffered such an assertion, made by Mr. DISRAELI over his own name, to pass unchallenged, it would be fairly inferred that there was good reason for the charge. If Mr. DICKENS, in his "Edwin Drood," should say that a distinguished American historian, who went to Europe as the Minister of his country, was given to cheating at cards, would it be unwise for Mr. MOTLEY to call him to account? Nor can Mr. DISRAELI plead that "Lothair" is a work of fiction, and that he does not mention Professor SMITH'S name any more than Mr. DICKENS could do so in the case we suppose. Every honorable man will understand Professor SMITH'S feeling.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 31.—A bill was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Chandler for the encouragement of ship-building. It provides for refunding to builders of iron vessels by the government a sum of money equal to the amount of duties paid on materials used in their construction; also for American registers of vessels purchased abroad for three years after the bill is passed.—In the House, the bill for the revival of American commerce was acted upon, after another exciting discussion. Votes were taken on the several amendments, and then the bill as amended was refused a third reading.

June 1.—The Senate considered and passed the bill to change the judicial circuits, and then went into executive session on the Sandwich Islands treaty, which they rejected by a vote of 29 to 19.—In the House, Mr. Butler asked consent to introduce his joint resolution to annex San Domingo, but Mr. Brooks, as usual, objected. The House debated at length the bill to reduce internal taxes, and an interesting discussion was had upon the proposal to abolish the income tax.

June 2.—The Senate took up the Franking bill, but a general indisposition to discuss the subject was manifested, and the bill was laid aside. The greater part of the day was consumed in considering the Indian Appropriation bill.—The House was mainly engaged in discussing the income tax. The debate was long and exciting.

June 3.—In the Senate, Mr. Kellogg reported a resolution for the appointment of a committee to consider the subject of redeeming the lands on the Lower Mississippi from overflow, which was adopted. The reported massacre of the Jews by the fanatics of Roumania was made the subject of inquiry and debate. The Senate then discussed the Indian Appropriation bill to the hour of adjournment.—In the House the Roumania massacre was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Income Tax bill was then taken up, and the various amendments were considered. Amendments were adopted reducing the rate to 3 per cent., increasing the exemption to $2000, limiting the allowance for house rent to $500, and prohibiting the publication of the income returns. An amendment providing that the income tax shall not be collected beyond 1870 was rejected.

June 4.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to aid the construction of the Texas International Pacific Railroad, and the Indian Appropriation bill was considered.—In the House, the bill reducing taxation was taken up. Mr. Schenck reported as an amendment his amended Tariff bill; the House seconded the previous question, but the filibustering of the minority prevented a vote being taken.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Secretary Boutwell's monthly statement of the national debt makes the decrease during the month of May $14,301,962. The total amount of the debt, less amount in the Treasury, is $2,406,562,371.

All is quiet on the border. The discomfited Fenians are getting home as fast as funds can be raised to defray their expenses, and the few who still linger in the border towns are living upon the generosity of the citizens.

On the 31st ult. President Grant sent a secret message to the Senate, proposing amendments to the San Domingo Treaty and extending the time for the exchange of ratifications to July 1.

The bill to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment was signed by the President on the 31st ult.

At a recent session of the Cabinet it was decided to make vigorous prosecution of the Fenian leaders who were captured by the United States marshals while in open violation of our neutrality laws.

The corner-stone of the monument to the Revolutionary hero, Baron Steuben, in the town of Steuben, New York, was laid on the 1st inst. with great ceremony.

Whittemore, of South Carolina, has been re-elected to Congress by about 8000 majority.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE latest news from Cuba is unfavorable to the insurgents. The expedition which left this city some weeks ago on the steamer *George B. Upton* has been captured. The *Upton* landed the men, arms, and ammunition at Punta Brava, a few miles east of Nuevitas, and then steamed away to South America to procure a reinforcement of Colombians. The Americans who had been left in charge of the stores were attacked by the Spaniards, and were nearly all killed or captured. Those taken prisoners were afterward executed. A steam launch, six tons of gunpowder, 2000 rifles, 100,000 cartridges, and a large quantity of medicines, fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Oscar Cespedes, son of President Cespedes, was recently captured by the Spaniards, and was executed on the 29th ult. at Puerto Principe.

It is stated that the dogma of infallibility will be promulgated on the 29th inst. During a recent discussion of the dogma a violent scene is said to have occurred between the Gallican Bishop Maret and Cardinal Bilio, in which bitter retorts were made, causing great excitement among the Fathers.

There are rumors of a wide-spread conspiracy in Italy, instigated and supported by Republican refugees on the Swiss border.

The French government has released many of the prisoners charged with complicity in the regicide conspiracy.

Prussia is about to absorb the little Duchy of Lauenburg, which has an area of 455 square miles, and about 50,000 inhabitants.

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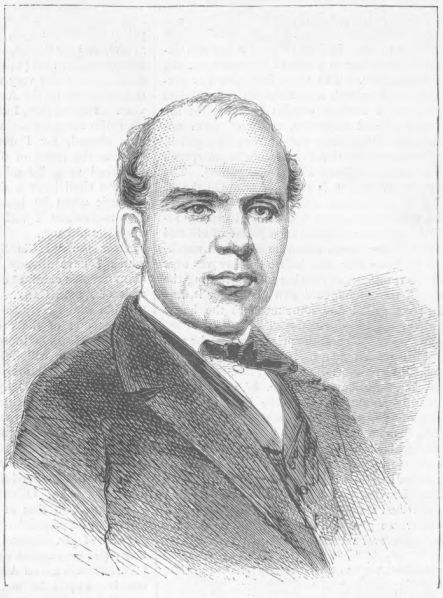
A. P. RUDOLPH.



CYRILLE DION.

THE DIAMOND CUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

ON the evening of the 31st ult. the most popular of indoor games was played at the New York Hippotheatron, by two of the best professional players in this country—Mr. A. P. RUDOLPH, of New York, and Mr. CYRILLE DION, of Montreal, whose portraits are given on this page. The contest was for the Championship, Diamond Cue, and $1000. The cue was won by DEERY at the tournament in April, 1869, when RUDOLPH came off third best, beating every body but DEERY and FOSTER. DION first contested DEERY for the cue, but the latter was victorious, and held his title till RUDOLPH won it from him last March in San Francisco. The defeated party has the right to challenge the victor after the expiration of ten days; but DION waited, before trying his fortune again, until the cue had changed hands. This was his second attempt to entitle himself the champion billiard-player of America. The game was the common four-ball carrom, played on a Phelan & Collender full-size table (under the new measurement 5½ feet by 11 feet); 1500 points up, counting three points for every carrom—push and crotch barred. The table was located in the centre of the ring, on a temporary platform, and at a convenient distance from the spectators in the raised seats surrounding the inclosure.

The contest was very spirited and close, and the playing superb on both sides. The sympathy of the audience appeared to be largely interested in the success of Mr. DION; and it is not a creditable fact that constant attempts to annoy and irritate his antagonist were made by the friends of the former. Mr. RUDOLPH maintained the most perfect mental equilibrium during the whole contest, allowing nothing to throw him off his guard, and playing the exhausting game through to the end without once resorting to the aid of stimulants. He won by 15 points. The following is the score in full:

RUDOLPH.—0, 0, 39, 27, 6, 0, 3, 57, 0, 1, 111, 9, 3, 6, 3, 66, 6, 81, 66, 106, 12, 3, 0, 3, 19, 3, 54, 3, 3, 0, 9, 1, 78, 24, 1, 0, 6, 9, 3, 1, 48, 117, 153, 81, 123, 4, 3, 0, 3, 9, 12, 45, 18, 30, 29.

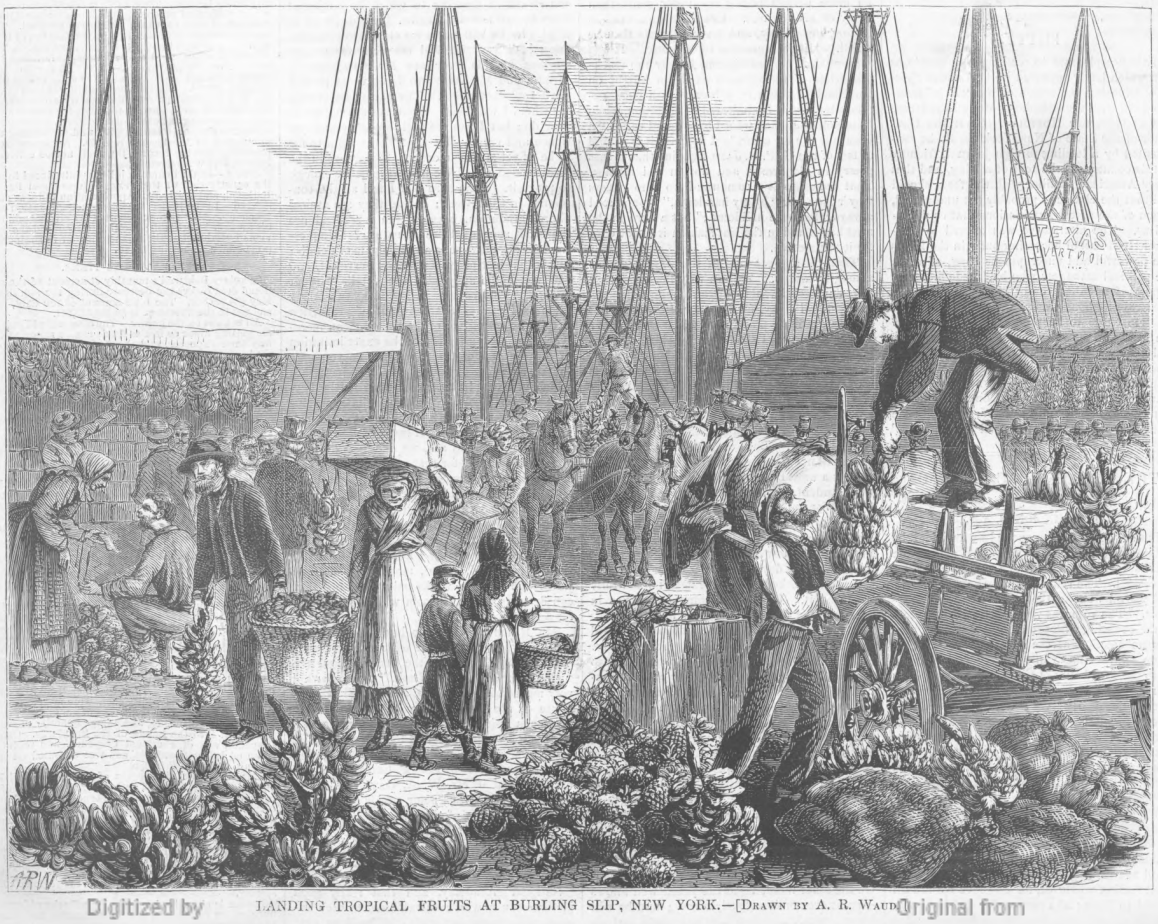
DION.—0, 0, 3, 18, 40, 3, 7, 1, 10, 6, 8, 3, 3, 3, 6, 3, 6, 3, 51, 34, 1, 30, 177, 3, 30, 84, 0, 33, 9, 75, 16, 10, 54, 6, 9, 90, 48, 108, 0, 138, 12, 0, 3, 57, 0, 15, 48, 18, 0, 3, 36, 0, 15, 150.

Rudolph.....1500	Rudolph's best run ...153
Dion 1485	Dion's best run 177
Rudolph's average.. 27½	Dion's average..... 27

This was by far the most exciting and most closely contested game of billiards ever played in this city; and though Mr. RUDOLPH retains the Diamond Cue, so honorably won in two contests, it is apparent that there is little difference between his playing and that of Mr. DION. Both appear to be equally masters of the game.

DUST AND DISEASE.

IT was long believed that epidemic diseases were propagated by malaria, which consisted of organic matter in a state of motor-decay; that when such matter was taken into the body, through the lungs or the skin, it had the power of spreading in it a similar decay—yeast was a case in point. Why should not a bit of malarious matter operate in the body as a little leaven, leavening the whole lump? The air of all large cities is filled with organic dust, which only needs a sufficiently powerful beam of light, striking into a darkened room, to make the air appear as a semi-solid rather than a gas. This all-pervading dust is extremely injurious to health. DR. TYNDALL, of London, has invented a simple respirator—a handful of cotton wool—with which some interesting experiments may be made. Empty the lungs as far as possible, and then inhale a deep breath through a little cotton wool held against the mouth, and on breathing out this air, through a tube, it cuts a black line through the sunbeam, showing that the air is perfectly free from particles of dust. The cotton wool has completely intercepted the floating matter on its way to the lungs; and as no dust was inhaled, none was exhaled. Here, then, is the philosophy of an instinctive habit of medical men. In a contagious atmosphere the physician puts his handkerchief to his mouth, and inhales through it: in so doing he keeps back the floating germs. If the poison were a gas it could not be thus intercepted. But cotton wool is the best and surest filter, and a physician who wants to hold back from the lungs of his patient, or from his own lungs, the germs by which contagious disease is said to be propagated, will employ a cotton wool respirator. Such respirators should come into general use as a defense against contagion. In crowded dwellings, where the isolation of the sick is difficult, if not impossible, the noxious air around the patient may by this simple means be restored to practical purity. Thus filtered, attendants may breathe the air unharmed. In all probability the protection of the lungs will be the protection of the entire system. For it is exceedingly probable that the germs which lodge in the air-passages, and which, at their leisure, can work their way across the mucous membrane, are those which sow in the body epidemic disease. If this be so, then disease can certainly be warded off by filters of cotton wool.



LANDING TROPICAL FRUITS AT BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.—[DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.

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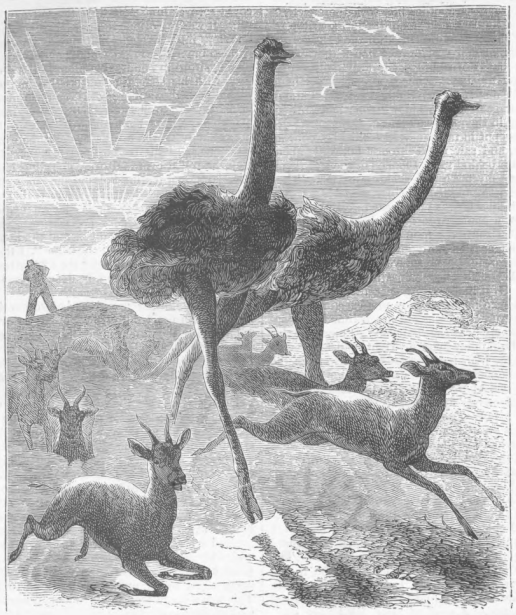


GAME RETURNING FROM THE RIVER.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER VII.

Alarming News.—"The Basé."—Hatred Inspired by them.—Uncertainty of their Origin.—Their Type.—We shun their Territory.—The Watch.—We surprise a Rhinoceros.—Value of the Rhinoceros, Hide, and Horns.—Small Birds.—Cunning of the Crocodile.

WE returned to camp late in the evening, and I found the howartis had secured the crocodile of yesterday; but the whole camp was anxious to return to the camp at Delladilla, as unpleasant reports were brought into our camp by spies, who had seen parties of the Basé in several directions.

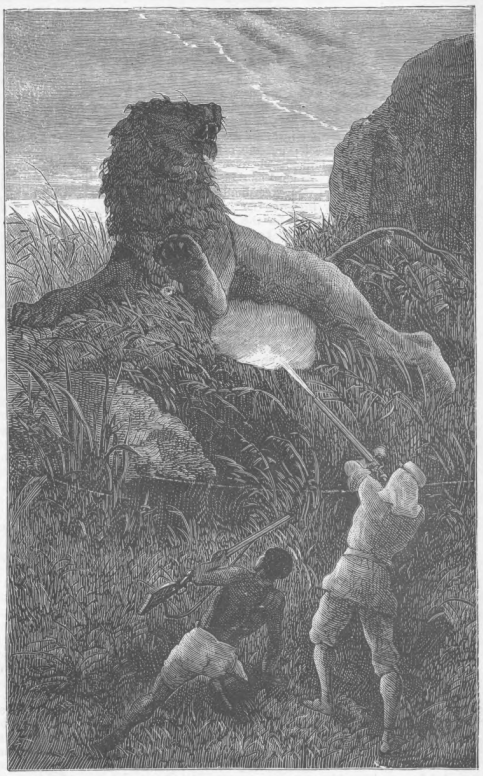
When, wishing to explore the Settite, which traverses the country of the Basé, I had endeavored to procure all the information possible concerning this province, I had received but one answer—that it was a wild and ferocious country, inhabited by a ferocious race, whose hand was against every man, and who, in return, were the enemies of all by whom they were surrounded; nevertheless, safe in their mountain strong-hold, they defied all adversaries.

The Basé is a portion of Abyssinia, but the origin of the tribe that occupies this ineradicable hornet's nest is unknown. Whether they are the remnant of the original Ethiopians, who possessed the country prior to the conquests of the Abyssinians, or whether they are descended from the woolly haired tribes of the south banks of the Blue Nile, is equally a mystery; all we know is that they are of the same type as the inhabitants of Fazoglé, of the upper portion of the Blue River; they are exceedingly black, with woolly hair, resembling in that respect the negro, but without the flat nose or prognathous jaw. No quarter is given on either side should the Basé meet the Arabs, with whom war is to the knife. In spite of the overwhelming superiority of their adversaries, the Basé can not be positively subdued; armed with the lance as their only weapon, but depending upon extreme agility and the natural difficulties of their mountain passes, the attack of the Basé is always by stealth; their spies are ever prowling about unseen, like the leopard, and their onset is invariably a surprise; success or defeat is alike followed by a rapid retreat to their mountains.

As there is nothing to be obtained by the plunder of the Basé but women and children as slaves, the country is generally avoided, unless visited for the express purpose of a slave razzia. In this case no quarter is given on either side: it is war to the death.

My aggageers certainly were not afraid of the Basé. Had it been necessary to attack legions of them, Abou Do, Taher Noor, and Suleiman would have fallen upon them, sword in hand, with real joy; but the rest of the band were greatly disturbed. The Tokrooris themselves, though brave enough in some respects, were far from tranquil.

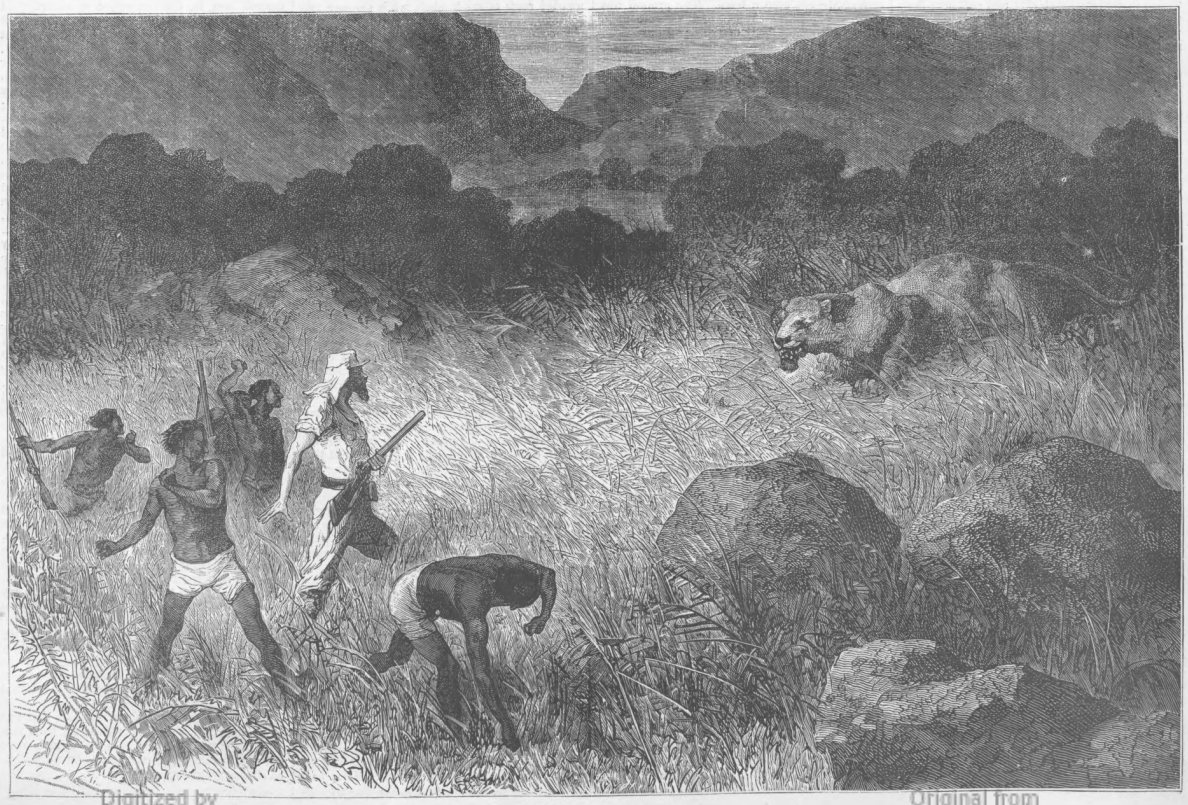
As I had almost finished the explorations I intended to make in these parts, it was decided that we should break up the camp in a few days and return to our previous bivouac. This sufficed to calm the anxiety.



CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A LION.

Before my departure I made up my mind to have one more day's hunting in the neighborhood.

Within three hundred yards of the camp was a regular game path, by which the animals arrived at the river to drink every morning from seven to nine. I had shot several tétel and ariel by simply waiting behind a rock at this place. I once more concealed myself, and was shortly rewarded by the arrival of several herds, including nellut (*A. Strepsiceros*), tétel (*A. Bubalis*), ariel



THE DYING LIONESS.

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(*G. Dama*), the black striped gazelle (*G. Dorcas*), the small oterop (*Calotragus Montanus*); and, among these, two ostriches. I had seen very few ostriches in this country. I now had a good chance, as the herd of animals returned from drinking, by charging at full speed up the steep bank from the water, and they passed about ninety yards from my hiding-place, headed by the ostriches. Having the little Fletcher, I was suddenly tempted to fire a right and left, so as to bag an ostrich with one barrel, and a tétel with the other. Both fell for an instant; the tétel dead, shot through the neck; but my ostrich, that was a fine cock bird, immediately recovered, and went off with his wife as hard as their long legs could carry them. I was exceedingly disgusted. I had evidently fired too far behind, not having allowed sufficiently for the rapidity of their speed. However, to make amends, I snatched a spare single-rifle from one of the men, and knocked over another tétel that was the last of the herd. For about an hour I attempted to follow up the tracks of the ostrich, but among the rocky hills this was impossible. I therefore mounted Aggahr, and with my tracker, Taher Noor, and the Tokrooris as gun-bearers, I crossed the river and rode straight into the interior of the country. This was now thoroughly clear, as the fire had consumed the grass, and had left the surface perfectly black. Upon the ashes the track of every animal could be seen distinctly.

I had ridden about four miles, followed, as usual, by two camels with water, ropes, etc., when we observed, in a perfectly open place, about three hundred yards from us, a rhinoceros standing alone. Fortunately, there was little or no wind, or, as we were to windward of him, he would instantly have perceived us. The moment that I saw him I backed my horse and motioned to my people to retreat out of sight, which they did immediately. Dismounting, I gave them the horse, and, accompanied only by Taher Noor, I set to work to track the animal; and perceiving him beneath a tree within five-and-thirty paces, took a steady shot behind the shoulder. The instant that I fired he whisked sharply round, and looked upon all sides for the cause of his wound. I saw that he was grievously wounded, as he walked slowly; and upon arrival at a thickly spreading mimosa he laid down. We now advanced toward the tree, and I sent Taher Noor round to the other side in order to divert his attention should he be able to rise. This he quickly proved by springing up as I advanced. Accordingly, I halted until Taher Noor had taken his stand about eighty paces beyond the tree. The rhinoceros now turned and faced him. This gave me the opportunity that I had expected, and I ran quickly to within thirty yards, just in time to obtain a good shoulder shot, as, hearing my footsteps, he turned toward me. Whiff! whiff! and he charged vigorously upon the shot; but just as I prepared to fire the remaining barrel, he ran round and round in a narrow circle, uttering a short, shrill cry, and fell heavily upon his side. I threw a stone at him, but he was already dead. The hide of the rhinoceros is exceedingly easy to detach from the body, as the quality is so hard and stiff that it separates from the flesh like the peel of a ripe orange. In a couple of hours it had been detached in sections for shields, and sufficient flesh was loaded upon the camel, together with the vicious-looking head, which was secured by ropes upon the saddle.

A rhinoceros hide furnishes material for seven shields. A piece large enough for this purpose is sold for about two dollars. The horns of the same animal are likewise sold for two dollars a pound in Abyssinia, where they are much used for sword-hilts.

I returned slowly, following the river. The banks were swarming with small birds that throng the bushes (a species of willow) growing by the water's edge. The weight of a large flock bends down the slender boughs until they touch the water. This is their opportunity for drinking, as their beaks for an instant kiss the stream. These unfortunate little birds get no rest; the large fish and the crocodiles grab at them when they attempt to drink, while the falcons and hawks pursue them at all times, in every direction.

Few creatures are so sly and wary as the crocodile. I watch them continually as they attack the dense flocks of small birds that throng the bushes at the water's edge. These birds are perfectly aware of the danger, and they fly from the attack if possible. The crocodile then quietly and innocently lies upon the surface, as though it had appeared quite by an accident; it thus attracts the attention of the birds, and it slowly sails away to a considerable distance, exposed to their view. The birds, thus beguiled by the deceiver, believe that the danger is removed, and they again flock to the bush, and once more dip their thirsty beaks into the stream. Thus absorbed in slaking their thirst, they do not observe that their enemy is no longer on the surface. A sudden splash, followed by a huge pair of jaws beneath the bush that engulfs some dozens of victims, is the signal unexpectedly given of the crocodile's return, who has thus slyly dived, and hastened under cover of water to his victims. I have seen the crocodiles repeat this manœuvre constantly; they deceive by a feigned retreat, and then attack from below.

In like manner the crocodile perceives, while it is floating on the surface in mid-stream, or from the opposite side of the river, a woman filling her girba, or an animal drinking, etc., etc. Sinking immediately, it swims perhaps a hundred yards nearer, and again appearing for an instant upon the surface, it assures itself of the position of its prey by a stealthy look; once more it sinks, and reaches the exact spot above which the person or animal may be. Seeing distinctly through the water, it generally makes its fatal rush from beneath, sometimes seizing with its jaws, and at other times striking the object into the water with its tail, after which it is seized and carried off.

The crocodile does not attempt to swallow a large prey at once, but generally carries it away, and keeps it for a considerable time in its jaws in some deep hole beneath a rock or the root of a tree, where it eats it at leisure.

CHAPTER VIII.

At Delladilla.—No Aggageers.—Neighboring Forest.—Tracks of a Lion around the Camp.—Search for the Lion in the Jungle.—Two Lions instead of One, and no Rifle.—Death of a Lioness.—Beauty of the Country.—Difficulty of overtaking the Lions.—A Lion seeks to make his Way into the Camp.—Pursuit of the Bold Invader.—Tétel Face to Face with the Lion.

THE next day we returned to Delladilla, where we found every thing as we had left it, except that I had no more aggageers. The Sheriff brothers, having been unable to agree with Abou Do, had gone, and were hunting on the banks of the Royan, whither I was to repair on quitting the Settite. As to the two others, they had ridden so recklessly on unnecessary occasions that all their horses were lamed, and incapable of hunting. My three horses, having been well cared for, were in excellent condition. Abou Do coolly proposed that I should lend them to him, which I, of course, refused, as I had a long journey before me. This led to disagreement, and I ordered him and his people to leave my camp, and to return to Geera. They had no reason to complain. During the time they had been with me they had sent to Geera, on their own account, more than twenty camel loads of hides, fat, and dried meat. They had also had the greater share of the ivory. Never had they made so profitable an expedition.

While the men were engaged in pitching the tents and arranging the camp, I took a single-barreled small rifle, and, with Taher Noor as my sole companion, I strolled through the forest, expecting to obtain a shot at a nellut within a quarter of a mile. The ground was sandy but firm; therefore we made no sound in walking; and as the forest was bounded on two sides by the river, and separated from the main land by a ravine, the fire that had cleared the country of grass had spared this portion, which was an asylum for all kinds of game, as it afforded pasturage and cover. It was a buffalo that I killed instead of an antelope. My men set to work to skin the animal, and I continued my walk. Before leaving I had given orders to leave the carcass and a part of the meat as a bait for the lions, with which the neighborhood abounded, although it was exceedingly difficult to see them, as they were concealed in the dense covert of nabbuk bush. I was fully resolved to track these animals, if the thing were possible in a region so favorable to them.

That night we were serenaded by the roaring of these animals in all directions, one of them having visited our camp, around which we discovered his footprints on the following morning. I accordingly took Taher Noor, with Hadji Ali and Hassan, two of my trusty Tokrooris, and went straight to the spot where I had left the carcass of the buffalo. As I had expected, nothing remained—not even a bone. The ground was much trampled, and tracks of lions were upon the sand; but the body of the buffalo had been dragged into the thorny jungle. I was determined, if possible, to get a shot; therefore I followed carefully the track left by the carcass, which had formed a path in the withered grass. Unfortunately the lions had dragged the buffalo down wind; therefore, after I had arrived within the thick nabbuk and high grass, I came to the conclusion that my only chance would be to make a long circuit, and to creep up wind through the thorns, until I should be advised by my nose of the position of the carcass, which would by this time be in a state of putrefaction, and the lions would most probably be with the body. Accordingly, I struck off to my left, and continuing straight forward for some hundred yards, I again struck into the thick jungle, and came round to the wind. Success depended on extreme caution; therefore I advised my three men to keep close behind me with the spare rifles, as I carried my single-barreled Beattie. This rifle was extremely accurate; therefore I had chosen it for this close work, when I expected to get a shot at the eye or forehead of a lion crouching in the bush. Softly and with difficulty I crept forward, followed closely by my men; through the high withered grass, beneath the dense green nabbuk bushes; peering through the thick covert, with the nerves tuned up to full pitch, and the finger on the trigger ready for any emergency. We had thus advanced for about half an hour, during which I frequently applied my nose to within a foot of the ground to catch the scent, when a sudden puff of wind brought the unmistakable smell of decomposing flesh. For the moment I halted, and, looking round to my men, I made a sign that we were near to the carcass, and that they were to be ready with the rifles. Again I crept gently forward, bending, and sometimes crawling, beneath the thorns to avoid the slightest noise. As I approached, the scent became stronger, until I at length felt that I must be close to the cause. This was highly exciting. Fully prepared for a quick shot, I stealthily crept on. A tremendous roar in the dense thorns within a few feet of me suddenly brought my rifle to my shoulder: almost in the same instant I observed the three-quarter figure of either a lion or a lioness within three yards of me, on the other side of the bush under which I had been creeping—the foliage concealed the head, but I could almost have touched the shoulder with my rifle. Much depended upon the bullet; and I fired exactly through the centre of the shoulder. Another tremendous roar! and a crash in the bushes, as the animal made a bound forward, was succeeded immediately by a similar roar, as another lion took the exact position of the last, and stood wondering at the report of the rifle, and seeking for the cause of the intrusion. This was a grand lion with a shaggy mane; but I was unloaded, keeping my eyes fixed on the beast, while I stretched my hand back for a spare rifle; the lion remained standing, but gazing up wind with his head raised, snuffing in the air for a scent of the enemy. No rifle was put in my hand. I looked back for an instant, and saw my Tokrooris faltering, about five yards behind me. I looked daggers at them, gnashing my teeth and shaking my fist. They saw the lion, and Taher Noor snatching a rifle from Hadji Ali, was just about to bring it, when Hassan, ashamed, ran forward—the lion disappeared at the same moment! Never was such a fine chance lost through the indecision of the gun-bearers! I made a vow never to carry a single-barreled rifle again when hunting large game. If I had had my dear little Fletcher, I should have nailed the lion to a certainty.

However, there was not much time for reflection—where was the first lion? Some remains of the buffalo lay upon my right, and I expected to find the lion, most probably crouching in the thorns somewhere near us. Having reloaded, I took one of my Reilly No. 10 rifles, and listened attentively for a sound. Presently I heard within a few yards a low growl. Taher Noor drew his sword, and, with his shield before him, he searched for the lion, while I crept forward toward the sound, which was again repeated. A loud roar, accompanied by a rush in the jungle, showed us a glimpse of the lion, as he bounded off within ten or twelve yards; but I had no chance to fire. Again the low growl was repeated, and upon quietly creeping toward the spot, I saw a splendid animal crouched upon the ground among the withered and broken grass. The lioness lay dying, with the bullet wound in the shoulder. Occasionally, in her rage, she bit her own paw violently, and then struck and clawed the ground. A pool of blood lay by her side. She was then about ten yards from us, and I instructed my men to throw a clod of earth at her (there were no stones), to prove whether she could rise, while I stood ready with the rifle. She merely replied with a dull roar, and I terminated her misery by a ball through the head. She was a beautiful animal; the patch of the bullet was sticking in the wound; she was shot through both shoulders, and, as we were not far from the tent, I determined to have her brought to camp upon a camel as an offering to my wife. Accordingly I left my Tokrooris, while I went with Taher Noor to fetch a camel.

On our road through the thick jungle I was startled by a rush close to me: for the moment I thought it was a lion, but almost at the same instant I saw a fine nellut dashing away before me, and I killed it immediately with a bullet through the back of the neck. This was great luck, and we now required two camels, as in two shots I had killed a lioness and a nellut.

We remained for some time at our delightful camp at Delladilla. Above the camp the river was extremely picturesque; with high mountains and deep gorges, clothed with dark tamarind-trees, or with their granite cliffs covered with the gnarled roots of the Baobab, while through this solitude coursed the limpid waters of the Settite. The country swarmed with game. It would be impossible to enumerate all my exciting hunting expeditions in this region. My Arabs, who had all the products thereof, literally made their fortunes. Not only did large game abound, but all sorts, elephants, hippopotami, rhinoceros, buffaloes, giraffes, and antelopes.

As our camp was full of meat, we had been a great attraction to the beasts of prey, who constantly prowled around our thin fence during the night. One night in particular, a lion attempted to enter, but had been repulsed by the Tokrooris, who pelted him with fire-brands; my people woke me up and begged me to shoot him, but, as it was perfectly impossible to fire correctly through the hedge of thorns, I refused to be disturbed, but promised to hunt for him on the following day. Throughout the entire night the lion prowled around the camp, growling and uttering his peculiar guttural sigh. Not one of my people slept, as they declared he would bound into the camp and take somebody, unless they kept up the watch-fires and drove him away with brands. The next day, before sunrise, I called Hassan and Hadji Ali, whom I lectured severely upon their cowardice on a former occasion, and I received their promise to follow me to death. I intrusted them with two rifles, and, with my little Fletcher in hand, I determined to spend the whole day in searching every thicket of the forest for lions, as I felt convinced that the animal that had disturbed us during the night was concealed somewhere within the neighboring jungle.

The whole day passed fruitlessly; I had crept through the thickest thorns in vain; having abundance of meat, I had refused the most tempting shots at buffaloes and large antelopes, as I had devoted myself exclusively to lions. I was much disappointed, as the evening had arrived without a shot having been fired; and, as the sun had nearly set, I wandered slowly toward home. Passing through alternate open glades of a few yards width, hemmed in on all sides by thick jungle, I was carelessly carrying my rifle upon my shoulder, as I pushed my way through the opposing thorns, when a sudden roar just before me at once brought the rifle upon full cock, and I saw a magnificent lion standing in the middle of the glade, about ten yards from me. He had been lying on the ground, and had started to his feet upon hearing me approach through the jungle. For an instant he stood in an attitude of attention, as we were hardly visible; but, at the same moment, I took a quick but sure shot with the little Fletcher. He gave a convulsive bound, but rolled over backward; before he could recover himself I fired the left hand barrel. It was a glorious sight. I had advanced a few steps into the glade, and Hassan had quickly handed me a spare rifle, while Taher Noor stood by me, sword in hand. The lion, in the greatest fury, with his shaggy mane bristled in the air, roared with death-like growls, as open-mouthed he endeavored to charge upon us; but he dragged his hind-quarters upon the ground, and I saw immediately that the little Fletcher had broken his spine. In his tremendous exertions to attack, he rolled over and over, gnashing his horrible jaws, and tearing holes in the sandy ground at each blow of his tremendous paws, that would have crushed a man's skull like an egg-shell. Seeing that he was *hors de combat*, I took it coolly, as it was already dusk, and the lion having rolled into a dark and thick bush, I thought it would be advisable to defer the final attack, as he would, in all probability, be dead before morning.

On the following morning, before sunrise, I started, with nearly all my people and a powerful camel, with the intention of bringing the lion home entire. I rode my horse Tétel, who had frequently shown great courage, and I wished to prove whether he would advance to the body of a lion.

Upon arrival near the spot which we supposed to have been the scene of the encounter, we were rather puzzled, as there was nothing to distinguish the locality; one place exactly resembled another, as the country was flat and sandy, interspersed with thick jungle of green nabbuk. We accordingly spread out to beat for the lion. Presently Hadji Ali cried out: "There he lies, dead!" and I immediately rode to the spot, together with the people. A tremendous roar greeted us, as the lion started to his fore-feet; and, with his beautiful mane erect, and his great hazel eyes flashing fire, he gave a succession of deep, short roars, and challenged us to fight. This was a grand picture. He looked like a true lord of the forest; but I pitied the poor brute, as he was helpless; and, although the spirit was game to the last, his strength was paralyzed by a broken back.

It was a glorious opportunity for the horse. At the first unexpected roar the camel had bolted with its rider. The horse had, for a moment, started on one side, and the men had scattered; but in an instant I had reined Tétel up, and I now rode straight toward the lion, who courted the encounter about twenty paces distant. I halted exactly opposite the noble-looking beast, who, seeing me in advance of the party, increased his rage, and growled deeply, fixing his glance upon the horse. I now patted Tétel on the neck, and spoke to him coaxingly. He gazed intently at the lion, erected his mane, and snorted, but showed no signs of retreat. "Bravo! old boy!" I said; and, encouraging him by caressing his neck with my hand, I touched his flank gently with my heel. I let him just feel my hand upon the rein; and, with a "Come along, old lad!" Tétel slowly but resolutely advanced, step by step, toward the infuriated lion, that greeted him with continued growls. The horse several times snorted loudly, and stared fixedly at the terrible face before him; but, as I constantly patted and coaxed him, he did not refuse to advance. I checked him when within about six yards from the lion. This would have made a magnificent picture, as the horse, with astounding courage, faced the lion at bay. Both animals kept their eyes fixed upon each other, the one beaming with rage, the other with cool determination. This was enough; I dropped the reins upon his neck; it was a signal that Tétel perfectly understood, and he stood firm as a rock, for he knew that I was about to fire. I took aim at the head of the glorious but distressed lion, and a bullet from the little Fletcher dropped him dead. Tétel never flinched at a shot. I now dismounted; and having patted and coaxed the horse, I led him up to the body of the lion, which I also patted, and then gave my hand to the horse to smell. He snorted once or twice, and, as I released my hold of the reins, and left him entirely free, he slowly lowered his head and sniffed the mane of the dead lion. He then turned a few paces upon one side, and commenced eating the withered grass beneath the nabbuk bushes. My Arabs were perfectly delighted with this extraordinary instance of courage exhibited by the horse. I had known that the beast was disabled; but Tétel had advanced boldly toward the angry jaws of a lion that appeared about to spring. The camel was now brought to the spot and blindfolded, while we endeavored to secure the lion upon its back. As the camel knelt, it required the united exertions of eight men, including myself, to raise the ponderous animal, and to secure it across the saddle.

Although so active and cat-like in its movements, a full-grown lion weighs about five hundred and fifty pounds. Having secured it, we shortly arrived in camp. The *coup d'œil* was beautiful, as the camel entered the inclosure, with the shaggy head and massive paws of the dead lion hanging upon one flank, while the tail nearly descended to the ground upon the opposite side. It was laid at full length before my wife, to whom the claws were dedicated as a trophy, to be worn around the neck as a talisman. Not only are the claws prized by the Arabs, but the mustache of the lion is carefully preserved and sewn in a leather envelope, to be worn as an amulet. Such a charm is supposed to protect the wearer from the attacks of wild animals.

In all probability, this was the lion that was in the habit of visiting our camp; as, from that date, although the roars of such animals were our nightly music, we were never afterward visited so closely.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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IN THE TENTED FIELD.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

LYDIA WESTERN was only just recovering from the shock of her husband's sudden death when the Bull Run *fiasco* showed that a serious war was on hand for the people of the United States. Lydia Western was fully twenty years younger than her husband; and she had never loved him with any thing like passionate ardor. But his affection and kindness and devotion had won her esteem and gratitude, and, at last, her tender regard. A wealthy New York merchant, he had taken her, a poor girl, an obscure teacher of drawing, and raised her, by marrying her, into opulence and station. She was beautiful, she was highly cultivated, she presided with grace and brilliancy over Mr. Western's house and his social circle, and she was calmly happy and contented while he lived. He died after a day's illness, and she felt the shock profoundly, grieving, perhaps, all the more because she had not loved him. For she thought she ought to have loved him, and had, therefore, some remorse added to her grief. Life looked so blank and drear to her, when she was thus left alone, that she felt she must lose herself in some earnest and active work, or sink into a morbidness far worse than death. She had no children.

So, when the war deepened and grew more sanguinary, she made up her mind that she would be a nurse, that she would organize a staff of nurses, and try to do such work as Florence Nightingale and Miss Stanley had done in the Crimea, as many noble American women were doing even then on American battle-fields. She obtained permission from the Government to do her best; and she was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and did much true and good service to the wounded of more than one bloody field. I am not going to tell of her services here, or to enter into any detail of the work she did. Many other American ladies did the same work; and the country knows well enough what it was, and how much they deserved who thus spontaneously and nobly devoted themselves to do it. Besides, this is a love story; and the serious business of war and wounds and nursing only comes in here as a back-ground or frame-work for my tale.

A great battle was being fought in Virginia, and the wounded were being brought in faster than the best exertions of surgeons or nurses could attend to; and Lydia Western was occupied as busily as any man or woman within the Federal lines. Into the tent where she was engaged they were bringing new sufferers every moment; and one wounded, insensible man was laid at last across the entrance to the tent, so that no one could pass in or out without stepping over his body. Lydia came, in due time, to this poor creature, who was lying there almost unnoticed, and she found that he had a severe wound in the shoulder from a fragment of shell, apparently, and a heavy sabre-cut on the head. He was insensible, indeed, but still breathing strongly and regularly; and Mrs. Western thought there was good hope for him. For the moment, however, there was nothing to be done for him but to let him lie there undisturbed. So she attended to others, but came softly over every now and then to see whether he was in a condition to receive food or medicine.

I have said that Lydia had been a teacher of drawing. She had indeed a remarkable skill with her pencil, and might with perseverance have become a successful artist if fortune had not removed from her the stimulating necessity of having to earn her bread. This poor fellow lying wounded at the entrance of the tent had a face and form which appealed with irresistible power to her artistic faculties. In the Iliad there are descriptions of wounded or slain young heroes lying on the battle-field which might almost make one in love with wounds and death, so exquisite are the pictures of war's victims. They lie there, the beautiful youths of Greece or Troy, serene and graceful in their lifelessness, the blood enriching by purple contrast the golden glory of their curling locks and the calm marble whiteness of their foreheads and temples. The solemn beauty of a statue, the thrill and color of life, the sublime pathos and dignity of death, are all there at once; and I question whether any generous boy ever read some of these Homeric descriptions without envying for the moment "the stately repose and the lordly delight of the dead" whose attitude in death is thus made fascinating and noble. Well, the youth who lay insensible at Lydia Western's feet was one whose wounded form and exhausted sleep Homer might have loved to picture. A form all grace and suppleness and strength and symmetry, the chest of Antinous, the head of Apollo, the golden, curling, waving hair of Achilles. The blood that soaked into that golden hair scarcely seemed to bring with it any suggestion of horror or hideousness, so calm was the expression of the face, so rich and beautiful the blending of purple and gold in the war-stained curls. In truth, the nurse was for the moment lost in the artist. Lydia gazed not so much with pity at the sufferer as with admiration at the model. She could hardly withdraw her eyes from the noble, graceful form, every outline of which, despite the wounds and the curdling blood, seemed to speak of the very pride and glory of youthful, manly health. In fact, a temptation came upon Lydia Western which she could not resist. She had always a pencil in her belt; she found a large piece of white paper. She knelt by the wounded man in the sinking sunlight of an exquisite autumnal evening; and there, with the wounded and the dead all around her, with the battle still raging only, as it seemed, a few furlongs off, with the roar of the cannon shaking the leaves of the trees, and the very blades of the grass near the tent, she occupied herself in making a rapid drawing of that noble face and figure. While she drew, the artist began to yield to the woman, and she looked with inexpressible admiration and pity on the face of the wounded youth; and giving way to a sudden irresistible emotion, for which she presently felt her cheek grow crimson and hot with shame, she bent down and dropped a kiss, which fell light as a falling rose-leaf on the soldier's silent lips. She started up, almost affrighted, for she fancied that the soldier's eyes opened for a moment, and that a slight emotion quivered across the lips she had kissed. But that must have been only the delusion of her momentary agitation; for when she bent again over the wounded man he lay in his trance-like sleep just as before.

This was one of the unsuccessful battles which were fought by the Federal armies about the middle of the war. A retreat was ordered; and while the movement was yet beginning a sudden and fearful rain-storm came on; the lightning blazed, and the thunder crashed among the trees with a fierceness like that of a tropical tornado; there was much confusion and even disorder; and if the Confederates had only had the strength or the judgment to follow up their success, and attack the retreating army, there might, indeed, have been a terrible disaster for the Northern side. But the rebels had been a good deal cut up themselves; they had won their victory, such as it was, at heavy cost; and they were either unable or unwilling to do any more fighting just then. So the Federal army was allowed to retreat unmolested, save by the storm, which pelted and drenched it; and Lydia Western went with her flag, and the youth whom she had sketched was left lying on the ground where she had seen him.

Perhaps the drenching rain which fell on the young man was the best minister to his fevered and wounded body. It refreshed and cooled and vivified him; allayed the thirst which was parching his lips and pursuing him even in his lethargic, heavy sleep. The poor youth was visited, it dimly seemed to him, by a strange, sweet, almost heavenly vision. Consciousness had wholly left him from the moment when, resisting with his comrades a fierce charge of the rebel cavalry, he had received the sabre cut which struck him down. The shell wound he had borne without falling or even flagging; but when the edge of the sabre smote on his head the earth seemed to fall beneath him, and the sun was extinguished, and he appeared for a moment to be crashing down through awful depths, amidst fearful clanging noises and with strange pains, which were as if part of the noises and one with them; and then consciousness went out altogether. The first faint revival of it was something at once strange and delicious. Deep, beautiful, tender eyes seemed to look with sad sympathy into his, soft hands to touch his blood-dripping hair. He gazed into the face of a woman, fair and gentle and compassionate as a Madonna; and she stooped over him and kissed his lips. Then the vision faded, and he slept again; but this time he had dreams, and often in the dreams came up again this one face, though not so clear and distinct as before; and then he felt cooling influences around him, almost as if he were bathing in the far-off river which ran by his home; and he awoke at last refreshed and conscious, and found himself lying on the wet and sodden ground, with the rain pouring down upon him.

The war was over at last, and Lydia Western was at home. All through the closing months or years of the struggle, ever since the night of the retreat which has been just described, she bore about with her the memory of the beautiful youth whom she had been forced, by the hard necessities of the hour, to leave senseless on the field. Doubtless, she thought to herself, he perished there, and she did not know even his name. Some mother was thinking sadly, even now, of his bright, curling hair; perhaps some girl's broken heart was the sacrifice to the Fates over his unknown grave. In Lydia Western's mind this youth on the battle-field became a symbol, an embodied expression of manhood and courage and patriotism and love. She set to work to make a painting from the rough, rapid sketch she had taken; and she devoted herself to the task, to the exclusion of almost every other amusement and occupation. The picture thus painted, *con amore*, was indeed one of remarkable merit. There was a charm in its very simplicity, as well as in its truthfulness. It was only the fallen form of a young man on a battle-field, the face upturned, the bright, curling hair dabbled in blood, the eyes closed, the expression serene and calm, with almost a smile upon the lips. In the right hand, which was flung above the head, was the hilt of a broken sword, on the shivered blade of which glittered the latest rays of the sinking sun. The title of the picture was simply, "For the Cause."

It was exhibited in the Academy and attracted much attention and admiration. Many offered to buy it, but Mrs. Western would not sell. Many scorces of officers who had served in the war came and looked at it; but no one recognized the face. Perhaps when Lydia Western brought every one she knew and could reach, who had ever had any thing to do with the Army of the Potomac, to see her picture, she had some faint hope that somebody would recognize the face, and tell her the name of the man she had painted. She was disappointed in the expectation, if she entertained it. No one knew the face. It was evidently that of some obscure hero; some "unnamed demigod," to adopt Kossuth's expression.

Do you remember that beautiful story in the "Arabian Nights" (what a world of romance and poetry is in these stories!) about the princess at one side of the world, the prince at the other, whom fairy influence had brought together for a moment, and then sundered again? And who were alike pining away, and for a long time vainly seeking, he in this land, she in that, with continents and oceans between them, for the ideal being, the loved creature of an hour, lost so soon, but never to be forgotten, and never to be renounced? Really the story of our New York widow has something in it like this, although Fifth Avenue surely looks no region of romance, and there are no genii floating around the Academy of Design. For while Lydia Western was painting her unknown hero and dreaming of him, and at last sinking into genuine and passionate love of this creature of memory and dreams, there was on the other side of the Atlantic a fair-haired, handsome young man, just recovering from the effects of his wounds, and cherishing day and night the memory of a beautiful woman's face, which, in good truth, was that of Lydia Western.

Lydia Western went to Europe and brought her picture with her. It was small, and she would not travel without it; although she had given up showing it to any body, and now kept it only for her own eyes, and her own delights and regrets. In Florence she was a frequent visitor to the *salon* of a French lady whom she had known in Paris, and who was fond of the society of Americans. This lady was a genuine lion-huntress, and very frank in her acknowledgment of her predilections, and she liked charming women, such as Lydia Western, especially when they possessed large fortunes; because, since the days of Æsop, as we all know, lions have been drawn by the attractions of pretty women.

"I am so disappointed, my dear," this lady said to her one night, drawing her into a corner of the crowded *salon*—"quite desolated, indeed. I expected to have presented to you such a *beau garçon*, one of my compatriots, and almost a compatriot by adoption of yours."

"Indeed, Madame! Who is he?" Lydia asked, not profoundly interested in the answer.

"But the young Vicomte Charles d'Esterre! Do you not know he actually quarreled with his father, a devoted Bonapartist and Imperialist, and exiled himself from his home, to fight under your Stars and Stripes for your Republic? Like the brave young Orleans princes—whom he knows as of his intimate friends."

"I never heard of any Vicomte Charles d'Esterre in our army. But of course he may have been there none the less—only I am surprised that I never heard his name."

"Ah! but that is the romance of the story. He served as a private soldier under some quite ordinary name. His parents knew nothing of him until he came back wounded and weak when the war was over. He had been taken by the enemy and immured in the dreadful prisons of the South. But such adventures! He shall tell them to you himself."

"But if he is not coming—?"

"He shall come. He shall know that there is a lovely Americaine who, like him, followed the flag of the Stars and Stripes over battle-fields; and he will come delighted. For the rest, he loves America; and he has himself told me that the most beautiful face he ever saw he saw in America. But, unhappily, it was only in a dream."

"I, too," thought Lydia to herself, "seem to have seen the face which most deeply interested me in a dream. At least it might just as well have been a dream as the futile, fading reality that it was."

She said nothing, however, and the conversation dropped, and the Vicomte Charles d'Esterre did not come that night, and Lydia nearly forgot all about him.

A few days passed and she received a note from her friend:

"MECHANTE,—Why have I not seen you since these many days? Come to-night; be sure you do not fail, for my young hero of the American war is coming, and I have entertained him of you, and he longs to be presented to you."

Why did Lydia feel something like a trepidation, to her quite unusual, as she entered her friend's *salon* that night? I fancy people do have an anticipation more often than we suppose when something momentous is about to happen to them. If we will only remember, I think we shall find that we always had a vague pre-knowledge of the fact when about to meet some one who was destined profoundly to influence our lives. However that may be, Lydia did feel strangely possessed and *exalté* as she entered the room that night.

Her hostess advanced to her eagerly.

"Madame Lydia Western, I have the honor to present to you my compatriot, much distinguished, and your fellow-soldier, the Vicomte Charles d'Esterre."

And there, bowing before Lydia, stood the hero of her picture, the wounded soldier of her tent, the youth whose noble face she had sketched, whose silent lips she had kissed. And as he, bowing, raised his eyes they looked on the face of the Madonna of his dream—the face which had bent over his as he lay on the Virginia battle-field!

"But you have met before!" exclaimed the hostess, seeing the simultaneous flash of recognition and surprise in the eyes of both her friends.

"I have seen M. the Vicomte before," Lydia said, in a low, hesitating, almost a trembling voice; "but I did not then know him."

"And I," said D'Esterre—"well, I have seen Madame, but I thought it was in a dream."

They spoke a little of the war and its events; but Lydia said nothing of the tent and the retreat. She had found her hero, but as yet she did not dare to acknowledge him. He, for his part, was almost wholly bewildered. The mystery was all inexplicable to him; and when he approached it in words she retreated, so evidently with a purpose that he forbore to press the subject. But he obtained permission to visit her the next day.

Lydia prepared to receive him, and deliberately did something for which every prudent, proper, self-respecting, dignified, and well-regulated woman will, of course, justly condemn her. She placed in her room the picture to which she had devoted so much love and labor.

"My picture—my very picture!" exclaimed D'Esterre, as his eyes fell upon the painting. "Then, Madame, it was not a dream? It was your face which bent over me as I lay on that field—it was your eyes which looked so pityingly into mine! And I have dreamed of you ever since!"

"He does not know of the kiss, thank Heaven!" Lydia said, in her own mind; but she blushed, nevertheless, and indeed she was wrong in her assumption.

"It was I, Vicomte," she said, "who saw you there, and who left you on the battle-field to die, or to be made prisoner."

"It was you who saved my life!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Your look of sympathy and pity recalled me to existence, and made life worth having, and gave me an ideal and a hope that never left me."

They were self-confessed lovers already. This was sudden love-making indeed; but then it seems somehow to have been decreed and arranged beforehand; and, in truth, they had been loving each other for years. They were married the other day; and the principal ornament of their *salon* is the picture of the young soldier lying wounded on the battle-field.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LADY had been cautioning her son, a bright, affectionate little boy, in the matter of taking cold. "You know, my child," she said, "I can not help being anxious and troubled about you when you are ill. Ah! Freddy, you have little idea of the feelings of a mother." "No, mother," replied the dear little fellow, with genuine earnestness; "but I may know something of the feelings of a father!"

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, Sah; but I've seen um kill mice."

The art of puffing has reached its climax out in Illinois. This is the way they do it: "If you want to hear of the wonders of the hidden river, the rush of the mighty Colorado over falls the imagination fails to picture, through chasms which have rent the hearts of the mountains, and down into the inner depths of the earth, go listen to Major Powell."

Why is the earth like a blackboard?—Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

A man whose wife hung herself in his presence, on being asked why he did not prevent the tragedy, replied: "I cut her down three times last week, and I can't be always cutting her down."

In studying the book of Nature the best reeding will be found in the swamps.

If you want your neighbors to "know all about you," give a party, and don't invite the folks who live next door.

Asking a lady what her accomplishments are is, generally speaking, harmless enough. Still, in these days, it might in some cases cause embarrassment to put the question, "Do you paint?"

A Texas murderer wants his execution delayed because he is in poor health.

A young gentleman recently found himself in company with three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them. "You will rob yourself," exclaimed one of the damsels. "Not at all," replied the innocent; "I have three or four more in my pocket!"

Wall Street is seldom original, but is great in quotation.

A young man, accompanied by his lady-love, took breakfast at an hotel the other day. Never having seen any fish-balls, he handed one to his lady, under the impression that it was a dough-nut. After breaking his own, he carefully examined, then smelled of it, and with a sepulchral voice said, "Sal, don't eat that dough-nut; there's something dead in this."

Old Master Brown brought his ferule down,
His face was angry and red;
"Anthony Blair, go sit you there,
Among the girls," he said.

So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
And his head hung down on his breast,
Went right away and sat all day
By the girl who loved him best.

How would you paint an absent-minded friend?—In a brown study.

"You say," said a judge to a witness, "that the plaintiff resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence; state just exactly what you mean by that." "Well," said the witness, "my exact meaning is, that he lied."

DIFFICULT PUNCTUATION—Putting a stop to a gossip's tongue.

A close-fisted fellow treating a friend to some old wine poured out a very small quantity. The latter, taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked, rather skeptically: "You say this is forty years old?" "Yes," replied the host. "Then," rejoined our friend, "all I have to say is, that it is very small for its age."

Why are farmers like fowls?—Because neither will get *crops* without industry.

A man, on being told by a generous farmer that he would give him a barrel of cider, asked him if he would bring it to his house. "Certainly," replied the farmer, "with pleasure." "Well," said the grateful recipient, "what will you pay me for the barrel when the cider is gone?"

TO AVOID DRAUGHTS—Don't take any.

"Really, my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his "better half," "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

A physician examining a student as to his progress, asked him, "Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of the tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as a surgeon?" The student replied, "I should advise them to leave that man lie, and fill up the well."

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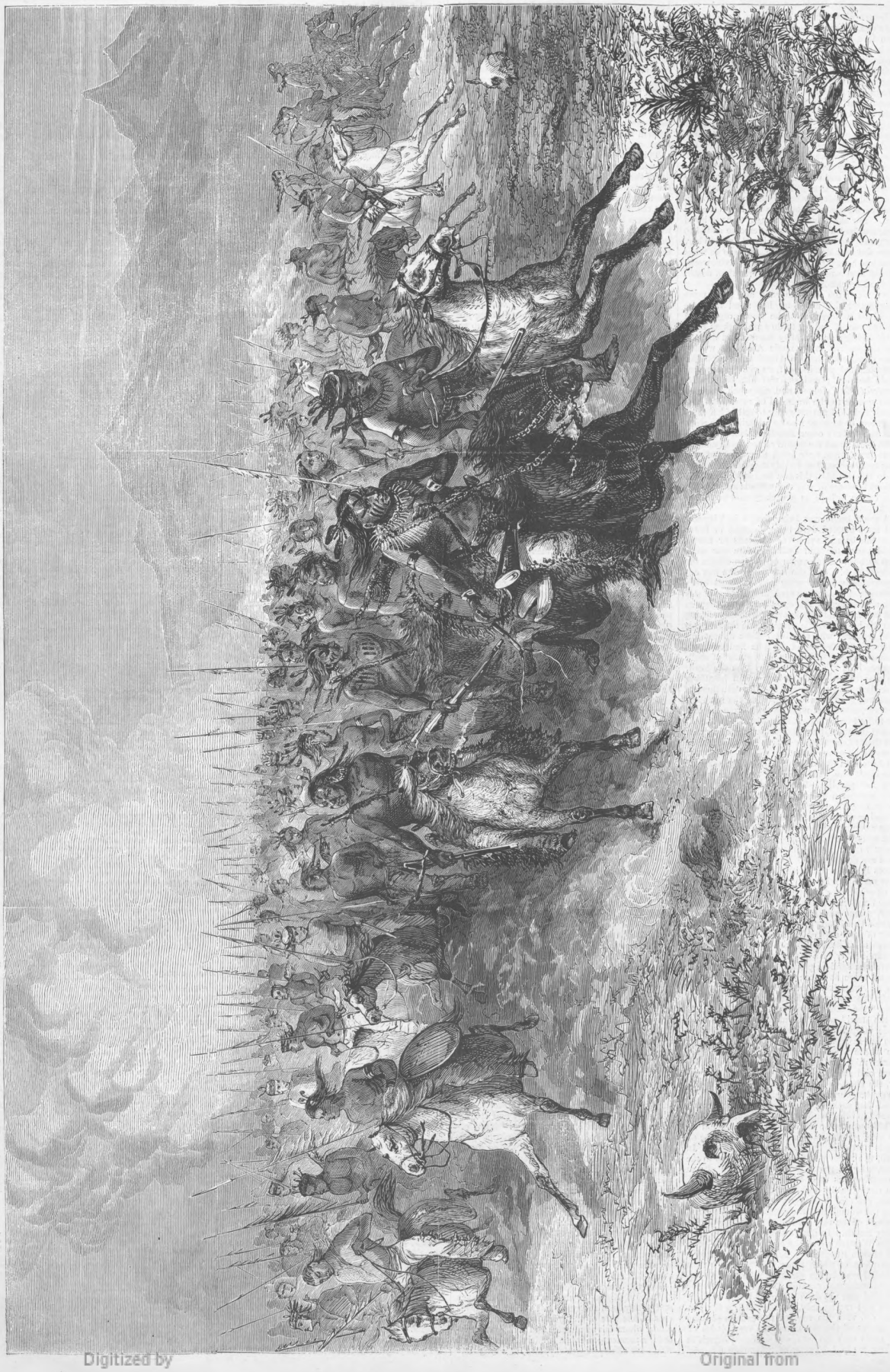

INDIANS ON THE WAR-PATH.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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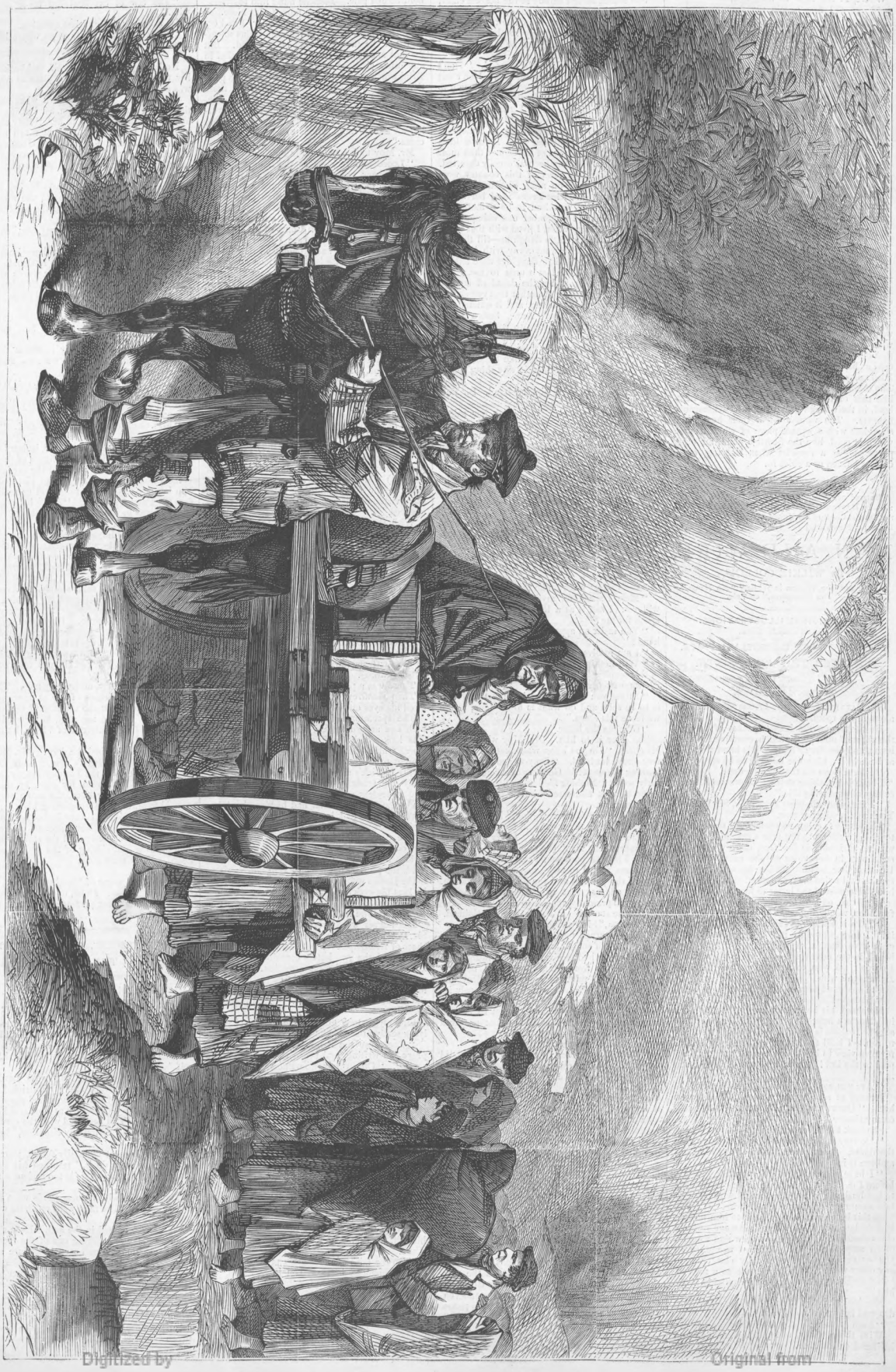

PEASANT FUNERAL IN THE MAM TURK MOUNTAINS OF CONNEMARA, IRELAND.—[SEE PAGE 394.]

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THE MEETING.

WITH Time I turn—years backward flow,
Again that golden shore I trace,
Where, in the light of long ago,
I first beheld thy face.

Soft summer airs waved warm and light;
A solemn psalm, breathed o'er the bay,
Came like the choral march of Night,
Ascending far away.

The sun burned downward to the deep,
And glowed through many a purple bar;
While, like a virgin from her sleep,
Arose the Evening Star.

There oft had I, with care oppressed,
Forgetful, dream'd of other lands;
And thou hadst sought a realm of rest
Along those silent sands.

As mists that melt in azure skies,
Thy tears fell fast; such woe was mine;
Like magnets glanced thy streaming eyes,
And drew my soul to thine.

A PEASANT FUNERAL IN IRELAND.

ON page 393 we give, this week, an illustration of a peasant funeral in the Mam Turk Mountains of Connemara, Ireland. It consisted, writes an eye-witness of the touching incident, mostly of women and girls. The chief mourner sat in the cart beside the coffin, which was simply a rough deal box, wrapped about with a white sheet, to signify that the corpse was that of a youth, the plain wood being left uncovered at both ends. They had a journey of eight Irish miles before them to the place of interment. The dress of the men of this mountain district is like that of the Western Highlanders of Scotland, in their rough gray tweed and Kilmarnock bonnets. The women cover their heads and shoulders with a square piece of white flannel, which is used, like the Scottish plaid, for other purposes—as a coverlet when sleeping, or to carry a burden or a child in.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOURTEENTH SCENE.—PORTLAND PLACE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

(Continued.)

A SCOTCH MARRIAGE.

SIR PATRICK LUNDIE and Anne Silvester were alone in the room.

He took from the breast-pocket of his coat the sheet of note-paper which contained Anne's letter, and Geoffrey's reply. His hand trembled as he held it; his voice faltered as he spoke.

"I have done all that can be done," he said. "I have left nothing untried, to prevent the necessity of producing this."

"I feel your kindness gratefully, Sir Patrick. You must produce it now."

The woman's calmness presented a strange and touching contrast to the man's emotion. There was no shrinking in her face, there was no unsteadiness in her voice as she answered him. He took her hand. Twice he attempted to speak; and twice his own agitation overpowered him. He offered the letter to her in silence.

In silence, on her side, she put the letter away from her, wondering what he meant.

"Take it back," he said. "I can't produce it! I daren't produce it! After what my own eyes have seen, after what my own ears have heard, in the next room—as God is my witness, I daren't ask you to declare yourself Geoffrey Delamayn's wife!"

She answered him in one word.

"Blanche!"

He shook his head impatiently. "Not even in Blanche's interests! Not even for Blanche's sake! If there is any risk, it is a risk I am ready to run. I hold to my own opinion. I believe my own view to be right. Let it come to an appeal to the law! I will fight the case, and win it."

"Are you *sure* of winning it, Sir Patrick?"

Instead of replying, he pressed the letter on her. "Destroy it," he whispered. "And rely on my silence."

She took the letter from him.

"Destroy it," he repeated. "They may open the doors. They may come in at any moment, and see it in your hand."

"I have something to ask you, Sir Patrick, before I destroy it. Blanche refuses to go back to her husband, unless she returns with the certain assurance of being really his wife. If I produce this letter, she may go back to him to-day. If I declare myself Geoffrey Delamayn's wife, I clear Arnold Brinkworth, at once and forever, of all suspicion of being married to me. Can you as certainly and effectually clear him in any other way? Answer me that, as a man of honor speaking to a woman who implicitly trusts him!"

She looked him full in the face. His eyes dropped before hers—he made no reply.

"I am answered," she said.

With those words, she passed him, and laid her hand on the door.

He checked her. The tears rose in his eyes as he drew her gently back into the room.

"Why should we wait?" she asked.

"Wait," he answered, "as a favor to *me*."

She seated herself calmly in the nearest chair, and rested her head on her hand, thinking.

He bent over her, and roused her, impatiently, almost angrily. The steady resolution in her face was terrible to him, when he thought of the man in the next room.

"Take time to consider," he pleaded. "Don't be led away by your own impulse. Don't act under a false excitement. Nothing binds you to this dreadful sacrifice of yourself."

"Excitement! Sacrifice!" She smiled sadly as she repeated the words. "Do you know, Sir Patrick, what I was thinking of a moment since? Only of old times, when I was a little girl. I saw the sad side of life sooner than most children see it. My mother was cruelly deserted. The hard marriage laws of this country were harder on her than on me. She died broken-hearted. But one friend comforted her at the last moment, and promised to be a mother to her child. I can't remember one unhappy day in all the after-time when I lived with that faithful woman and her little daughter—till the day that parted us. She went away with her husband; and I and the little daughter were left behind. She said her last words to me. Her heart was sinking under the dread of coming death. 'I promised your mother that you should be like my own child to me, and it quieted her mind. Quiet *my* mind, Anne, before I go. Whatever happens in years to come—promise me to be always what you are now, a sister to Blanche.' Where is the false excitement, Sir Patrick, in old remembrances like these? And how can there be a sacrifice in any thing that I do for Blanche?"

She rose, and offered him her hand. Sir Patrick lifted it to his lips in silence.

"Come!" she said. "For both our sakes, let us not prolong this."

He turned aside his head. It was no moment to let her see that she had completely unmanned him. She waited for him, with her hand on the lock. He rallied his courage—he forced himself to face the horror of the situation calmly. She opened the door, and led the way back into the other room.

Not a word was spoken by any of the persons present, as the two returned to their places. The noise of a carriage passing in the street was painfully audible. The chance banging of a door in the lower regions of the house made every one start.

Anne's sweet voice broke the dreary silence.

"Must I speak for myself, Sir Patrick? Or will you (I ask it as a last and greatest favor) speak for me?"

"You insist on appealing to the letter in your hand?"

"I am resolved to appeal to it."

"Will nothing induce you to defer the close of this inquiry—so far as you are concerned—for four-and-twenty hours?"

"Either you or I, Sir Patrick, must say what is to be said, and do what is to be done, before we leave this room."

"Give me the letter."

She gave it to him. Mr. Moy whispered to his client, "Do you know what that is?" Geoffrey shook his head. "Do you really remember nothing about it?" Geoffrey answered in one surly word, "Nothing!"

Sir Patrick addressed himself to the assembled company.

"I have to ask your pardon," he said, "for abruptly leaving the room, and for obliging Miss Silvester to leave it with me. Every body present, except that man" (he pointed to Geoffrey), "will, I believe, understand and forgive me, now that I am forced to make my conduct the subject of the plainest and the fullest explanation. I shall address that explanation, for reasons which will presently appear, to my niece."

Blanche started. "To me!" she exclaimed.

"To you," Sir Patrick answered.

Blanche turned toward Arnold, daunted by a vague sense of something serious to come. The letter that she had received from her husband on her departure from Ham Farm had necessarily alluded to relations between Geoffrey and Anne, of which Blanche had been previously ignorant. Was any reference coming to those relations? Was there something yet to be disclosed which Arnold's letter had not prepared her to hear?"

Sir Patrick resumed.

"A short time since," he said to Blanche, "I proposed to you to return to your husband's protection—and to leave the termination of this matter in my hands. You have refused to go back to him until you are first certainly assured that you are his wife. Thanks to a sacrifice to your interests and your happiness, on Miss Silvester's part—which I tell you frankly I have done my utmost to prevent—I am in a position to prove positively that Arnold Brinkworth was a single man when he married you from my house in Kent."

Mr. Moy's experience forewarned him of what was coming. He pointed to the letter in Sir Patrick's hand.

"Do you claim on a promise of marriage?" he asked.

Sir Patrick rejoined by putting a question on his side.

"Do you remember the famous decision at Doctors' Commons, which established the marriage of Captain Dalrymple and Miss Gordon?"

Mr. Moy was answered. "I understand you, Sir Patrick," he said. After a moment's pause, he addressed his next words to Anne. "And, from the bottom of my heart, madam, I respect *you*."

It was said with a fervent sincerity of tone which wrought the interest of the other persons, who were still waiting for enlightenment, to the highest pitch. Lady Lundie and Captain Newenden whispered to each other anxiously. Arnold turned pale. Blanche burst into tears.

Sir Patrick turned once more to his niece.

"Some little time since," he said, "I had occasion to speak to you of the scandalous uncertainty of the marriage laws of Scotland. But for that uncertainty (entirely without parallel in any other civilized country in Europe), Arnold Brinkworth would never have occupied the position in which he stands here to-day—and these proceedings would never have taken place. Bear that fact in mind. It is not only answerable for the mischief that has been already done, but for the far more serious evil which is still to come."

Mr. Moy took a note. Sir Patrick went on.

"Loose and reckless as the Scotch law is, there happens, however, to be one case in which the action of it has been confirmed and settled by the English Courts. A written promise of marriage exchanged between a man and woman, in Scotland, marries that man and woman by Scotch law. An English Court of Justice (sitting in judgment on the case I have just mentioned to Mr. Moy) has pronounced that law to be good—and the decision has since been confirmed by the supreme authority of the House of Lords. Where the persons therefore—living in Scotland at the time—have promised each other marriage in writing, there is now no longer any doubt. They are certainly, and lawfully, Man and Wife." He turned from his niece, and appealed to Mr. Moy. "Am I right?"

"Quite right, Sir Patrick, as to the facts. I own, however, that your commentary on them surprises me. I have the highest opinion of our Scottish marriage law. A man who has betrayed a woman under a promise of marriage is forced by that law (in the interests of public morality) to acknowledge her as his wife."

"The persons here present, Mr. Moy, are now about to see the moral merit of the Scotch law of marriage (as approved by England) practically in operation before their own eyes. They will judge for themselves of the morality (Scotch or English) which first forces a deserted woman back on the villain who has betrayed her, and then virtuously leaves her to bear the consequences."

With that answer, he turned to Anne, and showed her the letter, open in his hand.

"For the last time," he said, "do you insist on my appealing to this?"

She rose, and bowed her head gravely.

"It is my distressing duty," said Sir Patrick, "to declare, in this lady's name, and on the faith of written promises of marriage exchanged between the parties, then residing in Scotland, that she claims to be now—and to have been on the afternoon of the fourteenth of August last—Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn's wedded wife."

A cry of horror from Blanche, a low murmur of dismay from the rest, followed the utterance of those words.

There was a pause of an instant.

Then Geoffrey rose slowly to his feet, and fixed his eyes on the wife who had claimed him.

The spectators of the terrible scene turned with one accord toward the sacrificed woman. The look which Geoffrey had cast on her—the words which Geoffrey had spoken to her—were present to all their minds. She stood, waiting by Sir Patrick's side—her soft gray eyes resting sadly and tenderly on Blanche's face. To see that matchless courage and resignation was to doubt the reality of what had happened. They were forced to look back at the man to possess their minds with the truth.

The triumph of law and morality over him was complete. He never uttered a word. His furious temper was perfectly and fearfully calm. With the promise of merciless vengeance written in the Devil's writing on his Devil-possessed face, he kept his eyes fixed on the hated woman whom he had ruined—on the hated woman who was fastened to him as his wife.

His lawyer went over to the table at which Sir Patrick sat. Sir Patrick handed him the sheet of note-paper.

He read the two letters contained in it with absorbed and deliberate attention. The moments that passed before he lifted his head from his reading seemed like hours. "Can you prove the handwritings?" he asked. "And prove the residence?"

Sir Patrick took up a second morsel of paper lying ready under his hand.

"There are the names of persons who can prove the writing, and prove the residence," he replied. "One of your two witnesses below stairs (otherwise useless) can speak to the hour at which Mr. Brinkworth arrived at the inn, and so can prove that the lady for whom he asked was, at that moment, Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn. The indorsement on the back of the note-paper, also referring to the question of time, is in the handwriting of the same witness—to whom I refer you, when it suits your convenience to question him."

"I will verify the references, Sir Patrick, as a matter of form. In the mean time, not to interpose needless and vexatious delay, I am bound to say that I can not resist the evidence of the marriage."

Having replied in those terms, he addressed himself, with marked respect and sympathy, to Anne.

"On the faith of the written promise of marriage exchanged between you in Scotland," he said, "you claim Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn as your husband?"

She steadily repeated the words after him.

"I claim Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn as my husband."

Mr. Moy appealed to his client. Geoffrey broke silence at last.

"Is it settled?" he asked.

"To all practical purposes, it is settled."

He went on, still looking at nobody but Anne. "Has the law of Scotland made her my wife?"

"The law of Scotland has made her your wife."

He asked a third and last question.

"Does the law tell her to go where her husband goes?"

"Yes."

He laughed softly to himself, and beckoned to her to cross the room to the place at which he was standing.

She obeyed. At the moment when she took the first step to approach him, Sir Patrick caught her hand, and whispered to her, "Rely on me!" She gently pressed his hand in token that she understood him, and advanced to Geoffrey. At the same moment, Blanche rushed between them, and flung her arms around Anne's neck.

"Oh, Anne! Anne!"

An hysterical passion of tears choked her utterance. Anne gently unwound the arms that clung round her—gently lifted the head that lay helpless on her bosom.

"Happier days are coming, my love," she said. "Don't think of *me*."

She kissed her—looked at her—kissed her again—and placed her in her husband's arms. Arnold remembered her parting words at Craig Fernie, when they had wished each other good-night. "You have not befriended an ungrateful woman. The day may yet come when I shall prove it." Gratitude and admiration struggled in him which should utter itself first, and held him speechless.

She bent her head gently in token that she understood him. Then she went on, and stood before Geoffrey.

"I am here," she said to him. "What do you wish me to do?"

A hideous smile parted his heavy lips. He offered her his arm.

"Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn," he said. "Come home."

The picture of the lonely house, isolated amidst its high walls; the ill-omened figure of the dumb woman with the stony eyes and the savage ways—the whole scene, as Anne had pictured it to him but two days since, rose vivid as reality before Sir Patrick's mind. "No!" he cried out, carried away by the generous impulse of the moment. "It shall *not* be!"

Geoffrey stood impenetrable—waiting with his offered arm. Pale and resolute, she lifted her noble head—called back the courage which had faltered for a moment—and took his arm.

He led her to the door. "Don't let Blanche fret about me," she said, simply, to Arnold as they went by. They passed Sir Patrick next. Once more his sympathy for her set every other consideration at defiance. He started up to bar the way to Geoffrey. Geoffrey paused, and looked at Sir Patrick for the first time.

"The law tells her to go with her husband," he said. "The law forbids you to part Man and Wife."

True. Absolutely, undeniably true. The law sanctioned the sacrifice of her as unanswerably as it had sanctioned the sacrifice of her mother before her. In the name of Morality, let him take her! In the interests of Virtue, let her get out of it if she can!

Her husband opened the door. Mr. Moy laid his hand on Sir Patrick's arm. Lady Lundie, Captain Newenden, the London lawyer, all left their places; influenced, for once, by the same interest; feeling, for once, the same suspense. Arnold followed them, supporting his wife. For one memorable instant Anne looked back at them all. Then she and her husband crossed the threshold. They descended the stairs together. The opening and closing of the house door was heard. They were gone.

Done, in the name of Morality. Done, in the interests of Virtue. Done, in an age of progress, and under the most perfect government on the face of the earth.

FIFTEENTH SCENE.—HOLCHESTER HOUSE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

THE LAST CHANCE.

"HIS lordship is dangerously ill, Sir. Her ladyship can receive no visitors."

"Be so good as to take that card to Lady Holchester. It is absolutely necessary that your mistress should be made acquainted—in the interests of her younger son—with something which I can only mention to her ladyship herself."

The two persons speaking were Lord Holchester's head servant and Sir Patrick Lundie. At that time barely half an hour had passed since the close of the proceedings at Portland Place.

The servant still hesitated with the card in his hand. "I shall forfeit my situation," he said, "if I do it."

"You will most assuredly forfeit your situation if you *don't* do it," returned Sir Patrick. "I warn you plainly, this is too serious a matter to be trifled with."

The tone in which those words were spoken had its effect. The man went up stairs with his message.

Sir Patrick waited in the hall. Even the momentary delay of entering one of the reception-rooms was more than he could endure at that moment. Anne's happiness was hopelessly sacrificed already. The preservation of her personal safety—which Sir Patrick firmly believed to be in danger—was the one service which it was possible to render to her now. The perilous position in which she stood toward her husband—as an immovable obstacle, while she lived, between Geoffrey and Mrs. Glenarm—was beyond the reach of remedy. But it was still possible

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to prevent her from becoming the innocent cause of Geoffrey's pecuniary ruin, by standing in the way of a reconciliation between father and son. Resolute to leave no means untried of serving Anne's interests, Sir Patrick had allowed Arnold and Blanche to go to his own residence in London, alone, and had not even waited to say a farewell word to any of the persons who had taken part in the inquiry. "Her life may depend on what I can do for her at Holchester House!" With that conviction in him, he had left Portland Place. With that conviction in him, he had sent his message to Lady Holchester, and was now waiting for the reply.

The servant appeared again on the stairs. Sir Patrick went up to meet him.

"Her ladyship will see you, Sir, for a few minutes."

The door of an upper room was opened; and Sir Patrick found himself in the presence of Geoffrey's mother. There was only time to observe that she possessed the remains of rare personal beauty, and that she received her visitor with a grace and courtesy which implied (under the circumstances) a considerate regard for *his* position at the expense of her own.

"You have something to say to me, Sir Patrick, on the subject of my second son. I am in great affliction. If you bring me bad news, I will do my best to bear it. May I trust to your kindness not to keep me in suspense?"

"It will help me to make my intrusion as little painful as possible to your ladyship," replied Sir Patrick, "if I am permitted to ask a question. Have you heard of any obstacle to the contemplated marriage of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn and Mrs. Glenarm?"

Even that distant reference to Anne produced an ominous change for the worse in Lady Holchester's manner.

"I have heard of the obstacle to which you allude," she said. "Mrs. Glenarm is an intimate friend of mine. She has informed me that a person named Silvester, an impudent adventuress—"

"I beg your ladyship's pardon. You are doing a cruel wrong to the noblest woman I have ever met with."

"I can not undertake, Sir Patrick, to enter into your reasons for admiring her. Her conduct toward my son has, I repeat, been the conduct of an impudent adventuress."

Those words showed Sir Patrick the utter hopelessness of shaking her prejudice against Anne. He decided on proceeding at once to the disclosure of the truth.

"I entreat you to say no more," he answered. "Your ladyship is speaking of your son's wife."

"My son has married Miss Silvester?"

"Yes."

She turned deadly pale. It appeared, for an instant, as if the shock had completely overwhelmed her. But the mother's weakness was only momentary. The virtuous indignation of the great lady had taken its place before Sir Patrick could speak again. She rose to terminate the interview.

"I presume," she said, "that your errand here is at an end."

Sir Patrick rose, on his side, resolute to do the duty which had brought him to the house.

"I am compelled to trespass on your ladyship's attention for a few minutes more," he answered. "The circumstances attending the marriage of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn are of no common importance. I beg permission (in the interests of his family) to state, very briefly, what they are."

In a few clear sentences he narrated what had happened, that afternoon, in Portland Place. Lady Holchester listened with the steadiest and coldest attention. So far as outward appearances were concerned, no impression was produced upon her.

"Do you expect me," she asked, "to espouse the interests of a person who has prevented my son from marrying the lady of his choice, and of mine?"

"Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn, unhappily, has that reason for resenting his wife's innocent interference with interests of considerable importance to him," returned Sir Patrick. "I request your ladyship to consider whether it is desirable—in view of your son's conduct in the future—to allow his wife to stand in the doubly perilous relation toward him of being also a cause of estrangement between his father and himself."

He had put it with scrupulous caution. But Lady Holchester understood what he had refrained from saying as well as what he had actually said. She had hitherto remained standing—she now sat down again. There was a visible impression produced on her at last.

"In Lord Holchester's critical state of health," she answered, "I decline to take the responsibility of telling him what you have just told me. My own influence has been uniformly exerted in my son's favor—as long as my interference could be productive of any good result. The time for my interference has passed. Lord Holchester has altered his will this morning. I was not present; and I have not yet been informed of what has been done. Even if I knew—"

"Your ladyship would naturally decline," said Sir Patrick, "to communicate the information to a stranger."

"Certainly. At the same time, after what you have said, I do not feel justified in deciding on this matter entirely by myself. One of Lord Holchester's executors is now in the house. There can be no impropriety in your seeing him—if you wish it. You are at liberty to say, from me, that I leave it entirely to his discretion to decide what ought to be done."

"I gladly accept your ladyship's proposal."

Lady Holchester rang the bell at her side.

"Take Sir Patrick Lundie to Mr. Marchwood," she said to the servant.

Sir Patrick started. The name was familiar to him, as the name of a friend.

"Mr. Marchwood of Hurlbeck?" he asked.

"The same."

With that brief answer, Lady Holchester dismissed her visitor. Following the servant to the other end of the corridor, Sir Patrick was conducted into a small room—the ante-chamber to the bedroom in which Lord Holchester lay. The door of communication was closed. A gentleman sat writing at a table near the window. He rose, and held out his hand, with a look of surprise, when the servant announced Sir Patrick's name. This was Mr. Marchwood.

After the first explanations had been given, Sir Patrick patiently reverted to the object of his visit to Holchester House. On the first occasion when he mentioned Anne's name he observed that Mr. Marchwood became, from that moment, specially interested in what he was saying.

"Do you happen to be acquainted with the lady?" he asked.

"I only know her as the cause of a very strange proceeding, this morning, in that room." He pointed to Lord Holchester's bedroom as he spoke.

"Are you at liberty to mention what the proceeding was?"

"Hardly—even to an old friend like you—unless I felt it a matter of duty, on my part, to state the circumstances. Pray go on with what you were saying to me. You were on the point of telling me what brought you to this house."

Without a word more of preface, Sir Patrick told him the news of Geoffrey's marriage to Anne.

"Married!" cried Mr. Marchwood. "Are you sure of what you say?"

"I am one of the witnesses of the marriage."

"Good Heavens! And Lord Holchester's lawyer has left the house!"

"Can I replace him? Have I, by any chance, justified you in telling me what happened this morning in the next room?"

"Justified me? You have left me no other alternative. The doctors are all agreed in dreading apoplexy—his lordship may die at any moment. In the lawyer's absence, I must take it on myself. Here are the facts. There is the codicil to Lord Holchester's Will which is still unsigned."

"Relating to his second son?"

"Relating to Geoffrey Delamayn, and giving him (when it is once executed) a liberal provision for life."

"What is the object in the way of his executing it?"

"The lady whom you have just mentioned to me."

"Anne Silvester!"

"Anne Silvester—now (as you tell me) Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn. I can only explain the thing very imperfectly. There are certain painful circumstances associated in his lordship's memory with this lady, or with some member of her family. We can only gather that he did something—in the early part of his professional career—which was strictly within the limits of his duty, but which apparently led to very sad results. Some days since he unfortunately heard (either through Mrs. Glenarm or through Mrs. Julius Delamayn) of Miss Silvester's appearance at Swanhaven Lodge. No remark on the subject escaped him at the time. It was only this morning, when the codicil giving the legacy to Geoffrey was waiting to be executed, that his real feeling in the matter came out. To our astonishment, he refused to sign it. 'Find Anne Silvester' (was the only answer we could get from him); 'and bring her to my bedside. You all say my son is guiltless of injuring her. I am lying on my death-bed. I have serious reasons of my own—I owe it to the memory of the dead—to assure myself of the truth. If Anne Silvester herself acquits him of having wronged her, I will provide for Geoffrey. Not otherwise.' We went the length of reminding him that he might die before Miss Silvester could be found. Our interference had but one result. He desired the lawyer to add a second codicil to the Will—which he executed on the spot. It directs his executors to inquire into the relations that have actually existed between Anne Silvester and his younger son. If we find reason to conclude that Geoffrey has gravely wronged her, we are directed to pay her a legacy—provided that she is a single woman at the time."

"And her marriage violates the provision!" exclaimed Sir Patrick.

"Yes. The codicil actually executed is now worthless. And the other codicil remains unsigned until the lawyer can produce Miss Silvester. He has left the house to apply to Geoffrey at Fulham, as the only means at our disposal of finding the lady. Some hours have passed—and he has not yet returned."

"It is useless to wait for him," said Sir Patrick. "While the lawyer was on his way to Fulham, Lord Holchester's son was on his way to Portland Place. This is even more serious than you suppose. Tell me, what under less pressing circumstances I should have no right to ask. Apart from the unexecuted codicil, what is Geoffrey Delamayn's position in the will?"

"He is not even mentioned in it."

"Have you got the will?"

Mr. Marchwood unlocked a drawer, and took it out.

Sir Patrick instantly rose from his chair. "No waiting for the lawyer!" he repeated, vehemently. "This is a matter of life and death. Lady Holchester bitterly resents her son's marriage. She speaks and feels as a friend of Mrs. Glenarm. Do you think Lord Holchester would take the same view, if he knew of it?"

"It depends entirely on the circumstances."

"Suppose I informed him—as I inform you in confidence—that his son *has* gravely wronged Miss Silvester? And suppose I followed that up by telling him that his son has made atonement by marrying her?"

"After the feeling that he has shown in the matter, I believe he would sign the codicil."

"Then, for God's sake, let me see him!"

"I must speak to the doctor."

"Do it instantly!"

With the will in his hand, Mr. Marchwood advanced to the bedroom door. It was opened from within before he could get to it. The doctor appeared on the threshold. He held up his hand warningly when Mr. Marchwood attempted to speak to him.

"Go to Lady Holchester," he said. "It's all over."

"Dead?"

"Dead."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE question of a revision of the English Bible has been agitated in Great Britain. The Convocation of York declined to join in the work with the Convocation of Canterbury. The latter, however, has resolved to undertake it, and asks the aid of all religious denominations. The Dean of Canterbury desires to include the Jews, so far as the Old Testament is concerned; and every one who has an amendment to propose should send it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It has been estimated that an adequate revision would change one word in every verse of the New Testament.

Marvels of surgery increase. The following extraordinary story comes from San Juan, Argentine Republic. In San Juan there was an individual—male or female deponent sayeth not—eighteen years old, and the unlucky possessor of two heads, each provided with an expressive countenance, looking in opposite directions, and united at the posterior part of the cranium. One of the scientific European commissioners, traveling through the Argentine Republic, proposed to operate upon the individual, taking away one of the heads. The proposal was accepted, and the operation was successfully performed, without causing the least pain to the patient, notwithstanding that chloroform was not administered, and the operation lasted six minutes. The operation, and the subsequent cure of the parts, is represented as being something marvelous. The head has been preserved in spirits, and will shortly be exhibited in this country. If Barnum's Museum was in existence it would doubtless find an entrance there. Those who enjoy the wonderful will find pleasure in believing this tale, as it comes fresh from South American papers. Some may prefer to hold their opinion in reserve until the head arrives.

Some of the Paris journals have been delighting in a "serious quarrel" said to have taken place between the ex-King and Queen of Naples, prior to her Majesty's departing for Vienna. It now appears that there is no foundation for such a statement. The Queen, in great grief at the loss of her child, was induced to anticipate by several weeks her intended visit to Austria; and the King has since rejoined her Majesty, having been unable to complete sooner his arrangements for leaving Rome. From such simple facts a great scandal was created. Such is the fate of great people, and those of lesser importance do not always escape.

Ems will be crowded this year with crowned heads and princes. The Emperor of Russia, Prince Oscar of Sweden, the Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and King William of Prussia will all be there in the course of the season.

"I can not afford to die in New York," said a gentleman once; "it would ruin my family to bury me there." What a sermon might be preached from this text on the folly of ultra-fashionable funerals, where *show* is the great object! There is something revolting in the very idea of *display* in connection with death. Sorrow shrinks from publicity; and were it not for the wishes of outside friends, many a grief-stricken family would choose to bury their dead with only the nearest and dearest as mourners. They would not choose to have hired hands decorate the casket or its lifeless occupant for cold eyes to criticise, but would themselves, with loving hands, scatter the sweet flowers, whose every blossom would then mean *love*.

The following story is told by the *Court Journal* of a ballet-dancer who figured in the Russian capital last winter, and who is reputed to be an intelligent woman and the daughter of a Polish count. She received presents by the score from her admirers, among whom was a very wealthy nobleman. He made her acquaintance, and was charmed with her. He offered her a diamond he wore upon his finger for a kiss. She consented, and he gladly gave her the jewel. His suit did not prosper, however, as he had hoped. At the end of a month he presented her with another diamond and received a second salute. At the end of the year he had in this way parted with nearly all his diamonds. Irritated by her stubbornness he sought an interview and upbraided her. "I have no more diamonds to give you," he said. "Then," she replied, "I have no more kisses." "What am I to do? Your heart is made of ice. Give me some word of hope." "I can't do that, but I will give you a word of counsel." "What is it?" "Never buy your first kiss of a woman; if you do, though you were the Czar himself, you would be bankrupt before you reached her heart."

A new cable is to be laid between France and England at a cost of about £100,000.

Mr. Spurgeon lately announced—so say English papers—his intention of delivering a lecture to rich men only: none will be admitted to the Hall except he is worth £40,000. A novel idea, certainly. Will the plate be passed at the close of service?

A German translation of "Edwin Drood" is now being published in a Hamburg journal.

The Beethoven Festival will be the great sensation of next week. There is every prospect that the entertainment will be exceedingly fine. An organ has been built for the occasion, which contains two sets of keys, two and a half octaves of pedals, thirty-one stops, and fifteen hundred pipes. The finest musical societies in the country, and the most noted singers, have been secured to aid in this grand celebration.

The ordinary process of making superfine white flour results in the loss of the most nutritious portion of the wheat. Under the microscope a grain of wheat divides into three principal layers—the hull, or bran proper, which is not nutritious; the gluten, which lies next within the hull, and which is the most nutritious part of the grain; and the starch, from which the ordinary wheat flour is made. Usually the gluten is removed with the bran in the ordinary process. A mode of preparing wheat and other grain for grinding into flour has been invented in Basel, Switzerland, the object of which is to retain in the white flour the nutritive properties which have heretofore been lost by the separation of the bran. This process, invented by Herr E. Weiss, of Switzerland, has been received with favor by scientific and practical men of Europe. It consists simply in moistening the wheat before grinding in a solution of caustic soda in water, 140 pounds of the liquid being required for 2000 pounds of grain. The solution is prepared by dissolving 6½ pounds of caustic soda in 133 pounds of water. The steeping, which occupies from fifteen to twenty minutes, can be done in vats similar to those used by brewers. The caustic solution loosens the hull, so that it may be removed by the slightest friction, leaving the gluten with the body of the grain. The flour thus prepared is as white as the present superfine, and contains all the highly nutritive properties of the Graham and bran breads.

If a friend should inquire if you knew who was the author of the familiar quotation, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," you would, for the instant, be certain that you did, but an attempt to recall the name would puzzle you. So of the line so often quoted, "Consistency, thou art a jewel." All attempts to ascertain the authors of these quotations have failed.

At the late grand opening of costly fabrics at the store of A. T. Stewart, a magnificent specimen of Gobelin tapestry was displayed, which was manufactured in Paris, and is valued at $10,000. It represented a view of the harbor of Marseilles, and is a wonderful piece of workmanship. It requires the labor of a single person for one year to produce a single square yard of the tapestry, and it is always worked from the back-ground, while the front is covered. Each tint is formed from single threads, and the covering is only removed in places to determine the proper blending of colors.

When will the time come for woman to have the right to exercise good taste in the matters of dress in spite of fashion? Some say she might do it now, if she would; but in truth the majority of men desire their own wives, daughters, and sisters to conform to the prevailing style. They may make fun of some hideous fashion *in the abstract*, but for all that few of them would be pleased to escort a lady to an evening party who had chosen to dress merely sensibly, but without regard to fashion. The sad truth is, that we are all slaves to that imperious Madame Fashion. Even the most sensible scarcely do more than modify the extravagances of the prevailing style. In the progress of ages the time may come when every one will have a fashionable right to adopt certain *individualities* of costume. The idea that the same style of toilet, or the same mode of dressing the hair, is sufficiently becoming to be adopted by all ladies is simply absurd. If the popular taste were not warped we should occasionally see *heads* now, instead of masses of hair. The form of the head is often a peculiar mark of beauty, and is always indicative of a characteristic individuality which is pleasing. This is entirely lost in the present style of hair-dressing. However, the probability is that the masses of artificial hair worn will so weaken the natural growth that women ere long will be compelled to cut their hair short in order to save a remnant. Therefore we may hope some time to see the natural shape of the head.

A placard having been put up at the Edinburgh College gate by the official who writes out such notices, reminding students that if they appeared at the funeral of Professor Simpson they should do so "in mourning," they felt insulted by such an instruction being specially addressed to their class, and therefore added to the placard, "Professors may attend in reefing jackets."

The French Countess De Begorien, under thirty years of age, has perfectly white hair. This was the sudden effect of grief and anxiety while watching one night by the bedside of her dying child.

A curious "ice match" recently took place near San Francisco, to test the relative virtues of two specimens of ice, one from Little Grass Valley, and the other from Summit. Both blocks, weighing each 131 pounds, were placed in the sun, with even chances, the mercury marking 90 degrees in the shade. "The Summit chunk," says the report, "was broad and rather flat, while the Grass Valley specimen was longer, and sat on one end." Toward noon, as the match became hot, and streams of water trickled down the faces of the antagonists, "there was great excitement among the friends of the respective chunks," and bets ranged from $2 50 to $100. The Summit chunk began to have the best of it. Grass Valley showed deep furrows, while Summit took the matter coolly, and seemed confident of victory. About the middle of the afternoon the friends of Grass Valley gave up, and went to betting on how long Summit would last. It grew dark before the cake was melted, and the match against time had to be continued by the light of lanterns. Summit beat Grass Valley 4 hours and 55 minutes. About $1500 changing hands on the result.

It is authoritatively stated that the French Empress has expressed her intention to offer in competition to the female artists of all nations a prize of one thousand francs for the best fan, painted or carved, by a lady under twenty-five years of age. The fans are to be shown at the International Exhibition next year.

Rome has a new sensation in a theatrical production entitled "The Assassin Traupmann, or the Crime of Pantin." The piece appeared simultaneously at two theatres, and excited so much interest that tickets were at an enormous premium. The government, however, interfered after the second representation, and prohibited the repetition of the exciting tragedy.

There may be a certain attraction to some people in seeing and hearing a child of two years and ten months perform in public upon a miniature violin—an exhibition which took place not long ago in this city. But to a thoughtful person there is something very painful in the unnatural pressure to which such infant prodigies must be subjected.

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THE "SEA MESSENGER."

THE little torpedo-like vessel, of which we give an illustration on this page, was invented recently by an Englishman, and is designed to be freighted with letters and papers belonging to a ship in danger of foundering at sea, or in any danger of being wrecked. It will, in such a case, serve as the best vehicle for the preservation of records and important documents, and in all probability for their conveyance, by favoring winds and tides, to some near or distant shore. It is certainly much better than the ordinary glass bottle, which may be fractured by any floating spar or fragment of wreck, or may be dashed to pieces by the wave casting it upon a rocky coast. The late cruel attempt to hoax the public with a forged message from the unfortunate *City of Boston* suggests another reason for the employment of a special floating conveyance for this purpose. If the *City of Boston*, or any ship that is missing, were known to be furnished with several of these contrivances, nobody could be deceived for a moment by the trick of putting a written scrap of paper into a bottle, and casting it into the sea with an inflowing tide. The water-tight and air-tight metallic hull of the "Sea Messenger," with its extreme buoyancy, will ride in safety through the most violent storms, and it has capacity to hold not only the ship's papers, records of the voyage, lists of the passengers and crew, and a brief report of the disaster, specifying the latitude and longitude and time of its occurrence, but letters from those on board to their friends, wills, or draughts for money, or bills of exchange, or any other papers affecting their private interests. In case of a steamer being merely disabled, and drifting helplessly away, the "Sea Messenger," if thrown out and soon picked up by another ship, would perhaps direct assistance to proceed along the track where it was required. A vessel on a reef of rocks, or entangled and land-locked, not far from shore, might even be able to send, by this diminutive tender, a line of light cord to the people on land, who could then help the distressed crew with a rope. Other uses of this contrivance will become obvious with its more frequent trial in practice at sea.

THE "SEA MESSENGER."

SOLDIERS IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

DURING the vote on the *plebiscite* Paris was crowded with troops, in anticipation of popular disturbances, which the government was ready to suppress at a moment's notice, and at any cost of life. The illustration below represents the guard on the grand staircase of the Luxembourg Palace, where they passed the night of the Sunday on which the vote was taken. Events showed the wisdom of these precautions. Every attempt to bring about a popular demonstration was effectually put down without loss of time. The bar-

THE RECENT ELECTIONS IN PARIS—SOLDIERS ON GUARD AT NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE.

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ricades were ludicrous failures. Whenever a cart or carriage came in the way the horses were coolly unharnessed by the mob, and the vehicles wheeled into the middle of the road and upset, paving-stones were torn up and piled in a heap between them, and building materials, and, in fact, any kind of rubbish, thrown on the top. Then, as soon as the cocked hat of a *sergent de ville* was perceived in the distance, the mob scampered off at full speed down the side streets, those who were unfamiliar with the quarter being usually the ones who were captured. Quite as much to this unusual display of the "better part of valor" by the populace as to the prudence of the military authorities, the Parisians were indebted for the tranquillity of their city during the election.

WHO GOES THERE?

THE picture from which the engraving on this page is taken is considered one of the finest of MEISSONIER'S recent works. The chief characteristic of this popular artist—whose works are so eagerly sought after in Europe that it is rare to meet with them in this country—is his exquisite finish; and perhaps it is this quality quite as much as any other which causes his pictures to meet with such universal appreciation. His admirers are to be found all over the world, and extraordinary prices are realized even for his smallest and most trifling works.

MEISSONIER was born in the French city of Lyons in 1815. At a very early age he determined to become an artist, and pursued his studies in Paris. His first pictures, exhibited in 1836, were "The Chess-Players" and "The Little Messenger," which attracted great attention by their delicacy and finish, as well as by the spirit and action with which the artist invested his miniature figures. Since that time he has devoted himself almost exclusively to small *genre* pictures, the subjects of which are generally similar to those selected by the Dutch and Flemish painters. Several of his works have found their way to this country, and have been exhibited in New York and other cities.

The picture which we have engraved is one of those artistic conceptions which leave a very wide field for the exercise of the spectator's fancy. We may weave twenty different stories about this gayly dressed but discomposed gentleman. To our fancy he came forth on no warlike or hostile errand—nay, we think that just before the instant chosen by the artist the idea of danger or of a possible foe was not more present to his mind than it was to the mind of any gentleman engaged in courtly or amorous intrigues at an epoch when the rude logic of sword, pistol, and dagger was oftener used than it is at present. For, observe, his right hand has not had time to reach his sword, and his left hand still grasps a peaceful instrument, his riding cane. Yet evidently he scents danger, and not the danger of fair and open combat with an honorable foe. Rather, we should suppose, he hears the stealthy footfall of a possible assassin, or sees the tapestry quivering suspiciously as though a hidden figure were behind it. Let us hope that he will not imitate the rashness of the Prince of Denmark, cry "A rat! a rat!" thrust his trusty sword through the arras, and slay perchance some harmless eavesdropper.

"WHO GOES THERE?"—[FROM A PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.]

EXTINGUISHED BELIEFS.

"MY friend Sir Roger is often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry."

On the occasion of this pleasantry the *Spectator* spent a month with the worthy knight at his country seat in Worcestershire, and there were grounds for the host's whimsical complaint that his ducks and geese had more of his guest's company than he himself had. And why was this? We get the answer from Addison in his proper person. He was "infinitely delighted," he tells us, "with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life." And he says further: "As my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I can not forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation."

Humph! There is something to think about in that. What *was* said in the natural history books whose leaves the philosopher fingered? What *were* the facts that had fallen under his own grave eyes? He had not seen Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." The gentle author of that delicious piece of unreal reality was not born when the hands of the equally gentle Clio had become cold and rigid, and were prevented by death from holding even the most cherished volume in their grasp again. But he had read of the giraffe, an Asian beast; and of the hyena, a subtle ravenous beast; and of the sea-devil, a strange monster on the coasts of America; and of the aposta, a creature in America, so great a lover of men that it follows them, and delights to gaze upon them. He had read, too, of the crane, a fowl in America of a hideous form, having a bag under the neck which will contain two gallons of water; and of the yandeu, the great ostridge in the island of Maraguana, a fowl that exceeds the stature of a man; and of hags, a kind of fiery meteor which appears on men's hair, or on the manes of horses; and of the javaris, a swine in America, which has its stomach on its back! Every body read of these things in Addison's time. They were in all the dictionaries, Bailey's among them. And as for comparing these rare birds and beasts with what Addison had himself observed—listen. One of the soberest papers of the *Spectator* tells us that gentlemen birds "determine their courtship by the single grain or tincture of a feather:" that each intending bridegroom, as is repeated in verse,

> "Cautious, with a searching eye, explores
> The female tribes, his proper mate to find
> With kindred colors mark'd!"

Just, we suppose, as shopping ladies match silks, and wools, and ribbons, rejecting all that vary by the shadow of a shade! So Locke (there is no mistake, it is veritably Locke of the Human Understanding) speaks acceptingly of what is "confidently reported of mermaids or sea-men." He refuses, modestly, to run his rapier through the whole notion, and whisk it off, exploded. He rather relished it. Perhaps he and Addison both gloried in the conception of vast oceanic nations, consisting of merwomen and mermen (with whom there must have been, of course, shoals of tender little water-babies), among whom there would have been employment for the saw-fish they both believed in, described as a sea-fish having a sharp-toothed bone, like a saw, in his forehead, about three feet long.

To sail off Westward-ho was something in the days of Locke, and Addison, and Bailey; was something, too, in the days of Charles the First and the Covenanters. On the voyage it was expected that there would be seen flitting, magically, St. Hermes's fire—a sort of meteor appearing in the night on the shrouds of ships. In the case of the ship losing her course, she might be blown far southward, and get to mystic Magellanick Straits—a famous narrow sea—and her passengers might look out wonderingly (and perhaps *not* find) Magellan's Clouds—two small clouds not far distant from the south pole. And if unfavorable weather came, and the passage were long delayed, it is hard to say what miseries would have to be endured. The wretched people might have to devour dog, cat, shoes, and—by lot, and slowly—fellow-passengers; and then have to subsist "on a miserable allowance per diem cut from a pair of leather breeches found in the cabin, reinforced with the grass which grew plentifully upon the deck!"

Well, Columbia being hailed, the eyes of two centuries ago expected to open to sights to which they were utterly unused. Scuttling about, we may suppose, quickly, and in mighty fear, was to be found the agouty, a little American beast, like a rabbit. Animating the air, was the flying tiger, an insect in America, spotted like the tiger. More in the fastnesses was the cerigon, a wild beast in America, having a skin under it like a sack, in which it carried its young ones; was, likewise, the tatous, an American wild beast, covered with scales like armor; was the blowing snake, a sort of viper, in Virginia, which blew and swelled its head very much before it gave the bite; was, also, possibly (though its country is not specified), the ejulator, a wild beast, called a crier, which made a noise like the crying of a young child. Truly, truly, ignorance *is* bliss, and it is folly to be wise!

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CORAL FISHING.

CORAL is met with in a large number of seas, mostly within short distances of the shore. The Mediterranean is the busiest of all seas for this kind of fishing. Perhaps the shores of the Mediterranean are thus the busiest because they have been longest known to civilized nations; but be this as it may, the coasts of Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, Algiers, Majorca, Minorca, Dalmatia, and Rhodes are especially rich in this product.

The fishery is conducted under certain well-defined conditions. The boats, with ten to twenty men each, sail from certain ports at certain seasons, and remain for many months near the spot where the coral is to be fished up. The men are provided by the owner with food, clothing, and all necessaries, together with a certain amount of money-wages per month. Part of this money is paid beforehand to the family of the fisher or sailor, to support them on shore while he is away. In many cases (perhaps most) the sovereign or government of the adjacent land claims and receives a payment in the form of toll or royalty, for permitting the fishery to be carried on. The mode of fishing depends of course on the manner in which the substance is distributed. The coral is met with, not exactly on the sea bottom, but usually on the sloping sides of submarine rocks, where it presents itself as a sort of shrub, seldom more than half a yard high. It always selects a firm rocky bed to cling to, not sand or mud. The fishery arrangements are planned accordingly. In the Sicilian mode of fishing, which is pretty generally observed every where, the actual loosening or tearing is effected by means of two pieces of wood, crossed at the centre, and having a piece of net fastened to the under side of their extremities. A long cord is tied round the middle of the instrument, to hold it by, and an attached stone gives it weight enough to sink. The fisherman, holding the cord in his hand, guides the instrument to the proper spots, entangles the branches of coral in the meshes of the net, and gives a smart pull. The trunk or principal stem attaches itself so closely to the rock that considerable force is required to loosen it; but the smaller branches snap off more easily.

The fisher then has got his coral up to the surface. He sells it as quickly as possible; for it forms no part of his trade to work it up into ornaments and trinkets. As to the price, it is scarcely possible to name an average. Some rough pieces would not bring a shilling a pound, while small choice bits would find eager purchasers at two or three times their weight in pure gold. This diversity of character results from the varying circumstances which affect the formation of the coral. When a branch of coral —living coral, as it may perhaps be correctly called — is torn from its submarine bed, and brought up to the surface, it presents a kind of bark, spotted with little tubercles or warts, and covered with a thick adhesive humor. The tubercles are the cells which contain, or have contained, the industrious zoophytes. The adhesive humor is the material from which the bark or skin is formed; and this bark, when solidified by age, hardens into a stony core of coral. The extremities of each branching shrub are small and tender, and contain little of the interior substance for which the coral is almost exclusively valued.

LOVELINESS RESTORED.

WHY should faultless features be clouded with freckles, blotches, pimples, cold sores, or any species of eruption, when STAFFORD'S IRON AND SULPHUR POWDERS will remove the blemish? External applications are not only useless, but dangerous. The cause of all these discolorations, etc., is in the blood. It lacks iron to give it vitality, and the action of sulphur to neutralize the acrid secretions. The Powders, taken night and morning, will soon communicate a course through the superficial vessels, a glowing ruby stream, giving to the skin a delicate tinge of rose, and literally extinguishing the stains and excrescences referred to.

Sold by druggists. 1 Package, 12 Powders, $1; 3 Packages, $2 50. Mailed free. Money sent at our risk.—HALL & RUCKEL, 218 Greenwich Street, N.Y.

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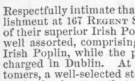

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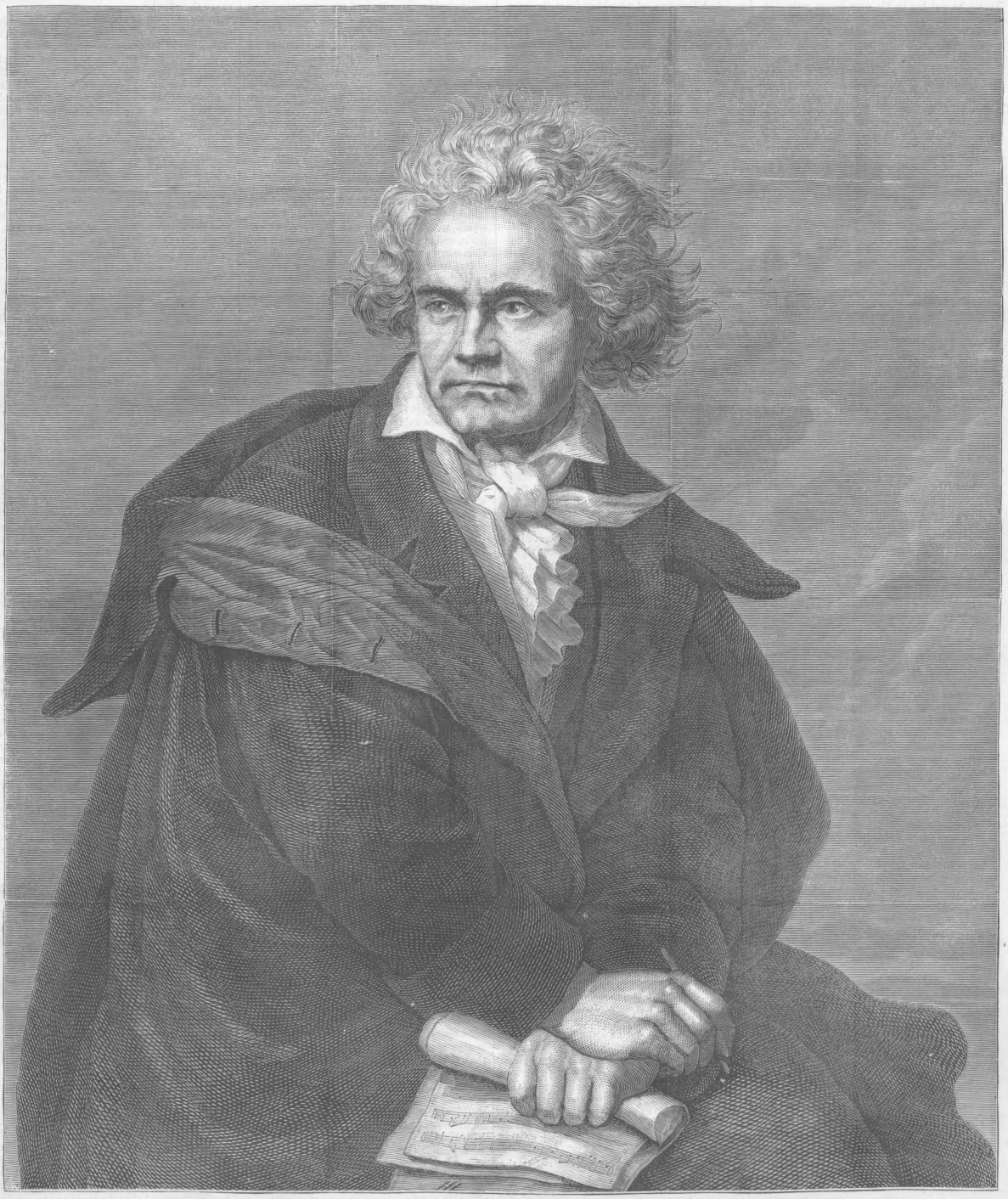

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870.

☞ *With the present Number of the* WEEKLY *we lay before our readers a Supplement, containing the third Monthly installment of*

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

It is stated that the story was finished before the First Part was put to press, and that the lamented death of MR. DICKENS *will not delay its publication.*

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE great story-teller is the personal friend of the world, and when he dies, a shadow falls upon every home in which his works were familiar and his name tenderly cherished. When the news came that DICKENS was dead, it was felt that the one man who was more beloved than any of his contemporaries, by the English speaking race of to-day, was gone. While he yet lay in his own house unburied, the thoughts of the whole civilized world turned solemnly to the silent chamber and gratefully recalled his immense service to mankind. What an amazing fame! What a feeling to inspire! When WALTER SCOTT drew near his end, he said to his son-in-law LOCKHART, as if it were the chief lesson of his accumulated experience—"Be a good man, my dear." Nothing else seemed important then. Charity, patience, love, these he saw in the dawn of heavenly light to be the only true possessions—the sole real successes. And who of all men that ever lived has done more to make men good than CHARLES DICKENS; and what praise so pure as that simple truth could be spoken by his open grave?

Within the last few days the simple story of his life has been read by millions of men and women. Yet nothing could be said of his genius and works that they had not all felt; and it was because they had all felt it that his name was so dear. There was nothing obscure nor remote in his genius. Like BURNS, he touched the universal heart by appealing to the universal experience. When "Pickwick" was first published it seemed for a little while to supplant all other literature. The ostler in the stall and the judge upon the bench, like truant school-boys, left their tasks to enjoy it. Its phrases and quaint terms became the current coin of general conversation. Its characters were at once and forever typical. Its pathos and humor were equally profuse and natural. Like "Pamela," "Joseph Andrews," and "Waverley," "Pickwick" marked a new era in English literature. The great genial genius took the world upon his knee, and it listened delighted to the rollicking tale.

The supremacy which DICKENS achieved at the very first he never lost. He found BULWER, JAMES, and DISRAELI in possession of the field. During the thirty-three years of his career THACKERAY, Miss BRONTE, GEORGE ELIOT, KINGSLEY, CHARLES READE, Mrs. GASKELL, WILKIE COLLINS, Miss MULOCK, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and their contemporaries appeared. Of these only one, THACKERAY, was ever mentioned as contesting the palm with DICKENS. But THACKERAY himself did not contest it. And whatever may be thought of their comparative literary art, whatever superior special pleasure cultivated readers may find in THACKERAY, that great master was always first and most sincere in recognizing with admiration the wonderful opulence of DICKENS's genius, and the profound humanity of his influence.

THACKERAY, indeed, sometimes thought that DICKENS was not quite generous toward him. "It took Mr. DICKENS a great while to discover that I had written a book," said THACKERAY, once, with a smile. But it was a sensitiveness which he felt to be not quite just, and it disappeared long before his own death. They were both humorists, but the difference between them was too absolute to breed misunderstanding. THACKERAY was essentially of a melancholy and artistic temperament, a man of extraordinary insight; and his occasional impatience with the frolic extravagance of so profuse and exuberant a genius as that of DICKENS is easily understood. But the noble and generous words in which these two great contemporaries spoke of each other are universally familiar. And there is one little anecdote, not so well known, which can never be so tenderly recalled as at this moment. When THACKERAY was buried, his friends, and among them the most noted of English authors, carried him to Kensal Green. There had been some estrangement between DICKENS and MARK LEMON, and as the coffin was lowered into its place, DICKENS stood upon one side of the grave and LEMON upon the other. As they raised their heads their eyes met, and instinctively putting out their hands, they clasped them in forgiveness, and their quarrel was buried in the grave of THACKERAY.

The affluence of DICKENS's genius was Shakespearean. He has enriched literature and general experience with more familiar characters, more current felicities of expression, than any other author, except the one greatest of all. Most great poets and novelists are known by a few creations; but those of DICKENS are a host, and his power was never more varied and admirable than in the story of "Edwin Drood," which is now publishing. Indeed, the tale so brims and sparkles with all his characteristic felicity that it seems as if he had resolved to prove that his greater art had not been gained by the least sacrifice of freshness and vigor. Even at the very moment that the cunning hand was suddenly stilled forever, how many thousands of readers in England and America, as they finished the beautiful tenth chapter of "Edwin Drood," were declaring that DICKENS was never so delightful as in his latest work!

And so our friend, the friend of all honest men and women stumbling and struggling in the great battle, suddenly ceases from among us! How much happier for him and for all of us than the sad decline of the good Sir WALTER, whose powers were slowly extinguished, star by star, before the eyes of all men, who therefore could not hear of the end but with a tear of relief. Now we can perceive how prophetic was the feeling of sadness with which we watched DICKENS withdrawing from the platform at his last reading in Steinway Hall. All the evening, as he said, the shadow of one word had impended over us. He had not faltered for a moment; but, strangely, even Pickwick did not seem gay. The feeling of deep and inexpressible affection for the man who had so cheered the weary and fainting hearts of thousands, who had so nobly made his talent ten talents, and who, evidently ill, was now passing from our sight forever, overpowered all other emotion. The vast audience stood cheering and tearful as, gravely bowing, and refusing all assistance, as if in that final moment he wished to confront us alone, the master lingered and lingered, and slowly retired. In that moment, after the long misunderstanding of years between him and this country, and after his wholly manly and generous speech at the Press dinner, our hearts clasped his, as he and MARK LEMON grasped hands over the grave of THACKERAY; and henceforward and for all the future there was to be nothing in American hearts but boundless love and gratitude for CHARLES DICKENS.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

WE write before the debate upon the Cuban question, but whether the majority or the minority report be sustained, a change in our neutrality laws is apparently imminent. The majority report holds that there is a war between Cuba and Spain: that there is a responsible and efficient revolutionary government in Cuba, and that the time has come officially to recognize it as a belligerent. The minority report disagrees with the other as to the facts, asserting that a revolution which has not a capital, nor a sea-port, nor a vessel afloat, and does not really exist beyond the camp except upon paper, is not a government entitled to a formal declaration of neutrality and to a concession of belligerent rights. Such action, moreover, would give Spain rights of stopping and searching our vessels which would be a very serious inconvenience, and might lead to war without any especial advantage to Cuba. The minority report speaks very plainly of the enormous jobbery in the Cuban "sympathy" at New York, which is very anxious that the government should espouse a cause in which the sympathizers do not seem disposed to risk either their property or their persons: and the minority recommend a bill modifying the neutrality laws.

It is a very important recommendation, because it is really a modification of the law of nations. The custom of nations, which is called international law, and which was the work of powers that owned colonies, has hitherto held that the national authority was as supreme in the colony as in the mother country. Thus the authority of Great Britain was to be considered the same in Jamaica as in Kent. Consequently a rebellion in Jamaica was a revolt against the parent power precisely like a rebellion in Yorkshire, and must be treated by other nations accordingly. But in the revolt of the Spanish American colonies fifty years ago it was evident that Spain could arm herself in our ports against the colonies, but not the colonies against Spain; and after a vigorous discussion the Neutrality act of 1818 was passed, which forbade the fitting out of expeditions in our ports against any foreign prince or state, or "any colony, district, or people with whom the United States are at peace." This has been sought to cover the case of the Cuban insurgents. But the Executive Department has, and properly, in view of history and of good international understanding, decided against such an interpretation, because a country can not be said to be separately at peace with any portion of the subjects of a friendly power. One government is "at peace" with another. The United States are at peace with the British government, not with the inhabitants of Kent in England, whether they have revolted against Great Britain or not.

But the minority report proposes that the United States shall except from the general rule the American colonies of European powers. Its bill is, as it says, "an enlargement of the principle known as the Monroe doctrine." Its ground is, "that in all struggles of American colonies against European domination, this government will not stop to inquire as to the extent or power of the revolutionary party; but the fact of an insurrection against the European power shall of itself entitle that insurrection to consideration; so that it shall be unlawful for an American to assist in its suppression." Nothing shall be done "for the European government that it is not lawful to do for the insurrectionary party." The object of neutrality laws is, of course, to secure for the state that adopts them the utmost practicable neutrality between belligerents with whom it is at peace. Our own traditions in this respect are most honorable; nor have we hesitated to modify our laws, upon proper recommendation and proof that they were unfavorable to actual neutrality. This was done in 1817, upon the representation of the Minister of Portugal; and the very words, "colony, district, or people," were introduced into the act of 1818 at the suggestion of the Spanish Minister.

But the act of 1818 contemplates declared belligerents and recognized governments. The present proposition to modify it during a civil war in a friendly state, and not upon the representation of a recognized belligerent or of any other power, of course exposes us to the remonstrance or hostility of the friendly power. Such a change under such circumstances is, in WHEATON's phrase, "a law of favor to one of the belligerent parties." In the present instance it is a change of the law to the disadvantage of Spain, and it is justified in the report by what is called "the American principle," or the "Monroe doctrine." It is, indeed, a general law, applicable to all insurrections in all European-American colonies hereafter. But it is also a particular law affecting existing hostilities, and refusing to Spain the assistance which we have hitherto afforded her in our ports, and granting privileges to the Cuban revolutionary party which it has not enjoyed. It differs from an express recognition of belligerent rights, because it does not expose our commerce to the search of either hostile party. Besides this, the bill is a very loud warning to European proprietors in America that they are unwelcome. It has, therefore, the merit of frankness. It changes the Monroe doctrine from a declamation to a policy. It announces to all European powers that while we will not expel them by force from their American colonies, yet that, by an exceptional neutral policy, we will cripple their efforts to retain them.

It is thus evident that the minority report, which suggests a change of the national policy in favor of revolting American colonies, is a much more radical proposition than that of the majority. The latter suggests no change of the law, but merely asserts that the time has come when an insurgent should be recognized as a belligerent. The minority truly say that their proposition is quite as favorable to the revolutionary party in Cuba as that of the majority, and that it determines the future policy of the government. That it will displease the European powers which still have American colonies is inevitable, because it is a direct encouragement of insurrection against the parent state; nor will they be conciliated by the very evident fact that such a modification of our traditional policy can not be considered unselfish, in view of the national prejudice in favor of annexation. Foreign states will think, and, as experience shows, not without reason, that we modify our laws, and relax the European hold upon the colonies, in order that we may make surer of them for ourselves. If it be the test of patriotism not to care what foreign states think of our policy, the debate is at an end. But if we wish that our policy shall be accepted by other civilized states, we ought to be able to prove, what this report asserts but does not show, that it is for the general welfare that the rightful authority of a power in its colonies should be recognized as essentially different from that authority at home.

WHEAT—ITS TRANSPORTATION TO FOREIGN PORTS.

THE considerable demand for our breadstuffs which has suddenly arisen in England and on the Continent imparts new interest to the question, What portions of the United States have the best means of direct and profitable communication with Europe in this trade? It is, of course, the interest of the foreign importer of our grain to encourage every locality in the United States which can send it cheaply and in good order. The policy which induces English houses engaged in importing grain to extend their operations to every wheat-producing country is applied to the United States in order to excite the most active competition among local sellers. The necessity for exciting this world-wide competition is due to the powerful efforts made in England to compel acquiescence with English limits, as fixed at Mark Lane and Liverpool. Those limits are adjusted on the strength of consular reports of the quantity and value of this produce in every commercial port, from publications made by writers of established reputation, who have access to that source of information, and from the judgment of the houses engaged in that trade as expressed in their mutual intercourse. The necessity for adjusting limits with precision is due to a variety of causes. The expenditure made by the English to foreign countries for food is enormous, perhaps in excess of a hundred millions of pounds sterling. This is expected to be repaid out of the profits of exports; and as the competition in manufactures is exceedingly close, and a vast population is living from hand to mouth, who are obliged to diminish their consumption of food if the price exceeds their scanty means, every advance is opposed with tenacity. In their purchases from the United States they meet a class which practices the liberality which profusion allows, and which wants the protection of a sound currency. With abundant capital on the one side, and the need of it on the other, the steady aim of the English is generally successful. The present moment is one of the occasions, owing to the existence of a Continental demand in this market simultaneously with theirs, when they will be obliged to quit their stubborn ground, and advance their limits.

In this branch of trade our grain dealers located at New York, Chicago, and Milwaukee have derived immense advantage from intercourse with English agents, and particularly in imparting a merchantable quality to the grain which reaches the sea-board. At San Francisco a like service has been performed; but as the crop of wheat in California ripens during the dry season it becomes cured with very little trouble. The English prefer this grain, as its crispness permits its being mixed with their moist wheat with great advantage. The precaution to export it in bags is however practiced, notwithstanding that the climate, in advance of the rainy season, is so favorable to perfect its condition before shipment. To prevent the shifting of cargo at sea is, however, a principal object of their use.

When a train of wheat cars arrives at Milwaukee, each car-load, as all dealers well know, undergoes examination, and is denominated No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, or rejected, according to its condition, and sent to the warehouse which stores wheat of its kind. The owner receives a certificate of storage, which he uses in the market, and which entitles the holder to the quantity and description of grain specified. The purchaser may not receive a single kernel of that which the seller deposited, as it loses its identity, as money does entered in a bank-book. When grain of either description reaches the city of New York the agent here of the foreign house which desires to purchase is obliged to subject it to another examination to see if it can stand the voyage to Liverpool or London. The success of these agents depends wholly on their care in examining wheat, so as to be certain that it will be in good order when it reaches its destination. They ordinarily have exchange to sell, in which they are aided by a reputation for success in previous shipments. The great difficulty results from heating; but if it is allowed to dry *on the farm*, and is not subsequently exposed to moisture, no danger on this score is incurred, as it remains on sailing vessels only about thirty or forty days, and on steamers about fourteen. Experienced shippers at New York require that it shall be placed on board in bins, so that it may not be affected by the odors of the residue of the cargo, or receive other damage. The freedom with which canal loads here were formerly rejected acted upon the inspectors at Milwaukee, and they in turn upon warehousemen in the interior, until the farmer was taught the necessity of marketing his grain cured as thoroughly as his necessities will allow. Frost is an important agency in this service, and is indispensable except when the ripening of wheat occurs under very favorable circumstances and there is no subsequent exposure.

St. Louis and New Orleans are acting together to export this grain to foreign countries; and it will be of advantage to the foreign purchaser if this can be done with safety. At the present time, when railroad stocks are watered with freedom, and freights are advanced to cover the artificial capital, it would be highly beneficial to New York if a thorough and active competition with internal railroad lines for the transportation of breadstuffs could be established by way of the Mississippi. Far from us be the wish to injure this mode of transportation. The Mississippi is one of the great avenues of communication which ought to be made available for the general welfare.

One vessel, which sailed from New Orleans on the 14th of December last, with St. Louis wheat, arrived at Liverpool not until the 17th of March, and delivered her cargo in good order; but this was an exceptional case. Under the same conditions this may always be done, but they have been neglected, to the disadvantage of the trade. Wheat in condition at St. Louis to be sent by railroad to New York might be far from the condition required for sending it by New Orleans. The shipments from St. Louis to Liverpool have generally been on domestic account. The presence of foreign dealers at St. Louis is required to stimulate to the care necessary to success. Whenever it shall be demonstrated that the trade can be conduct-

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ed from New Orleans directly with the foreigner with advantage, the latter will establish the agencies at St. Louis which will secure its continuance. The disadvantages which, in the view of English houses, now exist, are the following:

1. They need to import annually from eighty to a hundred million bushels of wheat, and to distribute the importation over every part of the year, which would be impossible from a port supplied only for portions of the year with the article fully cured.

2. The want of activity at New Orleans throughout the whole year in this trade exposes each shipment to being carried in casual vessels, without bins, containing cotton baled at a high temperature, from which damage is received.

3. The frosts of the region in the parallel of latitude of St. Louis occur later than do those of the wheat-growing countries adjacent to Milwaukee and Chicago; and when this agency is required to cure wheat, the latter can not be exported from New Orleans until late in December of the season of its growth.

4. The moisture of the atmosphere around St. Louis is greater than that of Minnesota.

It would strengthen the country immensely, and constitute a provision against a future short crop, if the farmers of the West shall adopt the beneficent habit of holding over a considerable part of their crop of wheat, instead of marketing the whole of it during the season of its growth. If this plan shall be adopted one of the disadvantages of New Orleans as a port of shipment for grain will be remedied, as in that case it would arrive there cured. This would be followed by the use of steam-vessels down the river; by speed in the transfer of cargoes at New Orleans to sea-going vessels, and by the use of steamers in the transportation to England supplied with bins. Perhaps all this may be accomplished in very dry seasons by the use of extraordinary care in handling wheat immediately after its growth. The point to be aimed at is to put the grain in perfect condition before moving it from the farm. This can be accomplished with advantage by no artificial means. Inattention to this has produced a very decided impression among foreign dealers that shipments from St. Louis by way of New Orleans are attended with risk. If this idea is erroneous, the results of recent shipments by an association of public-spirited citizens of St. Louis—to whom great credit is due—can be so presented as to remove the impression, and convince the foreigner that the trade may be safely prosecuted.

PARTY DISCIPLINE.

THE government of every free country must be carried on by parties. Yet experience shows that parties may often be managed by unprincipled men, whom honorable and intelligent citizens can not follow. To desert the party, however, is to surrender the victory to the enemy. What, then, is an honest man to do? This is a question which is often very practical and very perplexing. The mainspring of our political machinery is the primary meeting. Its work is apparently unimportant, and generally disagreeable. But whoever controls the primaries nominates the candidates and dictates the policy of the party. It is the imperative duty, therefore, of every honest voter to attend the primaries. But if he does not, ought he, therefore, as a party man, to countenance and support every thing that is done there by men who are not so honest? If, by his omitting to do his duty, affairs have taken a wrong direction, does it become his duty to help them go wrong? Because, by our neglecting to latch the gate, the cows have come into the garden, shall we take a whip and drive them still farther in? There would seem to be no question of what should be done. But, practically, as we said, there is often very serious perplexity.

A party, if it would be successful and efficient, must be well organized. It must be vigilant, energetic, and united. To secure its useful activity a great deal of disagreeable care of details is indispensable. Every member, therefore, must be held to his allegiance, often when it costs time and trouble, in consideration of the public welfare which is at stake. From the necessity of the case, also, his duty will often seem to lie between repugnant alternatives. At a critical election—and every election in a party system is critical, because, if the dominant party loses its ascendency, demoralization is sure to follow—at a critical election, for instance, the voter finds himself at the polls with the regular nomination in his hand, and the regularly nominated candidate is, in the voter's judgment, a dishonest and doubtful man. To scratch him is to diminish the party chance by one vote. To substitute another name is, effectively, the same as scratching. But to lessen the chance of your own party is to increase that of the other. Yet the success of the other leads to the adoption of a policy which the voter believes to be disastrous to the general welfare. What shall he do? Shall he vote for the "scallawag," whose interest lies in supporting his own party policy, or shall he refuse to vote, upon the presumption that a dishonest man can not be trusted? Yet, again, in politics, is not that an unsound generalization? Are not the "scallawags," as a rule, quite as likely to be steadily faithful to the extreme party policy?

Again, what shall he do? In a speech before the election of General GRANT, Mr. BEECHER was reported to have said that he did not believe that the General was an intemperate man; "but I am free to say," he added, "that if it were so, I had rather have General GRANT drunk than Governor SEYMOUR sober." Shall the party man, the Republican, for instance, go further, and say that he would rather have a Republican knave than an honest Democrat? With the American who says that both parties are equally bad, and all politicians equally corrupt, and that decent men will therefore abstain from politics, there is, of course, no argument. He probably thinks that he says a very wise thing at the moment in which he is conspicuously foolish. For if the government must be managed by party, and both parties are equally bad, the duty of a good citizen is plain enough. It is to fight with corruption.

But the honest party man need not be so sorely perplexed as he often is. Whatever the wind, the stars are undisturbed. There are certain principles which are very clear, and which do not change. One of them is this, that no cause can ever long prosper in corrupt hands. The reason may be that their action will be distrusted, or there may be some other reason; but the essential fact is, that the intelligent and honorable friends of the cause will, under such circumstances, gradually withdraw their support and sympathy. They will feel that the cause is more imperiled by such friends than by open enemies. As practical party men they will prefer to risk the present defeat of the party, with all the demoralization of which we have spoken, rather than disintegration. Their course, therefore, is plain. Recognizing the necessity of parties and the value of organization, they will see that the only condition upon which the best, and therefore the most influential and permanently powerful, members of the party can be retained in the organization is the policy of honesty. Honest candidates must be nominated to sustain honest measures founded upon the party principles; and the only way in which those who do not go to the primaries can influence the action taken there is by refusing to vote for unworthy candidates. If the managers nominate scallawags at the party primary, let the party voters repudiate them at the polls. Defeat is a lesson which party managers can understand. And when, under such circumstances, the party is defeated, it is betrayed not by those who stay away from the primaries, but by those who go; not by those who decline to vote for scallawags, but by those who nominate them.

This is especially true of the Republican party, because it is composed of the great mass of the intelligent and independent voters. "You're not a Democrat," lately said one member of that party to another, "for you scratch the ticket." And to vote for Beelzebub if he be regularly nominated—as he often is!—has long been a cardinal doctrine of that party. But very much of the apathy of the Republican party in the city of New York, for instance, is due to the fact that while many of the candidates are not generally known, those who nominate them are; and it is not believed that their work is honest work. There are, perhaps, a dozen persons most conspicuous in the city committees and meetings who are not trusted by honest Republicans. They manage every thing, and they desire nothing so much as that every sincere Republican shall feel himself bound in honor, and for the sake of the party, to sustain the "regular" party work done by them. Whoever wishes to continue their rule will support their action; and, as we said last week, such men may ruin a party, but they will only be displaced by those who show themselves their masters.

Meanwhile the great body of the Republican party in the State and in the country, which does not concern itself with the details of management and only votes, can serve the party in no way so effectively as by an unsparing repudiation of the work of leaders whom it does not trust. That is the way to secure results which it can enthusiastically support. And to all cries that such a course is injurious to the party, there is one overwhelming reply; namely, that any other course is fatal to the party.

THE RETIREMENT OF GENERAL RAASLÖFF.

THE contemptuous disregard by the Senate of the St. Thomas treaty, which the United States persistently urged upon Denmark, led, as was unavoidable, to the resignation of the Danish Minister of War and of the Navy, General RAASLÖFF, who had been very active in the negotiation. In the speech in which he explained to the Rigsdag the reasons of his resignation, General RAASLÖFF alluded to this country with a dignity and reserve that make his words all the more impressive. He spoke of his long residence here as Minister, and added that he had "formed a very high opinion of the character of the American people. I have learned to appreciate them, and believe them to be honest and high-minded." It was, as he says, his friendly feelings for the United States that caused him to assert confidently that they would faithfully and conscientiously fulfill every obligation which they might have incurred. When difficulties arose here in regard to the ratification, General RAASLÖFF, at the request of his Government, came at once to the United States to explain the Danish view of the negotiation. "It was during that stay in Washington," he says, "that I became fully aware how much I had exposed myself on behalf of the United States.....I had gone so far that if the people for whom I had vouched should leave me in the lurch, the blow for me would be very severe, and would be one of those events which take away, at least for a time, a man's vigor and courage, his confidence in himself, as well as a faith in those things which we ought to be able confidently to rely upon."

The retiring Minister, undoubtedly one of the ablest statesmen in his country, says nothing harsher. But we, who have seen our national reputation compromised by this affair, ought to feel all the more deeply his manly dignity, nor permit ourselves to be blinded to the fact that our conduct has warned every nation that it can not safely listen to the diplomatic overtures of the foreign department of our Government.

STRANGERS IN THE GALLERY.

IT is an illustration of the anomalies in the British system, which are so dear to John Bull, that the gallery of the House of Commons is not open to the public. Those who sit there are there solely by sufferance, and if any member calls attention to their presence they must go. But this is very seldom done. The rule is a relic of another theory of the government than that which now prevails. Recently, however, in the debate upon the Contagious Diseases act, Mr. CRAWFORD rose, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are strangers in the galleries." There was a loud protest upon the part of the House, and an appeal to him to withdraw his notice. But he would not, and the galleries were cleared of all strangers, including the reporters.

We believe that until now this has not happened for nearly forty years. The last instance that we recall was the famous stroke of O'CONNELL'S, which Mr. PHILLIPS tells so well in his lecture. When O'CONNELL came to Parliament the London *Times* ridiculed and travestied his speeches, and, after enduring it for some time, Mr. O'CONNELL said it was shameful that he could not be treated like other gentlemen. The next day the *Times* printed a card from thirteen of its reporters, saying that since Mr. O'CONNELL did not like their reports, they would in future refrain from reporting him. So in the evening, when O'CONNELL rose to speak, the thirteen reporters leaned on their elbows and held up their pencils, as if to show that they were not going to take down the speech. Mr. O'CONNELL remarked quietly, "Mr. Speaker, I observe thirteen strangers in the gallery." The reporters were put out, and there was no report of the debate in the next day's *Times*. Then, for the first time, the London *Times* cried "quarter," and said, "if Mr. O'CONNELL will give up the quarrel, we will."

Mr. PHILLIPS says also that when the *Times* afterward renewed its hostility and ridicule, one of its reporters crossed to Ireland to give an account of the monster meetings. Public feeling was so much exasperated that on one occasion the reporter felt himself in personal peril. But O'CONNELL took him under his care, protected him at breakfast, carried him to the meeting, placed him near him upon the platform, and sent for a table for his accommodation. "All ready?" said O'CONNELL. "Yes," replied the reporter. "Pencils enough for a long speech?" "Oh yes," said the reporter. "Now, then," said O'CONNELL, and turning to the audience he addressed them in Irish.

WILKIE COLLINS.

IT gives us pleasure to announce that Mr. WILKIE COLLINS is writing a dramatic version of his powerful and interesting novel "Man and Wife," for performance in the United States as well as in England. The play will be in four acts—the first three acts closely following the book, and the fourth act containing a new conclusion to the story, invented by the author with a view to stage necessities and dramatic effects. Mr. COLLINS has already appointed an agent to represent him in this country, who will in due time communicate with American managers on the subject. Few novels are more capable of dramatic treatment than this admirable work, so rich in strongly marked characters and situations of exciting interest.

NOTES.

MR. E. JOY MORRIS, of Pennsylvania, our late Minister to Turkey, who returns after a long and honorable service, is worthily succeeded by Mr. WAYNE M'VEAGH, of the same State. It is a most admirable appointment, for Mr. M'VEAGH is a gentleman of the highest character and accomplishment, and of recognized ability. He is a lawyer by profession, and of great political experience and sagacity. He was Chairman of the Republican Committee during some of the most critical periods of the rebellion. Mr. M'VEAGH is well added to the ranks of a service which includes Mr. MOTLEY, Mr. MARSH, Mr. JAY, Mr. BANCROFT, and Mr. WASHBURN; a service which, as a whole, was never more worthily and honorably filled than under President GRANT'S Administration.

WE are very glad that Mr. WILLARD'S bill, granting pensions to the soldiers and sailors of 1812 that survive, and to the widows of those that are dead, has passed the House, and we trust that there may be no delay in the Senate. There have been constant petitions from the taxpayers for such a bill, and it should have become a law long ago. There are not many of this old guard, and we have had ample experience of the value of such services. There has seemed to be recently a culpable indifference to the claims of the soldiers and sailors, a willingness to be severe, even to harshness; and we therefore remark with pleasure the generous spirit that animated the little debate upon this proposition, and the promptness with which it was adopted.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 6.—In the Senate, Mr. Stewart introduced a bill to prohibit contracts for servile labor, explaining that the bill was intended to apply to Chinese immigrants.—In the House, the bill to reduce taxation was passed.

June 7.—In the Senate, the Indian Appropriation bill was debated. An amendment to remove the Osage Indians in Kansas, and provide for the sale of their reservation to actual settlers, was rejected.—The House was occupied with the Currency bill, but no vote was taken.

June 8.—There was an interesting debate in the Senate on the San Domingo treaty. A memorial from Mr. Hatch was presented, setting forth that his rights as an American citizen had been violated by the Dominican authorities in unjustifiably arresting, imprisoning, and sentencing him to death; and that his release had been prevented by General Babcock. Mr. Ferry, who presented the memorial, asserted that General Babcock had stated that the imprisonment of Mr. Hatch was necessary to prevent him from divulging objections to the ratification of the San Domingo treaty, and moved the reference of the matter to the Committee on Foreign Relations, with instructions to send for persons and papers. Objection being made to referring to that Committee, a protracted debate ensued, and the memorial was referred to a special committee. The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up, and the amendment for the removal of the Osage Indians from Kansas was agreed to.—In the House, the consideration of the Currency bill was resumed. Some amendments were offered, when Mr. Eldridge, for the purpose of killing the bill for the session, moved to adjourn. The motion prevailed, 79 to 75. The effect is to carry the bill to the bottom of the list on the Speaker's table, which is its virtual defeat, as it can not again be reached before the day of adjournment.

June 9.—In the Senate, the bills to abolish the franking privilege and to apportion Representatives in Congress among the several States were debated, without final action being taken. The latter bill increases the number of Representatives from 275 to 300, whereby no State will lose its present representation.—In the House, a bill to punish unlawful certification of national bank checks was reported and passed. It imposes a fine of not more than $5000 and imprisonment for not more than five years. Mr. Garfield reported back the Senate bill to provide a national currency of coin notes, with a substitute consisting of the ninety-five millions currency bill, with the funding and some other sections stricken out. The opposition succeeded in defeating action on the bill, and at the expiration of the morning hour it went over until Tuesday. A Naturalization bill was reported by the Judiciary Committee. It reduces the period of residence to three years, and provides for proceedings for naturalization to be taken in United States courts.

June 10.—The Senate was engaged in discussing the bill to abolish the franking privilege. Mr. Sumner, in the course of a speech against the bill, advocated a reduction in letter postage to one cent. Such a rate, he said, would be so near free postage for all that it might be considered such practically.—A scene was occasioned in the House by the arrest and arraignment of a newspaper correspondent charged with a libelous attack on Mr. Fitch, of Nevada. The Naturalization bill was recommitted to the Judiciary Committee.

June 11.—In the Senate, an appropriation of $50,000 was passed for the expenses of the Indian delegation now at Washington.—In the House, Mr. Butler asked leave, which was refused, to introduce a bill repealing the Tenure-of-Office act. The Senate amendment to the Appropriation bill, placing female clerks in the departments on the same footing as male clerks in respect to pay, was adopted.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

William Gilmore Simms, the Southern novelist, died at the residence of his son-in-law, in Charleston, South Carolina, on Saturday, June 11, aged sixty-four years.

The Vermont Constitutional Convention, on Saturday, June 11, rejected the proposition to give the ballot to woman by a vote of 1 to 231.

A Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) dispatch says the recent rains have caused high floods in the north and west branches of the Susquehanna River, sweeping away large quantities of timber. It is estimated that 10,000,000 feet have floated off.

The election in Oregon has gone Democratic by about 400 majority. This insures the election of a Democratic United States Senator from that State.

The Cuban privateer *Hornet*, under seizure at Wilmington, North Carolina, since last fall, has been released, by order of the President, to the original purchaser from the United States, Mr. Fernando Macia, who gives bonds amounting to $50,000 that she shall not engage in hostilities against Spain, or otherwise violate the neutrality laws of the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON Sunday, June 5, a terrible conflagration broke out in Constantinople, in the course of which over 7000 buildings were consumed. The losses are represented to be frightful. Whole families were hemmed in by the flames at some points, and perished in view of the spectators, who were unable to afford the slightest aid. The people in other localities were seized with a panic, and lost all capacity to save themselves, and others in despair made no effort. Some of the Turks, under the influence of fatalism, shut themselves in their burning houses, and refused to be rescued. The dead are ascertained to be 250. The French Empress has sent 10,000 francs to Constantinople for the relief of the sufferers.

It is reported that Mr. Disraeli is to be raised to the peerage.

Count Bismarck's health is still quite delicate, and his physicians have ordered him to rest from all work, and recommend a trip to England.

It is reported that Mr. Carlyle is about to make a visit to this country.

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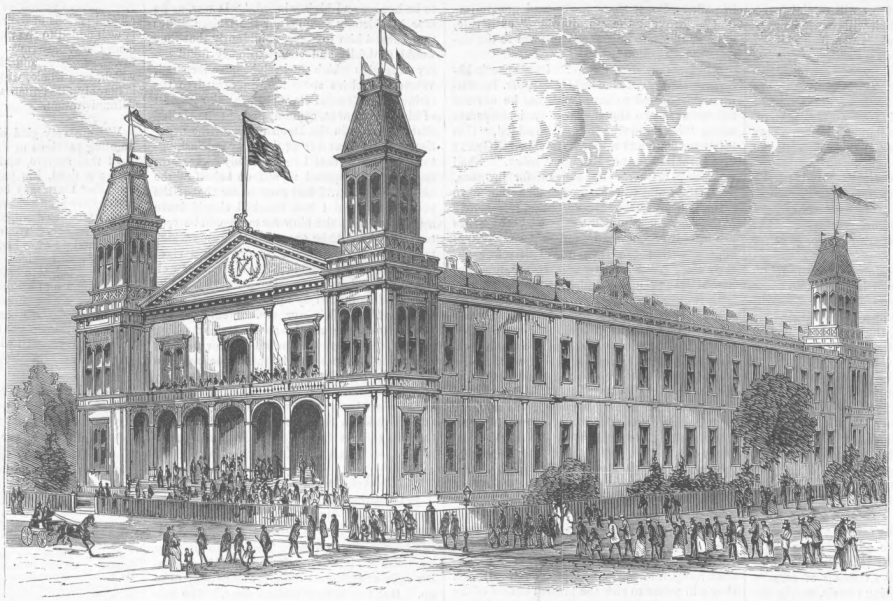
THE SÄNGERFEST BUILDING.

WE give on this page a view of the great Sängerfest building just completed in Cincinnati, in which the next Industrial Exposition will be held. It is built entirely of wood, but very strongly arched and braced, on an excellent stone foundation, and ornamented, as shown in our sketch, by two front towers at the angles, front porch and balcony, and many a neat pinnacle and surmount.

This splendid hall, in which a grand German Sängerfest was held on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, will seat 10,000 spectators, 1300 singers, and an orchestra of 300 performers. Two-thirds of the weight of this mass of humanity will rest directly on the first-floor, directly over the foundation, while the galleries are strongly supported and braced, so that the liability to accidents is very slight. Architecturally considered, the building is very handsome. At each corner a tower rises to the height of 110 feet from the ground. These towers at the base form a part of the main building, and above it gradually recede, and terminate in pinnacles, from which the American and German flags will be suspended. The towers will be covered with tin, and relieved with large double and triple windows below, and by triple windows hidden by Venetian blinds above. On the first-floor, between the towers, on the front, six arches, each nine feet wide and eighteen feet high, open into a vestibule sixty-six feet long and ten feet wide. Above these arches is the balcony, of the same dimensions as the vestibule. This balcony opens by a large door into the front gallery. On each side of the latter are double windows, to relieve the front and give additional light to the audience-room.

It was at first designed to ornament the interior in a very elaborate and costly manner, but the project was abandoned.



SÄNGERFEST BUILDING, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

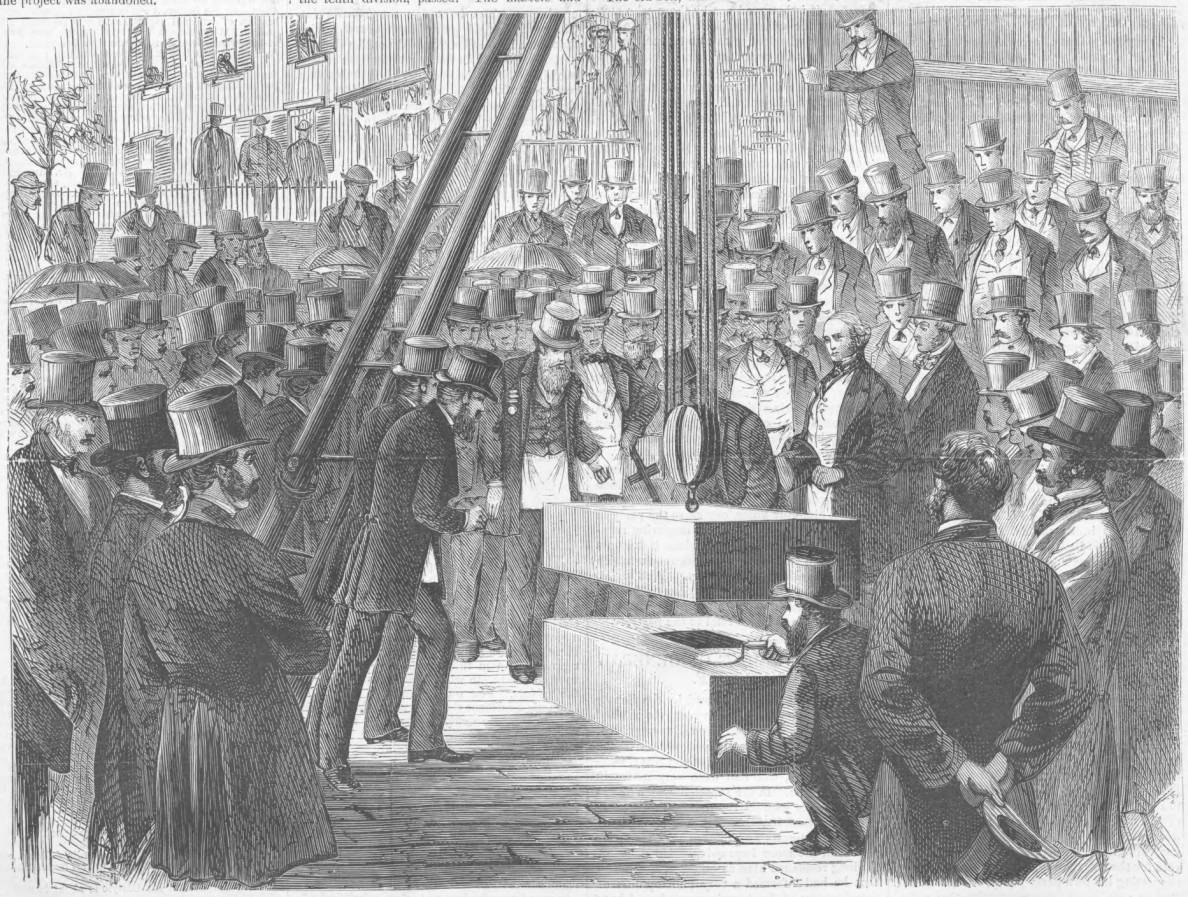
THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE.

THE ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new Masonic Temple to be erected in this city, at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, took place on Wednesday, the 8th of June, in the presence of a vast gathering of people. The day was remarkably fine. At an early hour the different bodies of the fraternity assembled in their lodge-rooms, and promptly at half past eight the several divisions, carrying guidons numbered from one to ten, were posted in the positions assigned to them along Fifth Avenue. The number of Masons in the procession was estimated at nearly 20,000. At nine o'clock the procession moved to the site of the edifice, where it divided into two lines, through which the Grand Lodge, forming the tenth division, passed. The masters and wardens of the various lodges then followed in the rear of the Grand Lodge officers, according to seniority; and, after these officers had passed through the line, the brethren marched in the same order, and closed up *en masse* around the platform, the lodge officers being allowed inside the inclosure, which was so constructed as to form a lodge, the platform in the east for the principal grand officers being raised on three steps, that in the west for the Senior Grand Warden on two, and that in the south for the Junior Grand Warden on one. The corner-stone was in the northeast corner, and by its side was the original corner-stone of the old Masonic Hall that stood in Broadway, near Pearl Street, in which was the box containing the articles deposited when that stone was laid. The old box, with its contents, was replaced in the old stone, and it was set by the side of the new one. The two are laid on a foundation 22 feet deep, built on a bed of concrete and masonry.

After the opening ceremonies and prayer the Grand Treasurer placed in a metal casket the various offerings, documents, etc., the Grand Secretary announcing each article as it was deposited. The casket was then sealed up and laid in the lower corner-stone. This stone is five feet eight inches long, by three feet four inches broad, and two feet four inches deep. The casket having been deposited, a copper plate, having the engraved names of the grand officers, and the occasion which called for it, was placed over the box and fastened down, after which the covering stone, four feet four inches long, by three feet four inches broad, and one foot four inches deep, was lowered upon it. This having been done under the direction of the Grand Master, the Deputy Grand Master applied the square, the jewel of his office, to the stone, and pronounced the work square. The Senior Grand Warden applied the level to the stone, and reported that it was level. The Junior Grand Warden next applied the plumb, and reported that it was plumb and upright. This work having been completed, the Grand Master took the trowel and spread the cement which bound the whole, and having struck the stone three times with his gavel, returned to his station, and made the following declaration, which was repeated three times by the Grand Marshal, in the south, west, and east:

"We, James Gibson, Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, do declare this stone to be plumb, level, and square; to be well formed, true, and trusty; and duly laid according to the ancient customs, usages, and forms of our craft."

The stone was then formally consecrated with offerings of corn, wine, and oil, in accordance with Masonic usages.



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE IN NEW YORK.—[FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.]

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

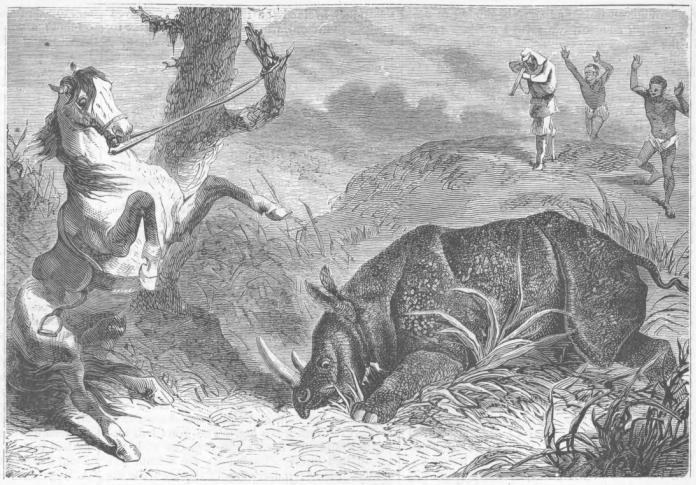
By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER IX.

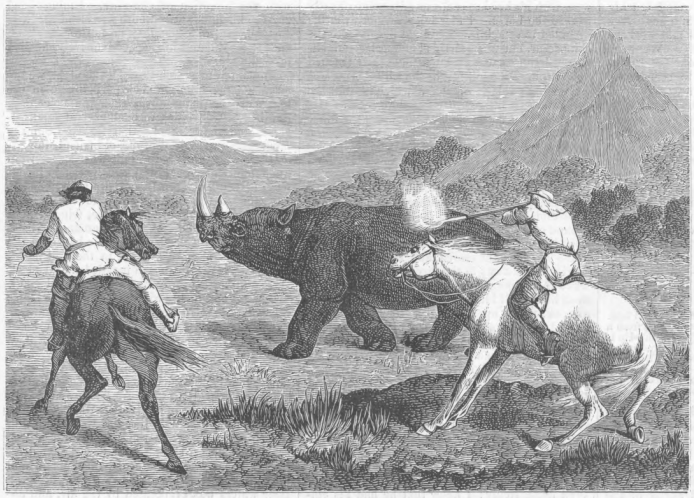
Royān.—Wells dug by the Baboons and Antelopes.—Encampment at the Mouth of the Mai Gubba.—Francolin Partridges.—Meeting with the Sheriff Brothers.—Great Chase.—Thirty Miles' Ride before overtaking the Elephant.—The Animal in Sight.—Charge of the Elephant.—His Retreat.—He intrenches Himself among the Rocks.—Strategic Movement.—Rodur's Mare.—Furious Race of the Elephant.—He is nailed to the Ground.—Prey seized by the Basé.

WE now turned due south from our camp of Delladilla, and at a distance of twelve miles we reached the river Royān, the bed of which was completely dry. We descended the bank in a spot that had been broken down by elephants, and continued our course up stream along the sandy bed, which formed an excellent road. The surface was imprinted with the footsteps of every variety of game, and numerous holes about two feet deep had been dug in the sand by the antelopes and baboons to procure water. Great numbers of the oterop, a small reddish-brown antelope without horns, were drinking at these little watering-places, and did not appear to heed us. We disturbed many nellut and tétel upon the banks, and after having marched about four miles along the river's bed, we halted at a beautiful open forest of large trees at the junction of Hor Mai Gubba. This was a considerable torrent, which is tributary to the Royān; at this spot it had cut through a white sandstone cliff, about eighty feet perpendicular: thus upon either side it was walled in. The word Gubba is Abyssinian for the Nabbuk, therefore the torrent was the Nabbuk River: this flowed past the village of Mai Gubba, which is the head-quarters of Mek Nimmur, from which we were not twenty-five miles distant. We camped in a forest of the largest trees that we had as yet seen in Africa.

I took a few men to beat the low jungle within the forest for francolin partridge, numbers of which I had seen running through the covert. I went up the dry bed of the river at the junction of the Hor Gubba, while they drove toward me, and I was compelled to fire as fast as I could load, as these beautiful birds flew across the ravine. I shot five brace almost immediately. There is no better game bird than the francolin: the flesh is white,



TÉTEL IN DANGER.



HUNTING A RHINOCEROS.

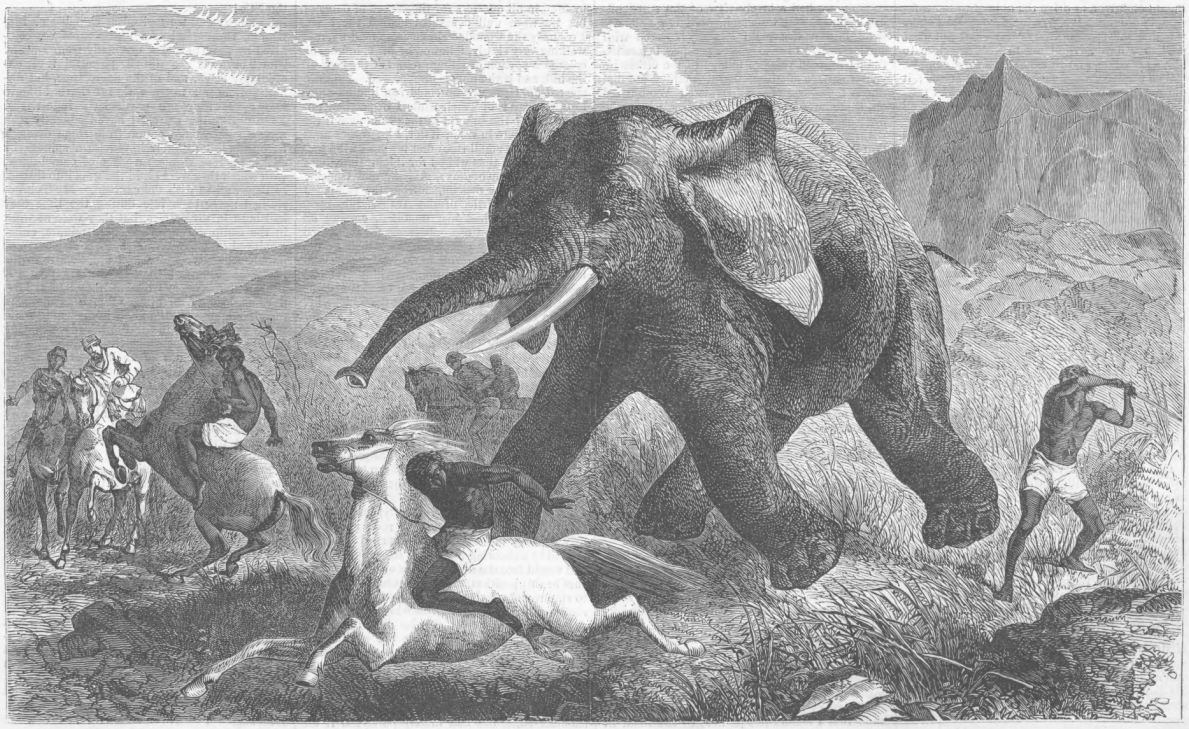
and of a most delicate and rich flavor. My shots had attracted the aggageers, and shortly after my return to camp they arrived with my Arabs, as they had been stationed on the opposite side of the Royān in a forest within a quarter of a mile of us. I agreed to have a long day's hunt the next day with Taher Sheriff.

According to my agreement, I went to the aggageers' camp at 5 A.M., with Hadji Ali and Hassan, both mounted on my two horses Aggahr and Gazelle, while I rode Tétel. Taher Sheriff requested me not to shoot at any thing, as the shots might alarm and scare away elephants; therefore I merely carried my little Fletcher, in case of meeting the Basé, who hunted in this country. We started along the upward course of the Royān.

For seven hours we rode, sometimes along the bed of the river between lofty overhanging rocks, or through borders of fine forest trees; at other times we cut off a bend of the stream, and rode for some miles through a beautiful country diversified with hills, and abounding in enormous baobab-trees. At length we entered the mountains at the foot of the great chain. Here the views were superb. The Royān was no longer a stream of ninety or a hundred yards in width, but it was reduced to a simple mountain torrent about forty yards across, blocked in many places by masses of rock, while at others it had formed broad pools, all of which were now perfectly dry, and exhibited a bed of glaring sand. Numerous mountain ravines joined the main channel, and the entire country bore witness to the effect of violent rains, as the surface was torn and waterworn.

We had ridden nearly thirty miles, having seen large quantities of game, including antelopes, buffaloes, giraffes, and rhinoceros, none of which we had hunted, as we were in search of elephants. This was the country where the aggageers had expected, without fail, to find their game.

They now turned away from the Royān, and descended a sandy valley at the foot of the mountains, the bottom of which appeared to have been overflowed during the wet season. Here were large strips of forest, and numerous sandy watercourses, along the dry bed of which we quickly discovered the deep tracks of elephants. They had been digging fresh holes in the sand in search of water, in which welcome basins we found a good supply; we dismounted, and rested the horses for half an hour, while the hunters followed up the tracks on the bed of the stream. Upon their return they reported the elephants as having wandered off upon the rocky ground, that rendered further tracking impossible. We accordingly remounted, and, upon arrival at the spot where they had lost the tracks, we continued along the bed of the stream. We had



THE SWORD VICTORIOUS.

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ridden about a mile, and were beginning to despair, when suddenly we turned a sharp angle in the water-course, and Taher Sheriff, who was leading, immediately reined in his horse, and backed him toward the party. I followed his example, and we were at once concealed by the sharp bend of the river. He now whispered that a bull elephant was drinking from a hole it had scooped in the sand, not far round the corner. Without the slightest confusion the hunters at once fell quietly into their respective places, Taher Sheriff leading, while I followed closely in the line, with my Tokrooris bringing up the rear; we were a party of seven horses.

Upon turning the corner we at once perceived the elephant, that was still drinking. It was a fine bull; the enormous ears were thrown forward, as the head was lowered in the act of drawing up the water through the trunk; these shaded the eyes, and, with the wind favorable, we advanced noiselessly upon the sand to within twenty yards before we were perceived. The elephant then threw up its head, and, with the ears flapping forward, it raised its trunk for an instant, and then slowly, but easily, ascended the steep bank, and retreated. The aggageers now halted for about a minute to confer together, and then followed in their original order up the crumbled bank. We were now on most unfavorable ground; the fire that had cleared the country we had hitherto traversed had been stopped by the bed of the torrent. We were thus plunged at once into withered grass above our heads, unless we stood in the stirrups; the ground was strewed with fragments of rock, and altogether it was ill-adapted for riding. However, Taher Sheriff broke into a trot, followed by the entire party, as the elephant was not in sight. We ascended a hill, and when near the summit we perceived the elephant about eighty yards ahead. It was looking behind during its retreat, by swinging its huge head from side to side, and upon seeing us approach, it turned suddenly round and halted. "Be ready, and take care of the rocks!" said Taher Sheriff, as I rode forward by his side. Hardly had he uttered these words of caution, when the bull gave a vicious jerk with its head, and with a shrill scream it charged down upon us with the greatest fury. Away we all went, helter-skelter, through the dry grass, which whistled in my ears, over the hidden rocks, at full gallop, with the elephant tearing after us for about a hundred and eighty yards at a tremendous pace. Tétel was a sure-footed horse, and, being unshod, he never slipped upon the stones. Thus, as we all scattered in different directions, the elephant became confused, and relinquished the chase; it had been very near me at one time, and, in such ground, I was not sorry when it gave up the hunt. We now quickly united, and again followed the elephant, that had once more retreated. Advancing at a canter, we shortly came in view. Upon seeing the horses the bull deliberately entered a strong-hold composed of rocky and uneven ground, in the clefts of which grew thinly a few leafless trees the thickness of a man's leg. It then turned boldly toward us, and stood determinedly at bay.

Now came the tug of war! Taher Sheriff came close to me and said, "You had better shoot the elephant, as we shall have great difficulty in this rocky ground:" this I declined, as I wished to end the fight as it had been commenced, with the sword; and I proposed that he should endeavor to drive the animal to more favorable ground. "Never mind," replied Taher. "Inshallah" (please God) "he shall not beat us." He now advised me to keep as close to him as possible, and to look sharp for a charge.

The elephant stood facing us like a statue; it did not move a muscle beyond a quick and restless action of the eyes, that were watching all sides. Taher Sheriff and his younger brother Ibrahim now separated, and each took opposite sides of the elephant, and then joined each other about twenty yards behind it; I accompanied them, until Taher advised me to keep about the same distance upon the left flank. My Tokrooris kept apart from the scene, as they were not required. In front of the elephant were two aggageers, one of whom was the renowned Rodur Sheriff, with the withered arm. All being ready for action, Rodur now rode slowly toward the head of the cunning old bull, who was quietly awaiting an opportunity to make certain of some one who might give him a good chance.

Rodur Sheriff rode a bay mare, that, having been thoroughly trained to these encounters, was perfect at her work. Slowly and coolly she advanced toward her wary antagonist, until within about eight or nine yards of the elephant's head; the creature never moved, and the *wise en scène* was beautiful; not a word was spoken, and we kept our places amidst utter stillness, which was at length broken by a snort from the mare, who gazed intently at the elephant, as though watching for the moment of attack.

One more pace forward, and Rodur sat coolly upon his mare, with his eyes fixed upon those of the elephant. For an instant I saw the white of the eye nearest to me; "Look out, Rodur! he's coming!" I exclaimed. With a shrill scream, the elephant dashed upon him like an avalanche!

Round went the mare as though upon a pivot, and away over rocks and stones, flying like a gazelle, with the monkey-like form of little Rodur Sheriff leaning forward, and looking over his left shoulder as the elephant rushed after him.

For a moment I thought he must be caught. Had the mare stumbled, all were lost; but she gained in the race after a few quick bounding strides, and Rodur, still looking behind him, kept his distance so close to the elephant, that its outstretched trunk was within a few feet of the mare's tail.

Taher Sheriff and his brother Ibrahim swept down like falcons in the rear. In full speed they dextrously avoided the trees, until they arrived upon open ground, when they dashed up close to the hind-quarters of the furious elephant, who, maddened with the excitement, heeded nothing but Rodur and his mare, that were almost within its grasp. When close to the tail of the elephant, Taher Sheriff's sword flashed from its sheath, as grasping his trusty blade he leaped nimbly to the ground, while Ibrahim caught the reins of his horse; two or three bounds on foot, with the sword clutched in both hands, and he was close behind the elephant; a bright glance shone like lightning, as the sun struck upon the descending steel; this was followed by a dull crack, as the sword cut through skin and sinews, and settled deep in the bone, about twelve inches above the foot. At the next stride, the elephant halted dead short in the midst of its tremendous charge. Taher had jumped quickly on one side, and had vaulted into the saddle with his naked sword in hand. At the same moment, Rodur, who had led the chase, turned sharp round, and again faced the elephant as before; stooping quickly from the saddle, he picked up from the ground a handful of dirt, which he threw into the face of the vicious-looking animal, that once more attempted to rush upon him. It was impossible! the foot was dislocated, and turned up in front like an old shoe. In an instant, Taher was once more on foot, and again the sharp sword slashed the remaining leg. The great bull elephant could not move; the first cut with the sword had utterly disabled it; the second was its death blow; the arteries of the leg were divided, and the blood spouted in jets from the wounds. I wished to terminate its misery by a bullet behind the ear, but Taher Sheriff begged me not to fire, as the elephant would quickly bleed to death without pain, and an unnecessary shot might attract the Basé, who would steal the flesh and ivory during our absence. We were obliged to return immediately to our far-distant camp, and the hunters resolved to accompany their camels to the spot upon the next day.

On the following day the hunters started to the dead elephant with camels and sacks, but they returned at night thoroughly disgusted; the nimble Basé had been before them, most probably attracted to the carcass by the cloud of vultures that had gathered in the air. Nothing remained but the bones and skull of the elephant, the flesh and the ivory had been stolen. The tracks of a great number of men were left upon the ground, and the aggageers were fortunate to return without an attack from overwhelming numbers.

CHAPTER X.

On the way to Gallabat.—Encampment on a vast Plain.—From the Hill-top.—Two Rhinoceros issue from a Ravine.—Tétel is led to the Foot of the Hill.—He is seen by one of the Rhinoceros.—The Rhinoceros receives a Bullet.—Pursuit of the second Rhinoceros.—The Atbara near its Source.—Gallabat.—Tokrooris.—Their Industry.—On the Banks of the Rahad.—Arrival at Khartoum.—Conclusion.

I HAD thoroughly explored the beautiful country of the Salaam and Angrab, and intended to push on to Gallabat, the frontier market-town of Abyssinia.

We started on the following afternoon, and, with Hassan as our guide, and Taher Noor upon a camel, my wife and I cantered ahead of the main body, over a high ridge of stony, and, accordingly, firm ground. Upon arrival at the summit, we had a lovely view of the surrounding country, and we commenced a gentle descent into a vast plain sparsely covered with small trees. In the extensive prospect before us, the dark green veins of foliage in the otherwise yellow surface of withered grass marked out distinctly the course of small rivulets. We hurried on, sometimes over blackened ashes, where the fire had swept all before it, at other times through withered grass, that had been saved from destruction through the intervention of some ravine. At 7.30 P.M. we arrived at an excellent halting-place, by a beautiful but small stream of water, shaded by a fringe of dome palms; this was, by dead-reckoning, seventeen miles from our last camp. It had been pleasant traveling, as the moon was full; we had ridden fast, therefore it was useless to expect the camels for some hours; we accordingly spread the carpet on the ground, and lay down to sleep, with the stocks of the rifles for pillows, as we had frequently done on former occasions.

On the following morning I mounted my horse Tétel, and, with Taher Noor and two of my Tokrooris, Hadji Ali, and Hassan, I rode toward a pyramidical hill about three miles distant, which I intended to ascend, in order to obtain a panoramic view of the country. This hill was about three hundred feet high, and, as the fire had swept away a portion of the grass for several miles around, I should obtain a clear view of all living animals that might be in the neighborhood. Upon arrival at the base of the hill I dismounted, and led my horse up the steep inclination of broken basalt that had fallen from the summit. From the top of the peak I had a superb panorama of the country, the mountain Nahoot Gubdabi bearing southwest about thirty miles distant. I had a complete bird's-eye view of great extent, and I immediately distinguished, in various positions, giraffes, buffaloes, tétel, and boars.

I had been observing the country for some time from my high station, when I suddenly perceived two rhinoceros emerge from a ravine. They walked slowly through a patch of high grass, and skirted the base of the hill upon which we were standing. Presently they winded something, and they trotted back and stood concealed in the patch of grass. Although I had a good view of them from my present position, I knew that I should not be able to see them in their covert, if on the same level; I therefore determined to send to the tent for my other horses, and to ride them down, if I could not shoot them on foot; accordingly, I sent a man off, directing him to lead Tétel from the peak, and to secure him to a tree at the foot of the hill, as I was afraid the rhinoceros might observe the horse upon the sky line. This he did, and we saw him tie the horse by the bridle to the branch of a tree below us, while he ran quickly toward the camp. In the mean time I watched the rhinoceros; both animals laid down in the yellow grass, resembling masses of stone. They had not been long in this position before we noticed two pigs wandering through the grass directly to windward, toward the sleeping rhinoceros. In an instant these animals winded the intruders, and starting up, they looked in all directions, but could not see them, as they were concealed by the high grass. Having been thus disturbed, the rhinoceros moved their quarters, and walked slowly forward, occasionally halting and listening. One was about a hundred yards in advance of the other. They were taking a direction at the base of the hill that would lead them directly upon the spot where Tétel was tied to the tree. I observed this to Taher Noor, as I feared they would kill the horse. "Oh no," he replied, "they will lie down and sleep beneath the first tree, as they are seeking for shade—the sun is like fire." However, they still continued their advance, and, upon reaching some rising ground, the leading rhinoceros halted, and I felt sure that he had a clear view of the horse, that was now about five hundred yards distant, tied to the tree. A ridge descended from the hill, parallel with the course the animals were taking; upon this I ran as quickly as the stony slope permitted, keeping my eye fixed upon the leading rhinoceros, who, with his head raised, was advancing directly toward the horse. I now felt convinced that he intended to attack it. Tétel did not observe the rhinoceros, but was quietly standing beneath the tree. I ran as fast as I was able, and reached the bottom of the hill just as the willful brute was within fifty yards of the horse, which now for the first time saw the approaching danger; the rhinoceros had been advancing steadily at a walk, but he now lowered his head, and charged at the horse at full speed.

I was about two hundred yards distant, and for the moment I was afraid of shooting the horse, but I fired one of the Reilly No. 10 rifles; the bullet, missing the rhinoceros, dashed the sand and stones into his face, as it struck the ground exactly before his nose, when he appeared to be just into the unfortunate Tétel. The horse in the same instant reared, and, breaking the bridle, it dashed away in the direction of the camp; while the rhinoceros, astonished at the shot, and most likely half blinded by the sand and splinters of rock, threw up his head, turned round, and trotted back upon the track by which he had arrived. He passed me at about a hundred yards' distance, as I had run forward to a bush, by which he trotted with his head raised, seeking for the cause of his discomfiture. Crack! went a bullet against his hide, as I fired my remaining barrel at his shoulder; he cocked his tail, and for a few yards he charged toward the shot; but he suddenly changed his course, and ran round several times in a small circle; he then halted, and reeling to and fro, he retreated very slowly, and laid down about a hundred yards off. Well done, Reilly! I knew that he had his *quietus*, but I was determined to bag his companion, who, in alarm, had now joined him, and stood looking in all quarters for the source of danger; but we were well concealed behind the bush. Presently the wounded rhinoceros stood up, and walking very slowly, followed by his comrade, he crossed a portion of rising ground at the base of the hill, and both animals disappeared. I at once started off Hassan, who could run like an antelope, in search of Tétel, while I dispatched another man to the summit of the peak to see if the rhinoceros were in view; if not, I knew they must be among the small trees and bushes at the foot of the hill. I thus waited for a long time, until at length the two grays, Aggahr and Gazelle, arrived with my messenger from the camp. I tightened the girths of the Arab saddle upon Aggahr, and I had just mounted, cursing all Arab stirrups, that are only made for the naked big toe, when my eyes were gladdened by the sight of Hassan cantering toward me upon Tétel, but from the exact direction the rhinoceros had taken. "Quick! quick!" he cried; "come along! One rhinoceros is lying dead close by, and the other is standing beneath a tree not far off."

I immediately jumped on Tétel, and, taking the little Fletcher rifle, as lighter and handier than the heavy No. 10, I ordered Taher Noor and Hassan to mount the other horses, and to follow me with spare rifles. I found the rhinoceros lying dead about two hundred yards from the spot where he had received the shot, and I immediately perceived the companion, that was standing beneath a small tree. The ground was firm and stony, all the grass had been burned off, except in a few small patches; the trees were not so thick together as to form a regular jungle.

The rhinoceros saw us directly, and he valiantly stood and faced me as I rode up within fifty yards of him. Tétel was worth his weight in gold as a shooting horse: he stood like a rock, and would face the devil. I was unable to take a shot in this position, therefore I ordered the men to ride round a half-circle, as I knew the rhinoceros would turn toward the white horses, and thus expose his flank; this he did immediately, and firing well, exactly at the shoulder, I dropped him as though stone-dead. Taher Noor shouted, "Sammé durrupto!" (well shot); the rhinoceros lay kicking upon the ground, and I thought he was bagged. Not a bit of it! The No. 24 bullet had not force to break the massive shoulder-bone, but had merely paralyzed it for the moment; up he jumped, and started off in full gallop. Now for a hunt! up the hill he started, then obliquely; he chose a regular rhinoceros path, and scudded away, Tétel answering to the spur and closing with him; through the trees; now down the hill over the loose rocks, where he gained considerably upon the horse. "Easy down the hill, gently over the stones, Tétel," and I took a pull at the reins until I reached the level ground beneath, which was firm and first-rate. I saw the rhinoceros pelting away about a hundred and twenty yards ahead, and spurring hard, I shot up to him at full speed until within twenty yards, when round he came with astonishing quickness, and charged straight at the horse. I was prepared for this, as was my horse also; we avoided him by a quick turn, and again renewed the chase, and regained our position within a few yards of the game. Thus the hunt continued for about a mile and a half, the rhinoceros occasionally charging, but always cleverly avoided by the horse. Tétel seemed to enjoy the fun, and hunted like a greyhound. Nevertheless I had not been able to pass the rhinoceros, who had thundered along at a tremendous pace whenever I had attempted to close; however, the pace began to tell upon his wounded shoulder; he evidently went lame, and as I observed at some distance before us the commencement of the dark-colored rotten ground, I felt sure that it would shortly be a case of "stand still." In this I was correct, and, upon reaching the deep and crumbling soil, he turned sharp round, made a clumsy charge that I easily avoided, and he stood panting at bay. Taher Noor was riding Gazelle; this was a very timid horse, and was utterly useless as a hunter; but, as it reared and plunged upon seeing the rhinoceros, that animal immediately turned toward it with the intention of charging. Riding Tétel close to his flank, I fired both barrels of the little Fletcher into the shoulder; he fell to the shots, and, stretching out his legs convulsively, he died immediately.

Pursuing our march through the plain, we arrived at Metemma, a Tokroori village in the heart of the mountains; then the next day, April 15, after passing through several small villages, and many brooks that flowed from the mountains, we arrived at our old friend, the Atbara River, at the sharp angle as it issues from the mountains. At this place it was in its infancy. We had seen the Atbara a bed of glaring sand—a mere continuation of the burning desert that surrounded its course, fringed by a belt of withered trees, like a monument sacred to the memory of a dead river. We had seen the sudden rush of waters when, in the still night, the mysterious stream had invaded the dry bed, and swept all before it like an awakened giant. We had subsequently witnessed that tremendous rainfall, and seen the Atbara at its grandest flood. We had traced each river, and crossed each tiny stream that fed the mighty Atbara from the mountain chain; and we now, after our long journey, forded the Atbara in its infancy, hardly knee-deep over its rocky bed of about sixty yards width. As I followed it with my eye, I thought of that wonderful river Nile, that could flow forever through the exhausting deserts of sand, while the Atbara, during the summer months, shrank to a dry skeleton, although the powerful affluents, the Salaam and the Settite, never ceased to flow; every drop of their waters was evaporated by the air, and absorbed by the desert sand in the bed of the Atbara, two hundred miles above its junction with the Nile!

The next day we arrived at Gallabat or Metemma, the capital of a fertile province, colonized by the Tokrooris, originally from Darfur. The Tokrooris are a fine, powerful race, exceedingly black, and of the negro type, but differing from all negroes that I have hitherto known, as they are particularly industrious. Even during the march, I have frequently seen my men gather the cotton from some deserted bush, and immediately improvise a spindle, by sticking a reed through a piece of camel-dung, with which they would spin the wool into thread, as they walked with the caravan. My Tokrooris had never been idle during the time they had been in my service, but they were at work in the camp during every spare minute, either employed in making sandals from elephant's or buffalo's hide, or whips and bracelets from the rhinoceros skin, which they cleverly polished. Upon our arrival at Gallabat, they had at least a camel-load of all kinds of articles they had manufactured. On the following morning I had found them sitting in the market-place, having established stalls, at which they were selling all the various trophies of their expedition—fat, hides, whips, sandals, bracelets, etc.

They were now at home, and the time had come for us to separate. I paid them their wages, and gave them an entertainment after their own taste, by purchasing several enormous bowls of honey wine, and we parted on the best of terms.

For some days we continued our journey along the right bank of the Durder, and finally made a direct cut across the flat country to cross the Rahad and arrive at Abou Harag, on the Blue Nile, whence we reached Khartoum on the morning of June 11. Of all our old companions none were left but Bacheet, Wat el Baggar, Richaru, and my brave Tétel. Florian had been killed by a lion; Banaké, the poor woman who ground the dhurra and baked the bread, had been buried at Delladilla; Aggahr, my trusty hunter, had been taken sick a little way from Gallabat, and had died in a few hours amidst excruciating sufferings; and Gazelle, attacked with the same disease, almost at the same time, survived him but a little while.

The first part of our task was completed. It now remained for us to explore the south; and, December 18, 1862, full of hope and energy, we quitted Khartoum, and plunged into unknown regions.

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GEORGE MARCY'S DISAPPEARANCE.

No one knew what had become of him—of brilliant, young, vivacious, gifted, heedless, lovable George Edgar Marcy. He had dropped wholly out of London and literature and love-making, and all his airy projects and his occasionally high aspirations, and his dashing vivid criticisms and magazine articles and poems, serious and comic—he had left every thing behind him and disappeared. We all said we might have better spared a better man—some few of us were sincerely sorry for his disappearance; there was one who, as every body afterward learned, felt far more deeply still. His disappearance came about in this way: George Marcy was a brilliant young *litterateur*; member of a family which had quite a name in literature, and was himself rising fast into a kind of reputation. Any thing very great he would never be—you had only to look at his head and face to see that; but he certainly had a rare gift at vivid sketches, critiques, articles of every kind wherein a certain fresh and light stream of the poetic might blend easily with a fantastic, eccentric, but very genuine humor. You would have called him one of the Bohemian school, but that his personal habits were by no means Bohemian; for he much preferred a palatial club-room to a public house, and a drawing-room well ornamented with pretty and clever women to either. He was a terribly thoughtless, thriftless fellow, and, unless when he liked to work, was decidedly lazy; but he was a gentleman in heart and in manner. He sometimes provoked editors and publishers out of all patience; for when the first installment of copy came, there was no saying when the next would come, or whether it would ever come at all; and indeed there were editors who had issued a positive order that no line of George's copy should, under any circumstances, be touched until the whole (he never sent in any article, however short, in one lot) had been fairly got into hand. Many a time had this or that editor vowed that never again would he have any thing to do with George Edgar Marcy; but one could not help himself; George Edgar was sure to come in and talk him over with soothing appeal, vow of better conduct for the future, and final outburst of drollery. You could no more continue long to be angry with him than if he were a girl. Every body ended by liking him. He was a very handsome young fellow, of decidedly short stature and slender make, but shapely and lithe; and he had curling black hair, and black, vivacious, sparkling eyes. He used to flirt with a great many girls, and all of them liked him—and, again, one at least felt more than a liking for him.

George had been brought up in Italy, and had a great deal of the Italian about him—the animation and variety of gesture and intonation, as well as the dark hair and eyes. At the time I speak of, he had, indeed, only been some two years home from Italy. One of the houses which he now visited most frequently was that of Mr. Ralph Bathurst, a man of much taste in art and letters, who had a handsome house in Kensington, and was fond of gathering authors and painters and journalists round him. Mr. Bathurst had a daughter Annie, who was both pretty and good, and had, moreover, a quick, clear brain and highly cultivated tastes. We who frequented the house were all very fond of Annie Bathurst. I was very fond of her; but then, so was my wife too; and, therefore, in my case it did not matter. But I thought—we all thought—George Edgar Marcy was also fond of her, and in quite a different way; and she seemed to like his society very much. This looked highly promising and satisfactory; for George was quite a pet of Mr. Bathurst, and the latter would not have cared whether his daughter's husband had or had not money, provided that the daughter loved him, and that he was a good fellow—now George Edgar *was* a good fellow. Even then, when we knew the best of him but superficially, and knew all his faults, we could say nothing about him which could pain or discourage the father of any girl who loved him.

One night I met George Edgar at Mr. Bathurst's house. I shall always remember that night. George and Miss Bathurst talked together very much, and really seemed quite like lovers. Once I saw—as I looked purposeless across the room—that their hands met somehow by chance, and that she blushed and trembled, while he looked embarrassed and agitated. I thought these were highly suspicious symptoms.

I had to go into town to one of the newspaper offices that night, and was to return to Mr. Bathurst's for my wife. To my surprise, when I rose to go George Marcy rose also, and said he had to leave early, and that he would walk part of the way with me. His going so soon surprised me; but I made no remark.

As we walked along together he suddenly said:

"Tell me, old fellow, do you ever have presentiments?"

"Sometimes, of course, I fancy I have. All people fancy such things now and then, I suppose. But I don't believe in the fancies—my own or any body else's."

"Well, no—of course not. It's all folly. Yet, somehow, to-night I have a heavy, uncomfortable, ominous sort of feeling pressing on me."

"Not all the evening, I think. You seemed to me very happy—and I don't wonder."

"Not all the evening, but lately. No matter—it's all nonsense, probably. Let it go. Tell me, don't you think Annie Bathurst a charming girl?"

"Indeed I do; and a good girl—and I think, George," I added, quite gravely, "that you will be a very happy man."

He looked at me, not alone gravely, but sadly.

"I am not worthy," he said, "of the love of a girl like Annie."

"I dare say not. I doubt if many men are worthy of the love of the women who marry them; but I don't believe you are any worse than the rest, George; and I am sure Annie thinks you are a great deal better."

He only shook his head. Suddenly his ear was caught by the talk of two Italian organ-grinders who were lying on the pavement of Piccadilly enjoying the delicious summer air of evening, and were chatting to each other merrily.

"Stop," said George; "I really must have a talk with these fellows. I delight in these little chaps. Besides, one may get at some 'copy,' don't you see? Something fanciful for the *Cornhill* or *Temple Bar!* Now, listen. One of these boys is a Piedmontese, the other a Lombard; I can tell that at once by the accent. Can't you?"

"Not I. I couldn't distinguish between a Lombard and a Calabrian."

George plunged at once into animated conversation with the boys; and after a few moments became quite absorbed in talk with the young Lombard. Now my knowledge of Italian is like the knowledge of French which the young guardsman in "Pendennis" describes to Blanche Amory. I understand it of course, you know—and all that—but not when "it's spoke so devilish quick" as natives of Italy and some other persons are in the habit of doing. So I didn't follow the conversation, and got tired and pulled George away.

"Well," I asked, "have you contrived to extract any copy?"

"No, not a line. The Lombard fellow comes from a village I used to know very well at one time; and I was asking him a few questions about people who used to live there; that was all." Then he changed the conversation, and never ceased talking on this, that, and the other subject until we reached the point at which our roads divided.

"Good-night, old fellow," George said, in a low and rather sad tone. "And, I say, I think of soon leaving town; in fact, I have to leave town very soon—perhaps to-morrow—just for a while."

"Where are you darting off to now?"

"Well, it's a long story, and not all a pleasant one—and, in short, don't ask me. Perhaps I may come back soon—perhaps it may be a long time."

"My dear fellow, what are you talking about—what *do* you mean?"

"No matter. At least don't ask me—good-night, and good-by."

He seized my hand, grasped it warmly, and then sprang across the street and soon disappeared.

"George is in some scrape," I thought at once. What it could be I could not imagine. The most reasonable conjecture seemed to be that he was in debt, and feared he might have to make an excursion out of town to avoid his creditors. I was sorry for this too, because I had not suspected him of any such escapades; and Mr. Bathurst certainly would not relish any thing of the kind. Moreover, I knew that George had only the day before received quite a considerable sum from a publisher, the profits of two or three little fantastic books which had had a really wonderful run; and this money, which he could hardly have squandered since yesterday, would surely have staved off the creditors and kept the wolf-dun from the door.

I resolved to call at his lodgings next morning and try to get into his full confidence.

I called at ten, and found that he had left his lodgings four hours earlier: that he had not gone to bed, but had spent the night in packing up his books and papers in a large trunk, which he left in the care of his landlady, and his clothes in a portmanteau which he took with him. He told his landlady that he might return in a fortnight, but that he might possibly be a much longer time away. Where he was going to, he did not say or hint—and doubtless the good woman had done her best to learn.

There was nothing more to be said. We must wait for him to come back. A week after I met Mr. Bathurst, who was surprised at George's not having come near him since the night I last saw the fugitive at his house. A month, two months went by, and George did not return. I called on George's father, with whom his son was on cold, unfriendly terms, because of the elder Marcy having married again very soon after the death of George's mother—an act which poor George not unnaturally resented.

Marcy the elder could only tell me that his son had written him a few dry, cold lines, to say that he was about leaving town; that he might possibly be away for a long time, and that he would take it as a favor if no search or inquiry were made after him.

"And I can assure you," Mr. Marcy concluded, "that I have not made, and don't mean to make, any inquiry whatever. I have no doubt George is alive and well; but I have much doubt whether a close inquiry after him would end in any thing agreeable for his friends to hear."

Cherchez la femme was evidently Mr. Marcy's mode of solving the mystery, and it was after a time that of most persons.

I had often thought of poor George's casual talk with the Italian organ-boy, and wondered whether that could possibly have had any thing to do with his disappearance. I made many efforts to find the boy again. I never saw an organ-boy without asking him whether he was a Lombard, and whether it was he who had talked with my poor friend, for I was by no means clear about the features of the lad we met in Piccadilly. But I was entirely unsuccessful, and I did not think it well to say any thing about the matter to Mr. Bathurst.

Poor Annie began to look thin and pale and sad. Her father made little secret to his intimate friends that his daughter was grieving after George Marcy, and that she could not be brought to believe in any explanation of his disappearance which could make him out unworthy. But her health was giving way; and in the winter her father took her to Nice, and thence to Rome.

Spring and summer came and passed; and autumn sent us all on our holiday tours. George Marcy had been more than a year gone. My wife and I went to Switzerland for a few days, and thence crossed the Alps, meaning to wander about a little in Lombardy, and pay a short visit to the Bathursts, who were now in Milan.

We were journeying one day over mountains and through valleys in a wretched carriage, and grew so tired that, although it was yet far from sunset, we made up our minds to rest in a little hamlet we saw on a hill-side not far off, and which looked quiet, smiling, and picturesque. But as we drew near a priest, who was walking along the road, stopped our driver and talked to him very earnestly; and then, addressing us, told us, in French, that there was a bad fever prevalent now in the village, that many persons were stricken down by it, and that we had better not enter the place. This was very kind of him, and we thanked him; but we really could not go on or go back—and I have all the obstinacy of ignorance in not believing that there is half as much danger of infection in such cases as people tell us. So, my wife being equally sceptical, and we both knowing something of Italian exaggeration, we insisted on at least passing through the village and making a short stay there to rest. The driver had his fears and objections; but they resolved themselves into a question of additional pay, and were removed.

We entered the village and drove up to the little tavern, or wine-house, round which the gossips and idlers were collected. There was no external sign of any thing very terrible going on; the village looked clean and thriving; there were hardly any beggars to be seen; and all the shops, such as they were, were open. But the landlord of the wine-house told us that there were several bad cases of fever—some victims had died yesterday, some were dying to-day.

"Here comes a poor youth, Signor," said the landlord, in a low tone, "whom the fever is likely to rob of his— Hush! Well, Giorgio, how is it now?"

This was addressed to a small, slight young man in the garb of an ordinary Lombard peasant who just then entered. I could not see his face, but his whole attitude and bearing denoted utter depression. He began to talk with the landlord in a low tone; and he got some wine in a little stone bottle and paid for it, and then turned to leave the shop. As he turned, my wife uttered a half-suppressed scream and caught me by the arm—and there before me, looking thin and haggard, and dressed like any ordinary peasant, stood poor George Edgar Marcy!

He came over to us and took one hand of each in his, and for a second or two said not a word. The first words he spoke were:

"Are you afraid of fever?"

"Not in the least," we both replied.

"Then come with me."

We followed him without a word down the village street until we reached a poor little cottage with a patch of vines and some mulberry-trees near it. He beckoned to us to enter, and we followed him into a small, miserably appointed room. There was a bed in it, on which lay a dark-haired young woman, who had evidently been handsome in her days of health, but now was prostrate in what seemed the last stage of exhaustion from fever.

"My wife!" said George. "My poor dying wife!"

We did not leave the village that day, nor for several days after. We did not leave it until the poor Italian girl had been laid to rest in the village grave-yard.

Gradually we learned from George the whole of his strange story. While living in Italy formerly he had come to spend some time in this village, and had fallen boyishly in love with the pretty girl who now lay dead. She was only a poor little ignorant peasant girl, but she had a native grace, simplicity, and beauty which naturally charmed an impulsive, eager, poetic boy. The girl was then living with her father. George and she exchanged some foolish vows of love and constancy, and his father summoned him home; and in London society the image of his poor little Lombard love was soon in a fair way to be wholly effaced. But it was only when he came to know Annie Bathurst—to know that he loved her, to believe that she loved him—it was only then that he began in sober earnest to repent his folly and his uncongenial engagement. The thought of that bond pressed cruelly on him. The night when he and I walked home together decided his fate. The Lombard organ-boy with whom he talked came from the very village in which his peasant love was living; and from the boy he heard that her father had been some time dead, and that she was living a lonely, poor, and miserable life. Then George made up his mind. He had pledged himself to her, and he would redeem his pledge at the cost of all the happiness, the purpose, the prospects of his life. So he went out, this brilliant, heedless, thoughtless young fellow, whom we all regarded as little better than a scape-grace, and knowing that to marry the girl was to pronounce upon himself a sentence of banishment from all he cared for on earth. He married her, brought her the little money he had, and settled down to live the life of a Lombard peasant. He would not write to Annie Bathurst—he said to himself that he had no right to address her, no right to say one word which might move her pity or induce her to regard him with indulgence or with any memory of love.

So he lived a life which he did not describe to me in deliberate words, but which I could well picture to myself—a life of dull, monotonous labor, with an ignorant, mindless, good-natured, bright-eyed peasant girl. They had one baby, which only lived a few hours. Then came the fever in the village, and poor George's soft and manly heart was torn with genuine grief when he stood by the death-bed of the poor creature who was his wife—who had been his love.

But his exile now had no further motive or excuse. We brought him to Milan with us—not telling him whom he was likely to meet there. And I believe poor George will be happy yet, and that Annie Bathurst will think none the worse of him for his boyish folly and his manly resolve to bear its consequences.

BEETHOVEN.

APROPOS to the great musical festival which opened in this city on Monday, the 13th of June, we give on our first page this week the portrait of the illustrious Composer in honor of whose memory the festival was held. BEETHOVEN ranks among the greatest of musical composers. Shut off from social intercourse by the infirmity of deafness, he sought refuge from mental depression in constant activity. In the catalogue of his works there is scarcely a branch of music in which he has not wrought. For the full orchestra he composed nine symphonies, eleven overtures, the Egmont music, the "Battle of Vittoria," and a number of smaller pieces. His contributions to chamber music were very numerous. There are thirty-two grand sonatas for the piano-forte solo, and more than one hundred other compositions. Two masses, one sacred cantata, and a number of songs, belong to his contributions to sacred music; and an opera, and a vast variety of songs, trios, etc., fill up the catalogue of his works.

His earliest compositions were pervaded by a pensiveness and longing, which became still more marked as he advanced in years, and was compelled to withdraw more and more within himself. The profound social and political agitation of the age in which he lived, the lofty aspirations, the sanguine hopes, the triumphs, as well as the griefs, the disappointment, and the despair of humanity, all found a more living expression in his works than in those of any other composer.

Our portrait of BEETHOVEN is taken from an admirable steel engraving kindly furnished us by Mr. THEODORE STROEFER, 859 Broadway.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HUNGRY Jew paying particular attention to a ham he was asked what he was saying to it. He replied, "I was saying, 'almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'"

AN AGRICULTURAL ANGLE—A wheat corner.

"Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort. "Had a little taste of it, sah." "Stood your ground, did you?" "No, sah; I runs." "Run at the first fire, did you?" "Yes, sah; would hab run sooner if I had known it was comin'." "Why, that's not very creditable to your courage." "Dat isn't my line, sah—cookin' my perfeshun." "Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?" "Reputation's nothing to me by the side ob life." "Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?" "It's worth more to me, sah."

If you ever find a stingy Quaker, make up to him; you will find him a close friend.

Vena and Minard had a slight misunderstanding one day, and Vena, fired with indignation against her big brother, kicked the cat. Johnny, who was Vena's favorite brother, saw the performance, and said, "Vena, that cat ain't all Minard's; it's part mine." "Well," said Vena, with a sort of self-satisfied air, "I kicked Minard's part."

A BAND OF HOPE—The Wedding Ring.

A little boy, running, stubbed his toe and fell on the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow," said a by-stander; "you won't feel the pain to-morrow." "Then," answered the little boy, "I won't cry to-morrow."

Joe King was sick in a boarding-house, and made his mind up for some chicken broth. The order went down into the kitchen, and the broth came up weak, flat, and insipid. The sick man was subsequently relating his disappointment to a friend, who said, "They just let a chicken wade through it." "If they did," said Joe, faintly, "it had on stilts." He recovered.

PUDDING FOR LAWYERS—Suet.

"You don't do work enough to earn your salary," said the head of a department in the New York Custom-house to one of his clerks. "Work!" exclaimed the young man, "I worked to get here; surely you don't expect me to work any longer."

A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the post-office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said, "Guess I've done the thing slick. I seen a good many folks putting letters in the post-office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

HANDY VOLUMES—Pocket-books.

GOOD ADVICE.—Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a widow. Never contradict a man that stutters. Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers. Wind up your conduct like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow." Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be in his power. Write not one letter more than you can help; the man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr, tied, not to the stake, but to the post.

An Indiana husband advertised his wife as "leaving his bed and board," and then applied to her for a loan of a dollar and a half to pay for the advertisement.

A young gentleman was recently asked to take something. He said he was not dry, but he would take the sixpence, which he accordingly pocketed, and walked off.

An exchange which wishes to avoid slang, delicately advises its belligerent neighbor to "imitate the example of the rivulet in time of a drought."

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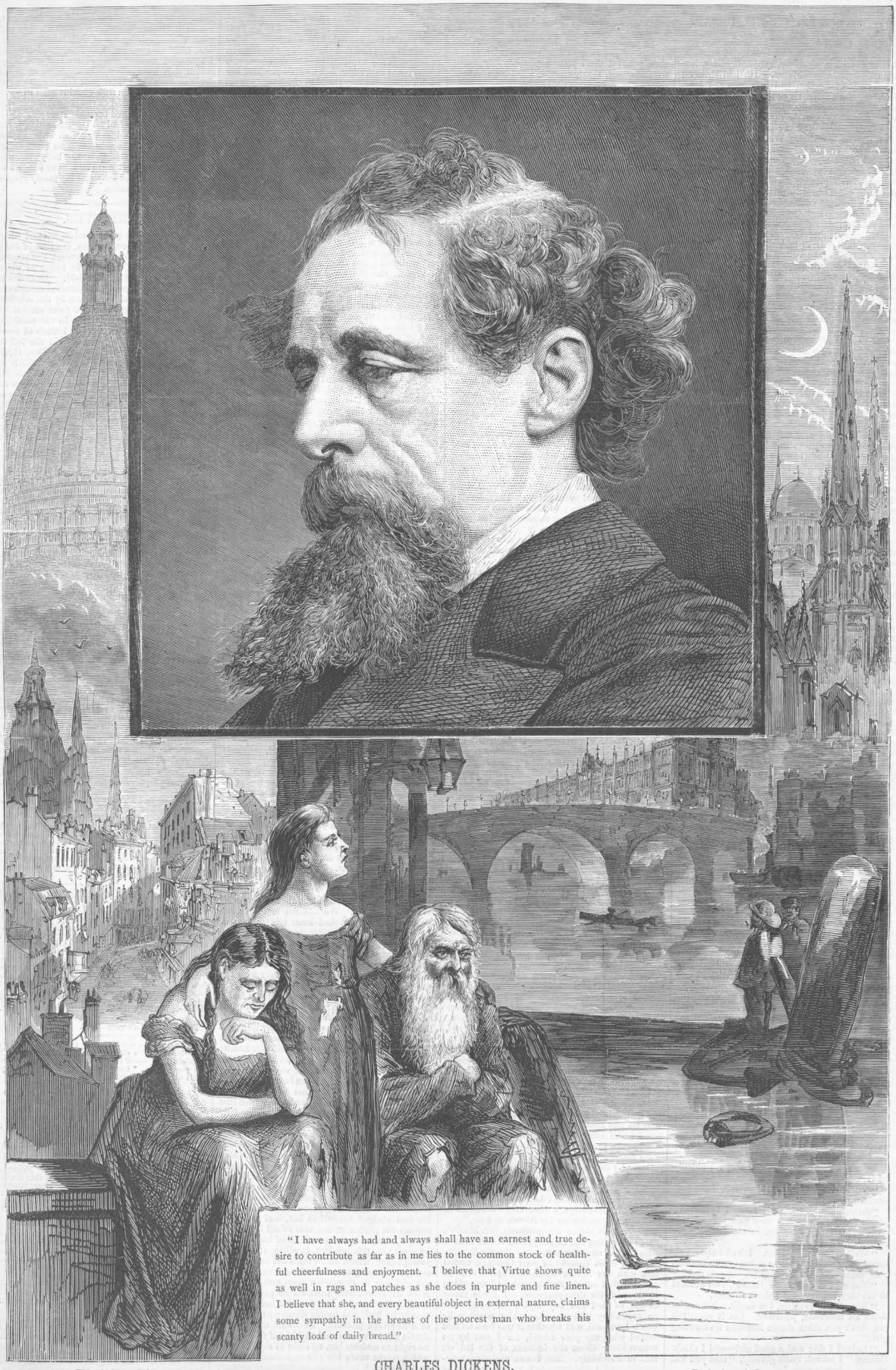

"I have always had and always shall have an earnest and true desire to contribute as far as in me lies to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she, and every beautiful object in external nature, claims some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread."

CHARLES DICKENS.

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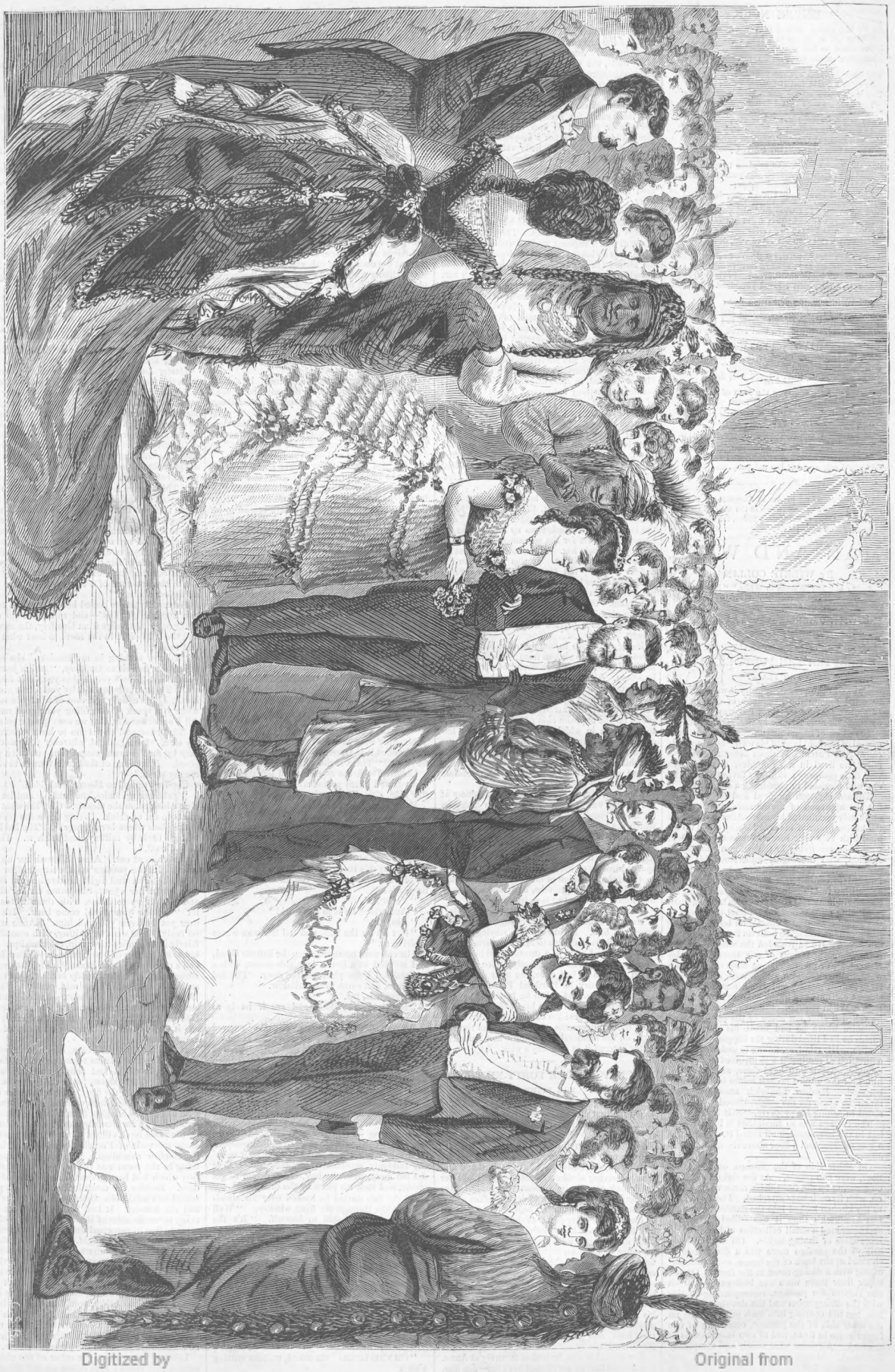

RECEPTION OF INDIANS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 412.]

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ENTRE NOUS.

As we two slowly walked that night,
Silence fell on us—as of fear;
I was afraid to face the light,
Lest you should see that I loved you, dear.

You drew my arm against your heart,
So close I could feel it beating near;
You were brave enough for a lover's part—
You were so sure that I loved you, dear.

Then you murmured a word or two,
And tenderly stooped your listening ear;
For you thought that all that you had to do
Was to hear me say that I loved you, dear.

But, though your face was so close to mine
That you touched my cheek with your chestnut hair,
I wouldn't my lips to yours resign:
And yet—I loved you—I loved you, dear.

And all at once you were cold and pale,
Because you thought that I did not care;
I cried a little behind my veil—
But that was because I loved you, dear.

And so you thought 'twas a drop of rain
That splashed your hand? But 'twas a tear;
For then you said you'd never again
Ask me to say that I loved you, dear.

Well! I will tell—if you'll listen now:
I thought of the words you said last year;
How we girls weren't coy enough, and how
There were half a dozen that loved you, dear.

And I was afraid that you held me light,
And an imp at my shoulder said, "Beware!
He's just in a wooing mood to-night."
So I *wouldn't* say that I loved you, dear.

Not though I thought you the Man of men,
Chiefest of heroes, brave and rare;
Not though I never shall love again
Any man as I loved you, dear.

I have suffered, and so have you;
And to-night, if you were but standing here,
I'd make you an answer straight and true,
If you'd ask again if I loved you, dear.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIXTEENTH SCENE.—SALT PATCH.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

THE PLACE.

EARLY in the present century it was generally reported among the neighbors of one Reuben Limbrick that he was in a fair way to make a comfortable little fortune by dealing in Salt.

His place of abode was in Staffordshire, on a morsel of freehold land of his own—appropriately called Salt Patch. Without being absolutely a miser, he lived in the humblest manner; saw very little company; skillfully invested his money; and persisted in remaining a single man.

Toward eighteen hundred and forty he first felt the approach of the chronic malady which ultimately terminated his life. After trying what the medical men of his own locality could do for him, with very poor success, he met by accident with a doctor living in the western suburbs of London, who thoroughly understood his complaint. After some journeying backward and forward to consult this gentleman, he decided on retiring from business, and on taking up his abode within an easy distance of his medical man.

Finding a piece of freehold land to be sold in the neighborhood of Fulham, he bought it, and had a cottage residence built on it, under his own directions. He surrounded the whole—being a man singularly jealous of any intrusion on his retirement, or of any chance observation of his ways and habits—with a high wall, which cost a large sum of money, and which was rightly considered a dismal and hideous object by the neighbors. When the new residence was completed, he called it after the name of the place in Staffordshire where he had made his money, and where he had lived during the happiest period of his life. His relatives, failing to understand that a question of sentiment was involved in this proceeding, appealed to hard facts, and reminded him that there were no salt mines in the neighborhood. Reuben Limbrick answered, "So much the worse for the neighborhood"—and persisted in calling his property, "Salt Patch."

The cottage was so small that it looked quite lost in the large garden all round it. There was a ground-floor and a floor above it—and that was all.

On either side of the passage, on the lower floor, were two rooms. At the right-hand side, on entering by the front-door, there was a kitchen, with its outhouses attached. The room next to the kitchen looked into the garden. In Reuben Limbrick's time it was called the study, and contained a small collection of books and a large store of fishing-tackle. On the left-hand side of the passage there was a drawing-room situated at the back of the house, and communicating with a dining-room in the front. On the upper floor there were five bedrooms—two on one side of the passage, corresponding in size with the dining-room and the drawing-room below, but not opening into each other; three on the other side of the passage, consisting of one larger room in front, and of two small rooms at the back. All these were solidly and completely furnished. Money had not been spared, and workmanship had not been stinted. It was all substantial—and, up stairs and down stairs, it was all ugly.

The situation of Salt Patch was lonely. The lands of the market-gardeners separated it from other houses. Jealously surrounded by its own high walls, the cottage suggested, even to the most unimaginative persons, the idea of an asylum or a prison. Reuben Limbrick's relatives, occasionally coming to stay with him, found the place prey on their spirits, and rejoiced when the time came for going home again. They were never pressed to stay against their will. Reuben Limbrick was not a hospitable or a sociable man. He set very little value on human sympathy, in his attacks of illness; and he bore congratulations impatiently, in his intervals of health. "I care about nothing but fishing," he used to say. "I find my dog very good company. And I am quite happy as long as I am free from pain."

On his death-bed, he divided his money justly enough among his relations. The only part of his Will which exposed itself to unfavorable criticism, was a clause conferring a legacy on one of his sisters (then a widow) who had estranged herself from her family by marrying beneath her. The family agreed in considering this unhappy person as undeserving of notice or benefit. Her name was Hester Dethridge. It proved to be a great aggravation of Hester's offenses, in the eyes of Hester's relatives, when it was discovered that she possessed a life-interest in Salt Patch, and an income of two hundred a year.

Not visited by the surviving members of her family, living, literally, by herself in the world, Hester decided, in spite of her comfortable little income, on letting lodgings. The explanation of this strange conduct which she had written on her slate, in reply to an inquiry from Anne, was the true one. "I have not got a friend in the world: I dare not live alone." In that desolate situation, and with that melancholy motive, she put the house into an agent's hands. The first person in want of lodgings whom the agent sent to see the place was Perry the trainer; and Hester's first tenant was Geoffrey Delamayn.

The rooms which the landlady reserved for herself were the kitchen, the room next to it, which had once been her brother's "study," and the two small back bedrooms up stairs—one for herself, the other for the servant-girl whom she employed to help her. The whole of the rest of the cottage was to let. It was more than the trainer wanted; but Hester Dethridge refused to dispose of her lodgings—either as to the rooms occupied, or as to the period for which they were to be taken—on other than her own terms. Perry had no alternative but to lose the advantage of the garden as a private training-ground, or to submit.

Being only two in number, the lodgers had three bedrooms to choose from. Geoffrey established himself in the back-room, over the drawing-room. Perry chose the front-room, placed on the other side of the cottage, next to the two smaller apartments occupied by Hester and her maid. Under this arrangement, the front bedroom, on the opposite side of the passage—next to the room in which Geoffrey slept—was left empty, and was called, for the time being, the spare room. As for the lower floor, the athlete and his trainer ate their meals in the dining-room; and left the drawing-room, as a needless luxury, to take care of itself.

The Foot-Race once over, Perry's business at the cottage was at an end. His empty bedroom became a second spare room. The term for which the lodgings had been taken was then still unexpired. On the day after the race Geoffrey had to choose between sacrificing the money, or remaining in the lodgings by himself, with two spare bedrooms on his hands, and with a drawing-room for the reception of his visitors—who called with pipes in their mouths, and whose idea of hospitality was a pot of beer in the garden.

To use his own phrase, he was "out of sorts." A sluggish reluctance to face change of any kind possessed him. He decided on staying at Salt Patch until his marriage to Mrs. Glenarm (which he then looked upon as a certainty) obliged him to alter his habits completely, once for all. From Fulham he had gone, the next day, to attend the inquiry in Portland Place. And to Fulham he returned, when he brought the wife who had been forced upon him to her "home."

Such was the position of the tenant, and such were the arrangements of the interior of the cottage, on the memorable evening when Anne Silvester entered it as Geoffrey's wife.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

THE NIGHT.

ON leaving Lady Lundie's house, Geoffrey called the first empty cab that passed him. He opened the door, and signed to Anne to enter the vehicle. She obeyed him mechanically. He placed himself on the seat opposite to her, and told the man to drive to Fulham.

The cab started on its journey; husband and wife preserving absolute silence. Anne laid her head back wearily, and closed her eyes. Her strength had broken down under the effort which had sustained her from the beginning to the end of the inquiry. Her power of thinking was gone. She felt nothing, knew nothing, feared nothing. Half in faintness, half in slumber, she had lost all sense of her own terrible position before the first five minutes of the journey to Fulham had come to an end.

Sitting opposite to her, savagely self-concentrated in his own thoughts, Geoffrey roused himself on a sudden. An idea had sprung to life in his sluggish brain. He put his head out of the window of the cab, and directed the driver to turn back, and go to an hotel near the Great Northern Railway.

Resuming his seat, he looked furtively at Anne. She neither moved nor opened her eyes—she was, to all appearance, unconscious of what had happened. He observed her attentively. Was she really ill? Was the time coming when he would be freed from her? He pondered over that question—watching her closely. Little by little the vile hope in him slowly died away, and a vile suspicion took its place. What, if this appearance of illness was a pretense? What, if she was waiting to throw him off his guard, and escape from him at the first opportunity? He put his head out of the window again, and gave another order to the driver. The cab diverged from the direct route, and stopped at a public house in Holborn, kept (under an assumed name) by Perry the trainer.

Geoffrey wrote a line in pencil on his card, and sent it into the house by the driver. After waiting some minutes, a lad appeared and touched his hat. Geoffrey spoke to him, out of the window, in an under-tone. The lad took his place on the box by the driver. The cab turned back, and took the road to the hotel near the Great Northern Railway.

Arrived at the place, Geoffrey posted the lad close at the door of the cab, and pointed to Anne, still reclining with closed eyes; still, as it seemed, too weary to lift her head, too faint to notice any thing that happened. "If she attempts to get out, stop her, and send for me." With those parting directions he entered the hotel, and asked for Mr. Moy.

Mr. Moy was in the house; he had just returned from Portland Place. He rose, and bowed coldly, when Geoffrey was shown into his sitting-room.

"What is your business with me?" he asked.

"I've had a notion come into my head," said Geoffrey. "And I want to speak to you about it directly."

"I must request you to consult some one else. Consider me, if you please, as having withdrawn from all further connection with your affairs."

Geoffrey looked at him in stolid surprise.

"Do you mean to say you're going to leave me in the lurch?" he asked.

"I mean to say that I will take no fresh step in any business of yours," answered Mr. Moy, firmly. "As to the future, I have ceased to be your legal adviser. As to the past, I shall carefully complete the formal duties toward you which remain to be done. Mrs. Inchbare and Bishopriggs are coming here by appointment, at six this evening, to receive the money due to them before they go back. I shall return to Scotland myself by the night mail. The persons referred to, in the matter of the promise of marriage, by Sir Patrick, are all in Scotland. I will take their evidence as to the handwriting, and as to the question of residence in the North—and I will send it to you in written form. That done, I shall have done all. I decline to advise you in any future step which you propose to take."

After reflecting for a moment, Geoffrey put a last question.

"You said Bishopriggs and the woman would be here at six this evening."

"Yes."

"Where are they to be found before that?"

Mr. Moy wrote a few words on a slip of paper, and handed it to Geoffrey. "At their lodgings," he said. "There is the address."

Geoffrey took the address, and left the room. Lawyer and client parted without a word on either side.

Returning to the cab, Geoffrey found the lad steadily waiting at his post.

"Has any thing happened?"

"The lady hasn't moved, Sir, since you left her."

"Is Perry at the public house?"

"Not at this time, Sir."

"I want a lawyer. Do you know who Perry's lawyer is?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And where he is to be found?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Get up on the box, and tell the man where to drive to."

The cab went on again along the Euston Road, and stopped at a house in a side-street, with a professional brass plate on the door. The lad got down, and came to the window.

"Here it is, Sir."

"Knock at the door, and see if he is at home."

He proved to be at home. Geoffrey entered the house, leaving his emissary once more on the watch. The lad noticed that the lady moved this time. She shivered as if she felt cold—opened her eyes for a moment wearily, and looked out through the window—sighed, and sank back again in the corner of the cab.

After an absence of more than half an hour Geoffrey came out again. His interview with Perry's lawyer appeared to have relieved his mind of something that had oppressed it. He once more ordered the driver to go to Fulham—opened the door to get into the cab—then, as it seemed, suddenly recollected himself—and, calling the lad down from the box, ordered him to get inside, and took his place by the driver.

As the cab started he looked over his shoulder at Anne through the front window. "Well worth trying," he said to himself. "It's the way to be even with her. And it's the way to be free."

They arrived at the cottage. Possibly, repose had restored Anne's strength. Possibly, the sight of the place had roused the instinct of self-preservation in her at last. To Geoffrey's surprise, she left the cab without assistance. When he opened the wooden gate, with his own key, she recoiled from it, and looked at him for the first time.

He pointed to the entrance.

"Go in," he said.

"On what terms?" she asked, without stirring a step.

Geoffrey dismissed the cab; and sent the lad in, to wait for further orders. These things done, he answered her loudly and brutally the moment they were alone:

"On any terms I please."

"Nothing will induce me," she said, firmly, "to live with you as your wife. You may kill me—but you will never bend me to that."

He advanced a step—opened his lips—and suddenly checked himself. He waited a while, turning something over in his mind. When he spoke again, it was with marked deliberation and constraint—with the air of a man who was repeating words put into his lips, or words prepared beforehand.

"I have something to tell you in the presence of witnesses," he said. "I don't ask you, or wish you, to see me in the cottage alone."

She started at the change in him. His sudden composure, and his sudden nicety in the choice of words, tried her courage far more severely than it had been tried by his violence of the moment before.

He waited her decision, still pointing through the gate. She trembled a little—steadied herself again—and went in. The lad, waiting in the front garden, followed her.

He threw open the drawing-room door, on the left-hand side of the passage. She entered the room. The servant-girl appeared. He said to her, "Fetch Mrs. Dethridge; and come back with her yourself." Then he went into the room, the lad, by his own directions, following him in; and the door being left wide open.

Hester Dethridge came out from the kitchen with the girl behind her. At the sight of Anne, a faint and momentary change passed over the stony stillness of her face. A dull light glimmered in her eyes. She slowly nodded her head. A dumb sound, vaguely expressive of something like exultation or relief, escaped her lips.

Geoffrey spoke—once more, with marked deliberation and constraint; once more, with the air of repeating something which had been prepared beforehand. He pointed to Anne.

"This woman is my wife," he said. "In the presence of you three, as witnesses, I tell her that I don't forgive her. I have brought her here—having no other place in which I can trust her to be—to wait the issue of proceedings, undertaken in defense of my own honor and good name. While she stays here, she will live separate from me, in a room of her own. If it is necessary for me to communicate with her, I shall only see her in the presence of a third person. Do you all understand me?"

Hester Dethridge bowed her head. The other two answered, "Yes"—and turned to go out. Anne rose. At a sign from Geoffrey, the servant and the lad waited in the room to hear what she had to say.

"I know nothing in my conduct," she said, addressing herself to Geoffrey, "which justifies you in telling these people that you don't forgive me. Those words applied by you to me are an insult. I am equally ignorant of what you mean when you speak of defending your good name. All I understand is, that we are separate persons in this house, and that I am to have a room of my own. I am grateful, whatever your motives may be, for the arrangement that you have proposed. Direct one of these two women to show me my room."

Geoffrey turned to Hester Dethridge.

"Take her up stairs," he said; "and let her pick which room she pleases. Give her what she wants to eat or drink. Bring down the address of the place where her luggage is. The lad here will go back by railway, and fetch it. That's all. Be off."

Hester went out. Anne followed her up the stairs. In the passage on the upper floor she stopped. The dull light flickered again for a moment in her eyes. She wrote on her slate, and held it up to Anne, with these words on it: "I knew you would come back. It's not over yet between you and him." Anne made no reply. She went on writing, with something faintly like a smile on her thin, colorless lips. "I know something of bad husbands. Yours is as bad a one as ever stood in shoes. He'll try you." Anne made an effort to stop her. "Don't you see how tired I am?" she said, gently. Hester Dethridge dropped the slate—looked with a steady and uncompassionate attention in Anne's face—nodded her head, as much as to say, "I see it now"—and led the way into one of the empty rooms.

It was the front bedroom, over the drawing-room. The first glance round showed it to be scrupulously clean, and solidly and tastelessly furnished. The hideous paper on the walls, the hideous carpet on the floor, were both of the best quality. The great heavy mahogany bedstead, with its curtains hanging from a hook in the ceiling, and with its clumsily carved head and foot on the same level, offered to the view the anomalous spectacle of French design overwhelmed by English execution. The most noticeable thing in the room was the extraordinary attention which had been given to the defense of the door. Besides the usual lock and key, it possessed two solid bolts, fastening inside at the top and the bottom. It had been one among the many eccentric sides of Reuben Limbrick's character to live in perpetual dread of thieves breaking into his cottage at night. All the outer doors and all the window shutters were solidly sheathed with iron, and had alarm-bells attached to them on a new principle. Every one of the bedrooms possessed its two bolts on the inner side of the door. And, to crown all, on the roof of the cottage was a little belfry, containing a bell large enough to make itself heard at the Fulham police station. In Reuben Limbrick's time the rope had communicated with his bedroom. It hung now against the wall, in the passage outside.

Looking from one to the other of the objects around her, Anne's eyes rested on the partition

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wall which divided the room from the room next to it. The wall was not broken by a door of communication; it had nothing placed against it but a wash-hand-stand and two chairs.

"Who sleeps in the next room?" said Anne.

Hester Dethridge pointed down to the drawing-room in which they had left Geoffrey. Geoffrey slept in the room.

Anne led the way out again into the passage.

"Show me the second room," she said.

The second room was also in front of the house. More ugliness (of first-rate quality) in the paper and the carpet. Another heavy mahogany bedstead; but, this time, a bedstead with a canopy attached to the head of it—supporting its own curtains. Anticipating Anne's inquiry, on this occasion, Hester looked toward the next room, at the back of the cottage, and pointed to herself. Anne at once decided on choosing the second room; it was the farthest from Geoffrey. Hester waited while she wrote the address at which her luggage would be found (at the house of the musical agent), and then, having applied for and received her directions as to the evening meal which she should send up stairs, quitted the room.

Left alone, Anne secured the door, and threw herself on the bed. Still too weary to exert her mind, still physically incapable of realizing the helplessness and the peril of her position, she opened a locket that hung from her neck, kissed the portrait of her mother and the portrait of Blanche placed opposite to each other inside it, and sank into a deep and dreamless sleep.

Meanwhile Geoffrey repeated his final orders to the lad, at the cottage gate.

"When you have got the luggage, you are to go to the lawyer. If he can come here to-night, you will show him the way. If he can't come, you will bring me a letter from him. Make any mistake in this, and it will be the worst day's work you ever did in your life. Away with you, and don't lose the train."

The lad ran off. Geoffrey waited, looking after him, and turning over in his mind what had been done up to that time.

"All right, so far," he said to himself. "I didn't ride in the cab with her. I told her before witnesses I didn't forgive her, and why I had her in the house. I've put her in a room by herself. And if I *must* see her, I see her with Hester Dethridge for a witness. My part's done—let the lawyer do his."

He strolled round into the back garden, and lit his pipe. After a while, as the twilight faded, he saw a light in Hester's sitting-room on the ground-floor. He went to the window. Hester and the servant girl were both there at work. "Well?" he asked. "How about the woman up stairs?" Hester's slate, aided by the girl's tongue, told him all about "the woman" that was to be told. They had taken up to her room tea and an omelet; and they had been obliged to wake her from a sleep. She had eaten a little of the omelet, and had drunk eagerly of the tea. They had gone up again to take the tray down. She had returned to the bed. She was not asleep—only dull and heavy. Made no remark. Looked clean worn out. We left her a light; and we let her be. Such was the report. After listening to it, without making any remark, Geoffrey filled a second pipe, and resumed his walk. The time wore on. It began to feel chilly in the garden. The rising wind swept audibly over the open lands round the cottage; the stars twinkled their last; nothing was to be seen overhead but the black void of night. More rain coming. Geoffrey went indoors.

An evening newspaper was on the dining-room table. The candles were lit. He sat down, and tried to read. No! There was nothing in the newspaper that he cared about. The time for hearing from the lawyer was drawing nearer and nearer. Reading was of no use. Sitting still was of no use. He got up, and went out in the front of the cottage—strolled to the gate—opened it—and looked idly up and down the road.

But one living creature was visible by the light of the gas-lamp over the gate. The creature came nearer, and proved to be the postman going his last round, with the last delivery for the night. He came up to the gate with a letter in his hand.

"The Honorable Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"All right."

He took the letter from the postman, and went back into the dining-room. Looking at the address by the light of the candles, he recognized the handwriting of Mrs. Glenarm. "To congratulate me on my marriage!" he said to himself, bitterly, and opened the letter.

Mrs. Glenarm's congratulations were expressed in these terms:

"MY ADORED GEOFFREY,—I have heard all. My beloved one! my own! you are sacrificed to the vilest wretch that walks the earth, and I have lost you! How is it that I live after hearing it? How is it that I can think, and write, with my brain on fire, and my heart broken! Oh, my angel, there is a purpose that supports me—pure, beautiful, worthy of us both. I live, Geoffrey—I live to dedicate myself to the adored idea of You. My hero! my first, last, love! I will marry no other man. I will live and die—I vow it solemnly on my bended knees—I will live and die true to You. I am your Spiritual Wife. My beloved Geoffrey! *she* can't come between us, there—*she* can never rob you of my heart's unalterable fidelity, of my soul's unearthly devotion. I am your Spiritual Wife! Oh, the blameless luxury of writing those words! Write back to me, beloved one, and say you feel it too. Vow it, idol of my heart, as I have vowed it. Unalterable fidelity! unearthly devotion! Never, never will I be the wife of any other man! Never, never will I forgive the woman who has come between us! Yours ever and only; yours with the stainless passion that burns on the altar of the heart; yours, yours, yours—E. G."

This outbreak of hysterical nonsense—in itself simply ridiculous—assumed a serious importance in its effect on Geoffrey. It associated the direct attainment of his own interests with the gratification of his vengeance on Anne. Ten thousand a year self-dedicated to him—and nothing to prevent his putting out his hand and taking it but the woman who had caught him in her trap, the woman up stairs who had fastened herself on him for life!

He put the letter into his pocket. "Wait till I hear from the lawyer," he said to himself. "The easiest way out of it is *that* way. And it's the law."

He looked impatiently at his watch. As he put it back again in his pocket there was a ring at the bell. Was it the lad bringing the luggage? Yes. And, with it, the lawyer's report? No. Better than that—the lawyer himself.

"Come in!" cried Geoffrey, meeting his visitor at the door.

The lawyer entered the dining-room. The candle-light revealed to view a corpulent, full-lipped, bright-eyed man—with a strain of negro blood in his yellow face, and with unmistakable traces in his look and manner of walking habitually in the dirtiest professional by-ways of the law.

"I've got a little place of my own in your neighborhood," he said. "And I thought I would look in myself, Mr. Delamayn, on my way home."

"Have you seen the witnesses?"

"I have examined them both, Sir. First, Mrs. Inchbare and Mr. Bishopriggs together. Next, Mrs. Inchbare and Mr. Bishopriggs separately."

"Well?"

"Well, Sir, the result is unfavorable, I am sorry to say."

"What do you mean?"

"Neither the one nor the other of them, Mr. Delamayn, can give the evidence we want. I have made sure of that."

"Made sure of that? You have made an infernal mess of it! You don't understand the case!"

The mulatto lawyer smiled. The rudeness of his client appeared only to amuse him.

"Don't I?" he said. "Suppose you tell me where I am wrong about it? Here it is in outline only. On the fourteenth of August last your wife was at an inn in Scotland. A gentleman named Arnold Brinkworth joined her there. He represented himself to be her husband, and he staid with her till the next morning. Starting from those facts, the object you have in view is to sue for a Divorce from your wife. You make Mr. Arnold Brinkworth the co-respondent. And you produce in evidence the waiter and the landlady of the inn. Any thing wrong, Sir, so far?"

Nothing wrong. At one cowardly stroke to cast Anne disgraced on the world, and to set himself free—there, plainly and truly stated, was the scheme which he had devised, when he had turned back on the way to Fulham to consult Mr. Moy.

"So much for the case," resumed the lawyer. "Now for what I have done on receiving your instructions. I have examined the witnesses; and I have had an interview (not a very pleasant one) with Mr. Moy. The result of those two proceedings is briefly this. First discovery: In assuming the character of the lady's husband, Mr. Brinkworth was acting under your directions—which tells dead against *you*. Second discovery: Not the slightest impropriety of conduct, not an approach even to harmless familiarity, was detected by either of the witnesses, while the lady and gentleman were together at the inn. There is literally no evidence to produce against them, except that they *were* together—in two rooms. How are you to assume a guilty purpose, when you can't prove an approach to a guilty act? You can no more take such a case as that into Court than you can jump over the roof of this cottage."

He looked hard at his client, expecting to receive a violent reply. His client agreeably disappointed him. A very strange impression appeared to have been produced on this reckless and headstrong man. He got up quietly; he spoke with perfect outward composure of face and manner when he said his next words.

"Have you given up the case?"

"As things are at present, Mr. Delamayn, there is no case."

"And no hope of my getting divorced from her?"

"Wait a moment. Have your wife and Mr. Brinkworth met nowhere since they were together at the Scotch inn?"

"Nowhere."

"As to the future, of course I can't say. As to the past, there is no hope of your getting divorced from her."

"Thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Delamayn."

Fastened to her for life—and the law powerless to cut the knot.

He pondered over that result until he had thoroughly realized it and fixed it in his mind. Then he took out Mrs. Glenarm's letter, and read it through again, attentively, from beginning to end.

Nothing could shake her devotion to him. Nothing would induce her to marry another man. There she was—in her own words—dedicated to him: waiting, with her fortune at her own disposal, to be his wife. There also was his father, waiting (so far as *he* knew, in the absence of any tidings from Holchester House) to welcome Mrs. Glenarm as a daughter-in-law, and to give Mrs. Glenarm's husband an income of his own. As fair a prospect, on all sides, as man could desire. And nothing in the way of it but the woman who had caught him in her trap—the woman up stairs who had fastened herself on him for life.

He went out in the garden in the darkness of the night.

There was open communication, on all sides, between the back garden and the front. He walked round and round the cottage—now appearing in a stream of light from a window; now disappearing again in the darkness. The wind blew refreshingly over his bare head. For some minutes he went round and round, faster and faster, without a pause. When he stopped at last, it was in front of the cottage. He lifted his head slowly, and looked up at the dim light in the window of Anne's room.

"How?" he said to himself. "That's the question. How?"

He went indoors again, and rang the bell. The servant-girl who answered it started back at the sight of him. His florid color was all gone. His eyes looked at her without appearing to see her. The perspiration was standing on his forehead in great heavy drops.

"Are you ill, Sir?" said the girl.

He told her, with an oath, to hold her tongue and bring the brandy. When she entered the room for the second time, he was standing with his back to her, looking out at the night. He never moved when she put the bottle on the table. She heard him muttering as if he was talking to himself.

The same difficulty which had been present to his mind in secret under Anne's window was present to his mind still.

How? That was the problem to solve. How?

He turned to the brandy, and took counsel of that.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE well recognized cry of "Straw-ber-*ries!* straw-ber-*ries!*" was heard some time ago in the streets of our city, yet a glimpse any morning into Fulton, Washington, or any of our up-town markets, will show that this luscious fruit is by no means gone. Somebody has said that doubtless God *might* have made a better berry than the strawberry, but that He never did. We certainly feel exceedingly content with the rich varieties so tempting and grateful to the palate, which are offered for sale every morning—red, ripe, and fresh. Yet every thing in the vegetable world is good in its season, and the raspberries, blueberries, huckleberries, blackberries, melons, pears, plums, peaches, etc., which follow strawberries, will not fail to be appreciated. Perhaps one reason why we place an extra value on the strawberry is because it comes first, when, weary of preserved and canned fruits, we long for what is fresh from Nature's laboratory.

"Red Cloud," the Indian Chief, evidently regards fashionable costume as an absurdity. He is reported to have burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter when he first saw the ladies of Washington in street costume. Well, it is not strange. Ladies themselves will laugh in 1875 at the fashion plates of 1870.

A very pleasant excursion party, consisting of three hundred California school-teachers, accompanied by a number of friends, left San Francisco on the 28th of May, and arrived at this city on the 5th of June, having made the trip in seven days and four hours. This is the largest party that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains. The excursionists came through in a special train of eight splendid Silver Palace and Pullman sleeping cars, without accident or delay. They were accompanied by James Denman, Superintendent of Public Schools of San Francisco, and John Swett, ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of California. From Omaha they came by way of the Burlington and Missouri River and the Pennsylvania Central Railroads. The excursion rates were $140 for the round trip, exclusive of sleeping cars.

An interesting relic was lately exhibited at the Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Meeting in this city. It was the old parish Bible which for over a century lay in the pulpit of Epworth Church, England, and from which Rev. Samuel Wesley and his son, John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, preached so long. It has just come into this country, and is now in the possession of Rev. William H. Boole, with the documents which tell its ancient history. Mr. Boole designs that it shall go into the library of some Methodist college in the United States, to be there preserved for future generations; and any money that he may make on it is to go to the maintenance of his Water Street Mission.

The French Academy of Fine Arts has just fallen into "good luck." The Comtesse De Caen, dying without direct heirs, has bequeathed to it half her fortune, which amounts to upward of £13,000 a year. Strange to say, however, the Countess did not word her will correctly, bequeathing the money to the "Institut des Beaux Arts," which does not exist at all. The Institute of France comprises five different academies, beginning with the Académie Française, and ending with the Académie des Beaux Arts. Upon this mistake the Ecole des Beaux Arts has built a claim. But the Ecole is a governmental system, while the Institute is free and independent; and as the Countess was known to object to governmental systems her meaning must be plain. By this lady's beneficence, also, all the young painters and sculptors who have won the Prix de Rome are to receive, during four years after their return from the Eternal City, a pension of four thousand francs to help them through the difficult time of their *débuts*; and architects are to have three thousand. A gallery of fine arts, bearing her name, is to be established in Paris; and a large sum has been apportioned to the purchase of works of art.

A brave woman is Mrs. Flinn, of Detroit; and although poor and uneducated, and obliged to wash for her daily bread, she has a most heroic spirit. One evening, when carrying some linen to a soldier at the fort near the river, she heard cries of distress, and saw forms struggling in the water a short distance from shore. She perceived that they were boys, and were floating down, clinging to a capsized skiff. Mrs. Flinn first looked for a boat, but finding none seized a board and pushed into the stream. The water almost floated her from her perch; but she rapidly neared the boys, cheering them through the gloom to hold on. When she reached the skiff she made the boys take firmer hold, and in some almost miraculous manner—for she could not swim—pushed the boat to shore and took them off. The lads were about thirteen years old, and, being thoroughly chilled when rescued, would doubtless have perished but for the energetic courage of this brave woman.

Among the many interesting incidents which occurred during the late Masonic festival was the following: Late in the afternoon, when the Committee visited the corner-stone to see if it had been properly sealed up, they found in the hands of the police guarding it $92 11 in money and a number of gold finger-rings, which had been thrown voluntarily upon the stone by men, women, and children, thus showing their appreciation of the labors of the craft in the cause of charity. The entire amount was in small sums ranging from one cent to a dollar bill.

The French preserve eggs by rubbing them with fresh butter. The Russians pack them in crocks, the small end down, and pour melted tallow over them.

A wondrous triumph has been achieved by the Baronne Almaury de Maistre in the complete adoption of her opera at Brussels. Madame De Maistre is already well known as a composer of sacred music. Her "Stabat Mater" has been performed in every great church in Paris, and her "Requiem" is adopted for the burial services by most of the *maitres*. But the opera of "Les Roussalkas" is her first theatrical work, and has astonished all composers, who have declared that feminine intellect could never rise to the painting of a master-piece or the composition of an opera. The libretto of "Les Roussalkas" is charming, founded on a Russian legend of Ondines. The King and Queen of the Belgians, with the whole court, attended the first performance, and have repeated their visit to the opera many times.

A fearful report of the plague of grasshoppers comes from Cathay Valley, California—700,000,000 to the square foot is the estimate!

About eighty men are employed in this city as letter-carriers. Many of these have been soldiers. They are engaged in delivering mails from seven in the morning until five in the evening—there being nine daily deliveries. The present Superintendent of the New York Dead Letter Department has been connected with the Post-office for over forty years. Formerly he was Superintendent of the Carriers' Department. The oldest *attaché* of the Post-office is Colonel Dodd, he having held office for upward of fifty-four years. At one time he used to carry the whole Southern mail on his back, and cross the North River with it in a flat-boat pulled by himself. Subsequently the mail matter increased so that he was compelled to use a wheel-barrow.

After all, if young ladies would only believe it, there is nothing more likely to please a sensible man than to see in a woman not only an ability to do common things well, but a graceful willingness to turn her hands to whatever circumstances render necessary. It is related of the Prince of Schleswig-Holstein that, on his return from a scientific voyage which had lasted for several years, he found his library in a state of great disorder. He asked his steward to recommend some one who would rearrange it. The steward mentioned a young lady who acted as companion to his wife. This young person, Mlle. Carmelita Eilsenblat, is the daughter of a merchant at Calcutta, who was formerly in wealthy circumstances; but on his meeting with a reverse of fortune the children were obliged to earn their own living, and the young lady in question had even appeared on the stage. She accepted the proposals made to her, and on entering upon her duties the Prince found her so well educated and so intelligent that he was quite charmed, and at last made her an offer of marriage. The union has probably taken place before this time; and the bridegroom applied to the King of Prussia for permission to lay aside his princely rank and assume the title of Count De Boer, so that the marriage shall not be a morganatic one.

The M'Farland trial, or rather the incidents that caused it, have been worked up into a four-act drama, interspersed with comic songs, for a San Francisco theatre.

Brigham Young, in a recent discourse in the New Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, remarked that a few years ago it took about sixteen yards of cloth to make a lady a dress, for she wanted a considerable quantity to drag in the streets. Now, he supposed, they make their dresses out of five yards and a half, and have an abundance left for an apron! Evidently, Brigham Young knows nothing about dress-making.

Do not chew tobacco if there is any chance of your being sun-struck while the weed is in your mouth! A young man in Cincinnati had his mouth well stored with tobacco, when he was so suddenly sun-struck that he swallowed the cud. His life was scarcely saved.

The so-called "Sleeping Beauty of Tennessee" has another less romantic name—Susan Caroline Godsay. Her story, as given by local papers, is briefly as follows: When about four years old she was taken sick with what was supposed to be chills and fever; but the skill of physicians was baffled. At the end of two years she fell into a nervous sleep, from which she has not woke since for a longer time than twelve minutes. She usually sleeps soundly from eleven o'clock at night until about six in the morning, and through the day wakes about once an hour. During her waking spells she speaks pleasantly and intelligently, answers promptly any question asked her, and appears quite happy and contented. One of the strangest points of this strange case is seemingly total absence of any thing like respiration. A piece of the finest polished glass held to her lips fails to disclose the slightest breath. Her pulse is perfectly still, and but for a nervous and tremulous motion of the body, which never ceases, you might at any time call her dead. She has grown during her affliction from a little child to about the average height of her sex, and weighs ninety-six pounds; and although her body and hands show her very poor in flesh, her face is full and smooth, and her features well developed and beautiful. She is about twenty-five years old, and is tenderly watched over by her widowed mother.

A German translation of Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folks," in four volumes, has appeared in Berlin.

A spoonful of powdered charcoal dropped into the water in which a bouquet is kept will preserve the flowers fresh for several days.

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THE PLAYMATES.—[FROM A PAINTING BY J. HAYLLAR.]

THE PLAYMATES.

MR. HAYLLAR, the painter of this pleasant picture, is an English artist who has made the representation of child life and character a specialty—rarely attempting more ambitious subjects. The picture we have engraved presents a freshness and vivacity of treatment well suited to the theme with which it deals. The subject itself requires no comment. It will remind many readers, no doubt, of WORDSWORTH'S beautiful description of a kitten with falling leaves, which we quote for the benefit of those who do not happen to have a volume of his poems at hand. The poem is an autumn reverie; but the lines we copy apply just as well to this pretty midsummer picture. Watching the falling leaves, the kindly poet thus beautifully mingles imagination and description:

> Eddying round and round, they sink
> Slowly, slowly: one might think,
> From the motions that are made,
> Every little leaf conveyed
> Sylph or Fairy hither tending—
> To this lower world descending—
> Each invisible and mute,
> In his wavering parachute.
> But the kitten, how she starts,
> Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts,
> First at one, and then its fellow,
> Just as light and just as yellow.
> There are many now—now one—
> Now they stop, and there are none.
> What intenseness of desire
> In her upward eye of fire!
> With a tiger-leap, half-way
> Now she meets the coming prey,
> Lets it go again, and then
> Has it in her power again.
> Now she works with three or four,
> Like an Indian conjuror;
> Quick as he in feat of art—
> Far beyond in joy of heart.
> Were her antics played in the eye
> Of a thousand standers-by,
> Clapping hands, with shout and stare,
> What would little Tabby care
> For the plaudits of the crowd?
> Over-happy to be proud—
> Over-wealthy in the treasure
> Of her own exceeding pleasure!

The skill of the artist is surely not ill employed upon subjects like those selected by Mr. HAYLLAR, which address themselves to the more genial instincts of human nature, and convey a harmless enjoyment to thousands who would take far less interest in works of a more ambitious character.

INDIANS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

ON the evening of June 6 a grand Indian reception took place at the White House, of which we give an illustration on page 409. The members of the diplomatic corps, the Cabinet, and a large number of other dignitaries, with their ladies, were present; and the Blue, Green, and Red rooms were crowded by the brilliant assemblage. The ladies were attired in magnificent summer reception and levée costumes, and the gentlemen were in full party dress.

The Indian delegation were received in the East Room by Commissioner PARKER. SPOTTED TAIL, with his three braves, were seated at the northeast end of the room, and RED CLOUD, and his party of a dozen men and four squaws,

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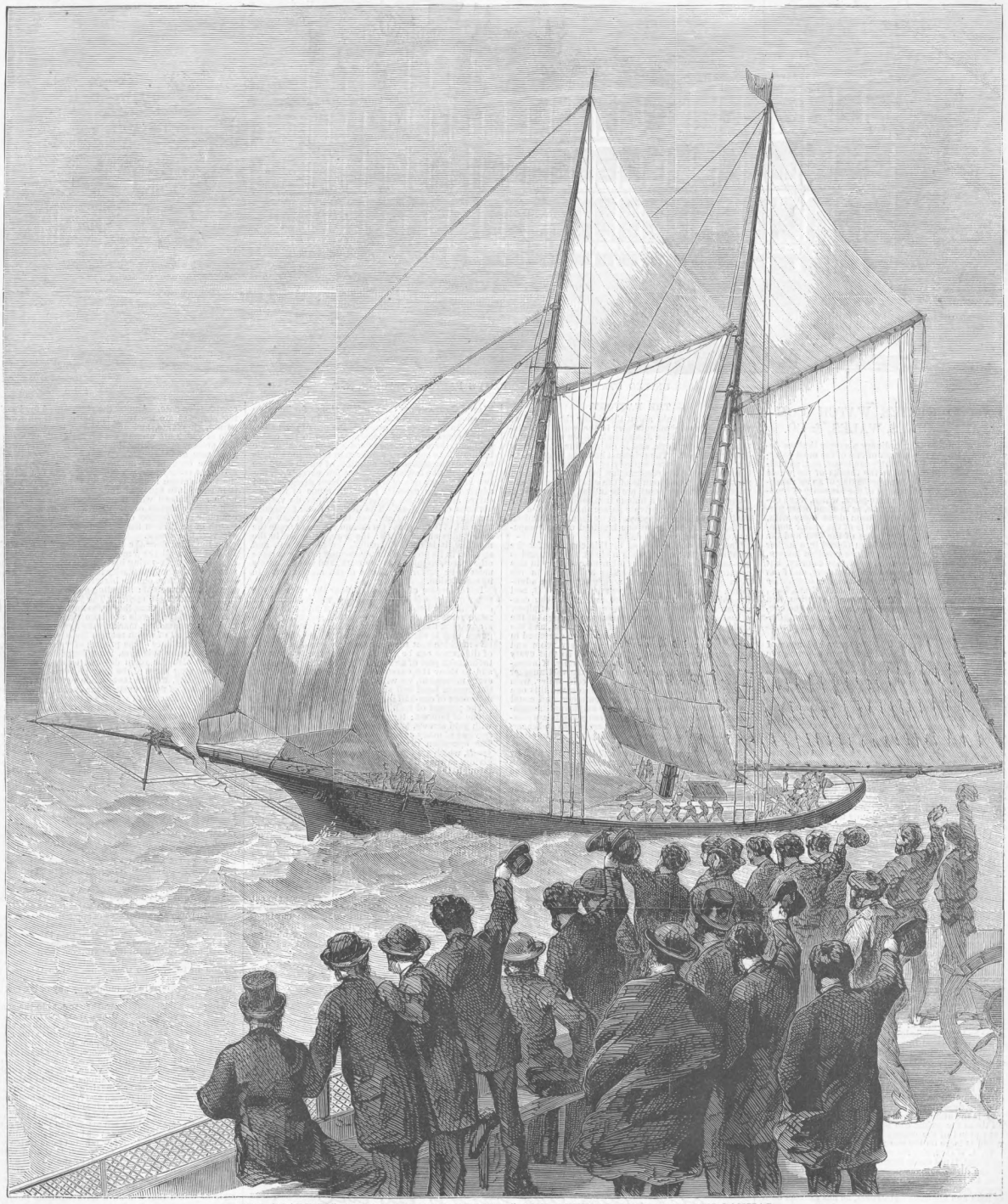
were seated on the east side. SPOTTED TAIL and his braves, says an eye-witness, were dressed in blue blankets, white leggins, white shirts, and with each a single eagle feather adorned the back of the hair. Their faces were painted with the war-paint, and all the bead and feather trinkets of the body and legs were used. RED CLOUD was horribly painted—neck, face, and head. He wore a grotesque head piece, made of eagle feathers, and attached or sewed into red flannel. This was trailed down from the head to the very ground, and was not only odd, but beautiful.

RED DOG, his lieutenant and orator, also had one of the eagle head-dresses, as had several of the other chiefs. All kinds of grotesque shawls, blankets, and robes, with a variety of shirts, leggins, and every conceivable kind of bead and trinket adornment, were brought into use by RED CLOUD and his band. The squaws wore short dresses, high bodies or shirts, and their cheeks, nose, and forehead were thickly covered with red paint.

The introduction to the President and the rest of the company present is described as having been very amusing. Commissioner PARKER led, and RED CLOUD and the other Indians followed, and shook hands with every lady and gentleman in the room. By the ladies it seemed to be especially enjoyed. They had no fear of RED CLOUD and SPOTTED TAIL, with their gloved hands; and they appeared to enjoy the huge hand-shaking they gave and received from the sons of the forest. They all—young and old, single and married—seemed to forget for the moment the rules and restrictions of polite society, and gave themselves up to the thorough enjoyment of the strange scene. They put innumerable questions, through the interpreters, and curiously examined the costumes, the hair-dressing, the paint on the cheeks, the beads, the tin ornaments of the Indians; who, on their part, were no less curious in regard to the dress and more brilliant ornaments of the whites. Both ranks were soon broken, and from every part of the room rose laughter and exclamations of wonder and admiration as something strange or ludicrous struck the eye.

A handsome evening entertainment in the state dining-room closed the reception. It was noticed that our barbarian brethren partook of the delicacies of civilized life with evident relish, and ate very freely of cakes and ices. The President and MRS. GRANT and the other ladies and gentlemen helped the guests to the unwonted viands. Judge HOAR and Secretary ROBESON paid special attention to the squaws—cutting cake, handing them nick-nacks, etc. One of these squaws took from the President a bon-bon and a French "kiss;" and, taking her pocket-book from her bosom, placed them in it, and returned her pocket-book to its hiding-place, amidst general laughter from the whites. About 10 o'clock the guests departed, much pleased with the manner of their reception and entertainment. Before returning to the West they will visit New York and other cities.



THE "SAPPHO" ROUNDING THE "VICTIS," AND SETTING HER BALLOON-CANVAS.

THE "SAPPHO" AND THE "CAMBRIA."

THIS illustration represents the most exciting moment during the progress of the third race between the *Sappho* and the *Cambria*. The start in this race, as our readers may remember, was made under very unfavorable circumstances. There was almost a dead calm; and the two vessels lay chafing like thorough-breds at their enforced inactivity, and, although their helms were down, and their fore-sheets to windward, contriving, nevertheless, to forge ahead. Then the gun was fired; in a moment, as it were, the sails were set, and the *Sappho* seemed literally to leap away. Presently a heavy fog came on, and for some time hid the rival vessels from sight. At length it lifted, when the *Cambria* appeared to windward of the *Sappho;* but, by an error in seamanship she lost the advance of position, and the American yacht, as represented in the illustration, rounded the mark-boat first, passing close beneath her stern, within a biscuit-toss. As soon as she felt the wind free she ran up a cloud of canvas (she is represented in the act of setting her balloon-jib and her main-topmast stay-sail), and tore away at a wonderful rate. These precious three minutes enabled the *Sappho* to win the race with ease, and to round the mark-boat in triumph, while the *Cambria*, full a mile astern, lay becalmed and struggling vainly against the ebb-tide.

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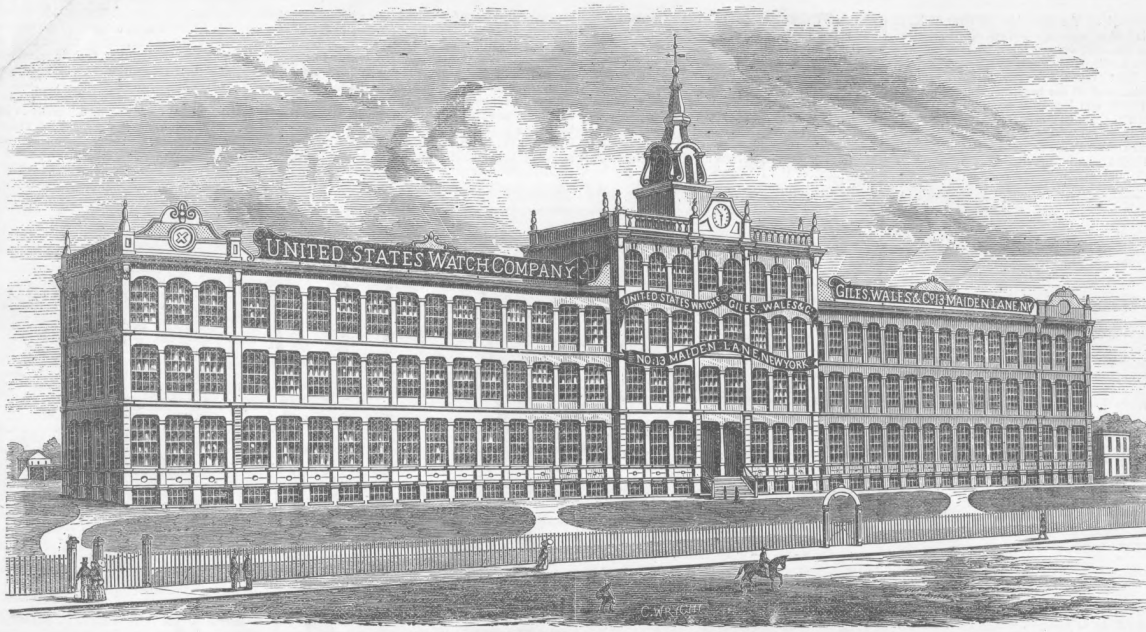

UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY'S FACTORY, MARION, N. J.

UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY.—GILES, WALES, & CO.

IT is with more than ordinary pleasure that we devote ourselves to this sketch of one of the most enterprising firms that this country can boast, and, as individuals, they are entitled to the thanks of the whole country for the locating and perfecting of an establishment that entirely relieves us of the necessity of sending to Europe to possess a time-piece, which, when obtained, is oftentimes inaccurate, or in some other particular defective. This has been done away with, however, and through the efforts of the senior member, F. A. GILES, Esq., the name of the firm and the American manufacturer has been placed in a higher niche, and has received the highest possible honors, not only from the appreciative of this country, but from the skillful and ingenious of all classes, and from all parts of the world. It will be a matter of surprise to many when we inform them that F. A. GILES, Esq., the head and front of this monster institution, is a young man, only 33 years of age, and yet is the controlling mind—the planner, the inventor, the originator, and completer of one of the grandest enterprises ever conceived in this our time.

When it is considered that Mr. GILES had none of the advantages of wealth or influence to assist him in the furtherance of his schemes but his own indomitable will, the brilliant success he has achieved well deserves the plaudits he has received, and which the world is always ready to bestow on the man who is bold and honest enough to devote his life to the interests and well-being of all who surround or may be brought in contact with him.

Mr. GILES spent several years as salesman in the employ of PLATT & BRO., where he projected and founded the present house of GILES, WALES, & Co., embracing W. A. WALES, Esq. (who at that time had charge of the New York office of Messrs. ROGERS SMITH, & Co.), his younger brother, F. S. GILES, and his brother-in-law, G. C. F. WRIGHT, Esq. It was at this juncture that he conceived the idea of making watches by machinery, and organized the now justly-celebrated United States Watch Co., and the Marion Building Co., with a view not only to provide houses for the families of the operatives, but, by purchasing and improving a very large tract of land, to reap the benefit of the great increase in the value of real estate caused by building these extensive works thereon.

Mr. GILES being left an orphan at the age of eight years, and being the oldest male member of a family of seven children, it became incumbent on him, with his eldest sister, to provide for and to superintend the education of the rest. Feeling his responsibilities as a son and a brother, he determined on learning the manufacturing of watch-work, with the idea, at some future day, of controlling the destinies of a watch manufactory. After perfecting his mechanical studies and starting business in this city, he made a trip to Europe, and there laid the foundation for the furtherance of his early-laid plans. On his return he commissioned his younger brother, who at that time had no practical knowledge of the business, to carry out the project as he had formed it, in the prosecution of the Swiss branch, until he could mature his plans here, at which time he intended to withdraw and instruct him in this country in the manufacturing of watches by machinery, and of which the European manufacturer had no knowledge. One year ago he was withdrawn and placed in position to superintend the interests of the manufactory, now completed, and which stands to-day a monument to the skill and determination of its worthy head. There are few men possessing the capabilities of Mr. F. A. GILES as a business man; he wields the vast interests and details of this establishment with perfect ease, and being practical in every department, he watches closely and jealously guards the utmost minutiæ of the business, so that at all times the public can feel safe, and the firm more than proud of the estimation so justly placed by the world at large on the watches manufactured by them.

W. A. WALES, Esq., is one of those gentlemen who, once met, is not easily forgotten. Having experienced all the disadvantages possible in his early efforts to rise, he is always ready to cheer and encourage the young man striving to win himself position. Active of limb and vigorous of intellect, he has exerted both mind and body to the furtherance of any and every plan suggested for the good and interest of the business, and, in so doing, has rendered the association one of pleasure as well as profit to all concerned.

In G. C. F. WRIGHT, Esq., the junior member of the firm, we find all the elements of the true business man. Bold and determined in the prosecution of trade, genial, generous, and decided in character, he has won himself a host of friends, both in active and private life. Those coming under his immediate control are always subjects of his personal interest, while all with whom he is brought in contact exclaim: "*It is good to know him.*" Each and all of the partners working in a common cause, bearing with each other's peculiarities, and willing at all times to accept the rulings of the senior member, F. A. GILES, they have, through his indefatigable labors, carved themselves out a name that will shine brighter and brighter as the beauties of American mechanism are held up for general admiration by these worthy gentlemen.

THE FACTORY.

There is no doubt about this being the largest as well as the model manufactory in the world. It is located at Marion, New Jersey, only fifteen minutes distant from New York, and is on the line of the New Jersey Railroad. The principal building is 253 feet in length, is built almost entirely of iron and glass, and is remarkable in its construction in point of light and ventilation. The grounds of the establishment comprise three or more acres, are beautifully laid out, and, being surrounded by a unique iron fence, it has more the appearance of a private palace than a hive of industry in which are employed more than four hundred souls, turning out about one hundred of the company's celebrated watches daily.

The great care exhibited by this company for the comfort of their employés is a credit to them, and is pre-eminently ahead of any other manufactory in this country in this particular. The building is in the form of a T, the design of which excites the admiration of all who are so fortunate as to see it, and the interior arrangements are perfect for the convenience and comfort of all concerned. Sets of pipes, of which there are a number arranged throughout the building, are used respectively for light, heat, and the supplying of water. Great care has been exercised in guarding against accident by fire, every room and hallway being supplied with fire-hose, so that every floor can be drenched almost immediately, if necessary. The toilet arrangements for the vast number of employés are perfect: hot and cold water, with abundance of room and light, serve to make this one of the pleasantest rooms in the building, and could be copied with advantage by many employers throughout the country. The sanitary arrangements are complete; the consequences of which are health and cheerfulness expressed by every one engaged in the establishment.

The first floor of the centre building is occupied by the offices, which are located on each side of the hallway, in the centre of the building, and by the machine shops and forwarding room.

The basement is devoted to the engine room, the smiths' shop, hardening room, punching room, and other portions that are set aside for the storage of materials used in the business. The engine used is 80-horse power, was built by the Putnam Machine Company of Fitchburg, Mass., and is, in itself, a triumph of mechanical skill. The boilers, of which there are two, are the well-known "Harrison." On this floor the heavy work is performed, all the parts being wrought in shape from the crude materials; there is also storage for the various tools used in punching into shape all the parts and movements of a watch. Where steel enters in the construction of a watch, the American only is used, as that has been found by actual test to be the only article that *can* be used with any degree of reliability, the imported article, many times, having defects that condemn it entirely. The only imported articles used by THE UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY are the precious stones for jeweling the movements and the enamel used in making the dials. In the room set aside for the use of mechanics in the construction of machinery used in the establishment, there is a corps of some 25 men, whose sole business is to construct and keep in repair the various machines throughout the building, of which there are something like 500, and, with but few exceptions, not two alike, each one of which has been designed and adapted for an especial purpose. Some of the machines are novelties, performing as they do various portions of the work. The duties of one particular machine used are various, yet, in its performance of them all, it is *faultless*. On this machine are made the steady-pins of the watch: the wire, being fed in the machine, it is cut off, headed, the thread cut, and screwed in its position simultaneously; while in some other cases, so minute is the work, and so elaborately must it be performed, that a dozen machines aid in its completion.

In the centre of the second floor the office of the superintendent is situated, and in which the private drawings are kept. The drawings of all parts of the movements are on an enlarged scale, and upon which are marked the measurements of the private standard guage that is used by this company. So accurate is this machine that the very smallest possible fraction of difference can be divined, even to the twenty-fifth thousandth part of an inch. To make this more plain, and to show the exactness required on the part of every movement, we will say that the finest hair from the human head will show by this unerring finger a difference of one-hundredth.

The process of making the compensating balances is one of interest; they are made of brass and steel, with gold screws, and to complete them requires the services of many experts before they can be finished. The operation of making and polishing the *pallet jewels*, which are of fine ruby, is one of great delicacy, giving, as they do with their *perfect angles*, impulse through the fork to the vibrations of the balance. When we consider that it takes fully *one hundred thousand* of these to weigh *one* pound, or more than *eight thousand to a single ounce*, we are indeed at fault whether to admire the perfection of the work or applaud the genius who conceived the manner in which it is done. Impossible as this statement may seem to the uninitiated, there are still greater wonders performed. Steel screws, perfect in every particular—head, slot, and thread—yet so small that it takes more than *five hundred thousand* of them to weigh a pound, or more than *forty thousand* to a single ounce! and to be seen to advantage the eye must be aided by a magnifying glass of some power.

The facility with which the precious stones are cut up and worked is astonishing, when we consider their extreme hardness and brittle nature; but ingenuity has again displayed itself and been brought to bear especially upon this point, and every obstacle overcome, so that the hardest stone is worked with comparative ease. Among the stones used for jeweling purposes are the ruby, sapphire, Spanish topaz, garnet, chrysolite, and aqua-marine, the more valuable of which are used in the higher grade of watch. The process of working these gems is one requiring great care, and they undergo many operations before they are brought to an acceptable condition. To make the *roller jewels*, working in the slot of the fork, the rough stone is first sawn into slabs, after which it is sawn into squares; they are then taken to the lathe and turned with diamond-pointed tools, then polished by means of diamond powder, and when completed the subject of all this labor is but one-sixteenth of an inch in length, and about the thickness of a very fine needle.

On the third floor the "motion room" is situated. In this room all the "motion works" are fitted, including the main-spring barrels, the winding and the stop works. One peculiarity in the construction is in being able to take out the barrel without taking apart the whole movement: affording great facility for putting in a new main spring. The jewels for the pivot holes are prepared, and the *trains* for jeweling and the insertion of the jewels are here performed. Then comes the enameling, marking the figures, gilding the plates, etc., all of which require the utmost skill and perpetual vigilance. The process of "*damaskeening*," known only by this firm, is performed with locked doors, as also the room devoted to experimenting. In examining some of the finer movements made by this company, we find them made entirely of *nickel*; their beauty of finish excited our special admiration, and it is on this class of work that the *damaskeening* is shown in all its beauty. The work finished in this style has the appearance of watered silk, and far surpasses any thing of the kind ever before attempted.

The fourth floor may be denominated the great work-room of the establishment. Here the different parts, numbering 400 or more to each watch, are brought for final adjustment, and are tested with reference to the effect of heat, cold, position, and "*isochronism*." This means the equalizing of its driving power, so that at the end of a number of hours there will be no perceptible difference in its running. This is something that has taxed the ingenuity of many, but has been left for the genius of this house to perfect. It is well understood that the main spring, when first wound, possesses a greater propelling power than when it is nearly run down, for the strength of the spring is spent, and the movement must of a necessity be slower; yet when the balance spring is properly made and isochronized, its vibrations are continually the same, and a perfect uniformity is attained. The testing of a watch is made every twelve hours, and the slightest variations detected and remedied before the watch is permitted to leave the adjusting-room.

In this room are two pieces of apparatus for the performance of the final test. One of these two apparatuses is cooled by means of ice, so that the temperature is reduced to zero; the other has sheet-iron apartments, and heated until it has attained 100 degrees, in which the watch must run alternately, without any variation in time. The time consumed in this test is about one week; but a greater perfection is obtained than can be gained in six months by any of the methods practiced in Europe.

After the adjustment the works are sent to the company's salesroom, Messrs. GILES, WALES, & Co., No. 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y. This repository is worthy a visit, and no one that is in the business, coming to this city, who contemplates purchasing, should fail to see the Aladdin-like wonders kept in store. Novelties of every description in the watch trade greet the eye, some of which are of exceeding great value. Here are watches richly embellished with various kinds of valuable stones, some whose cases are fairly incrusted with diamonds, and bearing in design and color birds and flowers, as like as if they had been placed there by the pencil of the artist. Then we see watches, incased in plain solid gold, some of which are marvels in point of construction, possessing every device to make them useful as well as ornamental. A few points of one watch we saw were admirable, viz.: the watch is wound without a key (a stem-winder, which, by the way, is a specialty of this house, and for which several patents are held; they are the most simple and the only practical ones yet produced, and eventually will be the only style of watch that will have favor with the public); the hands are set also from the stem; it strikes the hours, loud, distinct, and musically sweet; after striking the hour it strikes the quarters and the minutes, so that in the dark its possessor can know the hour and the minute. Other watches in cases, in various forms of butterflies, etc., the works of which are not larger than a one-cent piece; while in other materials, such as solid silver and plated ware, etc., this house stands unrivaled. Here, as in the manufactory, the master mind is shown in the management of its affairs. Order is the *first law*—without it all would be confusion. All engaged here are imbued with the same spirit that characterizes the members of the firm, and which they rigidly enforce, enabling them to roll on the business, and guard successfully the many interests involved.

Many are the certificates from leading men in this country as to the perfection of the watches bearing the name "United States Watch Company," but the most astonishing one is from the HON. L. E. CHITTENDEN,

Watch No 1089. bearing Trade Mark Frederic Atherton & Co. Marion N.J. Manufactured by United States Watch Co. has been carried by me from december 1868 to Jan. 17th 1870. its total variation being only two Seconds in the entire time.
New York Jan 17th 1870
L. E. Chittenden
Late Register U.S. Treasury

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late Register of the United States Treasury, in which he states that "Watch bearing trade-mark Frederick Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J., carried by him from December, 1868, to January 17, 1870, had a total variation of *only two seconds* in the entire time." This is perfection, and is, without doubt, the very acme of mechanical skill, brought to perfection by the energy and patient labor of F. A. GILES, Esq., the worthy President of the United States Watch Company, and the senior member of the house of GILES, WALES, & Co.

This firm is fortunate in having for its controlling head a man so highly competent to preside over its destinies. As a business man, he is possessed of great foresight, ambition, and the most unswerving honesty. What he does is always well done; what he engages in receives his entire attention. His reputation, his life of honest, earnest, successful endeavor, are enough of themselves to assign him the first place in the front rank of American manufacturers. In addition to the many honors already received by this house, we will add that they have just received notice of the award made to them, which was the *first* prize at the Louisiana State Fair, held at New Orleans for the Spring of 1870, *over all competitors*. It is well deserved, and we wish them every and a long-continued success. —[*Com.*]

DYSPEPTICS, MARK THIS!

NOTHING tones the system like iron; nothing purifies the blood like sulphur. In every healthy person's organization iron is incorporated. Deprived of this metallic constituent the digestive apparatus and the secretive organs can not vigorously perform their functions. Supply the loss artificially by taking *Stafford's Iron and Sulphur Powders*. The sulphur will purge the vitiative blood of impurities; the iron will invigorate the blood-producing organs. If the complexion is muddy or sallow, it will be rendered fresh and transparent. These results are guaranteed.

Sold by druggists. 1 Package, 12 Powders, $1; 3 Packages, $2 50. Mailed free. Money sent at our risk.—HALL & RUCKEL, 218 Greenwich Street, N.Y.

THE HUMAN HAIR.

MANY persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament by burning it with *alcoholic washes* and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed. *Burnett's Cocoaine*, a compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., is unrivaled as a dressing for the hair—is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off and promoting its healthy growth.—[*Com.*]

NEVERMORE can the coarse, gritty tooth powders and tooth-destroying chemical fluids find a place on the toilets of sensible people. The fragrant and preservative *Sozodont* has superseded them all.—(*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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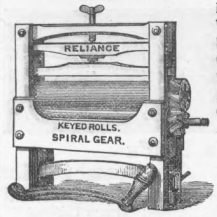

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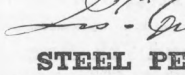

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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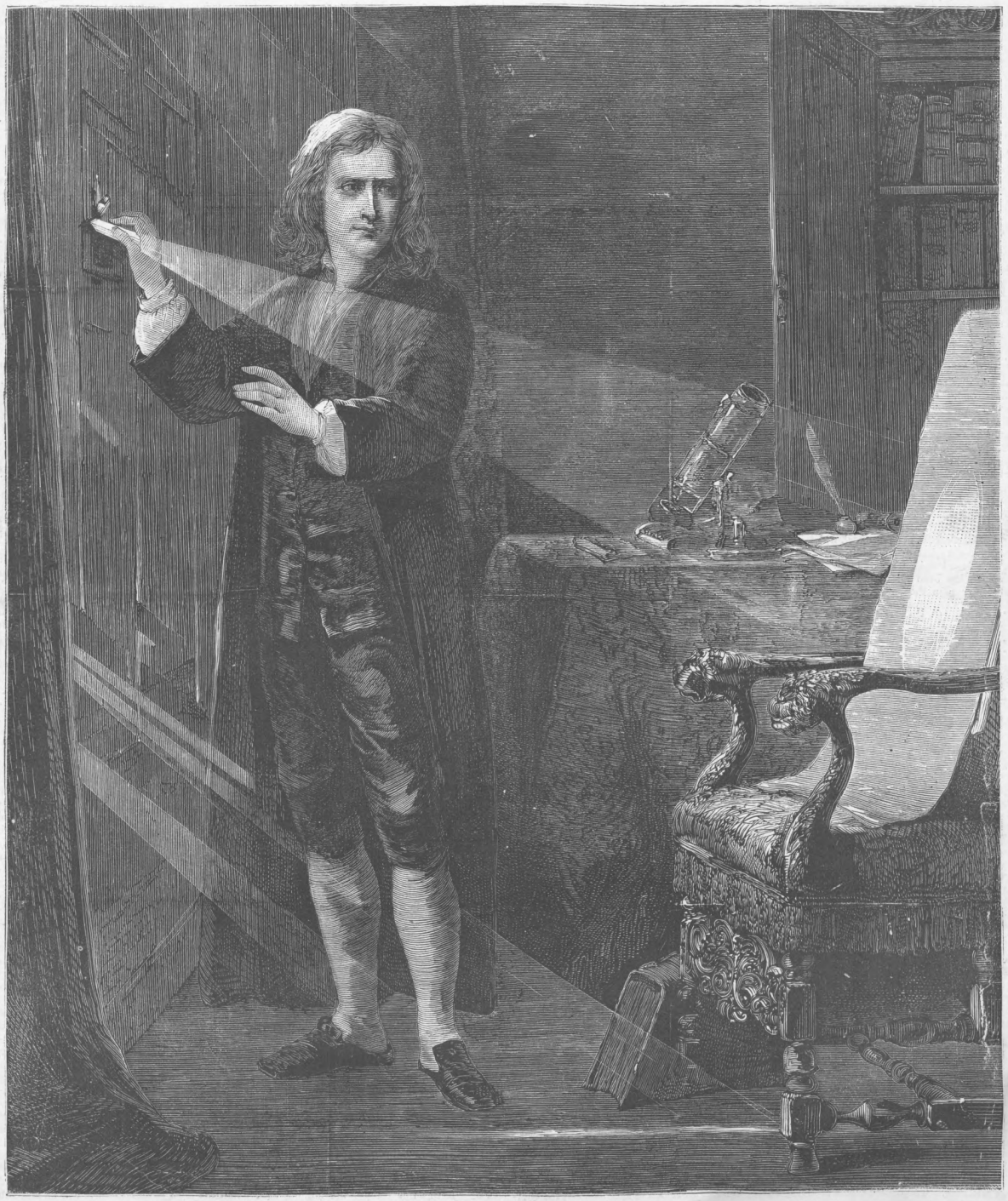

NEWTON EXPERIMENTING WITH LIGHT.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. A. HOUSTON.—[SEE PAGE 423.]

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BROKEN OFF.

MEN said unto a prince of story-tellers,
"Tell us another tale!"
And yet, beside the bells, stood phantom knellers,
And his voice was fit to fail.

At first he faltered, saying, "I am weary,
And the words are slow to come.
Across my ken flit visions dim and eerie,
And 'tis sweet to keep at home!"

But the clamor rose, by many voices strengthened;
And one voice in his heart
Grew louder as the spring-tide shadows lengthened:
"Ah! 'tis dull to sit apart!

"Be prouder than to wait with fingers folded,
Scared, looking out for death;
Drop not the habit which thy life hath moulded
But with thy lease of breath!"

He passed his hand across his heavy forehead,
And then across his eyes;
Before him rose a spectre, dim and horrid,
With terrible replies:

"The name by which men name me, while they shiver,
It is Swiftly Certain Death:
Leave all thy latest arrows in their quiver,
Or 'gage to me thy breath!"

Ah me! this prince of worthy story-tellers
Stood sad beneath the sun;
For he could see where stood the phantom knellers—
But the story was begun!

Some said: "It is his story of all stories;"
And others: "Lo! he fails!
His later can not match his earlier glories—
He falters and he pales!"

But men pressed round him, eagerly, to listen;
And all else was forgot.
He coaxed the smile to shine, the tear to glisten;
And then—his voice was not!

The tale was but begun—the web half woven—
The colors scarcely mixed—
The cunning of his hand was not yet proven—
His intent hardly fixed.

For the dark comrade who walked with his walking
Laid lightly on his lip
A cold forefinger—and he ceased from talking—
Suddenly—without slip.

Ah! still lips locked on the mysterious story!
Ah! hand that can not hold
The pen by which he earned his meed of glory—
He's dead! and 'tis not told!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870.

THE PRESIDENT AND CUBA.

THE President's Cuban message probably determined the action of the House upon the subject. Both the majority and minority reports were set aside. Cuba was not recognized as a belligerent, and the neutrality laws were not changed in favor of the island; but the President was instructed to use his influence with both parties to moderate the ferocity with which the war is waged. Yet, but for the very plain and positive statement of the message, the House, in its present condition of general indifference, and mindful of the tradition of manifest destiny, would very possibly have supported General BANKS's proposal, which is conceived in the spirit of that tradition. The propriety of the President's conduct in sending the message has been questioned. But nothing is plainer than the constitutional power and duty of an executive communication upon public affairs to Congress, "as he shall judge necessary and expedient." And the perfect vindication of the President's course upon this occasion lies in the fact that it undoubtedly produced the result which the best judgment of the country approves, and which was otherwise very doubtful.

The ground taken by the President is that which has been maintained by all those who have opposed the interference of the United States. Belligerence is a question of fact, not of sentiment. Long and fierce fighting is not necessarily war. Before belligerence could be honorably conceded to the Cubans there must be a situation there which does not exist; and the Monroe doctrine is not a declaration that when a colony declares its independence, and fights for it, it shall be recognized as a belligerent, but only when "the movement assumed such a steady and consistent form as to make the success of the provinces probable." General BANKS claims that there is both a civil war in the international sense, and an organized civil government acknowledged by two-thirds of the Cubans, and operative over three-quarters of the island. But those facts are very shadowy. The President says that he can not ascertain that the government, as it is called, extends beyond the camp and the armed lines. And has any one who has diligently studied the reports from the island, and who is uncommitted to any thing but the truth, been able to reach any other conclusion? General BUTLER applied the *reductio ad absurdum* to General BANKS's report, by showing that if its statement of the duration of the rebellion and of the number of "principal battles"—which General BANKS placed at two hundred—were correct, there had been a "principal battle" every four or five days.

General BANKS and General LOGAN, in their ardent appeals, declared that we were guilty of the slaughter of Cubans, and of the sacrifice of liberty in America, if we do not interfere. They are mistaken. The United States are no more responsible for the crimes of the Spanish VALMASEDA than for those of the Cuban QUESADA; nor are they morally bound to undertake the righting of wrongs in Cuba more than in other countries. It is not necessary to exaggerate, and General BUTLER very truly said that no subject had ever been more signally mismanaged by its especial friends than the cause of Cuba. The American people are generous in their sympathies; but they deeply respect their own well-considered laws and their international duties. The effort of any oppressed people to break the yoke of tyranny appeals strongly to the conviction of this country that governments are justly founded in the consent of the governed; but the country does not therefore feel it to be its duty to take an active part in every such movement. We are not a sentimental people. And when General BANKS says, in his report, that "the prayers" of the people of this country for the success of the Cubans "are well-nigh universal," his statement is so conspicuously extravagant that it invests the whole report, which is written in that key, with an air of utter exaggeration.

The simple truth is, that the people of this country are conscious that they know very little of the Cuban facts, and they wish to adhere to the honorable traditions of the government in foreign affairs. They wish well to the Cubans; but we doubt whether they believe the oppression of the old government in Spain justified a revolution against a movement that overthrew it in the interests of liberty and progress. We doubt very much whether there is any general faith in this country in the ability of the Cubans to maintain a popular system. Meanwhile it is known that the Cuban revolutionary leaders have declared for annexation to the Union, and it is by no means self-evident that it is for the interest of liberty, or of this country, to enlarge our population at the present time with nearly two millions of a tropical people, many of them utter barbarians; "two hundred thousand," as General BANKS says in his report, speaking "only the languages of the tribes of Africa."

These are considerations which do not, of course, affect the justice of the Cuban revolt; but they very seriously affect the feeling with which it is regarded. And whenever that revolt assumes "such a steady and consistent form" as to make its success probable, it will be the duty of the Executive to recognize it. But atrocities on both sides, a smouldering guerrilla warfare, an intangible revolutionary government, the absence of all the usual forms of war, a revolutionary decree of emancipation, mysterious dealings in Cuban bonds, absurd aspersions of the character of the Secretary of State, and ribald sneers at the President, do not establish that actual state of affairs in Cuba without which the interference of the United States—and General BANKS's resolutions involved nothing less—would be both a blunder and a crime. The intelligence and good sense of the country have spoken in the President's message.

"FOURTH OF JULY BUSINESS."

GENERAL BUTLER made a speech during the Cuban debate in which he said, that if he were asked whether he were in favor of a war with Spain, he should answer, "as a Fourth of July business," yes; but as a statesman, no. It is a good distinction, and it would be of very great service if honorable gentlemen would announce, when they begin to speak, how they are to be understood. If General BANKS, for instance, should say, "Mr. Speaker, I rise this morning to transact a little Fourth of July business," there would be a very general understanding, and his "effort" might be very much relished from the Fourth of July point of view. Or if General LOGAN, upon being questioned as to certain statements, or an apparent hostility to the Administration, should briefly say, "Mr. Speaker, I would observe to the gentleman that my remarks were merely part of the Fourth of July business upon which I was then engaged," there would be the utmost harmony and mutual intelligence. Imagination can readily picture the honorable inquirer as remarking with a smile, "Oh!" and resuming his seat with entire satisfaction.

So, also, one honorable gentleman might courteously interrupt another by asking, "I beg the gentleman's pardon; but I should like to inquire if this is meant for serious argument, or is merely Fourth of July business?" The only inconvenience would be the necessity of constant interruption for the purpose of such an inquiry. This might, however, be obviated by a standing order, that every Saturday should be given up to Fourth of July business. Or, indeed, if two days in the week were surrendered for that purpose, and such business were rigorously excluded upon all other days, there would be an immense gain to the public service and the public patience. Any member might rise to a point of order, and call Mr. Speaker's attention to the fact that the honorable gentleman was lapsing into the Fourth of July business, upon which the Speaker would pleasantly beg gentlemen to remember that Fourth of July came but twice a week.

General BUTLER's remark suggests the enormous quantity of Fourth of July business that is done in Congress and in the press. It is business which proceeds upon the assumption that the nation is a great, ignorant, prejudiced boy, whose sole delight is to boast and bluster. The honorable gentleman who states an undeniable truth with a sinister intention, and begins, solemnly, "The American people, Mr. Speaker, are the only rightful source of power," is a wholesale dealer in Fourth of July business. Contemptuous reference to England as a power which, in the interests of human liberty, Sir, must be humbled, Sir, humbled—is unmitigated Fourth of July business. Cooper Institute meetings, just before election, to declare with vehemence that Ireland is for the Irish, and that every ardent soul burns to stand with the men in the gap, is the most conventional of all Fourth of July business. The assertion that free republican America disdains to learn any thing in the details of administration from the systems practiced in the effete monarchies of the Old World, is Fourth of July business. Indeed, the general declaration that we have proved our strength and that we are big enough to do as we are dashed pleased to do, and that a lively hurrah is conclusive proof of the wisdom and honor of any proposition, is the most common and contemptible Fourth of July business.

Whatever is done to please the vast constituency of Buncombe is Fourth of July business. But let us hope that our national meditations next week may show us that not these things, but noble and honorable statesmanship, is the real Fourth of July business that we ought always to have in hand.

GENTLEMEN IN MITRES.

IN these long, warm days the incessant announcement from Rome that the declaration of infallibility is coming becomes at last as unheeded as the warning of the coming wolf. Public interest grows so languid as almost to expire, and it is probably not very generally understood even now whether the dogma has been declared or not. "There is something so preposterous," said a very genuine American, as he was speaking of the Roman Council, "in a few men, in cocked hats and red stockings, solemnly declaring another man to be infallible upon any subject whatever, that it would be inexpressibly ridiculous if it were not really sad." But the essential folly of declarations is not so much the important point as their sincerity and the readiness of those who make them to support them at all hazards. What more amusing conceit is there than the divine right of kings, yet what was more real than the sentiment of loyalty? *O Richard! O mon roi!* How gladly men have suffered and died for a man in no manner wiser or better than themselves, merely because they chose to take a certain view of him? Think of the splendid eulogies of EDMUND BURKE upon the British monarchy, and of poor old GEORGE the Third as the English monarch! "Your Majesty's self is but a ceremony," said the minister to the French king. But what a ceremony! Take off his peruke and robes, said THACKERAY, and what a sorry remainder! But the more ridiculous the remainder, the more remarkable the undoubted fact that Frenchmen agreed to honor him and even reverence him as king.

So with the Pope. When a few scores of very fallible gentlemen called bishops put on certain queer caps of bedizened pasteboard or colored muslin called mitres, and assembling in a magnificent temple amidst the prodigious pomp of music and chanted prayers, declare that the word of another very fallible gentleman with a triple crown upon his head shall settle the truth or falsity of any religious doctrine, the important fact is not that the proceeding is excessively amusing, but that millions of men and women gravely acquiesce in it, and will govern themselves accordingly, even if they must plunge their countries into the horror of war, or deliver their best beloved to the flames. No human being, of course, can, in any just sense of the words, believe what does not seem to him to be true; and to believe what seems to him untrue, because somebody else says that it seems true to him, is impossible. But the dogma of infallibility is not a matter of reason, and therefore it is useless to reason upon its absurdity. It is not accepted because it is reasonable. It will not be acted upon because it is reasonable. Its supporters would doubtless tell us that it transcends reason. What we wish to know, therefore, is how it will affect civilization.

Practically, although the Council attempts to define and limit the dogma, the great mass of the adherents of the Roman Church will, of course, understand it as an assertion of general infallibility. They consider religion the most vital of interests, and hold that religion and Romanism are identical. The man who is the earthly head of the Church, being infallible, will be to them essentially divine. They will not discriminate his papal from his personal attributes. And as he is an earthly ruler as well as a heavenly leader, they would, in the degree that they are sincere, inevitably and naturally hold with him in any quarrel, even with the rulers or the authorities of their own countries. It was this feeling, and nothing else, which enabled HILDEBRAND and the other Popes to declare and to maintain their supremacy over kings and emperors, to dethrone them, to degrade them, and practically to establish the principle that the Pope could release subjects from their allegiance. DANTE's treatise upon Monarchy was condemned as heretical because he asserted that the Emperor held by divine right, and not by permission of the Pope.

It is as a return to this ancient claim of the Roman Church at a time when it dominated Christendom that the declaration of Infallibility is interesting. It is the sign of a tendency to concentrate and intensify a power which had become relaxed. That power, indeed, is not likely to act in the old manner, but its purpose and its spirit are necessarily unchanged. It will hardly declare the English people released from their allegiance to the Queen, but it is not altogether unlikely to urge, with polished and plausible and deprecatory arguments, that the school money be divided in the United States. In so doing the papal power will be seeking its own supremacy, and those who work its will will be, at heart and essentially, not Americans, but obedient to a foreign and alien authority. It is in this way that the declaration of the three or four hundred gentlemen in mitres that one of their number is God on earth becomes important to those who must necessarily smile as they recall the words of a shrewd author: "The Court of Rome was not speedily alarmed at these freedoms. She reposed with a generous confidence upon the folly and blindness of mankind."

MR. HOAR'S RETIREMENT.

THE retirement of Attorney-General HOAR is a national loss. His ability, his character, and his experience were of the utmost service to the Administration, and commended it most warmly to the confidence of the country. Not much known beyond his own State when he was appointed, Mr. HOAR leaves his office with the general conviction that his qualities are precisely those which can be least spared at Washington. His political convictions are profound. They partake of the depth and force of his character. But his sagacity and good sense are not less remarkable; and he clearly sees the point where party properly merges in patriotism. He has steadily refused to favor a system of the civil service which, while of doubtful partisan expediency, is a sure calamity to the country. Capacity, experience, fidelity, and loyalty have seemed to him proper qualifications for the management of internal affairs; and an honest independence of Buncombe, and an honorable regard for wise precedent and international justice, the best principles of foreign policy.

Personally, his retirement must be very unwelcome to the President, as, indeed, he intimates. There are evident points of strong sympathy between them. The phrase, "a rock of sense," well describes the late Attorney-General; and the value of such a foundation in public administration no one can appreciate more truly than General GRANT. Mr. HOAR's successor is little known; but Mr. HOAR's own case has shown us that that is not a serious misfortune. We can only wish for him the lofty integrity, ability, and independence of his predecessor; and that when he withdraws it may be with the same general feeling of grateful respect and sincere regret that attends the retirement of Mr. HOAR from the Cabinet.

FOREIGN DEMAND FOR OUR BREADSTUFFS.

THE concurrence of a Continental demand for our breadstuffs simultaneously with that from Great Britain is likely to prove of much benefit to the United States. No. 2 Milwaukee wheat, which on the 20th of May was quoted at $1 06 per bushel, had advanced on the 15th of June to $1 35. This may be taken as a fair indication of the general improvement. Very large transactions on French account had occurred, due to the extreme drought prevailing in important agricultural districts. The telegram that cattle were dying for want of pasturage and water may be an exaggeration; but as the soil, to a great extent, is a sandy loam, the effects of want of rain are much more serious in France than in England, where the subsoil is clayey. On the 16th a private telegram stated that flour had risen in Paris about $1 per barrel.

It is impossible to arrive with precision at the full extent of the foreign demand which may arise, as the United States are not supplied with information except through foreign sources. For the want of it, obtained through our consular establishment in the mode often indicated by us, our large grain-producing interest is ever at the mercy of the foreign purchaser. Lately the price at which our grain has been sold has been unremunerative. We sincerely hope that the tide has turned, and that it may not be necessary to make farther sacrifices. In presenting all the information within our reach, it should be borne in mind that the most powerful efforts will be made to check the advance by all the means which the

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combined interests of the English and the French may employ. After the drought in England of 1868 the *Daily News* stated that there existed "a *political* necessity for cheap bread." This is equally true of France. The large purchases to and including the 16th June were supposed to have been on account of the French Government.

The returns of exports of wheat to Europe for the week ending on the 14th of June indicate that the causes which are operating in France are not confined to that locality. The quantities exported at New York, as stated from the Custom-house returns, are as follows: Hamburg, 7060 bushels; Bremen, 10,812; Havre, 79,169; Liverpool, 180,153; London, 48,500; Glasgow, 111,782; Gloucester, 19,543; Plenarth Roads, 22,496; Cork, 127,553; Lisbon, 17,096. The exports of wheat from the United States for the eight months of the fiscal year, which terminated on the 28th of February last, amounted to 28,272,219 bushels, as against 8,858,329 for the corresponding period in 1869. Its value is stated at $36,465,294, as against $15,334,152 for the like period in 1869. The loss on corn and meal was $4,913,405; but the gain on the value of flour exported was about $2,500,000. As this export is largely in excess of what is usual, the question arises to what extent it will continue.

The estimated annual consumption of wheat in Great Britain, made by Mr. CAIRD in the spring of 1868, was one hundred and sixty-six millions four hundred thousand bushels, of which he supposed that seventy-six millions eight hundred thousand bushels would need to be imported. By the returns of the imports to the 28th of May last it appeared that the following quantities of grain and flour had been imported into the United Kingdom since the 1st of September:

	1869-1870.		1868-1869.	
	Imports.	Exports.	Imports.	Exports.
Wheat.....	50,485,875	302,024	30,762,906	151,921
Barley.....	6,170,765	21,007	8,150,326	99,300
Oats.....	7,596,999	86,304	4,501,402	99,601
Pease.....	1,108,428	11,913	890,938	23,175
Beans.....	1,379,858	2,263	2,047,709	4,453
Indian corn..	13,723,529	14,044	10,108,215	940
Flour.....	4,758,292	18,809	2,927,556	26,057

These imports, which are stated in hundredweights, show a gain over those of 1869; but it would seem that the import for the present grain year will much exceed the quantity estimated by Mr. CAIRD in 1868. The *Manchester Guardian*, of the 31st of May, considered high authority in England, presents the following views as to the present condition of the crops:

"Continued dry weather has had the effect of enhancing the price of wheat throughout the country, during the last few days, to the extent of 1s. to 2s. per quarter, and a similar advance has been established at Mark Lane to-day. It has been maintained by some that, inasmuch as one of the most abundant crops on record was secured in 1868 after a period of unusual drought, a similar result is not improbable now. The drought of 1870 and that of 1868, however, are widely different; and while the one contributed to abundance, the other may lead to scarcity. The dry weather which prevailed during the two or three months before the harvest in 1868 commenced at a time when the wheat plant was nearly fully developed, and when the signs of a crop were very decided. The blooming period had been satisfactorily passed, after which wheat, if sown under favorable circumstances, is capable of sustaining, and, indeed, of thriving under, protracted drought and heat. The drought of the present year commenced at a period immediately succeeding spring sowing, and consequently all spring-sown grain stands but a poor chance of yielding well. In some districts spring wheat has proved a failure, and the land has been resown with other crops. As regards winter wheat the prospect is good; but it is thought that, if a copious fall of rain be delayed, the yield per acre will be discouraging. The season, however, is expected to be very backward, and a very light crop of hay is anticipated. This, with the probability of a deficiency in the yield of spring corn in this country, will necessitate larger purchases abroad of barley, oats, beans, and pease, and at a higher price. The last report published by the Agricultural Department at Washington, in reference to the growing crop, states that, so far as winter wheat and rye are concerned, the prevalence of cold winds appeared to have done much harm; but it was remarked that, on the whole, the crops in question looked vigorous; and it was expected that the influence of a genial spring would render the prospect comparatively promising. In New England the winter grain which was sown was doing well, though the frost had visited, with unfortunate results, some of the northern counties of Maine and New Hampshire. In more than one-half of the counties of New York the reports are favorable, and the same is the case with New Jersey. In Pennsylvania the growth is more backward. From Delaware and Maryland some damage is reported; but in the Southern States more than an average crop is looked forward to. In Kentucky the harvest promises to be much larger than usual. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois report the growth as below the average in the majority of counties; but some of the other Western States expect about an average crop. On the whole, the return is regarded as satisfactory; but it would seem to be evident that there is very little prospect of so abundant a crop as in 1869. The crop of wheat in California is expected to be about three-fourths of that secured in 1869."

The particularity with which the article refers to States which produce no wheat for export, and the manner in which it dismisses the great wheat region, show a want of attention; but it affords some evidence that at present the United States are relied upon to furnish their needed supplies.

The San Francisco *News-Letter* of May 28 states that accounts from all parts of the State, where the crop was not utterly ruined by the hot spell which terminated May 7, "indicate a great improvement in the appearance of the young wheat," that the cool weather of the last three weeks had revived much of the grain which appeared ruined, and that many fields which the owners expected to cut for hay would produce grain. The price of choice lots, which on the 29th of April was $1 62½ per quintal, was then, however, $1 80 to $1 90 per quintal. It had been as high as $1 90 to $2. These prices make it an object to foreigners to deal rather with New York at present.

The indications are that a demand will continue up to the harvest of 1870 for our breadstuffs; but a portion of the grain purchased on French account has already been resold, owing either to more favorable advices from France, or to the object of affecting our market injuriously.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

BY JOHN JONES, A.M.

THE Exhibition will close by the time this paper is issued, I believe, and I must therefore omit the many admirable and apposite remarks that I had proposed to make upon other pictures. But I suppose it is of no consequence. When I was younger and only beginning to exhibit, if some RED CLOUD or SPOTTED TAIL of a critic came whooping down upon me in a newspaper, I instantly gave up all for lost, and awaited extinction. But I presently opened my eyes gradually, and perceived that things remained very much as they were. People didn't look at me in the street as the hapless painter who had been annihilated that morning, and the waiters at the humble restaurant whither I went to dine did not seem to be conscious that I was the incapable described in the newspaper, with subtle satire, as evidently mistaking his vocation and endeavoring to paint portraits instead of signs. I plucked up heart. I said to myself, "Perhaps, after all, every body doesn't read the assaults in the paper, and perhaps those who do don't remember them two minutes afterward."

That was an immense consolation; and when, in later days, I have remonstrated with my fellow-academicians for their exceeding wrath at the gibes of the *Tribune*, and they have said to me that every body in the country read the *Tribune*, and believed every thing in it, because they supposed that Mr. Greeley, who knew every thing, wrote the whole paper, I have endeavored to comfort them by telling them that I didn't believe one in a hundred ever read the attacks or remembered their names. And it is remarkable that when I said that, my fellow-academicians did not seem to be in the least degree comforted. I believe it, nevertheless.

Of course persistent attacks in a newspaper upon any man of any profession will at last tell. Nor do I deny that if on the day of the publication of a new book the *Tribune*, or any other powerful daily paper, should declare it to be utterly worthless, the sale of the book would be affected, unless it were a controversial work. In that case the critic would merely be supposed to be on the other side. But very few who read notices of pictures remember what they have read when they come to the gallery. And as for those who read and do not see, if they find, for instance, that the pictures of JOHN JONES, A.M., N.A., are always described as pitiful and ridiculous, they will undoubtedly fail to think of him as they do of TITIAN or RAPHAEL, whose works, also, they have never seen. The greater pity for them, of course, in the impossible case supposed; but what I wish to impress upon my fellow-artists is, that the sharp or sneering mention of their pictures in the papers does not do half as much damage as they suppose. I have often seen persons in society made very conscious because they fancied that other people were looking at them. Far from it. Other people were thinking that every body was looking at them.

So I am constrained to say that I fear my remarks have added very little lustre to the laurels of those whom I have praised, and that those whom I might have censured would not have forfeited any admiration, even had I had time to try my pen upon them. But as authors say in their prefaces that their purpose will have been fulfilled if they are happy enough to quicken a single drooping heart, so I may most truly declare that I shall be entirely satisfied if I have shown that pictures may be talked about in a kindly spirit, even if without knowledge, and without making the remarks an occasion to display the writer's wit. That I have entirely avoided the latter sad result the most hostile of my readers will agree. But, although the Academy closes its doors, I do not promise to be silent until the next year, if I see any thing in the world of art to which I wish to call attention.

RIGHTS OF RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

It is some encouragement to those whose business compels them to travel on railways that they find a strong and outspoken champion of their wrongs in your paper. As you have stated, the power of railway officials in this country is autocratic, not so much from any special legal rights or immunities pertaining to them as from the abject submission of passengers. Nine out of ten of railway travelers are ignorant of their rights, or, knowing, dare not maintain them. It is farcical to attempt legal measures in most cases of wrong, for if there be tenable ground for action the wronged parties usually live at a distance from the head-quarters of the company; and if any hearing is had, or decision given in favor of the outraged passenger, the company's lawyer lends himself to all sorts of legal evasions and quibbles to defraud the passenger of his verdict after it is rendered. Railway lawyers seem to be retained not so much for their knowledge of law and right, as their ability to shuffle and dodge and evade the honest issue when it is fairly made.

In the matter of commutation tickets the system now in vogue on many roads is to issue a coupon book for a certain number of rides at a certain price. This is right and proper so far as it goes, but mark the evasion of the contract. If for any reason, illness, absence, or other cause, parties are unable to use the tickets before the time expires, the company ignores all the coupons unused, and declares them worthless, notwithstanding they have been paid for. Of course the company's lawyer would declare this to be perfectly lawful and proper, because the commuter buys the ticket with full knowledge beforehand; but I maintain that it is not lawful either in law or common equity. The books represent a certain number of rides which have been paid for in advance, *to be used within a certain time*; but this "certain time" clause is the point which gives the company the advantage and wrongs the passenger, for the reason that *he can not buy a commutation ticket on any other terms or agreement.* Where, then, is the justice of the contract? The commuter buys the ticket at his own risk, because he can not buy it in any other way, and the company do not fulfill *their* contract—in the spirit at least—for they receive value for which they render no equivalent. If they honestly desired to give value for value, why do they not sell package tickets good until used at the rate of commutation?

The gist of this question of the rights and wrongs of railway passengers is simpler than many suppose. It is a matter of individual responsibility. The business of the road is carried on through a superintendent by a board of directors; and each of these men is personally, or, at any rate, morally responsible for every outrage or wrong that occurs. While none of these gentlemen would enact a rule or regulation to defraud his coachman or any member of his household, or, what is more, carry on his own business on arbitrary measures, just so soon as he becomes a railway stockholder, and is on the executive board, he becomes a willing party to all sorts of petty and palpable evasions, and despotic measures that affect the comfort, interest, and self-respect of his associates. The directors often ride in the cars daily, and are witnesses of abuses of authority; but in all my years of railway travel and experience—and they are not a few—I never heard of or saw a case of interference between brutal conductors and brakemen and the passenger who happened to have lost his ticket.

It is one of the strangest anomalies that a railway business can not be carried on honestly and decently, without outraging the proprieties of life or morals, just as every other business can. It has its peculiar aspects, unquestionably; but in every case the company is hedged in with protection, while the passenger is a mere nothing. They receive pay in advance; they demand the tickets before they have executed their contract by carrying the passenger to his place; they eject non-paying persons without question as to the right or wrong of the particular case, and they may get their remedy if they can. How is it possible that in every case the company can be correct, and the seemingly dishonest passenger wrong? Yet by their might they make themselves right.

It would seem almost impossible to get common justice in these matters—to buy a ride on a railway as one would a barrel of flour, or to contract for a certain number of rides, and be certain that the contract would be honestly fulfilled.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY, *June*, 1870. EGBERT POMEROY WATSON.

REFORMS AT THE ACADEMY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Will you allow me space to correct a statement in your issue of the 18th June by brother JOHN JONES (for I too have the honor to be an N.A.), to the effect that the defeat of Mr. PAGE at the last election meant a disapproval of the policy of the Reform party, and that there would probably be no very violent departures from the traditions of the Academy during the next year?

Had the election turned on the approval or disapproval of the policy of the Reformers, Mr. PAGE would have been elected—as several Academicians, who are heartily in favor of the new measures, were induced to vote for Mr. GRAY by motives of a purely personal consideration.

The active strength of the Academy is on the side of the Reformers or Progressionists, and Brother JONES will see some very marked departures from the traditional inaction of the Academy during the coming year. As he announces himself in a former article as belonging to neither party, and thus open to conviction, I already number him as one of us. Our policy, if not the best possible, is the best yet presented, and he must see it.

I heartily concur in JONES's critical notices of the pictures (particularly when he praises my work), and wish that other critics would go to their reviewing with the same knowledge and kindly feeling that distinguish him. Very respectfully,

JOHN SMITH, N.A.

NOTES.

"EDWIN DROOD" is so admirable a work, as far as it has been published, that we had hoped it would be found fully finished by the master's hand. It shows how entirely he relied upon his own powers, that the most popular author in the world was willing to begin the publication of a story which he had not himself entirely worked out. It is suggested that the tale may be finished by another hand from the notes left by DICKENS. But an author's memoranda are not very intelligible to another, and even if an artist has left the partial chalk drawing of his picture, he alone could touch it with characteristic color. It is in the "filling up" that DICKENS was so delightful a master. Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, who has been mentioned as one who might possibly finish the tale, would probably recoil from such a task; and it may be at least surmised that, if DICKENS left his notes in such a state that the story can be finished from them, they had better be published as they are to satisfy the natural curiosity of those who are already interested. If, however, the notes do not furnish a clear clew to the story, we imagine that Mr. COLLINS will decline to undertake to compose one.

MEANWHILE Mr. COLLINS's "Man and Wife," which is published weekly in this journal, is one of his most powerful works, and certainly one of the very best of recent novels. The author is evidently very deeply and sincerely interested in the horrors of the Scotch marriage law which he exposes; and his story is another illustration of the fact that the modern novel has become one of the most powerful of the direct reforming influences of society. The great genius of DICKENS himself led the way, and almost all of his chief contemporaries, except THACKERAY, have followed. CHARLES READE'S "Never Too Late to Mend" will be remembered as a startling exposure of the abuses in the state prisons; and his last story, just issued, "Put Yourself in His Place," deals with the trades unions. The few recent chapters of WILKIE COLLINS'S "Man and Wife" are finer than any that we recall from his hand; and there are thousands of persons to-day hanging upon the fate of the brave Anne Silvester with the most painful anxiety.

THERE is a very pleasant article in *Putnam's Monthly* for July upon DISRAELI, in which the author repeats the erroneous story that after writing "Vivian Grey," DISRAELI was the editor of JOHN MURRAY'S *Representative*, a Tory evening paper, which failed disastrously. It has evidently escaped the attention of the author of the article that in September, 1861, Mr. DISRAELI wrote a note stating that it was his rule never to correct misstatements, if they did not affect his honor; "but," he continued, "when utterly erroneous statements are presented for my sanction, I hope there is no egotism in my presuming to correct them; as, for example, the constantly repeated story of a newspaper called the *Representative*, in which I never wrote a single line, and never was asked to write a single line." The note was addressed to Mr. J. J. SHEAHAN, who wrote a "History and Topography of Buckinghamshire," and it is printed in M'GILCHRIST'S "Life of Disraeli."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 13.—In the Senate, the bill fixing the apportionment for the next Congress, and increasing the number of the Representatives to 300, was passed.—A message from the President in regard to Cuba was received in the House, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

June 14.—In the Senate, a resolution of inquiry was passed relative to the alleged attacks upon American citizens in Cuba.—In the House, Mr. Banks made a long speech in support of the report to grant belligerent rights to the Cubans.

June 15.—The Senate passed a bill providing for the quarterly payment of pensions, and making the fees of pension agents uniform. The House bill, authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Niagara River, at Buffalo, was amended and passed.—In the House, the Senate Currency bill, after striking out the provision retiring $50,000,000 of greenbacks, was passed. A long debate on the Cuba question resulted in the passage of a resolution instructing the President to remonstrate against the barbarous manner in which the war in Cuba has been conducted, and, if necessary, to solicit the co-operation of other governments, in efforts to secure from both contending parties an observance of the laws of war recognized by all civilized nations.

June 16.—In the Senate, the Franking bill was taken up and debated at length. A motion to postpone the subject till next session was defeated. An amendment continuing the present provisions of the law regarding free transmission of newspapers was adopted. An amendment depriving members of Congress and postmasters of the privilege was offered, but the Senate adjourned without taking action.—A bill was reported in the House to abolish all duties on coal. A bill was also reported granting to the Western Pacific Railroad the island of Yerba Buena for a terminus. An amendment requiring the payment of $2,000,000 for the property was offered and rejected.

June 17.—In the Senate, the Post-office Appropriation bill was discussed nearly the whole day and evening, the House bill to abolish the Franking privilege being the principal topic. Mr. Sumner's cheap postage amendment was rejected; Mr. Nye's (a two-cent postage in place of three) was adopted, but no final action was reached on the measure.—In the House, a resolution was passed transferring the stone presented by Roman patriots to President Lincoln to the National Lincoln Monument Association, of Springfield, Illinois. The bill granting Yerba Buena Island, in the harbor of San Francisco, to the Western Pacific Railroad was rejected.

June 18.—The Senate was mainly occupied with the Post-office Appropriation bill, including the various amendments touching the franking privilege, but no action was taken.—In the House, the credentials of Mr. Whittemore were presented, but objection being made to their acceptance, the matter was laid over for consideration.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

President Grant has nominated Mr. Amos T. Ackerman, of Georgia, to be Attorney-General, in place of Mr. Hoar, resigned.

The New Hampshire Legislature has re-elected the Hon. Aaron H. Cragin, and the Rhode Island Legislature the Hon. H. B. Anthony, to the United States Senate.

The Postmaster-General has accepted the offer of the agents of the Cunard and Inman steamship lines to carry the mails between the United States and Great Britain for the amount of the sea postage on the mails conveyed. The Cunard steamers will convey the mails to the United Kingdom, leaving on Thursday, and the Inman steamers will take the Irish mail only to Queenstown, leaving on Saturday.

Dispatches from Mr. Motley state that the British, French, and Prussians are in accord with the government of the United States in the desire to protect the Christians in Japan. The opposition to them is said to be on political, and not religious grounds.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON the 18th of June the Sacred College congratulated the Pope on the twenty-fourth anniversary of his pontificate, and expressed a desire for the dogmatical definition of the infallibility. The Pope is represented to have made a significant reply, in which he spoke of the danger of the spirit of "emancipation" in the Church.

M. Prevost-Paradol has been appointed French Minister to Washington, and will sail for this country the 2d of July. He will be accompanied by a son of Edouard Laboulaye.

Prince of Wales declines to offer a cup for a yacht race unless an American yacht competes.

The French expedition in Morocco, it is announced, is entirely successful, the rebels every where submitting to the French authority.

Gustave Flourens, who arrived in Greece some time since, has, it is said, received orders to leave the country.

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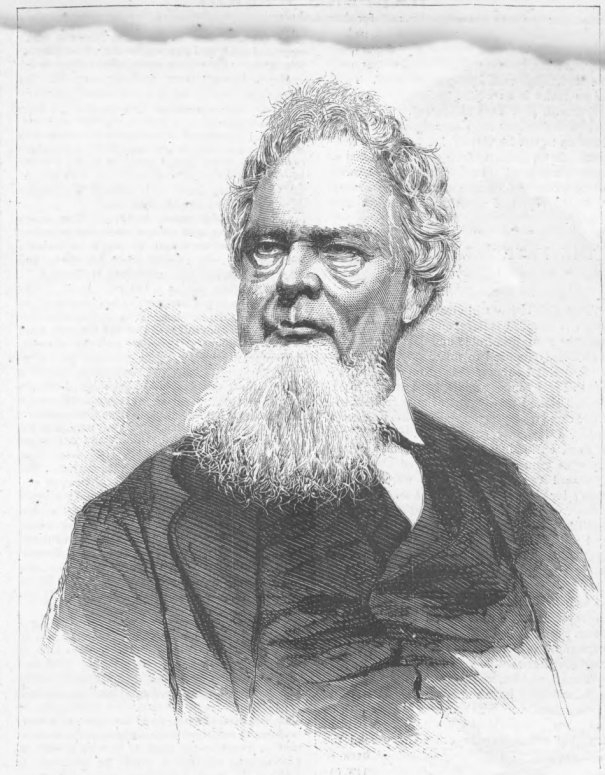
WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

IN the death of Mr. SIMMS, on the 11th of June, at Charleston, the country has lost one more of its time-honored band of authors, and the South the most consistent and devoted of her literary sons. Born in 1806, of a good family, though not among the wealthy proprietors of the State, Mr. SIMMS grew up under favorable influences of culture, which were not thrown away upon his ingenuous, lively disposition. He early acquired a taste for reading, and some knowledge of the modern languages. The assistance which he received, however, was but slight. The self-reliance and energy with which he marked out and pursued his career proclaim him essentially a self-made man. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one; but the real bent of his disposition was shown in the same year in the publication of two small volumes of lyrical poems at Charleston. Several others followed, and in 1832 he fairly began his career as an author by profession with the publication at New York, by the Messrs. HARPER, of "Atalantis," an imaginative poem—a tale of the sea—of considerable merit. The next year appeared his first prose romance, "Martin Faber," from the same house, followed by "Guy Rivers," "The Yemassee," the precursors of a host of novels from his pen, running along the next thirty years. During all this period, and to the end of his life, Mr. SIMMS's pen was never idle. Not only were his novels varied in character and subject, embracing several distinct classes of works of fiction, but his poetical productions were numerous; he wrote dramas, histories of his native State, several volumes of biography, of MARION, General GREENE, and others; furnished multitudinous essays and critical articles to many periodicals, himself editing several, from the quarterly to the weekly newspaper; delivered also various public orations and addresses; in fine, was one of the most indefatigable authors of this or any age. All this work was done under the influence of a commanding genius, seconded by great physical powers. It bore the marks of thought and study. Its author had a genuine love of letters, the passion of his life. For this he turned aside from the immediate rewards of political life, almost irresistible at the South to one of his oratorical powers and ardent temperament. In fact, there have been few examples in the country of so exclusive and persistent a pursuit of literature. The temper of mind which led him to this was essentially poetic and speculative. Though best known to the public as a novelist, he would, we believe, greatly have preferred to devote his powers to imaginative compositions in verse, with the lyrical predominant. His works of fiction are colored with this romantic element. Through how many kindling pages has he pursued his favorite topic, the exercise of the imagination in the culture of the beautiful, which with him meant love, reverence, the virtues for time and eternity! His last appearance in public, only a few weeks ago, leaving a couch of sickness for the effort, was to deliver an address before the Charleston County Horticultural Society, instinct with these ideas of his life. It is entitled, "The Sense of the Beautiful." Affection with full hand can sprinkle no choicer flowers upon his grave than the lilies and amaranthine blooms reared in the eye of heaven in this his own noble death-song.



WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

In his personal character, a man of singular simplicity and straightforwardness, of sound principles and honest impulses, ready in sympathy, friendly to the young, and where he was best known—in his family—of peculiar devotion and tenderness. His religious affections, tried by many domestic losses and severe privations, bore a lofty spirit of reverence and profound submission to the Divine will. We mention these traits now, for at his newly made grave the moral must take precedence of the intellectual; and they were qualities not always looked for by those at a distance, who, in the heat of national controversy, made but a rough estimate of the man. Those best acquainted with him, apart from the tribute which they may render to his writings, will ever regard tenderly and affectionately the memory of WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

RED CLOUD.

THIS redoubtable chieftain and sundry of his dusky compatriots visited New York last week, and were interviewed and fêted to their hearts' content. On the evening of June 16 they were treated to a grand reception at the Cooper Institute, at which it was estimated that no less than five thousand people were present. RED CLOUD made a very pathetic speech, in the course of which he said:

"I have tried to get from my Great Father what is right and just. I have not altogether succeeded. I want you to believe with me, to know with me, that which is right and just. I represent the whole Sioux nation. They will be grieved by what I represent. I am no SPOTTED TAIL, who will say one thing one day and be bought for a fish the next. Look at me! I am poor, naked, but I am chief of a nation. We do not ask for riches; we do not want much; but we want our children properly trained, brought up. We look to you for that. Riches here do no good. We can not take them away with us out of this world, but we want to have love and peace. The money, the riches, that we have in this world, as Secretary Cox lately told me, we can not take these into the next world. If this is so, I would like to know why the commissioners who are sent out there do nothing but rob to get the riches of this world away from us. I was brought up among traders and those who came out there in the early times. I had good times with them; they treated me mostly always right; always well; they taught me to use clothes, to use tobacco, to use fire-arms and ammunition. This was all very well until the Great Father sent another kind of men out there—men who drunk whisky; men who were so bad that the Great Father could not keep them at home, so he sent them out there."

RED CLOUD'S speech left on his audience the impression that his expectations had not been met at Washington, and that his intentions were not altogether pacific.

RED CLOUD AT COOPER INSTITUTE.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

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IN THE MAIN-TOP.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER I.

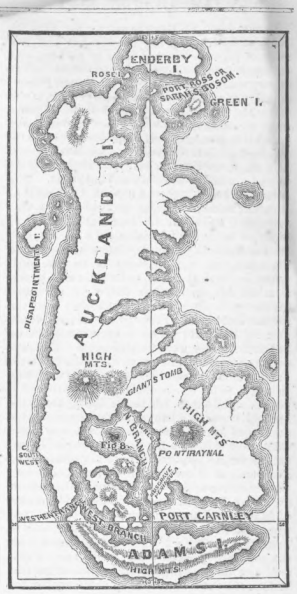
The Auckland Islands.—The Storm.—Saved.—Mining.—The Cloth Merchant's Project.—Arrangements for the Expedition.—The Wreck.—On a Desert Island.

THE group of islands known as New Zealand lies about a thousand miles to the eastward of the southern extremity of Australia. About two hundred miles to the southward of New Zealand a small group of mountain summits rise above the surface of the sea, and are known by the name of the Auckland Islands. These islands have been the scene, within a few years past, of several remarkable shipwrecks—or, rather, shipwrecks followed by very remarkable adventures on the part of the poor seamen who experienced them. The circumstances connected with and following one of these disasters have been related in full by the leader of the party involved in it—a Frenchman named Raynal. We propose giving to our readers a narrative of the events connected with the shipwreck, and the subsequent residence of the party of mariners on the islands, following faithfully, in respect to the facts, the accounts given in the original narrative.

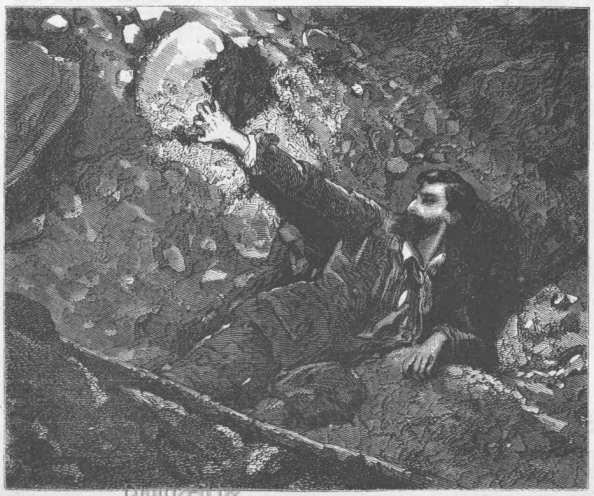
Mr. Raynal was a French gentleman, who went to Australia, twelve or fifteen years ago, to seek his fortune. He was destined, however, to encounter much more of ill luck than of good, and his misfortunes commenced even before his landing in Australia. The vessel in which he and the party accompanying him took passage for Melbourne was wrecked on approaching that port. When they were drawing near the land they encountered a gale of wind which raised a very heavy sea, and brought with it from the offing a flying mist so dense as to shut out every thing from view. While in this situation night came on; and soon afterward, in the midst of the darkness, the vessel struck upon a submerged reef of rocks. Immediately after the first terrible shock she swung round, and, falling down partially upon her side, became hopelessly entangled among the rocks, and her deck was immediately inundated by the seas which broke over her. Two of the crew were swept overboard and drowned. The others managed to save themselves by clinging to the shrouds and rigging. The vessel lay thumping upon the rocks until holes were broken through the planking, when she gradually settled down into a sort of hollow in the reef until the hull was entirely submerged. The men who had saved themselves clambered up the rigging to the main-top, where they huddled together, clinging to whatever came within their grasp, and spent the night there, in darkness and cold, and exposed to the whole fury of the storm. Enormous waves were rolling in incessantly beneath them, covering them with the spray, and threatening at every moment to carry away the mast and plunge them all into the boiling and foaming abyss over which they were suspended. Among all the frightful situations into which human beings are brought in encountering the sea, if we except being on board a burning ship in the middle of the ocean, with no possibility of being saved, it is difficult to conceive of any one more terrible than this.

The men were saved, however. The storm abated, and the mist cleared away before morning, when they were seen by people on board a steamer that was passing along the coast, and thus were rescued and taken into Melbourne.

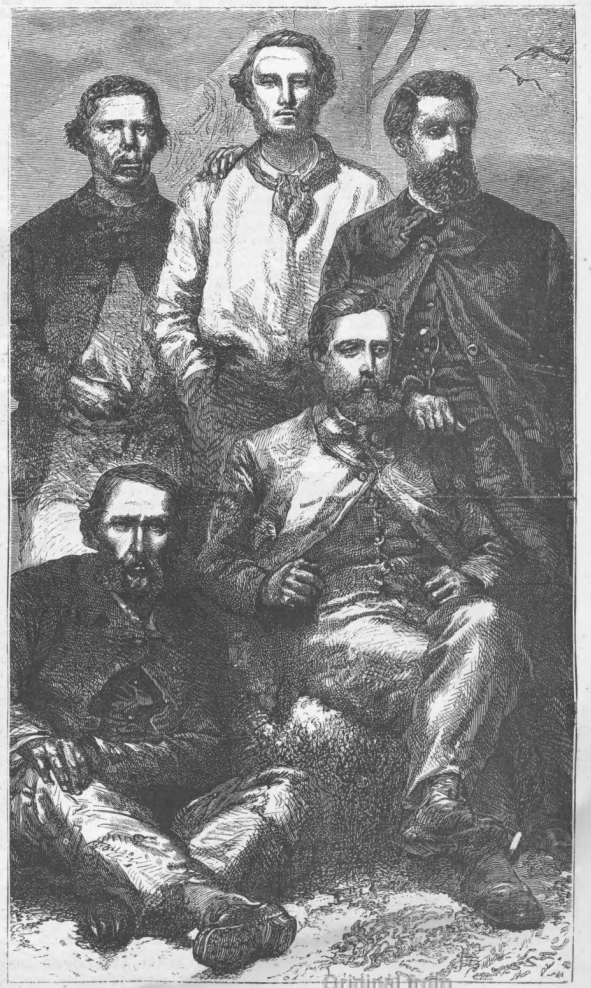
Mining, they say, is a lottery. If so, it was one which was not destined to bestow any of its prizes upon Mr. Raynal. It is, in fact, eminently a lottery for gentlemen like Mr. Raynal, who, having some capital, employ and pay laborers, and depend for their reimbursement on the returns of enterprises which sometimes involve a very large outlay before the question of returns can be reached. For the laborer himself, who is content with the high daily wages that generally prevail in mining countries, and who has the self-control not to waste his earnings in dissipation or in gaming, the employment is as sure, perhaps, and as productive as any other. But this was not Mr. Raynal's case. He was an employer of laborers, and his ventures did not prove successful. He persevered, however, for several years, with varying results, but, on the whole, with so large a proportion of disappointment and failure that at length he became wholly discouraged. The last misfortune that befell him, and which finally decided him to abandon the life of a miner, was a very extraordinary one. It was as follows:



He had employed a body of men to dig a "drift," or tunnel, into the side of a hill, in search of a vein of the precious metal which he had reason to suppose existed there. The men had made a commencement of the work, under Mr. Raynal's superintendence; and one evening, when the labors of the day were closed, and he had dismissed them to go to their several homes, he himself remained behind them in the excavation to examine the walls of it, with a view of ascertaining whether it would be necessary to support the earth by timbers and planking, or whether it was sufficiently firm and tenacious to support itself. While trying the sand and gravel with this view, the bank suddenly began to give way and fall; and before he could make his escape from the hole he was overwhelmed and half buried under an avalanche of rocks, gravel, and sand. He was seriously wounded, too—his chest being nearly crushed in by the weight of the load which came upon it. He cried out as loudly as he could to his men; but they had gone too far to hear him. Then he commenced the work of trying to disengage himself. In this, after a time, he succeeded; and when he was free, he crawled, more dead than alive, to some neighboring place where he could receive succor. As soon as he could be moved he was taken to



BURIED IN THE MINE.



OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE EXPEDITION.

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Sydney, where he remained, sick and a sufferer, for eight months before he recovered from the effects of the accident.

During this long period of confinement, which extended through the winter, Mr. Raynal had time to reflect upon his situation and prospects, and he came to the conclusion to undertake no more mining operations, but determined that, with the opening spring, if his health should then be sufficiently restored, he would return to France. In the mean time he had formed the acquaintance of a fellow-countryman named Mr. Charles Sarpy. Mr. Sarpy was a cloth merchant, and had for some time been engaged in business at Sydney; and when the time drew near for Mr. Raynal to set sail for his native land, Mr. Sarpy communicated to him, in a private and confidential manner, a project which he and his partner were entertaining, and proposed that Mr. Raynal should join them in carrying it into execution.

The project of Mr. Sarpy and his partner was this. They had received secret information, they said, that there were indications of valuable deposits of silver on an island called Campbell Island, which lies, as will be seen by the map, to the southward of New Zealand, and not far from the Auckland Islands, which, as will appear in the sequel, were the scene of most of the events to be recorded in this narrative. The plan was to fit out a vessel, with a trusty company in charge of it, to go to Campbell Island, and first make an exploration of the interior of it, with a view to ascertaining whether there was, in fact, such a mine of silver ore there as had been represented. If they found the mine the vessel was to return immediately to Sydney with the news, and the partners would then take the necessary steps for organizing a company to work the mine, and obtaining from the Legislature a grant of the island to the company, and the other necessary powers to enable them to prosecute the business efficiently.

The expedition was, however, to be provided not only with the requisite instruments, utensils, and materials for examining and testing the ore, if such should be found, but were also to take with them the necessary apparatus and appointments for the *seal-fishery*, in order that, in case of disappointment in regard to the silver, they could indemnify the owners for the expense of the voyage by bringing back a cargo of seal-skins and seal-oil. Most of the uninhabited coasts and islands in high southern, as well as high northern, latitudes are the resorts of great numbers of seals and other marine mammalia; and Mr. Sarpy had heard that they were particularly abundant at Campbell Island. If this should be the case a cargo was to be obtained and sent home, under the charge of a portion of the crew, while the rest remained to found an establishment on the island, and go on with the fishing, with a view of collecting a store of skins and oil, ready to load the vessel again on her return.

The proposal which Mr. Sarpy and his partner made to Mr. Raynal was, that he should aid them in organizing such an expedition, and then should go out to Campbell Island in command of it.

Mr. Raynal concluded to accept this proposal. He thought that there was a great probability that one or the other of the two strings of the bow would hold, and that by means of it he might reach the mark which he had been fruitlessly aiming at for so many years. And at any rate, if both should fail, it would only postpone his return to his native land for a few months. He could decide the question one way or the other during the summer season upon which he was then just entering; and if he failed, could set out on his return to France in the fall.

The seal is a remarkable animal in many respects; and, among others, on account of its affording a very curious example of the manner in which a structure originally designed, as it would seem, for a life in one element, has been modified to adapt it for another. The seal is essentially, in its anatomical characteristics, a land animal. It has all the bones necessary for feet and hands, even to the fingers and toes. These bones are, however, all packed away and concealed in the integuments which form the tail and the fins necessary for locomotion in water. It has a voice like that of a dog, and one species is known, on this account, among sailors as the *sea-dog*. It brings forth its young alive, and nurses and takes care of them as a cat does her kittens, or a lion her whelps, instead of producing only eggs, like most of the inhabitants of the deep, and leaving them to take their chance of being hatched and fed, or devoured by other fishes, as the accidents of their condition may determine. Their eyes are bright and full, and have so meaning an expression that they seem almost human. The organ is provided, moreover, with a special semi-transparent lid, with which it can be covered, when necessary, and its internal structure is provided with means of adjustment by which it can be adapted either to aquatic or aerial vision. Its nostrils are fitted with muscles by means of which the orifices may be closed at will when under water; so that the seal can shut its nose as well as its mouth when it dives. Its skull is very thin, to make the head light, so as to diminish the exertion necessary to keep it above the water. The blood is warm, and there are special arrangements in the structure of the heart and lungs to prevent the submergence of the animal, from time to time, from interfering with the regular arterialization of the blood and the regularity of the circulation.

But the chief peculiarities in the structure of the seal, which enable the animal to yield products useful to man, are those connected with the arrangements for keeping him warm in the ice-cold water in which he spends so large a portion of his time. These peculiarities are two: the coating of "blubber" below the skin, and of fur above it. This "blubber," as the sailors call it, consists of an integument or envelope of a kind of cellular tissue, the vesicles of which are filled with oil, and which covers the animal in every part with a material which is at the same time buoyant, and thus aids him in his motions in the water, and also is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and thus enables the red blood circulating within to maintain its temperature, notwithstanding the intense cold of the circumambient medium. It is curious to see in an arctic region a thousand seals disporting themselves on the margin of an ice floe, sometimes in the water and sometimes in the air, when the water is nearly freezing and the air is below zero, and to reflect that each body is in fact a little package of warmth, so securely protected by its most admirably contrived covering that, whether by day or by night, in summer or in winter, awake or asleep, upon the ice or under it, this warmth is not only never lost, but it never even varies in degree. It neither increases nor diminishes under all the varied exposures, and the continual and sometimes violent changes which take place in the surrounding conditions to which it is subject. For there is nothing found to be more uniform, as is shown by the most exact experiments and observations, than the temperature of the red blood flowing in the veins and arteries of a mammal.

It is from these peculiar coatings with which nearly all warm-blooded marine animals are clothed that are derived the supplies of oil which make the whales, the dolphins, the grampuses, the walruses, and the seals so valuable to man.

The seal, moreover, besides the warmth-preserving coat lying under his skin, is covered without with a peculiar kind of hair and fur, which makes his skin specially adapted to many useful purposes. The value of it depends upon certain properties designed to fit it to serve equally well under the water and in the air. Thus in the seal-fishery the sources of profit are two-fold—the skins and the oil.

The project therefore which Mr. Sarpy and his partner proposed to Mr. Raynal was that they should together fit out a vessel, with the means and appliances necessary both for collecting seal-skins and seal-oil on the one hand, and for making explorations and testing the value of ores on the other; that Mr. Raynal should take the command of the vessel and of the expedition, and should set sail as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

Mr. Raynal acceded to the proposition. He, however, stipulated for one modification of the plan, and that was that another captain should be engaged to take command of the vessel during the voyage. Although he had in former times been a practical navigator, it was many years, he said, since he had been at sea, and he wished to have another person to take the responsibility of conducting the vessel to the island. He would then himself take charge of the operations on land—namely, the exploration of the island, and the testing and collecting specimens of the ore, and also the work of procuring a cargo of oil and seal-skins.

This arrangement was finally acceded to, and a young ship-master, Captain Musgrave by name, a nephew of Mr. Sarpy's partner, was engaged to take command of the vessel. He was an American, and was about thirty years of age. He had a wife and children at Sydney. A small vessel, named the *Grafton*, of about eighty tons burden, was purchased and fitted up for the voyage. She was originally a collier, having been employed in bringing coal from Newcastle to Sydney. As she would have nothing to carry on her outward voyage except empty casks, they put in an extra quantity of iron ballast in the hold, covering it with a substantial floor, well secured, to prevent the possibility of the ballast "shifting." They stowed the casks upon this flooring. These casks were filled with water for the outward voyage—not only for the purpose of securing an abundant supply of water in case of a deficiency on the island, but also in order to put the brig in the same trim on the outward as she would be in on the homeward voyage, when the casks would be filled with oil. They also placed some additional ballast, consisting of blocks of stone, upon this flooring, with the water-casks, to give additional steadiness to the vessel.

The crew consisted of two seamen and a cook, making five in all; and, curiously enough, there were as many different nationalities represented in the group as there were men. Mr. Raynal was French, Captain Musgrave American, one of the seamen was English, and the other Norwegian, while the cook was Portuguese. The engraving gives a faithful representation of the whole party, copied from a photograph. Mr. Raynal stands on the extreme right of the picture, with the axe, his face wearing the serious and thoughtful expression given to it by the disappointments, misfortunes, and sickness through which he had passed. His hand rests on the shoulder of the American, Captain Musgrave, whose countenance indicates the cool and quiet energy characteristic of the American ship-master wherever he is found. In the centre of the group, behind the others, is one of the seamen, the Norwegian, Alexander M'Larren by name, though always known on board by the name of Aleck. Aleck was of a very quiet and sedate disposition. They said he seldom spoke, and never laughed, but he was docile and obedient, and attended faithfully to all his duties. He could not read or write. The other seaman, the Englishman, sits on the ground to the left of the group. His name was George Harris. He was very young—scarcely of age—though his form and his countenance would indicate a good deal of maturity both of body and mind. He was indeed rather an extraordinary man, strong, courageous, and efficient. He was a skillful seaman, understanding well whatever pertained to the rig and to the management of the vessel. He had, moreover, learned to read and write in his boyhood, in the schools of his native land, and his mind was in other respects more cultivated than those of most common seamen.

The man on the left, standing behind the others, is Henry Forges, or Harry, as they always called him, the cook. It is evident from his portrait that he was no beauty. He had suffered, it seems, in previous years from some cutaneous disease, which had finally been cured, but which had left indelible traces behind it in the permanent disfigurement of his face. Harry was to serve not only as cook, but as general servant, to attend to what on land would be called house-work, and also to aid as seaman in the management of the vessel in case of need.

The vessel was provided for four months, which was the utmost length of absence which it was thought necessary to anticipate—as the time for going and returning, with average weather, would have been only one month; and while on land the party expected to derive a portion of their subsistence from game. For this purpose Mr. Raynal provided himself with a double-barreled fowling-piece, and plenty of ammunition.

When all the preparations for the voyage were completed, Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave adopted a precautionary measure, which shows how fully they were aware that the enterprise in which they were about to embark was attended with unusual danger—as indeed it was—for they were going to explore unfrequented seas, to visit rocky islands, very little known, and situated in a stormy and inclement region. Campbell Island lies in the southern hemisphere, in a latitude nearly corresponding to that of Labrador in the northern. The precaution which they took was this: They arranged with Mr. Sarpy and his partner, that in case they did not return within four months, they were to send out another vessel to search for them. If the firm were not at that time in a condition to fit out such an additional vessel, from their own private resources, then they were to make application to the government, stating the facts, and asking that one of the national vessels at that station might be sent to look for the missing vessel.

All things being thus arranged, Captain Musgrave went to bid farewell to his wife and children, while the rest went on board the *Grafton*. Captain Musgrave soon afterward joined them, and they set sail.

It was now near the middle of November—a season which, in the southern hemisphere, corresponded with the middle of May in ours. For the first week every thing was favorable. The sea was smooth, the wind was fair, and the vessel glided over the water, as Mr. Raynal expressed it in his journal, as if they had been sailing upon a placid lake. On the night of the 15th the attention of the mariners was strongly attracted to the annual display of meteors, which occurs at that season, and which formed for them a most imposing spectacle.

On the 18th a rapid fall of the barometer portended a storm. The sea began to rise. They took in all the smaller sails and double reefed the mainsail. The wind and sea continued to rise. The waves began to break over upon the deck; and as the planking of the deck was not very tight, the laboring of the vessel opened the seams, so that the water poured through in streams, and drenched the bedding in the berths.

About midnight, Mr. Raynal was summoned to the deck to relieve the watch, and take his turn at the helm. The night was dark, though there was a phosphorescence in the waves, which seemed, however, not to relieve the darkness, but only to render it visible. Clouds, very low, were driving across the sky, and were illuminated now and then by vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied by terrific peals of thunder. Mr. Raynal took the helm from Aleck's hand; but the flashes of lightning were so incessant and so dazzling that he could scarcely see the needle of the compass, illumined by its little lamp, in the binnacle before him. Suddenly he experienced a violent shock, followed by a deluge of water which hurled him from his place at the helm, and swept him across the deck to leeward, where he barely saved himself from being carried overboard by grasping the bulwarks. Some of the bulwarks on the windward side were carried away by the concussion, and the vessel, instead of righting herself when the wave passed, remained half keeled over, showing that the ballast had shifted. The men who were below, aroused by the shock and the crash, came rushing to the deck. They immediately made for the sail, which was flapping in the wind with the sound of thunder, and commenced the herculean task of taking it in; while Mr. Raynal, stunned and bewildered, and drenched with sea-water, tried to make his way back to the helm. It was useless to attempt to bring the vessel up to the wind, when no sail could be carried; so they let her fall off and scud before the gale, which she did, bounding over the waves at a prodigious speed, and lying all the time half over upon her side.

The first work to be done was to right things in the hold, if possible, so as to bring the vessel back to an even keel. Captain Musgrave accordingly took the helm, while Mr. Raynal and the rest, providing themselves with lanterns, went below. There they found every thing in awful confusion. Blocks of stone, casks of water, bags of salt, were mingled pell-mell to leeward, in the angle formed by the flooring already spoken of and the vessel's side. Some were fixed in the new positions into which they had been thrown, and others, still loose, were thumping back and forth at every plunge of the vessel. To rearrange and secure these things was a very difficult, laborious, and dangerous task; and the men worked at it all the night long.

Fortunately the flooring, which had been laid over the iron ballast in the lower hold, held firm, and the iron had consequently not been disturbed. Had that floor given way, so as to allow the lower ballast to be thrown out of place, like that which was above the flooring, nothing could have saved the vessel from going down.

Toward morning, having restored something like order in the hold, the men returned to the deck, where they found Captain Musgrave almost exhausted with cold and exposure. His face was pale and his hands benumbed, and he was drenched to the skin. He was, however, active and alert, and showed no signs of discouragement or despondency.

The violence of the storm began now somewhat to abate; but the men were suffering greatly from wet and cold, and every thing above and below was so drenched with water that they could get no fire. Captain Musgrave did what he could to warm the men by distributing to them a supply of brandy—a resource which, although it consists essentially of borrowing vitality from the future, at a high rate of interest, to meet a present and temporary emergency, is one which, in such cases as this, is thought by seamen to afford the only means of safety.

They sounded the pumps and found, to their great joy, that there was very little leakage, showing that the hull of the vessel had received no serious injury. The wind continued to subside, though it blew by fits with great violence. Before long they succeeded in bringing the vessel around, head to the sea again—a position which is of much greater safety in heavy weather, so long as it can be maintained.

The wind continued to abate until, at length, it subsided to a gentle breeze. The sea went down. The seamen brought the bedding upon the deck, and spread it out to be dried by the sun and air. They rekindled their fire, and began to provide themselves again with regular and proper food. In a word, they found themselves restored to their ordinary routine of life, and to the enjoyment of their usual comforts—so far as there can be any thing like comfort on board a vessel of eighty tons, sailing in the open sea, and on the confines of the frigid zone.

They went on in this way for several days, until, at length, one day about noon, on mounting to the mast-head, Mr. Raynal found that Campbell Island was in sight, at a distance of about thirty-five miles. He cried out, "Land!" a cry which filled his comrades on the deck with excitement and delight. Very soon, however, there came creeping over the surface of the water a fog which shut out the land from view, and made it unsafe to attempt to approach it, on account of the rocky islets and submerged reefs which usually, in the case of such islands, border the shore. So they altered their course and stood out to sea again.

The next morning all was clear; but the land was no longer in sight. They had receded from it so far that it had disappeared below the horizon. They soon, however, brought it up again into view, and on the following day reached it in safety, avoiding all the rocks and shoals on the way, and anchored in a harbor which the whalemen, previously visiting the spot, had named Abraham's Bosom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROMANCE OF A DONKEY.

JEANNIE LEE and Tommy Gray were little boy and girl babies together, school-mates, friends, and— But let me first tell of their babyhood.

Their parents were warm friends, so the children had always been together. Tommy, being older, assumed a guardianship over his little playmate which was very pretty to contemplate from a grown-up point of view. He had a pet donkey, and it was his delight to put Jeannie upon Flora's back, while he walked by her side, holding her hand, that she might not fall. After a while he considered it safe for her to ride behind him *à la* pillion. This was delightful. Flora had a habit of throwing them off every few minutes, which might have been unpleasant, except that it afforded Tommy an opportunity to rush to the side of his playmate, and ask earnestly, "Are you hurt, Jeannie?" When, however, she would laughingly assure him she was unharmed, he would really feel disappointed, for it would have given him so much pleasure to take care of her, and tear up his pocket-handkerchief to bind up a broken limb in the manner described in books; but Jeannie was persistently strong and whole, for a fall from little Flora's back was not much. One day, when these young people were ten and eleven years of age, they were rambling through the woods, first on and then off the donkey's back, according to that little animal's mood; sitting down under a big pine-tree, upon the carpet which we always find under pine-trees, made of the dry brown tassels which fall and fall and pile up around the trunks, and through which the winter-greens and princess pine push their way.

"Jeannie," said Tom, "did you ever see a dead donkey?"

"No, never, I am sure. But what makes you ask me such a funny question, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing; only I heard father say one time that no one ever did see such a thing, because donkeys never died. I'm mighty glad of it, too, for it would make me feel awfully sorry if Flora should die."

"I should too, Tom. I should cry just as much as if—*you* died! Wouldn't I, Flora dear?" And she threw her arms round the animal's neck.

Flora stood patiently, submitting to the caress, her eyes looking a mild inquiry at her young mistress. Jeannie petted and kissed her, and Tom saw tears in the little girl's eyes.

"Pshaw, Jeannie, what's the use of crying about it now, specially when you know she can't die? You say you'd feel just as bad if Flora died as you would if I died?"

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"Yes, I would, Tom."

"Well, you know there is a great deal more danger of me dying. Why don't you cry about that? When I am old enough I may go to the wars or to sea, and be killed. What would you do *then*, Jeannie?"

"Oh, Tommy, don't talk that way to me. I don't know what I should do except cry awfully. But I guess I should die too."

"Well, then, why don't you put your arms round my neck and cry about it just as you did to the donkey? I don't believe you care half as much for me as you do for Flora."

Jeannie was not too young to feel a little coy about offering to Tom the same caresses which she had lavished upon their pet; but this appeal was too much for her, and throwing her arms about his neck, she fully atoned for what he had been pleased to regard as neglect. Tom found it necessary to say a great many comforting things, and wipe the tears with *his* handkerchief, although it would have pleased him more could he have torn it in strips.

"There now, Jeannie, don't cry any more. Perhaps I won't go to the wars, or to sea either, and perhaps I won't die; but then, of course, I must die some time or other. Maybe, though, you will die first, and that will be better, for you know I will be a man, and stronger than you, and so I can bear it better. Don't you see?"

"Yes, that would be better," said Jeannie.

Oh! incipient man and woman! Of course he could bear it better, and be more easily comforted, and of course she could be more happy in dying than in being left to mourn. Tommy smoothed back her curls and kissed her, saying:

"Don't you know, Jeannie, you are going to be my little wife when we are grown up?"

"No; I didn't know that. Who said so?"

"Why, I say so, to be sure. Yes, you are going to be my wife, and we will live in a pretty little house, and you'll make tea for me, don't you know; and we'll have Flora, and it will be so nice; and then after a while you'll die, and—"

"Oh, don't talk about that, please; you'll make me cry again."

"Well, I won't; but don't you know when people are going to be married they always give each other something to show they'll keep their promise? I wish I had a ring to give you, but I haven't got any thing. Oh yes, though, here's the very thing; we'll each take a lock of Flora's hair and wear it round our necks."

So saying he cut with his knife a lock from between Flora's eyes, divided it, and taking the ribbon from Jeannie's hair he tied the two locks, and putting one around her neck would have tied it fast, had she not hesitated.

"Wait, please, Tommy," she said, in a distressed tone. "You know I haven't made any promise yet; it was only you."

"Oh, well, of course you do promise. You will be my wife, won't you?"

"I don't know," she said, thoughtfully.

"Why don't you know? You'll never love any body else as much as you do me, so of course you'll marry me."

The ribbons were tied without more ado, and giving her a patronizing kiss the two walked home. She was very silent and thoughtful all the way, but he was never more gay and talkative. When they reached her home he bade her good-by, bidding her "never, never, never forget the promise."

"Well, Tommy, I don't know what papa and mamma will say about it."

"Oh, they'll be delighted. Don't you worry;" and Master Tom walked off whistling, and quite as important and happy as if he had been twenty-one, and this little transaction had been not merely childish.

Poor Jeannie, however, was in a very doubtful state of mind until she had confided to her mother the whole story.

"What shall I do, mamma; can I keep the lock of Flora's hair as long as Tommy keeps his?"

"Yes, dear, you may keep it as long as you like; but I would not talk or think any more about being Tommy's wife, because you are too young to be thinking of such things, and none can know what may happen before you are old enough."

"But, mamma, don't you think he is a good boy? Wouldn't you like to have me be his wife?"

Jeannie asked this in a timid, anxious way, that showed she did feel interested in the matter; her mother and father had often playfully spoken to each other of the probability of such a *match* resulting from the firm childish affection which had grown up between them; but wishing to keep her little daughter's mind entirely free from all such thoughts, she said:

"You can tell Tommy not to talk about it any more, and you be just yourself again—only little Jeannie Lee."

A few months after this romantic incident Jeannie was running over to find her playmate one day, when she suddenly came upon him leaning dejectedly against a tree, with tears streaming down his face.

"What is the matter, Tommy? *Do* tell me, won't you?"

The boy started, and brushing away the tears, he tried to say, carelessly,

"Oh, nothing much, only Flora is gone!" But the last word was a sob, in spite of his efforts to be manly.

"Flora gone! Oh dear, dear! Where has she gone to?"

"I don't know. I've hunted in every place all the morning, but can't find her. She can't be dead, because you know donkeys never die; but that ain't a bit of comfort!" And throwing himself on the ground, he gave up to his tears.

Jeannie felt that her heart was broken by the loss of the pet, and Tommy's grief added another straw to crush her. So, forgetting her mother's advice, she cried:

"Oh, Tommy, please, don't cry so hard; it makes me feel awfully! Now listen to me. You know if I am going to be your little wife you ought to let me comfort you now. Won't you, Tommy?"

This little appeal was made so modestly and earnestly that the boy looked up and allowed himself to be comforted.

Years passed away. The boy and girl were separated. He went to school, and she was taken abroad by her parents to be educated. For a long time letters were interchanged, but gradually they dropped off altogether. At last Jeannie was on her way home. A storm arose, and the vessel was wrecked. Nearly all on board were lost. Jeannie, however, escaped, but her parents were both lost. Her first impulse, on reaching her native land, was to visit the scenes of her childhood. She went back to the old home, and, in spite of the sad changes, it was a pleasure to wander about among the old haunts.

Tommy had been so closely connected with her childhood that now, of course, he was brought to her mind very forcibly. Here they had made their little gardens; here they had built a little house of branches, and called it their home; and so on through many childish reminiscences. She wandered on toward the place where *he* had made the promise. She wondered where he was now, and if he had forgotten all that. As she drew near the place she was startled to see a man leaning against the very tree, and at his feet was lying the body of a donkey, surely *dead*. He looked up, hearing her step, and their eyes met.

"Jeannie!"

"Tom!"

That was all they said, but they *looked* a very lively conversation. At last Tom held out his hand.

"This is poor Flora, Jeannie. Just think of it! I never found her until to-day. Is it not strange you and I should meet here after such a long, long time? In spite of the old tradition, Flora died a natural death. She has wandered back to her old home and died here. Poor old thing! how much we loved her, didn't we? Jeannie, do you remember the lock of her hair I gave you?"

"Yes, Tom, I do remember it;" and she blushed with the consciousness of its then being so near her heart.

"Did you keep it long, Jeannie?"

"Yes, for some time."

"How long?"

"A number of years."

"As many as ten, Jeannie?"

"Why do you ask, Tom? I dare say you have lost yours long ago."

"You dare say! Look, here it is, proof of my honesty. I have kept it just ten years."

He took it from his vest pocket (which is next a man's heart all through the day). It was in a little morocco case—the little gray lock, tied with a faded blue ribbon. Jeannie blushingly took from her neck a gold chain, with a locket suspended, and, opening it, showed Tom the other part of the lock from poor Flora's head. Tom's face was radiant.

"Now, Jeannie, you *have* kept your promise, and we are *grown up*, so we'll just put the two locks together in your locket, and I'll put in my little case a curl from your head."

"But, Tom, I never made any promise, you know."

"Ah, yes, but I made it for you, and you have kept it; so you'll be my wife now, *of course*."

He was the same authoritative individual, determined to have his own way; and he had it. He had not forgotten how his little playmate comforted him when Flora was gone, and now he exerted himself to comfort the orphaned girl. It would be impossible for me to put down all he said; but the last time I saw them they were in a pretty little house, and she was making tea for him. But they didn't have old Flora. She had gone to the donkey's heaven, or else (who knows?) her spirit inhabited another form. At all events, she *died!*

NEWTON INVESTIGATING LIGHT.

THE picture on our first page this week is engraved from an interesting painting by Mr. J. A. HOUSTON, of the Royal Scottish Academy. It represents one of the early experiments with the prism which led to NEWTON'S wonderful discoveries in regard to the nature of light, which formed the ground-work for subsequent researches in optical science. Marvelous progress has been made since his time. The wonderful phenomena of the polarization of light, its chemical and actinic properties, the theory of its undulatory transmission or manifestation, have each been investigated with surprising sagacity and patience. While FARADAY and others have brought the inquiry into the affinities of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and galvanism to the very threshold, as it would seem, of discoveries pregnant literally with vital interest and importance for the human race, still, we remember it was NEWTON who laid the foundation for this great superstructure. His discovery, or rather his demonstrated deduction and record of the composite nature of the sun's ray, has received a most interesting verification in photography, an art which has illustrated—as must be confessed, to its own disadvantage—the very different activity or actinic power of rays of different colors. The data for NEWTON'S conclusions respecting the composite nature of light were founded, as we all know, upon a simple experiment with a prism—an experiment which a child might have made; and not more likely to lead to a great discovery, unless reasoned upon by a philosopher, than was the fall of an apple likely to suggest the great law of gravitation which sustains and regulates the universe.

The manner in which NEWTON made his early experiments is shown in Mr. HOUSTON'S well-considered and effective picture. The shutters of a room are closed on a sunshiny day, but a single beam is admitted through a small orifice; a prism of glass is placed in this beam, and the light passing through it is decomposed or detached into its constituents as it falls on any object within the room, because it is seen that the beam is composed of rays of different degrees of refrangibility, according to the colors into which they resolve themselves. We need only add that the artist has indicated some of the other profound discoveries and labors of our great philosopher by the telescope, books, and so forth, introduced in the back-ground of the picture.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

VERY simple and unpretending was the funeral of the great novelist, Charles Dickens. Early in the morning of June 14 his remains were conveyed from his residence at Gad's Hill to Westminster Abbey. Three plain coaches followed the hearse, containing the mourning family. The body of Dickens was interred in the Poet's Corner, near by Handel, Sheridan, Macaulay, and Cumberland. Dean Stanley read the burial-service. During the day thousands who had known and loved the gifted man, chiefly through his writings, crowded to the Abbey to look upon the spot where he was laid, and to cover the grave with fragrant flowers. Some time before his death Mr. Dickens had desired to be buried in an old cemetery near Rochester. It is reported that this burial-place has since been closed. Indeed, it seems fitting that the remains of one who, through his works, belonged so pre-eminently to the literary public, should rest in Westminster Abbey among the renowned of earth. Yet there is something both touching and pleasing in the fact that no pomp or parade accompanied the burial-service of Charles Dickens. Upon the coffin-plate were inscribed the simple words:

CHARLES DICKENS.
Born February 7, 1812.
Died June 9, 1870.

Some months ago it was accidentally discovered by a French workman that varnish was an excellent remedy for burns; and since then some remarkable cures have been performed by its instrumentality. Recently, also, it has been ascertained that petroleum is an excellent pain-relieving application, and it is successfully used for burns and scalds. Experience has shown that crude oil is better than the distilled article, that the heaviest kinds are to be preferred, and that the crude filtered oil, which has not been heated (such as is used for lubricating purposes), is the best of all.

Professor Seeley, author of "Ecce Homo," has just completed a course of lectures to women on Roman History, at the Government Institution of Kensington. There were two hundred in the class. The lecture-rooms at Cambridge University have been thrown open to women. A short time ago the first examinations ever opened to women in Ireland were passed by twenty-eight candidates at Trinity College, Dublin. The Dutch are alarmed at a decree of the government of Holland opening the examinations for apothecaries to women. The Russian government has opened the doors of medical schools to both sexes; and a commissioner has been sent from France to England for the purpose of investigating this "movement." So the work goes on.

"Spotted Tail," one of the most powerful of the Indian Chiefs, does not seem to be intimidated, although he entertains a somewhat exalted idea of the white man's power. He thus expresses his views in an intercepted letter: "The white man is like the sands of the sea. His huts are like the trees of the forest. His horses are iron. Their speed is lightning. He has a little wire that goes over the great country. It reaches a hundred nations. He blows through the wire. The white man is a great blower. The words of his mouth go to the ends of the earth. They call up warriors and summon men to the council. But the soul of Spotted Tail knows no fear." How the letter was intercepted, we know not; but "Spotted Tail" writes very well!

The Ohio Legislature has just enacted a very stringent law against the sale of dangerous kerosene. The standard is fixed at 110° Fahr. for the flashing test, and the sale of an oil which flashes below this temperature is severely punished. In case a death results from oil flashing below 110° Fahr., the seller is to be punished for manslaughter.

Physician's fees in Prussia are regulated by law, and are fixed upon the most economical basis. For a first visit within the city limits a physician is allowed to charge from 50 cents to $1; for each subsequent visit, 25 to 50 cents. If at a distance of from one to five miles from town and suburbs, his first visit may be from 75 cents to $1 50, and subsequent ones from 50 to 75 cents. For a first visit at night he gets, if it be in town, from $1 50 to $2 25; if more than a mile out of town, from $2 25 to $3; following night-visits being, in town, from 75 cents to $1 50; in the country, from $1 12 to $2 25. He may not charge for more than two visits a day, unless they be by special request, nor must his fees for all attendance on any one patient within twenty-four hours exceed $2 25. The highest fee in the list is awarded to the surgeon who performs lithotomy—namely, from $15 to $37 50.

Autobiographies are the fashion just now. Kossuth is writing his, Gladstone has given the public the commencement of his, and Disraeli is said to have his own in process of construction.—Victor Hugo made $32,000 from his publications last year, but spent nearly the whole amount in aiding his sons to establish the *Rappel* newspaper in Paris.—The King of Saxony, now seventy years of age, has just begun to study the Polish and Russian languages. He wishes to translate into German some of the gems of Scandinavian literature.

A Parisian banker invented an ingenious plan to prevent defalcation by his cashier. He placed an iron cage before his safe and announced that the cashier should be locked in it until his cash account was verified at the close of the day. He could find only one man willing to accept this condition. "You must enter the cage at 9 A.M., and you will be liberated at 4 P.M., after your account has been verified," said the banker to the applicant. "Agreed." "You must not leave it during the day under any pretense. I keep the key in my pocket." "All right; I am used to confinement." "Where have you been?" "In the penitentiary during these last fifteen years."

The selection of Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis to fill the vacancy in the Board of Education caused by the late retirement of Judge Richard Larremore appears to give general satisfaction to the friends of education in this city. He is a gentleman of experience and capacity, and in all matters appertaining to practical school wants his action will doubtless be judicious. Mr. Bernard Smythe, who succeeds Judge Larremore as President of the Board, brings to this position a reputation for zeal, earnestness, and sound judgment which may be taken as a guarantee that the interests of education will not suffer under his *régime*.

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, eldest son of the Emperor Napoleon's brother Jerome, died at Baltimore, on June 17, from cancer in the throat. In 1803 Prince Jerome Bonaparte visited the United States; and in Baltimore he met Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a young lady of uncommon beauty and accomplishments. On Christmas-eve of the same year, having overcome the opposition of her father, he married her. Prince Jerome took his beautiful bride to Europe after a year or two; but France was closed to her by the order of the Emperor Napoleon, who also ordered Jerome to go at once to Paris. He went, but did not return to his wife. Napoleon refused to recognize the marriage, and in 1807 Jerome was married to the daughter of the King of Würtemberg. In 1805 Mrs. Patterson Bonaparte, while in England, gave birth to Jerome Napoleon, who has just died. The mother took every means in her power to secure to her son what she deemed his rights. He was allowed to visit France, and became intimate with his father, though he was not called one of the royal family, and no recognition of his mother was obtained. Jerome was educated at Harvard College, and entered the legal profession. He was married in early life to Miss Williams, daughter of Benjamin Williams, of Roxbury, Massachusetts. He leaves a son, Jerome Napoleon, who graduated at West Point, and is now an officer in the French army. Madame Bonaparte, at the age of ninety, survives both husband and son; and it is said that she has predicted that she will live to see her grandson Emperor of the French.

Some adventurous investigator has made a visit to the lowest depths of the caisson of the East River Bridge, and don't like the amusement much. He thinks a pedestrian would enjoy himself full as well in the groves of Prospect Park!

When the Prince of Wales was returning from the Epsom Derby, the other day, a bevy of ladies assembled on the Clapham road to see and greet the royal party. The Prince was smoking a cigar, but instantly he removed his hat to return the salutation. Fortunately (for the ladies) in so doing he dropped his glove. Of course, it would never do for royalty to stoop for such a trifle, and a general rush was made for the kid. The Prince indulged in a hearty laugh at the scramble of the ladies to become the owner of the glove, and the carriage proceeded on its way.

The story of "Edwin Drood" was commenced by Mr. Dickens in the summer of 1869. He was writing on it Wednesday, June 7, two days before his death.

From English journals we learn that the committee appointed by the Convocation for the revision of the authorized version of the Bible has held its first meeting, and agreed upon its plan of operation. The committee is to separate itself into two companies, the one for the revision of the Old Testament, and the other for that of the New. It has extensively availed itself of its authority to invite the co-operation of any persons eminent for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body they may belong. As a general principle to be followed by both companies, it has been resolved to introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the authorized version consistently with faithfulness, and to limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the authorized and earlier English versions. Each company is to make two revisions of its text, the one provisional, and the other final. In the former, proposed changes in the text will be made on the approval of a majority of those present; but no change will be retained at the final revision which is not sanctioned by a majority of two-thirds. Whenever the text adopted by the committee differs from the authorized version, the alteration is to be indicated in the margin. The revision is to extend to the heading of chapters, pages, paragraphs, italics, and punctuation, and application is to be made by each company, when considered desirable, to divines, scholars, and literary men, at home and abroad, for their opinions.

The Emperor of Brazil is a sensible man. His people were about to erect a statue to his honor, but he declined it, and recommended that the money should be devoted to primary schools.

When Emile Ollivier, the French Premier, was younger, he came very near killing himself by drinking absinthe. Now he is markedly abstemious; he drinks no wine, smokes no cigars, and eats but little.

People are becoming anxious about the sun. The spots on its surface, which have long interested scientific men, have now grown so large that, apparently, they might easily swallow up our small earth. These spots, some alarmists predict, indicate some great catastrophe which will ruin us. It is believed by many scientific persons that the present condition of the sun causes peculiar magnetic influences upon our earth.

Tennyson has volunteered to assist in observations regarding the total eclipse of the sun which occurs next December, and which is visible in Europe. But in what way he is to assist is yet unknown. It may be we shall have as the result a word-painting, describing that marvelous phenomenon of nature.

It is about three years since Mlle. Christine Nilsson first sang before an English audience, her début having been made as Violetta in "La Traviata," at Her Majesty's Theatre, on June 8, 1867. At that time she achieved a perfect success, and her career has since been one of continued triumph.

An American traveler, with that enterprise which is a national characteristic, has made a proposal to the Italian government to lease Mount Vesuvius! He thinks he can make a good thing of it by laying out roads and pleasure-grounds, building hotels, and setting up soda fountains on its summit. Moreover, he proposes to take visitors up and down by machinery. Those who want to see the show must pay a small admission fee.

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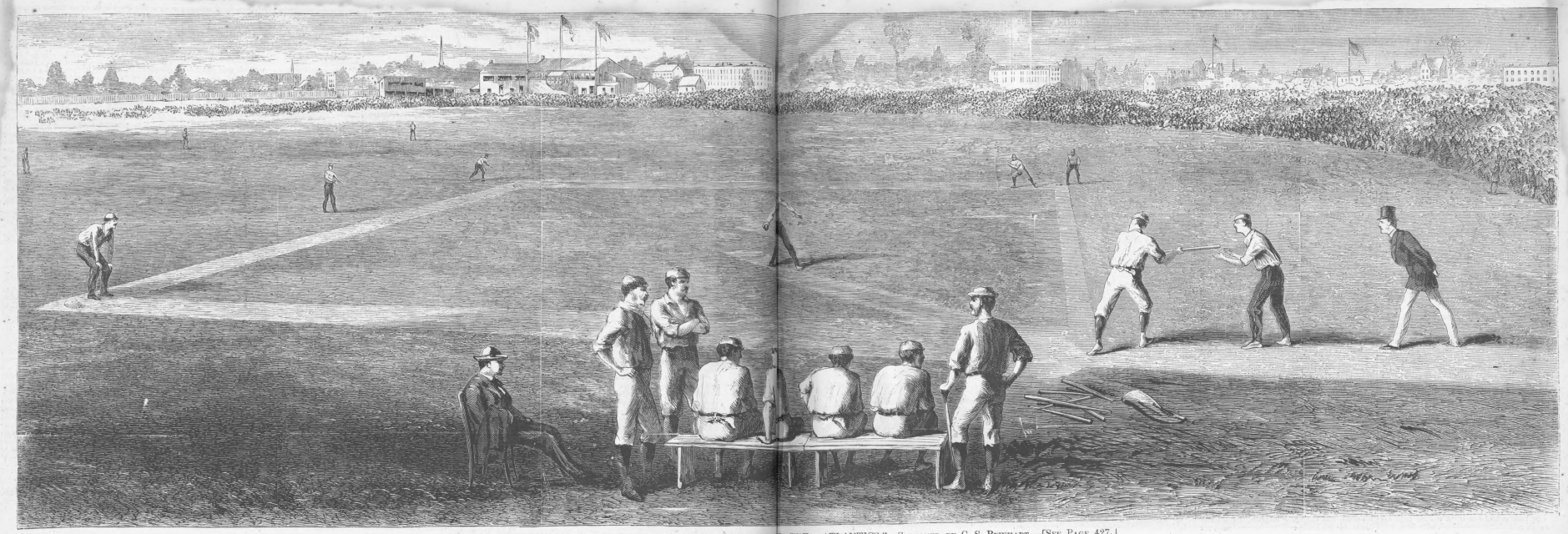
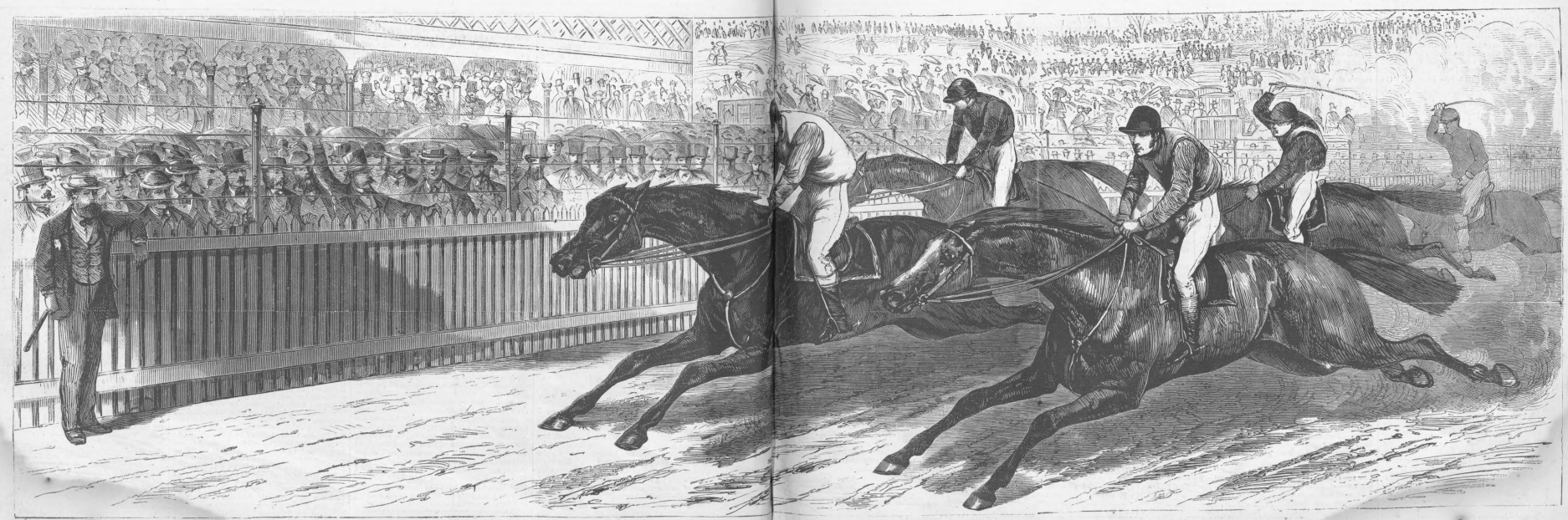


BASE-BALL—THE MATCH BETWEEN THE "RED STOCKINGS" AND THE "ATLANTICS."—Sketched by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 427.]



JEROME PARK—THE RACE FOR THE HUNTER PLATE.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 427.]

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MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

THE MORNING.

WHEN does the vain regret find its keenest sting? When is the doubtful future blackened by its darkest cloud? When is life least worth having, and death oftenest at the bedside? In the terrible morning hours, when the sun is rising in its glory, and the birds are singing in the stillness of the new-born day.

Anne woke in the strange bed, and looked round her, by the light of the new morning, at the strange room.

The rain had all fallen in the night. The sun was master in the clear autumn sky. She rose, and opened the window. The fresh morning air, keen and fragrant, filled the room. Far and near, the same bright stillness possessed the view. She stood at the window looking out. Her mind was clear again—she could think, she could feel; she could face the one last question which the merciless morning now forced on her—How will it end?

Was there any hope?—hope, for instance, in what she might do for herself. What can a married woman do for herself? She can make her misery public—provided it be misery of a certain kind—and can reckon single-handed with Society when she has done it. Nothing more.

Was there hope in what others might do for her? Blanche might write to her—might even come and see her—if her husband allowed it; and that was all. Sir Patrick had pressed her hand at parting, and had told her to rely on him. He was the firmest, the truest of friends. But what could he do? There were outrages which her husband was privileged to commit, under the sanction of marriage, at the bare thought of which her blood ran cold. Could Sir Patrick protect her? Absurd! Law and Society armed her husband with his conjugal rights. Law and Society had but one answer to give, if she appealed to them—You are his wife.

No hope in herself; no hope in her friends; no hope any where on earth. Nothing to be done but to wait for the end—with faith in the Divine Mercy; with faith in the better world.

She took out of her trunk a little book of Prayers and Meditations—worn with much use—which had once belonged to her mother. She sat by the window reading it. Now and then she looked up from it—thinking. The parallel between her mother's position and her own position was now complete. Both married to husbands who hated them; to husbands whose interests pointed to mercenary alliances with other women; to husbands whose one want and one purpose was to be free from their wives. Strange, what different ways had led mother and daughter both to the same fate! Would the parallel hold to the end? "Shall I die," she wondered, thinking of her mother's last moments, "in Blanche's arms?"

The time had passed unheeded. The morning movement in the house had failed to catch her ear. She was first called out of herself to the sense of the present and passing events, by the voice of the servant girl outside the door.

"The master wants you, ma'am, down stairs."

She rose instantly, and put away the little book.

"Is that all the message?" she asked, opening the door.

"Yes, ma'am."

She followed the girl down stairs; recalling to her memory the strange words addressed to her by Geoffrey, in the presence of the servants, on the evening before. Was she now to know what those words really meant? The doubt would soon be set at rest. "Be the trial what it may," she thought to herself, "let me bear it as my mother would have borne it."

The servant opened the door of the dining-room. Breakfast was on the table. Geoffrey was standing at the window. Hester Dethridge was waiting, posted near the door. He came forward—with the nearest approach to gentleness in his manner which she had ever yet seen in it—he came forward, with a set smile on his lips, and offered her his hand!

She had entered the room, prepared (as she believed) for any thing that could happen. She was not prepared for this. She stood speechless, looking at him.

After one glance at her, when she came in, Hester Dethridge looked at him, too—and from that moment never looked away again, as long as Anne remained in the room.

He broke the silence—in a voice that was not like his own; with a furtive restraint in his manner which she had never noticed in it before.

"Won't you shake hands with your husband," he asked, "when your husband asks you?"

She mechanically put her hand in his. He dropped it instantly, with a start. "God! how cold!" he exclaimed. His own hand was burning hot, and shook incessantly.

He pointed to a chair at the head of the table.

"Will you make the tea?" he asked.

She had given him her hand mechanically; she advanced a step mechanically—and then stopped.

"Would you prefer breakfasting by yourself?" he said.

"If you please," she answered, faintly.

"Wait a minute. I have something to say before you go."

She waited. He considered with himself; consulting his memory—visibly, unmistakably, consulting it before he spoke again.

"I have had the night to think in," he said. "The night has made a new man of me. I beg your pardon for what I said yesterday. I was not myself yesterday. I talked nonsense yesterday. Please to forget it, and forgive it. I wish to turn over a new leaf, and make amends—make amends for my past conduct. It shall be my endeavor to be a good husband. In the presence of Mrs. Dethridge, I request you to give me a chance. I won't force your inclinations. We are married—what's the use of regretting it? Stay here, as you said yesterday, on your own terms. I wish to make it up. In the presence of Mrs. Dethridge, I say I wish to make it up. I won't detain you. I request you to think of it. Good-morning."

He said those extraordinary words like a slow boy saying a hard lesson—his eyes on the ground, his fingers restlessly fastening and unfastening a button on his waistcoat.

Anne left the room. In the passage she was obliged to wait, and support herself against the wall. His unnatural politeness was horrible; his carefully asserted repentance chilled her to the soul with dread. She had never felt—in the time of his fiercest anger and his foulest language—the unutterable horror of him that she felt now.

Hester Dethridge came out, closing the door behind her. She looked attentively at Anne—then wrote on her slate, and held it out, with these words on it:

"Do you believe him?"

Anne pushed the slate away, and ran up stairs. She fastened the door—and sank into a chair.

"He is plotting something against me," she said to herself. "What?"

A sickening, physical sense of dread—entirely new in her experience of herself—made her shrink from pursuing the question. The sinking at her heart turned her faint. She went to get the air at the open window.

At the same moment there was a ring at the gate bell. Suspicious of any thing and every thing, she felt a sudden distrust of letting herself be seen. She drew back behind the curtain and looked out.

A man-servant, in livery, was let in. He had a letter in his hand. He said to the girl as he passed Anne's window, "I come from Lady Holchester; I must see Mr. Delamayn instantly."

They went in. There was an interval. The footman reappeared, leaving the place. There was another interval. Then there came a knock at the door. Anne hesitated. The knock was repeated, and the dumb murmuring of Hester Dethridge was heard outside. Anne opened the door.

Hester came in with the breakfast. She pointed to a letter among other things on the tray. It was addressed to Anne, in Geoffrey's handwriting, and it contained these words:

"My father died yesterday. Write your orders for your mourning. The boy will take them. You are not to trouble yourself to go to London. Somebody is to come here to you from the shop."

Anne dropped the paper on her lap without looking up. At the same moment Hester Dethridge's slate was passed stealthily between her eyes and the note—with these words traced on it. "His mother is coming to-day. His brother has been telegraphed from Scotland. He was drunk last night. He's drinking again. I know what that means. Look out, missus—look out."

Anne signed to her to leave the room. She went out, pulling the door to, but not closing it behind her.

There was another ring at the gate bell. Once more Anne went to the window. Only the lad, this time; arriving to take his orders for the day. He had barely entered the garden when he was followed by the postman with letters. In a minute more Geoffrey's voice was heard in the passage, and Geoffrey's heavy step ascended the wooden stairs. Anne hurried across the room to draw the bolts. Geoffrey met her before she could close the door.

"A letter for you," he said, keeping scrupulously out of the room. "I don't wish to force your inclinations—I only request you to tell me who it's from."

His manner was as carefully subdued as ever. But the unacknowledged distrust in him (when he looked at her) betrayed itself in his eye.

She glanced at the handwriting on the address.

"From Blanche," she answered.

He softly put his foot between the door and the post—and waited until she had opened and read Blanche's letter.

"May I see it?" he asked—and put in his hand for it through the door.

The spirit in Anne which would once have resisted him was dead in her now. She handed him the open letter.

It was very short. Excepting some brief expressions of fondness, it was studiously confined to stating the purpose for which it had been written. Blanche proposed to visit Anne that afternoon, accompanied by her uncle; she sent word beforehand, to make sure of finding Anne at home. That was all. The letter had evidently been written under Sir Patrick's advice.

Geoffrey handed it back, after first waiting a moment to think.

"My father died yesterday," he said. "My wife can't receive visitors before he is buried. I don't wish to force your inclinations. I only say I can't let visitors in here before the funeral—except my own family. Send a note down stairs. The lad will take it to your friend when he goes to London." With those words, he left her.

An appeal to the proprieties of life, in the mouth of Geoffrey Delamayn, could only mean one of two things. Either he had spoken in brutal mockery—or he had spoken with some ulterior object in view. Had he seized on the event of his father's death as a pretext for isolating his wife from all communication with the outer world? Were there reasons, which had not yet asserted themselves, for his dreading the result, if he allowed Anne to communicate with her friends?

The hour wore on, and Hester Dethridge appeared again. The lad was waiting for Anne's orders for her mourning, and for her note to Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth.

Anne wrote the orders and the note. Once more the horrible slate appeared when she had done, between the writing paper and her eyes, with the hard lines of warning pitilessly traced on it. "He has locked the gate. When there's a ring we are to come to him for the key. He has written to a woman. Name outside the letter, Mrs. Glenarm. He has had more brandy. Like my husband. Mind yourself."

The one way out of the high walls all round the cottage locked. Friends forbidden to see her. Solitary imprisonment, with her husband for a jailer. Before she had been four-and-twenty hours in the cottage it had come to that. And what was to follow?

She went back mechanically to the window. The sight of the outer world, the occasional view of a passing vehicle, helped to sustain her.

The lad appeared in the front garden departing to perform his errand to London. Geoffrey went with him to open the gate, and called after him, as he passed through it, "Don't forget the books!"

The "books?" What "books?" Who wanted them? The slightest thing now roused Anne's suspicion. For hours afterward the books haunted her mind.

He secured the gate and came back again. He stopped under Anne's window and called to her. She showed herself. "When you want air and exercise," he said, "the back garden is at your own disposal." He put the key of the gate in his pocket and returned to the house.

After some hesitation Anne decided on taking him at his word. In her state of suspense, to remain within the four walls of the bedroom was unendurable. If some lurking snare lay hid under the fair-sounding proposal which Geoffrey had made, it was less repellent to her boldly to prove what it might be than to wait pondering over it with her mind in the dark. She put on her hat and went down into the garden.

Nothing happened out of the common. Wherever he was he never showed himself. She wandered up and down, keeping on the side of the garden which was farthest from the dining-room window. To a woman, escape from the place was simply impossible. Setting out of the question the height of the walls, they were armed at the top with a thick setting of jagged broken glass. A small back-door in the end wall (intended probably for the gardener's use) was bolted and locked—the key having been taken out. There was not a house near. The lands of the local growers of vegetables surrounded the garden on all sides. In the nineteenth century, and in the immediate neighborhood of a great metropolis, Anne was as absolutely isolated from all contact with the humanity around her as if she lay in her grave.

After the lapse of half an hour the silence was broken by a noise of carriage wheels on the public road in front, and a ring at the bell. Anne kept close to the cottage, at the back; determined, if a chance offered, on speaking to the visitor, whoever the visitor might be.

She heard voices in the dining-room through the open window—Geoffrey's voice and the voice of a woman. Who was the woman? Not Mrs. Glenarm, surely? After a while the visitor's voice was suddenly raised. "Where is she?" it said. "I wish to see her." Anne instantly advanced to the back-door of the house—and found herself face to face with a lady who was a total stranger to her.

"Are you my son's wife?" asked the lady.

"I am your son's prisoner," Anne answered.

Lady Holchester's pale face turned paler still. It was plain that Anne's reply had confirmed some doubt in the mother's mind which had been already suggested to it by the son.

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a whisper.

Geoffrey's heavy footsteps crossed the dining-room. There was no time to explain. Anne whispered back,

"Tell my friends what I have told you."

Geoffrey appeared at the dining-room door.

"Name one of your friends," said Lady Holchester.

"Sir Patrick Lundie."

Geoffrey heard the answer. "What about Sir Patrick Lundie?" he asked.

"I wish to see Sir Patrick Lundie," said his mother. "And your wife can tell me where to find him."

Anne instantly understood that Lady Holchester would communicate with Sir Patrick. She mentioned his London address. Lady Holchester turned to leave the cottage. Her son stopped her.

"Let's set things straight," he said, "before you go. My mother," he went on, addressing himself to Anne, "don't think there's much chance for us two of living comfortably together. Bear witness to the truth—will you? What did I tell you at breakfast-time? Didn't I say it should be my endeavor to make you a good husband? Didn't I say—in Mrs. Dethridge's presence—I wanted to make it up?" He waited until Anne had answered in the affirmative, and then appealed to his mother. "Well? what do you think now?"

Lady Holchester declined to reveal what she thought. "You shall see me, or hear from me, this evening," she said to Anne. Geoffrey attempted to repeat his unanswered question. His mother looked at him. His eyes instantly dropped before hers. She gravely bent her head to Anne, and drew her veil. Her son followed her out in silence to the gate.

Anne returned to her room, sustained by the first sense of relief which she had felt since the morning. "His mother is alarmed," she said to herself. "A change will come."

A change *was* to come—with the coming night.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.

THE PROPOSAL.

TOWARD sunset, Lady Holchester's carriage drew up before the gate of the cottage.

Three persons occupied the carriage: Lady Holchester, her eldest son (now Lord Holchester), and Sir Patrick Lundie.

"Will you wait in the carriage, Sir Patrick?" said Julius. "Or will you come in?"

"I will wait. If I can be of the least use to *her*, send for me instantly. In the mean time, don't forget to make the stipulation which I have suggested. It is the one certain way of putting your brother's real feeling in this matter to the test."

The servant had rung the bell without producing any result. He rang again. Lady Holchester put a question to Sir Patrick.

"If I have an opportunity of speaking to my son's wife alone," she said, "have you any message to give?"

Sir Patrick produced a little note.

"May I appeal to your ladyship's kindness to give her this?" The gate was opened by the servant girl, as Lady Holchester took the note. "Remember," reiterated Sir Patrick, earnestly, "if I can be of the smallest service to her—don't think of my position with Mr. Delamayn. Send for me at once."

Julius and his mother were conducted into the drawing-room. The girl informed them that her master had gone up stairs to lie down, and that he would be with them immediately.

Both mother and son were too anxious to speak. Julius wandered uneasily about the room. Some books attracted his notice on a table in the corner—four dirty, greasy volumes, with a slip of paper projecting from the leaves of one of them, and containing this inscription, "With Mr. Perry's respects." Julius opened the volume. It was the ghastly popular record of Criminal Trials in England, called the Newgate Calendar. Julius showed it to his mother.

"Geoffrey's taste in literature!" he said, with a faint smile.

Lady Holchester signed to him to put the book back.

"You have seen Geoffrey's wife already—have you not?" she asked.

There was no contempt now in her tone when she referred to Anne. The impression produced on her by her visit to the cottage, earlier in the day, associated Geoffrey's wife with family anxieties of no trivial kind. She might still (for Mrs. Glenarm's sake) be a woman to be disliked—but she was no longer a woman to be despised.

"I saw her when she came to Swanhaven," said Julius. "I agree with Sir Patrick in thinking her a very interesting person."

"What did Sir Patrick say to you about Geoffrey this afternoon—while I was out of the room?"

"Only what he said to *you*. He thought their position toward each other here a very deplorable one. He considered that the reasons were serious for our interfering immediately."

"Sir Patrick's own opinion, Julius, goes farther than that."

"He has not acknowledged it, that I know of."

"How *can* he acknowledge it—to us?"

The door opened, and Geoffrey entered the room.

Julius eyed him closely as they shook hands. His eyes were bloodshot; his face was flushed; his utterance was thick—the look of him was the look of a man who had been drinking hard.

"Well?" he said to his mother. "What brings you back?"

"Julius has a proposal to make to you," Lady Holchester answered. "I approve of it; and I have come with him."

Geoffrey turned to his brother.

"What can a rich man like you want with a poor devil like me?" he asked.

"I want to do you justice, Geoffrey—if you will help me, by meeting me half-way. Our mother has told you about the will?"

"I'm not down for a half-penny in the will. I expected as much. Go on."

"You are wrong—you *are* down in it. There is liberal provision made for you in a codicil. Unhappily, my father died without signing it. It is needless to say that I consider it binding on me for all that. I am ready to do for you what your father would have done for you. And I only ask for one concession in return."

"What may that be?"

"You are living here very unhappily, Geoffrey, with your wife."

"Who says so? I don't, for one."

Julius laid his hand kindly on his brother's arm.

"Don't trifle with such a serious matter as this," he said. "Your marriage is, in every sense of the word, a misfortune—not only to you but to your wife. It is impossible that you can live together. I have come here to ask you to consent to a separation. Do that—and the provision made for you in the unsigned codicil is yours. What do you say?"

Geoffrey shook his brother's hand off his arm.

"I say—No!" he answered.

Lady Holchester interfered for the first time.

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"Your brother's generous offer deserves a better answer than that," she said.

"My answer," reiterated Geoffrey, "is—No!"

He sat between them with his clenched fists resting on his knees—absolutely impenetrable to any thing that either of them could say.

"In your situation," said Julius, "a refusal is sheer madness. I won't accept it."

"Do as you like about that. My mind's made up. I won't let my wife be taken away from me. Here she stays."

The brutal tone in which he had made that reply roused Lady Holchester's indignation.

"Take care!" she said. "You are not only behaving with the grossest ingratitude toward your brother—you are forcing a suspicion into your mother's mind. You have some motive that you are hiding from us."

He turned on his mother with a sudden ferocity which made Julius spring to his feet. The next instant his eyes were on the ground, and the devil that possessed him was quiet again.

"Some motive I'm hiding from you?" he repeated, with his head down, and his utterance thicker than ever. "I'm ready to have my motive posted all over London, if you like. I'm fond of her."

He looked up as he said the last words. Lady Holchester turned away her head—recoiling from her own son. So overwhelming was the shock inflicted on her that even the strongly rooted prejudice which Mrs. Glenarm had implanted in her mind yielded to it. At that moment she absolutely pitied Anne!

"Poor creature!" said Lady Holchester.

He took instant offense at those two words. "I won't have my wife pitied by any body." With that reply, he dashed into the passage; and called out, "Anne! come down!"

Her soft voice answered; her light footfall was heard on the stairs. She came into the room. Julius advanced, took her hand, and held it kindly in his. "We are having a little family discussion," he said, trying to give her confidence. "And Geoffrey is getting hot over it, as usual."

Geoffrey appealed sternly to his mother.

"Look at her!" he said. "Is she starved? Is she in rags? Is she covered with bruises?" He turned to Anne. "They have come here to propose a separation. They both believe I hate you. I don't hate you. I'm a good Christian. I owe it to you that I'm cut out of my father's will. I forgive you that. I owe it to you that I've lost the chance of marrying a woman with ten thousand a year. I forgive you *that*. I'm not a man who does things by halves. I said it should be my endeavor to make you a good husband. I said it was my wish to make it up. Well! I am as good as my word. And what's the consequence? I am insulted. My mother comes here, and my brother comes here—and they offer me money to part from you. Money be hanged! I'll be beholden to nobody. I'll get my own living. Shame on the people who interfere between man and wife! Shame!—that's what I say—shame!"

Anne looked, for an explanation, from her husband to her husband's mother.

"Have you proposed a separation between us?" she asked.

"Yes—on terms of the utmost advantage to my son; arranged with every possible consideration toward you. Is there any objection on your side?"

"Oh, Lady Holchester! is it necessary to ask me? What does he say?"

"He has refused."

"Refused!"

"Yes," said Geoffrey. "I don't go back from my word; I stick to what I said this morning. It's my endeavor to make you a good husband. It's my wish to make it up." He paused, and then added his last reason: "I'm fond of you."

Their eyes met as he said it to her. Julius felt Anne's hand suddenly tighten round his. The desperate grasp of the frail cold fingers, the imploring terror in the gentle sensitive face as it slowly turned his way, said to him as if in words, "Don't leave me friendless to-night!"

"If you both stop here till domesday," said Geoffrey, "you'll get nothing more out of me. You have had my reply."

With that, he seated himself doggedly in a corner of the room; waiting—ostentatiously waiting—for his mother and his brother to take their leave. The position was serious. To argue the matter with him that night was hopeless. To invite Sir Patrick's interference would only be to provoke his savage temper to a new outbreak. On the other hand, to leave the helpless woman, after what had passed, without another effort to befriend her, was, in her situation, an act of downright inhumanity, and nothing less. Julius took the one way out of the difficulty that was left—the one way worthy of him as a compassionate and an honorable man.

"We will drop it for to-night, Geoffrey," he said. "But I am not the less resolved, in spite of all that you have said, to return to the subject to-morrow. It would save me some inconvenience—a second journey here from town, and then going back again to my engagements—if I staid with you to-night. Can you give me a bed?"

A look flashed on him from Anne, which thanked him as no words could have thanked him.

"Give you a bed?" repeated Geoffrey. He checked himself, on the point of refusing. His mother was watching him; his wife was watching him—and his wife knew that the room above them was a room to spare. "All right!" he resumed, in another tone, with his eye on his mother. "There's an empty room up stairs. Have it, if you like. You won't find I've changed my mind to-morrow—but that's your look out. Stop here, if the fancy takes you. I've no objection. It don't matter to Me.—Will you trust his lordship under my roof?" he added, addressing his mother. "I might have some motive that I'm hiding from you, you know!" Without waiting for an answer, he turned to Anne. "Go and tell old Dummy to put the sheets on the bed. Say there's a live lord in the house—she's to send in something devilish good for supper!"

He burst fiercely into a forced laugh. Lady Holchester rose at the moment when Anne was leaving the room.

"I shall not be here when you return," she said. "Let me bid you good-night."

She shook hands with Anne—giving her Sir Patrick's note, unseen, at the same moment. Anne left the room. Without addressing another word to her second son, Lady Holchester beckoned to Julius to give her his arm. "You have acted nobly toward your brother," she said to him. "My one comfort and my one hope, Julius, are in you." They went out together to the gate, Geoffrey following them with the key in his hand. "Don't be too anxious," Julius whispered to his mother. "I will keep the drink out of his way to-night—and I will bring you a better account of him to-morrow. Explain every thing to Sir Patrick as you go home." He handed Lady Holchester into the carriage; and re-entered, leaving Geoffrey to lock the gate.

The brothers returned in silence to the cottage. Julius had concealed it from his mother—but he was seriously uneasy in secret. Naturally prone to look at all things on their brighter side, he could place no hopeful interpretation on what Geoffrey had said and done that night. The conviction that he was deliberately acting a part, in his present relations with his wife, for some abominable purpose of his own, had rooted itself firmly in Julius. For the first time in his experience of his brother, the pecuniary consideration was not the uppermost consideration in Geoffrey's mind.

They went back into the drawing-room.

"What will you have to drink?" said Geoffrey.

"Nothing."

"You won't keep me company over a drop of brandy-and-water?"

"No. You have had enough brandy-and-water."

After a moment of frowning self-consideration in the glass, Geoffrey abruptly agreed with Julius. "I look like it," he said. "I'll soon put that right." He disappeared, and returned with a wet towel-tied round his head. "What will you do while the women are getting your bed ready? Liberty Hall here. I've taken to cultivating my mind—I'm a reformed character, you know, now I'm a married man. You do what you like. I shall read."

He turned to the side-table; and, producing the volumes of the Newgate Calendar, gave one to his brother. Julius handed it back again.

"You won't cultivate your mind," he said, "with such a book as that. Vile actions, recorded in vile English, make vile reading, Geoffrey, in every sense of the word."

"It will do for me. I don't know good English when I see it."

With that frank acknowledgment—to which the great majority of his companions at school and college might have subscribed without doing the slightest injustice to the present state of English education—Geoffrey drew his chair to the table, and opened one of the volumes of his record of crime.

The evening newspaper was lying on the sofa. Julius took it up, and seated himself opposite to his brother. He noticed, with some surprise, that Geoffrey appeared to have a special object in consulting his book. Instead of beginning at the first page, he ran the leaves through his fingers, and turned them down at certain places, before he entered on his reading. If Julius had looked over his brother's shoulder, instead of only looking at him across the table, he would have seen that Geoffrey passed by all the lighter crimes reported in the Calendar, and marked for his own private reading the cases of murder only.

BASE-BALL.

THE New York admirers of this most manly and healthful of all athletic outdoor games were treated last week to the finest sport ever witnessed in this vicinity, in the series of matches played between the "Red Stockings," of Cincinnati, and several of our own most celebrated clubs. The "Red Stockings" came here with a reputation of little less than invincibility. They had not been defeated in two years. Their organization was splendid, their training excellent, and their confidence well grounded on a long series of triumphs over worthy competitors.

The first game took place on the Union grounds with the "Mutuals," a club with which the "Red Stockings" played a very close game last year. Then the score stood: "Red Stockings," 4; "Mutuals," 2; but this year the former had the game all their own way, and easily defeated their opponents, the score standing at the close as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Red Stockings.....	0	0	2	3	3	2	4	2	0	—16
Mutuals.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	— 3

The second game was played the following day with the "Atlantics," on the Capitoline grounds, on Long Island. From twelve to fifteen thousand people passed into the inclosure to witness the sport; and we are sorry to say that the crowd was boisterous and noisy, and greatly marred the pleasure of the game for those who wished to look on quietly. The "Red Stockings" were not treated with the courtesy they had hitherto received, and for the first, and, we trust, the last time, partisan feeling was allowed to display itself on the Capitoline grounds, and to interfere with fair play. The "Red Stockings" conducted themselves like gentlemen, and played from first to last with pluck and spirit. But the Fates and the crowd were against them; and, after one of the most exciting contests on record, the victory which seemed to be within their grasp was wrested from them, and they retired from the field defeated, but without dishonor. The "Atlantics" played with great skill and precision, and there is no reason to suppose that they lent any countenance to the partisan proceedings of the spectators. The following is the score of this remarkable game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Red Stockings.....	2	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	—7
Atlantics.....	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	1	0	0	3	—8

On the day after their defeat the "Red Stockings" played the "Unions," at Tremont, a very strong and well trained club, on whom they inflicted a Waterloo defeat, the score standing:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Unions.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0
Red Stockings.....	5	1	1	0	3	1	0	0	3	—14

The "Red Stockings" followed up this victory by a defeat of the "Resolutes," of Elizabeth, in a very handsomely contested game, at the close of which the score stood:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Resolutes.....	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	2	— 7
Red Stockings.....	1	1	4	5	3	4	1	2	1	—22

The fifth game was played June 17 with the "Eckfords," at the Union grounds. On neither side was the play very brilliant, and the "Red Stockings" won easily as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Red Stockings.....	3	0	6	3	1	1	5	3	2	—24
Eckfords.....	0	1	0	1	2	1	1	1	0	— 7

On June 18 the "Red Stockings" played with the "Stars," an amateur Brooklyn club, whose play was noticeably fine and plucky. The score was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Red Stockings.....	2	0	3	1	5	0	5	0	0	—16
Stars.....	0	0	4	0	1	6	0	0	0	—11

Notwithstanding their defeat by the "Atlantics," the "Red Stockings" return from their Eastern tour with undiminished laurels, and leaving behind them the impression that, in the long run, they are a match for any club in the country. Our artist has given a spirited sketch of this contest, which must always be memorable in the annals of both clubs.

THE JEROME PARK RACES.

THE close of the Spring Meeting at Jerome Park took place on Wednesday, June 15. The most brilliant race of the day was that for the Hunter's Plate, which derived especial interest from the fact that the noble animals contending were ridden by members of the Club. It was a handicap of all ages, two miles, and the following were the entries: "Rapture" was ridden by Mr. BERESFORD, "Pontoon" by Mr. PURDY, "Edenton" by Mr. CENTER, "Bohannon" by Mr. ELWES, and "Viley" by Mr. HECKSHER. After one false start they got off nicely together, and after a very exciting race "Rapture" came in winner by half a length. The day was splendid, and the attendance was very large. Among the spectators in the public stand were RED CLOUD, RED DOG, BRAVE BEAR, BLACK HAWK, and half a dozen squaws. They did not appear to be greatly interested in the various events, and either dozed or fanned themselves lazily most of the time. They attracted much attention, of course, and were considerably annoyed by the crowd that pressed in upon them from every side.

A CHINESE DINNER-PARTY.

THERE are plenty of eating-houses of every description in every Chinese town and village, suitable to rich or poor, and abundance of inns and road-side places where a good meal may be had for man or beast. Knives and forks are not generally used, as the cook serves every thing cut up, and the Chinaman eats with his chopsticks, with which he contrives to shovel an astonishing amount of rice or other food into his mouth by holding the dish nearly close to the lips. All Chinamen liké good living, whether rich or poor, and all who can afford it keep most luxurious tables, and entertain very liberally. The dinner-party is conducted with some ceremony by the fashionable classes; the invitations are written on the finest paper, silk, or satin of bright color, the rank and titles of the guests being punctiliously set forth; and the same etiquette is observed in the placing of the guests at table on the right and left of the entertainer, who can then offer them personally some of the dishes of the feast. Sometimes the dinner is served with small square tables to each guest; at other times at one large round table, and the dinner is *à la Russe*, as we should say, the table being ornamented with porcelain vases filled with beautiful flowers, either real or artificial, and other ornamental objects. When the host wishes to show any marked attention, he picks out all the choice bits he can from the best dishes with his chopsticks, and places them on his friend's plate. In return for this favor the guest endeavors to show his full relish of the good things laid before him by belching after each fresh dish he tastes.

A small cup of the finest tea is always the first thing served, and a tiny cup with a plate and chopsticks is placed before each person, when the servants, who are plainly dressed, bring the first course of shark's-fin soup, stewed sea-slugs (*biche de mer*), preserved eggs boiled hard and sliced, dried fish, meat cooked in various succulent ways, and stewed ducks. Many varieties of cookery follow, and sometimes, though rarely, the famous bird's-nest soup of the Java or Sumatra swallow, the costliness of this luxury placing it beyond the reach of any but the wealthy. It is, as most people know, the nest found in the cliffs and rocks; and besides the great difficulty and danger of procuring them, as the samphire-gatherer pursues his perilous trade, they require an immense amount of careful preparation to render them fit for cooking. Sweetmeats of every kind, ginger, almonds, oranges, leichees, pine-apples, guavas, bananas, peaches, are some of the nicest served. A wine is drunk, very much of the color of pale sherry, and the little cups are kept filled by the servants with this wine, the chill being taken off, out of small silver vessels shaped like an English tea-kettle. Most of the wine is known as "mandarin wine," and is made by fermenting rice; but there is a wine from grapes made in North China, but not in large quantities, and very inferior in quality. The liquor or spirit called "sam-shee" is strong, and distilled from millet seed fermented; it is highly intoxicating, and is also used in its finer qualities as a medicine. To take wine with one another is a mark of good-breeding, and it is done much in the same manner as we do—only the Chinese gentleman considers it a point of good manners to fill a bumper, and drain the cup to the bottom. The dining-room of a mandarin, or any other wealthy gentleman's house, is furnished with chairs and teapoys, and a centre-table, with two large massive arm-chairs; the upper third of the walls is of open carved wood-work filled up with oiled paper instead of glass, the doorway being covered by a screen or curtain of red cloth or silk, and at the opposite end is a raised dais with a miniature table with a red cushion on each side of it. The house always stands on a raised terrace, and has two court-yards at least, with a veranda, in which hang many lanterns of variegated colors, in silk, paper, and horn. In the outer court the sedan-chairs of the family are kept, and the chair-coolies are always waiting there to answer any summons.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN with four wives was brought before a Dutch justice for commitment on a charge of bigamy. "Four vives," exclaimed the astonished Hans, "four vives? dat vas a most binocious crime! Discharch him at vonst." "Why?" protested the prosecutor, "why discharge him when the proof is positive? Will the court explain?" "Yes, I ecksplains. Off he lif mit four vives, he got bunishment enough. I lif mit von, and I got too much bunishment already."

CANNIBALS—Ant-eaters.

Snoops says, if you wish to recollect a man's name, go security for his house-rent. For keeping your memory fresh, there is nothing like this plan.

In an old English primer the whole edition, by the omission of the single letter c at the beginning of a word in the third line, was printed as follows:

When the last trumpet soundeth
We shall not all die;
But we shall all be hanged
In the twinkle of an eye.

TO PREVENT FISH FROM SMELLING IN THE SUMMER—Cut their noses off.

HOW TO DEVELOP THE IMAGINATION—Get the delirium tremens.

A would-be suicide at Cincinnati was pulled off the track before a coming train by a railroad man, who warned him against trying to "muss up the engine any such way as that."

What do opera-singers live on?—Roles.

A party of young men were telling what they would do were they shipwrecked far out upon the sea, and left buffeting with the waves without a plank to sustain them. Each one gave his opinion, excepting Paddy Murphy, who, after being asked for his, replied: "Bad cess to ye for a cowardly set of spalpeens; ye'd be all afther savin' yourselves, an' not thryin' to save another. Why it's Paddy Murphy that would swim to shore an' save himself, an' thin come back and thry to save another."

The following was copied literally from an old tombstone in Scotland:

Here lies the body of Alexander MacPherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person,
Who was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plump through
The gullet; it went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat.

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey, "don't stand dar on de railroad." "Why, Joe?" "Kase, if de cars see dat mouf of yours dey think it am de depôt, an' run rite in."

A lady of the shoddyocracy at Des Moines found, on returning from a walk, some call cards on her table. She called a servant in great haste, saying: "John, John, take these and run, quick; them ladies is forgot their tickets."

FREE INQUIRERS—Internal revenue assessors and census enumerators.

A colonel of a regiment which served during the rebellion for a short time met one of his men in the street a few days since, and, after talking over camp life, the former private said: "I tell you what it is, Colonel, the boys used to grumble about you, but they were ungrateful fellows; they ought to be thankful to you, for you always kept them out of danger, Colonel."

"Quite correct, my dear; the natives of South Africa do not require clothes to keep them warm, because they are Hottentots, don't you see? Coolies are a different sort of people altogether. So are the people of Chili."

A youthful witness, on being asked in the Meriden (Connnecticut) police court, the other day, where he would go to if he told a lie, replied, "To the reform school." He was sworn.

An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at a house a box of pills, and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying directions, "Swallow one every two hours."

When a girl out West is kissed she looks surprised, and says, "How could you?" To which the swain replies, "It will give me pleasure to show you," and proceeds to give a duplicate.

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GREAT GERMAN COMPOSERS.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

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Mr. DOLPHIN joins a Yacht Club, and tries on the Uniform.

Having entered for the Regatta, he proceeds to join his Boat.

A little Awkward at first; but then he says that he has not got his Sea Legs on yet.

Off the Light-Ship they have a very Stiff Breeze. The Captain orders all hands to get well up to Windward and lie down. DOLPHIN every now and then Gets Washed. He wants to know if this is considered Fun.

DOLPHIN'S Contribution to Neptune.

The Captain Jibes the Yacht suddenly. DOLPHIN and Friends assume different Positions. (To jibe a boat is to let the mainsail swing from one side to the other, which it often does with great force.)

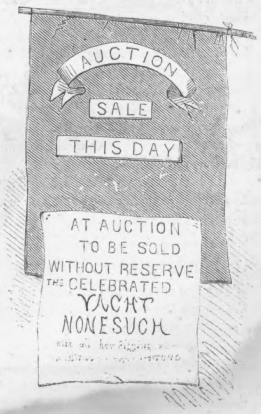
The Captain orders all hands to haul aft the Sheet. DOLPHIN asks if he shall haul one off the Berth.

For the first time in his Memory, he is Forced to Decline.

DOLPHIN incautiously sat down directly over the Centre-Board, which just then struck a Sand-Bar, and hoisted him.

The Captain requests him to Let Go the Jib-Sheets. He indignantly replies that he ain't Touching them.

Back to Port again. Thinks he will Ride Home.



Result of DOLPHIN'S Yacht Experience.

THE YACHT FEVER.

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GERMAN COMPOSERS.

OUR illustration on page 428 is taken from a noble composition by W. LINDENSCHMIT, one of the foremost of modern German artists, slightly altered to bring the main points of the design within the compass of the page. It would be superfluous to dwell on the merits of a work which can speak so well for itself. The grouping and the artistic portraiture are admirable; and, either as a whole or in separate bits, the composition is worthy of careful study. The work is engraved for *Harper's Weekly* from a photograph of the original cartoon published by Mr. THEODORE STROEFER, 859 Broadway.

SCARRON'S MARRIED LIFE.

IN 1646, when he was thirty-six years of age, Scarron, a cripple for life through disease and medicine, went to Paris. For three years before this he had been in possession of some clerical post at Mans, the duties of which, I suppose, some one else performed. Nor do we know why he gave it up. A lawsuit against his step-mother had turned out badly; but this was only a stronger reason, one would think, for keeping what he had. However, if he was poor before, he was now destitute, and had to work hard enough at his three ways of making money—writing poetry, dedications, and begging-letters. All these paid. His poetry brought him money, his dedications brought him pensions, and his begging brought him gifts. So he went on—the greatest and most importunate beggar ever known—for fourteen years, till he died. When he was about forty-two he made the acquaintance of Françoise d'Aubigné, then seventeen years old. She was horribly poor. Her father had died some years before, and she had recently lost her mother. Life looked very terrible to the poor girl when Scarron, out of the goodness of his heart, and a tender pity which she at least knew how to value, offered her all he could. He would give her a sufficient *dot* to enable her to enter a convent; or he would give her an asylum in his own house, as his wife. She chose the latter, and married the *pauvre estropié*. This marriage is the most touching thing in the life of Scarron. When the notary asked what dowry the bride brought, Scarron replied: "Deux grands yeux mutins, un très-beau corsage, une paire de belles mains, et beaucoup d'esprit." "And what settlement do you make upon her?" "Immortality." Perhaps the immortality that the wife of Scarron got from her first husband was paled in the eyes of some by that greater splendor which she derived from her second husband; for Madame Veuve Scarron became Madame De Maintenon, wife of the Grand Monarque.

As wife of the poor crippled poet, she performed her part of the contract well. She introduced order and decency into the *ménage*. She tamed the wild talk of the *salon*, and kept it within bounds, meeting the rough jokes of the unbridled wits with an *esprit* of her own that soon reduced them. More than all, she smoothed his last years, and softened, as well as she could, the agonies that racked his tortured frame; and, in an age when conjugal infidelity was the *mode*, she was proud enough to preserve her reputation. "Il n'y a rien," she would say in after-years, and under even more trying difficulties, "de plus habile qu'une conduite irréprochable." She was tempted by her frailer sisters. Ninon de l'Enclos took her in hand, but gave her up in despair. "She was too *gauche*," Ninon said.

His married life lasted eight years, when he died of a hiccough, on which he promised to write a very fine satire if he ever got over it. The hiccough, however, was too strong for him, and the satire was never given to the world. He had taken the precaution to write his own epitaph. Is it too well known to be quoted? Let us try it, at least, "newly done into English:"

"No foolish envy waste on him
Who sleeps this stone beneath:
Death's pangs he felt a thousand times
Ere yet he suffered death.
Hush! traveler; let no footstep's fall
The sacred stillness break;
'Tis the first night poor Scarron sleeps:
Tread lightly—lest he wake."

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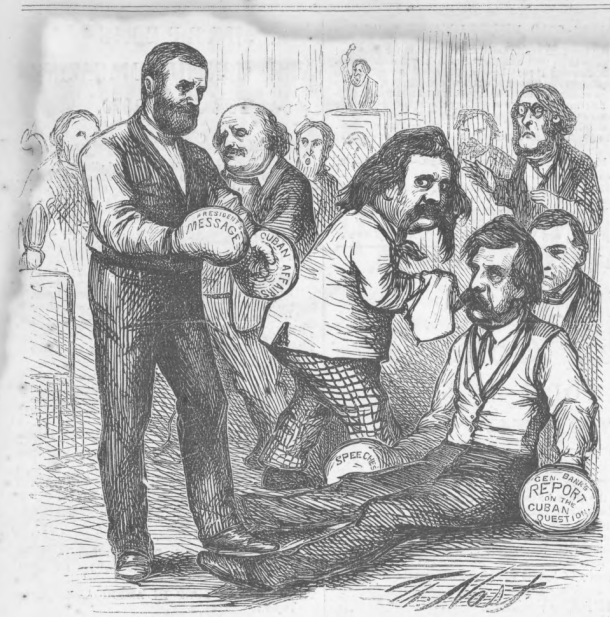

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 706.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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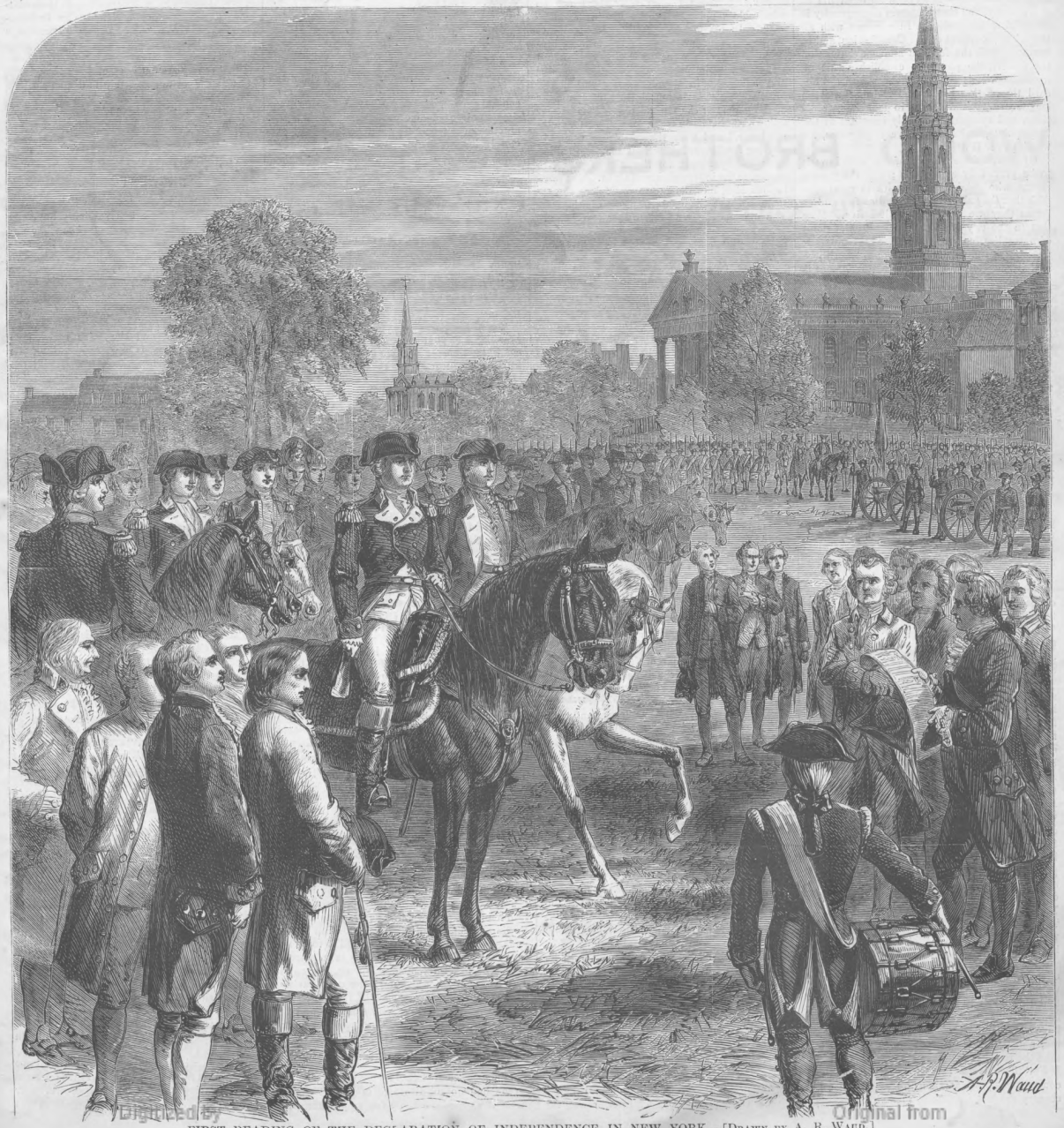
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE illustration underneath commemorates one of the most interesting events in the history of New York — the first reading of the Declaration of Independence to the American army, by order of General WASHINGTON—of which we find the following account in LOSSING'S "Field-Book of the Revolution:" "WASHINGTON received the Declaration on the 9th of July, 1776, with instructions to have it read to the army. He immediately issued an order for the several brigades, then in and near the city, to be drawn up at six o'clock that evening, to hear it read by their several commanders or their aids. The brigades were formed in hollow squares on their respective parades. The venerable ZACHARIAH GREENE (commonly known as 'Parson GREENE,' the father-in-law of Mr. THOMPSON, historian of Long Island), yet (1855) living at Hempstead, at the age of ninety-six years, informed me that he belonged to the brigade then encamped on the 'Common,' where the City Hall now stands. The hollow square was formed at about the spot where the Park fountain now is. He says WASHINGTON was within the square, on horseback, and that the Declaration was read in a clear voice by one of his aids. When it was concluded three hearty cheers were given. HOLT'S *Journal* for July 11, 1776, says: 'In pursuance of the Declaration of Independence, a general jail delivery took place with respect to debtors.' Ten days afterward, the people assembled at the City Hall, at the head of Broad Street, to hear the Declaration read. They then



FIRST READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN NEW YORK.—[DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.]

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took the British arms from over the seat of justice in the court-room, also the arms wrought in stone in front of the building, and the picture of the king in the council chamber, and destroyed them, by fire, in the street. They also ordered the British arms in all the churches in the city to be destroyed. This order seems not to have been obeyed. Those in Trinity Church were taken down and carried to New Brunswick by the Rev. CHARLES INGLIS, at the close of the war, and now hang upon the walls of a Protestant Episcopal church in St. John."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

IF it is worth while to have any naturalization laws, it is most desirable to have them stringent, and efficiently and honestly administered; and there is no express authority more properly conferred upon Congress than that of providing such laws. Their object is evident. The source of such laws is respect for the suffrage. They aim to secure its intelligent exercise. They say by implication that it is not desirable that the Hottentot and Tartar shall have a voice in the government before he can speak the language or understand in the least degree what the responsibilities and duties of an American citizen are, and while his ignorance leaves him a prey to the most miserable of demagogues. The naturalization laws presuppose that there is to be a national life in this country, and that a certain homogeneity is essential to nationality. In common with all the other provisions of the Constitution, and in harmony with the feelings and convictions of the fathers, the power to establish a rule of naturalization is radically at war with the absurd theory that the Union is to be a loose league of States different in language, traditions, and sympathies, totally impotent at the very points, and for the very purposes, for which power is desirable.

Of course the efficiency of any such laws is to be proved by experiment; and every good citizen who thinks them desirable must also wish that they shall be amended as fast and as far as they are found to be defective. Now that in the city of New York, the chief point of naturalization, these laws are corruptly administered, there is no more doubt than there is that such laws exist. Some amendment is imperative; and Mr. NOAH DAVIS, of New York, therefore introduced a bill in Congress which sought to remedy the proved defects of the present system. Mr. DAVIS's bill required three years' residence in the country, with intention to become a citizen, six months in the State, and thirty days in the county or parish. The application was to be filed in court for twenty days, and proceedings to be taken in the United States courts, except where there are only two stated terms of such courts, and then in a State court of general jurisdiction. The naturalized citizen was not to vote until six months after his admission. But aliens honorably discharged from the service might become citizens after one year's actual residence. These are all reasonable requirements. They are framed with express reference to the proved defects of the present system. They would be opposed by three classes only. The Democrats bitterly oppose every measure which aims to protect the ballot and secure an honest vote. The Democrats were therefore loud and unanimous against it. Such a bill would be opposed by those who had local and especial interests to defend. Therefore those who fear the Chinese immigration protested. Or, again, such a bill would be opposed by politicians afraid of alienating the foreign vote, and they attacked it.

By this combined assault one of the best measures of the session was defeated. We have carefully read the debate, and can not find a single cogent argument alleged against the bill. Mr. ELDRIDGE, who led the Democrats, who voted solid against it, said that the bill was one of the waves of the radical revolution; that it was not intended to establish a uniform rule; that it changed laws familiar to Europeans intending to immigrate; and that it was inspired by bigotry, malignity, and intolerance toward foreigners and immigrants. Such talk as this can not be called argument; and it is a droll suggestion that we are not to improve our laws because in their unimproved state they are known to Europeans. Mr. COX opposed it upon his favorite ground that New York is a terribly maligned little heaven below. The Republican objections, as we have said, were special and local. But what probably influenced many of the Republican negative votes was a feeling that to defend the purity of the suffrage by stringent naturalization laws would alienate "the foreign vote." We hope that this fear will not influence the Senate in considering Senator CONKLING's bill. Let us have a wise naturalization law honestly executed, and let not the Republican party fear to take the responsibility.

For there is no greater mistake than the constant supposition that the people of this country are not intelligent enough to see the reason of really good laws, and to support the party that proposes them. The Democratic leaders always appeal to prejudice and selfishness. Their attitude presupposes an immense popular ignorance and stupidity. The policy of the Democratic leaders is that of the old Roman tyrants, *bread and games*, to keep the people from thinking. Governor HOFFMAN, for instance, bids for "the foreign vote" by printing a telegram that he has sent somebody to bring honorably home a mob which has broken our laws and killed innocent neighbors. Mr. TWEED bids higher, by offering to pay all expenses. Mr. ELDRIDGE, Mr. COX, and their friends, put in their little bids by loud protests and defenses of Roman Catholics against imaginary attacks.

This is a business which may be safely left to those gentlemen. If such a course is really necessary, we are as contemptible a people as our enemies allege. But if the Republican party confides itself to the general good sense of the people, and to its ability to understand what is really for its advantage, as it did during the great debate from 1854 to 1860, which brought it into power—the debate in which it showed to every working-man in the land that slavery was necessarily his enemy, and that the Democratic party was the mere tool of slavery—if it will trust its own great principles and the intelligence of the country, it may be as sure of the future as it is proud of the past.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

MR. SUMNER'S Cuban resolutions are an admirable supplement to the President's message. In his message the President alludes to the steps he has taken in the form of representations to the Spanish Government for "securing to the people of Cuba the blessings and the right of independent self-government." Mr. SUMNER's resolutions declare the sympathy of the people of the United States "with their fellow-Americans in Cuba struggling for independence," and with the people of Spain in striving for liberal institutions at home, calling upon the Spaniards, for the sake of peace, to recognize the independence of Cuba. The resolutions also, like the message, deplore the ferocities of the Cuban warfare upon both sides. The message and the resolutions together define what we believe to be the actual intelligent public opinion upon the subject in this country.

There is an instinctive, and what may be called hereditary sympathy, in the United States with any people contending for independence of a foreign power. That feeling in regard to Cuba would be much more pronounced than it is but for two reasons. One is that, while the justification of an appeal to arms is intolerable oppression, it could not be fairly assumed that the people of Spain, who had expelled the BOURBONS at home upon that ground, would continue the BOURBON régime in Cuba. It has been therefore felt that the Cuban revolution could not properly plead against the new order in Spain, before it was tried, the tyranny of the old. The other reason is, that the method in which the Cuban cause has been managed has produced neither confidence nor respect. Moreover, it has been almost impossible to ascertain the facts. General BANKS, for instance, understands them in one way, and the President in another. The best public opinion of the country, therefore, while sympathizing with the general movement, has insisted that our most honorable traditions, and the sound reasons in which they are founded, demanded that the Government, under existing circumstances, ought not to interfere. In maintaining this policy there has undoubtedly seemed sometimes to be a want of that sympathy of which we speak, and after the emphatic declaration of the House that nothing shall be done inconsistent with that policy, it is most proper and desirable that the natural sympathy of the United States with those who are striving for independence, and their desire to see elsewhere the same general liberty which they enjoy, should be officially expressed to the Spanish Government.

Mr. THURMAN, the Democratic Senator from Ohio, says that the expression amounts to nothing. But it amounts to a great deal. It says authoritatively to the Spanish Government that, while we do not as yet consider ourselves justified in interfering, we nevertheless watch the contest with interest and hope, and that we believe the day of further European hold upon this continent has passed by. The resolutions officially declare the opinion of this Government upon that point. To declare that opinion and that sympathy is to do all that can be done short of actual interference; and, therefore, it is doing all that ought to be done. Mr. THURMAN, indeed, would have us direct Spain to recognize Cuban independence. But the public good sense of this country will decide whether, when we have recently and properly admitted so many new citizens in the late rebel States, when the forced immigration of coolies is considered so threatening by the trades unions, and when the San Domingo annexation project is still pending, it is desirable to violate our honorable policy and interfere in the troubles of another country, with all the inevitable consequences of such interference, for the purpose of adding to our population more than a million and a half of people wholly alien from us in principles, language, and traditions, a third of whom are barbarously ignorant, two hundred thousand of them, according to General BANKS, speaking only the language of the tribes of Africa.

HONESTY AND CAPACITY IN OFFICE.

WHILE Congress can not contain its wrath at the mere proposition to reform the civil service, the effete monarchy over the water, having tested the excellence of the reform, pushes it still further. It is our privilege to enjoy a civil service system under which we lose outright, according to Mr. JENCKES, who has made a thorough study of the subject, one dollar in every four collected. And the cause of this enormous loss is that, in appointing a gentleman to appraise laces, we do not ask whether he is an honest man, who can tell a lace veil from a gunnybag, but whether he voted the regular ticket at the last election. This is the great American system, according to certain political doctors in Congress. This is the fruit of free institutions, and the logical result of the sublime principle that every body is as good as every body else. Meanwhile the poor, infatuated British Queen, in council, has ordered that any body who wishes to fill a government office in England, with a few exceptions, may apply for examination. The best qualified will receive the appointment, after a satisfactory probation of six months. How aristocratic!

So absurdly excellent is the working of this system that mercantile houses apply to the government examiners for the lists of successful candidates, that they may select clerks from them. And the certificate of a good examination is one of the best credentials a young man can have. Superficially, this would seem to be simple and reasonable enough; but, as it is the practice of a monarchy, it necessarily and obviously leads to an aristocracy, and no well-regulated American could think of it for a moment. To withstand the insidious wiles of the aristocratic tendency of a civil service that would put merely honest and capable men in public positions, it is our glorious privilege to increase our own taxes and to commend our institutions to the admiration and imitation of mankind, by keeping those positions for Mr. Reddy the Blacksmith and his efficient coworkers at the polls.

THE INCOME TAX.

IN his speech in favor of retaining the income tax Senator SHERMAN sketched the history of the tax in Great Britain, and said that in 1816 and 1817 there was a loud demand for its repeal from the property holders, and a great deal of clamor against it. Now the best account of that period says that "the dislike of the rural population was as fixed as that of the inhabitants of towns." It was, in fact, a question of good faith, as it is with us; and with us also it is a constitutional question. The income tax was first proposed by Mr. PITT in 1798. The scale began at incomes of £65 a year, and gradually rose to those of £200 a year. On such incomes, and all above that sum, ten per cent. was imposed. It was announced as a war tax. The act declared that it was to be "for and during the continuance of the war, and no longer." Sir WILLIAM CURTIS stated afterward in Parliament that he was in the House when the tax was first proposed, and that he heard Mr. PITT declare that it was a war tax only, and should positively cease on the restoration of peace. But at the end of the war the Government preferred to reduce the rate from ten to five per cent., and continue the tax. Then began what Senator SHERMAN calls "a great deal of clamor." That is to say, the people of Great Britain imperatively demanded that the Government should keep its word. And after a flood of petitions, and a most vigorous and exciting debate, the tax was abolished, and Mr. WILBERFORCE said that the principle was laid down that war and income tax were wedded together.

But in 1842, when there was a deficit of £2,000,000, and some radical measure was essential, Sir ROBERT PEEL proposed to renew the tax, laying three per cent. upon incomes above £150. It was shown that his proposition was based upon the fact of the situation, which offered only the alternative of an income tax or loans; and Sir ROBERT limited the duration of the tax to three years, or to five, if Parliament should direct—a proposition which seemed to show that he considered it to be an exceptional impost, justifiable only in an emergency. He also defended it upon the ground that it was really a war tax, the debt having been largely the consequence of the war; and Senator SHERMAN takes the same ground in the Senate. Meanwhile the income tax in Great Britain is continued; the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. ROBERT LOWE, saying, in presenting his last budget, that, although a good deal could be said against it, yet he had no substitute to offer, and would make it as moderate and fair as possible, but could not think of striking out so great a branch of the revenue.

In this country the aggregate of taxes is $393,000,000, of which $37,000,000 are levied upon property or its income. This sum (a little less than a tenth of the whole) is paid by two hundred and seventy-three thousand persons. The other nine-tenths of the whole taxation are levied upon consumption. The argument urged against the income tax is that it is unconstitutional and vexatious, and that it was imposed under a solemn engagement that it should be temporary. The argument in its favor is that, with all its defects, to which every system is subject, it lays the burden where it can be best borne, and that it is, considering all the facts, one of the best systems of a disagreeable business. If it be a direct tax, it is plainly unconstitutional; and as the Supreme Court has decided that direct taxes, in the intention of the Constitution, are those upon land and slaves, and as the rents of lands are legally regarded as lands themselves, it would seem that the tax upon incomes is a direct tax, and must be laid "in proportion to the census or enumeration." Moreover, if it lays the burden where it can best be borne, it does so only by recognizing a class of citizens in a manner not harmonious with the spirit of the Constitution. If you lay an income tax with an exemption of $2500, the clerk upon a salary of $3000 must pay a tax; the owner of a property of $30,000, with a revenue from it of eight per cent., pays nothing. But if you lay a tax upon luxuries, the clerk and the proprietor may choose whether they will pay it, and their choice will depend upon their ability. The defects of the system seem to be almost inseparable from it. Mr. GLADSTONE says that experience has shown one fixed exemption to be better than to continue various alleviations, but any system is essentially objectionable which does not ascertain and consider the source of income.

In refusing to continue the tax the Senate undoubtedly conforms to the public desire.

FOREIGN DEMAND FOR OUR BREADSTUFFS.

AT the date of our last issue it was stated that the French, who had suddenly appeared in our market as purchasers of wheat, had unloaded some portion of it, and the price suddenly receded to the limits fixed for English agents, who immediately became buyers at about $1 32 per bushel for No. 2 Milwaukee. A continental demand for wheat again arose, and this quality, on the 23d of June, was at $1 37½ per bushel. On the 24th the French purchases ceased, and the price receded to $1 30. The subject is now the absorbing one in all financial circles. It is asked, Will the circumstances continue which call for heavy purchases of grain from this country?

The telegraph informs us that a number of vessels have been fitted out at Marseilles to obtain wheat from the region about the Black Sea, and great efforts will be made to procure sufficient supplies to prevent a more important advance here. There are indications that the Government of France is urging, if not an actual party in, these purchases. M'CULLOCH informs us (1869) "that, in order to keep the Parisian populace in good-humor, the bakers were compelled to sell bread in scarce times at low prices, *their loss being reimbursed to them from the public or communal revenue.*"

There is unquestionably a political necessity for cheap bread in France nearly as great as that which the English concede to exist with respect to them. There is this difference between the two situations, that, while there is no cessation in the English import, the French are obliged to import only in unfavorable seasons. Mr. CAIRD, an English writer on agricultural subjects of great eminence, states that in France a bushel an acre below the average makes a difference in the wheat crop of 13,000,000 bushels. "Our grass and green crops, or *restorative* area," he adds, "are two to one of our corn. France is exactly reversed; her corn or exhaustive crops being as two to one of her grass and green crops." The production of wheat in France is consequently from this exhaustive process lower than in Europe generally. The production per acre, in English bushels, is stated by Mr. CAIRD as follows: England, 28; Ireland, 24; Austria, Spain, and Holland, 23; Belgium, 21; France, only 15½. This is due in part to the quality of the soil, that of France being in many parts a sandy instead of a clayey loam.

The English writers agree in this, that when a drought prevails in England it is ordinarily felt upon the Continent, and that while in good seasons France supplies twelve per cent. of the English demand for breadstuffs, in bad seasons she is a competitor in foreign markets. The fact that she is so is the subject of complaint in London and Liverpool, inasmuch as the latter aspire to control this trade in all parts of the world, and expect that the Continent will obtain supplies from them.

Although within a few days past there have been copious rains in England, yet it is certain that the previous want of it will be severely felt. We subjoin a few extracts from English papers

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as recently as the 7th and 8th of June. The reports from France are not less favorable.

"DROUGHT IN YORKSHIRE.—MALTON, *Monday*.—There is still no rain. With only 7/8 inches of rain in 1870, and of this less than two inches since April 1, the condition of the land is one of complete dryness. The whole of the early sown turnips are lost. The land is so hot and void of moisture that it is quite vain to sow afresh, though some have ventured on that course. Wheat is bearing the drought well, but every other crop is getting rapidly worse. On Sunday, though a brisk east wind blew, the heat in the sun reached 109 degrees, and the barometer rose to 30.50, steady. Fat stock is rising rapidly in price, and lean cattle are becoming a drug."

"HARVEST PROSPECTS.—MR. T. C. SCOTT, of Knaphill Farm, Surrey, publishes the 'result of a continuous detailed inspection of farms in all the home and some of the midland counties from last autumn.' He says: 'The following conclusions may now be arrived at as the result of the peculiarities of the weather of this season: 1. That we shall have a good crop of wheat, notwithstanding the severe ravages of the wire-worm and slug. 2. We shall have a light crop of barley, because it has been parched by the sun and scourged by the wire-worm, and no amount of rain can now remedy its stunted growth and deficiency of plants. 3. From the same causes oats will be a light crop, but not to the same extent as barley. 4. Winter beans have a miserable appearance, arising from the long continuance of bleak and wet weather in winter. Spring beans look a shade better, and pease also, although the latter were early much injured in the leaf by a light fawn-colored, beetle-looking insect, which no one seems to know much about. All these cereal and pulse crops will come much sooner to the sickle than was anticipated six weeks ago, on account of premature ripening. 5. Hay will be the lightest crop within my memory, because there is no bottom grass any where. Artificial grasses and clovers look better, and sainfoin and Lucerne in the calcareous districts, where they are extensively grown, look extremely green and luxuriant; but much of these crops is now being sacrificed for the maintenance of live-stock on bare pastures. 6. Mangel-wurzel will be a fair, if not a heavy crop, as it was got in in superb order, has come up very well, notwithstanding the drought, and luxuriates in a dry summer and sunshine. Swedes and turnips are uncertain, because, although they were, and are still being, got in in fine order, they have already been once or twice swept clean away by, and are still at the mercy of, the pestilential fly, in the absence of abundance of rain and soft warm weather. 7. Potatoes, although several times touched by late spring frosts, do not appear permanently injured, and look well generally; and if the drought should continue and cause a light crop, it will likely be of a superior quality. I have this year planted some potatoes on the bare earth, covering them with manure and then soil, and they look infinitely better than those planted on the manure.'"

The price of wheat is probably now remunerative to the farmers of the West; and it is relatively higher at Chicago than here, due to speculative tendencies. It is wise always to adopt the rule to sell when it can be done at a profit, at least on the part of those who can not hold with convenience. The policy of holding on the part of those farmers who are financially strong, in order to provide against the contingency of a short crop, is beneficial to the country. It is for others to judge of the peculiar circumstances which call for the one or the other policy; but it seems clear to us, as the land devoted to grass and green crops in England is two to one of that devoted to grain, and as the former are bad, and as the wheat crop of France is impaired, that there will be a demand for our breadstuffs to continue during the coming season.

THE POST-OFFICE AS A TAXING MACHINE.

DR. FRANKLIN considered the post-office chiefly as a source of revenue; but the position taken by Senator SUMNER, in the debate upon the franking system, is undoubtedly correct, that it should be considered rather a means of public education and development. He would have the rate of letter postage fixed at the smallest coin, one cent. Lord ASHBURTON said in England that postage is one of the worst of taxes, that it is a tax upon the conversation of the people. When ROWLAND HILL'S reform was proposed, Sir ROBERT PEEL admitted that "great social and political advantages" would arise from it. Viscount SANDON declared that the post-office should be used to stimulate other sources of revenue. Mr. CORDEN, speaking to the financial point, insisted that the lowest possible trading profit would secure the highest revenue. Mr. O'CONNELL said that it was impossible to exaggerate the benefits of low postage; and at last, in 1840, the reform was achieved by the bill which established a uniform rate for uniform weight, this rate the lowest unit of coin—a penny—and the abolition of franking.

In the recent debate in the Senate, Senator HOWE said that the present rate of postage is not oppressive. But Mr. SUMNER showed from testimony, as well as reason, that it is oppressive, not only directly upon various classes of the people, but indirectly, by preventing correspondence. The revenue from the post-office might be at first diminished by the smaller rate; but, as it would be practically free postage, the general advantages would be, in Mr. SUMNER'S opinion, invaluable. The post-office, he thinks, should be no more expected to pay for itself than every other department of the government. But his speech, which, as usual, was most carefully prepared, admirably fortified with the history and philosophy of the subject, did not persuade the Senate. The Senators apparently agreed with him that it was desirable to continue to make the Department beneficent by the free distribution of documents, but they were unwilling to risk the reduction of the rate and the abolition of the franking system.

Honorable members, therefore, will continue to send their washing home gratis in the mails, and tons of public documents will be carefully wrapped in Washington and sent out by the same mails, to be instantly ground up as waste paper. Meanwhile, we hope that Senators who favor the reform will use vigorously the privilege left them, and frank Mr. SUMNER'S speech all over the country, to help form a public opinion which will insist upon a wise substitution for the franking system.

AN EXPERIMENTAL CHRISTIAN.

IT is difficult to imagine any thing more preposterous than the debate whether DICKENS was a "Christian." Those who denounce him as a novelist may wisely remember that the Master himself spoke in parables. Those who declare his life to have been a vanity of vanities should gravely reflect whether they honor religion by asserting that a man whose spotless life and great powers are consecrated to making men better is the chief of sinners. What is experimental Christianity but a practical following of the great Christian example? And if, as a certain clergyman said, Sir JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON was a dying Christian because he said upon his death-bed, "I feel I am resting on Christ with the simple faith of a child," why should he not consider DICKENS a living Christian because he wrote, on the day before his death, in the full flush of life, "I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour, because I feel it?" If words certify a saving Christian faith, certainly these are enough. If deeds—who visited the widow and the fatherless with a tenderer blessing than DICKENS?

A clergyman in Boston recently made himself notorious for a day by denouncing DICKENS. "What one of his books," asked he, "breathes the spirit of Christ, or is redolent with the fragrance of the Gospel?" What one of them is not? is a question which even the clergyman could not answer. But his performance shows the wisdom of the suggestion of Mr. DICKENS to his children in his will, which was read in Westminster Abbey, to practice Christianity in a broad spirit, not accepting the narrow construction of any man nor of any sect.

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

IF a newspaper should publish a paragraph stating that, "Yesterday, at one o'clock, Mr. PETER COOPER went into the Bank of Commerce, and, after he left, it was discovered that ten cents had been stolen from the currency drawer, and we should like to know how Mr. COOPER explains the matter," we doubt if Mr. COOPER would be considered a thief; for, happily, in civilized countries, and among men of honor, character is still of some value. Or if Mr. GLADSTONE should be accused of being influenced in his official conduct toward France by the fact that his aunt's cousin had sold a horse to the French Minister, and had been paid for it, it would disturb public confidence in the Prime Minister just as much as the charge that Mr. FISH'S position in regard to Cuba is determined by the fact that a lawyer who is his son-in-law has been paid certain fees for honorable professional service.

This absurd aspersion upon the Secretary of State was repeated by Mr. FITCH in the House of Representatives; but upon his attention being called to the facts as stated in the explanation which has been published, Mr. FITCH promptly and honorably withdrew the implied charge, saying that "he had never seen that contradiction, and had had no knowledge that the statement made had been contradicted. In the face of that contradiction he could do nothing more than retract what he had stated on that point."

REALISTIC ART.

WE have little space for correspondence, and we do not mean by publishing the following letter to incite a discussion for which we could not give room. But the tone of Mr. MOORE'S excellent letter is not controversial, and it is an interesting statement from a recognized authority of the views and aims of the "realistic" artists:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In the article on the Academy Exhibition, in your paper for June 18, are some remarks about the works of Mr. FARRAR, Mr. LINSLY, and myself, concerning which I have a word or two to say which may not be uninteresting to your readers, and may help to give some persons a better understanding of what we are trying to do than they have at present. It is because I see in all such remarks that our principles are misunderstood, more or less, that it seems to me useful to take advantage of such occasions to state them as plainly as possible—especially now that the hostile feeling, which originated in England some years ago, toward these principles is happily passing away, and articles as kind and thoughtful as the one to which I now allude are now and then appearing, discussing, with candid spirit, the merits of the works produced upon them. This discussion, carried on with desire to ascertain solely where the largest sum of truth may lie, can not fail to be useful to artists and others, and it seems to me desirable that any of us who have any thing clearly in mind of thought and experience bearing upon the subject should write briefly for the general good. The remarks of Mr. JOHN JONES (the author of the article under consideration) are, like many others made about realistic works and principles, partly right and partly wrong. More attentive study of our works, together with incessant study of nature, would show him, I think, that we are well aware of all the truth in his principles; but that we also apprehend other principles, in some respects much more important, which need to be fitted together with his, before a true grasp of the whole matter can be attained.

"I can not see nature as they do," says our kind critic. Well, perhaps not; it may indeed be that we do not at all succeed in representing what we see in such a way that another can see it. But perhaps, also, nature might be seen somewhat as we see it if people should look carefully enough, having in mind meantime certain principles upon which we work. But first it is necessary that two important facts should be known—namely, that nature is infinite, and its aspects are; and that we are finite, and our perceptions are. Each man sees, according to his sympathies, a greater or less range of nature's aspects truly; *but no man sees all*. A conscientious artist's work ought to be studied for the sake of learning to see *what he sees*. We may thus be helped to see beyond what we otherwise should. A good picture will always look strange to us at first. If a picture does not look strange it can not have any thing to *give* us. The aspects of nature, and especially the nobler ones, are so beyond adequate representation as to render it impossible for the most skilled master even to make his picture carry recognizable resemblance at once to every beholder. The more subtle an artist's perceptions become the less possibility there is of his rendering them adequately—first he must invent the best possible short-hand in which to write down what he sees, and then the spectator must learn his short-hand before he can read.

Few persons, even among artists, think of this; and, therefore, instead of exhibitions of pictures representing, in the most conscientious way, the infinite wonders of natural beauty, and visitors who come *to learn to see*, we have exhibitions of pleasant, clever pictures representing those familiar and most easily written aspects only, which people in general may come to find entertaining during an otherwise idle moment. Just now there seems to be little use to send carefully painted pictures to the exhibitions, because if people do not find in them at first glance certain conventional qualities, which they have learned to look for as "the soul of art," they will not give them further attention. The people are not wholly to blame for this; the exhibitions are not at all what they should be in many respects irrespective of the mere quality of the pictures—fully ten times *too many* pictures are always hung in proportion to the size of the rooms, and the effect is so bewildering that it requires a greater effort than many persons are disposed to make to get the mind enough at rest for its attention to become fixed upon small and delicately painted pictures. But the worst fault of such crowded exhibitions is, that it induces artists to resort to all kinds of meretricious expedients in order to *draw* attention. Our little works which have been sent to the exhibitions have many awkwardnesses no doubt; for it has not been any part of our aim to hide want of power wherever it existed. They have had little of the attractions which command attention generally, and we have been surprised that they should receive as much notice as they have.

"Do they see atmosphere, gradation, harmony?" asks our friend; "and are not these qualities in nature?" At present we are striving to write down faithfully some of the wonders of beauty which we find in the plain aspects of most ordinary clear daylight, consequently we do not paint many pictures representing effects of mist or "atmosphere" (a vastly easier thing to do, as our artists do it, than many people know, and an expedient of great convenience for evading downright drawing of forms). I think we do see these qualities and enjoy them greatly; they are often among the loveliest in nature. But it may be noted that when the atmosphere is most pure and delightful, *it is least visible*. We do not "breathe in a fog" as well as in clear air. Our subjects are chosen, for the most part, when the atmosphere is exceedingly clear, not only because we love this clearness, but also because it renders it possible to follow the lovely forms of distant mountains more fully and to draw them more entirely—thus to tell vastly more truth and to represent more of the beauty of their wonderful structure and color than would otherwise be possible. While I write, it is a lovely June morning; the air is marvelously clear. Mount Washington is between fifteen and twenty miles distant, but I can see all the lines of its larger sculpture with wonderful distinctness; there is more detail visible than I could draw all out in a month (though the most of it is, of course, so involved in mystery as to be infinitely beyond definite following). Its clear color of pure sapphire and pale amethyst is lovely beyond telling, and it seems to me that the chief beauty and expression of the mountain is there also. But when the air is filled with the sort of haze which alone artists seem to call atmosphere, all these are veiled—the mountain becomes only a grey film against the sky, and the sense of its noble character is gone.

This last condition is, however, the one which our artists generally chose; they want "atmosphere," not the mountain, and they may get it, indeed, with infinitely less pains. But it does not appear that artists generally care for the noblest effects of atmosphere, such as involve thorough and difficult drawing of cloud forms, any better than they like the clear day aspects, which reveal multitudinous details of earth and its covering. What they like to call atmosphere is that kind of Indian summer haze which is just enough to obscure all refinements of form. This is often lovely enough, no doubt; but we should all be sorry if Indian summer should last always. And since our landscape artists have spent their time thus far, almost to a man, in painting "dreamy haze," is it not well that a few of us at last should strive to paint the wonderful forms and colors of things as they are revealed in clearest light to eyes wide open?

As for gradation and harmony, if these qualities are not indeed in our works, then we have striven thus far in vain; for upon these, the first especially, depend all expression of form whatever. But the gradation and harmony of nature are vastly different from the conventional qualities in pictures called by these names.

"Unquestionably, a landscape is an aggregate of details; but is that fact perceived as you survey it, and can you elaborately give the details without losing the landscape?" This question is the one most generally understood as the main one at issue between the so-called pre-Raphaelites and the mass of other artists (it is not, by any means, the main question); and the answer is that the breadth and unity which we see in nature are not to be represented in art by denying the fact of redundance; and no adequate expression of redundance is ever to be attained without most careful drawing of details. It is quite certain, however, that any artist who strives to draw details faithfully will be, for a long time, overpowered by details. He will need vast patience and incessant labor before he can attain such grasp and mastery as will enable him to produce faultless works of art. Meantime, he may be thankful if he is overpowered by nothing worse. He should bear in mind always, as a safeguard, that his careful drawing is *not to be for the sake of imitation, but for interpretation*.

It is not assumed that our works are more than "studies;" and in one sense they ought never to be more, or rather they ought never to be less. It requires consummate art to render natural aspects in such a way as to show that which is most precious in them; and pictures constructed by such art are not to be called mere studies in the sense that ours are; but there is no chance of ever attaining such art by following the "short-cuts" which the most of our artists seem to prefer. Art truly is something more than mere transcript; but it always includes faithful transcript. C. H. MOORE.

NORTH CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE, *June*, 1870.

NOTES.

THE London *Daily News*, alluding to Professor GOLDWIN SMITH'S letter to Mr. DISRAELI, says:

"Mr. DISRAELI has been engaged in many wordy conflicts with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. The fact that he has betaken himself, in this solitary instance, to poisoned weapons, shows a consciousness of having been foiled and worsted with more legitimate arms. He calls Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH a parasite, because he knows that character to be, of all others, the most foreign to the nature and odious to the feelings of his adversary; and thinks that the imputation will give the greatest amount of pain. He is probably mistaken. The folly of the accusation, in the truth of which Mr. DISRAELI himself does not, and never did, believe, takes the sting out of its malice. 'Coward' is a word which is not ordinarily applicable to Mr. DISRAELI. But he has earned it in this case; and, writhe and wriggle as he may, he can not escape the strong hand which brands him with it."

WE are very glad to see that railroad passengers are disposed to protest against the summary treatment which conductors are authorized to show them. If a difference arises between the most orderly passenger and the conductor, the former is put off the train. This has happened several times recently upon the Morris and Essex road; and when a committee of the passengers waited upon the President to request a modification of a most annoying regulation, they were answered in the spirit of the instructions to the conductors, and were metaphorically "put off" in the most peremptory manner. The feeling of dissatisfaction with the irritating management of the Morris and Essex road upon the part of the commuters who are obliged to travel upon it is represented by the committee as almost unanimous. The conduct of the Company, as reported, shows all the arrogance of a confident monopoly. The appeal of the passengers, of course, is to public opinion; and it is for the stockholders to decide whether it is for their pecuniary interest that their road should be managed with such a total disregard of the convenience of the public as to make every passenger who must depend upon it its enemy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 20.—In the Senate, the main business of the day was the Post-office Appropriation bill, including the abolition of the franking privilege. Several amendments to secure cheap postage were voted down, but no definite action was taken on the bill.—In the House, a bill authorizing New Mexico to organize as a State under the name of "Lincoln" was reported from the Committee on Territories, and was recommitted. A bill was reported and passed requiring national banks going into liquidation to retire their circulation.

June 21.—In the Senate, the Post-office Appropriation bill was finally passed; but Mr. Ramsey's amendment repealing the franking privilege was rejected—yeas 26, nays 28.—In the House, Mr. Butler reported, from the Reconstruction Committee, a bill "for a full and general grace, amnesty, and oblivion of wrongful acts, doings, and omissions of all persons engaged in the war of the rebellion," with a small list of exceptions. Mr. Whittemore, of South Carolina, was denied a right to a seat.

June 22.—In the Senate, the day was mainly occupied with the discussion of the Tax and Tariff bill.—The session of the House was taken up with an acrimonious personal dispute between Messrs. Farnsworth and Butler.

June 23.—Mr. Sumner reported a series of resolutions as a substitute for the House resolutions on the conflict in progress in Cuba, "declaring the sentiments of the people of the United States concerning Spain and her island colonies in American waters." Mr. Sumner urged their immediate consideration, but Mr. Casserly objected, and they were laid over and ordered to be printed.—In the House, Mr. Butler reported a bill for the admission of Georgia, the same in substance as the bills under which Virginia and other States were readmitted.

June 24.—The most important work in the Senate was striking out of the Tax bill the clause reimposing the Income Tax, by a vote of 34 to 23.—In the House, the Georgia bill was adopted. It declares the State entitled to representation, a legal Legislature having ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments in good faith.

June 25.—No business of public interest was transacted in the Senate.—In the House, the Senate bill amending the Patent laws was not concurred in.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The French Government having relinquished the exclusive privileges claimed by the French Cable Company, our Government has withdrawn its objections to the landing of the cable on our coast.

Several heavy suits for damages have recently been decided against the Erie Railroad. The latest is that of $20,000 in favor of Daniel Lyons, for injuries sustained in the Carr's Rock disaster in April, 1868.

After July 1 the rates of postage between the United States and British Columbia and Vancouver Island will be six cents per half ounce, and ten cents on unpaid letters received.

Attorney-General Ackerman was confirmed by the Senate, June 23, without a call of the yeas and nays.

An exploring expedition to Brazil, originated by Cornell University, sailed June 23, under the direction of Professor Hart.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A SERIOUS riot broke out in Cork, Ireland, June 22, among the tailors, growing out of the employment of Germans. Barricades were erected in the streets, and obstinately defended against the troops.

Queen Isabella, of Spain, has formally abdicated in favor of her son, the Prince of Asturias.

Cardinal Guidi, Archbishop of Boulogne, on the 18th of June, made a strong speech against infallibility, which created a profound impression in Europe.

It is reported that 2000 persons perished in the great fire in Constantinople.

The Governor of St. Thomas has issued a proclamation again placing the island under the protection of Denmark, in consequence of the failure of the treaty of sale in the United States Senate.

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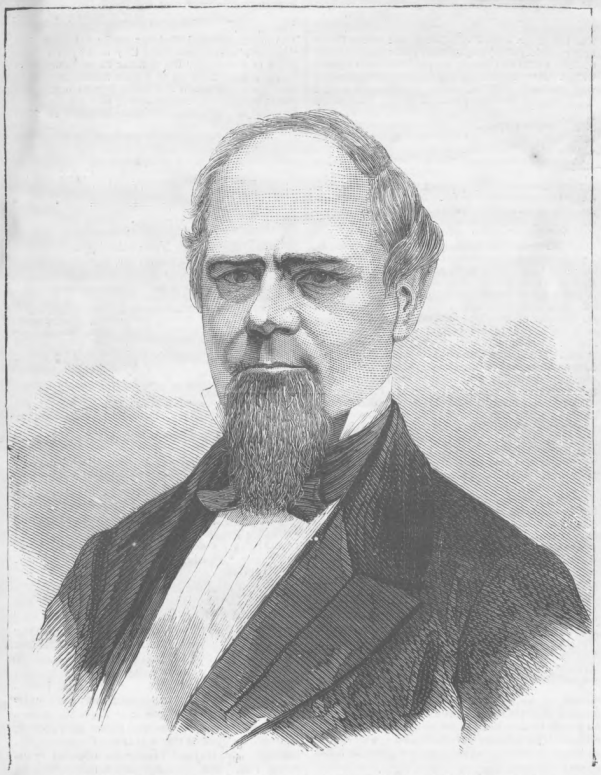


THE LATE REV. B. H. NADAL, D.D.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. H. WILLIAMSON.]

HON. RICHARD L. LARREMORE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL AND DENISON.]

THE LATE DR. NADAL.

THE Methodist Church has just sustained another serious loss by the death of the Rev. BERNARD H. NADAL, D.D., which occurred very suddenly on the 20th ult., at Madison, New Jersey. Dr. NADAL was born in Maryland, in 1813; and in 1835, having united with the Baltimore Conference, became a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. His early labors were in Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia; and he very soon became an earnest participant in the discussion of the slavery question, which was then agitating the Church. With characteristic independence, he warmly advocated the views which a few years afterward became the distinctive feature of the Northern branch, when the denomination had split asunder.

His early education was somewhat limited, but every opportunity for culture was sedulously improved; and when, in 1847, he was appointed to a church in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, the seat of Dickinson College, he pursued the regular collegiate course in that institution of learning without neglecting his pastoral duties, and regularly graduated with high honors. Soon afterward he accepted a professorship in Asbury University, Indiana. Here he became known as a vigorous writer; and one of his former professors, Dr. MCCLINTOCK, having become editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, encouraged him to become a contributor to its pages. He was one of the earliest of the editorial contributors to the *Methodist*, and remained on its editorial staff until his death. The movement for lay representation found in him an earnest supporter. One of the last of his published papers was a letter to a New York daily paper in defense of the junior book agent. For several years after his brief sojourn in Indiana, Dr. NADAL was pastor of prominent churches in New York, Brooklyn, and other cities. On the organization of the Drew Theological Seminary he was appointed to the Professorship of Church History; and, on the death of Dr. MCCLINTOCK, was selected to discharge the duties of Acting President of that institution. Up to the day of his death Dr. NADAL had been in his usual health, and it is not known that he had any premonition of his approaching end—"One moment in the full enjoyment of his faculties, and the next moment gone."

Dr. NADAL was a conscientious student, a thoroughly cultivated and acute theologian, and a successful preacher. His sermons were characterized by deep and earnest feeling, not less than by an effective style of pulpit oratory. Within a brief space of time, four prominent clergymen of the Methodist Church have fallen in the midst of their labors, almost without warning. Each filled his own sphere in the Church with distinguished ability, but none with more singleness of purpose and Christian fidelity than Dr. NADAL.

HON. RICHARD L. LARREMORE.

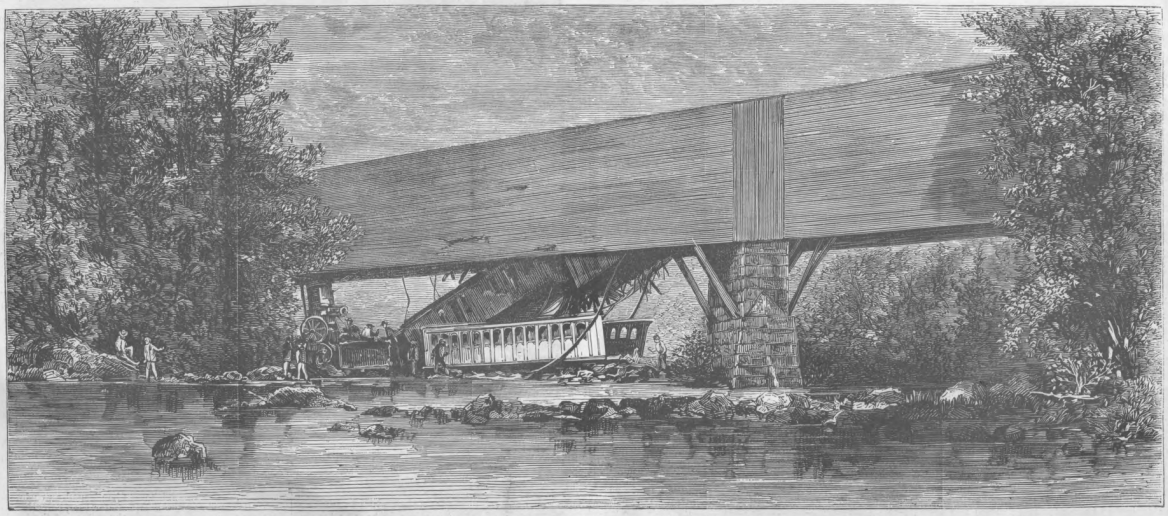
THIS gentleman, who has just retired from the Presidency of the Board of Education to take a seat on the Bench, was born September 6, 1830, at Astoria, Long Island. He graduated in 1850 at Rutger's College, and immediately commenced the study of law in the office of BETTS & ROBINSON, in this city. In 1852 he was admitted to the Bar. His tastes led him to avoid criminal cases, and he soon obtained a large and successful business in civil suits and in real estate. He was several times offered a nomination to the State Assembly, but always declined the honor. At the recent Commencement of the University of the City of New York the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him.

Apart from his distinction as a lawyer, Mr. LARREMORE has achieved an honorable reputation by his devotion to the cause of popular education. His efforts in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867 to provide for the free education of the children of this city were worthy of all praise. For several years past Mr. LARREMORE has occupied the honorable and responsible position of President of the Board of Education, and spared no efforts to improve our system of free education, and extend its benefits to the children of every grade of society. In May of this year he was elected Judge of Common Pleas, and has resigned his seat in the Board to enter upon the duties of his new position.

A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

WE give on this page an illustration of the recent fatal accident that took place at "Long Bridge," on the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad. It was caused by a collision with a hand-car, on which the section-master was passing over the bridge, under the impression that he had ample time to reach the next station before the arrival of the train, which he was prevented from seeing by a sharp curve until too late to avoid the shock. An iron bar on the hand-car caught under the engine, throwing it from the track. The wheels of the engine displaced the timbers of the bridge, and the baggage car, when it came to the weakened spot, fell through into the river below. The first passenger car followed in such a way that its front end shot under the rear end of the baggage car. The second passenger car fell endwise, remaining in as nearly a perpendicular position as its wrecked condition would allow. The last car did not go down, the forward truck only falling through the bridge. After the cars had gone down the engine was pulled down backward, the tender falling first, then the engine going down, leaving the forward end of the frame caught in the bridge.

Three persons were killed outright by this accident, and more than twenty seriously wounded. Our illustration is engraved from a photograph by Mr. MOORE, of Athol, Massachusetts.



THE RECENT ACCIDENT ON THE VERMONT AND MASSACHUSETTS RAILROAD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. MOORE, ATHOL, MASS.]

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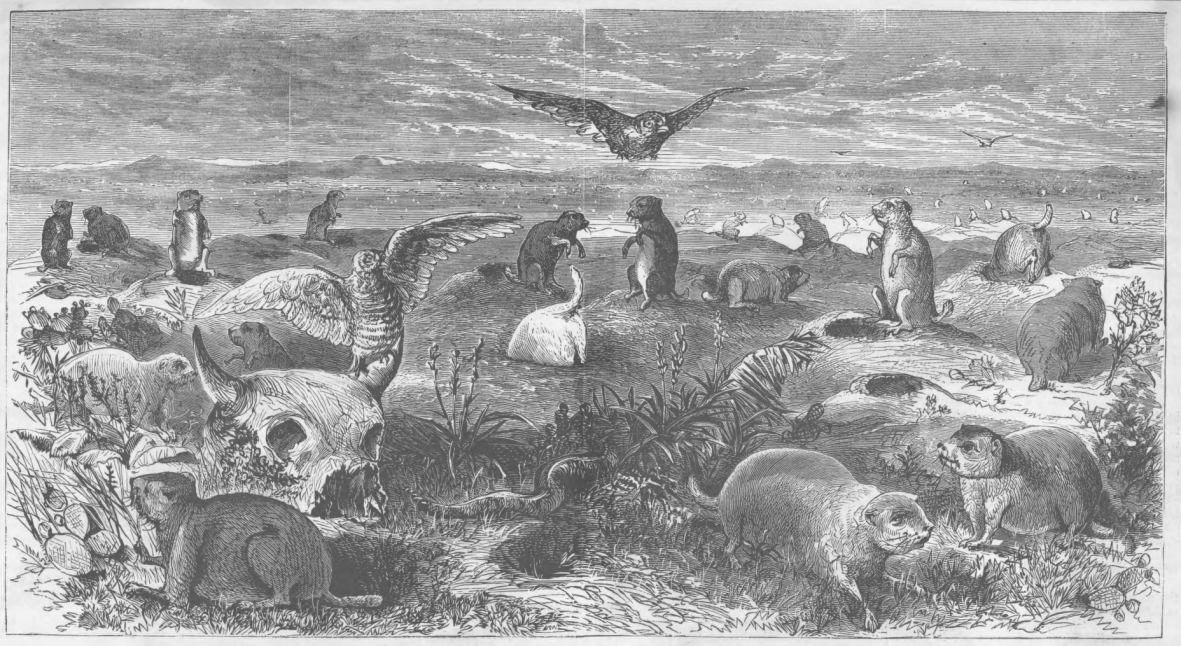


A PRAIRIE-DOG VILLAGE.—[SEE PAGE 439.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER II.

A fruitless Search for Seals.—A Storm on the Coast.—A Night of Terror.—Cast Away.—Getting Ashore.—Looking to God.—Preparations for Living on the Island.

THE first thing to be done after getting ashore was to look for seals. The men had scanned the shores closely in coming into the bay, and as soon as the vessel was anchored, and the sails were secured, they continued the search over every beach, and at every point of land that was in view, but not a seal was to be seen. Mr. Raynal thought that, as it was now summer, the month of December having fairly set in, the seals might have gone up into the land to avoid the heat of the mid-day sun, and he determined to make an excursion with Captain Musgrave upon the shore and into the interior to see what they could discover. Accordingly, as soon as every thing was properly arranged on board, they took the boat and went ashore.

They rambled about for some time, climbing rocks and cliffs, exploring the little bays and indentations of the shore, and penetrating as far as they could into the thickets that grew in the interior. They found plenty of traces of seals, in the form of paths which the animals had worn in the herbage and in the bushes, but none of the animals themselves. In making these explorations their progress was very slow, being much impeded not only by the density of the vegetation, but also by the numerous chasms and "crevasses," which had been opened by the frost and by the rain, in the rocks, and often in the soft earth. These pitfalls, or "breaknecks," as Mr. Raynal called them, were the more dangerous on account of their being almost entirely concealed by thickets of shrubbery and herbage.

Quite disappointed at the fruitlessness of their search, they returned on board about sunset. Their feeling of discouragement was, however, somewhat relieved by being told by the men that they had seen two seals, of the kind called sea-lions, swimming about the vessel during their absence. The animals came, they said, to the surface at intervals, lifting their big round heads out of the water, and uttering, as they inspired the gasp of air for which they came, a kind of hoarse barking sound, indicative of anger, and of defiance of the intruders.

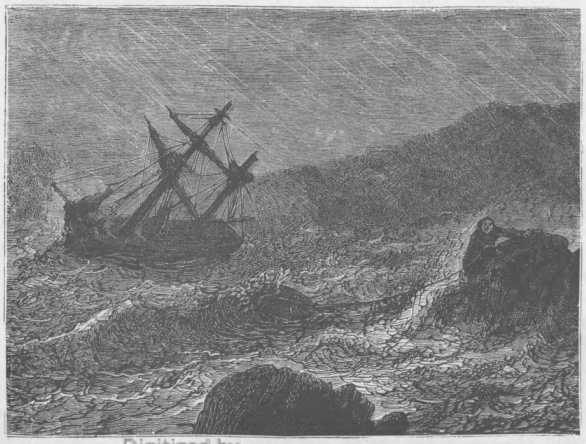
Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave made their arrangements for setting out the next morning for a general and systematic survey of the island, with the double object of searching for silver and for seals. They set off very early, leaving the men on board. They experienced great difficulty in forcing their way through the thickets which bordered the shore, being obliged sometimes to crawl under the branches upon their hands and knees. After reaching the interior they ascended a high hill, from which they had a view of a bay on the other side of the island, which they recognized as Monument Bay, so called from the artificial appearance which the sea had given to the rocks surrounding it, by wearing them away in such a manner as to leave arches, corridors, columns, and other architectural forms, the whole constituting a very remarkable and very curious scene. The explorers descended toward this bay to search for seals. When they reached the margin of it, however, they stopped on the crest of the cliffs which bordered it to take their breakfast, and then they clambered down to the beach below.

They saw a few seals here, though very few. As to indications of silver ore, though they had looked carefully for them all the way, they found none.

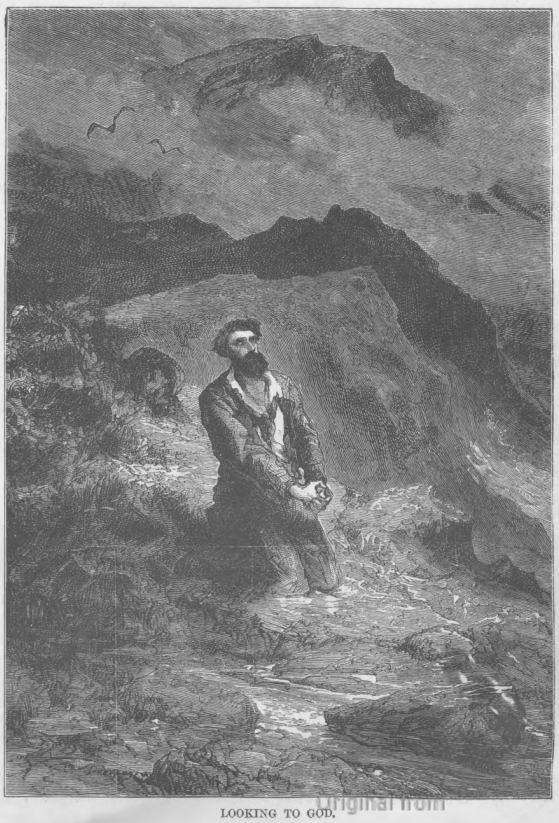
They returned to the ship by a different route from that which they had taken in coming, in order to see as much of the interior of the island as possible. On their way they came upon a village of albatrosses' nests. The nests were formed of little hillocks of turf, which the birds had contrived to heap up by scratching with their claws. The hillocks were hollowed in the centre to form the nest, and the cavity was lined with moss. Almost every nest was occupied by the mother bird sitting upon a single egg.

Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave wished to obtain some of the eggs in their nests, in order to ascertain how they would serve for food; but the birds were so tame, being "so unacquainted with man," or their maternal instincts were so strong, that it was necessary to beat them off their nests with sticks, in order to obtain the eggs. They seized in this way several of the eggs; but there was only one of the whole number that was fresh enough to be eaten. The eggs were so large, however, that Mr. Raynal said they found one egg sufficient for two persons.

After spending the day in these and similar adventures, the two explorers returned at night to the ship, very way-worn and weary, and somewhat discouraged in respect to the prospect of success in either of the branches of their undertaking. Mr. Raynal, moreover, was far from being well. The exposure and fatigue which he had endured on the voyage, while he had not yet perhaps fully recovered from the effects of his sickness at Sydney, brought on fever. He had intended to go with Captain Musgrave on a new exploring tour on the following day; but when the morning came he was too sick to leave his berth, and Aleck was taken by Captain Musgrave in his place. This sickness grew worse from day to day, and became, at length, a settled fever. He was confined by it to his berth during all the time that the vessel remained at Campbell Island, nearly four weeks. He sank, at length, so low that Captain Musgrave gave up all hopes of his recovery; and so near death did he appear at one time that the captain went



GETTING ASHORE.



LOOKING TO GOD.

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on shore and selected a place for the burial of the body. This might appear, under other circumstances, to be acting with unseemly haste; but the anticipation was justifiable, and even proper under the circumstances, since in case of death on shipboard, it is necessary, both on account of the superstition of the seamen, and also for other reasons, that the remains should be disposed of without any delay.

During all the time which Mr. Raynal was confined to the cabin, Captain Musgrave, accompanied by one or another of his men, continued his exploration of the island, searching every where along the shores for seals, and throughout the interior for metallic ores. He met with very little success in respect to either of his objects. The men killed some sea-lions and obtained a certain quantity of oil. There was one sea-lion of very extraordinary size, that they captured at Christmas. He was so fat that they obtained from his carcass between thirty and forty gallons of oil, and he must have weighed, they thought, about a thousand pounds. Mr. Raynal says that the men remembered and talked about this monster for a long time afterward. They called him Old Christmas, a name which they gave him in memory of the great anniversary on which he was captured.

After spending nearly a month on the island, in the fruitless endeavors described above, Captain Musgrave reluctantly concluded that it would be only a waste of valuable time to remain there any longer; and accordingly, after consultation with his companions, began to make preparations for their return to Sydney. They gave up all hope of finding any valuable ores; but they decided to touch at the Auckland Islands, on their way home, in hopes of doing something more in the way of seal fishing there, so that their voyage might not have been entirely unprofitable.

The Auckland group consists of three islands, the southernmost of which is called the island of Adam, and is separated from the main island by a narrow strait, the eastern portion of which widens considerably and forms what is called Carnley Harbor. In the northern part of the main island is another harbor, which the whalemen, with the grotesque and irreverent humor so characteristic of sailors, and in reference to the harbor at Campbell Island called Abraham's Bosom, had named Sarah's Bosom. It had another name (Port Ross) given to it by higher authorities; but the seamen always preferred the name they had given it themselves.

Mr. Raynal decided to go first into Port Carnley, and as the vessel entered between the capes which opened the way into it, Captain Musgrave, who was standing upon the deck, examining with his spy-glass the different portions of the shore as they successively came into view, suddenly called out to Mr. Raynal in a joyous tone, "Good news! Mr. Raynal—good news! We are going to find here what we want. I think I see plenty of seals on the rocks. Look for yourself!"

So saying, and with his countenance beaming with pleasure, he handed Mr. Raynal the spy-glass. Mr. Raynal's observation confirmed that of the captain. He saw a great number of dark objects on the rocks near the water, and he had no doubt that they were seals.

In the mean time the vessel was moving rapidly onward and entering the bay.

Their course at first was toward the west, the bay opening toward the east. After going in for some distance the bay appeared to divide into several branches, the principal one opening toward the north. There was a high, rocky promontory which partly barred the entrance to this northern branch. This they named Cape Musgrave. After rounding this cape they stood to the northward looking out for a place to anchor. They found, however, on sounding, that the water was every where extremely deep. No bottom could be found within any depth that the chain cable could reach. There were, moreover, no sandy beaches to be seen on any of the shores; but only ragged and naked rocks down to the edge of the water. Here and there a few small green islets appeared in view; but it was plain that they were only rocks emerging above the surface of the water and covered with herbage. In a word, the whole bay, with all its branches, was evidently only a vast, irregular, and jagged chasm half filled with water, with no indications of any kind of bottom on which an anchor could take hold.

There might possibly be some places where the water was of reasonable depth in nearer the shore; but a vessel can not lie at anchor—unless moored stem and stern—very near a shore; for, in the first place, when the anchor is dropped there must be room to "pay out" a considerable length of cable to allow the anchor to lie down upon its side, and to cause the line of direction in which the cable pulls upon it to become so inclined as to enable the fluke to take good hold of the bottom and to keep its hold. Then, moreover, there must be room for the vessel to "swing" with the flux and reflux of the tide. So Captain Musgrave went on as near the shore as it was safe to go, but still keeping at a certain distance from it, and sounding continually.

They went on in this way until they came to a curve of the shore on the right hand which formed a small bay open toward the west, which is marked upon the map Shipwreck Bay—a name which was afterward given to it in memory of the terrible disaster of which it was very soon the scene. For here, where they hoped to find refuge and safety for the *Grafton*, the unfortunate vessel was doomed to be beaten to pieces and destroyed.

On their first entering this little bay their hopes were encouraged. They had been sounding, as they came up the great bay, with a line of twenty fathoms—about one hundred and twenty feet—and with a weight of six pounds for sinker, without any success; but on entering this small bay, much to their relief, they found bottom. They at once let go their anchors, for night was coming on, and it was too late to make any farther explorations. To their great joy the anchors held. Still the position was not a safe one, for they were much too near the shore, there being scarcely room for the vessel to swing to her moorings, and the harbor was moreover entirely open toward the west and northwest, so that in case of a gale from that quarter they would inevitably be driven on shore, if either of the cables should give way. There was nothing to be done, however, but to hope for the best and wait till the morning. Fortunately the night was not to be long, for it was early in January, and the long summer days of that high latitude had but just begun to shorten.

But the wind was rising, and, unfortunately, it was in exactly the wrong quarter for them, being from the northwest, thus bringing the rocky shore, to which they were so dangerously near, close under their lee. The wind continued to increase in violence during the early part of the night. The men became very anxious in respect to their situation. Heavy seas began to roll in from the offing, there being no protection where they were from the open water of the great bay. At length at half past ten a squall of unusual violence struck the vessel, accompanied by a deluge of rain which had almost the character of a water-spout. The wind pressed upon the vessel so heavily and produced so violent a strain as greatly to alarm the men; and in the height of the squall they felt a sensation as of something giving way. They found soon that one of the chain cables had parted. The vessel was then wholly dependent upon the other cable, which they knew, in case of another such a blow, would be entirely insufficient to hold her; so that they were in fact hanging, as it were, by a thread over the very brink of destruction.

They found very soon that the remaining anchor was beginning to drag, and that the vessel was gradually driving toward the rocks. At midnight they felt the first shock. The hull touched the reef, but was immediately lifted up again by the sea. Very soon, however, she touched again, and again, still with no very great violence; and, as they knew that the tide was rising, the men were not without hope that the wind might soon subside, in which case the rising water might float the vessel so as to allow them to escape. Thus far they had no reason to believe that the hull had received any essential damage.

But as the night wore on the wind, instead of lulling, seemed to increase its fury; and the seas which broke over the vessel grew heavier. Every now and then, too, the vessel would thump with increasing force upon the submerged rocks as she was gradually driven in toward the shore. At length she struck with unusual violence, and a great crash was heard below. The planks and timbers of the bottom had been crushed in, and the water at once began to pour into the hold through the opening.

The men were at first stupefied by this terrible disaster. It sealed the fate of their vessel, and to all human probability it decided their own. As soon, however, as the first feeling of consternation was passed they went to work bringing up stores and provisions from below. They secured all the articles of food and of clothing that they could obtain, and also the instruments required in navigation. Indeed these were in no danger of being forgotten. The compass and the quadrant are usually the first things which a ship-master endeavors to secure when escaping from a wreck.

Having brought up every thing from the hold that they could save, they packed them together upon the deck on the sheltered side of the "companion-way"—a sort of porch on deck, built over the entrance to the cabin—and covered them with a large tarpaulin to protect them as much as possible from the rain. They secured every thing as well as they could, with proper lashings, and then crawled under the corners of the tarpaulin to shelter themselves in some degree from the cold and the rain, and "waited for day."

The vessel in the mean time had settled down to a resting-place upon the rocks, and though she was much buffeted by the wind and the seas, the men were convinced that she could not sink any further without first going to pieces.

It was, therefore, plain that there was nothing more to be done until daylight should appear and bring the shore into view. So they huddled together under the tarpaulin in a state of anxiety and distress, which Mr. Raynal said he should not attempt to describe.

At length, the long-wished-for day began to dawn, and as soon as it was light enough to see, the men crept out from under their covering, and strained their eyes to discover the shore. The wind was still blowing a hurricane, and the rain was falling—or rather was driven horizontally through the air—in torrents. The seas were rolling in, moreover, with such violence that the spray was thrown several hundred feet into the air.

The vessel was lying upon the rocks in a line parallel with the shore, and thus fortunately served as a breakwater to shelter in some degree the water to leeward of it; while beyond, in both directions, the waves were rolling in with the utmost force and fury. The only hope for the mariners was that they might make their way to the land in the boat, through the comparatively sheltered water between the vessel and the land.

The first thing to be done was to get out the boat. Mr. Raynal himself could render no aid to his companions in this, or, indeed, in any other work; for, though convalescent from his recent sickness, he was still very feeble; and, except for the moral influence of his character and his companionship, his presence was rather an additional source of care, and a burden, than an element of strength. The men, however, succeeded in getting the boat safely into the water, under the vessel's lee, though the commotion was so great, and they were knocked about so much in doing it, that some of them received quite severe contusions.

The boat was a comparatively frail structure, made of cedar, light and thin. It was about fourteen feet long, four feet wide, and not more than eighteen inches deep. It was never intended to do service in such an exigency as this. The men brought her up alongside, experiencing the greatest difficulty in preventing her from being stove by thumping against the vessel.

While some of the men were engaged in this work of "fending off," the others brought as many of the articles which they had packed under the tarpaulin as it was safe to carry, and put them on board. Then, after helping Mr. Raynal into the boat, they embarked themselves. Captain Musgrave was the last to enter the boat. He had previously procured several "lines," and had fastened the end of one of them to a ring in the side of the vessel. When he got into the boat he took his place in the stern, laying the coil of the line at his feet, and as the boat receded from the vessel, impelled by the wind, which was blowing furiously toward the shore, he paid out the line gradually and carefully from the coil. In this way the boat was eased off, so to speak, toward the land, and when he had allowed it thus to proceed as near to the surf, which was beating in tumultuously against the rocks, as was safe, he stopped paying out, and belayed the line. The boat was thus held back from the breakers, by which, if she had been allowed to enter them, she would have been immediately dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The next thing to be done was, if possible, to pass a line from the boat to the shore. The brave Aleck undertook this task. He took another line, which had been laid ready for this purpose, and fastening one end of it to the bow of the boat, and securing the other end around his body, he watched for a favorable opportunity, and plunged into the sea.

The distance that he had to pass was not great, as the boat had only been stopped in season to prevent its being dashed against the rocks; but the danger of attempting to reach the land from such a boat, in such a sea, was extreme. Aleck, however, displayed great coolness, as well as great courage, in encountering it; and he contrived his spring to the shore at the instant after a great wave had broken and spent its main strength against it, while yet there was an onward movement of the water, which bore him on its breast to a certain point of the rocks at which he aimed. He reached the rock, seized and clung to it, and the retreating wave fell back and left him there; and before another had time to follow he had scrambled up out of its reach. He immediately took a turn with his line around the trunk of a tree which was growing near, and Captain Musgrave and his men on board the boat drew it "taut"—and thus a connection was fairly made with the shore.

When a sailor can once get a line across any opening or abyss which he desires to traverse he feels that the difficulty is over. The subsequent steps are all plain and easy. Captain Musgrave threw across to Aleck on the rocks a coil of lighter line, retaining one end of it in the boat. This end he attached to a pulley which was rigged to run upon the main line, that is, the one which Aleck had fastened to the tree. He also fastened one end of another light line to this pulley, retaining the other end on board the boat. Thus the pulley was connected by one line with Aleck on the shore, and by another with men in the boat, and by these means it could be run back and forth from the boat to the shore; though in going to the shore it had to mount quite a steep ascent, as the boat was low in the water, while it was necessary that the shore end of the main line should be fastened at a point pretty high up, in order to be out of the reach of the surging of the waves.

The men then at once commenced sending on shore the effects which they had saved. The first thing to go was the tarpaulin. They rolled it up in as compact a form as possible, suspended it to the pulley, and run it ashore. Aleck, as soon as he received it, fastened it up under a tree, a little way inland, in such a manner as to form a kind of shelter-tent for the protection of the other articles—as they should be received—from the pouring rain.

The other articles were sent ashore in the same manner—casks of provisions, chests of clothing, the instruments which had been saved, and whatever else they had thought it best to bring. When these things were all landed it remained for the men themselves to get ashore.

Mr. Raynal was too feeble and too much exhausted by the exposures and sufferings of the night to exert any strength whatever. With the selfishness which we often see manifested by human beings toward each other on land, he would have been left on board the boat, and abandoned to his fate. The men might have had a plausible excuse for this, under the pretense—and it might not have been a mere pretense—that they would come back for him as soon as the weather made it possible for him to be taken ashore. But sailors, with all their faults, are proverbially faithful and true to their comrades in distress. Captain Musgrave took Mr. Raynal on his back, and caused him to be lashed securely there. He then grasped the hook of the pulley with his hands, and, thus suspended, and with this load upon his shoulders, swung himself over from the bow of the boat into the boiling sea.

The end of the line on which the pulley was to run was so low, being fastened to the boat, that it did not prevent their being submerged, but it aided them in keeping on the surface, and Aleck pulled lustily at the other end of the small line so as gradually to draw them in. It was an herculean task, for the weight of the two men "sagged" the rope so much at the end near the boat as to make the ascent for the pulley at the shore end very steep. Aleck pulled till he had brought them up this ascent as far as he could. For a moment the result trembled in the balance. Aleck could draw them up no higher, and the captain's strength was nearly exhausted, while the surging sea was buffeting him about close to the rocks. Aleck hastily fastened his end of the line, ran down to the brink, and succeeded in reaching and pulling the two men in, until Captain Musgrave could get hold of the rocks himself, and, with the aid of the little strength that Mr. Raynal retained, they all three succeeded in reaching a place where they could hold on until the next breaker had come surging up around them, and spent its strength without being able to dislodge them.

Captain Musgrave and Aleck half led and half carried Mr. Raynal up to where the tarpaulin had been fixed, and sheltered him under it as well as they could, while they went back to aid in bringing the other men to land. This was not at all difficult. One after another the men grasped the hook of the pulley, and plunged into the surges as Captain Musgrave had done, and were pulled to the shore. This was comparatively easy, for the load in each case was now one-half as great, while the force on shore to pull upon the line, and to aid the men in getting upon the rocks, was doubled for the first man, and trebled for the second. They left the boat where she was, securely held by the two lines, one running to the ship, and the other to the shore.

They gathered around the tarpaulin which covered the heap of their effects, and afforded some little protection for the sick man, though the others were entirely exposed to the cold and to the rain. The object of first necessity was to secure a fire, and the next to find, if possible, some better means of shelter. One of the men, as it happened, had some matches in his pocket, but they were wet, and they would not light. At length, after several trials, they succeeded with one of them; and having with great difficulty found something that would burn, they at last accomplished their object of making a fire. They kindled it by means of some tolerably dry sticks which George Harris, the Englishman, found under the big trunk of a fallen tree. As soon as the fire began to burn they went to work collecting all the dead wood that they could find, and piled it in a heap near at hand; for it was of immense importance that they should not allow the fire to go out, as their last match was gone.

They had brought a kettle with them on shore, and among their stores they had a moderate supply of tea. The first thing that they did was to bring some water from a little brook which one of the men discovered not far off, and to make some tea. This they drank, and ate with it some pieces of ship biscuit, of which they also had a small quantity among their stores.

They were greatly refreshed by this meal, and then, after remaining to warm themselves a little more, they left Mr. Raynal to take care of the fire, while the rest went off in various directions to see if they could not find some chasm in the rocks or some overhanging cliff, or, at least, some dense thicket in the woods, where they might obtain a temporary shelter.

While they were gone and Mr. Raynal sat alone watching the fire—which, as he said, sadly, was all that he was good for—his heart sank within him to think of the terrible extremity to which he had been brought. "I thought," said he, "of my friends and kindred far away, who had always been very dear to me, and whom I seemed to love now with a double tenderness of affection. I felt that I was separated from them by half the distance round the world. 'When and how,' said I to myself, 'can I ever hope to escape from this islet, lost in the middle of unfrequented seas, and beyond the limits of the habitable globe?' My soul sank under these reflections to an inexpressible bitterness of despair. My heart swelled within me till it seemed as if I should suffocate. Tears which I could not repress came into my eyes. I wept like a child. I then thought of God, and remembered that He was all-powerful, and that He directed and controlled every thing that took place in the world. I fell on my knees upon the wet ground, and implored Him that He would come with His aid to me and my companions in misfortune, and save us from an impending fate."

Mr. Raynal derived some comfort from his prayer, and returned to the fire. He dragged himself as well as he could to the brook with the kettle, which he filled with water, and then put it over the fire, in order to have tea ready for his companions when they should return. They came back in about an hour, looking weary, disappointed, and sorrowful. They had been unable to find any place of shelter whatever. Entirely disheartened and discouraged, they sat down as close to each other as they could before the fire, pulled as much of the tarpaulin as could be spared, without too much uncovering their stores, over their heads, and seemed to give themselves up to utter despair. George and Harry said that they only wished they had perished in the waves. Captain Musgrave, whose manly resolution, coolness, and self-reliance had been the chief means of keeping up the courage of the men hitherto, was silent, but he covered his face with his hands, and Mr. Raynal observed that he did so to hide his tears. He was thinking of the wife and children at Sydney, to whom he was tenderly attached, and whom he had left reluctantly, and with a loving farewell, at the commencement of the voyage. Mr. Raynal attempted to encourage the men by reminding them of the arrangement which had been made for sending a vessel in search for them, if they should fail to return at the appointed time.

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The men who had made this promise, he said, were men of honor, and they would not fail of their engagement. In the mean time they must do what they could, he added, to preserve their lives until the rescue should come.

These words revived the courage of the men in a certain degree; and after some consultation they determined to make an attempt to get to the boat, and by means of it to go on board the vessel, to see if they could not procure some sails and cordage, and also, perhaps, some boards, by means of which they might put up some kind of tent to furnish them with a temporary habitation —leaving Mr. Raynal, as before, to take charge of the fire. The mere idea of doing something revived their drooping spirits very sensibly, and they set off with a good will. Indeed, the best remedy in all cases for overwhelming sorrow and despondency, from whatever cause, is to find something to do, and to go to work vigorously in doing it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PRAIRIE-DOG VILLAGE.

THIS little creature, sometimes known by the name of the "wish-ton-wish," is a rodent, and not a carnivorous animal. The reason of its popular name lies in the short yelping sound which it is fond of uttering, and which bears some resemblance to the bark of a young puppy. It is a pretty and rather curious animal, about sixteen inches in length, and of a grayish-red color. It lives in very populous villages, of one of which we give a faithful illustration on page 437. The burrows in these villages are of considerable dimensions, and are dug in a sloping direction, at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. After descending two or three yards they make a sudden turn upward, and terminate in a spacious chamber.

The prairie-dog shares its subterranean home with the burrowing owl and the rattlesnake. It was once supposed that these incongruous creatures associated together in perfect harmony, forming a natural happy family beneath the ground. Recent discoveries have dispelled this pleasant theory, and shown that both the rattlesnake and the owl abuse the hospitality of their four-footed neighbors by devouring their young.

The scene presented by one of these dog villages is very curious. The prairie-dog is no less inquisitive than timid. On the approach of an intruder, the little creature gives a sharp yelp of alarm, and dives into its burrow, its example being at once followed by all its neighbors. For an instant the village appears to be deserted; but soon their curiosity gets the better of their prudence, and their inquisitive little noses are seen protruding from their burrows, to ascertain the cause of the alarm, a curiosity which often costs them dear. The prairie-dog is remarkably tenacious of life, and unless shot in the head is sure to escape into its hole.

SHOE-BUCKLES AND SHOE-STRINGS.

WE find buckles connected with foot-gear as early as the fourteenth century, the shoes of a skeleton of that period, exhumed in Ireland, bearing marks of having been fastened in this fashion; and buckles appear upon the long, peaked shoes of Robert Attelath (who died in 1376). During the earlier part of the Tudor times colored ribbons and roses were all the rage as shoe decorations, the white favors of York having outlived the liking of Fortune, and therefore of Fashion too; but long before Catholic Mary ruled the land, buckles were worn by all classes, the "upper circles" wearing silver and copper gilt, while less well-to-do folks sported copper buckles in their shoes. In one of the Church Homilies set forth in Elizabeth's reign there is a quotation from the third chapter of Matthew, making the Baptist say he was not worthy to *unbuckle* the Saviour's shoes, the passage being rendered in the authorized version of the Bible, "Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear," although, in the accounts of the other Evangelists we find it given, "The latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose"—a change of word expressive of the change of fashion which took place in the reign of the first Stuart, when Herrick sang of

> "A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
> I see a wild civility,"

and beaux delighted in double silk laces, with silver fringes and tags; while ties of silk and linen were worn by less extravagant dressers; and the commonalty held there was nothing like leather for a shoe-fastener.

When Charles II. came to take his ease upon the throne, buckles came into use again, except with Puritans, who prided themselves upon sumptuary simplicity. Buckles held their own nearly through the eighteenth century. At its commencement, short-quartered, square-toed shoes, with high red heels and small buckles, were considered the proper foot-gear for gentlemen; and the ladies, not to be outdone, fastened their clogs with silver buckles, ornamented with precious stones. In the then North American colonies the fashions of the mother-country were slavishly obeyed, and a man would not have been allowed to remain in a ball-room if he ventured to put his foot there without a buckle; in fact, he would have shocked the company as much as M. Roland did the court of Louis XVI., when the horrified master of the ceremonies exclaimed, "O dear! he has no buckles to his shoes!" and was comforted by Dumourier's sympathizing reply, "Oh! shocking! we shall all be ruined and undone!" At home, the buckle assumed every shape fancy could suggest or extravagance devise; wealthy fashionables decorated their feet with diamonds, humbler imitators wore paste. The ladies wore such large square buckles that it was said to be difficult to discover their little feet under the enormous silver or silver-plated shields they carried. In 1783 they went in for a lighter material, for the cry then was, "Straw! straw! straw! every thing is ornamented with straw, from the cap to the shoe-buckle!" giving the would-be wits an opportunity for the perpetration of jokes more pertinent than polite. The era of buckles was, however, drawing to a close: in 1789 shoe-strings began to appear in morning costumes, and by degrees ousted buckles from their pride of place.

This was an innovation of dire consequence in some quarters. The manufacture of the long-reigning buckle had grown into an important one, particularly in London, Birmingham, Walsall, and Wolverhampton, employing in the last three places some twenty thousand hands. The gradual displacement of buckles, by reason of the growth of "the most ridiculous of all ridiculous fashions, the effeminate shoe-string," excited great alarm among those whose bread depended upon the threatened manufacture. In 1792 the leaders of the trade determined to try and enlist the influence of the First Gentleman in Europe in their behalf. A deputation from the three towns went up to London and were introduced to the Prince of Wales by Sheridan. They represented that although the button interest had been cherished by parliamentary assistance, they did not ask for prohibitory penalties against shoe-strings, but merely desired the personal interference of his Royal Highness, fearing that if the stagnation of trade, caused by the patronage of shoe-strings and slippers, continued, "miseries, emigrations, and other horrible consequences must inevitably ensue." Mr. Sheridan lauded their petition, declaring he had rarely met with sentences containing so much matter, happily expressed in a few words, as the following: "We beg leave to observe, that when Fashion, instead of foreign or unprofitable ornaments, wears and consumes the manufactures of this country, she puts on a more engaging form, and becomes Patriotism. When Taste, at the same time and by the same means that she decorates the persons of the rich, clothes and fills the naked and hungry poor, she deserves a worthier appellation, and may be styled Humanity. We make no doubt but your Royal Highness will prefer the blessings of the starving manufacturer to the encomiums of the drawing-room. We know it is to no purpose to address Fashion herself. She is void of feeling, and deaf to argument; but, fortunately, she is subject to your control. She has been accustomed to listen to your voice, and obey your commands." Similar appeals were made to the Dukes of York and Clarence, and the buckle-makers could not complain of their reception. The Prince of Wales ordered the principal officers of his household into his presence, and told them they must from that moment discard the use of shoe-strings; while he expressed the hope that they would never offend him by disusing so important an article of British manufacture.

The buckle-makers of London and Westminster followed in the wake of their provincial brethren, by publishing an appeal to the public, complaining that, however mischievous the whim, however effeminate the appearance of shoe-strings, the wearing of them still increased, and hoping that henceforth no philanthropic friend to his country would, by following an evil example, virtually take part in snatching the bread out of the mouths of thousands of poor and industrious families. They also petitioned the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Princess Royal, and her brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, to aid them in their extremity. For some unknown reason, they reserved the most extraordinary of their appeals for the Duke of York.

After informing him that "honor, dignity, and birth are like the landscape when the luminary is behind a cloud, without the rays of beneficence tinging each distinction with its inherent brightness," they remind him that ribbon, leather, and whip-cord threaten to ruin a staple manufacture doing an incredible trade abroad, and humbly pray his Royal Highness to discourage shoe-strings, "both militarily and domestically." Then they break out: "Conceive what immense numbers of persons have spent the prime of their youth and manhood, entered into connections, *increased their families*, and embarked their all, having this trade for a dependence. Their hearts bleeding at the cruel inconsiderate capriciousness of Fashion; difficulties and impossibilities rise in quick succession to defeat the probability of fixing on any other branch or occupation. The nuptial tie, pitiably relaxed by reiterated sorrows; the children cry louder and more vehemently for food; the husband unmanned, his wonted courage fails; the wife, more delicately sensible, is not able to resist one of the obtruding woes which crowd upon her mind. Few friends before; less than ever now! Demands come quickest upon the most needy, often reminded of their bereaved trade, and no philosopher's stone to smooth the creditor's brow! Now spread wide the happy cause, the prospect changes. Hope, with cheering looks, advances. A letter from the trade at large informs them of our appeal to your Royal Highness. Instantly they assemble, and congratulate each other they have so glorious a source of expectation! Hope, with magic power, appeased their hunger, removed their despondency, makes the manufacturer's heart dance with joy; and the Duke and Duchess of York echoes in their cups, toast after toast. And your petitioners will ever pray."

The result of all this was that buckles were unusually prevalent at the Queen's birthday drawing-room, held soon afterward, when the beauty and brilliancy of the buckles worn by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Earl of Fife attracted general notice and admiration. It was but a transient triumph. Royalty failed to control Fashion; and although exceedingly small buckles were occasionally seen down to 1800, their fate was sealed, and by 1812 the buckle was extinct.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Fourth of July will bring, this year, the usual amount of cracking, snapping, fizzling, and firing. We infer this from the fact that not far from one hundred and eighty thousand boxes of small Chinese crackers have been imported, and over $50,000 worth of larger sizes. Every variety of fire-works are now manufactured in this country, with the single exception of crackers; and these are imported from China much cheaper than they can be made here. Torpedoes are made by millions, mostly on Long Island, by German farmers during their long winter evenings. Small as the torpedo is, it passes through the hands of five different persons in the process of manufacture. An immense number of the smaller kinds of fire-works are manufactured, sold, and burned up every year. And pyrotechnics of the larger kinds are equally popular. Many original designs are offered to the public every season, and these "exhibition pieces" are often exceedingly curious and elaborate. So many novelties are this year offered for sale, that those who desire to display their patriotism by investing in something of the kind, will be sorely puzzled in their choice. And alas! for those whose love of country would show itself in quietness! We fear they will find no rest for their ears on the "Glorious Fourth."

The city of Boston has given to the Trustees of the "Museum of Fine Arts" a lot of land containing nearly a hundred thousand square feet, and valued at a quarter of a million dollars. It is situated at the corner of Dartmouth and St. James streets. It was proposed to raise three hundred thousand dollars to add to the existing fund, for the purpose of erecting a building, and obtaining a collection of casts. A large proportion of this sum has already been raised. The Museum now has several valuable artistic collections.

The latest "fish story" is told by a jovial gentleman in a Western paper, as follows:

"A few days ago I was crossing a bridge over Swift River when I heard my name called. I looked around to see who spoke. No person was in sight, and I was about to pass on, when my eye fell upon a large trout standing upon his tail in the river, looking as if he had spoken to me. 'Did you speak, Mr. Trout?' said I. 'I did, sir,' said he; 'I wish to inquire if this is the way to Bickford's Mill?' 'It is,' said I. 'Ain't there any other route?' said he. 'Guess not,' said I, 'unless you go by land. Why do you ask?' 'Because the river is so full of these fishhooks that I can never get up this way!'"

The season at Martha's Vineyard promises to be very attractive. Every year witnesses many changes at this favorite summer resort. Between thirty and forty cottages have been built during the past year on the grounds of the Oak Bluffs Association. About forty also have been erected on the old camp ground, and several on the lands of the Vineyard Grove Company. A new hotel, to be kept on the European plan, is also in process of erection.

An explosion of nitro-glycerine took place recently in Worcester, by which one man was killed, and thirty others injured. A can of nitro-glycerine, intended for the Hoosac Tunnel, had been placed in the last car of a freight train on the Boston and Albany Railroad. The train had just stopped before crossing the junction, and the explosion took place at the moment of starting again. The car was totally demolished, the trucks driven deep into the ground or broken in fragments, the axles severed like pipe-stems, the tracks displaced, bent like withes, and hurled to a great distance from the road. Several other cars were badly shattered, and the buildings in the vicinity were either utterly destroyed or seriously damaged. The Worcester Academy, a mile distant, suffered much injury in broken windows, as well as many other buildings in the city. Considering the locality in which the explosion occurred, it is wonderful that but one life was lost. But is there no way of preventing such hazardous catastrophies?

Dr. Draper is of the opinion that the prevalence of insanity is largely due to the use of tobacco. Insane asylums were established in Europe soon after the introduction of tobacco, and when smoking had become fashionable.

It is announced that a Grand Industrial Exposition of Manufactures, Products, and Arts will be held in Cincinnati next September. All engaged in the production of works of art and ingenuity are invited to contribute. Ample arrangements have been made for the cheap transportation of articles for exhibition from all parts of the country, and for the general convenience of exhibitors. The Exposition will be open on September 21, and continue until October 15. It is under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, and the Ohio Mechanics' Institute. Premiums will be awarded of gold and silver medals and diplomas. All communications and packages should be addressed to "Cincinnati Industrial Exposition," Cincinnati.

A novel method of making money was recently invented by a Parisian of gentlemanly appearance. A lady entered a shop in the Rue Richelieu and purchased a gray silk dress. She was attentively watched by a gentleman who had posted himself at the door when she entered. When the lady took from her purse a note for two hundred francs the gentleman rushed forward, struck her, and snatched the bank-note from her hand, saying as he did so, in an angry tone, "I distinctly told you not to buy a dress. I have watched you; you shall not have it." Having given vent to this explosion of virtuous indignation he disappeared, not forgetting to take with him the bank-note. The lady fainted, and of course the spectators, supposing the gentleman to be the husband in a state of justifiable jealousy, did not interfere. But when the lady had recovered her senses, the owner of the establishment expressed his regret that the lady was dependent upon so brutal a husband. "My husband!" shrieked the lady; "that man is not my husband. I do not know him. I never saw him before!" He was simply a *chevalier d'industrie* in the execution of his profession.

A Parisian widower buried his wife in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, marking the spot by only a small garden and a very small inscription. The official in charge of the cemetery noticed first some nasturtiums planted over the grave which were regularly gathered every week, then some little pink radishes appeared; finally, he discovered two good-sized melons in the inclosure. This was carrying market-gardening a trifle too far, and the police requested the bereaved husband to put a stop to it. This he did, though complaining bitterly of the cruelty of the requisition; for he had particularly valued the vegetables produced there, because he felt "they were offered to him by his Zoe!"

More than six million visits were made to the World's Fair of 1851 in London during its duration of 141 days; an equal number attended the Exhibition of 1862 in the same city; the visitors to the Sydenham Palace have been 30,000, 40,000, and even 60,000 in a day. In view of the general interest in exhibitions of this kind, a plan has been proposed of an Industrial Exhibition in this city, to be opened in 1872, and to be kept in perpetual operation. The Legislature has granted a charter to a company, authorizing the erection of a mammoth hall, which it is designed to fill with paintings, statuary, conservatories of plants, mechanical inventions, and such attractions as a judicious use of a liberal supply of money can gather in successive years. It is believed that such an exhibition may be made a very attractive feature of New York.

Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Dickens all died in the midst of their work, each leaving an uncompleted book. It is stated by the English publisher of Dickens's works that only one-half of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" had been written, and that the story will be published as far as written, and no one will be permitted to finish it. Would it not be a matter of great interest to all who admired Charles Dickens if those "memoranda" could be given to the public just as they left his hand?

An advertisement was sent to the office of a Western newspaper in which occurred the name of a book—"The Christian's Dream: No Cross, No Crown." The blundering compositor made it read: "The Christian's Dream: *No Cows, No Cream!*"

Do not sleep with your mouth open! It is dangerous in many ways. For example: A man living in Atlanta, Georgia, who is in the habit of sleeping with expanded jaws, recently had his false teeth stolen by an adroit thief! What must have been the surprise of the sleeper on awakening in the morning!

The old maxim, "Early to bed and early to rise," etc., has been the innocent cause of many wonderful poetical effusions. *Punch* remarked long ago that

> "Early to bed and early to rise
> Is the way to be stupid and have red eyes."

Since which it has been asserted that

> "He who would thrive must rise at five,"

and

> "He who'd thrive more must rise at four."

Therefore it is a natural inference that

> "He who'd still more thriving be
> Must leave his bed at turn of three;
> And who this latter would outdo
> Will rouse him at the stroke of two;
> And he who'd never be outdone,
> Must ever rise as soon as one."

The climax of all is:

> "He who'd flourish best of all
> Should never go to bed at all."

A French paper printed in New Orleans recently surprised its readers with the following statement: "Charles Dickens, the great American romancer, died yesterday of apoplexy. He was the Walter Scott of America."

An energetic woman in Illinois, who is fitting herself for the bar, has certainly commenced business in a way which does her credit, and which might well be imitated by some of the sterner sex. She recently called at a large law-book publishing house in Chicago, and purchased six hundred and fifty dollars' worth of books, paid five hundred dollars down, and the balance upon the delivery of the books. Since the purchase the proprietor of the establishment has become a convert to "woman's rights."

Mr. Disraeli has been suffering for some months past from a dangerous and painful disease—gout in a suppressed form—and his condition latterly has caused his friends much anxiety, though they maintained much reticence on the subject. This illness commenced with a severe cold, early in February. It is now rumored that his medical advisers have prohibited all public speaking.

A sprightly letter from Heidelberg says that when German students get drunk they are satisfied to get each other home; but when American students get drunk they insist on whipping out the whole beer-house, and seeing the establishment closed up before they leave.

The last letter written by Mr. Dickens, dated the day before his death, is of peculiar interest. Some person had written to the novelist, suggesting that a passage in the tenth chapter of Edwin Drood might wound the religious sensibilities of some of his readers. His reply was as follows:

"GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM, BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
WEDNESDAY, *the 8th June*, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,—It would be quite inconceivable to me—but for your letter—that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a Scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much-abused social figure of speech, impressed into all sorts of service, on all sorts of inappropriate occasions, without the faintest connection of it with its original source. I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake. I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour, because I feel it, and because I rewrote that history for my children—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them, long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak. But I have never made proclamation of this from the house-tops.

Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

A marvelous discovery is reported in a Russian newspaper. A German *savant* has been engaged for some time in exploring the plain of Troy. While making some excavations near the village of Cyplax, he came suddenly upon the ruins of a Cyclopean wall about eight feet thick. The works were actively pushed on, and, from what has already been brought to light, he is convinced that he has at last discovered the remains of the famous Palace of Priam. Indeed, he asserts that the part of the ruins already uncovered exactly tallies with the description of the place given by Homer in the Iliad. As soon as the excavations are sufficiently advanced he promises to publish a detailed account.

A dismal modern prophet informs the public that a period of about forty-two years, during which the slain of the Lord in hundreds of millions shall cover the earth, will commence on the tenth day of next November.

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THE UNITED STATES.

Among the paintings in the French Exhibition this year none has attracted more attention than the work of which we give an engraving on this page—an allegorical representation of the United States of North America, painted by M. A. Yvon for Mr. A. T. Stewart. Thirty-four States appear in this composition, grouped around the symbolic figure of the Republic, whose hand rests in that of Wisdom. On the left is a group of immigrants just landing from Europe, in the costumes, and with the industrial implements, of their native countries.

One of our great rivers is represented as extinguishing in its current the torch of war, while our illustrious forefathers burst their tombs to salute the triumph of the cause to which they consecrated their lives. On the right, sanguinary traces represent the past. Archangels beat down the evil passions of war and domestic discord among the States. From the darkness of ignorance and superstition the colored races emerge into the light of knowledge and civilization—the Indians in the back-ground shading their eyes from the dazzling radiance, and the negroes emancipated and instructed by the whites.

On a rich tapestry in the immediate fore-ground, covered with fruits and flowers, are grouped the geniuses of Peace and Industry. A number of heralds about the statue of Washington proclaim to the four quarters of the globe the glory of the nation which he established.

The picture has been very severely criticised by European critics, and the Paris correspondents of some American newspapers have made it the subject of unsparing ridicule. But, while it must be admitted that the subject is one that offers better facilities for a Latin school composition than for artistic treatment, it can not be denied that the picture is the work of a man of genius, and bears the mark of a thoughtful and cultivated mind. It is somewhat singular that M. Yvon should have dressed in the Confederate gray uniform the soldier who is assisting the negro to rise. We are curious to know whether this was accidental or intentional.

It is the intention of Mr. Stewart to place this painting in his magnificent gallery in this city.

THE TREASURE STONES.

It was Christmas-eve in a small farm in the neighborhood of Plouhinec, beyond Hennebont.

No one was at home; the master, mistress, children, and servants were all gone to midnight mass. The sound of church bells was still heard across the heath, now covered with a thin layer of snow. Only an old woman, too old and infirm to go to church, was sitting up beside the fire.

A beggar was in the stable, asleep between a lean ox that drew the little plow and an old ass, worn out with carrying bundles of heather or of rushes dried in the sun. The poor man had reached the farm after the departure of the farmer, and the old woman had given him a cake of black bread and a cup of milk, and then allowed him to go to bed in the stable.

He slept peacefully till he was awakened by voices near him. He listened, thinking it was the people of the farm come home; but he soon perceived, to his amazement, that the ox and the ass beside him were conversing in good Breton. The ass had turned toward the ox, who was reposing on his litter; and the beggar Scriven remembered he had heard it said by old people that, in memory of the hospitality shown by the ox and the ass to the infant Jesus, once a year, at midnight on Christmas-eve, the inhabitants of the stable were endowed with the gift of speech, and were able to converse about their affairs like human beings.

Scriven was sharp and clever. It was not for nothing that he had carried his wallet from parish to parish, making capital of his broken leg, and living as a beggar on the charity of kind folks. He did not make the least movement that might betray his presence, lest he should silence his bed-fellows, whose conversation he was so eager to hear.

The ox was saying to the ass, "One never does what one wants to do. If I were not tied here, I would go and take a walk on the heath, that I might be at liberty for once; and if I met Benedik, the plowman of Pluvigner, I would tell him something."

"What would you tell him?" asked the ass, who seemed depressed by bad treatment.

"Ah, you do not like Benedik as I do. He does not drive you; and that good-for-nothing Kaolo has given you so many blows that you can hardly stand any more. But the master has never had such a plowman as Benedik. He talks to me as if I were a Christian; and if he pricks me at all when I go too slow, it is so gently that I scarcely feel it. He is always afraid of doing harm, and has no wish but to do good. If he looks often toward Mariemik, it is no wonder, for he wants to make her his wife. If he only knew—! He would soon be rich enough to buy the farm, the furniture, and all the land; and the master, instead of snubbing him, would stand before him cap in hand."

Scriven began to listen with all his ears; and the ass, who was lying on his litter of heather, turned himself languidly round.

"You mean that you want him to find the treasure that the Stones of Plouhinec will leave uncovered one of these days? By the stable of St. Joseph, if he had the cross-wort and the five-leaved clover, they would be of some use to him when the Stones go down to drink at the Intel! But it happens only once in a hundred years, and he will know nothing about it."

"Besides," rejoined the ox, "if there can not be found in these parts a baptized Christian who will give his life for him, he will be crushed by the Stones when they come back. But, after all, he would never let another be killed for him, and the good God will show him some other way of becoming rich enough to marry Mariemik."

The ass had fallen asleep, and all was again silent in the stable. Scriven alone was awake, with a terrible temptation gnawing at his heart. Why should he not profit by the knowledge of the existence of this treasure, which had just been revealed to him in so strange a manner? He was tired of begging. It was no longer the good trade that it used to be; the times were hard, and although charitable people might still give the beggar the best place in the chimney corner, and the largest piece of bread, ill-natured folks often let him wait at the door, and after all threw him only a dry crust. He knew very well where to find the magical herbs—on the way as you go from the sea-coast toward the country where it never freezes, where the myrtles are in flower in winter, and violets open in February in the woods. Scriven stopped, however, in his meditations when he came to the last condition of the great enterprise. Where was he to find a baptized Christian who would give his life for him?

He did not yet dare to ask himself aloud how he should delude any one, and allure him to his death. But the devil had already suggested dark schemes to him. The treasure glittered before poor Scriven's greedy eyes. He fancied he saw handfuls of gold, diamonds, and large bags of silver, and between sleeping and waking he gave himself up to these dangerous dreams. After he was quite asleep the master and mistress, with their children and servants, returned from church.

When he woke in the morning he saw Benedik, who was arranging the litters of the animals. He did not know him, but the caresses he bestowed on the ox from time to time, as well as the sweet words he exchanged in low tones with Mariemik, who was helping her mother in the kitchen, induced him to examine the plowman more carefully. Wickedness had already established itself in Scriven's heart. When he left the farm about mid-day his wallet was well furnished. He looked forward to the Stones of Plouhinec, which stood out in the snow irregular and clear, like a troop of soldiers standing still upon the field of battle. He contemplated them for a minute; then he went back to take another look at Benedik, and at last plunged into the heath, walking in the direction of the sea.

Three or four days had passed, and the short winter's day had begun to close. The ground was still covered with snow, and the ox ruminated softly in the stable, blessing Heaven that had wrapped the earth in a white shroud.

No work could be done, and Benedik, whistling gayly in spite of the growing darkness, was striking one of the largest of the stones of Plouhinec with a chisel and hammer. The poor fellow was not, however, really gay, for the mistress, who had observed that Mariemik liked to talk to him, had warned her husband, who at once gave the Pluvigner lad notice to leave. When Benedik asked the cause of this abrupt dismissal, the master only replied that he had not more than twenty white pieces to think of speaking

On this poor he had not more th received his wages for the shoes he dance at the "Cross," like a good Chris

To console hi Mariemik, he ha the big stone, wh a voice beside hi

A man who has not pocket ought not to

ver his head, for he although he had re- ents. He had paid in the autumn to Cross," and he had put in the priest's purse

thought of leaving erve something on startled by hearing

harm now for this one to bear on it the sign of the Cross."

And Beneadik quietly finished his work, completing the cross he had begun to cut upon the stone.

"Listen to me," said the beggar, in a low voice. "What would you give me if I were to make you rich enough to marry Mariemik tomorrow if you like, or even to look elsewhere and higher if you have a mind to do so?"

Beneadik's tools dropped from his hands. "Rich," he gasped, in a choking voice; "Mariemik?" He was so much excited that he could not find words, but he looked eagerly at the beggar.

make me rich enough to obtain Mariemik from her father," he cried, "you may take all the rest; you shall have my gratitude into the bargain, and my services by day and by night, in fair weather or foul; except Mariemik and my hope of heaven, I will refuse you nothing that you can ask of me."

Scriven smiled; but it was dark by this time, and, besides, Beneadik was too happy and too trustful to comprehend the look of troubled joy that passed over the face of his companion.

"I will stay here and watch beside the Stones," said the beggar. "I have something in my gourd which will keep out the cold. You have still a

THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERI[CA.—PAINTED FOR MR. A. T. STEWART BY M. A. YVON.]

"What are you Scriven; and Bene as if the other h earth. "Does th drawings on the

"The master h he has done," rep full, and he was tone. "I am go self than I want find work, I am sign of my salva mer days these flow in the dev

asked the beggar nd round. It seemed only risen out of the er pay you to make

ssed me—that is what ndik. His heart was ll at the beggar's bold have more time to my- meanwhile, that I may g this stone with the t is said that in for- ave seen human blood It won't do any

"I know," said Scriven, "that these Stones," and he touched the large one on which Beneadik had just cut the sign of the Cross, "will this very night tear themselves up from the ground on which they rest, and go to drink at the river Intel. Under them is hidden a treasure so great that no eye has ever seen the like. A single person would never be able to carry it off before the stones come back to their place; but, if you will help me, I swear by your patron saint that you shall never again need to bow your head to any man."

Beneadik seized the beggar's hands in his, not noticing how they trembled. "If you will only

him in amazement; she had blushed when during that day her mother had said in her hearing that Beneadik was about to leave them to seek his fortune elsewhere, but she had bravely restrained her tears, waiting till she was alone to weep. Now, however, the joy that she read in Beneadik's face almost overcame her courage. Was he then so happy to go away from her?

Scriven had desired him, above all things, to keep their secret; but it was well that it was for so short a time, or Beneadik would never have been able to be silent when he saw Mariemik's sad looks. He stood for a moment before the crucifix and repeated a prayer; then turning to

place at the fireside and table of the farm-house: go back to supper, and when you look at Mariemik say to yourself that to-morrow she will be yours if our enterprise succeeds; and then at eleven o'clock come back here to me."

Scriven was eager to get rid of Beneadik, for the young man's gratitude weighed upon his mind till his remorse was insupportable. "It must be," he kept repeating to himself; "and he is such a good Christian that he will go straight to heaven."

Beneadik found it very difficult to conceal his joy; in the darkest moment of his grief a strange hope had risen before him. Mariemik looked at

take one more look at the young girl, he went out to the stable, where he could hide his agitation and his hopes; he caressed the ox, who looked up at the sound of his voice; and then, before it was quite eleven o'clock, he went back to look for Scriven at the Stones of Plouhinec.

The beggar seemed almost benumbed with the cold, and scarcely spoke. The voice of conscience, which he had tried to stifle so often during these two days, was now at last silenced in his heart. Dreams of riches, pleasure, and greatness filled his thoughts; he felt no desire to reward those who had been kind to him; but he determined to be revenged on all who had ever slighted or repulsed him.

From time to time he glanced at his companion, who sang in a low voice some verses of a Christmas hymn, or repeated a prayer. Beneadik was a little uneasy at what he was about to do; and he commended himself to God, to the Holy Virgin, and to his guardian angel, that he might be preserved from the wiles of the devil, who had doubtless in former days hidden this treasure over which the Stones of Plouhinec kept watch.

Scriven at last desired him to be quiet. "No one knows," said he, "who may be listening to you." But Beneadik prayed more fervently than ever in his heart; for it seemed to him that all the elves and sprites of the heath were dancing round him.

At last twelve o'clock struck; the church was a long way off, but the twelve strokes sounded clearly across the long stretch of bare fields, now covered with snow.

Scriven had risen up, and roughly drawn his companion out of the shadow of the Stones. As the last stroke died away they began to stir, loosening themselves by a violent effort from the earth in which they were embedded; they swayed about and leaned against each other like tipsy men; then springing forward irregularly they rushed away together in the direction of the river, bounding over the frozen earth, and in their passage crushing the slender birch-trees on the heath and the great clusters of reeds like wisps of straw.

Scriven seized Beneadik's arm. "Come," he said, in a voice so hoarse that no one would have recognized it; and they both ran to the place where the Stones had stood. The ground was plowed up as if by bomb-shells on a battle-field, and in every hole were seen gold and silver and precious stones.

Beneadik was so dazzled that he would have stood still to gaze at them, but Scriven forced him to stoop and pick up some of the treasure. "Take all you can," he whispered; "they will be back immediately."

As he spoke he filled all the empty bags that he had brought in his beggar's wallet. Beneadik also stuffed the gold into his pockets, and both his hands were full when a loud and terrible noise made him start up suddenly.

"The Stones!" he cried; and they were in fact rushing back again even faster than they had run away, as if they were in a hurry to return to their places and to the treasures over which they watched. As they advanced they formed themselves into an immense circle, and Beneadik saw at a glance that they were surrounded.

"We are lost!" he cried.

"Not I," said the beggar, drawing from his bosom the cross-wort and the five-leaved clover that it had cost him so much trouble to find on the seashore. "The Stones of Plouhinec never harm any one who carries these plants with him. I must have a baptized Christian to stay here after I have carried off the treasure, and I expect this favor from you," he said, with a diabolical laugh.

The Stones turned aside as he presented the magic plants to them, and, forming themselves again into a column behind the largest one, they advanced directly upon Beneadik, who had fallen on his knees in an agony of terror.

The beggar by this time had shut up his bags, and was preparing to fly.

In less time than it has taken to tell, the terrible battalion had reached the plowman of Pluviger, but at sight of him the largest stone stood suddenly still; it bore the sign of the Cross, and could do no harm to a Christian. Beneadik was still on his knees, confusedly murmuring prayers mingled with the name of Mariemik, when the great stone placed itself in front of him like a rampart, and protected him with its enormous size; and the rest, separating, rolled into their places, once more hiding from human gaze those treasures on which rash eyes had ventured to look for a time.

Scriven meanwhile found the gold that he had collected press so heavily on his shoulders that he threw away his bags, hoping some other time to come back and look for them. His only thought now was how to save his life, for when the large stone had accomplished its work of protection it began to roll back like the others into its place; the beggar was in front of it, and, though he held up the magic plants in his trembling hands, they had no power over the stone on which the sign of the Cross had been made; it rolled on, leaving the miserable man behind it, crushed to death under its weight. His horror-stricken companion, appalled by the sight, fell forward insensible on the ground.

Beneadik appeared the next morning at the farm-house loaded with gold, and staggering under the weight of the bags he had picked up on the heath; but he had grown ten years older, and it was only after many years of happiness with Mariemik and his children that he ceased to tremble when he heard the clock strike twelve at midnight.

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MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SECOND.

THE APPARITION.

THE night had advanced. It was close on twelve o'clock, when Anne heard the servant's voice, outside her bedroom door, asking leave to speak with her for a moment.

"What is it?"

"The gentleman down stairs wishes to see you, ma'am."

"Do you mean Mr. Delamayn's brother?"

"Yes."

"Where is Mr. Delamayn?"

"Out in the garden, ma'am."

Anne went down stairs, and found Julius alone in the drawing-room.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said. "I am afraid Geoffrey is ill. The landlady has gone to bed, I am told—and I don't know where to apply for medical assistance. Do you know of any doctor in the neighborhood?"

Anne, like Julius, was a perfect stranger to the neighborhood. She suggested making inquiry of the servant. On speaking to the girl, it turned out that she knew of a medical man, living within ten minutes' walk of the cottage. She could give plain directions enabling any person to find the place—but she was afraid, at that hour of the night and in that lonely neighborhood, to go out by herself.

"Is he seriously ill?" Anne asked.

"He is in such a state of nervous irritability," said Julius, "that he can't remain still for two moments together in the same place. It began with incessant restlessness while he was reading here. I persuaded him to go to bed. He couldn't lie still for an instant—he came down again, burning with fever, and more restless than ever. He is out in the garden in spite of every thing I could do to prevent him; trying, as he says, to 'run it off.' It appears to be serious to *me*. Come and judge for yourself."

He led Anne into the next room; and, opening the shutter, pointed to the garden.

The clouds had cleared off; the night was fine. The clear starlight showed Geoffrey, stripped to his shirt and drawers, running round and round the garden. He apparently believed himself to be contending at the Fulham foot-race. At times, as the white figure circled round and round in the starlight, they heard him cheering for "the South." The slackening thump of his feet on the ground, the heavier and heavier gasps in which he drew his breath, as he passed the window, gave warning that his strength was failing him. Exhaustion, if it led to no worse consequences, would force him to return to the house. In the state of his brain at that moment, who could say what the result might be, if medical help was not called in?

"I will go for the doctor," said Julius, "if you don't mind my leaving you."

It was impossible for Anne to set any apprehensions of her own against the plain necessity for summoning assistance. They found the key of the gate in the pocket of Geoffrey's coat up stairs. Anne went with Julius to let him out. "How can I thank you!" she said, gratefully. "What should I have done without *you!*"

"I won't be a moment longer than I can help," he answered, and left her.

She secured the gate again, and went back to the cottage. The servant met her at the door, and proposed calling up Hester Dethridge.

"We don't know what the master may do while his brother's away," said the girl. "And one more of us isn't one too many, when we are only women in the house."

"You are quite right," said Anne. "Wake your mistress."

After ascending the stairs, they looked out into the garden, through the window at the end of the passage on the upper floor. He was still going round and round, but very slowly: his pace was fast slackening to a walk.

Anne went back to her room, and waited near the open door—ready to close and fasten it instantly if any thing occurred to alarm her. "How changed I am!" she thought to herself. "Every thing frightens me, now."

The inference was the natural one—but not the true one. The change was not in herself, but in the situation in which she was placed. Her position during the investigation at Lady Lundie's house had tried her moral courage only. It had exacted from her one of those noble efforts of self-sacrifice which the hidden forces in a woman's nature are essentially capable of making. Her position at the cottage tried her physical courage: it called on her to rise superior to the sense of actual bodily danger—while that danger was lurking in the dark. There, the woman's nature sank under the stress laid on it—there, her courage could strike no root in the strength of her love—there, the animal instincts were the instincts appealed to; and the firmness wanted was the firmness of a man.

Hester Dethridge's door opened. She walked straight into Anne's room.

The yellow clay-cold color of her face showed a faint flush of warmth; its deathlike stillness was stirred by a touch of life. The stony eyes, fixed as ever in their gaze, shone strangely with a dim inner lustre. Her gray hair, so neatly arranged at other times, was in disorder under her cap. All her movements were quicker than usual. Something had roused the stagnant vitality in the woman—it was working in her mind; it was forcing itself outward into her face. The servants at Windygates, in past times, had seen these signs, and had known them for a warning to leave Hester Dethridge to herself.

Anne asked her if she had heard what had happened.

She bowed her head.

"I hope you don't mind being disturbed?"

She wrote on her slate: "I'm glad to be disturbed. I have been dreaming bad dreams. It's good for me to be wakened, when sleep takes me backward in my life. What's wrong with you? Frightened?"

"Yes."

She wrote again, and pointed toward the garden with one hand, while she held the slate up with the other: "Frightened of *him?*"

"Terribly frightened."

She wrote for the third time, and offered the slate to Anne with a ghastly smile: "I have been through it all. I know. You're only at the beginning now. He'll put the wrinkles in your face, and the gray in your hair. There will come a time when you'll wish yourself dead and buried. You will live through it, for all that. Look at Me."

As she read the last three words, Anne heard the garden door below opened and banged to again. She caught Hester Dethridge by the arm, and listened. The tramp of Geoffrey's feet, staggering heavily in the passage, gave token of his approach to the stairs. He was talking to himself, still possessed by the delusion that he was at the foot-race. "Five to four on Delamayn. Delamayn's won. Three cheers for the South, and one cheer more. Devilish long race. Night already! Perry! where's Perry?"

He advanced, staggering from side to side of the passage. The stairs below creaked as he set his foot on them. Hester Dethridge dragged herself free from Anne, advanced, with her candle in her hand, and threw open Geoffrey's bedroom door; returned to the head of the stairs; and stood there, firm as a rock, waiting for him. He looked up, as he set his foot on the next stair, and met the view of Hester's face, brightly illuminated by the candle, looking down at him. On the instant he stopped, rooted to the place on which he stood. "Ghost! witch! devil!" he cried out, "take your eyes off me!" He shook his fist at her furiously, with an oath—sprang back into the hall—and shut himself into the dining-room from the sight of her. The panic which had seized him once already in the kitchen-garden at Windygates, under the eyes of the dumb cook, had fastened its hold on him once more. Frightened—absolutely frightened—of Hester Dethridge!

The gate-bell rang. Julius had returned with the doctor.

Anne gave the key to the girl to let them in. Hester wrote on her slate, as composedly as if nothing had happened: "They'll find me in the kitchen, if they want me. I sha'n't go back to my bedroom. My bedroom's full of bad dreams." She descended the stairs. Anne waited in the upper passage, looking over into the hall below. "Your brother is in the drawing-room," she called down to Julius. "The landlady is in the kitchen, if you want her." She returned to her room, and waited for what might happen next.

After a brief interval she heard the drawing-room door open, and the voices of the men outside. There seemed to be some difficulty in persuading Geoffrey to ascend the stairs; he persisted in declaring that Hester Dethridge was waiting for him at the top of them. After a little they persuaded him that the way was free. Anne heard them ascend the stairs and close his bedroom door.

Another and a longer interval passed before the door opened again. The doctor was going away. He said his parting words to Julius in the passage. "Look in at him from time to time through the night, and give him another dose of the sedative mixture if he wakes. There is nothing to be alarmed about in the restlessness and the fever. They are only the outward manifestations of some serious mischief hidden under them. Send for the medical man who has last attended him. Knowledge of the patient's constitution is very important knowledge in this case."

As Julius returned from letting the doctor out, Anne met him in the hall. She was at once struck by the worn look in his face, and by the fatigue which expressed itself in all his movements.

"You want rest," she said. "Pray go to your room. I have heard what the doctor said to you. Leave it to the landlady and to me to sit up."

Julius owned that he had been traveling from Scotland during the previous night. But he was unwilling to abandon the responsibility of watching his brother. "You are not strong enough, I am sure, to take my place," he said, kindly. "And Geoffrey has some unreasoning horror of the landlady, which makes it very undesirable that he should see her again, in his present state. I will go up to my room, and rest on the bed. If you hear any thing you have only to come and call me."

An hour more passed.

Anne went to Geoffrey's door and listened. He was stirring in his bed, and muttering to himself. She went on to the door of the next room, which Julius had left partly open. Fatigue had overpowered him; she heard, within, the quiet breathing of a man in a sound sleep. Anne turned back again resolved not to disturb him.

At the head of the stairs she hesitated—not knowing what to do. Her horror of entering Geoffrey's room, by herself, was insurmountable. But who else was to do it? The girl had gone to bed. The reason which Julius had given for not employing the assistance of Hester Dethridge was unanswerable. She listened again at Geoffrey's door. No sound was now audible in the room to a person in the passage outside. Would it be well to look in, and make sure that he had only fallen asleep again? She hesitated once more—she was still hesitating, when Hester Dethridge appeared from the kitchen.

She joined Anne at the top of the stairs—looked at her—and wrote a line on her slate: "Frightened to go in? Leave it to Me."

The silence in the room justified the inference that he was asleep. If Hester looked in, Hester could do no harm now. Anne accepted the proposal.

"If you find any thing wrong," she said, "don't disturb his brother. Come to me first."

With that caution she withdrew. It was then nearly two in the morning. She, like Julius, was sinking from fatigue. After waiting a little, and hearing nothing, she threw herself on the sofa in her room. If any thing happened, a knock at the door would rouse her instantly.

In the mean while Hester Dethridge opened Geoffrey's bedroom door and went in.

The movements and the mutterings which Anne had heard, had been movements and mutterings in his sleep. The doctor's composing draught, partially disturbed in its operation for the moment only, had recovered its sedative influence on his brain. Geoffrey was in a deep and quiet sleep.

Hester stood near the door, looking at him. She moved to go out again—stopped—and fixed her eyes suddenly on one of the inner corners of the room.

The same sinister change which had passed over her once already in Geoffrey's presence, when they met in the kitchen-garden at Windygates, now passed over her again. Her closed lips dropped apart. Her eyes slowly dilated—moved, inch by inch from the corner, following something along the empty wall, in the direction of the bed—stopped at the head of the bed, exactly above Geoffrey's sleeping face—stared, rigid and glittering, as if they saw a sight of horror close over it. He sighed faintly in his sleep. The sound, slight as it was, broke the spell that held her. She slowly lifted her withered hands, and wrung them above her head; fled back across the passage; and, rushing into her room, sank on her knees at the bedside.

Now, in the dead of night, a strange thing happened. Now, in the silence and the darkness, a hideous secret was revealed.

In the sanctuary of her own room—with all the other inmates of the house sleeping round her—the dumb woman threw off the mysterious and terrible disguise under which she deliberately isolated herself among her fellow-creatures in the hours of the day. Hester Dethridge spoke. In low, thick, smothered accents—in a wild litany of her own—she prayed. She called upon the mercy of God for deliverance from herself; for deliverance from the possession of the Devil; for blindness to fall on her, for death to strike her, so that she might never see that unnamed Horror more! Sobs shook the whole frame of the stony woman whom nothing human moved at other times. Tears poured over those clay-cold cheeks. One by one, the frantic words of her prayer died away on her lips. Fierce shuddering fits shook her from head to foot. She started up from her knees in the darkness. Light! light! light! The unnamed Horror was behind her in his room. The unnamed Horror was looking at her through his open door. She found the match-box, and lit the candle on her table—lit the two other candles set for ornament only on the mantle-piece—and looked all round the brightly lighted little room. "Aha!" she said to herself, wiping the cold sweat of her agony from her face. "Candles to other people. God's light to *me*. Nothing to be seen! nothing to be seen!" Taking one of the candles in her hand, she crossed the passage, with her head down, turned her back on Geoffrey's open door, closed it quickly and softly, stretching out her hand behind her, and retreated again to her own room. She fastened the door, and took an ink-bottle and a pen from the mantle-piece. After considering for a moment, she hung a handkerchief over the keyhole, and laid an old shawl longwise at the bottom of the door, so as to hide the light in her room from the observation of any one in the house who might wake and come that way. This done, she opened the upper part of her dress, and, slipping her fingers into a secret pocket hidden in the inner side of her stays, produced from it some neatly folded leaves of thin paper. Spread out on the table, the leaves revealed themselves—all but the last—as closely covered with writing, in her own hand.

The first leaf was headed by this inscription: "My Confession. To be put into my coffin, and to be buried with me when I die."

She turned the manuscript over, so as to get at the last page. The greater part of it was left blank. A few lines of writing, at the top, bore the date of the day of the week and month on which Lady Lundie had dismissed her from her situation at Windygates. The entry was expressed in these terms:

"I have seen IT again to-day. The first time for two months past. In the kitchen-garden. Standing behind the young gentleman whose name is Delamayn. Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you. I have resisted. By prayer. By meditation in solitude. By reading good books. I have left my place. I have lost sight of the young gentleman for good. Who will IT stand behind? and point to next? Lord have mercy upon me! Christ have mercy upon me!"

Under this she now added the following lines, first carefully prefixing the date:

"I have seen IT again to-night. I notice one awful change. IT has appeared twice behind the same person. This has never happened before. This makes the temptation more terrible than ever. To-night, in his bedroom, between the bed-head and the wall, I have seen IT behind young Mr. Delamayn again. The head just above his face, and the finger pointing downward at his throat. Twice behind this one man. And never twice behind any other living creature till now. If I see IT a third time behind him—Lord deliver me! Christ deliver me! I daren't think of it. He shall leave my cottage to-morrow. I would fain have drawn back from the bargain, when the stranger took the lodgings for his friend, and the friend proved to be Mr. Delamayn. I didn't like it, even then. After the warning to-night, my mind is made up. He shall go. He may have his money back, if he likes. He shall go. (Memorandum: Felt the temptation whispering this time, and the terror tearing at me all the while, as I have never felt them yet. Resisted, as before, by prayer. Am now going down stairs to meditate against it in solitude—to fortify myself against it by good books. Lord be merciful to me a sinner!)"

In those words she closed the entry, and put the manuscript back in the secret pocket in her stays.

She went down to the little room looking on the garden, which had once been her brother's study. There she lit a lamp, and took some books from a shelf that hung against the wall. The books were the Bible, a volume of Methodist sermons, and a set of collected Memoirs of Methodist saints. Ranging these last carefully round her, in an order of her own, Hester Dethridge sat down with the Bible on her lap to watch out the night.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

WHAT had happened in the hours of darkness?

This was Anne's first thought, when the sunlight poured in at her window, and woke her the next morning.

She made immediate inquiry of the servant. The girl could only speak for herself. Nothing had occurred to disturb her after she had gone to bed. Her master was still, she believed, in his room. Mrs. Dethridge was at her work in the kitchen.

Anne went to the kitchen. Hester Dethridge was at her usual occupation at that time—preparing the breakfast. The slight signs of animation which Anne had noticed in her when they last met appeared no more. The dull look was back again in her stony eyes; the lifeless torpor possessed all her movements. Asked if any thing had happened in the night, she slowly shook her stolid head, slowly made the sign with her hand which signified, "Nothing."

Leaving the kitchen, Anne saw Julius in the front garden. She went out and joined him.

"I believe I have to thank your consideration for me for some hours of rest," he said. "It was five in the morning when I woke. I hope you had no reason to regret having left me to sleep? I went into Geoffrey's room, and found him stirring. A second dose of the mixture composed him again. The fever has gone. He looks weaker and paler, but in other respects like himself. We will return directly to the question of his health. I have something to say to you, first, about a change which may be coming in your life here."

"Has he consented to the separation?"

"No. He is as obstinate about it as ever. I have placed the matter before him in every possible light. He still refuses, positively refuses, a provision which would make him an independent man for life."

"Is it the provision he might have had, Lord Holchester, if—?"

"If he had married Mrs. Glenarm? No. It is impossible, consistently with my duty to my mother, and with what I owe to the position in which my father's death has placed me, that I can offer him such a fortune as Mrs. Glenarm's. Still, it is a handsome income which he is mad enough to refuse. I shall persist in pressing it on him. He must and shall take it."

Anne felt no reviving hope roused in her by his last words. She turned to another subject.

"You had something to tell me," she said. "You spoke of a change."

"True. The landlady here is a very strange person; and she has done a very strange thing. She has given Geoffrey notice to quit these lodgings."

"Notice to quit?" Anne repeated, in amazement.

"Yes. In a formal letter. She handed it to me open, as soon as I was up this morning. It was impossible to get any explanation from her. The poor dumb creature simply wrote on her slate: 'He may have his money back, if he likes: he shall go!' Greatly to my surprise (for the woman inspires him with the strongest aversion) Geoffrey refuses to go until his term is up. I have made the peace between them for to-day. Mrs. Dethridge, very reluctantly, consents to give him four-and-twenty hours. And there the matter rests at present."

"What can her motive be?" said Anne.

"It's useless to inquire. Her mind is evidently off its balance. One thing is clear, Geoffrey can not keep you here much longer. The coming change will remove you from this dismal place—which is one thing gained. And it is quite possible that new scenes and new surroundings may have their influence on Geoffrey for good. His conduct—otherwise quite incomprehensible—may be the result of some latent nervous irritation which medical help might reach. I don't attempt to disguise from myself or from you, that your position here is a most deplorable one. But before we despair of the future, let us at least inquire whether there is any explanation of my brother's present behavior to be found in

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the present state of my brother's health. I have been considering what the doctor said to me last night. The first thing to do is to get the best medical advice on Geoffrey's case which is to be had. What do you think?"

"I daren't tell you what I think, Lord Holchester. I will try—it is a very small return to make for your kindness—I will try to see my position with your eyes, not with mine. The best medical advice that you can obtain is the advice of Mr. Speedwell. It was he who first made the discovery that your brother was in broken health."

"The very man for our purpose! I will send him here to-day or to-morrow. Is there any thing else I can do for you? I shall see Sir Patrick as soon as I get to town. Have you any message for him?"

Anne hesitated. Looking attentively at her, Julius noticed that she changed color when he mentioned Sir Patrick's name.

"Will you say that I gratefully thank him for the letter which Lady Holchester was so good as to give me last night," she replied. "And will you entreat him, from me, not to expose himself, on my account, to—" she hesitated, and finished the sentence with her eyes on the ground—"to what might happen, if he came here and insisted on seeing me."

"Does he propose to do that?"

She hesitated again. The little nervous contraction of her lips at one side of the mouth became more marked than usual. "He writes that his anxiety is unendurable, and that he is resolved to see me," she answered, softly.

"He is likely to hold to his resolution, I think," said Julius. "When I saw him yesterday, Sir Patrick spoke of you in terms of admiration—"

He stopped. The bright tears were glittering on Anne's eyelashes; one of her hands was toying nervously with something hidden (possibly Sir Patrick's letter) in the bosom of her dress. "I thank him with my whole heart," she said, in low, faltering tones. "But it is best that he should not come here."

"Would you like to write to him?"

"I think I should prefer your giving him my message."

Julius understood that the subject was to proceed no further. Sir Patrick's letter had produced some impression on her, which the sensitive nature of the woman seemed to shrink from acknowledging, even to herself. They turned back to enter the cottage. At the door they were met by a surprise. Hester Dethridge, with her bonnet on—dressed, at that hour of the morning, to go out!

"Are you going to market already?" Anne asked.

Hester shook her head.

"When are you coming back?"

Hester wrote on her slate: "Not till the night-time."

Without another word of explanation she pulled her veil down over her face, and made for the gate. The key had been left in the dining-room by Julius, after he had let the doctor out. Hester had it in her hand. She opened the gate, and closed the door after her, leaving the key in the lock. At the moment when the door banged to Geoffrey appeared in the passage.

"Where's the key?" he asked. "Who's gone out?"

His brother answered the question. He looked backward and forward suspiciously between Julius and Anne. "What does she go out for at this time?" he said. "Has she left the house to avoid Me?"

Julius thought this the likely explanation. Geoffrey went down sulkily to the gate to lock it, and returned to them, with the key in his pocket.

"I'm obliged to be careful of the gate," he said. "The neighborhood swarms with beggars and tramps. If you want to go out," he added, turning pointedly to Anne, "I'm at your service, as a good husband ought to be."

After a hurried breakfast Julius took his departure. "I don't accept your refusal," he said to his brother, before Anne. "You will see me here again." Geoffrey obstinately repeated the refusal. "If you come here every day of your life," he said, "it will be just the same."

The gate closed on Julius. Anne returned again to the solitude of her own chamber. Geoffrey entered the drawing-room, placed the volumes of the Newgate Calendar on the table before him, and resumed the reading which he had been unable to continue on the evening before.

Hour after hour he doggedly plodded through one case of murder after another. He had read one good half of the horrid chronicle of crime before his power of fixing his attention began to fail him. Then he lit his pipe, and went out to think over it in the garden. However the atrocities of which he had been reading might differ in other respects, there was one terrible point of resemblance, which he had not anticipated, and in which every one of the cases agreed. Sooner or later, there was the dead body always certain to be found; always bearing its dumb witness, in the traces of poison or in the marks of violence, to the crime committed on it.

He walked to and fro slowly, still pondering over the problem which had first found its way into his mind when he had stopped in the front garden, and had looked up at Anne's window in the dark. "How?" That had been the one question before him, from the time when the lawyer had annihilated his hopes of a divorce. It remained the one question still. There was no answer to it in his own brain; there was no answer to it in the book which he had been consulting. Every thing was in his favor if he could only find out "how." He had got his hated wife up stairs at his mercy—thanks to his refusal of the money which Julius had offered to him. He was living in a place absolutely secluded from public observation on all sides of it—thanks to his resolution to remain at the cottage, even after his landlady had insulted him by sending him a notice to quit. Every thing had been prepared, every thing had been sacrificed, to the fulfillment of one purpose—and how to attain that purpose was still the same impenetrable mystery to him which it had been from the first!

What was the other alternative? To accept the proposal which Julius had made. In other words, to give up his vengeance on Anne, and to turn his back on the splendid future which Mrs. Glenarm's devotion still offered to him.

Never! He would go back to the books. He was not at the end of them. The slightest hint in the pages which were still to be read might set his sluggish brain working in the right direction. The way to be rid of her, without exciting the suspicion of any living creature, in the house or out of it, was a way that might be found yet.

Could a man, in his position of life, reason in this brutal manner? could he act in this merciless way? Surely the thought of what he was about to do must have troubled him this time!

Pause for a moment—and look back at him in the past.

Did he feel any remorse when he was plotting the betrayal of Arnold in the garden at Windygates? The sense which feels remorse had not been put into him. What he is now is the legitimate consequence of what he was then. A far more serious temptation is now urging him to commit a far more serious crime. How is he to resist? Will his skill in rowing (as Sir Patrick once put it), his swiftness in running, his admirable capacity and endurance in other physical exercises, help him to win a purely moral victory over his own selfishness and his own cruelty? No! The moral and mental neglect of himself, which the material tone of public feeling about him has tacitly encouraged, has left him at the mercy of the worst instincts in his nature—of all that is most vile and of all that is most dangerous in the composition of the natural man. With the mass of his fellows, no harm out of the common has come of this, because no temptation out of the common has passed their way. But with *him*, the case is reversed. A temptation out of the common has passed *his* way. How does it find him prepared to meet it? It finds him, literally and exactly, what his training has left him, in the presence of any temptation small or great—a defenseless man.

Geoffrey returned to the cottage. The servant stopped him in the passage, to ask at what time he wished to dine. Instead of answering, he inquired angrily for Mrs. Dethridge. Mrs. Dethridge had not come back.

It was now late in the afternoon, and she had been out since the early morning. This had never happened before. Vague suspicions of her, one more monstrous than another, began to rise in Geoffrey's mind. Between the drink and the fever, he had been (as Julius had told him) wandering in his mind during a part of the night. Had he let any thing out in that condition? Had Hester heard it? And was it, by any chance, at the bottom of her long absence and her notice to quit? He determined—without letting her see that he suspected her—to clear up that doubt as soon as his landlady returned to the house.

The evening came. It was past nine o'clock before there was a ring at the bell. The servant came to ask for the key. Geoffrey rose to go to the gate himself—and changed his mind before he left the room. *Her* suspicions might be roused (supposing it to be Hester who was waiting for admission) if he opened the gate to her when the servant was there to do it. He gave the girl the key, and kept out of sight.

* * * * * * *

"Dead tired!"—the servant said to herself, seeing her mistress by the light of the lamp over the gate.

"Dead tired!"—Geoffrey said to himself, observing Hester suspiciously as she passed him in the passage on her way up stairs to take off her bonnet in her own room.

"Dead tired!"—Anne said to herself, meeting Hester on the upper floor, and receiving from her a letter in Blanche's handwriting, delivered to the mistress of the cottage by the postman, who had met her at her own gate.

* * * * * * *

Having given the letter to Anne, Hester Dethridge withdrew to her bedroom.

Geoffrey closed the door of the drawing-room, in which the candles were burning, and went into the dining-room, in which there was no light. Leaving the door ajar, he waited to intercept his landlady on her way back to her supper in the kitchen.

Hester wearily secured her door, wearily lit the candles, wearily put the pen and ink on the table. For some minutes after this she was compelled to sit down, and rally her strength and fetch her breath. After a little she was able to remove her upper clothing. This done, she took the manuscript inscribed, "My Confession," out of the secret pocket of her stays—turned to the last leaf as before—and wrote another entry, under the entry made on the previous night.

"This morning I gave him notice to quit, and offered him his money back if he wanted it. He refuses to go. He shall go to-morrow, or I will burn the place over his head. All through to-day I have avoided him by keeping out of the house. No rest to ease my mind, and no sleep to close my eyes. I humbly bear my cross as long as my strength will let me."

At those words the pen dropped from her fingers. Her head nodded on her breast. She roused herself with a start. Sleep was the enemy she dreaded: sleep brought dreams.

She unfastened the window-shutters and looked out at the night. The peaceful moonlight was shining over the garden. The clear depths of the night sky were soothing and beautiful to look at. What! Fading already? clouds? darkness? No! Nearly asleep once more. She roused herself again, with a start. There was the moonlight, and there was the garden as bright under it as ever.

Dreams or no dreams, it was useless to fight longer against the weariness that overpowered her. She closed the shutters, and went back to the bed; and put her Confession in its customary place at night, under her pillow.

She looked round the room—and shuddered. Every corner of it was filled with the terrible memories of the past night. She might wake from the torture of the dreams to find the terror of the Apparition watching at her bedside. Was there no remedy? no blessed safeguard under which she might tranquilly resign herself to sleep? A thought crossed her mind. The good book—the Bible. If she slept with the Bible under her pillow, there was hope in the good book—the hope of sleeping in peace.

It was not worth while to put on the gown and the stays which she had taken off. Her shawl would cover her. It was equally needless to take the candle. The lower shutters would not be closed at that hour; and if they were, she could lay her hand on the Bible, in its place on the parlor book-shelf, in the dark.

She removed the Confession from under the pillow. Not even for a minute could she prevail on herself to leave it in one room while she was away from it in another. With the manuscript folded up, and hidden in her hand, she slowly descended the stairs again. Her knees trembled under her. She was obliged to hold by the banisters with the hand that was free.

Geoffrey observed her from the dining-room, on her way down the stairs. He waited to see what she did, before he showed himself, and spoke to her. Instead of going on into the kitchen, she stopped short, and entered the parlor. Another suspicious circumstance! What did she want in the parlor, without a candle, at that time of night?

She went to the book-case—her dark figure plainly visible in the moonlight that flooded the little room. She staggered and put her hand to her head: giddy, to all appearance, from extreme fatigue. She recovered herself, and took a book from the shelf. She leaned against the wall after she had possessed herself of the book. Too weary, as it seemed, to get up stairs again without a little rest. Her arm-chair was near her. Better rest, for a moment or two, to be had in that than could be got by leaning against the wall. She sat down heavily in the chair, with the book on her lap. One of her arms hung over the arm of the chair, with the hand closed, apparently holding something.

Her head nodded on her breast—recovered itself—and sank gently on the cushion at the back of the chair. Asleep? Fast asleep.

In less than a minute the muscles of the closed hand that hung over the arm of the chair slowly relaxed. Something white slipped out of her hand, and lay in the moonlight on the floor.

Geoffrey took off his heavy shoes, and entered the room noiselessly in his stockings. He picked up the white thing on the floor. It proved to be a collection of several sheets of thin paper, neatly folded together, and closely covered with writing.

Writing? As long as she was awake she had kept it hidden in her hand. Why hide it?

Had he let out any thing to compromise himself when he was light-headed with the fever the night before? and had she taken it down in writing to produce against him? Possessed by guilty distrust, even that monstrous doubt assumed a look of probability to Geoffrey's mind. He left the parlor as noiselessly as he had entered it, and made for the candle-light in the drawing-room, determined to examine the manuscript in his hand.

After carefully smoothing out the folded leaves on the table, he turned to the first page, and read these lines.

"PRIVATE."

ALL secrecy is injurious in its nature. We do not mean to aver that men and women can live without those episodes in their affairs which require privacy. Where is the man who can boast that he is altogether free from the presence of a skeleton in his cupboard? But the fewer that we have of these grinning inmates the better will it be for ourselves and all those who are concerned with us. A secret, if we think of it, has ever some quality of the skeleton. It is to us a secret because the divulging of it would be injurious to us. It is kept hallowed, not because it is a joy, but because it might become a pain. No doubt there is an excitement about a secret—a secret so called—which may to some extent be pleasurable. The knowledge of that which is unknown to others has an allurement. But such pleasure is a poor trifle, and stands apart from the general good or evil of secrecy in the affairs of life. And there is a secrecy which is rather reticence than secrecy, which is born of modesty, and can hurt no possessor of it. It is this feeling which induces us to be silent on our own affairs, because to tell them aloud to the world around us would be an impertinence. A man does not speak to every one he meets in the street of his balance at the banker's, or of his wife's excellence, or his own hopes and fears in regard to saving grace. He has certain reticences which he believes to be wholesome, but which are not kept as secrets because to divulge them would be dangerous or injurious. Any secret kept for that reason—and we all have such secrets—is surely a burden and a sorrow and a skeleton in the cupboard which may come forth some day and grin at us before our friends.

The less of secrecy we have in our lives the better. He who has none, though he may suffer sorrow, is free from that fear of his fellow-men which is the worst of suffering. But the friend, or acquaintance, or stranger, who sends us a letter and writes "private" on the top of it, attempts to impose upon us an added burden, a new secret, another weight, from the bearing of which, in nine cases out of ten, no advantage can accrue to ourselves. There are those attached to most of us, for whom to bear such burdens is the sweetest privilege of our existence. He who has no compact, written or unwritten, with any friend, rendering himself liable to such obligation, is indeed to be pitied. To be subject to no call for private aid can only be the lot of him who can make no claim for private aid on his own behalf. Such a one must be fatherless, childless, wifeless, brotherless, and friendless. But before we admit the claim it will at least be well to consider the position of the claimant, and to ask ourselves whether he has a right to demand from us that we should bear this load which he seeks to impose upon us. If he have no such right bestowed upon him by previous mutual engagements, we hold that he can not establish it by writing the word "private" either on the inside or the outside of a letter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE RULING PASSION.—A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

Eighty-one dozen of eggs given to a minister in Illinois at a "donation visit" is called "lay activity."

Jail yards are called hanging gardens.

A new name for the German is "Hugging set to Music."

Human pledges can go no further. The negro voters of Louisville carry a banner inscribed: "We will live on hash before we will vote the Democratic ticket."

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—A country poet, after looking about over life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion:

"Oh, I wouldn't live forever,
I wouldn't if I could;
But I needn't fret about it,
For I couldn't if I would."

A business house in one of the little villages of Fayette County, Indiana, hangs out a sign, of which we give a true copy below:

lemon
Aid And
lArd oil.

HARD TO BEAT—Carpets.

There is no stated rule for writing love-letters. You should write on foolscap paper, and bear on it as soft as you can, using words of such burning love that they will sizzle on the point of the pen. It is also advisable to sling in a bunch of pathos occasionally, such as "Dearest Augusta, I love you with a love larger than an elephant: I think of you every day, and by-and-by, when the days grow longer, I shall think of you twice a day." It is also well to put an ink-blot in the corner, with the observation, "Darling, I kissed this spot," or, "I hove a sigh in this vicinity."

It has been scientifically discovered that we have no further use for the "little busy bee," as honey can be made better and cheaper by a new process. Bees must go into some other business.

At San Francisco, when the Chinamen were leaving a ship recently arrived there, an Irish stevedore on the wharf cried out to another, "Arrah, Pat, an' what as you call them animals what's coming off the ship with the tails on?" "Shure they're Chiny asthers from the Flowery Kingdom," replied Pat, "an' I'd like to be the gardener that would set them out under the ground. I'd keep them planted deep till next spring, an' then for their obituary I'd write somethin' on 'Tails from Heathen Lands,' an' I would!"

A Rondout grocer notifies the public that he has "Knew Syder for Sail."

A NEW DISCOVERY.—A father was questioning his children one Sunday evening on the portion of sacred writ in Genesis descriptive of the construction of the ark. "How was light admitted into the ark; glass was then unknown?" queried papa of one of the misses. "Oh, Noah just lighted the gas."

BAWL DRESSES—Baby clothes.

A coppersmith, who figured largely in ward-room politics, at a meeting the other night, finding the tide turning against him, exclaimed with a magnanimous air, "I wash my hands of the business." "I guess they need it enough," shouted an impertinent opponent.

A bachelor says that all he should ask for in a wife would be a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connection, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners, and money!

An old hotel-keeper, in Washington, once posted on his dining-room door the following notice: "Members of Congress will go to the table first, and then the gentlemen. Rowdies and blackguards must not mix with the Congressmen, as it is hard to tell one from the other."

A New Hampshire farmer wanted a farm hand, and was applied to by an Irishman who wanted to work. The farmer objected to engaging Pat on the ground that two Irishmen previously in his employ had died on his hands. "Then you object to hiring me for that, do ye?" said Pat. "Faith and I can bring you ricomendations from many a place where I've worked that I never played such a trick!"

"Barber," said a farmer to his tonsor, "now corn's cheap you ought to shave for half price." "Can't, Mr. B——," said the man of razors. "I ought really to charge more, for when corn's down farmers make such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."

The North Scituate (Massachusetts) stage overturned lately, having three passengers inside, none of whom were injured. An old lady, who does not come to town often, and who seemed to think that it was all in the play, put her head out of the window, after the coach had upset, and called to the driver, saying that "she guessed she would get out and walk up the hill, if the pesky thing was going to ride so onsteady."

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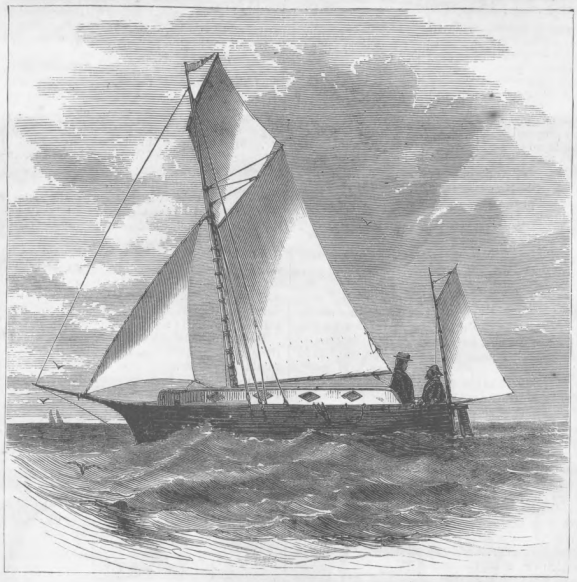
THE "CITY OF RAGUSA."

"PORT of Liverpool, granted number 2020. Bonded and drawback stores in the *City of Ragusa*, J. C. BUCKLEY, master, for New York; two men. No passengers or troops. No guns. Two tons." So runs the victualing bill of this tiny vessel, which left the Mersey on the morning of the 3d of June for a run across the Atlantic to New York, and, should that first experiment be a success, a run back again to Liverpool. This vessel formerly belonged to the ship *Breeze*, which foundered in a terrific storm in the Channel, fourteen of the crew succeeding in reaching Ramsey, Isle of Man, in the boat which has thus shown her sea-going qualities. She has since been decked over, with a small cockpit aft; her cabin has been made as comfortable as the limited space will permit, and she carries three months' provisions and one hundred gallons of water, which can be pumped out of the tanks should it be desirable to lighten the vessel. She has been rigged as a yawl, and can also set square-sails on both masts, spreading about seventy yards of canvas. In addition to her sailing power, she is fitted with a two-bladed screw propeller, which can be raised when not in use, and is worked by hand in the same manner as a ship's pump. The crew consists of two men and a Newfoundland dog, all told. The *City of Ragusa* is the smallest vessel ever cleared at the Liverpool Custom-house, and the gentleman who performed that duty for her also cleared the *Great Eastern*. After being out a few days she put into the harbor of Cork, Ireland, to repair, having sprung aleak. At last accounts she was again ready for sea, and only waiting for a favorable wind to start. Her captain expects to make the voyage in about fifty days.



THE "CITY OF RAGUSA."

GOING TO MASS.

THIS characteristic illustration represents the people of an Irish hamlet, in their Sunday attire, on their way to attend mass. There is a marked difference between their present and their every-day appearance. There is no tattered and loop-holed raggedness now, but in decent attire, they are going to those devotions in the observance of which, to their credit be it said, the Irish peasantry are so regular. The parish would appear to be a populous one, to judge from the congregation that is gathered about the chapel. There are burly well-to-do farmers, country women, shop-keepers, the gentry who have come on their outside car, and the typical peasantry of the country with their long-tailed coats and high-crowned hats, who reverence the priest, till the land, and exercise their time-honored privilege of grumbling. That is a privilege which every body claims, and if Pat has been louder and more persistent in his wailings than others, it must be confessed that he has had hard matter-of-fact wrongs to suffer, as well as many sentimental grievances which others are apt to laugh at, but which are, perhaps, still harder to bear than the practical burdens of real life.

THE ENGLISH GUARDSMAN.

THE histrionic proclivities of the guardsman render him, as a rule, remarkably serviceable in the management of amateur theatricals. On such occasions it is clearly his mission to be utilized to the utmost extent. It is a real charity to teach him to occupy his time. And, on the whole, he does not dislike the sense of the importance which attaches to him as a man idle, indeed, by nature, but capable of great things by art. Once fairly rouse him into energy, and he is indefatigable. He will hunt up acting editions with exemplary patience, will go into the mysteries of theatrical costume; nay, if he has any dexterity with his pencil—an accomplishment not as uncommon with the class as might be expected—he will very likely condescend to devise a dress himself. There is something quite touching in the spectacle of the careful study which the bearded warrior will give to the part that he is called upon to get up. He carries it about with him in his pocket; you may see him taking fitful glances at it in the smoking-room of his club; it lies on his toilet-table while he is occupied with his back hair; he will ask you, in beseeching tones, to dodge him in it, for the purpose of testing his perfection. For two or three whole weeks before the eventful night you may know, from his preoccupied look, that there is seated upon his manly bosom the burden of a great care. In his solitary moments he rehearses before the looking-glass; when he is in company he is given to fits of moody reverie, during which you may observe his lips mechanically moving, as if in silent soliloquy with himself. The poor fellow is, in truth, repeating to himself the lines which he has to commit to memory and to deliver to an enraptured audience in a West End or country house drawing-room. Society is under a great debt to its self-sacrificing hero.

But the demands of society upon its guardsmen do not end here. It is well worth while to notice the effect of the entrance of one of these tawny-mustached, immaculately arrayed warriors into a drawing-room of fair occupants.

"By Jove! enough to make a fellow nervous, you know: ain't much up to that kind of thing, you know," the poor fellow will tell you; "but hang it, positively feel inclined to blush. By Jove! those girls, they literally mob one when one comes into the room; expect you to know every thing, you know—who's dead, buried, or married; who's eloped with who." Strict grammatical accuracy is not always our guardsman's strong point; perhaps we should rather say it is the exception. "What's the betting on Mrs. Flinder's bolting with Skyaway before the season's out, and all that sort of thing, you know. Gad! a fellow feels quite overcome, you know."

GOING TO MASS.

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And as Captain Fitzinain finishes this unusually eloquent address, he sinks down into his easy-chair exhausted, overcome with a sense of the commensurate magnitude of the claims of society upon him, and his own policy of enterprising self-sacrifice. As the man of war refreshes himself with nicotine, the true nature of his position begins to dawn upon him. He begins vaguely to comprehend that a man who plumes himself on nothing to do, may gradually discover that there is nothing which he is expected to leave undone. *Nunquam magis negotiosus quam cum otiosus*—we beg the captain's pardon for troubling him with "that confounded Latin," which he probably left behind him when he quitted Eton; but we can not repress a quotation which is so singularly apt.

"People work me like a galley-slave. Think we can be always at their beck and call: on my honor," continues our friend, "to hear the way in which they suggest dinners at Richmond, picnics, and the deuce knows what else, would fancy that a fellow only lived to please 'em. By Jove! I swear I've engagements half a dozen deep for the next three weeks. Can't dine quietly without having to rush off to some infernal place. Gad! it's killing me. I think I shall make a premature bolt for the moors."

CHARITY CHILDREN IN LONDON.

LONDON CHARITY CHILDREN.

WE give on this page an illustration of the London Charity School Festival, which took place on the 8th of June, in St. Paul's Cathedral. This festival, which was established in 1704, is carried on by a society of about a thousand patrons, and the sum realized by the festival is divided between the most needy of those charities which take part in the ceremony.

The benches on which the children are placed are erected in the form of a Roman amphitheatre, rising in graduated tiers to a considerable height. The spectators are seated in the centre of this amphitheatre, and on graduated benches in the aisles. The children of each school sit together—the boys being placed above the girls—and the effect of the differently colored costumes, which are the distinguishing marks of each institution, is most striking and picturesque. The services consist of singing and other musical entertainments by the children and the cathedral choir, and a prettier and more touching spectacle can hardly be imagined. The sight of several thousand children who have been rescued from a miserable, and possibly vicious mode of living, and who are now clothed, educated, and frequently started in life, and the sound of so many harmonious voices—and when are the voices of happy children not harmonious?—can hardly fail to move the heart and excite the charity of the most churlish spectator.

MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

IT is quite a mistake to suppose that polygamy is the custom of the country. The law forbids this, and enjoins a man to have only one wife, and this most precious object of the domestic circle is, oddly enough, called "Try." Her children take precedence of any others, of which there are, it must be stated, generally some in every household who can not claim the wife as their mother. These children are those of the handmaids, as they may be called; and these handmaids correspond pretty much to the old Oriental term of concubine, only that they are in

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a great measure servants to the wife, and expected to make themselves generally useful, and on no account to pretend to be equal to the real mistress of the establishment. A gentleman does not hesitate, nor is it any discredit among them, to indulge his fancy for any number of these handmaids that his purse will enable him to keep. They are generally of inferior birth, and bought of their parents, becoming the estate and sole property of the buyer, who, precisely like the slave-owners, is at liberty to sell them or give them away as presents at any time. A man does not, however, take unto himself a handmaid if his wife has borne him a son, as the great desire of every Chinese is to perpetuate his name and family, so as to insure the ancestral rites being paid him at his funeral. If he has no son either by wife or handmaid, he often adopts one of his relatives, and even goes so far as to purchase a boy—plenty of whom are ready to be parted with, unfortunately, in China—and bring him up as his own, carefully concealing the parentage of the child. It speaks well, however, for the feeling of the Chinese male sex, that the universal desire is to marry as soon as a man can support a wife and family. They marry very early—the men from sixteen to twenty, the women from twelve to fifteen. The marriage laws are very strict. No man and woman of the same surname may marry, neither can any couple within certain degrees of consanguinity. If a woman has been formally betrothed, she can not marry any other person. No government official can marry in the district, town, or city in which he holds office, nor may he marry an actress or woman of low degree or occupation. A few days before the wedding, which is generally fixed in the month of February, the bride-elect has her hair dressed in the fashion of a matron, with flowers and ornaments. Presents are made by friends to both bride and bridegroom. On the evening of the day the bridegroom goes in a gaudily decked sedan to the house of his bride's parents, accompanied by troops of friends and a band of music. The lady is placed in the sedan, and carried off by the friends of the bridegroom to his house, where a grand feast is prepared. The happy pair drink some wine out of the same "cup of alliance," as it is called, and then the husband leads her to her chamber and unveils her face, to admire her and give her the kiss of love, bringing her back to the company to receive a kind of benediction from the oldest matron lady relative of the party, and then the banquet proceeds. The next day offerings are made to the gods, and the honey-moon is passed in merry-making.

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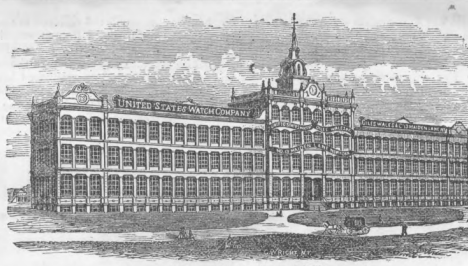

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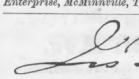

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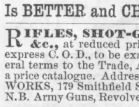

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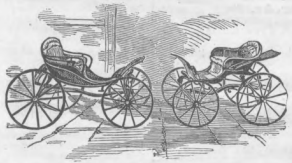

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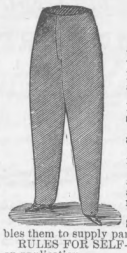

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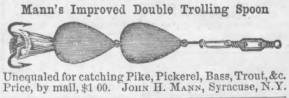

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 707.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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PEA-NUTS.

OUR illustration on this page represents a scene which is perfectly familiar to those who have visited our Southern cities; and we dare say some of our readers who have sauntered along the Savannah docks may recognize the features of the good-natured and almost superannuated aunty whose bent figure, sheltered by the tattered umbrella, and surrounded by heaping baskets of roasted pea-nuts, forms the principal object in our picture. It was drawn from life, greatly to the delight of the old woman, who had never before been honored by the attentions of an artist.

The pea-nut, though almost universally liked, is considered very "ungenteel." Its cheapness, and the ease with which the soft shell is broken, make it a favorite with boys; and it is rare indeed to empty a little fellow's pocket and not find among its wonderfully miscellaneous contents two or three pea-nuts or the débris of their crumbling shells. Outside of boydom the popularity of the pea-nut is chiefly confined to people who frequent such places of amusement as the Bowery Theatre, the atmosphere of which is always redolent of the pea-nut stand and the beer gardens. Such people, indeed, munch them every where—as they walk the street, on the cars, in the stages, and aboard the ferry-boats, scattering the shells abroad with the utmost indifference, and littering the dress of every person in their neighborhood. Pea-nuts impart a pungent odor to the breath, which makes the eater almost as great a nuisance in a crowd as one who indulges in the luxury of Limburger cheese.

In this city there are hundreds of stands where pea-nuts are sold, and the trade in them must be very large, if not particularly remunerative. There must be several hundred old men and old women in New York alone who make their living at these stands—their entire sales consisting, on any day, of a few shillings worth of pea-nuts, with perhaps a dozen or two apples, whose surface shines with a polish too suggestive of the process by which it is obtained for delicate stomachs. Occasionally you may see a gentleman purchasing at these stands; but generally it is done with a furtive glance to see that nobody is near whose observation might be unpleasant. If one likes pea-nuts, and is thus sensitive, it is convenient to have the protection of a little son or nephew, who may not, however, in all cases reap the benefit of the purchase.

The pea-nut is not recognized in polite society. It is never found at dessert. Yet a few years ago an American in Munich placed on the dinner-table of the Hôtel de Bavière a dish of these with other nuts peculiar to this continent, for the benefit of his German friends, and the unanimous verdict of the foreign members of the party was, that the pea-nut was most excellent eating. Thus pea-nuts, like prophets, are not without honor save in their own country; and it is not likely they will ever rise above their present position here.

PEA-NUT SELLERS IN SAVANNAH.—[FROM A SKETCH BY LLOYD MIFFLIN, JUN.]

AN INDIAN ATTACK.

THOUGH not designed to illustrate an actual event, our picture on page 457 this week is something more than a mere fancy sketch. Scenes like the one so graphically imagined and portrayed by our artist are unhappily of too frequent occurrence on our far Western frontier, where the whites and the red men seem fated to wage a warfare that can cease only with the extermination of the aboriginal inhabitants.

The scene of our artist's sketch is the interior of a strongly built cabin, just at daybreak. The young mother has snatched the sleeping babe from the rude cradle in the corner, and is trying to quiet the cries of the boy who clings about her waist. Two young girls, awaked from sleep by the yells of the savage assailants, crouch together in terror on their bed. One of the brave defenders has already received a wound in the arm, perhaps from the arrow that lies on the floor in front of him, and the self-possessed matron of the cabin is binding it up, so that he can go on with the fight. The house will be bravely defended; and let us hope the murderous band may be driven off, with a lesson that shall make them keep clear of that cabin for many a long day.

Late advices from the frontier, where the settlers are in constant danger of attack, show that the Indians are very much disturbed and discontented, and that very little provocation is required to bring on a general war. SPOTTED TAIL has returned home from his Eastern journey to find his favorite wife dead. In his ignorance he attributes this bereavement to the machinations and malignity of the whites, and in her grave buries all his presents and all his new-born friendship for his civilized brethren. His present mood is said to be extremely warlike. The situation is certainly precarious, and unless wise measures of precaution are taken at once our far Western frontiers may witness many terrible scenes of bloodshed and devastation.

CORAL REEFS.

MR. DARWIN, some years ago, prepared a map in which were put down all the reefs of coral which surround the numerous islands in the Pacific. In one almost straight line of ten thousand miles, from Pitcairn Island to China, those reefs stud the vast ocean. The reefs are classified, for convenience, into three groups: 1. The *atoll* reef is a circular or curved ridge of coral, visible at low-water, but nearly covered at high-water, and having a tranquil lake in the centre. The diameter varies from one mile to sixty miles, in different examples; and the shape is usually an irregular oval. There is generally a profound depth of ocean at a very short distance from the atoll. In one case, the depth is a thousand feet at a distance of less than a quarter of a mile; but, far more noteworthy than this, there is one atoll at two hundred feet from which no soundings could be found with twelve hundred feet of line; and another where seven thousand feet found no bottom at a mile and a quarter distance! The interior lake or lagoon is never profoundly deep. We may therefore picture to ourselves an atoll as the top of a steep conical submarine mountain, with a kind of crater at the summit. 2. The *barrier* reef differs from an atoll in having one or more islands within it; it forms, in fact, a barrier around an island or islands, at some considerable distance, and separated by a moat of very deep water. Some of them run along parallel to the shore; in some the islands have joined to form a continuous strip of dry land; while in many instances the island forms a very lofty mountain. 3. The *shore* reef resembles a barrier reef in having land within or near it; but the dry land is very near,

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and the intervening water very shallow; while in most instances there are no islands or islets, the whole reef being submerged at high-water. In all the three kinds—atoll, barrier, and shore—the reef has been formed by countless myriads of coral insects, working at the construction of their hollow dwellings. Mr. Darwin, by tracing a local connection between volcanoes and reefs, arrived at a conclusion that, wherever an atoll or a barrier reef has been formed, the bed of the ocean has subsided; while at the spots where shore reefs occur, the bed of the sea is either uprising or stationary. Islands and mountains in the Pacific have been submerged by the subsidence of the ocean bed; and when the subsidence had taken place to a certain extent, coral insects set to work at their busy labors; for, whether in the Pacific or the Mediterranean, the insect always works *in* the water, but at no great depth below the surface. All three kinds are satisfactorily accounted for on this view, as being in three stages of development. The shore reefs are formed first, as a fringe of coral around the coast of an island; by further subsidence, each becomes in time a barrier reef; and each of the latter develops into an atoll reef, by the insects constantly building at the top of it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE GNATS.

THE newspapers that used to call Mr. LINCOLN a third-rate country lawyer, and "blush" at the contrast in political ability between him and JEFFERSON DAVIS, are very busy in attempting to cast odium and ridicule upon President GRANT. Their conduct is inspired by the same spirit which led them to denounce him in the field as a butcher. But his real crimes in the eyes of his severest critics are his steady fidelity to the Union, and his unconditional victory over the rebellion. The rebellion sprang from the principles of the Democratic party. It was led by the Democratic chiefs. It was sustained by Democratic sympathy. Every great measure of the war was denounced by the Democratic conventions; and in the midst of the struggle the Democratic party virtually declared for submission to the rebellion. The *World* now frankly admits that the "War Democracy" was a "small body." And to the organs of a party which counted upon the success of the rebellion a man who silently and powerfully opposed it, and finally, by his skillful military combinations, compelled its military chiefs to surrender, can only be a target of constant calumny. Consequently no public man was ever more rancorously slandered by them than President GRANT. No opportunity of falsehood and misrepresentation is lost; and if the representations of the Democratic press were to be taken as true, the most accomplished of statesmen, and the most able of Christian heroes, and the noblest of lost causes were all confounded and baffled by a shallow charlatan.

There is no invention so puerile, no insinuation so contemptible, that it does not serve the purpose of political or personal hatred of one of the simplest and most honest of Americans. The worst motives are attributed to the plainest actions, and every word and deed are laboriously and elaborately misinterpreted. The people of this country knew that General GRANT was not a politician when they elected him President. They did not expect from him the smooth evasions of a politician. They asked of him an honest adherence to the principles upon which he was elected and to the party that sustained him. In a country necessarily controlled by parties it is undoubtedly a misfortune for a President to be unfamiliar with political persons and methods. But, on the other hand, every man feels that public affairs are safer with a man of honest purpose and general ability, even without political experience, than with a mere politician.

The perils of trusting exclusively to a politician were shown in the case of Mr. CHASE. Down to the autumn elections of 1867, it was thought by many that Mr. CHASE ought to be the Republican candidate. Undoubtedly he thought so himself. He had been a conspicuous Republican leader. His course had been consistent. He had been in the van of the party. Every body knew that he wanted to be President, but every body conceded his ability and experience. "He understands politics," was the general remark. There were those, however, who felt that circumstances designated General GRANT as the proper candidate, and he was selected by acclamation. He was nominated in May. In July, Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR received from a Democratic convention, of which Mr. WADE HAMPTON was the master-spirit, a nomination which he had meant to offer to Mr. CHASE; and while Mr. SEYMOUR was accepting it, he had in his pocket the speech which he had intended to make upon the nomination of Mr. CHASE. That Mr. CHASE was willing to receive such a nomination is the result of what is called "politics." Those who think that it is essential to good government are impatient of President GRANT. Those who were ready to hail Mr. CHASE as a great statesman contemptuously deny to General GRANT any statesmanlike quality.

But because a man is not, in the technical sense, "a statesman," it does not follow that he is destitute of common-sense, as seems to be assumed by the clumsy opponents of the President. General JACKSON was very far from being a statesman. Mr. LINCOLN'S claims to statesmanship were derided. Probably Mr. MADISON and Mr. VAN BUREN would satisfy the technical requirements. But the good sense of General JACKSON and of Mr. LINCOLN could be trusted to save them from any obvious and absurd improprieties, and so may General GRANT'S.

In these days of unscrupulous assertion in the press, a charge involving the honor and discretion of the President should be judged by the character of the paper that advances it. If it has shown that its desire for truth is evidently greater than its partisan or private hostility—if it is a journal of acknowledged impartiality and honor and justice, its statements prejudicial to the President will be received with concern lest they may have some grounds of truth. But if otherwise, its stories about the President will be as important as the assertion of a party committee that its party is the bulwark of the Constitution.

TAMMANY FIRE-WORKS.

THE Democratic members of Congress exhort their party brethren to make ready for the autumn elections, and urge that there should be "no time lost in the discussion of dead issues; no manifestation of narrow or proscriptive feeling;" and the Tammany managers, in announcing their holiday performance for the Fourth of July, called themselves the party of equal rights. Tammany Hall is dedicated to humorous and light entertainments, but that is unquestionably a better joke than it is accustomed to hear. The humor, however, would have been enhanced if the worthy acrobats had called themselves the party that saved the Union. That nobody knows much about the Constitution except those who justified the rebellion upon sound constitutional principles is a Tammany axiom; and that there will be no constitutional régime until the party which tried to destroy the government administers it, is firmly believed by conservatives of the FERNANDO WOOD school.

Meanwhile let the student of American politics, the man who is wondering how his vote should be cast, look into the Tammany speeches of the Fourth, and find, if he can, any claim that the Democratic party had any share in the two greatest achievements in our history. He will find plenty of rhetoric about radicalism, and oppression, and extravagance, and centralization, and consolidation, and the glory of the Democracy; but not one of the orators will have asserted that the Union was preserved, and the equality of all American citizens secured, by the Democratic party. By their fruits ye shall know them. The organs of that party call it conservative and constitutional, as they did in the winter of 1860–61. And there is no doubt that it is just as conservative as when its chiefs in the last Cabinet it controlled were plotting rebellion because they were defeated at the polls; just as constitutional as when its last President declared that the government could not make war upon a State.

But these probably are the "dead issues" which the Democratic members of Congress warn their friends not to discuss. Other dead issues are slavery, which these fine friends of man struggled to retain; the Fifteenth Amendment, which they opposed because it gave those whom they could no longer enslave the security of their freedom; and the laws imposing certain disabilities upon certain classes of the late insurgents. But the Congressional caucus does not urge acquiescence in the result. It speaks of dead issues, but it also suggests doubts of the validity of the Fourteenth Amendment or the test act. It advises conformity for the nonce, because otherwise there is no hope that members disqualified by the laws will be admitted to seats. Like every party out of power, it would yield every thing but its resolution to return, and, when once sure of its position, its equal resolution to unsettle every thing just as fast and as far as it can.

In the tone of the Tammany discourses the tone of the party may be heard. Is it manly, generous, American? Is it inspired by what is best and most intelligent in the country, or by its ignorance and passion? Is it from Tammany Hall, controlled by Messrs. TWEED and SWEENY, who drag at their triumphal chariot wheels their fiercest opponents, now loudly cheering their masters, that the American people wish to receive the policy of their government?

THE CITY AS A SUMMER RESORT.

THE great question, where to pass the hot months, is one that is yearly asked by more and more persons. And the heat into which honest people cast themselves in the struggle to be cool, and the horrible inconvenience to which they expose themselves as a method of being comfortable, are very amusing and very instructive. Doubtless a change of climate and scene is useful to every body—especially is it desirable for the children. To go from the air of the shore to that of the mountains, from inland to the sea, are serviceable journeys. To drink mineral water at the springs, to bathe in the surf—these also are sanitary influences; and to lie upon a cool green hill-side and watch the clouds sailing over, to loiter along a cliff over the sea, to rock in a boat or fish from a rock—these too are moral as well as physical restoratives. But the conditions of these enjoyments are often most absurd and unfavorable. To pay, for instance, an enormous sum for the occupation of a wretched little cell in a hot attic, in order that you may skip stones from a beach, is a very questionable restorative of any thing but the landlord's money-box.

Meanwhile the resources of the city are not despicable. If a man can avoid the streets in which the smells are unimaginable, and if only a shower falls every two or three days to cool the vast heated mass of stone and brick, he may smile at many a neighbor who goes off to the sea-side to be uncomfortable. There are boats constantly plying about the rivers or down the bay, and he can have his breath of ocean air, or his glimpse of Arcadia, at his pleasure. In his thick-walled house in the shaded street the mercury does not touch a point so high in the hottest days as in most of the country villas around the city. If he thinks of running away for coolness to Katahdin, or Moosehead Lake, or the White Mountains, he reads, in his evening paper, as he sits delightfully reclined in the draught through his high, comfortable rooms, that the mercury marked 84° in the Havana, 87° at Savannah, 90° at Washington, 95° at Long Branch, 100° at Springfield, and 103° in Maine, and he thinks, with the newspaper, how intolerably hot it must be at the north pole. The White Mountains and Memphremagog have suddenly ceased to fascinate him.

Or he steps into a car in the cool of the evening, or, if that be considered too daring a figure of speech, in the shade of the evening, and is borne quietly along to THEODORE THOMAS'S concert at the Central Park Garden. He will not, indeed, expect to pluck flowers in that garden, but he will not be disappointed in his expectation of sitting in a huge hall and listening to delightful music, as he smokes the light cigar—if he have not conquered that deleterious habit—or sips Bavarian lager. Then what pleasant summer dinners he may find—at not very many places indeed—pleasant dinners at most unpleasant prices! But would he help his purse by dining at a sea-side pavilion? A great essayist says that even the unmentionable hot place has its extreme satisfactions. The citizen condemned to town for the summer may lay that sweet consolation to heart. There is always a shady side to the street. And if any day he be very warm he may revenge himself by reading in his morning paper that at Newport it is the hottest weather ever known, and that at Saratoga the heat is overpowering.

TRADE—ITS CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.

THE last two weeks of the month of June, and the first two of the month of July, are the worst for trade of any of the year. It is the period during which the summer accounts of stock are taken, and arrangements are made for the fall trade. Although the general trade of the country is affected by great improvements in transportation and by the telegraph, the fall trade continues to be vastly larger than the spring, and August and September remain the banner months. More dry-goods are sold in those two months than in any other two of the year. The principal cause of this superiority of the fall over the spring trade, in dry-goods, arises from the fact, that those purchased for fall and winter consumption are more staple in their character, both as regards quality and color, and more suitable to the wants of the mass of customers. It has doubtless been generally noticed that the gossamer-like tissues, which are known as organdies and lawns, have been in less demand than usual this spring, and that their place has been supplied by more durable fabrics. As a blaze destroys them instantly, and the colors soon disappear in washing, their importation will be discouraged, both on the score of safety and economy.

The trade of the country, since September, 1869, has been affected seriously by the decline in the price of cotton, and, until recently, in that of grain. This has not been wholly without compensation, as the stocks of goods of nearly all descriptions are light. The losses during the spring trade have been felt more by importers and jobbers than by distributors throughout the interior, and the latter are consequently regarded as in better than usual credit, excepting that collections from the great grain-growing interest have been the subject of complaint and of some uneasiness. Whether the trade soon to arise shall be active, or otherwise, will depend in great part on the future of the cotton and grain markets.

The Agricultural Department at Washington, in view of the present yield of cotton, and the additional land subjected to this culture, supposes that cotton, in the course of the present calendar year, will reach the price of fifteen cents per pound. The editor of *Brown's Cotton Glance*, writing for the Manchester *Guardian*, and regarded as valuable authority in England, thinks that during the next cotton year, commencing on the 1st of September, England will be supplied at *ante-bellum* rates. These estimates have been followed by a reduction of the price both here and abroad; and, as a consequence, the manufacturer on this side sells his cloth largely under guarantee; that is to say, on the agreement, if the price made by the latter shall be reduced before the purchaser disposes of his goods, to make a corresponding abatement. This feature of the dry-goods trade communicates some uncertainty to business. But it is probable that the goods disposed of in August and September will be manufactured on the basis of about eighteen cents per pound for middlings, and that care will be exercised in not flooding the market with too many goods. In this way the effects of the anticipated decline may be avoided until the supposed facts on which it is based may be better understood. The estimate of the American crop for this year has been advanced on the other side to three and a fifth millions of bales, which quantity, it is supposed there, will be exceeded by the growing crop. It will be seen how much of conjecture there is in the expected fall in price. As the South has been prudent in its finances, and has had the benefit of two remunerative crops, it may be in a condition to decide for itself what shall be paid for its staple. The contingencies which may affect the question of price are too numerous to allow of certainty. The competition of India has not been conducted with the favorable results expected; and the South will have itself to blame if, by extending the quantity unduly, it shall enable the foreigner to array its producers into the shape of active competitors with each other. A diffusion of industry, so as to embrace a larger production of food, remains as a corrective. Great distress has at times been occasioned in India by answering the demand of Manchester for extending the cultivation of cotton. It has been done at the expense of an occasional famine. All of our knowledge of the extent of the production in India, and of the quantity exported to Europe, is derived from English sources, and it is conceded that there is a variance between the returns made by the Government Board of Trade and those published in the interest of dealers in Liverpool. What this country wants, and must soon obtain, is information of the India crop derived from a well-regulated consular establishment created on the plan of the English, so that, on its diffusion over the country, a judgment may be formed of the effect of the India crop on the whole production.

The subject of the foreign demand for our grain continues to possess great interest, but we remain at the mercy of the foreigner from our want of knowledge of the extent of the drought in Europe and the means of supplying the want which it will occasion. All the grain ports on the Baltic and the Black Sea have been opened for some weeks, and a great effort is being made to obtain such supplies there as may affect the price here. The railroad communication from the interior of Russia with Odessa and with Theodosia or Caffa, ports on the Black Sea, has been extended, and some hopes are entertained of a considerable excess over the ordinary supply from that quarter. The region intended to be penetrated is suitable to wheat, and embraces a wide extent of country whose connection with water communication has not been good; but agriculture in Russia is conducted unskillfully, by people who are slow to recognize changes, and it may be that only a small addition to shipments from the Black Sea will be made. The exports of wheat from Taganrog in 1868 were 12,860,328 bushels, and from Odessa exceeded 16,000,000 bushels. Other ports send large quantities of wheat and Indian corn, but it is probable that Theodosia will grow into the most consequence in this respect. It is situated on the Crimea, and has the advantage of deep water and good anchorage. For military and economical reasons, Russia intends to make it an important port. With the productions and progress of this region we ought to be made familiar through our consuls. It is equally a *terra incognita* with India, and a powerful competitor in English markets for many of our agricultural productions.

The progress of the drought in England was arrested by copious rains on the 16th, which had a wide extent; but it is certain that although the winter wheat on strong soils is good, that sown on sandy soils, or in the spring, can not recover. The hay crop, except when reached by ocean fogs, was badly damaged, and must produce a resort to grain to supply its place. The importance of the storm on the 16th may be gathered from the money article of the Manchester *Guardian*, written in London on the 17th, which commences as follows: "There is rather more firmness in the stock market, *owing, in some measure, to the rain-fall of last night.*" It was this, and the occurrence of rain in the south of France, which induced the French buyers on the same day to resell a part of the wheat they had purchased on French account. But the exports of wheat and flour to Havre from this port, for the week ending June 28, were equivalent to half a million bushels.

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The *Journal Officiel*, of France, presents, among other extracts giving local information, this from the *Progrès*, of Lyons: "If there were any reason to doubt that the harvest in France would be less abundant this year than usual, it certainly will not be the case elsewhere. The wheat crops are most promising in England. In Southern Russia the cornfields look splendid, and prices have slightly fallen at Odessa, in consequence of the anticipated heavy crops. In Belgium, Holland, and Prussia, it is estimated that the harvest will be sufficiently abundant to meet the wants of those countries without resorting to supplies from abroad." But as late as the 27th of June a telegram from Berlin stated that the "drought has been severe throughout Germany. Advices from all quarters report the corn prospects very discouraging." Another of the same date mentions that "the *Journal des Débats* says that the stock of the western lines of railway in France is firmer, owing to the increase of business expected from *the transportation of American breadstuffs*." These later advices, if true, indicate that the demand from the Continent for grain will be large, as it unquestionably must be from England. We shall, it is fair to infer, have the benefit of a demand for our breadstuffs from these quarters until the harvest of 1871, although on the 28th of June No. 2 Milwaukee fell to $1 28, under supposed unfavorable advices, as well as from the results of ill-judged speculations at Chicago. It is unfortunate that this great interest is not protected with the sagacity, firmness, singleness of purpose, and power which are displayed in the disposal of cotton.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER.

M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, the new French Minister to the United States, is now upon his way, and will be received by the hearty good wishes of the country to which he comes. The appointment of so distinguished a Liberal to so important a position is a plain indication of the wish of LOUIS NAPOLEON to prove to Frenchmen his own fidelity to his new policy, while he shows to Americans a wish to be represented by a gentleman who was wiser than he during the late great struggle in this country. M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL is a Liberal of the school of GUIZOT, but with more modern sympathies. He has been the skillful advocate of the great principles of constitutional liberty, as they are understood in England and in this country, a system very different from what is called red-republicanism. He is an accomplished scholar, especially versed in English politics and literature, and speaking fluently the English language. He is a member of the Academy, to which he was welcomed in the warmest terms by GUIZOT, and he has been a conspicuous editor. His articles in the *Courrier du Dimanche* were so trenchant, but so adroit in their hostility to the empire, that the Government found great difficulty in reaching him. But upon one occasion the paper was suppressed, and an article of M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL's bitterly censured by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

That the author of the article should now be appointed American Minister by the Emperor, and that he should accept the appointment, show that he takes the view of the situation in France which is held by M. LABOULAYE. Between the liberalized empire and the chances of M. ROCHEFORT he does not hesitate, and he supports the former as the better part of the imperious alternative. He has been joyously feasted by American gentlemen in Paris, including Mr. READ, our Consul-General, and Mr. THOMAS BALCH, long resident in that city, who enjoys friendly relations with liberal Frenchmen. M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL will begin his mission with the best wishes and the best hopes, and it is peculiarly pleasant to reflect that he comes as a friend in the actual, and not in the formal official sense.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

THOSE who think that it is the manifest destiny of this country to absorb all neighboring states, and that therefore it is folly to oppose any annexation project, should remember that although all children will at some time probably fall down stairs, it is neither wise nor necessary to push them down. That the extension of free governments upon this continent may be expected is undeniable, and that certain neighboring states "gravitate," as the phrase is, to the United States is evident. That this is a real gravitation, arising from identity of intelligence and sympathy, may be questioned; that it is often a mere robbery is undeniable.

Manifest destiny was a popular cry, flattering to the popular pride, and originally raised by the slave party that controlled the country. This was always the annexation party. The country could extend in one direction only, around the Gulf of Mexico, and that was the territory and the climate, and offered the general conditions favorable to the extension of slavery. Mr. CALHOUN urged the annexation of Texas upon the ground that England would possibly otherwise obtain it, and blockade the slave line of States with free territory. What an argument for an American statesman! But this was the policy of the Democratic party, and Mr. CALHOUN and his friends controlled that policy; and the cry of manifest destiny was a convenient slogan for slavery.

But slavery being ended, the manifest destiny rhetoric has become much weaker. It is not much heard in the Southern States, and even upon the Tammany horn it is a very quavering note. A flourish is very well; but while, for instance, the Democratic party was very willing to acquire slave-holding Cuba, to increase both the slave territory and population and the vote based upon slaves, the Democratic party is not especially avaricious of Cuba when, by the act of annexation, if not before, it would become free. The glory of indefinite extension was never apparent to the intelligence of the country; and when we "rounded our lines" with the ice of Alaska it was plain enough that the manifest destiny dogma was not deeply seated enough in the popular heart to occasion any very hilarious rejoicings.

The policy of wise statesmanship in this country is not to seek extension—above all not to buy it—and when it can not be avoided, to make the best of it. We can not easily hold colonies. The logic of our system and traditions requires equal States wherever the population is sufficient. To acquire the West Indian Islands, therefore, is to annex new States, and States which are for no reason desirable acquisitions. To extend the blessings of free popular government is undoubtedly part of our mission—but not to lose those blessings. If we mean to extend them we must preserve them morally by example, rather than materially by absorption. There is no reason that we should extend them by bringing all the states in the world under one government. If annexation be our policy, we should seek it northward, not southward. But if we look to the strength and harmony of the Union, we shall certainly never aim at West Indian annexation.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

THE debate upon the education bill in England will be of great advantage to that country if it produces no other result than the establishment of a general school system, which has never existed. British political thought so far outruns practice that it is not surprising to observe that the most radical reforms are proposed. Thus Mr. FORSTER would have education compulsory, and the House of Commons by an immense majority refused to authorize the reading of the Bible as a part of the daily exercises. On the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE favored a provision which forbade any sectarian teaching in the schools to be established hereafter. But the proposition was signally defeated. This, however, is not surprising. In a country with an established Church we must not expect that the government would free the schools from all ecclesiastical influence.

It is not easy to foresee the result of the debate. It will undoubtedly be some kind of compromise among the many pending propositions, establishing a system far from uniform and simple; partly paid and partly free; partly denominational and partly not. We observe that Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, in his address before the Cornell University, said that he believed the English movement would end finally in the adoption of our system, and the establishment of the secular principle in education. But it is very possible that, as England precedes us in the excellence of her civil service system, she may adopt the principle of compulsory education while we are still debating whether it is expedient. It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. G. F. HOAR stated in his recent admirable speech in the House of Representatives upon education as a national necessity—a speech which should be universally diffused—that England has lately discovered how serious a practical injury her want of a proper system of education is. The moral of the Paris Exposition of 1867, and of the actual condition of Prussia, is not lost upon her. The better technical schools of the Continent, the enforced education of the whole people, have given such superiority to continental manufactures and agriculture, that the English jurors and exhibitors, upon careful consideration, admitted that some such system was essential to continued British ascendency. England will not disdain to learn a useful lesson, even of "a military despotism." And with the same wisdom we might consent to learn in any school that can teach us, and not scornfully and pertinaciously refuse to improve our civil service lest we be taught wisdom by an "aristocracy."

THE GENTLEMAN FROM CHINA.

THE Chinese question renews itself from time to time, and upon the Pacific coast it is discussed with much feeling. Senator WILSON, of Massachusetts, also says that it seems as if capital had conspired to degrade labor in this country by inundating it with foreign ignorance. Mr. FITCH and other gentlemen in the House were anxious to forbid the Chinese to become citizens. In New York some representatives of the trades unions speak of opposing by force of arms the employment of the Chinese. Meanwhile certain facts may be wisely remembered. The country needs laborers. It can wisely and profitably employ a great multitude more than it has. The population is very largely made up of immigrants, and, if we go back a little, we are all foreigners. Neither the principles nor the traditions of the government, nor the feelings of the people, would authorize the forcible exclusion of any foreigner honestly seeking to improve his condition by accepting the invitation of this country, which exhorts all mankind to come here and be happy.

It may be assumed, therefore, that the Chinese movement will continue. The trades unions may perplex the easy solution of the question, but they can not prohibit the immigration. If this be true, two things are evident. First, that the "cooly trade"—the enterprises of gentlemen like Mr. KOOPMANSCHOOP—should be absolutely prohibited. The voluntary movement can not be stayed; but the forced movement—the immigration by contract, which, as we have heretofore shown, is the revival of the slave trade—should be strictly forbidden. Then the treatment of those who do come should be as honorable and generous as that which is accorded to the people of all other countries. Any attempt to outlaw the Chinese, to draw upon them a peculiar contumely, to treat them harshly and with personal abuse, would certainly be resented by the conscience and good sense of the country. The Government will do its duty if it rigorously interferes with the wholesale importation of these laborers. And if the whole subject is left to the operation of natural laws, freed from all forcing, we doubt if any honest American laborer need fear the result.

DOG-DAY DELIGHTS.

WHEN the dog-star rages, and the days and nights are what we have all recently known them to be, at the torrid apex of the year, the student of the almanac who can read between the lines discerns, "About this time look out for College Commencements." If we could ascertain the precise image of a Commencement which is most familiar to most persons, we should probably discover that it was a vision of a vast multitude fanning, gasping, and profusely perspiring in a hall or church or theatre. A tradition haunts the Harvard Commencements that on an inexpressibly hot day, when the platform was crowded with grave country clergymen, heavily swathed in thick woolen coats, listening, dripping, through hour after hour, to the orations of the graduates, one of the clerical brethren from the city, who was suffering liquefaction in the solemn company, turned serenely to his neighbor, and, with a rising inflection in his voice, quoted the hymn,

"The heart, distrustful, asks if this be joy."

And so might the same heart ask at every Commencement celebration. But why should it not also ask, and with a rising inflection, until it is answered, why the Commencement should not be postponed until a more convenient, because a more comfortable, season? Undoubtedly the academical year is now arranged with reference to the present date. But the mere existence of a difficulty, the mere tradition of an abuse or a mistake, although constantly and stoutly pleaded as an argument in its favor, is not conceded to be such by intelligent persons. Why should the great and delightful festival of the college—the feast of reunion, of memory, and of friendship, the day of days, and devoted to the tenderest and often most pathetic associations—fall hopelessly upon a time of the year which, by constant and long experience, is proved to be the most trying and disagreeable for the purpose? But, as if to confound us at the very moment of the inquiry, we observe that the Commencement of Brown University, which used formerly to be held in September, is now celebrated at the end of June! Those early September days were often hot. But the tamed heat of September—what is it compared with the ferocity of midsummer?

Here in the city of New York there have been the University Commencement and those of the College of New York and of Columbia College crowding each other. At the same time was the Cornell Commencement, and a little later are the great days at Union, at Hamilton, at Rochester, and Madison. Princeton, too, of an uncompromising fervor of theology, sympathetically delights to hold her holiday with the mercury at 95°. We say delights—for if she does not, why does she do it? What "free, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," compels the mother of orthodoxy to burn her returning children as she embraces them? We should be glad to see the *College Review*, the *Cornell Era*, and the many other excellent contemporaries of ours which are especially devoted to the interests of the colleges, agitating this question. Let them begin the great reform. Let them in loud and imposing chorus declare that the dog-day Commencement is not "joy." Let them solemnly ask the graduates of the country and the authorities of colleges whether they have not resolution enough to insist, and power enough to provide, that they will be comfortable at Commencement.

NOTES.

IT has certainly been very warm; but probably very few of the best-informed citizens are aware that we have all just escaped being "deeply and irrevocably engulfed into the rumbling and irate bowels of the nether earth." The truth is that the irate bowels of the upper earth give us as much as we can attend to, which is, doubtless, the reason that we were ignorant of our possible doom. The weather, indeed, has been so warm that the heads of certain gentlemen have become unsteady, and they straightway declare that there has been an earthquake. But for the bulk of the city, the convulsion, like that at Thrasimene, "reeled unheededly away." However, the heat was extraordinary, and required extraordinary treatment, and nothing could be more appropriate than the remark that if something had happened which didn't happen, the vast American continent might have been "deeply and irrevocably engulfed into the rumbling and irate bowels of the nether earth." In which awful case how appropriate would have been the remark of LEECH's rude street-boy, accompanied with expressive gesture, to the young gentleman going to have a tooth drawn: "Won't there be a scre-e-a-u-u-ch *nuther*?"

THE *World* thinks that Governor HOFFMAN's vetoes "exhibit this statesman in a very favorable light." It adds that "his keen sense of responsibility impels him to examine with scrupulous care every bill presented for his signature." It was this keen sense of responsibility and this scrupulous care, probably, which induced "this statesman" to sign the Erie bill, one of the most monstrous acts of legislation ever perpetrated.

WHY are the good words "begin" and "beginning" fallen into such disfavor? They are old, indeed, and they have done a great deal of service; but they are strong and racy, and worth a dozen of the bastard "commence" and "commencement," which are intriguing against them. "He commenced to speak," says the reporter. But the Bible mentions a better way: "From that time Jesus began to preach." Should we improve it if we said, "From that time Jesus commenced to preach?" So at the very beginning of the Bible—or is it more elegant to say commencement of the Bible?—what do we read? Is it that in the commencement God made heaven and earth? Now precisely as much as these familiar and solemn passages would lose in force and spirit by substituting commence for begin, does every phrase lose by the same ill treatment. When we give, don't let us "donate;" and whoever "commences" a work, let us begin it. Long words are no more elegant words than "big" pictures are high art.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 27.—In the Senate, the Tax bill came up, and the income tax sections were stricken out without a division. The evening session was mainly devoted to the consideration of the Texas and Pacific Railroad bill, which was passed.—In the House, a resolution directing the Ways and Means Committee to report forthwith a bill reducing the duties on all classes of salt fifty per cent. was adopted by a vote of 108 yeas to 49 nays.

June 28.—In the Senate, the San Domingo treaty was under consideration.—In the House, a memorial from New York against cooly labor was submitted. A bill to prevent the extermination of fur-bearing animals in Alaska was passed.

June 29.—In the Senate, a motion to reconsider the Texas and Pacific Railroad bill was rejected. The greater part of the session was devoted to the Tariff bill.—Nothing of public interest was brought up in the House.

June 30.—In the Senate, the House bill to protect fur-bearing animals in Alaska was passed. A joint resolution was reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations, authorizing a survey of the Tehuantepec and Nicaragua route for an interoceanic ship-canal. In executive session the San Domingo treaty was rejected by a vote of 28 to 28.—The House non-concurred in the Senate amendments to the Indian Appropriation bills, and a committee of conference was ordered on the points of disagreement.

July 1.—The most important action in the Senate was the restoration of the income tax, for two years, at the rate of two and a half per cent.—In the House an amended substitute to the Senate Funding bill was passed.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The public debt statement for July shows the debt to have been decreased by $20,203,772 04 during the month of June.

Lady Franklin has returned to Victoria, Vancouver Island, from Sitka, on account of the unfavorable weather.

It is reported that Prince Pierre Bonaparte is in San Francisco, on his way to Tahiti.

The last spike—a silver one—was driven June 24 in the Denver Pacific Railroad, at Denver.

The Indians are still troublesome in the Western Territories. Spotted Tail has gone off on a hunting excursion to indemnify himself for the privations of his Eastern tour, and promises to talk peace on his return.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LORD CLARENDON, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, died suddenly in London, June 26. He was in his seventy-first year. The death of Archdeacon Hare, of London, in his seventy-fifth year, and that of Sir James Clark, the distinguished physician, in his eighty-second year, are also announced.

The Committee on Petitions of the Corps Législatif have, "at the request of M. Ollivier," reported unfavorably on the application of the Orleans princes for permission to return to France. The Emperor says he will urge their return at the proper and safe time, which has not yet arrived.

The French Emperor and Generals Prim and Serrano, it is stated, concurred in the abdication of Queen Isabella, on condition that no Orleanist prince should succeed to the Spanish crown.

The London *Times* commends the "prudence and forbearance of the United States Government in relation to Cuban affairs."

Captain Eyre, of the *Bombay*, has again petitioned to have his case reopened, and has been refused.

Quiet is restored in Cork, but there is great uneasiness in commercial circles.

An insurgent leader in Cuba, Gonzalez Junco, who surrendered and was pardoned, has since been tried for acts done during his career as a rebel, and condemned and executed.

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THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

THE Hon. AMOS T. AKERMAN, who has succeeded the Hon. Judge HOAR as Attorney-General of the United States, is a native of New Hampshire; but a residence of nearly thirty years in the South relieves him from the imputation of being a "carpet-bagger." He graduated at Dartmouth College, and immediately afterward went to Georgia, where he studied law in the office of Senator BERRIAN, who was Attorney-General under President JACKSON, and is to-day considered one of the leading lawyers of the South. Mr. AKERMAN'S first political distinction was attained in the late Constitutional Convention of Georgia, of which he was a prominent and active member. During the war he was an earnest Union man. In order to escape conscription into the rebel army, he accepted a nominal appointment in a Georgia regiment, but was not engaged in active service in the field. A writer in a Democratic paper, who professes to know him well, says of him: "I was placed in a position during our great conflict which brought me into curiously intimate relations with the few Unionists scattered through the South, and among them all there was not one man more devoted to the old flag than AMOS T. AKERMAN. Vastly as his principles differed from my own, I always respected the conscientious honesty with which he clung to them."

Mr. AKERMAN was one of the earliest and firmest friends of equal rights for all men. He is respected wherever he is known in the South, and his appointment has given very general satisfaction to the people of that section of the country, where the greater part of his life has been spent.

A. T. AKERMAN, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

PUBLIC BATHS.

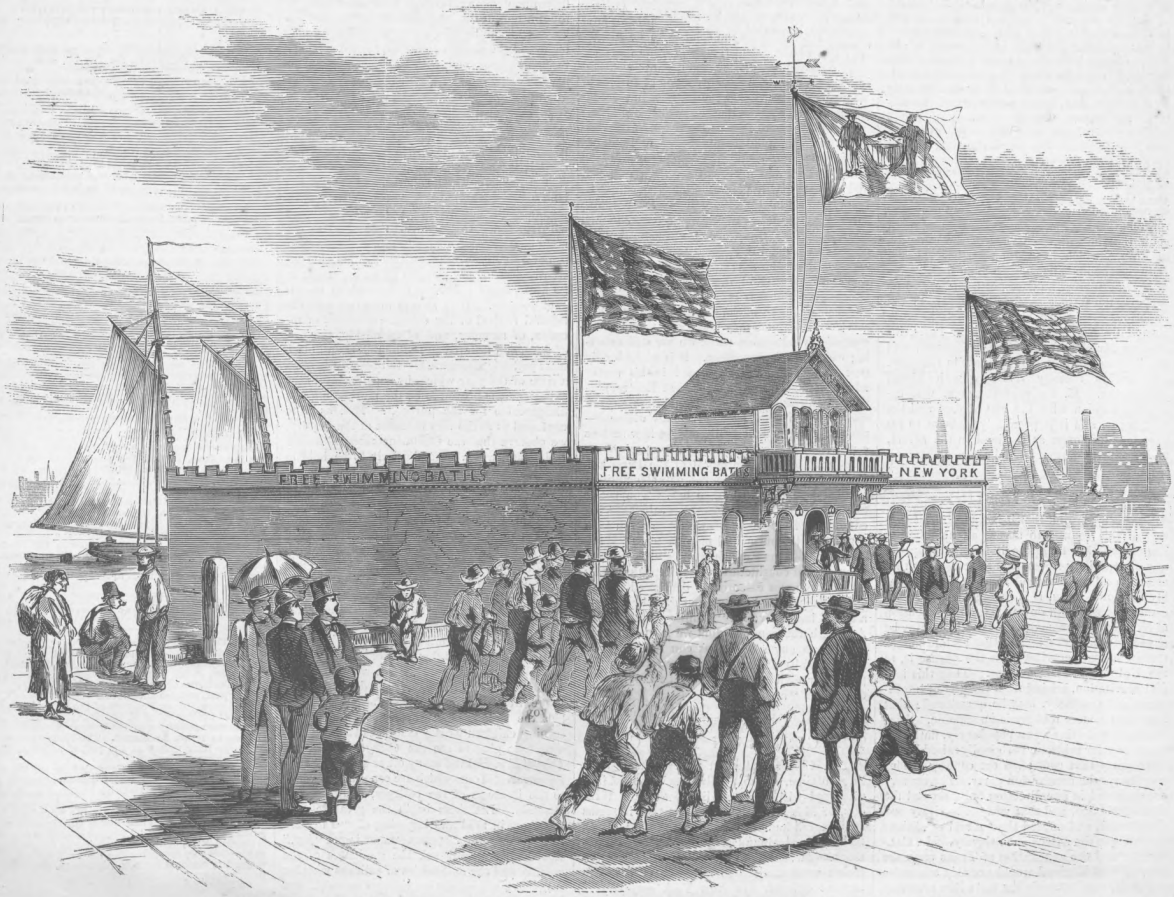
THE Commissioners of Public Works of New York have conferred a great benefit upon the community by opening free public baths in this city. There are two of these—one at the foot of Thirteenth Street, on the North River; the other at the foot of Fifth Street, on the East River. They are built of wood, and are commodious and in every way convenient. As our illustration shows, they do not differ essentially in external appearance from other floating baths; but inside they are cleaner and nicer, and more conveniently fitted up.

To these baths, under certain necessary restrictions, bathers of both sexes are admitted on alternate days, free of charge. The houses were thrown open to the public on the last day of June, and from early morning till dark there was a continued rush of men and boys to take advantage of this inestimable water privilege. At the East River house, before noon, 1600 had embraced the opportunity afforded them; by 5 P.M., over 3000; between 7 and 8, nearly 5000. Of course none of these large numbers were all in together. About 200 can be comfortably accommodated in a batch, with room for a reasonable chance of exercise and evolution.

Our illustration represents the exterior of the East River establishment. The sketch was made July 1, when the bath was thrown open to women, by whom the privilege seemed to be no less heartily appreciated than by those of the other sex. The baths will be kept open until ten o'clock at night, and will be well lighted with gas.

PRETTY WOMEN.

LIFE becomes more harmonious, it beats with a keener pulse of enjoyment, in the presence of pretty women. After all, a charming little figure, a piquant little face, is the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worries, its vexations, its dullness, its disappointments. And even in the larger and more placid types of beauty, in the beauty of a Lady Dumbello, if there is a tinge of stupidity, there is at any rate an atmosphere of repose, a genial influence moulding our social converse and habits into gentler shapes. It is amusing to see how the prettiness of woman tells on her dress, how the order and propriety of her dress tell on the home. The pursuit of beauty, the habit of prettiness, give an ideal dignity to the very arrangement of her bonnet-strings. In every movement, in the very sweep of her ample folds, in the pose of her languor, in the gay start of her excitement, one feels the softening, harmonizing influence of her last look in the glass. She may be gay or sorrowful, or quiet or energetic, but she must be pretty. Beauty exercises an imperceptible compulsion over her, which moulds her whole life into graceful and harmonious forms. Her dress rises out of the mere clothing of man into regions of science, of poetry, of art. A thousand considerations of taste, harmonies of color, contrasts, correspondencies, delicate adjustments of light and shade, dictate the choice of a shawl or the tint of a glove. And as prettiness tells on dress, it tells on the home. Flowers, pictures, the gay notes of a sonata, the coziest of couches, gorgeous hues of Indian tapestry, glass-work of Murano, a hundred exquisite somethings and nothings, are the natural setting of pretty women. The art of the boudoir tells on all but the chaos of the husband's study. Around that last refuge of barbarism floats an atmosphere of taste and refinement in which the pretty little wife lives and moves and has her being. And from this tone of the home grows the tone of society, the social laws of good-humor, of propriety, of self-restraint, of consideration for others, of gentleness, of vivacity. The very hush of the rough tones that have thundered over Peloponnese as Pericles bends over Aspasia, the little turns and delicacies of phrase, the joyous serfdoms and idlenesses of the manliest and most energetic of men, tell of the triumph of pretty women.



FREE SWIMMING BATHS, FOOT OF FIFTH STREET, EAST RIVER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.]

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER III.

Getting the Stores Ashore.—A Needless Alarm.—Building the Hut.—Difficulty of procuring Materials.—The Thatch.—Arrangement of the Interior.

WE left the shipwrecked party huddling together under a tarpaulin before a fire which they had contrived to build, and, as the storm was now beginning to abate, forming a plan for trying to get on board the wreck, in order to bring from it, if possible, some sails and cordage, by means of which they might construct something in the way of a tent for at least temporary shelter.

This plan was at once carried into execution, and it was entirely successful. Mr. Raynal, who was really the head of the party—the whole enterprise on which the vessel had been sent having been committed to his charge—was unable to accompany the others, having not yet recovered from his illness; but the captain and the three seamen went, leaving Mr. Raynal to take care of the fire, and, if he found himself able to do so, to prepare some food for them, to be ready on their return. They had a kettle which they had brought with them at their first landing. Mr. Raynal took this to a brook which was not far off, and after filling it with water, and bringing it back to the fire, he put a piece of salt meat in it from the stores which they had saved, and set it over the fire to be boiled.

In due time the men returned from the ship, bringing with them quite a store of treasures in the shape of sails, cordage, a few boards, and other simple materials for the construction of the tent. They also had procured a number of very essential tools—namely, two pickaxes, two shovels, a hammer, an axe, an adze, and a gimlet.

Considerably encouraged by their success, the men stopped a few moments at the fire, and then went into the woods to select a spot for their tent, which they prepared for this purpose with their pickaxes and shovels. They then came back to the fire, and, as the storm had now ceased, they remained there to eat the dinner which Mr. Raynal had prepared for them while they had been at their work. It consisted of boiled salt beef, ship biscuit, and tea. After this repast they proceeded to the tent. Mr. Raynal, too feeble to walk alone, leaned upon Captain Musgrave's arm. The others went to work at transporting the stores from under the tarpaulin to the tent, where they would be much more effectually sheltered.

The stores which they thus secured consisted of a cask containing about a hundred pounds of ship biscuit, and in another cask about fifty pounds of flour. There were about two pounds of tea, and three of coffee—each inclosed in a tin box—perhaps about ten pounds of sugar, a little salt meat, about a pound of pepper, half a bottle of mustard, a little salt, and last, though probably by no means least in the estimation of the sailors, six pounds of tobacco.

They had brought up a number of other articles from the hold after the ship struck, and had secured them upon the deck—such as a stock of kitchen utensils, several bags of salt, Captain Musgrave's chest, and a large kettle, which had been put on board the vessel to be used for trying out seal oil. All these things they had been obliged to leave behind when they escaped in the boat to the shore. But they had lashed them so securely that they remained undisturbed, and they now brought several of these articles safe to land.

By the time that all these things were conveyed to the tent, and properly stowed away, the day was well spent; and as the previous night had been a night of horror for them instead of sleep, they were in great need of repose. So they all went under the tent, and, getting into the least uncomfortable positions that they could find among the boxes and packages, they went to sleep. Fortunately for them, sailors are never dependent for the soundness of their slumbers on the comforts of their bed.

Before a great while they were all aroused by a noise in the thickets around the tent. The noise consisted of a great rustling among the branches of the trees, and of something trampling over dry sticks and dead leaves, accompanied by sounds of hard breathing, with now and then a grunt, indicating that something quite extraordinary was going on. The men, alarmed, sprang up from their slumbers, and seizing what weapons there were at hand, hurried out to ascertain what was the matter. Aleck grasped the axe, and each of the others laid hold of whatever he could find that would serve for a club. On going out from the tent they found that the noise was made by seals that were scrambling in great numbers through the thickets to their various nests and lodging-places, where they were to spend the night.

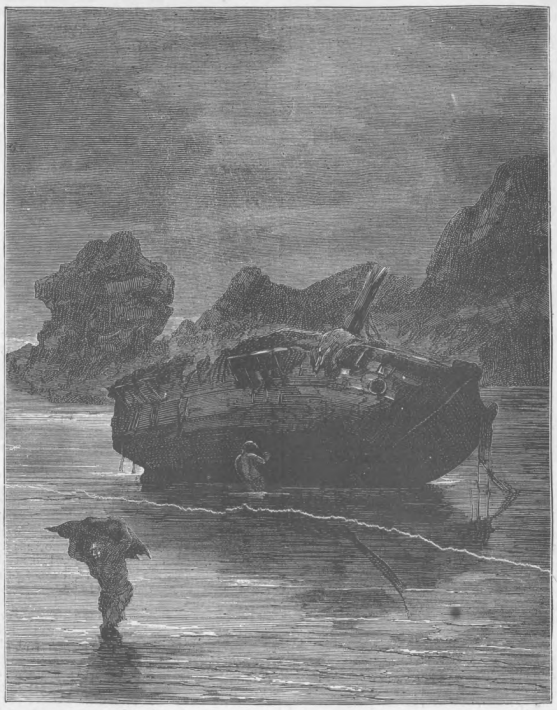
Most of the animals were going along peaceably enough, and evinced no evil intentions; but there were two immense sea-lions that were engaged in mortal combat, though what had excited their hostility against each other did not appear. They were of enormous size, and the conflict between them was terrible. They raised themselves up against each other, and bit and tore each other in a frightful manner. The men wished to stop the fight, in order that they might themselves return into the tent again, and sleep in peace. In order to do this, and to drive the brutes away, George or Harry proposed to go to the fire, and bring some burning fire-brands, and throw at them. This plan succeeded. The beasts, terrified by fire, let go of each other, and fled in different ways into the thickets.

The night passed away without any further disturbance, and the men slept as well as they could till morning. But the ground was damp beneath them, and their clothes had not yet been dried; the postures, moreover, in which they had been obliged to lie were so uncomfortable that when they rose in the morning they found that they had been very little refreshed by their slumbers. Their limbs were benumbed and stiff, and their sense of weariness and fatigue was greater than when they lay down.

On going out of their tent it appeared that the seals had all left the thickets, and had gone back to the sea, in order, no doubt, to commence their day's work of fishing. After a little time, however, the men came in sight of one that had for some reason been left behind, and they immediately set off in pursuit of him, in order to see what they could make of his flesh for food.

He led them a long chase, however, before they could secure him. One would think, from the conformation of the limbs of these animals, which would seem to be specially adapted to the water, that they would be very helpless on land. But this is by no means so. The seal in this case made his way through and among the thickets faster than the men could follow him. They lost track of him several times while they were entangled among briers, or were stopped by the trunk of a fallen tree. At length, however, they succeeded in capturing and killing him, and not long afterward they were seen coming back toward the tent, each bringing a mass of the flesh on his shoulders.

They hung one of these pieces over the fire, and left Mr. Raynal to watch it, and to keep it turning by means of a stick, while the rest concluded to take advantage of the low tide to go on board the ship. Their object was to see if they could not recover and bring to the shore some more of the articles which they had brought up from the hold and left upon the deck, on the night of the wreck, for fear of loading their little boat too heavily. They were quite successful in this expedition, and returned about noon, bringing with them quite a number of articles which were likely to be of great use to them, such as the great kettle, and several other kitchen utensils, the ship's compass, the chronometer, their several chests, and some empty casks. They were very glad to get the chronometer, and to find that it was uninjured. It had not even stopped.



STRIPPING THE COPPER FROM THE WRECK.

When they had carefully put away these articles in the tent, they set themselves to the task of eating their dinner of roasted seal. A pretty hard task they found it; for the flesh was dark, coarse-grained, and oily, and was equally unpleasant to the taste and to the smell. But, as Mr. Raynal said, they knew that they should have to accustom themselves to such food, and so they went bravely through it.

As soon as the most urgent and immediate necessities of the party were thus supplied, Captain Musgrave and Mr. Raynal had time to reflect a little upon their situation, and to consider what they were to do. The only possible chances of escape, as it appeared to them then, were two. First, that toward the end of the season a vessel might come in search for them, according to an arrangement which had been made to this effect with the owners of the *Grafton*, who had bound themselves to send another vessel out to look for this party in case they should not return before the end of four months; secondly, that some chance vessel passing that way might discover and rescue them. The probability of their being saved by a vessel accidentally passing they knew was small, as the island on which they were wrecked was situated in the midst of very remote and unfrequented seas. There was every probability that they would have to remain on the island several months, even if they were ultimately rescued; and it became, therefore, of great importance to them to construct a more permanent dwelling than the tent. For the tent, although it had been invaluable to them for the time being, as a partial and temporary shelter, afforded no effectual protection from either wind or rain; and should a violent tempest occur it might at any moment be swept entirely away from over their heads.

So they determined to see what they could do in the way of building a house.

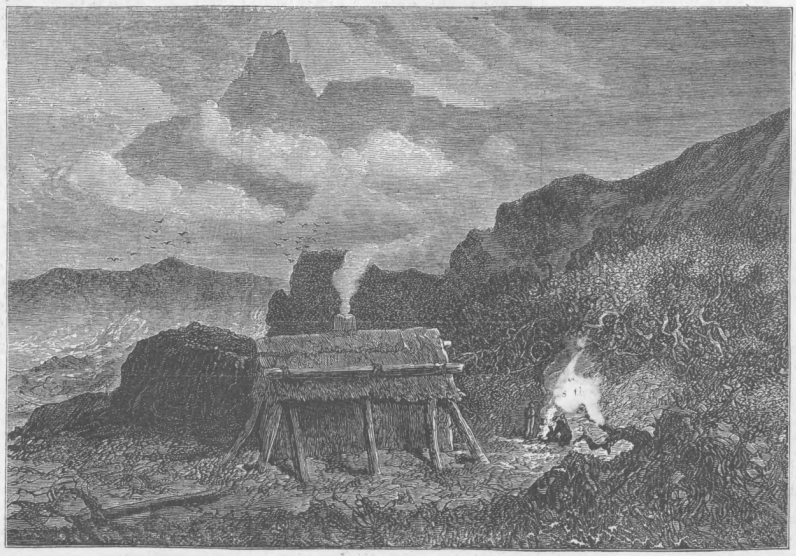
They appointed Mr. Raynal, who had some knowledge of mechanics, to superintend the work. He was, moreover, not yet strong enough to render much aid in any other way. He formed the plans, and the men immediately engaged in the execution of them. The labor required was very great, since every thing connected with the procuring and transportation of the materials was to be done by the unaided strength of the four men; and they had very few tools to use in the construction, and no nails for the fastenings. It was many weeks before the house, or rather cabin, was finished; but the work was accomplished at last, and it furnished the party, during the time they remained upon the island, quite a comfortable habitation. The engraving gives a correct view of the form and construction of the building, and also of the situation which they chose for it.

They could find no straight trees upon the island of sufficient size for the frame-work. There were large trees of a certain kind; but they were so gnarled, knotty, and crooked in their forms that they could do nothing with them in the way of carpentry, however beautiful some of the wood might have been for ornamental work, in finishing or fancy furniture. So they were obliged to depend for lumber on the materials which they could procure from the masts and spars of the wreck.

With these, which they floated on shore when the water was smooth, and then conveyed, with infinite labor, to the place which they had selected for their building, they formed the frame. It consisted of strong posts set deep into the ground at the four corners, with beams connecting them above, and also of other posts set up in a leaning position on each side, to act as braces to furnish an additional security against the violence of the wind. There were also two posts set up, one in the middle of each end of the building, to support the ridge-pole. They found in the woods poles sufficiently large to serve as rafters, and also to form a kind of lattice-work for the roof and the sides, necessary as a support for the thatch which was to form the inside covering.

The making of this thatch was a very tedious and even painful operation. They were obliged to use for this purpose, instead of straw, a plant which grew upon the island—the only one which could be procured in sufficient quantities to answer their purpose—but which was armed, along the sides of its stems and leaves, with sharp, serrated edges, which cut the hands of the men so much in gathering and tying them, that they were obliged several times to stop the work, in order that their hands might recover from the excessive soreness the contact of the plants occasioned.

For, besides the work of gathering a sufficient



THE CABIN BY THE SEA-SHORE.

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quantity of the material, they were obliged to form it into very compact bundles of about the size and length of a man's arm, for convenience of laying upon the building, and to tie these bundles with cords, which they obtained by untwisting ropes procured from the rigging of the ship. They were obliged to make a very great number of these bundles; for the dimensions of the building were about twenty-two feet by sixteen, and this gave, in the sides and roof, a large surface to be covered by the thatching. The whole number of bundles which they had to make they found, on counting them, was about nine thousand!

When the bundles were made they began to lay them, lashing each bundle to the latticework, and lapping each tier over the one below it, so as properly to carry off the rain. They had to cover the roof in this way with several layers, until the whole thickness was about a foot.

To protect this thatching more effectually from violent winds, they sewed it to the rafters below by means of a long needle, which they formed out of wood, and strong twine for thread, and then placed over the whole two beams of wood, one on each side, which also they secured in a very firm manner by proper lashings. They left two or three small openings in different parts of the side and end walls for windows. These they contrived to glaze with the sashes obtained from the cabin windows of the vessel.

The labor required in constructing in this manner the walls and roof of the cabin was very great, and the work occupied many weeks; but the perplexities and special difficulties which they had to encounter became much more serious when they came to the construction of the fire-place and chimney. But they succeeded, at last, under the guidance of Mr. Raynal's ingenuity and skill, in surmounting them all. They built the chimney of flat stones, which they collected with great labor and pains from a very considerable distance around the spot. They were for a time quite at a loss to determine what to do for a cement, since the stones, though they were the best that they could find, were not sufficiently regular in form to lie steadily together without something to unite them. They could not find any clay, or any other kind of tenacious earth. Finally, however, Mr. Raynal conceived the idea of manufacturing some lime by employing the men to collect a great quantity of shells from the shores, and burning them. The plan succeeded perfectly well. Of course the process was very slow; but after a time a sufficient quantity of lime was produced, which, when mixed with wet sand, made a mortar that answered the purpose perfectly for the fire-place, though it would have been impossible to build a chimney in that way high enough above the thatching of the roof.

Mr. Raynal, finding his experiment of manufacturing lime so successful, subsequently conceived the idea of attempting to make soap. The men, it seems, when they first landed, and were thinking only of saving their lives from day to day, had got their clothes very much daubed with oil in bringing home on their shoulders or in their arms masses of the flesh of seals which they had killed at a distance from the tent. No washing with water would remove this oil, and the clothes were in such a condition in consequence of it that it was almost impossible to wear them. So Mr. Raynal made a great quantity of ashes by keeping up a large fire for many days. These ashes he leached through a cask with gimlet-holes bored in the bottom of it; and with the lye thus produced, and a proper quantity of seal oil, he manufactured a supply of soap which answered perfectly well to clean the clothing, and was afterward a great means both of comfort and health to the men during all their stay on the island.

But to return to the chimney. Finding that it would be impossible to build up a chimney of masonry with such materials as they had, they finally concluded to make a smoke-pipe out of the copper sheathing of the vessel, provided they found that they could strip the sheathing off for this purpose.

Mr. Raynal contrived to make a tool by which the copper could be detached from the ship's bottom. He manufactured this tool in some way from a slender bar of iron which formed part of the rigging connected with the fastening of the lower ends of the shrouds. The two seamen waded out to the vessel at low tide, and with this bar stripped off the sheets of copper, carefully preserving all the nails, and brought the copper and the nails on shore.

In the mean time the others at the cabin set up four long posts at the four corners of the great stone fire-place, inclining them toward each other above, so as to bring the upper ends at the proper distance apart to form the chimney-top. Then they nailed the sheets of copper to these posts, thus inclosing a space for the passage of the smoke from the fire. When the work was finished they built a fire in the fire-place, and found that their chimney carried the smoke perfectly well.

They thought it would be necessary for them, both for health as well as comfort, to have a floor to the cabin, as the ground seemed to be every where covered to a considerable depth with a spongy sort of moss or peat, which was often entirely saturated with water, and was never really dry—that is, never when left to itself. Whenever the men built a fire in the open air, the ground beneath was found to be composed to so great a degree of vegetable matter that, after being dried by the heat, it took fire, and would burn to a considerable depth. So true was this that before commencing to build their fire-place they were obliged to dig out this vegetable soil to a considerable depth, and to a considerable extent in each direction, and then to fill up the cavity with stones, in order to form an incombustible foundation for their chimney.

They succeeded in finding trees in the woods with stems straight enough and large enough for sleepers to lay their floor upon, and they obtained from the vessel boards enough to cover them.

When the cabin was thus completed, the next thing was to furnish it. The dimensions of the building were, as has already been said, about twenty-two feet long by sixteen wide. The door opened in the middle of one of the long sides—namely, the side that was turned away from the sea, and was most sheltered by the neighboring rocks. The fire-place was opposite to it. Thus the door and the fire-place divided the cabin into two equal parts. The part on the right hand was appropriated to Captain Musgrave and Mr. Raynal, their two beds being placed in the two corners. Between these, at the *end* of the cabin, they placed a kind of box, which they brought from the cabin of the vessel, which was divided within into two portions, and had a separate cover for each portion, these covers projecting in front and over the ends in such a manner as to form a very convenient table for writing and other such purposes. Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave made this their desk, and the office for the transaction of business. Over it, upon rude shelves which they contrived to put up and to fasten to the trellis-work, they placed the instruments and charts which they had obtained from the vessel, and they hung a small looking-glass near.

They even established a library here by appropriating one shelf to such books as they found in their chests, consisting of a Bible, a copy of "Paradise Lost," and two or three well-worn English novels with many leaves missing.

The other part of the hut, to the left of the door and fire-place, was appropriated to the use of the three seamen. One of the beds was placed at the end, and the other two at the sides—all against the walls. Near the door on that side, and near the foot of one of the beds, was a small table used for what in ordinary housekeeping would be called the kitchen-work. There were shelves above this table to hold the few culinary utensils they possessed, and also the lamps. These lamps were of a very rude construction, being made of tin cans which had contained preserved vegetables. The wicks were made of twisted strings, and the blubber of the sea-lions furnished the oil. In the middle of the cabin, between the door and the fire-place, they set a large permanent table made of planks, supported upon four stout posts set in the ground. This table was made low, so that it served the purpose of a bench to sit upon as well as a table.

In the division which was thus made incidentally, as it were, in the interior of the cabin by the doors and the fire-place, and the table between them, and in the appointment of the parts to the different occupants, the distinction of rank, or rather of function, was almost unconsciously recognized even in this dire extremity of want and danger. One side of the cabin was that of the officers, the other that of the men. One side was the seat of the intelligence, the direction—the government, so to speak; the other of labor, of obedience, of execution. This was done instinctively, by common consent—as a thing of course, as it were, for thus far no attempt had been made to form any compact or arrange any organization. The men, from the moment that the vessel was abandoned, were no longer under the authority of the captain, but each one was entirely free; and the spirit of subordination which they had thus far manifested was a form of that instinctive submission of the weak and the ignorant to those whom they consider the intelligent and the strong, which constitutes an essential part of the nature of man as a gregarious animal, and is doubtless the origin and germ from which all human government springs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

D'IZZY DIZZY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THE Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, familiarly known to the London street public as "Dizzy," has written a book; and a book before which an American and an author must stand in awe. When a member of Parliament and a British Premier lays his thunder by, and comes down into the arena of literature, it is meet, right, and the bounden duty of all lesser gladiators to drop lance and take lessons in high art. High, indeed, is this great statesman's art—so high that, as our title intimates, we fear he has sometimes lost head a little himself, bewildered by the splendor which his own pen has evoked. Never, surely, was such grandeur, such glory, such inexhaustible magnificence, such unimaginable wealth, seen in America outside the columns of the *New York Ledger* or the *Flag of our Union*. Certainly Mr. Disraeli approves himself to be what the Apostle calls "a Jew inwardly." His very names strike terror into the beholder. When we have turned from the Benjamin on the title-page, the last link is broken which bound us to common life, and we henceforth hold high converse only with Corisandes and Theodoras, with Alberthas, St. Aldegondes, Dukes of Brecon, Lords of Culloden and Carisbrooke, till the Disraelitic mind yields under the pressure, forgets its own christening, and brings Lady Montairy to the surface indiscriminately as Augusta, Georgina, or Victoria. Even the *bête noir* of the ducal family, the heroine of the mésalliance, is nothing less than Euphrosyne Cat—let us refer to the original documents—Euphrosyne Cantacuzene, with a dowry of one hundred and fifty or so thousand pounds for a "nest-egg" (what must be the wealth of the whole fledged brood!), and a descent from Greek emperors. The American imagination fails to conceive the empyrean heights of an English family whose sole sorrow is that their son wants to make a low marriage with a Euphrosyne Cantacuzene, Greek emperors, and hundreds of thousands of pounds!

The society of "Lothair" is equal to its nomenclature. Let us put off our shoes from off our feet. The very grooms are respectfully haughty and calmly graceful. How shambling, shame-faced, and awkward must we of the common lot seem to these aristocratic gentlemen's gentlemen! Happily for our peace of mind, we see but little of them. "Lothair" is, as it should be, made of sterner stuff. At the outset we fall plump into a nest of nobles. The Duchess is singularly beautiful, and gifted with native grace, though how she could be gifted with acquired grace we are not informed. Her husband is as distinguished as his bride. All their children, strange to say, are a reproduction of their parents. All are alike distinguished, and Lady Corisande even more so. Every day, therefore, when this noble Duke looks into the glass, and gives the last touches to his consummate toilet, he offers his graceful thanks to Providence that his family are not unworthy of him!—an act of devotion which reminds us of the gentleman whose religious meditations were said to consist of an attempt to discover whether he made the Almighty, or the Almighty made him!

The one inconvenience of this high-toned duke is, that so many heiresses have married into his family and left therein so many princely domains that, after the fashion of the old woman who lived in a shoe, he has so many palaces he does not know what to do. Then comes Lothair and piles on as many more, till the ducal embarrassment may be better imagined than described.

But the duke does not monopolize magnificence either in building or beauty. We leave his Italian palace, with its spacious and graceful chambers, its statued and stately terraces, its radiant daughters—who perform the remarkable feat of bursting into melody—only to find ourselves in the marble halls, the lofty chambers with silken hangings and Venetian splendor, of Lord St. Jerome, a grave but gracious person, polished, but talking of the weather like any common mortal at a loss for something more to the purpose. Then we dine in a green silk chamber—they all live in chambers in Mr. Disraeli's England—with the large violet eyes and the rich dark hair and the radiant form of Clare Arundel, and we picnic in the park with Lady St. Jerome, who is never seen to greater advantage than when distributing her viands under such circumstances, and who is absolutely fascinating when it comes to lobster sandwiches. Anon we sup off ortolans in the sumptuous Crecy House, in company with royalty, followed by the imperial presence of embassadors, and escorted by a group of dazzling duchesses and paladins of high degree, in a choice saloon hung with rose-colored tapestry and illuminated by chandeliers of crystal, and served from gold plate; and, adds the delighted author, at the end of his rope, "Never was such an elegant clatter." (Clatter! Heavens! do the *quality* clatter? Is there saving grace even in its being an *elegant* clatter?) If a lady is overturned on a heap of stones in the king's highway, she is sure to be of a singularly distinguished presence, with the air and costume of high breeding and fashion, and no end of dignity and serenity—Grecian and Olympian and Phidian, and Heaven knows what. Her husband, though an American, is tall and fair and fine-eyed and calm and full of self-respect. But then he is a Southern gentleman, with vast estates in the South. He is not a Yankee, says the Right Honorable Premier, with an unction paralleled only by the earnestness with which Mrs. S. A. Allen assures us that her World's Hair Restorer is NOT a dye. A Southern gentleman, did we say? Mr. Disraeli's sarcasm bites harder than this.

"You know he is a gentleman," said the Duke; "he is not a Yankee."

Can the South be said, in any proper sense of the word, to have lost its cause, while such a remark is extant? And should it not be content to lose it, upon learning further that an English duke looks upon an American gentleman with large estates in the South as a real aristocrat, and, whether said gentleman gets his rents or not, said duke will always treat him with respect? The sharpest pang of loss is gone when we know that it makes no difference in the feelings of an English duke toward us.

To this gentleman, who *is* no Yankee, offers Lothair his own carriage instead of the shattered vehicle. "Sir," replies the astute Southron, "there requires no coronet on your carriage to tell me you are a nobleman." We should think not. If the offer of a drag with four roans, highly bred, with black manes and tails, be not proof of nobility, will any cantankerous Yankee tell us what is? For our part, we hereby offer to furnish a coat of arms to any man at half the price.

As a reward for his nobility and his horses, Lothair is allowed to visit this distinguished lady, who, like the rest of them, lives in spacious and lofty chambers in Italian gardens and classic temples, and "various games o' that sort." The distinguished lady receives him with serenity. It is worth while that she should be serene on the heap of stones whither she has been overset with so much dignity, but that she should be serene in her own lofty and spacious chamber seems a fact hardly worth mentioning, unless, indeed, these lofty and spacious ladies have a way of receiving their guests with hysteria or epilepsy. Not so Theodora. With her it is the old nursery rhyme, "I genteel lady, always genteel." In her Italian temples we meet another hero, athletic, though lithe and symmetrical, with a countenance aquiline but delicate, and of a remarkable radiancy, owing to many circumstances, but chiefly to the lustre of his complexion, the fire of his eye, and the profuse curls of his chestnut hair—perhaps partly also to his curved lip, and the scornful pride of his distended nostril, and the singular beauty of his mouth. And yet he rather pales his ineffectual fires before his wife, who is of extraordinary beauty, rich, glowing, with dark, fringed eyes of tremulous lustre, figure of striking and voluptuous symmetry, exquisite toilet, bouquet of white stove-flowers, voice as sweet as the stephanopolis, whatever that may be, and who turns out to be the Greek-emperor-girl's sister. Of course this makes a pair of them; and when they sweep by Lothair to the piano, it is like the passage of sultans to some kiosk on the Bosphorus—and so on and so on.

Lovely, is it not? One would think they would sometimes be almost tempted to import a Yankee or two into this radiant circle, just as a bit of desert is brought into landscape gardening. Where all are distinguished, mediocrity comes to be the only distinction.

And they behave so charmingly, these great-hearted gentlemen. Here is St. Aldegonde, for instance, who married the Duke's daughter—St. Aldegonde, tall, listless, and handsome, heir-apparent of the wealthiest dukedom in the United Kingdom. He is invited to dinner. He slouches into the room, his biographer tells us, with as uncouth and graceless a general mien as a handsome and naturally graceful man can contrive to present. He scowls, but stays, for he sees his friend Mr. Pinto there. He sits by Mr. Pinto at table, and hangs upon his accents with his back turned to his other neighbors. Hugh Bohun does the same. Every now and then St. Aldegonde breaks into a frightful shout, and Hugh Bohun titters immensely; but no one else knows what they are laughing at. Then St. Aldegonde throws himself back in his chair, and, talking to himself or the ceiling, exclaims, "Best thing I ever heard." The other guests feel snubbed, and frown; but his host counts himself amply compensated by the thought that all his guests will disperse, and tell the world that they have dined with him, and met St. Aldegonde, and the next day it will be in the papers. What does disturb him is that St. Aldegonde eats nothing. This listless and handsome gentleman, the crême de la crême of English society, sits with both elbows leaning on the table, and passes by every dish. In his distress the host sends his own valet to suggest to St. Aldegonde whether the side-table may not provide some relief. St. Aldegonde immediately declares for cold meat. Now, cold meat happens to be the only thing that the side-table does not provide. All the delicacies of the season are there; but nothing will satisfy St. Aldegonde but cold meat. And now, says this patrician youth, when cold meat is at length supplied him, "Now I shall begin my dinner."

The advance of civilization has been but slow in America, at least in North America, and we are confident that any guest of whatever degree who should deport himself thus at a Yankee dinner-table would owe solely to the presence of other guests the circumstance of not being conducted to the door and beyond it at the point of the boot. Very certain we are that he would never rest his elbows on the table a second time. But they do things differently in England.

The young gentleman to whose existence we are indebted for our introduction to this fearful and wonderful English society is an amiable person, whose main characteristic seems to be a disposition to agree with the last man and to fall in love with the last woman. The Protestants and the Catholics wage hot battle for the possession of his mind, body, and estate; and like the poor man of poetry, he is "now on this side, now on that;" when he is reduced to his last card, like the same poor man, "he tries to introduce a social chat," generally beginning in true Yankee fashion with "well." If he meets a young lady who is unmarried he yields to her charms, but he is not deterred from devotion by so slight a circumstance as marriage. The Protestant Duke's family is full of radiant daughters, between two of whom he sits enchanted. When they ask their pretty questions and make their sparkling remarks, roses seem to him to drop from their lips, and—here the Jewish blood doth utter forth a voice—and sometimes diamonds! They breakfast at half a dozen or more round tables, brilliant as a cluster of Greek or Italian republics, and Lothair is charmed. They ride—for it is a great riding family, the Brentham family—and all the ladies are fond and fine horsewomen, who vault on their barbs and genets with such airy majesty; they are absolutely overwhelming with their bewildering habits and their bewitching hats. They play croquet—for it is a great croquet family, the Brentham family—and the scene is equally brilliant. The marvelous lawn, the Duchess's Turkish tent with its rich hangings, and the players themselves with their coquettish hats, and their half-veiled and half-revealed under-raiment, scarlet and silver, or blue and gold, make up, says the delighted ex-Premier, a sparkling and—what? ye gods!—a sparkling and *a modish* scene!

Croquet finishes the business for Lothair. He gives in before a fortnight is out. He declares that there is no place in the world equal to Brentham. He is a Protestant. He proposes to devote his life to the extinction of pauperism, and asks for Lady Corisande's hand. Being refused, on account of his youth, by the Duchess mamma, he turns his back upon croquet and the dukedom and the extinction of pauperism, and begins to meditate on two great ideas—the reconciliation of Christendom, and the influence of architecture on religion—under the inspiration, it must be confessed, of Catholic Clare Arundel, a beautiful and brilliant and, let us add, well-dressed young woman, in whose society, his biographer informs us, he every day takes a strange and deeper interest. Time had passed very rapidly with Cori-

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sande. It begins immediately to pass rapidly with Clare, whose violet eyes prove as fascinating as Lady St. Jerome's lobster sandwiches. In short, he is irresistibly drawn to her. He believes that the counselor he needs is Miss Arundel. The two put their heads together—to say nothing of their hearts—and conclude that the salvation of the country and the restoration of true religion depend upon the building of a huge cathedral in Westminster. Unluckily, before the plans of the cathedral are matured Lothair is obliged to leave Vauxe. True, when he has quitted it a week it seems to him a year; but Lady Corisande heaves in sight again, and again she becomes to this gay Lothario irresistibly captivating, and we hear him sighing, "Delicious Brentham!" till Theodora is overset upon the heap of stones, when both Clare and Corisande quietly disappear, and Lothair gazes upon Theodora—Theodora, who affirms that she lives only for climate and the affections—Theodora, of such a countenance as he had read in Grecian dreams, in Corinthian temples, in fanes of Ephesus, in the radiant shadow of divine groves. Now is the air full of Theodora. Lothair is restless. Lothair sighs, shrinks from society, absents himself from dinners, takes long walks without purpose, and before a week is out falls into easy-chairs and reveries, with a hair-brush in each hand, conjuring up all that had passed since the wondrous morn when she appeared to him by the road-side until the last dark hour when they parted. (And ah! why could not life be ever passed at Belmont!) It is a little surprising that though Lothair is immensely disturbed by the appearance of Theodora's friend, he is in no wise put about by Theodora's husband. He is greatly relieved by finding that Theodora's friend has a wife, but seems to need no relief from the thought that Theodora is herself a wife. Perhaps we are to lay it to the account of his "sweet and innocent nature," or perhaps he may have been influenced by the fascinating costume of the lady, which is such, the discouraged Premier assures us, as no language can describe; or perhaps it was the soups which she gave him in delicate cups of Sevres china, or the wines in golden glass of Venice, or the ortolans—which in "Lothair" are but as the turkeys of New Hampshire or the shad of the Connecticut for multitude.

What would have come of it all it is difficult to surmise, had not a random shot—an "occasional bullet"—removed Theodora from the scene. "And now," she says, having sent away her too-complying husband to bring Lothair alone to her dying bed—"And now embrace me, for I wish that your spirit should be upon me as mine departs"—an arrangement to which her husband appears to have offered no objection. Hereupon Lothair repairs to the two Greek-imperial-sisters on the Ægean isle, and finds them highly attractive. Their extraordinary beauty and—we need not go through the list—all contribute to captivate him. He begins to feel happy, and to wish that his life might never change, when, suddenly, Prince Agathonides comes out and changes it—for Lothair bears, like the Turk, no brother near his throne—and he especially fears this Greek bearing gifts of pocket-handkerchiefs, choice scents, and fancy dogs to the fascinating sisters. Unable to cope with these fancy dogs, he leaves the isles of Greece and returns, like a bad penny, to Vauxe and Clare Arundel—observing that some of the happiest hours of his life have been spent at Vauxe; but Clare Arundel is about to take the veil, and "Then I have not a friend left in the world," exclaims the despairing and multifarious lover. He pronounces it barbarous and unwise, for Theodora's ghost has appeared to him and warned him against turning Catholic, and Miss Arundel in the flesh is no match for Theodora in the spirit. Having thus disencumbered himself—speaking after the manner of the Disraelites—of his opinion, he proceeds to walk in Lady Corisande's garden with Lady Corisande, and has the audacity to inform that young person that to one he has been constant, "in one [opinion] I am unchanged—and that is, my adoring love to you!"

The young person can not have been so well informed of Lothair's career as we, or she never would have turned pale—or, rather, she would have stopped at that. But, with her limited information, after turning pale and stopping, "she gently took his arm, and then she hid her face in his breast."

And then Lothair did what, we venture to say, no lover ever did before, either in or out of a novel:

"He soothed and sustained her agitated *frame*, and *sealed with an embrace her speechless form*. Then, with soft thoughts and softer words, clinging to him, he induced her to resume their stroll, which both of them now wished might assuredly be undisturbed."

Here we are forced to confess ourselves in 'wildering mazes lost. Soothing and sustaining an agitated frame seems a rather anatomical caress, and we can fancy Lady Corisande objecting, like Mr. Venus's inamorata, that she does not wish to regard herself, nor yet to be regarded, in that bony light; still, the language is not wholly incomprehensible; but how a form can be sealed, and how it can be sealed with an embrace, and how a form already speechless can need sealing, and why a form should be either speechless or speaking, are things never dreamed of in our philosophy. But we are not Southrons—we have no vast estates in the South. We are Yankees. And to whom did the soft thoughts and softer words belong? Did Corisande cling to Lothair with all this softness, or did Lothair use it to induce Corisande, like poor Joe, to move on? And, while we are about it, what, pray, are soft thoughts?

And this, with a strong infusion of Irish Fenianism and Italian revolution is "Lothair"—the work of an English scholar and statesman. Inscrutable are the ways of men. If it were the production of a Yankee, so that we were free to pronounce an opinion, we should say that with the exception of an occasional pithy and pungent sentence, it is dreamy, vapid, and flavorless to the last degree. We should say that this Yankee's hero was a milksop, was a stick, was all things wooden and insipid; that his men are saved from being puppets only by being snobs; that his women are almost without exception "matter too soft a lasting mark to bear, and best distinguished by black, brown, or fair;" that his style is at once stiff and slovenly; that his sarcasm has no merit but malice, and his praise no merit at all; that his love is without passion, his enthusiasm being absorbed in his millinery; that the story is rambling, incoherent, inartistic, and dull. In one word, we should assure our Yankee, with Yankee shrewdness, that his novel would not sell, and would do him small credit if it did sell; that he might possibly, with care and painstaking, write respectable essays, or keep a hotel, and would certainly do well in the dress-making or house-furnishing line; but that story-telling of such sort would prove his certain ruin in this world, and an extremely hazardous venture for the next.

But Mr. Disraeli is not a Yankee. Nor is there any thing in his book which should induce us to fasten upon him the opposing epithet. He is, however, an M. P., and was a Premier, and he has made a hundred thousand dollars by his book. We therefore die and give no sign.

THE LOVELY RIVERS AND LAKES OF MAINE.

Oh, the lovely rivers and lakes of Maine!
I am charm'd with their names, as my song will explain.
Aboriginal muses inspire my strain,
While I sing the bright rivers and lakes of Maine—
From Cupsuptac to Cheputmaticook,
From Sagadahock to Pohenegamook—
'gamook, 'gamook,
Pohenegamook,
From Sagadahock to Pohenegamook.

For light serenading, the "Blue Moselle,"
"Bonnie Doon," and "Sweet Avon" may do very well:
But the rivers of Maine, in their wild solitudes,
Bring a thunderous sound from the depth of the woods:
The Aroostook and Chimmenticook,
The Chimpasaoc and Chinquassabamtook—
'bamtook, 'bamtook,
Chinquassabamtook,
The Chimpasaoc and Chinquassabamtook.

Behold! how they sparkle and flash in the sun!
The Mattewamkeag and the Mussungun;
The kingly Penobscot, the wild Woolastook,
Kennebec, Kennebago, and Sebasticook;
The pretty Presumpscut and gay Tulanbic;
The Ess'quilsagook and little Schoodic—
Schoodic, Schoodic,
The little Schoodic,
The Ess'quilsagook and little Schoodic.

Yes, yes, I prefer the bright rivers of Maine
To the Rhine or the Rhone, or the Saone or the Seine.
These may do for the cockney; but give me some nook
On the Ammonoosuc or the Wytopadlook,
On the Umsaskis or the Ripogenis,
The Ripogenis or the Piscataquis—
'aquis, 'aquis,
The Piscataquis,
The Ripogenis or the Piscataquis.

"Away down South," the Cherokee
Has named his rivers the Tennessee,
The Chattahoochee and the Ocmulgee,
The Congaree and the Ohoopee;
But what are they, or the Frenchy Detroit,
To the Passadumkeag or the Wassatoquoit—
'toquoit, 'toquoit,
The Wassatoquoit,
To the Passadumkeag or the Wassatoquoit?

Then turn to the beautiful lakes of Maine
(To the Sage of Auburn be given the strain,
The statesman whose genius and bright fancy makes
The earth's highest glories to shine in its lakes):
What lakes out of Maine can we place in the book
With the Matagomon and the Pangokomook—
'omook, 'omook,
The Pangokomook,
With the Matagomon and the Pangokomook?

Lake Leman, or Como, what care I for them,
When Maine has the Moosehead and Pongokwahem,
And, sweet as the dews in the violet's kiss,
Wallahgosquegamook and Telesimis;
And when I can share in the fisherman's bunk,
On the Moosetuckmaguntic or Mol'tunkamunk—
'amunk, 'amunk,
Or Mol'tunkamunk,
On the Moosetuckmaguntic or Mol'tunkamunk?

And Maine has the Eagle lakes, Cheappawgan,
And the little Sepic and the little Scapan,
The spreading Sebago, the Cangomgomoc,
The Millikonet and Motesinioc,
Caribou and the fair Apmonjenegamook,
Oquassac and rare Wetokenebacook—
'acook, 'acook,
Wetokenebacook,
Oquassac and rare Wetokenebacook.

And there are the Pokeshine and Pat'quongomis;
And there is the pretty Coscomgonosis,
Romantic Umbagog and Pemadumook,
The Pemadumook and the old Chesuncook,
Sepois and Moosetuck; and take care not to miss
The Umbazookskus or the Sysladobsis—
'dobsis, 'dobsis,
The Sysladobsis,
The Umbazookskus or the Sysladobsis.

Oh! give me the rivers and lakes of Maine,
In her mountains or forests or fields of grain,
In the depth of the shade or the blaze of the sun,
The lakes of Schoodic and the Basconegun,
And the dear Wanbasoos and the clear Aquessuc,
The Cosbosecontic and Millenkikuk—
'kikuk, 'kikuk,
The Millenkikuk,
The Cosbosecontic and Millenkikuk!

GEO. B. WALLIS.

THE BRITISH CABINET.

THE picture on the following page gives an interesting view of a session of the British Cabinet. One distinguished member of that body, Lord CLARENDON, whose portrait appears in the composition, has died since the picture was engraved. The sessions of the Cabinet are secret, and of course the picture, with the exception that the room is faithfully portrayed and the heads are all accurate portraits, is purely an imaginative sketch. An air of profound political wisdom characterizes the assembled statesmen, and would impose even upon a republican observer if he failed to recall the witty saying of the Chancellor OXENSTIERN: "My son, you have no idea with how little wisdom the world is governed." Even a British Cabinet may look much wiser than it is.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A "HEATED TERM" is theoretically limited to three days; practically, June disdained all ordinary bounds and restraints, and sweltered her life away in what might otherwise have proved an endless series of hot days! Seldom has any June been of such a melting disposition as the June of 1870 has shown herself. In New York city it was warmer on some days by twelve or fourteen degrees than it was in New Orleans, Key West, and other Southern cities. Many deaths occurred last week from sun-stroke, and those whose trade compelled them to be exposed to the scorching solar rays suffered severely.

In the midst of all the discomforts of the heat came an additional grievance—an ice panic. There was an increased demand for ice, and so the dealers thought they would increase their prices. Consequently many a poor thirsty mortal was forced to go without that luxury which is almost a necessity, in a heated term, ice-water. The high price now demanded for ice is a real misfortune to our citizens. It is said that there is really an abundant supply for all possible exigencies in the ice-houses. If this is so let us have more competition another year, more ice companies, or make artificial ice, or do something, so that we need not be at the mercy of any monopolists.

The taking of the census is beginning to develop curiosities. A nationalized German in one of the most densely populated districts in the Seventeenth Ward displayed a most profound ignorance in regard to geographical matters and to the country of his birth. On being asked if he was of American birth, he said: "Nein, nein; I beese a Pennsylvania Dutchman." Another sovereign of the soil also answered negatively the question as to his American birth-right, saying that he was born in Connecticut. A mulatto asserted that he was bred in Jamaica, West Indies, in the State of Long Island. Several old married couples have found it impossible to state when they became husbands and wives, and were not able to furnish information about how many sons and daughters they had who were alive, and how many who were dead, until after a good deal of reckoning. A woman in New Hampshire gave the census enumerator her age as thirty years, and insisted upon the truth of her statement when the officer expressed surprise. Soon after, the age of her youngest son was asked for, and stated to be twenty-six, while that of her eldest son was given at twenty-eight. However, she *might* have been only a step-mother!

A church sensation has arisen in Paris. An Engnsh family having a desire to see the Russian church in that city visited it, accompanied by a Russian lady. The pew opener, on learning that they were Protestants, turned them out with such violence that the ladies of the party nearly fainted. The Russian pope attached to the embassy attempted to explain this outrage by stating that he has not sufficient funds at his disposal to keep more than one pew opener. Otherwise the family in question would have been refused admittance at the door, as the church is kept up not to satisfy the curiosity of foreigners, but to provide for the spiritual wants of Russians. This explanation does not seem to have been very well received.

Every Monday morning the city newspapers chronicle a terrible list of fights, outrages, and murders, which seem to form a regular portion of the business of Sunday. The desperate affrays which mar holy time, and horrify the community, come as a direct consequence of a loose administration of the Excise Law, which prohibits the selling or giving away intoxicating liquors on Sunday and after twelve o'clock Saturday night. More violence is done Sunday than on any other day in the week.

A new fish story. A codfish lately caught off Portsmouth Harbor was found to contain a pint Champagne bottle in an entire state. A portion of the entrails of the fish were growing about two and a half inches in the mouth of the bottle. Various theories respecting this curiosity have been advanced. The old fishermen of the Piscataqua declared the fish must have taken the bottle from the bar at the mouth of the Merrimac.

The French Secretary of the Interior has communicated to the Academy of Science, in Paris, an interesting report concerning all the cases of hydrophobia which were brought to the knowledge of his employés from 1863 to 1869. In the departments of France from which statistics were obtained, three hundred and twenty persons were bitten by mad dogs. In one hundred and twenty-nine cases the biting was followed by hydrophobia; in one hundred and twenty-three cases the bitten persons suffered no evil consequence, and it was never made known what became of the remaining sixty-eight. Of all the remedies employed after a person was bitten by a mad dog, the burning of the wound proved the most efficacious. Of one hundred and thirty-four persons whose wounds were burned, ninety-two remained without evil consequences. The sucking of the wounds, or their treatment with ammonia immediately after the persons were bitten, proved salutary also in many cases; but cauterization was far the safest means of all. In every case, without any exception, where hydrophobia broke out, the patients died. The number of mad dogs was very nearly equally divided through the four seasons.

The *Journal of Chemistry* asserts that of sixteen popular hair tonics, washes, and restoratives recently examined, only one was free from lead. They owe their action to this substance, and consequently are highly dangerous to the health of persons using them. Enamels for the skin are composed of either carbonate of lime, oxide of zinc, or carbonate of lead suspended in water. The first two classes of enamels are as harmless as any other white dirt when plastered over the skin to close the pores and prevent its healthy action. On the other hand, the enamels composed of carbonate of lead are highly dangerous, and their use is very certain to produce disastrous results to those who patronize them.

The returns of the New York Custom-house during the past year for the importations of foreign human hair are much less than usual. We are sorry to say this is not because women are becoming more sensible, but is largely due to the immense amount of Indian jute which is sold instead of hair. The jute is marvelously cheap; but it is not unfrequently imperfectly cleansed, and will cause terrible diseases of the skin.

Various expedients may be adopted to preserve cut flowers a long while. Pure water, with a little salt or saltpetre in it, is recommended, and the water should be changed every day. A little camphor, cologne, or liquid ammonia will often revive flowers that have begun to fade. Charcoal saturated with water is a good medium in which to place the stems of flowers.

Judging from observation, if we had a city ordinance similar to what exists in Russia, our streets would be immaculately clean. If persons in Russia are found drunk and incapable in the public thoroughfares they are taken into custody, and condemned to work for a day at sweeping the streets; and well-dressed offenders are sometimes seen performing their task, broom in hand.

A certain missionary report states that "there are only two missionaries to twenty thousand cannibals," and calls for a "larger supply!" Is any body ready to volunteer?

The will of Charles Dickens is autographic. Having had his wishes put into a form by his advisers, he copied the whole out with his own hand. The codicil which confers his property in *All the Year Round* upon his eldest son, acting editor, and which is dated only seven days before his death, practically insures the periodical being conducted on the same principles and with the same writers as heretofore.

A Saturday afternoon concert has been inaugurated in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, which has proved so much a success that it is believed it will become a permanent institution.

The Fourth of July having passed, it is rather late to bring up the matter, but really what is the use of making torpedoes which resemble sticks of candy, and explode when bitten by children? Some serious accidents have occurred. One little child, biting what she thought was candy, had her cheek severely injured.

A vagrant, recently arrested, protested that he had a regular trade—namely, smoking glasses for total eclipses of the sun.

Time is rapidly approaching when railroad trains will fly with lightning speed from one end of our continent to the other, without even stopping to "take a drink" by the way. A novel method of supplying locomotives with water, which has been in use for some time in England, is about to be introduced into our country. The Hudson River Railroad Company have already made successful experiments. At Montrose Station, near Peekskill, there was constructed in the centre of the track a trough, 1900 feet in length, fifteen inches in depth, and eighteen inches wide. This was lined with sheet-iron, heavily painted. The trough is perfectly straight, will hold 16,000 gallons of water, and is fed by a couple of springs. A locomotive was also fitted up with an ingeniously constructed pipe, connecting with the tender, and having a nozzle which can be instantaneously dropped into the water, while the train is running thirty miles an hour. When the first experiment was made the water rushed with a roar into the tender, filling it to the complete satisfaction of all concerned.

An amusing little incident occurred during the registration of votes in Petersburg, Virginia, not long since. An aged colored man came up to the place upon crutches, and apparently with great difficulty. The prescribed formula, "How old are you?" was asked, when the old man was thrown into much perplexity. Recovering himself, however, he muttered in an under-tone, which was overheard:

"Well, how ole is my ole massa?"

It so happened that a gentleman was standing by, well acquainted with him, who promptly answered:

"Your old master is about fifty-five years of age."

"Well, how ole is ole missus?"

"She is about forty-five years old."

"An' Miss Sally?"

"Thirty-five, perhaps, next fall."

"An' young missus?"

"Nineteen this coming August."

"Well, I'se older den all put togedder, for I knows when dey all was born."

While the inspector on a train bound east from Kansas City was testing the car wheels at Jefferson City, Missouri, he discovered a boy under one of the cars, who had concealed himself there all the way from Kansas City. He had formed a sort of net of rope, in which he lay suspended like a spider in its web, between the axle of one of the trucks and the floor of the car. The boy was routed out of his place, and quite a crowd gathered about him on the platform. He was disposed to be saucy, and stated that he had ridden in this way thousands of miles. As the train was moving off slowly from Jefferson City the boy got in his old place again under the car while it was in motion. The conductor was notified, and stopped the train. The boy was hauled out from his lurking-place, and taking up a stone, was in the act of hurling it at the conductor, when the latter knocked him down.

What a burning satisfaction some people take this warm weather in watching their thermometer, and boasting that it has gone up a little higher than their neighbors! Every degree that it rises they feel themselves to be a little hotter, fan themselves more, and complain louder. It comforts them to groan over their discomfort, if only the mercury will warrant it. The truth is that half the world—the lazy half, we mean—would not feel the heat so much if, when the thermometer ranges among the nineties, they should, by some magic, see it to be only among the seventies. Imagination has a wonderfully heating or cooling influence!

The Board of Directors at the Ecole de Medicine, Paris, have conferred a diploma upon Miss Elizabeth Garrett. In her thesis she treated the subject of "headache" so brilliantly that she obtained this honor.

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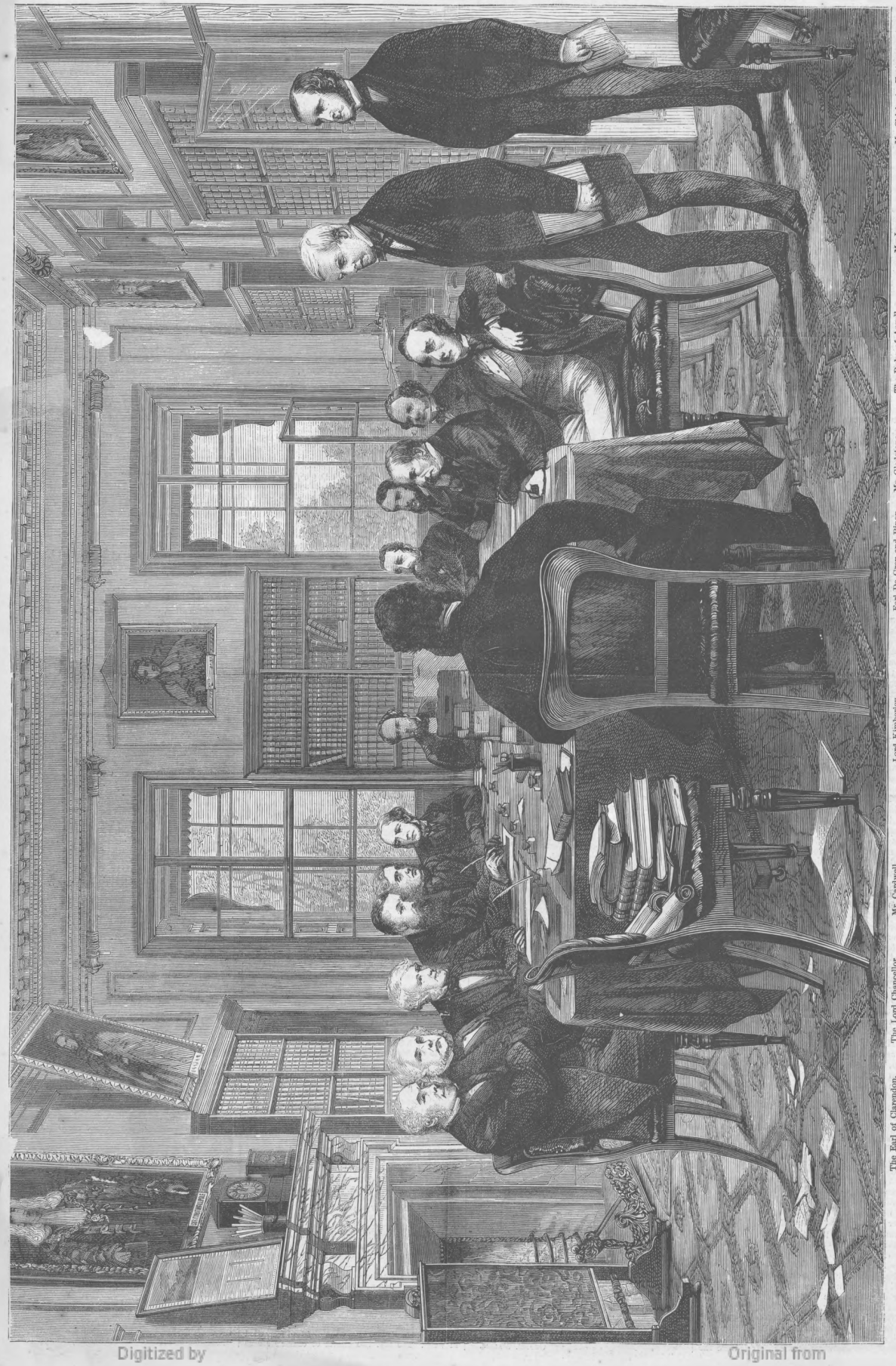

THE BRITISH CABINET IN SESSION.—[SEE PAGE 455.]

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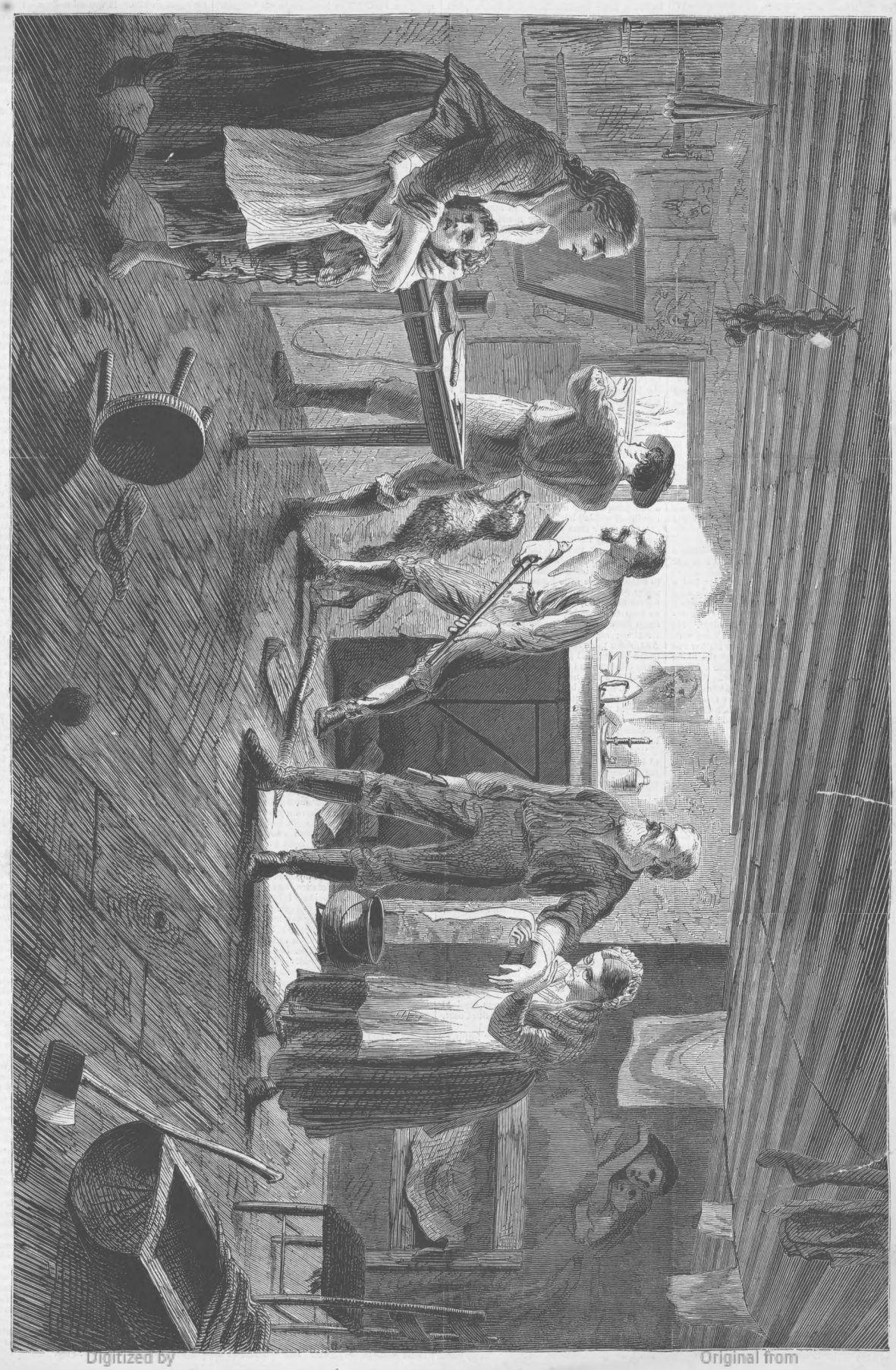

SETTLERS ATTACKED BY INDIANS.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

1.

"MY Confession: To be put into my coffin; and to be buried with me when I die.

"This is the history of what I did in the time of my married life. Here—known to no other mortal creature, confessed to my Creator alone—is the truth.

"At the great day of the Resurrection, we shall all rise again in our bodies as we have lived. When I am called before the Judgment Seat I shall have this in my hand.

"Oh, just and merciful Judge, Thou knowest what I have suffered. My trust is in Thee.

2.

"I am the eldest of a large family, born of pious parents. We belonged to the congregation of the Primitive Methodists.

"My sisters were all married before me. I remained for some years the only one at home. At the latter part of the time my mother's health failed; and I managed the house in her place. Our spiritual pastor, good Mr. Bapchild, used often to dine with us, on Sundays, between the services. He approved of my management of the house, and, in particular, of my cooking. This was not pleasant to my mother, who felt a jealousy of my being, as it were, set over her in her place. My unhappiness at home began in this way. My mother's temper got worse as her health got worse. My father was much away from us, traveling for his business. I had to bear it all. About this time I began to think it would be well for me if I could marry as my sisters had done; and have good Mr. Bapchild to dinner, between the services, in a house of my own.

"In this frame of mind I made acquaintance with a young man who attended service at our chapel.

"His name was Joel Dethridge. He had a beautiful voice. When we sang hymns, he sang off the same book with me. By trade he was a paper-hanger. We had much serious talk together. I walked with him on Sundays. He was a good ten years younger than I was; and, being only a journeyman, his worldly station was below mine. My mother found out the liking that had grown up between us. She told my father the next time he was at home. Also my married sisters and my brothers. They all joined together to stop things from going further between me and Joel Dethridge. I had a hard time of it. Mr. Bapchild expressed himself as feeling much grieved at the turn things were taking. He introduced me into a sermon—not by name, but I knew who it was meant for. Perhaps I might have given way if they had not done one thing. They made inquiries of my young man's enemies, and brought wicked stories of him to me behind his back. This, after we had sung off the same hymn-book, and walked together, and agreed one with the other on religious subjects, was too much to bear. I was of age to judge for myself. And I married Joel Dethridge.

3.

"My relations all turned their backs on me. Not one of them was present at my marriage; my brother Reuben, in particular, who led the rest, saying that they had done with me from that time forth. Mr. Bapchild was much moved; he shed tears, and said he would pray for me.

"I was married in London by a pastor who was a stranger; and we settled in London with fair prospects. I had a little fortune of my own—my share of some money left to us girls by our aunt Hester, whom I was named after. It was three hundred pounds. Nearly one hundred of this I spent in buying furniture to fit up the little house we took to live in. The rest I gave to my husband to put into the bank against the time when he wanted it to set up in business for himself.

"For three months, more or less, we got on nicely—except in one particular. My husband never stirred in the matter of starting in business for himself.

"He was once or twice cross with me when I said it seemed a pity to be spending the money in the bank (which might be afterward wanted), instead of earning more in business. Good Mr. Bapchild, happening about this time to be in London, staid over Sunday, and came to dine with us between the services. He had tried to make my peace with my relations—but he had not succeeded. At my request he spoke to my husband about the necessity of exerting himself. My husband took it ill. I then saw him seriously out of temper for the first time. Good Mr. Bapchild said no more. He appeared to be alarmed at what had happened; and he took his leave early.

"Shortly afterward my husband went out. I got tea ready for him—but he never came back. I got supper ready for him—but he never came back. It was past twelve at night before I saw him again. I was very much startled by the state he came home in. He didn't speak like himself, or look like himself: he didn't seem to know me—wandered in his mind, and fell all in a lump like on our bed. I ran out and fetched the doctor to him.

"The doctor pulled him up to the light, and looked at him; smelled his breath, and dropped him down again on the bed; turned about, and stared at me. 'What's the matter, Sir?' I says. 'Do you mean to tell me you don't know?' says the doctor. 'No, Sir,' says I. 'Why what sort of a woman are you,' says he, 'not to know a drunken man when you see him!' With that he went away, and left me standing by the bedside, all in a tremble from head to foot.

"This was how I first found out that I was the wife of a drunken man.

4.

"I have omitted to say any thing about my husband's family.

"While we were keeping company together he told me he was an orphan—with an uncle and aunt in Canada, and an only brother settled in Scotland. Before we were married he gave me a letter from this brother. It was to say that he was sorry he was not able to come to England, and be present at my marriage, and to wish me joy and the rest of it. Good Mr. Bapchild (to whom, in my distress, I wrote word privately of what had happened) wrote back in return, telling me to wait a little, and see whether my husband did it again.

"I had not long to wait. He was in liquor again the next day, and the next. Hearing this, Mr. Bapchild instructed me to send him the letter from my husband's brother. He reminded me of some of the stories about my husband, which I had refused to believe in the time before I was married; and he said it might be well to make inquiries.

"The end of the inquiries was this. The brother, at that very time, was placed privately (by his own request) under a doctor's care to get broken of habits of drinking. The craving for strong liquor (the doctor wrote) was in the family. They would be sober sometimes for months together, drinking nothing stronger than tea. Then the fit would seize them; and they would drink, drink, drink, for days together, like the mad and miserable wretches that they were.

"This was the husband I was married to. And I had offended all my relations, and estranged them from me, for his sake. Here was surely a sad prospect for a woman after only a few months of wedded life!

"In a year's time the money in the bank was gone; and my husband was out of employment. He always got work—being a first-rate hand when he was sober—and always lost it again when the drinking-fit seized him. I was loth to leave our nice little house, and part with my pretty furniture; and I proposed to him to let me try for employment, by the day, as cook, and so keep things going while he was looking out again for work. He was sober and penitent at the time; and he agreed to what I proposed. And, more than that, he took the Total Abstinence Pledge, and promised to turn over a new leaf. Matters, as I thought, began to look fairly again. We had nobody but our two selves to think of. I had borne no child, and had no prospect of bearing one. Unlike most women, I thought this a mercy instead of a misfortune. In my situation (as I soon grew to know) my becoming a mother would only have proved to be an aggravation of my hard lot.

"The sort of employment I wanted was not to be got in a day. Good Mr. Bapchild gave me a character; and our landlord, a worthy man (belonging, I am sorry to say, to the Popish Church), spoke for me to the steward of a club. Still, it took time to persuade people that I was the thorough good cook I claimed to be. Nigh on a fortnight had passed before I got the chance I had been looking out for. I went home in good spirits (for me) to report what had happened, and found the brokers in the house carrying off the furniture which I had bought with my own money for sale by auction. I asked them how they dared touch it without my leave. They answered, civilly enough I must own, that they were acting under my husband's orders; and they went on removing it, before my own eyes, to the cart outside. I ran up stairs, and found my husband on the landing. He was in liquor again. It is useless to say what passed between us. I shall only mention that this was the first occasion on which he lifted his fist, and struck me.

5.

"Having a spirit of my own, I was resolved not to endure it. I ran out to the Police Court, hard by.

"My money had not only bought the furniture—it had kept the house going as well; paying the taxes which the Queen and the Parliament asked for among other things. I now went to the magistrate to see what the Queen and the Parliament, in return for the taxes, would do for *me*.

"'Is your furniture settled on yourself?' he says, when I told him what had happened.

"I didn't understand what he meant. He turned to some person who was sitting on the bench with him. 'This is a hard case,' he says. 'Poor people in this condition of life don't even know what a marriage settlement means. And, if they did, how many of them could afford to pay the lawyer's charges?' Upon that he turned to me. 'Yours is a common case,' he said. 'In the present state of the law I can do nothing for you.'

"It was impossible to believe that. Common or not, I put my case to him over again.

"'I have bought the furniture with my own money, Sir,' I says. 'It's mine, honestly come by, with bill and receipt to prove it. They are taking it away from me by force, to sell it against my will. Don't tell me that's the law. This is a Christian country. It can't be.'

"'My good creature,' says he, 'you are a married woman. The law doesn't allow a married woman to call any thing her own—unless she has previously (with a lawyer's help) made a bargain to that effect with her husband before marrying him. You have made no bargain. Your husband has a right to sell your furniture if he likes. I am sorry for you; I can't hinder him.'

"I was obstinate about it. 'Please to answer me this, Sir,' I says. 'I've been told by wiser heads than mine that we all pay our taxes to keep the Queen and the Parliament going; and that the Queen and the Parliament make laws to protect us in return. I have paid my taxes. Why, if you please, is there no law to protect me in return?'

"'I can't enter into that,' says he. 'I must take the law as I find it; and so must you. I see a mark there on the side of your face. Has your husband been beating you? If he has, summon him here. I can punish him for *that*.'

"'How can you punish him, Sir?' says I.

"'I can fine him,' says he. 'Or I can send him to prison.'

"'As to the fine,' says I, 'he can pay that out of the money he gets by selling my furniture. As to the prison, while he's in it, what's to become of me, with my money spent by him, and my possessions gone; and when he's *out* of it, what's to become of me again, with a husband whom I have been the means of punishing, and who comes home to his wife knowing it? It's bad enough as it is, Sir,' says I. 'There's more that's bruised in me than what shows in my face. I wish you good-morning.'

6.

"When I got back the furniture was gone, and my husband was gone. There was nobody but the landlord in the empty house. He said all that could be said—kindly enough toward me, so far as I was concerned. When he was gone I locked my trunk, and got away in a cab after dark, and found a lodging to lay my head in. If ever there was a lonely, broken-hearted creature in the world, I was that creature that night.

"There was but one chance of earning my bread—to go to the employment offered me (under a man cook, at a club). And there was but one hope—the hope that I had lost sight of my husband forever.

"I went to my work—and prospered in it—and earned my first quarter's wages. But it's not good for a woman to be situated as I was; friendless and alone, with her things that she took a pride in sold away from her, and with nothing to look forward to in her life to come. I was regular in my attendance at chapel; but I think my heart began to get hardened, and my mind to be overcast in secret with its own thoughts about this time. There was a change coming. Two or three days after I had earned the wages just mentioned my husband found me out. The furniture-money was all spent. He made a disturbance at the club. I was only able to quiet him by giving him all the money I could spare from my own necessities. The scandal was brought before the committee. They said, if the circumstance occurred again, they should be obliged to part with me. In a fortnight the circumstance occurred again. It's useless to dwell on it. They all said they were sorry for me. I lost the place. My husband went back with me to my lodgings. The next morning I caught him taking my purse, with the few shillings I had in it, out of my trunk, which he had broken open. We quarreled. And he struck me again—this time knocking me down.

"I went once more to the police court, and told my story—to another magistrate this time. My only petition was to have my husband kept away from me. 'I don't want to be a burden on others' (I says); 'I don't want to do any thing but what's right. I don't even complain of having been very cruelly used. All I ask is to be let to earn an honest living. Will the law protect me in the effort to do that?'

"The answer, in substance, was that the law might protect me, provided I had money to spend in asking some higher court to grant me a separation. After allowing my husband to rob me openly of the only property I possessed—namely, my furniture—the law turned round on me when I called upon it in my distress, and held out its hand to be paid. I had just three and sixpence left in the world—and the prospect, if I earned more, of my husband coming (with permission of the law) and taking it away from me. There was only one chance—namely, to get time to turn round in, and to escape him again. I got a month's freedom from him, by charging him with knocking me down. The magistrate (happening to be young, and new to his business) sent him to prison, instead of fining him. This gave me time to get a character from the club, as well as a special testimonial from good Mr. Bapchild. With the help of these, I obtained a place in a private family—a place in the country, this time.

"I found myself now in a haven of peace. I was among worthy kind-hearted people, who felt for my distresses, and treated me most indulgently. Indeed, through all my troubles, I must say I have found one thing hold good. In my experience, I have observed that people are often quick than not to feel a human compassion for others in distress. Also, that they mostly see plain enough what's hard and cruel and unfair on them in the governing of the country which they help to keep going. But once ask them to get on from sitting down and grumbling about it, to rising up and setting it right, and what do you find them? As helpless as a flock of sheep—that's what you find them.

"More than six months passed, and I saved a little money again.

"One night, just as we were going to bed, there was a loud ring at the bell. The footman answered the door—and I heard my husband's voice in the hall. He had traced me, with the help of a man he knew in the police; and he had come to claim his rights. I offered him all the little money I had, to let me be. My good master spoke to him. It was all useless. He was obstinate and savage. If—instead of my running off from him—it had been all the other way, and he had run off from me, something might have been done (as I understood) to protect me. But he stuck to his wife. As long as I could make a farthing, he stuck to his wife. Being married to him, I had no right to have left him; I was bound to go with my husband; there was no escape for me. I bade them good-by. And I have never forgotten their kindness to me from that day to this.

"My husband took me back to London.

"As long as the money lasted, the drinking went on. When it was gone, I was beaten again. Where was the remedy? There was no remedy, but to try and escape him once more. Why didn't I have him locked up? What was the the good of having him locked up? In a few weeks he would be out of prison; sober and penitent, and promising amendment—and then when the fit took him, there he would be, the same furious savage that he had been often and often before. My heart got hard under the hopelessness of it; and dark thoughts beset me, mostly at night. About this time I began to say to myself, 'There's no deliverance from this, but in death—his death or mine.'

"Once or twice I went down to the bridges after dark, and looked over at the river. No. I wasn't the sort of woman who ends her own wretchedness in that way. Your blood must be in a fever, and your head in a flame—at least I fancy so—you must be hurried into it, like, to go and make away with yourself. My troubles never took that effect on me. I always turned cold under them, instead of hot. Bad for me, I dare say; but what you are—you are. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?

"I got away from him once more, and found good employment once more. It don't matter how; and it don't matter where. My story is always the same thing, over and over again. Best get to the end.

"There was one change, however, this time. My employment was not in a private family. I was also allowed to teach cookery to young women, in my leisure hours. What with this, and what with a longer time passing on the present occasion before my husband found me out, I was as comfortably off as in my position I could hope to be. When my work was done, I went away at night to sleep in a lodging of my own. It was only a bedroom; and I furnished it myself—partly for the sake of economy (the rent being not half as much as for a furnished room); and partly for the sake of cleanliness. Through all my troubles I always liked things neat about me—neat and shapely and good.

"Well, it's needless to say how it ended. He found me out again—this time by a chance-meeting with me in the street.

"He was in rags, and half starved. But that didn't matter now. All he had to do was to put his hand into my pocket and take what he wanted. There is no limit, in England, to what a bad husband may do—as long as he sticks to his wife. On the present occasion, he was cunning enough to see that he would be the loser if he disturbed me in my employment. For a while things went on as smoothly as they could. I made a pretense that the work was harder than usual; and I got leave (loathing the sight of him, I honestly own) to sleep at the place where I was employed. This was not for long. The fit took him again, in due course; and he came and made a disturbance. As before, this was not to be borne by decent people. As before, they were sorry to part with me. As before, I lost my place.

"Another woman would have gone mad under it. I fancy it just missed, by a hair's breadth, maddening Me.

"When I looked at him that night, deep in his drunken sleep, I thought of Jael and Sisera (see the book of Judges; chapter 4th; verses 17 to 21). It says, she 'took a nail of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground: for he was fast asleep and weary. So he died.' She did this deed to deliver her nation from Sisera. If there had been a hammer and a nail in the room that night, I think I should have been Jael—with this difference, that I should have done it to deliver myself.

"With the morning this passed off, for the time. I went and spoke to a lawyer.

"Most people, in my place, would have had enough of the law already. But I was one of the sort who drain the cup to the dregs. What I said to him was, in substance, this. 'I come to ask your advice about a madman. Mad people, as I understand it, are people who have lost control over their own minds. Sometimes this leads them to entertaining delusions; and sometimes it leads them to committing actions hurtful to others or to themselves. My husband has lost all control over his own craving for strong drink. He requires to be kept from liquor, as other madmen require to be kept from attempting their own lives, or the lives of those about them. It's a frenzy beyond his own control, with *him*—just as it's a frenzy beyond their own control, with *them*. There are Asylums for mad people, all over the country, at the public disposal, on certain conditions. If I fulfill those conditions, will the law deliver me from the misery of being married to a madman, whose madness is drink?'—'No,' says the lawyer. 'The law of England declines to consider an incurable drunkard as a fit object for restraint; the law of England leaves the husbands and wives of such people in a perfectly helpless situation, to deal with their own misery as they best can.'

"I made my acknowledgments to the gentleman and left him. The last chance was this chance—and this had failed me.

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8.

"The thought that had once found its way into my mind already, now found its way back again; and never altogether left me from that time forth. No deliverance for me but in death—his death, or mine.

"I had it before me night and day; in chapel and out of chapel just the same. I read the story of Jael and Sisera so often that the Bible got to open of itself at that place.

"The laws of my country, which ought to have protected me as an honest woman, left me helpless. In place of the laws I had no friend near to open my heart to. I was shut up in myself. And I was married to that man. Consider me as a human creature, and say, Was this not trying my humanity very hardly?

"I wrote to good Mr. Bapchild. Not going into particulars; only telling him I was beset by temptation, and begging him to come and help me. He was confined to his bed by illness; he could only write me a letter of good advice. To profit by good advice people must have a glimpse of happiness to look forward to as a reward for exerting themselves. Religion itself is obliged to hold out a reward, and to say to us poor mortals, Be good, and you shall go to Heaven. I had no glimpse of happiness. I was thankful (in a dull sort of way) to good Mr. Bapchild—and there it ended.

"The time had been when a word from my old pastor would have put me in the right way again. I began to feel scared by myself. If the next ill usage I received from Joel Dethridge found me an unchanged woman, it was borne in strongly on my mind that I should be as likely as not to get my deliverance from him by my own hand.

"Goaded to it, by the fear of this, I humbled myself before my relations for the first time. I wrote to beg their pardon; to own that they had proved to be right in their opinion of my husband; and to entreat them to be friends with me again, so far as to let me visit them from time to time. My notion was, that it might soften my heart if I could see the old place, and talk the old talk, and look again at the well-remembered faces. I am almost ashamed to own it—but, if I had had any thing to give, I would have parted with it all, to be allowed to go back into mother's kitchen and cook the Sunday dinner for them once more.

"But this was not to be. Not long before my letter was received mother had died. They laid it all at my door. She had been ailing for years past, and the doctors had said it was hopeless from the first—but they laid it all at my door. One of my sisters wrote to say that much, in as few words as could possibly suffice for saying it. My father never answered my letter at all.

9.

"Magistrates and lawyers; relations and friends; endurance of injuries, patience, hope, and honest work—I had tried all these, and tried them vainly. Look round me where I might, the prospect was closed on all sides.

"At this time my husband had got a little work to do. He came home out of temper one night, and I gave him a warning. 'Don't try me too far, Joel, for your own sake,' was all I said. It was one of his sober days; and, for the first time, a word from me seemed to have an effect on him. He looked hard at me for a minute or so. And then he went and sat down in a corner, and held his peace.

"This was on a Tuesday in the week. On the Saturday he got paid, and the drinking fit took him again.

"On Friday in the next week I happened to come back late—having had a good stroke of work to do that day, in the way of cooking a public dinner for a tavern-keeper who knew me. I found my husband gone, and the bedroom stripped of the furniture which I had put into it. For the second time he had robbed me of my own property, and had turned it into money to be spent in drink.

"I didn't say a word. I stood and looked round the empty room. What was going on in me I hardly knew myself at the time, and can't describe now. All I remember is, that, after a little, I turned about to leave the house. I knew the places where my husband was likely to be found; and the devil possessed me to go and find him. The landlady came out into the passage and tried to stop me. She was a bigger and a stronger woman than I was. But I shook her off like a child. Thinking over it now, I believe she was in no condition to put out her strength. The sight of me frightened her.

"I found him. I said—well, I said what a woman beside herself with fury would be likely to say. It's needless to tell how it ended. He knocked me down.

"After that, there is a spot of darkness like in my memory. The next thing I can call to mind, is coming back to my senses after some days. Three of my teeth were knocked out—but that was not the worst of it. My head had struck against something in falling, and some part of me (a nerve, I think they said) was injured in such a way as to affect my speech. I don't mean that I was downright dumb—I only mean that, all of a sudden, it had become a labor to me to speak. A long word was as serious an obstacle as if I was a child again. They took me to the hospital. When the medical gentlemen heard what it was, the medical gentlemen came crowding round me. I appeared to lay hold of their interest, just as a story-book lays hold of the interest of other people. The upshot of it was, that I might end in being dumb, or I might get my speech again—the chances were about equal. Only two things were needful. One of them was that I should live on good nourishing diet. The other was, that I should keep my mind easy.

"About the diet it was not possible to decide. My getting good nourishing food and drink depended on my getting money to buy the same. As to my mind, there was no difficulty about *that*. If my husband came back to me, my mind was made up to kill him.

"Horrid—I am well aware this is horrid. Nobody else, in my place, would have ended as wickedly as that. All the other women in the world, tried as I was, would have risen superior to the trial.

10.

"I have said that people (excepting my husband and my relations) were almost always good to me.

"The landlord of the house which we had taken when we were married heard of my sad case. He gave me one of his empty houses to look after, and a little weekly allowance for doing it. Some of the furniture in the upper rooms, not being wanted by the last tenant, was left to be taken at a valuation if the next tenant needed it. Two of the servants' bedrooms (in the attics), one next to the other, had all that was wanted in them. So I had a roof to cover me, and a choice of beds to lie on, and money to get me food. All well again—but all too late. If that house could speak, what tales that house would have to tell of me!

"I had been told by the doctors to exercise my speech. Being all alone, with nobody to speak to, except when the landlord dropped in, or when the servant next door said, 'Nice day, ain't it?' or, 'Don't you feel lonely?' or such like, I bought the newspaper, and read it out loud to myself to exercise my speech in that way. One day I came upon a bit about the wives of drunken husbands. It was a report of something said on that subject by a London coroner, who had held inquests on dead husbands (in the lower ranks of life), and who had his reasons for suspecting the wives. Examination of the body (he said) didn't prove it; and witnesses didn't prove it; but he thought it, nevertheless, quite possible, in some cases, that, when the woman could bear it no longer, she sometimes took a damp towel, and waited till the husband (drugged with his own liquor) was sunk in his sleep, and then put the towel over his nose and mouth, and ended it that way without any body being the wiser. I laid down the newspaper, and fell into thinking. My mind was, by this time, in a prophetic way. I said to myself, 'I haven't happened on this for nothing: this means that I shall see my husband again.'

"It was then just after my dinner-time—two o'clock. That same night, at the moment when I had put out my candle, and laid me down in bed, I heard a knock at the street door. Before I had lit my candle I says to myself, 'Here he is.'

"I huddled on a few things, and struck a light, and went down stairs. I called out through the door, 'Who's there?' And his voice answered, 'Let me in.'

"I sat down on a chair in the passage, and shook all over like a person struck with palsy. Not from the fear of him—but from my mind being in the prophetic way. I knew I was going to be driven to it at last. Try as I might to keep from doing it, my mind told me I was to do it now. I sat shaking on the chair in the passage; I on one side of the door, and he on the other.

"He knocked again, and again, and again. I knew it was useless to try—and yet I resolved to try. I determined not to let him in till I was forced to it. I determined to let him alarm the neighborhood, and to see if the neighborhood would step between us. I went up stairs and waited at the open staircase window over the door.

"The policeman came up, and the neighbors came out. They were all for giving him into custody. The policeman laid hands on him. He had but one word to say; he had only to point up to me at the window, and to tell them I was his wife. The neighbors went indoors again. The policeman dropped hold of his arm. It was I who was in the wrong, and not he. I was bound to let my husband in. I went down stairs again, and let him in.

"Nothing passed between us that night. I threw open the door of the bedroom next to mine, and went and locked myself into my own room. He was dead beat with roaming the streets, without a penny in his pocket, all day long. The bed to lie on was all he wanted for that night.

"The next morning I tried again—tried to turn back on the way that I was doomed to go; knowing beforehand that it would be of no use. I offered him three parts of my poor weekly earnings, to be paid to him regularly at the landlord's office, if he would only keep away from me, and from the house. He laughed in my face. As my husband, he could take all my earnings if he chose. And as for leaving the house, the house offered him free quarters to live in as long as I was employed to look after it. The landlord couldn't part man and wife.

"I said no more. Later in the day the landlord came. He said if we could make it out to live together peaceably he had neither the right nor the wish to interfere. If we made any disturbances, then he should be obliged to provide himself with some other woman to look after the house. I had nowhere else to go, and no other employment to undertake. If, in spite of that, I had put on my bonnet and walked out, my husband would have walked out after me. And all decent people would have patted him on the back, and said, 'Quite right, good man—quite right.'

"So there he was by his own act, and with the approval of others, in the same house with me.

"I made no remark to him or to the landlord. Nothing roused me now. I knew what was coming; I waited for the end. There was some change visible in me to others, as I suppose, though not noticeable by myself, which first surprised my husband and then daunted him. When the next night came I heard him lock the door softly in his own room. It didn't matter to me. When the time was ripe ten thousand locks wouldn't lock out what was to come.

"The next day, bringing my weekly payment, brought me a step nearer on the way to the end. Getting the money, he could get the drink. This time he began cunningly—in other words, he began his drinking by slow degrees. The landlord (bent, honest man, on trying to keep the peace between us) had given him some odd jobs to do, in the way of small repairs, here and there about the house. 'You owe this,' he says, 'to my desire to do a good turn to your poor wife. I am helping you for her sake. Show yourself worthy to be helped, if you can.'

"He said, as usual, that he was going to turn over a new leaf. Too late! The time had gone by. He was doomed, and I was doomed. It didn't matter what he said now. It didn't matter when he locked his door again the last thing at night.

"The next day was Sunday. Nothing happened. I went to chapel. Mere habit. It did me no good. He got on a little with the drinking—but still cunningly, by slow degrees. I knew by experience that this meant a long fit, and a bad one, to come.

"Monday, there were the odd jobs about the house to be begun. He was by this time just sober enough to do his work, and just tipsy enough to take a spiteful pleasure in persecuting his wife. He went out and got the things he wanted, and came back and called for me. A skilled workman like he was (he said) wanted a journeyman under him. There were things which it was beneath a skilled workman to do for himself. He was not going to call in a man or a boy, and then have to pay them. He was going to get it done for nothing, and he meant to make a journeyman of *me*. Half tipsy and half sober, he went on talking like that, and laying out his things, all quite right, as he wanted them. When they were ready he straightened himself up, and he gave me his orders what I was to do.

"I obeyed him to the best of my ability. Whatever he said, and whatever he did, I knew he was going as straight as man could go to his own death by my hands.

"The rats and mice were all over the house, and the place generally was out of repair. He ought to have begun on the kitchen-floor; but (having sentence pronounced against him) he began in the empty parlors on the ground-floor.

"These parlors were separated by what is called a 'lath-and-plaster wall.' The rats had damaged it. At one part they had gnawed through and spoiled the paper; at another part they had not got so far. The landlord's orders were to spare the paper, because he had some by him to match it. My husband began at a place where the paper was whole. Under his directions I mixed up—I won't say what. With the help of it he got the paper loose from the wall, without injuring it in any way, in a long, hanging strip. Under it was the plaster and the laths, gnawed away in places by the rats. Though strictly a paper-hanger by trade, he could be plasterer too when he liked. I saw how he cut away the rotten laths and ripped off the plaster; and (under his directions again) I mixed up the new plaster he wanted, and handed him the new laths, and saw how he set them. I won't say a word about how this was done either.

"I have a reason for keeping silence here, which is, to my mind, a very dreadful one. In every thing that my husband made me do that day he was showing me (blindfold) the way to kill him, so that no living soul, in the police or out of it, could suspect me of the deed.

GERMAN STUDENTS.

THE illustration on page 460 will give our readers a very fair idea of the interior of a Heidelberg students' club-room or Kneip. It is generally furnished with plain wooden benches or tables, substantial chairs, and the walls, as in the illustration, are hung with original sketches, paintings, engravings, and photographs, and further adorned with coats of arms, huge emblematic drinking-horns, grotesque statuettes, and other objects that strike the fancy of the student.

The students of Heidelberg and other German universities are divided into Corps and Unions. The former alone are considered legitimate student organizations, and the Corps men regard the members of the more modern Unions very much as the ancient nobles of Spain regard those who have risen from the common people into their order. There is no communication between the Corps and the Unions. A Corps man would lose his head sooner than recognize a member of a Union, and, what is considered far worse, will neither give him a challenge nor accept one from him.

These club-rooms are rarely the scenes of drunkenness, though more beer is certainly drunk by the students than is good for stomach or brain. Each Corps and Union has its own room, where the members of each assemble nearly every night, about seven o'clock, and spend the evening until eleven in smoking, drinking beer, eating supper, singing, talking, and having a jolly time generally. At these meetings the latest duels are discussed, and new ones arranged. Members of the same society are not allowed to fight each other, but only members of rival Corps. Generally student duels are not the result of personal quarrels. One Corps will send a challenge to another, with the list of champions selected to uphold its honor; and the President of the challenged Corps will select an equal number of his own men to meet them. The best of friends sometimes find themselves crossing swords at the bidding of their President; and in such cases, however severe the contest may be, no bad blood comes of it. There are, of course, more serious duels, which sometimes terminate fatally; but these are very rare. Except in a case of personal quarrel, where a fatal result is sought, the combatants are so protected by wadded armor that nothing but the face is exposed to wounds, and the efforts of each are directed to disfigure his opponent's countenance. A slash from the temple to the lower jaw is not infrequent, and sometimes a poor fellow loses the end of his nose, or gets his mouth widened from ear to ear. Very proud are the students of these wounds, and even in after-life they often refer to them with hearty pride in the boyish chivalry of these contests. It is said that Count VON BISMARCK still cherishes with affection the memory of his first duel, and loves to talk over the incident whenever he meets his old antagonist.

During the first two or three years of their university course German students lose much time in their nightly revels and in their duels; but toward the close they make up the deficiency by prodigious application, and rarely fail to pass a creditable examination. The wildest of them, after graduating, settle down into quiet and sedate citizens, whom no one would ever suspect of a reckless youth.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"FRANK," said an affectionate mother the other day to a promising boy, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much you will get so after a while that you won't care any thing about work." "Mother," replied the hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, "I have got so now."

A gentleman, whose nose had become distinctly colored with the red wine he was wont to imbibe, said one day to his little son at the table: "You must eat bread, my boy; bread makes your cheeks red." The little boy replied: "Father, what lots of bread you must have snuffed up!"

One of the sable orators of old Virginia made a good point when he said, "De oyster got mo' sense dan some folks, 'cause he know when to keep his mouf shet."

TAVERN SCENE.—"Landlord, come here; I have got a secret that will make your fortune for you." "No! what is it?" "Do you see that roast goose at the head of the table?" "Yes; what of it?" "That is the very one whose cackling saved Rome."

"Jimmy, my boy, take these eggs to the store, and if you can't get a quarter bring them back." The boy went as directed, and came back, saying, "Father, it takes me to make a trade. They all wanted them at forty cents, but I screwed them down to twenty-five."

A Western coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from exposure. "What do you mean by that?" asked a relative of the dead man. "There were two bullet-holes in his skull." The coroner replied, with a wave of his magisterial hand, "Just so; he died from exposure to bullets."

A little girl in school, being asked what a cataract or waterfall was, replied that it was hair flowing over something, she didn't know what.

A Sunday-school teacher, deploring the lack of attendance on his ministrations, appealed to the few present: "What can I do," said he, "to get the boys and girls here?" "I know," said one of the urchins. "What is it?" "Give 'em all five cents apiece."

A CLASS OPPOSED TO LEGISLATION UPON "ABSTRACT PRINCIPLES."—Pickpockets.

MRS. H——, a young mother, was exhibiting with considerable pride to a number of admiring friends her first baby. Finally approaching little Dan, a boy of five years, the happy parent said: "Dan, isn't this a dear little baby?" Dan hesitated a moment, turned up his eyes, and answered: "Yes, but it's bald-headed."

Dearest Muggins, thou hast left us
For to seek another shore,
And our loving hearts are broken
At the thought that thou didst go.
Weep not, dearest Mrs. Muggins,
For the loved one death hath lured,
Rather smile in the conviction
That his life was well insured.

The man who tore his coat thinks rents are increasing.

There was a refreshing directness in John's solution of this theological problem propounded by his wife: "John, do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" "Yes. Do you think we shall be bigger fools there than here?"

A gentleman who follows the profession of schoolteaching on the Western Reserve in Ohio, gave out one morning as a reading lesson to his first class that portion of "The Merchant of Venice" in which the "pound of flesh" scene occurs. The reading finished, he asked the class what Shylock meant when he said, "My deeds upon my head." "Well," said the tallest boy, "I don't know, unless it means he carried his papers in his hat!"

"Dey may rail against women as much as dey like," said a darkey lately; "dey can't set me against dem. I hab always in my life found dem to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust, best, and de last in de sick-room. What would we do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly, as helpless as we please, and a woman's arm am ready to receive us. She it am that guv us our fust dose ob castor-oil, and puts clothes on our helpless naked limbs, and clubbers up our foots and noses in long flannel petticoats; and it am she, as we grow up, dat fills our dinner-basket wid dough-nuts and apples as we start for school, and licks us when we tear our trowsers."

The gentleman who desired a small watering-place for the hot months has been offered the position of driver of one of our sprinkling-carts.

A HIGH DESTINY—Hanging.

THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CIRCLE—The Arctic Circle, which no one has succeeded in getting into.

"Drowning men will catch at straws." So will drinking men.

"I feel," moaned a dying cobbler, "that I wax weaker every day, and that I am gradually approaching my end; only a few more stitches and awl will be over. In heaven there is rest for the sole; earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heel." Having said awl he wished, he calmly breathed his last.

"Lenny," said his maiden aunt, "you should eat the barley that is in your soup, or you'll never get a man." Lenny, looking up innocently, inquired: "Is that what you eat it for, aunty?"

A sentimental youth says he prefers hanging on the neck to hanging by the neck, but that both are dangerous.

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A STUDENTS' CLUB-ROOM AT HEIDELBERG.—[SEE PAGE 459.]

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MR. DICKENS'S HOUSE AT GADSHILL.

MR. DICKENS'S HOUSE AT GADSHILL.

GADSHILL is doubly illustrious in English literature — first, as the scene of one of SHAKSPEARE'S most celebrated pieces of humor, and, secondly, as the residence of the greatest and most universal humorist who has lived since SHAKSPEARE'S time. Even as a child Mr. DICKENS nourished an ambitious fancy for becoming the owner of the house at Gadshill. His father had told him that if he worked hard and minded his book he might one day live in such a house, and the speech sank deep into the child's heart. Years after, when Mr. DICKENS was contemplating a removal from the city to the country, his intimate friend Mr. W. H. WILLS

CONSTANTINOPLE FIREMEN.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

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chanced to meet a lady at dinner who had recently inherited a house and grounds of which she was anxious to dispose. The house was in Kent; it had various features resembling Gadshill, which made Mr. WILLS listen with increasing interest, till presently he found that it was the very place of Mr. DICKENS's boyish dreams. So Mr. DICKENS became the possessor of Gadshill.

On page 461 we give an engraving of this interesting mansion. It is to be sold, together with the valuable collection of pictures gathered by its illustrious owner.

CONSTANTINOPLE FIREMEN.

A GLANCE at the second illustration on page 461 will help to explain the ravages of the recent fire in Constantinople, in which seven thousand houses were destroyed, and above two thousand lives were lost. The fire brigade of the Ottoman capital consists of a horde of half-naked, undisciplined savages, armed with clumsy little hand fire-engines, about as effective as garden watering-pots to check a serious conflagration. Fires are never put out in Constantinople. A building that once takes fire is doomed, as nothing but want of material checks the flames.

VISITING IN CHINA.

A VISIT of ceremony is conducted with great politeness. Your card must be sent on before you by a special herald—a "ting-chai" (the Chinese are well up in the fashion of cards, which they have long practiced)—who should be dispatched in good time to allow of proper preparation by those who are to receive you. Your rank being stated on your card, you are received according to it by the gentleman upon whom you call. He comes out a certain distance, in proportion to your rank; he bows and you bow, while each says "Chin chin," and you are invited in; but at every doorway he pauses and politely proposes you should precede him, which you decline as politely; and at last, after many protestations, he goes first, with some pretty apology. When the room is entered, and each is seated, attendants enter with cups of tea and sweetmeats, and the customary compliments are passed, beginning with "Qua shing?"—"What is your honorable name?" "What is your honorable age?" and fifty questions which to us seem half rude and almost insulting; but this curiosity toward an honorable acquaintance is not considered at all so—indeed, it would be in a Chinese gentleman's eyes very rude not to make all these inquiries. The orthodox half hour having passed, and the business (if any) to be transacted being over, the guest is conducted away toward the door with the same ceremony; and if of superior rank to his host, and he wishes to show him great respect and honor, he sees him to his sedan and waits as he moves away, bowing profoundly, and exclaiming, "Chin chin!"

ADVENTURES OF A MUMMY.

PROBABLY few of our readers ever heard of a coroner's inquest being held on the body of an individual nearly 4000 years after his death. That such was the case in one instance, at least, the following singular tale will show:

Amenophis III. belonged to that long line of magnificent Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty whose power may be said to have been cradled with Aahmes, the conqueror of the shepherds, described in Scripture as "the king which knew not Joseph." In due course of time Amenophis III. went the way of all flesh, and was gathered to his fathers, and the *first* inquest was then held over the body of this mighty king; for the custom among the Egyptians was that, after embalming, a formal inquest was held over the deceased previous to interment. The burial-places of the Egyptians being usually situated on the western bank of the Nile, it became necessary to carry the deceased across the water. And this was deemed of such consequence, in a religious point of view, that when the river did not intervene an artificial lake was made for the purpose. Before the coffin was placed in the *Makhen*, or sacred boat, forty-two judges took their seats beside the water, and all comers were publicly cited to accuse the deceased. His relatives attended on the other side, in order to record his good qualities, when judgment was given *pro* or *con*. If a just impediment was alleged, the body was remitted to the house till the family could disprove the accusation, or discharge the debt. If the verdict was favorable, an attendant touched the mummy with the symbol of approval, and it was conveyed to the tomb in the midst of priests reciting prayers, incense-smoking, and surrounded with all the gorgeous *éclat* of funereal rites.

Years rolled by. The palaces and temples of Thebes fell into ruins, and in the course of ages a stranger from England, in the course of his wanderings, lighted upon the valley containing the royal tombs, and, with that curiosity which is so inherent to the English mind, took upon himself to disturb the ashes of the dead after a peaceful repose of between 3000 and 4000 years. The mummy of this mighty Pharaoh found its second resting-place in the Isle of Jersey; but after a few years the museum came to grief, and the different articles that had been lent to it were returned to their respective owners. The mummy, together with a goodly collection of Egyptian antiquities, was sent back to Mr. Gossett, the father of the gentleman who had brought them from the East; at whose death, a few years later, they were equally divided among his five sons. The mummy fell to the lot of a personal friend of the writer, who was living in England at the time, and who, on returning to Jersey, after an absence of some years, found it lying quietly in a merchant's store, but a good deal injured by the damp, and somewhat mouldy from its weight of years. My friend could not succeed in getting house-room for it, so, after consulting with his kinsfolk and neighbors, it was thought advisable to burn it, in order to prevent the remains turning up and causing trouble on some future occasion. So, in the dog-days of 1856, he ordered an undertaker to provide a decent shell which might serve as a funeral pyre, the cases which contained it being far too costly to be sacrificed as fuel on the occasion. Then, having obtained a suitable supply of fagots for the purpose, he proceeded early one morning to a field of his own, about a mile from the town of St. Helier, and there, with the assistance of a relative, disposed of the mummy of the mighty Pharaoh by reducing it to dust and ashes. Vainly supposing that all was over, and that no more would be ever heard of these royal bones, our arsonic friends quitted the scene of the catastrophe, leaving two of their servants in charge of the pyre, whom they directed not on any account to leave the place until every trace or vestige of human remains had disappeared. But this they neglected to do when their master's back was turned, and hence the trouble which speedily followed.

My friend was obliged to leave early for England the next morning, and what was his astonishment and horror to find every body on board the steamer talking of a double murder which had been committed the day before in the island, the murderers, it was said, having been caught *flagrante delicto* burning the bodies, in order to avoid detection. Here was a pretty kettle of fish to fry. The following account, taken from one of the local journals, will enable our readers to understand the unpleasant predicament in which my friend thus unexpectedly found himself, and all through a laudable anxiety to dispose decently of poor Pharaoh's bones:

"About noon yesterday the remains of two* human bodies were discovered in a spot well suited for concealment, where a stone had been quarried, near the road between Bagot and Bagatelle. The greater portion of the flesh had been consumed by fire from materials collected in the immediate vicinity. The head and teeth of one are perfect, except some injuries which it is supposed must have been produced by severe blows; of the other, the skull is broken into pieces. A brick with some coarse cloth adhering to it was near or among the charred remains."

A later paper reports that "a jury, called by the Deputy Viscount, went to the spot with the Attorney-General to view the remains of the bodies. There were assembled the constable of St. Saviour and a number of other members of the police. Smoke was yet visible issuing from the charred heap of bones and matter, supposed to be the remains of two women who rumor said had been murdered in this secluded spot. A skull, whitened from the effects of the fire, was clearly visible, and also several portions of a second. Dr. Vaudin was present, and, on examining the bones, found them *full of animal matter*. Among the heap he turned up some fowl bones, and a goat's head with the horns still visible, as also a quantity of broken glass and nails, all which tended to add to the mystery. The jury, having been sworn, proceeded to hear the evidence. Mr. Henri Malzard was the first witness called. He said that he rented the field called La Hurette from Mr. A. Gossett; and that when walking over his farm, and arriving at this secluded spot, he perceived the fire, the heap of bones, and on the top the human skull. He called his son, who went for the police. The son corroborated the father's evidence, and orders were given by the Attorney-General to have the remains of the two bodies carefully taken up, under the superintendence of Dr. Vaudin, and conveyed to the General Hospital, there to be analyzed.

"The jury was on the point of adjourning, when a young lad came up, and, on inquiring what was going on, said that these bones were the remains of mummies, which Mr. Gossett had burned in the morning. We can not describe the effect which this startling announcement had upon the jury.

"Mr. P. Gossett was immediately sent for, and, on his arrival, explained that about 7 A.M. he and five friends had burned a whole male Egyptian mummy, part of a female mummy, and a quantity of other human bones, which were contained in a case. Not knowing what to do with this lumber, and not wishing to bury it, he had resolved to burn it, intending to return in the evening to bury the ashes. After this explanation, the jury returned the following verdict:

"'That the remains are those of an Egyptian mummy, and other human remains, the property of Alfred Gossett, gentleman, and that they were burned in the corner of a field belonging to the said Alfred Gossett, on Thursday morning, by order and in the presence of Philip Gossett.'

"These mummies had been, we understand, for a considerable time in the possession of Mr. Gossett's family. Hundreds of people flocked in the evening to the scene of the supposed horrible tragedy; and, at first, all the circumstances wore such a mysterious aspect that an unfortunate individual was actually temporarily arrested, having been seen in the neighborhood of the supposed crime. Of course, as soon as the mystery was cleared up, the poor fellow was set at liberty."

Such was the way in which the inhabitants of Jersey interpreted my friend's attempt to provide a funeral pyre for these royal remains. But all was not yet over, as he found to his cost. For after the inquest a bill of the expenses was sent in, which a lawyer advised him not to pay, on the ground that the law in Jersey required that the relatives of the person on whom an inquest was held should be responsible for the expenses, but when the body was that of a stranger the expenses should be paid out of the public funds. So to law my friend went, with more zeal than discretion. But it was all to no purpose. The case was tried in one court, and judgment was given against him; he vainly appealed to a higher court, where he was cast again, with many pounds out of pocket into the bargain; and so, before all was over, he was severely punished for his treatment of poor Pharaoh's bones.

As a finale to the adventures of this royal mummy, the cases which contained it, and which were of great splendor and considerable value, were accidentally destroyed by a fire in 1865. It was my friend's intention to have presented them to the Exeter Museum, which was rich in the possession of another mummy and case of nearly the same age, and he was about to take steps for that purpose, when the warehouse where they had been for some years accidentally caught fire, and the cases disappeared in the flames.

* Among the curiosities burned on the occasion there was a *second* skull, together with some bones of the sacred ibis, which were commonly placed by the Egyptians in the coffins of the dead.

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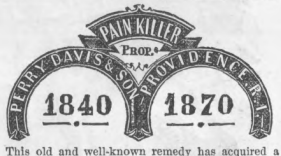

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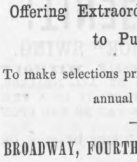

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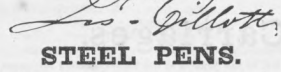

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

WITH THE DICKENS SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. XIV.—No. 708.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

In the extremity of the south transept of the venerable Abbey Church of St. Peter, at Westminster, is a place allotted by traditional custom to the burial or obituary record of men whose literary genius has adorned the English nation. For many ages this has been called "Poets' Corner." Here is the tomb of GEOFFREY CHAUCER, "the Father of English Poetry," who was also a man of official business, Clerk of the Works in the precincts of the King's palace at Westminster, including the Abbey. He died in October, 1400, at his house close by, which stood on the site of HENRY VII.'s Chapel. The first English printer, CAXTON, who set up his types and worked his press in a chapel of the Abbey, caused a simple tablet, with a couplet of Latin verse written by a scholar of Milan, to be placed above his friend CHAUCER'S grave. A century and a half later, in 1556, Mr. NICHOLAS BRIGHAM, "in the name of the Muses," erected the well-known monument of gray marble, with a full-length statue of CHAUCER, copying the head, the costume, and the attitude from OCCLEVE'S contemporary portrait. That was the beginning of Poets' Corner.

In this sacred precinct, within a few steps of old CHAUCER'S grave, lie the remains of CHARLES DICKENS. The engraving underneath shows the position of the grave in respect to the well-known cenotaph of SHAKSPEARE, which stands against the wall, with the monuments of NICHOLAS ROWE, JAMES THOMSON, MATTHEW PRIOR, SOUTHEY, and THOMAS CAMPBELL; these confronting those of ADDISON, MACKENZIE, and HANDEL, and the bust of THACKERAY. Nearly opposite the grave of DICKENS is that of Lord MACAULAY.

In accordance with the following explicit directions in his will, no costly monument will be erected to his memory: "I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. .....I enjoin my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto."

After his interment "Poets' Corner" was visited by thousands, many of whom brought flowers to lay upon his grave, which will henceforth be a sacred spot, with the New World as well as with the Old, as that of one of the greatest representatives of the literature not of England only, but of all who speak the English tongue.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

☞ *With the present Number of the* WEEKLY *we lay before our readers a Supplement, containing the fourth Monthly installment of*

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Six Parts of this story were completed when the author was stricken down by death. They will be given in the WEEKLY *in due course.*

☞ *Next week will be commenced the publication of*

"BRED IN THE BONE,"

a new Serial Story of great interest, founded on incidents of Prison Life in England, by the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," *and other popular Novels.*

THE OLD STORY.

AT the late Commencement of Cornell University ex-Governor SEYMOUR delivered an address upon the character and influence of New York as moulded by its founders, and its history as determined by its topography and geography. The orator stated and urged the claims of the Dutch element in our history. In Mr. SEYMOUR'S judgment, it is not from England, depressed by the long tyranny of the PLANTAGENETS, the TUDORS, and the STUARTS, but from republican Holland, that we derive our best ideas of constitutional and commercial law and municipal freedom. To the Puritans, on the other hand, he thinks that we owe a certain vigor of character and appreciation of education and religion. It is the happy mingling of both elements that forms our character. Mr. SEYMOUR calls the principle of the Revolution, "no taxation without consent," a Dutch principle. But it would not be very difficult to show the steady assertion of the substance of that principle through all the tyranny of PLANTAGENETS, TUDORS, and STUARTS in England. It is not, indeed, from the England depressed by that tyranny, but from the England protesting against it, that America derives its impulse.

Mr. SEYMOUR devoted a considerable part of his address to the explanation of the theory and working of our system of self-government. It is a system which keeps at home the mass of political power, and which does not regard the central government as the source of authority. The orator showed the vital importance of local authority, and asserted the doctrine of State rights. But in our system that is not the necessary assertion. Both reason and experience show that we need to cultivate a national rather than a local feeling. The ties that attach an intelligent people to their town or county or State are close and obvious. They are those of neighborhood, and of direct personal interest. Indeed, in the natural force of that attachment is the ground of peril to the common peace. The most powerful argument against the formation of the Union was the appeal to this jealousy of local authority; while the most convincing proof of the folly of pushing that local authority to extremity was seen in the impotence of the old Confederation. But justly measuring the relative tendencies of centralization and dispersion under a republican system among people in the condition of the colonies, HAMILTON said that, in the Union as formed, the centrifugal would be stronger than the centripetal force; and the event has proved that he was correct.

The element of discord in this country has never been a centralizing spirit, but the doctrine of State sovereignty. This disorganizing tendency began with the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, which were, in essence, the declaration of an authority incompatible with that of a national union, and which, logically, restored the Confederation. Still further and later, the doctrine of State sovereignty was invoked to justify a fatal injury to the common welfare of all the States. Mr. SEYMOUR says that "under our institutions evils are at once removed when intelligence and virtue have shown them in their true light to the communities in which they exist." But our history shows that the greatest of all evils was first fostered by the theory of State sovereignty into monstrous and appalling proportions. Then, that under the same plea the attempt was made not to remove it, but to impose that evil permanently upon the whole country. And when that was opposed, the same theory of State sovereignty attempted the common ruin by disintegration.

The war, the enormous loss of life, and the immense debt are the consequences of the inculcation of the theory of State sovereignty until it became the serious belief of a part of the country that any State was at liberty to revoke its assent to the compact of union, and withdraw. This fatal delusion was greatly due to precisely the kind of statement that is found in Mr. SEYMOUR'S address. And Mr. SEYMOUR'S own hesitating, doubtful, reluctant position during the war was owing to the ascendency which such views had obtained over his mind. The greatest of evils in a free State menaced the Union. "Let the Union go," said Mr. SEYMOUR, in substance, "rather than abolish slavery by the national authority." And plainly, if the government had been administered by those who held the views that Mr. SEYMOUR holds of it, it would not have been maintained. The advice of the Chicago Convention, of which Mr. SEYMOUR was president, to yield to the rebellion, would have been adopted.

The indifference and hostility to the Union which resulted in the war were, we say, fostered by such lessons as those of Mr. SEYMOUR'S Ithaca address. "Instead of being the source of authority," he says, speaking of the national government, "it only receives the remnant of power after all that concern town, county, and State jurisdiction have been distributed." By such teachings the feeling of jealousy and suspicion of the Union has been always instilled. So the tendency in our system which is naturally much the stronger, and which needs no forcing, has been stimulated. It seems to us that Mr. SEYMOUR would better have used the occasion if he had devoted his unquestionable historical attainments, and his reflection upon them, to showing to his young audience that the vital fault of every confederation has been its weakness; that this result is due to obvious causes; that therefore our fathers designed a Union and not a Confederacy; that the harmony of our Union was constantly disturbed and threatened by the undiscriminating assertion of local supremacy; and that this assertion culminated in the bloody and disastrous rebellion to destroy the Union. He might then have shown that, with a wise distribution of political duties in our system, the power of the nation is the guarantee of every thing that is most truly republican in the subordinate forms; and that while an intelligent people will naturally love and maintain their local authority, they should constantly cherish a noble patriotism which makes the glory of the nation the pride of every citizen.

This, rather than the tone of distrust of the national government which pervades all the teachings of the State sovereignty school in which Mr. SEYMOUR was educated, should be the political lesson of to-day in the United States.

CONGRESSIONAL COURTESY.

THE student of the Congressional debates can not help seeing and regretting that the national legislature indulges in a great deal of captious personal criticism. The manners of Congress, indeed, are marvelously improved since the days of the plantation ascendency. The passages between General BUTLER and General FARNSWORTH, or between any other honorable gentlemen, are very much more tolerable than those of the time of BARKSDALE, PRESTON BROOKS, JAMES M. MASON, and WIGFALL. We do not expect now, as then, to see bowie-knives opening, revolvers glistening, and wigs flying when a difference occurs; nor is it easy now to imagine a Representative going into the Senate chamber and deliberately attempting the assassination of a Senator in his seat while other Senators look calmly on. Therefore, disagreeable and mortifying as the Republican bickering is, it is not barbarous ferocity, as when the Democratic party, struggling to perpetuate slavery, was dominant in Congress and the country. It is the party that laughably calls itself "conservative" which played the bully in Congress, as it did in the politics of the country.

As the principles of the Republican party are noble instead of ignoble, civilizing instead of barbarizing, it is a misfortune that it did not allow all trace of bad manners to vanish from Congress with the party of slavery. But honorable gentlemen become so interested in the advocacy of favorite measures that they are sometimes overbearing, and do not spare the unhandsomest insinuations even against their own party friends. Surely a man may differ with another as to the wisdom of a method of attaining a common object without fairly exposing himself to the charge of recreancy to the object. And it is certain that a taunt is the worst of arguments. If Mr. A. and Mr. B. are both seeking a road to a pleasant inn in these fervent days of July, and Mr. A. says that he thinks this way is the straightest, and Mr. B. says that the other road is the shadiest, and Mr. A. thereupon retorts that it is because Mr. B. basely does not wish to get to the inn at all, what must we all say of Mr. A. but that he jumps to conclusions with ludicrous celerity? One thing, at least, is evident, and that is, that he does not wish to convince Mr. B.

We are very sure that honorable gentlemen, in the heat of the weather and of debate, wholly forget what impression will be made upon the country by the little sneers and slurs which they so freely scatter. Those who have the sincerest respect for distinguished Representatives and Senators can not read without very unpleasant emotions that they exchange accusations and insinuations like angry boys at school. Self-command is a very beautiful and a very important virtue; and if one honorable gentleman forgets it, it is a great pity that other honorable gentlemen should immediately hasten to follow his example. Moreover, it is well to remember that the meanest possible motive that can be imagined for supporting a measure is not necessarily the reason that influences the action of honorable colleagues. It was precisely this spirit which accused Senator GRIMES, one of the honestest men in Congress, of being a Judas Iscariot and sold for thirty pieces, because he could not see that a certain charge had been proved. It was, indeed, conceivable that a Senator might be bribed; but to insinuate that a man of the best character was bribed, because he took a different view from his accuser, was unpardonable. One gentleman of the press sneered at the idea of Mr. FESSENDEN'S claiming to have a conscience. Nobody could be supposed to have a conscience who didn't agree with that particular gentleman of the press.

The offenses against courtesy of which we are speaking are, we repeat, very different from the brutality and barbarism of conduct which characterized the days of Democratic ascendency, with its plantation policy; and he who observes the petulant carping and retort of to-day, and straightway concludes that things are as bad as ever, is as foolish as he who, seeing that there are objections to some Republican measures and men, immediately decides that one party is just like another. But as the public principles and character and history of the Republican party are the noblest in the annals of the country, its Representatives in Congress should take care that their public manners correspond.

A DEAD LOCK.

A LATE dispatch from Washington says that "upon the question of the respective powers of the two Houses in relation to treaties there seems to be a dead lock." The point of the difference is that the House of Representatives claims the right of deciding for itself whether it will appropriate the money which may be required to fulfill a treaty, and without which the treaty would be void. This is, in fact, a claim of power to defeat a treaty which involves the payment of money; and it is a very important question whether such authority is according to the spirit of the Constitution, or whether the House is bound by the action of the President and Senate.

When the clause in regard to treaties was considered in the Constitutional Convention this difficulty was indirectly suggested, by a proposed amendment that no treaty should be binding which was not ratified by law. Mr. MADISON suggested that a distinction might be desirable, that some treaties should be made by the President and Senate, and others by the whole legislature. Afterward Mr. WILSON moved to add the House of Representatives to the Senate in the clause defining the treaty-making power. But he had very little support. In the Virginia Convention the clause was objected to, as giving the President and the Senate authority to dismember the territory of the Union. But this was denied by Mr. MADISON. The chief paper in the *Federalist* defending the treaty-making clause was written by JOHN JAY. But not in that, nor in all the discussion of the subject, was it suggested that, by refusing an appropriation essential to the fulfillment of a treaty, the House of Representatives might exercise an absolute veto upon the power expressly granted to the President and Senate.

The Constitution gives the President authority, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur;" and it provides that "all treaties made, or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." In view of these provisions, after the President and Senate had made the treaty for buying Alaska, could the House, by refusing the appropriation, have nullified it? If it could, is it not a very essential part of the treaty-making power, and can that be justly alleged after the distinct refusal of the Constitutional Convention to make it so?

The object sought by GOUVERNEUR MORRIS'S motion, that no treaty should be binding until ratified by law, is secured by the constitutional provision as it stands. The clause making a treaty the supreme law of the land is its enacting clause as law. When it is made according to the Constitution, the treaty binds the United States and every department of the government, as well as the judges in every State. The House of Representatives can no more constitutionally decline to recognize it than the State courts or the Supreme Court of the United States. If it refuses to make an appropriation involved in the treaty, upon the ground that it does not approve it, it usurps an authority which was constitutionally withheld, and claims to take part in making treaties. And even if the broad claim should be made that the House holds the purse, it is of course by virtue of the Constitution, which, in the case of treaties involving money, has, so far as regards the treaty stipulations, reserved the control of the purse to the Senate and President.

Yet the right claimed by the House is not likely to be surrendered. Members will plead that they can not vote money for a purpose which they do not approve, and that if they must vote, they can not evade the responsibility which by that necessity is laid upon them. To a treaty which, by its own terms, can not be carried out but by the action of the House, the House will claim that it is of necessity a party, and must use its discretion. It was understood long ago, when the St. Thomas treaty was pending, that, even if the Senate ratified it, the House would not make the appropriation. And certainly there was no way of compelling it. The result will be that no treaty involving the payment of money will be actually operative except by the consent of the House. Mr. WILSON'S amendment, which was rejected in the Convention, is thus virtually approved by the practice of the country; and Mr. MADISON'S suggestion, that, for some treaties, the concurrence of the whole legislature should be required, is virtually adopted.

A HOME QUESTION.

THE Indian difficulty seems to be almost hopeless. Two influential chiefs have just been at Washington and New York, seeking to come to some understanding. They are scarcely back again upon the plains—the RED CLOUD has hardly vanished—when the black cloud rolls up, and we are told that we are to have a war. If it be a general war it will be a terrible war; a war full of atrocities and involving enormous expense; and when there comes a lull called peace we shall find that the only result is an immense increase of the debt and a slight decrease of the Indian population. It is not very easy to discover what the exact understanding was between the Government and RED CLOUD. His complaint, however rhetorically served up in the reports, was very distinct. It was the old story of bad faith. "You are the strong power," he says. "You ask us to make a treaty. We make it, and you break it." And that is undoubtedly the truth. Yet it must be allowed that the Indians are a wild and impracticable race; that contact with civilization corrupts them; and that, if we break treaties, they are also treacherous and ferocious. We must deal with facts, not with theories nor hopes nor wishes. It can not be honestly said, for instance, that the approach of the white race and civilization have made the Indian cruel. They found him so.

Shall they, then, be exterminated? If the bare suggestion be denounced as infamous, it is evident that we must do something else than fight them perpetually. But if we find that we can not manage them from without, can we not manage them from within? If, for instance, RED CLOUD and others be really chiefs of influence, why not make them directly serviceable? Why not prove to them the generous intention of the Government, show them its willingness to atone liberally for injuries, explain to them the difficulties which necessarily surround the subject, persuade them that it is not hostile but friendly, and so win the leaders who command the tribes? MACAULAY, in his essay upon "Ranke's History," says that the administrative genius of the Roman Church shows itself conspicuously in turning to account every kind of material, every whim and prejudice and fanaticism and passion. Instead of allowing the discontented or the zealous to withdraw as sects, it organizes them as orders. LOYOLA, at Oxford, would have headed a secession; JOHN WESLEY, at Rome, would have been made general of a new society in the Church.

The principle is as wise in the government of a country as in that of a Church. Is it wholly impracticable in our Indian policy? Is it impossible for us to prove to RED CLOUD and his brethren that their highest interest lies in friendly relations with us, relations that we will honestly maintain? If, indeed, mutual intelligence is impossible—if RED CLOUD is a mere grizzly bear, and it would be as reasonable to attempt relations with the buffaloes as with the Indians, which seems to be the theory of some, let us act accordingly. There is no prohibition upon hunting the buffalo. Every hunter rides and shoots at his own risk. We propose no buffalo treaties; we have no buffalo reservations. If the Indians are mere horned beasts, the only care we need have is to prevent them from goring the frontier. But if they are not buffaloes we must act differently. If we make treaties with them, we must insist that they be observed. The Chinese question excites Congress to that degree that it loses its temper and bandies unhandsome epithets in the freest manner. Is there nobody in Congress from the West familiar with the details of the Indian question who is interested enough to propose an honorable and feasible policy?

PRUSSIA AND FRANCE.

IF General PRIM really wishes to place a German prince upon the throne of Spain, it is the most remarkable event of the revolution in that country. That he thinks Spain must have a king, because a republic seems to him, as probably also to CASTELLAR, impracticable, is very likely; but that he supposes any other than a Spaniard could be a suitable monarch for Spaniards is very difficult to understand. The experiment of foreign kings does not succeed in modern history. The Bavarian OTHO in Greece, and his successor, the Danish GEORGE, are not

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enticing examples, and the fate of the Austrian MAXIMILIAN in Mexico is a melancholy warning. If Prince LEOPOLD supposes that a foreigner could sit peacefully upon the Spanish throne, he is clearly incompetent to undertake the task. If he supposes otherwise, it is inconceivable that he should wish to try it. It certainly is not an extravagant presumption that General PRIM, believing a king to be indispensable, also believes that he must be a Spaniard, and that when it is proved to be impossible to find one of the Spanish blood royal, and impracticable to crown one of any other royal house in Europe, it will be necessary to "create" a king; and since ESPARTERO is not available, who so promising as the leader of the revolution, who has vainly searched Europe for a monarch, and "which his name" is PRIM!

But, on the other hand, if the Cortes—the immediate and elected representatives of the people of Spain—invites Prince LEOPOLD to become king, and the Prince accepts, it would seem to be peculiarly the affair of the Spaniards and the Prince. But LOUIS NAPOLEON declares that under no pretext would France permit a German prince to sit upon the throne of Spain. It is not, however, very long since LOUIS NAPOLEON was entirely willing that a German prince should sit upon the throne of Mexico. But in the Mexican case it was an Austrian who was the humble servant of the French Emperor. In the Spanish case it would be a Prussian and the pupil of the French Emperor's master in state-craft. LOUIS NAPOLEON'S reasoning, of course, is that if Prussia under BISMARCK, which still holds to the Rhine and which has recently eclipsed the French prestige, should also plant itself along the Pyrenees, that prestige would be grievously diminished. To prevent such a result he would be willing to go to war; and, after the late election, he feels himself able to speak for France.

Such a contest begun by France would be an old balance-of-power war. If the Spaniards prefer a German HOHENZOLLERN to a French BONAPARTE for king—if they choose to ally themselves to Prussia rather than to France—they have an unquestionable right to do so. The principle of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S protest is intolerable, because it is one that would lead to endless difficulties. It would renew the wasting war of the Spanish succession. It has been somewhere said that if Prussia persists it would be on her part a mere dynastic war. But if she persists, what is it that she persists in? Merely in permitting one of her princes to accept the invitation of the Spanish people. This makes all the difference. If Prussia had asserted a claim to the Spanish throne, or had proposed to seat one of her princes upon it without a request from the people, a contest would have been unjustifiable. But Prussia refusing to allow France to interfere with her acceptance of the Spanish invitation, can not be fairly held responsible for a war which France may choose to undertake—a war which, on the part of France, would be an attempt to make her will regulate the alliance of Prussia and Spain.

But the result is not one to be decided by reason. After the declaration of the French Foreign Minister war would seem to be inevitable, unless Spain or Prussia should recede. And it might seem certain that one or both would do so except for the fact that BISMARCK is a greater statesman than LOUIS NAPOLEON, and must have considered every probability. The protest of France was of course expected by him. After the *plebiscite* the character of that protest could not have been doubtful. That he did not expect it is incredible. That he should be willing to withdraw when it is made is not easily conceivable; for it would be to forfeit his renown for astuteness. That he is willing to measure swords with France, or involve Europe in war, seems doubtful. The situation is, therefore, one of peculiar and profound interest.

RUNNING INTO DEBT.

WHEN the last installment of the public debt created by the war of 1812 was ready to be paid—provision having been made for the purpose during the administration of General JACKSON—its payment was delayed through the instrumentality of the Bank of the United States, in order to wait, as was charged, for the creation of an equivalent amount of State debt, so that the money might be retained in this country. An examination of the creation of the State debt at that early period will show that it grew up in the proportion in which the last installments of the national debt were paid or expected to be paid. At a triennial meeting of the stockholders of the bank, held in Philadelphia while this process was going on, a resolution was passed that the thanks of the stockholders were due to the Board of Directors "for the distinguished aid which they had furnished in preventing the payment of the public debt from interfering with the course and value of pecuniary investments, and with the currency of the country." The meaning of which is, that through the instrumentality of the bank the later installments of the debt had been shifted over upon the shoulders of the States. The object of sending Mr. CADWALLADER to England was supposed to be to gain time on behalf of the bank to pay the foreign creditor; but, although it escaped observation at the time, the true purpose undoubtedly was to negotiate for substituting the one for the other, while at home the creation of State securities was to be encouraged.

The State debt grew more rapidly in Pennsylvania, where the parent bank was located, than in any other State. The secret hostility to the policy of the Administration which, in the view of those who had a horror of debt, this action was supposed to embrace, made it quite apparent that a bank was not the agency to be trusted with that duty. Institutions of that character will seldom take part in the policy of contraction which is involved in sending specie abroad to pay off the public debt. An exaggerated estimate of the power of the country was made at that time on account of the supposed rapid payment of the whole debt. The portion of it thus shifted over upon the States still stands as an encumbrance as to which the trial of payment is still to be endured.

The United States is now repeating this experience. It appears from the statements of Mr. WELLS, Commissioner of Interval Revenue—with a copy of the last of which, addressed to Mr. A. T. STEWART, we were furnished in advance of its publication—that for the fiscal year ending with the 30th of June, 1869, the balance against us for the year on the imports and exports of *merchandise*, for interest on national, State, and corporate bonds, for the excess of freights carried in foreign bottoms, and for the expenses of Americans abroad, was about $210,000,000. It appears from his recent approximate estimate for the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June, 1870, that the balance against us on these several heads for this year will amount probably to $182,000,000. It appears that for the first ten months of the fiscal year specie to the amount of $21,933,783 had been exported, leaving the residue of the $182,000,000 to be met with *securities!*

The opportunity to pay off the public debt in frequent installments—a measure which is the distinguishing feature of the Administration—has been used as the occasion for creating all manner of State, city, and corporate securities, which have been sent abroad, since the inauguration of General GRANT, to an amount largely in excess of the total sum paid off by the government. More than twelve hundred millions of securities have been sent to Europe since the termination of the war, mainly for extravagance in some of its forms, and we are still progressing in this easy policy. The principal stands as an encumbrance to be severely felt when the process of paying interest in gold shall be substituted for that of paying it to the foreigner in additional securities.

The debt of Great Britain is but little felt, because it is held chiefly by subjects of the kingdom. The holder of it pays in the shape of taxes a large share of the interest he receives; but we are soon to find that ours, to the extent held abroad, will constitute a serious charge upon our industry and a damaging and incessant drain upon our resources. What the country wants is a comprehensive policy that shall stop the further increase of debt, and place its industry in a situation to meet the coming burden.

We have no means of testing the accuracy of Mr. WELLS's approximate estimate submitted to Mr. STEWART, in answer to inquiries from him; but supposing the annual debt one-half, whither are we drifting? The estimate involves a vast amount of detail which can be commanded only by the means and power of the government. The examination includes a complete view of what emigrants bring over, of the extent of smuggling, of the excessive valuation of exports, with a view to advances, and the under-valuation of imports, with a view to save duties. No other exposition has been attempted, and it would be vain for any private person to do so. The duty of informing the country of the true state of facts, and of uttering the warning which it involves, is distasteful, particularly to those who have legislative jobs to complete by borrowing money from Europe. But the great fact stands in confirmation of Mr. WELLS's figures, that over twelve hundred millions of securities have been taken by Europe since the war, although at the end of the war we stood as England does of hers, the holders of our own public debt—an advantage which ought not to have been surrendered.

ONCE MORE.

THE late excitement in regard to the appointment of a Collector for the port of New York is a striking illustration of our system of the civil service. The nomination of Mr. MURPHY in place of Mr. GRINNELL was considered wholly upon other grounds than those of an efficient public service. The chief objection urged against Mr. MURPHY was that he was not a friend of Senator FENTON. And to obviate this objection it was alleged that Senator FENTON ought not to complain, because he "has" the Postmaster and the Appraiser and certain other officers; and a statement was published of the number of offices which Senator FENTON has "filled with his friends." The Custom-house, it was stated, had been admirably organized when General GRANT came in.

The Collector was the President's man. The Surveyor was Senator CONKLING'S man. The Naval Officer was Senator FENTON'S man. It was a happy family. Why disturb the felicity?

The consequences of such a system are plain enough. Jones wishes a place in the customs. "Jones, are you a FENTON man or a CONKLING man, or are you the President's man?" This is the question, and nobody more clearly than the three gentlemen named can see the folly of such a system. The public welfare, as they know, necessarily suffers. It does not suffer because there are not as fit men in office as out of office, but because, when you make the Custom-house a political machine merely, the public business is not only postponed to political interests, but private morals are seriously imperiled. It is notorious that there are persons who, having spent a great deal of money in securing the election of certain candidates, are afterward confident of appointments in the civil service, where they "may get their money back again." But the salaries are very small, and they can get their money back again only by a system which seems to have lost its stigma of vice by becoming universal. When Mr. TWEED offers to pay the return passage of the Fenian army from the frontier, readers of sweet sixteen suppose that the sum is drawn from the fruits of his private industry. Let us hope that sweet sixteen is correct. But all the honest private industry conceivable can not draw more money from a fixed salary than the figures express. Meanwhile minor officers in the customs and elsewhere become rich.

But so long as the people of this country persist in maintaining this system they must not sneer at it nor complain of it. If every fourth dollar of the money collected for public purposes disappears, it is because the people are satisfied with a looseness of system that promotes waste. And while it continues it is the business of honest men to take care to get their honest friends appointed to office. Mr. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, has nobly protested and refused to accept a renomination, except with the distinct understanding that he should not be expected to interest himself in office-seeking for others. But the evil system and his patriotism will be too strong for him. He can not, even if he would, evade the duty of keeping bad men out and putting good men in. But he and the President and all honorable and intelligent men, who are unwilling to see our politics degraded into a mere scramble for the spoils, would gladly be relieved from the arduous necessities of the present system.

The civil service, as now constituted, is a provision for the friends of influential politicians. The tenure of office is neither character, capacity, nor industry, but fidelity to certain persons. The penalty of active interest in public affairs in this country—an interest which is a duty—is the civil service system; for it is impossible to leave the offices to be filled by unfit persons without a protest and an effort to substitute those who are fit. Yet this effort is balked and baffled by the very system which makes fitness to consist in political "work." The real question submitted to the Senate of the United States upon the proposition to advise and consent to the appointment of Mr. MURPHY as Collector of New York was not, "Is he honest, capable, and faithful to the Constitution?" or even, "Is he a Republican?" but, "Is he a FENTON Republican?" Surely the Senator himself, with all other good citizens, whatever they may have felt or hoped in this particular case, will agree that this is not the kind of question which should be decisive upon such an occasion.

NOTES.

THE return of Mr. DAWSON to the Albany *Evening Journal*, and the association of Mr. CHARLES E. SMITH in the proprietorship and management of the paper, promise that it is not only to maintain but to advance its high character. Mr. DAWSON is well known, and Mr. SMITH brings from the Albany *Morning Express* a well-earned reputation, not only of great familiarity with public affairs, and the best editorial tact, but of admirable accomplishment, of a thoughtful and sagacious mind, of the loftiest principles, and of an unfailing spirit and courtesy, which are invaluable to a journalist and to any journal.

MANY ladies of the city have engaged in what is well called "The Flower Charity," the distribution of fruits and flowers and books among the hospitals, and especially at Bellevue and Blackwell's Island. Mr. BRENNAN, the Warden of the Bellevue, has very heartily acknowledged the grateful service, and we know that it is warmly approved by the physicians and surgeons in charge. There are wildernesses of beautiful flowers blooming in the neighborhood of the city, flowers which would be an inexpressible blessing to the weary eyes and hearts in the hospitals; and to those who own those pleasant gardens which are wasting their sweets, we commend these words from one of the ladies, who is deeply interested in this good work:

"I wish every one who sends us flowers or fruit could see the pleasure they give, and how the women look out for us. At Bellevue, the other day, we heard a woman in bed call out: 'They're coming!' and then there was a general stir and look of pleasure among them all. One of them said to us: 'You don't know, Miss, what company the flowers are at night, when it's all dark and I can't sleep—they do smell so sweet.' .....Two of our ladies went to Blackwell's Island one day with one hundred and eighty bouquets, and enough strawberries to give some to all the incurables. The same day we took one hundred and fifty bunches of flowers, some strawberries, and fifteen pounds of hot-house grapes up to Bellevue. The last were very welcome. There was one wretched old sick woman, especially, who had them, and said, every time one of us passed her bed, 'Bless you, dear, I haven't tasted any thing since I lay down here that was good before; they set so sour to my heart.'

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DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 2.—In the Senate, the Naturalization bill was under discussion, but no definite action was taken.—In the House, a bill was passed forbidding the conveyance of Indian reservations by treaty to any other grantee than the United States, another for the protection of settlers on the public domain, and also one forbidding the sale of public lands in certain States and Territories except under the pre-emption and homestead laws.

July 4.—The Senate was in session, having refused to adjourn over the Fourth. The Naturalization bill was taken up, and an amendment adopted to strike the word "white" from all naturalization laws.

July 5.—The Senate consumed most of the day in discussing the Tax bill, without making much progress.—In the House, Mr. Washburne, from the Select Committee on the Postal Telegraph, presented a report in favor of the proposed Government system, and explained the system as now in operation throughout Europe. The report was ordered to be printed, and to be taken up for consideration in December next.

July 6.—In the Senate, the Conference Committee on the Currency bill reported that they had adopted the bill as passed by the Senate, with a modification fixing the new currency to be issued at fifty-four millions. Provision is made for the immediate distribution of this increase among the several States, and for a redistribution when the census for 1870 shall have been made. The report was adopted.—In the House, several bills to carry out decisions of United States courts in relation to British vessels illegally seized by United States cruisers were introduced, all of which were passed. The total claims allowed in these bills amount to $685,882, with interest.

July 7.—In the Senate, the Naval and Fortification Appropriation bills were passed, as was also the Congressional Apportionment bill fixing the number of Representatives at 300, after being amended so that States having a fraction of population exceeding one-half the amount required for a Representative shall be entitled to an additional member.—In the House, the report of the Conference Committee on the Currency bill was adopted. Most of the session was devoted to the discussion of contested election cases.

July 8.—In the Senate, a bill to relieve about seventy-five Kentuckians from civil disabilities was passed, after the names of Gustavus W. Smith and Basil Duke had been stricken from the list. Subsequently a General Disability bill, relieving about five thousand of those engaged in the rebellion, was passed, after certain names had been stricken therefrom.—In the House, an acrimonious personal debate took place between Mr. Dawes and Mr. Peters, on the Additional Deficiency bill, for which both parties afterward apologized. A bill regulating the mode of ratifying constitutional amendments was passed by a vote of 128 to 54. The bill makes it unlawful for any State officers to certify a repeal of a ratification when once made, and affixes a penalty of fine and imprisonment for an attempt to repeal such ratification when once consummated.

July 9.—In the Senate, the Army bill was passed very nearly as reported. The question of a pension to Mrs. Lincoln was considered, but not acted upon. The appropriation for the Polar expedition was reduced to $50,000.—In the House, the Senate amendments to the Tariff and Tax bills were considered. The first amendment, striking out all special taxes, was concurred in. The Senate's action in relation to the Income Tax, making the rate two and a half per cent., was sustained, but the amendment to continue the tax two years was rejected. The amendment in regard to sugars was non-concurred in. The amendments reducing steel and railway bars each a quarter per cent. per pound were both agreed to. All the other amendments were acted on, and those non-concurred in were referred to a Conference Committee.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

On Monday, July 4, the oath of office was administered to the Judges of the new Court of Appeals of this State, at Albany, where the Court is now in session.

During June of this year 34,097 immigrants, and among them 13,693 Germans, arrived at this port, against 41,577 immigrants, and among them 13,942 Germans, in June, 1869.

Another large fire, continuing through eight days, has devastated the Saguenay region of Canada, and the Dominion Government has been asked for $25,000 to relieve the suffering occasioned thereby.

A general massacre of white miners by the Ute Indians has recently taken place near North Park, Wyoming Territory. The bodies of the unfortunate miners were shockingly mutilated.

It is reported that Red Cloud is in camp on Tongue River, north of Fort Fetterman. The belief is expressed that he is gathering his tribe to take the war-path.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE is great suspense and excitement in Europe over the threatening attitude of France and Prussia. The throne of Spain having been offered to a German ex-sovereign, the Prince of Hohenzollern, and accepted by him, France assumed the choice to be in the nature of an insult and menace on the part of Spain and Prussia, and demanded that the Prince should withdraw. Prussia explained that the Prince was not a member of the royal family, that he was free to accept or reject the offered crown, and that either course would not affect her neutrality. England and Austria decline to be drawn into the dispute. It is reported that Prince Napoleon has gone to Copenhagen to propose treaties of alliance with Denmark and Sweden. Active preparations for war were, at last accounts, in progress in France, without, however, relaxation in the pending negotiations. A fleet of transports for 30,000 troops has been ordered to be prepared at Cherbourg.

Ex-Queen Isabella has sent official notification of her abdication to all foreign countries.

The Emperor Napoleon assumed mourning for eight days, in respect to the memory of the late Jerome Patterson Bonaparte.

A fund is being raised in Liverpool, under the auspices of Sir John Lubbock, of London, in aid of the sufferers from the *Oneida* disaster.

The most recent reports from Cuba are quite favorable to the insurgents. The situation of the Spaniards in the Eastern Department is said to be unfavorable, while in the vicinity of Santiago de Cuba the troops are reported to have been several times defeated recently under the Cuban leaders, Diaz and Gomez. The planters oppose emancipation, and have raised large sums of money to send to Spain to defeat the measure.

The latest advices from Rome assert that the doctrine of infallibility was to be proclaimed in that city on the 17th of July, in the Church of Leo IV.

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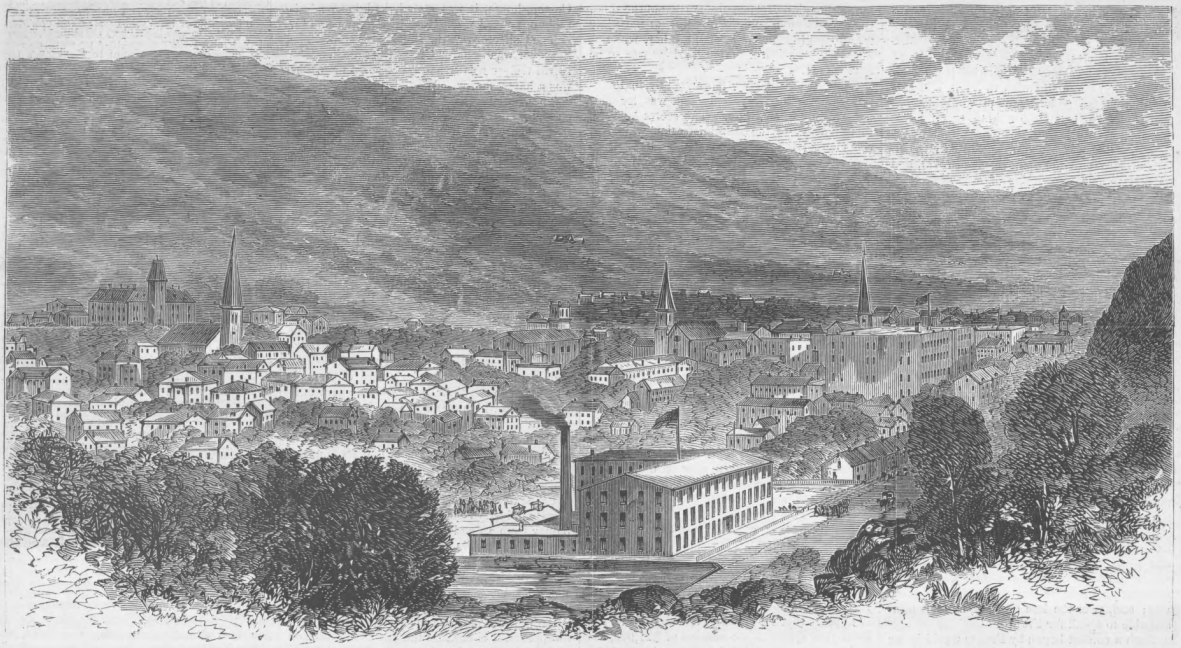


THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND—NORTH ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND.

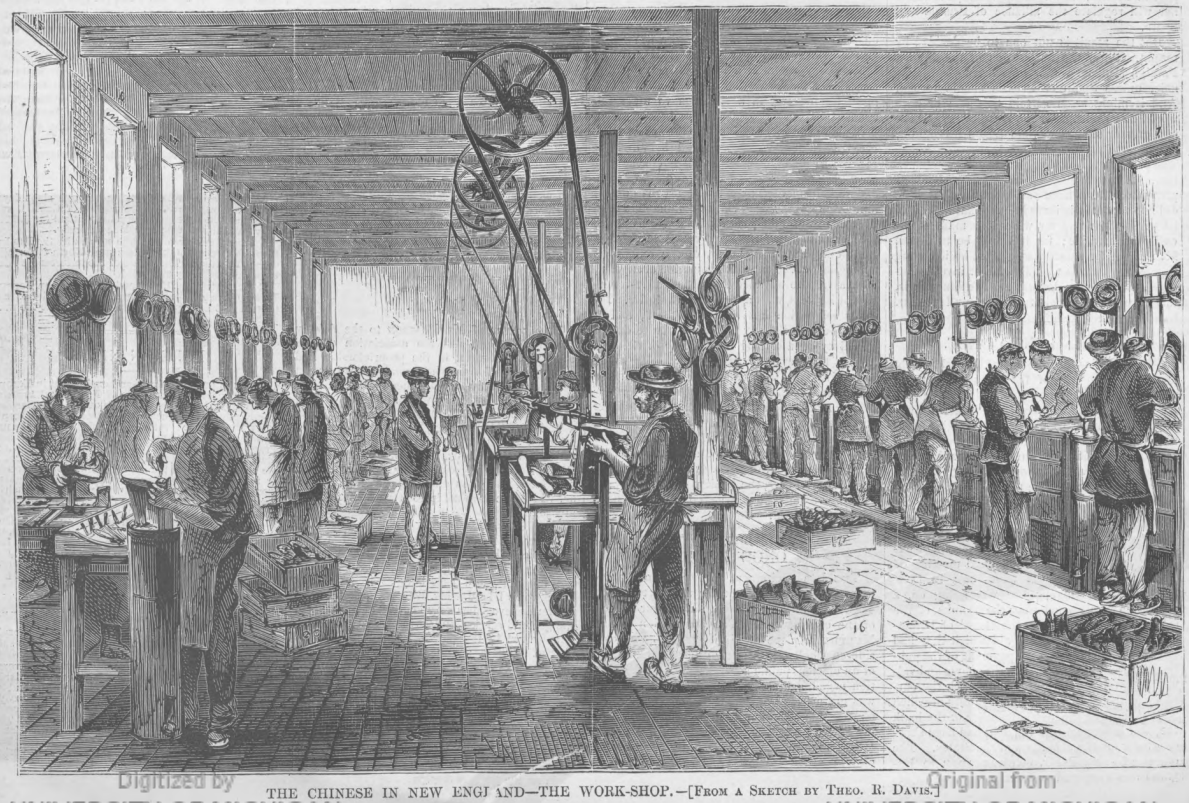
THE illustrations on this page afford our readers a view of the locality of the new movement which has created such a furor among the working-people of the Northern States. The story is a brief and simple one. Mr. SAMPSON, a large shoe manufacturer of North Adams, Massachusetts, finding that the expenses of his business were fast outrunning his profits, proposed to his workmen last spring a slight reduction in wages. After taking the matter into consideration the workmen sent him word, through a committee, that, if he would permit them to inspect his books, they would decide whether the state of his business required such a reduction. Mr. SAMPSON naturally declined the inspection of his private affairs; and finding the workmen unwilling to come to an understanding on any other terms, he determined to see what could be done with the Chinese. Accordingly he sent a confidential agent to San Francisco to procure the services of a certain number of Celestial immigrants. The agent, as is well known, succeeded in this mission. It should be understood that the immigrants came east of their own volition, and that Mr. SAMPSON's enterprise has no connection whatever with that of Mr. KOOPMANSCHOOP.

One of our illustrations represents the work-room in Mr. SAMPSON's manufactory, where the Chinese are employed. They are put to one branch only of the business—that of fastening on the soles. The cutting, stitching, and finishing are operations performed by others in other apartments. The men are intelligent and smart, and very readily learn the management of machinery. Since their arrival in North Adams their deportment has been excellent, and the prejudice at first existing against them is said to be gradually giving way.

North Adams, as our sketch of the place shows, is a pleasantly situated, thriving manufacturing village. The large building in the centre of the fore-ground is Mr. SAMPSON's factory, where the new experiment with imported laborers is going on.

DISLIKE TO SERMONS.

WHY is it so much the fashion to profess a dislike to sermons? At first sight there would seem to be a certain breach of our ordinary customs. Few men, and scarcely any women, would have the courage to say that they disliked the prayers; why should it be permissible, or even respectable and proper, to avow a dislike for the preaching? After all, if our religious professions have any meaning, and if we hold that religious truths are more or less applicable to modern souls, we should be glad to hear the application made by an honest and able man—and there is no want of preachers who well deserve those epithets. The suggestion that the truths are too trite to be impressive would be to the purpose if it were the function of preachers to demonstrate first principles of morality; but it is the highest task of all poets and orators to exhibit the eternal freshness of great truths; and they are never more effectively employed than in giving new force to the most obvious of maxims. It would be as sensible to say that landscape painting is henceforth impossible because the sea and the sky have been represented so often. It is equally far from the real point to say that we can read instead of listen. We do not go to a great speaker to be persuaded, but to be infected. The whole theory of eloquence depends upon a law of nature which has been illustrated by innumerable anecdotes. Such, for example, is the old story of the man who persuaded a crowd that a certain stone lion wagged his tail by the simple expedient of asserting it in public with an air of conviction. There is no proposition, however ludicrous, for which you can not obtain proselytes, if you will only persuade people not that it is capable of demonstration, but that you personally believe in it.



THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND—THE WORK-SHOP.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER IV.

Exploring Expeditions.—The Signal Station.—Shooting Cormorants.—Adventure with Seals.—Picturesque Coast Scenery.—Forcing Way through the Thickets.

THE work of building their cabin and constructing the furniture which they provided for it consumed a great deal of time. The labor extended, in fact, through the summer, and the month of March, that is the commencement of the fall, set in before they were ready to occupy it. During the time while they had been chiefly employed in this work various excursions were made by different members of the party, with a view of exploring the shores and the interior of this island. Some of these expeditions were connected with their work, having for their object the finding and bringing in of materials required in the construction. Others were for observation, in hopes that they might see, from an eminence, some vessel passing by. On one of the first of these excursions they set up a signal flag, to call the attention of the people on board any such vessel as might come in sight. They chose for this purpose a high and prominent peak near the mouth of Port Carnley, the great bay into which they had entered when they first arrived at the island, and in one of the inner branches of which the vessel was wrecked. They went down the bay to the place which they had chosen for the signal, in the boat, taking with them the materials necessary for the work. When they reached the spot they set up a tall and stout pole, with a flag displayed at the top of it. The pole was braced by cords fastened to stout stakes set in the ground at a short distance from the pole, on different sides. Underneath the flag they lashed securely to the pole a bottle, tightly corked, and containing written directions for finding their camp, for the guidance of any person who might see the flag and come to the spot.

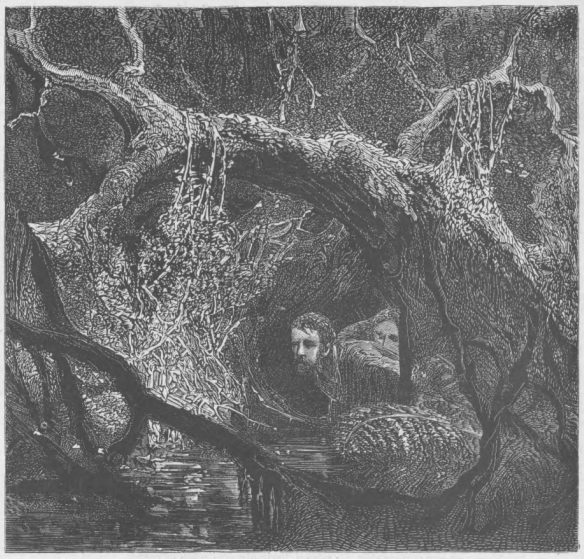
Several of the excursions were made on the water, by means of the boat. In these cases they coasted along the shores of the great bay, and explored the various islands and capes and inlets, to see what discoveries they could make that might promise to be useful to them. Sometimes they met with unexpected good fortune in these expeditions. In returning from their excursion to the mouth of the bay to set up their signal pole, in coming round a certain point of land, they started up a large flock of sea-birds, called cormorants, from the rocks before them. Mr. Raynal seized his double-barreled gun, and, by the discharge of both barrels, brought down twenty-six of the birds, which the men took with them to their camp. They found the flesh rank and oily, but it was less disagreeable than the flesh of the seals. And at any rate it was a change for them.

They saw at different times, in the course of these excursions, a great number of seals. Sometimes the seals were swimming in the water, and sometimes basking in the sun along the shore. As is generally the case with animals living upon uninhabited islands, they showed very little fear of man. Indeed the sight of the boat and the men in it seemed to awaken in them sentiments of anger and ferocity rather than of fear. At one time a great number of sea-lions were swimming in a bay which the boat entered, and as soon as the boat came in sight they gathered around it, actuated, as their motions seemed to indicate, partly by curiosity and partly by a feeling of rage and defiance. They perhaps regarded the boat with its occupants as some novel kind of marine monster, and soon appeared to conclude that it was an enemy, and began to gather around it, evidently with hostile intentions. Some of them, more bold than the others, came up near and began to bite at the ends of the oars. At last one of them—a monster in size and strength—seized the bow of the boat and came very near upsetting it, which he would probably have done if Aleck had not in an instant grasped the boat-hook and hit him a blow with it upon his head, which made him let go his hold and swim away roaring with rage and pain. He left deep marks of his teeth on the gunwale of the boat. The men kept the others at bay by striking at them with their oars and with the boat-hook until they had passed out of their way.

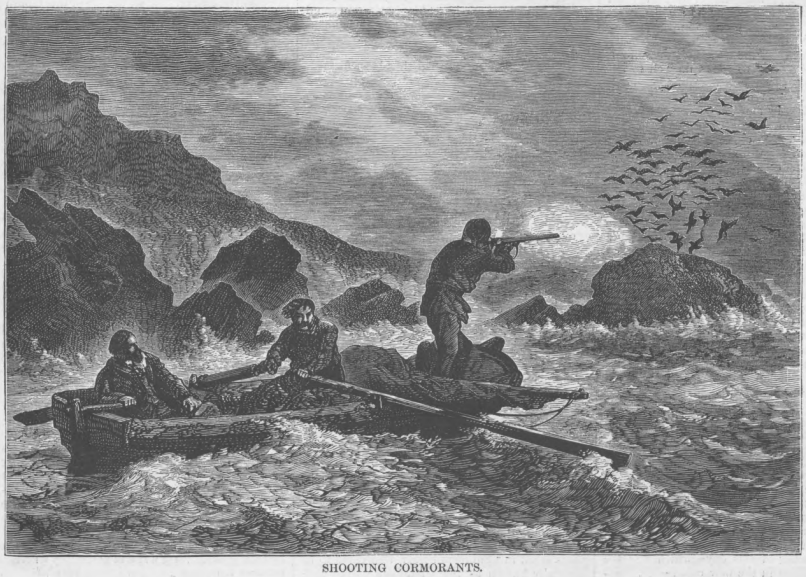
They found a favorable place for landing soon after this; and on going on shore they discovered two young seals asleep under the trunk of a fallen tree. They killed them and carried them home in the boat. They found the flesh of these whelps much more tender and palatable than that of the mature, or nearly mature, animals that they had eaten before.

Some of the excursions which they thus made by water along the coasts were quite extended, and not unfrequently they found the scenery and the conformation of the rocks extremely picturesque. As they had a sail to their boat, they could go to considerable distances with comparatively little fatigue. At one time, however, when they were about ten miles from home, they found the wind coming in dead against them, on their return, and they were obliged to row back against it all the way. They reached their tent—for this was while the cabin was in process of construction—almost entirely exhausted by fatigue. Besides these little voyages along the coast, they sometimes made excursions into the interior, though these were, of course, attended with much greater difficulty than expeditions by sea. Within a very few days after the wreck two of the seamen, George and Harry, made the first attempt to penetrate into the interior, with a view of reaching, if possible, the summit of a mountain which rose a short distance from the place where they had landed. They accomplished their object, though they met with very great difficulty in making their way through the almost impenetrable thickets, which they found extended from near the shore to the foot of the mountains. These thickets were so dense, and the branches of the trees and bushes grew so low, and were so gnarled and stiff, that the men had to crawl on their hands and knees through an opening made by the seals, over wet and boggy ground, and swamps interspersed with pools of water. In some places they had to stop and cut their way with their knives. They, however, finally succeeded, and gained the comparatively open country which lay around the base of the mountain. Thence they had only steep and nearly naked rocks to climb till they reached the summit.

There they were repaid for their fatigue by the magnificence of the view which extended all around them. The whole group of islands lay at their feet. Their eyes could follow the contour of the shore, and could trace the forms of the smaller islands, which were separated from the central one, on which they stood, by narrow and tortuous channels of water. The interior consisted of bold and rugged peaks of rock, rising high in the air, the sides and summits nearly destitute of vegetation, but hemmed in below by the dense and entangled thickets which they had been passing through. The peaks and pinnacles which were seen in all directions were of the most fantastic forms. To some of the most prominent of these they gave names. There was one they called the Giant's Peak, and another near it, which bore some fancied resemblance to a sepulchral monument, received



CLAMBERING THROUGH THE THICKETS.



SHOOTING CORMORANTS.

THE SUNDAY SERVICE.

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the name of the Giant's Tomb. The men returned from their excursion at night entirely spent with fatigue and exposure, and they sat down in the tent to their supper of cold roast seal with a most excellent appetite.

In some of the excursions that they made by land they followed the coasts, instead of penetrating into the interior; but this was difficult, on account of the broken and precipitous rocks, and the deep chasms and indentations which every where bordered the shore. They made the first of these attempts to follow the shore on land very soon after they commenced building their cabin. For some time they encountered great difficulty on account of the roughness of the way. At length they came to a stream, which they were obliged to ford. After passing this stream they came suddenly upon something like a beach, which afforded them for a time easy walking; and they found it perfectly delightful to be able to walk along on smooth and level ground without any difficulties or obstructions. It was the first time since they landed that they had enjoyed such a luxury.

Their chief object, in this expedition, was to procure seals for food. Soon after they passed the beach a monstrous sea-lion came up out of the sea, and advanced to attack them. George went forward to meet him, and hit him so hard a blow with a club with which he was armed as to kill him on the spot. Immediately afterward the men heard a wailing sound in the thicket, and on going to the place they found two young seals in their lair. It was probably to protect his family that the old seal had come out of the water to attack the intruders.

The young seals looked up piteously to the men, as if imploring mercy; and their eyes had so sad and intelligent an expression that the men found it very hard to resist their appeal. But their own necessities were too urgent to allow of their indulging in any feelings of sentiment; so they killed the poor things, and carried them home.

CHAPTER V.

A Government organized.—The Rules and Regulations.—The Sunday Service.—Mr. Raynal's experimental Fishing.—Naming the new Habitation.

THE work of finishing the cabin and making explorations consumed the whole summer. It was not until the 5th of March that the cabin was ready for occupancy. Thus far there had been no organization of the party of any kind, nor any authority or subordination other than the natural deference and submission felt by the seamen toward those who had been clothed with official authority on board the vessel, but whose authority, of course, ceased entirely when the vessel was wrecked. The subordination thus resulting from habit was doubtless greatly strengthened and increased by the conviction, on the part of the men, of the superior education, intelligence, and skill of Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave, and of their ability to judge best in respect to what was to be done. Every thing had gone on tolerably well thus far under this system.

There had been some disputes, and occasionally some practical inconvenience, from the want of an openly recognized and acknowledged authority; still the work had gone on, upon the whole, very satisfactorily. Mr. Raynal thought, however, that now since it was possible that they might be obliged to remain on the island during the whole winter, even if they were destined ever to be released, it was desirable to establish some formal system of organization, and that the time of taking possession of the cabin would be a favorable opportunity for inaugurating it.

The 5th of March was the day, as stated above, on which the cabin was finished, ready for occupancy. They built a great fire in the fireplace on the morning of that day, and spent the forenoon in moving in their goods and chattels from the tent. Most of the remainder of the day was occupied with arranging things and "getting settled;" and, when night came, they made up their beds upon the rude frames which they had erected for bedsteads, and went to bed, when the time came, each in his own corner.

During the night, Mr. Raynal revolved in his mind the particulars of his proposed organization, and matured his plan. He decided to give the organization a form and constitution, based on the idea of the *family*.

Accordingly, the next morning he drew up articles of agreement and proposed them to the whole company. They were unanimously approved.

They were substantially as follows:

1. That they should formally constitute themselves a family, and appoint one of their number as the head of it.

2. It should be the duty of the head of the family to maintain order and union among them, with as much gentleness and forbearance as possible, but still with firmness and decision; and to prevent, so far as he could, all discussions which were likely to degenerate into disputes.

3. That in case any dispute or difficulty should arise in the absence of the head, between any members of the community, the matter should, as soon as possible, be referred to him, and that he, with the advice and assistance of those members of the company who were not interested in the dispute, should decide the question. If the one who was decided to be in the wrong should refuse to submit, and should persist in the wrong, then he should be excluded from the community, and be required to live by himself in some other part of the island until he should be restored.

4. The head of the family should take the direction and command of all hunting and exploring expeditions, and of all operations of every kind which it should be thought best to undertake. He should divide and distribute to the men their respective shares of the work, without, however, being excused himself from taking his share.

5. In all important cases, before coming to a decision, he should take the opinions of the rest of the company, and be governed by the judgment of the majority.

6. The company reserved to itself the right to depose the chief in case they should find that he exercised his authority in a manner to promote his own selfish aims, and to elect another in his place.

These articles, having been approved by all the company, were inscribed formally on one of the blank leaves of the Bible. Then all the men, putting their hands together upon the sacred volume, bound themselves by a sacred oath to respect and obey the constitution which they had thus adopted. Mr. Raynal says that the ceremony was performed by the men in a very serious and solemn manner.

They also agreed that a religious service should be regularly performed every Sunday morning in their new home, to consist of reading a chapter from their Bible, and repeating a prayer. This regulation was afterward regularly observed.

The next step to be taken was to elect one of their number to fill the office of Head of the Family, thus constituted. Mr. Raynal nominated Captain Musgrave, who, young as he was, was the oldest man in the company; and he was unanimously elected.

From that time Captain Musgrave was recognized as the chief. He took his place at the head of the table, and was excused by the voice of the rest from taking any part in preparing the food. This duty henceforth devolved in regular rotation upon the other four, each taking his turn for a week at a time. Mr. Raynal, though the original and real head of the whole expedition, did not seek to excuse himself from taking his part with the rest, in the most servile labors. Indeed he asked the privilege of taking his turn first in the domestic service. So while the rest—after the arrangements above described were completed—set off on a hunting expedition for the day, he remained at home, and set himself at work to "wash up the breakfast things," and to cook the dinner.

The care of the dishes, he says, was by no means an unimportant duty. It is true that some of their utensils were of cast iron, and so could not be very easily broken. But their plates were of crockery, and they had only five; just one for each person. The breaking of one of them would have been consequently no small misfortune. In the care and precaution which they took to avoid such an accident, they set an example which many of the domestics in well-appointed houses among us might do well to follow. Mr. Raynal said they felt quite proud of the result; for these five plates were washed three times a day, by four different persons, during the whole time—more than a year and a half that the company were on the island—without any of them being broken; and yet one of them was cracked already when they began.

Mr. Raynal's first attempt at getting dinner proved eminently successful. After having "done up the morning's work" he conceived the idea of trying to procure some fish for dinner. He found in his chest a few rusty fishhooks and a line. Taking these, and manufacturing a rude sort of pole out of the best materials that he could obtain, he went down to a point of land at a little distance from the cabin, and was successful in catching several fishes. These he fried, and when the men came home at noon from their hunting excursion they were as much astonished as delighted to see such an addition to their dinner. They at once named the point where the fish had been taken Point Raynal, as may be seen by its designation on the map at the commencement of these articles.

That evening Captain Musgrave proposed that they should give a name to their new habitation. So every one proposed a name, and each one maintained that his was the best. To settle the question they wrote the names on slips of paper, and drew one of them from a hat. The one which came up was *Epigwait*, the name which Captain Musgrave had proposed, and which he said meant, in the language of some of the redskins of North America, near the Great Water.

On the evening of this day—which was the first evening spent in the new cabin—Mr. Raynal proposed to the company several plans for amusement, and for occupying their time during the long winter evenings that were approaching. One plan was to have an evening school. Harry and Aleck did not know how to read and write, and Mr. Raynal proposed to teach them, while they in their turn would teach him their respective languages—the Norwegian and the Portuguese. Thus the school was to be one of mutual instruction. George, the Englishman, had already learned to read and write, and he was accordingly to form, by himself, an advanced class in arithmetic. Mr. Raynal was to teach them all French. These proposals were at once acceded to by all the men, with great enthusiasm.

Nor was the subject of amusements forgotten. It was necessary, Mr. Raynal thought, to join the agreeable with the useful, and so they set to work to provide some means for playing games. Captain Musgrave contrived to make a little board with holes, for playing the game of "Solitaire," and Mr. Raynal made a checker-board. He condensed smoke from the burning lamps so as to produce lampblack enough to paint the black squares, and used chalk for the white ones. The blubber of the seals, as usual, furnished the oil. The men he fashioned from wood—taking white pine for one color, and a red wood, like cedar, for the other.

Mr. Raynal considered it so important to provide every possible means of amusement and enjoyment for the family that he carried some of his inventions to the verge of the region of vice. But he was very soon frightened off from that ground; for he found that these indulgences threatened to produce their usual bitter fruits, even in so small and primitive a community as theirs. The circumstances were these:

When considering the different kinds of games which he could provide the means of playing, he naturally thought of cards. They had a little flour among their stores. With this Mr. Raynal made some paste, and by means of it manufactured some pasteboard, by joining together a sufficient number of leaves from an old journal which he had in his chest. He cut his cards out of the sheets thus manufactured, and drew figures upon them, somewhat rudely no doubt, but sufficiently distinctive for the player to recognize the different cards in playing the game. The cards when finished were at first a great source of amusement to the men; but they soon began to lead to quarrels and disputes. At length, one evening, Captain Musgrave and Mr. Raynal themselves came to a misunderstanding about a game which they had been playing. At the end of it Mr. Raynal took the cards, and calmly and deliberately put them into the fire. Not a man in the whole company made any objection to the sacrifice.

In respect to intoxicating liquors Mr. Raynal stopped sooner than in the case of the cards. In the course of the searches made by the men for some edible vegetable growing on the island, they found a plant the stem of which possessed some decided saccharine qualities; and the idea suggested itself to Mr. Raynal that possibly an infusion of it might be made to ferment, and that thus he might manufacture something that would serve the purpose of beer. So he gathered some of the stems, and by means of them prepared a liquor, which he set aside, and a day or two afterward found, much to his satisfaction, that fermentation had set in. The seamen were all much pleased with these indications of success; and knowing that alcohol was produced by fermentation, and afterward separated by distillation, they eagerly demanded that Mr. Raynal should contrive some way to distill his liquor, and so produce them some rum. One of his gunbarrels, they said, could be made to serve as the "worm" of the still.

Mr. Raynal was alarmed at this suggestion. He knew very well what would probably be the consequence of a supply of rum to such a community. He feared not only for the seamen, but he did not dare to risk the consequence that might sooner or later ensue to Captain Musgrave and himself. So he let his preparation stand until his beer had turned sour, and then abandoned the attempt to make beer as an experiment that had failed.

By the compact which had thus been formed, and the dispositions and preparations consequent upon it, the organization of the little community, and all its arrangements for the daily routine of life, were complete. Under the system thus inaugurated the family lived harmoniously and prosperously during all the time that they remained upon the island.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DIVIDEND-DAY.

TWICE a year the interior of our Savings-Banks presents the busy scene represented in our illustration on page 476, when the depositors' accounts are made up, and their books balanced; and frequently the crowd extends beyond the doors of the bank, and occupies a large share of the sidewalk in front of the building.

These Savings-Banks, of which there are forty in the city, are a great blessing to the working-classes. The aggregate deposits on hand the 1st of January, 1870, in these institutions amounted to $119,870,595. This was an increase of $14,191,123 over the amount on deposit the 1st of January, 1869. Nearly all the banks report that the average deposits since the 1st of January this year are largely in excess of any previous year, which would seem to indicate a good degree of prosperity among the poorer classes, in spite of the general complaint of dullness in the business world. The first Savings-Bank chartered in this city (and, with the exception of one in Boston, the first in the United States) was the well-known "Bank for Savings," which for many years stood in Chambers Street, and came to be generally known as the Chambers Street Savings-Bank. This bank has been in existence fifty-two years, and is now located in Bleecker Street. By the terms of its charter the bank was required to make an annual report of its operations to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the city. The banks chartered since that time generally make their report to the Bank Superintendent at Albany. The last annual report of the "Bank for Savings" gives the following items of interest, which may be taken as a sample of all the Savings-Banks in the city, although only one (the Bowery) does so large a business as this:

From the 1st of January, 1869, to the 1st of January, 1870, the Bank for Savings received $4,076,196 77 from 50,443 depositors, which would average about $80 50 from each depositor. The new depositors who opened accounts during the year numbered 10,276.

The drafts made upon the bank by depositors during the year were slightly in excess of the deposits, being $4,127,969 76. These drafts were made by 49,549 depositors, of whom 8648 closed their accounts. The total deposits on hand in the bank at the beginning of this year amounted to $16,325,154 57, and the total number of depositors was 57,612. This shows an average of about $283 to each depositor.

Of the 10,276 new depositors in the Bank for Savings for the year 1869, there were 2950 married women, 2199 single women, 824 widows, 250 minors, 3 orphans, 1 apprentice, 66 colored persons. The remainder were married and single men. Their occupations were as follows:

Agents, 45; artists, 31; attorneys, 6; bakers, 48; barbers, 26; bar-tenders, 37; blacksmiths, 56; boarding-house keepers, 45; boatmen, 10; boiler-makers, 7; bookbinders, 12; book-folders, 12; butchers, 56; cabinet-makers, 57; cartmen, 85; carpenters, 114; clergymen, 10; clerks, 208; coach-makers, 19; coachmen, 64; conductors, 12; confectioners, 20; coopers, 9; cutlers, 4; distillers, 14; domestics, 1508; druggists, 9; engineers, 24; engravers, 8; farmers, 38; firemen, 16; furriers, 9; fruiterers, 23; gardeners, 40; glaziers, 15; grocers, 80; hatters, 10; hucksters, 21; jewelers, 19; junk dealers, 20; laborers, 674; machinists, 62; masons, 106; merchants, 13; milkmen, 14; milliners, 42; moulders, 23; musicians, 36; nurses, 28; ostlers, 50; oystermen, 15; painters, 61; peddlers, 55; police officers, 43; physicians, 14; porters, 62; printers, 18; plumbers, 15; saddlers, 10; seamen, 19; seamstresses, 482; shoemakers, 103; shop-keepers, 66; soldiers, 7; stone-cutters, 64; sugar refiners, 36; tailors, 111; tanners, 16; tavern-keepers, 80; teachers, 54; tinners, 16; tobacconists, 34; turners, 4; upholsterers, 10; varnishers, 5; washers, 156; watchmen, 14; waiters, 143; sundry trades, 143; no occupation (being married women, minors, etc.), 4545. Total, 10,276.

The following table shows the number of deposits from $1 to $5, from $5 to $10, and so on up to $1000, the largest amount that the bank is allowed to receive from a single depositor:

From	1	to	5	dollars	1,099
"	5	"	10	"	3,488
"	10	"	20	"	8,019
"	20	"	30	"	6,929
"	30	"	40	"	4,556
"	40	"	50	"	6,647
"	50	"	60	"	2,410
"	60	"	70	"	1,610
"	70	"	80	"	1,438
"	80	"	90	"	627
"	90	"	100	"	8,216
"	100	"	200	"	4,539
"	200	"	300	"	1,706
"	300	"	400	"	745
"	400	"	500	"	535
"	500	"	600	"	156
"	600	"	700	"	120
"	700	"	800	"	77
"	800	"	900	"	67
"	900	"	1000	"	259
					50,443

The statistics of the other Savings-Banks of the city differ in character but little from the above. The Bowery Savings-Bank, which does the largest business of any bank of that kind in the country, had on deposit the 1st of this month $20,414,094 27, and the number of open accounts was 53,024, showing an average sum to each depositor of $385.

A large number of Savings-Banks have been chartered by the Legislature within the last five years, many of which do but a very small business. The Union Dime Savings-Bank, in Canal Street, does the largest business of any of the Dime Savings-Banks, and now has a total deposit of about $7,000,000. The oldest Savings-Banks in the city are the Bank for Savings, in Bleecker Street; the Seamen's Savings-Bank, in Wall Street; the Greenwich Savings-Bank, in Sixth Avenue; and the Bowery Savings-Bank, in the Bowery.

THE MASSACRE AT PEKIN.

THE murder of French officials and priests at Pekin invests with additionally sad interest a locality already memorable in Chinese annals as the former scene of a somewhat similar event. More than two hundred years ago a band of courageous and devoted Catholic missionaries succeeded, after many hardships and difficulties, in penetrating the then unfamiliar empire of the *Tsin*, or Chinese, until they reached the capital, at that time known to geographers as Cambalu, or "the City of the Khan"—a term derived from its Mongolian name, *Khanpalik*, and subsequently altered by its Tartar conquerors to *Pei King*, or "the Northern Capital." The adventurous travelers were cordially received by the reigning monarch, Kanghi, whose patronage of letters and compilation of the famous standard dictionary bearing his name have earned for him the title of the Chinese Augustus, and were appointed to situations of trust about the court. So pleased was the emperor with their ability and skill that he both granted them a site in perpetuity whereon to erect buildings, and gave them permission to preach the doctrines of Christianity unmolested. This good fortune, however, lasted no longer than the lifetime of Kanghi, partly owing to the jealousy of native officials whom they had supplanted in imperial favor, and partly to the alarm not unnaturally felt by the authorities at the rapid rise of the new sect, whose members refused compliance with many of the politico-religious observances demanded from their countrymen. A persecution was inaugurated under Kanghi's successor, and continued, with occasional changes in favor of the Christians, until at length their opponents were successful. The native converts and foreign priests were proscribed and forced to fly for their lives, such as could be found being put to death. The mission grounds were pillaged and confiscated, the buildings razed to the ground, and the Roman Church no longer possessed a territorial head-quarters in China.

Matters remained in this state until the conclusion of the last war, in which the British forces, allied with those of France, captured and temporarily occupied the capital, when, by special agreement, the mission site was again restored to its former holders. Three other smaller plots of ground were also ceded, upon which chapels were erected. The four were known as the Peh-tang, Nan-tang, Tung-tang, and Si-tang, respectively meaning the North, South, East, and West assembly halls or "churches;" the first-named title being applied to the location formerly granted by Kanghi. A fine church or cathedral, with school-rooms, dormitories, etc., for native converts, and quarters for the members of the mission, numbering some eight or nine, under the control of a bishop, was erected under the auspices of the French government, the native authorities insisting that the height of the tower should be restricted to about sixty feet, ostensibly lest it should overlook the imperial grounds, which lay in the vicinity. The real reason, however, lay in the objections made by the imperial astrologers, who alleged that the erection of a taller building would insure unfavorable influences from the local genii. The whole area was inclosed with a high wall, which effectually shut it

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out from the crowded and not over-cleanly streets of the neighborhood.

In February, 1864, the greater part of these buildings was destroyed by fire—a large hall devoted to the purposes of a museum, and in which was accumulated a large and valuable collection of specimens illustrating the natural history and geology of the Pei-chih-li province, alone escaping the flames. New buildings were, however, speedily erected, the Chinese officials themselves assisting in laying the foundation-stones; and one of the most complete mission stations in the East took the place of that destroyed. The Catholics in China were justifiably proud of this establishment, the principal portion of which—the cathedral—has, according to the confirmed telegram, been burned down.

Although it is stated that France does not intend to dispatch a special expedition to China, we may rest assured that the French squadron in the China seas will exact ample reparation for the outrage. Napoleon III. has long wanted an excuse for taking possession of the Northern provinces; and we shall not be surprised to learn that, under the pretext of holding a "material guarantee" for the fulfillment of terms purposely made almost impossible of fulfillment, the French tricolor will before long be found waving above the richly auriferous district of Shantung. Such an event could not fail to exercise a marked and, perhaps, unfavorable influence upon American interests in North China.

THE BOYS' CELL.

[See Illustration on Page 473.]

WHERE the frowning walls of the sombre Tombs
Look dismally down,
There, 'mid the vaulted and echoing glooms,
In the heart of the town
That with noise and trouble and tumult chafes,
Is a cell for the boys, those vagrant waifs,
Taught in that school
Where vice is the rule,
And virtue a flower that never blooms.

In that gloomy cell, which no sunbeam cheers
With its mellow ray,
Where at dull intervals one hears,
All through the day,
The clang of the iron-grated doors,
And the echo of feet on the cold stone floors,
These boys, from the gloom
Of their donjon-room,
Stare at each visitor's face that appears.

Some of them merest children yet,
With no home but the street,
Just such ones you have often met,
With shoeless feet,
Sweeping the crossings clean and dry,
Or blacking the boots of some passer-by;
And others older,
With bearing bolder,
On whose features the seal of vice is set.

All huddled together in that grim cell,
Where each clashing door
Sounds in the silence like a knell;
And the city's roar
Is scarce heard through the thick and frowning walls;
There, where the shade of the twilight falls
Early each day,
And where no sun's ray
Of God's beautiful world creeps in to tell.

Only a plank upon which to lie
Through the lonely night,
While the long, dark hours go silently by
In their noiseless flight;
Forming a picket-guard to keep,
There in the cell, while the others sleep,
The rats at bay
That, till break of day,
With hungry purpose in dozens draw nigh.

Just outside of the grated door,
Gloomy and vast,
Is the corridor, with its hard stone floor,
Where the grim walls cast
Deeper gloom; and where all night long
The loathsome whiskered enemy throng,
Wrangle and scold,
And, with hunger grown bold,
Force their way in through the iron-barred door.

So, with these grim walls bounding their view,
Here in this cell,
With never a glimpse of the sky's sweet blue—
How long who can tell?
Till their foster-mother, the City, shall make
Some other provision for charity's sake,
These boys must remain,
Living again
Each day over with nothing new.

Oh, you who have homes, and to whom the joys
Of your hearths are dear,
How different your lot from the lot of these boys,
Without comfort or cheer!
How different your lives, with the blessing of love
Making earth like the home of the angels above,
To the lives dark with doom
In the drear prison's gloom!
Oh, God bless our homes and hallow their joys!

PLEASURE-HUNTING.

WE really do not know how to amuse ourselves, and are forced to snatch at the first pretext that offers itself, and to make believe very hard that we are really enjoying ourselves. It is a duty not as yet generally recognized to study the art of pleasure-hunting. We are no more capable of amusing ourselves than of fencing or playing the fiddle without careful training and long practice. If the object of moral teachers is to increase the sum of human happiness, they should certainly inculcate the cultivation of the faculties which are immediately pleasant to the individual, as well as of those which are more indirectly profitable to his race. It is a very good thing to be scrupulously honest and industrious; but the most industrious and honest of men may lead a wretchedly bare and unprofitable life. Why should he not study the theory of deriving the greatest possible amount of innocent enjoyment from the world which he inhabits, as well as that of doing good to other people? Two practical rules would probably result from such an inquiry. The first would be the extreme importance to every man of providing himself with a good serviceable hobby. Even a cultivated taste for cookery or wines is better than nothing, so long as it is kept within certain bounds; and not only provides a man with an interesting pursuit, but certainly promotes the comfort of his friends. We may admit, indeed, that this is about the lowest limit of permissible pleasure-seeking; but is it a fair question for casuistry, whether a man would spend a day better in yawning about a race-course without any taste for horse-racing, or in pursuing in moderation a course of experimental inquiry into the art of dining? There is another rule, however, which is of equal importance, and may be more unreservedly stated. What an enormous advance would be at once made in the art of happiness if people could only be persuaded to a tolerable degree of sincerity! The principle would cut both ways. There are some things which every body really likes, but for which, for some arbitrary fashion, it is customary to avow contempt; as there are many things which every body hates, and yet which every one is afraid to denounce. One of the greatest impediments to sound art is, that both artists and their admirers are so much inclined to adopt a style recommended by some preconceived theory as to overlook the important question whether they really give and receive pleasure. It is true that, when we know whether a poem or a picture pleases, there is a further question whether it ought to please; but when the habitual hypocrisy of mankind leaves us in complete uncertainty as to the first point, our subsequent theorizing is apt to be very unsatisfactory. There would be in one sense no disputing about tastes if we only knew which tastes were genuine, though we might still ask whether they were elevated; but as it is, the first, and often the utterly insoluble, question is, whether we really like a so-called pleasure, or only persuade ourselves that we like it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ALMOST every summer there comes a time, after a long season of drought, when a warning-note is sounded to indicate that there is a limited supply of Croton water. So ample are our reservoirs, and so accustomed are our citizens to a lavish use of this indispensable article, that there is a general impression there is no possibility of an actual failure of supply. The Commissioner of Public Works, however, appears to be a prudent man, who foreseeth the evil, and means to guard against it. He has issued a notice of the great waste of water, particularly on the piers in the lower part of the city, and warned all concerned to beware of reckless expenditure. That there is need of care may be inferred from the fact that it is estimated by the water purveyor that 50,000,000 of gallons are *wasted* every day in the city during the hot season. All good citizens should lend their aid to insure compliance with such measures as will prevent even the fear of a lack of water.

Working-women are wanted in Colorado. Reliable reports say that a thousand could find immediate employment there, and at high wages. A competent girl commands better wages there than a male laborer.

Great Salt Lake has been a sort of mystery to scientific and geographic explorers. It has been supposed that its waters were kept at a uniform level by the process of evaporation, since no outlet was known, and yet it was fed by many streams from the Rocky Mountains. Recently, however, the mystery is thought to be solved in the discovery of a subterranean outlet. In a voyage on the lake a schooner was caught in the vortex of a maelstrom. The captain of the vessel states that during the detention caused by the accident the deck was far lower than the water outside the whirlpool, and that he owes the safety of vessel and men to the stiff breeze which fortunately sprang up at the time. The noise of the waters as they descended denoted that some mighty airless cavity below gave strength to the suction, and the surging, frothy foam above was like the boiling of a mammoth caldron. It is inferred that this is the safety-valve of the Great Salt Lake, and that probably there may be other similar outlets.

Relapsing fever has, to a very great extent, disappeared from New York city. About nine hundred cases of this disease have been recorded since its first recognized appearance, and about one hundred and fifty deaths.

A favorite actress was recently singing a new song, entitled "Guess Who," and when she came to the lines,

"Some one I'm wishing and longing to see,
Guess who, if you can, guess who,"

an enthusiastic individual in the parquet sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "I can't guess, but I'd give a thousand dollars if I was the man!" The audience were slightly moved.

Victor Hugo is reported to be suffering with a disease of the eye, which necessitates his dictating whatever he desires to have written.

The famous Russian violinist, M. De Kontski, and his daughter Wanda, the pianist, recently performed before the Sultan, in Constantinople. His Majesty was so delighted with both artists that he conferred the decoration of the Medjidié on the father, and added a donation of 10,000 francs for the evening's entertainment.

A well-known Protestant clergyman has been for some time collecting Roman Catholic books for the purpose of thoroughly fitting himself to write an important work on Romanism. This has given rise to the rumor that he has become a Catholic.

At Brussels the first communion of the Princess Louise has been the great event. The young Princess has just attained her twelfth year, and is considered the living likeness of her aunt, the Empress Charlotte. The Empress is in a dying state, but no omission was made in her case to the usage, indispensable in all Catholic countries, of seeking a benediction from every one of the family upon the juvenile members about to enter the Church. The occasion is one of greater ceremony than even a wedding or a christening. Even the poor Empress had been made to understand that a ceremony of importance was about to occur, and she insisted on rising from her bed and attiring herself in her favorite dress of white silk, trimmed with black lace, and putting on her most beloved ornaments to welcome her young relative. Many presents had been prepared—for it is the custom always to bestow some memento of the day upon the new *communiante*—and the poor Empress sat in her arm-chair propped up with pillows, awaiting with childish impatience the entrance of her little niece. The red morocco case containing the necklace and ear-rings she was to bestow upon her visitor was in her hand. When the door opened, and the little figure, attired all in white, with the snowy veil thrown across her head and bosom, pausing for a minute on the threshold, advanced joyously toward her, some souvenir of her own youth, some remembrance of the veil and flowers, must have come across her, for she dashed the jewels to the ground, and seizing the hands of the Princess Louise, covered them with kisses, looking all the while into her face with such vacant inquiring expression that the poor child, quite overcome, sobbed aloud. After a while she grew more calm. She looked for the jewel-case, which had fallen to the ground, shook her head mournfully, and taking from her neck the chaplet and cross which had been given her by the Archbishop of Mexico, and from which she has never parted since the day of her entrance into that city, she placed it on the arm of the Princess, winding it round and round many times, and after kissing the cross with a passionate effort, sank back again upon the pillow, and remained still and motionless with closed eyes and compressed lips. The scene was very touching, and the doctor declares his opinion that the gleam of remembrance which shot across her poor bewildered brain on the first appearance of the Princess will be the last she will ever experience in this world. Ever since that day she has been confined to her bed, where she lies apparently without consciousness.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon is still looking ill, according to the report of those who see him. An expression of pain is on his countenance, he is very pale, and his mustache growing dim and gray. The pallor of his Majesty's countenance contrasts almost sadly with the celestial rosy red which is permanently settled on that of the Empress; and when the imperial pair are seated in close proximity this contrast becomes the subject of general observation.

A suggestion has been made to place a stainèd-glass window in St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of Charles Dickens.

Christine Nilsson was not specially distinguished in her earliest childhood among her many brothers and sisters. Her father, an ardent lover of music, early taught her its first principles; and her elder brother, the village fiddler, noticing her charming voice, conceived the idea of taking her with him to the numerous fairs and festivals at which his services were required. Her voice and beauty attracted crowds. Finally a magistrate, by name Thornerhjelm, touched with the sweetness of the Swedish melodies she sang, made to her parents a kind proposal respecting her future education. The mother at first demurred, but the father had dreamed a strange and beautiful dream about his child's future. He persuaded the mother, and accepted the proposal for Christine's education.

The race-course in Saratoga has received a new coating of loam since last season; and the accommodations for spectators have been greatly improved. Comfortable seats have been provided, and the stands roofed over.

The editor of a Southern journal remarks that Charles Reade's new novel has a frontispiece representing a young man seated very close to a very pretty girl; and that when he looks at the picture, and observes that the title-page makes the request, "Put Yourself in His Place," he feels much inclined to comply.

The present Pope of Rome has entered upon the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate. During the long series of 259 popes no one has occupied the papal chair twenty-five years. The nearest approach was that of Pius VI., who reigned twenty-four years six months and fourteen days.

The young elephant that was presented by Sir Jung Bahadoor to the Duke of Edinburgh has not been allowed to lead an idle life on board the *Galatea*, in which he was transported to England. His services were utilized at Galle for the purpose of hauling in some 300 tons of coal which would otherwise have employed upward of thirty men. He rather objected to the occupation at first; but a little coaxing and quiet treatment soon reconciled him to his fate, and he cheerfully went through his task, to the great delight of the Jack Tars.

A London correspondent of the *Scotsman* attributes the death of Dickens to the mental labor of writing "Edwin Drood." This may have been one of the exciting causes of his last sudden and fatal illness. He had not seemed like his old self since his last public readings. He was more easily wearied, and complained of a strange suppleness of mind and labored slowness with the pen. His hair had become almost white. He suffered much from sleeplessness, and complained of exhaustion. He commenced writing "Edwin Drood" too soon after his public readings. Although the idea of the story had been in his mind for some time, he found the development of the incidents and characters slow and painful.

Ida Lewis really seems to have had a hard time of it. Last year over ten thousand persons called on her, many of them asking senseless and annoying questions, and prying into her private affairs in an exceedingly uncomfortable manner. Her health failed in consequence of this raid of visitors, and now this year the same thing is likely to be repeated. What has been said about the number of presents given her is greatly exaggerated. Those who really desire to aid her had better purchase her photograph, and the little sketch of her life which has been printed; and not intrude upon her time, or tax her strength, at Lime Rock.

The Registrar of Vital Statistics has reported that for fourteen years there has not been in this city such an excessive mortality as marked the last week in June. That was "the hot week," as the thirty-nine deaths from sun-stroke indicate.

The King of Italy—so it is reported—is destitute of that apparently very important and valued article of royal wardrobe, a *crown*. Not long ago a subscription was opened for the purchase of one. The sum was soon made up; but the King sent for the chief movers in the matter, and, after thanking them in a right kingly fashion for the attention intended, begged them to employ the money subscribed in founding an asylum for the blind in Florence. This will be done; and the *Court Journal* suggests that it be called "The King's Crown."

The London *Bookseller*, in speaking of the "Mary Powell" series of books, says: "In America the series has been equally popular, or even more so, one of the lines of river steamers being named the 'Mary Powell' line."

It is stated on good authority that, in the last five years, Messrs. Marion, of London, have sold more than seventy thousand copies of the photograph of Adelina Patti.

Somebody affirms that if windows are washed with water in which garlics or onions are boiled house-flies will avoid them altogether. We should think they would!

An American has offered to purchase the residence of Mr. Dickens, at Gadshill, for twenty thousand pounds.

Apropos of the small-pox and the French habit of kissing, which is so agreeable under certain circumstances, a learned doctor writes to the papers to prove that this habit has its dangers as well as its pleasures. He says that the contact of lips is sufficient to communicate almost any malady, and highly extols the more sanitary expression of feeling practiced in England, known as "une gracieuse poignée des mains." He winds up by warning his readers that "a kiss may end often in death!"

A Brooklyn lady died a short time ago in consequence of a mistake being made in the putting up of the medicine ordered for her. The prescription was plainly written by her physician, it being a preparation of opium. By some strange oversight or carelessness, the clerk of the drug store put up another preparation much more powerful. The result was the death of the lady who took it, no efforts to save her, after the mistake was discovered, proving of any avail.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MASONIC PEN.—The Rondout *Courier* gets the following story from a telegraph operator in that village: A member of the Masonic order telegraphed to a companion down the river somewhere, "Make room for ten Royal Arch Masons. Coming to-day." When the companions arrived they found a pen had been built for their accommodation, the telegram at its destination reading, "Make room for ten RAM's. Coming to-day."

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man were traveling together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air, and to avert danger it was agreed to watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping. He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the bald-headed man instead of me."

An Irish gentlemen, who had been spending the evening with a few friends, looked at his watch just after midnight, and said: "It is to-morrow morning; I must bid you good-night, gentlemen."

When a married man becomes "corned," it is perfectly right that his wife should pull his ears.

A Terre Haute girl perpetrates the following excruciating bit of poetry:

"Since of your love I was bereft
I've lost some ninety pounds in heft,
And now have scarcely ninety left—
How could you be so cruel, John?"

A colored inebriate was lying on a bench the other evening, in his cell at the Central Station, at Providence, when the officer made his rounds of inspection. Unable by the fitful gas-light to clearly discern the prisoner's features, the officer asked, "Are you colored?" "No," answered the enfranchised, drowsily, "I was born so."

Hayes City, Kansas, has a female constable. The young men are in constant fear that she may have "an attachment" for them.

A Maine editor expresses the opinion that, if one of his political opponents were placed upon trial for murder, an article recently printed by him might be cited to establish his insanity, and would be deemed quite sufficient by any twelve jurymen not insane themselves.

A man down in Maine says if he builds a house he will have folding-doors, "they're so handy in case of a funeral."

A NEW IRISH BULL.—The Detroit *Tribune* says that a resident of that city, who lives on a fashionable thoroughfare, observed a man whom he did not care to see coming toward his door, and hurriedly instructed Bridget to tell the person that he was not at home. "All right, Sir," said Bridget, as she made haste to answer the door bell. "Is Mr. —— at home?" inquired the caller. "Faith an' he's gone out," responded the obedient servant. "When will he be at home?" asked the man at the door. "Hould on a minnit," put in Bridget, "*an' I'll ax him.*"

A "lovyer," in whom the Promethean fire burns bright and effulgent, has worked out the following elegant specimen of literature and rhyme:

"O! Sally tis my chief delite,
To gais upon your eyesss brite,
My luv for you, by gosh, cirpassess
The luv I fele for rum and lasses."

Two twin brothers in New York are so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.

The following is a veritable transcript from the record of a will admitted to probate in the State of New York: "I bequeath my body to the grave, my soul to its Maker, and the *remainder of my property* to my wife."

"I like to see the dear little creatures amusing themselves," said Mrs. Brown, when her elder boy took the visitor's new bonnet and affixed it to the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good matron to her visitor, when she saw her bonnet in the air, "soon as the kite comes down he will give it to you."

An aged Forfarshire lady, knowing the habits of her old and spoiled servant, when she wished a note taken without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying: "There noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in it; noo dinna stop to open it, but jest send it off."

A Mr. Malaprop—a man slightly pretentious, fond of display, and somewhat ignorant—recently called the attention of some visitors to a showy carpet on one of his apartments, with the remark, "There, gentlemen, that is one of the best carpets *Mr. Brussels ever made!*"

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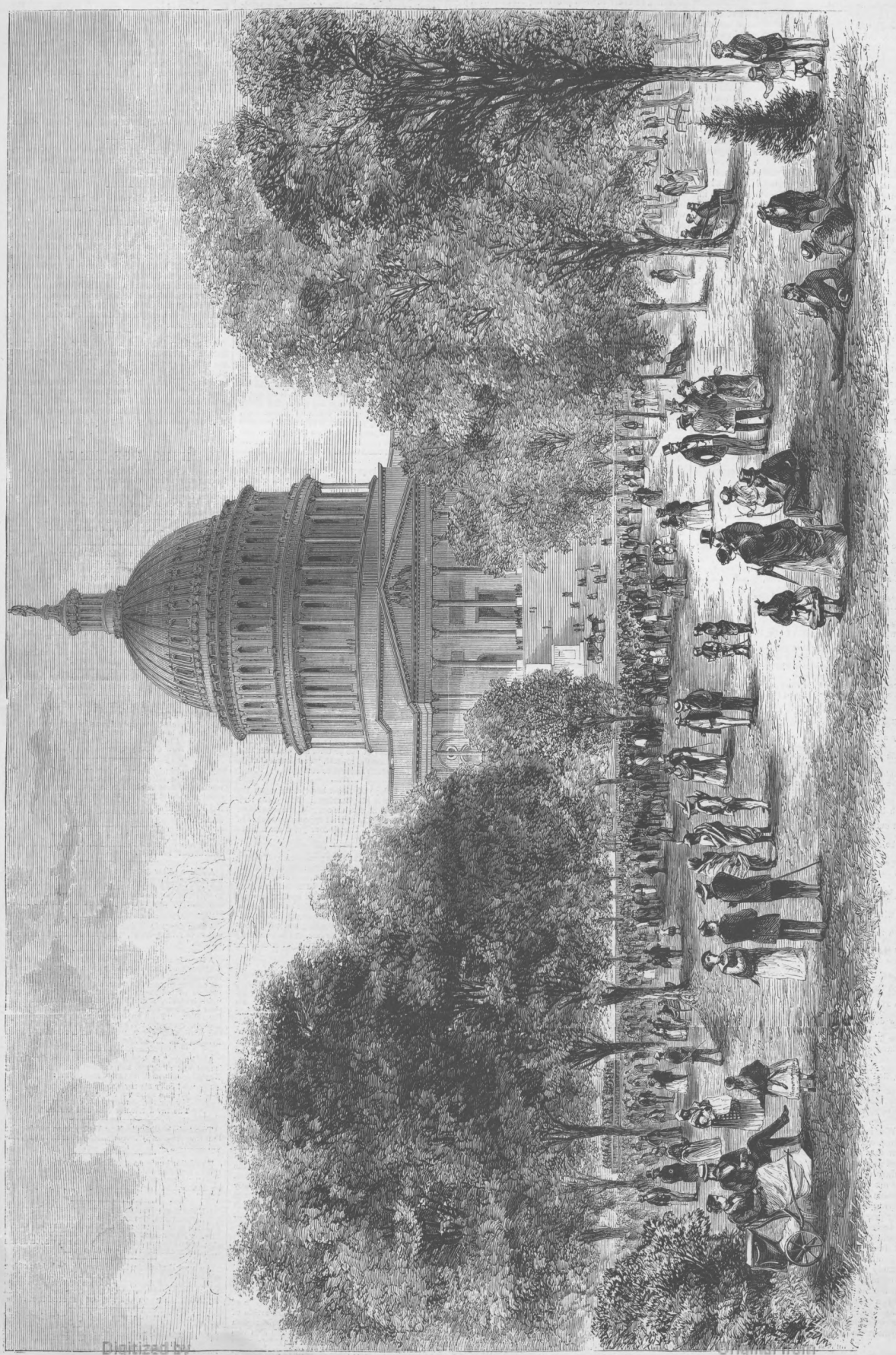

MUSIC EVENING AT THE CAPITOL GROUNDS, WASHINGTON, D.C.—DRAWN BY T. H. NASH.—[SEE PAGE 473.]

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"OUT OF THE WORLD."

IN this most interesting picture Mr. LEHMANN represents a scene which he witnessed years ago at the Franciscan monastery at Tivoli. In a whitewashed cell a young monk sits playing the harpsichord —one of those old-fashioned instruments still used in remote districts on the Continent, where the modern piano has not yet been introduced—and an elder monk stands listening to him. Inside the harpsichord was inscribed, in monkish Latin, this distich:

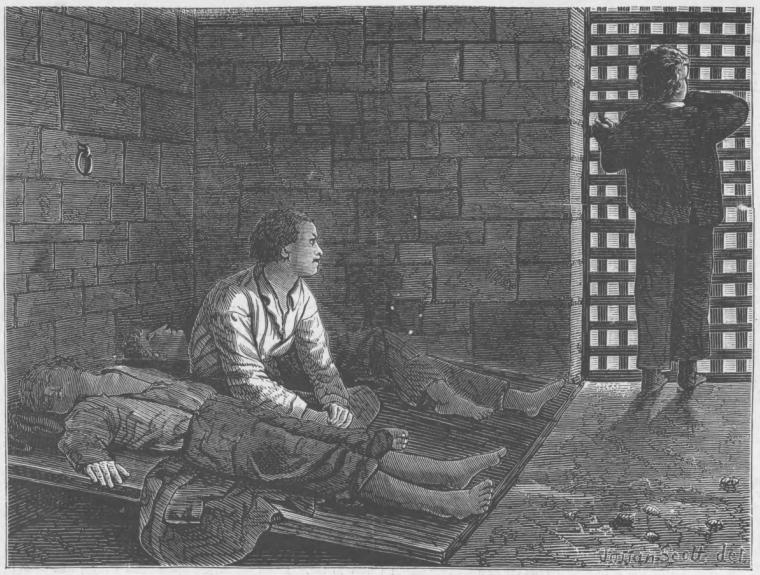
"Me vivum in silva fecit natura tacere:
Me cæsum ars cogit, dulce sonare loqui;"

which is closely enough rendered by the lines:

"Living a woodland tree, to be dumb was decreed me by nature:
Dead, how I sing! how I speak! such is the magic of art."

The figures in this picture compose unaffectedly; and it is said that in the original picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, the simple coloring accords well with the sentiment of repose and retirement proper to the subject and title. The broad masses of color formed by the warm brown of the monks' frocks and the low-toned red pavement tiles harmonize pleasantly with the pale greenish-blue, heightened with gold, of the harpsichord-case and the cool gray of the cell wall, relieved by light and shade.

Such scenes of quiet and repose are now rare since the dissolution of so many monasteries; but, however false and mischievous the monastic conception of life, some careworn, overtaxed toilers "in the world" may, without reproach, occasionally sigh for peace and rest as complete as is here indicated—for a refuge "out of the world"—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."



THE BOYS' CELL IN THE TOMBS.—DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 471.]

THE CAPITOL GROUNDS, WASHINGTON.

EVERY pleasant Wednesday evening all Washington crowds to the beautiful grounds at the east front of the National Capitol, to listen to the splendid music furnished by the Marine Band. There may frequently be seen the most distinguished personages in the city, the President, the heads of the several departments of the government, members of Congress, foreign embassadors, etc. The pleasantest feature of this weekly out-of-door concert is the delight which it affords the children of the city, who on these occasions are allowed the freedom of the grounds. Even running on the grass is permitted—a privilege of which they are not slow to take advantage.

In former days these concerts were always honored with the presence of CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, J. Q. ADAMS, and other great men of the generation which has just passed away, who took great delight in the society of children, and loved to take part in their innocent pastimes.

"OUT OF THE WORLD."

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MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

(Continued.)

THE MANUSCRIPT.

"WE finished the job on the wall just before dark. I went to my cup of tea, and he went to his bottle of gin.

"I left him, drinking hard, to put our two bedrooms tidy for the night. The place that his bed happened to be set in (which I had never remarked particularly before) seemed, in a manner of speaking, to force itself on my notice now.

"The head of the bedstead was set against the wall which divided his room from mine. From looking at the bedstead I got to looking at the wall next. Then to wondering what it was made of. Then to rapping against it with my knuckles. The sound told me there was nothing but lath and plaster under the paper. It was the same as the wall we had been at work on down stairs. We had cleared our way so far through this last—in certain places where the repairs were most needed—that we had to be careful not to burst through the paper in the room on the other side. I found myself calling to mind the caution my husband had given me while we were at this part of the work, word for word as he had spoken it. '*Take care you don't find your hands in the next room.*' That was what he had said down in the parlor. Up in his bedroom I kept on repeating it in my own mind—with my eyes all the while on the key, which he had moved to the inner side of the door to lock himself in—till the knowledge of what it meant burst on me like a flash of light. I looked at the wall, at the bedhead, at my own two hands—and I shivered as if it was winter time.

"Hours must have passed like minutes while I was up stairs that night. I lost all count of time. When my husband came up from his drinking, he found me in his room.

12.

"I leave the rest untold, and pass on purposely to the next morning.

"No mortal eyes but mine will ever see these lines. Still, there are things a woman can't write of even to herself. I shall only say this. I suffered the last and worst of many indignities at my husband's hands—at the very time when I first saw, set plainly before me, the way to take his life. He went out toward noon next day, to go his rounds among the public houses; my mind being then strung up to deliver myself from him, for good and all, when he came back at night.

"The things we had used on the previous day were left in the parlor. I was all by myself in the house, free to put in practice the lesson he had taught me. I proved myself an apt scholar. Before the lamps were lit in the street I had my own way prepared (in my bedroom and in his) for laying my own hands on him—after he had locked himself up for the night.

"I don't remember feeling either fear or doubt through all those hours. I sat down to my bit of supper with no better and no worse an appetite than usual. The only change in me that I can call to mind was that I felt a singular longing to have somebody with me to keep me company. Having no friend to ask in, I went to the street door and stood looking at the people passing this way and that.

"A stray dog, sniffing about, came up to me. Generally I dislike dogs and beasts of all kinds. I called this one in and gave him his supper. He had been taught (I suppose) to sit up on his hind-legs and beg for food; at any rate, that was his way of asking me for more. I laughed—it seems impossible when I look back at it now, but for all that it's true—I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks, at the little beast on his haunches, with his ears pricked up and his head on one side and his mouth watering for the victuals. I wonder whether I was in my right senses? I don't know.

"When the dog had got all he could get he whined to be let out to roam the streets again.

"As I opened the door to let the creature go his ways, I saw my husband crossing the road to come in. 'Keep out' (I says to him); 'to-night, of all nights, keep out.' He was too drunk to heed me; he passed by, and blundered his way up stairs. I followed and listened. I heard him open his door, and bang it to, and lock it. I waited a bit, and went up another stair or two. I heard him drop down on to his bed. In a minute more he was fast asleep and snoring.

"It had all happened as it was wanted to happen. In two minutes—without doing one single thing to bring suspicion on myself—I could have smothered him. I went into my own room. I took up the towel that I had laid ready. I was within an inch of it—when there came a rush of something up into my head. I can't say what it was. I can only say the horrors laid hold of me and hunted me then and there out of the house.

"I put on my bonnet, and slipped the key of the street door into my pocket. It was only half past nine—or maybe a quarter to ten. If I had any one clear notion in my head, it was the notion of running away, and never allowing myself to set eyes on the house or the husband more.

"I went up the street—and came back. I went down the street—and came back. I tried it a third time, and went round and round and round—and came back. It was not to be done. The house held me chained to it like a dog to his kennel. I couldn't keep away from it. For the life of me, I couldn't keep away from it.

"A company of gay young men and women passed me, just as I was going to let myself in again. They were in a great hurry. 'Step out,' says one of the men; 'the theatre's close by, and we shall be just in time for the farce.' I turned about and followed them. Having been piously brought up, I had never been inside a theatre in my life. It struck me that I might get taken, as it were, out of myself, if I saw something that was quite strange to me, and heard something which would put new thoughts into my mind.

"They went in to the pit; and I went in after them.

"The thing they called the farce had begun. Men and women came on to the stage, turn and turn about, and talked, and went off again. Before long all the people about me in the pit were laughing and clapping their hands. The noise they made angered me. I don't know how to describe the state I was in. My eyes wouldn't serve me, and my ears wouldn't serve me, to see and to hear what the rest of them were seeing and hearing. There must have been something, I fancy, in my mind that got itself between me and what was going on upon the stage. The play looked fair enough on the surface; but there was danger and death at the bottom of it. The players were talking and laughing to deceive the people—with murder in their minds all the time. And nobody knew it but me—and my tongue was tied when I tried to tell the others. I got up, and ran out. The moment I was in the street my steps turned back of themselves on the way to the house. I called a cab, and told the man to drive (as far as a shilling would take me) the opposite way. He put me down—I don't know where. Across the street I saw an inscription in letters of flame over an open door. The man said it was a dancing-place. Dancing was as new to me as play-going. I had one more shilling left; and I paid to go in, and see what a sight of the dancing would do for me. The light from the ceiling poured down in this place as if it was all on fire. The crashing of the music was dreadful. The whirling round and round of men and women in each other's arms was quite maddening to see. I don't know what happened to me here. The great blaze of light from the ceiling turned blood-red on a sudden. The man standing in front of the musicians waving a stick took the likeness of Satan, as seen in the picture in our family Bible at home. The whirling men and women went round and round, with white faces like the faces of the dead, and bodies robed in winding-sheets. I screamed out with the terror of it; and some person took me by the arm and put me outside the door. The darkness did me good: it was comforting and delicious—like a cool hand laid on a hot head. I went walking on through it, without knowing where; composing my mind with the belief that I had lost my way, and that I should find myself miles distant from home when morning dawned. After some time I got too weary to go on; and I sat me down to rest on a door-step. I dozed a bit, and woke up. When I got on my feet to go on again, I happened to turn my head toward the door of the house. The number on it was the same number as ours. I looked again. And behold, it was our steps I had been resting on. The door was our door.

"All my doubts and all my struggles dropped out of my mind when I made that discovery. There was no mistaking what this perpetual coming back to the house meant. Resist it as I might, it was to be.

"I opened the street door and went up stairs, and heard him sleeping his heavy sleep, exactly as I had heard him when I went out. I sat down on my bed and took off my bonnet, quite quiet in myself, because I knew it was to be. I damped the towel, and put it ready, and took a turn in the room.

"It was just the dawn of day. The sparrows were chirping among the trees in the square hard by.

"I drew up my blind; the faint light spoke to me as if in words, 'Do it now, before I get brighter, and show too much.'

"I listened. The friendly silence had a word for me too: 'Do it now, and trust the secret to Me.'

"I waited till the church clock chimed before striking the hour. At the first stroke—without touching the lock of his door, without setting foot in his room—I had the towel over his face. Before the last stroke he had ceased struggling. When the hum of the bell through the morning silence was still and dead, *he* was still and dead with it.

13.

"The rest of this history is counted in my mind by four days—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. After that it all fades off like, and the new years come with a strange look, boing the years of a new life.

"What about the old life first? What did I feel, in the horrid quiet of the morning, when I had done it?

"I don't know what I felt. I can't remember it, or I can't tell it, I don't know which. I can write the history of the four days, and that's all.

"Wednesday.—I gave the alarm toward noon. Hours before, I had put things straight and fit to be seen. I had only to call for help, and to leave the people to do as they pleased. The neighbors came in, and then the police. They knocked, uselessly, at his door. Then they broke it open, and found him dead in his bed.

"Not the ghost of a suspicion of me entered the mind of any one. There was no fear of human justice finding me out: my one unutterable dread was dread of an Avenging Providence. I had a short sleep that night, and a dream, in which I did the deed over again. For a time my mind was busy with thoughts of confessing to the police, and of giving myself up. If I had not belonged to a respectable family, I should have done it. From generation to generation there had been no stain on our good name. It would be death to my father, and disgrace to all my family, if I owned what I had done, and suffered for it on the public scaffold. I prayed to be guided; and I had a revelation, toward morning, of what to do.

"I was commanded, in a vision, to open the Bible, and vow on it to set my guilty self apart among my innocent fellow-creatures from that day forth; to live among them a separate and silent life; to dedicate the use of my speech to the language of prayer only, offered up in the solitude of my own chamber, when no human ear could hear me. Alone, in the morning, I saw the vision, and vowed the vow. No human ear *has* heard me from that time. No human ear *will* hear me, to the day of my death.

"Thursday.—The people came to speak to me, as usual. They found me dumb.

"What had happened to me in the past, when my head had been hurt, and my speech affected by it, gave a likelier look to my dumbness than it might have borne in the case of another person. They took me back again to the hospital. The doctors were divided in opinion. Some said the shock of what had taken place in the house, coming on the back of the other shock, might, for all they knew, have done the mischief. And others said, 'She got her speech again after the accident; there has been no new injury since that time; the woman is shamming dumb, for some purpose of her own.' I let them dispute it as they liked. All human talk was nothing now to me. I had set myself apart among my fellow-creatures; I had begun my separate and silent life.

"Through all this time the sense of a coming punishment hanging over me never left my mind. I had nothing to dread from human justice. The judgment of an Avenging Providence—there was what I was waiting for.

"Friday.—They held the inquest. He had been known for years past as an inveterate drunkard; he had been seen overnight going home in liquor; he had been found locked up in his room, with the key inside the door, and the latch of the window bolted also. No fire-place was in this garret; nothing was disturbed or altered; nobody by human possibility could have got in. The doctor reported that he had died of congestion of the lungs; and the jury gave their verdict accordingly.

14.

"Saturday.—Marked forever in my calendar as the memorable day on which the judgment descended on me. Toward three o'clock in the afternoon—in the broad sunlight, under the cloudless sky, with hundreds of innocent human creatures all around me—I, Hester Dethridge, saw, for the first time, the Appearance which is appointed to haunt me for the rest of my life.

"I had had a terrible night. My mind felt much as it had felt on the evening when I had gone to the play. I went out to see what the air and the sunshine and the cool green of trees and grass would do for me. The nearest place in which I could find what I wanted was the Regent's Park. I went into one of the quiet walks in the middle of the park, where the horses and carriages are not allowed to go, and where old people can sun themselves, and children play, without danger.

"I sat me down to rest on a bench. Among the children near me was a beautiful little boy, playing with a brand-new toy—a horse and wagon. While I was watching him busily plucking up the blades of grass and loading his wagon with them, I felt for the first time—what I have often and often felt since—a creeping chill come slowly over my flesh, and then a suspicion of something hidden near me, which would steal out and show itself if I looked that way.

"There was a big tree hard by. I looked toward the tree, and waited to see the something hidden appear from behind it.

"The Thing stole out, dark and shadowy in the pleasant sunlight. At first I saw only the dim figure of a woman. After a little it began to get plainer, brightening from within outward—brightening, brightening, brightening, till it set before me the vision of MY OWN SELF, repeated as if I was standing before a glass—the double of myself, looking at me with my own eyes. I saw it move over the grass. I saw it stop behind the beautiful little boy. I saw it stand and listen, as I had stood and listened at the dawn of morning, for the chiming of the bell before the clock struck the hour. When it heard the stroke it pointed down to the boy with my own hand; and it said to me, with my own voice, 'Kill him.'

"A time passed. I don't know whether it was a minute or an hour. The heavens and the earth disappeared from before me. I saw nothing but the double of myself, with the pointing hand. I felt nothing but the longing to kill the boy.

"Then, as it seemed, the heavens and the earth rushed back upon me. I saw the people near staring in surprise at me, and wondering if I was in my right mind.

"I got, by main force, to my feet; I looked, by main force, away from the beautiful boy; I escaped, by main force, from the sight of the Thing, back into the streets. I can only describe the overpowering strength of the temptation that tried me in one way. It was like tearing the life out of me to tear myself from killing the boy. And what it was on this occasion it has been ever since. No remedy against it but in that torturing effort, and no quenching the after-agony but by solitude and prayer.

"The sense of a coming punishment had hung over me. And the punishment had come. I had waited for the judgment of an Avenging Providence. And the judgment was pronounced. With pions David I could now say, Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off."

Arrived at that point in the narrative, Geoffrey looked up from the manuscript for the first time. Some sound outside the room had disturbed him. Was it a sound in the passage?

He listened. There was an interval of silence. He looked back again at the Confession, turning over the last leaves to count how much was left of it before it came to an end.

After relating the circumstances under which the writer had returned to domestic service, the narrative was resumed no more. Its few remaining pages were occupied by a fragmentary journal. The brief entries all referred to the various occasions on which Hester Dethridge had again and again seen the terrible apparition of herself, and had again and again resisted the homicidal frenzy roused in her by the hideous creation of her own distempered brain. In the effort which that resistance cost her lay the secret of her obstinate determination to insist on being freed from her work at certain times, and to make it a condition with any mistress who employed her that she should be privileged to sleep in a room of her own at night. Having counted the pages thus filled, Geoffrey turned back to the place at which he had left off, to read the manuscript through to the end.

As his eyes rested on the first line the noise in the passage—intermitted for a moment only—disturbed him again.

This time there was no doubt of what the sound implied. He heard her hurried footsteps; he heard her dreadful cry. Hester Dethridge had woke in her chair in the parlor, and had discovered that the Confession was no longer in her own hands.

He put the manuscript into the breast-pocket of his coat. On *this* occasion his reading had been of some use to him. Needless to go on further with it. Needless to return to the Newgate Calendar. The problem was solved.

As he rose to his feet his heavy face brightened slowly with a terrible smile. While the woman's Confession was in his pocket the woman herself was in his power. "If she wants it back," he said, "she must get it on my terms." With that resolution, he opened the door, and met Hester Dethridge, face to face, in the passage.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

THE SIGNS OF THE END.

THE servant, appearing the next morning in Anne's room with the breakfast tray, closed the door with an air of mystery, and announced that strange things were going on in the house.

"Did you hear nothing last night, ma'am," she asked, "down stairs in the passage?"

"I thought I heard some voices whispering outside my room," Anne replied. "Has any thing happened?"

Extricated from the confusion in which she involved it, the girl's narrative amounted in substance to this. She had been startled by the sudden appearance of her mistress in the passage, staring about her wildly, like a woman who had gone out of her senses. Almost at the same moment "the master" had flung open the drawing-room door. He had caught Mrs. Dethridge by the arm, had dragged her into the room, and had closed the door again. After the two had remained shut up together for more than half an hour, Mrs. Dethridge had come out, as pale as ashes, and had gone up stairs trembling like a person in great terror. Some time later, when the servant was in bed, but not asleep, she had seen a light under her door, in the narrow wooden passage which separated Anne's bedroom from Hester's bedroom, and by which she obtained access to her own little sleeping-chamber beyond. She had got out of bed; had looked through the keyhole; and had seen "the master" and Mrs. Dethridge standing together examining the walls of the passage. "The master" had laid his hand upon the wall, on the side of his wife's room, and had looked at Mrs. Dethridge. And Mrs. Dethridge had looked back at him, and had shaken her head. Upon that he had said in a whisper (still with his hand on the wooden wall), "Not to be done here?" And Mrs. Dethridge had shaken her head. He had considered a moment, and had whispered again, "The other room will do, won't it?" And Mrs. Dethridge had nodded her head—and so they had parted. That was the story of the night. Early in the morning, more strange things had happened. The master had gone out, with a large sealed packet in his hand, covered with many stamps; taking his own letter to the post, instead of sending the servant with it as usual. On his return, Mrs. Dethridge had gone out next, and had come back with something in a jar which she had locked up in her own sitting-room. Shortly afterward, a working-man had brought a bundle of laths, and some mortar and plaster of Paris, which had been carefully placed together in a corner of the scullery. Last, and most remarkable in the series of domestic events, the girl had received permission to go home and see her friends in the country, on that very day; having been previously informed, when she entered Mrs. Dethridge's service, that she was not to expect to have a holiday granted to her until after Christmas. Such were the strange things which had happened in the house since the previous night. What was the interpretation to be placed on them?

The right interpretation was not easy to discover.

Some of the events pointed apparently toward coming repairs or alterations in the cottage. But

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what Geoffrey could have to do with them (being at the time served with a notice to quit), and why Hester Dethridge should have shown the violent agitation which had been described, were mysteries which it was impossible to penetrate.

Anne dismissed the girl with a little present and a few kind words. Under other circumstances, the incomprehensible proceedings in the house might have made her seriously uneasy. But her mind was now occupied by more pressing anxieties. Blanche's second letter (received from Hester Dethridge on the previous evening) informed her that Sir Patrick persisted in his resolution, and that he and his niece might be expected, come what might of it, to present themselves at the cottage on that day.

Anne opened the letter, and looked at it for the second time. The passages relating to Sir Patrick were expressed in these terms:

"I don't think, darling, you have any idea of the interest that you have roused in my uncle. Although he has not to reproach himself, as I have, with being the miserable cause of the sacrifice that you have made, he is quite as wretched and quite as anxious about you as I am. We talk of nobody else. He said last night that he did not believe there was your equal in the world. Think of that from a man who has such terribly sharp eyes for the faults of women in general, and such a terribly sharp tongue in talking of them! I am pledged to secrecy; but I must tell you one other thing, between ourselves. Lord Holchester's announcement that his brother refuses to consent to a separation put my uncle almost beside himself. If there is not some change for the better in your life in a few days' time, Sir Patrick will find out a way of his own—lawful or not, he doesn't care—for rescuing you from the dreadful position in which you are placed, and Arnold (with my full approval) will help him. As we understand it, you are, under one pretense or another, kept a close prisoner. Sir Patrick has already secured a post of observation near you. He and Arnold went all round the cottage last night, and examined a door in your back garden wall, with a locksmith to help them. You will no doubt hear further about this from Sir Patrick himself. Pray don't appear to know any thing of it when you see him! I am not in his confidence—but Arnold is, which comes to the same thing exactly. You will see us (I mean you will see my uncle and me) to-morrow, in spite of the brute who keeps you under lock and key. Arnold will not accompany us; he is not to be trusted (he owns it himself) to control his indignation. Courage, dearest! There are two people in the world to whom you are inestimably precious, and who are determined not to let your happiness be sacrificed. I am one of them, and (for Heaven's sake keep this a secret also!) Sir Patrick is the other."

Absorbed in the letter, and in the conflict of opposite feelings which it roused—her color rising when it turned her thoughts inward on herself, and fading again when she was reminded by it of the coming visit—Anne was called back to a sense of present events by the reappearance of the servant, charged with a message. Mr. Speedwell had been for some time in the cottage, and he was now waiting to see her down stairs.

Anne found the surgeon alone in the drawing-room. He apologized for disturbing her at that early hour.

"It was impossible for me to get to Fulham yesterday," he said, "and I could only make sure of complying with Lord Holchester's request by coming here before the time at which I receive patients at home. I have seen Mr. Delamayn, and I have requested permission to say a word to you on the subject of his health."

Anne looked through the window, and saw Geoffrey smoking his pipe—not in the back garden, as usual, but in front of the cottage, where he could keep his eye on the gate.

"Is he ill?" she asked.

"He is seriously ill," answered Mr. Speedwell. "I should not otherwise have troubled you with this interview. It is a matter of professional duty to warn you, as his wife, that he is in danger. He may be seized at any moment by a paralytic stroke. The only chance for him—a very poor one, I am bound to say—is to make him alter his present mode of life without loss of time."

"In one way he will be obliged to alter it," said Anne. "He has received notice from the landlady to quit this cottage."

Mr. Speedwell looked surprised.

"I think you will find that the notice has been withdrawn," he said. "I can only assure you that Mr. Delamayn distinctly informed me, when I advised change of air, that he had decided, for reasons of his own, on remaining here."

(Another in the series of incomprehensible domestic events! Hester Dethridge—on all other occasions the most immovable of women—had changed her mind!)

"Setting that aside," proceeded the surgeon, "there are two preventive measures which I feel bound to suggest. Mr. Delamayn is evidently suffering (though he declines to admit it himself) from mental anxiety. If he is to have a chance for his life, that anxiety must be set at rest. Is it in your power to relieve it?"

"It is not even in my power, Mr. Speedwell, to tell you what it is."

The surgeon bowed, and went on:

"The second caution that I have to give you," he said, "is to keep him from drinking spirits. He admits having committed an excess in that way the night before last. In his state of health, drinking means literally death. If he goes back to the brandy-bottle—forgive me for saying it plainly: the matter is too serious to be trifled with—if he goes back to the brandy-bottle, his life, in my opinion, is not worth five minutes' purchase. Can you keep him from drinking?"

Anne answered sadly and plainly:

"I have no influence over him. The terms we are living on here—"

Mr. Speedwell considerately stopped her.

"I understand," he said. "I will see his brother on my way home." He looked for a moment at Anne. "You are far from well yourself," he resumed. "Can I do any thing for you?"

"While I am living my present life, Mr. Speedwell, not even your skill can help me."

The surgeon took his leave. Anne hurried back up stairs, before Geoffrey could re-enter the cottage. To see the man who had laid her life waste—to meet the vindictive hatred that looked furtively at her out of his eyes—at the moment when sentence of death had been pronounced on him, was an ordeal from which every finer instinct in her nature shrank in horror.

Hour by hour, the morning wore on, and he made no attempt to communicate with her. Stranger still, Hester Dethridge never appeared. The servant came up stairs to say goodby; and went away for her holiday. Shortly afterward, certain sounds reached Anne's ears from the opposite side of the passage. She heard the strokes of a hammer, and then a noise as of some heavy piece of furniture being moved. The mysterious repairs were apparently being begun in the spare room.

She went to the window. The hour was approaching at which Sir Patrick and Blanche might be expected to make the attempt to see her.

For the third time, she looked at the letter.

It suggested, on this occasion, a new consideration to her. Did the strong measures which Sir Patrick had taken in secret indicate alarm as well as sympathy? Did he believe she was in a position in which the protection of the law was powerless to reach her? It seemed just possible. Suppose she were free to consult a magistrate, and to own to him (if words could express it) the vague presentiment of danger which was then present in her mind—what proof could she produce to satisfy the mind of a stranger? The proofs were all in her husband's favor. Witnesses could testify to the conciliatory words which he had spoken to her in their presence. The evidence of his mother and brother would show that he had preferred to sacrifice his own pecuniary interests rather than consent to part with her. She could furnish nobody with the smallest excuse, in her case, for interfering between man and wife. Did Sir Patrick see this? And did Blanche's description of what he and Arnold Brinkworth were doing point to the conclusion that they were taking the law into their own hands in despair? The more she thought of it, the more likely it seemed.

She was still pursuing the train of thought thus suggested, when the gate-bell rang.

The noises in the spare room suddenly stopped.

Anne looked out. The roof of a carriage was visible on the other side of the wall. Sir Patrick and Blanche had arrived. After an interval Hester Dethridge appeared in the garden, and went to the grating in the gate. Anne heard Sir Patrick's voice, clear and resolute. Every word he said reached her ears through the open window.

"Be so good as to give my card to Mr. Delamayn. Say that I bring him a message from Holchester House, and that I can only deliver it at a personal interview."

Hester Dethridge returned to the cottage. Another, and a longer interval elapsed. At the end of the time, Geoffrey himself appeared in the front garden, with the key in his hand. Anne's heart throbbed fast as she saw him unlock the gate, and asked herself what was to follow.

To her unutterable astonishment, Geoffrey admitted Sir Patrick without the slightest hesitation—and, more still, he invited Blanche to leave the carriage and come in!

"Let by-gones be by-gones," Anne heard him say to Sir Patrick. "I only want to do the right thing. If it's the right thing for visitors to come here, so soon after my father's death, come, and welcome. My own notion was, when you proposed it before, that it was wrong. I am not much versed in these things. I leave it to you."

"A visitor who brings you messages from your mother and your brother," Sir Patrick answered gravely, "is a person whom it is your duty to admit, Mr. Delamayn, under any circumstances."

"And he ought to be none the less welcome," added Blanche, "when he is accompanied by your wife's oldest and dearest friend."

Geoffrey looked, in stolid submission, from one to the other.

"I am not much versed in these things," he repeated. "I have said already, I leave it to you."

They were by this time close under Anne's window. She showed herself. Sir Patrick took off his hat. Blanche kissed her hand with a cry of joy, and attempted to enter the cottage. Geoffrey stopped her—and called to his wife to come down.

"No! no!" said Blanche. "Let me go up to her in her room."

She attempted for the second time to gain the stairs. For the second time, Geoffrey stopped her. "Don't trouble yourself," he said; "she is coming down."

Anne joined them in the front garden. Blanche flew into her arms and devoured her with kisses. Sir Patrick took her hand in silence. For the first time in Anne's experience of him, the bright, resolute, self-reliant old man was, for the moment, at a loss what to say, at a loss what to do. His eyes, resting on her in mute sympathy and interest, said plainly, "In your husband's presence I must not trust myself to speak."

Geoffrey broke the silence.

"Will you go into the drawing-room?" he asked, looking with steady attention at his wife and Blanche.

Geoffrey's voice appeared to rouse Sir Patrick. He raised his head—he looked like himself again.

"Why go indoors this lovely weather?" he said. "Suppose we take a turn in the garden?"

Blanche pressed Anne's hand significantly. The proposal was evidently made for a purpose. They turned the corner of the cottage and gained the large garden at the back—the two ladies walking together, arm in arm; Sir Patrick and Geoffrey following them. Little by little, Blanche quickened her pace. "I have got my instructions," she whispered to Anne. "Let's get out of his hearing."

It was more easily said than done. Geoffrey kept close behind them.

"Consider my lameness, Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick. "Not quite so fast."

It was well intended. But Geoffrey's cunning had taken the alarm. Instead of dropping behind with Sir Patrick, he called to his wife.

"Consider Sir Patrick's lameness," he repeated. "Not quite so fast."

Sir Patrick met that check with characteristic readiness. When Anne slackened her pace, he addressed himself to Geoffrey, stopping deliberately in the middle of the path. "Let me give you my message from Holchester House," he said. The two ladies were still slowly walking on. Geoffrey was placed between the alternatives of staying with Sir Patrick and leaving them by themselves—or of following them and leaving Sir Patrick. Deliberately, on his side, he followed the ladies.

Sir Patrick called him back. "I told you I wished to speak to you," he said, sharply.

Driven to bay, Geoffrey openly revealed his resolution to give Blanche no opportunity of speaking in private to Anne. He called to Anne to stop.

"I have no secrets from my wife," he said. "And I expect my wife to have no secrets from me. Give me the message in her hearing."

Sir Patrick's eyes brightened with indignation. He controlled himself, and looked for an instant significantly at his niece before he spoke to Geoffrey.

"As you please," he said. "Your brother requests me to tell you that the duties of the new position in which he is placed occupy the whole of his time, and will prevent him from returning to Fulham, as he had proposed, for some days to come. Lady Holchester, hearing that I was likely to see you, has charged me with another message, from herself. She is not well enough to leave home; and she wishes to see you at Holchester House to-morrow—accompanied (as she specially desires) by Mrs. Delamayn."

In giving the two messages, he gradually raised his voice to a louder tone than usual. While he was speaking, Blanche (warned to follow her instructions by the glance her uncle had cast at her) lowered her voice, and said to Anne:

"He won't consent to the separation as long as he has got you here. He is trying for higher terms. Leave him, and he must submit. Put a candle in your window, if you can get into the garden to-night. If not, any other night. Make for the back gate in the wall. Sir Patrick and Arnold will manage the rest."

She slipped those words into Anne's ears—swinging her parasol to and fro, and looking as if the merest gossip was dropping from her lips—with the dexterity which rarely fails a woman when she is called on to assist a deception in which her own interests are concerned. Cleverly as it had been done, however, Geoffrey's inveterate distrust was stirred into action by it. Blanche had got to her last sentence before he was able to turn his attention from what Sir Patrick was saying to what his niece was saying. A quicker man would have heard more. Geoffrey had only distinctly heard the first half of the last sentence.

"What's that," he asked, "about Sir Patrick and Arnold?"

"Nothing very interesting to you," Blanche answered, readily. "I will repeat it if you like. I was telling Anne about my step-mother, Lady Lundie. After what happened that day in Portland Place, she has requested Sir Patrick and Arnold to consider themselves, for the future, as total strangers to her. That's all."

"Oh!" said Geoffrey, eying her narrowly. "That's all?"

"Ask my uncle," returned Blanche, "if you don't believe that I have reported her correctly. She gave us all our dismissal, in her most magnificent manner, and in those very words. Didn't she, Sir Patrick?"

It was perfectly true. Blanche's readiness of resource had met the emergency of the moment by describing something, in connection with Sir Patrick and Arnold, which had really happened. Silenced on one side, in spite of himself, Geoffrey was at the same moment pressed on the other, for an answer to his mother's message.

"I must take your reply to Lady Holchester," said Sir Patrick. "What is it to be?"

Geoffrey looked hard at him, without making any reply.

Sir Patrick repeated the message—with a special emphasis on that part of it which related to Anne. The emphasis roused Geoffrey's temper.

"You and my mother have made that message up between you, to try me!" he burst out. "Damn all underhand work is what *I* say!"

"I am waiting for your answer," persisted Sir Patrick, steadily ignoring the words which had just been addressed to him.

Geoffrey glanced at Anne, and suddenly recovered himself.

"My love to my mother," he said. "I'll go to her to-morrow—and take my wife with me, with the greatest pleasure. Do you hear that? With the greatest pleasure." He stopped to observe the effect of his reply. Sir Patrick waited impenetrably to hear more—if he had more to say. "I'm sorry I lost my temper just now," he resumed. "I am badly treated—I'm distrusted without a cause. I ask you to bear witness," he added, his voice getting louder again, while his eyes moved uneasily backward and forward between Sir Patrick and Anne, "that I treat my wife as becomes a lady. Her friend calls on her—and she's free to receive her friend. My mother wants to see her—and I promise to take her to my mother's. At two o'clock to-morrow. Where am I to blame? You stand there looking at me, and saying nothing. Where am I to blame?"

"If a man's own conscience justifies him, Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick, "the opinions of others are of very little importance. My errand here is performed."

As he turned to bid Anne farewell, the uneasiness that he felt at leaving her forced its way to view. The color faded out of his face. His hand trembled as it closed tenderly and firmly on hers. "I shall see you to-morrow, at Holchester House," he said; giving his arm while he spoke to Blanche. He took leave of Geoffrey, without looking at him again, and without seeing his offered hand. In another minute they were gone.

Anne waited on the lower floor of the cottage, while Geoffrey closed and locked the gate. She had no wish to appear to avoid him, after the answer that he had sent to his mother's message. He returned slowly half-way across the front garden, looked toward the passage in which she was standing, passed before the door, and disappeared round the corner of the cottage on his way to the back garden. The inference was not to be mistaken. It was Geoffrey who was avoiding *her*. Had he lied to Sir Patrick? When the next day came would he find reasons of his own for refusing to take her to Holchester House?

She went up stairs. At the same moment Hester Dethridge opened her bedroom door to come out. Observing Anne, she closed it again; and remained invisible in her room. Once more the inference was not to be mistaken. Hester Dethridge, also, had her reasons for avoiding Anne.

What did it mean? What object could there be in common between Hester and Geoffrey?

There was no fathoming the meaning of it. Anne's thoughts reverted to the communication which had been secretly made to her by Blanche. It was not in womanhood to be insensible to such devotion as Sir Patrick's conduct implied. Terrible as her position had become in its ever-growing uncertainty, in its never-ending suspense, the oppression of it yielded for the moment to the glow of pride and gratitude which warmed her heart, as she thought of the sacrifices that had been made, of the perils that were still to be encountered, solely for her sake. To shorten the period of suspense seemed to be a duty which she owed to Sir Patrick, as well as to herself. Why, in her situation, wait for what the next day might bring forth? If the opportunity offered, she determined to put the signal in the window that night.

Toward evening she heard once more the noises which appeared to indicate that repairs of some sort were going on in the house. This time the sounds were fainter; and they came, as she fancied, not from the spare room, as before, but from Geoffrey's room, next to it.

The dinner was later than usual that day. Hester Dethridge did not appear with the tray till dusk. Anne spoke to her, and received a mute sign in answer. Determined to see the woman's face plainly, she put a question which required a written answer on the slate; and, telling Hester to wait, went to the mantle-piece to light her candle. When she turned round with the lighted candle in her hand, Hester was gone.

Night came. She rang her bell to have the tray taken away. The fall of a strange footstep startled her outside her door. She called out, "Who's there?" The voice of the lad whom Geoffrey employed to go on errands for him answered her.

"What do you want here?" she asked, through the door.

"Mr. Delamayn sent me up, ma'am. He wishes to speak to you directly."

Anne found Geoffrey in the dining-room. His object in wishing to speak to her was, on the surface of it, trivial enough. He wanted to know how she would prefer going to Holchester House on the next day—by the railway, or in a carriage. "If you prefer driving," he said, "the boy has come here for orders; and he can tell them to send a carriage from the livery-stables, as he goes home."

"The railway will do perfectly well for me," Anne replied.

Instead of accepting the answer, and dropping the subject, he asked her to reconsider her decision. There was an absent, uneasy expression in his eye as he begged her not to consult economy at the expense of her own comfort. He appeared to have some reason of his own for preventing her from leaving the room. "Sit down a minute, and think before you decide," he said. Having forced her to take a chair, he put his head outside the door, and directed the lad to go up stairs, and see if he had left his pipe in his bedroom. "I want you to go in comfort, as a lady should," he repeated, with the uneasy look more marked than ever. Before Anne could reply, the lad's voice reached them from the bedroom floor, raised in shrill alarm, and screaming "Fire!"

Geoffrey ran up stairs. Anne followed him. The lad met them at the top of the stairs. He pointed to the open door of Anne's room. She was absolutely certain of having left her lighted candle, when she went down to Geoffrey, at a safe distance from the bed-curtains. The bed-curtains, nevertheless, were in a blaze of fire.

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DIVIDEND-DAY—INTERIOR OF THE BOWERY SAVINGS-BANK.—[SEE PAGE 470.]

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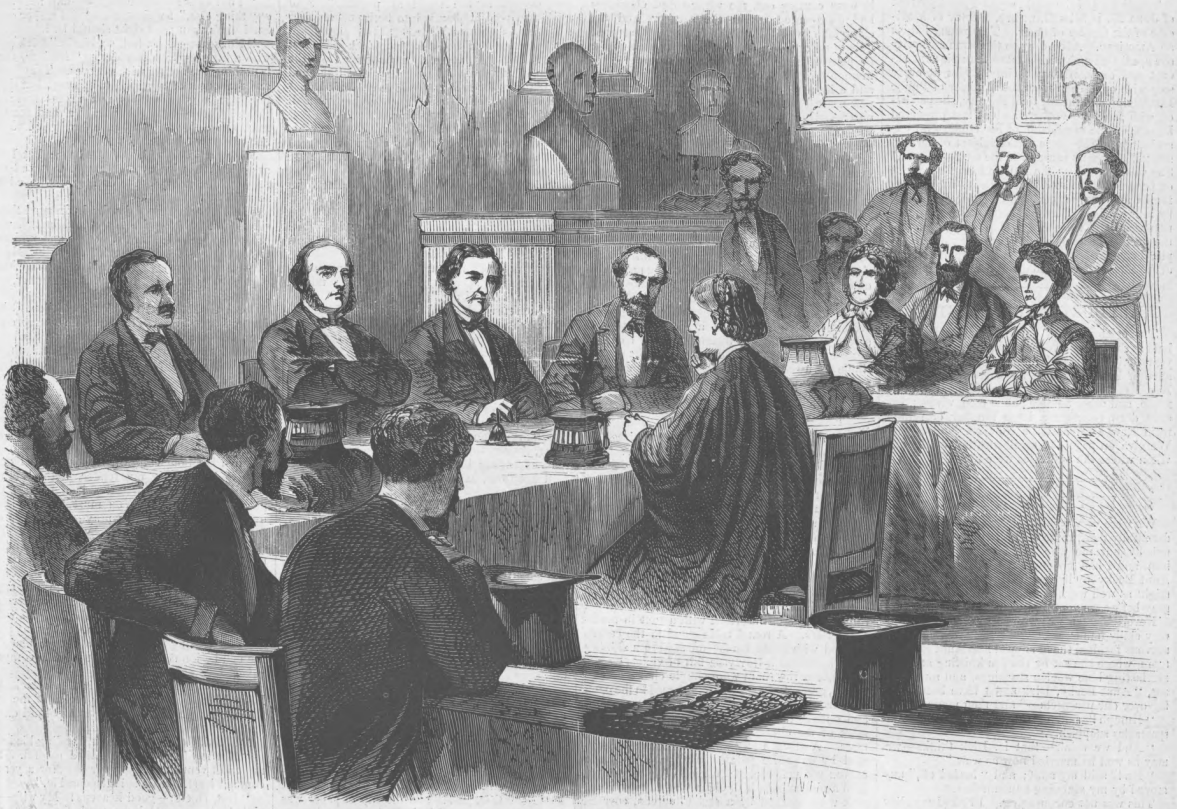
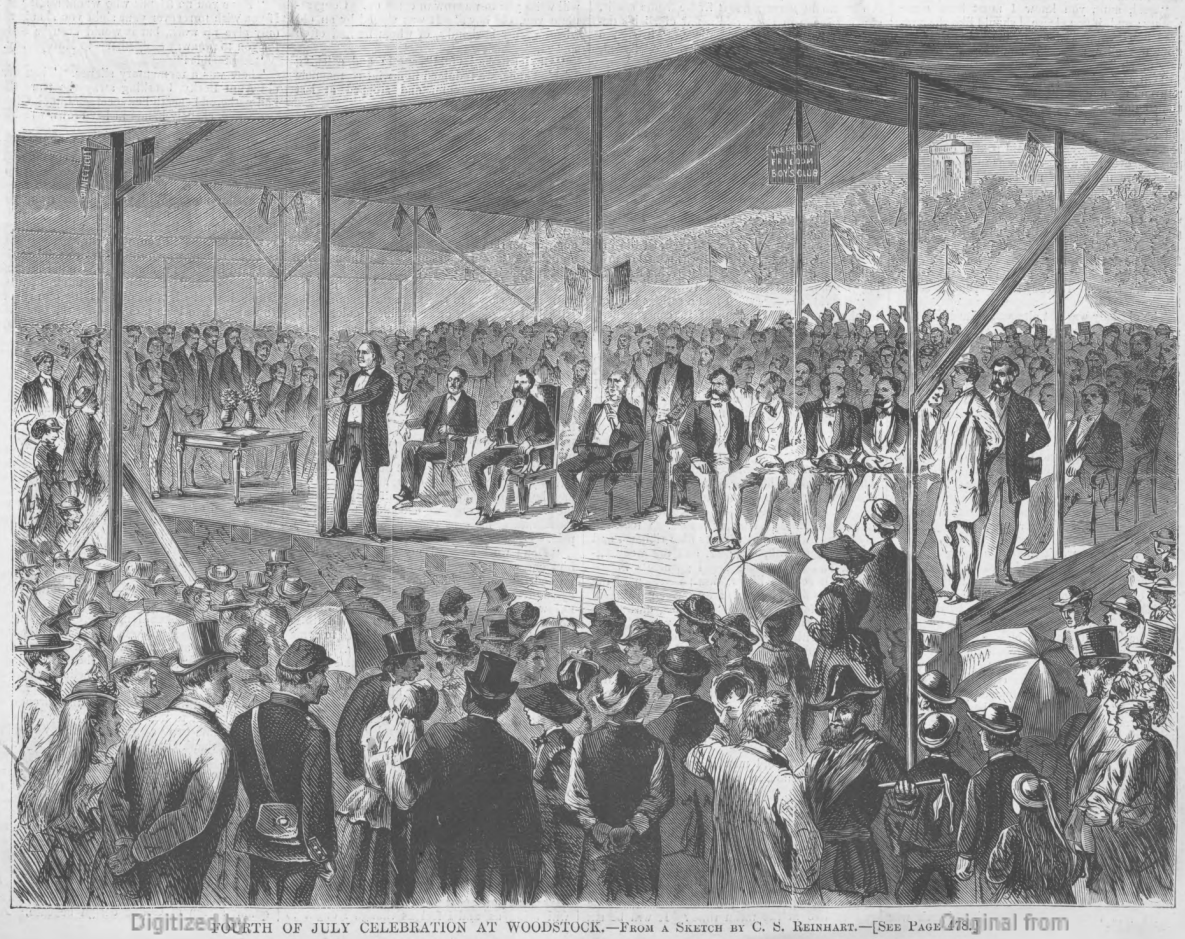


MISS GARRETT BEFORE THE BOARD OF MEDICAL EXAMINERS AT PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 478.]



FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT WOODSTOCK.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

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MISS GARRETT.

THE lioness of the week, says a French journal of June 25, is Miss GARRETT, Doctor of Medicine of the faculty of Paris. This young lady is an American. According to the same authority she speaks French with a more than piquant accent and extraordinary facility. Met at every step with opposition from the Minister of Public Instruction and the Medical Faculty, she persisted with feminine energy, and at last presented herself, on the conclusion of her studies, for examination. She chose as the subject of her thesis, "Megrim, its causes and the means of cure." She was dressed, as the illustration of the scene on page 477 will show, in a student's robe. Her family and many spectators were present, drawn by interest as well as curiosity. The examination was long, thorough, and strictly impartial, the doctors seeming to forget the sex of the pupil; but she passed through it triumphantly, and at the close was awarded the well-earned diploma.

THE FOURTH AT WOODSTOCK.

THE celebration of our National Anniversary held at the town of Woodstock, Connecticut, this year derived unusual interest from the attendance of President GRANT, General BUTLER, the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, General WOODFORD, and other notable public men, whose presence drew together a large number of people from New York and the New England States. We give on page 477 an illustration of the pavilion where the addresses were made.

LITTLE DAME TROT.

WE were very young, Dick and I, and he was dreadfully poor, to be sure; but then as he had nobody but me who cared particularly about him, and I had no one but crusty, crabbed old Aunt Becky to live with, why, we thought we might as well work together as wait till we were gray before we ventured to marry.

Nevertheless, it was with very shaky knees and very chilly hands, squeezed tightly together in a nervous fashion, that I slipped into Aunt Becky's room, where she sat by the fire knitting at those everlasting blue woolen stockings, and mumbled out, "Aunt Becky, Dick and I have been talking over our prospects—" and then made pause.

"Humph!" said my aunt, and twitched her spectacles snappishly.

"And we think—that is, Dick thinks—we may as well be married now as wait."

"Ha!" said my aunt; and "heeled off," unmoved by my stunning announcement.

This was not encouraging. I kicked my slippers on the hearth-rug, twisted the tiny pearl ring Dick had given me round and round on my finger, then took courage, and bolted out,

"And, aunt, you know I must have some clothes; and, if you please, I should like the hundred dollars that father left me. Please don't think us foolish, aunt. We—we love each other very much."

"Oh, make fools of yourselves, if you choose," returned my aunt. "It's all one to me. Only, don't come bothering and begging to me afterward, that's all."

I flamed with indignation. The idea of Dick begging! However, poor old soul, I don't suppose she ever had a lover, or was in love herself; she knows nothing of my exalted sentiments; I feel I can afford to be magnanimous! Meanwhile Aunt Becky slowly rose, unlocked the big shining mahogany secretary, and took out of a pigeon-hole a little soiled chamois-leather bag.

"Here, child," she said. "Don't spend it in foolish finery."

"Oh, aunt, how good of you! Thank you a thousand times. Indeed, I will spend it sensibly."

The old lady was not altogether hard-hearted, after all. "You've been a good girl, Margaret," she said, slowly. "I hope you'll get along well. There's an old proverb that says, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.' But Richard Dalton's a fine young man; he puts me in mind of—" Here my aunt stopped abruptly, and locked up the desk with a loud snap; then resuming her knitting and her usual manner at the same time, she added, "There, don't come kissing and bothering me. You've made me drop six stitches already."

I spent fifty dollars; it was the "good old times," reader, long "before the war," and I was only to be a poor young architect's wife, you know; and hid the other precious fifty for a rainy day.

"I hope you won't mind it's being a queer place to take a lady," said Dick to me, a little anxiously, as arm in arm we walked to the downtown church that golden June morning.

"Oh no, Dick; if you don't mind I don't," I said, hopefully, looking up—a long way up—into his face, for I am only a blue-eyed morsel of a woman, and Dick full six feet high.

"There happened to be those two vacant rooms back of the office, and the church-yard is very green and cheerful, so I thought you wouldn't mind if I took them just as a beginning. I'm afraid you will laugh at my 'grande appartement meublée,' but I know you can make it cheerful, Dame Trot."

"I don't believe your furnishing will be one bit queerer than my housekeeping. We are both greenhorns—that's one comfort."

"We sha'n't be much troubled with company, at all events;" said Dick, laughing. "Our swell acquaintances won't bestir themselves very often, I fancy, to climb up to the fourth floor of St. Thomas's Buildings for a morning call. But you'd rather live so, wouldn't you, than in a smelly boarding-house?" And Dick's handsome face expressed intense disgust.

At this moment, however, the church was reached. Morning prayers were just over; the few piously disposed individuals who had strayed in were coming out, the white-robed choristers had disappeared within the sacristy, and the clergyman was following. A verger stepped quietly up and whispered something in his ear; he paused, turned, and came back to the communion-rail. A few sight-seeing country people, and a little ragged news-boy peering round the pew nearest the door, were the only witnesses to our marriage. In ten minutes the great deed was done, and I walked out of church—Dick's wife! Was it possible? The world seemed to take singularly little notice of such a remarkable event.

St. Thomas's Buildings, as all the world knows, stand not a stone's-throw from the church where Margaret Blaine was transformed, in some wonderful way, into Mrs. Richard Dalton. I mounted breathlessly up four flights of an iron stairway, the walls whereof were plentifully besprinkled with signs pertaining to the occupants of the numerous offices, and paused, panting, on the topmost floor, before a shabby little door, half ground glass, on which was inscribed the legend, "R. Dalton, Architect." We entered; a huge green baize screen stood at a short distance within, concealing the office beyond, and forming a sort of vestibule for a second door. This Dick unlocked, and gently pushing me before him, closed it, saying, cheerily, "Here's home, Dame Trot! It's a puir one, but *our ain!* Thank God for that."

"Oh, Dick!" I cried, standing on tiptoe to hug him. "What a lovely little room! I'm sure I ought to be happy when such a darling old fellow has made every thing so nice and pretty for me."

The darling old fellow kissed me, with a very pleased face, and I, subsiding to my natural level and the ordinary position of society, took a survey of my apartment.

There was no carpet; but the floor was waxed and polished in the French fashion. The walls were painted pale green, with a bright, quaint border of many colors, here and there twined round by a scroll inscribed with a text in mediæval letters. A round table stood in the centre covered with green baize; on it were a shining brass lamp and a tiny vase full of violets; scattered about the room were simple chairs—cane-seated, green-framed. Plants bloomed in the open window, through which the sun came streaming, and outside one saw only the stately walls and spire of the church, and the waving boughs of trees. A clock, its common frame made beautiful by exquisite painted designs, stood on a carved walnut bracket; a rack of open shelves held a modest supply of china. A tiny stove and sink were marked by a second screen, covered with white canvas, on which was painted Gothic scroll and leaf work; through its mazy lines grotesque monsters peered and writhed themselves. A chromo in *passe partout* frame, some sunlit, glowing scene in Italy, and a few of Dick's designs, formed our picture-gallery. Through a door beyond a bedchamber was visible, shaded, spotless, and still.

"Do you like it, Dame Trot?" asks Dick, bending his stately head very near mine.

"Like it! I think there never was any room so charming. And I know you did those lovely decorations and made that killing screen—confess now."

"Yes; we 'keeps a painter,'" says Dick, laughing; "but he can only work off-hours, unluckily."

"Then that was what made you so late every evening this month? and I was so cross, and accused you of neglecting me, when all the time you were working for me! Oh!" and I hid my face in his waistcoat, profoundly ashamed of myself. "Why didn't you tell me? What a horrid pig you must have thought me!"

"Horrid, of course! I had a serious idea of breaking off the engagement in consequence. Well, little birdie, I must leave you in your nest a while, and go to work. I'll come for you by-and-by, and we'll indulge in the dissipation of dining out to-day. To-morrow we must begin to forage for ourselves, Dame Trot." And holding me close for a moment, his great brown eyes looking lovingly into mine, my husband left me.

I don't know why or wherefore, but my first proceeding thereafter was to sit down and enjoy a good, sound, old-fashioned cry; uprising from which, refreshed like Dr. Watts's rose after the shower, I betook myself to the task of unpacking my whole wardrobe, which Dick had had sent from Aunt Becky's the day before. I took off my gray straw bonnet with its lilac ribbons, and the pale gray silk, my best, and my wedding-gown, and hung those festal garments in the closet; it seemed like taking possession of my home, that first bestowal of my garments. Then, with a joyful little cry of "Richard, darling, to think it should be *true*, and I am your wife!" I go about with my work singing gayly as a lark, "the melody of a heart content."

"Dame Trot," said Dick to me one evening late in October, "I wish I could go in for this competition at Philadelphia. It would be a thousand dollars in my pocket, to begin with, if my designs are accepted, and the commission on the building besides, to say nothing of other work following it."

"What is it, old man?" I asked, resting my chin on his shoulder as he sat, leaning on the table.

"Why, this; don't you see?" pointing to a circular letter he had received, inviting architects to furnish plans for a certain public building.

"Well, why don't you go in? Of course you can cut the other old stupids out in a minute," I said, confidently.

"I've no objection to try and accomplish that desirable end, certainly; but how the dickens are we to live in the mean time? It will be six weeks' hard work to get out the plans, and I sha'n't be making a cent; and I've just twenty-five dollars in the world at present." And Dick crammed his hands into both pockets with a long and dubious whistle.

"How lucky I resisted that black silk last June!" I thought, and slyly unfastening from the bosom of my dress, where I had kept it pinned all this time for safety, the little chamois bag, I held it demurely before his eyes, saying, "Small contributions thankfully received, I suppose."

"Why, Dame Trot, what's this?" and unfastening the strings, five shining eagles are poured out on the table. Fifty dollars! "Where did you get it?"

"Conjured it, of course; don't you know I'm a fairy?"

"No—but seriously."

I curled my arms about his neck, and told him the story of poor father's little legacy, and how I had used half for some good use.

"Oh my pet! my darling! All your money that you have saved so long! I can't take it from you, little birdie."

"Nonsense! I saved it for you. Besides, I consider it a very good speculation, to make a thousand dollars out of fifty."

"But if I lose the competition?"

"You *won't* lose it. I know you will win it for *me*, Dick, because—" and here, with a crimson face and the smallest mewlet of a voice, I whisper in his ear something which makes him start, and his brown eyes flash with joy and triumph. Then he takes me very closely to his heart, saying, in a low, broken voice—half pain, half exceeding love—"God bless my darling! God keep her, and"—a long, silent kiss finishes the sentence.

I think we both worked over those drawings. Day after day, for a long six weeks, when housework was ended, I drew my chair beside Dick's, and sat perched there with my feet on the rung, after the fashion of little people, watching him, and silently praying for his success; as line upon line, first rough sketch, then careful elevation, section and ground plan, and lastly, the finished perspective drawing, elaborately worked up and colored, emerged from under his steady, practiced hand. I'm sure he couldn't have thought harder or more over those famous plans than I did.

Then came a week—two weeks—of breathless suspense, for me at least; and then, one joyous afternoon, when Dick, who had gone out looking haggard and anxious, came flying up stairs and into the sitting-room, waving a slip of paper, and shouting "Huzza!" like any school-boy.

"Huzza, with all my heart!" I cried, laughing at his enthusiasm. "What's up?"

"Read that, just!" and the slip of paper was tossed over to me. I looked—it was a telegram from Philadelphia:

"Your design is accepted. The committee will write you to-morrow to come on. Congratulate you, old boy!" It was signed by an old friend of my husband's, of whom he had often spoken.

"Oh, let us be joyful!" sang I; and, catching Dick's hands, we indulged in a wild carmagnole about the sitting-room, and stopped at last breathless with laughter and singing.

"Won't we go on together, though!" said Dick, exultingly. "It shall be your wedding tour, Dame Trot. You're looking pale, my darling; the change will do you good. Come, what do you say to driving out? This ought to be a red-letter day for my little patient birdie. She has been so wonderfully helpful—such a good, good little wife."

We went. In three days we had locked up our wee housie in dingy St. Thomas's Buildings, and started joyously on our journey through the golden Indian Summer weather.

The great building was founded; its massive walls began slowly to rise from the ground. As Dick had predicted, other business quickly followed to the successful man, as is usually the case in this world; and now a new spirit began to show itself in my ever-gay companion. He had always been industrious, now he bent to his work with savage energy; he spared hardly an hour in the day for his meals; he sat up working till two or three o'clock in the morning—long after he had sent me to bed. The more work he had, the more he sought after—eagerly, hungrily. He no longer whistled and sang over his drawing-room desk; when he did allow himself any rest on the week-days, and all day Sunday, he would lie apparently quite exhausted on the pretty green couch we had added to our modest furniture, his eyes closed, and his face very pale.

"Don't work so hard, my darling," I said to him one winter evening, when, quite worn out, he had thrown himself down after dinner, and, as he often did now, begged me to turn the light as low as possible. "Why should we be in such haste to get rich? I would a hundred times rather live in my 'sky parlor' ten years to come than have you wearied out like this. And I am sure you will injure your eyes with so much fine drawing."

"Who told you any thing ailed my eyes?" he asked, hastily, almost angrily.

"No one—only the light seems to trouble you."

"Nonsense, Dame Trot! Don't have such ridiculous fancies! You ought to cheer me up when I am working so hard—not discourage me with doleful ideas."

"I did not mean to discourage you, Dick; please don't think so."

"Then why do you talk in that way?" he retorted, captiously; then, seeing that I could not keep back my tears, he put his arm around me, saying, fondly, "There—don't cry, my darling. I'm afraid I am often cross and stupid nowadays; but you know what we hope the summer will bring us, and I feel as though I ought to strain every nerve to get the means of making my darling comfortable in her great trial."

"Your eyes are more to you—and me—than any thing else," I whispered. "I'd rather go to St. Luke's than your sight should be injured."

"Nonsense—don't talk so, birdie," Dick said, with a little nervous shudder. "Besides, there is nothing the matter with my eyes. They smart and feel queer of evenings, to be sure; but that's nothing; a good night's rest makes them all right. Come—take the 'Builder' and read to me a while—'sufficient for the day,' you know—don't borrow trouble, Dame Trot."

His words only half reassured me; but I did as he bid me, with a secret prayer that no harm might come to my brave darling who loved me so well.

The long winter months slowly dragged themselves out. Spring came, soft and balmy, with crocuses and violets in her hands, and midsummer, bright and golden, smiled over all the land. On my breast lay a wee white daisy—Baby Margaret; but I was still in my lofty chamber, and Dick was—blind.

Yes—God help us! the blow had fallen. Shall I ever forget his awful face as he staggered in from his office and threw himself on his knees beside my bed, gasping out, "Margaret! oh, my poor darling! my punishment has come! I have been stricken all in a moment. My God! if I had listened to you last winter! What will become of us?"

Aunt Becky rose from her seat beside me. The old lady had softened wonderfully since she first heard of the new hope that had come to us. She had been our constant visitor and helper of late, and was now my tender, faithful nurse. "Children!" she said, "this is a terrible dispensation—terrible! You must feel it almost unbearable just now; but pray—pray if you can for patience. Give me the baby, Margaret. You ought to be alone with your husband, and I must go for help directly. It may not be too late."

She took the sleeping child from my arms, wrapped in her little blanket (I knew afterward that she left her in the care of the janitor's wife), and disappeared from the room. Then my poor, stricken darling groped his way to a place on the bed beside me, and we just cried in company—God help us!

"You will recover from this *first* attack, Mr. Dalton," said the calm, kindly voice of the ophthalmic surgeon, after a long and painful examination.

"Thank God!" spoke Dick, bending his head.

"But it will not do to risk a second. You must not venture to use your eyes for a year to come at least. This is indispensable."

"But, Doctor—good heavens! My wife—my child! How can I leave work for a year? I have no other resource than my professional income."

"Have you no friends who would assist you? If you wish to recover your sight you should not only give up work, but it would even be better for you to go away altogether—to Europe, say."

"Impossible!"

There was a momentary silence. Then dear old Aunt Becky, brushing away the tears that had gathered beneath her spectacles, took Dick's two white, shapely hands in her brown wrinkled ones.

"Richard," she said, "I'm an old woman now. I have nothing to live for but to make you young folks happy. I've been saving up a nest-egg all these years, and it comes to a tidy little sum now. Will you take it from your cross, crabbed old aunty, and go on this journey? Margaret and baby shall be safe with me till you come home. Will you, my dear?"

I don't know which did it, but certainly either Richard hugged my aunt, and gave her a sounding kiss, or Dr. Blount did. I think, upon the whole, it was both of them. I, lying on my sofa, to which I had been promoted for the first time, could only cry, "God bless you, from my heart, I pray, dear, dear Aunt Becky!"

A month afterward Dick went. It was a hard struggle, parting from my bonny darling for that long voyage, that longer absence in a foreign land; above all, when it was still so painful to him to do more than just glance at objects through the strange blue spectacles they put over his handsome brown eyes. Baby Margaret and I went to my aunt's old-fashioned house—unchanged since I left it to be a wife. The dear little rooms in St. Thomas's Buildings were closed and locked, the office let to an architectural friend of my husband. How happy I was when the first letter came, after three months! Only a few lines, but enough to show that the cure was working. How I longed and watched for my darling when the time drew near for his return—praying, fearing lest some accident should befall the steamer—rushing down to the office in the most unreasonable way, to know if she had been spoken, long before there was any possibility of such an event! And when the summer-tide was at its height once more, and Baby Margaret could just toddle to the door, and utter a wooing sound that my fond, believing ears announced to be "papa," the good ship *Europa* floated safely into the harbor; and through the golden sunset to the old house, as he had come many a time two years ago, came my Richard, restored, thank God! to perfection of sight and strength.

We are rich people now. Our house stands stately among the homes of the wealthy of the land. Its rooms are filled with every luxury that sense could demand or artistic taste require; but on an upper floor is a little room that is dearer to us than all the rest besides. No carpet covers its floor, the furniture is only cane, with one tiny, shabby green couch among it; a brass lamp stands on the green-covered table; a bright chromo hangs over the mantle, with a quaint screen of Gothic design beneath. And

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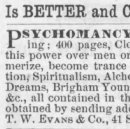

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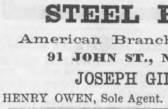

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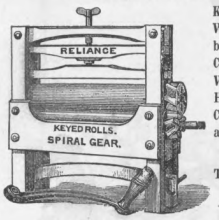

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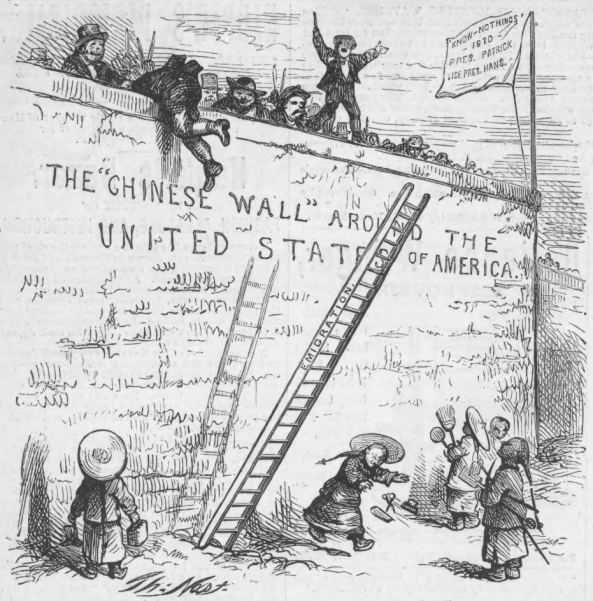

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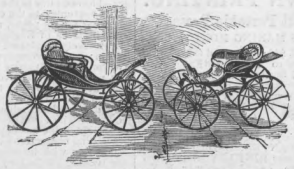

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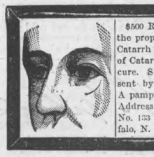

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PRUSSIA.

THE beginning of a war between France and Prussia, in which the whole of Germany, if not the whole of Europe, may become involved, again brings the principal personages of the royal family of Prussia prominently before the public; and we therefore lay accurate portraits of them before our readers.

The King, WILLIAM I., was born in 1797, and was the second son of FREDERICK WILLIAM III. When his elder brother, King FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.—a most amiable but weak-minded man—became insane, in 1858, WILLIAM, then commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, was declared Regent. His first act was to dismiss the cabinet of his elder brother, composed entirely of leaders of the aristocratic party, and to establish a new administration, to whose energetic and liberal policy the kingdom owes much of its material and political advancement. His insane brother died in 1861, without issue, and the Regent became King, under the title of WILLIAM I. The great events of his reign thus far have been the annexation of the Elbe duchies and the important campaign which ended in the humiliation of Austria. A proud, headstrong monarch, and a firm believer in the divine right of kings, he only tolerates constitutional government because he can not help himself, and his rule is as nearly despotic as a strong will can make it.

His Queen, AUGUSTA, is the daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar. She is a very ambitious woman, fine-looking, and is said to be personally very kind and amiable.

The only son, and the heir to the throne, is the Crown Prince, FREDERICK WILLIAM, who is represented standing on the left of the King. He should not be confounded with his cousin, the Prince Royal, FREDERICK CHARLES, who is represented on the other side of the engraving—an error which is sometimes made by American writers, owing probably to the incidents of name and title, and to the fact that each commanded a corps of the army in the campaign of Sadowa, and that both were equally gallant and distinguished on that bloody field. The Crown Prince was born in 1831. Just before his father's elevation to the throne he married the eldest daughter of Queen VICTORIA. His wife and their second child, Princess CHARLOTTE, are represented by the side of the Crown Prince. The eldest child of the young couple, Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM (the sixth of the name), is represented at the feet of his grandparents.

The Prince Royal, FREDERICK CHARLES, the nephew of the King, is commander of a corps of the Prussian army. He was born in 1828. King WILLIAM is fortunate in having in his own family two commanders of such pre-eminent ability as the Crown Prince and the Prince Royal.

The Grand Duke of Baden, Prince FREDERICK, is a son-in-law of the King of Prussia, having married, in 1856, the only daughter of that monarch, Princess LOUISA MARY, who is represented at his side.

Prince Frederick Charles. Queen Augusta. Grand Duchess of Baden. Prince Frederick William. Grand Duke of Baden. King William I. Prince Frederick William. Princess Victoria. Princess Charlotte.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PRUSSIA.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870.

THE POLITICAL SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WE have more than once stated that one of the gravest objections to the ascendency of the Democratic party is, that it has not acquiesced in the results of the war. As its principle of State sovereignty justified the rebellion, so the same principle denies the validity of the measures of reconstruction. And as the chief necessity of the country is repose and relief from the spirit which sought its destruction, and which it has vanquished, its chief peril is the disposition to cherish and develop that spirit, which is the disposition of the Democratic party. It is because this is evident that, notwithstanding a certain dissatisfaction with the Republicans, there is a profound distrust of the Democrats, and a real reluctance to intrust them with power. Whatever difference there may be between the tone of a party press in opposition, and the policy of the same party in administration—however true it may be that the measures of a government will be very unlike the resolutions of a convention, there is yet no doubt that the intelligent people of the United States would see with the utmost apprehension the party that virtually consented to the destruction of the government seven years ago now in control of the government.

Nor ought any good citizen to fail to observe the signs of the times. At this moment the Democratic leaders believe the Republican party to be hopelessly demoralized. They count surely upon the electoral vote of New York, by means of the system of fraud which they have perfected, and the objectors to which, in their own party, they have effectually silenced. They see the elections every where favorable to them, and they have no doubt that the divisions among Republicans will deepen and widen during the next two years. Their reasoning is simple, and the grounds of it are obvious. Success, indeed, seems to them so sure that they do not think it necessary to conceal their confidence nor their opinions. As a party they do not pretend to acquiesce in the great measures of reconstruction. They consider nothing settled, and they will not hesitate to reopen every question that the legislation of the last five years has concluded. Even the later Amendments to the Constitution they repudiate. The party which palliated the armed rebellion of defeated voters, which, during the war, counseled submission to it, and which, since the war, has not concealed its preference of rebels to loyal citizens, greedily seizes every opportunity to denounce the policy of reconstruction as the worst tyranny, and nominates its judges to the highest court in the largest State with the declared expectation that they may be called upon to array the State against the Union.

The Democrats of Kentucky refuse to consider the question of equal suffrage decided. Those of a county in Ohio proclaim the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment a shameless mockery, and reaffirm that this is a white man's government. And Mr. FERRIS, a Republican Representative in Congress from New York, brings all the Democratic members of the House to book by a resolution that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have been duly ratified and are a part of the Constitution, upon which all the Democratic members vote no. It is true that the Democratic majority in the New York Legislature substantially recognized the Amendments. But the national representatives of their party decline to do so. It is true, also, that certain Democratic members of Congress recommended that certain questions be regarded by the party as dead issues. But the vote of the same members in the House shows that they do not consider the validity of the Amendments among the settled questions. The *World*, indeed, sneers at the Kentucky members of its party as "hide-bound." But the value of the *World* as a representative and influential party organ may be readily estimated. It preferred Mr. CHASE as a Presidential candidate in 1868, and Mr. SEYMOUR was nominated. It opposed any repudiating tone in the platform, and it was made to favor virtual repudiation. It called upon General BLAIR to withdraw, and its party cursed it. It denounced the Ring in New York, and the Ring put it in its pocket. The *World* may be wiser than its party, but it does not in the least influence the party policy. Its breaches of discipline are remembered against it, and all its suggestions are received with suspicion by the real party managers.

If the Democratic party in 1868, when the Republicans were firmly united by opposition to the mischievous purposes of ANDREW JOHNSON, and by enthusiasm for the hero of the war, General GRANT, did not hesitate to place itself under the leadership of WADE HAMPTON, and to declare for repudiation, how little likely is it to shrink, should it be successful in 1872, from undoing every thing that has been done, and from opening every vexed question? It can not be too often urged upon the voters of this country that the Democratic party for many a year has been directed by its most unscrupulous managers. Its policy was the extension of slavery. Its masters were, therefore, the great slave politicians of the Southern States; and their ends could be accomplished only by encouraging the very worst passions of human nature. Slavery is gone, with many of the politicians who served it. But the ignorance and demoralization of the party remain, and it has such managers as such elements require and imply. Having no statesmen for leaders, it has no ability to adopt a great and wise policy. The most positive element in the party to-day is hatred of the negro and sympathy with the rebel doctrine and spirit. As a party, it was Copperhead during the war, and it is Copperhead still. Should it carry the country at the next election, it would plunge us into a confusion of which it is impossible to foresee the end.

Congress has failed to apprehend this fact. The Republican majority has not seen the vital necessity of party union. When Congress adjourned the country should have been able to see at a glance the Republican platform. That platform should have been a firm adherence to the settlement of the Union; a vigorous system of defense for the purity of the polls; a palpable reduction of taxation, and the prompt repeal of the income tax; a foreign policy vigorously maintaining our just rights, honorable to our laws and treaties, and unsolicitous of annexation; and a domestic policy of reform in the civil service. Had Congress by its action shown this to be the Republican platform, there would not have been the feeling of dissatisfaction and despondency which now undoubtedly exists in the party. Yet this is the very best moment for such a feeling, if such there must be. For the feeling is itself a warning and alarm. It spurs inquiry, and reveals difficulties and perils. And there is time enough fully to comprehend the situation and to secure the future. The Republicans will lose in the next House, but they will not lose a majority. They will easily retain that majority if they nominate men who favor such principles, and who have the courage of their opinions. They can not, however, select a single issue and think to succeed upon that, as is advised in some quarters. Honest and able men, who have decided views upon maintaining the national settlement, upon reducing taxation, upon improving the public service, and who are able to comprehend what is called the necessity of the case, which implies concession and conciliation for a great general benefit, these are the men whom the Republicans should nominate and elect; and these are the men who would make Republican success as sure in 1872 as it was in 1868.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

WHEN Prince LEOPOLD, wisely for himself, consented to withdraw from the candidacy for the Spanish crown, it was hoped that the Emperor of France would be satisfied with this decisive though pacific victory over BISMARCK and the King of Prussia, and allow the peace of Europe to remain undisturbed; but it is now evident that he was bent upon war from the first, and was only too ready to seize upon any pretext for a quarrel. He was not inclined to be nice in the matter. Prince LEOPOLD having taken himself out of the way, the French Minister at the court of Berlin provokes an insult from the King of Prussia, or what may be construed to be an insult, and that is sufficient for his imperial master. Forthwith all France is in a blaze. War against Prussia is declared by the French legislative body and by the Emperor, and the immense armies of France are set in motion toward the Rhine.

To the French Emperor war with Prussia was, perhaps, a political necessity. He has been overshadowed too long by BISMARCK, the astute and able statesman who suddenly emerged from comparative obscurity, a few years since, and did, at one blow, what LOUIS NAPOLEON had vainly tried to do—freed Italy and humbled Austria. Then BISMARCK reorganized Germany, while LOUIS NAPOLEON was conspicuously humiliated in Mexico; and while the prestige of France faded under the Emperor, the Prussian Minister gave to his country the most brilliant fame and the most powerful position. The unrealities of Solferino and Magenta have vanished before the tremendous fact of Sadowa; and LOUIS NAPOLEON has, of course, felt what all the world has seen—his waning political reputation.

Some decisive and, if possible, splendid blow, either of statecraft or war, was essential to recover his position; and as the chance was suddenly presented of fighting Prussia and pushing France to the Rhine, he luckily found the national pride seconding his individual desire, so that the declaration of the French Foreign Minister, that France would not permit a German prince to sit upon the throne of CHARLES V., was echoed by the nation, which saw all the possibilities. And as he found France universally ready for war, he did not hesitate to seize upon a flimsy and transparent pretext to precipitate a conflict which may involve several other nations, and work as many and as important changes in the map of Europe as did the wonderful Seven Days' campaign against Austria. The military position of the two nations is not unequal. Both have been preparing for this conflict for more than a score of years. There can be no question as to the military strength of France. Her army in the field amounts to nearly 800,000 men, led by some of the ablest generals of the day; and her National Guard, mobilized in response to the mobilization of the Prussian Landwehr, adds more than half a million of fighting men to this colossal force. On the other hand, the military condition of the victors of Sadowa is not less perfect than that of France; and since the troubles in Schleswig-Holstein and the question of Luxembourg, BISMARCK has never lost sight of the fact that the peace between France and Prussia was merely an armed truce. That France should gain the coveted left bank of the Rhine is, therefore, at least doubtful. As we write a rumor comes that a Prussian "raid" upon the Eastern Railway line in the direction of the fortified city of Metz, where three hundred thousand troops are concentrating under Marshals BAZAINE and M'MAHON, has been repulsed by the French—the prelude to a struggle the end whereof no man can foresee.

In the awful conflict which the ambition of one crowned head and the obstinacy of another have thus forced upon Europe, American citizens may justly withhold their sympathy from both sides. A more needless war was never begun. It involves no great principle. On neither side is it properly a war of defense. It is simply a dynastic war, a personal quarrel between the Emperor of France and the King of Prussia, and the main question to be decided is, which of these two potentates has the stronger army and the more skillful generals. In forcing the conflict at the present moment, NAPOLEON is clearly in the wrong; but the arrogance of King WILLIAM, and his readiness to accept the challenge which his own conduct had been the means of provoking, make him an equal partner in the guilt of involving Europe in a needless war.

PARTY COURAGE.

THE Naturalization bill of Mr. NOAH DAVIS, which was an admirable and necessary measure, was defeated in the House, and another was finally passed which offers the opportunity of some precautions against fraud at elections. The *Tribune* says the new bill amounts to nothing. The *World* says that it is a revival of the Know-Nothing crusade, and is really aimed at the exclusion of foreigners. This, of course, would have been said of any stringent naturalization law—of any system which took care to surround citizenship with sure defenses against fraud. But it is precisely the kind of objection, namely, an appeal to prejudice, which the Republican party ought to have despised, yet which really defeated Mr. DAVIS's bill. Honorable members were afraid of alienating the foreign vote. But they might have spared their fears. The ignorant foreigner will always vote with those who pander to him most unscrupulously; and in that contest the Republicans will be always beaten. The intelligent foreigner, however, knows who is his friend. It is as with the new colored vote in the Southern States. The worst part of it will be lost to the Republicans. But the intelligent part will remain.

The Republican party is peculiarly the friend of the foreign immigrant, because it maintains the great, original, and fundamental principles of the government. It is the party of free speech, free soil, free labor, and free men. It demands the equality of all citizens before the law. It refuses to disqualify a man from equal citizenship because he is poor, or because he is of any color. It discourages all hostility of sections or classes. It insists upon the most universal education. And every where the promoters of the order, the sobriety, and the morality which are most favorable to the honest laboger are usually to be found among Republicans. Every man who knows the history of this country knows that the Democratic party was the supporter of a system which stigmatized and disgraced labor; which authorized a rich man to buy poor workmen of every trade, if they were colored; and which insisted, by one of its chief leaders and lawyers in this State, Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR, that the Virginian who owned blacksmiths and gardeners, as if they were his cattle, should be allowed to bring them into New York, and hold them here as property, side by side with the free blacksmiths and gardeners of New York.

Every man who knows our history knows that it was the perception of this degrading and un-American policy, sustained by the Democratic party, which led to the formation of the Republican party. He knows that the Republicans showed how the great Democratic leaders, being slaveholders, sought to obtain possession of the territories of the United States, so that when the free laborer from New York went there to settle he would have found the great proprietor of slave laborers his immediate rival, and his wages measured by the amount necessary to support a man kept as nearly like a brute as possible. He knows further, that the exposure of this fact aroused the great mass of intelligent Americans, who live by their own labor; that they expelled the slave party calling itself Democratic from power, and have since put down the rebellion waged by the leaders of that party in the interest of slavery, have abolished slavery, removed the stigma from labor, and passed a homestead law. These are the most familiar facts of our later political history, and these show plainly enough which party is the friend of the laboring man.

Why, then, should any Republican fear that if the same party passed the most energetic laws to protect naturalization and to purify the polls, the same intelligence would misconstrue it? While the Republican party pursued its great purposes of subduing the rebellion, and subsequently of restoring the Union, fearlessly and firmly, it was every where victorious. Courage inspires confidence. No party that is not bold is powerful; and when it becomes timid it is death-stricken. If it can be frightened from one point it can be driven from all. The grasp of the Republican party upon affairs has become a little relaxed. It does not hold them as a master, but rather as a suppliant. It is looking about and wondering whether it will be supported. While it wonders it is in danger. Let it not fear to do and to say what it heartily believes and what it wishes to do. It knows the enormous frauds at the polls. The whole country knows them. And a plain resolution that the national authority should stop these frauds would instantly bring the country closer to the party. The hostility to a proper law of naturalization, like that to the remedy of every evil in our system, which bitter experience has revealed, springs from the source of all the troubles in our history, what WASHINGTON called "the monster" of State sovereignty.

PARTY ORTHODOXY.

IN opposing the confirmation of Mr. MURPHY as Collector of New York, Senator FENTON is reported to have laid the utmost stress upon his want of party fidelity, charging that he supported Mr. HOFFMAN for Governor in 1866. Senator CONKLING's reply to his colleague is understood to have been very severe. He tried his fellow Senator by his own test, and stated that in his own State Senatorial district, which is largely Republican, Senator FENTON had supported an independent nomination, which secured the election of the Democratic candidate. Senator CONKLING also alluded to the *Tribune's* opposition to Mr. MURPHY upon similar grounds, and quoted well-known cases of "bolting" upon the part of that paper, and freely criticised the free criticisms of its editor upon those with whom he differs. The report describes the speech as very caustic, and it was followed by an extraordinary unanimity of the Senate in favor of the confirmation of Mr. MURPHY.

Into the merits of this case we do not propose to enter. But, since the arena and the character of the debate have given it a degree of general interest, it is right that Republicans elsewhere should know that in the State of New York there are no better or more consistent Republicans, no abler public men, and no more spotless citizens than Senator CONKLING and Judge FOLGER, who appeared as the especial friends of Mr. MURPHY. The bitterness of the debate was but the public proclamation of a difference that has existed for some time in the Republican party of New York, and which explains much of the apathy that has been observed in its ranks, and the untoward result of the recent elections. The consequences of the violent public rupture between the two Senators, which was sooner or later inevitable, can not be foreseen. But certainly the debate was not sought by Senator CONKLING. He favored the confirmation of Mr. MURPHY, and his colleague opposed it. And when his colleague arraigned Mr. MURPHY at length, attacking in detail his political character and consistency, and insinuating, if not charging, personal dishonesty, there was no alternative but for Senator CONKLING to take up the gauntlet, and to show not only that the personal attack was unfounded, but that similar political charges could be sustained against the accuser. This he did with emphasis.

This painful debate will be useful if it serves to show what an extremely dangerous weapon, of the boomerang kind, a charge of party infidelity is. It is apt to recoil, because, happily, intelligent men will not surrender their convictions to party managers. Here are three conspicuous Republicans—Senator FENTON, Mr. MURPHY, and Mr. GREELEY—and it appears that each of them has, for what they deemed proper reasons, "bolted" the regular party action. Certainly they are not the less to be respected for their independence, for a man's highest duty to his party is often the refusal to yield to its discipline; nor can any satisfactory arbitrary standard be devised to determine party fidelity. The men who boast that they have always voted "the straight ticket" are men to be suspected and watched. They are certainly not the men for public functions requiring impartiality and breadth of view. When JOHN JAY, who, with many other wise men, was opposed to the War of 1812, was reproached with not supporting a

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candidate nominated by his party for the Assembly, in Westchester County, he said, for himself and those who acted with him, what may be well remembered: "We approve of the customary mode of nominating candidates, and have uniformly concurred in it; that concurrence certainly involved our tacit consent to be bound by the nominations which should be so made. But it is equally certain that such consent did, does, and ever will rest on the condition, trust, and confidence that such nominations only be made as we could or can support without transgressing the obligations we are under to preserve our characters and our minds free from humiliation and reproach. We are, and will be, faithful to the peace party; but we will also be faithful to our sense and conviction of what is decent and becoming for us to do."

A RAT DIET NOT IMMINENT.

IN the reported speeches of Generals BUTLER and HAWLEY, on the Fourth of July, at Woodstock, it is not easy to see the difference of opinion which seems to have been assumed by them. General BUTLER said that the cooly trade was really a slave-trade, and he was undoubtedly correct. But he distinctly said that he was not hostile to what may be called natural immigration. General HAWLEY said that he did not see how the gates of the country could be locked against foreigners. In that he, too, was unquestionably correct. But he can, of course, see how they can be closed against a slave-trade. The importation of coolies by contract is no more immigration than the importation of slaves. It is a system by which the worst classes of foreigners would be thrown into this country in the greatest numbers. It would be an unpardonable and unnecessary increase of the difficulties with which the country has to deal. We presume that General HAWLEY is no more favorable to such an increase than General BUTLER; and we understand him to mean only that we ought not to oppose a normal and natural immigration from any part of the world.

The British colonial experience shows exactly what the cooly trade is. It has been prosecuted for more than twenty years in the English and other colonies in the Gulf of Mexico, and the British Government has made rules for its regulation, and appointed agents for its supervision. As we stated a few weeks since, it is characterized by the crimes of the old slave-trade. Kidnapping and fraud precede embarkation, and the horrors of the middle passage are renewed. A little more than a year ago a ship left Calcutta for Demerara with 468 coolies, and arrived with only 364 still living. A gentleman who has lived for twenty years in Jamaica said in a paper before the Anti-Slavery Conference in Paris, two years ago, that the cooly trade was the most atrocious form of the slave-trade, and that, as the owner's interest in the cooly is limited, he is really worse off than a slave. In Cuba they are disposed of in open market like cattle; and a parliamentary blue-book of a year or two since showed that 96,581 Chinese had been imported into Cuba within a period of twenty months. In Peru not more than 10,000 coolies are living of 100,000 imported within twenty years, and not more than 100 have returned to China.

These are the facts of the cooly contract system in small states like Cuba, Peru, and the Gulf colonies. What are likely to be the results of such a system in a country like the United States, with its opportunities and demands for labor? That demand and opportunity will bring the laborers. It is only necessary to prevent the artificial stimulus given to the movement by the contract system. The Chinese current of population began to flow toward this country in 1848. Between that year and 1868, for twenty years, the yearly average of the immigration was not quite 6000. Last year it was 12,000. That is not an alarming average, and even that is artificial. This country can annually assimilate a great many more Chinese than 12,000. Let us prohibit any kind of slave-trade, and the Crispins need not fear that they will be compelled to eat rats.

THE MINORITY A PART OF THE PEOPLE.

THE new Constitution recently adopted by the State of Illinois is so full of excellent provisions that it is very likely to serve as a model for all the States that hereafter revise their fundamental law. The general applause with which it is received by the country shows also the wisdom of vigorous and radical action by a Constitutional Convention. When a system has been shown by experience to be inadequate, Hamlet's advice is the true conservatism—"reform it altogether." Undoubtedly the Constitution proposed to the State of New York by the Convention of 1867 would have been more generally approved if it had been a new instrument instead of an old one patched and darned. We do not mean, of course, that a Constitutional Convention is to seek novelty as of itself an advantage. But experience reveals in every fundamental law certain imperfections and weaknesses, unsound principles and practices, and these should be shorn away. For instance, the present Constitution of this State is unwisely jealous of appointed officers. But there are offices to which, from their very nature, it is better that men should be appointed than elected, and experience therefore proves it. But the New York Convention was afraid that it would be accused of seeking to take power from the people. That timidity was the bane of the Convention, and ruined its work. The Constitution seemed to have no friends. Even the party that controlled the Convention was unwilling to recommend its work.

The Judiciary article of the Constitution of 1867 was the boldest and most thorough in its reforms, and that was adopted. That article has one point like the new Illinois Constitution. It gives the minority a chance. Thus, in the late election for Judges of Appeals, under that article, although there appeared a majority of nearly ninety thousand against the Republican ticket, two Republicans from the five nominated were elected. In like manner, in Illinois, it is proposed to allow cumulative voting in the elections to the lower branch of the Legislature. This is a system which secures a representation of the minority. Each Senatorial district in the State is to send three members to the Lower House, and every voter may cast his three votes at his pleasure. He may give one vote to each of three candidates, or he may give one to one candidate and two to another, or he may give all three to one. If the minority in the district is decided, it will, of course, concentrate all its votes upon one candidate, and so secure a representative. If the district be evenly divided, it is not so easy to foresee the result. Both parties would then nominate an entire ticket, and there would be the same trading that there is now. But each party would certainly be likely to put forward its best man.

The adoption of the system, however, whether experience shall show it to be better adapted to its purpose than some other, or not, is a most significant fact. It marks the progress of political science. It shows that every principle in our system is to be investigated and proved. It indicates the perception that our system itself demands some method by which the minority may be heard, inasmuch as the system is that of the government of the people, and not a part of them. The voice of the majority is the first and rudest, but by no means the final and best method of ascertaining the popular will. The same logic and good sense that led the wisest of the Revolutionary fathers to perceive that slavery was a constant satire upon a government professedly founded upon popular consent, lead their children to see that the will of a hundred persons can not be truly expressed by fifty-one, and that the arrangement should endure only until a better, because more accurate, system is devised. Nothing could show more clearly the political intelligence of Illinois than its perception of the propriety of some such provision; and no political experiment could be watched with more interest by all sagacious political thinkers in the country.

"THE MUCH-MALIGNED CITY OF NEW YORK."

THE death of FLORENCE SCANNEL, and the murderous assault of the Roman Catholic Irishmen upon the Protestant Irish, men, women, and children, at their late picnic upon the anniversary of the Boyne, are very significant texts.

FLORENCE SCANNEL was a young man of twenty-three and a Democratic politician. He was emphatically a representative of the "dangerous classes." And, after rioting through the streets one night in last December with a party of desperadoes like himself, he burst into a liquor shop and was shot in a drunken brawl. After lingering paralyzed for several months he died a few days since. This man was an Alderman of the city. The Board of Aldermen passed resolutions of respect for his memory. Municipal officers and judges attended his funeral. Various clubs appeared as mourners. Some of the newspapers contained long details of the ceremony, and the Rev. Dr. HENRY, a Roman Catholic clergyman, preached a funeral discourse, in which he said that the congregation had assembled to offer prayers for one endeared to them "by virtuous actions and deeds which will live long after him;" and the reverend gentleman bade them to be comforted by the remembrance "that there is a home beyond the skies where such as he live in happiness for eternity."

While he still lay unburied a company of Protestant Irish citizens, peaceably enjoying themselves with their families in a public park, were attacked by a mob of their Roman Catholic countrymen, and a ferocious battle followed, waged with all the cruelty of the most savage barbarians. Many were killed and severely wounded, and, at last, the police succeeded in restoring order. These two facts belong together. The Democratic political managers govern the city of New York by means of such rioters who vote for such magistrates as FLORENCE SCANNEL. And if any of those rioters and murderers should be brought for trial before such judges as those who honored the memory of SCANNEL, how many of them would be convicted? How many of those judges would dare to exasperate such persons as the friends of SCANNEL and the murderers of the Orangemen, upon whose votes they depend for re-election, and who, as they know, personally revenge what they consider to be their wrongs?

But when an effort is made to rescue the ballot-box from the hands of ruffians, to suppress repeating, to stop the frauds under which the government must at last surely succumb, the Democratic newspapers denounce "Know-Nothingism," and twaddle about the "maligned city of New York," which Mr. S. S. COX, in Congress, declares to be a paradise. The simple truth is, that the city of New York is really governed by such persons as FLORENCE SCANNEL and his friends, and the mob that attacked the Orangemen. It is to win their votes that Democratic politicians wear a green dress upon St. Patrick's day, and to propitiate their favor that the attempt is made in the Legislature to make a sectarian division of the school moneys. It is in the city of New York, in the kind of municipal officers it elects, in the reputation of its courts, in the practices at its polls, in its naturalization proceedings, in its universal political notoriety, that the quality and tendency of the Democratic party are to be seen. And, indeed, it is because all these things are so essentially Democratic that Mr. COX, a Democratic Representative, thinks New York a paradise.

ROBERT E. LEE'S RESIGNATION IN 1861.

WE recently spoke of General ROBERT E. LEE as retaining a position in General SCOTT'S military family until his resignation. This has undoubtedly been the general impression, arising perhaps from the fact that his letter of resignation was addressed to General SCOTT as commander of the army, and that his residence at Arlington House, near Washington, probably brought him into intimate relations at General SCOTT'S head-quarters. The attention of General LEE having been called to our remark, he has written the following letter:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, *June* 29, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for the kind sentiments expressed toward me in your reply from the *Messenger and Advertiser*, of which you are editor, to the erroneous assertion of *Harper's Weekly* respecting myself. Though it is difficult to learn the truth, the facts in the charge cited might, I think, have been easily ascertained, inasmuch as I never belonged to the military family of General SCOTT, or served near his person, except when in Mexico, when I was attached to the general staff of the army in that country. Thanking you for the refutation of the charge, and for your kind wishes, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. E. LEE.

"Major SIDNEY HERBERT, Troy, Alabama."

Assuming this letter to be authentic, our remark was, of course, incorrect. But the impression that Colonel LEE at the time of his resignation was upon confidential terms with General SCOTT, and was therefore familiar with the plans of that officer, is so universal that what we said can hardly be supposed to have deepened the feeling with which General LEE is regarded by all loyal men. We are, nevertheless, sorry to have made an untrue statement.

It would now be interesting to know whether another general impression in regard to General LEE is equally unfounded, namely, that, just before accepting his commission from the rebel authorities, he wrote to his sister, informing her of his resignation in the United States army, and saying, "I recognize no necessity for this state of things"—meaning the war; and also, "I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword," except in defense of Virginia.

NOTES.

A ZEALOUS Democratic newspaper characteristically describes the murder of a white girl by a colored man in Chicago as "the effects of negro suffrage." In like manner we suppose the late assault of the Roman Catholic Irishmen upon the peaceful picnic of the Orangemen is to be regarded as "the effects of the declaration of infallibility."

No action in Congress during the present session was received with more satisfaction by the country than the refusal of the Senate to continue the income tax. It is a tax for which even Senator SHERMAN'S speech was a labored and most inconclusive plea. It was a wholly exceptional tax, the term of which was precisely indicated. It is of doubtful constitutionality. It is wholly indefensible upon the ground on which it is usually justified—that it falls upon a certain class. And its continuance was not only unnecessary, but immensely impolitic. Senators CONKLING, of New York, and SCOTT, of Pennsylvania, spoke powerfully against it. But, as if resolved to lay the heaviest burdens upon their political friends, the two Houses finally agreed to continue the tax, raising the exemption to $2000, and reducing the rate to 2½ per cent. How very far Washington is from the rest of the country!

WILL the Copperheads never be comforted? Is the country never to be forgiven for having saved itself? Will the Democracy always find it as sweet to sneer at the great soldiers of the Union as to extol the "Christian heroes" of a rebellion to perpetuate slavery? Here is the latest Democratic gibe: "GRANT, who dealt the death-blow to the Confederacy when it reeled and tottered from exhaustion, is now in the White House. SHERMAN, who made that brilliant march from one end to the other of an undefended State, is head of the army."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 11.—In the Senate, the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill was discussed, and various amendments were adopted, but no definite action was taken. In the executive session the New York Federal appointments were confirmed.—Very little work was done in the House. A resolution was adopted declaring the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution duly ratified, and therefore binding upon the several branches of the general government, and that of the States and Territories.

July 12.—In the Senate, the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill was again under discussion, without coming to final action.—Debates on the Army Appropriation bill and the Funding bill occupied most of the day in the House. An investigation was ordered into the alleged ill treatment of colored cadets at West Point.

July 13.—In the Senate, the Tax and Tariff bill and the Funding bill were reported from the Conference Committees, and were adopted. In respect to the Funding bill Mr. Sherman explained that the Committee had provided for three classes of bonds—two hundred millions of five per cents; three hundred millions of four and a half per cents; and one thousand millions of four per cents. The expenses of negotiation had been fixed at one-half of one per cent., under the control of the Secretary of the Treasury. The seventh section, relating to the national banks, has been stricken out, leaving the bill merely a voluntary bill.—In the House the Tax and Tariff bill was reported from the Conference Committee, and, after a debate, passed. The report on the Funding bill was agreed to. Mr. Maynard, from the Ways and Means Committee, reported a joint resolution suspending the use of whiskey metres at distilleries till the further action of Congress, which was passed. The majority and minority reports of the General O. O. Howard Investigating Committee were presented, but the House fixed no time for their consideration.

July 14.—In the Senate, a bill was passed allowing a pension of $3000 a year to Mrs. Lincoln. Reports on the Civil Appropriation and Deficiency bills were received and adopted.—In the House, a new bill was reported and passed, appropriating $5,000,000 for Indian purposes, the President to have the disbursement of the funds, and a report of expenditures to be made at the next session. The reports on the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill were received and adopted.

July 15.—The Senate adopted the report of the Committee of Conference on the Indian Appropriation bill, which makes the original appropriations proposed by the Senate, with a proviso that nothing contained in the bill shall be construed either to affirm or deny the validity of the treaties made by the Indian Peace Commission. A message from the President was received, calling attention to the breaking out of war in Europe, and the necessity of an increase of the commercial marine by the purchase of ships. After the message had been read, the bill to encourage ship-building was again taken up and discussed at length, but was finally laid aside informally. The credentials of Messrs. Whiteley and Farrow, Senators elect from Georgia, were presented. At five o'clock, the hour of adjournment having arrived, the Senate adjourned *sine die*.—In the House the Senate amendments to the Indian Appropriation bill were concurred in. The President's message, the same as sent to the Senate, was received and referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, with instructions to report forthwith. Two reports were received, the majority postponing action, and the minority reporting a bill favoring for a certain time the registration of foreign-built iron vessels. A long debate ensued on the subject of free ships. No action, however, was taken, and at five P.M. the House adjourned *sine die*.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Motley has been recalled from England, and Mr. Frelinghuysen appointed to succeed him.

Instructions have been issued by the Canadian authorities to commanders of gun-boats, and other officials employed in protecting Canadian fisheries, directing that the limits excluding American fishermen shall be, for the present, exceptional. Vessels, unless found within three miles of the shore, or within three miles of a line drawn across the mouth of a bay or creek, will not be interfered with.

It is now announced that Red Cloud has departed on a mission of peace to the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes.

A bishop of the National Church of Russia has been commissioned to establish a See in San Francisco, under the title of "John, Most Holy Bishop of America and the Aleutian Islands."

Several prominent Fenian leaders have been on trial at Canandaigua, and have been sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the Auburn jail.

About fifty Baptist clergymen met recently, in Boston, to consider the subject of pulpit eulogies on the late Charles Dickens. After debate it was concluded that no special expression of opinion was called for.

The loss of Mr. Burlingame is deeply deplored in China. In addition to pecuniary benefits accorded to his family, a posthumous title of the highest rank outside of the royal family has been conferred.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news from Europe is of the highest importance. In compliance with the demands of France, Prince Leopold withdrew from the candidacy for the Spanish throne; but France desired and demanded further guarantees from Prussia. The French Minister at the court of Berlin pressed this demand upon King William until the latter, irritated at being addressed by the Minister while drinking the waters at Ems, replied in terms which were construed into an insult. The Minister at once returned to Paris, and all France was in a blaze of indignation. The Corps Législatif hastened to declare war against Prussia, and the immense armies of France, which had been preparing for the emergency, were at once set in motion toward the Rhine. The Prussians were not less active, and the whole German nation is roused to the utmost enthusiasm against France. On the 17th of July a Prussian force penetrated French territory in the direction of Metz, for the purpose of destroying the railroad connections with Mezieres, but was repulsed with considerable loss.

The Emperor of France is to take the field in person, and will be accompanied by his son. The old Republican General Changarnier has been recalled into the service and placed in command of the reserves. General Autemarre has been appointed to the command of the Imperial Guard. It is announced that 280,000 French troops are on the Rhine, ready to cross.

An anti-French demonstration took place in Florence July 17. The Italian government, however, is said to be in accord with France.

A meeting of prominent slaveholders was held July 17, in Havana, at which Captain-General De Rodas presided, to discuss the subject of abolishing slavery in Cuba. A committee of twenty-five was appointed to devise a plan, and to initiate the work by putting their scheme in execution, when it is to be submitted to the Cortes for approval. An election for Deputies to represent Cuba in the Cortes has been ordered by the authority of the Spanish government, to be held before the end of August.

The dogma of infallibility has been adopted by the Œcumenical Council, by a vote of 450 to 88. As we write the day for its promulgation has not been fixed.

The reported massacre of French Christians at Pekin is discredited, and is probably a hoax.

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NAPOLEON III.

THE latest telegrams received at the moment of writing announce that the Emperor of France will take the field in person against Prussia; and as King WILLIAM I. will probably place himself at the head of his own army, as in the campaign against Austria, the new war may present the spectacle of the crowned heads of the two greatest military powers in Europe meeting on the field of battle—not in personal combat, of course, as in the olden times, but as leaders and manœuvrers of immense armies. King WILLIAM is a trained soldier, and the Emperor NAPOLEON has approved himself an eminent strategist. He commanded the French army in person in the Italian war, which resulted in the expulsion of the Austrians; and it is admitted that the success of the campaign was largely owing to his military skill. He is now matched against a more formidable antagonist.

It is a singular fact that while the two grand divisions of the Prussian army are led by young men, under the general direction of the veteran MOLTKE, the great Marshals of France on whom the Emperor relies for the conduct of his armies are veterans in years as well as in service. The principal army operating against the Rhine is under the command of Marshal M'MAHON, who distinguished himself in the last two great wars of France, that against Russia, and that against Austria—in the former of which he was the "hero of the Malakoff," and in the latter the "hero of Magenta." He is a Frenchman by birth, but descended from an ancient Irish family. For his achievement in the Austrian war he was created Duke of Magenta. He is 63 years old. Marshals CANROBERT and BAZAINE are also over 60 years of age. Marshal FOREY is 66, Marshal RAUDON 75, Marshal VAILLANT 80, and Marshal CHANGARNIER, who has been placed in command of the French reserves, is 77 years old.

COUNT VON BISMARCK.

THIS energetic statesman was the right-hand man of King WILLIAM I. in the affair of the Duchies and the war with Austria. The fatigues and terrible responsibilities of the famous Seven Days' campaign which broke the military power of Austria told severely upon the strength and health of the Prussian statesman, who since that time has lived chiefly in retirement. The war with France will draw him once more to the side of his sovereign, who has never found him wanting in times of emergency. King WILLIAM will find his prompt counsel and unhesitating decision invaluable in the present contest, opposed to such a nation as France.

NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

GENERAL LEBŒUF.

ON the death of Marshal NIEL, in 1869, General LEBŒUF, commanding the Sixth Corps d'Armée, was appointed to succeed him as Minister of War; and when M. OLLIVIER reorganized the Cabinet early in the present year, General LEBŒUF was retained in that important position.

The General is said to be physically the biggest man in the French army. He was born in 1809, and entered the service through the Polytechnic School, and the École d'Application of Metz, whence he emerged a full-blown Lieutenant of artillery in 1833. His promotion was very rapid. His brilliant conduct at the engagement of the Iron Gates, in Algeria, attracted the attention of the Orleans princes, who took a leading part in that engagement, and he obtained his Captaincy in 1837. Like his predecessor, Marshal NIEL, he distinguished himself greatly in many engagements, and was rapidly promoted. In 1854 he went to the Crimea as head of the artillery staff, with the rank of Major-General, and took a prominent part in the battle of the Alma. He was appointed Lieutenant-General in 1857, and two years later the whole of the artillery of the Italian expedition was placed under his supreme command. The French say but for his timely aid in bringing up an overwhelming number of guns to bear on the Austrian right, commanded by BENEDEK, VICTOR EMANUEL's army at Solferino would have been crushed, and the position of the French army seriously compromised. He is said to possess great administrative ability.

COUNT OTTO VON BISMARCK.

GENERAL LEBŒUF, FRENCH SECRETARY OF WAR.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER VI.

Preparations for Winter.—Seal-Hunting Again.—An Aged Patriarch.—Exciting Chase.—A Violent Storm.—Repairing Damages.—Adventure with a Sea-Lioness.—A Dreadful Night.

THE Auckland summer—that is, December, January, and February—was entirely gone before the cabin was finished, and the period of short days and long evenings and nights was coming on. The days were, in fact, scarcely long enough for the work which it was necessary to perform.

The work of procuring a sufficient quantity of wood involved a great deal of labor. The wood was very difficult to cut, being not only hard, but knotty and gnarled. The axe—their only one—had become extremely dull, and there was no means of sharpening it. Then the wood had to be brought from a considerable distance over the roughest and most impracticable ways. The first thing done in the morning, commencing as soon as it was light, was to attend to this duty.

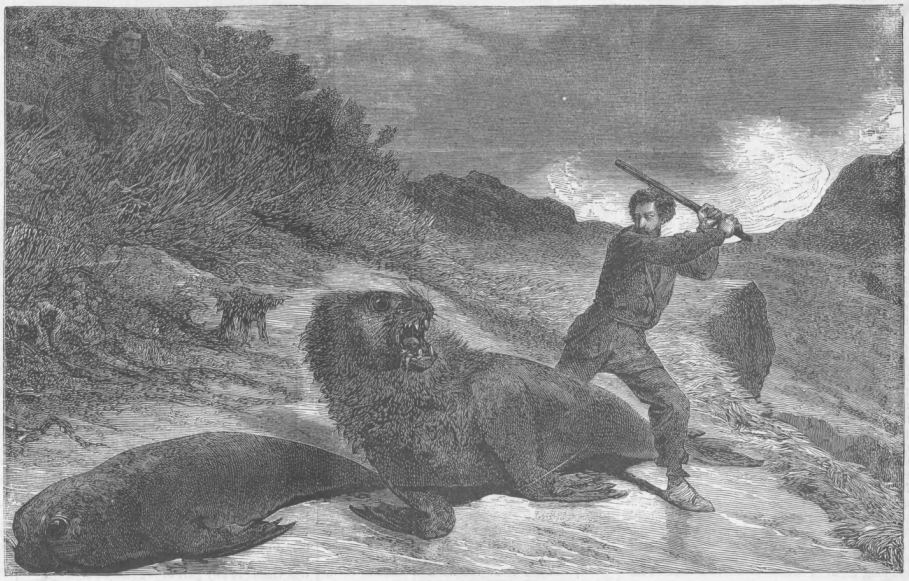
The difficulty arising from the dullness of the axe became at length so serious that Mr. Raynal found it absolutely necessary to devise some means of overcoming it. He tried for a long time in vain to find some stone on the island that would answer the purpose of sharpening a tool. At length it occurred to him that the stones used for ballast on board their vessel were masses of a kind of sandstone which might perhaps be suitable. So he went on board, and after groping about for a time, up to his middle in water, in the dark hold, and feeling with his feet in the muddy sediment which had accumulated there, he at last found a stone which seemed to be of the proper size, and he finally succeeded in getting it up and carrying it ashore.

He then contrived to manufacture a kind of "cold-chisel" out of a bolt which he obtained from the vessel; and with this and his hammer he succeeded after a while in smoothing his stone at the sides and rounding it at the edge, so as to give it the required form. The hole through the centre gave him the greatest trouble; but he at last succeeded in overcoming this difficulty too. The grindstone thus made he contrived to mount between the trunks of two trees which grew close together near the cabin; and it served an excellent purpose in grinding the axe, and all the other tools, during the whole time of the stay of the party upon the island.

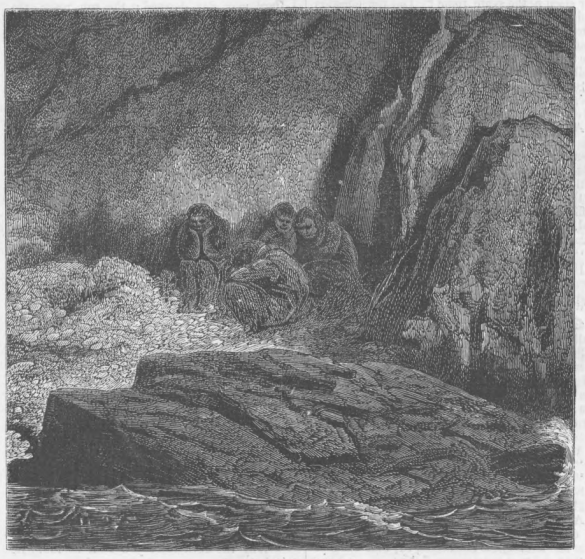
During the remainder of the day the great occupation of the men, when the weather allowed it, was making hunting expeditions after seals, the flesh of these animals being their chief reliance for food. In these excursions they met with a great variety of adventures, and were often exposed to extreme hardship and danger.

On one occasion, soon after they moved into the cabin, they took their boat, and, leaving the one whose turn it was to attend to the housekeeping at home, they set off across the bay to hunt for seals on an island which they had named Figure Eight, from its form. They found, on their arrival at a certain part of the island, a great number of young seals together, engaged like so many kittens at play. Their mothers were among them, and in the centre was a very large and apparently old seal, who had the air and appearance of an aged patriarch witnessing with pleasure the gambols of his children.

The hunters advanced cautiously and by stealth toward this group, and watched them for a moment, without allowing themselves to be seen. The old seal, besides other appearances indicating age, opened his mouth once or twice, and showed that his teeth were nearly all gone. His countenance wore that mild, gentle, intelligent, and almost human expression, so characteristic of the species. The hunters, or, at least, Mr. Raynal, felt some compunction at the thought of murderously breaking into this charming domestic scene with slaughter and death. But their own wants were imperious, and they prepared for the attack.



HUNTING SEALS.



A DREADFUL NIGHT.

In the mean time the old seal—they afterward named him the Royal Tom—spied them, looked alarmed, and came forward to meet them, growling in a subdued voice. The hunters immediately sprang forward, and, with their clubs, knocked down the young seals as fast as they could reach them. They killed seven. They then gave all the clubs to Harry, so as to have, each of them, except Harry, two hands free. Each of them seized two of the young seals by the tail, and ran for the boat. Harry followed, with the clubs under one arm and a seal in the hand of the other. This was done so promptly that the old seals could not move quick enough to intercept them. The men pushed the boat off from the shore, and rowed for their lives—Royal Tom and the bereaved mothers following after them, and growling and bellowing for their young.

The distress of the poor mothers was painful to witness. They followed hard after the boat, and one of them, coming up alongside, leaped out of the water in an attempt to get on board. The men were wet with the spray which her fall back into the water threw up into their faces. At last Mr. Raynal, seriously alarmed for the safety of the boat, fired at them. The report of the gun frightened them off. They gave up the chase, and returned disconsolate to the shore.

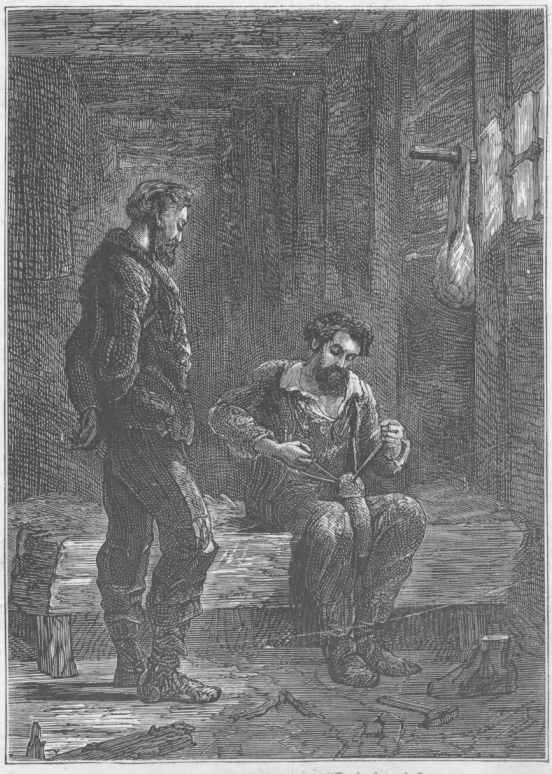
By this and some other successful expeditions they procured a store of food somewhat in advance of their wants; and, anticipating the possibility of scarcity to come, they took measures to cure and preserve a portion of their supply. They accordingly cut up the flesh of these young seals, to be packed with salt in a cask; and afterward, when they thought them sufficiently salted, suspended them to the roof of their cabin. In this way they succeeded in curing and preserving a large quantity of food.

It was necessary for them to have some supply of food in store, for the stormy season was coming on, and it was to be expected that their hunting expeditions would sometimes be interrupted by the weather. Indeed, toward the end of March, there came on a terrific storm, which lasted many days, and made it impossible for them to do any thing out of doors. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and was accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning, with storms of hail, and sometimes with deluging torrents of rain. The trees were stripped of their leaves and of many of their branches by the gale. Fortunately the cabin held its ground securely, and was not damaged.

The party made an excursion in their boat, as soon as the storm subsided, to examine the signal pole, which, it will be remembered, they had set up on the shore at the entrance of the bay. They found the pole standing, but the flag had entirely disappeared. Even the bottle had been carried away. They found it at some distance from the pole, lying on the ground and half covered with leaves and rubbish.

They at once went to work to make and set up a new signal, out of materials which they had brought with them, in anticipation of the emergency. They replaced the flag with a board, which they thought they could make more secure. This board was whitened by means of a pigment made of chalk and seal-oil; and Mr. Raynal had painted a large N upon it, in black, which letter was intended to denote the direction in which persons observing the signal must go to find the shipwrecked men. They fixed this signal in a new place, fastening the board between two poles set up in a place such as would bring the board in full relief against a dark background formed by the side of a mountain, and thus, as they hoped, would make it conspicuously visible from vessels in the offing.

The violence and the duration of this storm made the party feel more than ever the necessity of having a store of provisions in reserve; and accordingly, immediately after it was over, and they had returned from replacing their signal,



SUCCESS AT LAST.

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they went again to Figure Eight in search of seals. This expedition was very successful, and the stores were replenished by it for a considerable time. But as the season advanced, and the days grew shorter and the cold more severe, they often made long and very fatiguing excursions almost or entirely in vain. On one of these nearly fruitless expeditions they were out all night, and suffered severely. It was early in May—a month which, with them, corresponded with our November. They set out a short time before noon, the early part of the day having been occupied in bringing in wood and in other similar duties. They left Harry at home, it being his turn that week to attend to the housekeeping. The other four, armed with their clubs, left the cabin together. Their destination was the isthmus which connected the Musgrave Peninsula with the main land, hoping to find seals there.

They spent some hours in scrambling over the sharp and rugged rocks which encumbered the shore on their way. At length they reached the spot, but, after a long and wearisome search, not a seal was to be seen.

Still they went on, looking every where in vain for signs of seals. At length night began to set in. It grew dark, and was freezing cold. They now regretted very much they were not safe at home in their cabin. They thought of Harry, and of the anxiety and distress which they knew he must suffer in watching all night in vain for their return. There was now no longer any possibility of their procuring any food, nor was there any shelter to be obtained except such small protection from the wind as might be found under the lee of the rocks. They were utterly disheartened and discouraged. They, however, groped about in the increasing darkness in search of a nook among the rocks which might afford them some semblance of shelter; and huddling together in such a corner when they had found it, they spent the long night of sixteen hours in a state of extreme despondency and suffering.

They thought the morning would never come; but it came at last, and with the earliest light they rose from their seats, cold, wet, their limbs benumbed, and their strength and spirits almost entirely exhausted.

The first thing was to go down among the rocks at the margin of the water, in search of mussels to eat, to save them from actual starvation. Having made a miserable breakfast in this way, they set out, weary and despondent, on their way home.

But the tide of their fortune was now to turn, for, unexpectedly, and to their great joy, they came upon a young sea-lion on their way. They were afraid to trust to their clubs, in attacking him, for fear that, in their weak and exhausted state, he might escape from them. So Mr. Raynal determined to expend a precious charge of his remaining store of ammunition upon him, and shot him through the head.

They reached home about noon, each one bearing a heavy portion of the seal. They had been absent thirty hours. Harry had been in such a state of distress and anxiety on account of their long absence that he wept like a child when he saw them return.

CHAPTER VII.

Signs of Another Encampment.—Making Shoes.—A Tannery.—Disheartening Failures.—Ultimate Success.

IN one of the excursions which the men made, in hunting for seals, they came, much to their astonishment, to a spot where there were marks of a little encampment, which, it was evident, some party had occupied not long before. There were traces of the place where a tent had been pitched, and a hole in the peaty ground, which had been made evidently by the fire. They judged, from the size of the hole and from some other indications, that the persons who had encamped there must have been a week or two in occupancy of the ground. They supposed it was a party of seamen from some whale-ship that had touched at the island, and the incident cheered and encouraged them very considerably, as showing that the islands were not so entirely out of the world but that they were sometimes visited by man; and their hopes of being rescued by some future chance-comers were brightened.

In process of time the men began to encounter a new source of trouble, which, for a while, threatened to lead to very serious, if not fatal, consequences. This difficulty was the want of shoes, or of any other protection for their feet, when climbing over the rough and stony ways which they were obliged continually to traverse. The shoes which they had brought with them were gradually wearing out, and, notwithstanding all their care of them and their diligence in doing all they could to mend them, they were fast becoming utterly unserviceable. For a time they tried to replace them with moccasins, made of new seal skins. But these were soon found to be inadequate substitutes for shoes. The skins were, in the first place, so soft and pliant that they afforded very little protection for the feet, even while they were whole; and in their natural state they were so tender that they were very soon and very easily torn by the sharp stones. Moreover, as the men had no means of curing them, they soon began to decay, when, of course, they were useless. Mr. Raynal at last conceived the idea of attempting to tan the skins, so as to make something like real leather.

He had before observed that the bark of the trees from which they obtained their wood for fuel seemed to have some astringent properties, which he supposed must be due to the vegetable principle called tannin, which is the chemical substance by the agency of which the skin of an animal is changed into leather. He accordingly chopped up a large quantity of this bark, and after boiling it in the great caldron, poured the liquid into a cask. Before the skins were put into this infusion, however, it was necessary that they should be cleansed from all their oily constituents. This was done by soaking them for a long time in a kind of lye formed from lime and ashes, the lime being procured by burning mussel-shells. The skins selected were of two kinds, some being those of very young seals, and intended to be used for making clothing, while the others, taken from older animals, and of course more thick and strong, were designed to be made into leather for shoes.

The skins having been left in the alkaline liquor for some time the oily constituents were converted into a soap, which was, of course, soluble, and then they were left some time in running water, and thus were thoroughly cleansed. The hair was taken off from those which were intended for shoes, while it was allowed to remain on those which were meant to be used for clothing. After leaving them all in the brook for some time, they were laid upon a flat floor, prepared for the purpose, and spread out smooth, one upon the other, in a pile. Boards were then placed upon the top, and heavy stones laid upon them, to subject the skins to pressure, in order to expel the water. They were then again put into the running brook for a second washing. When they were thought to be thoroughly cleansed they were immersed in the decoction of astringent bark to be tanned. It was necessary to leave them here many weeks. They were examined from time to time, and it was found that the process was going on as well, perhaps, as could be expected, but it was very slow. After some weeks the thinner and lighter skins could be taken out for use, but it was necessary to leave the thicker ones nearly all the winter before they were completely tanned.

When at length a sufficient number of the skins suitable for shoes were ready, they were taken out of the water and hung up in the cabin to dry. Then came the work of making them into shoes. The difficulties to be encountered in this undertaking were numerous, and some of them very embarrassing. First an awl was required. One was made from a sail-needle, set in a handle of hard wood. Then thread, to serve for "waxed ends." These were fabricated from the hemp of sail-cloth unraveled and twisted into threads of the right size, and tipped with bristles drawn from the mane of an old sea-lion. The whole party were occupied several evenings in making pegs, by sawing out blocks of wood of the proper size, by means of a saw made of an iron hoop, and then splitting the blocks up into pegs. Making the lasts to form the shoes upon was a matter of great difficulty. On the first trial, after a shoe had been formed over the last, the last could not be got out, and Mr. Raynal was obliged to rip his work open again to release it. He afterward made his last in two parts, with a wedge between, so that when the shoe was finished he could first withdraw the wedge, and then the other two parts could be easily removed.

At length, however, all the difficulties were surmounted, and Mr. Raynal succeeded in finishing an excellent pair of shoes. The others, having watched the progress of the work, followed his example, and in a short time they were all provided with somewhat rude, but very effectual, means of protection for their feet.

The shoemaking was succeeded by tailoring—the skins of the young seals, with the hair still upon them, being employed as the material for making the clothes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

(*Continued.*)

THE SIGNS OF THE END.

THERE was a supply of water to the cottage, on the upper floor. The bedroom jugs and cans, usually in their places at an earlier hour, were standing that night at the cistern. An empty pail was left near them. Directing the lad to bring him water from these resources, Geoffrey tore down the curtains in a flaming heap, partly on the bed and partly on the sofa near it. Using the can and the pail alternately, as the boy brought them, he drenched the bed and the sofa. It was all over in little more than a minute. The cottage was saved. But the bed-furniture was destroyed; and the room, as a matter of course, was rendered uninhabitable, for that night at least, and probably for more nights to come.

Geoffrey set down the empty pail; and, turning to Anne, pointed across the passage.

"You won't be much inconvenienced by this," he said. "You have only to shift your quarters to the spare room."

With the assistance of the lad, he moved Anne's boxes, and the chest of drawers, which had escaped damage, into the opposite room. This done, he cautioned her to be careful with her candles for the future—and went down stairs, without waiting to hear what she said in reply. The lad followed him, and was dismissed for the night.

Even in the confusion which attended the extinguishing of the fire, the conduct of Hester Dethridge had been remarkable enough to force itself on the attention of Anne.

She had come out from her bedroom, when the alarm was given; had looked at the flaming curtains; and had drawn back, stolidly submissive, into a corner to wait the event. There she had stood—to all appearance, utterly indifferent to the possible destruction of her own cottage. The fire extinguished, she still waited impenetrably in her corner, while the chest of drawers and the boxes were being moved—then locked the door, without even a passing glance at the scorched ceiling and the burned bed-furniture—put the key into her pocket—and went back to her room.

Anne had hitherto not shared the conviction felt by most other persons who were brought into contact with Hester Dethridge, that the woman's mind was deranged. After what she had just seen, however, the general impression became her impression too. She had thought of putting certain questions to Hester, when they were left together, as to the origin of the fire. Reflection decided her on saying nothing, for that night at least. She crossed the passage, and entered the spare room—the room which she had declined to occupy on her arrival at the cottage, and which she was obliged to sleep in now.

She was instantly struck by a change in the disposition of the furniture of the room.

The bed had been moved. The head—set, when she had last seen it, against the side wall of the cottage—was placed now against the partition wall which separated the room from Geoffrey's room. This new arrangement had evidently been effected with a settled purpose of some sort. The hook in the ceiling which supported the curtains (the bed, unlike the bed in the other room, having no canopy attached to it) had been moved so as to adapt itself to the change that had been made. The chairs and the washhand-stand, formerly placed against the partition wall, were now, as a matter of necessity, shifted over to the vacant space against the side wall of the cottage. For the rest, no other alteration was visible in any part of the room.

In Anne's situation, any event not immediately intelligible on the face of it, was an event to be distrusted. Was there a motive for the change in the position of the bed? And was it, by any chance, a motive in which she was concerned?

The doubt had barely occurred to her, before a startling suspicion succeeded it. Was there some secret purpose to be answered by making her sleep in the spare room? Did the question which the servant had heard Geoffrey put to Hester, on the previous night, refer to this? Had the fire which had so unaccountably caught the curtains in her own room, been, by any possibility, a fire purposely kindled, to force her out?

She dropped into the nearest chair, faint with horror, as those three questions forced themselves in rapid succession on her mind.

After waiting a little, she recovered self-possession enough to recognize the first plain necessity of putting her suspicions to the test. It was possible that her excited fancy had filled her with a purely visionary alarm. For all she knew to the contrary, there might be some undeniably sufficient reason for changing the position of the bed. She went out, and knocked at the door of Hester Dethridge's room.

"I want to speak to you," she said.

Hester came out. Anne pointed to the spare room, and led the way to it. Hester followed her.

"Why have you changed the place of the bed," she asked, "from the wall there, to the wall here?"

Stolidly submissive to the question, as she had been stolidly submissive to the fire, Hester Dethridge wrote her reply. On all other occasions she was accustomed to look the persons to whom she offered her slate steadily in the face. Now, for the first time, she handed it to Anne with her eyes on the floor. The one line written contained no direct answer: the words were these:

"I have meant to move it, for some time past."

"I ask you why you have moved it."

She wrote these four words on the slate: "The wall is damp."

Anne looked at the wall. There was no sign of damp on the paper. She passed her hand over it. Feel where she might, the wall was dry.

"It is not your reason," she said.

Hester stood immovable.

"There is no dampness in the wall."

Hester pointed persistently with her pencil to the four words, still without looking up—waited a moment for Anne to read them again—and left the room.

It was plainly useless to call her back. Anne's first impulse when she was alone again was to secure the door. She not only locked it, but bolted it at top and bottom. The mortise of the lock and the staples of the bolts, when she tried them, were firm. The lurking treachery—wherever else it might be—was not in the fastenings of the door.

She looked all round the room; examining the fire-place, the window and its shutters, the interior of the wardrobe, the hidden space under the bed. Nothing was any where to be discovered which could justify the most timid person living in feeling suspicion or alarm.

Appearances, fair as they were, failed to convince her. The presentiment of some hidden treachery, steadily getting nearer and nearer to her in the dark, had rooted itself firmly in her mind. She sat down, and tried to trace her way back to the clew, through the earlier events of the day.

The effort was fruitless: nothing definite, nothing tangible, rewarded it. Worse still, a new doubt grew out of it—a doubt whether the motive which Sir Patrick had avowed (through Blanche) was the motive for helping her which was really in his mind.

Did he sincerely believe Geoffrey's conduct to be animated by no worse object than a mercenary object? and was his only purpose in planning to remove her out of her husband's reach, to force Geoffrey's consent to their separation on the terms which Julius had proposed? Was this really the sole end that he had in view? or was he secretly convinced (knowing Anne's position as he knew it) that she was in personal danger at the cottage? and had he considerately kept that conviction concealed, in the fear that he might otherwise encourage her to feel alarmed about herself? She looked round the strange room, in the silence of the night, and she felt that the latter interpretation was the likeliest interpretation of the two.

The sounds caused by the closing of the doors and windows reached her from the ground-floor. What was to be done?

It was impossible to show the signal which had been agreed on to Sir Patrick and Arnold. The window in which they expected to see it was the window of the room in which the fire had broken out—the room which Hester Dethridge had locked up for the night.

It was equally hopeless to wait until the policeman passed on his beat, and to call for help. Even if she could prevail upon herself to make that open acknowledgment of distrust under her husband's roof, and even if help was near, what valid reason could she give for raising an alarm? There was not the shadow of a reason to justify any one in placing her under the protection of the law.

As a last resource, impelled by her blind distrust of the change in the position of the bed, she attempted to move it. The utmost exertion of her strength did not suffice to stir the heavy piece of furniture out of its place, by so much as a hair's breadth.

There was no alternative but to trust to the security of the locked and bolted door, and to keep watch through the night—certain that Sir Patrick and Arnold were, on their part, also keeping watch in the near neighborhood of the cottage. She took out her work and her books; and returned to her chair, placing it near the table, in the middle of the room.

The last noises which told of life and movement about her died away. The breathless stillness of the night closed round her.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

THE MEANS.

THE new day dawned; the sun rose; the household was astir again. Inside the spare room, and outside the spare room, nothing had happened.

At the hour appointed for leaving the cottage to pay the promised visit to Holchester House, Hester Dethridge and Geoffrey were alone together in the bedroom in which Anne had passed the night.

"She's dressed, and waiting for me in the front garden," said Geoffrey. "You wanted to see me here alone. I've got away from her for a minute or two. What is it?"

Hester pointed to the bed.

"You want it moved from the wall?"

Hester nodded her head.

They moved the bed some feet away from the partition wall. After a momentary pause, Geoffrey spoke again.

"It must be done to-night," he said. "Her friends may interfere; the girl may come back. It must be done to-night."

Hester bowed her head slowly.

"How long do you want to be left by yourself in the house?"

She held up three of her fingers.

"Does that mean three hours?"

She nodded her head.

"Will it be done in that time?"

She made the affirmative sign once more.

Thus far, she had never lifted her eyes to his. In her manner of listening to him when he spoke, in the slightest movement that she made when necessity required it, the same lifeless submission to him, the same mute horror of him, was expressed. He had, thus far, silently resented this, on his side. On the point of leaving the room the restraint which he had laid on himself gave way. For the first time, he resented it in words.

"Why the devil can't you look at me?" he asked.

She let the question pass, without a sign to show that she had heard him. He angrily repeated it. She wrote on her slate, and held it out to him—still without raising her eyes to his face.

"You know you can speak," he said. "You know I have found you out. What's the use of playing the fool with *me*?"

She persisted in holding the slate before him. He read these words:

"I am dumb to you, and blind to you. Let me be."

"Let you be!" he repeated. "It's a little late in the day to be scrupulous, after what you have done. Do you want your Confession back, or not?"

As the reference to the Confession passed his lips, she raised her head. A faint tinge of color showed itself on her livid cheeks; a momentary spasm of pain stirred her deathlike face. The one last interest left in the woman's life was the interest of recovering the manuscript which had been taken from her. To *that* appeal the stunned intelligence still faintly answered—and to no other.

"Remember the bargain on your side," Geoffrey went on, "and I'll remember the bargain on mine. This is how it stands, you know. I have read your Confession; and I find one thing wanting. You don't tell how it was done. I know you smothered him—but I don't know how. I want to know. You're dumb; and you can't tell me. You must do it again here, as you did it in the other house. You run no risks. There isn't a soul to see you. You have got the place to yourself. When I come back let me find this wall like the other wall—at that small hour of the morning you know, when you were waiting,

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with the towel in your hand, for the first stroke of the clock. Let me find that; and to-morrow you shall have your Confession in your own hands."

As the reference to the Confession passed his lips for the second time, the sinking energy in the woman leaped up in her once more. She snatched her slate from her side; and, writing on it rapidly, held it, with both hands, close under his eyes. He read these words:

"I won't wait. I must have it to-night."

"Do you think I keep your Confession about me?" said Geoffrey. "I haven't even got it in the house."

She staggered back; and looked up for the first time.

"Don't alarm yourself," he went on. "It's sealed up with my seal; and it's safe in my bankers' keeping. I posted it to them myself. You don't stick at a trifle, Mrs. Dethridge. If I had kept it locked up in the house, you might have forced the lock when my back was turned. If I had kept it about me—I might have had that towel over my face, in the small hours of the morning! The bankers will give you back your Confession—just as they have received it from me—on receipt of an order in my handwriting. Do what I have told you; and you shall have the order to-night."

She passed her apron over her face, and drew a long breath of relief. Geoffrey turned to the door.

"I will be back at six this evening," he said. "Shall I find it done?"

She bowed her head.

His first condition accepted, he proceeded to the second.

"When the opportunity offers," he resumed, "I shall go up to my room. When you hear me ring the dining-room bell you will follow me up—and you will show me how you did it in the empty house?"

She made the affirmative sign once more.

At the same moment the door in the passage below was opened and closed again. Geoffrey instantly went down stairs. It was possible that Anne might have forgotten something; and it was necessary to prevent her from returning to her own room.

They met in the passage.

"Tired of waiting in the garden?" he asked, abruptly.

She pointed to the dining-room.

"The postman has just given me a letter for you, through the grating in the gate," she answered. "I have put it on the table in there."

He went in. The handwriting on the address of the letter was the handwriting of Mrs. Glenarm. He put it unread into his pocket, and went back to Anne.

"Step out!" he said. "We shall lose the train."

They started for their visit to Holchester House.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

THE END.

At a few minutes before six o'clock that evening, Lord Holchester's carriage brought Geoffrey and Anne back to the cottage.

Geoffrey prevented the servant from ringing at the gate. He had taken the key with him, when he left home earlier in the day. Having admitted Anne, and having closed the gate again, he went on before her to the kitchen window, and called to Hester Dethridge.

"Take some cold water into the drawing-room, and fill the vase on the chimney-piece," he said. "The sooner you put those flowers into water," he added, turning to his wife, "the longer they will last."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a nosegay in Anne's hand, which Julius had gathered for her from the conservatory at Holchester House. Leaving her to arrange the flowers in the vase, he went up stairs. After waiting for a moment, he was joined by Hester Dethridge.

"Done?" he asked, in a whisper.

Hester made the affirmative sign. Geoffrey took off his boots, and led the way into the spare room. They noiselessly moved the bed back to its place against the partition wall—and left the room again. When Anne entered it, some minutes afterward, not the slightest change of any kind was visible since she had last seen it in the middle of the day.

She removed her bonnet and mantle, and sat down to rest.

The whole course of events, since the previous night, had tended one way, and had exerted the same delusive influence over her mind. It was impossible for her any longer to resist the conviction that she had distrusted appearances without the slightest reason, and that she had permitted purely visionary suspicions to fill her with purely causeless alarm. In the firm belief that she was in danger, she had watched through the night—and nothing had happened. In the confident anticipation that Geoffrey had promised what he was resolved not to perform, she had waited to see what excuse he would find for keeping her at the cottage. And, when the time came for the visit, she found him ready to fulfill the engagement which he had made. At Holchester House, not the slightest interference had been attempted with her perfect liberty of action and speech. Resolved to inform Sir Patrick that she had changed her room, she had described the alarm of fire and the events which had succeeded it, in the fullest detail—and had not been once checked by Geoffrey from beginning to end. She had spoken in confidence to Blanche, and had never been interrupted. Walking round the conservatory, she had dropped behind the others with perfect impunity, to say a grateful word to Sir Patrick, and to ask if the interpretation that he placed on Geoffrey's conduct was really the interpretation which had been hinted at by Blanche. They had talked together for ten minutes or more. Sir Patrick had assured her that Blanche had correctly represented his opinion. He had declared his conviction that the rash way was, in her case, the right way; and that she would do well (with his assistance) to take the initiative, in the matter of the separation, on herself. "As long as he can keep you under the same roof with him"—Sir Patrick had said—"so long he will speculate on our anxiety to release you from the oppression of living with him; and so long he will hold out with his brother (in the character of a penitent husband) for higher terms. Put the signal in the window, and try the experiment to-night. Once find your way to the garden door, and I answer for keeping you safely out of his reach until he has submitted to the separation, and has signed the deed." In those words, he had urged Anne to prompt action. He had received, in return, her promise to be guided by his advice. She had gone back to the drawing-room; and Geoffrey had made no remark on her absence. She had returned to Fulham, alone with him in his brother's carriage; and he had asked no questions. What was it natural, with her means of judging, to infer from all this? Could she see into Sir Patrick's mind, and detect that he was deliberately concealing his own conviction, in the fear that he might paralyze her energies if he acknowledged the alarm for her that he really felt? No. She could only accept the false appearances that surrounded her in the disguise of truth. She could only adopt, in good faith, Sir Patrick's assumed point of view, and believe, on the evidence of her own observation, that Sir Patrick was right.

Toward dusk, Anne began to feel the exhaustion which was the necessary result of a night passed without sleep. She rang her bell, and asked for some tea.

Hester Dethridge answered the bell. Instead of making the usual sign, she stood considering—and then wrote on her slate. These were the words: "I have all the work to do, now the girl has gone. If you would have your tea in the drawing-room, you would save me another journey up stairs."

Anne at once engaged to comply with the request.

"Are you ill?" she asked; noticing, faint as the light now was, something strangely altered in Hester's manner.

Without looking up, Hester shook her head.

"Has any thing happened to vex you?"

The negative sign was repeated.

"Have I offended you?"

She suddenly advanced a step; suddenly looked at Anne; checked herself with a dull moan, like a moan of pain; and hurried out of the room.

Concluding that she had inadvertently said, or done, something to offend Hester Dethridge, Anne determined to return to the subject at the first favorable opportunity. In the mean time, she descended to the ground-floor. The dining-room door, standing wide open, showed her Geoffrey sitting at the table, writing a letter—with the fatal brandy-bottle at his side.

After what Mr. Speedwell had told her, it was her duty to interfere. She performed her duty, without an instant's hesitation.

"Pardon me for interrupting you," she said. "I think you have forgotten what Mr. Speedwell told you about that."

She pointed to the bottle. Geoffrey looked at it; looked down again at his letter; and impatiently shook his head. She made a second attempt at remonstrance—again without effect. He only said, "All right!" in lower tones than were customary with him, and continued his occupation. It was useless to court a third repulse. Anne went into the drawing-room.

The letter on which he was engaged was an answer to the letter received that day from Mrs. Glenarm. He had reached his two concluding sentences when Anne spoke to him. They ran as follows: "I may have news to bring you, before long, which you don't look for. Stay where you are through to-morrow, and wait to hear from me."

After sealing the envelope, he emptied his glass of brandy and water; and waited, looking through the open door. When Hester Dethridge crossed the passage with the tea-tray, and entered the drawing-room, he gave the sign which had been agreed on. He rang his bell. Hester came out again, closing the drawing-room door behind her.

"Is she safe at her tea?" he asked, removing his heavy boots, and putting on the slippers which were placed ready for him.

Hester bowed her head.

He pointed up the stairs. "You go first," he whispered. "No nonsense! and no noise!"

She ascended the stairs. He followed slowly. Although he had only drank one glass of brandy and water, his step was uncertain already. With one hand on the wall, and one hand on the banister, he made his way to the top; stopped, and listened for a moment; then joined Hester in his own room, and softly locked the door.

"Well?" he said.

She was standing motionless in the middle of the room—not like a living woman—like a machine waiting to be set in movement. Finding it useless to speak to her, he touched her (with a strange sensation of shrinking in him as he did it), and pointed to the partition wall.

The touch roused her. With slow step and vacant face—moving as if she was walking in her sleep—she led the way to the papered wall; knelt down at the skirting-board; and, taking out two small sharp nails, lifted up a long strip of the paper which had been detached from the plaster beneath. Mounting on a chair, she turned back the strip and pinned it up, out of the way, using the two nails, which she had kept ready in her hand.

By the last dim rays of twilight, Geoffrey looked at the wall.

A hollow space met his view. At a distance of some three feet from the floor, the laths had been sawn away, and the plaster had been ripped out, piecemeal, so as to leave a cavity, sufficient in height and width to allow free power of working in any direction, to a man's arms. The cavity completely pierced the substance of the wall. Nothing but the paper on the other side prevented eye or hand from penetrating into the next room.

Hester Dethridge got down from the chair, and made signs for a light.

Geoffrey took a match from the box. The same strange uncertainty which had already possessed his feet, appeared now to possess his hands. He struck the match too heavily against the sand-paper, and broke it. He tried another, and struck it too lightly to kindle the flame. Hester took the box out of his hands. Having lit the candle, she held it low, and pointed to the skirting-board.

Two little hooks were fixed into the floor, near the part of the wall from which the paper had been removed. Two lengths of fine and strong string were twisted once or twice round the hooks. The loose ends of the string, extending to some length beyond the twisted parts, were neatly coiled away against the skirting-board. The other ends, drawn tight, disappeared in two small holes drilled through the wall, at a height of a foot from the floor.

After first untwisting the strings from the hooks, Hester rose, and held the candle so as to light the cavity in the wall. Two more pieces of the fine string were seen here, resting loose upon the uneven surface which marked the lower boundary of the hollowed space. Lifting these higher strings, Hester lifted the loosened paper in the next room—the lower strings, which had previously held the strip firm and flat against the sound portion of the wall, working in their holes, and allowing the paper to move up freely. As it rose higher and higher, Geoffrey saw thin strips of cotton wool lightly attached, at intervals, to the back of the paper, so as effectually to prevent it from making a grating sound against the wall. Up and up it came slowly, till it could be pulled through the hollow space, and pinned up out of the way, as the strip previously lifted had been pinned before it. Hester drew back, and made way for Geoffrey to look through. There was Anne's room, visible through the wall! He softly parted the light curtains that hung over the bed. There was the pillow, on which her head would rest at night, within reach of his hands!

The deadly dexterity of it struck him cold. His nerves gave way. He drew back with a start of guilty fear, and looked round the room. A pocket flask of brandy lay on the table at his bedside. He snatched it up, and emptied it at a draught—and felt like himself again.

He beckoned to Hester to approach him.

"Before we go any further," he said, "there's one thing I want to know. How is it all to be put right again? Suppose this room is examined? Those strings will show."

Hester opened a cupboard and produced a jar. She took out the cork. There was a mixture inside which looked like glue. Partly by signs, and partly by help of the slate, she showed how the mixture could be applied to the back of the loosened strip of paper in the next room—how the paper could be glued to the sound lower part of the wall by tightening the strings—how the strings, having served that purpose, could be safely removed—how the same process could be followed in Geoffrey's room, after the hollowed place had been filled up again with the materials waiting in the scullery, or even without filling up the hollowed place if the time failed for doing it. In either case, the refastened paper would hide every thing, and the wall would tell no tales.

Geoffrey was satisfied. He pointed next to the towels in his room.

"Take one of them," he said, "and show me how you did it, with your own hands."

As he said the words, Anne's voice reached his ear from below, calling for "Mrs. Dethridge."

It was impossible to say what might happen next. In another minute, she might go up to her room, and discover every thing. Geoffrey pointed to the wall.

"Put it right again," he said. "Instantly!"

It was soon done. All that was necessary was to let the two strips of paper drop back into their places—to fasten the strip to the wall in Anne's room, by tightening the two lower strings—and then to replace the nails which held the loose strip on Geoffrey's side. In a minute, the wall had reassumed its customary aspect.

They stole out, and looked over the stairs into the passage below. After calling uselessly for the second time, Anne appeared; crossed over to the kitchen; and, returning again with the kettle in her hand, closed the drawing-room door.

Hester Dethridge waited impenetrably to receive her next directions. There were no further directions to give. The hideous dramatic representation of the woman's crime for which Geoffrey had asked was in no respect necessary: the means were all prepared, and the manner of using them was self-evident. Nothing but the opportunity, and the resolution to profit by it, were wanting to lead the way to the end. Geoffrey signed to Hester to go down stairs.

"Get back into the kitchen," he said, "before she comes out again. I shall keep in the garden. When she goes up into her room for the night, show yourself at the back-door—and I shall know."

Hester set her foot on the first stair—stopped—turned round—and looked slowly along the two walls of the passage, from end to end—shuddered—shook her head—and went slowly on down the stairs.

"What were you looking for?" he whispered after her.

She neither answered, nor looked back—she went her way into the kitchen.

He waited a minute, and then followed her.

On his way out to the garden, he went into the dining-room. The moon had risen; and the window-shutters were not closed. It was easy to find the brandy and the jug of water on the table. He mixed the two, and emptied the tumbler at a draught. "My head's queer," he whispered to himself. He passed his handkerchief over his face. "How infernally hot it is to-night!" He made for the door. It was open, and plainly visible—and yet, he failed to find his way to it. Twice, he found himself trying to walk through the wall, on either side. The third time, he got out, and reached the garden. A strange sensation possessed him, as he walked round and round. He had not drunk enough, or nearly enough, to intoxicate him. His mind, in a dull way, felt the same as usual; but his body was like the body of a drunken man.

The night advanced; the clock of Putney Church struck ten.

Anne appeared again from the drawing-room, with her bedroom candle in her hand.

"Put out the lights," she said to Hester, at the kitchen door; "I am going up stairs."

She entered her room. The insupportable sense of weariness, after the sleepless night that she had passed, weighed more heavily on her than ever. She locked her door, but forbore, on this occasion, to fasten the bolts. The dread of danger was no longer present to her mind; and there was this positive objection to using the bolts, that the unfastening of them would increase the difficulty of leaving the room noiselessly later in the night. She loosened her dress, and lifted her hair from her temples—and paced to and fro in the room wearily, thinking. Geoffrey's habits were irregular; Hester seldom went to bed early. Two hours at least—more probably three—must pass, before it would be safe to communicate with Sir Patrick by means of the signal in the window. Her strength was fast failing her. If she persisted, for the next three hours, in denying herself the repose which she sorely needed, the chances were that her nerves might fail her, through sheer exhaustion, when the time came for facing the risk and making the effort to escape. Sleep was falling on her even now—and sleep she must have. She had no fear of failing to wake at the needful time. Falling asleep, with a special necessity for rising at a given hour present to her mind, Anne (like most other sensitively organized people) could trust herself to wake at that given hour, instinctively. She put her lighted candle in a safe position, and laid down on the bed. In less than five minutes, she was in a deep sleep.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LAWYERS have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the trap, I will prove that we were locked up in the station-house in a state of intoxication."

THE LADY'S SUPPLEMENT—The chignon.

Haydn had the weakness of being unable to bear being represented as an old man. When he was about seventy-eight years old he was very seriously angry with a painter who represented him as he then was. "If I was Haydn when I was forty," said he to him, "why would you transmit to posterity a Haydn of seventy-eight? Neither you nor I gain by the alteration."

A ragged little urchin, begging in the street the other day, was asked by a lady, who filled his basket, if his parents were living. "Only dad, marm," said the boy. "Then you have enough in your basket to feed the family for some time," said the lady. "Oh no, I haven't neither," said the lad; "for dad and me keep five boarders. He does the house-work, and I do the market'n'."

A POST MORTEM EXAMINATION—Opening a dead letter.

QUACKERY.—"Ma'am," said a quack to a nervous old lady, "your case is a scrutuatutory complaint." "Pray, doctor, what is that?" "It is the drooping of the nerves, ma'am; the nerves having fallen into the pizarintum, the chest becomes morberous, and the head goes tizarizen." "Ah! doctor," exclaimed the old lady, "you have described my feelings exactly."

The artless generosity of youth is illustrated in an incident told of a little Albany boy, his face besmeared with molasses, and his rags fluttering in the breeze, running up from the river flourishing a dirty shingle, and screaming at the top of his voice to a comrade: "Oh, Bill! Bill! get as many boys and shingles as you can, for there's a big hogsit of 'lasses busted on the pavement—busted all to smash!"

DISAGREEABLE AND IMPERTINENT—Ruin staring a person in the face.

THE MOST STEADFAST FOLLOWERS OF OUR FORTUNES—Our creditors.

Mankind should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets, the shorter her horns become.

When is a Chinese the most like a vegetable?—Why, when a cue cumbers his head, of course.

A voice comes from Washington Territory, saying, "Send us wives!" And a thousand unhappy Benedicts respond, "Take ours!"

"Mr. S——, is your customer D—— a man to be trusted?" "I know of no one more so. He is to be trusted forever—he never pays."

A paper out West has for its motto: "Good-will to all men who pay promptly. Devoted to news, and making money."

Josh Billings says: "Hunting after fame iz like hunting after fleas—hard to ketch, and sure to make you oneasy if you do or don't ketch him."

A man in Portland wanted to gain admission to a panorama at half price, on the ground that he had but one eye.

A man in Council Bluffs is both a liquor-saloon keeper and an undertaker. One business helps the other.

A passenger on an Ohio railroad was aroused from a serene slumber the other night by the tooting of the whistle, and exclaimed, "The train has caught up with those cattle again!"

"Bill Jones," said a bullying urchin to another lad, "next time I catch you alone I'll flog you like any thing." "Well," replied Bill, "I ain't often much alone—I commonly have my legs and fists with me."

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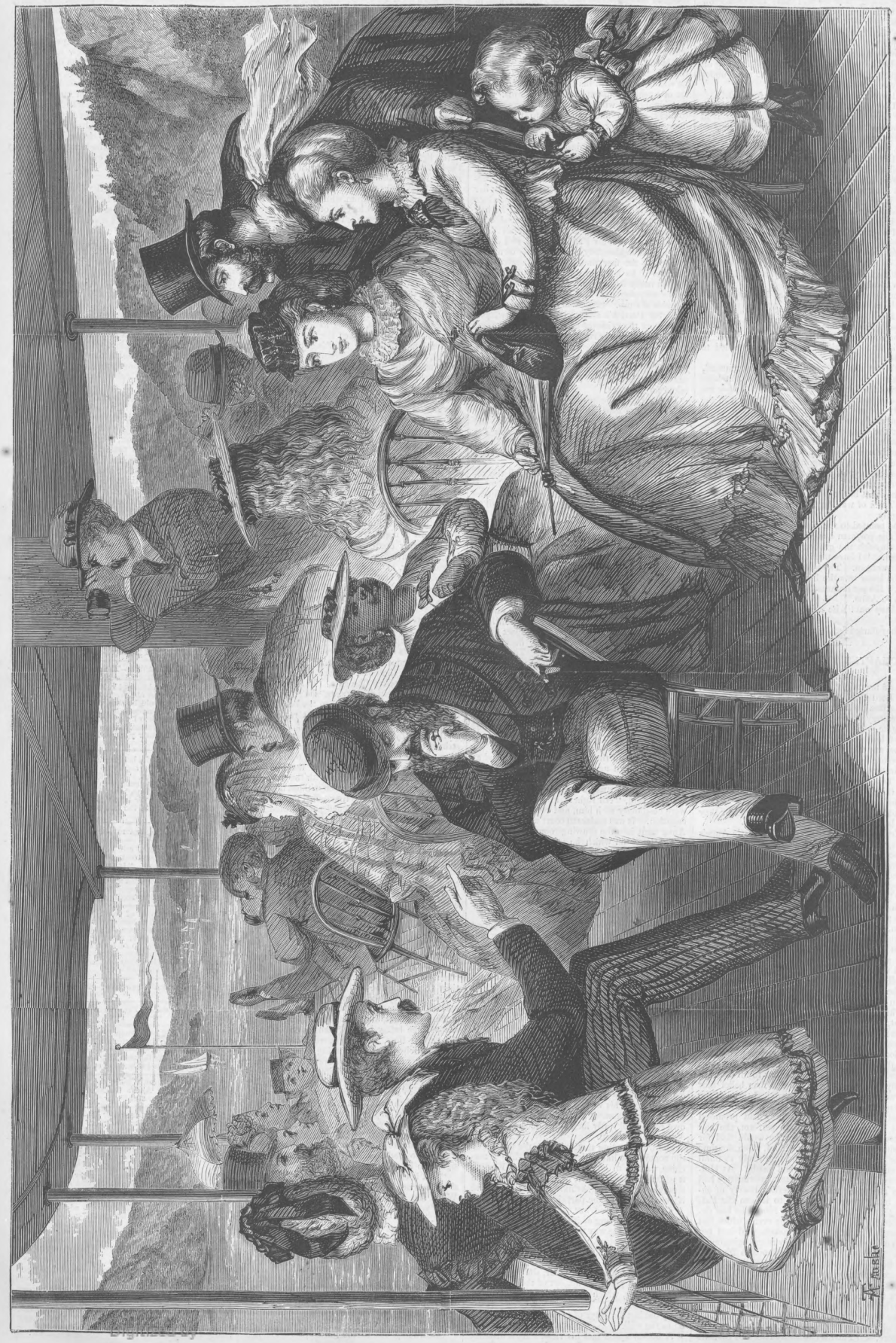

UP THE HUDSON.—DRAWN BY A. E. EMSLIE.—[SEE PAGE 489.]

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UP THE HUDSON.

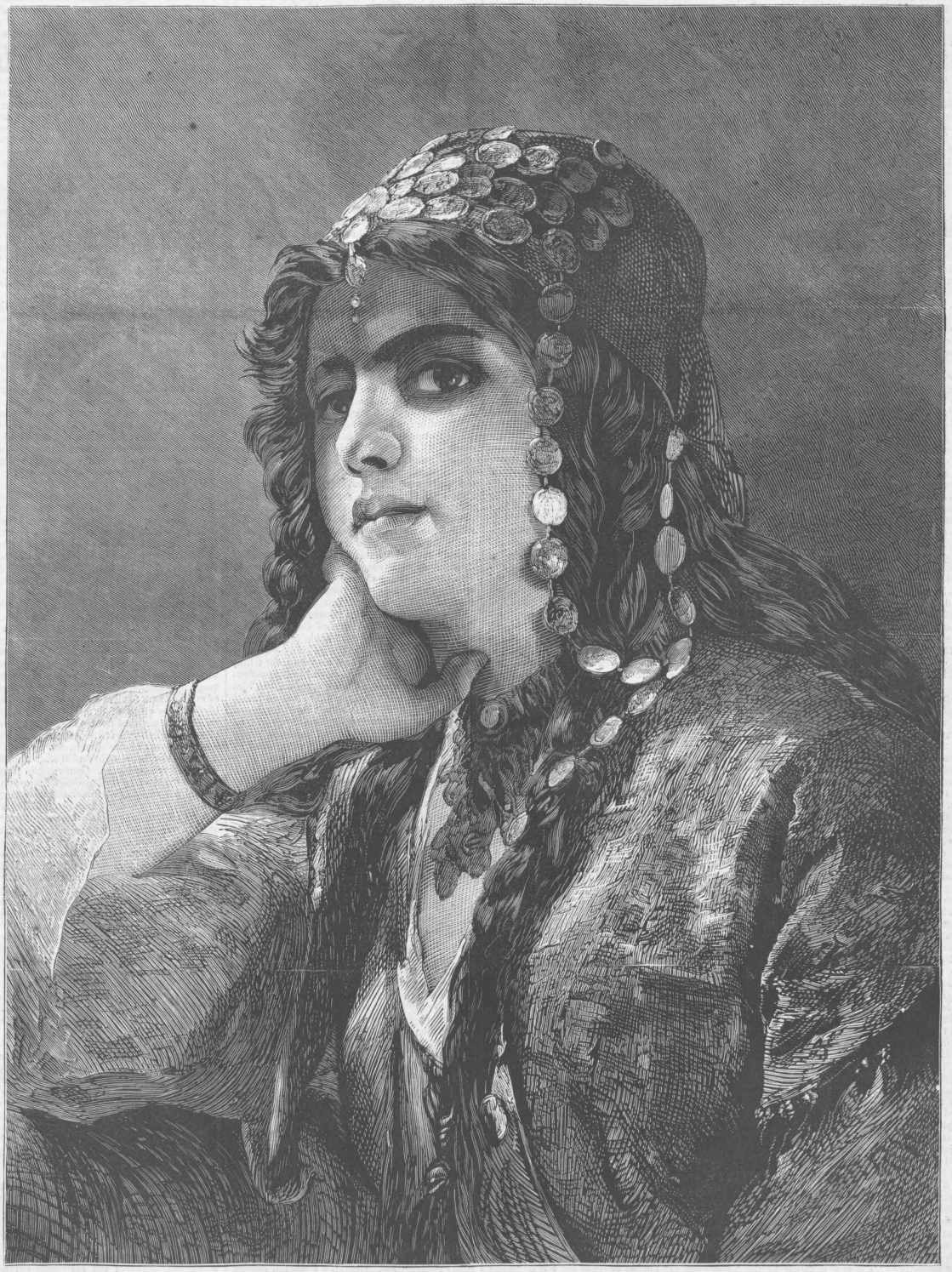
A FEW years ago an honest and truly democratic gentleman from one of the Western States, who then represented this country at the court of Berlin, sat on the deck of a Rhine steamer, and listened, with undisguised uneasiness, to the rapturously expressed delight of a young American lady as they steamed by ruin after ruin. At length a rather slighting allusion to the Hudson, and the absence of romantic ruins on its banks, roused the old gentleman to an honest and quite amusing outburst of indignation against what he was pleased to call an un-American fancy for old tumble-down heaps of stone. "For my part," said he, "I can't see any beauty in them. Here we've been traveling 'most a week, and I've been dragged here and dragged there to look at ruins, until I'm fairly homesick for the sight of a good new barn."

The practical old gentleman undoubtedly felt what he said; but the romantic delight of the young lady was no less genuine, and her preference for the Rhine over the Hudson is a sentiment shared by thousands of Americans, who yet are not insensible to the magnificence and beauty of our own river. And every one, we fancy, who takes the sail illustrated by our artist, receives ten times the enjoyment from those portions of the river which the genius of IRVING, RODMAN DRAKE, and HALLECK has illuminated, or which were the scene of some memorable action of the old Indian wars or the struggle for independence, than from the showiest and most expensive villas that adorn its shores.

Leaving out the romantic element of ruins and legends, there is nowhere in the world a more beautiful and enjoyable sail than that up the Hudson from New York to Albany. The Palisades and Highlands, and especially the bold scenery about West Point, present views unsurpassed in any part of the world. Even the famous scenery of the Rhine is less picturesque, with the exception of passages near St. Goar and Bingen; and those who enjoy landscape beauty for its own sake, will find here the most lovely combinations of water, hill, mountain, rocky cliffs, and verdure-clad slopes; and perhaps, for the sake of all this, almost any one might consent to overlook the absence of what is associated with the greatest wrongs as well as the most exalted virtues of the ancient time.

AN ODALISQUE.

THE engraving from RICHTER'S beautiful picture of an Oriental slave girl, which we give on this page, requires only a word of explanation.



AN ODALISQUE.—[FROM A PICTURE BY RICHTER.]

An "odalisque," or, as it is sometimes written, *odah-lic*, is a female slave in the harem of the Turkish Sultan, the name being derived from the Turkish word *odah*, signifying chamber. They are selected from among the most beautiful of the slaves brought to Constantinople, and are changed at the caprice of the Sultan, whose taste in such matters is said to be very fickle and changeable.

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BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

CAREW OF CROMPTON.

HAD you lived in Breakneckshire twenty years ago, or even any where in the Midlands, it would be superfluous to tell you of Carew of Crompton. Every body thereabout was acquainted with him either personally or by hearsay. You must almost certainly have known somebody who had had an adventure with that eccentric personage—one who had been ridden down by him, for that mighty hunter never turned to the right hand nor to the left for any man, nor paid attention to any rule of road; or one who, more fortunate, had been "cleared" by him on his famous black horse *Trebizond*, an animal only second to his master in the popular esteem. There are as many highly colored pictures of his performance of this flying feat in existence as there are of "Dick Turpin clearing the Turnpike-gate." Sometimes it is a small tradesman cowering down in his cart among the calves, while the gallant Squire hurtles over him with a "Stoop your head, butcher.". Sometimes it is a wagoner, reminding one of Commodore Trunnion's involuntary deed of "derring-do," who, between two high banks, perceives with marked astonishment this portent flying over himself and convoy. But, at all events, the thing was done; perhaps on more than one occasion, and was allowed on all hands not only as a fact, but as characteristic of their sporting idol. It was "Carew all over," or "Just like Carew."

This phrase was also applied to many other heroic actions. The idea of "keel-hauling," for instance, adapted from the nautical code, was said to be practically enforced in the case of duns, attorneys, and other objectionable persons, in the lake at Crompton; while the administration of pommelings to poachers and agriculturists generally, by the athletic Squire, was the theme of every tongue. These punishments, though severe, were much sought after by a certain class, the same to which the purchased free and independent voter belongs, for the clenched fist invariably became an open hand after it had done its work—a golden ointment, that is, was always applied after these inflictions, such as healed all wounds.

Carew of Crompton might at one time have been member for the county, if he had pleased; but he desired no seat except in the saddle, or on the driving-box. He showed such skill in riding, and with "the ribbons," that some persons supposed that his talents must be very considerable in other matters, and affected to regret their misuse; there were reports that he knew Latin better than his own chaplain; and was, or had been, so diligent a student of Holy Writ, that he could give you chapter and verse for every thing. But it must be allowed that others were not wanting to whisper that these traits of scholarship were greatly exaggerated, and that all the wonder lay in the fact that the Squire knew any thing of such matters at all; nay, a few even ventured to express their opinion that, but for his recklessness and his money, there was nothing more remarkable in Carew than in other spendthrifts; but this idea was never mooted within twenty miles of Crompton. The real truth is, that the time was unsuitable to the display of the Squire's particular traits. He would have been an eminent personage had he been a Norman, and lived in the reign of King John. Even now, if he could have removed his establishment to Poland, and assumed the character of a Russian proprietor, he would doubtless have been a great prince. There was a savage magnificence about him, and also certain degrading traits, which suggested the Hetman Platoff. Unfortunately, he was a Squire in the Midlands. The contrast, however, of his splendid vagaries with the quiet time and industrious locality in which he lived, while it diminished his influence, did, on the other hand, no doubt enhance his reputation. He was looked upon (as Waterford and Mytton used to be) as a *lusus naturæ*, an eccentric, an altogether exceptional personage, to whom license was permitted; and the charitable divided the human race, for his sake, into Men, Women, and Carew.

The same philosophic few, however, who denied him talent, averred that he was half mad; and indeed Fortune had so lavishly showered her favors on him from his birth, that it might well be that they had turned his head. His father had died while Carew was but an infant, so that the surplus income from his vast estates had accumulated to an enormous sum when he attained his majority. In the mean time, his doting mother had supplied him with funds out of all proportion to his tender years. At ten years old, he had a pack of harriers of his own, and hunted the county regularly twice a week. At the public school, where he was with difficulty persuaded to remain for a short period, he had an allowance the amount of which would have sufficed for the needs of a professional man with a wife and family, and yet it is recorded of him that he had the audacity—"the boy is father to the man," and it was "so like Carew," they said—to complain to his guardian, a great lawyer, that his means were insufficient. He also demanded a lump sum down, on the ground that (being at the ripe age of fourteen) he contemplated marriage. The reply of the legal dignitary is preserved, as well as the young gentleman's application: "If you can't live upon your allowance, you may starve, Sir; and if you marry, you shall not have your allowance."

You had only—having authority to do so—to advise Carew, and he was positively certain to go counter to your opinion; and did you attempt to oppose him in any purpose, you would infallibly insure its accomplishment. He did not marry at fourteen, indeed, but he did so clandestinely in less than three years afterward, and had issue; but at the age of five-and-thirty, when our stage opens, he had neither wife nor child, but lived as a bachelor at Crompton, which was sometimes called "the open house," by reason of its profuse hospitalities; and sometimes "Liberty Hall," on account of its license; otherwise it was never called any thing but Crompton; never Crompton Hall, or Crompton Park—but simply Crompton, just like Stowe or Blenheim. And yet the park at Crompton was as splendid an appanage of glebe and avenue, of copse and dell, as could be desired. It was all laid out upon a certain plan—somewhere in the old house was the very parchment on which the chase was ordered like a garden; a dozen drives here radiated from one another like the spokes of a wheel, and here four mighty avenues made a St. Andrew's cross in the very centre—but the area was so immense, and the stature of the trees so great, that nothing of this formality could be observed in the park itself. Not only were the oaks and beeches of large, and often of giant proportions, but the very ferns grew so tall that whole herds of fallow dear were hidden in it, and could only be traced by their bounds. There were red deer also, almost as numerous, with branching antlers, curiously mossed, as though they had acquired that vegetation by rubbing, as they often did, against the high wooden pale—itself made picturesque by age—which hedged them in their sylvan prison for miles. Moreover, there were wild-cattle, as at Chartley (though not of the same breed), the repute of whose fierceness kept the few public paths that intersected this wild domain very unfrequented. These animals, imported half a century ago, were of no use nor of particular beauty, and would have dwindled away, from the unfitness of the locality for their support, but that they were recruited periodically, and at a vast expense. It was enough to cause their present owner to strain every nerve to retain them, because they were so universally objected to. They had gored one man to death, and occasionally maimed others, but, as Carew, to do him justice, was by no means afraid of them himself, and ran the same risk, and far oftener than other people, he held he had a right to retain them. Nobody was obliged to come into his park unless they liked, he said, and if they did, they must "chance a tossing." The same detractors, whose opinion we have already quoted, affirmed that the Squire kept these cattle for the very reason that was urged against their existence; the fear of these horned police kept the park free from strangers, and thereby saved him half a dozen keepers.

That his determination in the matter was pig-headed and brutal, there is no doubt; but the Squire's nature was far from exclusive, and the idea of saving in any thing, it is certain, never entered into his head. The time, indeed, was slowly but surely coming when the park should know no more not only its wild-cattle, but many a rich copse and shadowy glade. Not a stately oak nor far-spreading beech but was doomed, sooner or later, to be cut down, to prop for a moment the falling fortunes of their spendthrift owner; but at the time of which we speak there was no visible sign of the coming ruin. It is recorded of a brother prodigal, that after enormous losses and expenses, his steward informed him that if he would but consent to live upon seven thousand a year for the next ten years, the estate would recover itself. "Sir," returned he in anger, "I would rather die than live on seven thousand a year." Our Carew would have given the same reply had twice that income been suggested to him, and been applauded for the gallant answer. The hint of any necessity for curtailment would probably have caused him to double his expenditure forthwith, though, indeed, that would have been difficult to effect. He had already two packs of hounds, with which he hunted on alternate days, and he had even endeavored to do so on the Sunday; but the obsequious "county" had declined to go with him to that extent, and this anomaly of the nineteenth century had been compelled to confine himself on the seventh day to cock-fighting in the library. He kept a bear to bait (as well as a chaplain to bully), and ferrets ran loose about Crompton as mice do in other houses. He had a hunter for every week in the year, yet he often rode his horses to death. He had a stud of racers, and it was this, or rather his belief in their powers, which eventually drained his vast resources. Not one of them ever won a great race. This was not their fault, nor that of their trainer, but his own; he interfered in their management, and would have things his own way; he would command every thing, except success, which was beyond his power, and in missing that he lost all. Otherwise, he was lucky as a mere gambler. His audacity, and the funds he always had at his disposal, carried him triumphantly, where many a more prudent but less wealthy player withdrew from the contest. Games of skill had no attraction for him, but at an earlier date in his career he had been a terror to the club-keepers in St. James's, where his luck and obstinacy had broken a dozen banks. It was said—and very likely with truth—that he had once cut double or quits for ten thousand pounds.

His moral character, as respected the softer sex, was such as you might expect from these traits. No modest woman had been seen at Crompton for many a year; although not a few such—if at least good birth and high position include modesty—had, since his majority, striven to give a lawful mistress to the place. His eccentricities had not alarmed them, and his shamelessness had not abashed them. Though his constitution was said to be breaking up through unparalleled excesses, his heart, it was currently reported in domestic circles, was sound: and what a noble feat would it be to reclaim him! It was also reckoned impossible that any amount of extravagance could have seriously embarrassed such a property as he had inherited, indeed long since, but of which he had had the sole control only a few years. At the time of which we speak Carew was but thirty-five, though he looked much older. His muscles were still firm, his limbs yet active, and his hand and eye as steady with the gun or bridle as ever. But his bronzed face showed signs of habitual intemperance; his head was growing prematurely bald; and once or twice, though the fact was known to himself only, his iron nerve had of late failed him. The secret consciousness of this last fact made him more venturesome and reckless than ever. "Time," he swore, "should never play *him* tricks. He was as good a man as ever he was. There was a quarter of a million, more or less, to be got through yet, and, by Jove, he would see it out!" Of course he did not swear by Jove; for, as we have said, he kept a chaplain, and was therefore no heathen.

One of the arguments that the mothers of those young ladies who sought his hand were wont to make use of, to their great comfort, was that Mr. Carew was a churchman. There was a private chapel at Crompton, the existence of which, of course, explained why his presence did not grace the parish church. Then his genealogy was of the most satisfactory description. Carews had dwelt at Crompton in direct succession for many a century. Charles I., it is almost unnecessary to state, had slept there—that most locomotive of monarchs seems to have honored all old English mansions with a night's visit—and had hunted in the chase next morning. Queen Elizabeth had also been most graciously pleased to visit her subject, John Carew, on which occasion a wooden tower had been erected for her in the park, from which to see "ten buckes, all having fayre lawe, pulled down with greyhoundes;" she shot deer, too, with her own virgin hands, for which purpose "a cross-bowe was delivered to her by a nymph with a sweet song." These things, however, were in no way commemorated. Carew was all in all; his devouring egotism swallowed up historical association. His favorite female bull-dog, with her pups, slept in the royal martyr's apartment. The places in Crompton Chase held remarkable were those where its present owner had made an unprecedentedly long shot, or had beaten off one of the wild cattle without a weapon, or had run down a stag on foot. There was no relic of ancient times preserved whatever, except that at midsummer, as in Lyme, that very curious custom was kept of driving the red deer round the park, and then swimming them through the lake before the house—a very difficult feat, by-the-by, to any save those who have been accustomed to "drive deer." One peculiar virtue of Carew—he was addressed, by-the-way, by all his inferiors, and some of his equals, as "Squire" only—was, we had almost forgotten to say, his regard for truth, which may truly be said to have been "passionate," if we consider the effect produced in him when he discovered that any one had told him a falsehood. He would fall upon them tooth and nail, if they were menials; and if guests, he would forbid them his house. This was surely one excellent trait. Yet it was maintained by those carpers already alluded to, that to tell truth was comparatively easy in one who was as careless of all opinion as he was independent in means; moreover, that a love of truth is sometimes found to exist in very bad company, as in the case of the Spartan boy who stole the fox; and if the veracious Squire did not steal foxes (which he did, by-the-by, indirectly, for a bagged one was his delight), he was guilty of much worse things. However, this is certain, that Carew of Crompton never told a lie.

CHAPTER II.

WAITING FOR AN INTRODUCTION.

WE have said that Carew was not exclusive; so long as he had his own way in every thing he was good-tempered, and so very good-natured that he permitted not only his friends but his dependents to do pretty much as they would. He was a tyrant only by fits and starts, and in the mean time there was anarchy at Crompton. Every soul in the place, from the young lords, its master's guests, down to the earth-stopper's assistant, who came for his quantum of ale to the back-door, did pretty much as seemed right in his own eyes. There were times when every thing had to be done in a moment under the master's eye, no matter at what loss, or even risk to limb or life; but usually there was no particular time for any thing—except dinner. The guests arose in the morning, or lay in bed all day, exactly as they pleased, and had their meals in public or in their own rooms; but when the great dinner-gong sounded for the second time it was expected that every man should be ready for the feast, and wearing (with the single exception of the chaplain) a red coat. The dinner-parties at Crompton—and there was a party of the most heterogeneous description daily—were literally, therefore, very gay affairs; the banquet was sumptuous, and the great cellars were laid under heavy contribution. Only, if a guest did happen to be unpunctual, from whatever cause, even if it were illness, the host would send for his bear, or his half-dozen bull-dogs, and proceed to the sick man's room, with the avowed intention (and he always kept his word) of "drawing the badger." In spite of his four-legged auxiliaries, this was not always an easy task. His recklessness, though not often, did sometimes meet with its match in that of the badger; and in one chamber door at Crompton we have ourselves seen a couple of bullet-holes, which showed that assault on one side had met with battery upon the other.

With such rough manners as Carew had, it may seem strange that he was never called to account for them at twelve paces; but, in the first place, it was thoroughly understood that he would have "gone out" (a fact which has doubtless given pause to many a challenge), and would have shot as straight as though he were partridge-shooting; and secondly, as we have said, he had a special license for practical jokes; the subjects of them, too, were not men of delicate susceptibilities, for none such, by any accident, could have been his guests. In consideration of good fare, good wine, a good mount in the hunting-field, excellent shooting, and of a loan from the host whenever they were without funds, men even of good position were found to "put up" very good-naturedly with the eccentricities of the master of Crompton, and he had his house full half the year. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that his servants were found willing to compound for some occasional ill usage, in return for general laxity of rule, and many unconsidered trifles in the way of perquisites. His huntsmen and whips got now and then a severe beating; his grooms found it very inconvenient when "Squire" took it into his mad head to sally forth on horseback across country by moonlight; and still worse, when he would have the whole stud out, and set every servant in his employ, not excepting his fat French cook, in the saddle, to see how they would comport themselves under the unaccustomed excitement of a steeple-chase. But upon the whole, the retainers at Crompton had an easy berth of it, and seldom voluntarily took their discharge.

Perhaps the best situations, as being less liable to the *per contras* in the shape of the master's passionate outbursts, were those of the park-keepers, of whom old Walter Grange was one. He was a bachelor, as almost all of them were. It was not good for any one with wife or daughter (if these were young, at least) to take service with Carew at all; and living in a pleasant cottage, far too large for him, in the very heart of the chase, Grange thought it no harm to take a lodger. The same old woman who cooked his victuals and kept his rooms tidy would do the same office for another who was not very particular in his food, and could rough it a little in other respects; and such a one had Walter lately found in the person of a young landscape-painter, Richard Yorke. This gentleman was a stranger to Crompton and its neighborhood; but having (as he said) happened to see a certain guarded advertisement in the *Times* headed, "To Artists and Others," that lodgings in the midst of forest scenery could be procured for what seemed next to nothing, he had come down from London in the autumn on the chance, and found them suitable.

To poet or painter's eye, indeed, the lodge was charming; it was small, of coarse, but very picturesquely built, and afforded the new tenant a bow-windowed sitting-room, with an outlook such as few dwellings in England, and probably none elsewhere, could offer. In the fore-ground was an open lawn, on which scores of fine-plumaged pheasants strutted briskly, and myriads of rabbits came forth at eve to play and nibble—bordered by crops of fern, above which moved statelily the antlered deer. A sentry oak or two of mighty girth guarded this open space; but on both sides vast glades shut in the prospect with a wall of checkered light and shadow that deepened into sylvan gloom. But right in front the expanding view seemed without limit, and exhibited all varieties of forest scenery; coppices with "Autumn's fiery finger" on their tender leaves; still, shining pools, where water-fowl bred and dwelt; broad pathways, across which the fallow deer could bound at leisure; or one would leap in haste, and half a hundred follow in groundless panic. The wealth of animal life in that green solitude, where the voice of man was hardly ever heard, was prodigious; the rarest birds were common there; even those who had their habitations by the sea were sometimes lured to this as silent spot, and skimmed above its undulating dells as o'er the billow. The eagle and the osprey had been caught there; and, indeed, a specimen of each was caged in a sort of aviary, which Grange had had constructed at the back of the lodge; while Yorke's sitting-room was literally stuffed full of these strange feathered visitants, which had fallen victims to the keeper's gun. The horse-hair sofa had a noble cover of deer-skin; the foot-stool and the fire-rug were made of furs, or skins that would have fetched their price elsewhere, and been held rare, although once worn by British beast or "varmint." The walls were stuck with antlers, and the very handle of the bell-rope was the fore-foot of a stag. Each of these had its story; and nothing pleased the old man better than to have a listener to his long-winded tales of how and where and when the thing was slain. All persons whose lives are passed in the open air, and in comparative solitude, seem in this respect to be descendants of Dame Quickly; their wearisome digressions and unnecessary preciseness as to date and place try the patience of all other kinds of men, and this was the chief cross which Grange's lodger had to bear as an offset to the excellence of his quarters. It must be confessed that he did not bear it meekly. To stop old Walter in mid-talk—without an open quarrel—was an absolute impossibility; but his young companion would turn the stream of his discourse, without much ceremony, from the records of slaughter into another channel (almost as natural to it)—the characteristics and peculiarities of his master Carew. Of this subject, notwithstanding that that other made him fret and fume so, Yorke never seemed to tire.

"I should like to know your master," he had said, half musingly, after listening to one of these strange recitals, soon after his arrival; to which Grange had answered, laughing: "Well, Squire's a very easy one to know." He picks up friends

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by every road-side, without much troubling himself as to who they are, I promise you."

The young man's face grew dark with anger; but the idea of self-respect, far less of pride, was necessarily strange to a servant of Carew's. So Grange went on, unconscious of offense: "Now, if you were a young woman," he chuckled, "and as good-looking as you are as a lad, there would be none more welcome than yourself up at the big house. Pretty gals, bless ye, need no introduction yonder; and yet one would have thought that Squire would know better than to meddle with the mischievous hussies—he took his lesson early enough, at all events. Why, he married before he was your age, and not half so much of a man to look at, neither. You have heard talk of that, I dare say, however, in London?"

Richard Yorke, as the keeper had hinted, was a very handsome lad—brown-cheeked, blue-eyed, and with rich clustering hair as black as a sloe; but at this moment he did not look prepossessing. He frowned and flashed a furious glance upon the speaker; but old Grange, who had an eye like a hawk, for the objects that a hawk desires, was as blind as a mole to any evidence of human emotion short of a punch on the head, and went on unheeding:

"Well, I thought you must ha' heard o' that too. We folk down here heard o' nothing else for all that year. She got hold o' Squire, this ere woman did, though he was but a school-boy, and she old enough to be his mother, bless ye, and was married to him. And they kep' it secret for six months; and that's what bangs me most about it all. For Carew, he can keep nothing secret—nothing: he blurts all out; and that's why he seems so much worse than he is to some people. Oh, she must have been a deep one, she must!"

"You never saw her, then?" asked Yorke, carelessly shading his eyes, as though from the westering sun, which Midas-like, was turning every thing it touched in that broad landscape into gold.

"Oh yes, I see her; she was here with Squire near half a year. Mrs. Carew—the old lady, I mean—was at Crompton then; and the young one—though she was no chicken neither—she tried to get her turned out; but she wasn't clever enough, clever as she was, for that job. Carew loved his mother, as indeed he ought, for she had never denied him any thing since he was born; and so, in that pitched battle between the women, he took his mother's side. And in the end the old lady took his, and with a vengeance. I do think that if it had not been for her, young madam would have held on— Why, what's the matter, young gentleman? That was an oath fit for the mouth of Squire hisself."

"It's this cursed toothache," exclaimed Yorke, passionately. "It has worried me so ever since you began to speak that I should have gone mad if I had not let out at it a bit. Never mind me; I'm better now."

"Well, that's like the Squire again," returned the keeper, admiringly. "He seems allus to find hisself better for letting out at things, and at people too, for the matter of that. To hear him sometimes, one would almost think the ground must open; not that he means any harm, but it's a way he's got; but it does frighten them as is not used to him, surely. I mind that day when he first took the fox-hounds out, and Mr. Howard the sheriff as was that year—he's dead and gone long since, and his grandson is sheriff now again, which is cur'ous—well, he happened to ride a bit too forward with the dogs, and our young master— Oh dear, dear," and the old man began to chuckle like a hen that has laid two eggs at a time, "how he did swear at the old man!"

"You were talking about Mrs. Carew the elder," observed the artist, coolly.

"Was I? True, so I was. Well, she and the young Squire was for all the world like a deer with her fawn—all tenderness and timidity, so long as he was let alone; but when this 'ere woman came, as she considered his enemy, she was as bold as a red stag—nay, as one of our wild-cattle. It was through her, I say, that the bride got the sack at last; and when that was done the old lady seemed to have done her work, and was content enough when her son portioned her off, and persuaded her to live at the dower-house at Morden; and indeed she could hardly have staid at Crompton, with such goings on as there are now—feastings and fightings and flirtings—"

"Just so," interrupted the young painter; "she got her way, I know. But with respect to the younger lady, Mrs. Charles Carew, what was *she* like, and what did people say of her?"

"Well, not much good, I reckon. What could they say of a school-mistress who marries her pupil?"

"A school-mistress, was she?" said Yorke, in a strange husky voice. "We never heard that in London."

"Well, she was summat of that sort, Sir, though I don't know exactly what. Young as he was, Carew was not quite child enough to be at a dame's school, that's true. But she was not a mere servant-girl, as some said, any way, for she could play and sing—ay, songs that pleased him too—and she had book-learning, I've heard, such as would have astonished you; so that some folks said she was a witch, and had the devil's help to catch Carew. But a woman don't want magic, bless you, to comé over a lad of seventeen—not she. What nonsense people talk! If any pretty girl about Crompton was to take a fancy to *you* now, as is like enough, do you suppose—"

"But I thought you said that Mrs. Charles Carew was not a girl?"

"Nor more she was: she was five-and-thirty if she was a day; and yet—*there* was the wonder of it—she did not look much over twenty! I've heard our gentlemen, when out shooting, liken her to some fine Frenchwoman as never grew old, and was fell in love with unbeknown by her grandson. Now, what was her name? I got it written down somewhere in my old pocket-book; it was summut like Longclothes."

"*Ninon de l'Enclos?*" suggested Yorke, without a smile.

"Ay, that's the name. Well, Mrs. Charles Carew, as you call her, was just like her, and a regular everlasting! She was not what you would call pretty, but very "taking" looking, and with a bloom and freshness on her as would have deceived any man. Her voice was like music itself, and she moved like a stag o' ten; and the Squire being always manly looking and swarthy, like yourself, there was really little difference between them to look at. I dare say she's gone all to pieces now, as women will do, while the Squire looks much the same as he did then."

"I have never even seen him," said the landscape-painter, moodily.

"Well, don't you stare at him, young master, when you do get that chance, that's all. Some comes down here merely to look at him, as if he was a show, and that puts him in a pretty rage, I promise you; though to get to know him, as I say, is easy enough, if you go the right way about it. If you were a good rider, for instance, and could lead the field one day when the hunting begins, he'd ask you to dinner to a certainty; or if you could drive stags—why, he would have given you a hundred pounds last midsummer, when we couldn't get the beasts to swim the lake. There's a pretty mess come o' that, by-the-by; for, out of the talk there was among the gentlemen about that difficulty, the Squire laid a bet as *he* would drive stags; not as *we* do, mind you, but in harness, like carriage-horses; and, cuss me, if he hasn't had the break out half a dozen times with four red deer in it, and you may see him tearing through the park, with mounted grooms and keepers on the right and left of him, all galloping their hardest, and the Squire with the ribbons, a-holloaing like mad! For my part, I don't like such pranks, and would much sooner not be there to see 'em. There will be mischief some day with it yet, for all that old Lord Orford, down at Newmarket some fifty years ago, used to do the same thing, they say. It ain't in nature that stags should be druv four-in-hand, even by Carew. However, the Squire won his wager; and we haven't seen none o' *that* wild work o' late weeks, though we may see it again any day."

"I have heard of that strange exploit," observed Yorke; "but as driving deer, even in the ordinary way, is not my calling, and as I am no great rider, even if I had a horse, I don't see how I am to introduce myself to your mad Squire, and yet I have a great fancy for his acquaintance. Do you think he'd buy any of these drawings, taken in his own park, from his own timber?" The young man touched a port-folio, already well stocked with studies of oak and beech. "Here is a sketch of the Decoy Pond, for instance, with the oldest tree in the chase beside it; would not that interest him, think you? You think not?"

"Well, young gentleman," said the keeper, frankly, "if I say no, it ain't that I mean any slight to your drawing. It's like the tree enough, for certain, with the very hoop of iron as I put round it with my own hands twenty years ago—and, by the same token, it will want another before this winter's out; but I don't think the Squire cares much for such matters. He might, maybe, just give a look at it, or he might bid you go to the devil for a paper-staining son of a—well—what you will. He does not care a farthing, bless 'ee, for all the great pictures in his own gallery, though they cost his grandfather a mint of money, and are certainly a fine sight—so far as the frames go. And, on the other hand, if he happens to be cross-grained that day, he might tear it up before you could say 'Hold,' and kick you down the Hall steps into the bargain, as he has done to many a one. That's where it is, you see, the Squire is so chancy."

"I don't think he would kick *me* down his Hall steps," said Yorke, grimly.

The keeper grinned. "Well, you see, nobody can tell that till it's tried. The Squire is a regular bruiser, I promise you, though I grant you are a strapping young fellow, and you have told me that you know how to use your fists. That's a great thing, mind you, for a man to ha' learnt; a deal better than Latin or such-like, in my opinion. Folks talk of life-preservers and pistols, but there's nothing like a good pair of well-handled fists when one has to tackle a poacher. I've been at Crompton, man and boy, these fifty years, and had a good many rough-and-tumbles with that sort, and I have never had the worst of it yet. It prevents bloodshed on both sides; for if you haven't no shooting-iron, there's few Englishmen, poachers or not, who will draw trigger on you; and as for a bludgeon, it's as likely to be in my hand as another's after the first half minute."

"Is there much poaching now at Crompton?" inquired Yorke, mechanically. It would have been plain to any less obtuse observer than his companion that he no longer gave him his attention.

"Well, no; nothing to be called serious has happened lately; though I dare say we shall have some scrimmages as the winter comes on; there's allus a good deal of what I calls hanky-panky work in the fawn season. Women and children—especially children—will come into the park, under pretense o' picking up sticks; and they'll put away a new dropped fawn in their bundles, if they get the chance; and then they take it home, to be reared until it grows up, and can be sold for venison."

"I should have thought there would have been no market for such a commodity—that is, in the case of people such as you describe," observed Yorke, yawning.

"Market!" echoed the keeper, contemptuously; "there'd be a market to-morrow morning for the whole herd o' our wild-cattle, if they were stolen to-night; there'd be a market for a rhinoceros or a halligator, if we happened to keep 'em, bless 'ee, as easy as for a sucking pig! But I don't call that poaching—I mean the fawn-stealing. It's the professionals from the Midland towns as come by tens and twenties at a time as is our trouble. We generally gets wind of 'em beforehand, and then out we all goes, and Squire with us—for he dearly loves a fight—and then there's broken crowns and bloody noses; but, thank God, there's been no murder done, at least, not in my time, at Crompton. And that reminds me, Sir, that it's time for me to start on my evening rounds."

"Well, when you next have any news of such an incursion, Grange, I hope you will let me make one of your party," said Yorke, good-humoredly. "I can hit out straight from the shoulder; and perhaps I might get to know the Squire *that* way."

"And as likely a road to lead you into his good graces, Sir," said the keeper, rising, "as any I know. Are you for a walk round the park this fine evening, Sir?"

"No; not to-night, thank you, Grange. I have got to fill in this sketch a bit that I took this morning."

"Then, good-night, Sir, for I sha'n't return before daylight."

But it was not till long after the keeper had taken his departure that Richard Yorke turned hand or eye to his unfinished drawing. He sat staring straight before him with steadfast eyes and thoughtful face, for hours, murmuring to himself disjointed sentences; and ever and anon he started up and paced the little room with rapid strides. "He shall see me, and know me, too," muttered he, at last, between his clenched teeth, "though it should cost one of us our lives. She shall not say I came down to this wilderness, like some hunted beast to covert, for nothing."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AUTHORS and publishers are always, and very properly, careful concerning their copyrights. By a law which has recently passed Congress, copyrights are no longer to be taken out in the District Courts, but by application to the Librarian of Congress. Hitherto the steps required were to transmit a copy of the title of the work before publication to the clerk of the United States District Court of the district in which the author or proprietor of the work resided; and after publication to forward one copy to the clerk and another copy to the Library of Congress. Now the whole business of entering copyrights is to be done at the Congressional Library. The title-page is to be sent there to be registered, and the two copies are to be forwarded to the library for its shelves. They go free by mail.

The same law makes many other changes in the law of copyrights, and also in that of patents, on which subject a complete system of new provisions is presented. The recent statute may be regarded as the first-fruits of a commission created some time ago to revise all the laws of the United States, as it is founded upon a bill reported by the commissioners. The commission as now constituted, composed of Judge Charles P. James, Mr. Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, and Mr. Victor C. Barringer, are proceeding with the preparation of the laws on other subjects.

Last week, at the regular weekly session of the Board of Health, only one case of small-pox was reported, and not a single death had occurred in this city during the previous week from that disease. That was the first week in nine months without a death from small-pox. By cable, from Paris, 267 deaths from that cause were announced as having occurred in that city. Either vaccination or something else appears to be productive of good results here.

A few days ago a young girl of fourteen, living at Port Jervis, was kindling a fire, and using kerosene oil to hasten the work, when the flames communicated to the can, and a terrific explosion followed, by which she was burned in a frightful manner. There is no more dangerous compound in the hands of the ignorant or careless than such kerosene as is commonly sold at a cheap price.

Queen Isabella did not make the renouncing of her throne a mournful business. She made a gala toilet for the occasion, wearing a rose-colored silk dress profusely covered with white lace, a splendid *parure* of pearls, and a diamond girdle; and with that command of countenance which seldom fails to reward long practice in the performance of royal functions, put on an extremely merry look. As she took her seat in a throne-room, Don Alfonso, Prince of Asturias, her eldest son, stood on her right hand, simply dressed in a short black jacket and knickerbockers. Queen Isabella made a short speech to the assembled witnesses before she read her abdication. When the ceremony was over, the youthful king of Spain, apparently not particularly impressed by the honors conferred upon him, rushed up to the Duke de Sesto, and said: "You haven't seen my new velocipede; come into the garden and look at it!"

The gypsum deposits on the California coast promise, if properly developed, to become one of the most valuable resources of that State. One large deposit has been discovered on St. Mark's Island, in the Gulf of California. It has already been worked to a considerable extent, and it is believed that soon there will be an ample supply of plaster of Paris of home manufacture for the Pacific coast. Gypsum is the basis of the finest cements, and also is a valuable fertilizer.

De Cordova is preparing a lecture on Dickens; so is Miss Kate Field.—The Pope has received a present of $8000 from a wealthy maiden lady of Montreal, who is now in Rome.—Vinnie Ream is busily putting the finishing touches to her last bust, preparatory to returning to this country.—The Queen of Denmark is a model woman, if, as is reported, she spends only $100 a year for new dresses!

The General Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau states that "considering their previous condition, the advance of the freedmen in all material and moral respects unquestionably surpasses that of the white people of the Southern States. Two thousand five hundred and seventy-one day and night schools, with 122,317 pupils; 1456 Sunday-schools, with 88,300 pupils; 38 normal or high schools, with 3834 pupils: the advance of about 6000 pupils in the higher branches; the accumulation of $12,600,000 in savings-banks, besides nearly $13,000,000 drawn out chiefly for important purchases, are guarantees of the future progress of the freedmen, as well as evidences of the important work accomplished by the Freedmen's Bureau."

The North Adams Orientals are all young—none over twenty-two, it is said, excepting the two cooks, who are over thirty, and are the only married men in the party. All wear the national queue. These queues are often of great length, and tied at the end with a ribbon. When at work they are worn coiled around the crown, looking ludicrously like a lady's chignon.

Punch announces that during the present oppressive heat one of the prominent London theatres will be "iced." Also that private refrigerators, to hold four persons, will be furnished at three guineas. Some fresh air will be given by the orchestra every half hour. The performances will commence with the farce of "Cool as a Cucumber," after which the romantic drama entitled "The Sea of Ice;" to conclude with the laughable after-piece called "Nothing to Wear."

Paris is repairing its streets by steam-power. The machine consists of a small steam-engine on wheels, drawn by one horse, to the rear of which is attached the "pavior," which is forced upon the ground by a blow from the piston, and slides on a bar some six feet long, and can thus be directed by the driver to any stone which requires forcing home. The machine is now at work in the Rue de Grenelle, St. Germain, and is considered a success.

When Dickens's death was first announced in the papers a prominent mercantile gentleman met a Boston friend in the streets of that city, and naturally the conversation turned upon the subject of his death. In reply to a remark of the Bostonian that Dickens's death was a great loss, the merchant exclaimed, "Dickens? Dickens? I've heard of the name. When is his funeral? Will he be buried in Mount Auburn?"

Some time ago the ship *Puritan* arrived at San Francisco from New York. The captain reported that after the vessel had been out three days, Henry Williams, a boy sixteen years old, fell overboard while engaged in lashing the life buoys to the taffrail, and was drowned. Recently it has been ascertained that the boy is in New York, alive and well. His own statement is that while lashing the buoys he became dizzy and fell overboard; that he called for help, but no one heard him, and that he began to think his time had come, when a piece of cord-wood floated past him, and he swam for it. He remained in the water by the aid of this piece of wood for eleven hours, when a coaster came in sight. He hailed her, a boat was sent after him, and he was taken back to New York. Certainly this is a most remarkable escape from death.

The new French Minister, M. Prévost-Paradol, recently arrived at Washington, accompanied by his young son, and a daughter about seventeen years old. M. Paradol is apparently a man of culture and ability, and is exceedingly interesting in conversation. During the civil war he was a consistent and influential friend of the Union cause; and on the death of President Lincoln he wrote an able article in the *Journal des Débats*, by which he showed his warm appreciation of the character of the martyr President. M. Paradol expects to spend a part of the midsummer at Newport.

Commissioner Tweed has issued still more stringent regulations regarding the waste of the Croton water, and has announced his intention of maintaining a rigid surveillance over the use of it until water-meters are generally attached, when the parties using water will be careful about wasting it, as they will be charged for all the water passing through the meter.

It appears that dogs are not to be slaughtered this year in the wholesale manner which has prevailed in former summer seasons. It has been thought by some scientific investigators that hydrophobia is not necessarily coincident with an elevated temperature; and in proof of this theory it is stated that there are fewer cases of it in the midsummer months than during several other months. In a recent lecture read by Dr. John P. Garrish at the quarterly meeting of the Medical Board of the Eastern Dispensary, it was shown, however, that the months in which the largest number of cases of the disease have been reported are September, November, and December. This indicates, considering the long period usually required for the development of the poison, that the greatest number of persons are bitten about the time of the dog-days. The period before the poison from the bite of a mad dog begins to show its presence in the system varies from three to seven weeks, rarely more or less than that period. A remarkable experiment, in the interest of science, was once made: 138 dogs were collected which had either been bitten by mad dogs or inoculated with the foam freshly collected from the mad animals. Of this number 68 went mad—a few within a few days, but most of them at intervals of from 20 to 90 days. It appears that instances of hydrophobia occur much less frequently in southern than northern latitudes. South America is said to be entirely free from it. This peculiar malady has thus far almost baffled medical skill. Often when a person has been bitten by a dog supposed to be rabid he suffers greatly from apprehensions. But actual contact of the saliva of a rabid animal with a wounded or abraded surface is required for the development of hydrophobia; and frequently when an animal bites through the clothing the poison does not reach the system. Dr. Garrish stated that a mad dog never has fits; that the existence of epilepsy is a clear proof that there is no *rabies;* also that they do *not* shun the water. They will stand and lap the water with no spasm attending the effort to swallow, but swallowing little on account of the invariable paralysis of the muscles about the jaws and throat—a sign by which the rabid dog may be detected. It was thought a while ago that bromide of potassium would prove a remedy for this much-dreaded disease; but recent experiments, both in this country and in Europe, have shown it to be ineffectual. A celebrated veterinary surgeon, who has himself been bitten on several occasions, says that crystal of nitrate of silver rubbed into the wound will positively prevent hydrophobia. An eminent French physician recommends the Russian bath as a successful remedy. His system once having been inoculated with virus from the saliva of a patient suffering with hydrophobia, he experienced symptoms of the dreadful disease. He took a steam bath, and when it reached the heat of seventy-five degrees centigrade, all the symptoms disappeared as if by magic, and he experienced them no more. Dr. Garrish also gives his own decision in favor of the vapor bath as an effective means of eliminating the poison from the system.

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ADMIRAL DAHLGREN.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN A. DAHLGREN, one of the most distinguished as well as one of the most useful officers of the United States Navy, died in Washington, July 12, at the age of sixty years. His health had been indifferent for some time, but the immediate cause of his death was disease of the heart.

The public career of this officer was long and honorable. Born in Philadelphia, in 1810, he was appointed a Midshipman from Pennsylvania in 1826, and made his first cruise in the frigate *Macedonian*, then attached to the Brazil squadron. Two years later he was transferred to the sloop of war *Ontario*, and remained on the Mediterranean station until 1832. He was on coast-survey duty from 1836 to 1842, was promoted to Lieutenant in 1837, and commanded the frigate *Cumberland* in the Mediterranean in 1844–45. On returning to the United States, in 1847, he was assigned to ordnance duty, and during the ten years devoted to this service he completed the invention with which his name is inseparably connected—the Dahlgren gun. In 1855 he was promoted to the rank of Commander. On the breaking out of the rebellion he was placed in command of the Washington Navy-yard, and shortly afterward was appointed Chief of the Ordnance Bureau. When the navy was reorganized in 1863, he received the commission of Rear-Admiral, and was assigned to the command of the South Atlantic blockading squadron, relieving Rear-Admiral DUPONT. He co-operated with General GILMORE in the reduction of Fort Wagner and Morris Island, and assisted in demolishing the outer walls of Fort Sumter. In 1864 he established communication with General SHERMAN, when that officer reached the coast after his famous march through Georgia, assisted in the capture of Savannah, and shortly afterward occupied Charleston. After the restoration of peace he was in command of the South Pacific squadron for two years, and was then returned to the head of the Ordnance Board. In the fall of 1869 he was ordered to the command of the Washington Navy-yard for a second time, and held that important position up to the time of his death.

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL DAHLGREN.—[PHOT. BY M. B. BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

THE ELM PARK RIOT.

WE give on this page an illustration of the terrible riot which took place in this city, July 12, between a party of "Orangemen" and a mob of Irish Catholics. The Orangemen, to the number of about twenty-five hundred, including many women and children, had assembled in Elm Park for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, when WILLIAM III. defeated the forces of JAMES II. While thus peaceably engaged, they were suddenly set upon by a ferocious mob, composed of about six hundred of the lowest class of Irish Catholics, armed with clubs and pistols, who broke through the Park palings and began a wild assault upon the Orangemen, regardless of the presence of women and children. With the assistance of the police, who were promptly summoned, the rioters were repulsed, but not until several had been killed or mortally wounded on both sides, while the list of minor casualties was quite large. After the fight in the Park the mob attacked the Eighth Avenue cars, containing a large number of the Orange party, and, but for the timely interference of the police, the loss of life would have been much greater than it was. Our illustration represents the first rush of the rioters into the Park after breaking down the palings.

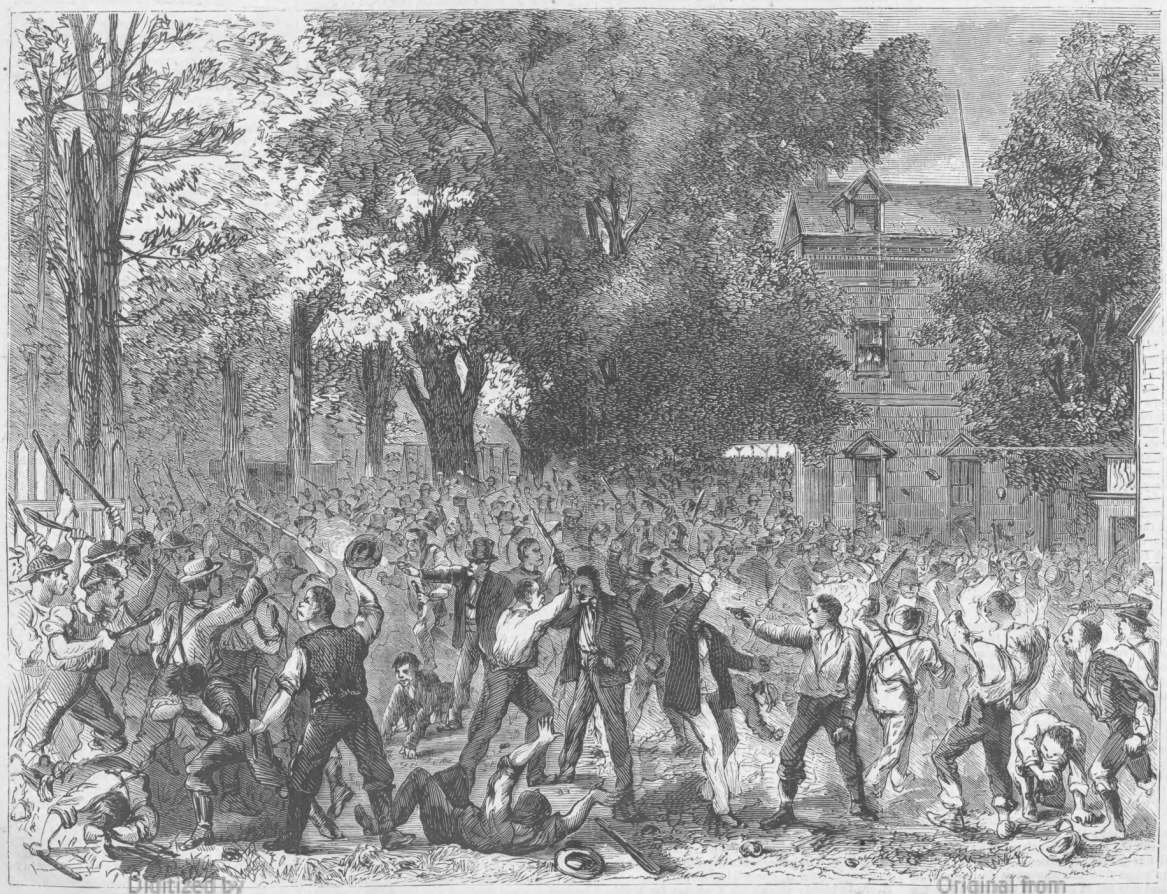
WATER WE SHOULD NOT DRINK.

WATER visibly containing organic matter no man will drink if he can avoid the draught. He may be told by the highest authorities that the presence of organic matter does not necessarily make the water unfit for drinking, but he declines to slake his thirst from such a cup. In this imagination may wrong him. He errs, it is true, upon the side of safety, but the distinction must be maintained. The water issuing from near a peat bed may be dark in color, unpleasant to the taste, and full of organic matter, and yet be far less unwholesome to drink than a colorless or dimly transparent water, which may have many germs, drawn from some pretty nook of a shaded stream where the current moves slowly among rank weeds.

All organized bodies are formed of the same elementary substances—oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, with frequently nitrogen. The vegetable supplies food for the animal, and the atmosphere is necessary for the existence of both. So there is a mutual necessity of being, and the continuance of one is dependent upon the permanence of the others. From this similarity in the composition of the vegetable and animal it must be difficult to distinguish the products of one from those of the other when in decomposition.

To test the organic contents and condition of a water is possible only to a chemist, but there is a simple method of examination which may always be adopted. It consists in placing a glass of water where the sunlight falls and the temperature is favorable to the production of vitality. If the germs of life are there, the vessel may in a few days be filled with microscopic forms. If nitrogen abound, animal life may appear and decomposition actively commence. But this will depend upon the state of the organic impurity. Two grains of animal matter may in the water of one locality give birth to many disagreeable creatures, while a much larger quantity in water from another locality may not contain any such miniature monsters. The nature or kind of the organic matter, therefore, must determine whether the water is fit for drinking, and till this is done let it be avoided.

Water brought into a house for domestic use in lead pipes, or from lead cisterns, should be examined before it is accepted as a safe drink. This experiment may be approximately made by placing for a few hours a piece of polished lead in the suspected water. Should the metal surface be tarnished, the water in which the film is produced has been made poisonous by its passage through lead pipes.



THE RIOT AT ELM PARK.—[DRAWN BY STANLEY FOX.]

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AH SING.

THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND.

LAST week we gave our readers a sketch of North Adams, where the Chinese shoemakers have settled down, and of the general work-room where they are employed. This week we continue the series, with illustrations that give some insight into the life and ways of this peculiar class of immigrants.

The first illustration is the portrait of AH SING, the foreman of the band, who is considered one of the most intelligent Chinamen in America. He has lived some time in this country, chiefly in San Francisco, where he attended an evening school, and learned to speak and read and write English with considerable fluency and correctness. He is a smart, wide-awake specimen of a Chinaman, and exhibits no little tact in the management of his countrymen in their new situation.

The Chinese have their own culinary department, as they would find it impossible to adapt themselves to the style of cookery prevalent in most New England towns, which must be acknowledged to be almost as barbarous as their own. They also have a general sleeping apartment, fitted up with bunks very much in the manner of the steerage of an emigrant ship.—These are kept in the neatest order and scrupulously clean. As yet, the Chinese associate but little among the townspeople; though they are not molested in any way, and have their own playground for exercise and recreation. Their quiet behavior and steady application to work have done much to conciliate their neighbors, who begin to feel that even the Chinese in this country, when they behave themselves and attend to their own business, have rights which all are bound to respect.

AN ARAB MEAL.

THE basis of the Arab *menu* is, and has been for centuries, the *cousscoussou*, also called in different countries *taam* and *messeefouf*. The *cousscousson* is made of wheaten flour, which has been ground in portable hand-mills by the women of the camp, and then passed through a sieve, rolled with the fingers, cooked by steam, and finally sprinkled copiously either with broth or with milk. The richer Arabs add to this preparation mutton, fowl, hard eggs, beans, with artichokes, sugar, dried grapes, and sometimes, when near the coast, potatoes, which they purchase from the Christians. This is, as we have said, the national dish, perfectly suited to the climate and the habits of the people. Rich and poor equally delight in it, and they are never tired of it from one end of the year to the other. It must be well cooked, and it is never eaten cold.

The staple food, however, of the poorest Arabs is the *dchicha*—roasted corn—which they pound and then boil with butter; or it may even consist of roasted barley or beans, which they pound also, and then wet with water, and they carry sometimes a supply of it in the corner of their *burnouse*.

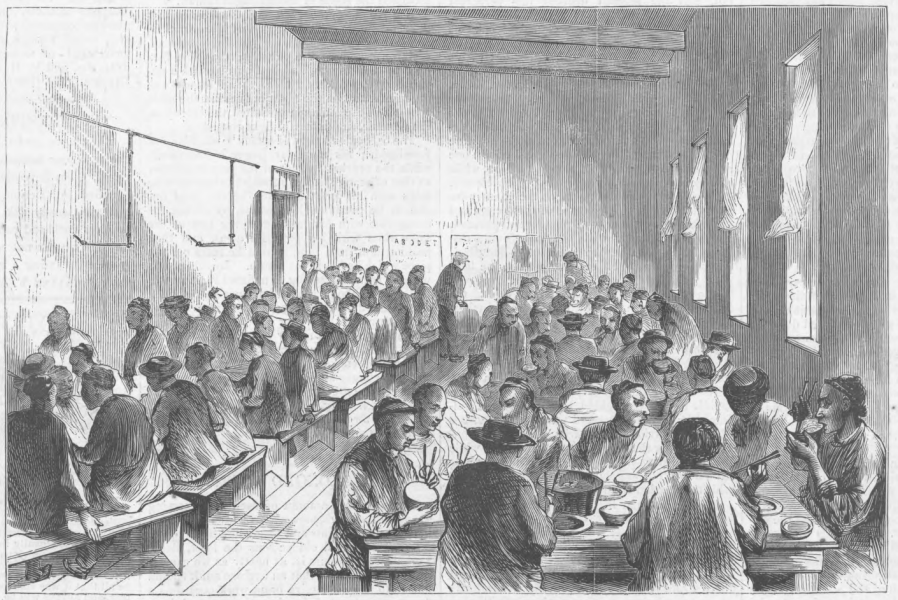
In the way of such preparations of meal, the Arab also has the *mermez*. The *mermez* is made of unripe ears of barley, lightly roasted, and pounded in the hand-mill. These are then moistened with water or milk, and mixed with salt meat and butter. And there is also another compound called the *cherchem*, made of corn boiled in salt and water, with which they provide themselves when on expeditions in countries devoid of resources, and by the aid of which they find they can the most easily dispense with all other kinds of food.

The richer Arabs have, however, excellent bread, while the poorer folk content themselves with flat cakes of meal cooked hastily in earthenware dishes. Bread of new barley is a luxury for every Arab. For condiment the Arab not only has salt, but he makes abundant use of black and red pepper, of which the quantity he eats is enormous. It is the great delight and joy of the poor Arab: it replaces wine as a tonic; and when an Arab of the poorer sort leaves his tent to go to market to purchase provisions for his family, his wife winds up her list of commissions by crying after him, "And don't forget the pepper."

The butter of the Arabs, from being cured in goat-skins, acquires a rancid flavor, which, however, as is the case in other parts of the world, becomes preferable to that of fresh butter by acquired taste. The Arabs, too, are passionately fond of all sorts of preparations of milk, and especially of curds and whey; they rarely drink the pure milk of the cow, and, indeed, esteem it injurious. Of goat's milk and ewe's milk they consume a great deal in different fashions. But of all sorts of milk the most prized is that of the camel, which they give even to their horses, esteeming it better for them than barley, and believing that for horse and man alike it is the most strengthening of all kinds of diet.

THE PLAY-GROUND.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

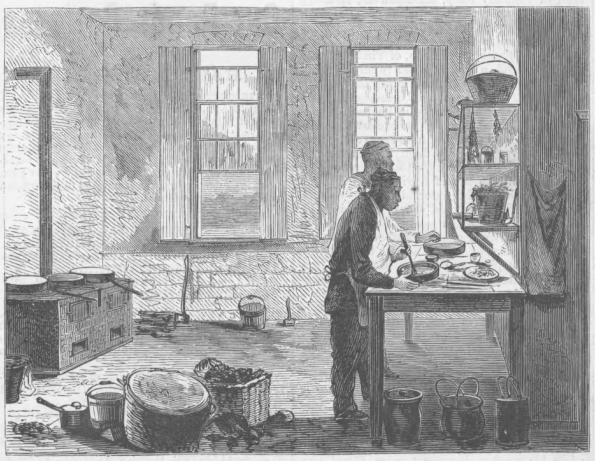
Such is the broad and simple basis of an Arab's meal; to which may be added, in the case of richer folk, roasted mutton (*el kebch mechoui*), or roasted fowl, partridge, etc. And Arabs are pronounced by General Daumas to be the first *rôtisseurs* in the world. There may be also the *kibab*, consisting of pieces of mutton roasted on a skewer; or the *terbiya*, a stew of mutton, with eggs and tomatoes; *el khamiss*, another kind of mutton stew; *el mekhetter*, a fricassee of fowl, with *garbanzos*; the *dolma*, a dish of meat stuffed with vegetables, and seasoned highly with Cayenne pepper; or there may be *el beraniya*, one of the triumphs of the Arab cuisine—a breast of mutton cut up in pieces, and arranged with butter, eggs, wild artichokes, grated cheese, and spices; *el kabama*, a stew of mutton again, to which parsley and onions give the prevailing flavor.



THE MESS-ROOM.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

Leaving unnoticed other dishes which form the *pièces de résistance* of an Arab dinner, it may be mentioned that soups also are not wanting to the hospitality of a rich Arab. Nor is the Arab pastry-cook altogether contemptible in the way of cakes and sweetmeats: the crowning glory of his workmanship is said to consist in the *sebaa el aaroussa*—the "finger of the bride;" a sweetmeat most in renown at Bagdad, but which is said to be unknown in Algeria.

The Arabs, moreover, eat fruit in abundance,



THE KITCHEN.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE DORMITORIES.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

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and generally not quite ripe. Grapes are the most prized of fruit; then come melons, cucumbers, figs, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, apples, pears, cherries, peaches, apricots, dates. Dates ought to be eaten either with the *couscoussou* or with milk, otherwise they are not wholesome.

All account of Arab gastronomy would be incomplete without notice of the *locust*, which is the prawn of the desert; but which must be taken alive and killed by Mussulmans to be fit to be eaten by Mussulmans. They are stripped of their heads, their wings, and their claws, and then roasted or boiled with the *couscoussou*. Horses are very fond of them, and for horse and man they are considered nourishing food.

Coffee is a luxury for the rich alone; the great mass of the Arabs never taste coffee. It is served with the grounds and with the foam of ebullition on the surface; and those who have become habituated to the Eastern way of preparing coffee return to the coffee of Europe with some disappointment.

Of such viands will the meal of the guest of the Arab tent be composed. Women, as is well known, never appear before strangers; indeed the latter, if he knows the rules of Arab etiquette, will never even talk of women to his host; and this not only out of regard to the host himself, but because the wife may very probably be on the other side of the curtain which separates the man's compartment from the woman's in every tent, and when jealousy would infallibly be excited by stories of too lively a nature about Ayesha or Nedjema. Yes, the Arab's wife is in all probability there behind the curtain, curiously watching the stranger and his habits, after having superintended the preparation of his meal. French officers who have partaken of the hospitality of Arab tents have, in fact, sometimes heard something very like a titter going on behind the curtain, which was supposed to be caused by the clumsiness with which they sat down to supper. For it is not easy for a European in tight pantaloons, and with straps, to assume the seat on the carpet in Oriental fashion without making a rather ridiculous figure in the course of his descent to the ground, as General Daumas found on one occasion when invited to dine by a powerful marabout—Sidi Mohammed benn Haoua. But the difficulty of tight pantaloons and straps was not the only one experienced by General Daumas; at the moment of sitting down he perceived that at the dinner to which he was invited there were no seats, no bottles, and no glasses—not even a plate or a knife or a spoon. There was no apparatus for dining at all; for the whole race of cutlers and manufacturers of crockery and glass-ware would infallibly have to take to another line of business if the world were to adopt Arab habits.

The dining-table, or rather dining-carpet of leather, the *sefra*, was laid in the middle of the tent on the ground, and there was nothing whatever thereon, when the guests squatted down on all sides of it, like tailors about to go to work. How was the French general, after having surmounted the difficulty of pantaloons and straps, to eat his dinner? He hit at last upon the plan of observing his neighbors, two venerable gentlemen with white beards, who could not refrain at times from exchanging an ironical smile, which the general interpreted thus: "How will the Infidel get on here?"

The *couscousson* then made its appearance in a large wooden platter, and each of the guests plunged the finger and thumb of his right hand into the mess, made a little ball of it, and tossed it into his mouth. The general followed the example of his neighbors. After this dish roast mutton appeared, which was eaten with the fingers. At the end of the dinner—Arab etiquette requires that guests shall drink but once at the end of the dinner—water and sour milk were passed round in wooden and earthen bowls, and then a water-vessel and black soap were presented for all to wash their hands.

When the guest wishes to leave he announces his intention. His beasts of burden are prepared, his horse is brought to the door, and he is accompanied by his host to a certain distance.

When host and guest take leave of each other, the guest says, "May God increase thy substance," or, "God will restore it" (*i. e.*, what you have expended for me). The reply is, "Go with a blessing." "Demand thy happiness." "May good befall thee." "Demand thy happiness;" that is to say, "Look now to yourself. While you were my guest your happiness was my affair; now it is your own."

If an Arab receives a Christian, he will observe the same rules with him as with an Arab. If he is a fanatic, or if he is malicious, however, he has a hundred ways of playing tricks upon his guest without violating the rules of hospitality. He will be strict to the letter of the laws of guest-right, but the spirit of performance will militate grievously against their efficiency: he will manage to confound his Christian friend as much as possible with his Arab usages; he will have his food cooked with the most rancid butter that can be got; he will maliciously pitch his tent for him where he will be sure to be bitten by mosquitoes, by the side of a stream or on the site of an old encampment; he will tether a newly weaned camel close by him, who will cry for its mother the whole night long, or a male donkey, who will bray from sunset to sunrise; and in the morning he will come and inquire with such an innocent face and such polite salutations how his guest has slept that the latter, if he is a wise man, will do no otherwise than reply, "Excellently well. May God be merciful to the authors of thy days," and not give his host the triumph of reading any dissatisfaction in his face. If the Arab can no longer carry on the holy war against the infidel, this is a slight substitute for it; and you may perhaps contrive to be guests with him in the same polite fashion, and he will respect you the more.

BABOON LIFE IN AFRICA.

NEAR the Winterberg, a mountain to the north of the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, some years ago, there were several troops of baboons, young and old, which resided in the deep rocky ravines, and gamboled among the fearful precipices around. Very human were these creatures in their appearance and habits, especially when suddenly alarmed; the mammas were then seen to catch up their young ones, who clung round their parents' necks, and were thus carried rapidly to the summit of the rocks, where they would grimace and cough out their defiance at the intruder who had ventured into their domain.

An enemy, however, once found his way into their stronghold, and this was an enemy hungry, cunning, and powerful. It was a Cape leopard. Crouching down among the long grass, or amidst the crevices of the rocks, the leopard would suddenly spring upon a young baboon, and actually devour it before the eyes of its screeching parents. Strong as is a baboon, the leopard is yet far stronger, and with its terrible claws could soon tear to pieces the largest male baboon.

During some days the leopard feasted on baboons, but at length these creatures combined, and jointly attacked the leopard. They did not really mean to risk a pitched battle with him, for these creature evidently knew and respected his great powers. They had, too, as the result proved, determined on a safer and more crafty method of proceeding.

The leopard, fearing the combined strength of his adversaries, left their neighborhood, and retreated across country, but he was followed by nearly all the large baboons. On went the leopard; on followed the baboons. The day was hot, and the leopard disliked this perpetual tramping, and so tried to seek a retreat and lie down and rest. Then it was that the baboons closed round and worried him. Soon, too, he began to thirst, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and the white foam covering his jaws.

Water was soon scented by the hunted brute, and to this it rapidly made its way. But now the baboons became frantic; they closed on to the leopard, some by their great activity actually tearing him with their sharp teeth, and the creature could not drink. The baboons could relieve one another, and some could eat and drink too, while their companions continued worrying the leopard.

During two days and a night the country for several miles along the course of these creatures was startled by the cries of pursuer and pursued, and several farmers were witnesses from a distance of portions of the scene here described. They would not interfere, but watched the baboons' method of administering justice.

Worn out with exhaustion and thirst, the leopard at length could totter on no further, and sank to the ground a prey to the baboons, who, in spite of his claws and teeth, which were yet formidable, attacked him with their whole force and soon tore him to pieces, they themselves escaping with only a few severe scratches.

Assembling their forces, the baboons returned rapidly to their stronghold, where they were welcomed by their females and young with choruses of loud and triumphant barks, which were continued during the greater part of the night, while for several days the excitement did not seem to calm down, but was shown by the unusual noises which proceeded from this curious colony.

Another singular incident of baboon life is related by a credible witness.

Amidst the deeply wooded ravines of a range of mountains on the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope a large colony of the pig-faced baboons were located. These creatures had found there a safe resting-place for many generations: so steep and dangerous were the cliffs that no creature except a baboon could dare wander among them, and so the animals were safe and happy.

The traveler in that wild region would find his arrival announced from hill-tops by a chorus of wild weird-like coughs or barks, while these semi-human animals could be seen on the side of naturally formed walls, of a thousand feet deep, grimacing at and threatening the solitary traveler who had intruded into this domain—a domain of which a king might well be proud.

This part of Africa has been gifted with a lovely climate, and with an air that is inhaled with effects similar to those produced by quaffing Champagne. No wonder that the chameleon is found in this neighborhood—a creature fabulously said to feed on air—for it has a glorious feast if it feed on the scented air of the Amatola Mountains.

Here are steep, rocky precipices; sheltered glens, each with bright flowery shrubs, whose purple and crimson blossoms give a distinct coloring to even the distant glens; while a sea of mighty hills rolls, one after the other, far as the eye can reach, boundless and desolate, yet lovely as a paradise. It is amidst these regions that the gray vulture floats like a thistle-down high up in the heavens; where the eagle hisses through the air on his prey, and where the baboon scampers at will, the legitimate and hereditary possessor of the soil.

Human-like almost in form, the baboon seems nearly human in his passions, as the following anecdote will show.

Some miles from the Amatola, and separated from them by an intervening plain, was another rocky stronghold, in which another colony of baboons were located. These latter, to the inexperienced eye, showed no distinct peculiarities from their neighbors in the Amatola, yet there were men whose keen perceptions were able to discover distinct peculiarities between the two races, and to be able to tell which was an Amatola baboon and which a denizen of the Chumie.

The baboons themselves did not fraternize, and if by chance stray baboons from each colony met one another in their wanderings, a regular fight ensued.

When the sun sank beneath the Chumie Hills, the baboons from that region would sit on the most giddy precipices, and bark forth a defiance to the distant mountains. In that clear atmosphere sound travels a long distance, and is heard during a still evening at almost fabulous distances. Thus the barks and the coughs of the baboons at one district were heard and replied to by the creatures some miles off, in the Amatola.

To the uninitiated these mere animal barks seemed to mean nothing; but to the keen ears and comprehensive senses of the baboons they conveyed the direst insults and most defiant challenges.

Human nature has its limits of endurance, and so has baboon nature; thus, after a particularly warm summer day, during which, probably, the creatures' blood became additionally heated, the evening challenges were given and answered with unusual vehemence. The moon rose bright and full, and the night was calm and lovely, and it seemed strange that all nature should not be at peace; but shortly after midnight the Chumie rocks and precipices resounded with screams, barks, and fiend-like sounds, as though a legion of demons had broken loose and were fighting among themselves.

For hours these fearful sounds were heard, and the few settlers then in that neighborhood listened with astonishment, not knowing whether these noises indicated a coming storm of unusual force, or were the indicators of some convulsion of nature. Toward daybreak they gradually ceased, and the men whose rest had been disturbed armed themselves and cautiously approached the scene of the midnight tumult.

The cause of the alarming disturbance was then manifest. The baboons of the Amatola had long borne the challenges and insults of their neighbors of the Chumie; they had listened to their taunts, and had burned with a desire for vengeance. At length an attack was organized, and on the night in question the male baboons of the Amatola assaulted the colony of the Chumie, and a fearful fight ensued.

The baboon's method of attack is singular and formidable; his muscular power is enormous, while the crushing power of his jaws is inferior to that of many smaller animals; when once he grips with his jaws, however, he can hold on, and so he combines his powers, by seizing his antagonist with his teeth, grasping him at the same time with his powerful arms, and then pushing him from him, so that he tears out the piece which he has in his mouth. By this means we have seen a large dog so maimed in a few seconds by a baboon that the former was obliged to be shot, as there was no hope of its recovery.

The result of the night attack which we have described was, that nearly one hundred baboons were found dead or dying by the hunters who visited the scene of action, while it was remarked that the coughs and barks which had previously disturbed the evenings almost entirely ceased, as though each party had gained a certain amount of respect for the other, by the experience gained during the midnight battle.

PROLONGED SLEEP.

THE necessary amount of sleep for preserving a *mens sana in corpore sano* varies in different individuals. Infants and young children require far the most, and old persons the least, sleep. Perhaps seven hours is, as nearly as we can fix it, the average time that an average adult should devote to sleep. Active brain-work occasions a far greater demand for sleep than a good day's muscular exercise.

Numerous cases of prolonged sleep for weeks, or even months, are on record, some of which are undoubtedly authentic, and probably are analogous with the phenomena of hybernation and estivation that occur in certain of the lower animals—as bears, bats, hedgehogs, dormice, and many fishes, reptiles, mollusks, and insects. These may be regarded as cases of trance rather than of ordinary sleep, inasmuch as, although there is no stupor, the patients can not be roused. We may quote one or two of the most remarkable of the well-authenticated instances.

Samuel Clinton, or Chelton, of Timbury, near Bath, England, a laborer, aged twenty-five, apparently in sound health, fell asleep on the 13th of May, 1694, and could not be aroused. Food and drink which were placed at his bedside regularly disappeared, although no one saw him eating. At the end of a month he arose of his own accord, and went to his ordinary work. Except that he never spoke for a month, he kept apparently well till the 9th of April, 1696, when he again fell asleep. No external irritant—as cupping or scarifying—could arouse him; and he lay in this state for ten weeks, after which his jaws became so clenched together that it became necessary to utilize a hole in his teeth made by his pipe, and pour a little wine into his mouth through a quill. About two quarts were thus introduced in the course of six weeks and four days, and he took no other nourishment. On the 7th of August, after sleeping seventeen weeks, he awoke and dressed, not knowing that he had slept more than a night, till he went into the fields and saw the harvest being gathered in which he had helped to sow when he fell asleep. He remained well and at his regular work till the 17th of August, 1697, when he again fell asleep, and could not be roused by pricking, pinching, the application of hartshorn to the nostrils, etc., till the 19th of November, when his mother, hearing a noise, found him eating. She asked him how he did. He replied, "Very well, thank God." She asked him which he liked best, bread and butter, or bread and cheese. He answered, "Bread and cheese." Upon this the woman, overjoyed, left him to acquaint his brother, and on their return to his room they found him as fast asleep as ever, and could not by any means awake him. He finally awoke spontaneously at the beginning of February, perfectly well, and remembering nothing that had happened during his long sleep; and this is the last we hear of him.

A very remarkable case is that described by M. Blanchet to the Paris Academy of Sciences, and published in the *Comptes Rendus* for 1864. A lady, aged twenty-four, who slept for forty days at the age of eighteen, and fifty days at the age of twenty—including her honey-moon—at length had a sleep of nearly a year—from Easter-Sunday, 1862, to March, 1863. By the removal of a false front tooth she was fed with milk and broth. She was motionless, insensible to any external stimulus, and her muscles were in a state of contraction. The pulse was very weak, and the breathing scarcely perceptible. All the ordinary calls of nature were suspended. Her complexion was florid and healthy, and there was no emaciation. Except in the last particular, her case approximates to one that has recently attracted much attention in England. The difference may be readily accounted for by the apparently persistent and almost total fast of the subject in the latter case.

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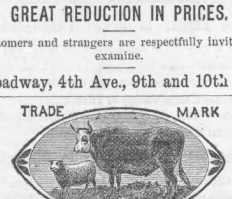

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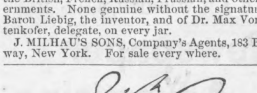

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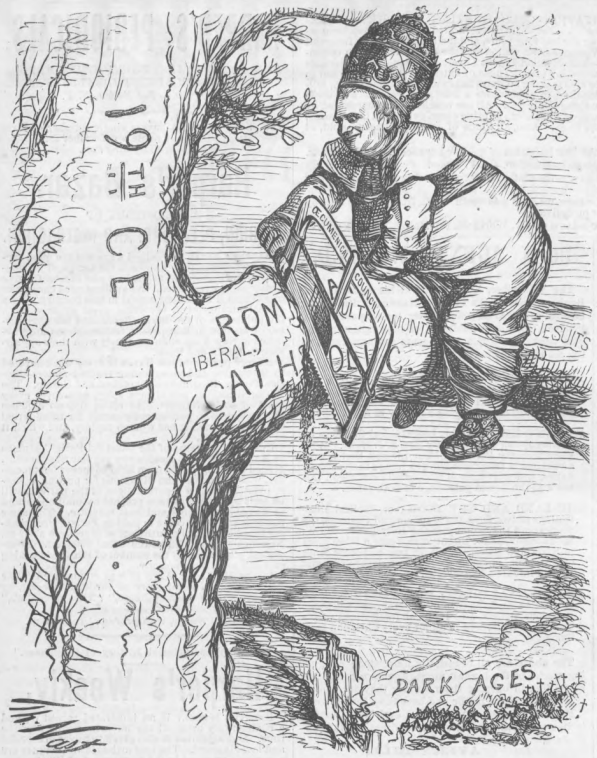

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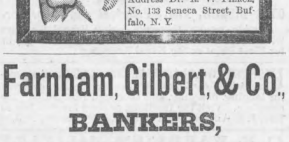

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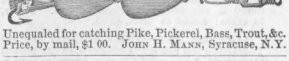

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GOING TO MARKET.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. L. PERRAULT.—[SEE PAGE 503.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870.

SENTIMENTAL STATESMANSHIP.

THE recall of Mr. MOTLEY from England—the real reasons for which are thus far withheld from the public—and the appointment of Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN, which in itself is received with general favor, reopens a little the interest in the *Alabama* question. There has been, also, a brief synopsis published of correspondence between Mr. MOTLEY and Lord Clarendon upon the subject. In this report Mr. MOTLEY is represented as making a very wise remark to the British Foreign Secretary, a remark, indeed, which Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN and every other American Minister must repeat to the British Government until some settlement is reached. The remark was, that the first step toward the establishment of friendly relations between the two governments is to see the case as we see it, and to understand the deep sense of wrong which we feel. This view of the subject is usually sneered at as sentimental diplomacy; and it is caustically said that nations don't pay damages for wounded sensibilities, but for merchandise illegally destroyed. Mr. SUMNER has been reproached for treating the question sentimentally, and for a display of emotional statesmanship; and Mr. MOTLEY is supposed to have sympathized with what is called the Senator's folly.

But what is derided as sentimental statesmanship is merely regard for the fact that feelings and passions are the real motives in human affairs. International differences of dollars may be compounded or forgiven. They are not vital. But as a man thinketh, so is he. If one man attacks the child of another, the difficulty is not settled, nor the peace re-established, because the assailant pays a fine for assault and battery. The real injury is not to the body of the victim, it is to the feelings of the parent. This law operates with the same force in international affairs. And it was the perception of this truth which led Dr. FRANKLIN, one of the most practical of men, to suggest a purely sentimental clause in the treaty of peace between America and Great Britain which closed the Revolution. In a paper of hints as to what was advisable but not essential in such a treaty the Doctor proposed "some sort of acknowledgment in some public act of Parliament, or otherwise," of the British error "in distressing those countries so much." The English negotiator, who mentions the fact, adds: "A few words of that kind, the Doctor said, would do more good than people could imagine."

Poor Richard was never more practical, nor more shrewd, than in this "sentimental" suggestion. It was not indeed adopted. Governments, we are told, can have no emotions. But that the Doctor was right, who doubts? That his proposition, if adopted, would have done good, who questions? That there would have been a very different feeling between the two countries, which might have avoided the jealousy of 1794, the war of 1812, and the alienation of 1861, is evident. Now, it is precisely in this spirit that Mr. SUMNER made his famous speech. He demanded nothing. He said only, this is the case as we understand it. It has two aspects: one of pecuniary damage, the other of national feeling. The outcry was made because he was supposed to have demanded money in settlement of the feeling. But what he did demand was, first, recognition of the wrong—exactly what Dr. FRANKLIN suggested; and, second, a consideration of the national losses growing out of this wrong. The computation in money of such losses is indeed difficult; nor do we believe that the country asks more than the recognition of the wrong. But whatever it asks, the question of a proper settlement is to be determined wholly by the purposes of a treaty.

What, then, is the real end to be sought in an *Alabama* treaty? Permanent peace and friendship between the two countries. Any other object is futile. A treaty not inspired by this purpose would be only another source of discord. But does any body imagine that such an object can be attained without regard to feeling? What was the moral of the rejection of the JOHNSON treaty? As a method of ascertaining certain computable pecuniary losses and indemnifying the losers, it was a very good treaty. But under the circumstances it was a body without a soul. It was a monster, and instantly repelled. It lacked any provision whatever which bore in any degree upon the chief difficulty—upon the national sense of wrong. Great Britain says that we made the treaty. Technically we did; but actually Mr. SEWARD made it, and he was not in sympathy with the country. Great Britain continues that, having rejected our own treaty, it certainly is not her place to propose another. Technically, again, this is true. But unless there is a statesmanship which can rise above technicalities, there will be no settlement except such as that in which Prussia and France are now engaged. In Dr. FRANKLIN'S phrase, then, what is "advisable?"

Another treaty can, of course, be made providing for the settlement of claims and leaving the "wrong" untouched. The precedents established by Great Britain may remain unquestioned and our money bill be paid. Then what? Then the instant Great Britain is drawn into war, every one of these precedents will be turned against her as with fire. Such an arrangement, therefore, is no settlement. It can not secure the proper objects of a treaty between the two countries. And, consequently, Great Britain plainly does herself and the just purposes of a settlement the utmost wrong when she plants herself upon a purely technical ground. She is not asked to go down upon her knees to cry *peccavi*. She is not asked to renounce the right which we ourselves claim, and which the President so strongly stated in his first annual Message to Congress, and in that upon the Cuban question—the right of every power to determine for itself when to acknowledge belligerency. She is asked to consider whether she should not be willing to refer to arbitration the question whether the precedents established by her conduct during the war should be sustained as a part of international law. Are they, in fact, precedents by which she is willing to stand?

If the object of a treaty at the present time between the United States and Great Britain be not only to satisfy just pecuniary claims, but to establish good-will, it is mere folly to expect that it can be done in any merely ceremonial manner and by a total disregard of feeling. The arrangement must have some reference to the real springs of human action. And what those are the dryest diplomatist knows.

THE WANTON WAR.

IT is not surprising that the Duke de Grammont, the French Foreign Minister, complained that the tone of the English press would produce uncontrollable irritation in France. He meant, of course, in the French Government, which has precipitated a most monstrous and wanton war. It is undoubtedly very disagreeable to such a government to hear the firm and indignant protest of the intelligence of other nations. It is too immediate and significant a justification of the remark of M. THIERS: "Public opinion will turn against us; the journals of Europe will be against us." M. THIERS is an old journalist. He knows the real power of the press. He feels that a war condemned by its general voice is a war without glory. He sees only too clearly that no adequate reason can be given for the incalculable suffering, sorrow, and loss which are let loose upon Europe by the French declaration of war; and yet M. THIERS is the Frenchman who would make uncompromising hostility to Prussian ascendency the spring of the French foreign policy.

France stands accused at the bar of civilization of renewing all the miseries of European war. What is her defense? It is to be found in her official statement of grievances, which are three: the French Embassador has been insulted; the King of Prussia would not compel the withdrawal of Prince LEOPOLD'S candidacy; and the King allowed the Prince to accept it if he wished. There is here no pretense of the fear of Prussian ascendency, which has been urged as the real justification of the French action, and which the New York *Times* pleads. And it is not mentioned because of the simple fact that the withdrawal of the Prince removed the ground of the complaint. When the candidacy was abandoned, France had no more reason to attack Prussia than she had six months ago. Undoubtedly France wants the Rhenish frontier. But she did not dare gravely to allege her cupidity as a justification for a tremendous war. The wretched pretexts of the declaration show, therefore, only that she was resolved to fight. She believed herself strong enough to break the peace of Europe in the hope of acquiring more territory in the universal tumult, ravage, anguish, and desolation. The hope of civilization must be that such a crime may be punished as it deserves. No wonder that the old German love of father-land bursts into a flame in the hearts of Germans beyond the sea; nor that an English journal exclaims that the BONAPARTES have exhausted Heaven's patience!

Of the issue of a struggle between two nations so military and so inflamed, it is, of course, useless to speculate. It is hardly possible, if the war continues, that feelings long slumbering will not awake. The memories of the days when the uncle of the French Emperor trampled Germany in blood will kindle every heart in that great land, so that its sternly disciplined martial array will be backed by a boundless enthusiasm. Indeed, the war which LOUIS NAPOLEON hopes will frustrate the designs of BISMARCK, and humiliate their author, will only further his policy. For his great object, which is actual German unity, will be promoted much more readily in war than in peace. Bavaria and Hanover may be jealous of Prussia; but Bavaria and Hanover are German, and they will fight to the last to prevent a French victory over Germans upon German soil. Community of hopes and perils and struggles, of reverses and successes, will weld them all the more closely, as the common fortunes of our Revolution knit the colonies into a nation.

The other powers will prefer absolute neutrality. If they must take part, Russia and England would gravitate toward Prussia. German Austria could not easily see Frenchmen humbling Germans. The King of Italy is related to the possible heir of the French empire, and the old tyranny of Austria made the Germans cursed—*maladetti Tedeschi*—in the Italian mind. But Italy owes its independence to Prussia, and has not forgotten Villafranca. It certainly could not join heartily with Austria for France. Spain must desire to keep wholly out of the fray. Denmark would gladly see Prussia humbled. Sweden wants no war. It is, indeed, easy to see that such a maelstrom as this war may suck in the most reluctant victims. But it is to be hoped that the protest of foreign opinion against a war so wickedly provoked by France may be steady and strong enough to confine it to the original belligerents, and to hasten the restoration of a peace so wantonly disturbed.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE prompt refusal of the Republican majority in Congress to accept the recommendation of the President to allow the purchase of foreign vessels for the foreign trade of the country during a limited time is of great political significance. That at a moment when the shipping interest is prostrated, and the imminence of a war that may be of European extent opens the amplest opportunities for American commercial enterprise, a Republican majority should refuse to co-operate with a Republican President, shows that the question involved is powerful enough to destroy party unity; that is to say, it has already divided the party, and has become, therefore, an immediate practical issue.

Under our present tariff building ships is a ruinous business. Suddenly we want great numbers of ships immediately. They can be bought cheaply in Europe. Let us buy them, then, to-day, says the President to his party in Congress, and turn them to account, even if we again decline to buy them to-morrow. And his party divides. A portion of it wishes to follow his advice. The other portion wishes to use no ships that we do not build ourselves. But meanwhile we build no ships. The carrying trade which founded our commercial prosperity appeals to us again, and in vain. We swing our feet, and doze in our silent and crumbling ship-yards, and drowsily reply that we sail American-built ships or none. And, meanwhile, English and other foreign ships triumphantly carry off the advantage that we disdain.

This means that the question of protection, free trade, revenue tariff—whatever we may choose to call it—has become a cardinal point in practical politics. We have always insisted that issues can not be arbitrarily chosen. They arise from the national development. They assert themselves; and they assert themselves precisely in this manner, by showing that they are stronger than the prevailing party traditions. The experience of this session has shown that a House with a large Republican majority might be returned to the next Congress which should not contain a single member that would support the recommendations of the Republican Administration. In the House which has just adjourned there were no more positive Republicans than Messrs. BLAIR, KELLEY, MAYNARD, and M'CARTHY. Yet had all the other Republican members agreed with them the final and urgent recommendation of the Republican President would not have received a single Republican vote.

This most important fact must not be forgotten in the nominations for the next Congress. It is for every reason connected with the power and permanence of the party desirable that the various State conventions should express themselves distinctly upon this subject, which the action of Congress proves is now one of paramount importance. No party can divide upon such questions and retain its ascendency. If half the party in Congress intend to support the President and half to oppose him, the party fate is foreshadowed in that of the Kilkenny cats. The arbitrary will of the President is not, indeed, to be the law of the party; on the contrary, the President has declared that the will of the people shall be his law. But how can he determine what that will is, if the representatives of the majority do not agree? Unanimity in essentials is the vital condition of the party ascendency, and that must be the objective point of the Republican party at the Congressional elections.

PRÉVOST-PARADOL.

THE kindly feeling that welcomed M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL to this country was deepened by the circumstances under which he began his mission, and has made his sudden and tragical death peculiarly mournful. He was the first victim of the war; and, although personally little known to us, there will be none likely to be more lamented in the United States. M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL had made his election between the empire with such guarantees of liberty as it offered, and the chances of ROCHEFORT and a red revolution. It was a sorry alternative, and, in taking his part, a mind so acute, a temperament so sensitive, a wit so subtle, must have been sorely tried. Arriving in a foreign country with which he had profound sympathy, and charged with grave duties in which he was wholly inexperienced, physically prostrated by a sea voyage and an exhausting climate, he learned, as he landed, that he was the representative of a man whose crime in plunging his country into war had not only covered him with deeper odium in the American mind, but must also have more clearly revealed to the Minister the nature of the régime he had sustained at the expense, as it had unjustly seemed to many, of personal honor. Doubtless he wished to believe his country right, and justified himself, while he knew that others could not justify him—a thought that he could not bear. His mind wavered. He wrote pathetically, "Je me tue," and all was over.

We speak elsewhere of his one official act; for such we may call his unauthorized declaration to the Secretary of State. It showed a readiness to assume responsibility, which is of the highest value to a Minister under such circumstances; and it showed also a determination that, so far as depended upon him, his country should not lag behind any other in the humane alleviations of war. It was his sole act as the Minister of France in America, and it was one to be proudly remembered by those who loved him. No European Minister ever came among us with fairer promise or brighter hopes; and France may search long among her best sons before she finds one whom the American heart will welcome as it welcomed PRÉVOST-PARADOL.

UNDUE HASTE.

IT was obvious that President GRANT'S Cuban Message would be carefully scanned in England to see what justification its reasoning might offer for the conduct of the British Government toward the United States during the rebellion. And it is not worth while to suffer any misapprehension or misstatement of the British press to gain strength by want of exposure of its fallacy.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* praises the Message. It quotes the President's remark that, "The question of belligerency is one of fact, not to be decided by sympathy for or prejudice against either party." And again, "Fighting, though fierce and protracted, does not alone constitute war. There must be military forces acting in accordance with the rules and customs of war; flags of truce, cartels, exchange of prisoners." The *Gazette* then politely says, as if it settled the question of the British declaration in 1861: "Whatever sanction is conferred by the existence of these conditions was certainly not wanting in the case of the civil war."

Undoubtedly these conditions did exist during our civil war. But the question is, did they exist when the British Government issued its concession of belligerent rights to the rebellion? Had there been that array of military forces acting in accordance with the rules and customs of war, those cartels, those exchanges of prisoners, which, beside mere fighting, are essential to the idea of war? This question is answered by the facts. The complaint of Mr. FISH, in his note of September last recapitulating the circumstances, is simply "undue haste." Was there then undue haste? If there was, the *Pall Mall Gazette* labors in vain to justify the British action by the President's principles.

Now the facts are that, on the 6th of May, 1861, Lord RUSSELL stated in Parliament that the Government had consulted the law officers, and had decided that "the Southern Confederacy, according to the principles which seem to them to be just principles, must be treated as belligerents." The law officers advised no action. They said only that the Government was "entitled" to concede belligerency if it desired. When Lord RUSSELL announced the decision the news of the bloodless assault upon Fort Sumter was not ten days old in England. No other act that had the least appearance of war was officially known to the British Government; and the new American Minister, especially charged to communicate the policy of the United States Government, had not yet arrived. On the 11th of May the British Government was officially informed of President LINCOLN'S proclamation of blockade; and on the 13th of May the Queen's proclamation, conceding belligerency, issued. Thus, five days before the British Government had any official knowledge of the fact by which that proclamation is now justified it had resolved to issue it. Mr. FISH complains of "undue haste." Could words be more exactly used?

The conditions which the *Pall Mall Gazette* quotes from President GRANT, as sanctioning a concession of belligerency, did not exist at the time Great Britain conceded belligerency to the rebels. Lord Clarendon, with the same purpose as that of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, cited in his reply to Mr. FISH, as facts showing that there was war, the President's summons of the

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3d of May for more troops; various captures of vessels at sea—some, which he mentions, as late as the 15th of May; the declaration of the efficiency of the Carolina blockade; and the assertion of Mr. SEWARD, of the 4th of May, that it was "open, flagrant, deadly war." Perhaps it was. But the British Government knew nothing of all these things on the 6th of May. The grounds of its justification are wholly an after-thought. The very eagerness with which the *Pall Mall Gazette* seizes upon the President's words shows its consciousness of the necessity of defense, while the attempt merely reveals its inability to offer any that has not been riddled by the facts.

VATICAN THUNDER.

THE adoption of the dogma of Papal Infallibility by the Œcumenical Council has excited scarcely a remark. The Council was called for that purpose, and it has done what was expected. It is, indeed, a subject of much more importance to the members of the Pope's Church than to any body else. There is something partly amusing and partly humiliating to a spectator in the solemn declaration by four hundred and fifty very fallible gentlemen that a certain other gentleman is infallible. For of all qualities that might be supposed to establish themselves infallibility is the chief. To decide it by a majority vote is an exquisite comedy. To suppose that the vote confers infallibility is ludicrous. To suppose that it merely recognizes a fact is to defy history. The significance of the declaration is that the Jesuit element which controls the Roman Church finds it convenient.

We say that it chiefly concerns the members of that Church because the only protests against it have proceeded from eminent Roman Catholics. The more intelligent Roman Churchmen see that nothing can be gained by asserting something which is already substantially believed by all those whom the assertion can be supposed to influence; while it compels those whom it can not influence to a positive dissent. The mass of the members of the Roman Church already practically believe in the infallibility of the Pope. Their most familiar reply, if they are charged with the absurdity of such a belief, and their attention drawn to the irreligious conduct of certain popes, is that as a man the Pope is fallible, but as Pope he is infallible. That those who use this argument have any clear idea of what it means can not be assumed. But it is, nevertheless, a very common assertion.

The four hundred and fifty gentlemen in Rome who have just voted that the Pope is infallible seek, indeed, to limit the infallibility in a similar way. They confine it within certain abstract religious bounds, because they see the risk of empowering any ignorant or foolish or fanatical man, such as the Pope frequently is, to declare absolutely, for instance, what is essential to salvation. They know that such a man might declare something which science would presently disprove. He might assert that to be true, and faith in it indispensable to salvation, which would presently be conclusively shown to be false. Therefore they do not say that if the Pope alleges that two and two make five they do so. They give him no authority to pronounce upon points cognizable by experience or science, but only upon those which are purely speculative, and of which, as no human being can possibly know any thing, he may safely make such statements as he chooses. Thus a pope may proclaim that not to believe this or that will damn a soul eternally. The damnation can not be disproved, and, therefore, infallibility is in no danger. To this extent, therefore, the assumption is safe.

But as establishing and confirming the Jesuit supremacy in the Roman Church the decree is significant. It tends to concentrate and strengthen ecclesiastical action. The Council has deliberately arrayed the Church authority against liberty and toleration. It has specified the points of its hostility. It has resolved that the Roman Church shall oppose the progress of civilization. The liberal and humanizing tendencies of Churchmen like MONTALEMBERT and HYACINTHE, and of the Congress of Malines, it utterly rejects. It defies science and the human mind. What then? "Mr. STEVENSON, suppose your locomotive at full speed encountered a cow upon the track. What then?" "So much the worse for the coo!" replied Mr. STEVENSON.

HUMANITY IN WAR.

THE telegram from Count BISMARCK to the Prussian Minister at Washington, "Private property on the high seas will be exempt from seizure, without regard to reciprocity," is a significant sign of the progress of civilization. This protection transcends that of the Treaty of Paris, to which Prussia was a party. The Treaty of Paris abolished privateering, and made neutral goods safe under an enemy's flag, and enemy's goods safe under a neutral flag. The United States, however, declined to assent to the treaty, because the abolition of privateering was necessarily perilous to a great commercial nation without an ample navy. But they were willing to assent upon condition of the absolute freedom of the private property of a belligerent from seizure by the public armed vessels of the enemy.

This freedom, which is beyond that secured by the Treaty of Paris, is now conceded by Prussia. The security of private property "without regard to reciprocity" means the property of a belligerent, not contraband, under the enemy's flag. It is what Mr. MARCY demanded of the Congress of Paris. "If you will make all private property exempt from capture at sea we will cease privateering." Prussia declares the immunity of all merchant ships in a lawful trade. It is an immense progress. Yet it is strictly logical. A distinguished French authority says: "One can not admit that private property which is free even in the enemy's land itself, on the soil invaded by an army victorious, and invested with the right of conquest, can be justly taken and plundered on the sea—on that element, free by its nature, which is neither friendly nor hostile territory."

It is interesting, at this time, to recall that, in the temporary treaty of 1785 between the United States and Prussia, which was drawn up by Dr. FRANKLIN, the contracting powers promised not to privateer against each other; and, still further, engaged that all merchant vessels of either country, employed in regular commerce, should be unmolested by the other. These were signs of the constant tendency of international law upon the subject. It is a tendency to found it upon reason and humanity, rather than upon mere force. The rights of neutral trade—to say nothing of the peaceful commerce of belligerents—have been very slowly secured. The old rule, with exceptions and variations, was the will of the strongest maritime power. It was, in effect, that neutral goods are safe and enemy's goods unsafe under any flag. The present general rule, under the Treaty of Paris, is, that free ships make free goods. The rule virtually laid down by Prussia, in Count BISMARCK's dispatch, is, that enemy's merchant ships are free.

Upon hearing of this humane measure of Prussia, M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, the lamented French Minister, immediately waited upon the Secretary of State and assured him that France would exempt from seizure at sea all private property, without regard to the flag. He said that he had no instructions, but he knew that France would not do less than Prussia. It was an admirable confidence upon the part of M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, and showed him to have the readiness and boldness of a skillful diplomatist. Such a rule is necessarily more for the advantage of Prussia, with a small navy, than for France, with her powerful fleet. But M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL probably considered the moral advantage. The feeling of this country is evidently not friendly to France in the war, and if she should seem less magnanimous than Prussia, in regard for the rights of neutrals, that feeling would become even more pronounced. The action of the French Minister, therefore, was very sagacious, and will, unquestionably, be approved by his Government, unless it had issued contrary orders.

These are humane facts that relieve the dense gloom of the impending conflict. Nor less significant a sign of the amelioration of the rules of international warfare is the remark of Secretary FISH, that were he a merchant he should not think it necessary to pay extra insurance for a war risk. In older times a war between maritime powers imperiled all peaceful commerce. But at last peaceful commerce gives laws to war.

MARRIED WOMEN IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

IT is curious that, while in England the House of Lords refuses to give to married women the control of their own separate property, in the United States certain excellent married women pray Congress not to intrust them with a voice in the disposition of their property. Would not these good ladies feel still more relieved if Congress should forbid their holding or acquiring any property? For they are aware, of course, that the privilege and the responsibility go together. If the public money is squandered it is generally because the tax-payers do not protest. And if a large part of the tax-payers insist upon refusing the power of protesting, they certainly offer good reason for suspecting that they ought not to be tax-payers. The argument of the ladies—which suggests the belief that it proceeds from their husbands—overshoots the mark. For if, as their petition alleges, because of many reasons, including that of "the higher sphere," which is more familiar than forcible, it is improper that women should be allowed to enjoy the just responsibilities of property, it is plainly improper that they should be allowed to own property.

We must assume, therefore, that these American married women approve the refusal of the House of Lords to give English married women the control of their property as a step at least in the right direction. We beg any one of the excellent ladies who may chance to read these words to read also the story of Hester Dethridge in WILKIE COLLINS's "Man and Wife," just now published, and they will see the necessary consequences of the system which springs naturally from their principle. Perhaps upon reflection they will admit that it can not be for the advantage of the state that half of the citizens should abdicate their share of the responsibility, or be deprived of it by the other half; and that the interests of the working-women of the country, for which these good ladies profess a profound concern, can not be promoted by those who are in favor of their property being taken from them without their consent. Nor, because these worthy ladies are unwilling to bear their share of the fair duty of every member of society, can we see either why they should request or Congress resolve that other equally worthy ladies who do not agree with them should be prevented from doing their duty.

PERSONAL GOVERNMENT.

THOUGHTFUL Frenchmen probably now see a peculiar disadvantage in the personal government which, under changed conditions, still prevails in France. Except for the personal feeling of LOUIS NAPOLEON it is very doubtful if war would have been declared against Prussia. The Corps Législatif did what it knew the Emperor wished to do. The Foreign Minister spoke for the Emperor, without knowing what the French people might wish. But if the subject had been laid before an assembly honestly elected by the people, an assembly acting without fear of the Emperor, it is not at all clear that it would not have voted with M. THIERS rather than with M. ROUHER, and decided that France did not wish to go to war because the French Minister had insulted the King of Prussia. Indeed that Minister, a gentleman peculiarly versed in diplomatic etiquette, would not have violated the official proprieties but for his subservience to the imperial will. Nothing more plainly shows the ascendency of that will in the government of France than the war with Prussia. It is a move in LOUIS NAPOLEON's game with BISMARCK. But, like all his moves, it is, as THIERS called it, a blunder.

Undoubtedly there is popular enthusiasm for the war. Frenchmen and Prussians do not love each other. They are each proud in their own way. They each profess to love liberty. Perhaps the French are more passionate, the Prussians more obstinate. They are very near, and—"the river Rhine, it is well known, doth wash the city of Cologne," but also it washes much shore upon the French side which is yet not France. Therefore a good excuse to fight Prussia would undoubtedly have been seized even by a government of the people. But no excuses as those that are offered would ever have been suggested except by a personal government. And as civilization advances surely the intelligence of a country like France will refuse to submit the alternative of peace or war to a single will. The new fundamental law of France declares that "the Emperor declares war." If it had provided that the representatives of the people declare war, the world would have been spared the ghastly spectacle it is about to behold.

A SWEET SIGHT.

WHO would believe that "corruptionists of the Ring," who perpetrate "shameless and cunning frauds," could give a great city a "good government?" And how weighty the denunciations of fraud against opponents are in a journal that praises corruptionists of its own party!

Last summer the *World* said that it had seen

"By what shameless and cunning frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as WILLIAM M. TWEED and OAKEY HALL cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of HORATIO SEYMOUR."

This summer the *World* says:

"The amount of work which Mr. TWEED, Mr. HALL, and Mr. CONNOLLY are each turning off and going through with, even in this hot weather, is perfectly astonishing. It is, in fact, a marvel how they go through with it all, bored as they are all the time, night and day, with scores of applicants for office. But the energy which they exhibit, and the close attention which each pays to the details of every thing under their charge, shows that they are, as far as it lies within their power, determined to give the city a good government, and fulfill their promises. At any rate, they are making all departments efficient, and before one year rolls around the public will begin to realize the benefits of the change in our city government."

How beautiful to see brethren dwelling together in unity!

RIGHTS OF RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

Mr. SMITH puts his point vigorously:

"Mr. EDITOR,—Observing that your paper has been foremost in the effort to protect passengers from abuse, etc., at the hands of railroad monopolies, I take the liberty of making a suggestion, and hope that you will think the point of sufficient importance to attract your attention.

"It is this: All carriers of passengers should, by legislative enactment, be made subject to the same restrictions, penalties, and rules that govern common carriers.

"As the law now stands, a carrier of freight and passengers is obliged to use more care in the transportation of a box of cobble-stones or straw than a car of human beings.

"In the former case he is answerable for every damage except that done by the act of God and national enemies; in the latter, only for negligence—which can never be proved.

"Yours, etc., JOHN SMITH."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW YORK "repeater" was recently convicted on the charge of attempting to vote in another man's name last May, and sentenced by Judge Barnard to one year's imprisonment.

The conductor and engineer of the accommodation train, and the conductor of the mail train, on the New Hampshire Northern Railroad, have been indicted for manslaughter, in causing the death of the engineer of the mail train in the collision on that road July 13.

Even the last Canadian *fiasco* has not taught the Fenians wisdom. The chairman of the Executive Committee of the brotherhood in Philadelphia has issued a call for a convention of the "Irish nationalists of America, irrespective of past differences or organizations," to be held August 23, in Cincinnati, to adopt such measures as will promote the cause of Irish independence.

OUR Canadian friends recently undertook to enforce the fishery laws against Americans fishing for pleasure along their coast, and actually seized boats and tackle belonging to parties thus engaged. The central authorities, however, take a more sensible view of the matter, and have ordered the restoration of the confiscated property. Hereafter gratuitous permits will be furnished if applied for, which will effectually guard pleasure parties against annoyance.

Lady Franklin has been in conference with Captain C. F. Hall in regard to his proposed trip to the Arctic Ocean. She still hopes to obtain more definite intelligence respecting the death of her husband.

The provisions of the postal convention, by which a cheap rate of postage to Germany was attained, are inoperative, at present, in consequence of the French and Prussian war, and all mail matter for North Germany and countries beyond will be sent by closed mail *via* Great Britain, at the rates established for that route of transmission.

Upon application for artificial limbs by officers and soldiers, wounded in the service of the United States, orders will be given by the Surgeon-General at Washington upon any manufacturer selected, who shall have filed bonds to furnish good and satisfactory limbs without extra charge to the soldier. Transportation to and from the place of fitting the limb will also be furnished.

The Secretary of the Interior proposes, if the authority is conferred upon him, to take Indian boys of suitable age, apprentice them to farmers until they learn how to till the soil, and then return them to their tribes, with implements and other things necessary for farming. In this manner he thinks the Indians can be civilized.

It is stated that M. Treilhard, the present French Minister to Chili, will be accredited to Washington as the successor of M. Prévost-Paradol.

General Stoneman has arrived at Prescott, Arizona, and assumed command of the Department. His first order issued to post commanders was to regard all Indians as hostile. The reports from the Territory in reference to the crops and mining are favorable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE London *Times* of July 25 publishes a projected treaty submitted by France to the Prussian Government, and guarantees its authenticity. The following are the points of this document:

The preamble sets forth that the King of Prussia and the Emperor of the French, in order to strengthen the ties of friendship between the two governments and peoples, etc., hereby conclude the subjoined treaty.

In the first article, Napoleon admits and recognizes the late acquisitions of Prussia from Austria.

In the second, the Prussian King engages to facilitate the French acquisition of Luxembourg.

In the third, the Emperor acquiesces in the union of the North and South German States, Austria excepted.

In the fourth, France finding it necessary to absorb Belgium, Prussia lends her assistance to that measure.

The fifth article is the usual one of offensive and defensive alliance between the two nations.

Up to the time of writing no engagement of any importance has taken place between the two armies of France and Prussia. On July 23 a Prussian force from Saarlouis crossed the French border to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Metz. After proceeding a short distance they met a troop of French chasseurs, with whom they had a brief skirmish, and retired with a loss of several killed. French troops have also made a reconnoissance on Prussian soil.

The declaration of war sent by France to Prussia declares that the Emperor of the French was obliged to consider the [illegible] as an attack on the security of France; that he desired that Prussia should disavow the scheme, which Prussia refused to do, reserving her right to be governed by circumstances; and that the Emperor was forced to consider this determination as equally menacing to France and the European equilibrium, and, particularly, as it was rendered the more significant by the communication made by Prussia to the Cabinets of Europe, giving an account of the refusal to receive the French embassador. The declaration concludes:

"The French Government, therefore, is taking steps for the defense of its honor and injured interests, and having adopted all measures which the circumstances render necessary, considers itself at war with Prussia."

The Italian Government has issued a proclamation of neutrality. Advices from Vienna and St. Petersburg are to the effect that Austria and Russia will pursue the same course.

General Moltke is said to have stated in the Prussian Cabinet Council that Prussia was never better prepared for war than now. The Crown Prince Frederick William will command the South German armies. Prince Frederick Charles will command the armies of the North.

Several large Fenian demonstrations in favor of the French have taken place in Ireland.

After being several times denied and reaffirmed, the news of the Pekin massacre at length appears to have been too true. Full details of the dreadful occurrence have been received in London, and the first accounts, it is said, were not exaggerated. In the butchery neither age nor sex was spared, and in some instances persons were burned to death in the houses destroyed.

The dogma of Infallibility was proclaimed on the 18th of July by the Pope, with imposing ceremonies. The news was received with very general disfavor all over Europe. The press in Catholic Spain ridicule the new doctrine; and in France the distinguished historian, Henry Martin, published an article in the *Siècle*, in which France is urged to break with Rome, on the ground "that the extravagant pretensions of the Pope are fatal to the liberties of the Gallican Church." Immediately after the promulgation of the new dogma the prelates hastened their departure from Rome. It was said of them in the city: "They came as shepherds, and leave as sheep—well shorn." A pamphlet has been issued in Rome, ascribed to Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, with the title, "What has Passed the Council." It is said to have created a sensation, and a formal complaint was lodged against it.

In the French High Court, at Blois, July 18, a motion for a postponement, on account of the approaching war, in the case of those accused of conspiracy, was denied, and the trial was proceeded with. Baron Rothschild, who was drawn on the jury, failed to appear, and a fine of 5000 francs was imposed on him.

It has been reported that the Cuban volunteers in Remedios had assassinated forty-two of the citizens of that place, and that the ladies in the city were obliged to work on the streets in chain-gangs; but a more recent dispatch from Havana pronounces the story a wanton invention, and asserts that nothing of the kind has occurred.

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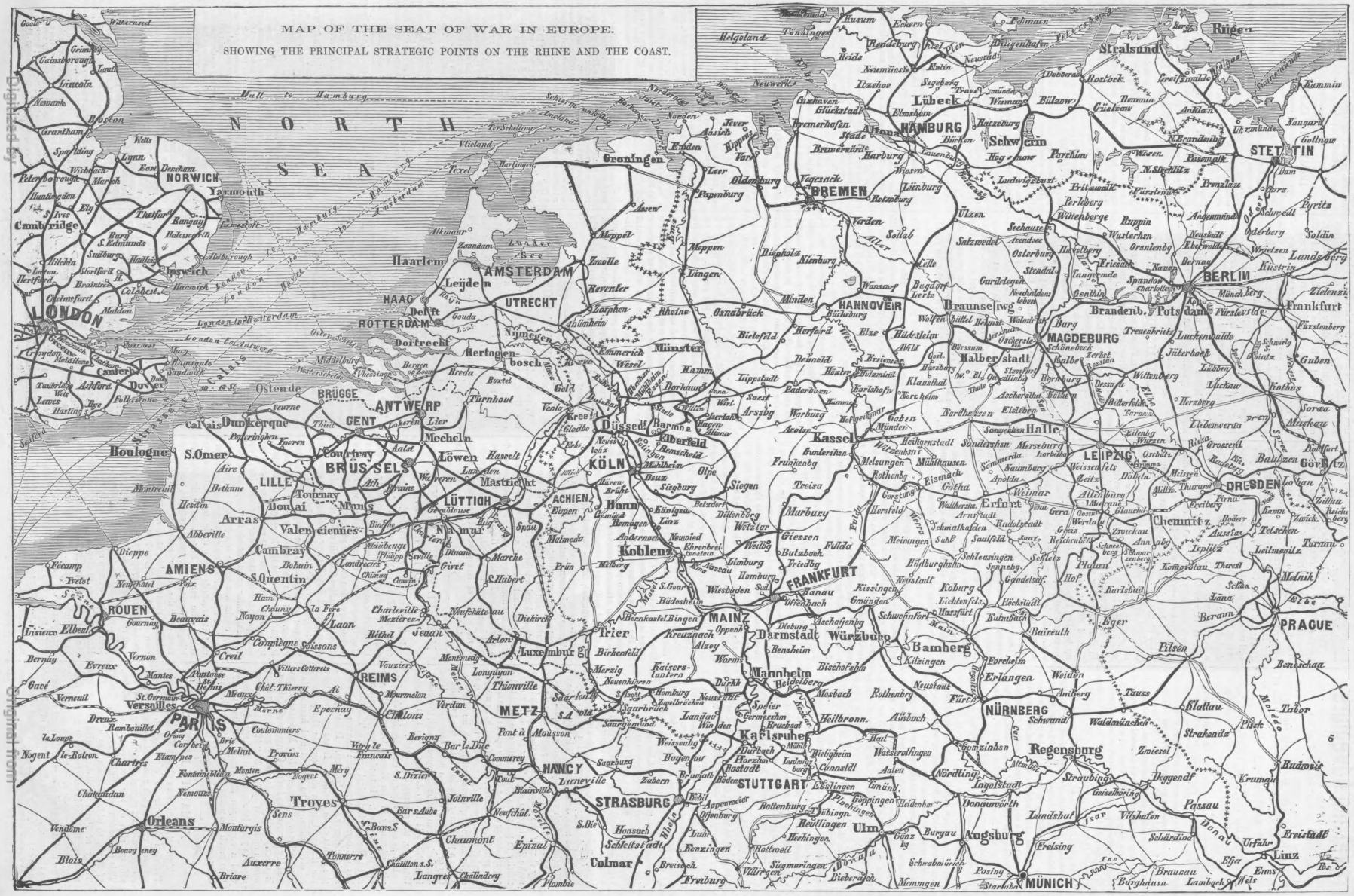

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN EUROPE.
SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL STRATEGIC POINTS ON THE RHINE AND THE COAST.
NORTH SEA
LONDON
PARIS
BERLIN
MÜNICH
PRAGUE
AMSTERDAM
ROTTERDAM
HAAG
UTRECHT
ANTWERP
BRÜSSELS
GENT
BRUGGE
Ostende
Dunkerque
Calais
Boulogne
LILLE
Arras
AMIENS
ROUEN
Dieppe
Havre
Versailles
REIMS
METZ
NANCY
STRASBURG
Colmar
Troyes
Orleans
Chartres
Cambray
Valenciennes
Mons
Tournay
Courtray
Mecheln
Löwen
LÜTTICH
AACHEN
Maestricht
Namur
Dinant
Charleroi
Sedan
Laon
Soissons
Compiègne
Creil
Montdidier
Verdun
Thionville
Luxemburg
Trier
KÖLN
Bonn
Koblenz
Düsseldorf
Elberfeld
Barmen
Crefeld
Neuss
Siegburg
Siegen
Wetzlar
Giessen
Marburg
Frankenberg
Cassel
Münden
Göttingen
Northeim
Nordhausen
Eisleben
Halle
Leipzig
Merseburg
Naumburg
Weissenfels
Zeitz
Gera
Altenburg
Zwickau
Chemnitz
Dresden
Meissen
Bautzen
Görlitz
Erfurt
Gotha
Eisenach
Weimar
Jena
Rudolstadt
Schmalkalden
Meiningen
Hildburghausen
Coburg
Lichtenfels
Bamberg
Würzburg
Schweinfurt
Aschaffenburg
Darmstadt
MAINZ
FRANKFURT
Hanau
Offenbach
Wiesbaden
Homburg
Limburg
Nassau
Ehrenbreitstein
Andernach
Neuwied
Linz
Remagen
Bonn
Brühl
Euskirchen
Düren
Jülich
Aachen
Eupen
Malmedy
Prüm
Bitburg
Diekirch
Arlon
Longwy
Montmedy
Mézières
Charleville
Rethel
Vouziers
Ste Menehould
Epernay
Châlons
Meaux
Coulommiers
Provins
Nogent le Rotrou
Chateaudun
Vendôme
Blois
Beaugency
Montargis
Sens
Auxerre
Tonnerre
Briare
Joinville
Bar sur Aube
Bar le Duc
Commercy
Toul
Pont à Mousson
Metz
Sarrelouis
Saarbrücken
Saargemünd
Zweibrücken
Landau
Weissenburg
Hagenau
Lauterburg
Rastatt
Karlsruhe
Durlach
Bruchsal
Heidelberg
Mannheim
Worms
Kreuznach
Oppenheim
Bingen
Coblenz
Ehrenbreitstein
Limburg
Wiesbaden
Hochheim
Mainz
Darmstadt
Heilbronn
Mosbach
Rothenburg
Ansbach
Nürnberg
Fürth
Erlangen
Bayreuth
Baireuth
Hof
Eger
Pilsen
Prague
Leitmeritz
Dresden
Zittau
Görlitz
Bautzen
Kottbus
Frankfurt
Landsberg
Küstrin
Berlin
Potsdam
Brandenburg
Spandau
Charlottenburg
Magdeburg
Halberstadt
Braunschweig
Hannover
Minden
Osnabrück
Münster
Rheine
Lingen
Meppen
Emden
Leer
Papenburg
Oldenburg
Bremen
Verden
Celle
Lüneburg
Hamburg
Altona
Harburg
Lübeck
Wismar
Rostock
Stralsund
Rügen
Stettin
Swinemünde
Greifswald
Stargard
Pyritz
Schwedt
Prenzlau
Angermünde
Templin
Neustrelitz
Parchim
Schwerin
Ludwigslust
Wittenberge
Perleberg
Pritzwalk
Neustadt
Ruppin
Oranienburg
Wusterhausen
Treuenbrietzen
Jüterbog
Luckenwalde
Zerbst
Dessau
Bernburg
Aschersleben
Quedlinburg
Wernigerode
Blankenburg
Goslar
Seesen
Einbeck
Northeim
Göttingen
Münden
Witzenhausen
Hersfeld
Fulda
Gersfeld
Schlüchtern
Gelnhausen
Hanau
Aschaffenburg
Miltenberg
Wertheim
Tauberbischofsheim
Mergentheim
Crailsheim
Hall
Gmünd
Aalen
Ellwangen
Nördlingen
Donauwörth
Ingolstadt
Neuburg
Regensburg
Straubing
Deggendorf
Passau
Landshut
Augsburg
Ulm
Biberach
Ravensburg
Memmingen
Kempten
Lindau
Bregenz
Constanz
Schaffhausen
Basel
Freiburg
Offenburg
Kehl
Rastatt
Baden
Carlsruhe
Pforzheim
Stuttgart
Esslingen
Göppingen
Heidenheim
Gmünd
Aalen
Ellwangen
Crailsheim
Mergentheim
Tauberbischofsheim
Wertheim
Miltenberg
Aschaffenburg
Hanau
Gelnhausen
Schlüchtern
Gersfeld
Fulda
Hersfeld
Eisenach
Gotha
Erfurt
Weimar
Jena
Naumburg
Zeitz
Altenburg
Zwickau
Chemnitz
Freiberg
Dresden
Meissen
Bautzen
Görlitz
Kottbus
Frankfurt
Landsberg
Küstrin
Berlin
Potsdam
Brandenburg
Spandau

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER VIII.

Destitution and Despondency.—Migration of Seals.—Gathering Mussels at Low Tide.—An Earthquake Shock.—The Beginning of Winter.—The Combat in the Chasm.—The Return by Night.

In the mean time, while the long and tedious operation of making shoes, described in the preceding chapter, was going on, the autumn and early winter months were passing away, bringing with them nothing but hope deferred. The weather became almost continually stormy. Sometimes for a fortnight the sun was not seen. This gloomy aspect of the skies added a deeper tinge to the despondency which was gradually gaining possession of the spirits of the men. Their health began to suffer seriously from the effects of their unwholesome food, their severe exposures, and their incessant mental anxiety. In all of them the operation of these causes began in the end to produce a morbid condition of the nervous system, which caused them great distress and suffering. Sights and sounds which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been regarded with indifference, produced indescribable but irresistible emotions of gloom, and even of terror. The noise of the surf rolling in continually upon the shore, and the perpetual roaring of the wind among the trees, became almost insupportable. They seemed like demoniac voices incessantly calling to the wretched outcasts, and tantalizing them with the hopelessness of their cruel destiny. In a word, they were on the verge of insanity.

Fortunately for them, they were aroused from this condition of despondency and gloom by a phenomenon which suddenly appeared and strongly attracted their attention; which, by the surprise and wonder which it awakened, turned the current of their thoughts. They observed, in the midst of the calm, an unusual agitation of the waters of the bay, at first without apparent cause. They soon found, however, that the commotion was caused by a multitude of seals, swimming about hither and thither, and increasing in numbers every moment. They were at first overjoyed at this sight, thinking that now they should be provided with an abundant supply of food. But their joy was soon turned into alarm at finding that this extraordinary concourse was the gathering of the seals of that vicinity for their annual migration. The whole school in a short time proceeded in a body down the bay, leaving the men in dismay at what seemed to be the final loss of their only resource for food during the winter that was coming on.

Their supplies of food were chiefly confined, after this, to the occasional captures which they could make among the few seals which had been left behind in the migration of the main body, and to the half salted, half smoke-dried meat which they had preserved. They found it necessary at once to put themselves upon a daily allowance, though they eked out their scanty fare

GATHERING MUSSELS AT LOW TIDE.

to some extent by gathering mussels among the rocks along the shore when the tide was low. It is not wonderful that under these circumstances their health began seriously to suffer, and their spirits became more and more depressed. Mr. Raynal says that nothing but their resolution in keeping themselves incessantly busy saved them from sinking into utter despair.

Perhaps the gloomiest and most sorrowful and despairing night that they passed during this time of their sorest trial was a short time after this, when they were all suddenly aroused from their slumbers by the shock of an earthquake. The shock was not very severe; but it is not difficult to imagine how terrible the effect of being aroused out of sleep at midnight by such an alarm must have been upon minds so morbidly sensitive as theirs had become.

The shock was but momentary, but, while it lasted, was attended by the usual rumbling sounds, and by the shaking of the cabin, and the rattling of every thing contained in it. Some brands were even rolled out from the fire upon the floor, so that they had to spring out of bed to save their cabin from a conflagration. In ten or fifteen seconds, however, the commotion died away, but the men were too much oppressed with the sense of awe and solemnity which it had inspired to return to their beds. They gathered in a circle around the fire, and Captain Musgrave, to cheer and comfort them, took the Bible and read passages from it here and there. He selected such as referred to the goodness and mercy of God, and the watchful providence which He exercises over all His creatures, even the most lowly, and the special regard that He felt for man, whom He had created above all the rest of His creatures, and whom He loved with the love of a father for his children.

These gracious words cheered and comforted the men very much. They listened to the reading with the most devout and solemn attention.

The men had now given up all hope of being rescued that season, for the winter had fairly set in. When, however, they had passed the solstice, and the sun began to return toward the south, and the days began to lengthen, the extreme depression of their spirits began to be somewhat lightened, aided by the effect of constant employment during the day, and by the occupation of mind afforded by the evening school, which was still regularly continued. The work connected with the operation of tanning the leather and making the shoes gave them all much employment; and when the weather allowed they went on hunting expeditions after seals; for, in the migration, many, it seems, had been left behind. Among the rest, Old Tom remained, and the men encountered him at his old abode not long after the others went away. This happened one day when, after a long storm, the wind had subsided, and the sea was comparatively calm, they set out on an excursion in their boat to the western branch of the bay, in hopes of finding some remaining seal. They were all weak and weary, and could advance only slowly and with difficulty, and were obliged to stop often to rest.

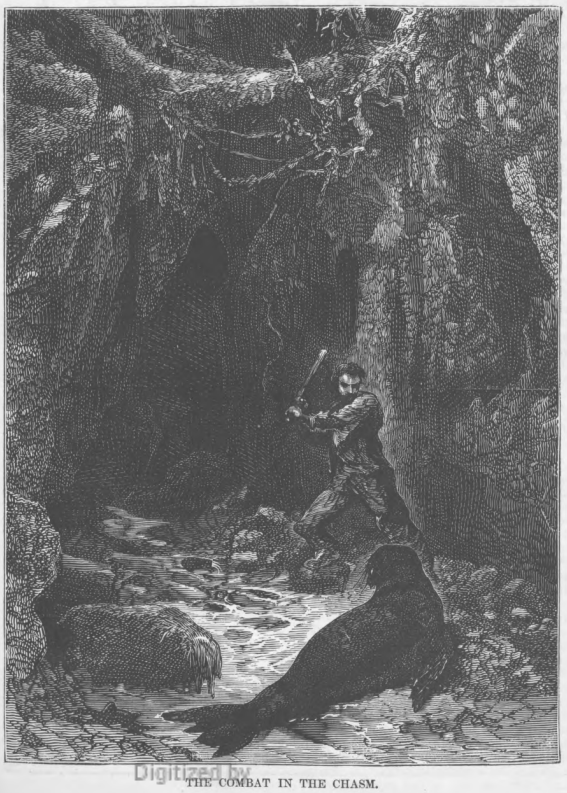
At one of these stoppings, while Aleck was fastening the boat to a point of the rock, Captain Musgrave called to them to listen. He heard, he thought, something like a low, muttered growl above them.

The men seized their arms—Mr. Raynal his gun and the others their clubs—and climbed up the rocks. There they found Old Tom, and two females with him as old as himself. It seemed that they were too feeble to accompany the rest in their migration, and had concluded to remain, in their old age, at their summer home, leaving the younger ones to incur the fatigue and danger of seeking a change of climate. Old Tom seemed to recognize his visitors, having encountered them several times before, and he came forward to meet them growling. The men seemed to feel quite a sentiment of compassion for this old patriarch and his wives in their solitude and isolation, and would gladly have spared their lives. But their necessities were imperious. They killed all three of them, put their carcasses into the bottom of the boat, and returned to their camp, with hearts much lightened at having obtained a supply of even such food. They reached Epigwait at four o'clock, but it was so near the time of the winter solstice that it was dark before they arrived.

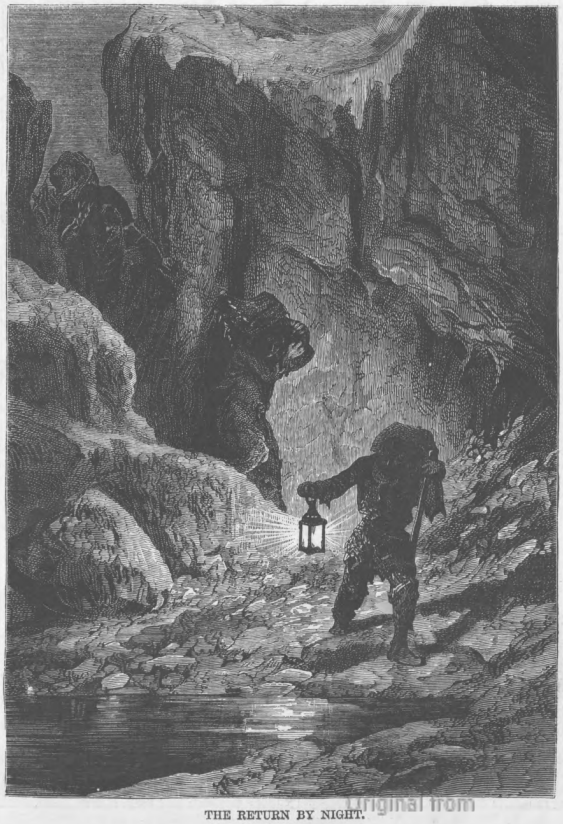
When the supply thus obtained was exhausted Aleck went off one day on foot along the coast to the northward to see what he could find. The others had little expectation that he would meet with any success, but, to their great surprise and joy, in about an hour they saw him coming in sight, among the rocks, bearing a heavy burden on his back. They ran to meet him, and were overjoyed to find that it was a young seal that he was bringing. He had found it with its mother on the shore, and had killed them both.

After relieving Aleck of his burden the whole party set out to bring in the carcass of the mother. They all went on together for some distance, and then Mr. Raynal and George separated from the rest to go through the thickets a little way inland, in order to avoid a place near the shore which was encumbered with sharp rocks, rendered dangerous by wet sea-weed clinging to them. Pretty soon they came to a brook which issued from a deep chasm. This chasm was about six feet wide and thirty feet deep. The water of the brook, on issuing from it, spread itself out over the level ground toward the shore and formed a bog difficult to pass.

A remarkable peculiarity of this chasm was that it was closed over at the surface of the ground above, for about one hundred feet, by the



THE COMBAT IN THE CHASM.



THE RETURN BY NIGHT.

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roots of trees and vines and mosses, and other creeping forms of vegetation, which had reached across it and grown so thick as to form a bed sufficiently dense at a certain part to enable a person to cross the chasm upon it as by a bridge. It was, in fact, a natural bridge formed by the luxuriance of the vegetation.

Mr. Raynal and George, in making their way through the thickets, came to this spot, climbing as they advanced over the fallen trees, and pushing aside the vines and bushes, when, suddenly, they heard a rustling among the leaves and branches not far from them, and cautiously advancing, espied a seal. They immediately set off in pursuit of him. Several times Mr. Raynal was on the point of reaching him with his club, but, being so much impeded in his progress by the difficulties of the way, the seal eluded him. In a few minutes more he heard a crash, followed by a sound like the fall of a heavy body. The seal had broken through the bridge of roots and moss, and tumbled into the chasm below. Mr. Raynal, being close behind him, came very near falling through too.

He immediately called to George to run down and station himself at the place where the brook issued from the chasm, to prevent the seal from escaping into the sea. He himself resolved to follow the seal. So, hanging his club to his neck by the cord which was attached to the end of it, he forced his way through an opening in the covering of the fissure, and lowered himself down by means of the roots and vines hanging by the sides of it, until he nearly reached the bottom, and then let himself drop to the ground. When he had thus reached the bottom he found himself in a dark tunnel, as it were, for the chasm was so densely covered by the vegetation above that the light was almost entirely excluded.

He groped his way along in the direction which the seal had taken, feeling his way by the roots and vines hanging from the walls, and walking in the ice-cold water of the brook. As he advanced, and his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he could see his way better; but before long he arrived at a place where the shrubs and roots from the sides, and the long vines and creepers trailing down from above, almost closed the passage. He made his way through this curtain, and found himself in what seemed a dark cavern. There was a small opening in the thickets which closed the passage at the lower end, through which he could look out toward the sea. Near this opening was the seal, motionless. He had come in sight of George watching to intercept him at the exit from the chasm, and he stopped, as it seemed, to consider what it was best for him to do.

As soon as he saw Mr. Raynal and perceived that he was thus hemmed in between his two deadly foes, without any way of escape, he seemed to grow desperate. He began to advance at once toward Mr. Raynal, with the usual grunt of rage and defiance. There was just light enough for Mr. Raynal to observe dimly his motions, and he waited for his advance with his club raised in the air, ready to strike. His situation was very critical, for he knew well that if, through the obscurity, in bringing down the club, he should miss his mark, or even fail to give an effectual blow, he would be himself at the mercy of the ferocious animal. "Now here he is," said Mr. Raynal, in concluding the narrative, "within reach. Down comes my club upon his head. He drops, stunned. He beats the ground a moment with his paddles, and dies."

Mr. Raynal rolled the carcass into the brook, in order to lighten it in some degree by the floatage, and dragged it in this way to the outlet of the cavern. There he found George, who aided him in forcing it out through an opening, which was, however, so narrow that he himself, in following, was obliged to creep on his hands and knees through the water. The seal was then cut up into quarters, and each man taking two, they conveyed them home.

They found on their arrival at the cabin that the other men had not returned. So they took their lantern—one which they had procured with the other articles that they had saved from the ship—and went in pursuit of them. It will be recollected that they had gone to bring home the carcass of the lioness which Aleck had killed, and had left on the spot in order to carry home the young one and procure help. They found their two comrades at the place where the body of the lioness lay; but they had been so much delayed by the labor of cutting up the carcass and preparing it to be transported, and by other difficulties and delays, that it had become too dark for them to find their way back over the sharp and ragged rocks. So they had come to the conclusion that they must spend the night in the open air, and had chosen for their place of refuge the sheltered side of a fallen tree. There Mr. Raynal and George, by the light of their lantern, found them huddled together, shivering with the cold, and waiting patiently for the long night to pass away.

They were, of course, overjoyed to see their friends coming, and with a lantern too. With the aid of its light they thought that they should have no difficulty in making their way home, even though embarrassed by the heavy burdens which they had to bear. So they took severally their respective shares of the load, one of them bearing the lantern and leading the way.

That night the interior of the cabin presented a festive and joyous spectacle. The abundance of food which they had secured relieved the men from all immediate anxiety. Harry, who had charge of the interior arrangements that week, had built a blazing fire, and had set the table with unusual care. He had nicely brightened up the plates and all the utensils required, and had arranged them upon the table in a very precise and symmetrical manner, as though he were preparing to receive company on a festive occasion. Thus, not only was the warmth of the cabin extremely grateful to the men, coming in from the night-air, but the whole interior wore so bright and cheerful an expression that their hearts were cheered and gladdened by the influence of the scene itself upon their senses, as well as by the joyous thought that they were once more abundantly supplied with food. After relieving themselves of their burdens, and enjoying for a short time the warmth and the cheering influences of the fire, they gathered round the table, in the centre of which Harry had placed a large piece of roast seal, smoking hot; but before they commenced their meal they paused, at Captain Musgrave's suggestion, to render their united thanks to Almighty God for having interposed so mercifully to relieve them in their distress, and to bring all their trouble to an issue so full of comfort and joy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

(*Continued.*)

THE END.

THE church clock struck the quarter to eleven. Hester Dethridge showed herself at the back garden door. Geoffrey crossed the lawn, and joined her. The light of the lamp in the passage fell on his face. She started back from the sight of it.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

She shook her head; and pointed through the dining-room door to the brandy-bottle on the table.

"I'm as sober as you are, you fool!" he said. "Whatever else it is, it's not that."

Hester looked at him again. He was right. However unsteady his gait might be, his speech was not the speech, his eyes were not the eyes, of a drunken man.

"Is she in her room for the night?"

Hester made the affirmative sign.

Geoffrey ascended the stairs, swaying from side to side. He stopped at the top, and beckoned to Hester to join him. He went on into his room; and, signing to her to follow him, closed the door.

He looked at the partition wall—without approaching it. Hester waited, behind him.

"Is she asleep?" he asked.

Hester went to the wall; listened at it; and made the affirmative reply.

He sat down. "My head's queer," he said. "Give me a drink of water." He drank part of the water, and poured the rest over his head. Hester turned toward the door to leave him. He instantly stopped her. "*I* can't unwind the strings. *I* can't lift up the paper. Do it."

She sternly made the sign of refusal: she resolutely opened the door to leave him. "Do you want your Confession back?" he asked. She closed the door, stolidly submissive in an instant; and crossed to the partition wall.

She lifted the loose strips of paper on either side of the wall—pointed through the hollowed place—and drew back again to the other end of the room.

He rose and walked unsteadily from the chair to the foot of his bed. Holding by the wood-work of the bed, he waited a little. While he waited, he became conscious of a change in the strange sensations that possessed him. A feeling as of a breath of cold air passed over the right side of his head. He became steady again: he could calculate his distances: he could put his hands through the hollowed place, and draw aside the light curtains, hanging from the hook in the ceiling over the head of her bed. He could look at his sleeping wife.

She was dimly visible, by the light of the candle placed at the other end of the room. The worn and weary look had disappeared from her face. All that had been purest and sweetest in it, in the by-gone time, seemed to be renewed by the deep sleep that held her gently. She was young again in the dim light: she was beautiful in her calm repose. Her head lay back on the pillow. Her upturned face was in a position which placed her completely at the mercy of the man under whose eyes she was sleeping—the man who was looking at her, with the merciless resolution in him to take her life.

After waiting a while, he drew back. "She's more like a child than a woman to-night," he muttered to himself under his breath. He glanced across the room at Hester Dethridge. The lighted candle which she had brought up stairs with her was burning near the place where she stood. "Blow it out," he whispered. She never moved. He repeated the direction. There she stood, deaf to him.

What was she doing? She was looking fixedly into one of the corners of the room.

He turned his head again toward the hollowed place in the wall. He looked at the peaceful face on the pillow once more. He deliberately revived his own vindictive sense of the debt that he owed her. "But for you," he whispered to himself, "I should have won the race: but for you, I should have been friends with my father: but for you, I might marry Mrs. Glenarm." He turned back again into the room while the sense of it was at its fiercest in him. He looked round and round him. He took up a towel; considered for a moment; and threw it down again.

A new idea struck him. In two steps he was at the side of his bed. He seized on one of the pillows, and looked suddenly at Hester. "It's not a drunken brute, this time," he said to her. "It's a woman who will fight for her life. The pillow's the safest of the two." She never answered him, and never looked toward him. He made once more for the place in the wall; and stopped midway between it and his bed—stopped, and cast a backward glance over his shoulder.

Hester Dethridge was stirring at last.

With no third person in the room, she was looking, and moving, nevertheless, as if she was following a third person along the wall, from the corner. Her lips were parted in horror; her eyes, opening wider and wider, stared rigid and glittering at the empty wall. Step by step, she stole nearer and nearer to Geoffrey, still following some visionary Thing, which was stealing nearer and nearer, too. He asked himself what it meant. Was the terror of the deed that he was about to do more than the woman's brain could bear? Would she burst out screaming, and wake his wife?

He hurried to the place in the wall—to seize the chance, while the chance was his.

He steadied his strong hold on the pillow.

He stooped to pass it through the opening.

He poised it over Anne's sleeping face.

At the same moment he felt Hester Dethridge's hand laid on him from behind. The touch ran through him, from head to foot, like a touch of ice. He drew back with a start, and faced her. Her eyes were staring straight over his shoulder at something behind him—looking as they had looked in the garden at Windygates.

Before he could speak he felt the flash of her eyes in *his* eyes. For the third time, she had seen the Apparition behind him. The homicidal frenzy possessed her. She flew at his throat like a wild beast. The feeble old woman attacked the athlete!

He dropped the pillow, and lifted his terrible right arm to brush her from him, as he might have brushed an insect from him.

Even as he raised the arm a frightful distortion seized on his face. As if with an invisible hand, it dragged down the brow and the eyelid on the right; it dragged down the mouth on the same side. His arm fell helpless; his whole body, on the side under the arm, gave way. He dropped on the floor, like a man shot dead.

Hester Dethridge pounced on his prostrate body—knelt on his broad breast—and fastened her ten fingers on his throat.

* * * * * * *

The shock of the fall woke Anne on the instant. She started up—looked round—and saw a gap in the wall at the head of her bed, and the candle-light glimmering in the next room. Panic-stricken; doubting, for a moment, if she were in her right mind, she drew back, waiting—listening—looking. She saw nothing but the glimmering light in the room; she heard nothing but a hoarse gasping, as of some person laboring for breath. The sound ceased. There was an interval of silence. Then the head of Hester Dethridge rose slowly into sight through the gap in the wall—rose with the glittering light of madness in the eyes; and looked at her.

She flew to the open window, and screamed for help.

Sir Patrick's voice answered her, from the road in front of the cottage.

"Wait for me, for God's sake!" she cried.

She fled from the room, and rushed down the stairs. In another moment, she had opened the door, and was out in the front garden.

As she ran to the gate, she heard the voice of a strange man on the other side of it. Sir Patrick called to her encouragingly. "The policeman is with us," he said. "He patrols the garden at night—he has a key." As he spoke the gate was opened from the outside. She saw Sir Patrick, Arnold, and the policeman. She staggered toward them as they came in—she was just able to say, "Up stairs!" before her senses failed her. Sir Patrick saved her from falling. He placed her on the bench in the garden, and waited by her, while Arnold and the policeman hurried into the cottage.

"Where first?" asked Arnold.

"The room the lady called from," said the policeman.

They mounted the stairs, and entered Anne's room. The gap in the wall was instantly observed by both of them. They looked through it.

Geoffrey Delamayn's dead body lay on the floor. Hester Dethridge was kneeling at his head, praying.

Epilogue.

A MORNING CALL.

I.

THE newspapers have announced the return of Lord and Lady Holchester to their residence in London, after an absence on the continent of more than six months.

It is the height of the season. All day long, within the canonical hours, the door of Holchester House is perpetually opening to receive visitors. The vast majority leave their cards, and go away again. Certain privileged individuals only, get out of their carriages, and enter the house.

Among these last, arriving at an earlier hour than is customary, is a person of distinction who is positively bent on seeing either the master or the mistress of the house, and who will take no denial. While this person is parleying with the chief of the servants, Lord Holchester, passing from one room to another, happens to cross the inner end of the hall. The person instantly darts at him with a cry of "Dear Lord Holchester!" Julius turns, and sees—Lady Lundie!

He is fairly caught, and he gives way with his best grace. As he opens the door of the nearest room for her ladyship, he furtively consults his watch, and says in his inmost soul, "How am I to get rid of her before the others come?"

Lady Lundie settles down on a sofa in a whirlwind of silk and lace, and becomes, in her own majestic way, "perfectly charming." She makes the most affectionate inquiries about Lady Holchester, about the Dowager Lady Holchester, about Julius himself. Where have they been? what have they seen? have time and change helped them to recover the shock of that dreadful event, to which Lady Lundie dare not more particularly allude? Julius answers resignedly, and a little absently. He makes polite inquiries, on his side, as to her ladyship's plans and proceedings—with a mind uneasily conscious of the inexorable lapse of time, and of certain probabilities which that lapse may bring with it. Lady Lundie has very little to say about herself. She is only in town for a few weeks. Her life is a life of retirement. "My modest round of duties at Windygates, Lord Holchester; occasionally relieved, when my mind is overworked, by the society of a few earnest friends whose views harmonize with my own—my existence passes (not quite uselessly, I hope) in that way. I have no news; I see nothing—except, indeed, yesterday, a sight of the saddest kind." She pauses there. Julius observes that he is expected to make inquiries, and makes them accordingly.

Lady Lundie hesitates; announces that her news refers to that painful past event which she has already touched on; acknowledges that she could not find herself in London without feeling an act of duty involved in making inquiries at the asylum in which Hester Dethridge is confined for life; announces that she has not only made the inquiries, but has seen the unhappy woman herself, has spoken to her, has found her unconscious of her dreadful position, incapable of the smallest exertion of memory, resigned to the existence that she leads, and likely (in the opinion of the medical superintendent) to live for some years to come. Having stated these facts, her ladyship is about to make a few of those "remarks appropriate to the occasion," in which she excels, when the door opens; and Lady Holchester, in search of her missing husband, enters the room.

II.

There is a new outburst of affectionate interest on Lady Lundie's part—met civilly, but not cordially, by Lady Holchester. Julius's wife seems, like Julius, to be uneasily conscious of the lapse of time. Like Julius again, she privately wonders how long Lady Lundie is going to stay.

Lady Lundie shows no signs of leaving the sofa. She has evidently come to Holchester House to say something—and she has not said it yet. Is she going to say it? Yes. She is going to get, by a roundabout way, to the object in view. She has another inquiry of the affectionate sort to make. May she be permitted to resume the subject of Lord and Lady Holchester's travels? They have been at Rome. Can they confirm the shocking intelligence which has reached her of the "apostasy" of Mrs. Glenarm?

Lady Holchester can confirm it, by personal experience. Mrs. Glenarm has renounced the world, and has taken refuge in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. Lady Holchester has seen her in a convent at Rome. She is passing through the period of her probation; and she is resolved to take the veil. Lady Lundie, as a good Protestant, lifts her hands in horror—declares the topic to be too painful to dwell on—and, by way of varying it, goes straight to the point at last. Has Lady Holchester, in the course of her continental experience, happened to meet with, or to hear of—Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth?

"I have ceased, as you know, to hold any communication with my relatives," Lady Lundie explains. "The course they took at the time of our family trial—the sympathy they felt with a Person whom I can not even now trust myself to name more particularly—alienated us from each other. I may be grieved, dear Lady Holchester; but I bear no malice. And I shall always feel a motherly interest in hearing of Blanche's welfare. I have been told that she and her husband were traveling, at the time when you and Lord Holchester were traveling. Did you meet with them?"

Julius and his wife looked at each other. Lord Holchester is dumb. Lady Holchester replies:

"We saw Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth at Florence, and afterward at Naples, Lady Lundie. They returned to England a week since, in anticipation of a certain happy event, which will possibly increase the members of your family circle. They are now in London. Indeed, I may tell you that we expect them here to lunch to-day."

Having made this plain statement, Lady Holchester looks at Lady Lundie. (If *that* doesn't hasten her departure, nothing will!)

Quite useless! Lady Lundie holds her ground. Having heard absolutely nothing of her relatives for the last six months, she is burning with curiosity to hear more. There is a name she has not mentioned yet. She places a certain constraint upon herself, and mentions it now.

"And Sir Patrick?" says her ladyship, subsiding into a gentle melancholy, suggestive of past injuries condoned by Christian forgiveness. "I only know what report tells me. Did you meet with Sir Patrick at Florence and Naples, also?"

Julius and his wife look at each other again. The clock in the hall strikes. Julius shudders. Lady Holchester's patience begins to give way. There is an awkward pause. Somebody must say something. As before, Lady Holchester replies:

"Sir Patrick went abroad, Lady Lundie, with his niece and her husband; and Sir Patrick has come back with them."

"In good health?" her ladyship inquires.

"Younger than ever," Lady Holchester rejoins.

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Lady Lundie smiles satirically. Lady Holchester notices the smile; decides that mercy shown to *this* woman is mercy misplaced; and announces (to her husband's horror) that she has news to tell of Sir Patrick, which will probably take his sister-in-law by surprise.

Lady Lundie waits eagerly to hear what the news is.

"It is no secret," Lady Holchester proceeds—"though it is only known, as yet, to a few intimate friends. Sir Patrick has made an important change in his life."

Lady Lundie's charming smile suddenly dies out.

"Sir Patrick is not only a very clever and a very agreeable man," Lady Holchester resumes, a little maliciously; "he is also, in all his habits and ways (as you well know), a man younger than his years—who still possesses many of the qualities which seldom fail to attract women."

Lady Lundie starts to her feet.

"You don't mean to tell me, Lady Holchester, that Sir Patrick is married?"

"I do."

Her ladyship drops back on the sofa; helpless, really and truly helpless, under the double blow that has fallen on her. She is not only struck out of her place as the chief woman of the family, but (still on the right side of forty) she is socially superannuated, as The Dowager Lady Lundie, for the rest of her life!

"At his age!" she exclaims, as soon as she can speak.

"Pardon me for reminding you," Lady Holchester answers, "that plenty of men marry at Sir Patrick's age. In his case, it is only due to him to say that his motive raises him beyond the reach of ridicule or reproach. His marriage is a good action, in the highest sense of the word. It does honor to *him*, as well as to the lady who shares his position and his name."

"A young girl, of course!" is Lady Lundie's next remark.

"No. A woman who has been tried by no common suffering, and who has borne her hard lot nobly. A woman who deserves the calmer and the happier life on which she is entering now."

"May I ask who she is?"

Before the question can be answered, a knock at the house door announces the arrival of visitors. For the third time, Julius and his wife look at each other. On this occasion, Julius interferes.

"My wife has already told you, Lady Lundie, that we expect Mr. and Mrs. Brinkworth to lunch. Sir Patrick, and the new Lady Lundie, accompany them. If I am mistaken in supposing that it might not be quite agreeable to you to meet them, I can only ask your pardon. If I am right, I will leave Lady Holchester to receive our friends, and will do myself the honor of taking you into another room."

He advances to the door of an inner room. He offers his arm to Lady Lundie. Her ladyship stands immovable; determined to see the woman who has supplanted her. In a moment more, the door of entrance from the hall is thrown open; and the servant announces, "Sir Patrick and Lady Lundie. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth."

Lady Lundie looks at the woman who has taken her place at the head of the family; and sees —ANNE SILVESTER!

THE END.

THE SEAT OF WAR IN EUROPE.

By referring to our carefully engraved map on page 500, which shows the greater part of France and Prussia, our readers will be able to follow without difficulty the accounts of the movements of the hostile armies.

On the left bank of the Rhine the principal strategic points are Metz, Thionville, and Forbach. The first-named city, lying at the confluence of the Moselle and the Seille, is one of the most strongly fortified places in France. It contains a population of about 65,000. Until 1728 the town was nothing but a collection of narrow streets, dirty and badly built; but since that time it has been so thoroughly reconstructed that but few souvenirs of its ancient picturesque squalidity remain, and it is now adorned with all the modern improvements of wide, well-shaded streets and courts, good wharves, well-built and delightful promenades. The houses are constructed solidly of stone, are generally of a very simple architecture, and have rarely four floors. A great number have gardens attached. Some streets on the right bank of the Moselle are very steep, and are impassable for carriages. Confined now in narrower limits than it was formerly, the city of Metz holds a part of its monuments, its abbeys, and churches replaced by immense fortifications, to such extent that a besieging army of at least 50,000 men would be required to invest it thoroughly. The city has not been taken since it was surrounded by a wall. The approaches to the town are defended by two forts, six lunettes, and one earth-work. The two forts were built by the celebrated CORMONTAIGNE. That of Belle Croix, with the lunette of Cheneau, presents a development of galleries of mines of about 6,000 metres, and crowns on the least the heights from which one can leap into the city. The other, called Fort Moselle, or the "Double Crown," is situated toward the north. Its works, formed of ditches full of water and flanking fortifications, make it very difficult of approach.

Thionville, on the left bank of the Moselle, and nearer the Rhine, is scarcely less important than Metz, in a military point of view. Its fortifications are of great extent and strength, although the town itself consists of only a few streets and courts. Perhaps no town in the world has changed masters more often than Thionville. It belonged to the Saxons in 1443, the house of Bourgogne in 1514, two years later to LADISLAS V., King of Hungary and Bohemia, to the Dukes of Bourgogne from 1467 to 1477, to the imperial house of Hapsburg up to 1599, to the Kings of Spain up to 1643, and finally passed into the possession of France, of which it originally formed a part. In 1814 the town was besieged by the Prussians, who were forced to retire with heavy loss.

Forbach, in whose vicinity an unimportant engagement is reported to have taken place, is a delightfully situated town, in the department of Moselle, lying in a pleasant plain at the foot of a mountain called Schlossberg. Its streets are narrow and winding, and it derives its chief importance from its industries, and its position as one of the principal inlets from Germany into France.

Further up, on the left bank of the Rhine, lies the important city of Strasbourg, formerly a German town, where the French army under Marshal M'MAHON is concentrated. At this point a bridge of boats crossed the Rhine to Kehl, a small village of Baden, a few miles south of the important German fortress of Rastadt. Immediately on the declaration of war by France this bridge was destroyed from the German side.

Owing to the secrecy which attends the movements of troops in France it is difficult to ascertain the position of the forces marshaled for the invasion of Prussia. The army of the Moselle, it is reported, will be under the command of Marshal BAZAINE, whose head-quarters will be at Metz. The army of the Rhine, under Marshal M'MAHON, is concentrated about Strasbourg, where an attempt may be made to cross the Rhine for an invasion of South German territory. At the time of writing no movement has been made on either side; but the period of preparation can not last much longer; and perhaps by the time these words come under the reader's eye the hostile armies will have met in the first great shock of the war.

On the right bank of the Rhine there are several very strong fortresses under the control of Prussia. First, there is the fortress of Rastadt, in Baden, considered one of the strongest fortifications in Europe. Should the French succeed in forcing the passage of the Rhine at Strasbourg, Rastadt will be their first point of attack.

Further down the river lies the ancient city of Mainz, or Mayence, very strongly fortified. It is a very old and picturesque city; and, according to legendary records, was founded either by certain grandsons of NOAH, shortly after the Flood, or by the fugitives from Troy, after the destruction of that city by the Greeks. As neither legend has special claim to credence, the reader may accept either or both.

The most important fortress, as well as the strongest, on the right bank of the Rhine, is that of Ehrenbreitstein, commonly called the Gibraltar of Germany. It is situated on and in an immense rock opposite the city of Coblentz. Vast sums of money, and the best efforts of military engineering skill, have been for many years expended in making this strong-hold as nearly impregnable as a fortification can be made. Here are kept immense quantities of military stores and munitions of war, and a vast army could find shelter under its protection. Its position on the river, and the nature of the surrounding country, almost insure its immunity from siege operations.

The fortifications at Cologne, or Köln, as the Germans write the name of that city, consist mainly of earth-works, which may be rendered very formidable, on short notice, should a hostile movement be made in that direction.

GOING TO MARKET.

M. L. PERRAULT, the painter of this picture, was a pupil of M. BOUGUEREAU; and although still young, his work closely rivals that of his master. M. PERRAULT has not, however, attempted subjects so ambitious as some of those by which M. BOUGUEREAU is known. His themes are generally drawn from humble, and frequently child life, as in the picture engraved, and a larger composition in the same exhibition, entitled "The Orphans." The manner in which these simple subjects are treated may, however, be instanced as typical of a section of French art. Take, for example, the present picture. A little *paysanne* is resting on her way to the market, held at a neighboring town, with probably all the produce which can be spared from home consumption—so small are many of the French farmsteads, owing to the law which ordains equal division of the land among the members of each family. A subject more humble than this could scarcely be selected or devised. Yet it is treated on the life-size scale, with an evident aim at largeness of style not unworthy of an important historical theme, and it is, at the same time, finished with a careful technical completeness which we are accustomed to see only in choice works of cabinet dimensions. There is, of course, a good and a bad side to this peculiar mode of dealing with incidents of common life. Good workmanship is always acceptable, and here the workmanship is certainly of excellent quality. Moreover, it may have the wholesome moral effect of enlarging our sympathies to see the lowliest pictorial material susceptible of being a vehicle for noble, refined, and finished art. On the other hand, one is apt to feel some incongruity between the subject-matter of the class of painters to whom we allude, and the polish (sometimes manifestly superficial and excessive) in which they too generally indulge. A sense of artificiality and of insincerity in the artist is very liable to arise; and the evil reaches its climax when, as is frequently the case, one is reminded more of Academic conventionalities than of true unsophisticated nature. To be just, however, decidedly the better side of the treatment is exemplified in the charming picture given on our first page.

CHINESE ART.

THE works of art of the Chinese are well known for their great beauty of color and form in porcelain, and the extraordinary fineness as well as originality of design in carvings of wood and ivory; while the bronze objects which represent the antique art of China are often most remarkable for the skill and fancy with which the forms of natural objects, plants, and animals have been treated in composing the ornament. The grotesques, for which they have an especial liking, are also far beyond any that European artists have ever designed; many of these are carved in the jade, which is almost as hard as diamond, and can only be worked by great labor. The roots of trees are also very cleverly carved into grotesque figures and animals, displaying the most ingenious and imaginative fancy. In painting they are great imitators; and, having perfect colors, they succeed in painting birds, flowers, fruit, animals, and figures of men and women in the brightest and finest colors, but without any idea of very correct drawing or placing the object in perspective. In this respect they are behind the Japanese, who show a much more artistic feeling for natural beauty and picturesque arrangement. The lacquer-work is another form of their ornamental art which is now familiar to our shops. One of the most wonderful of all their feats in delicate work is the engraved mirror. The Italian artists of the sixteenth century engraved ornamental borders to their metallic mirrors, and on the back of the plate they often bestowed the greatest labor; but nothing approaches the Chinese work. These mirrors appear bright, and like any ordinary looking-glass; but in certain lights the design shines out brilliantly upon the polished surface, thus not interfering with the use of the mirror for seeing in it. But then the curious point is, that, on looking at the back of the plate, there we see the design again, so precisely that the eye is completely deceived by the appearance of transparency thus most cleverly given. The Chinese, however, have not yet approached to any real perception of the beauty and power of art as the European nations have for so many centuries had; in this they are among the youngest of nations, although, no doubt, they can claim an acquaintance with art that reaches as far back as the ancient Egyptians. They have long had their portrait-painters, and they make some attempt at painting subjects, such as assemblies of mandarins and people of importance—all very closely imitative in the work, but rather stiff, as we see in all early works of this nature. The intercourse with Europeans will, however, be sure to encourage the natural taste for ornamental objects and pictures, and we shall see this last development of a people's civilization arising as the railroad, the locomotive, and the electric telegraph make their appearance in the Celestial Empire. The great leader in this advance of outer barbarism into the preserves of Celestial civilization happens to be that eminent Celestial, Commissioner Lay, who is already contemplating a visit to this country, to prepare the way and make the acquaintance of our great engineers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I'm afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

THE MARK NAPOLEON AIMS AT—Bismarck.

During the long French war two old ladies in Stramaer were going to the kirk; the one said to the other, "Was it not a wonderful thing that the Breetish were aye victorious ower the French in battle?" "Not a bit," said the other old lady; "diuna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before ga'in into battle?" The other replied, "But canna the French say their prayers as weel?" The reply was most characteristic: "Hoot, jabbering bodies, wha could understand them?"

Last week a gentleman of this city was poring over what to give a young lady friend, and at last decided it should be a ring. "Now, my dear friend, what kind of a ring would you like?—It is so very puzzling; there are so many sorts."—"Well, Mr. Johnson—one, you know, don't like to make a choice in these matters—little delicate—you understand—but really, if you insist upon it—I s'pose you will—why, I should like an engagement ring dearly," was the innocent reply.

A beggar went into the store of a popular wholesale and retail crockery dealer and asked for a quarter. The dealer looked at him a moment from his commanding eminence, and then remarked: "You beg rather strong, don't you? 'Pears to me you'd be more successful if you asked for a few cents only, as a rule." "Well, then, give me a few cents," was the quick reply. This was too much for our dealer, and he gave up—the cents.

A Western editor consoled a man who complained that justice had not been done him by the remark that it was "very lucky for him."

"Please, Sir, I don't think Mr. Dosim takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "Cause vy, he's getting vell so precious fast."

The answer lately given in a French court by a prisoner accused of almost cutting his wife to pieces was, with a smile, "Well, Monsieur le President, you know every one has his little failing."

"I say, Jim, they tell me there is a man down East that is so industrious that he works twenty-five hours a day." "How is that, Cuffy? There are only twenty-four hours in a day." "Why, he gets up an hour before daylight, you stupid nigger!"

"May I ask the time of day, Sir?" said a stranger to Mr. Buffers. "By all means, Sir—by all means," replied the amiable Mr. Buffers. "Well, Sir, what time is it?" "Upon my word I don't know. I have not watched the time lately."

A fellow, having a spite at a sausage-maker, rushed into his shop, when crowded with customers, threw a large dead cat upon the counter, and said: "That makes nineteen! We'll settle when you're not so busy!" and made his exit. He was, of course, followed by the sausage amateurs, empty handed.

Lillie —— and her brother called at a house on their way to school, one cold morning, to warm themselves. Some doubts were expressed as to her brother being old enough to attend school. "Oh yes!" said Lillie; "he is six; and mother says if he hadn't been sick he would have been as much as seven or eight!"

A San Francisco school-teacher received the following note from the "ostensible" parent of one of his pupils: "I hope as to my John, you will flog him just as often as you kin. Heas a bad boy—is John. Altho I've bin in habit of teachin him miself, it seems to me he never will never larn anithing—his spellin is ottragously defishent. Wallop him well, ser, and you will receiv my thanks.

"P.S. What accounts for John bein sich a scholar is that he is my sun by my wife's fust husband."

The following singular advertisement appears in a Canada paper:

"All dose people what I owes,
I'll not ax dem for dat;
But all dose people what owes me,
Must pay me immediat."

A census-taker recently asked a servant-girl in the vicinity of Boston how many regular, steady boarders there were in the house. She informed him that there were fifteen boarders in all, but "not more'n four of 'em is steady; the rest is dimmecrats!"

A wife asked her husband if druggists kept dye-stuffs for sale. He replied: "Most druggists keep little else but die stuffs."

There is a farmer in Yorkshire who has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has four boys and four girls. Eight furlongs make one mile.

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look down in the mouth." "Well, Peter, I dare say, if you'd been through what I have, you'd look bad too." "What's the matter?" "Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Peter?" "Yes." "I discarded her last night." "You did! What for?" "Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl that would treat me in that manner."

Judge K——, of North Carolina, is a great stickler for forms. One day a soldier, who had been battered considerably in the war, was brought in as a witness. The Judge told him to hold up his right hand. "Can't do it, Sir," said the man. "Why not?" "Got a shot in that arm, Sir." "Then hold up your left." The man said that he had got a shot in that arm too. "Then," said the Judge, sternly, "you must hold up your leg. No man ever can be sworn, Sir, in this court by law, unless he holds up something."

"I understand you make very good cider?" "Yaw," said the Dutchman; "Hans, my poy, go pring a mugful." Hans soon returned with a mug brimming full, and handed it to the Dutchman, who drained it to the bottom at one draught; then turning to his astonished visitor, said: "Dere now, if you dosh not dink dat ish goot cider, *joost schmell of te mug.*"

A pretty good story is told of an expressman from one of the neighboring towns who was very near-sighted. He one day received an order from a physician for a five-ounce Britannia syringe. The next morning the worthy doctor was considerably astonished by receiving five pounds of *Bologna sausages!*

GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURE.

LE SABRE DE MON PERE.

LOUIS NAP draws the Sword.—The Drawing is all correct enough, but how about the Effect?

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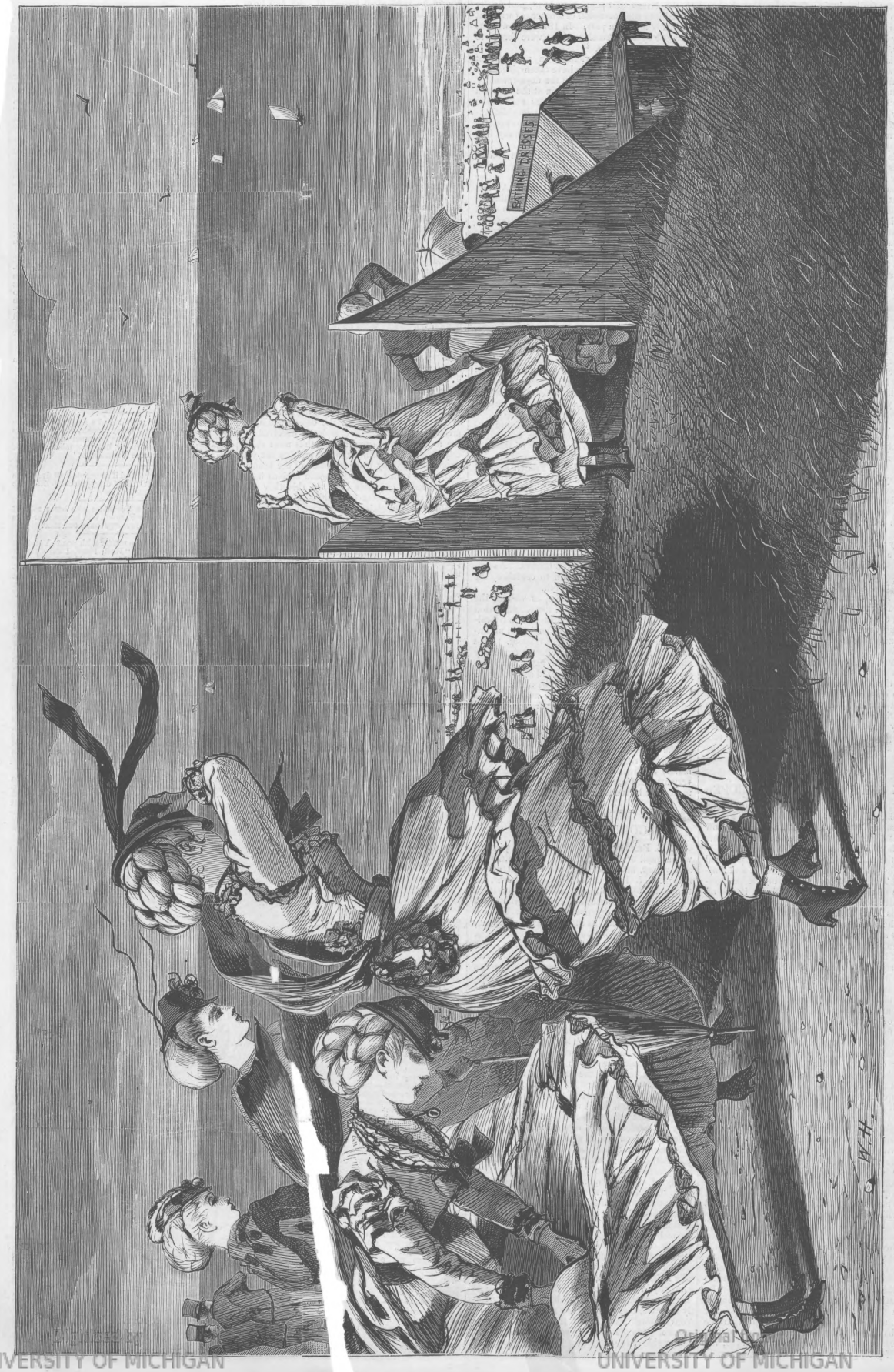

ON THE BLUFF AT LONG BRANCH, AT THE BATHING HOUR.—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

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THE NEW COMET—A PHENOMENON NOW VISIBLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

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THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

He crouches and buries his face on his knees,
And hides in the dark of his hair;
For he can not look up to the storm-smitten trees,
Or think of the loneliness there—
Of the loss and the loneliness there.

The wallaroos grope through the tufts of the grass,
And turn to their covers for fear;
But he sits in the ashes and lets them pass
Where the boomerangs sleep with the spear—
With the nullah, the sling, and spear.

Uloola, behold him! The thunder that breaks
On the tops of the rocks with the rain,
And the wind which drives up with the salt of the lakes,
Have made him a hunter again—
A hunter and fisher again.

For his eyes have been full with a smouldering thought;
But he dreams of the hunts of yore,
And of foes that he sought, and of fights that he fought
With those who will battle no more—
Who will go to the battle no more.

It is well that the water which tumbles and fills
Goes moaning and moaning along,
For an echo rolls out from the sides of the hills,
And he starts at a wonderful song—
At the sounds of a wonderful song.

And he sees, through the rents of the scattering fogs,
The corroboboree warlike and grim,
And the lubra who sat by the fire on the logs,
To watch, like a mourner, for him—
Like a mother and mourner for him.

Will he go in his sleep from these desolate lands,
Like a chief, to the rest of his race,
With the honey-voiced woman who beckons, and stands,
And gleams like a dream in his face—
Like a marvelous dream in his face?

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

It was an easy thing enough, as Walter Grange had said, to make acquaintance with Carew of Crompton, and possible even to become his bosom friend at a short notice, for his friendships, all made in wine, at play, or in the hunting-field, were soon cemented; but then, if the introduction was effected in an unpropitious time or manner, it was like enough to end in affront or downright insult. A gulf might be fixed just where you wanted a causeway, and of this—though he had feigned to inquire about it so innocently of the honest park-keeper—Richard Yorke was well aware. He had, as has been hinted, come down to Crompton with the express view of throwing himself in the way of its eccentric master, and to do so opportunely, and he was content to bide his time. Thus, though the autumn had far advanced, and the time had come for men of his craft to hasten from the dropping, dripping woods, no longer fair, to hive at home their sweet memorials of the summer time, Richard remained at Crompton, not willingly, indeed, nor even patiently, but with that sort of dogged resolve which is engendered, even in a restless spirit, by long watching. He had stopped so long that he would not now give up his watch; the fortress, indeed, showed no more sign of breach than when he first sat down before it; but still he would not raise the siege. This persistency excited no surprise in his house companion; Walter Grange was no gossip, nor curious about other men's affairs; it was easy, even for him, to see that his tenant had a proud stomach, and he had set down his talk about desiring an introduction to Carew as merely another phrase for wishing for a good chance of disposing of his wares to best advantage in that market to which so many of such various callings thronged. He did not think, as he had honestly confessed, that there was much chance of the Squire becoming a patron of the fine arts, but he wished the young fellow luck, and was glad, for more than one reason, that he staid on.

It was at least three months after his young lodger's arrival that Walter burst into his sitting-room one afternoon, without his usual knock at the door, with the great news that he had just had word, by a safe hand, that a gang of poachers would be in the Home Park that very night, and that all the staff of keepers would be out in waiting for them.

"You know," said he, quite indignant that the young man did not show his enthusiasm, "you told me I was to be sure and let you know, Mr. Yorke; but, of course, you needn't make one of us unless you like."

"Oh yes, I'll come," laughed the young fellow—"that is, provided it is fine. I can't fight in the rain, even for the game laws."

"It 'll be a lovely night, Sir, with just enough of moonlight to know friends from foes," went on the keeper, rubbing his hands, and unconsciously moistening them in his excitement. "I knew you'd come. I said to myself: 'Mr. Yorke 'll never turn tail;' and we shall be really glad of your help, for the fact is we are short-handed. Napes is down with the rheumatics, and two of our men are away from home, and there ain't time to send to the out-heaters. So we shall be only nine—including yourself—in all. Let's see," continued the old man, counting on his fingers: "there 'll be Bill Nokes, and Robert Sloane, and—"

"Spare me the roll-call, Grange," interrupted the painter; "and tell me where I am to be, and when, and I'll be there."

"Very good, Sir," said the keeper, musing. "I'll put you at the Squire's oak—the one as you drawed so nicely—that 'll be at the Decoy down yonder, and close to home. You have only to use this whistle, and you'll get help enough if you chance to be set upon; there will be a fight, no doubt. They must be a daring lot to poach the near park, within sound of the house: they ain't a done that these ten year; for the last time they brought Squire and his bull-dogs out, which was a lesson to one or two of 'em. However, he's for town, they say, to-day."

"All right, Grange; we must do without him, then," returned the young man, cheerfully. "What time am I to be on guard?"

"You should be there at ten at latest, Sir. There'll be plenty of us within whistle-call, you understand. But nobody will come aneist you as has any business there; so whoever you see you must go in at."

Yorke nodded, smiling, and doubling his white fists, hit out scientifically with his right.

"You're one after the Squire's own heart," exclaimed the keeper, admiringly; "and I do wish you could foregather with him. What a reach of arm you've got, and what a play of muscle! The fist is the weapon for a poacher—that is, I mean *agin* him—if you only know how to use it. I can depend on the Decoy being guarded by ten, Sir, can I? for I must be off to the head-keeper's with the rest."

"Yes, you can."

"Then, good-by, Sir, for the present."

"Now what a poor fool is that!" soliloquized the young painter, contemptuously, as the door closed upon his late companion. "To think that I should risk my life against a poacher's on even terms! Of course, if they suffice, I shall only treat him to my knuckles; but if not—if he be a giant, or there be more than one of them—then here is a better ally than mere bone and sinew." Yorke took out of a drawer a life-preserver, made of lead and whalebone, struck with it once, to test its weight and elasticity, then slipped it into his shooting-jacket pocket. "That will enlarge their organs of locality," said he, grimly; "they will not forget the Decoy Pond in a hurry whose heads knock against this."

He made a better supper than was usual with him that night; filled his pocket-flask with brandy, and his pouch with tobacco; and then making sure that the whistle Grange had given him, and which he had hung round his neck, was within easy reach of his fingers, sallied out, well wrapped up as to his throat, and with his hands in his pockets. If Richard Yorke was doomed not to have life made easy for him, he made it as easy as he could. He never omitted a precaution, unless it gave him trouble to take it out of proportion to the advantage it conferred; he was never imprudent, unless the passion of the moment was too strong for him; but sometimes, unfortunately, his mere whims were in their intensity passions, and his passions, while they lasted, fits of madness. He was a landscape-painter, partly because he had some taste that way, but chiefly because he hated regular work of any sort. He had no real love for his art, and not the least touch of poetic feeling. He knew an oak from a beech-tree, and the sort of touch that should be used in delineating the foliage of each; a yellow primrose was to him a yellow primrose, and he could mix the colors deftly enough which made up its hue. His education had been by no means neglected, but it had been of a strange sort; every thing he had learned was, as it were, for immediate use, and of a superficial but attractive character. The advocates of a classical curriculum would have shaken their heads at what Richard Yorke did know, almost as severely as at his lack of knowledge. He had read a good deal of all kinds of literature, including much garbage; he could play a little on the piano, and speak French with an excellent accent. In a word, he had learned every thing that had pleased him, as well as a little Latin and some mathematics, which had not. He knew English history far better than most young Englishmen; but the sight of tomb or ruin had never made his heart pulse faster with an evoked idea by a single beat. Historical associations had no charm for him. This mighty oak, for example, under the shadow of which he now stands sentry, and which he had transferred so deftly to his port-folio, has no longer any interest for him. He has "done it," and its use and pleasure are therefore departed in his eyes. He knows quite well that though it is called the Squire's, in token, probably, of some wholesale slaughter of wild-ducks effected by Carew from its convenient cover, that this tree is hundreds of years old—the oldest in all the chase. He has read the "Talking Oak," for indeed he can quote Tennyson by the yard, and in dulcet voice; and it would have been natural enough, one would think, in such a time and place, that some thoughts of what this venerable monarch of the forest must have witnessed would perforce come into his mind. The same moonlight that now shines down between its knotted naked branches must have doubtless lit on many a pair of lovers, for it was ever a favorite place for tryst in by-gone years. The young monk, perhaps, may here (when Crompton was an abbey) have given double absolution, to himself and to the girl who confessed to him her love. Roundhead maiden and Cavalier gallant must many a time have forgotten their political differences beneath this oak, as yet a tree not sacred to royalty; nay, perhaps even those of York and Lancaster may here have been compounded for, in one red rose of a blush. Bluff Harry had haply hunted beneath its once wide-spreading arms, and certainly the martyr king had done so, with a score of generations of men of all sorts, dead and gone, God alone knows whither. Though no more the bugle sounded, nor the twanging bow was heard, there was surely an echo of their far-away music in the young painter's ear! No, there was none.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter,

was a line Richard Yorke had read, perhaps, but certainly had not understood. He heard the bare branch creak and sway above his head as the wind slowly took it; he heard the night-jar croak, as it flew by on silent wing; and now and then he heard, or thought he heard, the sound of the voices of his fellow-watchers a great way off, which was his only touch of fancy. They were all silent, and in close hiding.

It is not to be supposed, however, that his mind was fixed upon the matter in which he was engaged, so that other subjects were thereby excluded from it. The repression of night-poaching was not a matter that interested him either in principle or practice. He would just as soon that the keeper had not reminded him of his offer to share his watch—the whim that had once seized him to do so had died away; but having once promised his company, he was not one to break his word. So here he was.

The young man's thoughts were busy, then, neither with the past nor the present, but with the future—that is, *his own* future. The path of life did not lie straight before Richard Yorke, as it does before most men of his age, and in fact it came, so to speak, abruptly to a termination exactly where he stood.

In such a case, the choice of the wayfarer becomes boundless, and is only limited by the horizon and circumstances. As matters were, he had scarcely enough to live on—not nearly enough to do so as his tastes and habits suggested; and yet, by one bold stroke, with luck to back it, he might, not "one day" (*that* would have had small charm for him), but at once, and for his life-long, be rich and prosperous. He could not be said to have expectations, but his position was not without certain contingencies, the extreme brilliancy of which might almost atone for their vagueness. It was from a dream of future greatness, or what seemed to him as such, wherein he saw himself wealthy and powerful, surrounded with luxury and with the ministers of every pleasure, that he was suddenly and sharply awakened by a trifling incident—the snapping of a dead twig in the copse hard by. In an instant the glittering gossamer of thought was swept aside, and the young fellow was all ear and eye. The wind had dropped for some time, and the silence was intense; that solemn hush seemed to pervade the forest which some poet has attributed to the cessation of spiritual life, as though the haunters of the glade were *waiting* for the resumption of their occupations until the interloping mortal should pass by. Nothing stirred, or, if so, it was motion without sound, as when the full-feathered owl slid softly through the midnight air above him. Not a dead leaf fell; and where the leaves had fallen there they lay. How was it, then, that a twig broke? The deer were couched; the pheasants sat at roost, their heads beneath that splendid coverlet, their wing; and though there were creeping things which even midnight did not woo to rest in that vast wilderness, Yorke had imbibed enough of forest lore to know that the noise which he had heard was produced by none of these. A rat in the water-rushes, or a stoat pushing through the undergrowth, would have announced itself in a different fashion. Again the sound was heard, and this time it was no longer the crackling of a twig, but the breaking of a branch; then cautious footsteps fell upon the frosty leaves, and, with a light leap on the bank that fringed the copse, the poacher stood in the open.

That such he was, Yorke had no doubt whatever; the moonlight streamed full upon him, and showed him to be none of the Crompton keepers, unless, indeed, he was disguised. For an instant, it passed across his mind that this might be Walter Grange himself—he was about the same height and build—come to play a trick upon him to test his courage, for the man's face was blackened like a burglar's; but this idea was dismissed as soon as entertained. The keeper, he reflected, thought far too seriously of the night's doings to make jest of them, and besides, he could never have sprung upon the bank as yonder fellow did, his limbs, though sturdy, being stiff with age and occasional rheumatism. The intruder seemed quite alone, and it was probable, while his confederates paid attention to the pheasants in the Home Park, that he was bent upon making a private raid upon the sleeping waterfowl. He had no gun, however, nor, as far as Yorke could make out, any other weapon; and as soon as he had got near enough to the pond to admit of it the watcher sprang out from beneath the shadow of the oak, and placed himself between the stranger and the copse from which he had emerged. Yorke was the taller by full six inches, and believing himself to be more than a match for his antagonist, had not so much as laid finger on his concealed weapon; but if he had now any thought of doing so, it was too late; for, with a cry of eager rage, the man turned at once, and sprang at him like a tiger. It needed all his skill and coolness to parry the fierce blows which fell upon him like hail, and which he had scarcely time to return. Yorke was an adept at boxing, and in the chance encounters into which a somewhat dissipated and reckless youth had led him, he had been an easy victor; but it now took all he knew to "keep himself." An instant's carelessness, or the absence of a hand in search of that which he would now have gladly seized, and his guard would have been broken through, and himself placed at his foe's mercy. Nothing but his long reach preserved him from those sledge-hammer blows, which seemed as though each must break the arm they fell upon. As for using his whistle, the opportunity, of course, was not afforded him; and, moreover, he had no breath to spare for such a purpose. Breath, however, was also a desideratum with the poacher, and the more so inasmuch as he accompanied every blow—as Brian de Bois-Guilbert was wont to hammer home his mace-strokes with "Ha! Beauseant, Beauseant!"—with some amazing oath. It is recorded of an American gentleman, much given to blasphemy, that he could entertain "an intelligent companion" for half a day with the mere force and ingenuity of his expletives; and this singular talent seemed to be shared by Richard Yorke's antagonist. That one of the most accomplished roughs of the Midlands had fallen to the young painter's lot in that night's *mêlée*, he could not for a moment doubt; but this reflection did not go far to soothe him. He did not care for fighting for its own sake, while his pride revolted against thus being kept at bay by a brutal clown. If he could but get the chance, he made up his mind to end this matter once for all, and at last the opportunity seemed to be afforded. The poacher suddenly stepped back to the very margin of the pond, a long oval piece of water, and not very deep, and quick as thought, Yorke drew his deadly weapon. But at the same moment there was a sound of racing feet, and down the drive there came two men at headlong speed. Yorke did not doubt that they were poachers; but his blood was up, and he was armed—he felt like an iron-clad against whom three wooden ships were about to pit themselves. "Where I hit now I make a hole," he muttered, savagely, and stood firm; nor did he even put his lips to the whistle that hung round his neck.

But as the men came nearer, in the foremost he recognized Walter Grange, and at the same moment saw his late antagonist plunge wildly into the ice-cold pond, and begin to wade and swim across it.

"Cuss him! I durst not do it," gasped Walter, just too late, and mindful, even in his passionate disappointment, of rheumatic pains. "Dash after him, Bob, while Mr. Yorke and I run round."

But Bob had had the rheumatism too, or had seen the unpleasant effects of it in others, and shook his shaggy head.

A mocking laugh burst from the poacher, already nearing the opposite bank.

"Dang him! If I'd got a gun, I'd shoot him. Run, man!" cried Walter, excitedly—"run, man, run! He can never get along in his wet clothes." And off the two men started in hot pursuit.

Yorke watched them toiling round the pond, while the poacher landed, shook himself like any water-dog, and leisurely trotted off.

"It was lucky for him," murmured he, as he replaced his weapon in his pocket, "that the help came on *my* side;" then lit his pipe, and leisurely walked home.

Three hours later returned the keeper (for whose arrival he had been sitting up), with twinkling eye and a look of triumph.

"Well, you caught the beggar, did you, Grange?"

"Oh yes, we caught him fast enough," responded the other, grinning; "we caught the whole lot of them. And who d'ye think they were? Why, it was the whole party from this house, as had come out to play at poachers! Who ever heard of such a game? Some on 'em got it hot, I reckon, in the new spinney yonder. But *that* was no matter. We've all had our skins full of rum punch, and a sov. apiece, because Squire says we proved ourselves good watch-dogs. And here," continued the old man, exultingly, "are a couple of sovs. for yourself. 'Give them to that tall young fellow,' says Squire, 'as you posted by the Decoy Pond, for he knows how to use his fists.' Why, that 'ere chap as you had the tussle with was Carew hisself!"

A deadly paleness overspread the young man's cheeks.

"Was that Carew?" he said.

"Yes, indeed, it was; though none of us know'd it. You needn't look so skeared. He ain't annoyed with you; he's pleased, bless 'ee, and here's the proof of it."

"You may keep the guineas, Grange," said Yorke, gravely; "only keep my secret too. If he thinks I was a night-watcher, let him continue in that belief."

"Why, it's the best introduction to Carew as you could have!" insisted the astonished keeper. "You have only to go up to the great house to-morrow, and say: 'Here's the man as proved your match last night,' and—"

"You must allow me to be the best judge of my own affairs," interrupted the young fellow, haughtily; "so you will be so good as to say nothing more about the matter."

"Just as you please, Sir; and I am sure you are very kind," answered the keeper, slipping the coins into his pocket. "Squire hisself could not be more liberal, that's certain. You are tired, I see; and I wish you good-night, Sir, or rather good-morning."

"Good-night, Grange."

"Now, that's what I call pride," said Walter, grimly, as he closed the door upon his lodger; "and I am sure I hope, for his sake, it may never have a fall."

When Richard Yorke was thus left to himself he did a curious thing; he took out the life-preserver from its receptacle, and having made up the fire, placed it in the centre of the burning mass, so that in the morning there was nothing left of it save a dull lump of lead.

CHAPTER IV.

ACROSS THE THRESHOLD.

A day or two passed by, and nothing more was heard of Carew's combat with the young watcher; some other mad frolic had doubtless entered into the Squire's head and driven that one out. The hot punch imbibed after his swim in the Decoy Pond seemed to have averted all evil consequences, or perhaps he was case-hardened to such things. It was not uncommon with him to spend whole winter nights on a neighboring "broad," in pursuit of the mere-fowl that haunted it, in water or ice or swamp. He treat-

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ed his body as an enemy, and strove to subdue it—though not for the good reasons of the Apostle—by every sort of harshness and imprudence; or rather he behaved toward it as a wayward father toward his child—at one time with cruel severity, at another with the utmost luxury and indulgence. No rich man, probably, ever gave his heir so many chances of inheritance, or excited in him so many false hopes, as did the Squire of Crompton, who had no heir.

The hunting season had begun with him after its usual fashion; he seldom troubled himself to find a fox, but turned one out of a bag to insure sport, or ran a drag over the most difficult and dangerous country that could be selected.

Yorke had almost made up his mind to take the keeper's advice, and distinguish himself by putting his neck to the same risks as Carew, on horseback, in order to recommend himself to his notice, when an event occurred by which he attained his end in another way.

Tired of the park, wherein he had dwelled so long, and which every day the approach of winter made more bare and desolate, he had taken a solitary walk along the highway which led to the market-town. He was returning, and had reached the top of the long hill where the park fence began, and a high solid gate—so that no dogs could enter—gave access to that wild domain, when a confused murmur in the keen blue air caused him to look back. For a mile or more the road was straight, and the leafless trees and hedges left the prospect open to him in all directions; at the extremity of the road was some huge moving object, which, advancing at great speed, disclosed the Squire's mail phaeton, drawn by four antlered stags, and followed at some distance by three or four mounted grooms, apparently unable to keep up with him. Carew himself was standing up like some charioteer of old, and, although he already outstripped the very wind, was laying about him frantically with his whip, as up the hill the frightened creatures tore as if the ground were level. The reason of this headlong speed was at the same time made evident by the appearance of a pack of hounds, which, followed by a numerous field in scarlet, was coming across the grass-land in full cry. The spectacle, though weird and strange, was by no means without a certain grandeur—like some barbarous pageant. Yorke understood the situation at a glance. He had heard the keeper say that, not content with his wild progresses through the park, the Squire had sworn to drive his stags one day into the market-town, and this he had doubtless actually accomplished; but, on his return, he had had the misfortune to be caught sight of by one of his own packs of hounds, which were now in full pursuit of him, like another Actæon. The terrified stags, with that deep-mouthed menace of their natural enemies ringing in their ears, at once threw off all control, and had left their grooms behind them in half a dozen bounds. If only the harness held, they would be at the lodge gate in a very few minutes; but, on the other hand, the hounds were nearer to that point, which they were approaching diagonally. They were running, of course, by sight, like greyhounds, and with greyhounds' speed. Above their eager mellow notes, and the mad shouting of the excited sportsmen, and the ceaseless winding of the disregarded horn, above the thunder of his own wheels, and of the hoofs of his strange steeds upon the wintry road, rang out Carew's hoarse tones: "The gate, the gate!" If only that wooden wall could be interposed between his stags and their pursuers, all might yet be well. But, though the lodge-keeper had been drawn by the tumult to his door, he stood there like one amazed and fascinated by the spectacle before him, and paralyzed with the catastrophe that seemed impending.

"Gate, gate, you gaping idiot!" roared the Squire, with a frightful curse; but the poor shaking wretch had not the power to stir; it was Yorke himself who dashed at the latch, and threw the long gate wide to let the madman pass, and then slammed it back upon the very jaws of the hounds. They rushed against the solid wood like a living battering-ram, and howled with baffled rage; and some leaped up and got their fore-paws over it, and would have got in yet, but that Richard beat them back with his bare hands.

In the mean time Carew and his stags swept up the park like a whirlwind, and presently, coming to a coppice, the frightened creatures dashed into it, doubtless for covert, where wheel and rein and antler, tangling with trunk and branch, soon brought them to a full stop.

"Good lad!" exclaimed Carew, as Yorke hurried up to help him; "you are a good plucked one, you are; you shall keep the lodge, if you will, instead of that lily-livered scoundrel who was too frightened to move. Oh, I ask pardon; you are a gentleman, are you?"

"Sir, I hope so," answered the young man, stiffly, his anger only half subdued by the necessity for conciliation.

"Then, come up to the house and dine, whoever you are; I'll lend you a red coat. Curse those grooms! what keeps them? One can't sit upon a stag's head to quiet him as though he were a horse." (Two of the stags were down, and butting at one another with their horns.) "What a pace we came up White Hill! I tried to time them, but I could not get my watch out. You moved yourself like a flash of lightning, else I thought we must have pinned you against the gate. It was well done, my lad, well done; and I'm your debtor."

The Squire held out his hand, for the first time, for Yorke to shake.

"Why, what's this?" said he, peering into the other's eyes. "I have seen your face before, my friend."

"Yes, Sir; a week or two ago I played the part of night-watcher in your preserves—it was a mad prank; but I and here the young fellow smiled roguishly—"it was better than poaching, you must admit."

"What!" cried the Squire, delighted, "are you the fellow that had that bout with me in the Decoy Pond? Why, I thought you were one of my own men, and sent you something; but, of course, my scoundrels drank it. I'm glad to see you, Sir, by daylight. It was the uncertain moonshine that hampered me, else, by Jove, I'd have given you 'one, two!' We must have it out another day, for a drawn battle is just the thing I hate. What's your name, young gentleman, and where do you live?"

"I live close by, Sir; I am in lodgings for the present."

"Ay, ay, for the hunting, I suppose," said the impetuous Squire. "Hark to those devils of dogs; they are howling yet; they would have had my stags by this time but for you. Well, well; send for your portmanteau, and take up your quarters at Crompton; you shall have a hearty welcome; only don't be late for dinner—seven, Sir, sharp. Here are my knavish grooms at last."

And, under cover of the fire of imprecations which the Squire poured upon his approaching retainers, the young landscape-painter withdrew. He had obtained his end at last, and he wished to retire before Carew should put that question to him for a second time—what is your name?—which, at such a moment, it would, for certain reasons, have been embarrassing to answer.

He betook himself at once to the keeper's lodge, and packing up his wardrobe, which, though of modest dimensions, comprised all that was requisite for a gentleman's costume, dispatched it to the great house. He followed it himself shortly afterward, only waiting to dash off a note by the afternoon's post for town. It was literally a "hurried line," and would have better suited these later telegraphic days, when thoughts, though wire-drawn, are compressed, and brevity is the soul of cheapness, as of wit. "*I have got my foot in, and however it may be pinched, will keep the door open. Direct to me at Crompton.*"

It was not a nice trait in the young man, if it was a characteristic one, that he did not take the trouble even to leave so much word as that for the old keeper, who was engaged in his outdoor duties, but simply inclosed the few shillings in which he was indebted to him inside an envelope, addressed to Walter Grange. The old man liked him, as he well knew, and would have prized a few words of farewell; but Yorke was in a hurry to change his quarters for the better; he had climbed from low to high, and gave no further thought to the ladder which had so far served him. But yet he had some prudence too. Though he had dwelled so long in the Carew domains, so careful had he been not to intrude his presence inopportunely on its master, that he had never so much as seen, except at a distance, the mansion to which he was now an invited guest. How grand it showed, as his elastic step drew near it, with tower and turret standing up against the gloomy November sky, and all its broad-winged front alive with light! How good it would be to call so fine a place his home! How excellent to be made heir to the childless man who ruled it, and who could leave it to whomsoever his whim might choose!

It was unusual for a guest to approach Crompton for the first time on foot. The Squire's jovial friends used for the most part strange conveyances, such as tandems and randems, and the great flower-beds in the lawn in front gave sign that some such equipage had been lately driven up not altogether with dexterity. It is difficult at all times to drive "unicorn," and more so if the horses are not used to that method of progression, and still more so if the charioteer is somewhat inebriated; and all these conditions had been fulfilled a few minutes previously in the case of Mr. Frederick Chandos, a young gentleman of twenty-one years of age, but of varied experience, who had just arrived that day on his first visit. But when Yorke appeared at the front door, there was no less attention paid to him than if he had driven up with four-in-hand. Obsequious footmen assisted him to take off his wrappers in the great hall, whose vastness dwarfed the billiard-table in its centre to bagatelle proportions. A profusion of wax-lights—and no others were permitted at Crompton, save in the servants' offices—showed eight shining pillars of rare marble, and a grand staircase broad enough for a coach-and-four, and up which, indeed, Carew *had* ridden horses for a wager; while all the walls were hung with huge-figured tapestry—"The Tent of Darius" and "The Entry of Alexander into Babylon," both miracles of patient art. The grandeur of the stately place was marred, however, by signs of revel and rough usage. The Persian monarch, spared by his Grecian conqueror, had been deprived, by some more modern barbarian, of his eyes; while the face of his royal consort had been cut out of the threaded picture, to judge by the ragged end of the canvas, by a penknife. The very pillars were notched in places, as though some mad revelers had striven to climb to the pictured ceiling, from which gods and men looked down upon them with amaze; the thick-piled carpet of the stairs was cut and torn, doubtless by horses' hoofs; and here and there a gap in the gilt balusters showed where they had been torn away in brutal frolic. A groom of the chambers preceded the new guest up stairs, and introduced him to a bachelor's apartment, small, but well furnished in the modern style, whither his portmanteau had been already taken. "Squire has given orders, Sir," said he, respectfully, "that he should be informed as soon as you arrived. What name shall I say, Sir? But here he is himself."

As the groom withdrew, Carew made his appearance at the open door. He was smoking a cigar, although it was within an hour of dinner-time; and at his heels slouched a huge bull-dog, who immediately began to growl and sniff at the new guest. "Quiet, you brute!" exclaimed the Squire, with his customary garnish of strong expletive. "Welcome to Crompton, Mr.— I forget your name; or rather you forgot, I think, to favor me with it."

"My name is Richard Yorke, Sir."

"Yorke, Yorke—that sounds easterly. You are of the Cambridgeshire stock, I reckon, are you not?"

"No, Sir," returned the other, with a slight tremor in his voice, which he could not control; "I come from nearer home. Your wife's first husband was called Yorke, if you remember, and I bear his name, although I am her lawful son, by you, Sir."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is very hot weather to think any thing special about the sun—that great source of all this discomfort. *Ice* would be a far pleasanter topic, were it not that the ice dealers have raised their prices so fearfully that one can scarcely afford to buy a piece big enough to think about. So we get vexed while our ice melts away, which makes our blood hotter than it would become by a *cool* consideration of the sun. In truth many scientific men are now studying our great solar luminary with intense interest; and since the total eclipse of August, 1869, our knowledge respecting its constitution has been steadily progressing. One wonderful discovery has been made after another, and the end is not yet. The spectroscope, new forms of which have been recently invented, give to scientific men remarkable facilities for observation. Astronomers nowadays watch with breathless interest the swift progress of solar tornadoes, and record the results for the benefit of the race. Truly we live in a wonderful age!

It is almost time for the yearly plague of mosquitoes. This is said to be a good dose to give them: Take a piece of gum-camphor about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel, and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes.

In 1854 Mr. Charles Dickens was offered one hundred pounds to give two readings on behalf of a large working-men's educational institute in Bradford, Yorkshire. The following note was received from Mr. Dickens's secretary a few weeks afterward in reply:

"Mr. Charles Dickens begs to say that he has not yet been able to reconcile it to his feelings to do what you require for money; but that, if you like to wait until next Christmas time, he will be very glad to do it for nothing."

Accordingly, to the great satisfaction of the committee who had the matter in hand, Mr. Dickens read his "Christmas Carol," on the 28th of December, 1854, in St. George's Hall, Bradford, to a crowded audience. He utterly refused to take any thing even for his own traveling expenses, and the institute realized a handsome sum.

An exchange recommends sprigs of arbor vitæ, of box, wormwood, southernwood, and sage to be laid in closets and on shelves which are infested by those pests—black ants.

A lady who has long been a resident of San Francisco gives a curious instance of the imitative powers of the Chinese. Desiring to have her parlor papered, and not being able to procure the services of a paper-hanger, she introduced her Chinaman into the room adjoining, and, pointing to the wall, inquired if he could paper the parlor like it. He signified that he could. Procuring handsome paper, and making the paste, she saw him, with a countryman to assist, begin the job, then went out to spend the day. Returning in the evening he informed her it was finished, and led the way for her inspection. The walls were papered, but it so happened that the room she showed him was an extension, one story high, and the roof leaked. The rain, penetrating, had run down the walls in streaks, taking all the hue from the paper with it, leaving unsightly stains of discoloration and mould. This had been closely and wonderfully imitated on her hangings of green and gold, and the artist was evidently proud of his success.

At Saratoga it is the rule to drink a quantity of the waters before breakfast in the morning. Some people, however, seem to have no idea of the propriety of limiting themselves at all, but exhibit a camel-like capability of drinking as much in one day as should be a whole week's supply. Six glasses half a dozen times a day is rather too much even of a good thing.

The *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, in an interesting communication on the treatment of burns, after giving a list of remedies which are useful for immediate application to a burn, says:

"We unhesitatingly give the preference to carbolic acid and glycerine, in the proportion of from five to ten drops of the former thoroughly incorporated with two ounces of the latter. Spread it on with a camel's hair or other light brush, then a layer of raw cotton, over which a roller bandage is neatly adjusted to the parts, and the dressing is finished."

Among the Chinese woman is treated as a menial of the lowest order. She learns nothing except what will make her useful to her masters. Her duty is to serve her husband and sons. She is simply an article of merchandise, and when treated with consideration it is usually on the principle of economy, as if a man's wife dies he will be under the necessity of buying another. If the Chinese live in this country, they will find that a different order of things prevails.

A wealthy snob ordered two magnificent book-cases to be filled with elegantly bound volumes. He added that he was not particular as to what books were selected, but would like Mr. Waverley's novels, as he had heard them highly spoken of.

At the risk of inserting in this column a quotation which may seem too lengthy, we can not refrain from giving our readers the opportunity to read the following letter, which was written, in English, by a little boy only nine years old, to his father, Colonel Lewis Downing, principal chief of the Cherokee Nation, while the latter was in Washington on business. What white boy of nine years could express himself with more simplicity and wisdom?

"TAHLEQUAH, *June*, 1870.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I have a few minutes before the school-bell rings to write to you. I go to school in the morning; in the afternoon I say my lessons at home, and then take a ride on my pony. I know you would like to be with me now. I am sitting in my arbor, which is covered with vines. I have my little writing-desk in it, two chairs, and a long bench, with my buffalo-robe and cushion, where I take a nap when I feel like it. In one corner of my arbor is a little bird's nest with four young ones chirping in it; the other corner has my squirrel cage, where funny little Nelly Grant peeps out at me from its windows. The poor General was the best squirrel I ever had, but the dogs killed him. In the other corner is my bee-hive, with a glass door, where I can watch the busy little bees make their honey. At the door of the other arbor sits my dog. His name is Watch. Here I learn my lessons, speak my pieces, and write my letters and compositions; it is my green study. I want you now to shut your eyes and see if you can see me sitting at my desk writing to you.

"Last week *Harper* had a picture in it of the Indian chiefs Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Swift Bear, and the *Advocate*" (the name of the paper published in the Cherokee Nation) "says that a great warrior is invited to visit Washington. If the people of the United States wish these Indians to become civilized, they ought to send them to see us. They may think they can not become like white people; but if they come to us, their Cherokee brothers, and remember that our fathers were as wild as they are, we can show them our capital, our schools, our fields of corn and grain, our comfortable houses, and when they listen to our hymns, and we tell them about our good laws, they will think they can do as much as Cherokee Indians, and they will go home and try to do like us. Please tell the President to send them home through our country if he wishes them to become civilized. I will show them all my pictures, and play for them on my organ, and do all I can to entertain them. I wish so much that they would stop fighting and scalping, and learn to love God and do what is right. Your affectionate son,

"L. J. DOWNING."

There is a boy somewhere in Ohio who made a good item for a Cleveland paper by looking into a toy cannon just as another boy touched it off! That was thought to be the only item in the boy; but the doctors got him around in a week or two, and then the lad, in trying to blow a target gun, sucked the cork down his throat, and the surgeons worked twenty-four hours to get it out. The Cleveland paper wants to keep that boy on hand, and remarks: "That boy is splendid for items; but neighboring towns need not try to hire or steal him, for I have him copyrighted."

One of the most remarkable medical cases of the age was that of Nathaniel Wilson, who lately died in Boston. He was born in Oldtown, Maine, and, as a child, was rugged and healthy. When sixteen years old signs of "wasting away" appeared, which progressed to such an extraordinary extent that he was known as the living skeleton, and exhibited as a wonder of the age. Medical skill was baffled, his appetite was good, and he would eat any kind of food; he possessed much latent strength, and his mind was healthy and active. Within a couple of years, however, his health had failed, and he suffered from weakness, pain, and a consumptive cough until his death. A post-mortem examination showed his right lung to be filled with abscesses, and the liver to be much diseased. His arms measured but two and a half inches around at the time of his death.

A large amount of valuable property, estimated to be worth $82,000,000, and situated on Canal Street, in this city, is said to have come into the possession of two descendants of Robert Edwards, living in Gadsden, Georgia. Their property consists of estate granted by King George of England to Robert Edwards, about the same time the grant was made to Trinity Church, which to-day, by reason of that grant, is the wealthiest ecclesiastical corporation in the world. This property was leased for ninety-nine years. This lease has expired, and the persons now in possession of the property will be compelled to hand it over when the heirs prove their identity.

The ships belonging to the German North Polar Expedition were last seen in July; and probably nothing more will be heard from them until their return.

The taking of the census still continues to develop curiosities. A daughter of the Emerald Isle informed a census-taker that she had never yet told her age to mortal man, and that the marshal might put her in prison, yet she would refuse to answer on principle. The census-taker was obliged to exercise his judgment. Entering a dismal basement in close proximity to the residence of one of our wealthiest citizens, the census-taker met with a withered and wrinkled old crone, on whom seventy-five winters had left their impress. "Do you live here?" inquired he. "Acushla, meself and God Almighty, for he is every where." After taking her name and age she was asked her occupation: "Is't what I do, Sir? Sure it's not for the likes of me to be doing any thing, Sir; I am living only by the blessed help of the Sisters of Charity, since I lost my two fine boys in the army—God rest their souls!" An old lady of sixty was found in one of the poorest of hovels, but she herself was possessed of much taste and culture. She was the author of many religious poems of considerable merit, but only a few had been published.

For the benefit of those who meditate spending some of the hot months in Alaska, we would mention that Mr. Cuyckanickpucks Yakutskolitmilks Sakiatskylitmilks Ankachagamuks Kekutonekutzokorts keeps an hotel at Sitka.

Mr. Som Hing and Miss Gat Quill were the Chinese couple married at San Francisco last week.—Leopold-Etienne-Charles-Antoine-Gustave-Edouard-Thasello is the name of the gentleman who isn't king of Spain.

A phrenologist—so the story goes—once asked leave to examine Mr. Dickens's head. The novelist sent the following note in reply:

"DEAR SIR,—At this time I require the use of my skull; but as soon as it shall be at leisure I will willingly place it at your disposal."

An intelligent colored man in Springfield has been to Richmond twice lately to bring colored workmen and women to Springfield. They have all found places to work in good families, shops, and hotels in that city. With the Chinese and negroes together there is likely to be no lack of domestic help, and ladies may congratulate themselves on having better times in the kitchen.

A countryman walked into a wholesale drug store in Portland not long ago and noticed a barrel containing seed, as he supposed. Putting a handful in his mouth he turned to one of the clerks and said: "Wa'al, now, what kind of seed do you call them?" "Seed!" said the clerk; "those are not seed—they are cochineal." "Cochineal!" says the countryman; "what's cochineal?" "Why, they are a little bug," replied the clerk. "Bug!" roared the countryman, and he hastily left the premises, the crimson dye running from the corners of his mouth.

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ARCHERY IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who was in most respects one of the most practical and prosaic of men, cherished a pet theory of his own on the subject of bows and arrows, maintaining that archery, as a branch of warlike science, had fallen into undue neglect, and that a corps of sharp-shooters, armed after the fashion of Cressy and Agincourt, would be no mean adversaries to encounter in the modern battle-field. There was more force in the doctor's arguments a hundred years ago than there is at present. The old Brown Bess musket could scarcely be termed a weapon of precision, and the bow, in the hands of a skilled archer, could doubtless be trusted to send a more certain message; but nowadays, what with Enfields, Needle-guns, Henrys, and Chassepots, this time-honored implement of warfare is never likely to regain its ancient importance. Lovers of the picturesque may be pardoned for regretting the disuse of the bow as a weapon of war. Although even in the old days before the invention of gunpowder every battle of the warrior was with confused noise, as the Hebrew prophet tells us, yet the comparative silence and clearness of atmosphere upon an ancient field of strife would startle a modern soldier who had experienced the sulphureous clouds and the ear-cracking thunders of the Wilderness, of Solferino, or of Sadowa.

The engraving represents the recent "Ladies' Match," in the grounds of the Royal Toxophilite Society, Regent's Park. The society consists of gentlemen, but ladies are allowed to practice every day except Friday, and once a year they have this match among themselves. Only ladies are suffered to participate in the shooting, and no gentlemen are permitted on that occasion to trespass on the ground where the contest takes place, except certain favored beings who are styled Captains of the Targets, and whose business it is to keep scores, to pick up arrows, and to make themselves generally both useful and agreeable to the fair archers here assembled. As in all there are twenty targets, there are ten sets of markswomen and ten target captains. In the engraving the lady who holds her bow extended has just shot off her arrow, and is watching its flight; the lady in the fore-ground talking to the captain (who is in uniform, green coat, brass buttons, and green cap) is stringing her bow. The target from which they are shooting is not visible, as they stand five yards in advance of it. The shooting is at the ordinary distance, sixty yards.

ARCHERY.

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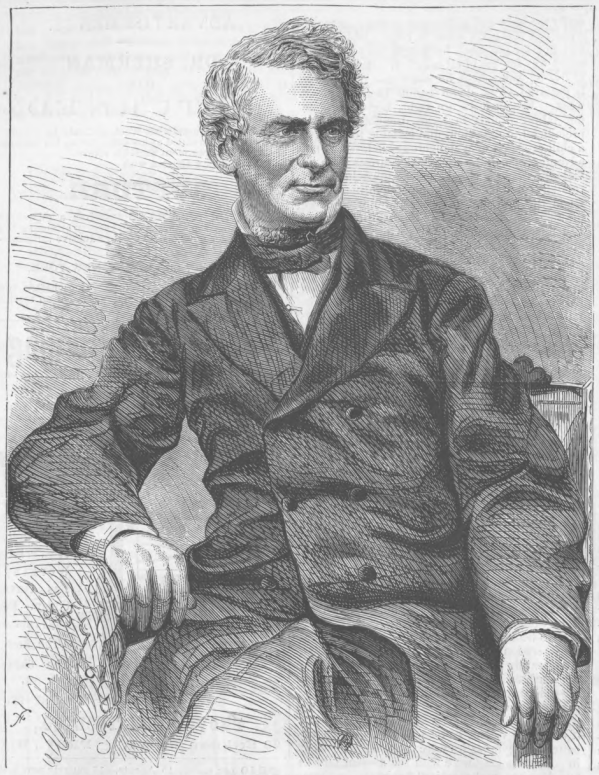
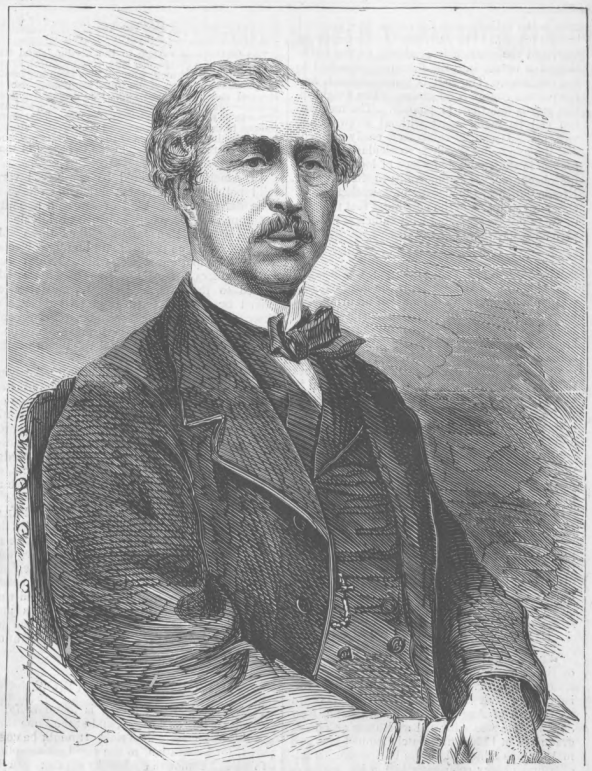


THE HON. F. T. FRELINGHUYSEN, MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 510.]



THE LATE M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

THE RIVAL BREECH-LOADERS.

THE Prussian Needle-gun, tested at Sadowa on a grand scale, and the French Chassepot rifle, which did wonders at Mentana on a small one, are about to have their respective qualities put to a severer trial. The Needle-gun did more than conquer the Austrians at Sadowa. It kept France from intervening against Prussia when that power aggrandized itself by appropriating the territory of its helpless neighbors. It kept France from precipitating hostilities when BISMARCK refused compliance with the Emperor's demands in regard to Luxembourg. And but for the invention of the Chassepot rifle, which is claimed to be superior to the Needle-gun, it would have kept France back from the present war. A brief description of these celebrated weapons, of which we give engravings on this page, is especially appropriate at this time, when their qualities as implements of destruction are to be tested on so grand a scale.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.

The Prussian Needle-gun is the invention of HERR DREYSE, a gun-manufacturer, who spent thirty years in trying to construct a perfect breech-loading rifle that would be of practical use in war. The barrel is 36.06 inches long, and is rifled with four grooves down to the breech, where the chamber, or bed for the cartridge, is smooth and a little larger than the bore. The bed enlarges slightly to the rear, so as to admit the cartridge freely; and the lower part of the bore, for a distance of 6.17 inches, is enlarged so that the ball is gradually compressed into the grooves. The rear of the barrel is conical, and is called the mouth-piece. Over this part there is a six-sided cylinder, which holds all the mechanism of the piece. The air-chamber,

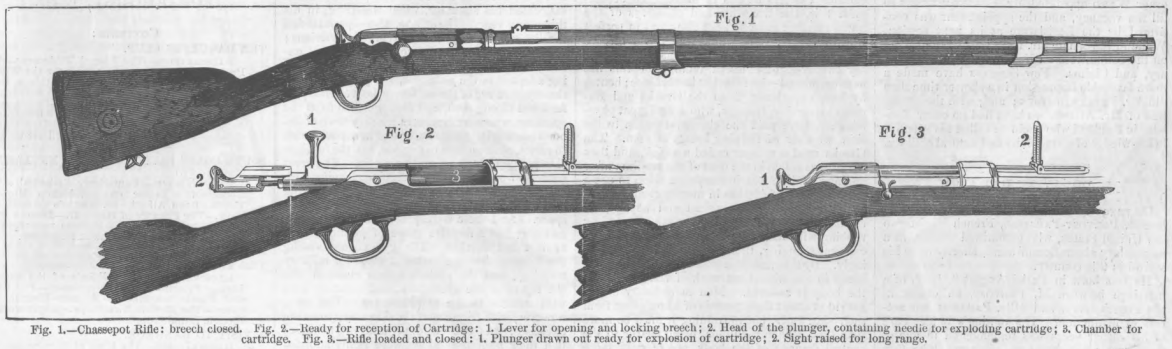


Fig. 1.—Chassepot Rifle: breech closed. Fig. 2.—Ready for reception of Cartridge: 1. Lever for opening and locking breech; 2. Head of the plunger, containing needle for exploding cartridge; 3. Chamber for cartridge. Fig. 3.—Rifle loaded and closed: 1. Plunger drawn out ready for explosion of cartridge; 2. Sight raised for long range.

THE RIVAL BREECH-LOADERS—THE CHASSEPOT.

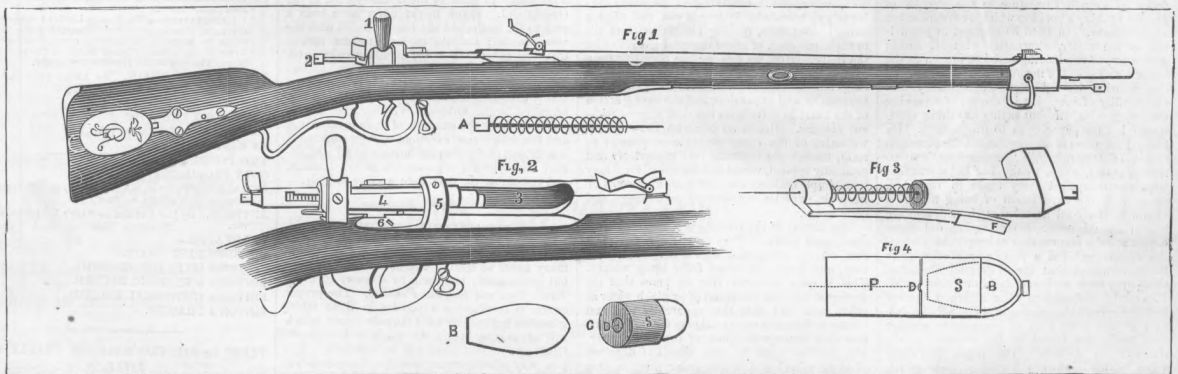


Fig. 1.—1. Lever that locks in cylinder; 2. Needle drawn back ready for projecting into cartridge. Fig. 2.—3. Chamber for cartridge; 4. Cylinder holding needle-case; 5. Cylinder that passes under band; 6. Trigger that pushes on spring, F, in Fig. 3. Fig. 3.—Case containing needle: F. Spring lifted by trigger, 6, in Fig. 2. Fig. 4. Section of cartridge: P. Powder; D. Detonating powder in hole of sabot; S. Sabot holding the ball; Dotted line shows passage of needle on to detonating powder at D, through the gunpowder, marked P. A. Needle in spiral spring. B. Ball. C. Sabot containing ball; D. Detonating powder at end of sabot.

THE RIVAL BREECH-LOADERS—THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE-GUN.

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next to the cylinder, has the needle pipe screwed into its breech. The cartridge is inserted at the rear, and the ignition is produced by the intrusion of a needle into the fulminate attached to the cartridge. The ball is sphero-conical, and the powder charge is 56 grains. The weight of this gun is less than 11 pounds. The mechanism can be taken apart without screw-driver, vice, etc. It can be safely and easily cleaned, and the gun being small, is particularly adapted for use in the contracted space of loop-holes, on horseback, etc. The objections to the Prussian Needle-gun are, the danger of a weakening of the spiral spring, and the possibility that the needle may not be propelled with sufficient force to pierce the cartridge.

THE CHASSEPOT.

The French claim that this gun, which is the invention of M. CHASSEPOT, is the most efficient weapon ever put into the hands of an army. It bears some resemblance to the Needle-gun, but has this advantage over that arm, that its mechanism is much more simple and less liable to become clogged or to get out of order. The Needle-gun, after it has been discharged several times in quick succession, becomes hot and damp in the chamber, owing to the inability of the gas which comes back after the explosion of the cartridge to escape. The inside soon becomes dirty, and the soldier is required to take his piece apart and clean it. The French gun is subject to none of these disadvantages. It allows the free escape of gas after each discharge, and can be cleansed from dirt or rust with very little loss of time. The Chassepot projectile is a rather long slug, with the end rounded and pointed like our rifle ball. The charge, which is attached to it in a paper covering, is composed of a peculiar powder, specially manufactured for the purpose. The distance at which this gun carries with certainty is very considerable—over 1000 metres.

HON. F. T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

WE give on the preceding page the portrait of the Hon. FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, who succeeds Mr. MOTLEY as United States Minister to England. Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN was born on the 4th of August, 1817, at Millstone, New Jersey. He was educated at Rutger's College, graduated in 1836, immediately studied law, and in 1839 was admitted to the bar, where his talents and energy soon gave him a leading position. His political career began in 1860, when he was elected as a delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago. The following year he was appointed Attorney-General of New Jersey. He filled this position for five years with distinguished ability, and at the expiration of his term of office was reappointed. On the death of United States Senator WRIGHT, Governor WARD appointed Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN to fill the vacancy, and the appointment was confirmed by the Legislature at its next session. While in the Senate Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN served on the committees on Naval Affairs, the Judiciary, and Claims. Few SENATORS have made a more favorable impression in a shorter time than did Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN; and, with the exception of Mr. ADAMS, we have had no other Minister in England who could be called his superior in knowledge of state affairs and natural abilities.

M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL.

ON page 509 will be found the portrait of the late M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, French Minister to the United States, who committed suicide, in a momentary aberration of mind, shortly after his arrival in this country.

He was born in Paris, August 8, 1829, of a marriage between M. PRÉVOST, an officer in the French army, and Mlle. PARADOL, an actress of distinction. His mother's tender care of his earlier years was remembered in one of the finest productions of his pen. The first book which he published, in 1857, "Du Rôle de la Famille dans l'Education," bears abundant testimony to the influences of home, and the watchfulness of maternal solicitude in directing his youth. At an early age he became distinguished for industry and quickness at school, and received many prizes for high scholarship. When only twenty-six years old he became Professor of French Literature in the Faculty of Letters at Aix, a position which he occupied but a few months. In 1856 he engaged in journalism as the writer, alternately with M. LOUIS ALLOURY, of the leading articles, known as the "Premier Paris," of the *Journal des Débats*. In this position he exhibited extraordinary tact and fertility of invention in the art of attacking the government, without saying any thing which would lay his paper open to prosecution. He likened the press of France, under the perpetual threat of "warnings," "suspensions," fines, imprisonment, exile, to the fair Scheherazade, who was compelled every night to furnish a story, with the expectation of being herself a victim to the cord as soon as the sun and the Sultan should arise. So annoying did these covert attacks become that at length the *Journal des Débats* received a private intimation from the government that the "Premier Paris" of that paper must no longer be contributed by M. PARADOL. Subsequently he attached himself to the *Courrier du Dimanche*, in which he carried on the same kind of journalistic warfare that made him feared in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*. The paper for many years vibrated between warnings, suspensions, and fitful issues. In June, 1860, he himself was fined 1000 francs and suffered a month's imprisonment for the publication of a political pamphlet entitled "Les Anciens Partis." The paragraph which caused the final suspension of the *Courrier du Dimanche* was from his pen. We append it as a specimen of the sort of writing dreaded by the Emperor of France:

"In GULLIVER'S voyage to the Flying Island the story is told of a great court lady, very beautiful, loved by the handsomest men, who yet flies from her home to go and live with a deformed footman. She is stripped and beaten; she sinks into deeper degradation from day to day; but she likes her shame, and declines to be torn from her worthless lover. That story returns to my thoughts whenever I see France attentively listening to the voice of the *Constitutionnel*, and seeking to read her destiny in the responses of that oracle."

In America this would be considered very mild political writing; but Frenchmen take a keen delight in this kind of sarcasm, and the government is extremely sensitive to ridicule.

In 1863 M. PARADOL published three volumes of essays on political and literary subjects. His most important work is his "Études sur les Moralistes Français." In 1866 he was admitted to the French Academy, and was received by GUIZOT. In 1868 he published a sketch of a system for reorganizing the French government, entitled "La France Nouvelle." He was twice an unsuccessful candidate for the Corps Législatif.

During the late war in this country the sympathies of M. PARADOL were warmly enlisted for the North. He had a perfect knowledge of English, and spoke and wrote it with idiomatic accuracy. His recent selection by the Emperor of France to represent that country in the United States was a graceful and befitting acknowledgment of his abilities and his eminent services, as well as an evidence of the Emperor's desire to conciliate the leaders of the opposition.

For several days before his death M. PARADOL had complained of not feeling well. On the evening of July 20 he purchased a pair of small pistols, while walking out with a friend; and some hours later, having prepared himself for bed, shot himself immediately over the heart. He left behind several notes, which showed that he had meditated suicide. A coroner's jury found that the act was committed while the deceased was laboring under temporary aberration of mind.

MUSCULAR EDUCATION.

THE rationale of training is to nourish the body as rapidly as possible, and at the same time get rid of the waste material. It might be compared, for illustration, to the rapid consumption of fuel in locomotive engines by a quick draught of air, and the production of steam from an immense extent of heated surface, obtained by exposing to the fire many tubes filled with water. The best of fuel is supplied to the man in training in the shape of his meat, bread, and water; his smoke and cinders must be got rid of rapidly, so as to excite the fierce combustion demanded for the pace he has to go, and the long-continued efforts he has to make. To accomplish this, the fire-grate and chimneys of the human engine must be kept clear and in perfect working order. The skin, which lets off the waste steam and smoke at millions of pores—or say twenty-eight miles of tubing, for this has been calculated—is of the first importance; hence, by long experience, from the Greeks and Romans to our day, trainers, who are no great physiologists, have paid the closest attention to the skin, whether in training horses or men. The Greeks used a scraper called a *strigil*, and they sometimes rolled in the dust of the stadium after anointing, all of which compelled them to use a great amount of friction in merely cleansing the skin. Perspiration is excited and kept up at regular intervals; and the pores are cleansed by rubbing with hard brushes and towels, with occasional sponging, though the bath is used sparingly. By this means also the circulation of the blood in the minute net-work of vessels all over the body is assisted. Man in ordinary health get rid of about three pounds of water alone from their skin daily, but in training it must be more than this. Then the lungs, being nearer to the central furnace of the body, are of even more importance to be kept at work than the skin; for from them the chief part of the smoke must be got rid of, besides a good deal of steam, or in other words, carbonic acid gas and watery vapor. In ordinary good health a man expires about twenty-one ounces of steam daily; of course a man undergoing great exertion breathes off much more than this. Then the light, fresh air is exchanged in breathing for the heavy carbonic gas, ammonia, hydrogen gas, and volatile animal substances, making altogether from six to eight per cent. of effete material got rid of by the lungs. Now we can see the necessity for a man having what is called "good wind;" his lungs must be able to bear the constant and rapid contraction and expansion, and the strong action of the heart in driving on the vital stream, without distress. Hence no one with the slightest weakness of the chest should ever attempt to train, though the regimen, very moderately and gradually applied, would be beneficial; for it may then simply embrace the well-known precepts of fresh air, exercise, simple food, no excesses, and early hours.

The dietary of the trainers is open to criticism upon some points. They prescribe a dry meat diet, on the supposition that it makes the flesh firm, and keeps the blood from being watery. This is quite an error; for we know that the strongest men are composed of as much water as other men, and that this apparently idle and harmless fluid is a most vital one, for it forms no less than seventy per cent. of the whole body. The muscles would be mere shreds if deprived of their water; and the singular thing is, that this is not easy to accomplish even in dead muscle, for the water is not contained as if by a sponge, it can not be pressed out of the flesh except by a weight which destroys the fibre; therefore it is considered that water is an essential constituent of muscle. The nerves, which are really the source of all muscular energy, actually consist of 800 parts water in 1000. Old Thales was not far out when he taught his pupils that water was the life of all creation. It is possible to live on water alone for some time, but entirely deprived of it, death results in less than a week. The trainers are right, however, as to not taking liquids in large draughts; this is prejudicial to digestion, and is liable to produce a chill or shock of a dangerous kind. It is not advantageous that thirst, which arises from all violent exercises, should not be quenched; but this should be done by small quantities taken while the system is heated, and not in large draughts immediately after the exertion is over. It will be found that water is by far the best beverage to be drunk during any strong exercise, as in long walks over hilly ground in hot weather, and in any of the more arduous feats of running and walking. Tea, if taken cool, is, however, a very light and stimulating drink; but beer, most wines, and spirits are fatal to all great efforts. A diet of lean meat and bread, with scanty vegetable, is decidedly not favorable to robust health; experience has long taught us to follow the inclination for varieties of many kinds; and perfect condition, even to efficient training, may be kept up by partaking of these, always excepting young meats and veal, which is not only immature but half diseased, from the process of daily bleeding which is adopted to produce the appearance of delicacy. A diet in which flesh is the chief article is indispensable to our climate and our habits.

It can not be too strongly enforced that, no matter how intellectual the calibre, or how sensitive the fibre, material health lies at the root of all. The brain must have its fat and its phosphorus, the heart must be touched with the bright and pure life-stream, or the pace begins to slacken, and the machinery yields to the *vis inertiæ* of earth, till it stops dead. It is not too much to say that the greatest achievements await those who, having pursuits not necessarily favorable to health, nevertheless make it of the first consideration to attend to the culture of the body. Good eating and drinking, as it is called, is far too much relied upon; in fact, it is this that in towns leads universally to disease and short lives; it is absolutely necessary to combine good food with invigorating and refreshing exercises, and if the more violent can be borne, so much the better. If gymnastics were esteemed with us as important as they were with the ancient Greeks and Romans, and practiced habitually by them, there is no doubt that the public health would be raised, and new fields of enjoyment would open out to the multitude, who are always wondering what ails them, or what on earth they can find to do. Among the Greeks, it was thought impossible for the mind to be in a vigorous state unless the body was. Philosopher, physician, and gymnast were united in one person—Galen dislocated his shoulder, when wrestling, in his thirty-first year. The *aliptæ*, who superintended the diet and training, became reputed physicians; and their cure of diseases consisted almost entirely in adapting some of the processes of training adopted in the *palæstræ*, the places built for the separate use of the *athletæ*, who were the professional strong men, and distinguished from the *agonistæ*, who were amateurs. Every town of importance had its gymnasium; and here poets came to recite, philosophers to dispute, and the fashionable public to look on and to gossip. The great contests were in running, jumping, leaping with weights in the hands, boxing, wrestling, throwing the discus (a sort of quoit-play), and hurling the spear. And these were practiced also by boys; and they had a favorite game of pulling a rope against one another. The gymnasium among the Romans became rather a place for military training; and the athletic sports changed into the fights of the gladiators, and combats with wild animals in the amphitheatre. The bath, however, with frictions of the skin and gymnastic exercises, was the custom; and most houses had their *palæstræ*, which were richly adorned with works of art. The Roman boys were not trained as the children of the Greeks were, and gymnastics were certainly not so rigidly practiced for their own sake; the Romans preferred the magnificence and display of the circus and the amphitheatre. They would not have knocked a way through the city walls to welcome a victor in the Olympic Games, esteeming him too great a personage to enter by the ordinary gate, as the Greeks did. Rome might never have been a prey to the Goths had she been satisfied with the Greek model; and the modern Italians, cast as they are in such a noble mould, would never have become the irritable, indolent, and melancholy race they are had not athletic sports and manly exercises been lost by the people and discouraged by the nobles. Whether they will be regenerated by the example of their manly king, and the enlightened exertions of their statesmen, is a subject of the deepest interest to all who admire the splendid organization of the Italians, and remember the deep debt we owe to Italy.

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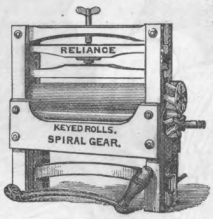

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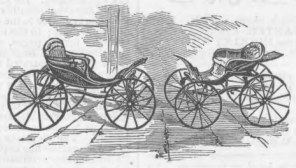

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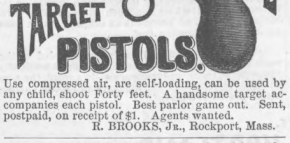

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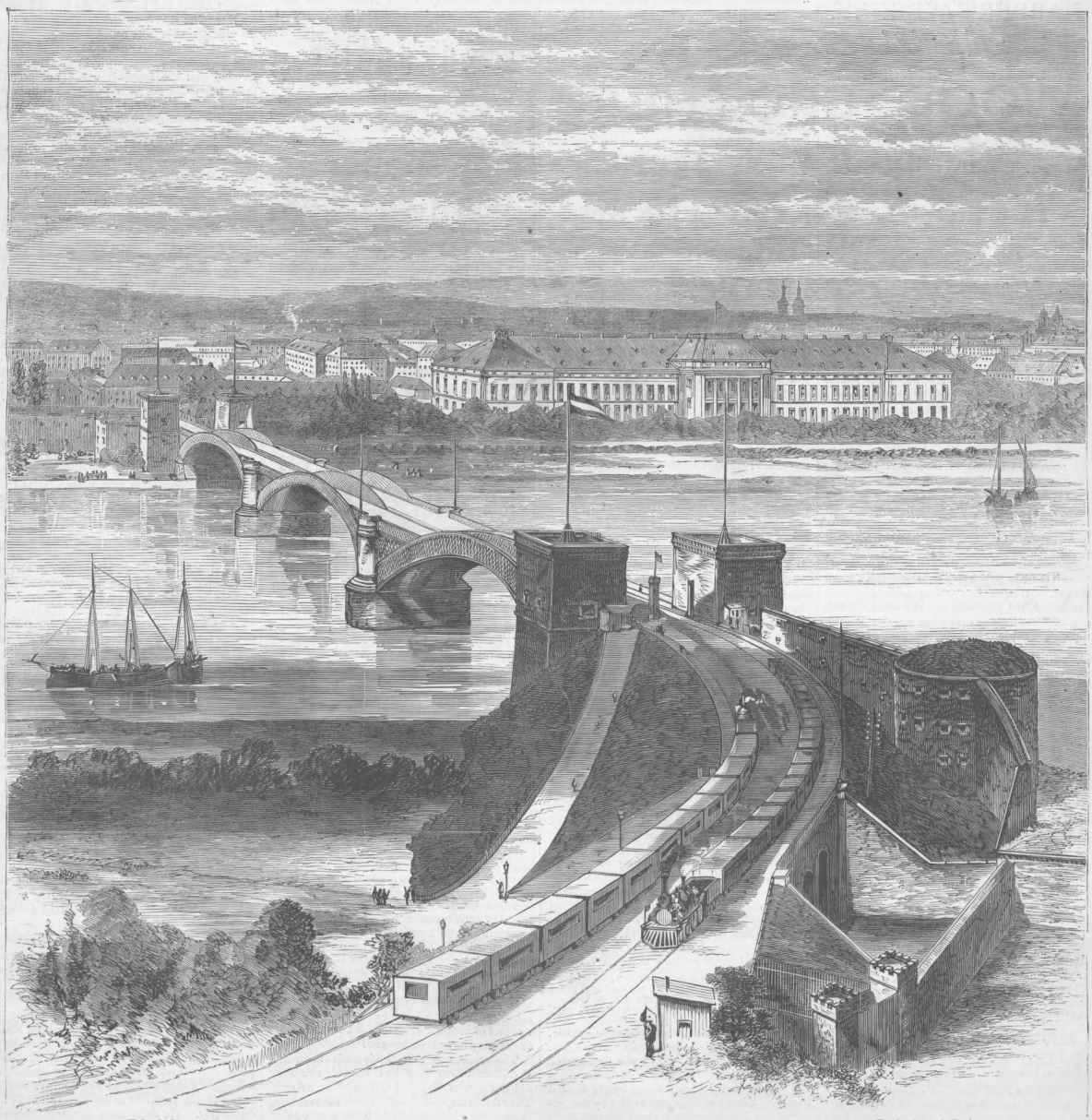
COBLENTZ.

ON a triangular point of land, at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, opposite the strong-hold of Ehrenbreitstein, lies the picturesque old town of Coblentz, or Koblenz, as its name is generally given on German maps. It is surrounded by powerful fortifications, and is connected with the fortress, on the right bank of the Rhine, by a bridge of boats. The railroad from Mayence to Cologne, on the left bank of the Rhine, crosses the Moselle on the massive bridge shown in our illustration. By means of this road, which runs entirely in German territory, troops can be massed with great rapidity at any point along the frontier where their services might be wanted. Usually Coblentz is a quiet town, with very little business; but now, with trains of soldiers constantly passing through, and all the bustle and excitement caused by the preparation for the great conflict, it must present a very lively appearance. The large building shown in our illustration was formerly the palace of the Bishop of Trèves, by whom it was built in 1778. It has been fitted up by the King of Prussia for a summer residence.

THE LONG BRANCH RACES.

ON page 521 we give an engraving of the Hurdle Race which opened the first season at Monmouth Park, Long Branch, on the 30th ult. Our sketch includes a view of the Grand Stand in the centre of the Park, which is capable of seating 7000 persons. It is 450 feet long by 30 feet wide. Three Mansard pavilions, capable of accommodating 250 persons, rise above the steep French roof, and both the latter and the former are encased in variegated slates, laid in fantastic designs, so that the structure reminds one in no degree of the cheap and flimsy frame edifices generally erected on race-courses. The front of this structure is entirely open, so that from every seat the whole extent of the track is distinctly visible. The pagoda, music platform, pool-stand, stables, and all other buildings appertaining to a race-ground, have been built after very light and tasteful designs, and they can all be seen from the Grand Stand.

Near the Grand Stand is a pleasant old farm-house, which, with excellent judgment, has been permitted to remain undisturbed, and forms an agreeable feature in the landscape. A little



THE CITY OF COBLENTZ.

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stream which ran back of this farm-house has been widened into a meadow lake, with an area of about twenty-five acres. The Park gates are elaborately ornamented with appropriate designs. The track, exactly a mile in length, is a parallelogram with semicircled ends, and has the advantage of long straight sides and broad turns. It is eighty feet wide, well graded, and the soil is so hard that the heaviest rain has but little effect upon it. Taken altogether, Monmouth Park is certainly one of the finest race-courses in the United States.

TWO.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ALL in the deep and dewless dark
They watched the young moon's tender spark
Go down between the hills, and said,
The world is dark, and love is dead.

Two lovers in the star-lit gloom—
The land below in dreaming bloom,
The laden south wind blowing past,
Sweet with the rose it rifled last—

The rustling branches bowing down
Around them in a leafy crown,
A hidden bird, beside his nest,
Pouring the rapture of his breast—

Afar the peaceful river's flight,
Taking that burden of delight
Beneath the moving mystery
And dusky splendor of the sky—

Two lovers in that summer weather
Watching the lustre fade together,
All lavish joy around them shed,
Yet life was dark, for love was dead.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1870.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WAR.

WHATEVER may be the chances of the war, whatever "glorious victories" may be won, its guilty author must not be forgotten. No success, however splendid, and no reverse, however signal, should be allowed to hide him. The public opinion of England and America lays the responsibility of all the causeless and cruel suffering inseparable from such a contest upon the Emperor of France. It is doubtless in response to this terrible arraignment, and from a secret consciousness of guilt, that he has caused profuse explanatory declarations to be issued. But they have not been skillfully drawn, and have failed to arouse the sympathy and approval of intelligent neutrals any where. The pretexts originally advanced by the Emperor were puerile, as we showed last week. His embassador was certainly not insulted by receiving the slight of which his conduct was the intentional solicitation; nor, under any recognized or practicable code of international comity, is one government expected to obey, unforced, the dictation of another. The feeling with which, under the circumstances, the declaration of war was received by intelligent public opinion, was one of utter and indignant amazement.

The French Minister of Foreign Affairs then made a declaration to the Senate. He said that France had advanced no other grievance than the HOHENZOLLERN candidacy; that this had been withdrawn, and that France had then, "in moderate terms," made "the moderate demand" that "the King should give a promise for the future." But, as the epithet "moderate" is no argument, the case was not improved. Then came the Minister's circular to the French agents. In this he declared that Prussia threatened the balance of power, and that France had taken up its defense. That is to say, the refusal of Prussia to promise that it would not prevent any HOHENZOLLERN from becoming King of Spain, disturbed the balance of power. This preposterous assertion was followed by the Emperor's proclamation, which is unmeaning except in its charge against Prussia of arousing distrust in Europe.

The real accusation, therefore, is that the European balance of power is endangered by Prussia, and endangered not by yielding to the choice of a Prussian prince by Spain, but by not promising that she never will yield! Now, the balance of power is a phrase denoting the necessity laid upon great contiguous states to limit the disproportionate expansion of any one of them. But, if the possible candidacy of a HOHENZOLLERN, at any time, for the Spanish throne really menaced European repose, Russia, England, Austria, and Italy would be vitally interested in the question. They, however, evidently do not perceive any such menace to exist. Indeed, they have not been disturbed by apprehension at any period of the trouble. They declared their neutrality at once, and did not hesitate to do more than insinuate that they saw no cause for war. The balance of power, if threatened at all, is threatened for every European state. If only one declares it to be so, the presumption is that the declaration is a mere pretext. Nobody doubts that that of France is so. There is, therefore, not a single reason offered by the French Emperor for the war which he has undertaken which is acknowledged as valid by the nations most immediately affected. We do not consider whether the election of a HOHENZOLLERN as King of Spain would really disturb the balance of power; for no HOHENZOLLERN has been elected, and none is expected to be elected. The fact itself upon which the disturbance is assumed to depend does not exist. To say that the possibility, or even probability, of such a fact is a sufficient menace to justify war is criminal folly.

Moreover, who is it that offers this reason for war? It is the Emperor who has publicly torn and repudiated the treaties upon which that balance was adjusted; who has not concealed his hope of extending his own dominions and power; and who is now discovered to have been plotting in breach of the most solemnly plighted faith, and against the peace of Europe, a crime like that of the partition of Poland. It is Dick Turpin who is so lustily hallooing, "Stop thief!" It is the Artful Dodger who is so troubled by the fear that somebody, somewhere, under some circumstances, may "prig a wipe." Indeed, events have given a ghastly aspect of farce to the official declarations and excuses and justifications of the French Emperor.

The war against Prussia is the last desperate throw of LOUIS NAPOLEON to retrieve the failure of his whole life. He believes that the career which began in contempt at Boulogne, which culminated in the crime of the *coup d'état*, slaying, exiling, silencing, and cajoling so many of the noblest Frenchmen, which has so long held the country in the grasp of a despotism, steadily diminishing the glory and the influence of France, may end, at least, in a lurid renown, if it can only be associated with the extension of France to the Rhine at any cost of blood and money, of sorrow and desolation. The nephew has shown all the immoral recklessness of the uncle, unrelieved by a solitary gleam of his genius. Justice and the public conscience condemned NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, but he took the imagination captive. LOUIS NAPOLEON inherited a destiny which he did not comprehend. The career which began in universal contempt fitly ends in general execration.

LIBERTY AND THE WAR.

IT is sometimes asked whether liberty has any thing to choose between the Prussian King and the French Emperor, and whether it is not foolish to prefer one side to the other in the pending war. The Prussian King, it is said, is arrogant and despotic; many of his warmest supporters in this country, among them Senator SCHURZ himself, who praises him so cordially, are victims of his tyranny. Prussia is declared to be a military despotism of boundless ambition, which means to dominate Germany and Europe, and there are those who say that they would not be sorry to see her humbled. France, on the other hand, they declare, was our first friend. But for France the colonies would not have been independent. She is our traditional ally, and we do wrong to condemn her so rigorously. Much more is said in this same general strain; but the purport of all is, that, as popular liberty is not likely to gain by the contest, Americans ought to be rather favorable to France, or indifferent, as in a fight of Kilkenny cats.

But a great war is not a question of two men; and even if it were, and both the King of Prussia and the Emperor of France were alike despots, which of two despots is to be the more condemned, he who involves two nations in all the horrors of war, or he who removes the alleged pretext for those horrors? It seems to be forgotten that it is not a question of quarrel between kings only, but of war between nations. Granting that liberty gains nothing by the war, does humanity lose nothing? Suppose it to be true that the Prussians can not expect liberty from King WILLIAM, must we with indifference see them murdered by Emperor LOUIS? Or because freedom has no hope in France, must we, without protest, behold Frenchmen dragged to fight in a wanton war? If both governments are equally hostile to freedom, then certainly that which insists upon adding the sufferings of war to those of slavery is the more to be condemned by humane men every where. Because King WILLIAM is arrogant, and the Prussian army officers are haughty, and BISMARCK is aristocratic, there are those who would willingly see them punished by LOUIS NAPOLEON. But they will not be punished; and do these reasons reconcile any American to the immeasurable anguish of wholly innocent persons which is to overspread two great countries? King WILLIAM and BISMARCK will not be touched, but the honest German citizen will be killed and his peaceful home ruined. Is that a spectacle which any American would willingly see?

Moreover, the war being forced upon Prussia, she begins by making it as humane as possible. Americans are neutrals; and the first act of Prussia is to declare the rights of neutrals in the utmost extent ever claimed by the United States. France refuses, and abides by the letter of her last agreement, the Treaty of Paris in 1856. And if we come to traditions, it is not to France nor to Celtic civilization that we owe the great muniments of American freedom. At this day, in France, most of those who call themselves republicans, and earnestly strive for the overthrow of LOUIS NAPOLEON, show as little comprehension of the vital and fundamental guarantees of liberty as the terrorists of '93. A century ago the French government, already rotten with the vices of despotism, which were about to plunge the country into revolution, recognized the independence of the American colonies, and substantially aided them. It was not chivalry nor magnanimity—it was sheer selfishness. It was not because the Bourbon government loved liberty, or the descendants of Englishmen, or wished to encourage rebellion, but because it hated England, and would gladly see a power upon this continent that would hold its rival in check. And it was the Bourbon government in France, not the republic, which helped us. The republic did what it could to humiliate us, while an American party flattered it because it called itself republican. Then came the BONAPARTE successor of the Bourbon despotism. He restored slavery in St. Domingo, and sold us Louisiana because he knew that he could not keep it for himself. And when slavery in the United States, incalculably strengthened by the expansion furnished by the Louisiana purchase, sought to destroy the republic, and to found an empire based on slavery, the descendant of BONAPARTE lent it all his sympathy and aid, seizing the chance to supersede the Mexican republic by an Austrian empire.

Meanwhile, whatever the arrogance of the Prussian King, the recent political action of Prussia has been to transfer to itself the headship of Germany which Austria had exercised since the last settlement of Europe. Is that a calamity for liberty? Prussia has also secured the independence of Italy. Do lovers of liberty decry her for that? She aims, undoubtedly, at a united Germany. What else has been the dream and hope of the best Germans for a century? It is, therefore, because circumstances have made his old foe at home the representative of such tendencies and principles that Senator SCHURZ defends the Prussian King. It is not the Crown Prince sternly suppressing republican movements in Prussia; it is the King refusing to yield to the mad requirement of the nephew of the victor of Jena, who imposed a fine of a hundred million of francs upon Prussia; it is the King resisting, in the name of Germany and civilization, the demand of the hereditary enemy of liberty and Europe, that a German republican of '48 with all his heart approves and defends.

MORE GNATS.

THE President of the United States, having left Washington in the interim of Congress, and at a most disagreeable season, for a residence by the sea, is, of course, at once the object of partisan sneering. It appears, according to certain critics, that to go to the sea-side in unparalleled hot weather is to show the profoundest indifference to the state of the country and to the complications in Europe. So also, to drop in upon a shooting society, celebrating some festival, and to take a shot with success at the target, is to play false to the high trusts and dignities of the Presidential office. But is the President expected to show a proper sense of his exaltation by refusing to mingle with other citizens in their harmless relaxations, and by holding himself aloof as a superior being? The late General JACKSON was fond of smoking a pipe, like any day-laborer, and it was not supposed that he forfeited public confidence or respect by that indulgence. General GRANT is the most silent and simple and unassuming of men; but we doubt if the country regards his silence as indifference to the public welfare, or his tranquillity as dull disregard of his official duty.

Nothing is so easy as to dog the footsteps of any man, and listen to every word he utters, and then to make sport of him and them. Of all men who ever sat in the Presidential chair the great Democratic hero, General JACKSON, was the most exposed, by his willfulness and ignorance, to this kind of ridicule. A letter of the General's was lately published which is certainly very comical, but it certainly does not diminish any sensible regard for him. This is the letter:

"The President, with his respects to the acting Secretary of the Navy, and requests him to write to the Secretary of the Navy, that I request his return hither as soon as his convenience will permit him."

What sparkling sport could not have been made of such a performance as that! How a complete official letter-writer might have been constructed to satirize the President! With what mock heroics might not the Whig journals have deplored that the most illustrious station in the world was filled by a man ignorant of the most common forms of intercourse! To what solemn blatherskite over the degeneracy of parties and of public opinion might not the readers of that day have been treated!

The truth was that the people knew the President whom they had elected, and they did not expect him to excel in letter-writing. They therefore smiled and did not distrust him. It was not a matter of which we ought to be proud, as it is not a subject of pride to the State of New York that its Governor does not appreciate the proper difference between the words "shall" and "will." But if this were the chief criticism that could be made upon that officer, it would be indirect testimony to his official excellence. And when the country hears General GRANT elaborately and solemnly indicted for passing the hot weather by the sea, or for the want of an Addisonian grace in his style, it smiles as it remembers that he has not passed every summer of his public service on the sea-shore, and is not wholly incapable of expressing himself with effective simplicity. Such places as Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and the banks of the James; and such expressions as, "I propose to move immediately upon your works;" and "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," are not entirely unfamiliar to Americans.

THE RHENISH FRONTIER AND ALSACE.

AN interesting article in the Boston *Traveller* asserts that if France is trying to push her frontier to the Rhine, she is only seeking to recover what was hers under NAPOLEON I., and within the memory of living men; while, on the other hand, Prussia means to wrest Alsace and Lorraine from France, provinces which have been held by France for a hundred and ninety and a hundred and thirty-five years. If France, the *Traveller* argues, were to obtain the Rhenish provinces, she would not be stronger relatively to Prussia than she was four years ago, before Prussia's enlargement had disturbed the condition of Europe; while if Prussia should obtain Alsace and Lorraine, she would become so menacing that a new general alliance must be essential to restore order.

To this it may be answered that, if Prussia had picked a quarrel with France upon the ground that the Emperor would not promise how he would act in a possible contingency which had not arisen, the verdict of the world would be as stringent against Prussia as it now is against France. And if, under cover of such a pretense, Prussia had proceeded to invade Alsace and Lorraine, intending to conquer and retain them, she would be as guilty as France now threatens to be. Or, again, if a war had arisen between France and Prussia, upon what were acknowledged to be valid grounds, and, after hard fighting, the Rhenish provinces had been conceded to France in a treaty of peace, there would undoubtedly have been general acquiescence.

But this is not the situation. Personal reasons have persuaded LOUIS NAPOLEON to declare war. The flimsiness of his declared pretenses we have elsewhere considered. He invokes a horrible calamity upon Europe for no sound reason. By all the acknowledged principles of international law, if he should be beaten, he can not complain if he should be compelled to pay the penalty of his crime by a loss of territory. If it be urged that it would be very hard to make France suffer for the offenses of its ruler, the answer is that France must necessarily be regarded as a unit, and that every people must suffer for the acts of those whom they permit to rule them. It is true, as the *Traveller* alleges, that a BOURBON would have done what the BONAPARTE hopes to do. That, indeed, shows one to be no better than the other; but it does not justify the conduct of either. And even supposing that Prussia had engaged in a peaceful intrigue to place a HOHENZOLLERN upon the Spanish throne with the consent of the Spanish people, and that the intrigue had been successful, it does not follow, by any means, that the power of Prussia would have been dangerously increased; nor that her conduct would have justified a war by France to restore the equilibrium of Europe by conquering the Rhenish provinces. The people of Spain have as plain a right to elect a HOHENZOLLERN king as the people of France to elect a BONAPARTE emperor.

The *Traveller*, therefore, imagines a wholly different situation from that which actually exists. If the simple question were proposed whether the peace of Europe would be more threatened by the conquest of the Rhenish frontier by France than by that of Alsace and Lorraine by Prussia, there would still be a great many considerations to be discussed. And even supposing that war between two such hostile and adjoining nations was sooner or later inevitable, and that upon the whole the Rhenish frontier offers the best security of European peace, war would still not be justified by any reason which was not satisfactory to the public opinion of the world; and there is no pretense of such a reason now.

FENIAN EXHILARATION.

THE prospect of a war is full of exhilaration to the Fenian brethren. They have been busily declaring their sympathy with that eminent friend of man, liberty, and Ireland, the Emperor of France. One eloquent gentleman at a French meeting held at Delmonico's was as lavish in his promises as he was ardent in his expletives. He announced that, "if" this was a war between the Saxon and Celtic races,

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"we" accept the challenge. Delmonico's fairly rocked with the tremendous enthusiasm that greeted this remark. The tables thundered. The glasses rattled. The scene and the sound must have been equally enlivening. When the feelings of the meeting permitted, the exuberant orator proceeded. But one of his hearers, who had been too deeply pledging the health of the French imperial apostle of peace, began to interrupt in the English language, which was imperfectly understood by the meeting, and the disturber was hustled out. Then the gushing Fenian continued; but also in the same unknown tongue. This made trouble. But when he exclaimed, "We are with you, men and money," the prospect of the aid of the Fenian military chest was so reviving to the spirits that tremendous cheers again arose until the welkin rang.

Before yielding to the evident wish that he should sit down, the orator continued, in the same strain: "The Germans propose to send men over; *we* will do the same." Here, again, torrents of enthusiasm broke loose. And with one final effort the speaker declared, "if" the United States connives at the sending of assistance from these shores for Prussia, "we" will send a million of men, if necessary, to fight for France. The force of Fenian eloquence could go no further. It was characteristic and delightful. One thing only was lacking, and that was to have declared that "if" the Prussian armies were recruited by the United States, he, the identical Fenian gentleman then visibly palpitating in the flesh before the eyes of assembled France at Delmonico's, would be one of five million Fenians to depart by the next steamer for the seat of war.

THE DICKENS AUCTION.

WHY the most interesting and personal objects left by Mr. DICKENS were immediately sold at auction does not appear. There were many things in the collection which were peculiarly associated with him, and some which had a tenderly exceptional value. But there seems to have been no discrimination. Every thing was brought to the hammer. The pictures that were presented to him, and had no other interest, and those which were painted by famous artists to illustrate his works, shared the same fate. But really an explanation is due of the sale of MACLISE'S portrait of his friend. The attachment between the author and the artist was long and most affectionate. DICKENS'S last words in public were a tribute to MACLISE. At the Royal Academy dinner, on the 2d of May, he said: "For many years I was one of the two most intimate friends and most constant companions of the late Mr. MACLISE." In a few beautiful and touching words he continued affectionately describing the character of the friend whose portrait of DICKENS himself is so familiar. Scarcely is DICKENS dead, when this portrait is sold at auction to a clergyman, and disappears. Was there such a pressing necessity for parting with it? We look in vain in all the accounts of the sale for an explanation of this extraordinary proceeding.

The auction itself served to show how kindly the memory of DICKENS is cherished. The rooms were crowded not with private and personal friends, but with the readers and lovers of the author, that vast invisible diocese of every great popular writer, of which he can not think but with awe and pathos. How conscious of this unseen world of his friends DICKENS always was is constantly evident in his books. And that they not only admired the author, but loved the man, as the unparalleled tributes to his memory prove, shows how deeply he had impressed the world with the sincerity of his declaration: "I have always had and always shall have an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment.... I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen."

THE QUESTION OF FRENCH FAILURE.

THE publication of the secret treaty which the French Government proposed to that of Prussia suggests the inquiry how many more such secret plots of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S are likely to appear? Meanwhile the treaty itself throws a curious light upon the French Emperor, and invites consideration of the personal consequences of failure in his present monstrous enterprise. The project of the treaty recalls the beginning of the century, when NAPOLEON, without, however, consulting other people, arranged the map of Europe to suit himself. Was there ever such fatuity as LOUIS NAPOLEON'S, or such an opportunity squandered? His first and clearest perception should have been that he could not be his uncle; and the second, that his uncle could not do in 1870 what was practicable sixty years before. In looking back over the nephew's career, and in reading such a summary as that of EDMOND ABOUT'S, which is merely the history of the second empire, KINGLAKE'S contemptuous estimate of LOUIS NAPOLEON seems to be justified. He has meddled every where, but has touched nothing with the hand of a master. At the end of twenty years he has alienated every power; not one is friendly; not one cares to be his ally; not one but has some especial grudge against him.

The confidence of Frenchmen has so declined that he has felt himself obliged to mitigate Cæsarism by certain concessions to constitutional freedom. But the discussions at the time of the *Plebiscite* showed how illusory these concessions were. The governing power is settled upon him; he alone amends the fundamental law which he has himself enacted; and he declares war. The result of the *Plebiscite* showed that there was no wise organization of the liberal sentiment in France, and the truest liberals voted for him in the unhappy alternative offered them. But had the vote been, in any proper sense, sincere, LOUIS NAPOLEON would be to-day the strongest ruler in the world. While, in fact, there is nobody who does not feel that nothing is more uncertain than the peaceful succession of his son.

The telegraph, in the few days immediately following the declaration of war, trembled with the tidings of the reported enthusiasm of the French population. But the speech of THIERS, the article of ABOUT, the tone of the *Journal des Débats*, and the statement of the *Tribune's* correspondent, corrected the delusion, and it was evident that the enthusiasm was of the kind which is manufactured to order, upon great occasions, by the police. It is plain, therefore, that when the Empress said there would be no end to the war but in a victory for France, she spoke with an instinctive consciousness that failure would be fatal to her husband. It is this consciousness which will make LOUIS NAPOLEON reckless to the last. A signal defeat would count him among the victims. A signal defeat, also, promises for France a situation not agreeable to contemplate. The system of Cæsarism has left it no alternative but anarchy; and it will be sad and discouraging indeed if the experiment of the empire does not prove to all intelligent Frenchmen that order and progress can not now be permanently secured in that country but by a free constitutional government.

NOTES.

THE ocean yacht race was very closely contested, and the English yacht *Cambria* won. It is very remarkable that the American yacht, the *Dauntless*, was about two hours behind, and that on the second day out she lost two hours in heaving to to save two men, who were unfortunately drowned. Every thing seems to have been "fair and square," and, as usual, in all "international" matches, nothing whatever is determined by the result. It is not proved that the model of the *Cambria* is finer than that of the *Dauntless*, nor that her sailing qualities are superior, nor that English seamanship bears the bell. The only evident conclusion is that, upon a return race, the American yacht might beat. The disappointment among American yachtsmen was undoubtedly very great. Reasons were as plenty as blackberries why the *Dauntless* did not win, but they were no more satisfactory than those which explain a political defeat. The fatal fact in the latter case is that the other party had more votes, and in the former that the English yacht came in first. But, although this prestige of success rests with the *Cambria*, it is not less true that the equality of the race, under the circumstances, shows the *Dauntless* to be as fast a sailer. And in that conclusion we ought all to be happy.

THE HARPERS have just published a convenient and timely volume of the "Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens," with a sketch of his life by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, and Dean STANLEY'S sermon in Westminster Abbey. Mr. SALA says that he was an illiterate and blind child when Mr. DICKENS began to write, but of a retentive memory. The solace of his life was to hear his sister read "Sketches by Boz," and when he recovered his sight, it was from "Pickwick" that his sister taught him to read. He knew DICKENS personally from the year 1836, and "in literature served him faithfully for nineteen years." Mr. SALA'S sketch is very interesting, and will be very useful in its detail of facts to any biographer of the novelist. His praise of his master is fervid and boundless. As for the speeches of DICKENS, which were mostly dinner speeches, their fame is familiar as that of models of their kind. Exuberant, flowing, fanciful, humorous, earnest, generous, and graceful, they were always fresh and delightful. Neither too trivial nor too serious, they struck the happy mean of feeling and good sense. It is impossible to open them any where without perceiving the cheery spell of his genius and admiring its singular felicity. The letters are sparkling, and the sermon of Dean STANLEY is a fine and thoughtful tribute to a great moral teacher, and, by implication, a noble rebuke of those who have been gibing at him over his grave.

ALTHOUGH Mr. MOTLEY has been recalled, his country certainly has no reason to be dissatisfied with him. He has not been allowed to open the *Alabama* negotiations, but he has concluded the treaty which involves the subject of indefeasible allegiance, and according to the most honorable American traditions and policy. During his brief official term no other great question has been discussed. When the war began in 1861 Mr. MOTLEY was in England as a private citizen and honored guest; and, his explanation and defense of the Union cause, both in private circles and in the *Times*, was so vigorous and hearty and conclusive that the English sentiment which was hostile to this government did not forgive his trenchant eloquence. That sentiment preferred the cautious reserve of the Democratic Minister at the time, Mr. DALLAS. When Mr. MOTLEY appeared as the successor of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON his official presence was a declaration to the English friends and allies of the rebellion that the United States proposed to maintain the principles for which they had fought and which they had established. This was intensely disagreeable both to those English foes and to their American toadies. As Minister, Mr. MOTLEY'S public course has been truly dignified and American. The duties of hospitality have been discharged with characteristic grace and urbanity. The newspapers of the party of Mr. BUCHANAN, Mr. DALLAS, and Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON have taunted Mr. MOTLEY as a snob. A snob is defined by the best authority as one who admires mean things meanly. Those, therefore, who loudly praise Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, who was perpetually in a position of koo-too before the aristocracy that had hoped for the destruction of his country; and Mr. BUCHANAN, whose great service as Democratic Minister at the Court of St. James was acting as bottle-holder to Mr. SOULÉ in the Ostend Conference to secure the extension of slavery; and Mr. DALLAS, who yielded without even a protesting sigh to the hopes and sneers of the British aristocracy against the Union—those who praise these American Ministers to England are debarred from accusing their successor of snobbery. Mr. MOTLEY at home and abroad, as one of the most eminent authors of his own country, and one of its most honored and conspicuous representatives in Europe, has been always true to what is noblest and most characteristic in the American principle and tendency; and, despite the little spurts of party venom, he and his Republican predecessor, Mr. ADAMS, will probably be quite as honorably remembered, both as men and as gentlemen, as the last three Democratic Ministers to Great Britain.

AMONG the new lecturers for the year will be Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, whose scholarly accomplishments are familiar to all readers, and whose "New Gospel of Peace" was the most popular and famous of all the literary works of the war. Mr. WHITE'S papers in the *Galaxy* upon the use of the English language have been universally remarked for their careful and shrewd observation and humorous illustration. He will probably select some of the literary subjects which he is so amply able to treat with thoroughness and popular interest; and we welcome him heartily into the growing brotherhood of the platform.

WE are glad to observe that the good cause of the rights of travelers continues to advance and to triumph. The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that a personal injury from an accident upon a railroad train is presumptive proof of negligence, and that the company must show that it was not the result of its own negligence. This is much more sensible than the former obligation upon the passenger to prove that it was the result of such negligence, which he could not certainly know. Last November, also, Mr. WILLCOX, a passenger upon the steamer *Bellona*, published a letter, showing her unfitness for the service. Copies of his letter, in the New York *Globe*, were sent to the agents and owners, and led to promises of reform. Upon her next trip the *Bellona* broke her shaft, and Mr. WILLCOX returned to the charge. The ship was expected to sail again about this time, but her name has disappeared from the advertisements, and she has been sold for other service. Publicity is an admirable purge of abuses.

IN a recent interview with the editors of French newspapers, M. OLLIVIER assured them that the Emperor never approved or accepted the basis of the so-called secret treaty alleged to have been drawn up by Count BENEDETTI, and that BISMARCK'S prompting idea was actually odious to him. On the other hand, Count VON BISMARCK publishes in the Berlin *Anzeiger* his version of the treaty, which flatly contradicts the statement of M. OLLIVIER. Assuming the German account of this affair to be substantially correct, NAPOLEON seems to have been led on by BISMARCK into submitting propositions to which that astute and unscrupulous statesman had no intention of agreeing, but which he foresaw could be used to advantage against the Emperor in the event of war.

THE *Tribune* recently published some very surprising statements in regard to crime in New York, well calculated to shake our faith in the old proverb that "murder will out." The police returns for the year 1866 show that in this city alone there were, during that year, no less than 71 clear cases of homicide, while only 33 persons were arrested for these crimes, and the records of the courts show only 15 convictions. That is to say, of the perpetrators of unmistakable murders fewer than 50 per cent. were arrested, and more than 80 per cent. went unpunished. The readiness with which the knife and pistol are used in New York to settle the most trivial disputes is, perhaps, explained by these remarkable statistics. The poor wretch, REYNOLDS, was not far from right in believing that hanging "was played out" in New York.

GENERAL SHERIDAN sailed recently for Europe, to observe the operations of the French and Prussian armies. Both governments, however, have decided to refuse military officers of foreign powers permission to visit their respective camps; and probably no exception will be made in the case of General SHERIDAN, notwithstanding the fact that this country is not liable to be drawn into the contest, as England or Austria may be.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ocean yacht race between the *Dauntless* and the *Cambria* ended July 27 in a victory for the English yacht, which reached the light-ship off Sandy Hook an hour and forty minutes ahead of her rival. For a voyage of more than three thousand miles this is probably the closest race ever sailed. The *Dauntless* was delayed over three hours by accidents at sea, and lost two of her company overboard.

A severe Indian fight took place in Texas July 14 between a cavalry force of fifty men, belonging to the Sixth Cavalry, under Major MCCLELLAN, and two hundred and fifty Indians, thought to belong to the Comanche and Kioway tribes. The fight lasted five hours. The cavalry were forced back eight miles, two being killed and eleven wounded. The Indians were well armed with Spencer rifles.

There are more troubles in Utah. Mr. George Cronyn, a prominent opponent of Brigham Young, was recently found dead at Salt Lake City, under circumstances that lead to the suspicion of foul play; and at a reception recently given there to General Augur by Colonel Anderson a large party of Mormons gathered in front of the house, insulted those within, and finally broke up the festivities.

A terrible murder was committed in this city on the morning of July 30. The victim was Mr. Benjamin Nathan, the well-known stock-broker, a gentleman of very great wealth and high social position. He was found lying dead in his bedroom in his residence at No. 12 West Twenty-third Street, near Fifth Avenue. His head was beaten in with five terrible blows, the instrument of murder being a heavy iron bar, known by ship-carpenters as a "dog." Mr. Nathan retired in perfect health on Thursday night, and the murder was not discovered until six o'clock Friday morning. The most remarkable feature of the tragedy is that, though two sons of Mr. Nathan, with his housekeeper and her son, slept in the house, they heard no unusual noises during the night. Mr. Nathan's watch and jewelry were missing, and his safe was broken open. No satisfactory theory in regard to the murder has yet been developed. Mr. Nathan was a gentleman of large benevolence and pure life, and is not known to have had an enemy in the world.

General John O'Neil, of the Fenian army, who was captured by the United States Marshal during the late movement on the Canadian border, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a small fine. He pleaded in extenuation of his crime the services he had rendered the North during the late war. John H. Brown and John J. Monahan were also sentenced to imprisonment—one for nine and the other for six months.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Emperor of France set out from St. Cloud July 28 to join the army, and arrived the same afternoon at Metz, where the Imperial head-quarters were established. Just previous to his departure he addressed the following letter to the commander-in-chief of the Garde Nationale of Paris:

"DEAR GENERAL,—I beg you to express on my part to the Garde Nationale of Paris how much I count on its patriotism and devotion. At the moment when I am about to set out for the army I have to testify to it the confidence which I repose in its will and ability to maintain order in Paris, and to contribute to the security of the regency of the Empress. It is becoming to say that each one, according to the measure of his ability, shall add to the safety of the country."

On assuming command in person, the Emperor issued the following proclamation to the army:

"SOLDIERS,—I come to take my place at your head, to defend the honor of the soil of our country. You go to combat against one of the best-armed of European countries; but other countries as valiant as this have not been able to resist your valor. It will be the same to-day. The war which now commences will be long and hardly contested, for its theatre will be places hedged in with obstacles and thick with fortresses; but nothing is beyond the persevering efforts of the soldiers of Africa, Italy, and Mexico. You will prove once more what the French army is able to accomplish, animated by a sentiment of duty, maintained by discipline, influenced by love of country. Whatever road we may take across our frontiers we will find upon it glorious traces of our fathers, and we will show ourselves worthy of them. All France follows you with ardent prayers, and the eyes of the universe are upon you. Upon our success depends the fate of liberty and civilization. Soldiers, let each one do his duty, and the God of battles will be with us. NAPOLEON.

"AT THE GENERAL HEAD-QUARTERS AT METZ, *the 28th July, 1870.*"

King William of Prussia has also taken his place at the head of his army. On leaving for head-quarters he granted full amnesty for political crimes, and issued an address, in which he declares he goes to fight for the honor of Germany, and calls on the whole nation to rise.

A Berlin dispatch states that the French attacked Saarbrücken, in largely superior force, on the morning of July 30, but were vigorously repulsed.

Paris accounts of an unimportant skirmish, which took place July 26, give some indication of the relative merits of the Chassepot rifle and the needle-gun. The Prussian bullets fell a hundred metres short in a range of eight hundred metres, while the French killed several Prussians at the same time.

At an interview with the Parisian editors M. Ollivier stated that no restriction would be placed on the publication of accomplished facts. At Metz several newspaper correspondents, chiefly American and English, were recently arrested as spies. They were soon liberated, however, but warned to keep away from the army in future.

The declaration of neutrality by England has caused bitter disappointment in Germany, and the German press have opened a furious attack on English policy. They assert that England has purchased her neutrality at the cost of German hate. The *North German Gazette* adds: "England supplies France with cartridges to slaughter Germans."

Austria is making formidable war preparations, as she fears the infringement of her neutrality by Bismarck. The command of the Austrian army of observation will be given to the Archduke Albrecht, whose sympathy for France is well known. A Hungarian corps is also to be organized, the Chambers at Pesth having voted an extraordinary credit for that purpose.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

TWO British gun-boats have started for the port of Pekin to demand satisfaction for the outrages there committed. The foreign residents of Shanghai have been called on to volunteer for an expedition with the same destination. The French will send a naval and military force from Saigon, and war is thought to be inevitable.

The Turkish government, it is stated, have entered into a contract for 200 American cannon.

In dispatches received in London from Japan an insurrection in the principality of Ava is reported, and a massacre in which 1400 persons were slaughtered.

In the British House of Commons, July 26, Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a demand for the *Alabama* correspondence, stated that the negotiations stood where they did eighteen months ago, and that, America having declined the offer made by England, the next advance was due from the United States.

Ninety persons were killed and many wounded by a recent explosion in a colliery at Llansamlet, Wales.

Rumors are current in London that, unless the Infallibility doctrine is considerably qualified, Austrian Catholics will embrace Protestantism.

The official journal of Vienna announces the suppression of the *exequatur* between Austria and Rome, and the Papal Court has been informed of the action of the Austrian government.

The freedom of the city of London has just been conferred upon M. De Lesseps.

Edmond About will, it is said, replace the late M. Paradol in the French Academy.

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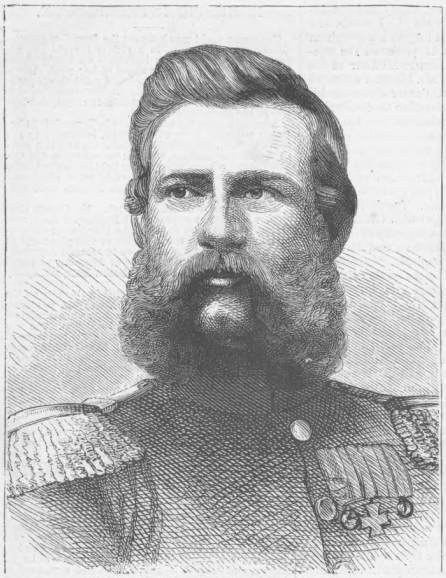


THE CROWN PRINCE, FREDERICK WILLIAM.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.

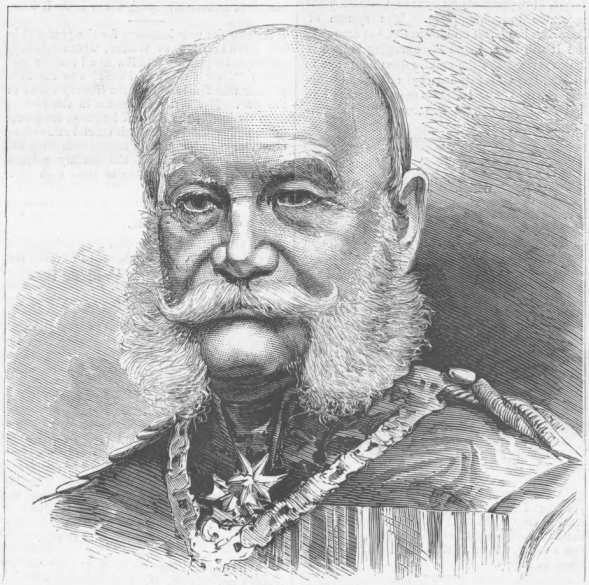
KING WILLIAM AND HIS GENERALS.

THE King of Prussia is happy in having about his person, in the present grave emergency, the most distinguished and most able military commanders of the time, devoted to his cause, and enthusiastically loved by the armies they have led to victory. The first among them, in talent if not in rank, is the Prince Royal, FREDERICK CHARLES, the nephew of the King. As regards military knowledge and genius, he is considered superior to his cousin, the Crown Prince, whose military record is also one of success and high renown. He was born March 20, 1828. Like all Prussian princes, he entered the army at a very early age—he was scarcely ten years old; and his innate love of every thing connected with the army soon became apparent in the rapid progress he made in the military school of instruction. The study of the life and glorious deeds of FREDERICK THE GREAT filled his leisure hours, and it is said that he was on several occasions severely reprimanded for passing entire nights over the history of the "Seven Years' War" and the study of the plans of battle adopted by that illustrious captain. He distinguished himself in the Schleswig-Holstein war, but won his highest renown in the late war against Austria. A distinguished military writer, describing this campaign, says of the Prince:

"At the outbreak of hostilities between Prussia and Austria in 1866, Prince FREDERICK CHARLES was called to the command of the First Division of the Prussian army, immediately marched his troops to the frontier, which he crossed on June 23, and, in ordering the attack upon the forces of the enemy, addressed his men with the words, 'May your hearts beat toward God and your fists upon the enemy.' A succession of splendid victories at Liebenau, Turnau, Podol, Münchengrätz, and Gitschin, having forced the enemy into the interior of Bohemia, Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, who knew the Austrians to have occupied a formidable position on the heights beyond the Bistritz, requested the Crown Prince, FREDERICK WILLIAM, to come to his assistance with the Second Division of the army, but attacked the enemy on the morning of July 3, without awaiting his arrival. The Prussians fought desperately, but the position of the enemy was so well chosen, and their artillery so favorably placed, that the Prince could not gain a decided advantage over them, and it was not until the arrival of the Second Division, under the Crown Prince, that the enemy lost ground, retreated under the deadly fire of the Prussians, and was finally completely routed, running in all directions, and in the wildest confusion. This ended the celebrated battle of Sadowa."

In the present war the Prince commands the Army of the Rhine.

The Crown Prince, FREDERICK WILLIAM, only son of WILLIAM I., and heir to the Prussian throne, was born in 1831. At the age of seventeen the Prince was sent to the University of Bonn. At the conclusion of his university career he was recalled to Berlin, and began his military studies as a private in the Guards, as rank affords no exemption from the strictest military service in Prussia. Prince and peasant stand upon the same footing in this respect—with a difference, however, in the matter of promotion. After a short term of service in the ranks he received command of a company, and rose by rapid promotion to the grade of General. In 1856 he married the eldest daughter of Queen VICTORIA. As Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Second Army Corps, the Crown Prince took part in the Schleswig-Holstein war, in which the little kingdom of Denmark was despoiled; and, though not engaged in actual fighting, cheerfully shared in all the hardships suffered by his troops during that winter campaign, and achieved, in consequence, a great popularity with his troops, and acquired the reputation of being an accomplished soldier. During the war with Austria he again commanded the Second Army Corps, and took part in the great battle of Sadowa. His timely arrival, after his cousin Prince FREDERICK CHARLES had been engaged all day with the enemy, decided the fate of the battle, which, like Waterloo, might have ended otherwise but for the reinforcement of one side by fresh and enthusiastic troops. Though considered inferior to his cousin, the Prince Royal, in military knowledge, the record of the Crown Prince as a soldier is one of courage, ability, and success. He is in command of the Northern Army of Prussia.



WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA.

General HERWARTH VON BITTENFELD is considered one of the bravest, most skillful, and talented commanding officers in the Prussian army. He is older than MOLTKE, having been born September 4, 1796. He entered the army at the age of fifteen, fought at the battle of Leipsic, and took part in the invasion of France by the Allies in 1814, where he served with distinction in several engagements and at the siege of Paris. During the second campaign in Schleswig-Holstein, in 1864, he achieved a brilliant victory over the Danish army, and virtually brought the war to a close by taking possession of one of the most important positions of the enemy, the Island of Alsen, and by almost annihilating the troops who were ordered to defend the place. The war of 1866 again called him into active service. He was assigned to the command of the Elbe army, and gave many proofs of his superior talents as a military leader. He took part in the battle of Sadowa, and expects to see active service in the field during the present war.

BARON VON MOLTKE.

Baron VON MOLTKE, General and Chief of Staff, was born in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, October 26, 1800. After serving in the Danish army during his earlier years, he offered his services to Prussia, and in 1822 received the commission of a Second Lieutenant. His ability as a tactician and a strategist was soon fully appreciated, and ere long he was appointed to the general staff of the Prussian army. Here he found an extensive field for the rapid development of his extraordinary talents. In 1835 he was sent to Constantinople for the instruction and organization of the Turkish army, distinguished himself in the campaign of the Sultan against the Viceroy of Egypt, and returned to Prussia rich in honors and experience. He made rapid advances in the army, until he was definitely appointed Chief of Staff in September, 1858, in which position he has remained up to the present day, and has rendered such services in his reorganization of the Prussian army, the skillful planning of campaigns and all military operations, as can never be overestimated. He planned the campaign against Denmark, and won great distinction in this field. But his genius as a strategist was displayed in its greatest brilliancy in the war with Austria in 1866. It is said that not only was he in constant possession of information about every movement of the army, but that he was never at a loss one single moment how to counteract all his adversaries' operations, and turn them to his own advantage. His character is as firm as a rock, and, when once engaged in the planning of a military movement, nothing can detain him from carrying it out, as long as he feels morally convinced that he is in the right, and that there is a chance of success. In spite of his seventy years he is still robust, and capable of taking an active part in the operations of the field.

HERWARTH VON BITTENFELD.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER IX.

A Volcanic Crater.—Fog on the Mountain.—An Excursion down the Bay.—An Ambuscade.

ON one occasion when the winter was drawing toward a close, so that the days began decidedly to lengthen, and something like warmth was imparted by the rays of the sun, Mr. Raynal and Aleck set out to ascend a mountain at some distance in the interior, in the rear of the cabin. They attained the summit without any difficulty, and though they found it intensely cold, they were somewhat repaid for their labor by the grandeur and sublimity of the view. All around them were the peaks and summits of bare and rugged mountains, and beyond, in every direction as far as the eye could reach, the open sea. They scanned the horizon most carefully all around, but no sail was to be seen.

Their attention was attracted by a singular peak at a moderate distance from them, which presented what seemed to be the opening of a dark and deep cavern. They determined to visit

ALECK MAKING CHARCOAL.

this peak, and did so, following the crest of a lofty ridge which extended to it from the mountain on which they were standing. What they had supposed to be a cavern assumed the appearance, when they reached it, of a portion of the crater of an extinct volcano, one of the sides of which had fallen in, leaving another portion in the form of a vast overhanging precipice. The rock of which this precipice was formed seemed to them volcanic, and they observed, moreover, what appeared to be a current of ancient lava, which they could trace with the eye for some distance down the mountain-side.

On their return they went back as they came, along the crest of the ridge, to the mountain which they had first ascended, but by the time that they had reached it they were brought into a state of great perplexity and danger by a dense fog which had arisen, and which now enveloped the mountain, and rendered it impossible for them to move. They could scarcely see the ground under their feet, and besides the difficulty of finding their way back to the cabin, the attempt to grope, almost blindfold as it were, among the rocks and chasms and precipices which formed the mountain-side, would have been certain destruction.

So they were obliged to sit down upon the rocks on the summit of the mountain for more than an hour, trying to keep each other warm, and waiting for the fog to clear away. Fortunately for them, at the end of that time a breeze sprang up, which seemed to break up the fog into clouds and drive it away. The men soon warmed themselves by going briskly down the mountain-side, and so returned safely home.

A few days after this the men set off to make an excursion down the bay in their boat. They went on for several miles, and at length turned into one of the branches of the bay, and after exploring its sinuosities for some time they came to a beach where they landed, and after drawing up the boat began to ramble about, each one by himself, to search for seals.

Mr. Raynal, having become somewhat separated from the rest, observed at a distance, on the margin of a wood, something red which attracted his attention. On going to the spot he found some bushes entirely covered with a kind of red berry, which, of course, had grown the season before, and had remained upon the bushes during the winter. Mr. Raynal ate some of the berries, and says that he found them delicious. The intense craving which he elsewhere states the men had all along felt for some kind of vegetable food probably made him very easy to be pleased.

After eating a few of the berries, and finding what a treasure he had discovered, he set off in haste to call his companions. As soon, however, as he came in sight of the boat and the shore, his course was arrested by seeing Captain Musgrave crouched in ambuscade behind the boat, watching and aiming at a seal that was swimming in the water, at a short distance from the shore.

It seems that while Mr. Raynal was away the other men had seen this seal coming, and had concealed themselves where they could watch his motions unobserved, in hopes that he would come to the land so that they might reach him and kill him with their clubs. He came at length to the beach where the boat was lying, and began examining it, apparently with great curiosity. He clambered up by the gunwales so as to look into it, went first on one side, and then on the other, and finally concluding, as it seemed, that there must be some lurking danger connected with an object so novel and strange in form, he plunged into the water and swam away.

The men were afraid that they had lost him, but he did not go far. After swimming a little way he stopped and turned to examine the boat again, from what he probably considered a safe distance. Captain Musgrave crept down upon his hands and knees over the rocks and sand to the boat, cautiously took out Mr. Raynal's gun, and was just making ready to fire at him when Mr. Raynal came near enough to see what was going on.

Mr. Raynal stopped and concealed himself so as not to alarm the seal. The seal, on his part,

FOG ON THE MOUNTAIN.

continued swimming to and fro, now and then rising head and shoulders out of the water, to obtain a better view of the boat. After waiting till he obtained a fair aim, Captain Musgrave fired, and killed him.

The men waded out and brought the body to the shore and put it on board the boat. Mr. Raynal then conducted them back to the place where he had found the berries, and they ate all that they could find, with the greatest avidity. Mr. Raynal said that never in their lives had they enjoyed so luxurious a collation.

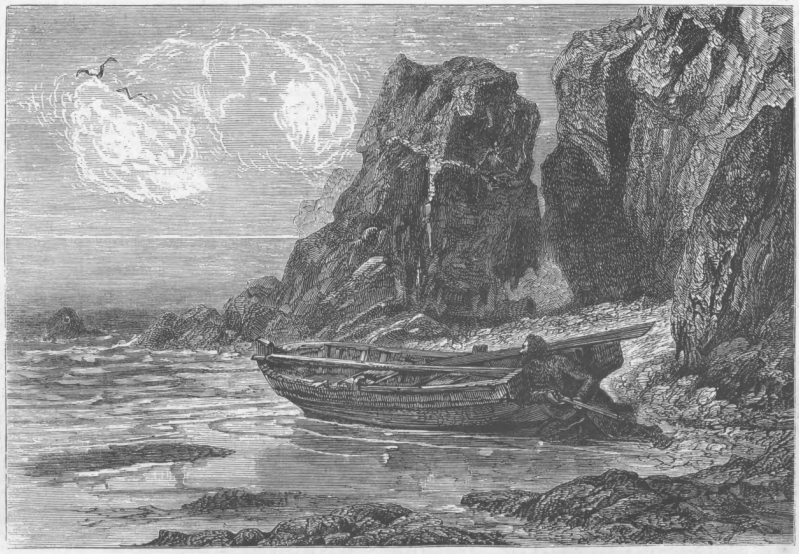
Thus the winter passed away, bringing with it alternate seasons of abundance and of famine. When, at length, the month of September was gone, and the time of summer was drawing near, the spirits of the men began to revive, for they thought that now they could soon begin to hope for the arrival of the vessel, which it will be recollected was to have been sent for them if they should fail to return to Sydney within the allotted time. This vessel was to have been sent out for them in the fall of the previous year. But they imagined a thousand accidents or causes of detention which might account for the delay, and so endeavored to quiet their anxieties. But sometimes, on the other hand, their suspense and solicitude, and their weary watching of the never-changing line of the horizon, became overwhelming, and their spirits would sink to the lowest state of impatience, distress, and despondency.

At length, however, as the spring advanced, one event occurred which filled their hearts for a time with the greatest gladness. The seals returned from their migration. They saw one morning a large school of them coming into the harbor, and on successive days other troops came in. They now felt secure of abundance of food. This change not only released them from all anxiety about their means of subsistence, but promised to afford them time unemployed which they might appropriate to any undertaking that they thought desirable. They determined to give up depending exclusively on help to come from abroad, and to see what they could do toward helping themselves to escape from their perilous situation.

CHAPTER X.

Plan for building a Vessel.—Want of the necessary Tools for Working.—How the Deficiency was Supplied.—Making a Blacksmith's Forge.—Providing Charcoal.

IT will be remembered that it was in the spring of 1863—that is, in what was spring in the south-



AN AMBUSH.

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ern hemisphere—that our shipwrecked party sailed from Sydney, and that she was wrecked in a bay in the Auckland Islands early in January—that is, nearly at midsummer. An arrangement had been made with the owners at Sydney that, if the vessel did not return before the fall had fully set in, another vessel was to be sent in search of the party. But the fall and winter, and part of the second summer, had passed away, and the shipwrecked men saw no signs of any one coming to rescue them. They had built a cabin, and had established themselves in it in a somewhat regular and systematic manner of life. They had set up a signal on a cliff to call attention to them in case any vessel should pass that way. But the islands were remote and solitary, and were in the midst of lonely and unfrequented seas, and no vessel came near. At last, after months had passed away, the hope of being rescued by the intervention of others gradually faded away from the minds of the men; and Mr. Raynal began to revolve more seriously than ever the question whether they could not do something to rescue themselves. He finally proposed to the men that they should undertake what seemed to them, when he proposed it, the herculean task of building a vessel large and strong enough to take them to New Zealand, which lay six or seven hundred miles to the northward of them, and was the nearest inhabited land.

Mr. Raynal conceived of this idea at Christmas, a day which, he says, was one of joy and gladness throughout the whole world, but for them was sad and sorrowful enough, since it only reminded them how fast the summer was passing away and no one coming to save them. He proposed the plan to his comrades, and they all with common accord condemned it as utterly impracticable and hopeless.

Instead of attempting to argue the case with them he determined to convince them, if possible, by facts, which he said were more effectual in influencing men than all the reasonings in the world. Indeed, the argument, so far as there was any argument, was altogether on their side. For how could they expect to be able to build a vessel large enough and strong enough to make such a voyage over those stormy seas without tools, without materials, and without the possession in any of them of any special mechanical skill? Mr. Raynal, however, determined to begin himself alone, in hopes that the others might be convinced, by seeing how much he could himself accomplish in the preliminary work, that the case was not as hopeless as they were inclined to suppose.

In reflecting upon the steps to be taken, Mr. Raynal considered that the first thing to be done would be to make the necessary tools. All the tools which had been saved from the wreck were an axe, which was now nearly worn out, an old adze, a hammer, and a gimlet. He thought that he might obtain iron from the wreck, and perhaps some articles made of steel, which he might work over so as to make the tools that he would require—tools which, though doubtless they would be very rude in construction, might possibly answer his purpose. But to make these tools some kind of forge was necessary; and for a forge an anvil, bellows, and a supply of charcoal were required. The principal difficulty seemed to be in the construction of the bellows. He thought that one of the "pigs" of iron, of which the ballast of the vessel was principally composed, would serve for an anvil. So Mr. Raynal determined to begin with the bellows, in hopes that, if he should succeed in that work, the men would be encouraged to join him in his undertaking.

He accordingly went, at low tide, out to the wreck of the *Grafton*, and there contrived to rip off from the bottom of the vessel a number of sheets of copper, carefully preserving the nails. He also procured some boards, though they were not wide enough for the purpose. He, however, contrived to put several of them together, side by side, joining them by cleats, and fastening the cleats to the boards by wooden pegs, as he had no nails suitable for that purpose. Of course he had no means of fitting these boards together very closely, to make the top and bottom of the bellows, and so he calked the joints with a kind of oakum, which he prepared from the ravelings of ropes, and by this means made them tolerably air-tight.

He required three of these composite boards; for the blacksmith's bellows, in order that it may give a continuous blast, must have two compartments, and these require a central board, fixed, and two others, one above and one below, movable, with valves in the middle and lower one. When these boards were made Mr. Raynal cut them to a proper form—that is, shaped them nearly to a point at one end, and rounded them at the other, by means of a saw which formed one of the blades of his pocket-knife, and then fashioned a tube, or pipe, to convey the air to the forge, by bending a sheet of the copper around the round part of the iron bar which he used as a crow to pry off the sheets of copper from the planking of the vessel. He made the junction of the two edges of the copper tolerably tight by doubling them over each other, so as to make a fold, and then hammering the joints flat.

He fastened the pipe thus formed to the upper side of the central board of his bellows, at the narrow end, so that the air from the upper compartment could pass through it. He then joined the three boards together at the place where the pipe had been fixed, with hinges made of his seal-skin leather. Thus the frame—or, as he called it, the skeleton—of his bellows was finished. He next covered the sides with thin seal-skin leather, which he first cut into the proper form, and then nailed securely all around the edges of the three boards. He had previously made the necessary valves in the middle and lower boards.

The work of constructing the bellows occupied a full week. When it was finished Mr. Raynal showed it to his companions. He tried it in their presence, and showed them that it would give a full and continuous current of air, entirely sufficient for the purpose intended. The men were astonished at his success, as indeed Mr. Raynal himself was. They considered the bellows a master-piece of mechanical art, and all their doubts and fears about the possibility of building a vessel were dispelled. They were ready to go to work immediately, under Mr. Raynal's direction, and see what could be done.

Mr. Raynal at once formed a system of organization for the regular and methodical prosecution of the work. It was agreed that George and Harry should take charge of procuring food, by hunting seals, and also of the cooking and of all the interior work of the cabin, in order that the other three, being released from all participation in the duties of the household, might devote themselves exclusively to the work of building the vessel.

The first thing was to provide a supply of charcoal. This work Aleck undertook; and a very heavy undertaking it was. He gathered, with infinite labor, a quantity of wood from the neighboring forests, equal in amount to one or two cords. This he made into a compact pile, and covered it carefully with turf. He then set the heap on fire in the usual way, by pouring down burning coals into a hole left for the purpose in the centre of the pile. But the most difficult and laborious part of his duty was the watching of the heap while it was burning. The turf covering would be affected by the heat, and would open crevices through which the burning wood within would continually burst into flame. These flames it was necessary to extinguish immediately by closing the opening with more turf, so that poor Aleck had no rest day nor night. Sometimes he was aroused twenty times in a night to suppress the flames, which, if they had not been arrested, would have converted the store of wood which he had collected with so much labor into ashes instead of coal. As they required an unceasing supply of coal during all the time that their ship-building operations were going on, Aleck was obliged to continue this exhausting labor and almost sleepless vigilance for many long weeks, but his resolution and his patience never failed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SAVED BY THE SEA.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

A SOFT sandy beach, with a back-ground of clayey cliffs, grass-grown toward the top, and leading, when you had climbed them, like Jack's immortal bean-stalk, to quite a new country of flat fields and hedgerows and trees; a *caserne*, and lines of ramparts and fortifications; a tall column in the distance, surmounted by an imperial figure; on the beach, bathing-boxes and machines, and sturdy professional bathing-women, whose sex is only indicated by negations such as the lack of positive beard; on the beach, too, groups of loungers, and joyous strings of bathers hurrying in and out of the water; on the water, a few fishing-boats and a far-off steamer or two; on the cliffs, soldiers in blue coats and white gaiters; to the right, if you look from the water, a port, a pier, and a town; to the left, the ruins of an old fort; and, over all, a bright, blue, cloudless sky, in the light of which every object looks sharp, as if cut in card-board: these are the chief components of the scene which serves as a stage for the story I am about to tell. Nobody needs to be told that I have been describing a watering-place on one of the coasts of France. Go into the town and study its society, and you will find it, to a great extent, the paradise of rowdyism, British and American; the sanctuary and protecting altar of the fraudulent bankrupt, the Alsatia of the broken-down swindler, the retreat of ruined reputation, the resting-spot to which discomfited blackguardism falls back for a fresh spring. But if you only wander a little outside the town and the hotels and lodging-houses and the *établissement* and the news-rooms, you will come upon a life as unlike that I have been describing as the life to be found five miles inland from the banks of the Rhine—either way, at Coblentz or St. Goar—is to that which you meet at the steamboat stations.

There came to this French town some years ago, fate-impelled, a young American gentleman and his sister. They were orphans; they had some fortune—not much, but enough to live quietly and travel on—and one of the two, the girl, was in weakly health. They went about Europe a good deal in search of health for her, and they did not find it. They came at last to this particular town, and there, by what must have been a singular chance, its fresh, sharp breezes, and its exposed situation, seemed to do good to the invalid and revive her, although most of her physicians had warned her against just such a locality. She took, in fact, a liking to the place; and so her brother hired lodgings for her and himself outside the town and near the cliffs. They lounged along the beach in the sun every day; they made a few acquaintances; the girl, to whom no medicine in the world could do any good, was happy, or as nearly so as might be, while she was allowed to linger there. The place could not give her life, but it gave her some little brightness during the closing days of her life, and a happy delusion under which she believed in her own possible restoration to health and to her native land. When she died—which came to pass rather suddenly, and almost without pain—the physicians were surprised that she had lived so long, and attributed the fact in great measure to the liking she had taken for the place, and the pleasure its sea-beach and its scenery gave her. Therefore her brother felt gratefully toward the spot which she had loved, and which had cheered her fading days; and he lingered there, vacant of purpose but bound to the place, after her remains had been laid in the Protestant church-yard.

The young American girl had not made many friends, and, of course, had not mixed at all in the queer foreign society, English and American chiefly, which gained for the town its odd reputation. Two especial friends of her own sex she had, and, of course, being her friends, they had the friendship of her brother as well. One of the friends would have reflected, in the genteel opinion of society on the beach, little credit on the American lady. The wives and sisters and daughters of the most shady and seedy of the bankrupt refugees in the town would doubtless have scorned to acknowledge any friendly relations with such a person. For it was a fisher-girl—a poor, simple fisher-girl—who carried a basket on her back, and commonly tramped the beach with skirts, or a skirt—I doubt if she had more than one—as short as any ballet-dancer's, and no stockings or *maillots* or any covering whatever for the well-developed, firm, symmetrical legs, which the sun was free to scorch and the waves to drench and any one with an eye for form to admire all day long. The other friend of our American sister was a young French lady about her own age, Lucille Desterre by name, who lived with her father in an oddly shaped, rambling white house, with fantastic gables and green *jalousies* and a weather-cock, which stood in a field right over the cliffs, and sometimes flashed in the sunlight like a meteor across the eyes of passengers on the deck of the English steamers miles away.

The American girl had made the acquaintance of both these on the beach, and the acquaintance had ripened into warm and sincere friendship. With the free ways of unmarried women in her own country, she talked to the barelegged fisher-lass as frankly as to the young French lady. She and her brother were frequent visitors at the *château* on the heights, and her death, when it came, threw that house into grief, and sent the fisher-girl into passionate prayer before the shrine of the Virgin, Star of the Sea, whose wooden form, all bedizened with glaring blue and gold, looks out everlastingly across the waters.

The point of all this introduction is that Frank Churchill, the young American, grew to be deeply in love with Lucille Desterre, and unconsciously taught her to love him. He began to have thoughts of settling down in this French sea-port which was the grave of his sister and the home of his love. M. Desterre, the father, quite approved of our hero's plans, love projects and all, and our hero had no one else to consult on the matter. Every thing ought to have gone perfectly smooth, and would doubtless have done so, but that two emperors intervened. The Emperor Napoleon and the ill-fated young man who was called for a short time Emperor of Mexico struck a heavy blow at the peace of our lovers. For M. Desterre was an old soldier, and a devoted Bonapartist, and he went in with extravagant hope and delight for the policy of the Mexican intervention, which Churchill, as a true American and advocate of the Monroe doctrine, felt bound to oppose and condemn. So they debated and then disputed, and at last Desterre not merely would have a quarrel, but declared, with all possible solemnity, that his daughter should never, never have his consent to marry one who was obviously an enemy of Napoleon, and, by necessary consequence, a foe to France, and an obstructer of her high providential mission.

By this time, too, the American civil war had swelled to such proportions that Churchill grew ashamed of himself for vegetating on a sunny foreign sea-beach, while his friends at home were in arms for their country. Were he a favored and happy lover, were he a bridegroom of twelve hours' date, he felt that he must none the less have gone to take a post in the Federal army; and now that clouds looked so black on his love-suit, he really saw nothing better for him to do than to go to the war and fight and die in a good cause. Bitterly as Lucille felt the parting, she saw only too clearly that it was inevitable. Time, she hoped, would change her father's determination; time, even in France, sets daughters at last free to choose husbands for themselves, independently of their fathers' will; and, moreover, it was not hard to persuade a spirited French girl, child of an old soldier and patriot, that her lover owed a duty to his country more immediate than even the fealty which he owed to his love. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more," are noble words which Lucille Desterre could have appreciated and taken to heart better than most girls. The late civil war has taught most American girls to feel and value the spirit which inspires them.

I have already said that at the extreme left of the picture presented to one who looks from the water on the scene I have described stands an old ruined fort. It is built on a low-lying little promontory which straggles into the sea. The changes which such a shore is constantly undergoing have of late so dealt with the situation of this poor ruin as to subject it, twice a day, to a sea-bath, rising nearly to its battlements. The ground on which it stood has been steadily sinking for generations; and now the old square tower, which at one time must have been meant to guard the harbor and domineer over the sea, stands far down below the level of the cliffs and the table-lands of fields and roads; and, indeed, the rising tide sometimes menaces to submerge it altogether. One can easily climb its ruined stairs, mount to the grass-grown floor at the top, and there watch the waters swell and swell until they come within a few feet of the spot whereon you stand, and you seem almost as isolated from the land as if you sat on a lonely rock in mid-ocean. Indeed, a very pleasant, piquant, odd, romantic sort of sensation may be enjoyed by mounting to the top of this old fort, while the tide yet allows you, and there, seated safely, watching the waves rise and rise till they surge and splash almost to your very feet, and you look abroad over a waste of sea which seems every moment as if it would swallow up your resting-place and yourself—until, at last, the waters begin to recede, and you see your way to land again.

But people in general did not trouble themselves to enjoy this sensation. The residents of the town and the neighborhood never thought of such a thing, and it need hardly be said that the visitors of a season from Paris and London cared only about dressing for the bath, and dressing for the promenade, and dressing for the *table d'hôte* dinner and the ball at the *établissement*, and so on. Churchill, however, with the restlessness and desire for new situation properly belonging to his country, soon and often explored the old ruin, and enjoyed the sensation of being surrounded there by the fierce-looking, harmless waves. Now that he could no longer see Lucille at her house, the lovers, I grieve to say, turned this grim old water-girt ruin to quite a new and uncongenial purpose—they made it a rendezvous, and had some sad, sweet meetings and partings there. And now Churchill is going away—actually going for Heaven knows how long—going to war, and perhaps to death! Just the old story—old in the days of Andromache—in the days of the Crusaders; as fresh and real as ever in the hours of Antietam and Custozza—the lover goes to the war, the woman remains at home and weeps and hopes and prays and is sick at heart.

The sun was sinking red and fierce behind heavy clouds when Churchill was taking leave of Lucille, and they yet stood safe from observation behind one of the unbroken battlements of the old fort. They were renewing for the hundredth time or so in that one meeting their mutual pledges of eternal fidelity.

"You will write often, often, to your Lucille?"

"I will never fail, dearest. It makes me happy to think that our letters at least can reach each other. That dear, good girl will take care of that."

"Yes. Is she not a faithful creature, that good Nanette? And I will lay fresh flowers every morning on our loved Rose's grave."

"Your father, dearest, will not object to that, however he may now dislike me?"

"Oh no, no; he is too good and kind—"

"Kind!" repeated Churchill, rather bitterly.

"Kind in his way, *mon ami*. Oh, do not judge him harshly, for my sake! He will change—he will yield—he will be sorry and miss you when you are gone."

Churchill shook his head sadly.

"And now," Lucille said, with dimmed and moist eyes, "I must return home, my loved one. My father will expect me."

Her lover looked over the broken rampart and started.

"Lucille, dearest child, we have allowed the time to go by—at least *I* have—and the sea has risen far above the doorway."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" she screamed with a wild alarm, and she looked over the wall and saw that what he told her was only too true. "Oh, what to do! My father, what will he think?"

"*M'amie*, it is but a short delay—two or three hours or so, and this is our last meeting! You are safe here—as safe as if you were at home."

"Oh, Frank, you did not mean this—you did not keep me here purposely?" She looked anxiously in his face.

"My love, no; I never thought of it; my mind and memory were wholly wrapped up in you. But now that we are made prisoners here, I can not say that I am very sorry for it—I can't indeed! I feel rather grateful to the sea. This is our last meeting."

"If my father should know! If the people should hear!"

She turned perfectly white and trembled. Her fear and agony were intensely real. Poor Churchill, long as he had now been in France, had not realized sufficiently to himself the cramped and manacled position of a French girl. The expression on Lucille's face now brought the reality of the situation only too plainly to his mind. Descent by the stairs was wholly impossible for Lucille, and the strip of strand between the fort and the cliffs was now a green channel of dashing sea. Lucille clasped her hands and looked almost as one in despair. Churchill had read Octave Feuillet's "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," and began to think the only course left for him was to imitate the hero of that famous story, leap from the roof of the tower and take his chances, thus at least securing Lucille from scandal. Perhaps Lucille had read the book too, and guessed what was passing in his mind, for she suddenly flung her arms around him and held him with a strength he had not anticipated.

"No," she exclaimed, "never! You shall not risk your life in that sea. Better any thing than that!"

"No danger, love. I can easily and safely get to shore, and then I will send help to you."

"Never! I will leave this place if you do. You shall not go. Ah, see, the good God has seen us, and sends help. Look yonder—a boat!"

Indeed, a small boat had put out from the shore some distance off, and having gone a little way out to sea, apparently to get out of the force of the ground-swell, was now making for the fort. It came nearer and nearer, and the lovers watched it with eyes of hope and anxiety. At last they could see that there was only one rower in it, and that it was the fisher-girl, Nanette.

The sea was not high enough to allow the lovers to get into the boat from the roof.

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"*Vite! vite!* the lower windows!" cried and gesticulated the stalwart fisher-girl, as she stood in the tossing boat, firm and steady as if her feet rested on the beach itself. Churchill, who had a little of the artist's soul, could not refuse even at that moment to admire the strength and grace and composure of her attitude; the supple, strong form which had never been cursed by a corset; the round, straight limbs which high-heeled boots had never disjointed.

"Nanette!" he exclaimed, a flash of joyous humor succeeding to the pain of the previous moment, "you are worth ten thousand lectures on Woman's Rights! Come to my country, and you shall take the lead of Cady Stanton!"

The speech was wholly lost on poor Nanette, who only smiled and showed all her white teeth good-humoredly, as a sort of acknowledgment of something which she presumed must be meant for a compliment.

"*Tenez*, mademoiselle," she cried, above the sound of the dashing waves; "it was well, was it not, that I saw something on the top of the tower, and guessed it was you? But descend to the lower windows. Bring her down, monsieur, then I will bring the boat in. The miserable sea is so rough I am afraid the boat may be dashed to pieces."

All this was said in a *patois* which I certainly shall not endeavor to reproduce here. It was about half intelligible to Churchill; but what he could not quite understand he guessed at. The fisher-lass was now seated at her oars again. She had enough to do to keep the boat from being dashed against the old fort, for the sea was very rough, and the last flashes of angry red across the heavy cloud-banks in the west seemed to promise a very bad quarter of an hour to come.

Churchill hurried Lucille down the broken stairs. Now the lower floor was an almost utter ruin. The centre had all given way, and fallen through. A portion of the flooring still clung to the side where the staircase was, and thence you might creep along a narrow ledge to the window which looked on the sea. This window was large enough for any one to get out of, and it had a wide and strong ledge on which two or three persons could cling or stand. The sea was now nearly level with this window.

Lucille trembled for a moment as she reached the step of the staircase which was level with this crumbled floor, and she saw the narrow ledge along which she would have to crawl in order to reach the window. Churchill, holding her hand, knew that she started and shivered.

"Dearest Lucille, you are nervous, you are afraid! Do not venture. Come back to the roof again, and wait. It will be only a few hours, and you will be safe there. Nanette will stay with us. Come back!"

"No, no, it is impossible! I dare not. Oh, you do not know what would be said! I am not afraid. Go on and hold my hand. You will see that I am not afraid."

"Turn your face, then, to the wall, dearest. Come, that is right! Courage! Why, this ledge is broad enough to dance on. You should see Blondin! How happy for you to have such pretty little feet. There would be room enough for the feet of two such Cinderellas on a side-walk like that. Good again! Do you hear Nanette calling? Capital lungs that girl has! Now, then—one step more—give me both your hands, ah, *tous y est!* Here we are at last!"

Thus talking and laughing—partly to keep up her courage, and partly to relieve his own wild excitement—Churchill crept along the ledge, firmly holding Lucille's hand, and watching with keen and eager eye, that pierced even through the growing darkness, every step she made. Where he could get a firm gripe of any stone in the broken wall he felt comparatively happy and safe; for he thought that, even if Lucille should miss her footing and slip, he yet could hold her up and raise her to the edge of the broken floor. At last she crouched with him safely in the deep old window, and Churchill drew a long breath of relief, although they were now in the teeth of a fierce wind, that howled through the aperture which held but did not shelter them.

Tossing in her boat outside sat the bold Nanette. She had been rowing round the old fort, lying to as well as she could, after running considerable risk of having an oar broken by the fierce, chopping blows which the sudden waves dealt. When she saw the lovers on the window she set her teeth hard and began to row cautiously toward them, while she talked to the winds and waves, and argued with them and scolded them, as if they were naughty and mutinous young sisters.

"*Ça, chien!* Will you again? *Va, donc, miserable!* Strike again, will you, then! That costs! That says be quick! *Maligne*, you there! That blinds the eyes, though, and one can not see! For all that, I come round again! Softly, now, and gently! Ah, little pigs of waves! So, once more! Courage, beyond there! *Voilà*, Nanette, who comes to save the sweet demoiselle!"

Churchill had one arm round Lucille's waist, while with the other he held firmly to the window. He knew that if Nanette could succeed at a favorable moment in bringing the boat close up to the window, not a second must be lost. The little craft could not keep tossing and dashing there a minute of time without being smashed. So he watched, with eager, fierce eyes, for the one favoring instant when he could lift Lucille into the boat—and then it did not matter about him. He could return to the roof and wait there until the tide turned; and it would, indeed, be better so, for then no one could see him landing with Lucille; and so all talk and wonder and scandal would be avoided.

Now, Nanette! now, Churchill! The moment is coming; the boat draws cautiously near and near. Nanette is a brave *paysanne*, and has the eye, the wrist, the nerves, of one who is at home on the sea, and to whom danger is only a stimulant and a quickener. With skill and care and courage she approaches, her teeth set hard, her eyes wide open. One instant more—alas! a wild, fierce gust rushes over the sea, "straight from the sunset," dashes the waves into a more wild and broken fury than had raged before, and smashes the boat again, again, and again, up to the rugged stones of the tower's wall. The waves and the stone seemed to crush, or rather to crunch, the poor little boat, as the jaws of Martin, the bear, might crunch a nut; and while Lucille gives a wild scream, and Churchill a deep, savage cry of disappointment and vexation, the boat goes down, and Nanette is at one moment tossing and struggling in the water, and the next minute clinging, like a wild-cat, to the ledge of the window. Then Churchill flings his arm round the dripping girl, and lowering himself so far out of the tower that the waves lashed him and almost blinded him, he dragged Nanette safely into the frame-work of the window.

"*Tenez*, that wets the jupons, that!" was the first exclamation of the undaunted lass. "And the boat gone down! Up, Mademoiselle Lucille! up, monsieur! No time to lose! Must not stay here any longer or we shall have the sea for a lodger. The roof! the roof!"

Yes; there was no time to lose. The boat was gone; the sea was growing wilder and wilder; darkness was setting in. It was hopeless to think of any rescue until the sea should go down, and hours must pass before the tide's descent could bring them release. They hurried along the narrow ledge of floor again, the haste and excitement of the moment giving them no time to think even of Lucille's danger. They scampered, like mad school-boys, up the stairs, and when they got to the roof Nanette flung herself down and rolled about on the grass in paroxysms of delight. The whole thing was quite a wild, delicious adventure to this absurd girl, who now indulged, first, in a roll on the ground, and next in a frantic dance, to relieve the exuberance of her mermaid spirits.

It must be owned that Churchill, too, had liked the adventure well enough so far. But he looked now doubtfully across the driving waters, and he held Lucille's hand firmly in his own, as one clings to a loved being in some moment of supreme crisis.

Presently Nanette gave over her gleesome *carmagnole* and looked out over the water too. She became serious in a moment. She pushed back the hair which had fallen over her eyes, then cleared the eyes of the sea-spray which had gathered on them, and steadily studied the scene. Churchill read the expression with which she turned to him.

"The sea will rise high to-night," said the fisher-girl, "high, monsieur, over this tower. If no one sees us and no boat comes out—ah, well, *c'est fini!*"

"I knew it," said Churchill.

"And I," exclaimed Lucille, passionately—"and I am not afraid! I am glad that we should die together."

"Ah, yes, *par example*," murmured the poor fisher-girl; "but *my* lover, *à moi*, is yonder, away in the town!"

That evening M. Desterre sought wildly every where for his daughter. That she should be out after sunset was strange; and when the storm came on he was filled with almost frantic fears on her account. He ran down to the beach, and there heard the startling news that a plank of a boat known to belong to the fisher-girl, who was Lucille's special friend and *protégée*, had been flung ashore by the rising tide, and that the girl's lover was in despair about her. M. Desterre at once assumed that his daughter had gone out in the girl's boat, had been overtaken by the storm, and had perished. The wretched father's agony was intense, and it was imbittered by the knowledge that he had trampled on his daughter's love scheme. When things went well with M. Desterre he was a tremendous Voltairean; but now, in his prostrate misery, he collapsed into the most abject of devotees. There was on the beach, as has been already stated, a flaring shrine and hideous image of the Virgin. M. Desterre flung himself before it.

"*Maria sanctissima!*" he exclaimed; "give me back my daughter! Star of the Sea, save my Lucille. Send her to me once more, and—and—*par Dieu*" (and all the eloquence of the prayer broke down into a sob and simple nature), "she shall marry any one she likes to-morrow!"

"*Parole d'honneur*, M. Desterre?" cried a cheery voice in his ear, and Frank Churchill, dripping, bruised, bleeding, with a wondering crowd after him, stood before the astonished father and held out a wet hand.

"M. Churchill! Where do you come from? Where is my daughter?"

"Your daughter I will restore to you in twenty minutes, with the help of a stout boat and any two brave boys here. She is in the old fort with Nanette, the fisher-girl; but there is not a moment to lose, for the sea is almost level with the roof!"

Needless to say that the boat was manned and launched, and the two girls were rescued. There was, indeed, no time to lose. What had happened was simple. When Churchill saw that it was idle to think of attracting the attention of any one on shore, he gave Nanette a quiet hint of his determination; and while she threw her arms round Lucille he flung himself into the sea. A wild shriek from the fort rang in his ears as he plunged into the dark, cold, angry water. He felt very confident of reaching the shore, for he was a stout swimmer, and the tide was rising fast. His great danger, indeed, was that he might be driven ashore too soon, and so dashed against part of the rocky promontory, on the extreme point of which stood the fort now so nearly submerged. But he kept out as well as he could until he was borne in front of the beach where the lights were; and then he allowed the waves to fling him ashore as they would, and they flung him almost at the feet of the Virgin's statue, and of M. Desterre, who prayed and vowed to her. The waters that night flowed high above the old ruin.

M. Desterre kept his word. His daughter was affianced to Frank Churchill the very next day. But Churchill, nevertheless, went out to fight in his country's great battle. He served all through the war, and returned none the worse, save for the marks of a wound or two, after the fall of Richmond. He is very happy with his French wife now, and they were in Washington only last year.

"We have to thank the Virgin for our happiness," said Lucille to him, piously, one day.

"The Virgin?" replied Frank. "Oh yes, certainly—and also the old fort, and the rising tide!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PARIS lady abruptly entered her kitchen the other day and saw the cook skimming the soup with a silver spoon. She said to her: "Françoise, I expressly forbade you to use the silver in the kitchen." "But, ma'am, this spoon was dirty!"

A little boy in the infant class of a Sunday-school was asked by his teacher whether he had learned any thing during the past week. "Oh yes," said he. "What have you learned?" "Never to trump your partner's trick," was the reply.

"I sympathize sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently widowed friend. "To lose such a husband as yours—" "Ah, yes, he was very good; and then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of a husband she has lost, but can not tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."

TOBACCO.

ESSAY BY A SMALL BOY.

Tobacco grows something like cabbages; but I never saw none of it boiled, although I have eaten boiled cabbage and vinegar on it, and I have heard men say that cigars that was given to them on election day for nothing was cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the door and try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars which is glued into the Injun's hands and is made of wood also. Hogs do not like tobacco; neither do I. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and, as they had never seen a steamboat, they were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy who comes to see her. I guess she likes Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and he said he didn't know as she would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But the next morning, when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said, "Get out of the house, you horrid creature, the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed.

"I like to see the dear little creatures amusing themselves," said Mrs. Brown, when her elder boy took the visitor's new bonnet and affixed it to the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good matron to her visitor, when she saw her bonnet in the air; "as soon as the kite comes down he will give it to you."

"Jennie," said a landlady to her help the other morning—"Jennie, was there any fire in the kitchen last night while you were sitting up?" "Only just a spark, ma'am," was the reply. The landlady looked suspiciously at Jennie; but the innocent girl went on scrubbing and humming "Katy Darling."

Why should Romeo not have cared for the month of June?—Because it was not July yet (Juliet).

A lady who is trying to cure her husband of smoking has learned to smoke the weed herself, and complains that "it is rather an expensive habit for two."

"Bob, is your sister at home?" "Yes; but she won't see you to-night." "Why?" "Because she said she was going to have one more mess of onions if she never got another beau."

A lawyer of this city has conspicuously displayed in his office the following suggestive notification: "Gentlemen who expectorate on the floor can not expect to rate as gentlemen."

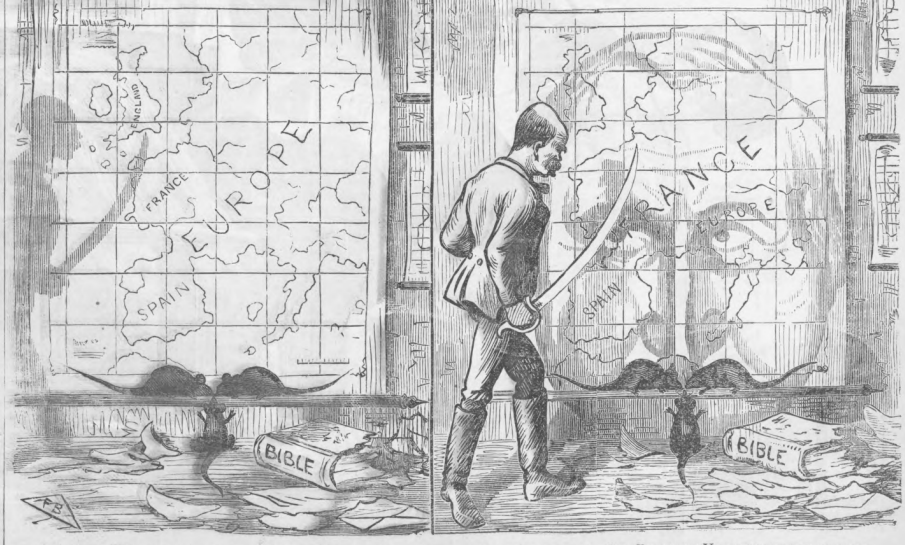
One of the notorious bores of Paris recently took hold of the younger Dumas's button-hole and wearied him with Munchausen-like stories; after one which challenged even more than the others the hearer's credulity, he asked his auditor, "Now aren't you astonished?" The dramatist replied: "Yes, but not by your story; what does astonish me is, that you should ever find ears to pour your story into so long as people have legs to run away from you."

Policeman, spare that dog, touch not a single hair; he worries many a hog from out his muddy lair. O, when he was a pup, so frisky and so plump, he lapped his milk from a cup, when hungry, at a jump. And then his funny tricks, so funny in their place, so full of canine licks, upon your hands and face. You will surely let him live! O, do not kill him—dead; he wags his narrative, and prays for life—not lead. Go, get the muzzle now and put upon his mouth, and stop that bow, wow, wow, and tendency to drought. He is you children's pet, companion of their joy; you will not kill him yet, and thus their hopes destroy. No, policeman, spare that pup, touch not a single hair; O, put your pistol up, and go away from here!

"Mamma," said a little girl to her mother, "do you know how I get to bed quick?" "No," was the reply. "Well," said she, in great glee, "I step one foot over the crib, then I say 'rats,' and frighten myself right in."

A merchant came into a printing-office a short time since, and, seeing a pile of papers lying on the table—it being publication day—unceremoniously helped himself to a copy, and said: "I spose you don't take any pay for just one paper?" "Not always," was the reply. Shortly afterward the printer entered the merchant's store and called for a pound of raisins, which was quickly weighed out to him. The printer took the raisins, saying: "I spose you don't charge any thing when a fellow don't take but one pound?" "No," said the grocer, after seeing the disadvantage under which he was placed by his own stingy illiberality toward the printer, and said: "When I get any more newspapers from a printer I'll pay for them."

It is said that experienced husbands can tell when their wives are about to ask for money by the way they purse their mouths.



PROFESSOR BIS THOUGHT HE HEARD SOME MICE IN THE LIBRARY.

HE FINDS THE SAME OLD BREED OF VERMIN THAT DID SO MUCH INJURY TO HIS MAPS BEFORE.

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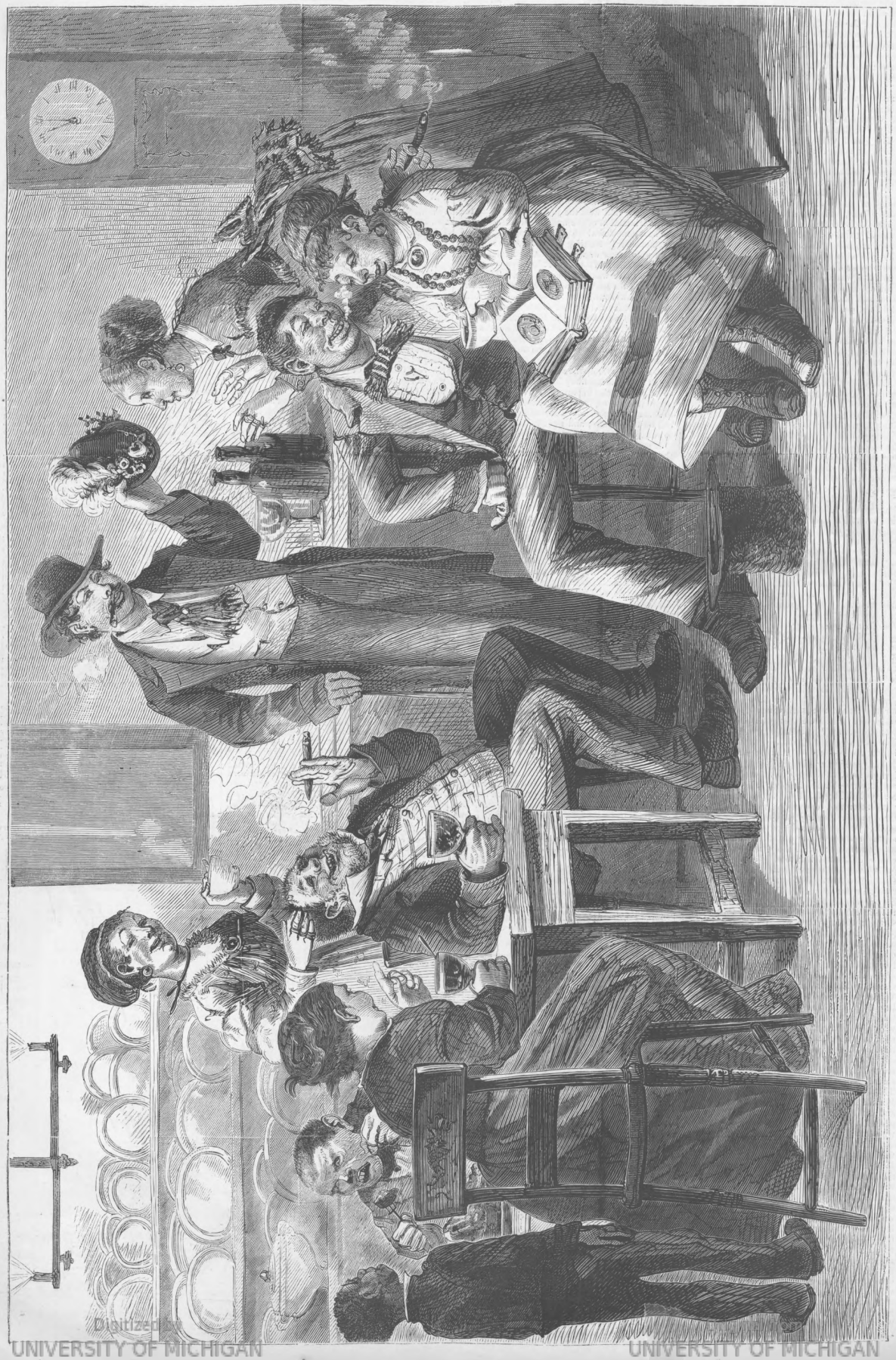

"HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."—DEDICATED TO THE ABSENTEES AT SARATOGA AND LONG BRANCH.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

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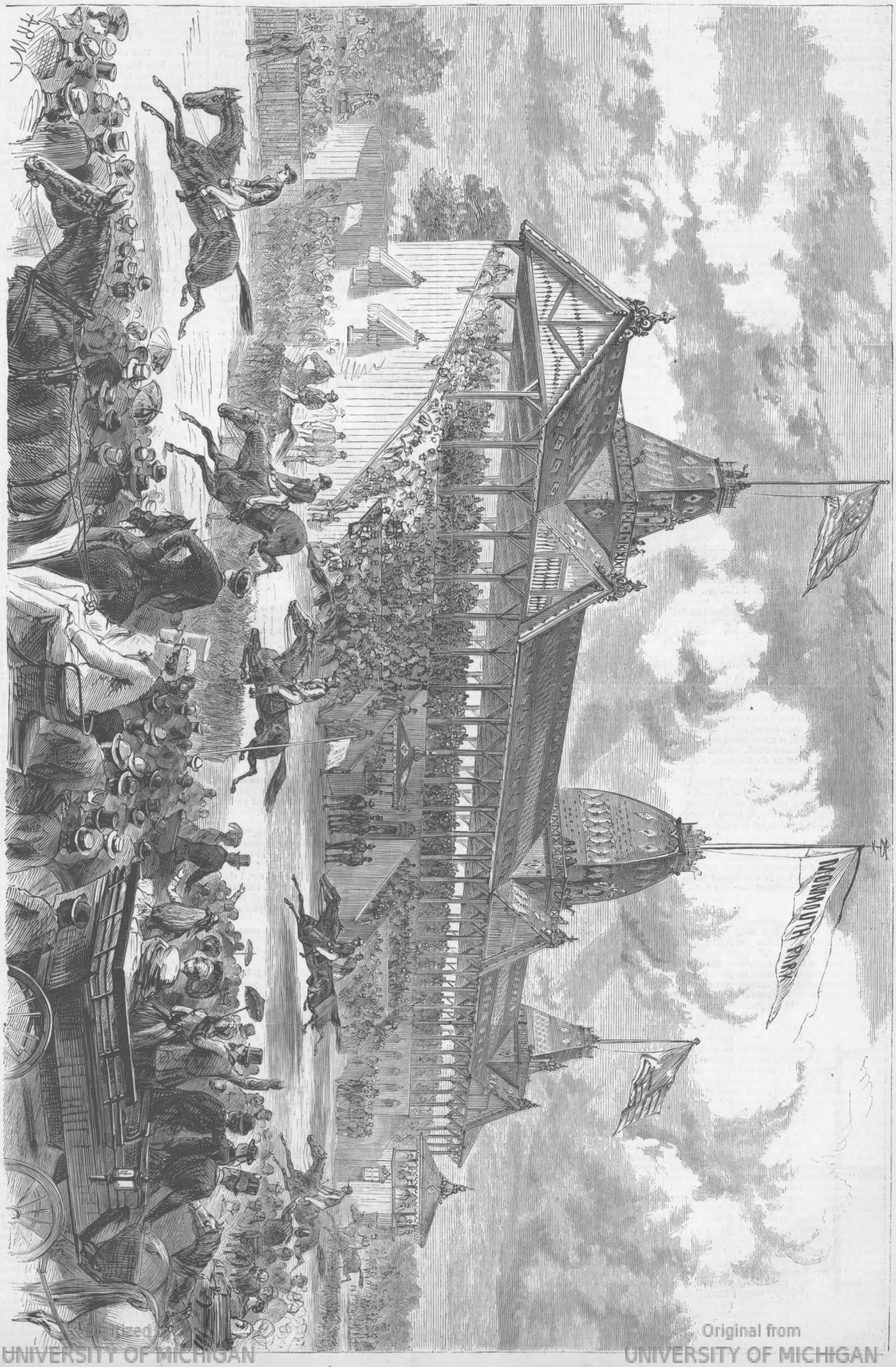

GRAND STAND, MONMOUTH PARK—THE HURDLE RACE.—DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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A COQUETTE'S ANSWER.

You tell me that my life is bound in fetters
Of folly, fashion, vanity, and pride:
That I have made my strongest faults abettors
In trampling my best virtues till they died;
That glitter for true gold my heart has chosen,
And dreadly it pays the certain cost—
The fountains of its sweetest impulse frozen,
The graces of its noblest longings lost!

You say that I have learned to value lightly
The happiness of human souls, and look
On pretense and deception daily, nightly,
As pages of some long-familiar book.
You say that nature's gifts, in golden largess,
My acts and aims to barren use apply;
You say—but wherefore dwell upon your charges?
No word among their many I deny.

Yet, friend, it were more needless than denial
To wake the old sad story once again—
Its memories of miserable trial—
The darkness and dejection of their pain!
The days when all grew desolate and cruel
That once I deemed imperishably fair—
The days when I beheld hope's precious jewel
Roll reckless to the black brink of despair!

You know, my friend, with what divine completeness
The measure of my woman's faith was blest;
You saw with what unutterable sweetness
Love thrilled the maiden silence of my breast.
But, ah! the gorgeous dream-web's late unweaving!
Have you forgotten, then? Would so might I!
A lie had fed my fervor of believing,
And love had paid allegiance to a lie!

Sharp agony—stern self-control—the seeming
To move in some strange present vaguely far
From that all-perfect past, an airy dreaming,
And view my fellow-mortals as they are!
Such disenchantment followed. Have I pardoned
The scoffing world that wrought it for me? No.
Imbittered, haughty, skeptical, and hardened,
I deal—and without mercy—blow for blow!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

AT CROMPTON.

AFTER the bold avowal made at the conclusion of the last chapter, Richard Yorke and his father (for such indeed he was) stood confronting one another, for near a minute, without a word. A tempest of evil passions swept over Carew's swarthy face, and his eyes flashed with a fire that seemed to threaten personal violence. The bull-dog, too, as though perceiving his master's irritation with the stranger, began to growl again; and this, perhaps, was fortunate for the young man, as affording a channel for the Squire's pent-up wrath. With a great oath, leveled alike at man and brute, he raised his foot, and kicked the latter to the other side of the room.

"Impudent bastard!" cried he; "how dare you show your face beneath my roof?"

"How *dare* I?" responded the young man, excitedly, and with his handsome face aglow. "Because there was naught to fear; and if there were, I should not have feared it."

"Tut, tut! so bold a game could never have entered into your young head. Your mother must have set you on to do it—come, Sir, the truth, the truth."

"She did not set me on, father," insisted the other, earnestly. "I came here of my own will. I have been dwelling within a stone's-throw of your house these six months, in hopes to see you face to face. She told me *not* to come—I swear she did."

"So much the better for her," ejaculated the Squire, grimly. "If I thought that she had any hand in this, not another shilling of my money should she ever touch. It was agreed between us," he continued, passionately—"and I, for my part, am a man who keeps his word—that she and hers should never meddle more with me and mine; and now she has broken faith."

"Nay, Sir, but she has not," returned the young man, firmly. "I tell you it was against her will that I came hither."

"The devil it was!" exclaimed the Squire, suddenly bursting into a wild laugh. "If you get your way with *her*, when she says 'no,' you must be a rare one. You are my son for certain, however, or you would never dare to stand here. It was a rash step, young Sir, and might have ended in the horse-pond. I had half a mind to set my bull-dog at you. Since you *are* here, however, you can stay. But let us understand one another. I am your father, in a sense, as I am father, for aught I know, to half the parish; but as to being lawfully so, the law has happened to have decided otherwise. I know what you would say about 'the rights of it;' but that's beside the question; the law, I say, for once, is on my side, and I stand by it. Egad, I have good reason to do so; and if your mother had been *your* wife, as she was mine, you would be with me so far. Now, look you," and here again the speaker's manner changed with his shifting mood, "if ever again you venture to address me as your father, or to boast of me as such, I will have you turned out neck and crop; but as Mr. Richard Yorke, my guest, you will be welcome at Crompton, so long as we two suit each other; only beware, young Sir, that you tell me no lies. I shall soon get rid of you on these terms," continued the Squire, with a chuckle; "for to speak truth must be as difficult to you, considering the stock you come of, as dancing on the tight-rope. Your mother, indeed, was a first-rate rope-dancer in that way, and I rarely caught her tripping; but you—"

"Sir," interrupted the young man, passionately, "is this your hospitality?"

"True, lad, true," answered the Squire, good-humoredly; "I had intended to have forgotten Madam Yorke's existence. Well, Sir, what *are* you?—what do you do, I mean, for a livelihood—beside 'night-watching?'"

"I am a landscape-painter, Sir."

"Umph!" grunted Carew, contemptuously; "you don't get fat on that pasture, I reckon. Have you never done any thing else?"

For a single instant the young man hesitated to reply; then answered, "Never."

"You are quite sure of that?" inquired the other, suspiciously.

"Quite sure."

"Good! Here, come with me."

His host led the way along an ample corridor, hung with tall pictures of their common ancestors, and opened the door of another bedroom. It was of a vast size; and even when the Squire had lit the candles upon the mantle-piece, and those which clustered on either side of the great pier-glass, the darkness did but give place to a sort of shining gloom: the cause of this strange effect was the peculiarity of the furniture; the walls were of bog-oak, relieved, like those of a ball-room, by silver sconces; the chairs were of the same material. The curiosity of the room was, however, the bedstead; this was of an immense size, and adorned above with ostrich feathers, which gave it the appearance of a funeral car; the pillars were of solid ebony, as were also the carved head and foot boards; it was hung with crimson damask curtains, trimmed with gold braid; and upon its coverlet of purple silk lay a quilt of Brussels point lace of exquisite design.

"I will have your traps brought in here," said Carew, throwing away the end of his cigar, and drawing from his pocket a heap of filberts; "it will be more convenient. You will find a room through yonder door, where you can sit and paint to your heart's content."

"You lodge me so splendidly, Sir, that I shall feel like Christopher Sly," observed the young fellow, gratefully.

"Ay, sly enough, I'll warrant," returned the Squire, who had just cracked a nut and found it a bad one. "That's Bred in the Bone with you, I reckon. Look yonder!" As he spoke, a porcelain vase clock upon the chimney-piece struck the half hour, and a gilt serpent sprang from the pedestal, showing its fang, which was set in brilliants. "That's my serpent clock, which always reminds me of Madam, your mother, and the more so, because it goes for a twelvemonth, which was just the time she and I went in double harness. But here are your clothes, and you must be quick in getting into them, for we dine sharp at Crompton.—Watson, go to my man, and bid him fetch a red coat for this gentleman.—You'll hear the gong, Mr. Yorke, five minutes before dinner is served." And with a careless nod to his guest, and a whistle to his four-footed companion, Carew sauntered off.

The young man would have given much to have had half an hour at his disposal to think over the events of the last few minutes, and to reflect upon his present position; but there was no time to lose, if he would avoid giving umbrage to his host by being late. He therefore dressed in haste, and before the first note of the gong was heard was fully equipped. If the Squire, in introducing him to this splendid lodging, had had it in his mind to overcome him by a mere exhibition of magnificence, the design had failed; it was only Yorke's artistic sense that had been impressed; the fact was that the young fellow was of that character on whom superiority of any sort has small effect; while in the present case the signs of wealth about him gave him self-confidence, rather than any feeling of inferiority; insomuch as he considered himself "by rights," as the Squire had said, the heir of all he saw, and by no means despaired of becoming so, not only *de jure*, but *de facto*. Certainly, as he now regarded himself in the pier-glass in his scarlet coat, it was not to be wondered at that he reflected complacently that, so far as personal appearance went, he was not likely to find a superior in any of the company he was about to meet. A handsomer young fellow had indeed never answered the importunate summons of the Crompton gong.

He had no difficulty about finding his way to the drawing-room, for a stream of red-coated guests was already setting thither from their respective chambers, and he entered it with them unannounced. This was the only apartment in the house which did not bear traces of mischievous damage, because, as on the present occasion, it was used for exactly five minutes every evening, and at no other time whatever. After dinner the Squire's guests invariably adjourned to the billiard-table or the library, and the yellow drawing-room was left alone in its magnificence. This neglected apartment had probably excited more envy in the female mind than any at Crompton, although there were drawing-rooms galore there, as well as one or two such exquisite boudoirs as might have tempted a nun from her convent. It was a burning shame, said the matrons of Breakneckshire, that the finest room in the county should not have a lawful mistress to grace it; and it was not their fault (as has been hinted) that that deficiency had not been supplied. It was really a splendid room, not divided in any way, as is usual with rooms of such vast extent, but comprehending every description of architectural vagary—bay-windows, in each of which half a dozen persons might sit and move, and recesses where as many could ensconce themselves, without their presence being dreamed of by the occupants of the central space.

At present, however, the flood of light that poured from chandelier and bracket, and flashed upon the gorgeous furniture and on the red coats of the guests, seemed to forbid concealment, and certainly afforded a splendid spectacle—a diplomatic reception, or a fancy-ball, could for brilliancy scarcely have exceeded it, though the parallel went no farther; for, with all this pomp and circumstance, there was not the slightest trace of ceremony. New guests, like Yorke himself, flocked in, and stood and stared, or paraded the room; while the less recent arrivals laughed and chatted together noisily, with their backs to the fires—of which there were no less than three alight—or lolled at full length upon the damask sofas. These persons were not, upon the whole, of an aristocratic type; many of them, indeed, were of good birth, and all had taken the usual pains with their costume, but a life of dissipation had set its vulgarizing mark on them: on the seniors the pallid and exhausted look of the *roué* was indeed rarely seen—country air and rough exercise had forbidden that—but drink and hard living had written their autographs upon them in another and worse handwriting. Blotches and pimples had indeed so erased their original likeness to gentlemen that it was even whispered by the scandalous that it was to prevent the confusion with his menials, that must needs have otherwise arisen, that the Squire of Crompton compelled his guests to wear red coats. The *habitués* of the place, who were the contemporaries of the Squire, had, as it were, gone to seed. But there was a sprinkling of a better class, or, at all events, of a class that had not as yet sunk so low as they in the mire of debauchery: a young lord or two in their minority, whom their parents or guardians could not coerce into keeping better company; and other young gentlemen of fashion, in whose eyes Carew was "A devilish good fellow at bottom;" "Quite a character, by Jove!" and "A sort of man to know." Among these last was Mr. Frederick Chandos, who had so lately got among the chrysanthemums with his gig-wheels, and Mr. Theodore Fane, his bosom friend, who always sat beside him on his driving-seat, and, in return for sharing his perils, was reported to have the whip-hand of him. Nor was old age itself without its representative in the person of Mr. Byam Ryll, once a master of fox-hounds, now a pauperized gourmand, who, in consideration of his coarse wit and "gentlemen's stories," was permitted to have the run of his teeth at Crompton. This Falstaff to the Squire's Prince Hal was a rotund and portly man, like his great prototype, but singularly handsome. His smile was winning yet, and, in spite of his load of years and fat, he still considered himself agreeable to the fair sex.

For this information and much more, respecting the character of his fellow-guests, Yorke was indebted to a very singular personage, who had introduced himself to him as "Parson Whymper," and whom he now knew to be the Squire's chaplain. The reverend divine was as proud of that office (and infinitely more comfortable in it) as though he had been chaplain to an archbishop. He was the only man present who wore a black coat, and he had a grave voice and insinuating manner, which really did smack something of the pulpit.

"Mr. Yorke," said he, blandly, "I make no apology for introducing myself to you; Carew and I have been just having a talk about you, and he has no secrets from his ghostly adviser. I take your hand with pleasure. I seem to feel it is the flesh and blood of my best friend. Sooner or later, mark me, he will own as much, and, be sure, no effort of mine shall be wanting to insure so desirable a consummation."

Yorke flushed with pleasure, not at the honeyed terms, nor the good-will they evidenced, but at the news itself—the fact of his father having revealed their relationship to him seemed so full of promise—and yet he resented the man's professions, the audacity of which seemed certainly to imply that he was taken for a fool.

"I am sure, Mr. Whymper," said he, stiffly, "I ought to be greatly obliged to you."

"Hush! Not Mr. Whymper, if you please, for that's a fine here. Every body at Crompton calls me 'Parson.' Obliged, Sir! Not at all. It is only natural that, being what I am, I should wish you well. The law, it is true, has decided against your legitimacy, but the Church is bound to think otherwise. In my eyes you are the Squire's only son"—here he made a whispering-trumpet of his brawny hands, and added with great significance—"and heir."

"I see," said Yorke, smiling in spite of himself.

"Of course you do; did you think I was trifling with your intelligence? I tell you that it is quite on the cards that you may recover your lost position, and regain what is morally your own again. Carew is delighted with you, not so much because you saved his stags as because you fought such a good battle with him by the Decoy Pond. He has been consulting me professionally as to whether it would be contrary to the tables of affinity to have another set-to with you. I am sorry my reply was in the negative, for, now I look at you, I do believe you would have thrashed him; but I was so afraid of his getting the better of you, which might have ruined your fortunes."

Richard could only repeat his thanks for the good clergyman's kindness. "You know nobody here, I suppose," observed the latter, "and, with a few exceptions, which I will name to you, that is not of much consequence. It is a shifting lot: they are here to-day and gone to-morrow, as says the Scripture, and I wish they were all going to-morrow except Byam Ryll. That's old Byam yonder, with the paunch and his hands behind him; he has nowhere else to put them, poor fellow." And here Parson Whymper launched into biography as aforesaid.

The clock on the chimney-piece, on which the two were leaning, broke in upon the divine's scarcely less dulcet accents with its silver quarter.

"This is the first time," said Whymper, "that I have ever known your father late; and to you belongs the honor of having caused him to transgress his own immutable rule."

While he was yet speaking a hunting-horn was blown in the hall beneath, and the whole company turned *en masse*, like a field of poppies before a sudden wind, to the door where Carew was standing.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FEAST OF LAPITHÆ.

THE host himself led the way down stairs; while the rear of the party was brought up by Mr. Whymper, to whom Yorke attached himself.

When they reached the dining-room, and before they took their seats at the ample table, the chaplain, with sonorous voice, gave a view holloa! which was the Crompton grace.

"It is very distressing to me to have to act in this way," whispered he to his young friend, whose countenance betrayed considerable astonishment; "but it is the custom of the house; and, after all, there is no great harm in it. *De minimis non curat lex*, you know."

"That does not hold good with respect to the law of affiliation, parson," observed Mr. Byam Ryll, who sat on the other side of him, "if, at least, I have not forgotten my *Burns*."

"I always understood that Burns had very loose views upon such matters," returned the chaplain, demurely.

"My dear parson, your remark is like that excellent condiment which I wish I could see at this otherwise well-provided table—caviare to the multitude. Why is it not furnished? You have only to say the word." Here he addressed himself to Yorke: "This worthy divine who sits at the bottom of the table, young gentleman, and who has neglected his duty in not having introduced us, is all-powerful here; and we all endeavor to make friends of him; nor is that circumstance, it is whispered, the only respect in which he resembles the mammon of unrighteousness."

A shadow of annoyance crossed the parson's smiling face.

"Mr. Richard Yorke," said he, "this is Mr. Byam Ryll, our unlicensed jester."

"The parson, on the contrary," retorted the other, with twinkling eyes, "is our Vice, and gives himself every license. What is the matter with Carew to-night? He looks glum. I dare say he has been eating greens and bacon at some farm-house, and is now regretting the circumstance. He has no moral courage, poor fellow, and knows not how to deny his appetite."

"You never did such a wasteful thing in your life, Byam, I'll warrant," said the parson, smiling; "and yet some say that you have been a profligate."

"I know it," replied the gourmand, shaking his head; "and I forgive them. They call me a slave to my stomach; if it be so, I at least serve a master of some capacity, which is not the case with every body."

"You are saying something about *me*, you big fat man," cried Carew, from the other end of the table, and his voice had a very unpleasant grasp in it. "Come, out with it!"

"If our venerable friend does not stoop to deception," whispered the parson into Yorke's ear, "he will now find himself in an ugly hole."

"I was observing that you did not eat your lamperns, Squire," said the stout gentleman, "and remarked that you were in no want of a feeder."

"What's a feeder?" returned the host, ill-temperedly. "If it's a bib, you'll soon want one yourself, for, egad, you're getting near your second childhood!"

"It must have been my plumpness and innocence which suggested that idea," responded the other, smiling. "But if you have never known a feeder, you have missed a great advantage, Squire. When you dine with my Lord Mayor the question is always asked, Will you have a feeder, or will you not? If you say 'Yes,' you pay your half-guinea, and get him. He is generally a grave old gentleman like myself, and much resembles a beneficed clergyman. He stands behind your chair throughout the feast, and delicately suggests what it is best for you to eat, to drink, and to avoid. 'No; *no* salmon,' he murmurs, if you have had turbot already; and, '*Now*, a glass of Burgundy, *if* you please, Sir;' or, '*Now*, a glass of sherry.' If an indigestible or ill-compounded *entrée* is handed, he will whisper: 'No, Sir: neither now nor never,' with quite an outburst of honest indignation; nor will he suffer you to take Gruyere cheese, nor port with your Stilton. The consequence is, that the next morning you feel as lively as though you had not feasted on the previous evening, and convinced that you made a good investment of your half-guinea in securing his services. If there was a feeder at Crompton," concluded the old gourmand, sighing, and with a hypocritical look, "it would be a boon to some of you young fellows, and might produce a healthy and devout old age."

"That's a good one!" "Well done, Byam!" "You won't beat that!" resounded from all sides, for such were the terms in which the gallery at Crompton expressed their approbation, whether of man or beast; but Mr. Frederick Chandos and a few others, inclusive of Mr. Theodore Fane, kept a dignified silence, as over a joke that was beyond their capacities—they reserved their high approval for "gentlemen's stories" only. As for the grim Squire, for whom alone the narrative had been served and garnished, at so very short a notice, he observed upon it, that "when he had used up old Byam's brains he should now have the less scruple in turning him out-of-doors, inasmuch as it seemed there was a profession in town that was just suited to him."

How wondrous is the power of naked wealth—of the mere money! Simply because he had a large rent-roll, this mad Carew could find not only companions of his own calibre—reckless good-for-naughts, or dull debauchees—but could

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command graybeard experience, wit, the art of pleasing, in one man; and in another (what he was not less destitute of, and needed more), politic management and common-sense. We do not say, as the Squire himself sometimes did, when in a good-humor with his two satellites, that Parson Whymper and Byam Ryll had more brains in their little fingers than all his other friends had in their whole bodies, but it was certain that, even when drunk, they were wiser than the others when sober; the one had astuteness enough for a great statesman (or what has passed for such in England) to hold the most discordant elements together, and to make what is rotten seem almost sound; and, indeed, without his chaplain's dextrous skidding, Carew would long ago have irretrievably lost social caste, and dissipated his vast means to the last shilling. On the other hand, Byam Ryll was gifted with even rarer qualities; he was essentially a man of mark and character, and might have made his fortune in any pursuit by his own wits; but his fortune had been ready-made when he came of age, and he had occupied himself very agreeably instead in getting through it, in which he had quite succeeded. Parson Whymper, who had never known what it was to have a ten-pound note to call his own, was now no worse off than he. They would both have frankly owned, had they been asked, that they detested work of any kind. Yet the chaplain had almost as much business on his hands as the bursar of a great college, in the administration of Carew's affairs, besides filling an office which was by no means a sinecure, in that of his master of the ceremonies. Many a rudeness in that house would have been bitterly avenged, and many a quarrel would have had a serious termination, but for the good offices of Parson Whymper. Nor would Mr. Byam Ryll have been considered by every body to earn an easy livelihood in making jests out of every occasion, to tickle the fancy of a dull-witted audience and of a patron, as often as not, morose; yet the flesh-pots of Egypt had attracted both these men to the Squire's service, their property as well as their will consenting; and in exchange for meat and drink, and lodging of the best, they had sold themselves into slavery. Upon the whole, they were well disposed to one another; the bond of intelligence united them against the rich "roughs" with whom they had to deal; they tilted together, side by side, against the *canaille*; yet each, from the bitter consciousness of his own degradation, took pleasure in the humiliation or discomfiture of the other, at the rude hands of their common master.

"Profession," said Chandos, in reply to Carew's last remark; "gad, your ancient friend is lucky to have found one in these days. They tell me that no young gentleman can now get his living without answering questions, writing down things, drawing maps, and passing— What the deuce do they call them?"

"Hanged if *I* know," said the Squire. "Ask Byam; he knows every thing."

"I say, Mr. Byam," drawled the young man, somewhat insolently, but without being aware that he was addressing a stranger by his Christian name, "Carew says you know every thing. What is it that a gentleman is now obliged to go through before he can get any of these snug things one used to get for the asking? What is the confounded thing one has to pass?"

"Muster," answered Ryll, derisively, as though it was a riddle.

Carew laughed aloud. The nearer a retort approached to a practical joke, provided it was not at his own expense, the better he liked it.

"What did the old beggar say?" inquired Mr. Frederick Chandos, his fair face crimson with anger.

"He asked for the mustard; he didn't hear you," answered the Squire, mischievously; "he never does hear a fellow who lisps."

"I asked you, Mr. Byam," repeated the young man with tipsy gravity, "what is the name of those examinations?"

"The name of the gentleman on my left, Mr. Chandos, is Ryll, and not Byam—except to his intimate friends," interposed the chaplain; "and the name you are in want of is competitive."

"That's it," said the young man, slapping the table, and forgetting both his mistake and his anger in the unaccustomed acquisition of an idea. "Competitive examination is what they call it. Well, you know, there was my young brother—confound him!—looking to me to pay his bills; and, in fact, having nothing to live upon, poor devil, except what I gave him. So, of course, I was anxious to get him off my hands."

"Very natural," assented Carew. "For my part, I could never see what younger brothers were born for."

"You'd see it less if you had one to keep," continued Chandos. "In old times, now, I could have got Jack something warm and snug under government, or in the colonies; and so I should now, but for one thing—that he had to pass one of these cursed examinations first. However, as it had to be done, and as Jack, according to his own account, was as much out of form for one as another of them, I recommended him to try his luck for something in India; for as long as you can keep a fellow on the other side of the world he can't dun you—not to hurt; it ain't like coming and calling *himself*; and you needn't read his letters unless you like. Well, 'India be it,' says Jack; 'that's as good a place as another;' though, in my opinion, he never expected to go there. He thought he had no chance whatever of pulling through, and so did I, for the fact is, Jack is a born fool."

"Did you say he was your brother, or only your half-brother?" inquired Mr. Byam Ryll, with an appearance of great interest.

"My very own brother, Sir," replied the unconscious Chandos, flattered to find such attention paid to him; "and as like to me as one thimble, I mean as one pea, is to another. Well, the strange thing is, the deuce alone knows how it happened, but *Jack got through*." Here he took a bumper of port, as though in honor of that occasion. "It's a perfect marvel, but the best thing for *him* (as well as for me) in the world. Nobody ever went out under better auspices, for the governor of Bengal is our cousin, and Jack was to school with his private sec.; it's a first-rate connection. Our family has been connected with India for ever so long. I'll tell you how."

"It is a most admirable connection," observed Mr. Byam Ryll; "and the whole circumstances of the case will, I have no doubt, be interesting in the highest degree to the natives of Bengal. Your brother should embody them in a neat speech, and deliver it from the deck of the steamer before he lands."

It is probable that Mr. Frederick Chandos would have so far misunderstood the nature of this observation as to have accepted it as a compliment had not Carew burst into a series of wild laughs, which betokened high approval, and was one of his few tokens of enjoyment. He had evinced unmistakable signs of discontent and boredom before his intellectual henchman had thus struck in on his behalf; and he was really gratified for the rescue. Chandos was muttering some drunken words of insolence and anger; but Carew bore him down.

"Pooh, pooh! Old Byam was right!" cried he, with boisterous mirth. "I dare say all that long story of yours *may* interest those black fellows; but for me, I care nothing about it. It's all rubbish. Be quiet, you young fool, I say; it's too early yet for buffets. Here, bring the beaker."

This was a magnificent tankard, the pride of Crompton, which, at the conclusion of dinner, was always filled with port-wine, and passed round the table. It was lined with silver gilt, but made of ivory, and had a cover of the same, both finely carved. On the bowl was portrayed a Forest Scene, with Satyrs pursuing Nymphs; on the lid was the Battle of the Centaurs; while the stem was formed by a sculptured figure of Hercules. If the artist, Magnus Berg, who had fashioned it long ago in his own Rhine Land, had had foresight of the sort of company into whose hands his work was in these days to pass he could not have hit upon more apt devices. His Satyrs and his Centaurs had here their representatives in the flesh; while the thews and sinews of the son of Alcmene had their counterpart in those of the man who now stood up at the head of that splendid table, and drank such a draught as though the port were porter. It was a feat to hold it with one hand, and therefore Carew did so; but to empty it at a draught was, even for him, an impossibility, for it held three bottles of wine. Though the Squire could be acquitted of entertaining reverence for any thing human or divine, he had a sort of superstitious regard for his beaker, and believed that so long as he had it in his possession—like the "Luck of Eden Hall"—no great harm could happen to him. He attached all the importance of a religious ceremony—and, indeed, it was the only one he practiced—to the using of this goblet, and resented any levity during the process as though it were sacrilege. But to stand up after dinner, and much less to support this elaborate drinking-vessel, was not always an easy matter with the Squire's guests, and so it happened on the present occasion. The usage was, that one held the cover while his neighbor drank from the cup, after a ceremonious bow to him; and it fell to the lot of Mr. Frederick Chandos to perform this latter duty immediately after his host, and while there was still much wine in the goblet. Uncertain as to his footing, and trembling with irritation, as well as with the weight of his burden, he hesitated to drink. Perhaps, in his already wine-muddled brain, he had some vague idea of passing the vessel on, and thereby showing his displeasure; but, at all events, the hesitation was unfortunate for him, for, with a fierce ejaculation of impatience, Carew crammed the great cover on the young man's head, which, like the helmet of Orlando, came down over nose and chin. Maddened with the insult, Chandos dashed the contents of the goblet into what he thought was the Squire's face, but which was indeed the white cravat and waistcoat of his opposite neighbor; and then began a scene that Smollett alone could have described or Hogarth painted. It was as though a concerted signal had been given for a free fight among all the Squire's guests. The one art that was practiced among them was that of boxing, and almost every man present had a neat way of hitting out with one hand or the other, which he believed to be unique, and the effect of which he was most curious to observe. The less skillful with their fists used any other weapons that came handy. The dessert service of Dresden porcelain, elaborately enameled with views of the chief towns of Germany, had once been the marriage portion of a princess, and was justly held to be one of the rarest treasures of Crompton; but it was no more respected now than if it had furnished forth the table of Pirithous. The plates skimmed about like quoits, and all the board became a wreck of glass and china. Above the clamor and the fighting could be heard Carew's strident voice demanding his beaker, pouring unimaginable anathemas against any one who should do it damage, and threatening to unmuzzle and bring in his bear. The servants, not unused to such mad tumults, gathered in a mass at the doorway, and awaited with equanimity the subsidence of the storm among their betters. It came at last, and found the scene of contest not unlike a ship after storm—the decks all but clean swept, and the crew (who had broken into the spirit-room) exhausted.

Richard Yorke, who, with his two neighbors, had taken no part in the affray beyond defending himself from blows or missiles, was even more astonished at the general good-humor that now succeeded than at the fracas itself. If there had been any bad blood among the combatants, it seemed to have been spilled, for there was now nothing but laughter and applausive drumming of fists upon the table. The company were as pleased with their own performance as the holiday faces that greet with such exuberant joy the havoc upon the stage at pantomime time. The *habitués* of Crompton, indeed, were not unlike wild school-boys, with a Lord of Misrule for their master, and "give and take" for their one good precept. Nay, the rude outbreak had even a beneficial effect, for it cut short the orgie, which might, and probably would, have otherwise been prolonged for hours. There was no dissentient voice when Mr. Byam Ryll arose and observed, in demure accents: "Suppose, my dear friends, that we join the ladies."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DR. GAUTZ, a celebrated German physiologist, has been applying himself for some time past to experimental investigations for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent internal refrigeration is injurious to the system. Arguing from the extent and number of the epigastric vessels, and their extraordinary influence upon the general pressure of the blood, Dr. Gautz had been led to the conclusion that the extensive use of cold liquids must necessarily contract the minute arteries of the epigastric region and the adjacent organs, thereby increasing the arterial pressure of the blood, and inducing hemorrhage of the lungs, apoplexy, and kindred diseases. A series of experiments upon dogs seemed to give positive proof that such was the natural result. It has been suggested that the startling number of what are termed sun-strokes which have occurred during the present season may have been induced to some extent by the excessive consumption of ice-cold soda-water. Whether or not this idea has any genuine foundation, prudence would suggest a very guarded use of icy drinks at times when the system is in an overheated condition.

Any facts about the coming Polar Exploring Expedition are refreshing during the midsummer heat. If Captain Hall, who is to command the expedition, were ready to start now, we fancy scores of heat-suffering mortals would be delighted to accompany him, and cool off their fevered bodies in the breezes which circle about the North Pole. The Coast Survey and the Smithsonian Institute contribute some scientific men to this expedition.

Among recent commendable provisions passed by Congress is one restricting Senators and Representatives in expenditures for stationery. Hereafter they are to be allowed but $125 each for stationery and newspapers. There certainly is every reason why those in governmental positions should be careful and economical in the use of public money and supplies.

Not long before the death of Charles Dickens, as he was walking with a friend, the conversation turned upon "Edwin Drood." His companion said to him, "Well, you or we are approaching the mystery." Dickens, who had been and was at the moment all vivacity, at once grew serious, and fell into a long and silent reverie, which he never broke during the remainder of the walk.

Men of science abroad, who have some practical knowledge of the subject, express the opinion that the result of the United States expedition to explore the Isthmus of Darien by no means proves that a feasible route does not exist. They believe that the effort should have been preceded by a careful examination of the archives at Madrid having reference to explorations on this isthmus, which can afford valuable information on the subject. A knowledge of the character of the country, of the language, and, above all, the peculiarities of the climate is essential. On the arrival of our expedition at Caledonia Bay, near the end of the dry season, precious time was lost in determining the geographical position of a spot supposed to be important. The wet season began, and the route proposed was found impracticable. An interval in the rains, such as almost invariably takes place in that climate, followed, and advantage was taken of it to continue the effort. The condition in which the explorers found themselves when the rains recommenced shows how great was the lack of every thing essential to success. It is believed by many that a good practical engineer, with the knowledge obtainable before starting, acquainted with Spanish, understanding the varieties of climate thoroughly and acclimated to it, could, with fifty men, easily locate a practicable line.

Jerome Napoleon, grandson of Prince Jerome and Madame Patterson Bonaparte, sailed for France a short time ago in the steamer *Lafayette*, for the purpose of joining the French army on the Rhine. He was educated at West Point.

Lady Franklin, with her niece, Miss Cracroft, came to this country with the expectation of meeting Captain Hall, and hearing from his own lip the result of his explorations in the icy regions, where Sir John and his companions spent their last moments. She has little hope of learning any thing more respecting the melancholy fate of her husband; yet any information respecting those frozen zones has peculiar interest for her. Lady Franklin traveled from England to California by the way of the Straits of Magellan, and is, apparently, in remarkably good health.

Mr. Washburne, the American minister, was in Bohemia when he heard the news of the breaking out of the war. He immediately returned to Paris to consult with his diplomatic colleagues.

The hot Sabbaths of July were severe upon ministers—that is, upon most ministers. Some seem to work regardless of heat. One energetic Congregational minister attended two Sabbath-schools, conducted two prayer-meetings, and preached three sermons, on one Sunday, and was not "used up." We think, however, that he was guilty of "tempting Providence." Mr. H. W. Beecher was more sensible, in announcing, one scorching Sabbath morning, that "on account of the inclemency of the weather" there would be no second service in Plymouth Church that day.

English art journals speak with enthusiasm of a new preparation called "Rouget's fixative," which originally was designed to render chalk or crayon drawings permanent. Recently it has been applied to objects of still greater delicacy with success. A young lady conceived the idea of bathing a butterfly in the spray-like "fixative." The insect looked, for a few seconds, drenched and spoiled. After two or three minutes in the sun, the appearance of vapor had entirely disappeared. Not so the virtue of the process. The wings would bear rubbing between the thumb and finger without losing a portion of their scales! All who delight in entomological researches will be pleased to know so simple a method of rendering the fragile beauties they collect as imperishable as an artificial fabrication.

Eugénie does not hesitate to express her delight that the Prince Imperial will see his first campaign with his father.

A paper was lately read at a meeting of the Victoria Discussion Society in London, entitled, "A Protest against Woman's Demand for the Privileges of both Sexes."

"The Life of Our Saviour," written by Charles Dickens, "to guide the hearts and lives of his children," will soon be published. This volume will be read with much interest.

The tragic death of M. Prévost-Paradol occurred less than two weeks after his arrival in this country. He came over in the steamer *Lafayette*, and the same vessel carried back his remains to his native country. His family consist of a daughter of seventeen, a son of eleven—both of whom came to the United States with him—and a younger daughter who remained in France. The two older children returned to France by the *Lafayette* also, though at the time of sailing it was reported that they only knew that their father was dead. The sad circumstances of his death, and the fact that his remains were on the same steamer with them, had been, it is said, carefully concealed from them, in the hope that they might reach their native land without the sad knowledge. They were at Newport at the time of M. Paradol's death.

General Nicolas Anne Theodule Changarnier, the commander of the French reserves, is now in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Though he can not be expected to take the field, he will undoubtedly be a valuable addition to the military councils of the Emperor. Years ago he was regarded by the opponents of Napoleon as their leader, yet he has always been highly esteemed by the Emperor, who in 1859 promoted him to the rank of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. His reconciliation with Napoleon, and his present position as supporter of France in the war with Prussia, are significant facts.

Casualties occur almost every year on the Canada side of the Niagara River, owing to the unprotected bank. Not long ago a little boy about five years old, living about half a mile north of the Clifton House, was playing with his little sister in front of their home, when the boy approached too near the bank and fell over. The screams of the girl brought the mother and other persons to her assistance, but some time elapsed before the fate of the lad could be ascertained, since an old path, further down the river, afforded the only means of access to the rocks below. It was supposed he would be found dashed to pieces upon the rocks; and the delight of the agonized mother may be imagined when he was found endeavoring to free himself from the tree-tops, seventy-five feet below the brink over which he had fallen, comparatively unharmed. He suffered a few slight scratches and bruises, but no serious hurt. The little fellow was more fortunate than many others have been.

The weather has been hot enough this season to drive the canine, if not the human, race insane. We think the heat must also have touched the brains of some Chicago-ite who gives sundry "valuable directions" concerning hydrophobia. For example, "If you see a dog approaching you with his mouth open, it is a sure sign that he is mad. You will get out of the way at once, knocking down as many baby-carts and apple-women as possible in your retreat. If the dog has his mouth *closed*, it is a sure sign that he is afflicted with *rabies*. He scents water, and the muscles of his mouth have spasmodically closed on that account. If the infuriated animal pursues you, the best means of escape is by leaping through a show-window. The projecting points of glass will discourage the dog from following. Precautions should be taken, lest you be attacked by the proprietor of the shop, who is likely to be mad also. The mere bark of a mad dog does not necessarily engender hydrophobia. A dog usually gets mad when a tea-kettle is tied to his tail. A French dog may be readily rendered rabid, for purposes of experiment, by saying 'Bismarck' to him, with a strong accent on the *s*. Of course a man, bitten by a dog, goes mad too; but if your friend refuses water when he comes to a bar, it is by no means positive proof that he is mad. The best and least dangerous dogs are those that were killed last summer. Wagging the tail is not a symptom of hydrophobia, but if the animal endeavors to stand upright on the end of the same, it is conclusive evidence that he is not right in his mind. As the hair of a dog will cure his bite, it would be an excellent plan to procure a lock of hair from each dog in town. These, properly arranged and catalogued, can be carried in the pocket, and applied promptly after the attack. On showing these directions to any intelligent dog, he, seeing you prepared for him, will leave you and select some easier victim."

The *Jennie Bonnie*, a little yacht of six tons burden, started from the coast of Maine about a year ago, and has made a coast and river voyage from Maine to Missouri. Her crew consisted only of the captain and a companion. The object of the voyage by Captain Carpenter was to obtain a correct survey of the contour of the continent between Maine and the mouth of the Mississippi, and also of the Mississippi River and the lakes. The route taken was a most circuitous one, up and down all the bays and inlets of the Atlantic coast. At one time there was a terrific storm on the coast, when several vessels were wrecked. The little yacht weathered the tempest, riding over the big billows like a feather. The wrecks of six or seven merchantmen were discovered, tumbling about in the waves, but the yacht escaped unharmed. The *Jennie Bonnie*, is on her way across the grand portage to Lake Superior, through Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario, into the St. Lawrence, and around to the coast of Maine to the point where she started from.

"My dear," said a lady to her husband as he left her in the morning to go down town, "be sure and bring 'Dombey and Son' home with you to-night." An attentive waitress, hearing the request, considerately placed two extra plates on the dinner-table for the supposed visitors.

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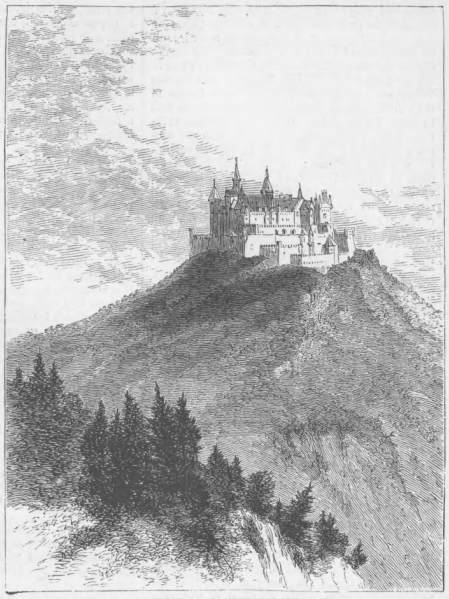
PRINCE LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN.

LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN.

PRINCE LEOPOLD of Hohenzollern, whose candidature for the Spanish throne was so eagerly made the pretext for war by the Emperor of France, is a quiet, reserved, and rather studious man of thirty-five, with a disposition quite the reverse of bellicose. Possessed of great wealth, and taking no part in military or political affairs, he lives the pleasant life of a gentleman of leisure, and probably nothing but his bigoted attachment to the Roman Catholic faith, which may require a firm hand to support it in Spain, induced him to listen to the overtures of General PRIM.

The HOHENZOLLERNS, to whom the reigning family of Prussia belongs, date back to the beginning of the ninth century. Its most ancient progenitor mentioned in history is Count THASSILO, whose romantic story is narrated in CARLYLE'S history of "Frederick the Great." The territory, which since 1849 has formed an administrative division of Prussia, derives its name from a fine old castle, situated on the very summit of a mountain near Hechingen. It lies between Würtemberg and Baden, and contains an area of about 400 square miles, and 60,000 inhabitants. The castle, as well as its situation, as may be seen from our engraving, is exceedingly picturesque. The region it overlooks is one of the most beautiful in all Germany. The mountains, though not attaining any thing like Alpine grandeur, present a charmingly picturesque variety, and every locality has its poetic legend and its association with the old heroic age of Germany. We fancy that Prince LEOPOLD could ill afford to exchange this peaceful retreat for the vain honors of a crown.



CASTLE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

MOVING TO THE FRONT.

IT is reported that LOUIS NAPOLEON counted upon disaffection in South Germany as a strong element in his projected promenade across the Rhine, and that the delay in the movement was caused by the unwelcome discovery that he had reckoned without his host, and that the disaffection was confined to a few princes whose importance had been lessened by the overshadowing greatness of Prussia. The mass of the people were found to be true to their old dream of German unity, and as soon as the news of the declaration of war against Prussia was published in Germany an uprising of the people took place very similar to what was witnessed in this country immediately after the firing on Fort Sumter. Throughout all the northern and southern states alike, the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. Every government responded readily to the call for troops, and at once placed its forces at the disposal of Prussia. From every part of the country they were rapidly transferred to the front, and before NAPOLEON was ready for his dash across the Rhine he found himself in the face of an army equal to his own in numbers, and animated by a far higher enthusiasm. His great opportunity was lost.

GERMAN TROOPS MOVING TO THE FRONT.

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THE PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE AT LONG BRANCH.

THE cottage purchased by President GRANT at Long Branch, where he has retired for a brief interval of much-needed repose from the responsible duties of public life, is, as may be seen by our illustration, a very tasteful and elegant bit of summer architecture. It stands directly on the Bluff, some distance beyond the most western of the long line of hotels, and commands a fine view of the ocean on one side, and of the village and landscape on the other. The side of the cottage shown in our illustration fronts the road, from which a winding drive-in leads up to the door. The appearance of the grounds is somewhat barren and dreary; but this is a disadvantage in which all the cottages on the Bluff share alike, as the strong sea-breezes render abortive every attempt at landscape-gardening. Neither tree nor shrub will flourish there; and the utmost that can be done is to cultivate a lawn. Turf, fortunately, appears to flourish; and, with a proper amount of culture, a fine, smooth, velvet lawn can be secured, which lovers of croquet can appreciate. Most of the cottages along the Bluff are thus surrounded, and the wide piazzas, in many cases extending on every side of the building, supply the place of natural shade.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S COTTAGE AT LONG BRANCH.—[PHOT. BY E. W. PACH.]

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

THIS pretty and attractive sea-coast picture, engraved from an admirable water-color drawing by Mr. J. D. WATSON, a popular English artist, represents a scene at Cullercoats, a favorite bathing resort on the English coast. A little fisher-girl, barefooted, and with a mass of tangled hair falling over her forehead, is dragging a huge fish, almost as big as herself, by the gills, and looking down upon it with evident complacency. It is low tide, and the stretch of sand is broken by protruding rocks, among which lie still, bright pools of water; in the back-ground one long breaker stretches across the picture beneath a sweep of cloudy sky, a gleam of light on the left being reflected in the quiet pools. But is it not almost saddening to reflect how much prettier and more picturesque such a subject is in a painting, from a master's hand, than such a scene in real life would be?

THE LAST SMILE.

WE have all seen in print, and most of us perhaps on real living lips and faces, what is called a sardonic smile. Not all of us may be aware of the alleged origin of that expression. The sardonic laugh of the ancients was an involuntary distortion of the muscles of the mouth, occasioned by a poisonous plant grown in Sardinia; and persons who died of this poison had a smile on their countenance—whence came about the meaning of a forced, or affected, and grimacing smile.

To a mere muscular mechanical movement is referred, by physiologists, the smile, so sweetly the reverse of sardonic, which is to be observed so often on the faces of the dying and of the dead. But under the spell of that suggestive aspect, one is inclined to scout a physiological reduction of it to its lowest terms, in the style of Horatio's objection to a certain post-mortem examination on the part of the Prince of Denmark, that "'twere to consider too curiously to consider so." Edgar Poe adverts somewhere to what he calls "that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death."

Chateaubriand claims, at the time of the exhumations of 1815, to have at once recognized the head of the Queen, "by the smile which this head had directed toward me at Versailles," and which imagination, or some correlative force, so complacently but so unmistakably saw there still. Beattie's letter, announcing the death of Lord Lyttleton, records a "fixed smile on his lifeless countenance." When the amiable doctor, some twenty years later, had to record the death of his own promising son, he was careful not to omit in his instance the like record of a settled smile. Of Geoffrey St. Hilaire it was that Edgar Quinet wrote, "Il s'approche, *en souriant*, de la vérité sans voile"—and this was literally true *in articulo mortis*. "Surely the angels had *straikit* him," said one of the children of that venerable Jameson of Methven who, renowned for a life-long smile, was found dead one morning on the hearth-rug—"*the* smile shining all radiant on his face," as having defied and survived death. Wordsworth devoutly commemorates in a sonnet the "heaven-revealing smile" on the face of the "dear sister, become Death's bride," he lost in 1836. To him that vision sanctified the sway of Death.

Father Eustace, in Scott's "Monastery," is described gazing on the pallid corpse of the Lady of Avenel, "from which the spirit had parted so placidly as to leave a smile upon the thin blue lips"—lips so long wasted by decay as to have parted with the last breath of animation without the slightest convulsive tremor.

Nicholas Nickleby, watching poor Smike in the slumber that preceded a deeper slumber that knows no waking, saw the closed eyes open, and a placid smile come on the pale face; for the dying boy's dreams had been tranquilizing, even joyous. Soon the slumberer slumbered again, and again smiled—died smiling.

The bereaved mother in Mrs. Gaskell's "Tale

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.—[FROM A PAINTING BY J. D. WATSON.]

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of Manchester Life," who can not realize her bereavement, would fain persuade herself that her murdered Harry is pretending to be asleep—"Harry is so full of fun"—and playfully defying them all to waken him. "Look! he is smiling now; he hears I have found him out. Look!" And, in truth, the lips, in the rest of death, did look (we read) as though they wore a smile; and the waving light of the unsnuffed candle almost made them seem to move. In the same writer's pathetic story of "Ruth," the last chapter gives us a last look of the dead woman's "beautiful, calm, still face, on which the last rapturous smile still lingered, giving an ineffable look of bright serenity."

Lord Lytton's closing page of the "New Phœdo" details the last moments of the dying philosopher. And here is the last of all: "I heard a slight sigh, and, fancying he was awake, I bent over to look into his face. The light from the window came full upon it, and I was struck—appalled, by the exceeding beauty of the smile that rested on the lips. But those lips had fallen from each other." For the life was departed; but the smile remained. So in "Harold" we have the hero gazing intently, lamp in hand, on the countenance of the father he has just lost: "That strange smile of the dead, common alike to innocent and guilty, had already settled on the serene lips;" and the old man seemed sleeping in his prime. In a later fiction from the same pen we have an old man whose life has been smileless, dying with a smile. In yet another we have Burley dying in sleep—calmly, and without a groan; and Leonard closes tenderly the heavy lids; and, as he covers the face, the lips smile a serene farewell. And of the Susan Mainwaring of the same author we read that she "lingered dyingly for three years; and then, for the first time since William's death, she smiled—that smile remained on the face of the corpse." So with poor care-worn Mrs. Sherwin, in Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Basil," when the servant drew the curtain aside to look if her mistress still slept, and saw that her eyes were closed, and that "a lovely, happy smile, such as had never once been seen on that sad face for years and years, was visible on it now."

The dead Catharine Linton of "Wuthering Heights" is pictured with smooth brow, her lids closed, her lips wearing the expression of a smile—betokening the recurrence of her latest thoughts to pleasant early days. Isabel, the Doctor's Wife, has no need of any plainer words to tell her that her husband is dead than Charles Raymond's significant assurance, "I never saw such a smile upon a human face as I saw just now on his." The last glimpse M. Edmond About allows us of Tolla is when the whole town assembles to admire, for the last time, that flower of virtue and beauty. "Her face was calm and smiling; death had effaced all the ravages of disease; Tolla was again, for one day, the prettiest girl of Rome." Like Elaine, in the "Idyls of the King,"

> "——and that clear-featured face
> Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
> But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

Or, like Fidele, found by Arviragus within the cave,

> "——stark, as you see:
> Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
> Not as death's dust, being laugh'd at."

SUCCESSFUL ORATORY.

THERE is one essential condition of successful oratory, which we are rather apt to overlook in discussing the causes of its rarity, and which, nevertheless, has something to do with the question. That condition is simply that the speaker should believe in what he says. All the proposed methods of teaching elocution and securing a correct style may be very excellent in their way; and nobody can say that we do not feel the want which they recognize. It is painful to see men try to perform on the noblest of musical instruments, their own voices, without trying to understand the methods of rendering them effective. But such methods are not essential, because the greatest successes have been attained without them. If every public speaker was as skillful as Garrick or Lord Chatham in the management of voice and gesture, speeches might still be a weariness to the flesh; and if every one was as clumsy as the poor clergyman stuttering through his first sermon, this oratory might yet be as moving as the clumsy pleading for his life of an innocent man. If speeches are generally dull, we must ask how they are manufactured—whether they are likely to be the utterance of genuine conviction, or an attempt of the speakers to swagger themselves into a conviction.

What are the speeches which really vex our souls, and make us denounce the whole art of rhetoric as an imposition and a bore? There is the kind of speech which may be compared to a dance among eggs, where the performer is naturally anxious not so much to be graceful or vigorous, as to keep clear of producing a sudden smash. We admire the dexterity of his manœuvres; we smile as we see him apparently coming plump down upon some forbidden conclusion, and yet by one dextrous twist at the last moment just saving himself from the apparently inevitable catastrophe. He advances and retreats; and winds in and out, and puts such a bold countenance on his dangers, that we are half-persuaded, for the time, that the movements are spontaneous and natural, and that he is not keeping an eye all the time upon the dangerous topics which it is his real object to avoid. Clever as the feat may be, and completely as it may sometimes take in the initiated, even the uninitiated are dimly conscious of a certain constraint in the performer, which prevents them from catching the desired contagion. No man can speak really well who is not speaking freely, and who is haunted throughout by the dread that his genuine feelings may slip out at some temporary relaxation of his care. Equally painful is that variety of speech which is so often made by an official personage, who has to defend some grievance which, in the days of his independence, he had been the first to attack. Nobody has yet invented a mode of throwing dust in his own eyes and those of his hearers, so as to excite much enthusiasm. Or, again, it may be observed that political converts have generally very poor success in the speech-making business; for conversion is a process which, however creditable to a man's sincerity or his wisdom, has somehow a rather enervating effect on the mind, especially if too often repeated, and, as it were, takes what pugilists call the pepper out of his blows. And, not to go into an endless catalogue of the various depressing diseases to which oratorical flesh is liable, there is nothing more ghastly than the forcible-feeble style, in all its varieties—when a speaker rises, to encourage himself by making a noise, and, if a man of taste, adopts an unnatural solemnity and earnestness; or, if a man of no taste at all, plunges into unmitigated buncombe, or, as it is otherwise called, the "spread-eagle" variety of rhetoric. All these failings are remarkably common, and have a common root in a deficiency of genuine conviction. The speaking wants stamina.

Now, if there is one characteristic of the present day more marked than another, it is that, on the whole, and with certain marked exceptions, we have not any fixed opinions on any subjects much worth talking about. We have a good many sentiments, and a general impression that some time or other we shall know the truth about many questions which at the present moment are in a state of constant dispute. But it is not surprising that while we are passing through a revolution, intellectual and social, the end of which none of us will live to see, we should be in a state of hesitation eminently unfavorable to effective oratory. The ground sounds hollow under our feet, and we don't know which cherished belief will be the next to show symptoms of unsteadiness. Naturally we walk hesitatingly, and with tottering and awkward steps; we can not plant ourselves firmly to deliver a good knock-down blow, unless, indeed, we have the fatal qualification of being stupid enough to be dogmatic. A speaker should for the time feel himself to be infallible; and the few great speakers we have had have been men who, luckily perhaps for themselves, possessed such simple and direct minds that they could see only one side of a question, and ventured to rush boldly on where more comprehensive, if not wiser men, rather feared to tread. That, and no more superficial cause, appears to me to be at the bottom of much of the weakness which we try to cure by teaching correct deportment, and administering other little palliatives, which are calculated to do as much good as giving dancing lessons to a paralytic patient. The evil will not be radically cured till some great impulse fills men with the stirring emotions which enable them to despise a hesitating policy. Doubt is the real disease which cripples our born orators.

DISTANT SOUNDS.

THE stories relating to the traveling of the sound of great pieces of artillery are numerous, but, most probably, not all equally worthy of credence. All we can do is to take the statements as they stand, and then to judge them by such fair tests as may offer. The Rev. Hugh Salvin, who published a journal in 1829, states, that when he was chaplain on board his Majesty's ship *Cambridge*, on the South American station, the naval salutes at Chancay were heard at Callao, thirty-five miles distant, although there are several projecting headlands intervening, and although the wind generally blows in the adverse direction in that region. The same writer informs us that when the incident at Callao was mentioned to the lieutenant of his Majesty's store-ship *Arab*, that officer stated that, on one occasion, the evening gun at Plymouth was heard at Ilfracombe, the one place being on the south coast, and the other on the north coast, of Devon; the distance is sixty miles, and there is much intervening hilly country. Whether the lieutenant himself heard the sound, and whether he had the means of knowing for a certainty that it came from Plymouth, we are not told.

During the first three days of June, 1666, the English and Dutch fleets were in action in the German Ocean, between the Naze and the North Foreland. The sound of the firing was heard both at Cambridge and in London. We have this on the authority of Cooper's Annals of Cambridge in the one case, and Pepys's Diary in the other. But there is a much more remarkable anecdote told by Cooper, connecting Sir Isaac Newton with the affair, and revived by Mr. Walter White in his Eastern England. "There is a tradition at Cambridge, that at the beginning of June, 1666, the year in which he began his optical discoveries, Newton, then a Bachelor of Arts, went into the hall of Trinity College, and mentioned to some of the Fellows that a battle was being fought between the Dutch and the English, and that the latter had the worst of it. The Fellows requesting him to explain how he came by his knowledge, he answered that, being in the observatory (then over the gateway of the college), he heard the report of a great firing of cannon, such as could only be between two great fleets; and that, as the sound grew louder and louder, he concluded that they drew near our coasts, and, consequently, that we had the worst of it—which the event verified."

When an insurrection took place at Messina we are told that the sound of the guns was heard at Syracuse; these two Sicilian towns are about eighty miles apart, the straight line joining them keeping pretty near the coast. When the French bombarded Genoa the sound is said to have been heard at Leghorn; this, if correct, denotes a journey of ninety miles across the blue waters of the Gulf of Genoa.

Some very curious discussions have taken place concerning the sound of the guns fired at the battle of Waterloo. Sir Emerson Tennent reports a conversation which he had on this subject with the late Sir Edmund Head. Sir Edmund, when a boy of nine or ten years old, was going to church on Sunday morning, June the 18th, 1815; his father held him by the hand, and the two were walking to Hythe Church in Kent. To their surprise they found the congregation standing outside the church door, although it was eleven o'clock, and service was commencing within. They were anxiously listening to the faint reverberation of cannon which came from the east. It became afterward known that the clock of the church of Nivelles struck eleven as the first gun was fired from the French centre at Waterloo on that day; and it was a fair inference that the sound heard at Hythe proceeded from those guns, although the distance can hardly be less than a hundred and ten miles. It was afterward urged in objection that, according to one account, the battle did not begin till half past eleven; but to this there was a rejoinder that, if the clock near the field of Waterloo kept Brussels time, and that at Hythe kept Greenwich time, or even Hythe time, the difference of longitude would go far to fill up this gap. Hythe was not the only place in the southeast of England where, it is believed, the noise of the Waterloo guns was heard. On the afternoon of that eventful Sunday a gentleman residing at Walmer was walking in his garden, when his attention was arrested by a delicate convulsive movement of the sandy soil as if it were being invisibly shaken. He called the attention of his old gardener to this circumstance, who replied, "Then, Sir, there's firing going on t'other side; I have seen this afore when there has been fighting." It is not recorded that an actual sound was heard on this occasion; but this kind of earth-trembling is quite within the scope of such phenomena. Some difficulty arises in understanding these matters when it is asserted that the sound of the same guns was *not* heard by General Colville's force guarding the Mons road at a distance of not more than a dozen miles from Waterloo. Men of science, however, are conversant with the fact that different layers or strata of atmosphere, hovering over a particular spot, may, in hot weather, have different degrees of density and moisture, affecting unequally their power of conveying sonorous vibrations to a distance. Nevertheless, the facts ought to be stated honestly, whether they seem to tell for or against any particular theory. Not only in Kent, but further north, was the same belief held. Some of the inhabitants at Sizewell Gap, near Aldborough, in Suffolk, heard sounds at the very time of the battle, which seemed to them to come from the German Ocean.

As to meteorological and volcanic phenomena, which lie beyond the limit of man's control, it is scarcely possible to guess the maximum distance to which sounds will penetrate. When the meteor or fire-ball of 1719 burst in the air, at a height of nearly seventy miles above the earth's surface, it sounded like a large cannon, or even—as some said—a broadside. When the great meteor of 1783, half a mile in diameter, rushed along with a speed of twenty miles a second, and at a height of fifty miles, it gave out a sort of hissing, rumbling sound. These distances may not appear very great; but we must bear in mind that at such high altitudes the atmosphere is of extraordinary tenuity, little fitted to convey any sonorous impulses whatever. Geologists and physical geographers have placed upon record the fact that, in 1815, the Tomboro Mountain, in the island of Sumbawa, was in a state of volcanic activity from April to July; and that on one particular day the noise of the frightful convulsion was heard as far off as Ternate, seven hundred miles, and even at Sumatra, nine hundred miles distant in the opposite direction. According to the account given by Sir Stamford Raffles this must have been one of the most terrible volcanic eruptions on record. Of twelve thousand persons living on the island all were destroyed except a mere handful. Hurricanes arose which carried up into the air men and horses as well as trees uprooted from the ground. Lava ashes fell in such prodigious abundance as to darken the air two or three hundred miles off, and to form a bed in the sea two feet thick and several miles wide, which produced a shoal on the west side of Sumatra. In Java these ashes produced a darkness more intense than that of night. The sea rose suddenly on the coast of Sumbawa from two to twelve feet, causing a wave which rushed violently up all the rivers, and placed the town of Tomboro under water. So far as we are aware, this distance is the greatest at which sound has ever been heard.

THE MENDICANT ORDERS.

THE idea of the mendicant orders originated in the head of Johan Bernardoni, the good-for-nothing son of a shop-keeper in Assisi, in Umbria. He is known under the name of St. Francis of Assisi, or the "seraphic father." Not doing well in his father's business he became a soldier, and was taken prisoner, and fell sick. It is not clear how he became a saint, for at first he appeared to be an idiot; of whom the infallible Pope Honorius himself said, "that he was a simpleton." He kept the lowest company, wore the most filthy rags, and piously robbed his father to get means for the restoration of a ruined Church. However, the Bishop of Assisi took the simpleton under his protection, and he went about the country begging for his Church, with such unexpected success that he conceived the idea of instituting a mendicant order. Though Pope Honorius despised him, Innocent III., equally infallible, confirmed the code which Francis drew up for his new order, notwithstanding his Infallibility's having called it, at first, "a rule for pigs, but not for human beings."

"Alms," Francis declared, "are our heritage, alms are our justice, begging is our purpose and our royal dignity; ignominy and contempt are our honor and our glory on the day of judgment." Francis was the best example of humility. In the commencement he was very much laughed at; but after three or four years the reputation of his sanctity stood so high that the clergy and people came to meet him in procession when he approached a city, and the bells of all the churches welcomed him. The more the street boys teased him, or pelted him with mud, the better he was pleased. When he went about begging in Assisi he put every thing eatable that he received into the same pot, and when he became hungry he fed from the heterogeneous mess. Once, invited to dinner by a cardinal, he did not touch any of the dainty dishes, but stuck to his pot, to the disgust of all the guests. He loved the lower animals very much, and called them his brothers and sisters. He frequently preached to geese, ducks, and hens; and when once the swallows and sparrows disturbed him by their twittering, he asked his "dear sisters" to keep quiet. For recreation, he rolled himself on thorns, went up to the neck in freezing ponds, and slept in the snow. He died in 1226; but during his life the number of Franciscan monks was very great, and after his death increased like the sands on the sea-shore. The Franciscan General offered Pope Pius III. an army of forty thousand Franciscans for the war against the Turks. Though a great many convents were destroyed by the Reformation, there were still existing, at the beginning of the last century, seven thousand monasteries and nine hundred nunneries of this order.

The sworn enemies of the Franciscans were the Dominicans, whose origin dates from about the same time. They are named after St. Dominicus, a Spaniard, whose name was Dominicus Guzman. He was sent to France to convert some heretics (the Waldenses), and there conceived the idea of instituting a monks' order for the instruction of the people. He received permission from the Pope; and to this order the Romish Church owes the introduction of the Inquisition and the censorship of books.

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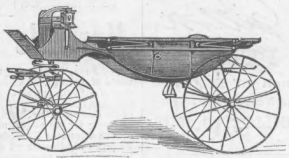

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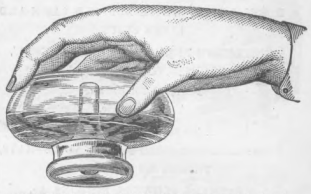

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 712.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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MARSHAL BAZAINE.

MARSHAL CANROBERT.

FRENCH COMMANDERS.

WE give on this page the portraits of five of the most eminent of the French commanders now opposed to the Prussians along the Rhine. First in ability and renown is Marshal M'MAHON, Duke of Magenta, who was born at Sully, July 13, 1808. He is a descendant of an old Irish Catholic family, attached to the STUARTS. He entered the military school of St. Cyr in 1825, won his first laurels in Algeria, where he fought in numerous battles and minor engagements, and became conspicuous through his bravery and daring during the assault on Constantine. His superiority as a tactician became soon apparent, and was fully appreciated and rewarded by rapid advancement. His long career as a military commander in the colony, and his never-ceasing activity in behalf of the firm establishment of French authority in Northern Africa, were interrupted, for some time at least, by his recall to France in 1855. It was not, however, the intention of the government to let him remain inactive; he was, on the contrary, immediately assigned to the command of a division of infantry, forming part of the army under Marshal BOSQUET. Here he laid the foundation of his military glory by the ever-memorable and successful assault on the Malakoff fortifications at Sebastopol, which had generally been considered impregnable. In 1857 he returned to Algeria, forced the revolting Kabyles into submission, and was soon after appointed commander-in-chief of all the French forces there on land and sea. The outbreak of the Italian war, in 1859, caused his return to France, when he was assigned to the command of the Second Corps of the Army of the Alps. The victory of Magenta has been mainly attributed to the brilliant action of Marshal M'MAHON, who was accordingly created Duke of Magenta on the field of battle.

Marshal CANROBERT was born June 27, 1809. He was admitted to the military school of St. Cyr in 1825, which he left in 1828 to enter the 47th regiment of the line as Second Lieutenant, and soon after joined the military expedition to Mascara, fought bravely in several engagements against the hostile tribes in Northern Africa, and assisted at the storming of Constantine in 1837. He was sent back to France in 1839 for the purpose of forming a battalion for the foreign legion out of the dispersed bands of Carlists. He succeeded in this, and returned to Africa in 1841, where he was intrusted with the command of a battalion of chasseurs à pied and of the 64th regiment of the line, suppressed the rebellion of Bon Maza, and during eight months of desperate fighting forced most of the revolting tribes of Kabyles into submission. He was engaged in various parts of Northern Africa for nearly eight years, led some of the most daring and adventurous expeditions into the interior, and every where distinguished himself by his coolness, bravery, and quick adaptation to the warfare he had to resort to. Returning to France, he proved by his services to LOUIS NAPOLEON that he meant to be a firm supporter of the new régime, and in fact he has ever since been one of the stanchest friends and firmest adherents to the Second Empire. He was made General of Division in 1853, took part in the expedition to the Crimea, and when Marshal ST. ARNAUD felt his end approaching he transmitted the command of the entire French army to CANROBERT. This was in accordance with an order given in a private letter by the Emperor NAPOLEON himself. Having won new laurels at the sanguinary battles of Inkermann, Balaklava, and Eupatoria, he conferred with Lord RAGLAN, commander of the British forces, and urged him to participate in an immediate assault on Sebastopol. The two commanders being unable to agree, and Lord RAGLAN sternly refusing to co-operate in the intended movement, CANROBERT resigned in favor of General PELISSIER, and left the Crimea two months after. During the Italian campaign, in 1859, he commanded the Third Army Corps, fought at Magenta, and afterward contributed most essentially to the decisive victory of the French army at the battle of Solferino.

MARSHAL M'MAHON.

Marshal BAZAINE was born February 13, 1811. He studied at the Polytechnic School in Paris, and entered the army in Africa when twenty years old. After six years of uninterrupted warfare against the Kabyles and other hostile tribes, he was assigned to the foreign legion, and sent into Spain in 1837 to suppress the Carlist movement in that country. He returned to Algeria in 1839, joined the expedition against Milianah and Morocco, and was for several years Governor of the Arabian subdivision of Tlemcen. During the Crimean war, where he was in command of a brigade of infantry, he is said to have distinguished himself by his bravery and by his talent for organization. When the Russians had evacuated Sebastopol, BAZAINE was made Governor of the place. He took no part in the campaign against Austria in 1859, but was intrusted with the command of the expedition to Mexico in 1862. The Emperor NAPOLEON, taking advantage of the civil war then raging in the United States, conceived the idea of establishing an empire at our southern frontier, hoping thus to prepare the way for the final supremacy of the Latin race on this continent. The attempt proved a failure. French pride was humiliated, and the army compelled to re-embark toward the close of 1866. As to the prominent part of Marshal BAZAINE in this unlucky enterprise, it will be long remembered by the Mexican people. From the time of his landing at Vera Cruz until his hasty exit from the country of the MONTEZUMAS, he is known to have looked upon the Mexicans as a mongrel race of barbarians, to whom, however, he was only too ready to set an example of barbarism not equaled in civilized warfare.

General FROSSARD, commander of the Second Army Corps, was born April 26, 1807. From 1825 to 1827 he was a pupil of the Polytechnic School. During the administration of General CAVAIGNAC he was made a Lieutenant-Colonel, and took part in the expedition which put an end to the Roman Republic. Having gained the reputation of being one of the most eminent officers in point of military science, and in particular in the art of fortification, he was appointed, in 1852, director of the fortifications of Oran, in Algeria, with the rank of Colonel, and subsequently, after being appointed General of Brigade, member of the Committee of Fortifications. In 1859 he took part as General of Division in the Italian campaign. After serving as aid-de-camp to the Emperor, and member of the Committee of Defense, General FROSSARD was, by decree of March 15, 1867, made Chief of the Military Household of the Emperor and Governor of the Prince Imperial, whose military instruction he is said to have conducted with military rigor. At the beginning of the year 1869 he was appointed President of the Committee of Fortifications.

General DE FAILLY was born in 1808. He received his military education at St. Cyr, and was at the time of the revolution of 1848 Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of the line. He took part in the Crimean war as Brigadier-General, and greatly distinguished himself at the battles of the Alma, of the Mame-

GENERAL FROSSARD.

GENERAL DE FAILLY.

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lon-Vert, and of Trachtir. After his return he was made aid-de-camp of the Emperor, and during the Italian war he commanded a division of the army corps of General NIEL, and distinguished himself at Magenta and Solferino. In 1867 he was selected to put down the Garibaldian movement, and in this campaign made the first trial on a large scale of the chassepot, which, as he said in his report, worked wonderfully at Mentana. In October, 1869, General FAILLY was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army Corps, and is now at the head of the Fifth Corps.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870.

THE CAMPAIGN AT HOME.

THE Republican party in New York will hold its Convention for the nomination of Governor in September, and its own condition and the situation of the country require a plain and emphatic declaration of principles, and the most vigorous and harmonious action. This will be the most important election before the next Presidential campaign, and, although it will not determine the position of New York in that campaign, it will be an immense encouragement or discouragement to the party throughout the country. It is, therefore, essential that the Convention fully understand the situation, and its first consideration should be that it must address itself to actual questions. The war is over. Reconstruction is accomplished. The Democratic party, which perplexed and prolonged the war, has not, indeed, acquiesced in the result. That must not be forgotten. And if that party should choose to contest the Presidential election of 1872 upon the ground of a refusal to acknowledge the validity of the amendments, and of a resolution to reopen the whole subject of reconstruction, it would be as overwhelmingly defeated as it was in 1864 upon a platform of surrender to the rebellion, or in 1868 upon that of repudiation and rebel ascendency.

But although the folly of that party seems to be exhaustless, it is not expedient to take it for granted. A wise general credits his antagonist with sagacity that his own victory may be surer and more splendid. The country knows that the Republican party has saved the integrity and honor of the Union, that it has reconstructed it upon principles of justice, and has confirmed its great work by constitutional amendments. It knows, also, that the party will defend its own work. But it does not seriously believe that the Democratic party will attempt to disturb the settlement, and the public attention is, therefore, fixed upon other points. Perhaps the most immediately pressing and engrossing question is that of the financial policy. What is the Republican principle on this subject?

Take one aspect of it—that of taxation. The country is heavily taxed. Taxes must necessarily continue to be heavy for a long time. But upon what principle shall they be laid? Shall the country be taxed now to pay the debt, or shall the burden be shared with those who follow us? In other words, shall taxation be reduced?

It is a proud fact that during the year and a half of General GRANT's administration the decrease of the public debt has been $156,138,784 01. Meanwhile, also, Congress has somewhat reduced taxation. But is the Administration stronger, is the continued ascendency of the party surer for those facts? And if not, what is the reason? Is it not that the policy of reduction is not believed to be a general and acknowledged party policy? The debates upon the tariff, the action upon the income tax, the declaration of leading Republican journals that the burden ought to be temporarily borne, showed plainly enough that the reduction was rather a chance than a policy. Now, upon such a subject at this time, no party can hope to succeed if it has not a distinct and declared principle. It can not shuffle and evade. Shuffling is confusion. Evasion is defeat. It must pronounce plainly, as the opposition will, for a reduction of taxes or against it.

It is further desirable that this be done, because, after the action of Congress upon the President's proposition to buy foreign ships, every candidate for the House must satisfy his constituents as to his views of a true revenue system. A great party can not have two opinions upon that subject when that subject is of immediate and commanding importance. It is useless to say that the Democratic party also has no unanimity upon that point, because we ought not to depend upon the folly of the enemy. Their action may be no wiser than ours. But they have the immense advantage of professing only; they can not be tried, as we are, by practice. Every faithful Republican wishes to be just to the general patriotic purpose of the late House of Representatives. But every Republican member of that House, looking calmly at the proceedings and results of the last session, must doubt whether, upon the whole, its action was an advantage to the party. It is conceded on every side that the Democratic party will largely increase its force in the next House. And what was the reason of the discord of this last session, and of the party dissatisfaction with its results? It is very plain. It is that the House was dealing with questions for the consideration of which it was not elected. Consequently its last act was the extraordinary one to which we recently alluded as so significant. It refused to approve the recommendation of the President to enable the country to take a proper advantage of the opportunity opened by the war in Europe.

Now the Republican majority in the next House will be smaller, and if, upon so vital a subject as the general financial policy of the country, it has no opinion, or has two very positive opinions, the Democratic minority will control legislation, and the Republican administration will be paralyzed. We can not expect, if that should be the case, that the country in 1872 will support a party which doesn't know what it thinks upon the gravest public questions. It does not seem to us possible to avoid the necessity of plain speech in the party platforms. It certainly will be impossible for Congressional candidates who hope to be elected. And the party leaders should have learned that of all policies timidity and obscurity are the worst. When the rebellion was thundering at the government and country, the Republican party did not falter. It called a rebel, rebel; and a Copperhead, Copperhead. It laid heavy taxes; it decreed a draft; it abolished slavery. No party ever did a greater work more gloriously.

All this is not to be forgotten. On the contrary, it is to be perpetually remembered, but remembered for instruction and inspiration. The party triumphed because it had a paramount purpose, to which every member was unswervingly devoted. That purpose was plainly declared and fearlessly pursued. It is the secret of political success. But are we not becoming timid and, therefore, feeble? In the apprehension of losing the support of this interest or of that, are we not compromising the essential conditions of victory? The want of a unanimous policy apparent in the action of Congress has placed us somewhat at a disadvantage. But an appeal to our old glories, immortal as they are, will not restore them. We were the men for that day. Are we the men for this? Let us prove it by showing the same vigor, the same sagacity, the same devotion. The past is never enough. Even Marathon could not save MILTIADES.

THE CUBAN SITUATION.

IF the report be true that General DE RODAS, the Spanish Governor-General of Cuba, has asked for fourteen thousand more men, it is evident that the struggle upon the island is not yet ended. It has all the general characteristics of the revolution of the South American colonies in the earlier part of the century. That was a contest which began in 1810, and smouldered along for twenty years. Spain steadily refused to acknowledge the independence of the colonies although it was a manifest fact. They had established governments which were in full and successful operation; collecting revenues, raising and maintaining armies, and beginning navies. They had strengthened themselves internally, and had concluded treaties of amity and commerce with other states. Great Britain and the United States appointed consuls to reside at South American ports; and the declaration of the Monroe doctrine was a very distinct growl of sympathy with the colonies upon the part of the United States.

Yet this country held honorably aloof from the struggle. It knew that the principle of armed intervention in foreign quarrels is destructive of civilization. It was the principle practically asserted by the Holy Alliance in Spain, and its adoption by the United States would have been the justification by the great republic of the most monstrous modern claim of despotism. They were not, however, bound to conceal their sympathies and hopes, and they did not conceal them. In 1825 Mr. CLAY, as Secretary of State, instructed Mr. MIDDLETON, our Minister in Russia, to invite that government to use its influence with Spain to acknowledge the facts of the situation in South America. But Russia was the author of the Holy Alliance, and, of course, declined. In his letter Mr. CLAY said:

> "In the war which has so long been raging between Spain and her colonies the United States have taken no part, either to produce or to sustain it. They have been inactive and neutral spectators of the passing scenes. Their frankness forbids, however, that they should say that they have beheld those scenes with feelings of indifference. They have, on the contrary, anxiously desired that other parts of this continent should acquire and enjoy that independence with which, by the valor and the patriotism of the founders of their liberty, they have been, under the smiles of Heaven, so greatly blessed. But, in the indulgence of this sympathetic feeling, they have not, for one moment, been unmindful of the duties of that neutrality which they had deliberately announced. And the best proof of the fidelity with which they have strictly fulfilled its obligations is furnished by the fact that during the progress of the war they have been unjustly accused by both parties of violating their declared neutrality."

These words well state the attitude of the United States during the present contest in Cuba. They have not, indeed, declared neutrality, for obvious reasons. But they have been morally neutral. They have faithfully enforced their own laws and observed their own treaties. But American citizens who sympathized with the efforts of the revolutionary party in Cuba have frankly declared themselves. That there has been the same unanimity or warmth of sympathy which attended the earlier South American struggle or the contest of Greece with Turkey we do not believe, and the reasons of this apathy we have heretofore mentioned. It is undeniable that the situation in Cuba is now regarded with languid indifference, and the explanation, doubtless, is the feeling which could not have existed in the earlier revolution, but which results from the experience of the colonies since their separation from Spain, that the prospect of liberty and good government in Cuba, after its independence, is almost hopeless. The experience of South America has shown that the name of republic is not a security either of freedom or prosperity.

The recent expedition of General DE RODAS to the seat of the revolution in Cuba has manifestly failed. Although he has a large force of Spanish soldiers and the volunteer army, and commands all the ports and chief towns, while the insurgents are scantily armed, and the expeditions to aid them are frustrated, the war still smoulders, as in the earlier day in South America, and at the end of the second year the Governor invokes heavy reinforcements. The home government will hardly wish to spare good soldiers just as a war begins in Europe, of which the condition of Spain has furnished the occasion. The Cuban situation, therefore, will apparently be indefinitely prolonged, unless some peculiar complication should invite the interference of other governments.

THE NORTH CAROLINA TROUBLES.

THERE has been in certain quarters, notorious for sympathy with the late rebels and rebellion, such a vehement denunciation of Governor HOLDEN, of North Carolina, as a peculiarly malignant "satrap," who was waging fiendish war upon "the people" of North Carolina, that it is well to understand the facts. The organization of the Ku-Klux Klan has been especially vigilant in that State, where the comparative smallness of the colored population promised that a rigorous system of terror and coercion would practically annul their vote. To this end the efforts of the Ku-Klux have been directed. Of the existence and operations of this body there is no question. We have ourselves received details of its proceedings from the most "conservative" authority. It is the natural result of the war. It is a sucker from the root of the rebellion.

That there must be disturbances of all kinds in the States of the rebellion there was, of course, no question. That great care and forbearance would be necessary upon the part of the civil authorities was evident; and that it was very desirable to restore the normal condition of society as soon as practicable was unquestionable from the first. It was the duty of the civil officers of those States to postpone appeals to military interference to the last possible moment; and this was most desirable, not only in itself and upon general principles, but, for the Republican party, upon partisan grounds. For it was clear that an appeal to force would injure the party in two ways: first, it would suggest the suspicion that it was, as has been alleged of the present difficulty in North Carolina, oppression for party purposes; and, in the second place, it would be cited as proof of the inefficiency of Republican reconstruction. For every reason, therefore, it was most desirable that the civil authority should be every where paramount.

But it was equally evident that in the condition of society which the war left in the States of the rebellion there must necessarily be such occasional disturbances of the peace, so organized, so persistent, so formidable, that the ordinary civil processes would not avail. It was unreasonable to expect that the disordered States would be restored to a normal situation without very serious troubles, in which military interference would be wholly justified. And precisely this is the case in North Carolina. The crimes of the Ku-Klux defied the civil means of repression. The Governor, who is the responsible executive officer, states, as a fact, what all the probabilities confirm, that the organized ruffians and assassins laughed at proclamations, exhortations, and the civil process, and he was compelled either to tolerate anarchy in the State or to use military force. He decided not to surrender to the rebels, and placed certain counties under martial law, and invoked, as the Constitution authorizes, the assistance of the national power, which was promptly granted. Governor HOLDEN did what Governor KING, of Rhode Island, did in the "DORR war" in that State in 1842.

Of course, a Governor is to be held responsible if he invokes national aid before it is necessary; if he does not exhaust the lawful resources of the State before this final appeal; and if he permits any abuse of the military interference when it becomes indispensable. But the passionate assertion of his partisan opponents can not be accepted as evidence of his guilt. We have the testimony of the Chief Justice of the State, that the power of the civil process was exhausted. And while there is unquestionably exaggeration in all the reports, no one who has been a faithful student of the spirit and methods of the Ku-Klux Klan will believe that the action of the Governor has been merely a partisan trick to carry the election.

RAISING THE STANDARD.

THE advantage of adhering to a humane principle in public affairs has been recently very conspicuously illustrated. When, in the early days of our late war, Captain WILKES, upon the *San Jacinto*, took Messrs. SLIDELL and MASON from the British mail steamer *Trent*, there was a loud shout of exultation in this country, answered by a stern alternative from Great Britain of immediate surrender of the prisoners or war. The belief in the United States was very general that we had a right to hold the prisoners. Mr. EVERETT, one of our most accomplished students of international law, took substantially that ground. Governor ANDREW asserted it in Faneuil Hall. The feeling of the country was thoroughly aroused, and it was only deepened and exasperated by the crisp and haughty tone of Great Britain. But Mr. SEWARD promptly replied to the demand of Lord LYONS, the British Minister, and assented to the surrender upon American principles; and in reply to the question, what he considered the most critical moment of the war, Mr. SEWARD afterward said that it was the time which elapsed between his informal communication of the purport of his note and the rejoinder of Lord LYONS that it would be satisfactory. "I knew," said Mr. SEWARD, "that I had gone as far as public opinion would tolerate, and that if my note were not satisfactory there would be war."

A few days afterward Mr. SUMNER made his admirable and conclusive speech upon the subject. He showed clearly, from the British admiralty decisions, and from the action of the British government, that every objection made to the conduct of the American officer in the arrest of SLIDELL and MASON could be justified by British precedents; but he contended that the best American precedent and practice demanded their release; and, therefore, in obedience to our own just and honorable principles of maritime rights and neutrality, the prisoners should be surrendered. They were surrendered, and the country acquiesced without a word. This lofty position in regard to neutral maritime rights it has always maintained; and when the Congress of Paris proposed to elevate the standard of international comity, the United States said, "We will agree if you will raise it a little higher." The Congress declined. But that principle, harmonious with the national practice and tendency, has never been relinquished by the United States, and we now see the signs of its speedy adoption into international law.

As we recently stated, Prussia, one of the parties to the treaty of Paris, declares that the American principle shall govern its conduct during the present war. Secretary FISH, in acknowledging the official communication of this decision from the Prussian Minister, refers with true pride to the traditional tendency of the United States upon the subject, and hopes that their government and people may soon see its demand of 1856 universally recognized as another humanizing rule of war. The Prussian Minister responds that he sincerely trusts his government will co-operate to that good end. The United States have no reason to be ashamed of their contribution to international law. In 1812 we denied the right of search at sea, asserted by the greatest maritime power in the world, and that right is abandoned. In 1856 we asserted the inviolability of private property upon the ocean, and that inviolability is now acknowledged by one of the greatest states in Europe, and can not fail to become the practice of civilization. "Meanwhile," as Mr. SUMNER said at the end of his speech upon the *Trent* case, "it only remains for us to uphold the perpetual policy of the republic and to stand fast on the ancient ways."

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

THE profound feeling caused by the murder of Mr. NATHAN is not due to the event nor to the circumstances alone, but to the general feeling in the community of insecurity against criminals. In a society which covers with *éclat* successful crime of a certain kind, all crime is encouraged; and a great city which is full of "dangerous classes," whose favor is unscrupulously propitiated by demagogues, and which elects criminal judges and prosecuting officers by the popular vote, is a place in which great crimes must be expected. It is not necessary, therefore, to jump to the conclusion that popular governments foster crime; but it is necessary to perceive that popular governments of themselves are no security against it.

We may be very sure that there is a not very obscure connection between such facts as the

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career of FLORENCE SCANNEL and his honorable obsequies and the murder of Mr. NATHAN. In a city where one of the chief magistrates, elected by popular vote, bursts into a drinking saloon with riotous intention, and is shot in the attempt to shoot others, and afterward dying is buried with honor, the officers of police and criminal judges attending, and a clergyman preaching over the coffin that of such is the kingdom of heaven—in such a city it is surely not surprising that a worthy citizen is murdered in his own house, and in a most public quarter. The remedy lies not in changing the system of police. If we wish to repress crime, we must not flatter criminals. If persons of position, who are technically called respectable, do not hesitate to countenance rioters and rioting, why should any body be surprised at disorder? If successful swindling on the great scale covers a swindler with good-humored notoriety, why should forgers despair of humorous repute, or murderers be shunned?

To remodel a police system, yet still to leave it in the control of those who depend upon the favor of the criminal classes, and who invoke their aid to break the laws upon election day, is to imitate the hunter in the old story, and merely to change the emphasis: "You may take the crow, and I'll take the turkey, or *I'll* take the turkey, and *you* may take the crow." Those, therefore, who support the infamous abuse of the popular system in New York, who think the interest of their party, whatever it may be, superior to the welfare of the community—those who sustain, by sophistry and voting, the demagogues who directly use the criminal classes for political ends—are really responsible for the feeling of insecurity which follows the murder of a respectable citizen.

Universal disorder, as well as general corruption, is one of the consequences of unbridled party spirit. And until the intelligent and sober citizens of New York resolutely combine, regardless of party, in stigmatizing and suppressing the demagoguery which repeats in their city the excesses and abuses of the old European republics, all superficial tinkering of the police system will be futile; men like Mr. NATHAN and Mr. ROGERS will still be mysteriously murdered, and judges and politicians will still follow with honor the coffin of FLORENCE SCANNEL.

THE ERMINE AND THE TIARA.

Now that papal infallibility is declared, there must be somebody to explain the explanations of it which are offered. BUDDHA, the founder of one of the most widely received religions in the world, was called omniscient by his earliest pupils. But it was presently discovered that he made the same mistakes with regard to the shape of the earth and similar subjects that every body else did. Thereupon the Buddhist doctors limited his infallibility to the principal doctrines of his system. They said, gravely: "BUDDHA does not at all times exercise his omniscience." This is evidently the wisest way. It would clearly be a great blunder to declare a man infallible upon any point susceptible of proof; and upon those that are not, every man may flatter himself that he is infallible, or agree that any body else is so.

We have been reminded of the Buddhist doctors by the report of a recent discourse by Dr. STARRS, a Roman Catholic clergyman in this city, in which he undertakes an explanation of the inexplicable. The Pope, it seems, according to the Doctor, is fallible as a man, like the rest of mankind. He is only infallible as Pope. That he may be fallible as a man is incontestible. Pope Alexander the Sixth, RODRIGO BORGIA, is a striking illustration of that truth. But the Œcumenical Council might well have been troubled by the question that was asked about him: "When RODRIGO BORGIA goes to—the place of torment, what will become of poor Pope Alexander?" And is it not rather an awkward arrangement to have the absolute truth upon the holiest subjects delivered by one of the very worst of men? Or shall we say the worse the Pope the greater the miracle?

But Dr. STARRS, with consummate infelicity, compares the decisions of the Pope to those of the Supreme Court, because there is no appeal, and the country submits to them as final. But is infallibility no more than this? Is it only a convenience of organization? The Chief Justice does not assume to declare what is just, but only what is law. Nor does he claim any thing more than that the necessity of the case requires that the opinion of the Court shall be accepted as law; and when declared it stands only until it is reversed. If infallibility means nothing more than the decision of a majority in a presbytery, or the governing body of any Church, which from a corresponding necessity of the case must be accepted as the final ruling by which the Church is to be governed, then the Œcumenical mountain has produced the very smallest of mice.

Unquestionably, under the decree of infallibility, the decisions of the Pope so far resemble the decisions of the Supreme Court that they are final. But they are so not upon any ground of mere convenience or necessity, as in the case of the Court, but for reasons totally different. The decree of infallibility expressly declares: "This gift of the truth and of the faith which fails not has, therefore, been divinely accorded to Peter and to his successors in the chair." Thus, when the Pope speaks upon a point of faith, under this decree his word is the infallible statement of absolute truth, from which there is no appeal, not because there must be an arbitrarily final decision somewhere, but because it is essential truth. A chief justice may, indeed, be a very bad man and a very good lawyer. But neither his character nor his learning determine the finality of his judgments. That finality rests upon considerations of social convenience. But the dogma of infallibility, as expounded by the doctors, involves the absurdity that in a Church miraculously founded and especially adapted to human beings the absolute divine truth upon vital points of faith may be proclaimed by a man whose life may outrage every moral law and every pure instinct of humanity.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY AND MANUAL LABOR.

WE have great pleasure in publishing the following letter from Vice-President RUSSEL of Cornell University. It will answer the questions of hundreds of young men in the country, and will save them and the authorities of the University the trouble of a more particular correspondence.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The case presented by you is a very common one—that of a young man anxious to be educated, but without the means of certain support. Such means are, in the absence of money, skilled manual labor or ability to teach. Any one who comes here with *skill* as carpenter, mason, printer, stone-cutter, can generally find work enough in the village to support him economically. In the present demand for carpenters they can keep ahead of their expenses. Printers, too, do very well, either in the village or on our own press, on which we employ twenty or thirty. Stone-cutters do not keep up with the demands for stone for the M'GRAW building. Of course this demand is subject to fluctuation; but, as a general rule, I will say that any skilled workman can find work enough here to pay the expenses of his education.

"You are aware, of course, that the University assumes no responsibility for work, neither promising to furnish it nor guaranteeing that there is any. We always give the students the preference as to any work of our own; but in every other respect they stand in the same position as other mechanics seeking employment. Does your friend come under this head? Evidently not. He has no skilled manual labor to offer.

"Some of our young men make something by teaching those students who are under conditions, or who can not keep up with their classes. But your young friend can not teach.

"Nothing, then, remains for him to offer but unskilled labor. He can do what other unskilled lads can do, and he must compete with a large number of them; for, naturally, the majority of our boys are of this class. Unfortunately there is but little of this kind of work to be done. The farm employs but few; grading still fewer; a small number attend at the commons' tables; half a dozen are employed about the library.

"Suppose, however, that he should find employment of this kind, how far would it support him? Twenty-five hours a week, all he could work, at fifteen cents an hour, all he could get, would fall short of paying his expenses, which can hardly be reduced below $5 10 per week, to say nothing of the cost of books and clothes. There is, therefore, no safety in relying on unskilled labor as a means of education here.

"One of these days Mr. CORNELL, if he live, will establish work-shops for the purpose of employing unskilled labor. The students in the departments of Mechanic Arts will be taught to make models, which may be sold. Our projected bookbindery will employ some, and our printing-office, with its increasing business, will need more hands. Every thing in the future is encouraging; and I see no reason to doubt that, in time, facilities for such work will be provided for all who need it as a means of paying for their education.

"For the present, however, we must wait while our institution grows to the power intended by its founder. It is hard that young men like the one on whose behalf you write can not pay for what they desire so ardently, which would add so much to their usefulness and happiness, and add so much to the moving force of society; but the same has always been the case, and we are now so keenly sensitive to the wrong because we just now begin to see how it can be remedied.

"When the question shall be answered, 'Why large rivers generally flow near large cities,' somebody will ask why this fine water-power of Fall Creek, which has been wasted for centuries of summers and winters, should be found directly on our University line. Why did Nature place an unfailing power for industry and plenty alongside of an institution for the education of every one who desires to learn? Can you set your manufacturers thinking about it? It is a simple problem. Given manufacturers with money, but needing men and water-power; water-power roaring for employment; men needing money to pay for education; University, with education, but needing money; how can the wants of all be supplied?

"If some of your smart men will solve that, we shall never again be compelled to turn away bright, earnest lads who come to us for education, offering their arms and brains and time for the privilege of work. Until then, however, I can not encourage your young friend to come. Yours very truly,

"WILLIAM C. RUSSEL, Vice-President."

NOW AND THEN.

MR. GLADSTONE was loudly cheered in the House of Commons when he said that "If colliers are chartered to attend the fleet of a belligerent, to supply coal, they will, to all practical intents and purposes, become store-ships attached to that fleet." The general rule is, that only contraband of war for a belligerent may be justly seized in a neutral vessel. But here the rather hopeless wilderness of distinctions in international law begins for what is contraband of war. Provisions have been sometimes considered as contraband, and horses. One definition embraces whatever may be useful in war. But what may not? General consent decrees fire-arms and ammunition of all kinds to be contraband. But the question always arises upon articles in themselves innocent. Treaties usually define what shall be considered contraband. The latest authorities, however, agree that, since articles of direct use in war are from time to time changing, new articles, such as steam-engines and coals, can be considered contraband only when there is satisfactory proof that they are for the direct uses of war.

This is precisely the case stated by Mr. GLADSTONE, and it will be the duty of the British Government to prevent such transactions. But as we read of the admirable alertness of Great Britain in the discharge of her neutral duties in this war, it is impossible not to wish that she had been always as solicitous and ready. For how very long a time Mr. ADAMS presented the most satisfactory proof that the *Alabama* was intended for the direct uses of war by a belligerent before Earl RUSSELL and the Government were able to see it! How lustily the House of Commons, which cheered Mr. GLADSTONE the other day, cheered Mr. LAIRD seven years ago! Mr. GLADSTONE said that neutrality required the Government to stop the sale of coal to a belligerent. Mr. LAIRD said that neutrality authorized him to sell ships to a belligerent. The excited House equally applauded both. It is not doubtful that the people of England will see and consider these facts; and ask themselves whether, if the vigorous care of 1870 be honorable neutrality, which is undeniable, the indifference of 1862–63 was equally creditable?

NOTES.

THE most exciting news for some time will probably come from Europe, and the *Tribune's* London correspondent has shown great zeal in forwarding interesting intelligence. But we hope he will not do as REUTER did during our war. REUTER loved the rebels, and served up his American news with a fine rebel flavor accordingly. The *Tribune*, with the rest of the world, favors the Prussians in this war; but we trust that its sympathies will not make it forget that its first duty to those who rely upon it is to tell the truth, and not what it wishes to be true. On the 25th of July its London correspondent telegraphed that its special Paris correspondent wrote on the 24th, "Never has war been undertaken by France with less enthusiasm or more distrust of success," etc., etc. But on the 22d of July its regular Paris correspondent wrote: "I have been a spectator during one great war, which was popular if ever a war were popular, and, comparing what I am seeing now with what I saw at home, I can not for a moment doubt that in throwing down the glove to Prussia the Government had, and knew it had, the vast body of the people at its back, and that it could not have kept the peace if it had wished it ever so much.....I have seen only one thing like it, and that was the excitement in New York at the news of the firing upon Sumter.....There is a prodigious surface enthusiasm for the war, but below this boiling there is a deep, strong, resistless current sweeping all before it." It is very evident that the special correspondent can not be trusted again; and certainly nothing will be gained in sympathy for one side by belittling the feeling and successes of the other.

WE can readily believe that Governor HOFFMAN did not write his letter declining to commute the punishment of REAL without pain. He was doing the most difficult official duty that devolves upon a humane man. But his great predecessor, Governor JAY, truly stated the principle that should govern executive action under appeals for mercy. "The power of pardoning is committed by the Constitution to the prudence and discretion, and not the wishes or feelings of the Governor. If it was confided to the latter, very few convicts would be long imprisoned..... To pardon or not to pardon does not depend on my will, but on my judgment; and for the impartial and discreet exercise of this authority I am and ought to be highly responsible." With the same conviction Governor HOFFMAN says: "My judgment, however, tells me that the prisoner was justly convicted of murder, and that the interests of the community demand that he should suffer the penalty." Yet the peculiar feeling which the delay in the case of REAL has excited, and the undeniably growing hostility in the public mind to capital execution, imperatively suggests the question whether the penalty of murder would not be more surely inflicted, and the frequency of the crime consequently diminished, if the punishment were changed.

SOME of the more devoted members of the New York branch of the American Freedmen's Union Commission have been unwilling to relinquish their good work, and have continued it by means of subscriptions from all who are interested with them. During the last year the "Continuing Committee" has employed, for different terms, fifty-five teachers, of whom forty-two were colored, and of these fourteen were born in the South. There have been two normal schools in Virginia, and one in North Carolina. The other schools have been chiefly in Maryland and Virginia, the people supplying the fuel, buying the books, and paying the board of the teachers. The largest number of scholars at one time was 2377, with an average attendance of 1909, about forty-four pupils to each teacher. Two of the ladies of the committee have been to many of the schools during the year, and report very satisfactorily. The interest of the younger children was especially remarkable. The committee naturally linger over a work so beneficial and so interesting. Virginia will do nothing for her colored schools for a year at least; and, in thirty of her hundred counties the freedmen have never had a school. Elsewhere in the State they have helped themselves so gallantly that they deserve to be helped. It is with the hope that the cause itself is irresistibly eloquent that the committee once more appeal to their friends, reminding them that the treasurer is Miss ELLEN COLLINS, 97 West Eleventh Street, New York.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EX-SECRETARY SEWARD, in view of his proposed visit to China, has been tendered by the Russian government the use of the palace of the Imperial Legation at Pekin as a residence while in that city.

A steamer, recently arrived at San Francisco from Sitka, brought 87,000 fur seal-skins. General Davis, who had been at the Islands of St. Paul and St. George to investigate the state of affairs there, reports a bad condition of affairs. The seals killed were not restricted to the legal limit; and other abuses had driven the Sitka Indians to trade at the English ports. The volcanoes in some of the islands were in a state of eruption.

General W. J. Smith, a member of Congress, and Judge John W. Smith, recently had an altercation in the street in Memphis, Tennessee, and the former had his left ear bitten off. Both were arrested, taken to the police court, and fined $5 each!

Commander Greene, of the flag-ship *Congress*, in a letter dated at San Domingo City, gives an account of an interview with Baez, who says the republic is in a peaceful state, and will remain so as long as our government manifests a desire for the annexation of San Domingo. Commander Greene learns from other sources that the rejection of the treaty caused disappointment in San Domingo City, and that some persons there are disposed to attribute the failure to mismanagement and bad faith on the part of the Dominican government. Commander Greene is of opinion that the withdrawal of the protection of the United States and the prospect of annexation would lead to a revolution by Cabral.

The election in North Carolina has resulted in a Democratic victory. The majority is somewhere between 10,000 and 15,000. In both branches of the Legislature the Democrats claim a two-thirds majority.

Five hundred Chinese laborers have been engaged to complete the Lewis Tunnel in Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ON the 2d of August the French advanced from Metz in strong force, and attacked Saarbrück, a German town a short distance across the frontier. The Prussian garrison was feeble, and, after a brief contest, retired from the town. Although the affair was one of no importance, as the Prussians did not seriously defend the place, its success caused great rejoicings in Paris. On his return to Metz, after the battle, the Emperor sent the following dispatch to the Empress:

"Louis has received his baptism of fire. He was admirably cool and little impressed. A division of Frossard's command carried the heights overlooking the Saar. The Prussians made a brief resistance. Louis and I were in front, where the bullets fell about us. Louis keeps a ball he picked up. The soldiers wept at his tranquillity. We lost an officer and ten men. NAPOLEON."

On the 4th the first real fighting of the war took place, when a large force of Prussians, under command of the Crown Prince, advanced between Weissenburg and Lauterbourg, ten miles into French territory, driving the French advanced posts, and destroying miles of the railroad between Lauterbourg and Strasbourg, along which M'Mahon was probably preparing to advance. The victory was decisive. Weissenburg and Gleshill, in the rear of that town, were carried at the point of the bayonet after an obstinate resistance. The general in command of the French was killed, and the French encampment, one piece of artillery, 500 wounded prisoners, including many Turkos, fell into the hands of the Prussians. On the German side the loss in killed and wounded was also very severe.

There was fighting all along the line through the 5th and 6th, ending on the afternoon of the latter day (Sunday) with the defeat of the French arms. The Emperor, in his official bulletins, promptly and fully admits his losses. Two heavy engagements were fought—one to the west of Saarbrück, in which the Prussians assaulted and drove back the French under General Frossard, and the other at Hagueman, some distance north of Strasbourg, in which the Prussians under the Crown Prince defeated Marshal M'Mahon's army. The losses on both sides were immense. The Prussians claim to have captured 4000 prisoners, two French eagles, and six mitrailleurs. The dispatches are confused and contradictory; but it would seem that the Prussian successes have forced the French to fall back along their whole line, in order to cover Paris.

The following are the French official accounts of the battle:

METZ, *August 6—midnight.*

Marshal M'Mahon has lost a battle. General Frossard, on the Saar, has been obliged to retire. His retreat was effected in good order. All can be re-established. NAPOLEON.

METZ, *August 7—3.30 A.M.*

My communications have been interrupted with Marshal M'Mahon. I am going to place myself in the centre of the position. NAPOLEON.

METZ, *August 7—4.30 A.M.*

The Major-General of the Army to the Minister of the Interior:

After a series of engagements, in which the enemy brought heavy forces into the field, Marshal M'Mahon was forced to fall back from his first line. The corps of General Frossard had to fight yesterday from two o'clock in the afternoon with an entire army of the enemy. Having held his position until six o'clock, he ordered a retreat, which was made in good order. LEBEUF.

The announcement of the defeat caused great excitement and consternation in Paris. An address was issued by the Ministry, declaring the city in a state of siege, in order to facilitate the preparations for defense, and appealing to the patriotism and energy of the people. The Empress has also issued a proclamation, in which she admits that the opening of the war has not been favorable to the French arms, and adjures all good citizens to maintain order. The Prince Imperial has returned to Paris.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

Père Hyacinthe has written a letter, which has been published in Paris, protesting against the declaration of papal infallibility. It has created a sensation, and is attacked, as is also its author, with much bitterness, by the Catholic press.

The Earl of Kimberly was recently waited upon in London by a deputation from Newfoundland, asking that the British troops now in the province might remain as a protection in case of a Fenian raid. They were given to understand that the provinces must protect themselves.

The last detachment of the French troops left Rome on the 5th of August, and the papal government is now without a protector. Efforts have been made to induce his Holiness to remove to Malta.

Napoleon, it is said, will issue a decree making the "Marseillaise" the national air of France. He has been anticipated by the French people. Offenbach has composed a war song entitled "God Speed the Emperor."

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THE LATE MR. BENJAMIN NATHAN.

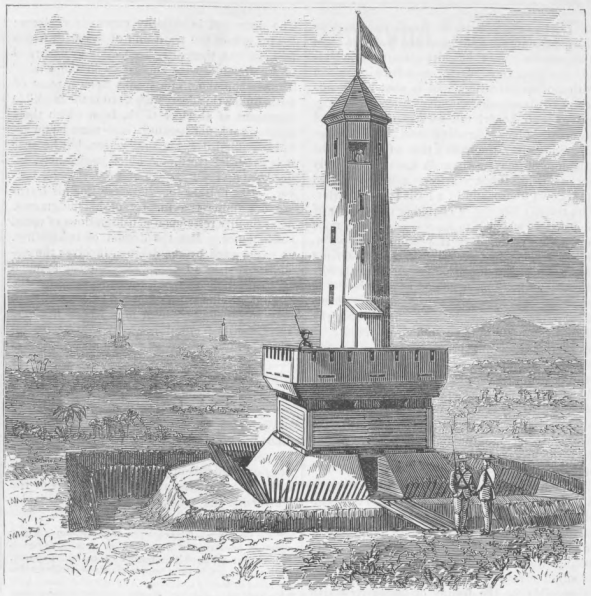
BENJAMIN NATHAN.

SINCE the BURDELL tragedy in 1857, no murder has been committed which has excited so great indignation and horror as the brutal assassination of Mr. BENJAMIN NATHAN in his own house, at No. 12 West Twenty-third Street, on the morning of July 29. The deed was discovered by the sons of the murdered man, who slept in the same house, at six o'clock in the morning. The physician who was immediately summoned pronounced that Mr. NATHAN must have been dead for about three hours. It is needless here to enter upon the horrible details of a tragedy which has awakened an excitement so universal that all of our readers are familiar with the circumstances of the case. There was every evidence of a prolonged struggle between Mr. NATHAN and his murderer, or murderers. Yet no one in the house was alarmed; and the assassin, who had rifled the safe of his victim, appears to have left behind him no clew likely to lead to his detection. At least, up to the time of this writing the whole affair seems wrapped in a mystery which puzzles our sharpest detectives. It is a curious fact in connection with the murder that Mr. NATHAN, a few days only before his death, was heard to congratulate himself upon the perfect security of his place of residence.

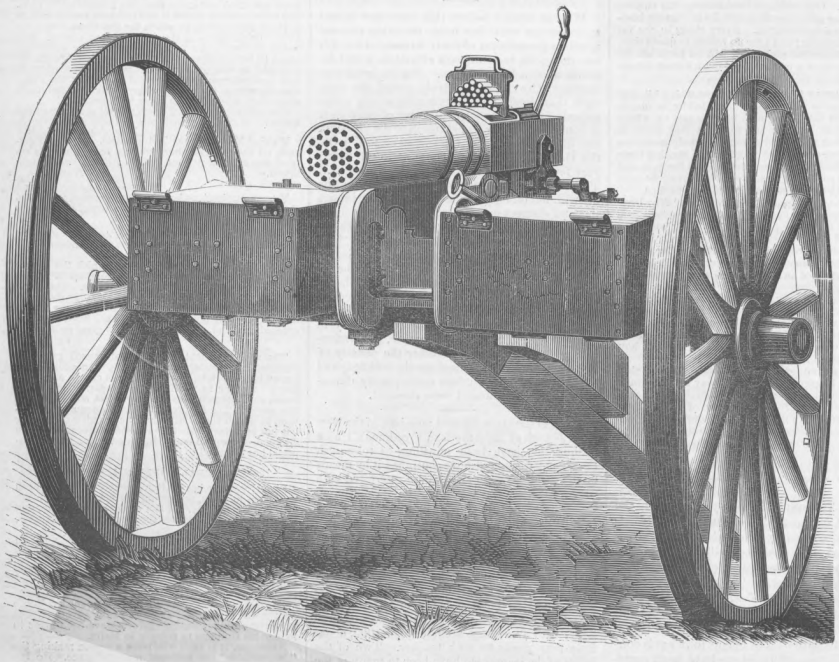
Since the commission of the crime the wildest excitement has prevailed, and for days afterward the vicinity of the murder was thronged by thousands of citizens not less indignant than curious. Long before the hour appointed for Mr. NATHAN's obsequies, on the 1st, Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue were crowded, about 10,000 persons being present to witness the departure of the funeral cortége for the Cypress Hills Cemetery. The wide-spread interest manifested on this occasion was due not merely to the sympathy awakened by the fearful tragedy, but chiefly to the fact that, by this midnight murder, New York had been deprived of one of her best citizens. As the Rev. J. J. LYONS said at the funeral: "A tyrant, murdered under similar circumstances, would excite grief and pity, and how much more does this case of our friend, struck down by the hand of an assassin; a blow which brought down a doting father, a fond husband, a generous, upright man! His name was a synonym for honor and benevolence. In private life he was kind and affectionate; in public life kind and just. His charity was catholic, limited to no creed, race, or nationality."

Mr. NATHAN was descended from one of the oldest Portuguese families which were driven to this country by the Inquisition. He was a native of this city, as was also his father. He was born in 1813. His mother was before her marriage Miss HENRIQUEZ, belonging to an ancient Knickerbocker family, and a famous belle in the early part of the century. He received a careful and thorough education, was a good classical scholar, and a connoisseur in art, his collection of pictures and articles of vertu ranking among the finest in the city. At the early age of twenty-two he was taken into partnership by his father, and was so successful in his business career that he accumulated an immense fortune. A Hebrew in race and in faith, he at an early age was called to play an important part in the direction of the affairs of the congregation to which he belonged. For nearly a third of a century he has sacredly observed the anniversary of his mother's death, and he remained in the city during the last night of his life—instead of retiring to his country residence at Morristown, New Jersey—in order to again perform the same devotional duty. He was one of the founders, and for several years the president, of the Mount Sinai Hospital. Other institutions of his Church were also the objects of his care and philanthropic charity. In personal appearance Mr. NATHAN was distinguished: his form was of the medium size; and his face, though marked with strong lines, was genial and attractive.

The coroner's inquest in the case of Mr. NATHAN's murder commenced its investigation on Thursday, August 4. No new facts have up to this time been elicited by the jury.



A SIGNAL TOWER IN CUBA.—[SEE PAGE 542.]



THE MITRAILLEUR.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

THE QUEEN'S CUP.—PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD. [SEE PAGE 535.]

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

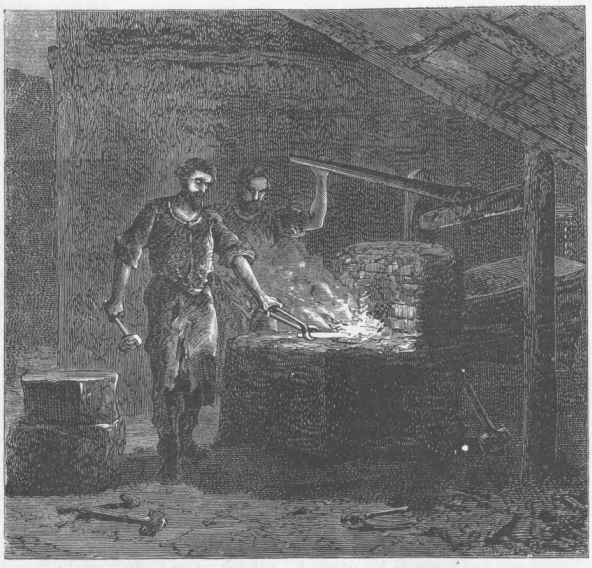
CHAPTER XI.

The Construction of the Forge.—Making a Pair of Tongs.—Mr. Raynal as a Blacksmith.—Altering the Boat to make her Sea-worthy.—Launching the *Rescue*.

IN the mean time Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave devoted themselves to the construction of the forge. They first built a rude but substantial shed to protect the blacksmith work from the weather. They covered the roof of this shed with sheets of copper from the vessel, and inclosed it sufficiently at the sides to afford the necessary protection for the workmen and the fire. When this structure was completed, they built a forge within it of flat stones and set up the bellows behind, placing it between two stout posts which they had fixed in the ground for the purpose. For an anvil they contrived to bring in from the wreck one of the masses of cast iron which had been placed in the lower hold for ballast. When all was ready they kindled a fire, and Captain Musgrave began to work the bellows. The wind came briskly and steadily through among the burning coals, producing the well-known blowing sound so characteristic of a forge in action, which both Mr. Raynal and the captain listened to with delight.

The first piece of work to be done at the forge was to make a pair of tongs. Mr. Raynal had great difficulty in accomplishing this task. He failed in many of his attempts, but by patience and perseverance he finally succeeded. He was then all ready to begin his work of making the necessary tools and implements for the construction of the proposed vessel. The shelter which they had provided was so effectual that they could continue this work uninterruptedly in the stormiest weather.

REBUILDING THE BOAT.



MR. RAYNAL AND CAPTAIN MUSGRAVE AT THE FORGE.

With increase of practice Mr. Raynal became increasingly expert, and every new tool which he made helped him to make the next, so that before the end of the month he had made three pairs of tongs of different sizes, three punches, a pair of pinchers, a cold-chisel, and a large and heavy hammer.

The month of January—that is, the middle month of summer, had now passed, and very little but the most preliminary work had been done. Still Mr. Raynal was now beginning to acquire so much skill as a blacksmith, and the facility afforded by his increasing supply of tools aided him so much, that he accomplished more during the first week in February than he had done during the whole month preceding. He procured his materials, in the way of iron and steel, for all this work, from the wreck of the vessel, partly from the structure of the vessel itself, and partly from implements of various kinds found on board, which were of no service to them in their actual forms, but which could be made to furnish supplies of iron and steel. For example, from the pickaxes which had been put on board when the vessel sailed to be employed in mining operations, and which were pointed with steel, he made chisels and gouges. The blade of a shovel furnished him with a steel plate, out of which he manufactured a very good plane iron, and also the material for forming the cutting edges of an axe and two hatchets. He made a saw plate from an iron hoop taken from one of the casks intended to contain seal oil. He first straightened the hoop and then cut out the teeth with a cold-chisel, and lastly stretched the saw plate thus made in a wooden frame.

He succeeded quite well in all these undertakings, though not without the exercise of great patience and perseverance; but at length his progress was arrested by an obstacle which seemed insurmountable. He could not make an auger, or contrive any other implement as a substitute for it, which could be employed to bore a hole. The difficulty in the case of the auger was to make the gimlet-like point which, by the action of its screw, draws the cutting part of the auger forward into the wood as the tool is turned. He spent two days in trying to devise some means of accomplishing this object, but in vain. At last, weary of his repeated efforts, and disheartened by his failure, he began to feel discouraged about the whole plan, and to inquire whether, after all, he had not engaged in a hopeless undertaking. After reflecting upon the subject for some time with much anxiety, he concluded to bring the whole question again before his companions, that they might consider it anew, and also that he might propose to them certain modifications of the plan which he had in mind.

In accordance with this conclusion, he made a statement to this effect. He said that, although they had accomplished as much, perhaps, during the six weeks which they had devoted to this labor as they ought to expect, he confessed that, although he had himself proposed the plan, and it was in accordance with his wishes that they had consented to engage in the undertaking, he found that the difficulties were very great, and the time which would be required, even if they were ultimately successful, would be longer than he had at first supposed. A vessel large enough to convey such a number of persons, with the necessary provision of food and of water, ought to be certainly not less than of ten or fifteen tons burden; and when he considered the quantity of wood which would be required, and the number of nails and of bolts, the other fixtures and appointments that would be necessary, all of which they would have to prepare themselves with the comparatively few facilities and resources at their command, he began to feel that they had undertaken a great work. They could not hope, he said, to complete it in less than one or two years.

Still, if they thought it best to persevere, he was ready to go on with the work as long as any hope remained of its final accomplishment. But that, if they thought that the task which they had undertaken was too great for them, there was another plan which he had to propose. This new plan was that, instead of attempting to build a new vessel, they should strengthen and enlarge the *boat*, so as, if possible, to make it sea-worthy. They could put on an extra keel, lengthen her, build up her sides, so as to give her the necessary capacity, and make a deck. In this way he thought they might make her large and strong enough to carry perhaps three of their number. She would not be large enough to take all of them, and this was the great objection to the plan, since two of them, at least, must be left behind. But then it was to be considered that the chances of the two who were left would be as good, or nearly as good, as those who went away; for these, in attempting to make such a voyage in so frail a craft, would expose themselves to the most imminent danger; and, even if they succeeded in reaching a port, those who were left would share the benefit of their success in having succor immediately sent to them.

The work of altering the boat in the manner thus described he thought might be done in three or four months, while the building of the larger vessel anew would require perhaps two years.

All the party, except Harry, at once evinced a disposition to approve of this new plan, not as the most desirable, but as the most practicable. Harry considered it entirely chimerical. If they were to alter the boat, however, in the manner proposed, there would be no difficulty, he said, so far as he was concerned, in determining who should be left behind, for he, for one, would never consent to put to sea in such a craft. He should infinitely prefer to be left behind.

This view of the case on the part of Harry rather helped than hindered the decision, for it tended to relieve them of what might otherwise have been a very serious difficulty—namely, that of determining who should be left behind. So it was finally decided to give up the original design of building a vessel anew, and to see, instead, what they could do in the way of enlarging and strengthening the boat.

They all at once set themselves at work upon the new plan. While George and Harry continued in charge of the duty of procuring and pre-

LAUNCHING OF THE "RESCUE."

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paring food, and attending to all the interior duties of the cabin, and Aleck went on with his work of making charcoal, Mr. Raynal and the captain commenced operations upon the boat. They first selected a convenient place upon the shore, where the ground sloped gently toward the water, and there laid a platform of timber for the "ways." They then put the new keel upon the boat. This keel was made of a thick plank obtained from the wreck, and was firmly secured by iron bolts. They then placed the boat upon the ways with the bow toward the water—supporting it in a horizontal position by blocks increasing in thickness down the incline. They also put up braces on each side, to secure it in its position.

They then went to work very industriously and perseveringly to make the necessary alterations. It was now March—the commencement with them of the fall of the year—and they were very desirous of getting the boat completed so as to set sail before the winter should set in. So they commenced their work every morning as soon as it was light enough to see, and continued it, with the exception of a short respite for dinner, until dark. The evenings they spent in the blacksmith's shop, fabricating the necessary irons. They framed the requisite addition to the length of the boat—securing the new part to the old by strong iron bands. They put in twenty-four new ribs long enough to rise two feet above the others, and also a new stem-post, which last was secured by strong bands of iron terminated at the top, where they came together, by a ring to secure the end of the bowsprit.

The frame thus constructed was finished at the end of the first week in March. The next thing to be done was to make and put on the planking.

It was not possible to procure materials from the wreck for this work, so they went into the woods. It was very difficult to find straight trees enough of the right size for their purpose, but they gradually procured a supply. These they first squared, and then, with infinite labor, sawed them into planks, or rather boards, about an inch thick and five inches wide. They spent the evenings in making nails. Before nailing these boards on it was necessary to steam them, in order that they might be bent, so as to be fitted to their places. This they did by inclosing them in a cask together with a kettle of boiling water, which, in time, since they were so thin, rendered them sufficiently manageable. They were aided in this operation by the fact that the wood was green, so that the mere heating of it produced in some measure the same effect as the steaming of wood that was seasoned.

The labor of making these planks, and fitting them to their places, including the manufacture of the nails, was so great that two months and a half were expended in accomplishing it. It was not until the middle of June—which was their December—that the "carpenter work" of the hull was completed. Then followed the task of constructing a rudder, and of forging the iron-work necessary for suspending it. This was finished in a few days. Then they had the whole hull, including the deck, to calk, and to manufacture the oakum for this purpose out of old ropes, and also the tools necessary for opening the seams and driving the oakum in. Instead of pitch they made a kind of mastic of lime and seal oil, with which they coated the whole outside surface of the hull, after the calking was done. They found among the spars of the wreck timber for a mast and bowsprit, and also, from what remained of her rigging, the materials for making a set of new sails. Mr. Raynal also recollected having seen at one time a pump among the fragments of the wreck which were strewn along the shore. This he looked up and put in order, and found that it would probably answer their purpose well in case of rough weather and great laboring of their little vessel, which would doubtless result in admitting a good deal of water through the imperfect joints of the outside planking and of the deck.

As they knew that it would be necessary for them to be on deck nearly all the time, especially in bad weather, they cut three scuttles in the deck, in a line with each other, fore and aft—one for each of them—so that they might sit upon the margin of the openings and have their feet in the hold below. All around these openings they nailed seal-skins, which they could draw up over them when they were seated there, supporting the upper part by straps over their shoulders, but leaving their arms free for such management of the sails and rigging as was practicable from those positions. There was very little, in fact, that was not practicable; for, as the boat was only about six feet wide, they could easily reach to each side from their stations in the centre.

Still, as they knew that they would often be required to leave these places of refuge, they set up posts all around the outside of the deck, and connected them with a stout railing, in the way of bulwarks, in order that they might have something to cling to for support in case of boisterous weather.

For a supply of water they cut a cask in two and fitted a cover over the open part, making it as nearly as possible water-tight. They made a small opening in the middle of this cover just sufficient to admit a tin cup and the hand, and closed this opening with a lid working on leather hinges.

The compass, which they had saved from the ship, they secured in its proper place at the helm.

These things being all thus arranged, the boat was ready for the launching. It was seventeen feet long, six feet wide, and a little more than three feet deep. They calculated that its burden was about two and one-half tons.

To prepare for the launching they laid, at low tide, a platform extending down from the bows to where, at high tide, the water would be deep enough to float the boat. They made this platform by first laying short transverse logs, as sleepers, at proper distances apart, securing the ends to posts set deep in the gravel, and then laying a flooring of boards over the sleepers. Every thing was ready for the launching on the 12th of July. On that day, when the tide was up, they pried up the boat with long levers so as to take out the blocks from under her, and, after the blocks were removed, let her down upon the ways. Then, partly by her own gravitation and partly by the prying and pushing and guiding of the men, she was slowly worked down into the water until, to the great satisfaction and joy of her builders, she was fairly afloat. They named her the *Rescue*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"IF I wasn't so infernally considerate of the feelings of others, I wouldn't be in this scrape, you know." And the look on Fred Hawkins's face was most doleful.

"How do you make that out?" asked Ralph Avery.

"Why, when I saw how poor little Annie Bush loved me, and I loving her like mad all the time, of course I had to ask her—it was just the time and place for such a scene, down in the woods by the brook, in the cool of the afternoon—and, of course, she said yes."

"And you, you villain, wanted her to say no."

"No, I didn't. There's where you are mistaken. I never was so happy in my life as when she put her little hand in mine, blushing like a rose, and whispered—you know what."

"Why couldn't you let well enough alone, then?"

"That's just it. Why couldn't I? It's because I'm so confoundedly accommodating and considerate, I tell you—nothing else. I had been flirting with the widow, you know, and she was bound to lead me on, and I couldn't bear to disappoint her. So I proposed, and I'll be hanged if she didn't melt down into a heap of tears, blushes, love, and tenderness the first pop. You have no idea what a frantic leap my heart gave when I found out how dead in earnest she was. I couldn't act my natural self for the time being. She, doubtless, ascribed my behavior to my supposed highly ecstatic state of feeling." Here Fred paused, frowned severely, and reflected gloomily.

"Well," laughed Ralph, "you *are* a victim of your own good looks, fascinating ways, and tender heart, if there ever was one."

"Don't, for Heaven's sake, make light of my predicament," ejaculated Fred, "for it's a serious one, I assure you."

"There's only one thing to do," said Ralph.

"What's that?"

"Break off with one of them."

"How can I?"

"Walk up like a man, and tell the truth."

"Good heavens! If I could not resist being drawn into the net, how much harder must it be to get out! No, that will never do."

"Do you intend to marry both of them?"

"The Lord forbid."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Ralph, my boy," said Fred, rising, and grasping Ralph's hand, "you must help me."

"I beg to be excused from participating in any such—"

"There, now, stop where you are. Do not forfeit all claims to my friendship. Just listen a moment."

"But I am such an awkward, ungainly calf, when I get among women."

"Yes, I know it; but you will have nothing in particular to do except hang around and look wise. While sitting here I have concocted a plan in my fertile brain which will at least enable us to gain time. It is only the bare outline of a strategic scheme which must be acted upon for the present."

"Well, out with it."

"Well, to begin with, I have a savage old uncle."

"Have you, indeed?"

"Yes, for present intents and purposes. And he has a wife picked out for me."

"That complicates matters still worse."

"Don't interrupt me. My plan, in brief, is this: I will tell the widow that my uncle is my guardian, and that he is a terribly savage old coon; that he objects seriously to my being married, having views of his own in relation to my future; and that you are sent down here by him to look after me a little, and see how I am behaving. She will at once see the necessity of our engagement, and, indeed, our intimate acquaintance, being kept secret, and we will act cool toward each other for the purpose of throwing dust into *your* eyes. For you would go straight home and report to my uncle should you observe any thing tender between us, you lynx-eyed spy! Don't you see?"

"Yes."

"And you're just the one to play such a part, being rather solemn and retiring."

"But what about the other one?"

"Little Annie Bush? Oh, she is an unsuspecting little angel. I can manage with her."

"And how is the whole thing to end?"

"Hanged if I know. All I want now is to gain time and consider what course is best. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Oh, you can tell the widow what you please, and I sha'n't contradict you."

"Thank you, Ralph; thank you. Your hand on it!"

"By-the-way, who is the widow?" asked Ralph.

"Who? Oh, I forgot that you'd never seen her. Well, her name is Lucretia Delorme, and I can assure you that she is about as staving a piece of humanity as you ever laid your eyes on."

"Young or old?"

"About thirty. But don't ask any more questions. I'll introduce you, and you can see for yourself. Ten to one that you fall in love with her."

"Oh, come now; I hope you are not leading me into a trap."

"Not a bit of it, on my honor. I am only trying to get out of the tightest place I ever was in."

"I hope you will succeed."

"I hope so too, from the bottom of my heart. But let us take a stroll by the beach now, and get the sea-breeze. This evening we will meet her."

The two walked out arm in arm. Mr. Frederick Hawkins was a young man of elegant figure and prepossessing aspect. There was a lively twinkle in his eye, a good-humored twist to the corner of his mouth, and a genial expression over his whole countenance, which was always attractive, and at times dangerously fascinating; for he was an impressible young man, with plenty of vanity, and infused with impetuous goaheadativeness, which was made manifest in every thing he undertook—even his love-making. His age was three-and-twenty or thereabouts, and at the time of which we write he was spending a few weeks at the sea-shore.

His companion, Ralph Avery, was some ten years his senior, and was a burly, full-figured personage, with a round, plump face. He regarded himself as a confirmed bachelor and proof against woman's wiles, though he was given to blushing when in the presence of the fair sex. He had a bristling mustache, keen black eyes, and could look terribly stern when occasion demanded it.

"Just keep mum, bestow a few of your withering glances on me once in a while," said Fred, "and leave the rest to me."

In the evening there was a party at Colonel Baggerly's, and Fred, being a privileged guest, took Ralph along with him. The mansion was an old and lofty one, with verandas running its entire length, and large, roomy parlors. The guests were many, for Colonel Baggerly was hospitality incarnate, and nothing pleased him so well as to be surrounded by a lively throng of his fellow-creatures. Formality was not countenanced by him. His guests had to enjoy themselves, whether they would or not.

He shook hands with Ralph, bid him a hearty welcome, and slapped Fred on the shoulder.

"Come, the girls have been dying for you the last half hour. Go in and cheer them up. Make love to 'em. Do any thing. Raise hob generally!"

And the lusty old colonel left them to join a bevy a few yards off that was making the room resound with laughter. He was a large, corpulent old man, every line in his face bespeaking whole-souled, energetic good-nature.

Fred spied the widow Delorme in a distant portion of the room, and introducing Ralph to a pale-cheeked, white-haired sylph, hurried off to put his betrothed on guard.

The widow greeted him with a melting smile. He seized her hand and dragged her off to a bay-window.

"My dear Lucretia," he exclaimed, "we're watched!"

"Watched?"

"Yes. My uncle and guardian is a most irascible old gentleman, and, if he knew of our engagement, would kick up a devil of a muss. And what does he do but send a spy down here to watch me, for he knows just what wild schemes I am apt to go into."

"Wild? upon my word!"

"Oh, I don't mean that; for, of course, it isn't wild to marry you. But he is well aware that if I should meet a lovely creature like yourself, it would be just like me to fall in love with her. And now Ralph Avery, his particular friend, is here; and I am sure he would report to the old coon if he should see what we are up to."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Do? Why, keep the engagement secret, of course. That's the only way to get along unless we want our hopes blasted. We mustn't act loving at all."

"Oh, Fred!"

"I know it will be desperately hard work, at least for me; but we will have to bear it."

Mrs. Delorme sighed.

"Don't take it to heart, my dear. I guess he will go away before long, and then—"

He stopped and looked unutterable things at her. She returned the glance. He took a kiss stealthily, and then they joined the throng, appearing, to observers, as the merest acquaintances. They approached Ralph.

"Mrs. Delorme, Mr. Avery—my particular friend."

Mrs. Delorme and Mr. Avery bowed low, and expressed themselves as pleased to make each other's acquaintance.

At the same time Ralph bestowed a searching scowl on Fred, which amused the latter so intensely that he was compelled to resort to a violent fit of coughing to conceal his laughter. Mrs. Delorme observed it with inward trembling. But, although she was awed by Ralph's large stature and Fred's account of him, still there was something about him that she liked involuntarily. It was not five minutes before they were conversing sociably, on the best of terms.

Fred again darted off, this time in search of Annie Bush, whom he soon found. He repeated to her the story he had related to Mrs. Delorme. Then he felt better. There was no immediate danger of a crisis. He had time to think over his indiscretion and devise some remedy for it. He was again the happiest of men, and the life and soul of the company.

During the evening he drew Ralph to one side.

"It works to a charm, don't it?"

"Pretty well."

"Pretty well! I tell you it is a grand success. Oh, but it will be a good job done if I get out of this scrape!"

"I'll do my best for you."

"Good boy—but you must ask her to dance."

"Who?"

"The widow, of course—Mrs. Delorme."

"I'm very awkward on the floor."

"That makes no difference. I want you to get on as good terms with her as possible, for when the burst-up does come I may need your intercession."

"Well, I will."

"Go right in. She won't mind a few blunders."

And Ralph, who was rather diffident about showing off his awkwardness in dancing, soon found himself going through the intricate figures of a quadrille, his hands alternately touching the lovely palms of the widow, and resting tremblingly on her waist. She helped him over the rough places, and when it was over assured him, with a silvery smile, that he "was a splendid dancer." He felt an unaccustomed thrill as he was near her and listened to her lively conversation and gazed into her bright, animated face. He ceased to marvel at Fred's infatuation, and sighed as he wondered if he was always to be a bachelor.

He danced with her again and again, and fairly astonished himself by his own gayety and audacity. And, strange to say, he was sorry when the party broke up; for it was one of his cardinal principles to regard such things as bores.

When it was all over, and Fred and Ralph went to their room, the latter was unusually taciturn. To Fred's rattling conversation he replied only in monosyllables; and, indeed, did not appear to hear half of his remarks.

"You've done nobly," said Fred. "But I don't see as we're any better off than we were before; do you?"

"Yes—ah—no—where?" said Ralph, looking up vacantly.

Fred paused and stared at him. "Have you lost your senses, man?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it was about the widow that you were talking? I guess we will bring that around all right."

"No; but do you, though? Ah, Ralph, a friend in need is a friend indeed, you know. If you help me out of this, you'll have my lasting gratitude."

"Which one do you want to marry, Fred?"

"Hanged if I know. I'd throw either aside to—no I wouldn't, either. Annie is so young and trusting it would break her heart. And the widow—she is not to be sneezed at; but she is older, and could stand it better. Come to think, I believe she is older than I am. But she is a staving woman, that is certain. There is time enough, however, to discuss that question for several days to come."

The two young men soon retired, and tribulation was forgotten in sound slumber. But to-morrow must come, and then there would be one day less in which to settle the vexed question.

Three weeks passed. Still Fred was a doubly engaged man, and his anxiety had reached its acme. He grew feverish, nervous, and absent-minded. Ralph's brow, too, was frequently clouded; but whether it was on account of trouble of his own, or sympathy for Fred, was unknown.

One day Ralph and Mrs. Delorme were out riding, and stopped at a romantic forest glade to gather wild-flowers. Mrs. Delorme was beautiful, light-hearted, and chatty. Ralph was abstracted and moody, yet assiduously attentive. They sat down to rest on a moss-covered bank. The wind murmured through the myriad leaves with that restless uncertain sound that can be interpreted as expressing any emotion, from the wail of the mourner to the song of the happy lover.

"I'm a terribly crusty old bachelor," said Ralph. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Delorme?"

"Not very crusty, nor very old, in my opinion," she replied, gently.

He looked at her steadily. "That's your opinion, is it?"

"It is."

There was a pause.

"Mrs. Delorme, I had a heart three weeks ago."

She looked at him curiously.

"But I haven't now."

"No?"

"No."

Another pause.

"You have stolen it," he at last blurted out.

"I!" she exclaimed, recoiling from him, and regarding him with surprised eyes and crimson cheeks.

"There, there! Never mind. I hope I have done no harm. Don't mention it."

She smiled at his confusion. Of course she was perfectly self-possessed, being a widow, and a beautiful one at that.

"I don't know that you have done any great harm, Mr. Avery."

He then stammered out: "I can't help it, Mrs. Delorme—I'm going to say it. During the past few weeks I have learned to love you, even though I knew it would be of no use. But you won't be offended at my telling you of it, will you? Your heart is given to another" (an exclamation from the widow). "He is younger than I. You love him better—"

"Do I?"

"Don't you?"

Her eyes were cast down now, and she made no reply. Ralph was in a misery of doubt and hope. "Fred is young and handsome," he began.

"Fred!" she interrupted. "What do you

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know of that? Has the wretch been telling you, after cautioning me?"

"There! I *am* a blunderer!" exclaimed Ralph. "I have ruined him in your estimation."

"His uncle—"

"Bother his uncle! That's all a fiction."

"You amaze me."

"Yes, and I must tell the whole story now. I wouldn't if I did not think so much of you. But *you* shall not be the victim of his folly any longer. The truth is, he is rather a wild young fellow, and not half good enough for you. He wanted me to help him out of a scrape. He engaged himself both to you and Annie Bush."

"What are you telling me?"

"The truth. When I came here he confessed all to me, and induced me to pretend to be a spy acting on behalf of his fictitious uncle. He doubtless told you about it, and repeated the same story to Annie Bush. This was to keep the matter quiet, so that he could have time to devise some means of getting out of the scrape."

"The wicked fellow! It would serve him right for both of us to cut him altogether."

"Oh no! Fred is a good-hearted fellow, more indiscreet than wicked."

"Indiscreet! I should think so. But," she added, laughing, "it was rather an awkward position for him. I don't envy his state of mind. He ought to be punished, though."

"So he had. I wonder how it could be done?"

"Can't you think of any way?"

"I don't know," said Ralph.

"Think," said Mrs. Delorme. "Oh, I have it! Suppose somebody—you, for instance—should marry one of his sweet-hearts—not Annie!" Somehow she was sitting very near him just then, and her hand was where he could conveniently reach it. He grasped it suddenly, and a new light came into his eyes, as he burst out:

"Oh, Mrs. Delorme! oh, Lucretia! if you only would! What a glorious plan that would be! Give yourself to me, and, with all my roughness, I think I could care for you lovingly. For I love you with all my strength. Not alone to punish him, but to fill the great craving of my soul. Oh, say that you will be mine!"

His arm was around her by this time, and, as she did not resist him, he drew her close to him with a tight embrace, and kissed her ripe lips over and over again. Then he exclaimed, "Say yes, darling, that I may be assured of this great happiness!"

She uttered the desired syllable softly, for which she was rewarded with another ebullition of Ralph's pent-up feelings.

"There," she said, pushing him gently away. "That will do now. What are you going to tell Fred?"

"The exact truth. He wanted me to help him out of his scrape, and I've done it in a manner that will slightly astonish him, I imagine."

Ralph found Fred looking rather gloomy that evening.

"Cheer up, old boy!" he cried. "I've fixed it all right for you."

"You have?"

"Yes. Congratulate me," holding out his hand.

"What do you mean?"

"Congratulate me, I say!" and he seized Fred's hand and shook it violently.

"I don't understand."

"You'll have no more trouble with the widow."

"How—why?"

"I'm going to marry her myself."

"The devil!"

"Congratulate me, I say, and tell me you wish me joy. Come!"

"But what do you mean? Are you in earnest?"

"I never was more so. Now go and marry sweet little Annie Bush."

"Ralph," said Fred, solemnly, "I always thought you were my friend."

"I hope I am."

"Then why have you played me false in this way?"

"Played you false! What do you mean, you villain? Didn't you want me to help you out of your scrape? And haven't I done it, and done it well?"

Fred was silent, and pondered gloomily. "I'm disappointed in the widow," he muttered.

"Now don't make a fool of yourself any longer," exclaimed Ralph, impatiently. "Act like a sensible man, if you are capable of it. You can't marry them both, and you know you love Annie."

Fred was again silent, but this time a smile gradually crept over his features. "Ralph, you *are* a brick," he at length said. "Certainly I'll congratulate you, and heartily too." He jumped up and seized Ralph's hand. "I wish you the greatest joy that this earth affords."

"My dear Annie, there is no longer any necessity for concealing our engagement."

"Oh, I'm so glad! But your uncle?"

"Oh, he has relented."

"How good of him!"

"That is, I don't believe he ever would have raised any serious objection."

"Ah! And are we to see him?"

"In fact, Annie, I have no uncle."

Annie looked up in mute amazement.

"Now don't be angry, Annie, dear. There were other reasons. There was another—that is, I was hampered by serious embarrassments that rendered it necessary to—ah—keep certain parties conciliated—conciliated—that's it. But it is all past now, and you wouldn't care to listen to particulars, so we'll say nothing about it."

"You don't love any body else, do you, Fred?" with a look of pitiful apprehension.

"No, indeed, my little rose-bud. You alone fill my heart. You are the light of my existence. My whole love shall always be given to you."

She nestled her arm more closely within his as they walked along under the spreading elms.

Just then they met Ralph Avery and Mrs. Delorme. Fred turned all colors, and his mind was in a perfect frenzy in his efforts to invent some excuse for turning back. Before he could collect himself, however, the couples met.

Mrs. Delorme's face was calm, happy, and serene, though she darted a significant look at Fred. The latter was afterward heard to declare that that moment was the most uncomfortable one he ever passed in his whole life. Ralph enjoyed the scene hugely, and Annie was in blissful ignorance of what was passing in the minds of the other three.

But what mattered it? Fred's trouble was over, Ralph was no longer to be a bachelor, all were supremely happy, and—isn't that enough?

THE QUEEN'S CUP.

THIS elegant cup, won by the yacht *America* in the great Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes, England, in 1851, and by the yacht *Magic* in the recent yacht race from Clifton, Staten Island, round the light-ship, is twenty-seven inches in height, and weighs 135 ounces Troy. It bears the following inscriptions:

Schooner *America*, 170 Tons,
COMMODORE JOHN C. STEVENS.
Built by GEORGE STEERS,
of New York,
1851.

100 GUINEA CUP,
Won August 22, 1851, at Cowes, England,
By Yacht *America*,
at the
ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA,
Open to all Nations;
Beating—

Cutters.		Schooners.	
Volante,	48 Tons.	*Beatrice*,	161 Tons.
Arrow,	84 "	*Wyvern*,	205 "
Alarm,	193 "	*Ione*,	75 "
Mona,	82 "	*Constance*,	218 "
Bacchante,	80 "	*Gipsy Queen*,	160 "
Freak,	60 "	*Brilliant*	392 "
Eclipse,	50 "		

Presented to the
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB,
as a
Challenge Cup,
Open to all Foreign Clubs,
by the Owners,
JOHN C. STEVENS, GEO. L. SCHUYLER,
HAMILTON WILKS, J. RODMAN FINLAY,
EDWIN A. STEVENS.

On page 532 we give an accurate engraving of the cup.

THE MITRAILLEUP.

THE system in use in the French army is kept a secret, we therefore give that of CHRISTOPHE and MONTIGNY, which is adopted at Berlin, Vienna, and Liege, and in England.

The mitrailleur of Messrs. CHRISTOPHE and MONTIGNY is the result of an ingenious breech-loading device combined with a number of guns united. The specimen shown in our engravings is a mitrailleur of 37 guns, firing 481 balls per minute. It has the appearance of a small field-gun, except that the part simulating the cylindrical piece holds thirty-seven rifled barrels of cast steel, of a calibre of from ten to fourteen millimeters or more, placed in juxtaposition, so as to form a fasces, and enveloped in a wrought-iron cylinder. On the back and in the prolongation of the cylinder are two parallel cheeks, connected at the ends by bronze cushions, supporting the curved lever which serves to load or discharge all the guns.

Two levers are sufficient to work the piece. Between the parallel cheeks works the movable battery facing the front of the chamber of the gun; this holds the cartridge-plates, and, by a backward and forward motion, transmitted to it with the aid of a crank by the curved lever placed behind—that is, lowering it as far as it will go—presses down the cartridges into the chamber of the guns, and, at the same time, drives the percussion hammers against the detent slide. It is then only necessary to raise the detent lever, placed laterally and toward the centre of the battery, to discharge all the guns singly or simultaneously.

The discharged plate is instantly removed by means of the rear lever, which is raised, and replaced by another loaded plate, which the lever in falling shoves into the gun.

The mitrailleur rests, at its centre of gravity, on a pivot, which moves in a revolving rest fixed on the carriage; so that a semicircular rotatory movement to the right or the left can be given it at pleasure by means of a crank, which, in firing, produces the effect of a raking fire. A graduated bridge permits it to be aimed at distances exceeding 1500 meters, or a little over 1640 yards. Lastly, two caissons placed on the axles of the carriage are designed to hold—the one, a number of loaded cartridge plates; and the other, the tools necessary for dismounting, cleaning, and remounting the piece, etc.

The experiments that have been made at Brussels, Liege, England, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin, have given such satisfactory results that this formidable engine of war, for both field and garrison, has been adopted almost every where, not only in the countries which we have just named, but a large order has just been received for them from China. The reports of foreign officers testify that the mechanism of the CHRISTOPHE-MONTIGNY gun is a master-piece of simplicity and precision.

The absolute average variation of a volley of 37 balls is 1.28 in 700, .77 in 450, and so on. At the distance of 300 meters an 18-meter target is literally cut to pieces; and the penetrating force at 600 meters, through pieces of wood, is about 25 centimeters, or a little over 9 inches.

The projectile weighs 37 grammes, or a little over an ounce. The charge of powder is from 6 to 8 grammes. The last amount is that counseled by the inventors.

The mitrailleur of 37 guns weighs 180 kilogrammes, or 400 pounds, without the carriage, and can be worked by two men. It was found, however, at Vienna, in December, 1869, that to obtain the most rapid firing, or 481 balls per minute, five men were necessary to work the piece.

The front carriage contains from 48 to 56 boxes for loading, and the two caisson hold 16 breech-plates furnished with cartridges. The mitrailleur is, therefore, provided with 2368 cartridges; and a battery of 8 mitrailleurs can hurl on an attacking column 4048 effective projectiles per minute.

In the recent engagement at Saarbrück the mitrailleur was found to be a most effective weapon. But the Prussians claim that they have produced an engine of the same character which is as much superior to the mitrailleur as they believe the needle-gun to be to the chassepot.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IF the early founders of a city could, with prophetic eye, look forward a century or so, what a blessing would it be to their posterity! If the venerated fathers who commenced the settlement of New York city had understood the commercial advantages of the location, and what a great metropolis was to grow out of small beginnings, how differently would they have laid their plans! Or if, in more recent times, a wiser forethought had governed the rulers of our city, what benefits would have rested, like a benediction, upon us! Aside from the Central Park, there are only about ninety acres of public parks and squares in New York. What are these among so many? Moreover, many of the small parks have been so utterly neglected that they are any thing but attractive. This great and crowded populace should have more breathing-places to preserve both physical and moral health. It is gratifying to know that the new Department of Public Works have already commenced to renovate existing public squares, so as to make them beautiful and attractive resorts, and even propose to establish new ones. What a blessing will the proposed park at the Five Points be to that locality! A sodded green, inclosed by an iron railing, will be a delightful rest and retreat in that whilom abode of poverty and crime. Nay, more. An attractive park at the Five Points, or in any wretched quarter of our city, will exert a positive moral influence, and prove itself to be a valuable missionary among the people. Let us, then, gladly hail every addition and improvement in this department. Before the close of the season the Battery will be laid out in large grass-plots and tastefully ornamented; important improvements are projected for Washington Park; and in the lower part of the city several open tracts of land are to be inclosed and beautified for the good of the public.

English papers state that Mark Lemon's notes on the origin and history of *Punch* have been found among his papers, and are to be published.

The saddest episode of the trip of the *Dauntless* occurred on the third morning of the voyage. While engaged in furling the flying jib, two men, Charles Scott and Albert Demar, were swept off the boom, a heavy gale prevailing at the time. Buoys were thrown to them, and a boat lowered with all possible dispatch; but the search for the missing men, though protracted two hours, was fruitless. Scott was a good swimmer, and was undoubtedly hurt in falling. Demar could not swim. He was—as was ascertained from letters in his chest—a German baron abandoned by his family. His sister is the wife of a colonel in the army of the Grand Duke of Baden-Baden. The hours lost in searching for the missing men, and the depression created in consequence of the disaster, were, perhaps, the cause of the *Dauntless* arriving here second in the race.

A biography of Charles Dickens has just been published in London, and has been reprinted by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, which is said to be the best which has appeared. The biographer, in addition to his own means of acquiring information, has received assistance from many of Mr. Dickens's most intimate friends, so that the contents of the work are thoroughly reliable. The career of the late novelist, from the publication of the "Pickwick Papers," in 1836, to his latest Christmas story, is described with great fidelity, and the various incidents of his life are eloquently dilated upon. The volume contains numerous illustrations, among which are five portraits of Dickens taken at different periods of his life.

Since the first indications of war with Prussia the French Emperor has apparently taken a new lease of life. All symptoms of gout, with which he has been tormented for some time past, have entirely disappeared, and he is all animation and vivacity.

The best mode of traveling, remarks one who appears to know, is on foot or in the saddle; next in an open carriage. A sea voyage, and almost any mode of traveling by water, is, in general, useful; but it would be a serious practical joke if any one were to advise an invalid to seek for health in a railroad car.

President Grant, for good reasons of his own, declined to attend the races at Long Branch. People queried and wondered, and tried in vain to obtain an exact statement of his reasons. The President is wise, but reticent.

New Sweden is the name given to a new town settled by Scandinavian colonists in the Aroostook country in Maine. At present there are twenty-two families, all intelligent people, and comfortably supplied with means. The remainder of the colony will arrive the last of this month. Each family is entitled to 100 acres of land—five acres to be cleared, and a log-house, with two rooms, is to be built. In five years from the time of occupancy the settler receives from the State a clear title to the property.

One of the most extraordinary literary works on record was performed by a wealthy bachelor, who lately died in Paris. When his heirs were looking for a will they found an immense manuscript, comprising two thousand sheets, and containing innumerable drawings and statistics respecting spinal deformities. For fifty years he had been engaged in collecting from almost every country in the world the statements and observations collected in this gigantic work.

Miss Evans, the author of "Adam Bede," is preparing a new novel.

Good Health remarks that what people call "bile" is generally lobster, clams, or some indigestible food.

Some persons, under the supposition that night-air is injurious, shut doors and windows before retiring, or even early in the evening. Most certainly great care should be taken to guard against taking cold from sudden changes in the weather. Insufficient clothing in cool evenings and mornings, when the day has been warm, will be likely to cause illness. Nor should one sleep in a draught of air; and if a locality is miasmatic, doubtless the night-air is unwholesome; but surely, under ordinary circumstances, what air is natural for us to breathe in the night, if not the air of night?

Attention is called to some remarkable facts revealed by the census. For example, in various districts and wards of New York city the present total population of men, women, and children is less than the total number of *voters* in those districts at the last election! An exchange states that the Tenth District, Ninth Ward, reports only 2700 inhabitants, yet it cast 4028 votes; the Seventh District, Twenty-first Ward, has 700 inhabitants, but reported 7359 votes!

Certain Parisian ladies are introducing a new fashion—that of patronizing pet serpents. At a concert in the Champs Elysées one of these pets quietly uncoiled itself from the arm of its mistress, and found a home on that of a neighboring lady. Immediate result, hysterics. The owner came to the rescue, claimed her green and yellow darling, and comfortingly observed that it was not venomous.

"It will interest every body," remarks a Maine journal, "to know that the Sedgeeunkedunk is a romantic stream in Brewer, and that the Sowadabscook is in Carmel. The source of the Jerusalemcrickets has not yet been discovered, although it is thought that it must be somewhere in the vicinity of the Muslus-comungumjuwippslecoit."

Lagrange, in Kentucky, sends out a startling report that rich mines of gold have been discovered about four miles from that place. Multitudes have thronged the spot to learn the truth of the matter for themselves, and the digging is going on vigorously.

A frequenter of one of the most famous of American watering-places says that there are really half a dozen different Saratogas, and each one attracts its own "set." There is, for example, the Saratoga of the fop and the flirt, whose paradise is the ball-room. This realm is ruled by the millionaire and the managing mother.

There is the Saratoga of the sportsmen.

Then, too, there is the Saratoga of the invalids.

Outside of all these Saratogas there is still another which attracts thousands of sensible, healthy, but busy and overworked people, who come here every year for genuine recreation.

From Newport come sundry bits of "gossip." Ida Lewis is said to have a rival in Miss Kate Field, for not only can she drive a span of horses, but she can swim half a mile, and row a boat all day. She takes care of her boat herself, and brings her oars ashore after each trip. The weather does not much interfere with her favorite amusement, only if it rains, she adds a water-proof cloak to her pretty and convenient boating costume.—Miss Anna Dickinson has gone to the mountains now; but when at Newport her favorite pastime was horseback riding. In her habit of dark green cloth, with velvet jacket, and low-crowned hat, and mounted on a fine bay horse, she attracted much attention, galloping up and down the road, quite unattended.

An exchange says that Elihu Burritt desires sealed proposals for 422,633,900,219 tons of book paper on which to print a book containing all the newspaper articles, sermons, etc., that have been printed about Dickens since that author's death!

A few months ago a singular scene took place at Monte Mario, in the neighborhood of Villa Melini, in Rome. While the Pope was walking, supported by the arm of an attendant, among the troop of mendicants, in the vicinity was one cripple, lame in both feet, who appealed to his compassion. His Holiness went up to him, and, in the firm conviction that he is himself a wonderful instrument of divine Providence, with great agitation he raised his hand and said to the helpless mendicant: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk!" The poor sufferer, hearing these words from the mouth of infallibility, stood a moment as if electrified, and then, with sparkling eyes, sprung up and advanced two or three paces. The countenance of the Pope beamed with rapture, but in a few seconds the seemingly healed beggar fell heavily to the ground. The Pontiff cried a second time, "Arise, and walk!" but when the patient sprang up again only to fall down anew the hands of the Pope trembled, his voice became hoarse, and he repeated the command a third time, stammering. Another vain convulsive effort revealed all the suffering and disappointment of the beggar. The face of Pope Pius became deadly pale, and he was borne, half fainting, to his carriage. In another moment the vehicle was rolling away at a furious pace, while the unfortunate mendicant lay writhing on the street and groaning.

Newport is a damp place—nobody can dispute the fact; but nobody catches cold thereby. The fogs are damaging to thin muslins and all dry-goods containing starch; but, on the other hand, they are said to be highly beneficial to the complexion. If so, the ladies will not mind limp dresses. At any rate, a poor complexion is not so conspicuous seen through misty atmosphere.

The great Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City can seat 12,000 persons comfortably, and 15,000 can get within hearing distance of Brigham Young's voice. But this monster structure has little to recommend it except its size, being disproportionately low and destitute of all attempt at tastefulness or ornamentation. The great organ of the Tabernacle is nearly completed, and is already used in the Sunday services. It is the largest ever built in America.

The Ex-Queen of Spain has rented two pretty cottages at Havre for herself and suit for the summer season.

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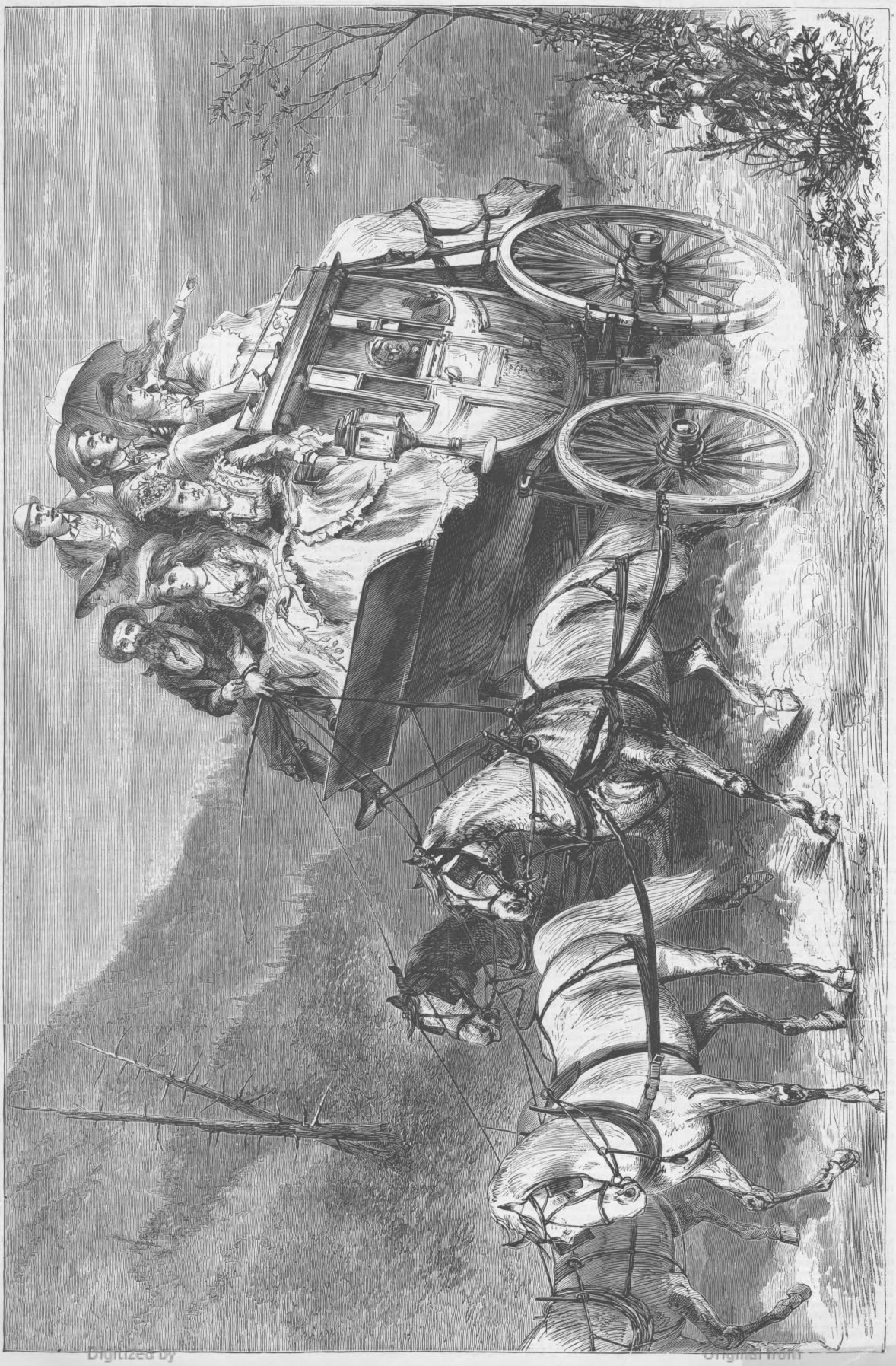

IN THE MOUNTAINS.—[From a Sketch by W. C. Carr.]

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OLD TREASURES.—[SEE PAGE 540.]

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LONG AGO.

O THE days of long ago!
The summer days of long ago!
Still the June promise breaks out in a glow
Of intense blue sky; and sweet roses blush,
And woodlands are green with a golden flush,
And along the meadows the mowers go;
But o'ercroseing it all a shadow lies—
Is it from the sun, or over our eyes?
No shadows rested there long ago!

O the flowers of long ago!
The primrose banks of long ago!
The woodbine clusters in every hedgerow;
The cowslip fields with their harvest-like gleam,
The forget-me-nots growing beside each stream,
The ponds with gay lily-buds all aglow,
The daisies—no daisies now seem to my mind
Like the pink-edged daisies we used to find
In the May-bushed meadows long ago!

O the friends of long ago!
The parted friends of long ago!
Alas that we ever could let them go!
We have won to us other friends since then—
Strong-hearted women, true and steadfast men;
We've tried them, and proved them, and found them so;
But we miss—if the truth we dare confess—
The trust and the loving unselfishness
Of the dear old friends of long ago!

O the love of long ago!
The fond, young love of long ago!
It was not *all* foolishness now we know:
It made for us then a pure paradise
Of opening flowers and innocent eyes,
Till the thorns and thistles had time to grow.
With longer and fuller love now we thrill;
Yet an angel guardeth the mem'ry still
Of our first young love-time, long ago!

O the hopes of long ago!
The brave, vain hopes of long ago!
We vowed to diminish the want and woe
That darken this earth God made so bright;
We meant to stand ever firm to the right,
That the world through us should the better grow.
We felt strong as young giants in our might;
But who of us all has fought out the fight,
And kept to the faith of long ago?

O the sunny long ago!
The careless, happy long ago!
Borne forward on Time's never-ceasing flow,
We backward glance through the gathering haze
Of dreary nights, and still drearier days,
To the friends, the hopes, and the lilies' glow;
And we utter a cry of longing vain
For the life that we never can live again,
That died in our spring-time long ago!

Yearning so for long ago,
Wailing so for long ago,
A hope arises that softens the woe—
Of a land where we shall renew our youth,
And wear the white robes of unwav'ring truth;
And walk in the fields where the am'ranths grow,
And meet a Friend who has ever been true,
And look on a Sun whom no shadows pursue,
And never more wish for time long ago!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

YORKE REPORTS PROGRESS.

I TRUST it will not be imagined, and far less hoped for, by any reader of this sober narrative, that the phrase which concluded the last chapter implies that he or she is about to be introduced to bad company. The fair sex will not be without their representatives in our story, and that soon; but they will not be such as blushed unseen (if they blushed at all) in the bowers at Crompton. Mr. Ryll's suggestion, "Let us join the ladies," was only an elegant way he had, and which was well understood by his audience, of proposing an adjournment to the billiard-room. If that worthy old gentleman could be said to have had any source of income whatever, it was the billiard-table; and hence it was that he was always ready to proceed thither. Nor had he boasted without reason, a while ago, of his powers of self-denial, for he would often forego a glass of generous wine (when he felt that he had had enough), in order to keep his hand steady for the game at pool, which invariably took place at Crompton after dinner. His extreme obesity, though it deprived him of some advantages in the way of "reach," was, upon the whole, a benefit to him. His antagonists lost the sense of his superiority of skill in their enjoyment of the ridiculous and constrained postures in which he was compelled to place himself, and he was well content to see them laugh and lose. None but a first-rate player could have held his own among that company, whose intelligence had been directed to this particular pursuit for most of their natural lives; and even "Tub Ryll," as they called him, had to supplement his dexterity by other means to make success secure. His liveliest sallies, his bitterest jests, were all reserved for these occasions, so that mirth or anger was forever unstringing the nerves of his competitors, and diminishing their chance of gain. It was difficult to unstring the nerves of Parson Whymper, who ran him very close in skill, and sometimes divided the spoil with him; but on the present occasion he had a wordy weapon to baffle even that foe. This consisted in constant allusion to the latter's supposed reversionary interest in the living at Crompton, the incumbent whereof was ancient and infirm, and which was in the Squire's gift. This piece of preferment was the object of the chaplain's dearest hopes, and the last subject he would have chosen to jest upon, especially in the presence of its patron.

"Is he to have it, Squire, or is he not?" would be Tub Ryll's serious inquiry, just as it was the parson's turn to play on him, or, "Who backs the vicar elect?"—observations which seldom failed to cost that expectant divine a sovereign, for the play at the Hall table, although not so high as was going on in the Library with those who patronized cards, was for considerable stakes. Carew, who enjoyed, above all things, this embarrassing pleasantry, would return an ambiguous reply, so that the problem remained without a solution. But when the disgusted chaplain at last threw up his cue, in a most unusual fit of dudgeon, the Squire put the question to the company, as a case of church preferment of which he was unwilling to take the sole responsibility. "The sum," he said, "which had been offered to him for the next presentation would exactly defray the cost of his second pack of hounds, which his chaplain himself had advised him to put down; so the point to be considered—"

"The hounds, the hounds!" broke in this impatient audience, amidst roars of laughter. And nobody knew better than poor Parson Whymper that this verdict would be more final than that of most other ecclesiastical synods, and that he had lost his preferment. It was Carew's humor to take jest for earnest (as it was to turn into ridicule what was serious), and to pretend that his word was pledged to decisions to which nobody else would have attached the slightest weight; it pleased him to feel that his lightest word was law, or perhaps it was a part of the savage adoration which he professed to pay to truth.

Byam Ryll felt a genuine regret that he had pushed matters so far, though Whymper himself was to blame for having shown temper, and thereby precipitated the catastrophe. But he did not play the less skillfully on that account; and, moreover, had no rival to divide the pool with him.

"I would give five pounds if somebody would beat him," muttered the discontented parson within Yorke's hearing, who was standing aloof with his cigar watching the game.

"I think I *could*," said the young man, quietly, "if I *had* five pounds."

As the pool was two pounds, and the lives were one, this was exactly the amount of pecuniary risk to be run, and which want of the necessary funds had alone prevented the young man from incurring.

"Here is a fiver," replied the parson, softly.

"But I really have no money," remonstrated Yorke, though his fine face lit up for a moment with delight (for he was a gambler to the core), "nor any expectation of—"

"Yes, yes; you have expectations enough," answered the other, hurriedly. "You may give me that living yet yourself—who knows? Take a ball, man—take a ball."

So, when another game commenced, the young landscape-painter, who had spent at least as much of his short life at those boards of green cloth called "public tables" as in studying the verdant hues of nature, made one of the combatants, and not a little astonished them by his performance. He had the eye of a hawk, with the litheness of a young panther; and his prudence during the late debauch had preserved his steadiness of hand. Mr. Theodore Fane had the misfortune to be his immediate predecessor, and was "potted" at long distances.

"By Jove!" exclaimed he, sulkily, upon losing his last life by a double, "you must have lived by your wits, young gentleman, to have learned to play pool like that."

"I have," returned Yorke, without moving a muscle, and preparing to strike again. "You will come to do the same, if you play much at this game—but your sad end will not be protracted. You will starve to death with considerable rapidity."

"My dear Mr. Yorke," said Byam Ryll, approvingly, "you have won my heart, though I can't afford to let you win my sovereigns; I like you, but I must kill you off, I see."

"Unless—" said Yorke.

"Unless what?" inquired Ryll, as he made his stroke at Yorke's ball, which was quite safe, and grazed it with his own, which, gliding off another ball, found its way into a pocket. For once, he had really allowed himself to be "put off" his aim.

"Unless you commit suicide," replied the young fellow, smiling. "I was about to warn you of the danger of that kiss."

"You are worse than a highway robber, young Sir," said the annoyed old gentleman.

"That's true," returned Yorke, "for I take your money and your 'life.'"

The young fellow repaid his loan that night, besides putting half a dozen sovereigns into his own pocket; and there was other fruit from that investment.

Carew was delighted with his son's skill, though his wit was somewhat wasted on him. "Why the deuce did you not play in the first game?" said he, when the party broke up to adjourn to the hazard-table. "I suppose it was your confounded cunning" (and here his face grew dark, as though with some recollection of the past); "you wanted to see how they played before you pitted yourself against them—did you? How like, how like!"

"I had no money, Sir, until Parson Whymper lent me some."

"Oh, that was it—was it?" said the Squire. "Well, well, that was not your fault, lad, nor shall it be mine—here, catch," and out of his breeches-pocket he took a roll of crumpled notes, and flung them at him; then suddenly turned upon his heels, with what sounded like a muttered execration at his own folly.

Yorke did not risk this unexpected treasure on the chances of the dice, but retired to his own room. It was a dainty chamber, as we have said, and offered in its appointments a curious contrast to his late sleeping-room in the keeper's lodge. He opened the door of communication to which the Squire had referred, and found himself in a sort of boudoir, in which, as in his own room, a good fire was burning. By the lover of art-furniture, this latter apartment would have been pronounced a perfect gem. Here also every article was of ebony, and flashed back the blaze from the red coals like dusky mirrors. Yorke lit the candles—huge waxen ones, such as the pious soul in peril sees in his mind's eye, and promises to his saint—and looked around him with curiosity. Like the little Marchioness of Mr. Richard Swiveller, he had never seen such things, "except in shops;" or rather, he had seen single specimens of such exposed in windows of great furniture warehouses, rather as a wonder and a show than with any hope to tempt a purchaser. On one hand stood an ebony cabinet, elaborately carved with fruit and flowers, it was divided into three parts, and their shut doors faced with plate-glass gave it the appearance of a tripartite altar with its sacred fire kindled. A casket almost as large glowed close beside it, enriched with figures and landscapes, and with shining locks and hinges, as he afterward discovered, of solid gold. A book-case of the same precious wood was filled with volumes bound in scarlet—all French novels, superbly if not very decorously illustrated. But the article which astonished the new tenant of this chamber most was the ebony escritoire that occupied its centre, with every thing set out for ornament or use that is seen on a lady's writing-table. It was impossible that such nick-nacks as he there beheld could be intended for male use, and still less for such men as were the Squire's guests. Did this chamber and its neighbor apartment usually own a female proprietress? and if so, why was *he* placed there? This idea by no means alarmed the young landscape-painter, who had no more *mauvaise honte*, nor dislike to adventures of gallantry, than Gil Blas de Santillane. He sat down at the escritoire, and, taking up a gilt pen with a ridiculous silk tassel, began a letter to the same person to whom that day he had already dispatched a missive; but this time it was not so brief: the day of brilliant dies and illuminated addresses had not as yet set in, so he wrote at the top of the little scented sheet, in a bold free hand, the word Crompton! and put a note of admiration after it. Had you seen his face as he did so, you would have said it was a note of triumph.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—*Veni, vidi, vici*—I have come, I have seen him, and I am at all events tolerated. The perilous moment was when I told him who I was. He said he was half disposed to set his bull-dog at me, but he didn't; on the contrary, he at once bid me exchange my bachelor's quarters for the two chambers I at present occupy, and which remind me of the *Arabian Nights*. I have never seen any thing like them; the furniture of both is of ebony; but the most curious part of the affair is, that they are evidently designed for a lady. Imagine your Richard sleeping under a coverlet of real Brussels lace! Every thing in the house, however, is magnificent, or was so once, before it was damaged by barbarous revel. Such orgies as I have witnessed to-night would seem incredible, if I wrote them; the *Modern Midnight Entertainment* of old Hogarth will supply you with the *dramatis personæ*; but the splendor of the surroundings immensely heightened the effect of it all. Carew and his friends might have sat for Alaric and his Goths carousing amidst the wreck of the art treasures of Rome. Nothing that he has affords him any satisfaction; though, if it is of great cost, Chaplain Whymper tells me that he derives a momentary pleasure from its willful damage. This man and one other are the only persons of intelligence about Carew; but even they have no influence with him that can be depended on. If madness were always hereditary indeed, I might consider myself doomed. You were right there, I own; but you must needs allow that in undertaking this adventure contrary to your advice I have effected something. The chaplain is already speculating upon my future fortunes, and he knows his patron better than any body; at all events, if I am turned out of doors to-morrow (which I am aware is quite on the cards), I shall have three hundred pounds in my pocket, which Carew, with a 'Catch that,' threw me in notes, exactly as you throw a chicken-bone to *Dandy* as he sits on his hind-legs, though I did not 'beg' for them, I do assure you. The immediate cause of my being invited hither was as follows [here the writer described his exploit with the stags]. This, with our match at fisticuffs by moonlight, had greatly inclined Carew to favor me; yet, when the disclosure of my identity was made, I thought for a moment all my pains were lost. He resented the intrusion exceedingly; but then he had himself invited me to be his guest; and he holds his word as good as his bond. Indeed, by what the chaplain tells me, it will soon be held something better, for even his vast estate is crumbling away, acre by acre, beneath the load of lavish expenditure it has to bear. There must be much, however, at the worst, to be picked up among the *débris* of such a fortune.

"I am aware that it is in the last degree improbable that Carew will be persuaded to make a will in *any body's* favor at present. He imagines, I think, that the whole world is made for his sole enjoyment—it almost might be so, for all he sees to the contrary—and never dreams that he will die. But it is also certain that he will die early; and more than likely that he will come to grief, when he has lost his nerve, in one or other of the mad exploits which he will be too proud to discontinue. Then will your Richard become the most assiduous and painstaking of nurses that ever humored crack-brained patient. But there! I have made a dozen programmes of what is to happen, and this is but a specimen. Who can tell? I may be heir of Crompton yet, or I may come back to you to-morrow like a bad penny, and with what the vulgar describe as a flea in my ear.

"It will not surprise you to learn that you are personally held in great disfavor here, though the chaplain (who has heard all from the Squire's lips) speaks of you with due respect. The last thing that is desired at Crompton is, of course, the return of its lawful mistress. Carew himself is very bitter against you, which is doubtless owing to the good offices of grandmamma. The clock has just struck four, which bids me close this letter, though of all the Squire's guests, to judge by the wrangling that is going on in the Library below stairs, the first to retire will be your affectionate son,

"RICHARD YORKE.

"P.S.—I forgot to say that Carew made the most pointed inquiries as to whether I had any other profession than that of landscape-painting. Would it not be strangely comical if he should bestir himself to get me some Civil appointment! I almost fancied he must have been thinking of doing so, from some scraps of talk I heard him let fall at dinner. Curiously enough, by-the-by, who should have been sitting at his right-hand, but Frederick Chandos, Jack's brother! 'Good Heaven!' (you will say), 'suppose it had been Jack himself;' however, it was not."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW BENEDICT BECAME A BACHELOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late hour at which Yorke retired to his sumptuous couch, he was up the next morning betimes. He was restless, and eager to explore the splendors of the house, that had been so nearly his inheritance, for it was not without a stubborn contest that the law had deprived him of what he still believed to be his rights. Nor had Crompton, in his eyes (as we have hinted), only the interest of Might-have-been; it had that of Might-be also. If not absolutely sanguine, he was certainly far from hopeless of fortune making him that great amends; at all events, while the opportunity was afforded him, which he well knew might be lost forever by his own imprudence, or through the caprice of another, he resolved not to neglect it. It was broad daylight, yet not a soul was stirring in all the stately place; nothing but the echo of his own footsteps, as he trod the corridor, and entered the great Picture-gallery, met his attentive ear. The collection of old masters at Crompton was varied and valuable; he could have spent hours among them with infinite pleasure, if the intoxicating thought that they all might be one day his own, had not been present to mar their charms. He regarded them less as an admiring disciple, or a connoisseur, than as an appraiser. The homely life-scenes of Jan Stein, the saintly creations of Paul Veronese, the warmth of Rubens, and the stateliness of Vandyck, were all measured by one standard—that of price. The contents of this one room alone, thought he, "represent no moderate fortune."

When his eye strayed to the tall windows, and rested on the wooded acres which owned in mad Carew a nominal master, the beauty of dale and upland touched him not at all. "I wonder now," sighed he, "how much of this is dipped?" It was a good sign, he thought, that in one room he found a cabinet containing no less than fifty antique cameos; for, if the pressure of pecuniary difficulty had really begun to be severe, the Squire would surely have parted with what must have been in his view useless lumber, and was so easily convertible into cash. The Library offered a strange spectacle: chairs thrown down, and broken glasses, bore witness to the wildness of last night's revel; the splendid carpet was strewn with the ends and ashes of cigars, and with packs of cards; and on the table, scratched in all directions by the sharp spurs of fighting-cocks, still lay the dice and caster. The atmosphere was so heavy with the fumes of wine and smoke that Yorke was glad to escape from it, through a half-open window, into the morning air.

How bright and fresh it was! How much there was of bracing enjoyment, of wholesome gayety, in the mere breath of it; how much of invigorating delight in the mere sight of the glittering turf, the beaded trees, to which the hoar-frost had lent its jewels! But such cheap luxuries are not only unknown to those who are sleeping off their debauch of the past night during the brightest hours of the day; they are also lost upon those who rise early in the morning, to follow the strong drink of greed and envious expectation. Richard Yorke enjoyed them not, save that he felt his lungs play more freely. A couple of gardeners were at work upon the lawn, of one of whom he asked the way to the stables, the report of the completeness and perfection of which had often reached him. The house and its furniture—nay, the house and its inmates—were of less consequence in the Squire's eyes than the arrangements of his loose-boxes. The old dynasty of Houyhnhnms was re-established at Crompton; the Horse bare sway, or was at least held in higher account than the Human. The Horse, the Hound, the Pheasant, the Bag-fox, and, fifthly, Man, were there the gradations of rank; and a compound being—half man, half brute—was, by a not unparalleled freak of fortune, the master of all. Carew had never fed his mares with human flesh, but there was a legend that he had rubbed a friend over with aniseed, and offered that dainty morsel to his dogs. The victim was snatched away again, however, by some officious underling, who justified his interference upon the ground that the hounds would have been spoiled by such an indulgence; and the Squire had pardoned him. This was one of the stories about the Master of Crompton which divided the country into those who believed it and those who did not; but Walter Grange had told it to Richard as a characteristic fact.

The stables were indeed a marvel, not only of cleanliness and comfort, but, if it had been possible by any arts of daintiness to make them coxcombs, such would Carew's horses have become. They had looking-glasses in their own glossy coats, and yet it was not well for one of them to be an especial favorite with its master, for it more than once happened that he would ride such so often and so long that it fell under him, killed with kindness, overwhelmed with his op-

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pressive favor. On such occasions, if the Squire happened to have been as devoted as usual to his brandy flask, he would shed copious tears, which many instanced as a proof that he was neither selfish nor cold-hearted.

The kennels were of vast proportions, hedged in by high palisades, through the interstices of which many a black muzzle now protruded, sniffing like ill-tempered women, or uttering shrill whines of despair. As Yorke, with his hands buried in his pockets, for they were cold, though his head was too well provided with clustering hair to be conscious of the absence of a hat, was contemplating this spectacle with cynical amusement, up strode the chaplain, wholesome and ruddy-looking.

"You are up betimes—as Crompton hours go—Mr. Yorke; I hope such good habits will not be undermined by evil associations. How I envy you your constitution, to be able to face this November mist with a bare head!"

"Nay, parson," rejoined the young man, "you must have risen early yourself to know that there *was* a mist. It's clear enough now all round. I suppose our impatient friends yonder," pointing to the kennel, where all the dogs, hearing the chaplain's voice, were now in full chorus, "will have their will this morning?"

"Yes; it is this pack's turn to hunt."

"I wish, for your sake, Mr. Whymper, that there was only one pack," observed Yorke, with good-natured earnestness.

"Ah, you are referring to that foolish talk about the living last night. Poor Ryll is quite broken-hearted about it this morning; and, in fact, he did do me an ill turn, though, I am sure, without intending it. It is the misfortune of a professed wit—and especially of a poor one—that he can not afford to be silent."

"You take it more good-humoredly than I should," said Yorke. "I should be inclined to charge something for a joke made at my own expense, where the loss was so considerable."

"You don't look of a very revengeful disposition, neither," returned the chaplain, critically.

"I have never experienced the feeling of revenge," answered the young man, frankly; "but I know what it is to feel wronged, and I think it is lucky that it is the law, and not an individual, that has done me the mischief—one can't have a vendetta against the law, you know. But; if it were a man, ay, though he were my own flesh and blood, he should pay for it—yes, sevenfold. I would not put up with injustice from any human being; and where I could, if the law would not help me, I would right myself with the strong hand."

It was curious to see the effect which this objectless passion wrought upon the young man's face, and even figure. His lithe limbs seemed to grow rigid; his right hand was clenched convulsively; his handsome Spanish countenance was lit up with a sort of dusky glow.

"My dear young friend," said the chaplain, quietly, "my profession, perhaps, ought to suggest to me some serious arguments against the disposition which you so unmistakably evince; but I will confine myself to saying, that such a temper as yours is not to be kept for nothing. It is only men in your father's position who can indulge themselves in such a luxury, I do assure you. You'll come to grief with it some day."

Yorke laughed, good-humoredly. "What must be, will be. Let us hope there will be no occasion for the display of my fire-works. I suppose, what with his two packs of hounds and the rest of it, even my father will be brought to behave himself demurely, sooner or later."

"I should like to see Carew demure," said the chaplain, smiling; "although not reduced to that state by the extremities of poverty. Yes, as you say," he added, in a graver tone, "the pace at which he has been going these twenty years has begun to tell on his fortune. But it is not the dogs that will ruin him (as they ruined poor Ryll, with his few thousands), nor yet his hunters. It is his race-horses on the Downs yonder that will bring him to his piece of bread."

"I suppose so," said Yorke, sighing, not so much on Carew's account as on his own; "he backs a horse because it is his own. That is his confounded egotism."

"Your tie of relationship, Mr. Yorke, does not, I perceive, make you blind to your father's foibles."

"Why should it?" rejoined the young man, passionately. "Am I to feel grateful to him for begetting me? What has he done to make me feel that I owe him aught? Do you suppose I thank him for being admitted here, unacknowledged, uninvited in my own proper person? For being permitted to take my fill at the common trough along with his drunken swine?"

"Nay, my friend," interposed the chaplain, coldly; "the food and wine are of the best; and we should never scoff at good victual. If you have so proud a stomach, why are you here? It embarrasses you to answer the question. Let me, then, shape the reply. 'I have a sense of my own dignity,' you would say, 'far keener than that of my father's flatterers and favorites; but, on the other hand, I humiliate myself for a much greater stake.'"

"*I* humiliate myself?" reiterated the young man, angrily.

"You take money that is not very gracefully offered for your acceptance, my young friend," said the chaplain, quietly.

"You saw him, did you?" cried Richard, hoarse with shame and passion.

"No; I did not; but I heard him swearing at you at the hazard-table for having emptied his pockets; and I am familiar with his mode of bestowing presents. You must forgive me, Mr. Yorke," added Parson Whymper, dryly; "but you ought to know that when a man has lost his own self-respect, he is naturally averse to the profession of independence in another."

"If you deem yourself it dependent Mr. Chaplain," replied Yorke, bitterly, "you still permit yourself some frankness."

"Yes; that is one of the few virtues which are practiced at Crompton. You will find me speak the truth."

There was irony in Parson Whymper's tone; and yet the young man felt that he was not the subject of its cynicism. Was it possible that this hard-drinking, hard-riding, hard-headed divine was scornful of himself, and of his own degraded position? Yorke did not credit him with any such fine feeling. He had read of Swift at Temple's, and could understand the great Dean's bitterness against a shallow master and his insolent guests, but that a man should become despicable to himself, was unintelligible to him.

"Of course," continued the chaplain, smiling at his evident bewilderment, "I could have been as smooth-spoken as you please, my young friend; but I had estimated your good sense too highly to endeavor to conciliate you by such vapid arts."

"I thank you," said Yorke, thoughtfully. "I hope you were right there; I am sure at least that from your mouth I could hear home truths, which from another's would be very unpalatable. You are good enough to speak as though you would wish us to be friends. I am going to ask you, therefore, to do me a favor."

"I will do any thing that lies in my power; but do not, for your own sake, press me to influence your father—"

"No, no; it is not that," broke in the other, hastily. "It lies with yourself to grant my request. I wish to hear from you the true story of Carew's marriage with my mother."

"The *true story?*" echoed Parson Whymper. "Nay; I can not vouch for being possessed of that. I have only heard it from your grandmother: the counsel for the prosecution is scarcely a reliable authority for the facts of a case."

"And I have only heard the defense," said Yorke. "Let me now, for the first time, know what was urged upon the other side, and so weightily," the young man gloomily added, "that it made my mother an outcast, and myself a disgraced and penniless lad. You see, I know exactly what was the end of it all, so do not fear to shock me."

"There can be no disgrace where one has not one's self to blame," urged the chaplain.

"You think so?" broke in the other, bitterly. "What! not when one's mother is to blame, for instance? Well, please begin."

"I had much rather not," said the chaplain. "It would be much better for you to get the newspaper report of the case—I can tell you the exact date—and read both *pro* and *con*."

"No report was ever published, Mr. Whymper; the case was heard with closed doors, or suppressed by Carew's influence. So much, perhaps—to judge by your face—the better for me."

"I think it would be better for you not to hear it, even now, Mr. Yorke," returned the chaplain, not without a touch of tenderness in his tone. "But, if you insist upon it, come to my private room, and let us breakfast together first, then we will have the story over our cigars."

Accordingly, the two repaired to the apartment in question—a very snug one, on the ground-floor, but so strewn with documents and letters that it resembled a lawyer's sanctum. The morning meal—which, in the host's case, consisted of a game-pie and a tankard of strong ale—having been here dispatched, and their cigars lighted, Parson Whymper began as follows:

"It must have been in the autumn of 1821 that Carew finally left school—the public school of Harton. He got into some difficulties with the authorities—refused, I believe, to apologize for some misdemeanor—so that he had to be privately withdrawn—"

"I beg your pardon there," remarked Yorke, hastily. "He was expelled, as I happen to know for certain."

"Very likely," said the chaplain, slowly expelling the smoke from his lips; "indeed, I should say most likely. But remember mine is professedly an *ex parte* statement. Mrs. Carew—I mean Mrs. Carew the elder—is solely responsible for it. Of course, she softened down the facts against her son, and I have no doubt made compensation for so doing by highly coloring the offenses of her daughter-in-law. I told you, you would not like the story. Is it still your wish that I should proceed with it?"

"Yes, yes," said Yorke; "go on. I was a fool to interrupt you." But the chaplain noticed that the young man held his open palm before his face, under pretense of shielding it from the fire, and that his cheeks grew scarlet as the tale went on, nevertheless.

"Carew was not seventeen then, when he left school for the house of a gentleman of the name of Hardcastle, in Berkshire, as his private pupil. It was understood that he was to have his particular care and attention, but not his exclusive services. There were one or two other pupils—rather queer ones, as it would seem; but Mr. Hardcastle advertised in the newspapers for lads of position, but neglected education—young fellows, in short, who had proved unmanageable at home—and undertook to reform them by his system. It was no wonder, then, that Carew found some strange companions. The strangest of all, however, under the circumstances, was surely the tutor's niece, Miss Hardcastle herself."

"Why strangest?" interrupted Yorke.

"I think Mrs. Carew the elder meant to imply that this young lady, being possessed of great physical advantages, should have been the last person selected by Mr. Hardcastle as his housekeeper, and the companion of his pupils, and the more so since he was well aware, as it afterward turned out, that she had already succeeded in victimizing (such was Mrs. Carew's expression) one of these very lads. That was years ago, it is true; and it might well be imagined that a lady of the mature age of five-and-thirty might have outlived her charms; but in her particular case this was not so. Miss Hardcastle, as she was called, was still very beautiful, high-spirited, and an excellent horsewoman. She was also—if that had been necessary to obtain her purpose—well-read and accomplished. Being clever, good-looking, and not easily shocked, however, she was more than competent to secure the affections of young Carew. She was, nevertheless, as I have said, literally old enough to be his mother; and the idea of the affair having been a love-match, in the usual sense of the expression, was simply preposterous. That Miss Hardcastle was herself of this opinion seems evident from her having enjoined secrecy upon her youthful bridegroom. They lived together as man and wife, under Mr. Hardcastle's roof, for near six months before their marriage was proclaimed. Then young Mrs. Carew took a bold step: she persuaded her husband to bring her to his house, under the roof of which his mother was then residing. But they did not come (as one might have imagined) in the fashion of two runaway lovers, who seek forgiveness for their youthful ardor with penitence and submission. The bridegroom was full of wild mirth at having at last done something seriously to astonish the world. He was fond of his mother, after his own fashion; but so far from entreating her forgiveness, he did not even perceive any particular necessity for conciliation. The bride was full of triumph; she had not risked much, and she had won a great stake. It would have been better for her could she have borne her success with more modesty. Her mother-in-law was transported with rage, which she was too wise to exhibit. She knew her son far better than his new wife did; and she felt that opposition was for the present hopeless; but she took counsel with her son's guardian, and bided her time. It came at last, though very slowly. Carew was devoted to his spouse for a whole twelvemonth—a longer time than youth and beauty combined have ever enthralled him since. Even when her tender tones—for she had the sweetest voice that ever woman possessed—failed to thrill him, and her queenly form to charm, he would probably not have consented to take part against her, but for her own imprudence. She lost her temper with him upon a matter where it is difficult for the wisest of her sex to keep it: she grew jealous."

"Without cause?" inquired Yorke, gloomily. His cigar had gone out, though he still held it between his white lips.

"No; not without cause. That is a point, I fancy, about which my informant had her reasons for not being explicit."

"What!" cried the young man, indignantly. "She threw some one in her son's way, to divert his attention from his lawful wife?"

"Perhaps; I can't say for certain. I am not defending her, Mr. Yorke; but remember, she loved her son. She beheld him a victim to an artful woman. He was not in her eyes as he is in mine, and perhaps in yours. He had, she argued, capabilities of good, an affectionate and trustful nature; he was the best *parti* in the county, and had chosen his tutor's niece—a woman old enough to have borne him. Besides, she was *not* his lawful wife. The dowager had secretly taken legal opinion upon that matter, and was only waiting for an opportunity to test it. It was essential for this that her son should desire his own freedom, and at last he did so. I have told you the occasion. In the whirlwind of her wrath, your mother told Carew some home truths; above all, let him know she despised him, and had inveigled him into marriage. He had no other name for her, henceforth, but Serpent."

"I know," said Yorke. "Go on."

"It was within two months of your birth that this quarrel took place. Had you been born, and especially here at Crompton, I think the rupture would never have happened. Your grandmother felt that too, and did her utmost to precipitate matters, and, as you know, she was successful. Her daughter-in-law was compelled to leave the house, and an action was commenced in an ecclesiastical court. The validity of the marriage was contested on the ground of undue publication of the bans, both parties having a knowledge of the fact. I am a parson, you know, and this bit of law lies in my way. The bride appeared in the register as spinster, whereas she was the widow of an old pupil of her uncle's, whose surname you bear. It was not an easy victory by any means. The judge of the Consistory Court held that the inaccuracy in question was insufficient to invalidate the ceremony; but Carew, or rather your grandmother, appealed to the Court of Arches, and got the decision reversed. The marriage was therefore declared null and void. Very hard lines it was for you, Mr. Yorke; and—and that's the whole story."

"I thank you," said the young man, gravely. "I can easily imagine that it might have been told by other lips in harsher terms."

They were silent for full a minute, Yorke busying himself with the titles of the documents upon the table, written out in the chaplain's sprawling hand.

"Your mother must be a most remarkable woman," observed the latter, thoughtfully. "Is she still young-looking for her age?"

"Yes; very. What a queer docket is here! '*Tu Mine. Refused.*' What does that mean?"

"It is an application from one Trevethick, an inn-keeper, to purchase a disused mine at Gethin, on the west coast of Cornwall, which Carew has declined. Two thousand pounds was offered on the nail, a sum far beyond its value; but it is one of his crazes that his property there is very valuable, and it's evident that this Trevethick thinks so too—whereas it is only picturesque. For grandeur of position, Gethin Castle, or rather what is left of it, for it is a ruin, is indeed unequaled! You should take your sketch-book down there, some day. May I ask, by-the-by, are you only an amateur in that way, or a professional?"

"I am an artist by profession. I live by my pencil, save for what my mother allows me out of Carew's pittance. That is small enough, you know. Hollo! there are the hounds coming round to the front! I suppose Carew and the rest of them will soon be in the saddle?"

"And you have never made money by any other means?" pursued the chaplain, thoughtfully.

"Never. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it seemed so strange that a lad like you should find purchasers for his works," returned the chaplain, carelessly. "The Picture-gallery here will be of service to you, no doubt."

"Yes. I shall get my education at Crompton, if I get nothing else," said Yorke; "and indeed, as I have no desire to peril my neck out hunting, I shall set to work at once. Good-morning, Mr. Chaplain, and many thanks." And with a nod and a smile, the young man left the room.

Parson Whymper looked after him with a grave face. "I wonder whether Fane was right," he muttered. "He seemed quite positive; though, 'tis true, he owed him a grudge for potting him at pool. There was something wrong in that young fellow's face as he said 'Never,' when I asked him that question as to whether he gained money by other means. If he lied, the lying must have come from the mother's side. That woman must be a marvel. Well, I'm sorry, for I should have liked Richard Yorke to have had his chance here."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON—Fahren-heit.

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, your Honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I am going to a strange country, and I don't intend to make myself enemies."

A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness, and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said: "He can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes, mother," added the young hopeful, "and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, throwed the cat into the well, and stole old Hickley's gimlet."

The proprietor of a hotel was bustling about the other morning at ten o'clock with twenty things to do, when some one asked him why he didn't call up his clerk. "I sha'n't call him as long as I can help it," replied he; "for when he is in bed I know where he is, but after he's up I don't know where to find him."

A scene in a picture-gallery shows "a model model" in a man who serves as a model for an artist, and in the artist's absence explains the picture to a lady visitor: "From whom did M'Gilp paint that head?" "From yours obediently, madam. I sit for the 'eds of all 'is 'oly men." "He must find you a very useful person." "Yes, madam; I order his frames, stretch his canvases, wash his brushes, set his pallet, and fix his colors. All *he's* got to do is just to *shove 'em on.*"

"Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him?" "Oh yes; I got rid of him very easily. I married him, and have no lover now."

"My son," said an old lawyer, giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon the practice of his father's profession, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the necessity of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is clearly founded upon justice, insist upon the necessity of doing justice, even though the heavens should fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage in a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son," replied the old stager, "talk round it."

If a man is given to liquor, see that liquor is not given to him.

A lady from the country, who has lately become a resident of the city, was very much troubled at her son's long absence from home the other evening. A neighbor calling suggested that the boy had gone to see the elephant. "Ah!" said the mother, with a sigh of relief; "why didn't he tell me? I have no objections to his seeing the elephant, and didn't even know it was in town."

"A friend of ours," says the editor of a contemporary, "is growing weaker and weaker every day. He has got so weak now that he can't raise five dollars."

A Scotchman who had put up at an inn was asked in the morning how he had slept. "Ah, mon," replied Donald, "nae vera well either; but I was muckle better off than the bugs, for de'il ane o' them closed an e'e the hale nicht."

The New Bedford *Standard* records a little incident of Decoration-day, which occurred near that city. The exercises were in the open air—speakers, musicians, and returned soldiers in the centre, and the public outside of a circle formed by the marshals of the day. The military stood shoulder to shoulder, somewhat hiding the view from a genteel party in their immediate rear. A young man of the kid glove persuasion, stepping from their midst, approached, remonstratively, the military, and addressed them thus: "My dear fellows, you prevent our seeing: you are standing up there right in front of us." Answer by high private: "Yes, Sir; and we stood in front and covered you all through the war." Remonstrant subsided.

Few stories relating to witnesses are more laughable than that which describes the mathematical process by which Mr. Baron Parrot arrived at the value of certain conflicting evidence. "Gentlemen of the jury," this judge is represented to have said, in summing up the evidence in a trial where the witnesses had sworn with noble tenacity of purpose, "there are fifteen witnesses who swear that the water-course used to flow in a ditch on the north side of the hedge. On the other hand, gentlemen, there are nine witnesses who swear that the water-course used to flow on the south side of the hedge. Now, gentlemen, if you subtract nine from fifteen there remain six witnesses wholly uncontradicted; and I recommend you to give your verdict for the party who called those six witnesses."

This process, however, was hardly as clever as that of the Irish prisoner accused of stealing a shirt from a hedge. "Here are three people who saw you take it," said the magistrate. "Bad luck to them!" exclaimed Pandheen; "I can bring six honester people who'll swear they didn't see me take it!"

A teacher, catechising his scholars, put the following question: "What was made to give light to the world?" "Matches," cried one of the youngsters, after a short pause.

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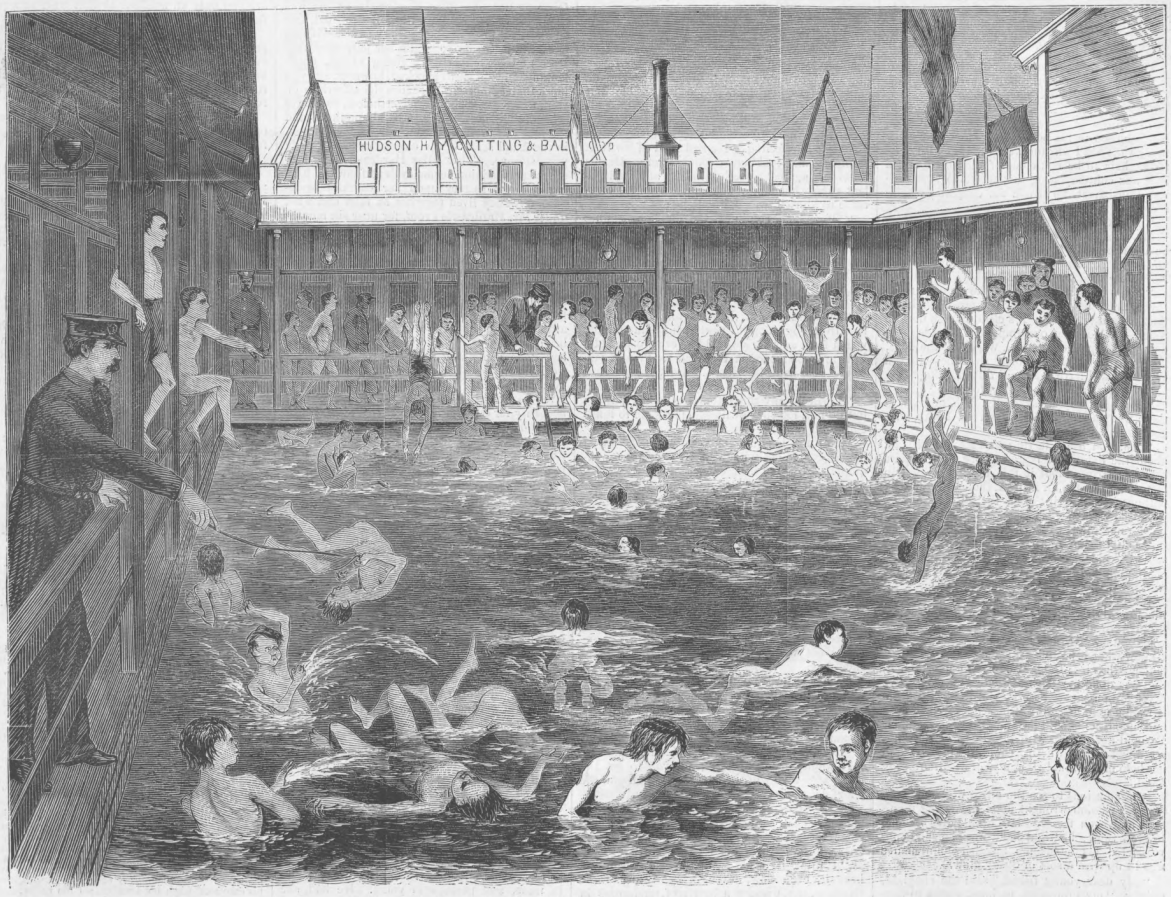

INTERIOR OF A SWIMMING BATH.—[DRAWN BY STANLEY FOX.]

INTERIOR OF SWIMMING BATH.

WE give on this page an illustration of the swimming bath at the foot of Charles Street, of which we gave an exterior view in the *Weekly* for July 16. It contains 68 rooms, the water is four and a half feet deep, and 200 bathers can be accommodated at one time. Each bather is allowed to remain in the water 30 minutes. There is another swimming bath of the same kind at the foot of Thirteenth Street, and both are crowded every day. The success of these experiments should lead to the establishment of other baths in sufficient numbers to accommodate all who desire to avail themselves of these healthful privileges. Such institutions are not only beneficial to the poor, who are unable to leave the hot and sweltering city during the summer, but to the whole community, as all are equally interested in preserving the health of our population.

OLD TREASURES.

THE picture on page 537 is engraved from a water-color drawing by Mr. H. B. ROBERTS, a member of the English Institute of Painters in Water-Color. A lady is seen seated in an old wainscoted chamber, before a table on which is a casket, and the contents of which she is examining. In pensive mood she has laid her lute aside, and her attention is fixed mournfully, not upon the jewels nor the richer contents of the casket, but, it would seem, upon a few dry flower-petals and leaves. What story do they tell? Who is this melancholy lady? The costume she wears—her ruff, her head-dress, with its long veil, the slashed sleeves of her black velvet robe, tell us no more than that they belong to the middle of the sixteenth century. But what is the meaning of that inscription on the oak panel in the back-ground—"Eliz." and the date "1545," with an indefinite coat of arms between abbreviated name and date? Is this the lion-hearted Queen BESS herself in her more susceptible youth, before her features became so strongly marked as to render any mistake respecting her identity very difficult to make? Possibly the painter intended or may permit such suggestion, and, if so, the reader will not be slow to build up his own romance from the incident.

UNDINE.

FOUQUÉ'S most beautiful romance has rarely found a more appreciative illustrator than Miss STARR, an English artist, whose graceful picture, of which we give an engraving on page 541, was recently exhibited in the Royal Academy of London. The picture illustrates one of the most touching incidents of the romance. The handsome young knight, Huldebrand, the hero of the story, has wedded the lovely Naiad, or Undine. He had met her first, after traversing the enchanted forest, in the cottage of the humble fisherfolk, her foster-parents. He had become enamored of her beauty; her childlike artlessness, the very pranks which with soulless thoughtlessness she had played, had served but

"ROBBING THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE."

THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART.—"*AU REVOIR!*"

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to increase her fascination; he had braved the terrible midnight storm and the swollen torrent, the work of Undine's kinsman, the powerful sea-prince, when recovering her from the island where she had sought refuge from the chiding of her foster-mother; and the nuptials of the lovers had at length taken place. Undine herself had become possessed of a soul upon the only

brook, she, with tender anxious mystery, asked him to bear her to the small island from which he had before rescued her. Arrived there, she commenced the wondrous disclosure: "Thou shouldst know, my beloved," she began, "that there exist in the elements beings not very unlike you men, yet who seldom let themselves be seen by you. The marvelous salamanders glis-

gardens; they wander over bright sands strewn with many-colored shells, and amidst all that the old world possessed of beautiful, which the present world is no longer worthy to enjoy, and which the waves conceal with their mysterious veil of silver. There are still preserved noble ruins, high and stately, gently laved by loving waters, which cherish about them delicate mosses and

make me miserable during my future life; for what will become of me if thou hatest me, and drivest me from thee? Yet I would not detain thee by deceit. If thou wilt reject me, do it now; go back alone to the shore; I will plunge into that stream to my kinsman, who leads here a hermit-life away from his other friends. But he is powerful, and receives tribute from many

"UNDINE."—[FROM A PAINTING BY MISS STARR.]

condition possible to her—a union of deepest love with one of the human race. From her love for the knight and for the gift of a soul she had rendered herself liable to suffer all the sorrows and disappointments of which the human race is susceptible. But she had still to tell him her true nature. So, when wandering together near the forest stream, now shrunk to a small

ten and sport in the flames; the rough, malicious gnomes dwell deep in the earth; the woods are haunted by spirits which are of the air, while the far-spread race of water-spirits live in lakes, and rivers, and brooks; they dwell, too, in resounding crystal vaults, through which heaven with its sun and stars shine in, and lofty coral plants with blue and red blossoms decorate their

wreathing plants. Those who dwell there are pure, and lovely to look upon, fairer than even mankind." She proceeds to tell him of the fate of these beings, of the only means by which they can avoid their destiny; and then exclaims—"Now have I a soul; I thank thee for my soul, oh, thou unspeakably beloved! and evermore grateful shall I be if thou dost not by thy gift

great rivers; and as he bore me to the fisherman, a joyous, laughing child, so will he carry me back to my parents a loving, sorrowful woman gifted with a soul." Then follows the passage which Miss STARR directly illustrates: "She was about to add something more, when Huldebrand, with the most heartfelt tenderness and love, clasped her in his arms and again bore her

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back to the shore. There, amidst tears and kisses, he first swore never to forsake his affectionate wife, and esteemed himself even more happy than Pygmalion, for whom Venus gave life to his beautiful statue, and thus changed it into a beautiful wife."

SIGNAL TOWERS IN CUBA.

THE great want of lines of communication in the island of Cuba has undoubtedly been the principal cause of the prolongation of the war. Railways exist only in the sugar districts, near Havana, Matanzas, and Cardenas, excepting the short lines from Sagua, Trinidad, and Cienfuegos to the plantations, and that between Nuevitas and Puerto Principe. Regarding telegraphs, the island is but little better provided, and a good wagon road is something which exists only in the minds of enterprising individuals. Detachments of Spanish troops, perhaps only a league or two separating them, are as isolated from each other as if they were hundreds of miles apart, the entire interior being covered with dense and mountainous virgin forests, or else impassable swamps. In order to hold the country more firmly, the Spaniards have just inaugurated the building of towers, of which we give a sketch on page 532, combining the advantages of a signal tower and a fort. As the insurgents are unprovided with artillery, these forts, although they may be defended by only about twenty men, must be considered impregnable. The towers are built on glacis, having all the elevation possible, a moat surrounding the glacis, and an interior and exterior row of spikes and palisades make the mere approach very difficult. The lower part of the fort, being an earthwork surrounding a strong wooden frame, is bomb-proof, and protects its inmates from the enemy's bullets. In some of these forts a small swivel, or revolving cannon, will be placed.

These towers will be erected first on the line from Crega de Avila to Moron, at a distance of five miles from each other, and good roads will be opened between them. The signals will be made either by wooden blocks moved by a chain, or by flags from the tower, and with colored lanterns and rockets by night. It is supposed that the erection of these towers will mark a new era in Cuban warfare, and prove very injurious to the Cubans, whose leaders have given strict orders to use their utmost endeavors to prevent the work, recognizing the danger which threatens them, and which will enable the Spaniards to throw five thousand active and acclimated men into the field, who are now doing garrison duty at the numerous settlements and towns in the Cinco Villas and Central Department.

THE EXTINCTION OF WORLDS.

THE progress of science enables us to trace, with a probability almost amounting to certainty, the career of a star from its birth; from the most diffused condition of its parent nebula; through the stage of primary agglomeration when it shines as our sun; through the process of cooling into a dim and cloudy spheroid, such as Jupiter or our earth; until cold rules supreme, and the once glowing orb rolls on, barren as our moon.

But when we have reached this stage we have by no means done with the star. It must continue on its course, and, though in obscurity, it must retain its momentum and its attractive force. Our sun will thus one day travel in darkness, attended by a cohort of funereal planets, and perpetual night will reign over the solar system. This result appears to be but a question of time, and we are, therefore, led to the consideration that many systems must, in all probability, be already extinct, and wandering unnoticed. But as extinction is a gradual process, there will be multitudes of stars in various stages of dimness, and the brilliancy of any orb, its "magnitude" in fact, will therefore depend on its age, quite as much as on its size or distance. On this view, Sir. W. Herschel's method of "star gauging" can not be relied on for a correct determination of the actual shape of the cluster called the "Milky-Way," as, instead of taking the average of brightness only as an indication of the average of distance, we have to superadd the average of age. Now, the smaller the star the more quickly will its light die out, and, therefore, the necessary extent of our galaxy is immensely reduced; in other words, it appears that while the space separating us from the nearer stars, for which parallax has been obtained, remains of course unchanged, the computed distances of those hitherto considered to be farthest off will be much lessened, as there appears to be no reason for concluding that telescopic stars are necessarily more distant than bright ones for which we can not obtain parallax, but simply that they are older, or smaller, or both, and therefore dimmer.

It will be readily allowed that, if the light of the stars be fading away, a vast number may have already become extinct, and that it is indeed possible that the orbs now visible may be but a small surviving remnant of far greater multitudes which once illumined the heavens. If our cluster then be much reduced in extent, and its constituents be largely increased in number, it would follow that the chances against collision would be much reduced. Let us suppose that collisions are possible, and that their frequency is merely a question of chances. What would be the consequences of such an event? It is possible that they would depend chiefly on the relative momenta of the colliding bodies; that if one were very much larger than the other, and the velocities high, the temperature would be raised sufficiently to dissipate the smaller into gas, while merely heating or, possibly, liquefying the larger. If the bodies were nearly of a size, and their momenta were great, possibly both would be reduced to a gaseous condition; in either case their tendency would be to form ultimately a body equal in weight to the sum of its two constituents. Either the larger body would annex the smaller, or, if both became nebulous, the fervid gases would radiate their heat and contract anew into a system possibly containing a sun and planets.

Again, supposing that two bodies approach each other in such a manner as to avoid a collision, that is, so that their mutual gravity causes them to leave their paths and revolve round each other, we should have the explanation of the existence of double, treble, multiple stars; we should also understand how it happens that some stars (Sirius, for instance) are accompanied by non-luminous orbs. Also, it would seem that if extinct stars are really far more numerous than is generally supposed, the theory which regards the revolution of attendant dark bodies as one cause of the variability of certain stars receives fresh support.

Thus, in the course of time, nebulæ would form suns, suns would grow cold, or, while yet glowing, would come into contact and combine with other suns, till gradually space would be peopled with suns, larger and larger, but less and less thickly strewn. Pursuing the idea, we arrive at a period when all the stars of each galaxy shall become agglomerated into one mighty globe—nay, when all these vast galactic suns shall come together and form one solitary orb, in which all the matter once scattered through space shall be collected, accomplishing its successive fates as a sun without a system—a world without a sun—a cold and naked ball.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

IN his young days Faraday used to attend Kean's performances with intense interest, and later in his life he used to admire the splendid representations of the Shakspearean drama, produced under the superintendence of Mr. Macready; and Jenny Lind's delicious voice occasionally charmed him to forget his cares. He loved music, had a fine ear, and could sing agreeably; indeed, there was hardly any form of excellence in art or nature to which his sensitive temperament was not keenly alive. He took great pleasure in a good novel, and some notes exist of a conversation upon this subject which he held with a friend at the house of Mrs. M——, in Clarges Street, one of the few houses where he was wont to appear now and then at an evening party. It was a winter evening, in the month of January, 1856. A favorite cat was in the refreshment-room, decorated with ribbons, and sitting in an arm-chair. Faraday, taking a glass of punch, presented it abruptly to the nose of the cat, and said, "Ah! you great silly cat, with your bow of ribbon, how do you like that?" The cat drew itself up offended. "Puss is not fond of punch," said Faraday, "but perhaps you are!" —addressing a lady who was playing with the cat; and then followed some talk which presently turned upon novels, and the entertainment to be got out of them, and Faraday said, "I like the stirring ones—with plenty of life, plenty of action, and very little philosophy. Why, I can do the philosophy for myself; but I want the novelist to supply me with incident and change of scene, and to give me an interest which takes me out of my own immediate pursuits. It does a man good to get out of his daily pursuits, and to air his thoughts a little."

He then mentioned the novel of "Paul Ferroll" as having stir enough in it, and added, "There's another modern one I like very well, too, where a man keeps his mad wife up at the top of his house." This was the novel of "Jane Eyre;"—"and," said he, "it is very clever, and keeps you awake. Why, how good the woman's flight is across the fields; but there's a touch of mesmerism and mystery at the end, which would be better away."

This observation led to a discussion of modern superstitions, and Faraday spoke forcibly against the follies of table-rappers and turners.

"What a clumsy matter," he said, "is all this knocking of tables, this new way of calling up the spirits of the dead, through mediums who never tell us any thing worth hearing..... It seems sickening even for a sensible man to think of; but there is no end to the inconsistency and weakness of human nature. Why, there was the belief in witches; there were plenty of good and great men who held to that. Well, it was not worse than the rapping-spirit faith; indeed it was better—there was more fun in it."

It was observed in reply that our present age had one superiority over the past: we no longer burned our fellow-creatures.

"Yes," said Faraday, "but observe that when the fagots went out, the witches went out. Why, all the sport was in the burning."

He then spoke of that curious story called the "Amber Witch," and this led to some further comments on romance writing, and to an eloquent eulogium of Sir Walter Scott. He spoke of "Ivanhoe," and said, "What a fine chivalrous thing that is! There's the tournament, and the Jewess, and the Templar, with his gallant bearing, and his strange mixed character, wonderful, perplexing as human nature itself! And then how finely those two serving-men stand out in contrast—the strong Gurth, and the witless Wamba, with their dog Fangs, who adds something too to the interest. Why, this is a romance indeed! Then there's 'Guy Mannering,' and 'Quentin Durward,' and 'Waverley,' and the poor 'Bride of Lammermoor'—but that's a sad one—and a whole host of others."

Then some remarks were made upon the novels of social life, and Miss Burney's "Evelina" was mentioned, and Faraday remembered reading it a great many years ago. "You know," he said, "I was a boy in a bookbinder's shop; there were plenty of books there, and I read them." He had himself bound some copies of "Evelina."

MR. PICKWICK.

A SINGULAR metamorphosis of character is perceptible in "Pickwick." The hero is, in the opening chapter, little better than a fatuous old idiot, perpetually thrusting his nose into affairs which do not concern him; incessantly starting on the wildest of wild-goose chases, the butt of every wag, the easy dupe of every swindler. Jingle cheats him, Job Trotter laughs at him, Mrs. Bardell bubbles him, Dodson and Fogg play at battle-door and shuttle-cock with him, a schoolmistress locks him in a cupboard; he has scarcely strength of mind enough to resist the extortion of an impudent cabman. As to Sam Weller, when we are first introduced to him he is simply a low blackguard, and next door to what, in the present era, would be termed a "rough." He confesses that his early knowledge of the world has been gained—after he was turned out of doors by his father—by roaming about the streets and sleeping in the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge, or on the "twopenny rope" in low lodging-houses. This is not even true to burlesque art, for the son of a well-to-do stage-coachman and licensed victualer should not have been reduced to such shifts. But, as the story progresses, all this changes. The doddering, prying, pottering old simpleton Pickwick grows to be a philanthropist of the kindest and noblest heart, the widest and tenderest sympathies. He is discriminating in his goodness, he is delicate in his benevolence. He is every inch a gentleman. Thus it is also with Sam Weller. The waif and stray of the London slums, the grimy drudge of the inn-yard in the Borough, develops into a servitor heroically devoted to his master, and capable—witness his voluntary incarceration in the Fleet, and his refusal to wed the pretty house-maid when his master is anxious to make him happy—of the noblest acts of self-sacrifice. It is the story of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza over again; but with this single exception: Cervantes was bound by no bond. He was independent from the beginning as to the conduct of his fable and the moulding of his characters' idiosyncrasies. Charles Dickens, on the contrary, began "Pickwick" in some kind of leading-strings. In the outset he was only engaged as a clever young man who could "write to cuts" —that is to say, who could furnish some amusing literary matter to accompany the etchings of Mr. Seymour. The artist was a caricaturist pure and simple. He had invented a diverting but impossible monster—the Cockney sportsman—a creature that never did and never could exist; and the machinery of the Club served only at first as a means of entangling a number of Cockney sportsmen in ludicrous adventures. Mr. Winkle was to be the real hero of Seymour's Cockney romance; and on him and the dolt Tupman, and the mere ass Snodgrass, the artist evidently meant to fasten all the comic mischances he could conceive.

The trammels which, in the early numbers of "Pickwick," encompassed the author, are manifest in the etching of the sportsman with his preternaturally wise dog, to elucidate which Dickens has been fain to paraphrase one of Jesse's "anecdotes." The cut, in fine, was done, and had to be written to. But no sooner had death removed poor Seymour than the wielder of the pen shook himself free, at once and forever, from the controlling influence of the pencil. The draughtsman was to be henceforth not his master, but his slave; and his early divorce from George Cruikshank (who only illustrated two of his works) may have been due to a half-unconscious impatience on his part of collaboration with another man of original genius (for George was undoubtedly, according to his lights, a creator); and Fagin, Bill Sikes, and Nancy had about them, pictorially, so strong a stamp of originality, that they had, to a certain extent, to be "written up to."

GARDENS.

I WOULD recommend every man, in the autumn of his life, to take to gardening, if he has not already experienced its pleasures. Of all occupations in the world it is the one which best combines repose and activity. It is rest-in-work or work-in-rest. It is not idleness; it is not stagnation—and yet it is perfect quietude. Like all things mortal, it has its failures and its disappointments, and there are some things hard to understand. But it is never without its rewards. And, perhaps, if there were nothing but successful cultivation, the aggregate enjoyment would be less. It is better for the occasional shadows that come over the scene. The discipline, too, is most salutary. It tries one's patience and it tries one's faith. The perpetual warfare that seems ever to be going on between the animal and the vegetable world is something strange and perplexing. It is hard to understand why the beautiful tender blossoms and the delicate fresh leaflets of my rose-trees should be covered with green flies and destroyed as soon as they are born. It is a mystery which I can not solve; but I know that there is a meaning in it, and that it is all decreed for good, only that I am too ignorant to fathom it. And even in the worst of seasons there is far more to reward and encourage than to dishearten and to disappoint. There is no day of the year without something to afford tranquil pleasure to the cultivator of flowers, something on which the mind may rest (using the word in its double sense) with profit and delight. If there is no new surprise, no fresh discovery for you, there is always something to be done.

"The garden is a constant source of amusement to us both," wrote Dr. Arnold in one of his delightful letters—he was writing of himself and wife—"there are always some little alterations to be made, some few spots where an additional shrub or two would be ornamental, something coming into blossom; so that I can always delight to go round and see how things are going on." In the spring and summer there is some pleasure-giving change visible every morning, something to fulfill and something to excite expectation. And even in the winter, flower culture has its delights. If you have a green-house or conservatory, no matter how small, you have an indoors garden, in which you may watch the same changes and enjoy the same delights. And if you have not, you may still do something to preserve your nurslings during the rigors of the hibernal season. Indeed, there are few states of life in which floriculture is not an available enjoyment. To rich and to poor it is a blessing equally accessible. "As gardening," it was observed by Sir William Temple, who has had a new lease of life in one of the best of Macaulay's "Essays," "has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, so it has been the common favorite of public and private men, a pleasure of the greatest and the care of the meanest; and, indeed, an employment and a possession for which no man is too high or too low." I am disposed, indeed, to think that to men of low estate it yields greater joys than to those who hail from high places. I have got a little garden about the size of a rich man's dining-table. I am as fond of it, and, when the roses are in bloom, as proud of it too, as the Duke can be of his world-renowned Chatsworth. I do not suppose that if I could bring as many acres as I please under floral cultivation, and have as many gardeners as I choose to hire, with another Paxton at the head of them, I should derive from them all a tenth part of the enjoyment that is now vouchsafed to me by my little strip of suburban soil. Indeed, in that ducal case, I should not be suffered to garden; I must be gardened for; they would be the gardener's roses, not mine; I should have merely the privilege of looking at them. And it is essential to any real enjoyment of a garden that you should be an autocrat in it, that you should do much of the work yourself, and have a particular knowledge of each individual flower. But there are lowlier gardeners even than I; there are gardens to which my diminutive domain is a Chatsworth—gardens limited to the capacity of a window-sill. I honor those window-gardeners, especially those who dwell in towns; in narrow streets or murky alleys; and whose homes are made beautiful by the smiles of the flowers in their windows; gardeners such as I have spoken of above, as seen from my windows in Lincoln's Inn, carrying their gardens in their hands, beautiful off-shoots of the great garden which ever flourishes between Long Acre and the Strand. And even of this window-gardening there are many degrees; descending even down to one delicate plant, reared perhaps from a slip beneficently given by a neighbor, in a fragment of a broken water-jug. There seems to be something of the old paradisiacal beatitude in these modest cultivations. I saw yesterday, as I journeyed homeward-bound, after my day's work, to the station, whence I take train to my suburb, a woman at a second-floor window in Westminster (it is a house ancient and decrepit, doubtless doomed to speedy deletion) amidst a perfect Eden of many-colored and many-shaped flowers and creepers, picking off the dead leaves here and there. Neither youth nor beauty physically belonged to her; but the picture was not without a suggestiveness of youth and beauty; for the love of flowers keeps the heart young, and the greater the difficulty of indulging that love the greater the moral beauty of success in the cultivation of a purifying taste. I could readily associate with it the idea of a back-ground, behind that festooned window, in which, notwithstanding all the ordinary troubles and disturbances of metropolitan work, there is, at appointed times, a fine air of repose—a soothing benignity of rest.

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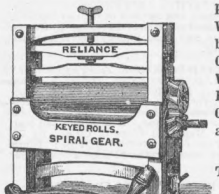

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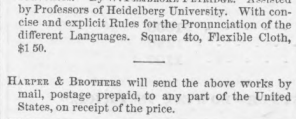
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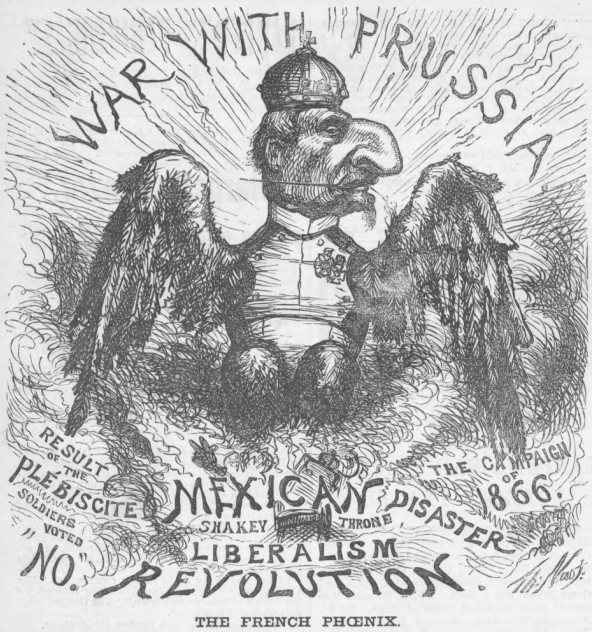

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confederate states of the South, which have cast in their lot with the fatherland. Bavaria numbers 50,000 men on her peace establishment, and 30,000 more in time of war; while Würtemberg can furnish, in war time, 34,405 men, and Baden 20,722. In the year 1866, when Prussia was much smaller than she is now, 413,500 soldiers crossed into Austria, while 193,000 remained at home.

The engraving on our first page is a copy from a painting by the German artist STEFFECH, and represents the King of Prussia at the head of his army at Sadowa.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

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"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

FORWARD!

FOR a political party, as we said last week, the past is not enough. Yet the past of the Republican party is most brilliant. As Senator CONKLING said in his little speech at Saratoga: "The Republican party has done much—indeed, more than any political organization in history." And Vice-President COLFAX truly says that "every lover of liberty and human rights throughout the world sympathizes with it." If to recount our old glories were to gain new, our task would be easy. But victories are not won by the camp fire, but in the field. Senator CONKLING says further, and truly: "The work of the Republican party is not finished, nor is there any other party able or willing to finish it." We hope the Convention of New York will feel the truth of that remark so deeply that they will show the work of the party not to be finished by distinctly declaring what is next to be done, and in a spirit which will insure its performance. Mr. COLFAX pointedly states what Congress has done. But the difficulty is not in what it did, but in what it failed to do. We do not deny the truth of what he says. But he will not deny that the party is not so strong as when Congress met. It is evident, therefore, that the way to success does not lie in rehearsing its good deeds.

Besides, the important party consideration, in a review of Congressional action, is the question not only whether that action is generally allowed to be beneficial, but whether it was the result of an acknowledged policy. Upon the questions of the war we were all agreed. The party spoke and acted like one man, and like a hero. But are we all agreed upon the questions of the peace? Moreover, has the Republican majority of the Senate been in the least degree mindful of its party responsibility? Has it not, if not actually inviting differences with the Executive, yet delighted to assert its own will when differences arose? Was not, for instance, the rejection of Mr. HOAR, for the reasons alleged, a wanton act of power inevitably relaxing party cohesion, not merely by the insult offered to the better sentiment of the party, but by the challenge thrown to the President, and by the suspicion it awakened of a dangerous general tendency upon the part of the Senate? Can it fairly be said that we have had a financial policy as we had a war policy? Was the contemptuous indifference to the civil service reform so profound in the Senate that Mr. SCHURZ, who introduced a bill early in December, never called it up, although the session was prolonged into July, while Mr. JENCKES in the House hastily withdrew his bill to prevent its disastrous defeat—was this indifference at this time and upon this subject a sagacious party position?

We mention these things as illustrations. As we have heretofore said, one explanation of the action of Congress, and therefore of the party situation, is to be found in the fact that Congress was dealing with questions for which it was not elected, and upon which it had no party instructions. But those questions remain. They are now paramount. A new Congress is to be elected. The imperative necessity of the hour, therefore, is to instruct that Congress. And that instruction must be given in the plainest declaration of principles. Nor was there ever a better opportunity. In the State of New York the contest is at best doubtful. The last two elections have gone heavily against us. The Democrats will renominate for Governor the signer of the Erie bill, one of the most unprincipled and dangerous acts ever perpetrated in a state governed by law. Notwithstanding his conduct in the Erie affair, which should be enough in an honest community to exclude Mr. HOFFMAN from political life forever, his party hope to re-elect him by an enormous majority, to which the frauds which elected him two years ago will powerfully contribute. It is a position, therefore, in which the Republican party should aim to recover its old strength by displaying its old spirit. And that old spirit is the spirit of the war; a heroic acceptance and treatment of the situation.

Shirking and shuffling and glozing will insure defeat. Pointing backward will not win the field before us. Solferino and Magenta do not avail LOUIS NAPOLEON at Haguenau, nor did the glory of Austerlitz save his uncle at Waterloo. What do the Republicans of New York think of the reduction of taxation, what of the reform of taxation, what of the reform of the civil service, what of Cuba, what of the labor question? If the Convention is managed by those who have no opinion upon these questions, or who are afraid to express it, who suppose that in the present situation true wisdom is to smile and wink and say nothing, we shall pay the penalty of cowardice. At worst, we can but be beaten. Shall we then refuse to raise the slogan which will rouse the most sluggish and indifferent and send us all into the fight with the enthusiasm and the faith of '60 and '64 and '68?

Nor must we forget that conspicuous men are themselves platforms, and that the party which nominates them will be judged by them. Mr. PENDLETON was the Democratic platform of '64, and General BLAIR that of '68. When Tammany renominates Mr. HOFFMAN the Democratic platform in New York will be unbounded electoral frauds and the principles of the Erie bill, as plainly as if they were declared. And if the secret of Republican success lies in its old spirit applied to the new issues, it must not only distinctly declare itself upon them, but its candidate for Governor of New York must be a man who is identified with the work which Senator CONKLING tells us yet remains to be done.

CÆSARISM AND DEFEAT.

THE most powerful argument in historical experience for the practical superiority of the popular form of government was the composure with which this country, at the end of a terrible civil war, endured the assassination of its chief magistrate. There was a great shock, a profound sorrow and indignation, and public tranquillity immediately settled over the tragedy like the deep sea over a stone cast into it. It may be truly said that there was no apprehension of any interruption of the operation of the government. There was merely a curious looking to see if perfect provision had been made for its continuance in the event of the assassination of all the chief officers. The secret of the public serenity was that the Government represents the popular will.

But Cæsarism when CÆSAR dies or is defeated ends in anarchy. The Empress EUGÉNIE is reported to have said at Cherbourg that a peace signed after a defeat would be the end of the Napoleonian dynasty. And her words were confirmed by the evident fear of the Ministry when the news of Haguenau came to Paris, and by the ostentatious publication of the amount of the military force in and around Paris; a publication which was, of course, meant to intimate to the disaffected that there were soldiers enough to keep them in order. The official journals described the impregnability of the fortifications of Paris; and, after the declared opposition of M. THIERS to the war, the Empress was said to have drunk slyly "the health of M. THIERS, who built the fortifications of Paris." But his master, LOUIS PHILIPPE, built them, as all the world knew, to defend the Tuileries against the Faubourgs.

The folly of Cæsarism, of any form of personal government, in a modern state of high civilization, is now apparent. The Plebiscitum has been cited as proof of the essential popularity and consequent strength of the empire. What are the facts? In 1852 LOUIS NAPOLEON was elected Emperor by nearly 8,000,000 of votes against less than 300,000. In 1870 his title was confirmed by a vote of 7,000,000 against 1,500,000. LOUIS NAPOLEON said, "The nation has settled the question." This was at the end of May. In the beginning of August he loses a battle, and the question proves to be wholly unsettled. His throne totters not from the threat of a foreign foe, but from domestic hostility. Yet there has been no serious change of public opinion. In the spring LOUIS NAPOLEON said, "I give you the alternative—my empire or anarchy." France could not, of course, vote for anarchy, and it supported the empire as the least of two evils. But the empire was not the choice of France.

The misery of the French system is that the alternative is perpetual. In England, if Parliament disapprove a war the crown must submit. In LOUIS NAPOLEON'S constitution, on the other hand, the Emperor has the power of peace and war. The people have really no authorized voice. The French Ministry is not, as in England, a committee representing the people, and therefore, when great disaster threatens, there is a cry for a Committee of Defense, which would be really the Government. The moment the Government is strained it begins to crack and yield. And as there is no method provided by which the people may regularly and lawfully change the course of affairs, as in England and the United States, revolution and anarchy are at once imminent. If seven millions of Frenchmen had really and honestly supported the Napoleonian dynasty in May, does any body suppose that a military reverse in August would have endangered it? On the contrary, nothing would have so strengthened it. The effect of the first defeat in this war is to show the utter hollowness of the Napoleonic system; and, whatever the future chances of the campaign may be, every thoughtful man must see that there is no hope of permanent tranquillity in France until the Government is really in accord with the people. But this accord can never be accomplished by any form of Cæsarism or Napoleonism.

"PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY."

A CRITIC says of a certain religion that if you would know what its founder taught you must carefully ascertain what its most bigoted doctors declare that he did not teach. In like manner, experience shows that if we would know what the Democratic party is likely to do we must ascertain what the *World* declares it ought not to do. Before and during the last Presidential campaign this lively paper poured out advice upon its party which, although shrewd enough, was totally disregarded. In the late Democratic contest in this State it prophesied and counseled in the loudest tones—to what result the undisputed ascendency of Mr. TWEED and his friends shows. As the field begins to open upon which the next Presidential struggle is to take place, the *World*, undismayed by uniform discomfiture, again dons the robes of Mentor, and proposes itself as the Democratic guide, philosopher, and friend. Its strain is now and always the same: "Politics is expediency. Submit to the inevitable. Accept the accomplished. Don't kick against the pricks, or, at least, don't seem to."

The present effort of this much-contemned counselor is to show the Democratic voters in the Southern States that there is no hope for relief from what it calls "the oppressive domination" under which they suffer but from Democratic victories in the Northern States, and that these victories are imperiled by the continued hostility of the Southern Democrats to equal suffrage. To resist what the *World* calls "negro suffrage" is, it assures its Southern brethren, to strengthen the Republican party—which has an absurd but popular way of insisting upon justice and fair play. That party will prevail, says the *World*, until you appear, at least, to acquiesce in equal rights and the settlements of the war.

Now certainly the contempt with which the *World* regards a political system founded upon equal rights should be evident enough to conciliate the most exacerbated of recent slaveholders. It gives its present advice wholly in that spirit. This notable "Democratic organ" has as much faith in the people as its friend LOUIS NAPOLEON, who also favors certain innocent popular forms. It offers this advice to its brethren of the Southern States exactly as Mr. DOUGLAS used to offer his squatter sovereignty to the country, as a political panacea. "Let the people in the Territories decide whether they will have slavery or not." That remarkable "Democrat" did not mention that the people who were to be enslaved were to have no voice in the decision. So the *World*, as its Southern readers will see, does not ask them to appear to acquiesce in equal suffrage because it is just and American and expedient, and the proper conclusion of a fierce debate which ought to be forever settled, but only that they may acquire the power to destroy that equality and keep the question forever festering.

The *World* is regarded by many persons as an organ of the "advanced" Democracy, as opposed to clinging to dead issues, and in favor of progress and new positions. But the point of its recent advice to the Southern Democrats is contained in one sentence: "The Southern people would have no difficulty in managing the negroes if they were freed from white Radical interference exerted through the central government." That is to say, if the Southern Democrats will stop talking about a white man's government long enough for the Republicans to believe that they accept the situation, then the Democratic party can obtain power; and its Southern members may Ku-Klux the negroes to their heart's content, and the national government will neither see nor hear. And this, which is the sorriest kind of Andrew Johnsonism, is the platform of "advanced" and "intelligent" and "reasonable" Democracy!

This, moreover, is advice by which all loyal and honorable American citizens may profit. The organ of the "progressive Democracy" proposes that its party, once in power, shall permit what it calls "the Southern people," by which it means the exasperated ex-slaveholding class, to "manage the negroes" as they please. It proposes as the policy of its party that very non-acquiescence in the settlement of the question against the appearance of which, under present circumstances, it warns its Southern friends. There could be no plainer proof of what we have constantly reminded our readers, that the Democratic party acquiesces in nothing that has been accomplished by the war; and that it would regard success in a national election as express authority to reopen every question of reconstruction at discretion.

But, as we said, and as experience has proved, the advice of the *World* merely shows what its party will not do. It will not, indeed, follow its resolution of "managing the negroes," but it will not cease to protest against "negro suffrage," and to insist upon a "white man's party." It has never ceased that cry. It has never, as a party, pretended to acquiesce in the settlement of the war. And, as it believes it has grown steadily stronger notwithstanding that resistance, it will be its pride to persevere. The *World's* article is serviceable only as showing that the Democrats who pretend to leave dead issues behind cling to them as tenaciously but more craftily than the others. The party is despotically ruled by those whom the *World* advises; by leaders whose policy in 1864 was submission to the rebellion, in 1868 repudiation and rebel ascendency, and whose sole hearty principle now is hatred of the negro. The necessity of giving such appealing advice as the *World* offers is proof of the absurd fact that the Democratic party is what it has been for a generation—the relentless enemy of fair play.

SYMPATHY AND NEUTRALITY.

THOSE who deprecate American warmth of sympathy for Prussia, fearing that the follies of the era of GENET may be repeated, forget the essential difference of the cases. GENET came to this country as the Minister of the French Republic of 1793. The sense of the valuable and timely assistance of France during the Revolution was very fresh and vivid. She had now declared herself a republic, and she was at war with England while the bitterness of American revolutionary feeling against that country was unassuaged. In this country party spirit was intense, and one of the most powerful weapons of one party was the declaration that the other was really British and monarchical, and that its hostility to republican France was base ingratitude. The French party, therefore, hailed the coming of M. GENET with enthusiasm. That his conduct was really contemptuous of the United States was not remarked by them. That he openly despised the Government, and proposed to "appeal to the people," as he called it, was forgiven by those to whom then, as now, the indulgence of party feeling is the dearest of delights. But WASHINGTON and HAMILTON understood M. GENET. Even JEFFERSON was at last obliged to bow him out. The Jacobin masters of GENET in Paris soon after fell from power. He did not dare to return to his country, and, marrying a daughter of Governor GEORGE CLINTON, he passed the rest of his life quietly in the State of New York.

In the present war there is really but one party in this country as elsewhere. It is a war in which LOUIS NAPOLEON is on one side and the rest of the world upon the other. The large number of citizens in the United States of German birth naturally sympathize with their fatherland, and eloquently express that sympathy. Some of the leaders of the Republican party, with which they are generally allied, have declared their interest in the German cause and their ardent hopes for its success. But such sympathy is in no proper sense partisan. It is the instinctive feeling of all intelligent men. They perceive that this is really a war waged by LOUIS NAPOLEON for his own private personal interest, although under the name of France. And they acknowledge the simple truth of King WILLIAM'S declaration: "I am compelled to draw the sword to ward off a wanton attack. It is a great consolation to me before God and man that I have in no way given a pretext for it. My conscience acquits me of having provoked the war, and I am certain of the righteousness of our cause in the sight of God."

The whole moral sympathy of the United States, therefore, is against the wanton breaker of the peace of the world. But we are, of course, neutrals in action, although not in feeling. Nor is there any thing more comic than a sermon upon the necessity and propriety of neutral feeling; or a suggestion that, as we are neutrals, our moral sense must be suspended. It was not suspended when Turkey tortured Greece, in 1823; nor more recently when the same power was throttling Crete. Yet our sympathy is hardly likely to display itself, as that with France was displayed in 1793, by raising a liberty cap in the New York Exchange, draped with the united flags of two countries. It is not a sympathy which will disturb international relations, because it comprehends the criminal folly of taking a part in every quarrel.

ASIA AND AMERICA.

CONSPICUOUS politicians of both parties are every where expressing themselves upon the Chinese question, and it is very evident what they believe to be the general public opinion upon the subject. Mr. CASSERLY, the Democratic Senator from California, did not spare "the pagans" on the 4th of July at Tammany Hall. General BUTLER, the most radical of Republicans, delivered himself against them on the same day in Connecticut, in the presence of the President. Senator WILSON, in the Senate, spoke very strongly against them. Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR wrote a much more pointed letter than usual against the dregs of Asiatic civ-

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ilization. General BANKS pronounced against them in Boston. And Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS has declared against the forced importation of coolies, while he is not opposed to honest immigration.

Mr. PHILLIPS and Mr. SEYMOUR agree upon one point, and that is, that the country does not want cheap labor, but well-paid labor. That is true; and when we are told of the material development which every where languishes for the want of labor, it seems to be forgotten that moral and spiritual development is still more essential to a nation. If five millions of laborers could be brought into the country to-morrow, because there is work enough for five million more hands, it would by no means follow that it would be an advantage to the country. The problem of civilization is not quite so easy as that. The considerations are many and complex. Thus the difficulty with the free-trade argument is that the mutual control and dependence of social and political laws are apparently forgotten. If the advantage of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market were all that needed to be urged upon a country, free trade would soon be universal. The question to be answered is whether a country may not sometimes buy a greater advantage of another kind by buying goods in the dearer market.

Yet, in the discussion of the Chinese question, it must not be forgotten that one of the most progressive steps in civilization is the perception of the essential identity of men and races. The tendency of all modern scholarship is to reveal the unity of man, and unquestionably the true tendency of civilization is toward "the federation of the world." Merely to denounce Asiatics, therefore, as if to be an Asiatic were to be a kind of monster, or to disparage the Chinese as "pagans," as if an epithet were an argument, is at once to perplex truth in the minds of all who know any thing of the actual civilization and moral code of China. Certainly we do not wish to repeat the follies of that country, nor to suppose that, in this time and in this land, any Chinese wall of exclusion can be built. We may trust American sagacity to defend American civilization from obliteration by that of Asia, without supposing it necessary to preach hatred and horror of one of the chief human races, as if every individual of it were a nameless sinner.

It is very evident, from the position already taken by leading men of all parties, that no vast Chinese current will be suffered to pour itself upon this continent. We shall not wreck ourselves upon a bald theory. Indeed, our Constitution already discriminates among the native inhabitants. It excludes Indians not taxed from the numerical basis of representation. To effect what is easily attainable under the circumstances, let us not have recourse to a crusade of sentiment against Asia.

NATIONAL UNITY IN WAR.

THE London *Times* suggests that, as the war is a personal affair of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S, when he is defeated, and especially if he should be superseded as chief of the state, the war ought fairly to end. This is a curious proposition for a sagacious journal. For, however true it may be that personal considerations are really the secret of the eagerness with which a pretext for war was seized, yet, when hostilities began, and a battle had been fought, and a signal defeat inflicted, it was no longer LOUIS NAPOLEON—it was France that was concerned. French territory is invaded; French soldiers are killed and wounded and captured; French honor is touched; and, although an individual may have been the occasion of the invasion and the slaughter and the grieved honor, yet they all affect France, and France alone will attempt relief.

Mr. FREDERICK KAPP, in a letter to the *Nation*, which is the most admirable and striking statement that has appeared of the feeling and attitude of Germany, speaks of the Frenchmen as "duped." A distinguished American statesman said that he could not help hoping that the war would end in the final overthrow of the BONAPARTE dynasty, but that he could wish no ill to Frenchmen. That is undoubtedly the general American feeling. But it is practically impossible for people to separate themselves from their Government, however unpopular it may be, when its action has compromised the country itself. How instinctively a people unites to defend the soil and maintain the honor of a common country is shown in the action of Germany. LOUIS NAPOLEON counted upon a divided Germany, as our rebel chiefs counted upon a divided North in the late war. FRANKLIN PIERCE wrote to JEFFERSON DAVIS that the war would be fought in the streets of Northern cities. There were, indeed, plenty of Copperheads, but they did not divide the North. In Germany, Mr. KAPP says, the cities which were believed to be most unfriendly to Prussia have been the most ardent in their zeal for the war, under the lead of Prussia. The Duke of Nassau declared that he would never receive his lands and crown from an outlaw like LOUIS NAPOLEON. This is the national instinct which makes the proposition of the London *Times* so impracticable. A country may wrathfully sweep away the man or the Government that has been the immediate occasion of disaster. But it will not rest until it has repaired the calamity.

After one great defeat upon either side, therefore, friendly intervention is hopeless. The terrible battle must proceed. That, indeed, is all that can now be distinctly seen. The prophecies and speculations of a night are ridiculed by the facts of the morning. The total defeats and disastrous humiliations of editors campaigning in their own columns are an amusing travesty of the actual incidents of the field. At this moment France seems to be simultaneously rising from the Rhine to the Bay of Biscay. There is a wild anarchy of indignation with the first great defeat and with the Government that is held responsible for it. The scenes in the Chambers, the mad threats, the mobs, vividly renew the remembrance of eighty years ago. But the events themselves move so swiftly that they leave little time for comment. LOUIS NAPOLEON may go or stay, but the war will not end because of one tremendous defeat.

REVOLUTION PUT TO VOTE.

THE demand of the "Left" in the French Chambers after the defeat of Haguenau was a plain proposition of revolution. It was a demand that dethroned the Emperor for incapacity, and appointed a Committee of National Defense, composed of fifteen members of the National Assembly, which should be the supreme power, and to resist its decrees was to be considered a crime against the nation. It was as if, after the battle of Bull Run, the Democrats in Congress had proposed a committee to supersede the Administration. Such a proposal in a Chamber which is really Bonapartist produced, of course, the greatest excitement. GRANIER DE CAVAGNAC, a Bonapartist *enragé*, said that if he were a Minister he would send those who voted for it before a council of war. This, of course, unloosed anarchy. When tolerable order was restored the Duke De Grammont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, said that those who demanded such a programme ought to be shot. Naturally, tolerable order disappeared again, and the President quaintly put on his hat, which suspends the session.

The Bonapartist majority resolved, however, that, since the Ministry must be sacrificed, as well as the General, to appease the popular discontent with a victim, it should be dismissed in the method pursued in constitutional countries, and not overthrown by revolution. Consequently it was a Bonapartist who virtually moved the censure upon the Ministry which the majority approved. Still pursuing the constitutional form the Ministry announced its resignation. A new Ministry was formed, but more decidedly Bonapartist than the old. As we write, the probabilities are that the BONAPARTE system will continue until there is another defeat. A great disaster in the field would now be revolution in Paris.

NOTES.

IT is significant that, while the reaction of the Roman Catholic Church culminates in the declaration of infallibility, a recent council of the Jewish rabbis of various cities of the Union, held at Cleveland, declared most strenuously for civil and religious liberty. The Jewish declaration is, in distinction to the attitude of the Roman Church in this country, truly American. "Civil and religious liberty," say the rabbis, "and hence the separation of Church and State, are the inalienable rights of men, and we consider them to be the highest gems in the Constitution of the United States." They further declare that they "consider it our paramount duty to sustain and support the government, and to favor, by all means, the system of free education, leaving religious instruction to the care of the different denominations." This is certainly much wiser than the late Œcumenical declarations at Rome, and the long list of ludicrous anathemas which the Roman Church pronounces against the chief results of civilization and religious thought.

NOTHING could be more striking than the contrast between the condition of the European governments and countries and our own. The President goes quietly to St. Louis upon some private business, while the heads of Departments are absent for relaxation. The capital is deserted. Even politics are languid, and the attention of the country is concentrated upon the European struggle. The desertion of the seat of government, which is a signal proof of the absence of any immediately engrossing question and of the happy national tranquillity, is made, in the dearth of actual grievance, the occasion of absurd carping. But it is a fortunate country which, while other lands are torn with war, runs so smoothly upon its way that those who are aching to find fault can only complain that the President is not consumed with anxiety, and that the Secretaries take a vacation, while taxation is reduced and the national debt steadily diminished.

MR. VAN AMBURGH used to trust himself with lions, but Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS ventures among worse than hyenas. It is not a great while since he declared that he rather preferred those animals to Yankees; yet the other day he came to this Yankee city—for he meant to stigmatize all Northerners by that name—and, totally unharmed, sailed for Europe. He was unnoticed when here, and, although a few faithful Copperheads went to the steamer's wharf in Jersey City to do honor to a man whose services to humanity and his country are indelibly recorded, he avoided their homage, and got quietly out of the country. The fact is signal evidence of the sagacity of the national policy toward him. It has refused to make him a martyr. It has dismissed him to the inexorable verdict of impartial history. It suffers him to go and come unnoticed, if not unforgotten. So for many years AARON BURR walked the streets of New York unharmed. But he has not escaped history.

EVERY step of the Prussians in the war has been taken with serene earnestness. We mentioned at the time the immediate resolution of the Government to respect private property at sea, even under the French flag. This was humane and wise beyond precedent. But it has been followed by another measure of the same spirit. In a dignified proclamation to the inhabitants of French territory occupied by the Prussian army, the King of Prussia states that, having been attacked on sea and land by the Emperor NAPOLEON, the chances of war have brought him, while repelling aggression, beyond the French frontiers. But he says that the war is against soldiers, not against citizens. The latter, while they are not actively hostile, will be secure "as a matter of right," and what is taken will be paid for at a rate of exchange determined by the generals. Prussia has thus far made no mistake. Her temper, her words, and her actions have been most humane, honorable, and heroic.

GENERAL VON STEINMETZ.

GENERAL FREDERICK VON STEINMETZ, whose portrait we give on page 548, was born in 1796. He was sent to a military school at the age of ten years, and soon exhibited a decided predilection for the army. He was a little over sixteen years old when he was ordered to Berlin, and assigned to the corps of General YORK. Two years later he received his commission as Lieutenant, was wounded at the battle of Dannigkow, fought with distinction at Königswartha, where a ball took away one of his fingers, while another wounded him severely in the thigh. But such was the ardor of his warlike temper that, although unable to walk, he insisted upon taking part in the battle at Bautzen, in May, 1813, on horseback. He fought in France in nearly all the engagements of 1814, and entered Paris with the armies of the allies. During the long term of peace which now followed, he studied military science to great advantage, and after advancing rapidly to the rank of Captain, he was soon after assigned to the staff. During the dispute between Austria and Prussia in 1850, on account of the Electorate of Hesse, VON STEINMETZ was ordered to Cassel, and afterward appointed commandant of the place. Although it was his earnest desire to participate in the second campaign in Schleswig-Holstein in 1864, he was ordered elsewhere, and had to remain inactive against his will. During the campaign against Austria VON STEINMETZ commanded the Fifth ARMY CORPS, and vanquished and dispersed three different Austrian army corps within the almost incredibly short space of four days. Here it was that the Prussian cavalry, who had been hitherto considered as inferior to the Austrian, or rather Hungarian horsemen, proved that they were not only their equals, but, in many respects, their superiors. His triumphant victory at Skalitz, against forces of more than twice the numerical strength of the corps he commanded, procured for him the name, "The Lion of Skalitz." Throughout the entire campaign VON STEINMETZ did not meet with a single reverse, although he was often compelled to fight with the odds decidedly against him.

General STEINMETZ has already taken an important part in the war between France and Prussia. Under his command the movement against General FROSSARD at Saarbrück was successfully made, simultaneously with the attack on the French at Weissenburg. General FROSSARD was completely routed.

M. VINCENT BENEDETTI.

M. BENEDETTI, whose interview with the King of Prussia on the public promenade at Ems is likely to become one of the disputed points of history, is of Italian extraction, and was born in Corsica about 1815. Having been educated for the diplomatic service, he began his career at Palermo, as Consul, in 1848, and subsequently became First Secretary to the Embassy at Constantinople. In May, 1859, he was offered the appointment, in place of M. BOURRÉE, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister at Teheran, but, declining to accept that post, was named shortly afterward Director of Political Affairs to the Foreign Minister, and in such capacity acted as secretary and editor of the protocols in the Congress of Paris in 1856. On the recognition by France of the new kingdom of Italy in 1861, M. BENEDETTI was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary of France at Turin, which post, however, he resigned on the retirement of M. THOUVENEL from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He then (November 27, 1864) received his last, and, as it has proved, his most important appointment, namely, that of Embassador at Berlin. Considering the angry feeling which has so long subsisted between the two countries, this appointment must be considered a mark of the Emperor's appreciation of M. BENEDETTI'S diplomatic talent, and, although on the first announcement of the HOHENZOLLERN affair great dissatisfaction was felt that the French Embassador had allowed himself to be deceived, and cries were raised for his recall, there is no reason to suppose that he has suffered in the Emperor's good opinion, while, as to the people, he entirely recovered their good graces by getting insulted. M. BENEDETTI was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in June, 1845, and, after passing through the intermediate grades, Grand Officer in June, 1860. We give his portrait on page 548.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Kioways and Cheyennes are reported as very troublesome in the vicinity of Fort Hill, Texas, and near Little Washita, and in Cook County they have killed several people and carried women and children into captivity. Sixty soldiers were sent in pursuit, and followed them to the Washita, where the Indians attacked them, and a severe fight ensued, in which the soldiers were compelled to fall back, with the loss of two killed and six wounded. They were reinforced, and again pursued the Indians, but the latter had left.

The result of the recent election in North Carolina is as follows: Congressional delegation—Conservatives, 5; Republicans, 2. State Senate—Conservatives, 32; Republicans, 18. House—Conservatives, 75; Republicans, 45.

The report of the Court of Inquiry into the treatment of the colored cadet at West Point has been made to the Secretary of War. It recommends that Smith and the offending cadet be tried by court-martial, the testimony of Smith himself not sustaining the representations in his published letter. The Secretary of War caused Gilmore and Smith to be reprimanded.

An "Anti-Chinese Convention," recently held in San Francisco, proved to be a mere farce. The attendance was small, and nothing was done.

Dr. Newman recently challenged Brigham Young, at Salt Lake City, to discuss the question, "Does the Bible sanction polygamy?" The prophet declined, and designated Orson Pratt to meet the doctor.

A large and very brilliant meteor passed over Concord, New Hampshire, on the evening of August 11. Its course was from the southwest to the northeast, and ended in a loud explosion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

ON page 549 we give a map of the seat of war in Europe, on which the movements of the hostile armies, since M'Mahon's defeat at Haguenau, may be traced without difficulty. It is apparent that the Prussians made the most of their surprising victory. Without a day's loss of time they followed up the retreating columns of M'Mahon and Failly, giving them no opportunity to make a stand at any position to the eastward of Nancy. It was supposed that this city would be held at any cost; but the latest dispatches received up to the time of writing state that Nancy was evacuated August 13 on the approach of the Prussians under the Crown Prince, by whom the city was immediately occupied. The French retreated across the Moselle to the fortress of Toul, a fortified town of about 7000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the river, and about twelve miles west of Nancy.

The advance of the Prussian right, under Prince Frederick Charles, was not less rapid. Forming a junction with the centre under Steinmetz, on the 13th of August it occupied a position at Herny, a station on the railroad line between Metz and Saarbrück, and within twenty miles of the former place. The headquarters of King William were, on the same day, at Faulquemont, about eight miles east of Herny. The utmost confusion appears to have attended the retrograde movements of the French. General Frossard's division is said to have lost all its supplies, and immense quantities of military stores were captured in the environs of Metz.

On August 14 a battle was fought near Metz. Both sides claimed a victory. The following is Napoleon's dispatch to the Empress, which reads like the admission of a surprise, if not an apology for defeat:

"LONGUEVILLE, *August* 14.—10 P.M.—The army commenced to cross the left bank of the Moselle this morning. Our advance-guard had no knowledge of the presence of any force of the enemy. When half of our army had crossed over the Prussians suddenly attacked in great force. After a fight of four hours they were repulsed with great loss to them. NAPOLEON."

King William, on the contrary, in the following dispatch to Queen Adelaide, dated near Metz, Sunday evening, August 14, claims a victory:

"A victorious combat occurred near Metz to-day, the troops of the First and Seventh corps participating. I hasten to the scene of the conflict. WILLIAM."

The Emperor, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, left Metz August 14 for Verdun. Before leaving his Majesty issued the following proclamation, addressed to the inhabitants:

"On quitting you to fight the invaders I confide to your patriotism the defense of this great city. You will never allow the enemy to take possession of this bulwark of France, and I trust you will rival the army in loyalty and courage. I shall ever remember with gratitude the reception I have found within your walls, and I hope that in more joyous times I may be able to return to thank you for your noble conduct."

Strasbourg has been closely invested. French advices say that the city was strongly garrisoned, and well supplied with ammunition and provisions.

Paris has been put in complete order for defense, should the Prussians succeed in defeating Marshal Bazaine. More than 600 cannon have been mounted on the forts which are likely to be first threatened. All the streets leading into Paris have been cut off, and earth-works, mines, ditches, etc., have been constructed outside the walls to connect and complete the network of fortifications that surround the capital.

Count Palikao has issued an address to the troops, in which he blames them for firing too rapidly. At Weissenburg, he says, they used more ammunition in one day than the Prussians would in three days. The Count reminds the soldiers that they are now on the grand line of defense from Thionville to Metz and Nancy, and they must hold their ground. Back of that is the line of the Meuse; then that of Champagne; then the Argonnes; then the line of rivers illustrated by the campaign of 1814; and behind all this is Paris; and behind Paris is all France, with four millions of armed men and a thousand millions of treasure.

On Saturday, August 13, Jules Favre proposed in the French Corps Législatif that a Committee of Defense be appointed, to whom the conduct of the war should be intrusted. An exciting debate ensued, in the course of which M. Gambetta made a severe attack upon the Government. This being applauded by the spectators, the galleries were cleared, and the debate was finished in secret session. The proposition was negatived by a large majority.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The telegraphic correspondence between General De Rodas and the home government with reference to reinforcements has been published. The General states that the losses from December, 1869, to July, 1870, were 3000, and by September will probably amount to 5000. It will require an equal number, he says, to replace those soldiers whose terms of enlistment expired; and, in all, 10,000 troops will be necessary to give the Spanish army in Cuba the same strength as it had last year.

From South America it is reported that a project for electoral reforms in Brazil has been formed by the Ministry, and that a preliminary treaty of peace with Paraguay has been signed. The Emperor, it is said, will soon leave Rio Janeiro on a visit to Lisbon.

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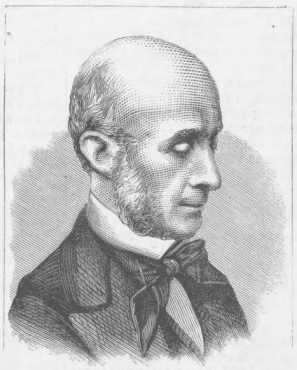
VIEW OF THE CITY OF STRASBOURG.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

LOUIS II. OF BAVARIA.—[SEE PAGE 551.]

GENERAL STEINMETZ.—[SEE PAGE 547.]



M. BENEDETTI.—[SEE PAGE 547.]

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF METZ—THE PORTE DES ALLEMANDS.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

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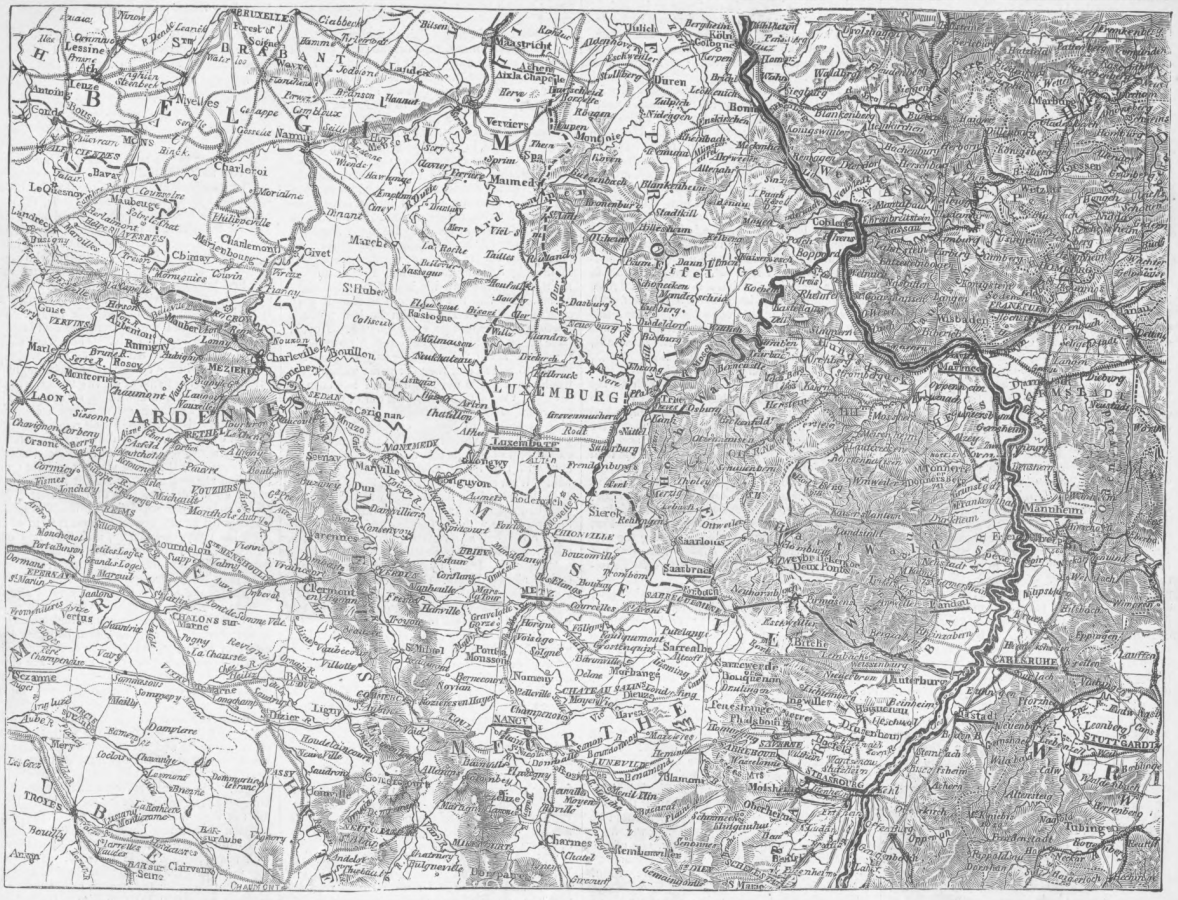

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN EUROPE.

PROCLAIMING INFALLIBILITY.

THE ceremony of proclaiming the new dogma of Papal Infallibility, in accordance with the resolution of the Œcumenical Council, took place on the 18th ult., in the temporary council-hall, which is the north transept of St. Peter's Cathedral. There was no procession or other pageantry, and very few spectators were present. Two or three hundred seats of the members of the council were vacant, many having been compelled to leave Rome because of the heat of the summer. The Pope having entered quietly and taken his seat, a mass was performed, and was followed by the Litany of the Saints, and the hymn "Veni Creator." The secretary to the council then read the decree announcing the doctrine of Infallibility, and the names of all the members of the council were called over, each father responding with "Placet" or "Non placet." This lasted an hour and a half, during which time there was a violent thunder-storm; the loud peals frequently interrupted the reading of the list, while flashes of lightning darted about the majestic building. When the record of the voting was taken up to the Pope the storm-clouds made it so dark that he could not read it without a huge wax taper. His announcement

PROCLAIMING INFALLIBILITY.

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of the result was received by the assembly with a great clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs. It appears that 533 fathers voted for the dogma, 88 voted directly against it, 62 were in favor of it with some modifications, and 70 declined to vote. We give an illustration of the scene when the secretary was reading the decree from the pulpit at the lower end of the hall. The Pope is seen enthroned at the upper end.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

IN BLOOMSBURY.

IT was the evening of the day after Yorke had listened to his own biography, and night had long fallen upon the shivering woods of Crompton; the rain fell heavily also upon roof and sky-light with thud and splash. It was a wretched night, even in town, where man has sought out so many inventions to defy foul weather and the powers of darkness. The waste-pipes could not carry off the water from the houses fast enough, choke and gurgle as they would; the contents of the gutters overflowed the streets; and wherever the gas-lights shone was reflected a damp glimmer. In a large room on the ground-floor of Rupert Street, Bloomsbury, sat a woman writing, and undisturbed by the dull beating of the rain without. She often raised her head, intermitted her occupation, and appeared to listen; but it was to the voices of her Past that she was giving heed, and not to the ceaseless patter of the rain. What power they have with us, those voices! While they speak to us we hear nothing else; we know of nothing that is taking place; there is no Present at all; we are living our lives again. If purely, so much the better for us; if vilely, viciously, there is no end to the contaminating association. It is to escape this that some men work, and others pray. The furniture of the room was peculiar to the neighborhood; massive, yet cheap. It had been good once; but long before it came into the hands of her who now owned it. There was the round bulging looking-glass; the side-board was adapted for quite a magnificent show of plate and tankards—only there were none; a horse-hair sofa, from which you would have seen the intestines protruding had it not been for the continuous gloom. If the sun ever visited Rupert Street, it shone on the other side of the way. On the mantel-piece were two of those huge shells in which the tropic deep is ever murmuring. Who that has taken lodgings in London does not know them? Who has not sometimes forgotten the commonplaces of his life in listening to those cold lifeless lips? If you take them up on their own tropic shore, they will tell you of the roar of London streets.

There were two articles in the room, however, which were peculiar to itself. The one was a human skull—to all appearance, the same as all other skulls, the virtue of which has gone out of them, though it had once belonged to no common man. The second object could still less be termed an ornament than the first, although it was a picture. It depicted a woman of frightful aspect, having but one eye, and a hare-lip; she was standing up, and appeared to be declaiming or dictating; while an old cripple, at a table beside her, took down her words in writing. If you had gone all over the rest of the house—and it was a large one—you would have found nothing else remarkable, or which did not smack of Bloomsbury. It was, indeed, nothing but a lodging-house, and the room we have described was the private apartment of its mistress. She might consult her own private taste, she considered, in her own room, else the skull and the picture occasionally rather shocked "the dainties sense" of the new lodgers, to whom the landlady gave audience in this apartment. She is as little like a lodging-house keeper, to look at, as can be imagined. Her cheeks are firm and fresh-colored, her teeth white and shining, her eyes quite bright, and her hands plump. To one who knows her age, as we do—she is fifty-three—she looks like an old woman who has found out the secret of perpetual youth, but has kept it for her own use, as, in such a case, every woman probably would do. There is only one piece of deception in her appearance: her black hair, which clusters over her forehead like a girl's, is dyed of that color: it is in reality as white as snow. By lamp-light, as you see her now, she might be a woman of five-and-twenty, penning a letter to her love. But she is, in fact, writing to her son; for it is Mrs. Yorke. Writing to him, but not thinking of him, surely, when she frowns as now, and leans back in her chair with that menacing and angry look. No; her anger is not directed against *him*, although he has left her and home, long since, upon an adventure of which she disapproved.

"You will gain nothing for yourself, Richard," was her warning; "and, perhaps, may wreck even *my* scanty fortunes." But, as we know, her son had taken his own way (as he was wont to do), and had so far prospered. She was writing a reply to the letter she had received from him from Crompton that very morning, and the task was one that naturally evoked some bitter memories.

"So he put him in the ebony chamber, did he?" they ran on. "Ay, that was *my* room once. What a pretty chime that serpent-clock had; and how often have I heard it in the early morning as I lay there—alone! If it had not been for that hateful woman, I might have been listening to it now! He seems as mad as ever, by Dick's account, and, I do not doubt, as brutal and as selfish! And yet it was *he* that suffered, *he* that was wronged, *he* that was to be pitied! His wife was the adventuress, forsooth! who deserved all she got. Oh, these men, these men, that treat us as they please, because they are so sure of sympathy, even from our fellow-slaves and sisters!"

She bent again to her occupation, but only for a minute. "All this is labor in vain, Dick," muttered she, laying down her pen; "the luck is gone both from you and from me. If I were thirty years younger, indeed, and might have my chance once more, I would tame your father yet. I ought to have beaten his meek-faced mother out of doors; I ought to have trained his bold-eyed girl to work my will with him. She should have been my accomplice, and not hers; but, now, what boots it that old age has spared me? Yonder is the only woman!"—she looked toward the picture—"who has found a way to win mankind, save as their toy. My reign has been longer than that of most; but it is over." She rose, and, holding up the lamp, surveyed herself, with a mocking face, in the round glass. "And this was once Jane Hardcastle, was it? *This* was her face, and *this* her figure! No drunkard, staggering home through such a night as this, could take me for her now! She had wits too; and better for me had I lost them with all the rest; then I should not have the sense to be so bitter! What a future she must once have had before her, if she had but known what men were made of! It is only when too late that such women discover what they have missed. This mad Carew was tinder to a flash of these bright eyes; and the fool Yorke, except in his wild creeds, as pliant as a hazel twig. I used to think yonder woman was an idiot, because she believed in a place of torment; but she was right there. Yes, Joanna," she continued, apostrophizing the picture, "I'm compelled to confess that you are right; for, being in hell, it is idle to deny its existence."

She placed the lamp once more upon the table, yet did not seat herself beside it, but walked hastily up and down the room. "To be young no more, to be poor and powerless, to have no hope in this world nor belief in a better, to have lost even belief in one's self—is not that to be in Gehenna? I am punished for my sins, men say. Hypocrites! liars! Why is *he* not punished? Why is he proud, and strong, and prosperous? Sins? If Judgment-day should come to-morrow, my soul would be as pure as snow beside that man's! ay, and beside most men's! Joanna here knew *that*—I suppose by inspiration; for how else should she? What's that?"

Amidst the pelting of the rain, which had increased within the last few hours rather than diminished, the pulling of the house-bell could be heard. Mrs. Yorke drew forth her watch—a jeweled trinket of exquisite beauty, one of the few relics of her palmy time. "Past midnight," she murmured, "and all the lodgers are within. Who can it be?"

The bell pealed forth again.

She went into the hall, where the gas was burning, and unlocked the door. At the same time somebody flung himself violently against it, but the chain was up.

"Who is it?" inquired she; and it was strange, at such a moment, to hear how very soft and musically she spoke, although, when talking to herself a while ago, her tones had been harsh and bitter as her mood.

"It is I, mother," returned the voice from outside.

She unhitched the chain, and let him in. "I knew it would be so, Dick," said she, quietly.

Richard was pale and haggard, and shone from head to foot with the rain, which poured off his water-proof coat in streams.

"You were right, mother," said he, as he kissed her cheek. "No reproaches. Let me have food and fire."

She brought him socks and slippers, made a cheerful blaze, and set cold meat and spirits upon the table.

He ate voraciously, and drank his hot brandy-and-water, while Mrs. Yorke worked busily at an antimacassar, in silence.

"You are not disappointed at seeing me, that's one thing, mother?"

"No. Read that." She pushed across to him the letter she had been writing to him that evening, and pointed to this sentence: "You have my good wishes, but *not* my hopes—I have no hopes. I shall be surprised if I do not have you back again before the week is out."

"Just so," said the young man, cynically. "You have the pleasure, then, which your dear friend Joanna there never enjoyed, of seeing your own prophecy accomplished; and I, for my part, have three hundred pounds to solace myself with for what has certainly been a disappointment."

"I am glad you are so philosophic, Dick. It is the best thing we can be, if we can't be religious. How did it all happen?"

"I scarcely know the plot (for there *was* a plot), but only the *dénouement*. I had offended a certain Mr. Fane, toady-in-ordinary to Frederick Chandos."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Yorke, shaking her head.

"Yes; you were right again, mother, there—the whole affair is a tribute to your sagacity, if you will only permit me to narrate it to you. I say that this fellow Fane, when walking with his patron's brother, stupid Jack, had me pointed out to him in town one day as the man who had 'pulled him through,' as he called it. Can you imagine how even such a fool as he could have been so mad? It was an act of suicide, which, so far as I know, fools never commit. Well, Fane was pretty certain of the identity of your humble servant, which he was, moreover, anxious to establish, because I had beaten him at pool, and given him the rough side of my tongue."

"Oh, Dick, Dick! have skillful hand and ready speech been only given you to make enemies?"

Richard laughed, and lighted a cigar.

"Well, sometimes, mother, the most prudent of us are carried away by our own genius. I am told that even you, for instance, lost your temper upon a certain occasion down at Crompton—gave a 'piece of your mind' to my father, which, it seems, he took as a sample of the whole of it. There, don't be angry: the provocation, it must be allowed, was in your case greater than mine; but then you pique yourself on your self-control! However, this Fane did hate me, and told the chaplain of his suspicions; the good parson was my friend, however, and all might have gone well, but for this oaf—this idiot Jack—coming down to Carew's in person. He could never get any coin out of 'Fred,' it appears, by letter; or, perhaps, he couldn't 'write!' But there he was in the big drawing-room when I went in last night, and Carew saw his jaw drop at the sight of me. He had not the sense to shut it even afterward, though I told him he had made a mistake, and gave him every chance. I could have persuaded him, indeed, out of his own identity—and much more mine—only that he appealed to Fane; and then the game was up. It would have made me laugh had I not been so savage. Carew turned us both out of the house together. His love of truth would not permit him, it seems, to harbor us. So Jack and I went to the inn, played *écarté* all night, and parted the best of friends this morning. But I'll be even with that fellow Fane—yes; by Heaven, I will, if it's a score of years hence!"

Perhaps the light satiric tone which the young man had used throughout his narrative was little in accordance with the feelings which really agitated him; but, at all events, his last few words were full of malignant passion.

"Be even, Dick, by all means, with every body," observed Mrs. Yorke, coolly, "but do not indulge yourself in revenge. Revenge is like a game at battle-door, wherein one can never tell who will have the last hit."

"At the same time, it is one of those few luxuries which those who have least to lose can best afford," said Richard, with the air of a moralist.

"It is not cheap, however, even to them," returned Mrs. Yorke, still busy with her antimacassar. "It may cost one one's life, for instance."

"And what then?" inquired Richard, carelessly.

"Nobody knows 'what then,' Dick. Our fanatic yonder had one opinion; our philosopher there"—she pointed to the skull—"another. Both of them know by this time, and yet can not tell us. It is the one case where the experience of others can not benefit ourselves."

This subject had no charms for Richard. When we are what is vulgarly called "in the sulks," and displeased (if we were to own it) with the system of universal government in this world, the next seems of but little importance. There may be a miscarriage of justice (that is, a thwarting of our particular wishes) even *there*. Perhaps Mrs. Yorke was aware that her son's clouded face did not portend religious or metaphysical speculation, for she abruptly changed the subject.

"And what are you going to do, Dick, now that this Crompton plan has failed?"

He did not answer, but stood with his back to the fire, moodily stroking his silken mustache.

"Richard"—she rose, and placed her plump white hand upon his shoulder—"it is very, very seldom that I ask a favor of you, but I am about to do so now. Promise me that you will never again undertake for another what you undertook for this man Chandos."

He laughed, as he had laughed before, in bitter fashion. "Why not? It was fifty pounds down; and apparently no risk: that is, no risk from the law, which has omitted to provide for the contingency. Next to being above the law is surely to be ahead of it. Besides, I am really a public benefactor. Without my help, the state would already have been deprived of the services of four young gentlemen, all of excellent families. Of course, such a calling has its disadvantages. It is very difficult to obtain clients. The offer of one's valuable assistance is liable to be declined uncivilly—it requires the talents of a diplomatist to convey it without offense—still, I possess those talents. Again, undoubtedly the profession is in itself temporary, can never be permanent; but then, has not nature especially favored me for it, after my mother's model? Shall I not be a boy at forty, and blooming at fifty-three? The idea of you being fifty-three, mother!"

As they stood together side by side it seemed, indeed, impossible that this young man could be her son, far less the offspring of her middle age. She smiled upon him sadly, patting his handsome cheek. "And is my Richard so full-grown a man," said she, "as to flatter, and not to grant?" It was impossible to imagine a more winsome voice, or a more tender tone.

"Nay, mother; I will promise, if you please," said the young fellow, kissing her. "And now, let us divide this Crompton spoil together." He pulled out his purse, and counted the contents. "There is Carew's three hundred, a few pounds I won at pool, and dull Jack's I O U for twenty—worth, perhaps, five. Come, we two are partners in the game of life, you know, and must share alike."

"No, Dick, no," returned his mother, tenderly; "it is enough for me to see you win." She shut the purse, and forced it back into his unwilling hand. "Some day, I trust, you will sweep away a great stake—though not as you gained this."

"Ah, you mean an heiress! You think that every woman must needs fall in love with me, because *you* have done so, mother."

His rage and bitterness had vanished, as though by magic; her tone and touch had spirited them away.

"Perhaps I do, dear. Go to bed, and dream of one. You must be very tired. I ought not to say that I am glad to see you back, Dick; yet how can I help it?"

CHAPTER X.

OVER THE EMBERS.

IT was one of the peculiarities of Jane Yorke that she took but little sleep. The household had long retired, and she put the remains of her son's meal away with her own hands, then sat down by the fire, thinking. She had more subject for thought than most women; her life had been eventful, her experience strange. We know what her second husband—the man who repudiated her and her child—had been and was. Her first husband had been scarcely less remarkable. Leonard Yorke was a young man of respectable family, and of tolerable means. His parents were dead, and his relatives and himself had parted company early. They were sober, steady people, connected with the iron trade: a share in their house of business at Birmingham, carried on in the name of his two uncles, was the only tie between him and them, save that of kinship. They were strong Unitarians, strong political economists, strong in their rugged material fashion every way. They did not know what to do with a nephew who was a religious zealot, and thought all the world was out of joint; and they had characteristically sought for assistance in the advertising columns of the *Times*. Mr. Hardcastle therein proclaimed himself as having a speciality for the reduction and reform of intractable young gentlemen, and they had consigned Leonard to his establishment. It was the best thing that they could think of—for they were genuinely conscientious men—and they did not grudge the money, though the tutor's terms were high. Jane was then a very young girl—so young, indeed, that parents and guardians would scarcely have taken alarm had they been aware of her being beneath the same roof with their impressionable charges; and she was childish-looking even for her fender years. Leonard Yorke, gentle and good-humored, was moved with compassion toward the orphan girl, as guileless-eyed as a saint in a picture; he pitied her poverty, and, still more, the worldly character of her uncle and her surroundings. She was wholly ignorant of the spiritual matters which engrossed his being, and yet so willing to be taught. She sat at his feet, and listened by the hour to the outpourings of his fervid zeal. If she did not understand them, she was in no worse position than himself. His tongue was fluent. His words were like a lambent flame, playing with some indestructible material. His mind was weak, and devoted to metaphysical speculations—mysticisms: the *arcana cœlestia* of Swedenborg was Holy Writ to him. He believed in three heavens, and their opposites. Jane's endeavors were directed to make him believe in a fourth heaven. Childlike and immature in appearance, she was in character exceedingly precocious. Her intelligence was keen and practical. In very early years it had been instilled into her that her future welfare would depend upon her own exertions, and she never forgot the lesson. Her uncle was very generous to her; but he was not the man to have saved money for his own offspring, if he had had any, and far less for his niece; he spent every shilling of his income. Little Jane would secretly have preferred to receive in hard cash the sums which he lavished upon her in indulgences; she would have dispensed with her pony, and kept a steed in the stable for herself of another sort. The rainy day was certain to come some time or other to her, and she would have liked to have made provision for it—a difficult matter for most of us, and for her impossible. She was wise enough, even then, to know how Uncle Hardcastle would have received any suggestion of a prudential nature, and she held her tongue.

In Leonard Yorke, if she did not comprehend his doctrine of "perpetual subsistence," she perceived a provision for her future. At one-and-twenty, indeed, he made his pupil his wife, to the astonishment rather than the scandal of the neighborhood. They opined that it was only in the East, or in royal families who wedded by proxy, that brides ran so young. Jane Hardcastle, however, was in reality eighteen years of age.

Yorke Brothers, of Birmingham, had nothing to say against the match, but they objected to a Swedenborgian partner in the iron trade, and bought their nephew at a fair price out of the business. They did not offer to take him back again, when, five years later, he became a true believer in the faith of Mary Joanna Southcott and the coming of the young Shiloh. This lady, whose portrait, with that of her spiritual amanuensis, hung in Mrs. Yorke's sitting-room, had been her only rival in the affections of her husband. She had not been jealous of her upon that account, feeling pretty certain, perhaps, that the "affinity" between them was Platonic; but she had rather grudged the money with which he had so lavishly relieved the "perplexities" of "the handmaid." The amanuensis used to issue I O U's at Joanna's dictation, to be paid with enormous interest Hereafter, and Leonard Yorke was always ready to discount her paper. There was no one that subscribed more munificently than he did toward the famous "cradle," or looked more devoutly for its expected tenant. Even when that long-looked-for 19th of October had come and gone without sign, and two months later his poor deluded idol passed away into that future with which she had been so rashly familiar, he was faithful to her yet, and kept the "seal" which she had given him—his passport

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to the realms of bliss—as his dearest treasure. He had scarcely any other "effects" by that time, for, actuated by his too fervent faith, he had been living upon the principle of his fortune; and at five-and-thirty years of age Mrs. Yorke found herself a widow, with a stock of very varied experience indeed, but not much more of worldly wealth than she had had to start with. It was hard, after half a lifetime, to resume the same semi-relative, semi-dependent position under her uncle's roof which she had occupied before; but no better offered itself, and she was glad to accept it. Her natural attractions were still wondrously preserved to her; and, perhaps, on the occasion of her second nuptials (and the fact of her first was carefully concealed), her age excited less astonishment than her youth had done in the former instance.

Yet now at fifty-three, this woman, as remarkable for her talents as for her beauty, and who, if but for a brief period, had once stood "on fortune's crowning slope," found herself with little beyond a bare subsistence, which she received without gratitude from the hands of Carew. What she derived from her lodging-house defrayed the somewhat lavish expenditure of her son Richard. She was far, however, from complaining of his extravagances. She wished him to live like a gentleman, and not to soil his hands with ignoble pursuits. She felt a genuine pleasure—only known to mothers—in gathering toilsomely together what she knew he would lightly spend. She was for the present amply repaid by the reflection, that her Dick was as handsome and well-appointed a young fellow as was to be seen in London, with an air and manner that would become a prince. It was only a question of time, she thought, when the princess should appear, be captivated, and raise him to the sphere for which she had taken care to fit him. In the mean time, it was only natural that he should enjoy himself after the manner of other youth of great expectations. She was not averse to his dissipations, for in them indeed lay his best chance of getting acquainted with young men of this class; nor, so far, had she been disappointed. It would be surprising to many a stately paterfamilias to learn how easily acquaintanceship, and even friendship, is contracted with his male offspring, if they be among the pleasure-seekers of the town. A young man of good address and exterior, with plenty of money in his pocket, does not require introduction. The club door soon flies open to him, but not that of the home. Richard was on tolerably intimate terms with Chandos, and other young men of the same class—but he had never been introduced to their sisters. It was here that Mrs. Yorke made her mistake: she thought she understood society because she had studied two exceptional phases of it. There is nobody more short-sighted than the Bohemian, who imagines he is a citizen of the world; his round of life may have no fence in the shape of convention, yet it is often very limited, and it is outside every other.

Mrs. Yorke judged of all men by her knowledge of her late husband and of Carew, and of women by herself. If it had not been for the artificialities of society, she might have been right; but they are powerful, and she knew little about them. In some matters she was exceedingly sagacious. She did not entertain the alarm which would have been felt by some mothers with respect to her son's morals, probably exposed to some danger by his mode of life; perhaps she had not their scruples; and yet it is strange to see how light those weigh, even with our severest matrons, when any question of "position" is in the other scale: they will not only permit their sons to herd with *roués*, provided they are persons of distinction, but even accept them for their sons-in-law. Mrs. Yorke, being daughterless, had no temptation to commit this latter crime, but she was not displeased to imagine her Richard a man of gallantry; he would in that case be less likely to fall a victim to undowered charms. "It is not your man-about-town who sacrifices his future in a love-match," was her reflection. On the other hand, no one knew better than herself what an easy prey to woman's wiles is a young gentleman without experience. It was for this reason, as well as because she loved to have her boy about her, that she had opposed Richard's going to Midlandshire. She knew Carew too well to hope that he would ever take into favor a son of hers, and she distrusted the country, with its opportunities for ensnaring youth into matrimonial engagements. Thirty years ago, in a fortnight of village life together, she would have backed herself to have got a promise of marriage out of the Pope; and she did not believe this to be one of the lost arts among young persons of her sex.

Thus Mrs. Yorke had strained every nerve to get the necessary funds to make town-life pleasant to her son, and yet she had not succeeded. It was not so much that he found his allowance insufficient, for he had various means of supplementing it, one of them (at which we have already hinted) a strange one enough; but the wayward fit was on him that takes so many of us in the early dawn of manhood; he was restless and eager for change, and the lessons which his mother had caused him to receive in landscape-painting furnished him with an excuse for wandering. She had had him taught to sketch, because it was a likely sort of accomplishment to aid the scheme of life which she had planned for him; and he had taken up with the art more seriously than with any thing else. But it was not in Richard's nature to apply himself with assiduity to any pursuit. Such callings as lay within his means and opportunities he was incapacitated for by education and temper. He could not have occupied any subordinate position that required respectful behavior—submission to the will of a master. He had had to put the greatest restraint upon himself during his brief residence at Crompton, and it was more than doubtful if he could have maintained his position there as a dependent in any case. He was gentle and good-humored, genial and agreeable, when pleased; but he had that personal pride which is as stubborn as any haughtiness of descent, and infinitely more inflammable. It was no idle brag when he told the Crompton chaplain that he would put up with injustice from no man (if he could help it), and would repay his wrong-doer sevenfold (if he got the chance). His sense of right was very acute and sensitive, especially as respected himself. All his passions were strong. Much of this might probably be said of any young gentleman of position accustomed to have his own way: lads of spirit (who can afford it) do not put up with slights; young noblemen in moments of exhilaration may even pitch into policemen; and generally, where there is no temptation to offend, much is forgiven. The danger in Richard Yorke's case was that his position was far from assured, while he had done some things which might prove great obstacles to his ever winning one. He had all the sensitiveness and impatience of one born to fortune, without the money.

Mrs. Yorke was too wise a woman not to be acquainted with her son's character. Her love for him was very great; as great and disinterested as that with which the most religious and well-principled of women regard their offspring; but it did not blind her to his faults. Her experience of life had not led her to expect perfection; her standard of morals was of very moderate height, and Dick came fully up to it; yet she felt that her son was headstrong, impulsive, and occasionally ungovernable. He had taken his own line in respect to his dealings with Chandos and with others, in spite of her urgent entreaties. Her opposition, though fruitless, had indeed been so strenuous that the subject was a sore one between them; and had the opportunity been less palpable, she would scarcely have ventured to revert to it that night. She had done so, however, and carried her point. He had passed his word to her that he would undertake no more such hazards, and Dick's word was as steadfast as Carew's. He was aimless and indolent; but as a mean man, who brings himself to perform some act of munificence, will effect it unsparingly, or a selfish man, "when he is about it," will be all self-abnegation; so, when he *had* made up his mind, his determination was rock. Mrs. Yorke then felt sure of her son so far, and rejoiced at it. But she was disturbed about him on other accounts. Perhaps, notwithstanding her assertion to the contrary, she may have had some scanty hopes of her son's success at Crompton; or perhaps his want of it placed before her for the first time the gigantic obstacles that lay in his social path. Were the times really gone by which she had known, wherein personal beauty, and youth, and grace of manner could win their way to any height? Or did she misjudge her own sex, while so sagacious an observer of the other? Her Dick was still very young; but his appearance should surely have done something for him even now; yet hitherto it had won him nothing but friendships of doubtful value, one of which, indeed, had just done him infinite hurt. Were girls with fortunes, then, as prudent and calculating as those who were penniless, as she had been? It did not strike her that they were infinitely more unapproachable; or rather, such was her estimation of her son's attractions, that she thought he had only to be seen in his operastall to become the magnet of every female heart. Had she been mistaken altogether in her plan for his future?

As she sat over the dropping embers of the fire, while the ceaseless rain huddled against the pane without, a terrible vision crossed her mind. She saw her son, no longer young, wan with dissipation and excess, peevish and fretting for the luxuries which she herself, old and decrepit, could no longer procure for him. She even heard a voice reproaching her as the cause of their common ruin: "Why did you humor me, woman, when I should have been corrected? Why did you bring me up to beggary, as though I had been a prince? why have taught me nothing whereby I could now at least earn my daily bread? Why did you let me lavish in my youth the money which, frugally husbanded, might now have supported us in comfort? Why did you do all this—you who were so boastful of your worldly wisdom?" For a moment, so great was her mental anguish, that she almost looked her age—not that the picture had any terrors for herself, but upon her son's account alone. She may not have been penitent, as good folks are, but her heart was full of another's woe, and had no room left for one selfish regret. She had (in her vision) ruined both; but it was only for dear Dick that her tears fell. If the guardian angel, which is said to watch for a time by every one of us, had not given up his disappointing vigil at poor Mrs. Yorke's elbow, a tremor of delight then stirred him limb and wing. Nay, perhaps in the Great Day, when all our plans shall be scrutinized, whether they have been carried out or not, this poor, impotent, fallacious one, which worldly Mrs. Yorke had formed for her son's future, will stand, perchance, when others which recommend themselves better to human eyes have toppled down, because built on the rotten foundations of self. There will certainly be many worse ones. She did not propose to sell her offspring, as match-making mothers do, to evil bidders. In her doting thought her Dick would make any woman happy as his wife. At all events, right or wrong, judicious or otherwise, her scheme must now be adhered to: it was too late to take up with any other. The vision of its failure had faded away, and she could think the matter out with her usual calmness.

The gray dawn creeping through the shutter-chinks found her thinking still; but ere the dull sounds of awakening life were heard above stairs, and before the coming of the sleepy, slatternly maid to "do the parlor," Mrs. York had arrived at her conclusion.

The early matin prime, she was wont to say, was always her brightest hour, but it found her, on the present occasion, white and worn, not with her long vigil, but because it was "borne in upon her," as poor Joanna used to say, that her son and she must part for his own good: so soon as the spring should come she would bid him go. London, where all was prudence and constraint, was no place to win the bride she sought for him. He should go forth into the country, where even heiresses were still girls, and win her, as troubadour of old, but with sketch-book in hand instead of harp. Not a promising scheme, one might say; but then, what schemes for a young man's future, who has no money, *are* promising nowadays? Moreover, it could be said of it (as can not be often said) that, such as it was, her Richard was by nature adapted for it; and—though this was a less satisfactory reflection—was adapted for nothing else.

LOUIS II. OF BAVARIA.

KING LOUIS of Bavaria, who was at one time supposed to be nothing but a romantic, not to say silly, worshiper of the composer WAGNER, seems to have succeeded in shaking off the boyish fancies that once blinded him to his true career, and to have taken the manly position which the head of a nation should occupy. Following the example of King WILLIAM of Prussia, he has taken the field at the head of his Bavarian army, which is assisting at the siege of Strasbourg. The portrait which we give of him on page 548 shows a rather youthful face, but one not incapable of manly determination.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IF I run up an account with great ease, can any one tell me how to get down again?

An intelligent youth, recently engaged in a commercial office, made out a shipping bill for "fourty" barrels of flour. His employer called his attention to an error in the spelling of forty. "Sure enough," replied the promising clerk, "I left out the *gh*."

At a marriage ceremony in Wickford, Rhode Island, lately, the groom became impatient during the extended prayer, and interrupted the clergyman with, "Elder, ain't that 'bout enough?"

At a club, of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite and a friend as fierce of the cause of William III. were arguing noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary, "I tell you what it is, Sir; I spit upon your King William!" The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be outmastered by mere lungs. He arose and roared back to the Jacobite, "And I, Sir, spit upon your James the Second." Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rang the bell and shouted, "Waiter, spittoons for two!"

A story is told of Lord Clarendon, who entered on one occasion a restaurant in the Palais Royal, to dine as a simple *bourgeois*. Having ordered a frugal meal, he called for a bottle of Champagne. The waiter, anticipating the customer might not be able to settle, whispered the price was twenty-five francs a bottle, in hopes to put an end to his lordship's extravagance. "Oh! in that case," said the Earl, "bring me two bottles."

Sorosis isn't any thing new. There is an older woman's club than that—the broomstick.

In a Hoosier court a witness, being asked how he knew certain persons were man and wife, replied, "Why, dog on it, haven't I heard 'em scold more'n fifty times!"

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance. "No—Mr. Pence." "Ah, you have done better than I thought!"

At Oxford, England, some twenty years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last summer at a railroad station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked him if he was not the chaplain at the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said the interrogator, "and I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems that my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

A little boy three years old, who has a brother of three months, gave as a reason for the latter's good conduct: "Baby doesn't cry tears because he doesn't drink any water; and he can't cry milk."

A man telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from the window of a house which he had often passed, said, "It cries 'Stop, thief!' so natural that every time I hear it I *always stop*."

A crusty old bachelor says that women's hearts are as brittle as glass, and a man who wishes to engrave his name on them must use diamonds, or he will not be successful.

HINTS TO BATHERS.—Unless you are staying at a very fashionable hotel, it will not be necessary to enter the water attired in a dress-coat and white kids; and if you are not very anxious about staying in a certain length of time, do not take your watch in with you. Persons liable to take cold from damp feet will find gum shoes serviceable during the bath; and if the ocean is as dusty as it is sometimes in the theatres, a linen duster will be nice to have along to protect your suit. If you are a small man, never try to bathe a fat woman who weighs more than three hundred pounds. Never bathe while you are at dinner; but it will be well, if you intend to try swimming over to Europe, to take a little lunch along in a hermetically sealed sardine-box. If there are indications of a freshet in the ocean, it will be better not to go in at all. If the water is very cold, the wisest plan is to dress yourself warmly; but if you get heated, never throw off your bathing clothes suddenly, especially if there are ladies in the vicinity. It will be prudent to take a bar of soap in to bathe with you, so that if the undertow carries you out you can wash yourself ashore. Diving for the Atlantic cable, so as to read the dispatches, is strictly forbidden at all the watering-places. If you get too far away from shore, and find yourself sinking, it will be prudent to write off your last words on a piece of paper, and then tie the document to a stone and throw it ashore.

A victim of unrequited affection concludes as follows:

"I sat me down and thought profound;
This maxim wise I drew:
It's easier far to like a girl
Than make a girl like you."

"I am afraid, Sir, you are in a settled melancholy," said a landlady to a miserable-looking lodger. "No, madam," he replied; "my melancholy won't settle—like your coffee, it has too much grounds."

QUESTIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

If a red-breast comes into your garden, does he come there a robbin'?
Where is game to be found besides upon land that is part-ridged?
In a domesticated state, do hares sit upon chairs as well as "forms?"
When a deer escapes the huntsman and gets back to the herd, can he be called a jolly good fellow?
When a herd of red-deer are pursued, and one is wounded, does he stag-her, and is he left be-hind?
Are some horses said to resemble pigs' feet on account of their being trotters?
Are horses wounded in battle considered *hors de combat*?
Is it imagined that the polar bear considers his habitat an ice place?
Is it the lynx only that can be found along the chain of the Pyrenees?
Is it true that a very little will "keep the wolf from the door?"
How many Arctic foxes did Noah take with him?
How does the elk a-moose itself?
Is it on account of its size that the mole can not see?
Is the crane addicted to (h)oysters?
Do our domestic poultry enjoy foul weather?

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever spekeriate, or wait for suthin to turn up. You might as well go an'sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

The man "over-*bored*" was an editor.

ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH.

GENERAL GRANT ("*Listening to the breakers' roar*"). "Well, this is Refreshing after the Fatigues of War!"

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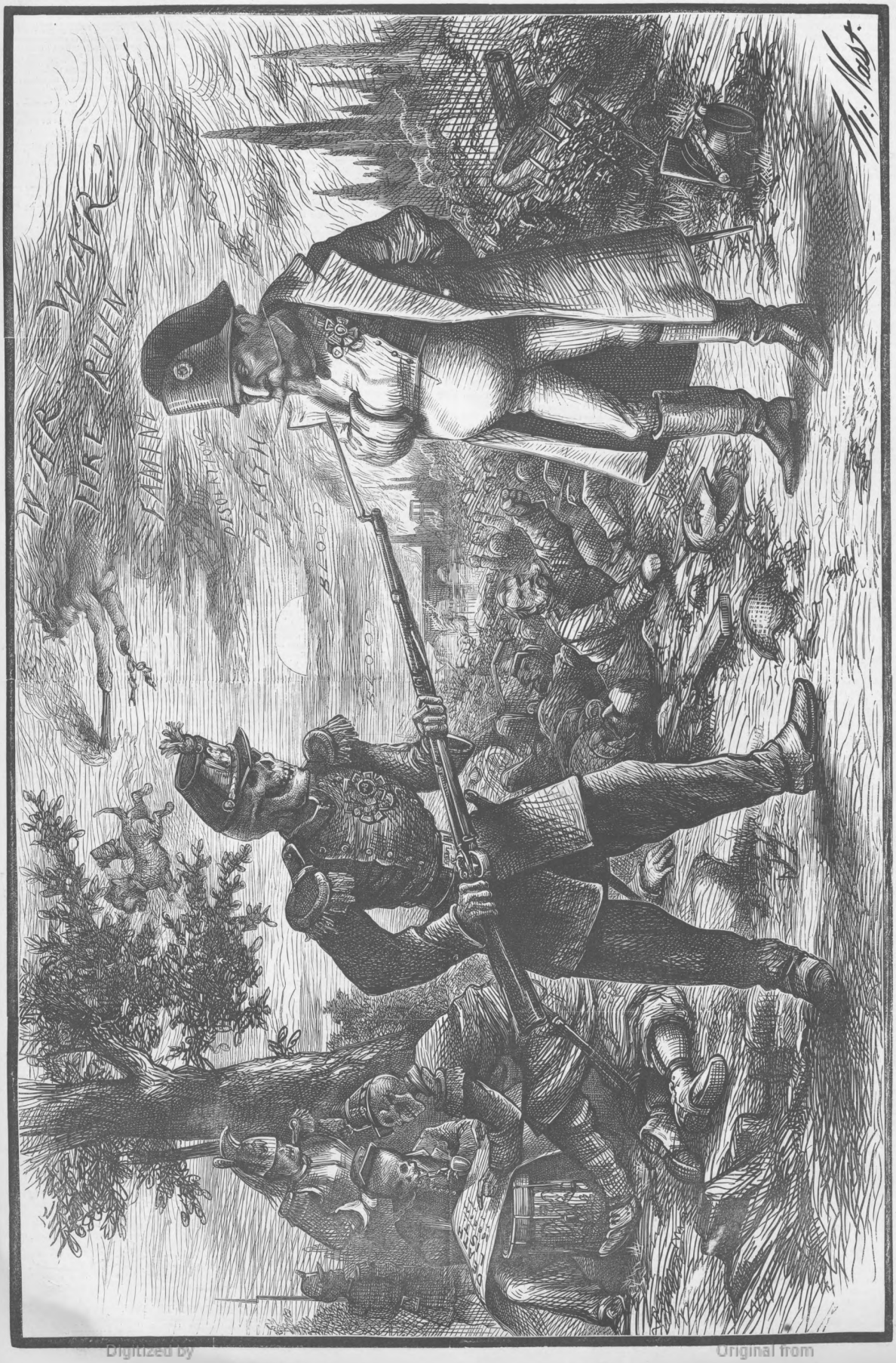

"WHO GOES THERE?"—"A FRIEND."

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THE RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP—ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP.—Drawn by Charles Parsons, from a Sketch made on Board A. S. Hatch's Yacht "Calypso."—[See Page 554.]

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THE YACHT RACE.

OUR illustration of the Yacht Race for the Queen's Cup, on page 553, shows the winning yacht *Magic* on the home-stretch, after passing the light-ship, which is visible near the extreme left of the picture. She leads the *Idler* by several hundred yards; and directly astern of the latter vessel is the *Dauntless*, which eventually overhauled her and came in only five minutes behind the winning yacht. At the moment chosen by our artist seven yachts had rounded the light-ship ahead of the *Cambria*, namely, the *Magic*, the *Idler*, the *Dauntless*, the *America*, the *Silvie*, the *Phantom*, and the *Madgie*.

The race was the most exciting one ever witnessed in American waters. The bay was covered with steamers and sailing vessels of every description, and it is estimated that the contest was witnessed by over a hundred thousand people, whose interest was heightened by the fact that among the contestants for the prize were the celebrated yacht *America*, the winner of the International race of 1851, and the *Cambria*, which has just won the ocean race with the *Dauntless*. The *Magic*, one of the handsomest as well as one of the fastest yachts in the world, made the race in about three hours and fifty-eight minutes.

THE FIRST AND LAST THEFT.

WHOEVER has seen the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" well mounted and presented on the stage has had the opportunity of a divine pleasure. I have always wondered what the play would be when exalted by the touch of music, with singing melodies evolving from that undercurrent of great harmonies on which the action should flow along—as if a God who had moved among us, mortal, suddenly assumed his deific shape. Yes, as it is, or ought to be; when the orchestra breathes a festive strain, and Juliet, in southern beauty and passion, sheds a light upon the stage as she moves along her stately dance, with Romeo standing sentinel upon her grace, and the nurse hovering round her, like a bee around a blossom—when the night garden glitters with dew in all its great shrubs and thickets, the fountain showers its spray, the vases overflow with heavy flowers, and a slow moon casts its silver upon the lovers, meeting and parting there—it needs no other enchantment than its own.

It was in turning over all these chances of good or bad in this, my choicest play, that I doubted one night at the door of a certain theatre whether to go in or not. Singular, it was, that I should have hesitated that one night of all nights, for it decided my whole lot in life. I went in, as it were, on a toss-up; and yet, so much are we the puppets of destiny that what seemed to me then the merest trifle of chance must have been, in reality, an event as fixed as fate; for it was there that I met Jaqueline de Rochejaquelein.

The play was superb. But, in spite of that fact, my eyes were continually attracted toward two of the audience. In the pit sat an old soldier stiff and stately, with a gray mustache, and some foreign orders worn over his threadbare coat. By his side was a young, slight girl, whose intent countenance reflected all the changes of the play. The red lips quivered, the roses on the cheeks went and came; now a laugh displayed pearls of teeth and a hundred dimples; now in the large dark eyes tears gathered, and hung on long, backward-bent lashes, ready to fall. This lovely little being was absorbed in the play so much, with all her heart and soul, that more eyes than mine forgot to watch the shifting acts in watching her. She leaned forward, forgetfully, her chin resting upon her hand, and, in so doing, revealed, what seemed rather incongruous with her otherwise plain attire—a bracelet, which must have been a costly and antique heir-loom. It was apparently a chain of Genoese beads, long enough to encircle the ivory wrist twice and hang loosely in a great loop the third time; each bead being a filigrane miracle of spun gold, a hollow globe, so fine, so thin, so delicately wrought, that it seemed a mere bubble of light; and each one—as I had the opportunity to observe on getting it into my own hands later—the fantastic simulation of some flower's corolla, with all its petals springing open to the sun, or folded over to hide and hold the honey of its heart. I had once seen a necklace of the same miraculous beauty on the neck of one of our well-known singers.

Nobody knew any thing about these two, ask as I would. It seemed impossible to find any means of making their acquaintance. To all disbelievers in love at first sight I am a living contradiction, for I declare that I loved that girl passionately from the moment I saw her. Such instances have been known in the world. How could I get acquainted with her? That was the question. To do so I was fully resolved.

I forgot all about the closing tableau. Leaving my place, I went where they must necessarily pass me in coming out. She was leaning on the old soldier's arm, and her face was close to me. The throng around pushed. My foot stepped on the hem of her dress, drawing her back a little, and she put down her hand to release the skirt. The loose coils of the bracelet fell nearly over the glove; I touched it adroitly, and it slipped off and was hidden in my hand. She passed on, unconscious of the loss.

I am not a thief, but a gentleman of position; though, so far, appearances are certainly against me. They must have found out the loss and advertised it at once; for the next morning there it was in black and white. Tearing open the paper with some trepidation, lest I should have one the work too well, and have a real theft on hands, I saw the announcement. After all, ld lose an object like that and not seek it? The finder of the bracelet was to 7 Vanley Place, and would be handsomely rewarded. I intended to be handsomely rewarded.

I went at mid-day. Having improved the forenoon by a vigorous investigation of the history of the inmates of Vanley place, number seven, and found that the principal resident was the General De Rochejaquelein, a soldier of the ancient régime, who had crossed the water under the heavy hand of the Emperor's displeasure. He had dropped the aristocratic "de" the more thoroughly to assimilate himself to his poor condition, and lived in obscurity with his daughter on the remnant of a wrecked fortune.

A French maid came to the door: probably one who had accompanied them in their banishment. She took my card and began to speak familiarly in her broken English of mademoiselle's loss at the theatre the previous evening. It was so seldom mademoiselle, pauvre cherie, had the chance of the least divertisement—and for it to have been marred by this mishap was sad to pity. Saying all this, she threw open the door of a sitting-room, and addressed the general in their own tongue.

"Monsieur arrives concerning the bracelet of Mademoiselle Jaqueline."

Mademoiselle Jaqueline sat before the fire, embroidering a wonderful piece of lace—I became well acquainted with that kind of work by-and-by. The general—it was the same old stately man—put down a newspaper to take my card. The young lady looked up with a heightened color and expectant face, rising as she did so, and returning my bow with a sweeping, old-fashioned courtesy that was as irresistible as it was demure. Not to neglect my opportunity, I first made an opening for conversation, by requiring a description of the lost bauble, in order to identify it.

"Mademoiselle Rochejaquelein," said the stiff old general, rising also, but with as much of a bow as the obelisk could have given, and using very tolerable English, "is the more anxious to regain her bracelet, as it was an heir-loom. An heir-loom."

"That is," said a voice musical as running water, "it was left to me by—my mother. She used to wear it."

There was already a certain free friendliness in her words, although her manner was polished and distant, as if she could tell to me the little fact she would have kept from another. I have fancied since then that, all unconsciously, she recognized the affinity that existed between us, and would have chosen words more reserved had the finder been any body but myself.

"May I ask you to describe this article?" I said again.

"A chain of graduated filigrane beads, Sir; gold, of course," struck in the general with military precision. "Quite unique in beauty, and—in rarity. It was wound three times round the wrist. Either the finder must be an adroit thief—ahem—I beg you ten thousand pardons, monsieur—ten thousand pardons!"

"Do not be concerned, Sir. Pray proceed."

"I would say then, that Mademoiselle Rochejaquelein is—"

"Very careless, papa," she said, sweetly. "I confess that I do not remember its slipping over my hand. I was so—*so entêtée* with the play. I remember turning, too," she added, "and seeing no one seated near who could be considered suspicious." All this with the charming color varying on her cheek, as it shifted to and fro, in a way to drive the gazer distracted.

"Sir," I said, "Mademoiselle Rochejaquelein is not to be blamed; although, as I am the lucky finder, the alternative leaves me in the unpleasant predicament of your 'adroit thief.' I am fortunate in that the accident has afforded me the occasion of meeting with General De Rochejaquelein, of whose valor and distinguished actions I have heard so much. We have some friends in common, permit me to say: Madame Roselius and Judge Wontner are, I believe, both well known to you. I am happy to be able to restore the bracelet, mademoiselle."

But I held the beautiful chain still. If I passed it to the General I should lose the warm touch of those little hands, the glance of those grateful eyes; but if, ignoring the superior authority of the General, I gave it to his daughter, I ran the risk of offending him. So the General had the bracelet; and Jaqueline went on with her work.

I felt, even at that early period, that I could serve for her as long as the patriarch Jacob served for Rachel—if I might be let do it. The General invited me to a seat. My notice of his valor had gratified him, and brought the blood to a cheek as brown and as wrinkled as a winter pear; my mention of the two mutual friends we possessed in this great city, whose acquaintanceship with himself I had discovered that morning, and the name on the card I had tendered, stamped me, in position at least, as one not unworthy of his friendship. Meanwhile, I had done them a service; I must have a glass of wine and a cracker with him. The old domestic, whom they called Noisette, served it with the deference she would have paid a marquis. I must do them the honor of calling again, the General said; and he would be proud to wait upon me at my house.

He did wait upon me; I did call; and this happened again and again: but too often without my seeing Jaqueline. Sometimes the pretty girl would peep in and vanish; peep and vanish; or she would enter to serve her father and myself with the glass of wine and cracker, and then disappear altogether. The time passed. I grew more intimate at the house; she less shy.

Sitting there one day with the General, her lace-work frame standing near, wanting its mistress, I took the opportunity of scanning the exquisite embroidery of leaf and vine and blossom, run to riot in their white wilderness there, and, as I moved my hand with seeming carelessness, of setting half a dozen stitches backward.

"Prenez garde!" said this practical old fellow. "You will do a mischief!" and then he plunged back into the advance of his column, which he had been detailing.

I called the next morning to leave a book that the General had desired to borrow. Mademoiselle Jaqueline was alone in the room when I was announced by the old domestic, who assured me the General would descend in an "at once." Noisette always treated me in a familiar manner, as if possibly I might aspire to an equality with herself, but as if neither I nor any other of my countrymen could ever meet her master and mistress on a footing. It is a way and a belief that she has to this day.

Mademoiselle Jaqueline's greeting had all its national formality, and, immediately after I returned it, she resumed her work in silence. Then I saw her lips slowly begin to quiver, ever so little, the corners of her mouth to bury themselves in dimples, the pearls to gleam; and finally she broke out in a merry peal of laughter, like the light-hearted, sweet child she was.

"Why did you make such a mischief in my work?" she said. "Why did you snarl my thread, and pucker my net, and spoil my rose?"

"Perhaps because that, instead of making your escape this morning, you might be obliged to stay and ask me why, Mademoiselle Jaqueline," was my bold answer.

Mademoiselle drew in as if resenting it. The dimples went away; the mouth grew grave.

"I must tell you, monsieur, that you are not to touch my work," she said. Then, after a little silence, in which one blush had chased another across her cheek, she went on in a lower tone. "I—monsieur—I sell it!"

I don't say the avowal did not give me a shock. I certainly had wondered at the constant, unwearied weaving of that beautiful embroidery, but I had never thought of this. Ideas whirled through my mind. I was rich; could I not—bah! it would never have done. All to do now was, not to let her see my surprise.

"And receive fabulous sums for it, I dare say, mademoiselle," was my careless remark. "I have a small cousin at home who sells her water-color drawings."

It was to put her at her ease. But she believed me. French ideas are so different from ours.

"And your—small cousin—monsieur, is she obliged to do so?"

"She prefers it. She says it is pleasanter to be a honey-bee than a drone, and has some grand financial talk about every producer, little or large, adding to the wealth of the country."

"I add to the wealth of my father," said Jaqueline, proudly. "If I did not we should want much. We are poor. Your—small cousin—monsieur, lives at home with you, you said?"

"Yes, she helps to keep my house. She is a good little soul—one of the salt of the earth. Shall I bring her to see you? You seem to have so few friends."

"Few?" she repeated, resentfully. "But I have sufficient. I have good friends. She must paint well, monsieur?"

"Who? My small cousin? Finely. Autumn leaves or holly-wood. I have a port-folio of her sketches: delicate, fanciful things, full of real genius. I should have pleasure in showing them to you."

"Thanks, monsieur. I do not care for such things."

Now, what had put her out? Was it the "small cousin?" I suppose I ought to have said that the mother, an invalid, was with me too; and that both were soon going, through the small cousin's marriage, to another home.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur. I would not seem ungracious. If you will bring the sketches, my father and I will be pleased to see them."

"No," I said, laughing, "I shall not trouble you with them. But instead, Mademoiselle Jaqueline, what do you say to the opera to-night? I came to offer you places."

She held her breath. A strange look of delight passed over her face. And in the same moment her father entered. "General, can I persuade you and mademoiselle to accept seats at the opera to-night with me?"

The General, who had once been in the habit of conferring, not receiving benefits, drew himself up a few inches, then hesitated, and glanced at his daughter's shining, eager face.

"She is but a child," said he, with a wave of his hand. "Monsieur, with the greatest pleasure."

What a picture she was, to be sure, as she stepped, in the flare of the gas-light, from the door to the carriage that night! The corner of her shawl was flung on her head. A piece of her own work it was, but, nevertheless, lace that all the rustling dames who swept to their places might have envied, as it lay on her shoulders and on the darkness of her hair like hoar-frost.

It was an old opera, doubtless familiar to both the father and daughter in the by-gone days of their own land; for as its melodies renewed themselves now and again a look of fond intelligence passed between them. Her face rippled with smiles; her little fan kept the measure; she was radiant with satisfaction; and I saw the old General himself winking and blinking hard, that no one might fancy he had a tear in his eye.

"Oh!" she cried, as we separated that night, "how happy you have made me! It was like reading a sweet old story over again. It was returning from exile—it was being back in France!"

We grew to be familiar friends. When I went to Vanley Place Jaqueline would remain at work in the room, now taking a trifling part in the conversation, now keeping her peace altogether. I carried her, one day, a basket of Frontignac grapes, full of the sunshine of France, as I told her; on another day bunches of violets; sometimes a handful of fresh, fair roses. She was a freakish little thing, with all her pretty moods—to-day full of thanks, to-morrow scarcely vouchsafing a syllable. I began to fancy that she had some unpleasant suspicion concerning me. I left her at last to herself, to try the effect of a different treatment. One could but be interested, too, in the courteous old exile himself, so full at once of pride and of humility. I ventured, after some consideration, to propose myself to him as a pupil, that I might obtain that facility of conversation in French which neither books nor common teachers can give. He accepted my proposal smilingly, having taken great pains, he said, to perfect himself and his daughter in English, with a view to this same purpose, but never having been able to bring his courage to the point of begging for pupils. I was the less astonished at his alacrity when he absolutely refused to receive a penny for his lessons, declaring that I already knew all he could impart to me; and this he held to: was I not their good friend? he said.

Now when I abandoned Mademoiselle Jaqueline to her own devices, paying court alone to her father, my little lady became unbroken ice. I can not say that I disliked the symptom. It melted ever so slightly, though, one morning, when I had incidentally mentioned to the General that I should, that evening, be at the house of Madame Roselius, who gave a grand ball in honor of her son's marriage.

"We have the cards also," said the General, with the least perceptible air in the world.

"And will go, of course?" I said.

"No, I think the word is otherwise," said he, smiling in Jaqueline's direction. "You have been made acquainted, Monsieur, with much of our affairs. My little witch there—Mademoiselle Rochejaquelein, I would say—refuses to meet those grand ladies who wear her handiwork, and will not go."

"Pardon me, General; that deprives you both of a pleasure. This entertainment of Madame Roselius is to be charming as fairy-land. People are going wild for invitations. My small cousin at home can talk of nothing else, Mademoiselle Jaqueline."

"She will go, then—your small cousin?"

"If she had to adopt the stratagems of Cinderella to arrive there!"

"I am not of her world," said little Jaqueline, with something like a sigh, and working out a thorn upon her vine, which was not in the pattern.

It was to me a sufficiently stupid evening, that with Madame Roselius, notwithstanding the novelty and beauty of the scene. The house seemed to have been turned into a vast grotto, or garden of flowers. The walls had festoons of roses; panels were intertwined with scarlet pomegranates and creamy aloes; tables and mantel-pieces were mats of blossoms; balusters and cornices were embedded in moss; great exotic shrubs, distilling odor, made avenues and dim recesses very sweet; and in place of doors there were swinging curtains of buds and vines. The scene was lighted by a soft, lambent radiance that seemed to pour from the hearts of the great lilies and warmer flowers that draped the chandeliers, and suffused them with their own tints of deepest blue, of vivid crimson, of changing pink; here was one of snow-white lustre, and there one of the purest gold. From its concealed place among the flowers, faint, distant music perpetually floated down, now and then bursting out in a sweet, bewildering cadence of harp-strings, that took the breath away with pleasure—the breath whose air was only living fragrance. Chatterton was playing that night. In all the splendor and charm of the place—as room opened into room, lovely faces flitted by, soft voices murmured—I missed one face, one voice among them; and the revel, for me, lost its meaning.

The band for the dancing commenced. Late in the evening, a well-known touch was laid upon my arm—my cousin's. "Now it is my turn," she said; "there are but two waltzes before supper, except the German; and *that* I dance with—you know whom!"

I took her; and we began to whirl round in the wake of many, when happening to raise my eyes to the doorway, a sight there sent them spinning. It was the General De Rochejaquelein in his grand uniform with its stars and decoration, with Jaqueline on his arm. She wore white, without ornament: not so much as a sprig of myrtle. The carnation, though, was on her cheek, the light of jewels in her eyes. She stood there like a little flame; a magnificent flower-spirit, with the blossoms of the doorway's arch hanging round her head. A wrathful little spirit, though, be it said, as she surveyed me.

Be you very sure that I seated my small cousin quickly, and had Jaqueline on my arm.

"She is very easy with you! 'It is my turn now,' I heard her say."

"And now it is yours," I whispered.

The waltz was divine. It was as if the hidden orchestra had kept their best till then; full of the pathos that all dance-music has when meant to be most joyous; full, too, of delicious involutions, winding in and out till its ravishing tune seemed to fill the very core of the heart. My arm was round Jaqueline, my head was bent toward her, I felt her breath, her heart; we swayed to the same music; it quickened and whirled us at its will, we were in another world, a wild, and sweet, and passionate world; and I'm sure I did not want to come back to this one. Suddenly, with an imperious movement, she stood still.

"That will do, monsieur," she said. "Thanks! I trouble you no more." And before I had recovered my bewildered vexation, Jaqueline and her father were both gone.

When I saw Jaqueline the next time, it was at her own house. She barely raised her eyes at my entrance; she did not speak; she sat there drawing her needle in and out, a pattern of propriety. I looked a dozen times to assure my-

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self that this was the damsel of that night of flowers—that I had whispered sweet words to her—that I had held her in my arms. It was impossible to believe it!

A score of these little scenes, these oscillations and vibrations—to-day a sunbeam, to-morrow an icicle—when one afternoon, just as I was concluding a brief visit, the General was summoned to the door below. I stood, looking from the window a moment, not liking to go down just then, yet exchanging no words with mademoiselle, when a pleasant little murmur struck my ear—Jaqueline was singing to herself, as if there were not another soul in the room, and, though half under her breath, yet with a voice as rich as that of a June thrush. It was only an air from the opera that we had heard together. I turned; and, going down the room, staid before her embroidery frame.

"Tell me, mademoiselle, what it is I have done to offend you."

She looked up for a moment, intending to be severe and dignified. But it would not do. The lips pursed up and quivered, and there came the old peal of laughter.

"The small cousin marries next month," I whispered.

There came a blush like a crimson rose. The head bent low over the embroidery; and—the General came back again.

Some days went on. Mademoiselle's moods were variable as the weather. My constitution would not stand it longer, and I determined to put may fate to the test.

She still sat behind her lace frame, like a fixture; tracing, as exquisitely as a winter's night traces them on the pane, her pattern of fern leaves and wild roses there. The General had gone out this day, and I came in. I had been greeted with an inclination of the head, a simple sentence, and then silence. I went to the rug, and warmed myself before the fire; she sat at the other side, one step away. But the inclination of her head had given a finishing stroke to the hair that had loosened as she bent over her work; down it all came, falling round her like a nun's veil. She lifted her two little hands to part it from the face, over which a flush was streaming like an aurora; and I stood before her.

"How long do you imagine I shall put up with this, Mademoiselle Jaqueline? Do you suppose I can live under a sky so variable; this hour, June—the next, January? Henceforth, it is to be all summer—do you hear? I put this seal upon it!" and bending across the frame, I kissed her red, warm mouth.

She grew as white as she had been rosy; her head fell forward; I thought she was about to faint, and dashed the frame aside to take her in my arms. But she only hid the white face there, sobbing out—"Forgive me! oh, monsieur, forgive! I had thought for so long that—it was the—small cousin."

"But I told you it was not. She marries the husband of her choice. She is like my sister."

No reply. Only the face hidden from me.

"You are a goose, Jaqueline." And the sweet face was got to at last.

"Monsieur," said the General, when it was all explained to him, after he had entered to find us side by side, in the ruddy glow of the evening fire, "I had once the idea that it was you yourself, after all, who stole my daughter's bracelet."

"Well, Sir! And now?"

"And now you have stolen her heart."

STRASBOURG.

THE city of Strasbourg, now besieged by a German army, is a strongly fortified town in the department of the Lower Rhine, of which it is the capital, situated at the confluence of the Bruche and the Ill, and about half a mile from the Rhine, which is crossed here by a wooden bridge. The town, of which we give a view on page 548, is built in a plain, is very irregular in form, and divided into several parts by canals or branches of the Ill, over which there are a number of bridges. The houses are lofty, and substantially built of stone; many of them have steep roofs, with two or three rows of attic windows running across them. Of the streets, some are wide and straight, but the greater part are narrow. It is surrounded with strong defensive works about six miles in circumference. The citadel on the east side of the town, built by VAUBAN, is a regular pentagon, composed of five bastions connected by curtains with ravelins and outworks extending almost to the Rhine.

Of its public buildings the principal is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, founded in 1015, and justly classed among the most perfect and beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture that exist. Its tower, which is 466 feet in height, and the loftiest in the world, is a master-piece of architecture, being built of hewn stone, cut with such nicety as to give it at a distance some resemblance to lace, and combining the utmost elegance and symmetry of form with perfect solidity of construction. The west front is ornamented with carved work and statues, and the interior is decorated with stained-glass windows, and contains a stone pulpit of exquisite workmanship. The astronomical clock in the tower, which shows the changes of the moon and the seasons, is a master-piece of mechanism. Besides the cathedral it has other churches, among which those of St. Etienne and St. Thomas and the Temple Neuf are the most remarkable; the old castle of Strasbourg, the town-hall, the episcopal palace, the court-house, theatre, several hospitals, tribunal of commerce, public library, the residence of the prefect, the academy, custom-house, a school of artillery, a cannon foundry, an arsenal, several markets, and monuments to GUTENBERG and Generals KLEBER and DESSAIX. It is a bishop's see, and the seat of a chamber of commerce. The manufactures of Strasbourg are flax, hemp, wine, spirituous liquors, linen, sailcloth, blankets, carpets, hardware, leather, cotton, lace, snuff, jewelry, buttons, cutlery, clocks, chemicals, mathematical, musical, and other instruments. It also contains some copper and iron works and soap factories, and has a large trade in books. Population, 82,014.

Strasbourg is a place of great antiquity, having existed as a Roman station prior to the Christian era. Its vicinity has been more than once the scene of military operations in the present age. It is the birth-place of General KLEBER, Marshal KELLERMAN, and of PIERRE SCHŒFFER, who is said to have been one of the inventors of printing. By means of railways and canals it is connected with the chief towns and great rivers of France, and with the Danube, by which means its commerce is greatly extended.

THE FORTRESS OF METZ.

THE French town of Metz, a strongly fortified *place d'armes*, within and around which the French army is now concentrated for reorganization, is situated in the department of the Moselle, about 170 miles east of Paris, at the confluence of the river Moselle with a smaller stream. It is connected with the capital by railway, and is an important point in the line of defensive operations which the Prussian victory over Marshal M'MAHON, at Haguenau, has forced upon the French.

The Porte des Allemands, or Gate of the Germans, of which we give an illustration on page 548, is one of the seven gates of Metz. It has the aspect of a strong-hold flanked with towers, but is protected by fortifications of more modern date. This gate was constructed in the fifteenth century, as is attested by a Gothic inscription upon one of the towers. It is a very interesting specimen of the military architecture of the Middle Ages. Against this gate and that part of the town now defended by Bellefort, the Emperor CHARLES V. principally directed his efforts in the siege of 1552.

The arsenal of Metz is situated at the eastern end of the town, between the town and the fort of Bellecroix. It contains many objects of interest—notably the Salle d'Armes, containing 60,000 muskets, from 7000 to 8000 pistols, and a great quantity of other arms. This arsenal is a vast establishment. Large numbers of arms are fabricated in its work-shops, as well as munitions of war. It formerly contained a curious bronze cannon, called the Griffon of Ehrenbreitstein, which was captured by the French in 1799, and which was remarkable for its rich ornamentation, as well as for its dimensions. This is now in the Museum of Artillery at Paris.

WASP LIFE.

THE life of a wasp is by no means monotonous; even in her cradle her future character is foreshadowed by the sharp mandibles with which the larva is supplied, and the courage with which she ventures on the dangerous journey up the walls of the cell. Her duties are very various: each period of her life has its special duties adapted to her condition. The relation in which the mother wasp stands to the swarm is peculiar. She differs from the queen bee in being to the others their mother rather than their queen. Her history is very like that of the workers in its general outline: like her they build, collect food, and tend the larvæ; and like her, only under very peculiar circumstances, they lay eggs. The first change that comes over the mother wasp is her ceasing to make paper. This faculty, probably depending on the activity of the salivary glands, seems to be given to her, as to the workers, only for a definite period. By this time the worker brood has begun to appear, and they relieve her of this part of her task, and of the daily increasing labor of feeding the larvæ. She restricts herself henceforth to her purely maternal duty of laying eggs, and now rarely leaves the interior of the nest. Brood after brood successively undertake the task of building, replacing the older wasps, which, with advancing age, become incapable of making paper. Thus a constant system of promotion is going on: those which have no longer the faculty of house-making betake themselves to the duties of housekeeping; and, while the large young wasps, in full glandular vigor, maintain and enlarge the nest, the older shrunken wasps find full employment in satisfying the hungry mouths which peer out from the lower surface of the comb.

LISTENING WITH THE TEETH.

LISTENING with your teeth may seem a comical action, but it is a possible one, and, after all, no more unnatural than that of talking with the fingers, which every educated mute can perform. Any one who will hold a vibrating tuning-fork to his dentals will be struck with the sonorous thrill that goes through his head, and the superior intensity of the sound compared to what is experienced when the fork is held to the ear. That other nerves than those appointed for audition are capable of conveying sound-vibrations to the brain is thus pretty evident. We had remarked this so often that we were fully prepared to give credence to a statement made by a newspaper correspondent to the effect that a deaf friend was stirred with delight at the music of a violin rendered audible to him first by placing the instrument between his teeth while it was played upon, and afterward by means of a string tied to the violin, whereof one end was held in the deaf man's mouth. The writer in question suggests a repetition of his experiment upon a larger scale, with a number of strings stretched from an orchestral sounding-board to the mouths of a deaf audience. A concert of such character might be a ludicrous affair to sharp-eared spectators, but we venture to think with the proposer that the experiment would be far more gratifying than absurd to those who, for the first time in their lives, were thus moved by concord of sweet sounds. Let us hope that curiosity, if nothing else, will prompt a trial by those who have charge of the deaf in our asylums. As our inventive times go, we ought not to be backward in attacking any problem for the alleviation of bodily suffering or the restoration of natural deformations. We make the lame walk and the toothless bite. We have even made the blind to see; for lately a Venetian surgeon succeeded in restoring the lost vision of a man whose case had been abandoned as incurable. As to making the dumb speak, we doubt not that Professor Melville Bell would assert his readiness by his system of visible speech to do so at short notice.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE severe drought which has prevailed this season in parts of Europe, and also in certain sections of our own country, has induced several scientific men to speculate on the idea of inducing rain by what may be called artificial means. If this matter can be thoroughly investigated, and made so practical that we may obtain rain at pleasure, the crops might not be so uncertain as they are now. To be sure, a grand difficulty arises at once: no two farmers would ever agree when to have the rain come—though the potatoes of the one were longing for water, the hay of the other would be spoiled by a shower. And who would settle the matter? We suppose, however, an appeal to the ballot would decide all such vexed questions.

It appears that M. Le Maout, a chemist of St. Brieuc, has made many observations which indicate that rain is often caused by the concussion of air produced by a cannonade. During the siege of Sebastopol the barometer in Brittany was affected, notwithstanding the six hundred leagues which lay between. M. Le Maout asserts that he could tell before the news arrived when fighting was going on, because the concussion of the air produced its effect within 100 and 200 minutes. The sky then became overcast, and a drizzling rain would soon fall, frequently followed by heavy showers, and then by wind. This chemist also cites other instances when rain has been induced by the cannonade of battle. He suggests that if rain is desired at Paris, there should be a southwest wind, and the barometer should mark less than 76 centimeters. The cannonade should then be begun not at Paris, but at Cherbourg, where the atmosphere is charged with aqueous vapor. The best time would be in the morning, before the mist hanging over the sea has been dissipated. Several batteries should be fired simultaneously, at short intervals; and if this cannonade were to coincide with some religious festival, requiring the bells to be rung, the effect would be all the more certain.

A military commission at St. Petersburg is actively engaged in studying some modifications which it is proposed to introduce into knapsacks. A French doctor has laid before the commission a knapsack which, by means of a simple piece of mechanism, can be brought round to the front, and made to serve at the same time as a breast-plate for the soldier and a rest for his rifle.

A new revolving cannon, capable of firing forty rounds a minute, is vaguely hinted at in Paris.

About one thousand students are connected with the University at Bonn, on the Rhine. Soon after war was declared the entire number presented themselves before the authorities, and asked that they might be instantly enrolled in the defense of the country.

A Paris banker received from a Berlin banker a remittance of £4000, and a letter thus worded: "The other £4000 will be due next month; I shall bring it with our troops myself." He received as good as he sent in this reply: "I will endeavor to ameliorate your captivity by all the means in my power."

Kentucky can boast of giants almost. A MRS. HOWARD recently died in Bourbon County in her eighty-sixth year. She was six feet and one-half inch in height, and weighed over two hundred and eighty pounds. She was the mother of ten children, all but one of whom lived to years of maturity, and were over six feet in height. Seven of them are yet living, the tallest being six feet ten inches high. Mrs. H. had twelve brothers and sisters, all of whom were over six feet. Her husband was six feet and four inches high.

The Legislature of the Sandwich Islands have just passed a divorce law. This is supposed to be an indication of the progress of "civilization."

About one hundred gentlemen of St. Louis have just completed arrangements for the introduction of Chinese house-servants into their families. The negotiations have been made with the Chinese Emigration Society in San Francisco. They have agreed to pay them good wages, and to afford them all necessary protection during their term of service.

Frank Thorn, *alias* Matthew D. Carpenter, recently made a perilous leap in Buffalo from the roof of a high building—Watson's elevator—into the water below. The distance from the roof from which he jumped to the water's edge is stated to be one hundred and forty-five feet by actual measurement. Not less than twenty thousand persons assembled to witness this fool-hardy feat. The young man, who is about twenty-five years of age, seems to have grown up without the slightest idea of fear, and from childhood has been noted for daring deeds, which have often endangered his life. On this last occasion he made the leap fairly, and for a part of the distance down kept an erect position; then, to the horror of the spectators, he gradually turned forward, and at last struck the water on his right side with a tremendous concussion. Boats and various instruments of rescue were at hand, and with some difficulty he was dragged into a boat. The shock to his system was terrible, and for some time he was thought to be near death. Though now considered out of danger, he will probably be a long time in recovering his health.

Since the death of M. Prévost-Paradol many facts have come to light which indicate with much certainty that self-destruction was the result of a fit of insanity. It appears that for a long time the unfortunate Minister had been troubled with apprehensions of softening of the brain, and had contemplated with horror the possibility of living bereft of reason. He had received medical treatment in France for this threatened malady. His daughter communicated the fact, after his death, that he had for some time lived in dread of insanity from softening of the brain; and the circumstance that his wife had died insane weighed heavily on his mind. The pistols were bought as a protection against robbers, it being his custom to keep them in his bedroom. It is believed that when he retired to bed that last night he had no thought of self-destruction, but that the heat oppressed him greatly, and that he woke suddenly, feverish, and possessed with the idea that he was insane.

The directors of some of our city railroads have received a novel proposition from certain parties—namely, to put upon their lines a number of palace cars. These cars are only to carry a certain number of passengers, and each passenger is to be provided with a handsomely cushioned easy-chair, or an entire apartment, if willing to pay for it. An extra charge of ten cents will be asked for each passenger occupying a chair. There is no reason why some such experiment should not be tried. The present crowding of the cars renders almost every body uncomfortable. Those who can afford to pay for comfort want it, and should be gratified. Certainly there are a great many who would gladly pay ten cents premium to have a comfortable seat to themselves during a long ride.

Louis Kossuth feels himself too old and broken and nerveless to come before the public as a lecturer. Some months ago the Boston Lyceum Bureau commissioned a celebrated lecturer to travel through Europe until he found Kossuth, and, as it was reported that he was poor, to offer him a series of lucrative engagements with lyceums in the United States. The proposition was pressed upon him, but, although grateful for the invitation, he expressed his determination to speak no more in public unless his duty to his own country demanded it. Kossuth was found in a retired quarter of the city of Turin.

It is a pleasant theory to tender-hearted anglers that the wriggling of the fish on the dry land is not indicative of agony but of ecstasy. It has been taken from the water where there is but little oxygen into the air where there is a good deal of it, and feels just as a person does when he takes laughing gas.

"The pavements are all hissing hot, the sky above is brazen,
And every head as good as dead the sun can set his rays on;
The lean, lank-looking skeletons go stalking pale and gloomy;
The fat, like red-hot frying-pans, send hotter fancies through me."

So wrote N. P. Willis once—so might he write again had he lived in the "heated terms" of this present summer.

Twenty years ago an adventurous youth, by name Charles Guerolt, left home and friends in France to seek his fortune in America. Nothing was heard of him for three years beyond this, that he had gone to Mexico. A younger brother, named Theophile, then came to this country and sought every where for his lost brother, but all in vain. Still he did not wholly give up hope. He settled in Chicago and took charge of a French newspaper in that city. A few weeks ago Theophile read an account in the newspapers of the arrival in Chicago of Red Cloud and his chiefs on their way from Washington. The name of the interpreter accompanying the party struck his attention, it being the same as that of his lost brother. He at once sought an interview; but the interpreter had already gone West. Red Cloud, however, detected a resemblance between the two, and Theophile has now gone to that chief's dominions in the hope of meeting there his brother, who doubtless years ago became enamored of the wild Indian life.

A gentleman, passing by a humble hovel in Buffalo the other day, heard a child crying lustily a short distance away, and, seeing that nobody came to the rescue, stepped to the door and informed an old lady there one of her children was crying outside, adding that it had probably hurt itself badly. The fond mother looked up from her wash-tub and, in a tone of kind explanation, observed: "My good gracious, man! I've got so many children that I can't run when every one of them happens to cry. It's enough for me to know by its noise that the young un's alive." It was ascertained that the woman had eighteen children, fifteen her own and three adopted. She is a widow, and supports all but one of them by gardening, washing, and ironing.

What magic there is in a titled name! Not long ago a stranger reached a railway station in London just in time to hear the signal given, and to see the train quietly passing off. With an authoritative voice he shouted to the guard, "Stop! Lord Lifford's coming!" Instantly the obsequious guard signaled, the train slackened its speed, and moved back to await his lordship's arrival. Meanwhile the stranger procured his ticket, comfortably seated himself in a third-class carriage, and then, putting his head out of the window, informed the guard that his lordship had entered, and he might move on!

It is a fact interesting to all lovers of shad that 54,000,000 young shad have this year been placed in the Connecticut River at Holyoke, Massachusetts, under the direction of the fish commissioners. During the present season an unusually large quantity of this delicious fish has been taken from that river—a result naturally brought about from the 40,000,000 young shad which were placed in the river three years ago.

The southern extremity of South America can lay claim to possessing the most novel post-office in the world. It consists of a small barrel, fastened by an iron chain to the outermost rock of the mountains overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Terra del Fuego. It is opened by every ship which passes through the straits, either to place letters in it or to take letters from it. No postmaster is needful; seafarers consider it under their protection, and no breach of trust has ever occurred. Every ship that passes undertakes to transmit the contents of the barrel, if the destination of the mail matter is within the limits of its voyage.

Suicide assumes a poetical aspect abroad. A gentleman recently drowned himself in Lancashire, near Bolton. He left a note: "You will find me in the brook," and concluded with poetry, thus:

"I shall be at peace in a shady
Bed at length in the rippling ..."

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CHRISTINE NILSSON.

THIS charming singer, who is soon to appear in this city, was born in the pretty and retired village of Hussaby, picturesquely situated among the lakes and forests of Smaland. Her father, a small farmer, possessed a great taste for music, and was the chief chorister in the church of the district. The Diva's birth, in 1843, increased M. NILSSON'S already numerous family to eight, all of whom were more or less musical, especially one of the sons, CARL, who was by profession a violinist. Little CHRISTINE, from her earliest years, gave great signs of vocal talent, and was found one day by CARL, secretly practicing on his violin, which, unknown to any one, she had taught herself to play. Admiring her dexterity, CARL determined to utilize such precocious talent, and the child subsequently accompanied him to the various fairs and entertainments which he was accustomed to frequent. At one of these former amusements — the fair of Ljungby — a Swedish magistrate, named THORNERHJELM, was so struck with the splendid voice of Mlle. NILSSON that, after making inquiries, he offered the parents to educate and entirely provide for the child—an offer too advantageous to be rejected.

Many, but VALERIUS, afterward Baroness de Lenhausill pressor of no mean repute, having heard CHRISTINE sing at the THORNERHJELMS', undertook to give her lessons, which still further developed the powers of the sweet but uncultivated voice of the little peasant. Shortly afterward CHRISTINE was sent to school, where she remained two years, at the conclusion of which she was removed to Stockholm and placed under the tuition of M. FRANZ BERWALD, a talented composer and master.

A sister of Mlle. VALERIUS, a portrait-painter, being about to visit Paris, invited the young girl to accompany her, an invitation which was eagerly accepted. There she resided with an English family, and became a pupil of M. WARTEL, under whose guidance she remained three years, when, after much doubt and hesitation, she resolved to go on the stage. Her doubts, which arose entirely from timidity, were finally dissipated by witnessing an unequaled performance of Madame CARVALHO in "La Reine Topaze" at the Théâtre Lyrique, and an engagement for three years was procured for her at the above theatre, her salary being but 2000 francs for the first year, 2500 for the second, and 3000 for the third.

In October, 1864, being just twenty-one, Mlle. NILSSON made her début as Violetta in the "Traviata," but did not obtain the expected success, the opera being entirely unsuited to her character, as even now the fair Swede is much more at home in a *preghiera* than a *brindisi*. In the following February, however, she had her revenge, as a perfect *furore* was created by her personation of Astrifiammante in the "Flauto Magico," and was afterward most enthusiastically received in "Marta," "Sardanapalus," and "Les Bluets." She did not succeed so well, however, in "Don Giovanni," her Northern nature being far too cold for the correct representation of the passionate and jealous Elvira of the South. In 1867 she first appeared in London at Her Majesty's Theatre, and made her début, as in Paris, in the "Traviata," having long and carefully studied the part under M. DELLE SEDIE, a professor of the French Conservatoire. In the same year she sang in "Judas Maccabæus" at the Birmingham Festival, where her immense success obtained her an engagement for the Crystal Palace Handel Festival of the following year.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

COUNT DE PALIKAO.

GENERAL COUSIN-MONTAUBAN, Count De Palikao, the new French Minister of War, to which position he was called in consequence of the disasters to M'MAHON and FROSSARD, was born June 24, 1796. He went to Algeria at an early age, distinguished himself as an officer of cavalry, and, after more than twenty years of uninterrupted service, was intrusted with the command of the Tlemcen Division, and finally with that of Constantine. Recalled to France, he was for some time at the head of the Twenty-first Military Division. In 1860 he took command of the French expedition into China, and had the honor of accomplishing the almost marvelous invasion which carried the flags of France and England to the capital of that empire. The destruction of numerous Chinese forts, the splendid victory at Palikao, and the entrance of the allies into Pekin, forced the Chinese government to accept of a treaty imposed by the allies. Returning to France in July, 1861, he was made Senator of France, Count of Palikao, and Commander of the Fourth Army Corps. In 1860 he had been forty-two years in active service. We give his portrait on the next page.

A WRECK.

SILENTLY, mournfully, to and fro,
The long waves wash under thee;
Rocking thy broken and battered prow,
Threatening to sunder thee.
Helpless and hopeless—no one to care,
Though a storm shatter thee;
Only the cold rocks, white and bare,
And the pulsing sea, so false and fair,
And the distant boats that have left thee—there,
And the calm sky, watching and wondering where
The winds may scatter thee.

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FARRAGUT.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, one of those rare men to whom it is given to "read their history in a nation's eyes," died at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, at noon of Sunday, August 14, in the seventieth year of his age. His father, GEORGE FARRAGUT, was a native of Minorca, and early took to the sea for a livelihood. Coming to this country, he served in the Revolutionary army, and at the close of the war settled near Knoxville, Tennessee, on lands given him by the government in part payment of his services. Here DAVID GLASGOE FARRAGUT was born July 5, 1801. His first name was given him in honor of Captain DAVID PORTER, an old friend of his father's, and afterward a famous naval officer. The middle name has been supposed to be a family name dear to his Scotch mother.—Through the influence of DAVID PORTER young FARRAGUT, at the age of eleven years, was appointed a midshipman, and, as the Naval Academy was not yet in existence, he was ordered to get his schooling aboard ship. His first cruise was made in the famous *Essex*, and his first commander was Commodore PORTER, the man for whom he was named. We have only the mere outlines of his personal history during this memorable cruise, of which it is to be hoped that some member of the late Admiral's family may be able to give the world a complete account.—He was present at the capture of the *Nocton*, a British packet of 10 guns, on December 11, 1812; the *Alert*, March 14; and the Peruvian corsair *Nereyda*, on March 25, 1813. After the capture, on May 29, of the *Atlantic*, an English whaler of 8 guns, FARRAGUT served on board of her as an Acting-Lieutenant, under command of Lieutenant STEPHEN D. M'KNIGHT, and cruised in company with the *Essex* and the fleet of eight captured vessels turned into cruisers. Shortly after the fleet was reduced to three, the *Atlantic* was renamed the *Essex Junior*, and Lieutenant M'KNIGHT gave up the command to Lieutenant-Commander DOWNES. Acting-Lieutenant FARRAGUT appears to have returned to duty as a midshipman on the *Essex*. He continued in the *Essex* during the remainder of the remarkable cruise, in which nearly every English whale-ship known to be in the South Pacific was captured. He appears also to have taken part in the memorable war in the Marquesas, where the *Essex* and *Essex Junior* refitted in October and November, 1813, and for which privilege Commodore PORTER was compelled to assist the tribe who held possession of the bay in which he had cast anchor.

Young FARRAGUT was on board the *Essex* during the memorable conflict in Valparaiso Bay, March 28, 1814, between the *Essex* and the British ships *Phœbe* and *Cherub*, and there, in the words of his commanding officer's report, "gave an earnest of his value to the service."

On the return of peace FARRAGUT spent a year in the study of military and naval science, and was then ordered to the Mediterranean, where he remained two years. During this time he was under the instruction of the chaplain of his ship, the Rev. CHARLES FOLSOM, from whom he obtained a moral as well as intellectual training that had a marked influence on his future life. The force of this training was subsequently illustrated by an incident which occurred on board the *Hartford* on the night before the attack on Fort Morgan in Mobile Bay. The men of the vessel asked for grog before going into action next day. "I have no particular objection to your having a little grog," he said, "if there is any on board; but I have been to sea a good many years, and have seen some fighting, but I have never seen the time when I needed rum to help me do my duty." Then, without waiting for an answer to his argument, he added, "I will order you two pots of hot coffee at two o'clock tomorrow morning, and at eight o'clock I'll pipe you to breakfast in Mobile Bay."

For the next forty years his career was the usual routine of sailor life in time of peace, with its alternations of sea and shore duty, furlough and foreign station. When the rebellion broke out he was at Norfolk, where he was settled, having married a Southern lady. Importuned by his friends to join the Southern cause, he remained true to his country and himself, and immediately made his way to New York, where he was officially sta-

THE LATE ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GENERAL TROCHU.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

GENERAL DOUAY.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

COUNT PALIKAO.—[SEE PAGE 556.]

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tioned. Here he encountered Commodore M'CAULEY, who, at his solicitation, told him the circumstances of the destruction of the Norfolk Navy-yard, and the noble vessels stationed there.

"How could you do it, Commodore—how could you do it?" he said, tears standing in his eyes at the thought of the sacrifice.

"My officers were false; there was no one I could depend upon."

"Why didn't you send for me?" thundered the old Captain, indignantly.

For several months after the outbreak of the war FARRAGUT was without a command, partly because the Navy Department had so few ships at its disposal. At length, when the expedition against New Orleans was resolved upon, he was selected to command it. He entered the Mississippi River early in March, 1862. On the 17th of April PORTER's mortar fleet began the bombardment of Forts Philip and Jackson, and on the 24th Commodore FARRAGUT with his entire fleet ran past those formidable batteries, encountering a fire almost unparalleled in severity, a fleet of gun-boats including several iron-clads, fire-rafts, torpedoes, and other obstructions. An idea of the brilliancy of the exploit may be formed from the fact that some French and English officers who had been to New Orleans laughed outright at the notion of running the batteries, and warned the Commodore that "no fleet could pass up the river without a miraculous interposition." To which FARRAGUT replied: "You may be right; but I was sent here to make the attempt to take New Orleans, and I shall try it."

It is unnecessary to repeat the story of that daring feat, the immediate result of which was the occupation of New Orleans by the forces of the United States; or that of the passage of the Vicksburg batteries, which resulted in nothing. The fleet under his command was finally retired to Pensacola, and its operations were chiefly confined to blockading duty in the Gulf. In July, 1864, in conjunction with the land forces under General CANBY, he attacked and captured Mobile. It was during this engagement—the last which FARRAGUT directed—that he had himself lashed to the rigging of the flagship, in order to watch and direct the fight. For his gallantry and success in this engagement he was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral. He was made a full Admiral in 1866.

After the close of the war Admiral FARRAGUT was sent on a cruise in the *Franklin* to European waters, and was every where received with the most distinguished consideration and respect. But the physical fatigues and mental strain of the war had broken his health, and he returned to this country a hopeless invalid. He suffered intensely for months previous to his decease, and death came to him as a happy release. He has passed away in the fullness of years and of fame, leaving a whole nation to lament his loss.

CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

WHERE's the harm, tell me where,
Of building castles in the air—
An airy fairy nothingness
That brings a sweet forgetfulness?

The child sits still with pensive eye,
And starts to hear the sudden cry,
"Again I see your vacant stare—
Building your castles in the air!"

The weary boy has closed his book,
And sits with dreamy, wandering look:
Again the cry of "Whence that stare?
Still at your castles in the air?"

The man lies gazing at the sky;
Then sudden starts, with bitter sigh:
"My happiest moments still are there,
Within those castles in the air."

What man or woman, girl or boy,
But's tasted of the secret joy
That's in the fairy chambers lain
Of their own "châteaux en Espagne?"

So where's the harm, tell me where,
Of building "castles in the air"—
This airy fairy nothingness
That brings such sweet forgetfulness?

GENERAL FELIX DOUAY.

GENERAL DOUAY, whose heroic death at the battle of Weissenburg had a touch of old knightly valor and devotion, entered the army in 1832, at the age of sixteen. He obtained a Captain's commission in 1843, and was present at the siege of Rome, where he was wounded. He took a distinguished part in the campaigns in the Crimea, Italy, and Mexico. At the siege of Puebla he directed the operations of the left wing of the besieging army. The *Moniteur* gives the following touching account of his death at Weissenburg: "The General was from the beginning in the thickest of the fight. When he saw the day was lost, after he had done all that he could to retrieve it, when not even a battalion was left him, he called his aids one by one, gave them orders, and sent them away. As soon as the last one was gone, the General, spurring his horse, rode some distance to the front, dismounted, and, taking a pistol from the holster, shot the animal. Then, turning around, he slowly walked toward the enemy. His soldiers vainly tried to stop him. Amidst the terrible firing he deliberately walked on. The retreating soldiers, aroused by the spectacle, turned again upon the enemy, but fell in heaps around their General, who still pressed forward. Another tremendous discharge from the enemy, and General DOUAY, almost alone, fell dead.

GENERAL TROCHU.

GENERAL TROCHU, who is now in command of the defenses of Paris, and to whom has been intrusted the organization of a new army, is a soldier of great experience and ability. He is now about forty-four years of age, and has served with distinction in the Crimea, Italy, and Mexico. By some military writers he is considered the ablest tactician of modern times. At the commencement of the present war he was placed by General LE BŒUF in command at Toulouse. The startling events succeeding the battle of Weissenburg have carried him from this comparatively quiet sphere to the front rank of active operations.

DRESS IN CHINA.

CHINESE dress is now so familiar, by the many exhibitions that have been held, that it may be passed over to speak of the peculiar mode of wearing the hair, which, both in the man and woman, is characterized by the well-known tail, the men, however, shaving the rest of the head. The tail was in early times the badge of the conquered, as the shaven beard was of the slave among the Romans; the Tartars forced the Chinese to shave and wear the tail, till at last it became the universal custom. A Chinese does not, unless he is a mandarin, wear his mustache until he is forty, nor does he allow his beard to grow till he is sixty. A young lady wears her hair combed back and plaited into a tail, which is looped up and passed under the right arm to the breast, the front hair being cut short across the forehead. This is very becoming and pretty, but just before the marriage ceremony the beautiful hair is twisted up into a knot at the top of the back part of the head, and silver bodkins or pins, often jeweled and enameled, are stuck into it with bouquets of real or artificial flowers. They all paint profusely—their foreheads and necks with pearl-white, the cheeks crimson, and the lips vermilion; but they are not good artists, and make themselves frequently almost like old painted hags more than young women. The custom of cramping the feet as the mark of gentility is well known, and ladies are often such cripples that they are carried every where by a servant; but it may not be so well known that the gentlemen have a similar fashion in letting their nails grow as long as possible, to show that they do no sort of handiwork. The proud Tartar ladies and gentlemen, however, have never adopted these fashions; they cultivate all kinds of active amusements and sporting.

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A STREET SCENE IN METZ.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

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SCENE AT METZ.

WE gave, last week, a sketch of one of the ancient gateways of the city of Metz, within whose vicinity a series of desperate and sanguinary battles was recently fought. This week we give an interesting sketch, on our first page, of a scene within the walls of the city, taken when the streets were alive with preparation for the conflict and all the bustle and stirring activity of military occupation. At the time the sketch was made every street formed a part of a vast camp. Even the civilians wore a military appearance, and every where were bands of soldiers lounging about and looking for drink. "Drinking goes on all day," writes a correspondent, "and no wonder, for the heat is great, and the thin potations of *vin ordinaire* do not fever the blood, though as much can not be said for the bad brandy, the liqueurs, and the strange compounds which seem to have been manufactured on purpose for the army. It is not only that the soldiers like to drink, but they also go into the water. The shallow ditches round the fortifications are made useful in these ways: the men wade about in them, wallowing in pleasant coolness, and also contrive to catch fish which have been waiting all this time for the camp kettle. Here, and in the shallow stream of the Moselle, where it runs on the level country, the army of France splashes, and fishes, and washes itself every day."

There were two camps, one on each side of Metz — the Ban St. Martin, occupied by four regiments of the line and a battalion of chasseurs; and the Polygon, consisting of four or five regiments of the line, a battery of artillery, and another battalion of chasseurs. A few days sufficed to make a complete change in the aspect of affairs, and to crowd the city with the disorganized remains of a beaten army.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870.

THE DUTY OF REPUBLICANS.

THE tone of some of the chief Democratic papers in the northern part of the country, when speaking of political prospects in the Southern States, shows a consciousness of divided counsels upon the policy of the party. This view is confirmed by the speech of Attorney-General AKERMAN upon the situation; and, even if the division were not known to exist, it would be made highly probable by the character and experience of the party. The point of difference, as we stated last week, is the expediency of declaring hostility to equal citizenship, and demanding the abrogation of the amendments. The Southern Democracy, strong in the traditions of the party, denounces "negro suffrage," and the laws that secure it. The Northern Democracy, better comprehending the spirit of the country, cries impatiently, "For Heaven's sake, hush! Think and mean what you will, but don't talk about it!" But both wings of the party agree upon the substantial point—they both refuse to acquiesce in the great settlements of the war. Not one of the recognized leaders or organs of the Democratic party has declared that those settlements must be respected, and that the contests of the future must be joined upon new issues.

Undoubtedly there are those in the party who would like to see this position taken. But the very fact that it is not taken shows their consciousness of the power of the adverse sentiment —a power that can not be disregarded. Indeed, the difficulty for the more intelligent of the Democratic leaders is the character and traditions of their party. It is a party which, for a generation, adhered to a policy which was not only at war with civilization and the principles of the American government, but which outraged the moral sentiment of mankind. For the support of such a policy, and the continued predominance of the party, the deepest ignorance and the strictest discipline were necessary. Consequently the methods of the Democratic party were appeals to the basest prejudice, and to the most sordid fear. It sneered at what it called "moral ideas;" it denounced the negro; and it defended slavery, not as an evil guarded by constitutional compromise, but as a system sanctioned by Christianity, and productive of the welfare of the slaves. At the point of the most utter demoralization of the party, when the speech of any Democratic statesman upon American politics was a hideous satire upon every American principle and every manly human instinct, slavery was swept away, and the party of slavery every where hurled from power.

It begins now to hope for resuscitation. Some of its younger members and recent proselytes would fain throw off the burden of the past. But it is impossible. The party is what its traditions and habits have made it. It is disciplined and ignorant; it hates the negro; it regards the Union as the monument of its defeat; it repeats its old shibboleth of State sovereignty and reserved rights; and it longs to undo all that the war and reconstruction have done. When, therefore, the younger members and the proselytes speak of the old issues as passed away, and of the blindness of those who do not accept the new, they express their hopes, and their fears also, because they dread defeat if their view be not adopted. But even the proselytes do not relinquish the old issues, lest they should lose all influence with the party. As we said, their tone betrays them. They know that it is very easy to talk of rolling off burdens and accepting new issues, but they know also, and so do all thoughtful men, that the leopard does not easily change his spots, nor a party bred upon baseness suddenly become intelligent and honest.

The fact remains, therefore, and the country must bear it constantly in mind, that, whatever a few Democrats may wish, the Democratic party does not even pretend to acquiesce in the national settlements since the war. The party is mastered, as it has been for many years, by its worst elements. Its most positive men and convictions are those that controlled it at its last two National Conventions, and that will control it again. In speaking of new issues and of not relying upon the past, as we have recently done, we have borne all this constantly in mind. We have said, as we feel, that the career of the Republican party is the noblest chapter in our political history. We have said, and we repeat, that one of its most pressing and sacred duties is to guard the fruits of its great victories. It is still to insist that justice be done to every citizen every where. It is to take care that the late rebels do not "manage the negroes" as they please, but that the new citizens shall have every right of the old. It is to sustain the amendments. It is to assert the national power for justice. In a word, it is to maintain inflexibly all that it has done, and done so well.

But it must do this with a constant regard for the actual situation. It must not forget that a party in a country of active progress and intelligence can not rely upon questions with which it has already wisely dealt, but must wisely deal with the demand of every day. The duty of the Republican party at this moment is plain. Granting all that we have said, can it persuade the country that the main question is the fact that the Democrats do not acquiesce in reconstruction, and that we must, therefore, steadily watch and defend it? That is a point, and a grave one. But do the facts show it to be the only, or even the chief one in public estimation? Do the probabilities prove that, if we declare our intention to be to guard what we have done, and refrain from any declaration upon other questions, the country will be satisfied to intrust us with continued power? Is such a declaration evidently sufficient to maintain our lines unbroken? If not, the reason is not that the country supposes the Democrats to have acquiesced, but that, considering the intrinsic weight of all great settlements, and the finality of emancipation, and the proved national and liberal tendency, it regards the non-acquiescence of the Democrats in reconstruction as only one of several immediate questions.

If, indeed, that non-acquiescence were to be made the Democratic platform, the platform would be the gibbet of the party, as it was in '64 and '68. But the country is evidently willing to take the risk, while it is not in the least deceived by the Northern Democratic pretense of leaving "dead issues" behind, for it knows that no issue is dead which commands the sympathy of the majority of a party. The Republicans do well in California, in Ohio, in Louisiana, and in Nebraska, to declare, as they do, that they appeal to the glorious history of the party and adhere to its great principles. Those principles and that history incline the country to trust it, if it pronounces as fearlessly and wisely upon the newer issues of to-day. Will the Republicans of New York do that? Do they suppose it will be enough to say that they will guard reconstruction and approve the action of Congress and the Administration? What do they approve? The fiscal policy of the Treasury? The continued income tax? or the rejection of the President's proposition to buy foreign ships?

There is a severe contest before us. Let us go into it with open eyes. Our glorious work in the war and in reconstruction, our resolution to defend it, and the non-acquiescence of the Democrats, were known in the spring when the majority against us was 80,000. Allow for the enormous frauds, and for our indifference, and for the greater significance of the coming election—allow for every thing, including human nature and the nature of politics, and then decide, fellow-Republicans of New York, whether it will be enough to say at our Convention only that we are Republicans still?

THE END OF THE EMPIRE.

M. THIERS can not be accused of not having what the French call the courage of his opinions. At the opening of the war he denounced it as a great blunder, and, after the first French defeat, while he insisted that the army should be sustained, he said: "The empire is henceforth out of the question. There can be no empire without an emperor. To this state of events a republic must inevitably succeed." The immediate agitation of France, during which M. THIERS spoke, subsided, without a change of the form of the government. But events move so rapidly, and general confidence in the stability of the empire is so totally shaken, that it would not be surprising to learn at any moment that a revolution had taken place, and that LOUIS NAPOLEON had followed LOUIS PHILIPPE and CHARLES X. Indeed, as a tree whose roots have been thoroughly loosened in a shallow soil can never truly flourish again, it is impossible that a government which has been shown to have so slight a hold upon the nation as LOUIS NAPOLEON'S can ever wholly recover itself. As we write, LOUIS NAPOLEON is emperor upon sufferance. If unwavering victory attends the French arms the empire may still continue, but it will be known to have no root in the love or trust of France.

Therefore, M. THIERS spoke a profound truth when he said that the empire is henceforth out of the question. He knows that a government which, after eighteen years of despotic power, controlling every resource, and straining every energy to invest itself with glory and to win the favor of the nation, has failed so wholly and so ignominiously that a single defeat in the field, instead of bringing all France around it with fervent vows of confidence and triumph, brings the same France with a roar of rage and contempt, is a government which has no future. M. THIERS is not a republican, he is an Orleanist. He is one of the oldest of the public men of France. He has been a conspicuous actor in its modern history. The historian of the first great revolution, he has been a witness of all the others. From the chair of the editor and the author he passed to that of Prime Minister. Thoroughly familiar with French character, French politics, and French history, and too old to expect any further prominent part in affairs, his words have a peculiar significance.

It is observable that he does not predict a monarchy of any kind as the government likely to succeed the empire. Yet the Orleanists are supposed to be a large party in France. It includes many noted men, and it is by the Orleanists that the course of M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, who was one of the brilliant leaders of that party, was so bitterly denounced. They are represented also by princes who are men of evident and proved capacity. But there are no inspiring traditions behind them. The reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE was one prolonged corruption. It had no higher appeal than that to the cupidity of trade. He was a shopkeeping king in the most sordid sense. He demoralized France, and the least of the distinctions of GUIZOT and THIERS is that they were Ministers of LOUIS PHILIPPE. As his reign began by a betrayal of the revolution that enthroned him, so it ended contemptibly. It was snuffed out like a tallow dip. The King, who had one of the most illustrious men in France as his Minister, and who had a vast and servile majority in the Legislature, who was called "Citizen-king," who was supposed, outside of France, to be the idol of the *bourgeoisie* and of the National Guard, had been so unfaithful to his trust that, conscious of having no sincere friends, he ran away at the first sign of trouble. The Orleanists have no hold upon the pride or imagination of France.

Moreover, they could only hope to be accepted upon a promise of a constitutional monarchy. But LOUIS PHILIPPE promised. And, probably, in France this system is impracticable. A constitutional monarchy may be, as in England, the result of the political development of a nation which wishes to preserve certain traditional forms and appearances with a system to which they do not belong. The English king is merely a powerless hereditary executive. He has all the appearance, and not a single attribute, of royalty. If suffrage in England were as universal as with us, the British government would be more directly a popular government than ours. As it is, the majority of the popular representatives control the government without check. If the king should attempt a veto, he would be dethroned. If the Lords should persist in opposition, they would be swamped. The Ministry governs England, and the Ministry is a committee of the majority in the Commons. Nor was LOUIS PHILIPPE'S government in France properly a constitutional system. In a nation of thirty-four millions of people there were about two hundred and fifty thousand voters, so distributed that a majority of the constituencies did not exceed two or three hundred voters. This offered opportunities of manipulation by an unscrupulous use of an enormous patronage of every kind, a patronage which did not hesitate to approach the most conspicuous men, and too often successfully, so that the government of LOUIS PHILIPPE was practically an absolute personal rule.

NOW M. THIERS evidently thinks that the French will not abolish LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Cæsarism to adopt that of some one else, and if they do not mean to have a real king, they will not have a sham one. Moreover, he undoubtedly feels, what we consider in another article, that the people of France, perpetually baffled of their will, as each successive form of monarchy falls, will attempt a popular government. He does not say that he has faith in the success of the effort. Perhaps he reluctantly fears that France must be politically "an endless experimenter." But he certainly does not believe that the French people will dethrone one LOUIS NAPOLEON merely to crown another.

THE GOOD ADMIRAL.

THERE was no hero of the war so personally beloved as Admiral FARRAGUT. The feeling with which he will be remembered in this country is like the English regard for Admiral COLLINGWOOD. Both were men of the utmost bravery and of the truest simplicity of character; both were skillful seamen; and the spotless personal career of each commends him to that kind of respect which only follows purity of life. Like General THOMAS, Admiral FARRAGUT was a man of true modesty. He made no merchandise of his fame nor of his services. Like all the best soldiers and sailors of the war, he was ready to do what his country demanded, but he preferred the quarter-deck and the duties of his special profession.

There is this obvious moral in the career of the dead FARRAGUT and THOMAS, as of the living GRANT and SHERMAN and MEADE and SHERIDAN, and all the other distinguished officers of both arms of the service, that it is great occasions which reveal great qualities. Except for the war, Captain FARRAGUT and Major THOMAS would have had no especial remembrance in our history. Their fame and the national gratitude remind us, therefore, of all the power in the ore which there will always be in the country. WASHINGTON IRVING, the most gentle and courteous of men, whose heart never grew old, and whose interest and sympathy for young authors were exhaustless, used to say that it was nothing but opportunity which had given him the kind regard he enjoyed. "The young men are cleverer than we old ones," he said, with his twinkling smile; "but there are too many of them!" It is not necessary to accept his words exactly as he spoke them. But many illustrious men are conscious of the same feeling. Indeed, the modesty of true greatness is often the consciousness that greatness is every where latent.

But it is none the less honored and prized when it appears; and its memory is never more respected and treasured than it will be in the case of the Admiral who has just gone, and whose life, almost literally the whole of it, was devoted to the service of his country. In that long career of fifty-eight years there was no act which his grateful country will be ashamed to remember; and the name of the good Admiral will go down to the gratitude of our children, hallowed by the affection of those who personally knew him.

ENGLISH NEUTRALITY IN THE WAR.

IT would be a very serious misfortune if the conduct of England, as a neutral power, should lead to misunderstanding with Germany. Her immediate neighborhood, and her commercial character, and the fact that she is almost the sole common carrier in the war, combined with the uncertainties of what is called international law, make complications very possible. Meanwhile Mr. GLADSTONE is so honest a man, and so sincerely deprecates war, and he has so little taste for Buncombe, that, in his efforts to be and to seem really neutral, he may add to the confusion. He failed, unfortunately, at the opening of the war, to do more than deplore it. While he did that he should have placed England in a firm and heroic attitude, especially upon the publication of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S secret intrigues against Belgium, by declaring that England would take care that the neutrality of Belgium was respected. By the treaty with France, since the war began, that has, indeed, been formally accomplished; but the apparent hesitation and reluctance of England, at the outset, has been a serious blow to her prestige.

It appears, from the dispatch of Earl GRANVILLE, the British Foreign Minister, to the English representatives in Germany, that there is an impression in that country that England violates her neutrality by selling munitions of war, horses, and coal to France. Lord GRANVILLE replies to this charge, that England faithfully observes her neutrality, because equal facilities are given to both belligerents, and that no neutral power can decide what is and what is not contraband, nor totally prevent as well as prohibit the export of contraband material. He adds that Prussian authorities have not considered coal contraband, and that its export to neutral ports could not be prohibited; that no munitions of war have been exported to France, and that horses have gone equally to both countries. But the difficulty lies in the nature of the case. When a nation departs from strict neutrality, giving no assistance to either belligerent, and adopts impartial neutrality, as England has done, the lines are so vague that they can not always be discerned. Impartial neutrality is almost impossible in fact, however smooth in theory, because every act under this name must be more beneficial to one of the belligerents than to the other. It is for this reason that the better practice of nations tends to strict neutrality.

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It is conceded that to carry to a belligerent articles useful in war is an offense for which the neutral taken in the act may be punished by the injured state. But it is very difficult, and, in fact, impracticable for a neutral government to watch trade so narrowly as to prevent such carriage, and Lord GRANVILLE is correct in saying that it can not be done. Moreover, in the absence of express treaty stipulations, it is difficult to decide what is contraband. The history of custom upon this subject shows that there are the widest differences of opinion. The treaty of 1794, between the United States and Great Britain, made many kinds of naval stores contraband, and whatever serves for the equipment of vessels, excepting "unwrought iron and fir planks." Money has been sometimes contraband by treaty, sometimes excepted. So with provisions and horses. But, as we have hitherto stated, articles of use in war are constantly changing with the progress of invention, so that no precise rule can be established in the absence of specific treaty.

And even in that case the good feeling of belligerents toward a neutral will depend upon the evidence of his moral sympathy. We, for instance, are neutral in the present war, and it is to be hoped that we shall remain so. But, of course, our sympathy is not neutral, and the French, if they could read our papers, and know the real feeling of the country, would feel much less kindly toward us than the Germans. And it is to this sympathy that we must confide the mutual good understanding of Germany and England. Meanwhile the condition of the universal sympathy with Germany in this contest is well understood. It is not with any dynastic ambitions, nor are such ambitions sought to be gratified. An effort at territorial aggrandizement beyond the German frontier would bring upon Prussia a coalition of civilization. There is no misapprehension upon this point, nor does any thoughtful man in Europe or America really suppose that such an attempt would follow the war. We may fairly anticipate as the result of the contest the actual union of Germany, and the emancipation of France from personal government. Should it be prolonged, other and unforeseen changes, arising from the social discontent of Europe, must be expected.

A VIRTUOUS *IF*.

IT was lately announced from Spain that if the insurrection in Cuba was not suppressed by September, fifteen thousand more troops would be sent out. This statement was made the occasion of a dispatch from Washington that the island was to be given up to fire and sword. And thereupon the enemies of the Administration loudly declared that General GRANT had surrendered the Monroe doctrine, had betrayed the honor of the country, and had made the United States responsible for the mad slaughter and devastation which were about to take place in Cuba. It is not easy to imagine a more ludicrous assault, and it shows how little serious objection can be urged against the Administration, when such an absurd assertion is gravely made. *If* an increased force is sent from Spain—*if* it proceeds to slay, burn, and torture—*if* the wretched island is soaked in blood, and *if* the United States Government sees the laws of war violated and humanity outraged without a protest, then, indeed, it would betray the honor of the country and outrage the national feeling. There is much virtue in *if*. As for the Monroe doctrine, it would have as much to do with it as the tariff of the German Zollverein.

The position of the United States toward the Cuban difficulty, under this Administration, has been honorable, unmistakable, and consistent with the best traditions of the government. It has been honorable, for the Government has vigilantly executed its own laws, and has faithfully observed its treaty engagements. It has been unmistakable, because its action has been frank and open. It has been consistent with our best traditions, because, while not concealing the natural sympathy of American citizens for all people striving for independence and self-government, it has uniformly repudiated the doctrine that every government may properly take part in every quarrel, and has asserted that the question of belligerency is one of fact, and not of sympathy. It has remembered and emulated the honorable position of President WASHINGTON, when war raged between the then recent enemy and friend of the United States; and it has borne steadily in mind, as its rule of action, what President MONROE said of his own Administration when it accorded belligerent rights to the Spanish colonies of South America, fifty years ago: "As soon as the movement assumed such a steady and consistent form as to make the success of the provinces probable, the rights to which they were entitled by the laws of nations, as equal parties to a civil war, were extended to them."

Meanwhile, as the contest in Cuba has been occasionally conducted upon both sides with unjustifiable ferocity, our Government has made the most earnest and emphatic remonstrance; and it is unquestionably this position of the United States which has restrained the struggle, upon the whole, within the rules of civilized warfare. That the Spanish Minister in Washington misunderstands this position is an absurd conjecture. No man knows better than he the character and tendency of the situation. No man so authoritatively as he would insist that the rules of war must be respected in Cuba by his Government, because he understands that nothing would so immediately decide public opinion and the Government of the United States upon practical interference in Cuba as a Spanish policy of fire and sword. If the story of the dispatch from Washington were true, and Spain proposed to begin slaughtering and burning in September, the United States Government would immediately interfere, and upon principles as familiar and honorable and acknowledged as those upon which it has hitherto proceeded.

Nothing is more conclusively recognized than the right of nations to interfere in a quarrel which is waged in a manner repugnant to humanity, and even to insist upon interference by war. Great Britain, France, and Russia so interfered for the Greeks against Turkey in 1827, when the combined fleet of those powers destroyed the Turco-Egyptian fleet in the harbor of Navarino, and secured the independence of Greece. WHEATON declares that the plea of humanity alone, without regard to the interests of commerce or of European repose, was a sufficient justification. There were similar interferences between Holland and Belgium, and between Turkey and Egypt. They are among the most familiar facts of recent history, and he must have an amusing conception of the present Government of Spain to suppose it ignorant of them, and a most contemptuous regard for its common-sense to imagine that it would provoke such inevitable interference in Cuba from the United States. If Spain should do what it is alleged that she proposes to do in Cuba, the prompt and peremptory remonstrance of the United States Government would be the more powerful from its honorable attitude in the contest hitherto.

BURNING OF DARIEN, GEORGIA.

ROBERT F. CLUTE, Rector, and W. ROBERT GIGNILLIAT, Senior Warden of St. Andrew's Church, Darien, Georgia, have published an appeal "to the members of the Episcopal Church and all other friends of religion and education in the United States," asking relief for their parish.

This appeal begins by a statement concerning a young officer in the service of the United States who subsequently fell, at the head of his regiment, in the assault upon Fort Wagner. It is in these words:

"June 11, 1863, without an engagement, the town of Darien, Georgia, was taken and burned by the United States colored troops, Colonel SHAW, Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, commanding."

This statement is incorrect in so far as it refers to Colonel SHAW, Colonel MONTGOMERY having been the officer in command.

Colonel SHAW's opinion respecting the burning of Darien may be learned from the following extracts from letters written by him at the time, which we publish as an act of justice toward all concerned in that affair:

"ST. SIMON'S ISLAND, *June* 14, 1863.

"*His Excellency* JOHN A. ANDREW, *Governor of Massachusetts:*

"DEAR SIR,—....On the 10th and 11th inst. we took part in an expedition under Colonel MONTGOMERY. We met no enemy, and our only exploits were the capture of 85 bales of cotton, and the burning of the town of Darien. The latter performance disgusted me exceedingly. I never knew before of a town being burned to the ground without some good reason, especially when it contained only old men, women, and children."

"*June* 12, 1863.—....About noon we came in sight of Darien....MONTGOMERY said to me, 'I shall burn this town.'....I told him that I did not want the responsibility, and he was only too happy to take it all on his own shoulders; so the pretty little place was burned to the ground....One of my companies assisted, because he ordered them out, and I had to obey.... The reason he gave me for destroying Darien was that the Southerners must be made to feel that this was a real war, and that they were to be swept away by the hand of God like the Jews of old. In theory this may seem all right to some; but when it comes to being made the instrument of the Lord's vengeance, I myself don't like it. Then he says: 'We are outlawed, and therefore not bound by the rules of regular warfare.' But that makes it none the less revolting to wreak our vengeance on the innocent and defenseless. ....I have not yet made up my mind as to what I ought to do. Besides my own distaste for this barbarous kind of warfare, I am not sure that it will not be very injurious to the reputation of black troops and of those connected with them. For myself, I have gone through the war so far without dishonor, and I do not like to degenerate into a plunderer and a robber; and the same applies to every officer in my regiment. If it were the order of our government to overrun the South with fire and sword, I might look at it in a different light, for then we should be carrying out what had been decided upon as a necessary policy. As the case stands, we are no better than 'Semmes,' who attacks and destroys defenseless vessels.

"MONTGOMERY, from what I have seen of him, is a conscientious man, and really believes what he says: 'That he is doing his duty to the best of his knowledge and ability.'

"There are only two courses for me to pursue: To obey orders and say nothing, or to refuse to go on any such expeditions, and be put under arrest—probably court-martialed—which is a serious thing."

"*June* 13, 1863.—I am going to write to General HUNTER's Assistant Adjutant-General; for, unless MONTGOMERY has orders from head-quarters to lay the country in ruins, I am determined to refuse to obey his orders in that respect."

"*June* 22, 1863.—MONTGOMERY returned from Hilton Head this morning....He found General GILLMORE, who has relieved General HUNTER, very friendly and anxious to second him in every way, with the exception of the burning business—so that is satisfactorily settled. MONTGOMERY now tells me that he acted entirely under orders, and was at first very much opposed to it himself, but finally changed his mind."

"*June* 28, 1863.—....I think now, as I did at the time of the burning of Darien, that such wanton destruction is cruel, barbarous, impolitic, and degrading to ourselves and our men; and I shall always rejoice that I expressed myself just as I did....It is rather hard that my men, my officers, and myself should have to bear part of the abuse for that affair, when they—the officers, at least—all felt exactly as I did about it."

"ST. SIMON'S ISLAND, *June* 14, 1863.

"*Lieut.-Col.* HALPINE, *A. A. G. 10th A. C. & Dep. of the South:*

"DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to ask you a private question, which, of course, you are at liberty to answer or not?

"Has Colonel MONTGOMERY orders from General HUNTER to burn and destroy all towns and dwelling-houses he may capture? On the 11th inst., as you know, we took the town of Darien without opposition, the place being occupied, so far as we ascertained, by non-combatants. Colonel MONTGOMERY burned it to the ground, and, at leaving finally, shelled it from the river. If he does this on his own responsibility, I shall refuse to have a share in it, and take the consequences; but, of course, if it is an order from head-quarters, it is a different matter; as in such case I suppose it to have been found necessary to adopt that policy. He ordered me, if separated from him, to burn all the planters' houses I came across.

"Now I am perfectly ready to burn any place which resists, and gives some reason for such a proceeding; but it seems to me barbarous to turn women and children adrift in that way; and if I am only assisting Colonel MONTGOMERY in a private enterprise of his own, it is very distasteful to me.

"I am aware that this is not a military way of getting information, and I hope you will feel that I shall not be hurt if you refuse to answer my question.

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"ROBERT G. SHAW,
"Colonel Commanding Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment."

NOTES.

IN an old book of travels, which may be found in almost every library, there is a curious account of the ludicrous prejudices of one of the tribes in the interior of New Holland. Thus, if a bald-headed foreigner suddenly appears among them, the savages of the tribe, after one look at him, close their doors and refuse to receive him, as if he were accursed. We who are civilized, and especially those of us who wear wigs, know, however, that a bald-headed man is as good as the rest of us. But in the interior of New Holland they have a great deal to learn. Upon reflection, however, it was not New Holland, it was New York, that the book must have described. For we find the following paragraph in the latest newspaper:

"The steamship *Palmyra*, from Liverpool, *via* Queenstown, brought to this port, among other passengers, President ROYE of the Liberian Republic in Africa, and his private secretary. They applied for admission at several well-known hotels, but were not permitted to enter on account of their color."

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL, of Cincinnati, has been warmly received by his Roman Catholic brethren upon his return from the Œcumenical Council. But we observe that he is reported to have said that the declaration of Infallibility is not binding until it has been signed by the bishops, and formally promulgated by the Pope. The Council, however, anathematized any one who should say that Œcumenical Councils are "superior to the Roman Pontiff or equal to him, or necessary by divine institution to the completion of the Infallible Magistracy of the Bishop of Rome." This being so, what possible difference can it make whether the Council decree the Pope to be infallible or not? If he is infallible whether the Council say so or not, why should the doctrine of his infallibility not be binding until the declaration of the Council is published? If the Council had declined to decree the infallibility, would the Pope not be infallible? And if the decree was necessary to establish the infallibility, how could infallibility be "complete" without it? We do not observe that the Archbishop treated these questions.

GENERAL COX, the Secretary of the Interior, has written a letter denouncing the practice of levying a tax upon public officers for political expenses. This is only one of the good services of the Secretary, who, in his annual report at the opening of the last session of Congress, made an admirable exposure of the iniquities and absurdities of our present civil service system. The justification of the tax levied upon the government clerks is that their places are prizes which they receive from the party, and if they are not willing to pay a percentage upon their salary, there are plenty of equally capable and meritorious members of the party who would gladly pay a larger tax upon the same salaries. By such persuasive arguments complaint is silenced, and the philosophic inquirer is told at head-quarters that nobody is compelled to pay: gentlemen are only asked how much they would like to contribute to the expense fund of the party! The honest salaries of government clerks are so moderate that this invitation naturally stimulates them to discover how the profits of their positions may be increased. The political tax upon the government clerks is a premium upon fraud.

"SENTINEL," the courteous and long-experienced correspondent of the *World*, describes a recent visit of farewell to Mr. SEWARD, at Auburn. As they looked at a portrait of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, for whom Mr. SEWARD has always expressed the profoundest respect, Mr. SEWARD described a conversation with him more than a quarter of a century ago. Mr. ADAMS asked how long the contest between freedom and slavery would last. Mr. SEWARD answered, "About twenty-five years." "How will it come?" "By peaceful agitation," replied Mr. SEWARD, characteristically. "No, no," exclaimed Mr. ADAMS; "its end is to come only by a terrible war." "Sentinel" says that Mr. SEWARD has no fixed plan for his Oriental journey, and contemplates it as quietly as if he were seventeen rather than seventy. He "goes the world over with a light heart and clear head."

A ROMAN CATHOLIC clergyman in New York asked, in a sermon, the other evening, whether "parents fulfill their duties by sending their children to the godless State schools," etc. But are all schools godless in which a catechism is not taught? Does the excellent priest think, for instance, that botany and astronomy are godless studies? He asked: "Do parents imagine that one half hour in the week at Sunday-school is enough to teach their children religion?" Evidently, if they do not, they will have them taught religion more than half an hour in the week.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE dispatches from the seat of war in Europe are still confused and contradictory, the only intelligence that admits of no doubt whatever being that a series of terrible and exhausting battles has taken place between the French and German armies around Metz, with what results, beyond a slaughter almost without parallel in modern warfare, can only be conjectured. The German dispatches assert the complete discomfiture of the French under Marshal Bazaine, and their retreat within the walls of Metz. This is denied by Count Palikao, who stated on August 20, in the Corps Legislatif, that the Prussian attack on Bazaine was signally repulsed. Unofficial reports from Paris state that Marshal Bazaine at the latest dates still held a position from which he could march on either Verdun or Metz, as circumstances demanded. All the probabilities are, however, in favor of the Prussian statements.

To enable our readers to form a clearer idea of the present scene of hostilities than could be obtained from an ordinary map, we publish a carefully drawn bird's-eye view of the seat of war, forming a double-page pictorial map, on which are laid down all the places where battles have been fought, together with an accurate representation of the surface of the country. With the aid of this map, and a few words of explanation, our readers can form a pretty accurate notion of the progress of the war up to the 21st of August. After the defeat of M'Mahon at Weissenburg, and of Frossard at Saarbrück, the French under Marshal Bazaine were concentrated between Etain and Faiquemont, covering Metz. On the approach of the Prussian centre and right wing, under the command of the Prince Royal and General Steinmetz, Marshal Bazaine withdrew within the fortifications. This was August 13; on the 14th he attempted to evacuate the city. The movement was discovered by the Prussians when only one-half his army had crossed the Moselle. They at once attacked the retiring column, and a fierce fight ensued, in which the Prussians lost enormously in killed and wounded, but gained the object of the battle, which was to delay the retreat of the French. On the 15th the Prussians made a reconnoissance in force to the west of Metz, which disclosed the fact that the main body of the French army had crossed the Moselle. Portions of the Prince Royal's army were immediately sent in pursuit, crossing the Moselle at Pont à Mousson, some miles southward of Metz, and pushing northward to intercept the French. On the morning of August 16 the two armies met between Gravelotte and Doncourt, west of Metz, where a severe series of battles took place, resulting in the defeat of the Prussians. The French right reached Mars la Tour the next day. At this point it was immediately attacked by the Prince Royal's army. Fresh troops, moving from Pont à Mousson, had outflanked the French, and interposed between them and Verdun. Marshal Bazaine claims to have held his ground this day; and it is clear that the Prussians were every where repulsed. It appears, however, that the fighting resulted in the retirement of the French in the direction of Metz to Rezonville, where they prepared for another struggle.

Here Bazaine, who had chosen a very strong position, was attacked on the 18th by the army of Frederick Charles in front, and on the flank and rear by that of Von Steinmetz. After an engagement which, by all accounts, was the deadliest of the whole series of battles, the French appear to have been beaten and forced back to Metz, where the Prussians claim they must now stand a siege, their communication with Verdun and Chalons being broken.

On the 19th the Emperor was at Chalons, and visited several army corps. M'Mahon was in command of the troops, and an encounter with the army of the Crown Prince was considered imminent.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

Late advices from Mexico declare that the government of that country is completely bankrupt. It is also stated that Romero will probably leave the Cabinet and return to his former post as Minister to the United States.

A recent Havana dispatch says that the Spanish Colonial Minister has intimated to Captain-General De Rodas that, if the rebellion is not suppressed by September 1, 15,000 more Spanish troops will be sent to Cuba.

Cardinal Antonelli has addressed a letter to the Papal Nuncio in Belgium regarding the obligation upon the Church to observe the Apostolic constitution, including the infallibility dogma.

Displeasure is expressed in London at the retreat of the Queen to Balmoral at the present crisis in European affairs, and a regency, with the Prince of Wales at the head, is spoken of.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the painter, is seriously ill.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE funeral of the late Admiral Farragut took place August 17 at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. A large number of prominent military and naval officers, and other distinguished citizens, were present, and the procession was a mile in length. The services were conducted by Rev. R. W. Clark, of Portsmouth, assisted by Rev. Dr. Montgomery, of this city. Dr. Montgomery delivered a eulogistic address on the life and services of the illustrious deceased. The body was placed in a vault at Portsmouth, but will be removed to Annapolis, Maryland, for final interment.

The Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, has published a letter announcing his adhesion to the Republican party of that State. He says for years to come that party must control the State, and opposition to it will perpetuate and increase existing evils.

A meeting of New England capitalists and prominent Canadian lumbermen was recently held at Ottawa, Canada, with a view to forward the construction of a ship canal from the St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain.

Mr. Whittemore has formally withdrawn his name as a candidate for member of the Forty-second Congress in the Columbia District, South Carolina.

General Stoneman has concluded a treaty with the Yarapai-Apache Indians of Arizona, whereby they agree to protect the whites within their boundaries from depredations by other bands. In Texas the Indians continue to commit depredations, and are more troublesome than ever.

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THE FIRST PRINTERS.

IN one of the squares of the old imperial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main stands the handsome monument, represented on this page, erected to the memory of GUTENBERG, FAUST, and SCHÖFFER, who were associated in the earliest development of the art of printing. FAUST, or FUST, as his name was sometimes written, probably had no share in the invention of the art; and his connection with it began in 1450, when GUTENBERG, having expended a fortune in experimenting, induced the former to enter into partnership with him, and advance funds to establish the business of printing at Mayence. The only known productions of the press of FAUST and GUTENBERG are an indulgence granted by Pope NICHOLAS V. to PAULINUS CHAPPE, Embassador of the King of Cyprus (of which thirteen copies, printed on vellum in 1454, remain), and two copies of a second edition, printed the following year, and an appeal to Christendom against the Turks, supposed to have been printed in 1454. In 1455 FAUST had a disagreement with GUTENBERG, and put an end to the partnership by suing the latter for his advances. He gained his suit, and obtained possession of most of the stock in satisfaction of the debt. He then took into partnership his son-in-law, PETER SCHÖFFER, who had been in their employment, and who had perfected the process of making movable metallic type by the invention of the punch.

FAUST and SCHÖFFER for several years kept the printing process a secret, and produced many works, among which was the first printed edition of a classic author—the *De Officiis* and *Paradoxa* of CICERO—a copy of which is in the Astor Library. In 1462 Mayence was sacked by the troops of ADOLF of Nassau, and FAUST'S establishment was broken up. His workmen were scattered, and his secret was divulged by them in other countries.

The pedestal of this monument, which also serves as a public fountain, is of fine sandstone. The figures are of bronze, and colossal in size. The central figure is that of GUTENBERG, holding in his hand a specimen of the newly invented movable type; on his right is SCHÖFFER, and on his left FAUST. The medallions, thirteen in number, on the frieze, are the heads of celebrated printers. Four sitting figures on separate pedestals represent Theology, Poetry, Natural Science, and Industry. Underneath these are four heads of beasts, which serve as water-spouts, and also to represent the four quarters of the globe—indicating the universality of the art.

MONUMENT TO GUTENBERG, FAUST, AND SCHÖFFER, IN FRANKFORT.

BARON VON MOLTKE.

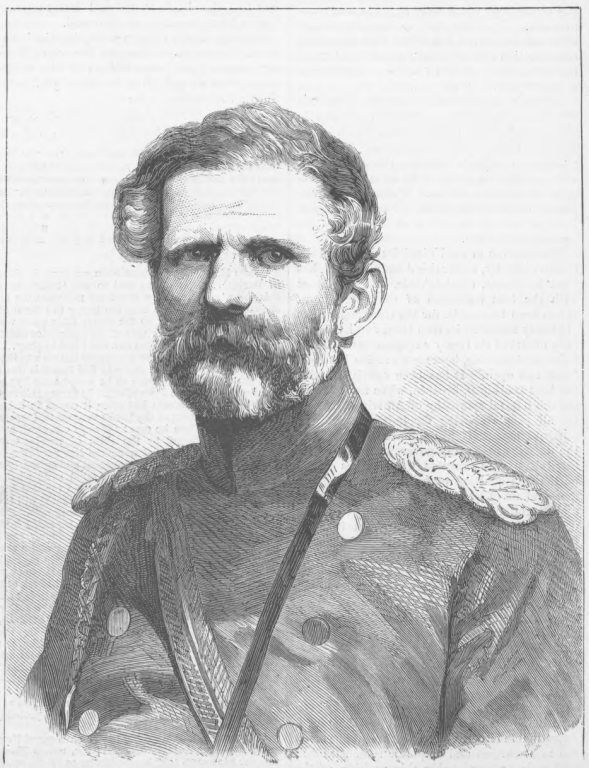
THIS able general, to whom the Prussians undoubtedly owe the magnificent and surprising successes that have attended their invasion of France, is very like General GRANT in character, of unassuming manners, and reticent to a degree that would drive an interviewer mad. It is said he seldom speaks to any body, and, though familiar with seven languages, can never be drawn into conversation. The following anecdote, which we find in a London paper, is very characteristic of him. Just before the war a well-known and extensive speculator in stocks met him on the street, and, desiring to get a hint for future use, as there was already much talk of an outbreak between France and Prussia, ventured to ask him, "Well, General, how are things getting on?" "Thank you, Sir," was the old gentleman's reply, "my rye crops are getting on beautifully, but my potatoes are very backward." The speculator took the hint, and forebore to press his inquiries. The General can hardly feel dissatisfied with the way things have been getting on with him since.

GENERAL MANTEUFFEL.

GENERAL MANTEUFFEL, whose portrait is given on this page, has acted a prominent part in the military and diplomatic history of Prussia during the past fifty years. He was engaged in the Schleswig-Holstein war, and in the war with Austria had command of the Prussian troops in South Germany, and made short work with the armies of Bavaria and the other smaller German states. After levying a forced loan of thirty millions of florins upon the inhabitants of Frankfort-on-the-Main, he marched his corps, on the 23d of July, 1866, toward the Tauber. On the following day he engaged and defeated the Baden troops near Werbach, and the combined troops of Austria, Würtemberg, Nassau, and Hesse near Bischofsheim; and on the 25th the whole of the Eighth Corps of the Federal army at Gerchsheim, and the Bavarians at Helmstadt. On the 27th he was before Würzburg, and commenced the bombardment of the Marienberg. This was rapid work, and none the less effective and important because it was performed with a comparatively small force; for it prevented the South German states from sending active assistance to Austria, and prepared the way for the consolidation of several provinces with Prussia. As Governor of Frankfort he ruled the inhabitants of that city with a rod of iron, and earned their hearty ill-will by his harsh and arbitrary measures. On the close of the war he was intrusted with an important mission to the Russian court.

Thus far the name of General MANTEUFFEL has not appeared prominently in accounts of the advance into French territory. It appears from recent dispatches that he was in command of the Prussian reserves in the battles before Metz. He now commands the First Corps.

BARON VON MOLTKE.



GENERAL MANTEUFFEL.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER XII.

Preparations for the Voyage.—Getting in Ballast.—The Departure.—Losing their Provisions.—Sea-sickness.—In a Heavy Sea.—Land in Sight at Last.—Taken from the Boat.

THE boat, being entirely empty, floated very lightly upon the water. The first thing to be done, therefore, to prepare her for sea was to ballast her. The men were all ready for this operation, for they had previously brought from the wreck a number of the "pigs" of iron which had formed the ballast of the *Grafton*, and had arranged them on the shore ready to be put on board. So Mr. Raynal clambered up the side of the boat and descended through one of the scuttles into the hold, and there received the blocks of iron as the other men passed them up to him and placed them in a row in the bottom of the boat over the keel. This brought the boat down properly into the water and gave her the requisite steadiness. They afterward covered the ballast with a platform of boards, and secured the boards in place by transverse pieces nailed firmly to the ribs on each side.

When this operation was completed they found that the boat was immersed to the depth of about two feet in the water, so that all the old portion was submerged, leaving no part of the hull to be seen above water except the new portion which they had added. They moved her out to where the wreck was lying and fastened her safely there on the side of the wreck toward the shore, where she would be sheltered from winds or seas driving in from the bay, in case of bad weather intervening during the time that they were making their preparations for departure.

On the nineteenth of July every thing was ready. Their little tank was filled with water, and they had put on board a supply of seal for food. It was midwinter with them by the calendar, but the sun had passed the solstice, so that the days were growing longer; and, as their preparations were made, they concluded to take the risk of commencing their voyage. It had been agreed by common consent that George and Harry, who were the two youngest and most vigorous of the party, should remain behind under a solemn covenant on the part of those who were to go that, if they succeeded in reaching any port, they would immediately do their utmost to send them succor.

Before the embarkation they all assembled in the cabin for religious service. They there joined in prayer to God that he would take them under his protecting care, both those who were to embark on a voyage in which they must necessarily be exposed to great hardship and suffering, and which was so uncertain as to its termination, and also those who were to be left behind alone and unprovided for on that desolate island. Then after a fraternal embrace they repaired to the boat, which had been drawn up at a convenient place on the shore. There Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave took farewell of the two who were to be left, and then went on board. They immediately hoisted sail and began to move rapidly down the bay, leaving their companions on the rocks watching them despondingly as they glided away.

The morning was cold, but the sky was clear, and the wind was fair. At eleven o'clock they passed out between the two capes which formed the entrance of the great bay. There was still, however, a line of reefs through which some opening was to be found. They went on to the northward, keeping near the shore till they came, at about three o'clock, to such a passage, and then passed out into the open sea. The *Rescue* sailed, as they judged, at the rate of about six miles an hour. She rode the seas very well, but the joints admitted some water. They could, however, easily keep her clear by means of the pump, but not until their stock of seal meat was soaked with the salt-water and spoiled.

They went on very prosperously for a time, with the exception of the misfortune of losing their provisions, until at length the peaks of the Auckland Islands sank below the horizon. They continued their course to the northward, cheered somewhat by the thought that every mile of their progress brought them not only nearer to their hoped-for haven, but nearer also to the returning sun. Gradually the wind and sea began to rise. The motion at length became so violent that they were all attacked with sea-sickness, notwithstanding all their past experience of the sea. Their situation now became extremely distressing. Night came on. The billows increased in magnitude and violence until at length the boat was repeatedly overwhelmed by them, and was enveloped now and then also by driving gusts of snow and hail. At length, about three o'clock in the morning, a sea struck them so violently as to throw the boat entirely over upon her beam ends. Indeed, so tremendous and so bewildering was the concussion that it seemed to them as if she was rolled over and about in the water like a cork floating at the mercy of the waves.

As soon, however, as the surge had passed, the ballast, which fortunately had been very firmly secured in its place, brought the boat again into her proper position; but the same accident happened to them two or three times during the night.

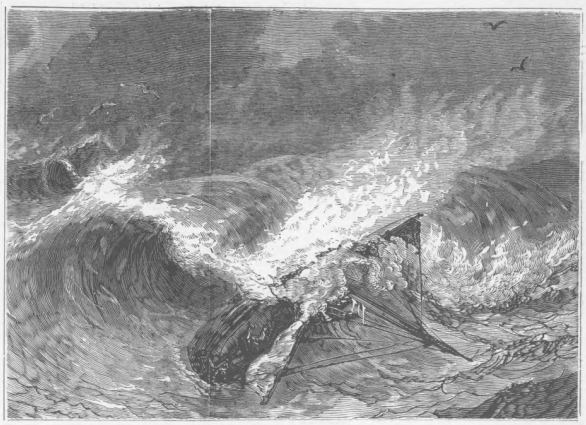
They passed three days and three nights in this way without any material change. It would be impossible to describe the sufferings that they endured. At length, on the fourth day, the storm died away, and the sea became calm again.

While the storm continued the wind had driven them forward rapidly on their way; and on the fourth day, to their great joy, so far as they had strength left for any emotion whatever, they came in sight of land. The land was Stewart Island, the southernmost portion of the New Zealand group. But the wind had now so entirely gone down that their sail was useless. They had their oars, but they were so completely exhausted that they could not use them. Besides the exhaustion consequent upon having been buffeted so mercilessly by the wind and sea, they had had no food for three days.

They remained thus all day, in sight of land, but unable to advance toward it. In the evening a breeze sprang up, but they did not dare to attempt to go in among the rocks and shoals that bordered the shore while it was dark. So they lay to outside till morning. In the morning they went in and found their way to the entrance of a small harbor. In turning round a point of land they saw a creek bordered by huts, with gardens adjoining them.

They uttered a feeble exclamation of joy at this sight. As they went nearer they saw a white man on the beach attended by a large Newfoundland dog. He stopped now and then, as he walked along, to play with the dog. At the door of one of the huts a number of native women were sitting, talking together with much gesticulation. At another place some women, with children around them, were spreading clothes upon a fence to dry. Mr. Raynal says it was impossible to conceive the effect which this spectacle of a community of human beings, living in peace and plenty in their homes, produced upon them.

The dog seemed to be the first to observe them, and, by barking, called general attention to the sight of a sail-boat coming into the harbor. The whole village was immediately thrown into a state of the wildest excitement. They flocked to the shore at the place where the boat grounded, as she touched the sand of the beach. The little strength that remained to the men on



IN A HEAVY SEA.

board, and which had sustained them thus far, instead of being revived and increased by the assurance that they were saved, seemed now to fail them entirely. It was impossible for them to speak in reply to the questions that were asked, and they were taken out of the boat by the white man and the natives, and carried up to a house, utterly helpless, like men actually dying.

The house to which they were taken was that of the white man whom they had seen walking on the beach. His name was Cross. He and his wife were indefatigable in their kind attentions to the sufferers. After warming them and refreshing them with a partial bath of tepid water, they caused food to be prepared for them, the sight of which, spread before them on the table, made them think that their appetites would never be satisfied with it. They found, however, that a very small quantity was all that they could eat, and after taking this they felt an irresistible disposition to sleep. So they all went to bed and slept profoundly until the following morning.

On awaking they found their strength much revived; and, true to their promise, the first thing which occupied their thoughts was the question of finding means to rescue George and Harry, who had been left behind. They conferred with Mr. Cross. He said that the largest vessel there was in that region was a yacht belonging to him, named the *Flying Scud*; but recommended that they should proceed at once to a port and town called Invercargill, which was situated at some distance to the northward, on the southern part of the central island of the group, and separated from Stewart Island, where they then were, by a narrow strait. There, he said, they would find a government office where they could formally report the loss of their vessel, as required by maritime law in such cases, and make arrangements for sending a vessel to rescue the two men.

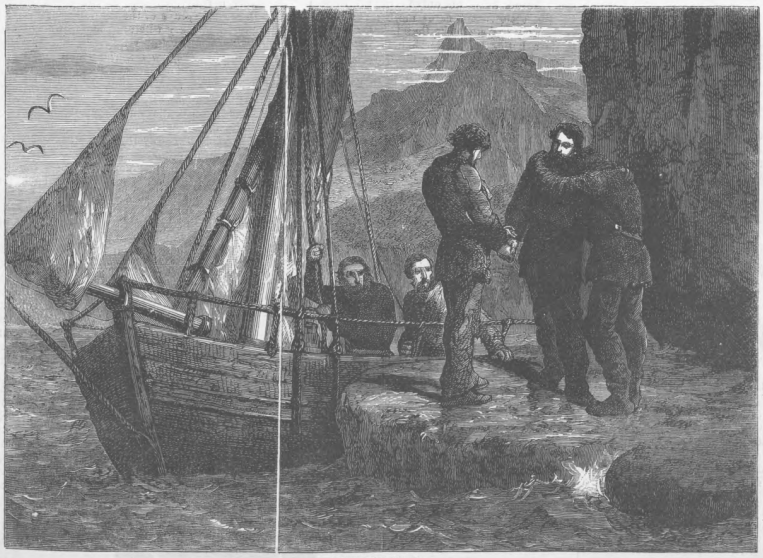
So they all embarked at once on board the *Flying Scud* and proceeded to Invercargill. Their arrival produced a great sensation among the inhabitants of the little town; and as soon as their story was known the people vied with each other in efforts to do them service. They found a home in the house of Mr. Collyer, one of the principal inhabitants of the place. Captain Musgrave made his report at the proper office of the wreck of his vessel. At the same time he informed the officers of the condition of the two men that had been left at the Auckland Islands, and asked that a vessel might be sent out by the government to rescue them.

The officers replied that they had no vessel at their disposal which could be sent, but that they would see by-and-by what could be done. But Captain Musgrave thought that "by-and-by" would be too late.

As soon as these facts became known about the town a great degree of sympathy began to be felt for the two men, and the people determined that, since the government could not do any thing, they would make an attempt themselves. A meeting was called and a subscription was opened for raising the necessary sum to defray the expenses. There was, however, no suitable vessel to be obtained. The only one at command was the yacht *Flying Scud*, which was a sail-boat of only fifteen or sixteen tons burden, built to cruise in the inland waters of the New Zealand group, and to make short voyages, in good weather, along the shore. Mr. Cross, though accustomed to navigate his little vessel within these bounds, was not willing to take the responsibility of finding his way in her across six hundred miles of stormy seas to a group of rocky islets, the approach to which must always be attended with great danger.

Captain Musgrave then, notwithstanding his feeble and exhausted condition, and his intense desire to return to his wife and family by the first vessel going from New Zealand to Sydney, offered to go himself and serve as pilot for the yacht. The preparations for the voyage were immediately made, and in a week from that time she set sail amidst the acclamations of a great crowd of people who assembled on the beach to witness her departure, and who expressed their good wishes for her by long and loud cheering. Mr. Raynal remained behind, for he was in too exhausted and debilitated a condition—owing to his constitution having been enfeebled by his previous sickness, and to his having been thus less able to endure the hardships and exposures of their life when on the island—to have accompanied them, even if his going would have been of any essential service. He shook hands with Captain Musgrave before he went on board, with mingled emotions which it is much more easy to imagine than to describe.

TO BE CONTINUED.



SETTING SAIL.

GOING TO THE FRONT.

THE enthusiasm of the Germans is well illustrated by the following account of the muster and departure of troops from a little town in Brunswick, narrated by an eye-witness: "At two o'clock this morning (July 22) we were awakened by drums at the gates. It was the 'appell' for the men to march. We got up and dressed, and went down to the market-place. Day was just beginning to dawn; a wild, stormy morning, with black clouds hanging all over the sky. The whole place was in uproar, and women and children all streaming toward the market-place, where a band of music was playing national airs. P—— went down with us in a perfect glow of enthusiasm, and burning to be off; but with the other poor fellows there were more tears and sobs than there was enthusiasm, for a great many of them leave wife and children behind. It was a scene I never shall forget. The men, between fifty and sixty, were assembled in the market-place; the gentlemen hastily made a subscription, so that each poor man might at least have a few shillings in his pocket; and then they were told that we promised to care for their families in their absence, or in the case of their not returning. The clergyman of the place mounted on a cart and made a short farewell address, and ended by reading the 46th Psalm: 'God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in time of trouble.' Then the Lord's Prayer was offered up, and amidst tears and sobs the poor fellows went off. They were to have marched to Braunschweig, but the neighboring farmers had all turned out with their carts to drive them there. Now our chief thought is to care for those that are left behind, and to prepare for the wounded. We have promised to subscribe so much a week, and we have been telling the servants that we must agree to certain household retrenchments, so that each one may feel he is doing something. Last week all the horses from all the neighboring farms and villages were assembled in the market-place, and the best picked out for the use of the army. Our friend and neighbor C—— lost his best carriage horses."

Similar scenes to this were witnessed throughout the length and breadth of the country. With an alacrity and enthusiasm paralleled only by the great uprising in this country after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the whole population capable of bearing arms offered themselves for the defense of their beloved father-land; and before the French Emperor was ready to move the Germans were not only prepared for defensive operations, but for that wonderful "promenade" upon French soil which took the world by surprise, and so completely turned the tables upon Napoleon.

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BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GUIDE TO GETHIN.

IT is the spring-time, that time of all the year when those "in city pent" desire most to leave it, if only for a day or two, and breathe the air of the mountain or the sea; the time when the freshest incense arises from the great altar of Nature, and all men would come to worship at it if they could. Even the old, who so far from the East have traveled that they have well-nigh forgotten their priesthood, feel the sacred longing; in their sluggish blood there still beats a pulse in spring-time, as the sap stirs in the ancient tree; but the young turn to the open fields with rapture, and drink the returning sunbeams in like wine. To draw breath beneath the broad sky is to them an intoxication, and the very air kisses their cheek like the red lips of love.

With his face set ever southward or westward, Richard Yorke has traveled afoot for days, nor yet has tired; neither coach nor train has carried him, and all the luggage that he possesses is in the knapsack on his back, to which is strapped his sketch-book, like a shield. He is striding across a heath-clad moor, with stony ridges, and here and there a distant mine-chimney—a desolate barren scene enough, but with sunshine, and a breeze from the unseen sea. It is classic ground, for here, or hereabouts, twelve centuries ago, was fought "that last weird battle in the west," wherein King Arthur perished, and many a gallant knight, Lancelot, or Galahad, may have pricked across that Cornish moor before him on a less promising quest than even his. How silent and how solitary it was; for even what men were near were underground, and not a roof to be seen any where, nor track of man nor beast, nor even a tree. There had been men enough, and beasts and trees too, in old times—heathen and ravening creatures, and huge forests; but it seemed, as the wayfarer looked around him, as though all things had been as he now beheld them from the beginning of creation. Richard, artist though he was by calling, had not the soul to take pleasure in a picture for the filling in of which so much imagination was required; and he turned aside to one of the stony hills, and climbed it, in hopes to see some dwelling-place of man. He was gregarious by nature, and, besides, he was in want of his mid-day meal.

There was feast enough before him for his eyes.

In front lay a great table-land, indented here and there with three chasm-like bays, which showed how high the cliffs were which they cut. In one, nestled a fishing-town, with its harbor; in another, a low white range of cottages hung on the green hill-side; and in the third, at sea, as it appeared, stood up an ancient castle, huge and rugged. This last object was of such enormous size that Richard rubbed his eyes like one in a dream. He had heard of Cornish giants, and certainly here was a habitation fit for the king of them. A lonely church upon the cliff-top beyond it, by affording him some measure of the probable size of this edifice, increased his incredulity. He looked again, and saw that it was not a castle, though the sun yet seemed to light up tower and battlement quite vividly, but only one isolated rock of vast size and picturesque proportions; upon the crown of which, however, there were certainly walls, and what looked to be broken towers. "That must be Gethin," said the young man, cheerily. "I must be at the end of my journey." Unless, indeed, he should take ship, there was not much more opportunity for travel. Before him stretched in all directions the limitless sea.

So magnificent had been the prospect that, when Richard descended and pursued his trackless way again along the moor, he half doubted whether that fair vision had not been a mere figment of his brain; the more so, since what view there was about him seemed now to contract rather than to expand; the horizon grew more limited; and presently nor sea, nor land, nor even sky was to be seen. There was no rain, but his hair and mustache were wet with a fog that was as thick as wool. By touch rather than by sight he presently became aware that he had left the heath, and was walking on downland. Suppose he were nearing the verge of that line of cliffs which he had just seen, and should come to it before he was aware! As he paused, in some apprehension of this, all of a sudden a song broke upon his ear, like a solemn chant:

"Keep us, O keep us, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings."

He did not recognize the words, but the tone in which they were sung, though muffled by the dense atmosphere, struck him as especially sweet and earnest. The next instant, walking rapidly, with a light and graceful motion, the dim figure of a young girl passed in front of him, and the mist closed behind her, though he still heard her pious psalm. Richard stood like one enchanted. Was she an angel sent to warn him of his peril, or an evil spirit clothed in beauty and holiness to lure him on to it? He gave a great shout, and the harmonious voice, already faint, grew still at once. He cried out again: "I am a stranger here, and have lost my way; pray, help me."

Then once more through the mist came the young girl, this time without her song, and stood before him; she was very beautiful, but with a pale face and frightened eyes. "She is crazed, poor soul," thought Richard; and he smiled upon her with genuine pity. She put her hand to her side, as though in pain, or to repress some tumult of her heart.

"Where is it you wish to go, Sir?"

"To Gethin; where there is an inn, I believe. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Sir." Her words were sane and concise enough, but the tone in which they were spoken was tremulous and alarmed.

"You are not afraid of me, are you?" said Richard, in the voice that he had inherited from his mother.

"No, Sir, no," answered she, hurriedly; "only the fog was so thick, and I was startled. I did not expect to find any body here. It is very lonely about Gethin, and we do not in general see any of the quality who come to sketch and such like"—and she pointed to his port-folio—"until much later in the year."

"I am not the quality," rejoined Richard, smiling, "but only a wandering artist, who has heard of the beauties of Gethin. What has been told me, however, comes far short of the reality, believe me;" and he cast a glance of genuine admiration upon the blushing girl.

A slender fair-haired maiden she was, with soft blue eyes, over which the lids were modestly but attractively drooped. One who had a great experience of the sex—if not a very respectable one—has left on record a warning against eyelids. "A wicked woman," says he, "will take you with her eyelids."

It does not, however, require wickedness to ensnare a young gentleman by these simple means.

"I wish, my pretty damsel," said Richard, softly, "that I painted figures instead of landscapes, for then I should ask you to be my model."

It was not modesty so much as sheer ignorance which kept the young girl silent; she had never heard of a painter's model; but the tone in which her new acquaintance spoke implied a compliment, and she looked more confused than ever.

"Have you often so thick a fog as this at Gethin?"

"Not often, Sir; this is a very bad one, and you might have come to harm in it. Some folks believe that in such weather the Pixies come abroad, as they do at night, to mislead travelers who have lost their way; and, indeed, the cliff-top lies not a hundred yards in front of you."

"Oh, you think I was misled by a bad fairy, do you?" returned Richard, in an amused and bantering tone. "Well, at all events, I have now met with a good one; and may I ask what name she goes by?"

"My name is Trevethick, Sir," said the damsel, simply. "I am no angel, but I am going to the place you seek; it is this way, Sir."

It was evident that his banter had not pleased her. The same tone that is found agreeable in the town does not always prove welcome in the country. She motioned with her hand to the southward, and began to walk so fast that Richard could not easily keep pace with her.

"But are there really fairies about here?" inquired he, seriously. "I am quite a stranger to these parts, and should be glad to learn all I can."

"Nay, Sir, I can not say; I have myself never seen one, though I know some who have, or say they have. There are tales of worse than Pixies told about that moor you have come across. You might have met the Demon Horse that tempts the tired traveler to mount him, and then carries him nobody knows whither; but, for certain, he is never seen again."

"Then the spirits about here are all bad, are they? I suppose to make up for the goodness and the beauty of the mortals, eh?"

"Nay, they are not all bad, Sir," continued the young girl, gravely; "the Spriggans, who guard the buried treasures of the giants, have often helped a poor man out of their store; or, at least, 'tis said so."

"And the giants—are they all dead?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir, long ago," answered the damsel; "though that they lived here once is true enough. There's Bonza's Chair, you must have passed before the fog came on, and could not but have noticed; and the hurling-stones he used to throw for pastime with his brother, they are to be seen still; but all that about his having such long arms that he could snatch the sailors from the decks of ships as they went by, is, in my judgment, but an old wife's tale, and I don't credit it. There, see, Sir; the fog is thinning; that is the castle yonder. When you see it thus in air it is a sign of storm."

The mist, instead of lifting, was growing less dense above, as it melted before the rays of the sun, and the ruin which Richard had seen from the hill-range was now once more visible, without the pedestal of rock on which it was placed. It was a glorious sight, though weird and spectral, and the young painter halted in mute admiration. The scene seemed scarcely of the earth at all.

"Most folks are pleased with that when they first see it," remarked his companion, with the flattered air of one who exhibits some wonder of his own to a well-pleased stranger. "You are very lucky, Sir; it is not often one gets so good a view."

"I am lucky, too, in having so fair a guide to show it me," said Richard, gallantly. "There is a church in air too: what is that?"

"That is Gethin church, Sir. It stands all by itself, a mile from the village; but folks say that the tower was first built for a landmark for the ships, and that the church and church-yard were added afterward."

"Then people die here, do they, even in this land of dreams?" said Richard, half to himself.

"Die, Sir? Oh yes," answered the young girl, sadly; "my own mother died two years ago, and lies buried there in yonder lonesome place. But it is not usual for Gethin folks to die so young, except by shipwreck."

"Are there many wrecks here, then?"

"Yes, Sir, and will be to all time; our church-yard is half full of drowned men. On the nights before storm, up yonder, you may hear them calling out each other's names."

"Have *you* ever heard them?"

"Not I, Sir, thanks be to Heaven. I would not venture there at night for the best cargo that ever came to Turlock."

"Where is Turlock?"

"The port there behind us, Sir; you can see the houses now, but not the harbor. It winds beneath the cliff, so that a ship can scarcely make it, save in smooth weather, though, when it once does so, it is safe enough. To see the great green waves rush in and turn, and turn, and waste themselves in their wild fury, as though they searched for it in anger—ah! it's an awful sight."

"That is in winter-time only, I suppose?"

"Nay, Sir; we have storms at other seasons. Whenever I see such a sign as the castle without the crag—it's all clear now, you see, because the wind is rising—then am I thankful that my father is no sailor. Most folk are such at Gethin that are not miners."

"Then your father is a miner, is he?"

"No, Sir, not now, though he once was. Every body knows John Trevethick about here, and why he don't work underground."

"How was that, then?" inquired Richard, with interest. "You must remember I am a stranger, and know nothing."

"Well, Sir, it was years ago, and before I was born. Father was just married, though he was not a young man for a bridegroom, and was down Turlock pit-hole with Harry Coe (Solomon's father), putting in shot for blasting. They had worked underground together for five-and-twenty years, and were fast friends, though Coe was an older man, and a widower, with Solomon almost of age. They were deep down in the shaft, and one at a time was all that the man at the windlass above could haul up; and they had put in their shot, and given them the signal. One was to go up first, of course, and then the second to light the match, and follow him with all speed. Now, while they were still both at the bottom, it struck Coe that the match was too long, and he took a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp one, to cut it shorter. He did cut it shorter, but at the same time kindled the match. Both shouted their loudest, and sprang at the basket, but the man at the windlass could not lift the double weight. You see, Sir, it was certain death to both of them, unless one should give way. Then Coe jumped out, crying to father: 'Go aloft, John. In one minute I shall be in heaven.' It was he who had caused the disaster, and therefore, as he doubtless thought, should be the one to suffer for it; besides, he reflected, perhaps, that he was an old man, and had no bride at home to mourn for him; still, it was a noble deed, and I never denied it."

"Denied it!" exclaimed Richard; "I should think not. Why should you?" and he looked up with wonder into his companion's face. It was one blush from brow to chin.

"Well, Sir," continued she, disregarding his interruption, "my father was hurried up; and as he looked over the basket the charge exploded, and the great stones flew up and blackened his face. In a minute more he was safe above-ground."

"But the poor man below?"

"He was dead, Sir. It could not have been otherwise. Father took it so to heart that he never did a day's work underground again. And when I was born, a few months afterward, I was christened Harry—though that's a lad's name—in memory of the friend that saved his life by the sacrifice of his own."

"He might well have done that, and even more," said Richard, "if more could have been done."

"That's just what father says, Sir," answered the young girl, quietly. "But when things have happened so long ago—before one was born—they don't come home to one quite so strong, you see. Father keeps not only his old gratitude, but his old tastes. He cares more for mines and machinery and such like than for any thing else; he is a better mechanic than any in Turlock, where I have just been to the watch-maker's to get him some steel springs. You should see the locks he makes, and the rings he turns. He will be so pleased if you ask him to show them to you."

"I shall certainly ask him to do so, if I get the chance," said Richard, eagerly. "Is that your house with the pretty garden?"

"No, Sir; that's the parson's. Nobody can get flowers to grow as he does. The next house at the top of the hill is ours."

"Why, I thought that would be the inn!" exclaimed Richard, looking at the little white-washed house, with its sign-board, or what seemed to be such, swinging in the rising breeze.

"It *is* the inn," said his companion, quietly, but not without a roguish smile. "Father keeps the *Gethin Castle*, although he has many other trades."

"And is that he, at the door yonder?" inquired Richard, pointing to a tall, thick-set man of middle age, who was standing beneath the little portico, with a pipe in his mouth.

"No, Sir, that is not father," replied the girl, with sudden gravity; "that is Solomon Coe."

CHAPTER XII.

A PERILOUS CLIMB.

"Is father in?" inquired the young girl of Solomon, as he stood in the doorway, without moving aside to let Richard pass into the house.

"No, he is not," returned the person addressed, his keen blue eye fixed suspiciously on the stranger. "As you were so long on your errand, he gave up his lock-work, and has gone off to the pit. He said he had never known you loiter so."

"I did not loiter at all," returned the maiden, indignantly; "if it had not been for the fog, I should have been home an hour ago; but one can't walk through wool as if it were air. You had the fog here yourselves, hadn't ye?"

It was strange to note the change in the girl's speech; not only were her air and tone quite different from what they had been—her modesty or shyness exchanged for a confidence and even a touch of defiance—but her phraseology had become blunt and provincial.

"Well, any way he was angered, Harry," returned Solomon, "until I told him of the new copper lode, as I whispered to you of this morning (you were the first to learn it, Harry), when off he set, in good-humor enough with all the world.—You'll come across John Trevethick, if you want him, young man, over at Dunloppel, though I doubt whether you will find him much of a customer—unless you are in the iron and steel line."

"I am in the knife-and-fork line just at present," answered Richard, good-humoredly; "and, if you will be good enough to move aside, I should like to order my dinner."

"I ax pardon," said Solomon, sulkily, withdrawing himself from the doorway. "I did not know I was hindering custom.—Who is this young spark, Harry?" added he, in a low tone, as the other entered the house.

"Well, he's a young gentleman, Solomon, as you could see very well if you chose," answered the girl, angrily. "He don't look much like a bagman, I think, any ways. I am sure father would not like you to treat his customers in that fashion."

"I am sure he wouldn't like your escorting such customers over Turlock Down alone."

"That's father's business, and not yours, at present, Solomon," retorted the girl, tartly; "and perhaps it never may be yours. You take as much upon yourself because of your new copper vein as if it was gold."

"Nay, don't say that, Harry," replied the other, with an admiring look, from which every trace of ill feeling seemed to have departed. "If it *were* gold, I should be more pleased upon your account than my own, you may depend upon it. You think I am jealous, now, of yonder bit of a lad, but—"

"I think nothing of the kind," answered Harry, impetuously.

"Well, well," returned Solomon, soothingly; "then we'll say no more about it. Trevethick wanted me to be away with him to pit, but I said: 'No; I'll wait for Harry, and bring her with me to Dunloppel.' It's a great find, my girl, and may be the making of us all."

"Nay, a walk to Turlock and back is enough for one day's work, Solomon; and, besides, I'm wet through with the fog, and must change my things.—Hannah! Hannah!" and, raising her voice to landlady pitch, she addressed some one within doors, "didn't you hear the parlor bell ringing?—So never mind me, Solomon; I dare say I shall hear enough about the lode when you and father come back;" and with that, and a careless nod of her shapely head, the young girl pushed past her disappointed swain, and ran up stairs.

The *Gethin Castle Inn* was a much better house of entertainment than might have been looked for in a spot so secluded from the world, and far from the great arteries of travel. A coast-road passed through the little village leading from Turlock to the now almost disused harbor at Polwheel, and that was the sole means of getting to Gethin save on foot or horseback. There was no traffic—to be called such—in the district. Dunloppel, always a productive mine, was, like its more famous brother, Botallack, situated on the sea-coast, so that neither road nor tramway had been created for its needs; the land about was barren, except in minerals; and not a tree was to be seen for miles. Indeed, with the exception of the parson's garden, there was scarcely a cultivated spot in the whole parish. The graceful sprays of the sea-tamarisk, however, flourished every where, in lieu of foliage, and in places where certainly foliage is seldom seen. Not only did it grow luxuriantly on banks and similar exposed positions, as though the roaring sea-winds, which cut off all other vegetation, favored and nourished it, but waved its triumphant pennant upon walls and house-tops. Stony places have a special attraction for this weed; and it takes root so readily that the story of its importation into Gethin might have had more foundation in fact than some other local legends equally credited. Only a few years back the plant had been unknown there, but a wagoner of the place, on his return journey, had plucked a sprig of it in some locality where it grew, to serve the purpose of a whip; and, when he reached home, had thrown it carelessly on the top of an earthen wall, where it had struck root, and multiplied.

The cliffs, and the sea, and, above all, the ruined castle upon the rock, were the sole attractions then which Gethin possessed—and that they *did* attract was an unceasing subject of wonder to its inhabitants. Whatever could the fine folk see in a heap of stones or a waste of water, to bring them there for hundreds of miles, was a mystery unexplained; but the villagers were no more unwilling than professional spiritualists to take a practical advantage of the Inexplicable. In the winter they reaped the harvest of the sea, or explored the bowels of the earth; in the summer they transformed themselves into "guides," and set up curiosity-shops of shells and minerals; while, to supply accommodation to the increasing throng of visitors, John Trevethick, who had always a keen eye for profit, had leased the village beer-house, and enlarged it to the dimensions of a respectable inn. Even now, however, the house exhibited a curious ignorance or disregard of the

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tastes of those for whose use it was built—the windows of all its sitting-rooms opened upon the straggling street, while the glorious prospect of cliff and ocean which it commanded behind was totally ignored. Thus Richard Yorke found himself located in an apartment which, though otherwise tolerably comfortable, might as well have been in Bloomsbury for the view which it afforded. The walls were ornamented by colored pictures of the Royal Exchange and of the Thames Tunnel, London; and upon the mantel-piece was an equestrian figure (in china) of Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington as he appears upon the arch of Constitution Hill. The only attempt at "local coloring" was found in the book-case—composed of two boards and a cat's cradle—in which three odd volumes of the "Tales of the Castle" had been placed, no doubt with reference to the grand old ruin whose tottering walls beckoned "the quality" to Gethin.

His simple meal of bacon and eggs having been dispatched, and gratitude failing to invest with interest the lean pigs that searched in vain for cabbage-stalks, or the dyspeptic fowls that were moulting digestive pebbles in the street without, Richard lit a cigar, and prepared to saunter forth. The fog had vanished; all the sky was blue and bright. The keen and gusty air increased in him that elasticity of spirit with which luncheon at all stages of their life-journey inspires mankind.

"I suppose," said he, looking in at the window of the room he had just left, and where Hannah, who was waiting-maid as well as cook, except "in the season," was clearing away the remnants of the repast, "one can get to the castle without a guide?"

"Nay, Sir; you must get the key first, for the man don't bide at the cottage, except in summer-time, and the gate has got spikes at the top. Miss Harry has got it somewheres, if you'll wait a minute."

Miss Harry herself brought it out to him. She had changed her attire for what was an even more becoming one than that she had worn before, and her bright brown hair was arranged with greater care, and perhaps with more view to effect.

"The guide has not begun his duties yet, Sir," she explained, with a smile; "and so we keep the key here. You can't fail to find the road; but the precipice-path is a bit awkward in a wind like this, and you must be careful to take the right one; the old ledge was broken in by the storm last month, and has an ugly gap."

"But why not show me the way yourself, Miss Harry?" pleaded the young fellow. "You know how easily I lose myself; and if I should come to harm, by taking the wrong turning, you would be sorry, I'm sure."

"Indeed I should, Sir," returned the young girl, simply; "and I doubt whether you will find any body else in the village. This news from the mine has taken them all off, it seems; and you wouldn't know rock from castle, unless you had one to tell you, they are so alike."

The fact was that Harry's conscience smote her for her wish to be of service to this handsome young fellow, since she had just refused to accompany Solomon to Dunloppel, on the score of fatigue. It was level walking, or nearly so, to the pit-mouth, and it was a climb of many hundreds of feet to the ruin. Still, she felt no longer tired, if she had done so a while ago, and the stranger *might* come to harm without a guide.

"But you're not coming without a bonnet?" exclaimed Richard.

"Nay, Sir; I should come home without one if I went up yonder in such a wind as this," answered she, laughing; "and I recommend you to fasten on *your* hat, if you wish to see it again."

"But you'll catch cold," urged Richard.

"We don't mind air at Gethin, Sir; and this shawl will cover my head, if that's all."

It really was Harry Trevethick's custom to go bareheaded in fine weather about her own home, though, perhaps, the consciousness that she never looked so well in even her Sunday head-gear, as with her own ample tresses for a covering, may have influenced her resolve. Chignons were unknown at that time, and never had the young man beheld such wealth of gold-tinged locks as that which blew about his fair companion's brow, and presently streamed out behind her, as they neared the cliffs, and met the full force of that Atlantic breeze. It blew freshly and shrilly enough up the winding gorge through which they had to descend to the foot of the castled rock; but by the time they reached the beach the wind had risen to a gale. They stopped a minute within shelter of a hollowed cliff to view the place. It was a noble spectacle. The great waves came roaring in, and dashed themselves against the walls of slate in sheets of foam, to fall back baffled and groaning. They had eaten the cliff away in two dark frowning spots, which his guide said were caverns, approachable at low-water; but the rock itself on which the castle stood defied them; they had only succeeded in insulating it, except for a narrow tongue of land, which now formed the sole access to it from the shore. Even without any historical or poetic association, the object before them—rising bare and sheer into the air to such a height—on which a swarm of gulls, shrunk to the size of bees, were clanging faintly, was grand and striking; but the place had been the hold of knights and kings a thousand years ago and more. The young girl pointed out to Richard where the main-land cliff had once projected so as to meet the rock, and showed him on the former's brow some fragments of rude masonry. "That was the ancient barbacan," she said, "once joined to the castle by a draw-bridge, as was supposed, which, when drawn up, left Gethin so that neither man nor beast could approach it without permission of its defenders. Even now, with none to hinder one, it is a steep and perilous way, especially in a wind like this. Perhaps it would be better not to venture."

"But you shall take my arm, Harry," said Richard; "only let me pin your shawl about your head first, lest those long locks of yours blind us both."

"I can do that myself, Sir, thank you," said Harry, austerely; then added, with a smile, to reassure him—for why should she be angry?—"you would only have pricked your fingers, as Solomon does. No man is clever with his hands, excepting father."

"And you say that to a painter, do you, Miss Harry—a man who lives by his handiwork?"

"I forgot that," said Harry, penitently; "besides, I was only saying what Solomon says."

"That was the gentleman who took me for a peddler, eh?" said Richard. "He is not quite so wise as his namesake—is he?"

"Oh yes, Sir; Solomon Coe has a long head: the longest, father says, of any in these parts. He has made his own way famously in the world—or, rather, under it, for he is a miner. He used to work in the coal-pits up Durham way, but—"

"Is that why he looks so black?" interposed Richard, laughing.

"Nay, Sir, I didn't notice *that*," said Harry, simply. "Very likely he was down Dunloppel this morning. It half belongs to him, father says; and if this lode turns out well, he will be very rich."

"And your father would be glad of that, would he not?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir; for Solomon is the son of his old friend and preserver, as I told you."

"But it would not please *you* quite so much—eh, Miss Harry?"

"Not so much as father—certainly not," answered the girl, gravely. "It seems to me folks are rich enough when they don't spend half they get; just as other folk—like Mr. Carew, who owns all about here—are poor enough, with all their wealth, who pay out of their purse twice what comes into it."

"Mr. Carew is known here for a spendthrift, is he, then?"

"Well, Sir, it's only gossip, for he has never set foot here in his life, I reckon; but, from what we hear, he must fling away his money finely. However, as father says, there's one excuse for him—he has neither chick nor child of his own. Eh, but you're looking white, Sir; Gethin air is apt to nip pretty sharp those who are not accustomed to it. You had best not try the castle to-day."

"Yes, yes; we will go at once," cried Richard, impatiently; and, drawing the girl's hesitating arm through his own, he moved rapidly along the wind-swept way. Under the circumstances, there really was some danger; but, had there been twice the peril, he would not have shrunk from it at that moment—the chance observation of the young girl about Carew's having no offspring had turned his blood to a white heat of wrath. Although his mother had studiously instilled in him how foolish it was to indulge in any expectations with respect to the Squire, he had always entertained some secret hopes in that quarter until he had proved their fallacy by experiment; and the failure of his expedition to Crompton rankled in his mind. He regarded his father with the bitterest resentment; he did not altogether forgive his mother for the share which she had had (through her misrepresentation of her own position in the register) in depriving him of his birth-right, and he felt himself at odds with all the world. He had come to Gethin partly on account of what Parson Whymper had told him of its picturesqueness, but chiefly because it was an out-of-the-way spot, unfrequented by that society with whom he had such good grounds for quarrel, and where he was not likely to have his pride wounded afresh by any reference to his position; and yet he had not been two hours in the place before the only person in it in whom he was likely to be interested had galled him keenly. He could not long be angry with her, however, for her involuntary offense, nor angry at all in such fair company. She clung to him, perforce, upon the narrow causeway, and shrank with him into whatever shelter was afforded, here and there, upon their toilsome path, when they took breath, and gathered strength together for once again confronting that pitiless blast. If either of them had known how fierce a gale was imminent, they would not certainly have ventured upon such an expedition; but, having done so, they were resolved to go through with it. Harry had plenty of courage, and fought her way with practiced eye and hand along the winding ledge; and Richard was not one to own himself vanquished by difficulties before which a woman did not quail. Twice and thrice, however, they were both driven back again round some comparatively sheltered corner by the mere fury of the wind, which battled with them as stubbornly as though it were the disembodied spirits of the ancient defenders of the place; and when, mechanically, and almost of necessity, Richard's arm sought the young girl's waist, whose garments made it more difficult for her to advance than for him, she did not reject its welcome aid. Then, just as his disengaged hand was clinging to a pinnacle of rock, his hat blew off, exactly as she had predicted, and his dark curls mixed with hers in wild confusion. Thus, foot by foot, they won their way, and reached at last the iron-spiked door, the only work of modern hands on that gray rock. This screened them from the gale; and, as they stood a while to rest beneath its shelter, she showed him what a handsome key her father had made for it, with cunning wards, more suitable for a banker's safe than for such ancient relics as they guarded, and told him how the gate was put there to exclude the summer visitors, who would otherwise enter without fee.

"Nay, but I will pay my fee," said Richard, gallantly; and, since their cheeks were almost touching as it was, the debt was easily discharged on her ripe lips.

"For shame, Sir!" cried the girl, indignantly; and there was something in her face and voice which showed him that her anger was not feigned. "I am sorry I brought you here, mistaking you for a gentleman. Here is the key, Sir; but I go back alone." And she freed herself roughly from his arm, and turned to go.

"For Heaven's sake, don't!" cried Richard, earnestly. "You may call me any thing you please, but do not let my rudeness prove your peril. I *was* rude, but, on my honor, I did not intend to be so. I meant no harm, although I see I have vexed you. Forgive me, pray; I did not mean to be either ungenerous or ungrateful. Is it thought so very wrong at Gethin—even with such great temptation—"

"Yes, Sir, it is," she broke in, vehemently; "and I was wrong to come with you."

"Nay, don't say that," pleaded the young fellow. "How could you be wrong to do so great a kindness to a stranger as you have done to me? It was my sense of it—my heartfelt sense, believe me, of the trouble and toil you have undergone for my sake; and I don't deny, Harry, your beauty, too, of which I have never seen the like. But there, I am offending you again. Pray, come into the shelter; it makes me sick to see you in such danger;" and to make room for her, and at the same time to stand as much apart from her as possible, he stepped back, forgetting the scanty space on which he stood, and —fell!

A yard—a mile—he scarcely could say which, so overwhelming for the instant was his sense of peril! He only knew that he was flying through space. Then, suddenly, his feet found foothold, and his hands clung to the gray rock, and the driving wind beat on his body ceaselessly, and seemed to nail him where he clung.

Was it the scream of gull, or piercing cry of some spirit of the air, that rang through his brain? or was it, indeed, the agonizing shriek of a woman? He heard it plainly; but Harry never knew whether she had shrieked or not. She was aware of nothing except that this unhappy man was perishing—had, perhaps, already perished—for her sake; through fear for her safety, and his wish not to give her offense. She was on her knees upon the ledge, and craning over it with horror-stricken face the next instant, and could see him plainly. His feet had fallen upon that very part of the old path which the storms of last winter had torn and jagged away. A few jolting fragments of rock were all that was left of it—insufficient even for a practiced cragsman to make his way along on either side. His head—she could not see his face—was but a yard beneath her; but how could she get at him?

"I am here," she cried. "Be of good courage, Sir."

She had nothing to offer in the way of help at the moment; but she was well aware of what vital importance it was that he should not lose heart. She lay down with her face on the bare rock, and strove to reach him; but, even had her arm been long enough, he had no hand to spare to clasp her own. The whole force of the gale was full upon her, and carried her hair to windward like a whip.

"Do not come too near the edge, brave girl," cried Richard, beginning to be conscious of her efforts. "Is there no rope nor ladder?"

"Yes," answered the girl. "Keep heart. Do not look down. I must be five minutes gone—not more."

She was up, and with the gate-key in her hand, ere she had done speaking. Great Heaven! would that door never open? How her trembling hands missed the key-hole; and when the key was in, how the rusty wards opposed its turning. Then when the door was opened, it seemed as though the winds had husbanded their strength behind it for one wild sortie, with such fury did they rush out to beat her back. But she struggled in somehow, and on across the howling waste of cliff-top to a little hut of stone, which formed the covering of a well. There, as she expected, she found a rope coiled up, which was used to draw up water in an iron cup, to gratify the curiosity of visitors as much as to quench their thirst; for it was strange, indeed, to meet with fresh water there, the presence of which, no doubt, had caused the place to be chosen for a fastness in old time. With this she hurried back; and fixing one end firmly round the door-post, she looped the other in a slip-knot, and lowered it carefully to Richard. "Put this beneath your arms," she said; "the rope is strong and firmly fastened. You must climb up by it, hand over hand."

It was not so easy a task for the young artist as for a Gethin man; but he was strong and active; and where his chief difficulty lay, which was at the cliff-top, the girl's willing arms assisted him.

"You have saved my life, Harry," were his first words, when he stood in safety. "How shall I ever repay you?"

Then this brave girl, who had never faltered where action was necessary, began to sob and cry.

He took her hand and covered it with kisses. "I may kiss this," said he, plaintively, "may I not?"

She did not withdraw her fingers, but neither did she cease from weeping. Her grief seemed to be something more than that resulting from the tension of strong feelings suddenly relaxed.

"Let me go home, let me go home!" was her sole reply to all his entreaties that she should rest a while, and strive to calm herself. It was with difficulty that he could support her down the steep, so violently did she tremble. When they reached the foot of it she turned to Richard and murmured: "I have one favor to ask of you, Sir. Will you grant it to me?"

"Most certainly, dear girl. It would be gross ingratitude indeed if I did not."

"Then never speak," returned she, earnestly, "of what has occurred to-day. Never show by your manner that you feel—as you say—grateful for what service I have been able to be to you. Let not father nor Solomon ever know."

"It will be very hard, Harry, to keep silence—to owe you so great a debt, without acknowledging it," said Richard, tenderly; "but, since such is your wish, I will obey it."

"Thank you, Sir. And now I will go home alone. I was deterred by the wind, the steepness—any thing you please—from accompanying you up yonder; remember that. You will not mind waiting a while behind me?"

"Surely not," said Richard, wonderingly.

And the next moment she had hurried round an angle of the main-land cliff, and was gone.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NEW SUITS.—One day when the great Erskine was, as usual, on his way to Westminster Hall, with his large black bag crammed full of briefs, he was accosted by a Jew boy, who asked him if he was a dealer in old clothes. "No, you Hebrew imp," returned the counselor; "these are all new suits."

A police officer, seeing an African whom he knew, exclaimed, "Ah, Sambo, you are an honest, faithful fellow. I'll give you a drink." "With all my heart, Sar," said Sambo; "with all dis chile's heart. Some niggers are haughty and proud, and won't stoop to drink with a police officer; but dat's wrong. I tink a police officer almost, if not every way, as good as a nigger—'specially when a nigger's thirsty."

THE FIRST EVE-ANGELICAL ALLIANCE—Adam's marriage in Eden.

If a needle-gun will shoot four and a half miles, how far will a sewing-machine carry?

An ingenious New Yorker has learned how to keep an umbrella. He buys a big cotton one, fractures two ribs, and breaks off six inches of the handle. No one steals it.

THE POPE'S FAVORITE BULL—"I'm infalli-bull."

FLOATING CAPITAL—Heiresses bathing at Long Branch.

A manufacturing wire-worker, in an advertisement, invites the public to come and *see* his *invisible* wire fences.

A Cincinnati census-taker, who was also employed as marshal in 1860, says many of the ladies have grown younger during the past ten years.

A CURIOSITY—The man who can keep cool.

The following is the negro's definition of a gentleman: "Massa make de black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make ebery ting workee, only de hog—he no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk 'bout, he go to sleep when he pleases, he lib like a gentleman."

THE DUTCHMAN'S DINNER.

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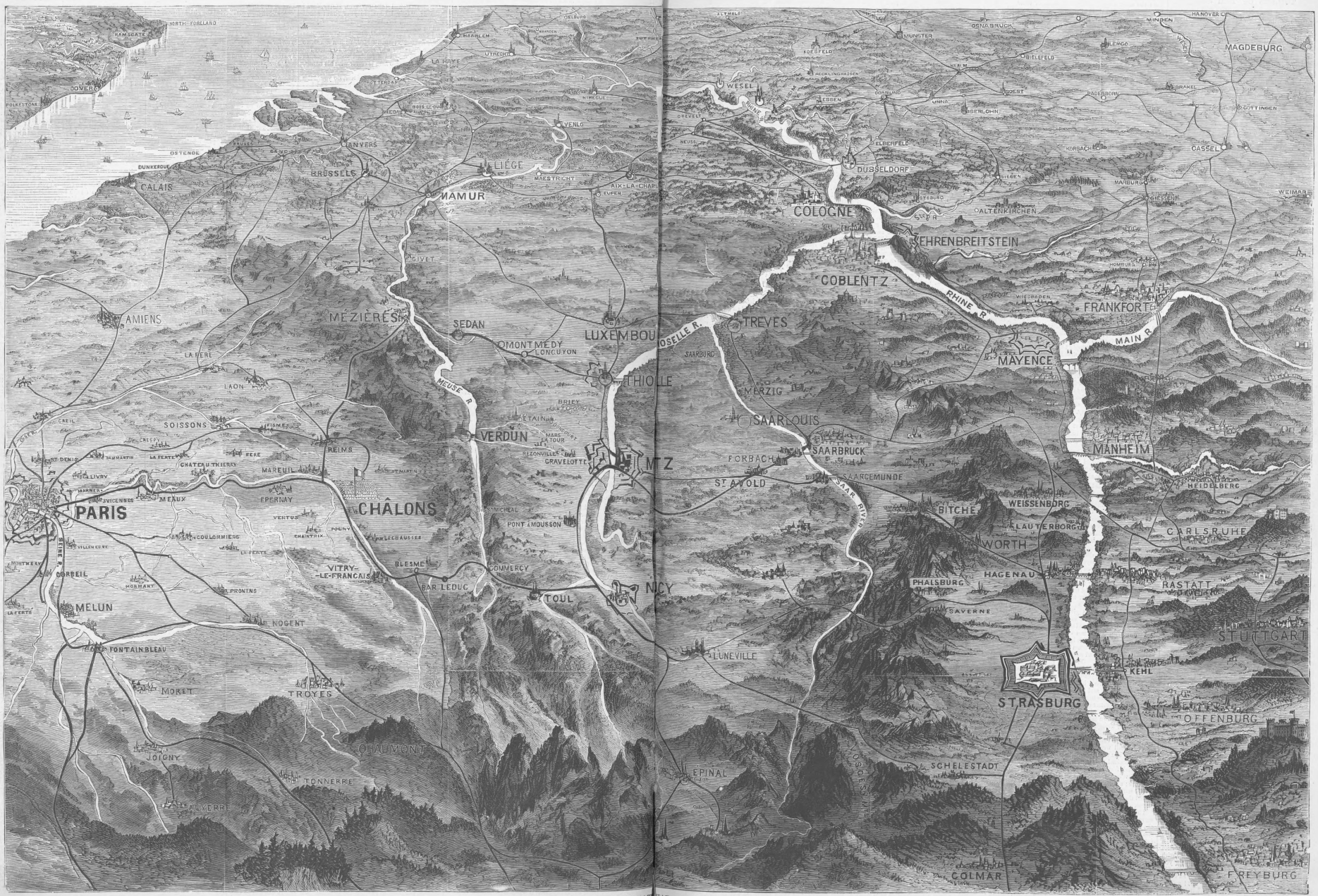

PICTORIAL MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN EUROPE.—[See Page 568.]

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TOILERS OF THE SEA.

[See Illustration on Page 572.]

We ride on the back of the wave,
We dip in the trough of the sea;
Our boat is stout and our hearts are brave,
As fishermen's hearts should be.
For winds may be fierce and strong,
And the waves may do us wrong,
And those may weep ere long
Who wait for us three.

We laugh when the winds are fair,
And the nets drag heavily
With the weight of fish, and there is no care
For my fisher-boys and me.
But the winds may rage and roar,
And the surf beat on the shore,
And those wait evermore
Who wait for us three.

'Tis toil and danger and strife;
Yet we love the greedy sea
That gives us bread for a wagered life,
Bread for my lads and me.
But the waves in anger churn,
And the winds seem cruel and stern,
To those who wait and yearn
To welcome us three.

We laugh when the wind is light;
But my heart is heavy in me
Sometimes when I think of my lads at night,
And the perils of the sea.
For winds may be fierce and strong,
And the waves may do us wrong,
And those may weep ere long
Who wait for us three.

HEBRON.

I.—THE SOLITARY HORSEMAN.

IT was about five o'clock of a fine afternoon in June, when a single traveler, mounted upon a very dejected-looking steed, might have been seen riding slowly along the smooth highway that leads to the little village of Benton, a quiet farming town in the northern part of Vermont. As I have no desire to make a Jamesian mystery of my hero, I will at once state that his name was Laurence Hardy; that he was a young gentleman of excellent family, fortune, and character, living in the city of the Knickerbockers; and that he was traveling with no special object except to enjoy the pleasant country and the glorious weather.

He was riding slowly on, between the hayfields, sweet with clover, when he was roused from a rather sentimental reverie by a great rumbling and clattering behind him; and, looking back, saw a great, lumbering stage-coach, drawn by four lean horses, that looked as if they were trying to run away from their harness. Hardy drew his own beast to the side of the road to avoid the dust; and as the huge thing creaked and rocked and rattled by him, his eye ran carelessly over the occupants of the vehicle. There were two or three common-looking faces, which turned toward him with a glance of curiosity, and, on the middle seat, a stout, gray-bearded gentleman, in a wide straw hat. The figure beyond him was hidden by his ample person; but the horseman caught the flutter of a green gauze veil, and saw a small gloved hand clasping the side-strap of the reeling coach.

The village lay just over the brow of the hill before him; and, quickening his pace, Hardy reached the door of its one tavern just as the coach was driven away. It was a delightful-looking place, its whole aspect promising "entertainment for man and beast." The old-fashioned, low-silled house seemed to stand right down in the green grass that almost overran the doorstone. Smooth fields lay all around—for it was a farm-house as well as a tavern—and a number of comfortable-looking barns were grouped in the rear. A great elm-tree stood on one side of the green in front; and from one of its far-spreading branches swung a square sign-board, which bore, in faded yellow letters, the inscription, "Bunce's Tavern."

Hardy was conducted to a large, airy chamber, where every thing was cool and fresh and sweet as hands could make it. Lighting a cigar, he sat down to enjoy the stillness and beauty of the evening. "In the spring a young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love;" and Hardy's susceptible imagination was busy with dreams of a certain graceful, dark-eyed enchantress with whom he had danced, and sung duets, and taken romantic walks through all the last moon. Presently his attention was attracted by the sound of a pleasant laugh coming through the open window of the next room, and then he heard a musical voice say:

"Isn't this charming, papa? Such a supper in such a place! Why, it is the identical repast which, in old-fashioned novels, is always set out by the virtuous poor—'a pat of butter, milk fresh from the cow, honey and bread, spread upon a snowy cloth.'"

"Very satisfactory for the Arcadian style," a man's voice replied. "I'll trouble you for another biscuit, my dear. Stage-coach riding has given me an appetite."

"This hill country air would give any thing an appetite. I am glad that to-morrow is Sunday, as we shall be obliged to stay over."

"You can stay over, my dear; but I am obliged to push on some miles farther to a place where I have appointed to meet a man on business. The landlord will furnish me with a horse and wagon, and I shall return for you on Monday. You are not afraid to be left alone?"

"Afraid, in this house! Why, it is as innocent as Rasselas's 'Happy Valley.' The landlord is honesty itself, and his wife benevolence; while their daughter is all the Christian graces combined. Even if I were a nervous young woman, I could not fail to feel safe here."

They said no more, and Hardy, who had not even the most languid interest in them or their affairs, soon forgot them altogether.

My hero's sentimental reveries were not of a nature sufficiently intense to banish slumber. He slept like a top, and was wakened early by the village boys driving the cows afield. The sharp tinkling of the cow-bells, the deep breathing of the cows as they lingered to crop the thick grass beneath his window, the shouting of the little barefooted drovers, and the vociferous barking of a small dog in attendance, made a chorus which would have waked the Seven Sleepers.

As the morning wore on, the sound of a thin, cracked bell, swinging high in the wooden tower of a queer, barn-like structure at the top of a hill not far away, announced the hour of worship; and in answer to its summons the dwellers in the village and outlying farms began to wend their way, at a sober, Sunday pace, to "meeting." "Why shouldn't I go to meeting too?" thought Hardy, and immediately took his hat and went down.

At the door he found the landlord in his shirt-sleeves, sitting with his chair tilted back against the wall and his spectacles on his nose, reading the weekly paper. He brought his chair down with a bump, and, pulling off his glasses, inquired of his guest,

"Goin' to meetin'?"

"I think I shall. Do you go, Sir?"

"No, guess not, this mornin'. Drusilly, my darter, has gone, though. You go right into the meetin'-house, and Deacon Goldthwaite 'll show you my pew. He'll know you're a stranger."

Hardy thanked him and walked away. On reaching the church-door he found that the deacon did seem to know at once that he was a stranger, and to be shown to the Bunce pew; for, after beckoning with his hand several times, and nodding significantly, he went tip-toeing up the broad aisle and motioned the young man to a seat. One other person already occupied the head of the pew, and as Hardy seated himself by the door he threw a careless glance in that direction. Perhaps his look expressed a shade of the surprise he felt, as he said to himself, "Can this be the landlord's daughter, 'Drusilly?'"

The stranger appeared to be about twenty, and had the unmistakable air of a lady. Hardy's critical eye noted approvingly the pure rose-leaf complexion, the small firm mouth, the low sweet forehead, and the wealth of soft brown hair, and pronounced her a beauty also. Her eyes were turned from him, but he felt sure they were gray. Her dress, too, suited perfectly his fastidious taste. It was all of some soft gray material, fashionable in arrangement, but studiously plain, and every thing, down to the very shade of the faultless gloves, in perfect harmony. Hardy sat wondering who she could be, when he chanced to notice a green gauze veil that lay on the seat beside her, and immediately recalled the passenger in the stage-coach and his unseen fellow-lodger at the inn.

The service began with an invocation longer than the sermon should have been, which was followed by the singing of that sweet hymn of Montgomery's, beginning:

"Time grows not old with length of years," etc.

The singing was congregational, a method very beautiful in theory, but usually something fearful in practice. Good Deacon Goldthwaite sounded the first note; it can hardly be said he led the tune, for certainly no one followed him. The tune was "Hebron," so sweetly solemn; and, despite some jarring discords, there was real music in the performance. There were all kinds of voices—the deacon's cracked and trembling tenor, which played him such odd tricks at some of the high notes; the rough bass of the young farmers; the quavering treble of thin-faced matrons, singing with more of pious fervor than of correctness; and the loud, ringing tones of the young girls, sweet with the sweetness of youth and health.

When the hymn was given out, Hardy had turned to the page, and, as the people rose, he moved up the pew, and held the book for the stranger, who, with a gesture of acknowledgment, looked over the page with him. The first verse was not half finished when a sweet, clear voice took up the strain, and seemed to fill the whole church with melody. When it first fell on his ear Hardy looked quickly down at the singer beside him; but her eyes were fixed on the book. At the second verse he too joined in, with a voice rich, strong, and as perfectly modulated as the lady's. It was now her turn to lift her eyes to see what manner of man it was with whom she was singing. She saw a pair of fine dark eyes looking down into her own with a glance of undisguised, though respectful admiration. She met his gaze steadily for an instant, and then her eyes were calmly turned to the page again, her face still wearing its serenely unconscious look, as if she were too well used to being looked at and admired to be disturbed in her quiet and devotional frame of mind. Sweetly the two trained voices rose and fell with the majestic measure; and unconsciously the rest were led by them, until something more like harmony prevailed than was often heard in the little meeting-house.

The "long prayer" was indeed long, and the sermon longer; and then, with one more hymn, the service closed. Hardy stood holding open the pew-door while the lady passed out, bestowing upon him a grave bow as she did so. He followed with his eyes her graceful figure as she moved down the aisle, and had some thought of joining her in her walk back to the tavern; but when he reached the door she had disappeared.

He spent the rest of the day lazily lying on the grass under the apple-trees. At twilight he took a long stroll, thinking tenderly the while of his dark-eyed absent charmer; and, after that, sat at his window and looked at the stars till he grew most unromantically sleepy. As he leaned out to draw together the shutters he heard a low voice in the next room singing a part of the hymn of the morning:

"Spring flowers renew their rich perfume,
But ere another spring they fly;
Our life is longer than their bloom—
Our bloom is sweeter, yet we die."

He listened intently, but there was no more. "A marvelously sweet voice," he said. "I wonder who she is."

The next morning he was awakened by a great noise and confusion below, and, looking out, saw the clattering stage-coach once more at the door. A stout, gray-haired gentleman was handing into it a lady in a traveling dress and a green gauze veil. The coach rumbled away; and an hour later Hardy himself departed, Benton, its church, and the fair-faced stranger soon fading from his thoughts.

II.—MOONLIGHT, MUSIC, LOVE, AND FLOWERS.

The time is a year later—the scene the small town of C——, which lies on the Ohio River, in the good State of Pennsylvania, and which is remarkable only for its exact resemblance to ten thousand other small, thriving towns scattered all over the land. The steamboats from Pittsburg to Wheeling touch there, which is the only circumstance connected with the place necessary to mention.

In a pretty wooden villa in the quiet outskirts of the town lived Mrs. Hortensia Barlow, a charming lady, whose two passions were music and match-making. A very moderate amount of musical talent was sufficient to open alike the doors of her house and her heart to almost any body; and she was always finding some new wonder. At present the object of her enthusiasm was Mr. Hunt, a gentleman of some thirty-five years, the owner of a handsome estate a few miles from C——, and the possessor of a glorious bass voice, which, when exerted to its utmost, fairly made the ornaments on the chimney-piece of the Barlow cottage tremble in their places. He was a large, clumsy man, with a large head—which perhaps had not a great deal in it—but with a large, soft heart, a fair share of good sense, the breeding of a gentleman, and the best temper in the world.

Mrs. Barlow had a party of gay young people staying in her house, and among them was the beautiful Miss Ada Morris, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia. Mr. Hunt had met Miss Morris in Washington the previous winter, and, like a great many before him, had fallen deeply in love with her. He had confided the state of his affections to Mrs. Barlow, who loved nothing better than forwarding the matrimonial schemes of her friends, and readily promised him all the aid in her power. Such, indeed, was her confidence in her own abilities that she deemed the match as good as settled.

It might have been with some girls; but Miss Morris was not quite an easy person to manage. Accustomed to be admired and wooed, the situation had no novelty for her. She could be as coolly critical of a suitor as if the handsome head she carried on her shoulders had been many years older than it was. She had a warm heart though, and was no doubt willing enough to fall in love should the proper object present himself; but Mr. Hunt was not that object. She liked the man very well, enjoyed his fine singing, smiled secretly at his awkwardness, and amiably helped him out of the absurd situations he was always getting into; but that was all. Mrs. Barlow managed to throw the two constantly together, and—most important of all, in her estimation—contrived that they should be constantly singing together. As the good lady heard, day after day, Mr. Hunt's magnificent bass mingling with and sustaining the pure soprano of her friend, she mentally declared that a girl must be more or less than human to resist a voice like that!

But Mr. Hunt was less sanguine. The poor man felt, through all the charming and gracious kindness of Miss Morris's manner, the subtile infusion of a certain silent but irresistible prohibitory force, the weapon of defense which a woman of the world knows how to use so effectively. If he chafed against this silent barrier, or showed any disposition to overstep it, she pitilessly turned him over to the tender mercies of Miss Laura Hathaway, who was also one of Mrs. Barlow's guests, and who was more than suspected of cherishing a decided *penchant* for the musical Hercules. At first he was in despair at this treatment; but, alas for the instability of human emotions, he soon began to find a kind of solace in the companionship of the lively Laura. Miss Hathaway was pretty; her face was animated, and she laughed a great deal. She chattered incessantly, and one could not pick ten sensible words out of all she would say in a week. She was as ignorant of music as I am of Chinese literature, and, much as she admired Mr. Hunt, she could not keep still while he sang. When he asked her if she enjoyed one of Beethoven's sonatas, played superbly by Mrs. Barlow, she answered, "Oh! yes; I think it is *so* nice. Did you ever hear Casey's band play 'When Johnny comes marching home?' It is *splendid*."

And yet she was so amiable, and she admired him self so much, that Mr. Hunt could not help being charmed. In fact, the poor fellow's ideas were in some confusion. He knew he was in love with somebody—he knew he had lost the heart he was in the habit of calling his own; but which of these two charming creatures had it in her possession he was not at all sure. And that sly Ada laughed in her sleeve to see her despairing swain reviving from the chill of her coldness in the warm beams of a new sun.

Mrs. Barlow was alarmed. "Can Hunt be such a fool," she thought, "as to fancy he can pique Ada in this way? Of course he does not admire Laura—a dear, warm-hearted little thing, to be sure; but, then, she hasn't a thimbleful of brains, and can't sing a note. I dare say he thinks to make himself more desirable by holding aloof a little. Conceited, like every other man. But he will lose Ada if he is not careful. I must warn him."

She did so at the first opportunity. The poor man was terribly embarrassed. "My dear friend," he said, "I hope you do not think me capable of flirting with one lady in order to make an impression upon another. My attentions to Miss Hathaway have been the result of accident. Circumstances have constantly arisen which made them unavoidable."

"Of course I could not suspect you of any thing so dishonorable," replied the lady, fibbing without a blush. "But I feared dear Laura might mistake your feelings toward her."

"I trust not. But, indeed, I fear Miss Morris will never care for me. She is quite cold and indifferent."

"That you will never know unless you ask her. She is not the girl to let you see a preference for you until you do. And I think it right to tell you that your time is short; she leaves us to-morrow."

Mr. Hunt's countenance fell. The thought of losing Ada was misery. He rose and walked the floor. "And do you really think I have a chance?" he asked, dolefully.

"I have always told you that I think the chances are in your favor. Any way, faint heart never won fair lady. If you care to try your fate, I will see that you have the opportunity."

She was as good as her word. That evening Mr. Hunt found himself, through her adroit management, seated with Ada in a deep bay-window, quite apart from the rest of the company, who were occupied with a new game, and knew that it was *now* or *never*.

It was a delicious summer evening. The moon was at the full. The faint, fragrant night wind breathed tenderly through the garden trees, and fire-flies gleamed palely among the dewy shrubbery. At the foot of the garden, and separated from it only by a narrow lane, flowed the river, flashing in the moonlight; and its pleasant ripple mingled with the rustle of the leaves and the occasional chirp of some drowsy bird in the branches. It was the kind of night when people say soft things almost of necessity; but Ada did not choose to talk sentiment with Mr. Hunt; and once or twice, when she thought he was verging on a tender strain, she brought him back to commonplaces so skillfully that he could not resist her lead. At length, almost in despair, he begged her to sing to him once more a song which he had often admired. She consented readily, and sent him to bring her guitar from the table.

Meanwhile Mrs. Barlow was watching the pair with anxious eyes. She felt sure, from the serene expression of the lady's face, and the perplexed look on that of the gentleman, that the fateful question had not been asked. When she saw Mr. Hunt rise to bring the guitar, her patience gave way. "I do believe the man is a fool!" she exclaimed to herself. "To go and ask her to sing, when I had taken so much pains to secure him one last chance of speaking to her! Now the others will come crowding round, and he will not have another word with her. Oh, Ada Morris! You sing that song delightfully, but you do not know how your destiny is hanging upon it!"

Mrs. Barlow was right. The song just then beginning was indeed the minister of destiny to Ada Morris, but not in the way her anxious hostess believed. If Mr. Hunt had found courage to talk of love at that moment, instead of temporizing with music, this story would not have been told—there would have been no story to tell.

But now, Ada, passing the black ribbon of her guitar over her neck, leaned back in her chair in the moonlight, and, touching the strings softly for a moment, began that beautiful song of Mendelssohn's, "I hear a small bird calling." Every breath was hushed, every movement stilled, as the melting tones thrilled through the room and floated out upon the listening air of night. The last note died softly, tremblingly away, and there was a moment of silence before the hum of admiration began to arise. In that instant's pause there was heard, from the lane at the foot of the garden, a man's voice—a rich, mellow tenor, singing, in a charming manner, to a sweet though simple air, these words of Shelley's:

"As the moon's soft splendor
O'er the faint, cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.

"The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night;
No leaf will be shaken
While the dews of thy melody scatter
Delight.

"Though the sound overpowers,
Sing on, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music, and moonlight, and feeling
Are one!"

Not a fan fluttered, not a ribbon rustled while the song continued. But at the first sound of that voice, Mrs. Barlow, who was looking at Miss Morris, saw her start slightly, and then a soft blush dawned and deepened upon her cheek. An amused smile flickered for a moment about her lips, then faded away, and a dreamy, absent look came over her face. She sat motionless, listening like one whose thoughts are far away, until the singer ceased. Then those who were near the window saw a tall figure move from the shadow of the gateway, and heard footsteps retreating toward the town. In a moment every body was talking at once.

"How beautiful!" "What a splendid voice!" "So romantic too!" "Who can he be?" "Now, Miss Morris, you must positively tell us about him."

Ada calmly protested that she could give

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them no information, being as much in the dark as themselves.

"Is it really so, Ada?" Mrs. Barlow asked. "I fancied, from the way you listened, that you recognized the voice."

"It *did* seem to me that I had heard that voice before," replied Ada, "but I have not the faintest idea as to who its owner can be."

She blushed slightly; perhaps she was conscious that her words, though perfectly true in fact, contained a slight evasion; for well she remembered where and when she had heard that voice before. Instantly its sound had brought back to her mind the pleasant Sunday morning a year ago, the pretty village, the queer little church with its rustic congregation, the stranger who had held with her the dingy hymn-book, and even the pleasant, dark eyes that had looked down for a moment into hers. But she was not disposed to share her reminiscences with the present company.

"Plague take the strolling singer!" exclaimed Mrs. Barlow to herself. "I could set a dog on him with pleasure, for the mischief he has done. But why in the name of common-sense couldn't Hunt ever be ready with a little graceful turn of that sort? To be sure, he couldn't do the troubadour style with his bass voice, splendid as it is. It takes a tenor for that kind of thing."

Perhaps I may as well mention here that Mr. Hunt married Laura Hathaway the following Christmas. He fully believes her the only woman in the world who could have suited him; and has not the slightest idea that any agency but his own will was instrumental in bringing about a result which has made him the happiest of men.

III.—THREE TIMES, AND OUT.

It was a little past sunset when the steamer from Pittsburg touched at the little levee at C——; and one of her passengers, learning that she would be detained until midnight in taking on freight, thought he might agreeably spend the interval of waiting in a stroll about the town. The passenger, who was no other than our friend Laurence Hardy, was on his way to Cincinnati, to act as groomsman at a wedding; on which occasion he was to have for his partner Miss Clara Avery, that very dark-eyed enchantress of whom we found him dreaming a year ago. The two were now formally betrothed, and their marriage was to take place in the autumn.

Indulging in a lover's reverie, Hardy strolled a long time about the moonlit streets, and was returning to the landing through what seemed a private lane that ran along the water-side. He was sauntering slowly on in the shadow of some gardens, when his ear caught the tinkling music of a guitar, and, looking through an opening in the shrubbery, he beheld the musician—a lady in a light flowing dress, seated in the curtained recess of a window opening into a brilliantly lighted parlor. Her face was turned from him, but he could see the outline o a graceful head; and the little hand, hovering over the strings, showed like a lily in the moonlight. In a moment she began to sing; and, to his surprise, Hardy recognized the voice of the stranger in the village church of Benton. There could be no mistake. The voice was one in a thousand—a clear, brilliant soprano, with a flute-like purity of tone, and a certain sympathetic quality which left its echo in the heart as well as the ear. Hardy was passionately fond of music, and he was in a mood to particularly enjoy whatever savored of romance or sentiment. He listened breathlessly; and as the last strain melted away a sudden impulse prompted him to reply. As he proceeded he saw, with amusement, that the company within the room were listening intently. He knew that he sang well, and he was doing his very best.

"I would give something," he said, as he finished his lay, and turned to resume his walk, "to know if she recognized my voice as quickly as I did hers. It is hardly likely, I fear. But who can she be? I will certainly ask her next time, for I have a presentiment that I shall sing with her again. *Three times, and out!* they say."

At this moment, and while he was still some distance from the levee where the boat lay, he heard a whistle and the rush of her paddles in the water. He darted forward and ran swiftly to the landing, but, on reaching it, found that he was five minutes too late. The boat was a dozen lengths from the shore, and receding so rapidly down the stream as to render vain any effort to signal her.

How Hardy cursed his own folly in dallying to sing serenades to a stranger when time was so precious! If he had not loitered by that fatal garden-gate he would have been in time. There was no other boat until the next day at noon; he must either wait for that, or drive twenty miles across the country to a railway station, where he could catch a morning train for Cincinnati. He chose the latter plan, and gained the train, but only to encounter fresh detentions—a damaged bridge, an encumbered track—no danger; only fatal delay. They missed connection; and, to make a long story short, when Hardy reached Cincinnati the wedding was over, and the bridal party, including Clara Avery, had been gone twenty-four hours.

But the worst was yet to come. When Hardy failed to appear at the wedding it became necessary to supply his place as groomsman. The choice of a substitute fell on Jack Filmore, a young lawyer from St. Louis—a handsome fellow, with a killing pair of eyes, a pretty turn for sentiment, the ability to waltz all night without flagging, and any amount of assurance. Clara's fickle fancy was caught. In a week she had transferred to him the whole small stock of her affections; and when, at the end of a fortnight, Hardy, again delayed by business, managed to join the bridal party at Niagara, Miss Avery was engaged to his rival.

He was not a man to contest the possession of such a woman's heart. He offered neither reproach nor remonstrance, but proudly renounced all claim upon her, and departed in the very next steamer for Europe.

But the poor fellow was hard hit. He had honestly loved the shallow and selfish beauty, and, moreover, he had believed in her; and it is a sore thing to have all one's dearest illusions, as well as hopes, shattered at once. If he had been compelled to work for his living he would very likely have found a speedy cure in employment, but, unfortunately, he had any amount of leisure in which to brood over and magnify his sorrows. He rambled over Europe, seeking out all the most melancholy places to go and be wretched in, and finding a kind of dismal solace in the thought that there was no solace for him. But he was too amiable for misanthropy, and too healthy for perpetual gloom. Thackeray, that wise student of human hearts, tells us that, let a young man be ever so great a sufferer from the griefs of love, there comes a time when he begins to sleep sound o' nights, and to have some relish for a beef-steak. So when, at the end of two years, Hardy yielded to the solicitations of his parents and returned home, he was really not wholly miserable. He still, indeed, regarded himself as a "blighted being." He was fond of turning off the gas and sitting alone at his window on stormy nights; of thinking what a hollow world we live in; and of believing that for him the dream was dreamed, the cup was drained, etc., etc. He was very absurd, I admit; but then his wound had been deep, and he did not know yet how nearly healed it was.

He was a little annoyed, on first reaching home, to find a guest in the house, a friend of his sister Julia. On being presented to Miss Ada Morris, he noticed merely a quiet and very self-possessed young lady, who accepted his civil but rather listless attentions with languid indifference; and he could not have told, after she left the room, whether she was brown or fair, handsome or plain. He found her very little in his way, however. The young ladies had their own pursuits and their own circle of gay associates, with whom he fancied that he had little in common. They seemed to have no need of him; and so, though he was careful to pay Miss Morris such attentions as courtesy demanded, he really saw very little of her, and was not at all attracted by her. She, on her part, was by no means charmed with her friend's brother. She thought him rather a dull and uninteresting young man, too self-absorbed and indolent to be agreeable, and, after the first day or two, took little notice of him in any way.

One evening—it was Sunday, and so the family were alone—Mr. and Mrs. Hardy sat reading by the parlor fire; Julia and her friend, on a sofa in the corner, were talking in low tones; while Laurence, in a small, unlighted room adjoining, was sitting by the window dreamily watching the stars. Old Mr. Hardy laid aside his book and turned to Miss Morris.

"Ada, my love, are you not intending to give us our Sunday evening music?"

"Certainly, my dear Sir, if you wish it. I am glad you do, for I always play to papa on Sunday evenings, and it seems like home."

She rose and went to the piano. Laurence, who had not lost his passion for music, listened curiously. He had not seen enough of the guest to be aware that she played. But he soon saw that her touch was true and delicate, and the quiet, devotional airs she played were well chosen. It was very pleasant, peaceful music; and Laurence, sitting there unseen, listened with a kind of enjoyment that was new to him. At the end of half an hour Miss Morris rose from the instrument.

"Pray, do not go yet, my dear child," said the old gentleman. "Sing me something first."

She reseated herself, and her fingers wandered lightly over the keys for a moment, as if of their own accord. At length they struck the notes of a familiar tune, and in an instant she began to sing:

"Time grows not old with length of years," etc.

At the third line she was joined by a fine, full tenor, coming from the dimly lighted room behind her. She started at the sound, and turned to listen, but she sang on. About the middle of the third verse Laurence Hardy emerged from the shelter of the inner room, and stood leaning against the doorway, still carrying his part of the tune, and looking attentively at Miss Morris, who, with her head turned over her shoulder, was looking at him.

The song came to a dead stop as the two singers, as if by a common impulse, came hastily forward. They met half-way, the gentleman clasping warmly the extended hand of the lady. Both spoke at once. "And was it really you?" she asked; while he exclaimed, "*Three times, and out!* I knew it could not fail."

The rest is quickly told. When two young people pass at one step from indifference to intimacy, it does not take them long to become lovers. The course of their true-love ran as smooth as heart could desire, and their wedding took place in the following June. When it was over, the happy pair departed on their bridal tour to—where, think you? Not to Paris, St. Petersburg, nor even to Newport or Long Branch. No. Those two romantic simpletons started for Vermont; and one Saturday afternoon, just as the sun was setting, they drove quietly into the little village of Benton, where "Bunce's Tavern" received them under its hospitable shelter.

The next morning was sweet, dewy, and fresh as that other June morning our young friends remembered so well. Nothing about the place was changed. The same, or what seemed the same, mild-faced cows came, with their tinkling bells, under the windows; the same hens cackled in the farm-yard, and the same birds sang in the orchard. The little cracked bell rang for service from the queer tower of the old church, and the same people went by in, I verily believe, the self-same Sunday clothes to meeting.

Our travelers went to meeting too; it was what they had come for. Deacon Goldthwaite, with many nods, showed them to the Bunce pew—only now they sat, not in opposite corners, but closely side by side. The only change they saw was the happy one of their relation to each other.

The preacher droned out the lesson of the morning, and announced the hymn. Deacon Goldthwaite "pitched the tune;" and once more, standing side by side and holding the same book, Laurence and Ada joined their voices with the rest of the congregation. Of all tunes in the world, it was "Hebron" that they sang! The words were not Montgomery's, but the more familiar ones of Dr. Watts; and any one who had been looking at our two friends might have seen the brown eyes and the gray seek each other quickly, and with a very peculiar expression, at the singing of the first line:

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A HUGE mass of masonry and sundry gigantic engineering appliances near Fulton Ferry, on the Brooklyn side, indicate that the solid foundation for the great East River Bridge is being laid as rapidly as possible. No extraordinary obstructions in excavating have yet been found, and it is hoped that the Brooklyn pier may be finished in two years. The construction of the New York pier, at the foot of Roosevelt Street, will soon be commenced.

The Superintendent of the Census expects to make public the complete population of the country early in October. By the first of September the population of most of the large cities will be known. Thus far the indications are that the increase during this decade has been less than had been generally anticipated.

An immense railway bridge has been erected over the Dnieper, near Kiev. It is the longest in Europe, being 3503 feet in length, and consisting of twelve arches.

London is considered the hottest, and Liverpool the coolest city in England.

A short time before the commencement of the European war the French Emperor received a letter from a young Austrian, who mildly stated that he was gifted with a voice such as is not heard once in a hundred years, and which has been given him for the consolation of humanity. To this information he added a request for a pension of 5000 francs, and a student's entry at the Paris Academy of Music. The letter was accompanied by a photograph of a very handsome young man.

Most of the pretty and curious souvenirs sold to strangers at Niagara Falls are manufactured elsewhere. The spar-rock jewelry comes from abroad, and much of the "Indian work" is made by Yankees and others who live far from Niagara.

In too many fashionable American families there is comparatively little regard paid to the comforts and pleasures of quiet home life, but a great outlay of money made for personal adornment, parlor decoration, and elaborate suppers whenever the so-called "claims of society" demand it. The most cultivated circles of Paris hold weekly receptions in a style whose simplicity would surprise many an ambitious matron. Coffee and ices form the refreshment, if any is offered at all. There is plenty of light, some music, and a few gracefully disposed vases of flowers ornament the *salon*. The professors of the University of Paris, Doré, Bonheur, and Frère, Madame De Gasparin, and Guizot, may be met at such receptions, and at dinner-parties, where a leg of veal is the *pièce de résistance*, and a bright-tinted silk is over dress. Those persons who have studied abroad, and been admitted to the most intellectual and cultivated circles of the French capital, are aware that, untouched by the extravagance of the court, or the dull pomp of moneyed *bourgeoisie*, there exists society, high-bred and exclusive, which observes a marked simplicity.

A portrait of Luther, painted by Lucas Cranach, was discovered not long ago in Silesia. It was hidden under successive layers of dust and cobwebs, in a passage leading from a church in Reichenbach to a schoolroom. This portrait is considered the best in existence.

It is related of the French Emperor that when he left Paris to lead the army he declined to have a tent provided for him. A general remarking that it was an unnecessary denial, he cheerfully replied: "What is the good of tents? We are going to a country where we shall probably meet with houses; besides, the cows' carpet will never fail us, and we shall always have a cloak to cover us." It has been ascertained since that "three trains from Metz were filled with the Emperor's personal outfit—carriages, cooks, beds, sofas, and all luxuries."

Mrs. Brown's Budget is the name of an English comic paper just announced by Mr. Arthur Sketchley.

It has been decided to remove the body of Rossini from Paris to the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, where the remains of Dante, Michael Angelo, Petrarch, and other illustrious Italians are interred. Madame Rossini is stated to have given her consent.

During the past year over four hundred persons have been arrested by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of whom two hundred and sixty-nine were convicted and punished. Over fifty horses, not permanently disabled, have been saved from death. Since the last report of the treasurer of this society three legacies have been bequeathed to it, amounting, in the aggregate, to seven thousand dollars; and since May 18, 1870, the sum of eight thousand dollars has been received toward the purchase of a building for the society.

An honest writer in *The Queen* remarks that none will be very much inclined to dispute that this is an age of shams, and yet we deceive so openly. We carry out the little social deceptions of life with the full knowledge that every body knows our shams are shams, in an age when it is the fashion to call a spade a spade. Rouge is rouge, and is palpably rouge, though our best friends wear it; and the world in general are perfectly aware that not one chignon or plaited chatelaine braid in a thousand grows on the head it adorns. The other day, at one of the most fashionable houses in London, a popular lady excused herself for removing her bonnet in her own house (it was Sunday, and she had just come from church), because she should have to put on another bandeau—that worn with her bonnet and without being perfectly different. For bandeau read chignon.

A copy of Macklin's splendid edition of the Bible, profusely illustrated with about 11,000 engravings and drawings, comprising specimens of every school and style, was sold lately in London for £165. This valuable collection of pictorial art was formed by the late Mr. John Gray Bell, of Manchester, and was handsomely bound in sixty-three large folio volumes. This is, doubtless, the largest Bible in existence.

Patriotism, wherever seen, inspires respect. For two years past a young Frenchman has followed the humble calling of a boot-black, his stand being in Broad Street. He was steadily gaining a little fortune for himself; but the reverses of his countrymen so distressed him that he resolved to return to his native land, and, if necessary, die in her defense. He could not be persuaded to change his determination, though several attempted to do so.

The thirty-sixth camp-meeting of the Methodist Episcopal churches of New York and vicinity was recently held at Sing Sing. About three hundred tents were erected and occupied by families from this city, and from towns along the Hudson River. Many improvements were made on the grounds this year. Gas was introduced, and a reservoir of water was constructed capable of holding 7000 gallons. The water was conducted from a spring by galvanized iron pipes.

Anglers do not often catch bank-notes. But not long since, while a man was fishing for pike on Lake Windermere, he saw something white floating on the water. He pulled it in, and found it was a twenty-pound Bank of England note. Presently he perceived other waifs of the same kind floating on the surface, and soon he fished up four five-pound notes. He happened to be an honest fellow, and by inquiry discovered that they had been lost by a tourist, out of whose pocket they had fallen while he was boating on the lake four days previously.

Corinne and other places in Utah have been visited with a plague of lizards. They fell in recent showers, are from two to eight inches long, and lively enough in water, but die soon on dry ground. They are clearly water reptiles, and could not have come out of the ground, as toads are said to do, after showers.

The Governor of one of the Western States is not only a gallant but a jocose man. He was riding in a car lately with a friend, when two young men came in escorting two young ladies. There were no vacant seats, and the Governor and his friend surrendered theirs to the ladies. What was their astonishment to see the young men occupy the seats and take the young ladies on their laps! "What a mistake," exclaimed the Governor, "we might have done that!".

The inhabitants of Osterode, a small German town, have voted the sum of 10,000 thalers, which will be presented to the man who captures the Emperor Napoleon, either dead or alive!

The gossips of Jackson, Mississippi, have been greatly excited over the recent marriage of Hon. A. T. Morgan (white), State Senator from Yazoo County, to Miss Carrie V. Highgate (colored), of Jackson. The alliance had been anticipated for some weeks, and curiosity was at its height. The couple, however, "stole a march" upon the public, and the ceremony was performed at half past one in the morning, just in season for them to take the night train to Cleveland. So the affair terminated quietly. The bridegroom is a native of Ohio, about thirty-three years old, served in the Federal army, was wounded at Bull Run and at Gettysburgh, and at the close of the war was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel. The bride is a quadroon about twenty-five years old. She is very pretty, dresses with taste, and is said to be finely educated.

Charles Rogers, LL.D., in a letter to the London *Daily News*, relates the following incident:

"In 1864, in the course of a tour, I arrived at the town of Barnard Castle, in the county of Durham, late on a winter evening, and put up at the principal hotel, a large, old-fashioned structure, fronting the principal street. At breakfast the following morning I chanced to notice on the opposite side of the street a large clock face, with the name Humphrey surrounding it, most conspicuously exhibited in front of a watch and clock maker's shop. 'How odd,' I exclaimed to a gentleman seated beside me; 'here is Master Humphrey's clock!' 'Of course,' said the gentleman; 'and don't you know that Dickens resided here some weeks when he was collecting materials for his "Nicholas Nickleby," and that he chose his title for his next work by observing that big clock face from his window?' After breakfast I stepped across to the watch-maker and asked him whether I had been correctly informed respecting Mr. Dickens and the clock. The worthy horologist entered into particulars. 'My clock,' said he, 'suggested to Mr. Dickens the title of his book of that name. I have a letter from him stating this, and a copy of the work, inscribed with his own hand. For some years we corresponded. I got acquainted with him just by his coming across from the hotel as you have done this morning, and his asking me to inform him about the state of the neighboring boarding-schools.'"

Mr. Humphrey entered into many particulars about the schools, and explained to Mr. Rogers how Mr. Dickens's attention had been called to the subject.

At a fashionable *salon* in Paris a select company were assembled sipping their tea, one afternoon. A youthful blonde, dressed in white, attracted much attention; and some remark that she made led two English ladies who were present to conjecture who she was. "That young fair woman must be Madame Ollivier," said one to the other. Compliments were showered upon the blonde, and every body's amiability toward her increased tenfold. Meanwhile the veritable Madame Ollivier, who had sat silent and unobserved in a corner of the *salon*, "assisted" smilingly at this small comedy. But when one of the English ladies exclaimed once more, on looking again at the blonde, "How graceful, how fair! she must surely be Madame Emile Ollivier," the real Prime Minister's wife rose and said, with her usual sweet manner, "That pretty woman is, as you say, exceedingly graceful and charming, but I am Madame Ollivier." And thereupon she disappeared. The Minister's charming wife is gifted with more than ordinary intelligence, but she is too young and too modest to keep the ball of conversation to herself.

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TOILERS OF THE SEA.—[SEE PAGE 570.]

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SCENE IN NANCY.

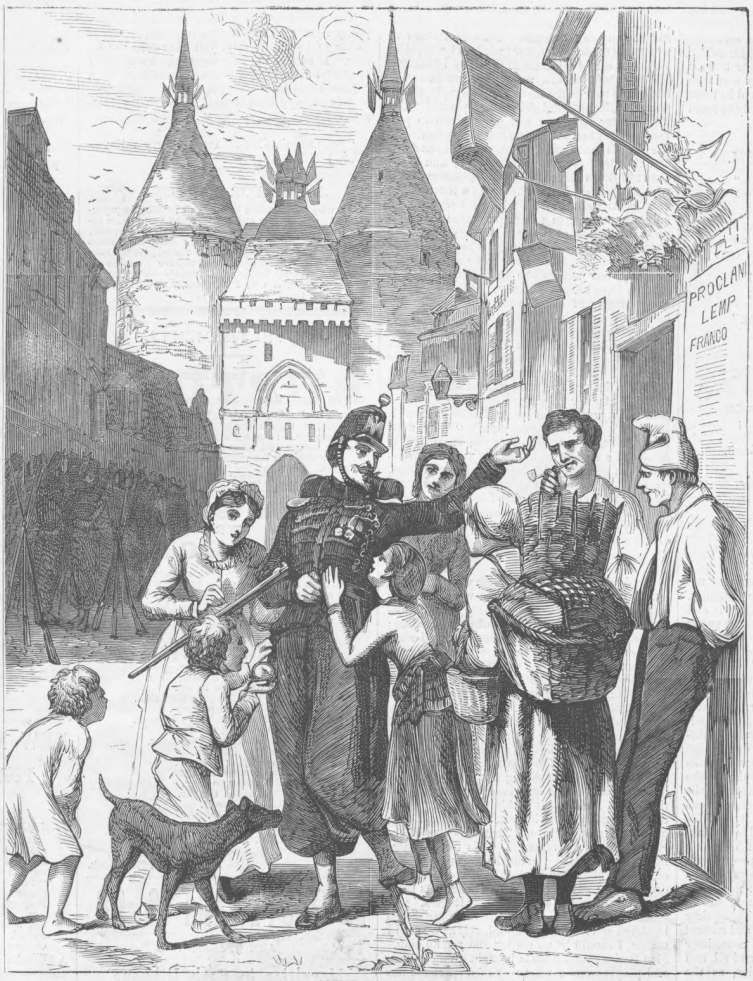
THE sketch on this page represents an incident which occurred during a halt of French troops on their way through the picturesque old town of Nancy. A soldier, in heavy marching order, stands in the midst of a group of towns-people, who are pulling him about with the greatest interest, examining his Chassepot, and all his trappings. In the background is the fine old gate known as the Porte de la Graffe.

STUDYING A WAR MAP.

THE Parisian street scene represented on this page is one which Americans are only too well able to understand and to sympathize with. It seems but yesterday since we were tracing the course of our own armies by means of newspaper war maps, and trying to understand the strategy of the generals, and to predict the course of the campaign. In Paris, says *Figaro*, the art of "parlor strategy" has been brought to great perfection, by means of maps and colored flags. Many an amateur general has shown the way to beat MOLTKE, cross the Rhine, and march to Berlin, and, doubtless, since the defeat at Weissenburg, has thought it a pity that he had not been in M'MAHON'S place. One of these amateur military geniuses, says *Figaro*, who was recently dining out, brandished his fork in the heat of discussion, exclaiming, "I shall fall upon the right wing and the left flank!" To which the mistress of the house, whose whole soul was absorbed in the task of carving chickens, answered, "Why, then, you want at least half a fowl." This amusement is, probably, not so popular in Paris now as it was a month ago; but we can imagine the painful anxiety with which the war maps are daily studied by the Parisians, as the apparently resistless tide of German invasion rolls nearer and nearer.

EGYPTIAN BURIALS.

THE most curious, if not the most useful, of the arts of Egypt, was that by which they disposed of their dead. It was the will of the Egyptians to have their bodies, or the principal portions of them, preserved as long as possible from decay; and this was effected so successfully that the sight-seer of to-day may examine the corpses of men and women over whom thousands upon thousands of years have rolled without bringing to them corruption, or depriving them of the human form. Indeed, we know of no limit to the endurance of the mummy if left in Egypt, the climate for which it was prepared. The processes (for there were three processes) of embalming required from two to three months to complete them. The body was never embalmed whole. Some portions were always removed, and not always, there is reason to suppose, preserved; but commonly the separated portions were preserved by themselves and placed in jars. The exterior body was then filled with myrrh, cassia, and other gums, and after that saturated with natron. Then there was a marvelous swathing of the embalmed form, so artistically executed that professional bandagers of the present day are lost in admiration of its excellence. "According to Dr. Granville, there is not a single form of bandage known to modern surgery of which examples are not seen in the swathings of the Egyptian mummies. The strips of linen have been found extending to 1000 yards in length. Rossellini gives a similar testimony to the wonderful variety and skill with which the bandages have been applied and interlaced." The exclusion of the air from the surface of the body was the object of this patient labor, and every proper expedient was resorted to to make the cerements fit tightly. Not the large limbs only, but the fingers and toes have been separately bandaged in the more elaborate mummies. The body was generally labeled, having its card, so to speak, placed within the linen folds, and generally on the breast. The identification was usually a plate of metal engraved, but sometimes it was a small image of a god, or an animal, with the name of the mummy on it, and this has been found sometimes within the body. Beads, ear-rings, necklaces are frequently turned out from among the wrappings. The bandaging effected, the next thing was to fit the mummy's *surtout*, which was made of layers of cloth pasted or glued together till they formed a pasteboard. Before it could be called a board, however—that is to say, while it was yet moist and pliable—it was placed about the wearer, whose shape it was made to take accurately. As soon as the artist was satisfied with the fit, the garment was sewn up at the back, and then allowed to harden. A mask, representing the features of the deceased, was put over the head, and continued some way over the shoulders. Male mummies wore a reddish-brown, and female a yellowish-green mask, as a rule; but the faces of some mummies, and sometimes even their whole surfaces, were



SCENE IN NANCY.

PARISIANS STUDYING A WAR MAP.

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gilded over. Commonly the pasteboard case was painted in bright colors, whose brilliancy was as lasting as the mummy itself. Hieroglyphics were emblazoned on it, and it was in some instances stuck over with beads and spangles. The legend would describe the departed, or include a prayer or invocation. The mummy was thus complete, but it was boxed up afterward in three coffins made to follow its shape as nearly as could be.

THE PRINCE'S BAPTISM.

"Louis has had his baptism of fire."
Emperor's Telegram.

"How jolly, papa! how funny!
How the blue men tumble about!
Huzza! there's a fellow's head off—
How the pretty red blood spouts out!

"And look, what a jolly bonfire!
Wants nothing but colored light;
Oh, papa! burn a lot of cities,
And burn the next one at night."

"Yes, child, 'tis operatic,
But don't forget, in your glee,
For your sake this play is playing—
That you may be worthy me.

"They baptized you in Jordan water—
Baptized as a Christian, I mean;
But you come of the race of Cæsar,
And thus have their baptisms been.

"Baptized in true Cæsar fashion,
Remember through all your years
That your font was a burning city,
And your water its widows' tears."

SYDNEY SMITH'S WIT.

SYDNEY SMITH'S style in reviewing was not criticism like Jeffrey's. It was the laughing, rollicking nonsense of a man of rare wit and imagination talking about the book with a pen in his hand exactly as he talked about it in his own easy-chair at Foxton or at his table in Green Street. "Lightness and flimsiness," he used to say, "are my style in reviewing;" but thousands of readers read Sydney Smith's nonsense who never thought of cutting the leaves to look at a page of Jeffrey's metaphysics or Brougham's politics. His fine Roman hand is generally distinguishable in the first sentence. His description of Dr. Parr's wig, for instance, trespassing a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, but scorning even episcopal limits behind, and swelling out into boundless convexity of friz, and the comparison of the style of his wig with the style of his sermons—his account of the Society for the Suppression of Vice as a society for suppressing the vices of people with incomes of less than £500 a year—his suggestion that Mr. Waterton's illustration of a nondescript species of monkey was the head of a master in chancery, and his criticism upon the impropriety of travelers thus trifling with science and natural history—his description of the boa constrictor swallowing the tortoise whole, shell and all, and consuming him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate—are all in the exact style of his talk. Here is an example of the way in which he gathered up in his recollection a host of incidents to exemplify the pleasures of life in the tropics, and threw them out in an avalanche of wit: "The *bête rouge* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into your bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup; a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer; or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such," he says, reflecting upon his own description, "are the tropics, and all this, of course, may well reconcile us to our dews, fogs, vapors, and drizzle—to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures—to our old British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces." His whimsical note to Lady Grey, beseeching her to put up my lord's pistols and powder-flasks out of his reach, is full of the finest wit: "For God's sake do not drag me into another war! I am worn down, and worn out, with crusading and defending Europe, and protecting mankind; I *must* think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed—I do not like the present state of the Delta—Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be champion of the decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats. No war, dear Lady Grey! no eloquence; but apathy, selfishness, common-sense, arithmetic!"

Sydney Smith's conversation was the conversation of a man made up of spirit—of a man, to use his own expression, who must either talk, laugh, or burst; the conversation of a man whose intellect bred analogies and picturesque imagery as the sun breeds clouds. Take him when or where you might, you never took him by surprise; and most of the brightest illustrations of his wit, like Douglas Jerrold's, were those that he struck out on the spur of the moment. His reply, for instance, to the beautiful girl who complained, "Oh, Mr. Sydney, this pea will never come to perfection," "Then permit me to lead perfection to the pea," is in its style perfect. Even French wit and chivalry has never excelled that; and in the Court of Louis XIV. it would have been crowned with a cardinal's hat. There was a touch of the courtier as well as of the wit in his reply to the lady who, arguing in a large party that it was always high tide at London Bridge at twelve o'clock, appealed to him with, "Now, Mr. Smith, is it not so?" "It used not to be so, I believe, formerly, but perhaps the Lord Mayor and Aldermen have altered it lately." He traced out the analogies of things with marvelous quickness. Of a couple of talkers he said: "There is the same difference between their tongues as between the hour and the minute hand: one goes ten times as fast, and the other signifies ten times as much." "If you mast-head a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not weather-cock a parishioner for refusing to pay tithes?" Of a poet who wrote with great labor—"How is Rogers?" "He is not very well." "Why, what is the matter?" "Oh, don't you know he has produced a couplet? When our friend is delivered of a couplet, with infinite labor and pain, he takes to his bed, has straw laid down, the knocker tied up, expects his friends to call and make inquiries, and the answer at the door invariably is, 'Mr. Rogers and his little couplet are as well as can be expected.' When he produces an Alexandrine, he keeps his bed a day longer."

Combining a vivid imagination with this brilliant gift of hitting upon analogies, with these high spirits, and this remarkable fluency of expression, Sydney Smith was, as a talker, irresistible; and, except Macaulay, he generally talked every guest at a table into silence. His habit was to fire right across the table, and to talk upon any subject that happened to be started, rarely starting any thing of his own. Unlike most wits, he owed none of his excitement to wine. Wine generally depressed his spirits, as it did Byron's; and when he had drunk nothing but a glass of barley-water he was in his highest spirits. These were his happiest hours of inspiration; and the slightest hint set him off striking out analogies, playing with them in his imagination, and adorning them with the flowers of his fancy. And you could generally trace his wit, as it were, in the process of manufacture. That was one of the charms of his conversation. His intellect was like an electric coil; you touched it, and it flashed out in sparkling corruscations at the touch. The conversation at one of Rogers's breakfasts turns upon American birds. "My dear Rogers," says Smith, "if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered; and, lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu." Sir Charles Lyell's book is brought on the carpet, and people wonder what sort of a spectacle our era will present to the Sir Charles Lyell of the next geological epoch. "Yes, imagine an excavation on the sight of St. Paul's; fancy a lecture, by the Owen of some future age, on the thigh-bone of a Minor Canon, or the tooth of a dean—the form, qualities, the knowledge, tastes, propensities, he would discover from them." It was in this spirit that, picturing the embarrassments of the London University, he drew his sketch of the bailiffs seizing on the air-pump, the exhausted receiver, and galvanic batteries, and chasing the professor of modern history round the quadrangle. His list of tortures—dooming Mrs. Marcet, for example, to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily, in the end, be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali; and Macaulay to have false dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne forever shouted in his ears, all liberal and honest opinions ridiculed in his presence, and not able to say a single word in their defense, was thrown off in a conversation at Romilly's on the tortures that Dante had invented. And so, too, was his description of the Utilitarians. "That man is so hard," says Smith, criticising a quotation from Mr. James Mill, or one of the Westminster Reviewers, "that you might drive a broad-wheeled wagon over him, and it would produce no impression; if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced saw-dust would come out of him. He and his school treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings or affections never enter into their calculations. If every thing is to be sacrificed to utility, why do you bury your grandmother at all? why don't you cut her into small pieces at once, and make potable soup of her?"

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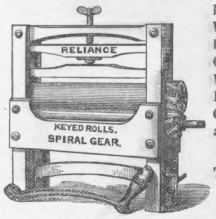

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 715.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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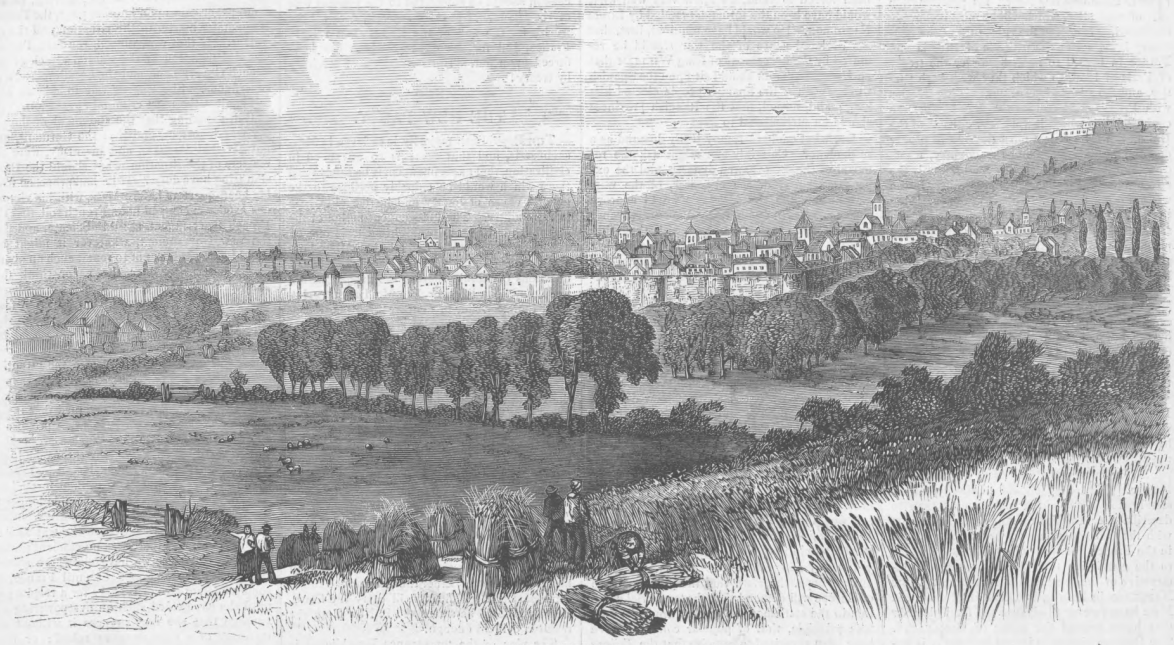

VIEW OF WEISSENBURG.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

VIEW OF SAARBRÜCK.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

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EARTHLY TREASURES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME SEGALES.

THE pure soul mounts to heaven's eternal day;
The angels meet
And guide it far along its cloud-wrapped way,
And whisper sweet:

"Young angel! wherefore thus a thought of woe
Of sorrow keep?
Hark, seraphim above!" "I hear below
My mother weep."

Still on they sweep; the dark-robed priest is heard,
By the altar's side;
Sad parents! see depart your summer bird,
Your joy and pride.

Like faithless birds are all earth's beauteous things;
Even while they stay
Tremble! They beat incessantly their wings
To fly away.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

THE President has issued his proclamation of neutrality, which will be most honorably respected. It quotes the substance of the neutrality laws, states the attitude of Prussia and France in regard to neutrals under the treaty of Paris of 1856, to which they were both parties, and the stipulations of our existing treaties with Prussia, and defines the acts against the commission of which it warns the citizens of the United States. It is a most timely and proper document. The people of this country, whatever their sympathies, comprehend not only the advantage, but the reason of neutrality, in the wars of other nations. But it is very amusing to observe that those who have violently taken side in sympatky with LOUIS NAPOLEON in the present war vehemently insist that a proper regard for our neutral duties demands virtual silence as to our opinion of the merits of the case. Meanwhile the President truly says in the proclamation: "The free and full expression of sympathy in public and private is not restricted by the laws of the United States;" and, undoubtedly, this will as plainly appear in every future stage of the war as it has appeared from the beginning.

But while from the beginning the conduct of LOUIS NAPOLEON in declaring a war totally without reason has been indignantly censured by the moral sentiment of the United States, the censure has not been, and is not now, accompanied by any hostile feeling to the people of France. That they should distinctly understand; nor is any thing more unjust than to describe the American feeling of satisfaction with the German successes as one of pleasure in the French defeat. The satisfaction is due to the conviction that German success is destructive of the continued dominance of LOUIS NAPOLEON in France, and that Haguenau and Metz have forever dissipated the fatal glamour that hung around the name of BONAPARTE. The German victory is hailed because it is believed to be, not the humiliation, but the emancipation of France, and the progress of the German arms has been most warmly welcomed by those who would most stoutly oppose any German claim to an unjust settlement of the war.

LOUIS BLANC says that the conditions of war, the defeat of the French, the presence of the enemy upon the soil of France, the menaced capital, unite in making an emergency in which the French people must stand fast and together. That, indeed, is the fatal necessity of the situation. But if, as he says, "France protested in advance [against the war], and repudiates it now," why did she not repudiate the author of the war, instead of rising with enthusiasm to his support? The fact undoubtedly is, that the French do not love the Germans, but they would not have made a war to gratify their dislike. Yet LOUIS NAPOLEON, wishing to strike at BISMARCK, felt that he could count upon this latent hostility of the French. The result shows that he was not deceived. And even now the fall of LOUIS NAPOLEON in French regard is not due to his guilt in beginning a causeless war, but to his conspicuous and contemptible incapacity.

Nevertheless, it is a war into which France has been surprised; and to demand of a nation a kind of moral heroism that could not be expected of an individual is folly. The French people may be sure that, while no honorable observer can wish to see them successful in promoting the selfish schemes of LOUIS NAPOLEON in defeating the army of a nation which a French army unjustly proposed to invade, yet the circumstances are such that there can be no pleasure in the mere fact of French defeat. The Germans can not, indeed, retire, unless compelled to do so, because the force before which they withdrew would press on to the invasion of their country. When war upon so tremendous a scale is once begun, it must be fought out to an end. In the present state of feeling in France, to propose to treat with the Germans would be to invite instant immolation. Even LOUIS BLANC, the Republican exile of twenty years, not only does not suggest it, but declares that it is impossible. The position of the people of this country, therefore, is peculiar. They must heartily wish the Germans to beat, yet they can not wish the French beaten, except as the army of Cæsarism. For it is true, and it may yet appear, that the German victory will be the most signal service to the French people.

NO TERRITORIAL CESSION BY TREATY.

THE great success of the German army at the opening of the war shows both that the German military system is superior to that of France, and that the French were curiously unprepared for the struggle. The electrical series of victories has rudely shaken the military prestige of France, and it is one of the revenges of time that a renown which was carried to the highest point by the first NAPOLEON should be apparently utterly lost under the last. It is a natural consequence of this swift and sudden decline of military reputation that propositions for a settlement should be advanced which involve the cession of part of the present territory of France to Germany. If the French army had pushed on to Berlin, and the Germans had been forced to yield, we know very well what would have been the terms demanded by LOUIS NAPOLEON. He would have required, first, that the declared cause of the war should be removed by the agreement of King WILLIAM that no HOHENZOLLERN should sit upon the Spanish throne, even if the Spanish people elected him king; and, second, that the Rhenish provinces should be surrendered to France.

But what could Germany justly demand as a settlement? Certainly she might ask the removal of the BONAPARTE dynasty, and the expenses, or part of the expenses, of the war. Europe and the United States would approve such terms as neither harsh nor extravagant; and if Germany were content with them, her position and power would be of the noblest kind. But it is evidently believed that, as successful France would have required the Rhenish provinces, so successful Germany will insist upon Alsace and Lorraine. Many journals have already said that such a result would be very proper; that these provinces were originally German; that the natural frontier of France is the Vosges Mountains, and not the Rhine; indeed, there have been, as usual, a great many reasons offered why the victor should do what he chooses. But the remark attributed to BISMARCK is so characteristic of the sagacity of that remarkable man—remarkable because he so thoroughly comprehends the power and genius of his country—that it may well be true. He says that Prussia seeks no territorial aggrandizement. He does not say, however, that she would refuse it; and, doubtless, if Alsace and Lorraine came naturally to Germany, BISMARCK would not object.

In that feeling all sensible persons will agree; and we hope, therefore, that the public opinion of Europe will demand that the territorial question in the settlement be treated upon the only true principle, that of popular consent. We have been surprised to perceive that the *Tribune* apparently implies that Alsace and Lorraine might be disposed of by treaty between the two Governments at Berlin and at Paris. Indeed, while its copious and admirable correspondence from Europe has represented the popular feeling of the provinces as warm for the French, it has yet been inclined to argue that, being naturally German, they could be properly allotted to Germany. Now the facts in regard to Alsace and Lorraine are very simple. They are undoubtedly, and especially Alsace, largely German in race and language and tradition. But they are by no means entirely so. The two provinces form six French departments, in five of which out of 2,383,961 inhabitants 1,359,158 are Germans. These provinces have been bandied to and fro for centuries. A large part of Alsace was confirmed to France by the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, and France has held entire possession of it for nearly two centuries, while she has held Lorraine for more than a century.

During this time, and especially in recent years, the French Government has sought to make the provinces as French as possible. But the German instinct of race and romantic love of fatherland have, doubtless, stoutly withstood these efforts. Every traveler in Alsace remembers the strong German character of the country and the people. But the provinces, by mingling of population and long association and subjection to the same government, have become parts of France. The French nation has fairly acquired rights in them which are not illusory, while yet the facts that we have stated forbid their being an essential, an integral part of the French nationality. They could be detached, that is to say, without injury to that nationality. It is, therefore, undoubtedly the right of the people of those provinces, when the present order is disturbed, to decide their own destiny. That was the principle in the case of Savoy. And if, notwithstanding the events of later years, the provinces, by an honest and universal vote, decide to become again German, as they originally were, ought Europe to interfere, and to insist that they shall remain French? This would not be the territorial aggrandizement of Germany against which, as we said last week, there would be a coalition of civilization. It is only an aggrandizement by conquest against which a protest should be made.

But whether such a cession be desirable or practicable, it is very plain that a cession by treaty is intolerable. The intelligent public opinion of the world should require that the treaties which conclude great wars should not be armed truces, but conditions of actual peace. It is clear, however, that a treaty, concluded after a series of great military defeats, if it contains an injury to national honor, is merely an armistice. From the moment it is signed the parties begin to prepare to end it. Now, without considering the reason of the case, the mutual feeling of France and Germany about the border provinces is such, that if one country yielded them to the other under the pressure of defeat in war, the surrender would rankle as a disgrace which must be removed. Even in the St. Thomas treaty, concluded in perfect peace between Denmark and the United States, the Government of Denmark, although St. Thomas was a remote colony, and of the slightest connection with the mother country, insisted that the question of cession should be submitted to the popular vote of the island. Let Germany ask, with all the world, for the end of the BONAPARTE rule in France, and for the expense which has been forced upon her. But no cession of territory by treaty!

THE NEW PARTY.

THE Republican majority is so large in Massachusetts, and that State is so advanced in civilization, that experiments may be safely tried there which would be culpably perilous to the general cause of liberty and justice elsewhere in the country. The independent action of the Republicans who are prohibitionists is one of those experiments. We call them Republicans, because those who are interested in all questions of moral progress are usually within the Republican lines, or, like Mr. PHILLIPS, beyond them. And, of course, these gentlemen see, what every body else sees, that their demand, practically, is that the Democratic party shall succeed, unless the Republican party will declare for prohibition. They know, of course, that if "temperance Republicans" throughout the country should do what they have done in Massachusetts, the next Presidential election would be given to the Democrats, the late constitutional amendments would be imperiled, the work of the war, as far as possible, undone, and the enemies of all temperance reform would be intrenched in power. In Massachusetts, we say, this experiment may be safely tried. For whether the Republicans adopt the prohibition policy—in which case Mr. PHILLIPS and his associates would probably withdraw from the ticket, and urge their friends to support the Republican nominations—or whether the temperance ticket remains, the Republicans will carry the State. But if it should be attempted in New York the result is evident enough.

The plea of the temperance Republicans is plain. They say that, in their judgment, there is no evil in the country so fatally alarming as drunkenness, and that neither of the great parties is brave enough to deal with it by a declaration of absolute determination to stop it. They are tired, they say, of the shuffling of parties, and will risk the consequences of their action. If elections in this country at this time did not involve so many precious interests, every man might, perhaps, safely demand that his special conviction should be made the platform of his party. But, as a matter of fact, party divisions will only take place upon issues that absorb the attention of the people, and the question of prohibition is not yet such a question. Perhaps it ought to be, and those who think that it is paramount to all other issues may zealously and eloquently arouse public feeling upon the subject. But until it is so aroused party divisions will be drawn along other lines.

And until it is so aroused, is it the duty of good "temperance" citizens to sustain a policy which will be the most friendly or that which will be steadily hostile to their wishes? They might, indeed, disorganize the Republican party; but they would not, therefore, create a powerful prohibitory party. The "temperance" citizens may say that in no other way can they make prohibition a commanding issue. But that is their radical error. Issues are not in that sense arbitrarily made. Thus the Republican party was not the result of the determination of a part of the old Whig and Democratic parties that the non-extension of slavery should be made an issue. That question had absorbed and concentrated all other public interests. The Democrats saw it, and declared for slavery. The Whigs would not declare for or against slavery, and they were pulverized. But the great questions that have interested the country during the last ten years are not finally settled and overborne by the temperance question, as bank and tariff and internal improvement were superseded by slavery extension in 1854.

Of course, our temperance friends are free men, and they have decided their policy for themselves. In a government like ours political sagacity is proved by skill in seizing the opportunity of doing the most good. But the arguments of the third party, which we have carefully read, have thus far failed to show us how a policy which directly tends to the restoration of Democratic ascendency in the country is favorable to justice, liberty, or temperance.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR, AFTER GRAVELOTTE?

A DAILY paper lately asked, "Did Prussia go to war to resent an insult to German honor, to defend the unity of Germany, or to break up the unity of France?" and proceeded to argue that, if it was for the first purpose, its honor had been avenged; if for the second purpose, that German unity was no longer threatened by France; but if for the third purpose, it was beginning an endless struggle. Now Prussia went to war because LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Ministry declared war against her, and marched an immense army to the frontier to invade her. At the time the paper spoke the attempt at invasion had apparently been at first baffled by Germany. But a series of tremendous battles had been subsequently fought, leaving, as the same paper said upon another page, the French commander master of the situation and the assailant. If that was, indeed, the fact, Prussia was still menaced by the wanton attack of the French Government, and the questions were all superfluous. She was at war to defend herself against the most criminal aggression.

But, assuming that the statement of the paper was incorrect, and that the Germans, and not Marshal BAZAINE and his army, were the masters of the situation, what should the Prussian King have done? If he had proposed from his head-quarters before Metz, with his victorious armies encamped upon French soil, that the French Government should abdicate, and that the new Government, whatever it might be, should give pledges not to renew such an abominable enterprise, does the paper think that France would have assented, or even patiently listened? Or, having won victories at a fearful cost of life, was the King to assume that France was hopelessly beaten, and would behave herself, and so withdraw into his own kingdom? Or was he to invite the attention of France to the fact that she was conquered, and ask her what she had to say? It is plain that, at the time the paper assumed that it was the duty of the King of Prussia to propose to end the war, if he had made such a proposal, it would have been received by the paper itself, whose sympathies were French, and by France, which believed that M'MAHON had just joined BAZAINE, as proof that he was unable longer to continue it.

Prussia went to war because she was attacked by France, for there was no efficient protest against the war, as we have elsewhere stated. Prussia must therefore fight until France, by some sufficient authority, asks for a respite; or until she has gained such an overpowering advantage that she may propose it without the certainty of a contemptuous rebuff; or until other states propose a friendly mediation. To throw upon Prussia, while the advantage is still claimed by France, the responsibility of further continuance of the war is mere inanity. When the French have had enough of the war, either by reason of defeat or of the deep conviction of the great crime committed by LOUIS NAPOLEON in their name when he began it, they will probably say so. And if, after Gravelotte, Marshal BAZAINE, acknowledging defeat and speaking in the name of the French Government, had asked for an armistice, with the view of proposing satisfactory terms to Germany for ending the war, there is no reason to doubt that the Prussian King would have granted it. Up to the Prussian victory at Gravelotte the German attitude in the war was irreproachable, nor have we any doubt that it will continue to be so.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

THE head of the Bureau of Education at Washington, the Hon. JOHN EATON, Jun., is evidently resolved that his office shall be of the utmost practical value. We have already had occasion to quote some of the significant statistics and facts which he has collected and published, and to bear witness to his profound conviction of the perils, and the growing perils, of ignorance in the United States. There has been some hostility of feeling toward the Bureau of Education, arising from the theory that the States themselves should take charge of the whole subject. But the existence of the Bureau is justified, if only by the fact that it shows to the whole country exactly how diligent or how remiss the different States are in their discharge of a most imperative common duty. In the highest sense, education is not a State matter, but a national concern. Maine is vitally interested in the schools of Florida; and nothing was more exasperating and disheartening to an intelligent American citizen of any Western State before the war than to know that education was actually forbidden to the poor laborer in all the Southern States.

The Bureau of Education has been of great service in urging upon public attention truths

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that are conceded as of course, but which are practically forgotten, as the facts published by the Bureau show. It is a commonplace truth, for instance, that universal education is essential to the national existence. But there are, at this moment, nearly six millions of totally illiterate adults in the United States; and adding to these the illiterate youth between the ages of ten and twenty, and children under ten who have no prospect of education, and we have four and a half millions more—a total of more than ten millions as the illiterate population of the United States. This is the result under the State system only. Is it wise, then, to foster jealousy of a national educational interest, and a national educational authority? Is there not, on the contrary, the utmost practical sagacity in the project of the bill introduced at the last session by Mr. HOAR, of Massachusetts, looking to a national supervision of the whole subject, to secure the proper discharge by every State of its educational duty?

Mr. EATON, the Commissioner of Education, has just issued a "Circular of Information," which will be furnished upon application to the Bureau, the direct tendency of which is not only to diffuse the most valuable fundamental information in a way to secure and to command attention, but also to encourage a national educational *esprit de corps*. He has also delivered an address before the National Teachers' Association, at Cleveland, in which he considers the relation of the national government to education, and states distinctly what, under the Constitution, it may unquestionably do. It may provide for education in the Territories, in the District of Columbia, and upon the Indian reservations. It may do all that its international relations require, as in the exchange of details of information, one of the surest methods of raising the educational standard. It may call all persons and States to account for whatever has been intrusted to them for purposes of education. It may use the public domain, or the money received from it, for educational purposes. It may obtain and codify the most ample domestic information for the benefit of Congress and the country. For all these duties and services a national bureau is not only convenient, it is imperative.

During the late session of Congress there was an unsatisfactory debate, in the Senate, upon the relations of the national government to education. It was a debate which must be renewed again and again until it becomes satisfactory; and it can result satisfactorily only in a system which, directly or indirectly, secures the education of every citizen of the United States.

UNDER WHICH KING?

As we write there is really no Government in France but General TROCHU, the Governor of Paris, and the generals with whom he has an understanding. What may be the Government to-morrow it is impossible to say. The fate of LOUIS NAPOLEON would be farcical, if it were possible to read of the terrible slaughter, or to think of the indescribable suffering and sorrow, of which he is the wanton and guilty author, without a shudder. His Majesty is a mere Toots. He is of no importance. Nobody mentions him. Nobody cares about him. But there is a feeling of pity for the poor young boy over whom he has so ridiculously sentimentalized, and to whom he has given such bitter memories. LOUIS NAPOLEON seems to have excited neither love, nor admiration, nor confidence, nor respect. He has been the despot of France for eighteen years, and he disappears at the first blow which falls upon the country, and nobody thinks of him but to sneer at him or curse him. His career is one of the most impressive lessons in history. It has cured the French of NAPOLEON worship forever.

After the first great defeats M. THIERS, the chief of the Orleanists, said that a republic was inevitable. But it seems to be now understood that an Orleanist Government is more likely to replace the empire. This is doubtless due to the fact that some of the best generals and ablest public men in France are Orleanists. It certainly is not due to the Orleans traditions, which are those of corruption and baseness. Nor is it the result of any conviction that France is more Orleanist than republican. Orleanist in France means constitutional monarchy. But that, if genuine, is only republic under another name. If France is ready for a really constitutional monarchy, upon the basis of universal suffrage, the form of which she now enjoys and is not likely to relinquish, then she is ready for a republic. But the republican leaders are evidently not anxious to declare it. Even LOUIS BLANC does not advise it. The reasons probably are many. It is conclusive, for instance, that at this moment those who have all the power are not republicans. Then the organization is probably neither complete nor satisfactory. M. ROCHEFORT is not a gentleman who would be likely to be of great service to the country at this juncture. The better leaders, like M. JULES FAVRE, probably know, with M. LABOULAYE, that it is the misfortune of French republicanism not to comprehend that the minority have any rights, and with BERANGER, quoted by a *Tribune* correspondent, that there is nobody for *vice*-President.

Moreover, there is the experience of 1848 still fresh in the memory of many of the most active republicans. They have discovered that the republic in France is not only *democratique* but *sociale*, and that upon that snag the republic of '48 was really wrecked. There is doubtless a general conviction that the monarchical form is safer for France, and from all that is known of the character of the Orleans princes, it is fair to presume that, should the Count De Paris be placed upon the throne, he would be most sagaciously and patriotically advised, and that the country would at once feel assured both of the force and of the good intention of the Government. If such should be the result, and the grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE should be made king, it is hard to believe that he would repeat the follies and faults of his grandfather. It would be his purpose, let us hope, as it would be his interest, to establish a truly popular government in France. For such a government only is "peace."

THE TROUBLES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A CORRESPONDENT in Wilmington, North Carolina, who disapproves the late action of Governor HOLDEN, writes us in regard to the remark of Chief Justice PEARSON, that the power of the courts was exhausted, as follows:

"The Chief Justice uses such language, but not in that connection.

"He is asked by imprisoned citizens for a writ of *habeas corpus*. He grants the writ, commanding the bodies of the prisoners detained by Colonel KIRK, by the order of the Governor, to be brought before the Supreme Court. KIRK declines to give up the prisoners to the Chief Justice; the Governor is notified by the Court of his officer's action; then the Chief Justice issues another writ, which is served on the Governor, who likewise declines to allow the civil court to examine into the cause of the prisoner's detention. It is at this stage of the proceeding that the Chief Justice says: 'Now the power of this Court is exhausted; the Governor declines to obey the writ; I have no force to enforce the Governor's obedience to the law. I have only moral force; the Governor is commander-in-chief of the militia. I can not measure swords with him.' The Chief Justice nowhere insinuates that there is any obstacle to the enforcement of the law other than that raised by Governor HOLDEN himself. And such I believe to be the truth. The Governor, the Chief Justice, Judge TOURGEE—all in authority—say that the process of the Court is executed in the insurrectionary district without any hindrance save what the Governor himself has interposed."

Our correspondent is evidently mistaken in regard to the Governor's opinion. He said distinctly, in his reply to the Chief Justice: "In my judgment, your Honor and all the other civil and judicial authorities are unable, at this time, to deal with the insurgents." The Chief Justice, in turn, admitted the power claimed by the Governor "to declare a county to be in a state of insurrection, to take military possession, to order the arrest of all suspected persons, and to do all things necessary to suppress the insurrection; but he has no power to disobey the writ of *habeas corpus*, or to order the trial of any citizen otherwise than by jury." The Governor, in reply, asserts that the safety of the State, which is the supreme law, required his disregard of the writ, and that it was a mockery for him to declare that the civil authority was powerless over the insurgents, and then to turn them over to the civil authority.

As the Chief Justice states the case, it was a question whether resort to extreme measures had become necessary, and whether the Governor, under any circumstances, could suspend the writ. These are questions, of course, which could only be satisfactorily settled by impeachment of the Governor.

FRANCE AND REVOLUTION.

THE French, it is often said, are never happy without a revolution. They are impatient of peaceful progress. They are a volatile, fickle race, who do not know their own mind for a year together; and it is their unhappy fate to be forever intolerant of a monarchy and unfit for a republic. If some act of the government is unsatisfactory, they proceed to build barricades, and sing the Marseillaise in a frenzy of excitement, and wear significant colors, and sentimentalize about justice and liberty and fraternity. They are a mercurial people, it is alleged, unstable as water. They need a rider, and the more firmly he holds the bridle the better for them. This is said now. It was said in 1848. It was said in 1830. It was said by the Allies in 1815. It was the faith and the practice of the old BOURBON monarchy. Was it, then, because that monarchy did not hold the bridle firmly enough that it was thrown so disastrously in 1793?

When it is said that the French are a Celtic race, and that the Celtic race is incapable of constitutional or popular government, it is not necessary to cite Professor HUXLEY to show that there is a great deal of nonsense talked about the political possibilities of Celts; but it will certainly be useful to look at the facts. The charge is that the French are a restless folk, always upon the eve of revolution, and incapable of steady government. Now certainly the government of France was not unsteady down to the reign of LOUIS XVI. It was a firm, unchanging, remorseless despotism. It was a system under which a king's minister spent nine millions of dollars upon a pleasure-house, and destroyed three villages to enlarge his park, while thousands and thousands of peasants struggled and starved and died under the extortion of taxes. When human nature could endure no longer it revolted. The government that had sown the wind reaped the whirlwind. Then Europe combined against the revolution. To oppose Europe a French republic arose. But the "terror" was the consequence of the old despotism trying to recover its hold of France. The terror destroyed the republic, and NAPOLEON BONAPARTE followed.

He decimated France in his wars. His object was his own glory, not the welfare of the French people. His reign was as despotic but wiser than that of the BOURBONS. But they were restored to France by Europe, and LOUIS XVIII. was more cautious than his ancestors, and humored the French people. At length, alarmed by their evident power and feeling, and by his own liberality, he recoiled. Under his successor, CHARLES X., the denial of the rights of the people became so haughty and flagrant that the French, knowing that legal reform was hopeless, rose and changed the government. They installed LOUIS PHILIPPE as the people's king. But he was no more a people's king than CHARLES X.; and again seeing no legal remedy, once more they rose and changed the government. But in both cases it was done without ferocity or blood, notwithstanding the paralyzing fears and the terrible traditions of the old revolution. France established a republic and elected a President. The President broke his oath, and, with the aid of the army, obtained supreme power, which for eighteen years he has used, not for the benefit of the people, but to secure his throne. Now he has compromised the honor and fame of France in a desperate effort to repair his personal prestige; and should he fail to retrieve a first defeat his government will be overthrown.

Can it be fairly said that the revolutions of France are due rather to the fickleness of the people than to the treachery of the governments? If, to use the most familiar of French phrases, LOUIS XVIII. had recognized accomplished facts, or if CHARLES X. had done so, or if LOUIS PHILIPPE had done so, or if LOUIS NAPOLEON had done so, is it reasonable to suppose that there would have been such constant disturbances and fears of disorder? Those rulers have sought their selfish ends, and have relied upon the army to pacify the protest of the people. They have deprived the country of the practical political experience and habits necessary to a popular system. There has been no free press, no free speech, no freedom of assembly. The elections, such as they were, have been managed by placemen and the central power. Lord BROUGHAM said that the revolution of 1848 was a thunder-clap from a clear sky. But M. DE TOCQUEVILLE had plainly predicted what every body perceived, and no one who was then familiar with European events forgets that the revolution was distinctly anticipated. A great, civilized people, whether Saxon or Celt, does not suddenly rise and destroy a good government. No people to-day makes revolution a pastime. Every French government that has fallen deserved to fall, and the French may justly be accused of incapacity for a stable government when they rush to overthrow one which has honestly sought the welfare of the people instead of its own profit and perpetuity.

EX-GOVERNOR ORR'S LETTER.

THE letter of ex-Governor ORR, of South Carolina, giving his reasons for acting with the Republican party in that State, is one of the most interesting political papers that we have recently seen. Mr. ORR is an old and experienced politician, and a man of sagacity, whose views are therefore worthy of attention. He reviews the situation in South Carolina, where at this time there are two parties, the Reform and the Republican, and he states the reasons why reform is more practicable under the latter than the former, inasmuch as there is no substantial difference in principle. Mr. ORR does not deny the necessity of reform in many details; but sees no hope for it out of the party which must for many years be dominant. The reason of this dominance is the indefeasible attachment of the colored citizens to the Republican party, an attachment which he considers inevitable, and of which he speaks with singular good sense. The Democrats who count upon the colored vote in the Southern States may read with great profit what their former chief says upon this point.

Suppose, says Mr. ORR, that we whites had been enslaved; that a party had made war to give us freedom; that it had succeeded; that it had periled its own supremacy by giving us civil and political rights; and that then those who had opposed granting us all these boons should appeal to us to join with them and overthrow the party of our deliverance and redemption—would any white man tolerate with patience such a proposition? Some of our party leaders might be corrupt and treacherous, but we certainly should not join our enemies to destroy our party until we had tried to reform it.

Mr. ORR therefore concludes that, as the colored citizens will long hold the balance of power, and cling unalterably to the Republican party, and as all old party issues, banks, internal improvements, etc., are settled, the duty of all good citizens is to see that the intelligence of the white race can never be made available in the conduct of affairs until it secures the political confidence of the colored voters. With great good sense Mr. ORR says, in conclusion, that if good and true men in the Southern States will consent to accept the reconstruction acts of Congress, and accept the new conditions of affairs, they could do something to correct abuses and restore a real prosperity.

WAR NEWS BY ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE extent to which the Atlantic telegraph is used by the American press in reporting the progress of the war in France is a noteworthy illustration of the enterprise of our journals, and of their superiority to the European as purveyors of news. While even the London *Times* is satisfied with the most meagre outline by telegraph, and depends upon correspondence by mail for the bulk of its news, American journals lay before their readers every morning voluminous and comprehensive dispatches from the seat of war, giving full and remarkably accurate accounts of the military situation; so that, although it passes through London on its way here, the most important news of the war appears first in the papers of New York. The New York *Tribune*, for instance, gave, in advance of European journals, the first detailed account of the great battle of Gravelotte. That battle was fought on Thursday, August 18, lasting far into the night, and on the Wednesday morning following the *Tribune* printed a vivid and minute description of the day's events, at a time when no details were known in London, Paris, or Berlin. The dispatch was, it is said, the longest ever sent over the Atlantic telegraph, and the cost of transmission was nearly $5000. These facts are worthy of record, as illustrating the enterprise of American journalism.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE battle of Gravelotte resulted in the withdrawal of the main body of the French army under Marshal Bazaine within the fortifications of Metz, to which the Prussian forces under the Prince Royal and General Steinmetz immediately laid siege. The army of the Crown Prince continued its march upon Paris, moving more slowly and cautiously as it approached the French capital. M'Mahon's movements have been variously reported, the dispatches of one day being generally contradicted by those of the next; but it appears to be well ascertained that the French commander has concentrated his forces to the north of the Prussian line of advance, in such a manner as to secure cooperation with that part of Bazaine's army which succeeded in getting away from Metz, and to await the right opportunity to give battle. The French hold a very strong position between Montmedy, Verdun, St. Menehould, and Rheims, with ample railroad communication with Paris.

Prussian cavalry scouts were seen on the 28th ult. at Meaux, twenty-five miles from Paris. All the forts about that city have been fully provisioned and garrisoned. The head-quarters of the Prussian army were at Bar-le-Duc on the 27th.

French official dispatches say that on the 25th ult. a force of 10,000 Germans, under command of the Crown Prince of Saxony, attacked the fortress of Verdun, and, after a severe engagement, was repulsed by the garrison with great loss. On the same day the French garrison at Vitry was compelled to surrender to a superior force, the Prussians capturing sixteen guns and 850 prisoners.

The garrison of Strasbourg continues to hold out. The Prussians are endeavoring to turn the course of the river Ill, which supplies the city with water. If successful, this will drain the moat.

Ratifications of the treaty for guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium have been interchanged at London by the representatives of the several powers.

The following was the disposition of the German army at latest advices: There are eighteen *corps d'armée*, containing 40,000 men each. The first army, under Steinmetz, has the First, Seventh, and Eighth Corps at Metz; the second army, under Prince Frederick Charles, the Second, Third, Ninth, and Tenth Corps, at Metz; the third army, under the Prussian Crown Prince, the Fifth, Sixth, and Eleventh Corps, and two Bavarian corps, marching on Paris; the fourth army, under the Crown Prince of Saxony, has the Fourth and Twelfth Corps, and the Saxon and Prussian Guards; the fifth army, under General Werder, has the Würtemberg and Baden divisions, and is engaged in the siege of Strasbourg; the sixth army, under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is on the Rhine; and the seventh army, under Generals Von Canstein and Loewenfeld is at Berlin. Three of these armies are in reserve.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

A project of law has been submitted by the Belgian government to the Legislative Chambers regulating steamer service between Antwerp and New York. The contract contains a guarantee that the postal receipts shall amount to 3,000,000 francs a year.

It is announced that Italian troops are making a general movement upon the territory of the Pope, and it is believed that Victor Emanuel can not control the desire of the people to get possession of Rome.

Sir Frederick Pollock, formerly Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in England, died on the 29d of August. He was eighty-seven years of age.

The Bavarian government has forbidden the promulgation of the Infallibility dogma.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

VICE-ADMIRAL PORTER has been appointed Admiral, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Admiral Farragut. His commission is dated August 20.

An official report from the Indian Country states that the Arrapahoes and Cheyennes are gathering peaceably at their agency, and little further trouble is anticipated from them. The Kiowas are also reported as coming to Fort Sill, and it is said that they have determined in council to cease from hostilities. The President has appointed John Holey, of Ohio, agent of the Sacs and Foxes.

Orders have been issued by the Treasury Department for the purchase of $7,000,000 of bonds and the sale of $4,000,000 of gold in the month of September.

The total internal revenue receipts at the Treasury Department for the last fiscal year amount to $37,024,-888.

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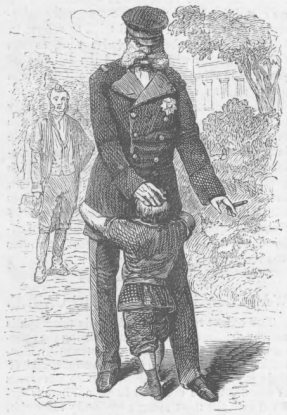


"MY NAME IS WILLIAM, TOO."

FROM EMS TO BERLIN.

THE little town of Ems—one of the most beautiful watering-places of Germany—is charmingly situated on the right bank of the river Lahn. Although it can not compete with Baden-Baden or Homburg in the magnificence of its Kursaal, the company is generally considered more select than at either of the other watering-places. It is the favorite place of resort for the royal personages of Europe, and many important political conferences have taken place there.

Among the most distinguished as well as the most constant visitors at Ems is King WILLIAM I. of Prussia, who has been accustomed to resort there every summer to recover from the fatigues of winter, when public duties press most heavily upon him. He is described as a most affable and courteous old gentleman, and a special favorite with the children of the place, with whom he unbends in the most gracious manner. The following well-authenticated anecdote will illus-

IN THE GARDENS AT EMS.

trate this pleasant trait in his character. A little fellow of eight or nine summers ran up to him one day, as he was walking slowly through one of the parks, and, clasping him about the knees, looked up into his face and asked,

"Are you really King WILLIAM?"

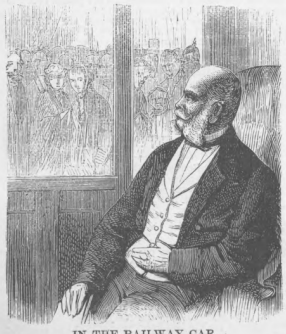
"Well, I believe so, my little man," answered the King, amused with the child's simple confidence. "What do you want of me?"

"My name is WILLIAM, too, and I want to be a soldier—one of those with red facings to their uniforms, and big white feathers in their caps."

"God bless you, my little man!" replied the King, deeply moved. "When you grow up you must tell your wish to my son FRITZ, and say that old King WILLIAM gave you permission."

Nothing could have touched the soldier king more nearly than such an incident.

This summer King WILLIAM'S visit at Ems was not allowed to pass without interruption. The story of the interviews between him and Count BENEDETTI, the French Minister to Prussia, which terminated in war, shows that the



IN THE RAILWAY CAR.

IN "UNTER DEN LINDEN."

French Emperor was from the first determined upon hostilities. The first audience took place on July 9, at the request of the Count, who demanded that the King should require the Prince of Hohenzollern to withdraw his acceptance of the Spanish crown. The King replied that, as in the whole affair he had been addressed only as the head of the family, and never as the King of Prussia, and had accordingly given no command for the acceptance of the candidature, he could also give no command for withdrawal. A similar interview took place on the 11th; and on the morning of July 13 the King met him on the public promenade before the fountain, and informed him that the Prince had withdrawn of his own free-will. The King regarded the affair as settled; but, to his surprise, Count BENEDETTI made a new demand, that the King should expressly pledge himself never to give his consent, in case the question of the candidature of the Prince should at any subsequent time be revived. The King decidedly refused to comply with any such demand, and when BENEDETTI returned to his proposal, with increasing importunity, stood by his answer. In spite of this, a few hours after the Count requested a third audience. Upon being asked what subject was to

THE "INSULT" TO COUNT BENEDETTI.

be considered, he gave for answer that he wished to renew the discussion of the morning. The King declined another audience, as he had no answer but that already given, and, moreover, all negotiations must now take place through the Ministry.

BENEDETTI'S rudeness in forcing himself upon the notice of the King in a public walk was regarded by those who witnessed it as a studied insult. It was interpreted as a sign of hostility toward Prussia, and two days after came the declaration of war.

The day after his final interview with BENEDETTI the King left Ems, at an early hour in the morning, in a special train

MARCHING OUT.

LEAVING THE PALACE.

for Berlin. He took leave of the crowd which had assembled to witness his departure with evident emotion. "I hope to see you all once more," said he. "God is my witness that I have not desired war; but if I am forced into it I will maintain the honor of Germany to the last man." His whole journey was like a triumphal progress. At every city and village on the way he was received with wild enthusiasm. When he arrived at Berlin the streets were thronged with people who had come out to bid him welcome. He was deeply moved by this reception. His course from the railway station to the palace, through the magnificent street of "Unter den Linden," was such an ovation as a crowned head has rarely met with in modern times. As the carriage approached the palace the pressure became so great that even the stone pillars in the public square broke off as if they had been made of wood. The ceaseless hurrahs roared like a hurricane around the palace. The King alighted

IN THE BARRACKS.

on the steps, and, with deep emotion, repeatedly expressed his thanks. He could scarcely be heard for the acclamations, but those who stood nearest to him caught the words: "With such inspiration of my people, our victory is secure; we may look forward to the future without fear." The King then entered the palace, but the crowd remained. All at once the national hymn began to ascend from ten thousand voices. The people stood with uncovered heads. A small proportion only were able to sing; the others wept from excitement; and even those who took part in the hymn could do so only with trembling voice and tearful eye. It was a moment of sublime transfiguration. At length, about half an hour before midnight, the multitude were informed that the King had still many heavy tasks to attend to, and begged them to retire. "Home! home!" was at once the universal cry, and in a few minutes the vast throng had disappeared, and left not a soul in the spacious square.

Then the next day came the hurried but systematic business of preparation, the inspection of troops, and finally the marching out of the grand army to a victorious progress, of which the most sanguine had never ventured to dream.

INSPECTING THE GUARDS.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Voyage of the "Flying Scud."—Anxiety for her Safety.—Captain Musgrave's Account.—A Shocking Spectacle.—Lonely Death of a Castaway.—The Return.—Conclusion.

In the preceding chapter our readers were informed of the departure of the *Flying Scud*, under command of Captain Musgrave, from Stewart Island, in search of those of the party who had been left behind at the island refuge where so many weary months had been passed. Week after week went by, and still no tidings of the little vessel and her adventurous crew were received. At length Mr. Raynal, though hoping against hope, began to feel the keenest anxiety in regard to her fate, in which the kind-hearted people by whom he was surrounded warmly sympathized. They had a fellow-townsman to regret, whom they respected highly; but Mr. Raynal mourned for Captain Musgrave as for a lost brother. They were indeed nearer than most brothers. Captain Musgrave had been his true-hearted companion in many scenes of trying hardship and suffering, and now, it was only too probable, had perhaps lost his life in the attempt to rescue his comrades from the isolation and dangers of a desert island.

Happily these fears were not realized.

For in the mean time the *Flying Scud*, though meeting with some trying delays on account of calms, made the voyage to the island without any serious mishap of any kind. She was skillfully piloted by Captain Musgrave into the great bay, and so onward to the little land-locked harbor where the *Grafton* had been wrecked, and on the shores of which their cabin was situated. Harry was the first to see the yacht from the beach as she sailed into the harbor. He was so overwhelmed with the emotions which the spectacle of a vessel coming to their rescue awakened that he threw his arms up convulsively, and then sank fainting upon the sand. He had not strength even to call out to George to come and see. George, however, was soon found; and as soon as the men had recovered a little from the effects of their excessive joy they were taken on board the yacht, and she immediately set sail on her return.

Their voyage was delayed somewhat by contrary winds, and before they got fairly clear of the islands they were forced to seek shelter in "Sarah's Bosom," the harbor situated at the northern part of the group, as previously described.

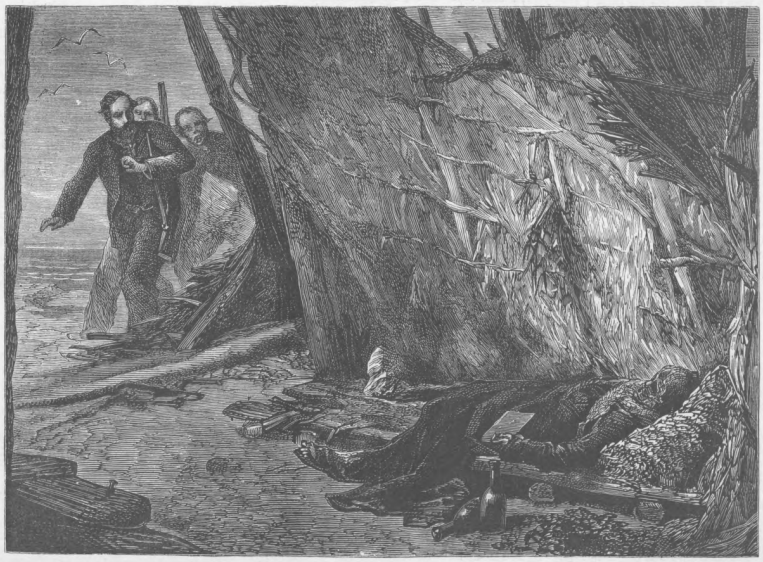
They went on shore while anchored in this port, and in the course of their rambles among the rocks and thickets they came suddenly upon a most shocking spectacle. It was that of the dead body of a sailor, lying upon a rude bed made of moss spread upon a floor of boards, and partly sheltered by a kind of booth framed with stems of small trees and covered with boughs. He appeared to have been but a short time dead. One of his feet was enveloped in bandages, as if it had been wounded. In his hand was a slate, on which the poor fellow had evidently written something, under a faint and forlorn hope, probably, of thereby conveying his last dying message to his friends and family at home, but the writing had been so far effaced by the rain that it was not legible. They knew at once that this was the body of some shipwrecked sailor, and they afterward learned the particulars of the disaster which was the means of bringing him to this melancholy end.

As soon as wind and weather allowed they left this port, and the yacht proceeded on her way. She arrived safely at Stewart Island. The people of the village received the announcement of her appearing in the offing by a signal from a semaphore, set up for such purposes on a point of land at the entrance to the harbor. The news spread with great rapidity throughout the town; and when the yacht arrived at the landing Mr. Cross and Captain Musgrave found the whole population assembled on the beach to welcome their return.

We have little more to add. Mr. Raynal took passage in the first vessel which sailed for Australia. — Captain Musgrave, though setting out later, reached Sydney before him, having taken passage in a steamer. They learned on their arrival that the seaman whose body they had found on the shore, at the northern part of the Auckland Islands, had undoubtedly been one of the crew of the ship *Invercauld*, which had been wrecked upon the rocks in Port Ross, or "Sarah's Bosom," as the sailors called it, during the time while they were living in their cabin in the southern part of the group. The *Invercauld* was a large ship of eleven hundred tons. Her company consisted of twenty-five men. Of these six went down with the wreck, and of those who escaped to the shore sixteen perished of exhaustion and famine. The three survivors, including the captain, were taken off by a Spanish brig, which accidentally came that way. They had been twelve months on the island, during the greater part of which time Mr. Raynal and his party were leading the same life of hardship and suffering in the southern part of the same group —each party wholly unaware that they were in so near neighborhood of another community in the same state of anxiety, suspense, and suffering with themselves. There is no question that the sailor whose dead body was found in the hut was one of their number.

Mr. Raynal closes his narrative by saying that Aleck, notwithstanding the terrible experience which he had passed through, still continued to follow the sea. George remained in New Zealand, but went to work in the gold diggings there. Harry returned to his original home in Australia, and was engaged in taking care of the flocks on a sheep-farm. Captain Musgrave also settled in Australia, where he still remains. Few men have had a more eventful history. From boyhood he had a passion for the sea, and twice ran away from home to become a sailor. His father at length consented to let him follow his inclinations, persuaded that, with his restless disposition, he never would be happy at home on a farm. This was twenty years ago; and though, like a dutiful son, he has always kept up a correspondence with his parents, who live in one of the Western States of America, he has never visited his home since then. As for Mr. Raynal himself, he embraced the very first opportunity, after reaching Australia, to embark for France, where he arrived safely, after an absence of twenty years.

THE RETURN OF THE RESCUERS.



A SHOCKING SPECTACLE.

WEISSENBURG.

THE town of Weissenburg (printed Wissembourg on French maps), of which we give a view on our first page, was the scene of Marshal M'MAHON's crushing defeat by the Crown Prince of Prussia. It was formerly a free city of the German empire, and is situated close to the frontier, on the Lauter, a tributary of the Rhine, running into that river at or near Lauterbourg. The town was ceded to France by the treaty of Ryswick, and for six years—from 1719 to 1725—it was the residence of the unfortunate STANISLAS LECZYNSKI, Duke of Lorraine and elect-King of Poland. It has more than once owed its selection for a battle-ground to the works with which its neighborhood was furnished by Marshal VILLARS, in the reign of LOUIS XIV., after his conquest of Alsace. In 1705 the Marshal caused a series of redoubts and intrenchments to be constructed from the Geisberg—or, to use the French name, the "Mont du Pigeonnier"—which lies at the eastern entrance of the town, above the southern bank of the Lauter, as far as Lauterbourg; and these lines have, time after time, been captured and recaptured. They were stormed more than once during the War of the Succession; and on October 13, 1793, they were carried by the Austrians, under Prince WALDECK. The Germans, however, held them only for a short time, as on Christmas-day of the same year they were retaken by the French; and since that time Weissenburg has enjoyed an interval of peaceful existence as the *chef lieu* of the department of the Bas-Rhin. It is distant twenty-seven miles, northeast, from Strasbourg, by the railway which passes through Haguenau, seven miles from Weissenburg, and which there forms a junction with the main railway, the Great Eastern of France, leading to Luneville, Nancy, Chalons, and Paris. The valley of the Lauter at Weissenburg forms a gorge which opens into the Rhenish plains to the south, and to the Vosges to the west. About two miles and a half to the west, upon the road to Bitche, is the hill called the Pigeonnier, which rises nearly 2000 feet above the valley of the Lauter. The ground from Weissenburg to this peak for about half a mile rises gently; and then suddenly, at the bend to the right, which the road to Bitche makes, the ascent becomes more steep, so that the road is winding. The road from the Col du Pigeonnier to Chimbach runs through a woody country easily defended, crosses the forest of Mundat, and, after running rather more than a mile beyond, reaches the little village of Chimbach, which lies on high ground. The road then descends for more than a mile to Lembach; passes through the forest of Katzenthal, lying in a small valley, and terminates at Bitche, a fortress of great natural strength, twenty-five miles distant from Weissenburg. But the ground extending a few miles south of the Lauter, toward Saverne and Haguenau, is diversified with hills and woods, though not at all of a mountainous character. It was this tract of country, toward Neuweiler, Ingweiler, and Frischweiler, on the western side, that was surreptitiously explored on the 26th of July by the reconnoitring party of Baden officers, led by Count ZEPPELN, one of whom was killed, and two became captives to the French.

The action in which M'MAHON was defeated, though its consequences were momentous, was rather a surprise by overwhelming numbers than a regular battle. A portion of Marshal M'MAHON's corps d'armée, two regiments of the line, one of foot chasseurs, one of mounted chasseurs, and one of Turcos, under General ABEL DOUAY, had encamped the night before close to Weissenburg. At daybreak next morning they were aroused by a violent cannonade from the hills of the Bienwald, on the opposite bank of the Lauter, whence they were attacked by a very superior German force. They fought obstinately during several hours. The Crown Prince and his staff were on the left of the German line, the artillery was in the centre, and the columns of German troops were massed on the right. The French had but three guns at first, but they got some reinforcements by railway, and maintained a brave contest till two o'clock in the afternoon. General ABEL DOUAY was killed by a shell; Brigadier MONTMARIE was wounded; there was great slaughter, and several hundred French soldiers, with eighteen officers, were taken prisoners; one gun was also taken.

SAARBRÜCK.

THIS little frontier town, of which we give a view on our first page this week, will be known in history as the scene of the poor little Prince Imperial's "baptism of fire." It is situated on the left bank of the river Saar (the old Roman Saravus), whence, indeed, it derives its name, which, being translated into English, is Saarbridge. It lies a little southeast of Treves, at the point where the valleys of the Saar and Sulzbach meet, and is dominated by the heights of Spikeren, which, on August 2, the French carried at the point of the bayonet, and whence, an hour later, they bombarded the town. Containing about 12,000 inhabitants, Saarbrück possesses, or rather possessed, several handsome buildings, a very good college, and a large custom-house, and was joined to its suburb, St. Johann, on the opposite bank, by a handsome stone bridge.

The country round is studded with coal-mines, but the mineral extracted is of a very poor quality, being hard, schistous, very smoky, and sulphurous. It, however, was chiefly exported to France, being largely used on the Eastern Railway. The annual value of the exported coal has been estimated at seven millions of thalers.

Not far from here is that legendary coal-mine known as the "burning mountain," which, set on fire in 1780, still continues to burn.

The town was founded in the tenth century, and remained under the rule of the bishops of Metz until 1240, at which epoch it fell into the hands of one of the many petty princes then so prevalent. From 1380 to 1679 it belonged to the dukes of Nassau, when it was taken by the French army under the command of Turenne, but was afterward retaken and burned by the Austrians. It fell to the French in 1794, but was ceded to Prussia by one of the treaties of 1815.

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"C'EST LUI."

Come, little bark, come to the land!
Come, little sail, over the sea!
As she shades her sweet eyes with her hand,
And half doubts as she murmurs "*C'est lui.*"

There's a line of white light on the blue,
There's a path through the depths to her feet,
And the dark sail is hastening through,
And the last hour of waiting is sweet.

But the length of an oar to the land!
Can they guess what the meeting will be?
Sweet eyes shaded by little brown hand,
Sweet lips parted and saying "*C'est lui.*"

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

FISHING FOR AN INVITATION.

"WHAT a strange girl!" muttered Richard, as he stood in the same hollowed rock, alone, where Harry and he had first taken shelter. "What a compound of strength and weakness—as my mother says all girls are, though I have never known them strong before! How eager she seemed to part company with me, and how anxious to get home without me—and I am never to speak of what has happened, to her father nor to Solomon! This Solomon is her unwelcome wooer, that is clear. He is neither young nor handsome—nor attractive in any way in her eyes, I reckon. And what a beauty she is, to be thrown away on such a boor!"

The recollection that the door at the top of the rock had been left open, and the key inside it, here flashed upon him. "She will be sorry about that key," he thought; "and glad and grateful to me if I go back and fetch it. The old man will be wroth with her for having trusted a stranger with such a treasure. This Trevethick must be an ingenious fellow, and a long-sighted one, no doubt. It was he who applied to Parson Whymper for a lease of the old mine, if I remember right. Perhaps the chaplain may help me to get it him, for I owe him something for his daughter's sake. The idea of his having such a daughter! What rubbish is this we artists talk of birth and beauty! Neither in life nor on canvas have I ever seen one so fair as this girl." He meditated for a moment, then cried out, angrily: "Heaven curse me, if I harm her! What an ungrateful villain should I be! If there be a Gehenna, and but one man in it, I should deserve to be that man!"

Then he began to climb the rock. He did not tarry this time for breath nor shelter, though the wind had no whit abated, but trod right on till he reached the spot where the catastrophe which had been so near fatal to him had occurred. "It was a narrow escape," mused he, looking down upon the place, not without a slight shudder. "What odd things come into the head when Death is whispering in the ear! If it had not been for my fair guide, where should I have been by this time? Beneath the sea, for certain. But what else? How strange it seems that if there is any 'else,' no one, from the beginning of time till now, of all the millions who have experienced it, should have come back to tell us! And yet there was a man who came back from the grave once. Who was he? I recollect his picture by Haydon; his talk must have been better worth listening to than that of most. Is nothing true that one hears or reads, I wonder? Here is where I kissed her! I wouldn't kiss her again, if I had the chance; I swear I would not. I am a good boy now—all morality, if not religion—for they do say that hell is paved with good intentions—which seems hard. If one is to be punished for one's wicked thoughts—even if they do not bear fruit—it is surely but reasonable that one's good ones—even if never carried into practice—should be set down on the credit side of the ledger."

With an exclamation of contempt or impatience, he turned from the dizzy sight of cliff and sea, and shouldered his way through the wind-kept doorway on to the open summit of the rock. It was a wild waste place indeed, yet not without ample indications of having been inhabited in days of old. Low but massive walls sketched out the ground-plan of many a chamber, the respective uses of which could only now be guessed at. But beneath one broken arch there was a heap of rude steps with a stone something on it, which Richard rightly imagined had once formed an altar. Man had worshiped there thirteen hundred years ago. Nay, not far off, and in the very centre of this desolate hold, there was a burial-ground, with a low wall of earth about it, which neither time, nor the curious barbarism which marks our epoch, had much defaced. The archæologists had been there, of course, and discovered evidence which had satisfied them of the presence of the remains of their fellow-creatures; but with that they had been content. The dead had, for the most part, been left undisturbed in their rocky graves, to await the summons in the faith of which—and perhaps even for it—they had died. For these were King Arthur's men (as Richard had read)—the warriors who had helped the blameless king "to drive the heathen and to slay the beast, to fell the forest and let in the sun."

The lonely desolation of the place, and its natural sublimity, combined with the recollection of his late deadly peril, tinged the young man's thoughts with an unusual seriousness; and yet he could not restrain the cynicism that was habitual to him whenever his attention was compelled to solemn subjects.

"Now, are these poor folks—whose creed must have been any thing but orthodox, by all accounts—all in eternal torments, I wonder, or only waiting to be so, for a few hundreds of years longer? Such was my mother's friend, Joanna's, comfortable creed, and it is shared, as I understand, by all the most excellent people. How much better (if so) would it have been for them to have been born and cradled on this rock as sea-gulls! Gad, to dwell here and fight for a king about whose very existence posterity is to be in doubt in this world, and then to go to the devil! What a nightmare view of life it seems! If, an hour ago or so, things had turned out otherwise with *me*, I should have solved the problem for myself. I almost wish I had. And yet it was not so when I was clinging tooth and nail to the cliff yonder; and these folks would not have died if they could have helped it, neither. There's something ugly in black Death that disinclines man to woo her. This wind bites to the marrow, and I'll go. I've seen Gethin now, and there's an end." He turned, and walked as slowly as the blast would let him toward the gate. "And yet, if it was warmer, and summer-time," continued he, "I should like to sketch these things, or some of them, especially if Harry were with me." He came out, and locked the door, and once more stood in the shelter of it, with the key in his hand. "She'll be glad I went back for this, and know that it was done for her sake. If she had but money, now—this girl—and was a lady, and all that! Or if I could choose whom I would!" He began to descend slowly, step by step; the furious gale forgotten; his late escape from death unremembered; one thought alone monopolizing his mind—the thought that monopolizes all men's minds (or nearly all) at his age. It was here that his hat had blown off, and her soft curls had played about his face; it was there that he had first clasped her waist, and had not been rebuked. Then he fell to thinking of all that had happened between them during the few hours that were already an epoch in his life. Why had she looked so frightened at first seeing him? Had he seemed to come upon her as her "fate," as some girls say? He would ask her that some day—perhaps up yonder amidst the ruins. He had not missed the look of annoyance which she wore when Solomon had spoken to him so roughly, nor failed to couple it with the expressions she had before made use of with reference to Coe the elder, and the gratitude with which her father regarded his memory. This Solomon might be a suitor who was backed by the old man, but certainly not encouraged by Harry. Was she already engaged to him, tacitly or otherwise? It was impossible, being what she was, that she should not have been wooed by somebody.

Richard Yorke was not one of those exacting characters who demand that the object of their affections should never have attracted those of another; he was even reasonable enough to have forgiven her (if necessary) for having returned them, in ignorance of the existence of a more worthy admirer in himself. There are many more varieties of Love than even the poets have classified; and perhaps it is in despair of dealing with this Proteus that we elders so often ignore him in our calculations.

The day was darkening by the time Richard reached the village. Around the inn door were a group of miners, who stared at his bare head hard enough, but gave way to him civilly. They were talking and laughing loudly, and wiping their mouths with the backs of their hands. It was evident that somebody had been "standing treat" in the narrow passage; and leaning their elbows on the sill of the little bar window were more miners, each with his pint pot of ale.

"Here's luck to Trevethick and Coe," said one, "for a parting toast."

"Ha, ha, that's good!" cried another, in appreciation of this commercial epigram; "Trevethick and Coe; to be sure!"

"Trevethick and Coe, and may the copper last!"

But one, emboldened by the liquor, or naturally more audacious than the rest, put his head and shoulders through the open window, and, making a trumpet of his two hands, whispered in a hoarse voice, audible to every one: "And is it to be Coe and Trevethick also, Miss Harry—eh?"

Then the window was slammed down with no gentle hand, and the men went out laughing heartily, and for the first time leaving room for Richard to pass in. He did not look toward the bar window, but, as though he had heard nothing, walked quickly past it into the sitting-room, which had been allotted to him. It was strange, since what he had just heard only confirmed the suspicions which he had already entertained, that the words should give him annoyance; but they certainly did so. What was more natural than that this inn-keeper's daughter should be engaged to marry her father's friend—a man apparently well-to-do, and with a prospect of doing better? What could be more unreasonable than for Mr. Richard Yorke, a young gentleman whose only hope in life was to marry a girl—or an old woman, for that matter—with a good fortune, to be irritated at such intelligence, especially after an acquaintance with this "Miss Harry" of about three hours at most? After a minute or two of reflection the idea seemed to strike even himself in the same light; for he gave a short sharp laugh, and said what a fool he was, and then lit his pipe. Even tobacco, however, that balm of hurt minds, did not altogether soothe him. He could think of nothing but this young girl, whose beauty had bewitched him, and to whose courage and presence of mind he owed his life. He had sworn to himself—and there was no necessity to repeat it—that he meant her no harm. Indeed, it would not be less than she deserved to ask her to be his wife. Perhaps, if this mine, in which her father had a share, should turn out well, she would not be so bad a match, even in point of money; but to this he did not attach much importance. He was indulging in a dream, which he fondly imagined was unselfish and honorable to himself in a high degree. Quite a virtuous glow seemed to mingle with his ardent passion; though the fact simply was (as it often is in such cases) that, for a personal gratification, he was prepared to barter his future prospects. He did not doubt but that what he contemplated would be for the benefit of this young girl; he must seem like an angel to her (for love does not always touch us with the sense of unworthiness); as, indeed, by comparison with this man Coe, he was. His mother would be a good deal "put out," it was true, but then she was too fond of him to be angry with him for long, far less to break with him. He was his own master, for some time to come, at all events, for he had two hundred pounds in his pocket.

What nonsense do the greatest philosophers sometimes discourse, when their topic is Self-interest! It is likely enough that self-interest actuates *them*, and in a supreme degree. When folks are by nature wise and prudent—or if their tastes are studious, and their vices few—or when, above all, the brain is seasoned, and the blood moves sluggishly in the veins, then men do act for their own advantage, and keep their eyes fixed on the main chance. But with most of us, especially when young, self-interest, properly so called, is often but a feather's weight in the balance of Motive. Revenge makes it kick the beam; and Passion; and even momentary Whim. It was one of the arguments advanced by Christian men in favor of slavery, that no man would ill-use his slave, because it was his own property; as though the lust of cruelty in a brutal nature were, while it lasted, not ten times as strong as the lust of gain. There are moments when a man is ready to part with not only his earthly prospects, but his hopes of heaven, rather than be balked of an immediate satisfaction: that of striking his brother to the heart, or growing rich by one stroke of fraud, or ruining forever the woman that loves him best; and there are many men, in no such desperate case, whose only guide is Impulse, and whose care for the morrow is dwarfed to nothing matched with the gratification of to-day. These are said to have no enemies but themselves, but they have victims; and, though not apt for plots, are often more dangerous than the most designing knaves.

Pipe after pipe smoked Richard Yorke as he sat over the fire in the deepening twilight, so deep in thought that it quite startled him, when, suddenly looking up, he found that all was dark. Then he rang the bell, and Hannah entered with the wished-for candles.

"Is your master in?"

"I'll see, Sir. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes. First bring me a bottle of sherry and two glasses, then ask him to step in."

The serving-maid obeyed; and presently there was a heavy step in the passage, and in strode John Trevethick, a man of sixty years or so, but straight as a pine, and strong as an oak.

"Your servant, Sir," said he, in a gruff voice, and with no such inclination of the head as landlords use.

"Good-evening, Mr. Trevethick. I am afraid I'm putting you to some inconvenience by coming to Gethin so many weeks before the usual time."

"Nay, Sir; my house is open summer and winter."

"Now, I wonder is this the natural manner of this boor," thought Richard, "or has he been already prejudiced against me by the other?—And an excellent house it is, Mr. Trevethick; I little expected to find so good a one down here, I promise you."

"Well, I built it myself, Sir," said the landlord; "so it don't become me to say much of that. It cost me a good bit of money, however; and it's hard to get it back, when one's season only lasts for a month or two."

"Ah! I'm the first swallow that you've seen this year, I dare say. Well, I hope I herald a lucky summer. Take a glass of your own sherry, will you?"

The landlord looked suspiciously at his guest: perhaps the phrase "your own sherry" smote his conscience, knowing the price he paid for it, and what it was, and what he meant to charge; but grunting: "Here's to you, Sir," he filled his glass, and smacked his lips over it slowly.

"Solomon has not set him against me," was Richard's conclusion. "The graceful manner of this Cornish giant is natural to him.—You have a fine castle here, Mr. Trevethick, and nobly placed. Indeed, I never saw the like before."

"So most folks say," answered the landlord.

"There is not much left of it, however," said Richard, smiling.

"Well, it 'll last my time, at all events, and I dare say yours," was the morose reply.

"Indeed it will, and that of many a generation to come. It is seldom one sees such massive walls. A good deal of trouble, however, seems to have been taken to prevent people from running away with them, to judge by this;" and he held up the key.

"Well, the castle is mine, Sir—or, at least, I pay my rent for it; and, I suppose, I can do what I like with my own. If there was no gate there, do you think any body would pay me for viewing the place? Not they. Why, there's some parties ain't even content with the key, but must have a guide too, or else they buttons up their pockets."

It was so impossible to misunderstand the bearing of this remark that Richard burst out into a good-humored laugh; he was really pleased because the landlord's hint assured him that he was in ignorance that he had had a guide. "I shall certainly pay my footing, Mr. Trevethick, the same as if I had had an attendant—of which, however, I should have been glad at one or two places; the wind did take my hat, and very nearly the rest of me. But what I meant by the trouble that was taken to secure your ruins from intruders was with reference not to the door, but to the key of it. Why, if it were a real castle, full of furniture, it could not be more effectually guarded. You must have good locksmiths hereabout, if that's a specimen of their work."

The icy landlord thawed again.

"Well, Sir, the fact is, I made that key with my own hands."

"You?" cried Richard, in affected astonishment. "Why, you must be a mechanical genius. Look at the work! look at the wards!" and he scrutinized them admiringly close to the candle. "Do take another glass, Mr. Trevethick."

"Nay, Sir; I've a friend in the parlor waiting for me," rejoined the landlord, dryly. He appeared already to regret having given way to that momentary feeling of self-esteem.

"I wish *I* had," observed Richard, smiling. "It's lonely work coming down here by one's self, and finding nobody to speak to."

There was a short pause, during which Richard was rapt in admiration of the key.

"Now, if his thick skin prove impervious to flattery," thought he, "then will I fly my last shaft into his very gizzard."

Mr. Trevethick's skin was quite compliment-proof, if an invitation into the bar parlor was to be the evidence of its having been pierced.

"You should come down in the summer-time, Sir," said he, coolly; "then you will find lots of folks to talk with. At present I am afraid you must put up with your own company." And the huge frame of the landlord was already moving toward the door.

"I am afraid so, indeed," said Richard, carelessly. "Parson Whymper ought to have known better than to send me down here at such a time as this."

John Trevethick stopped at once, and Richard saw reflected in the glass above the fire-place a look of intense interest. He could not have supposed so phlegmatic a face was capable of so much expression.

"Parson who, did you say, Sir? Whymper?"

"Yes; an excellent friend of me and mine; the chaplain of Mr. Carew, of Crompton. It was he who told me how I might fill my sketch-book with the beauties of Gethin; and added, that I should have a hearty welcome from one John Trevethick, if I gave his name."

"And that you shall, Sir," cried the landlord, returning to the table, and striking his broad palm upon it, to give emphasis to his words. "A friend of Mr. Whymper's should be always welcome here. How is he, Sir? And how is Mr. Carew?"

"I have seen neither of them since I was staying at Crompton three months ago or so," said Richard, coolly. "They were well enough then, though the Squire was doing his best, as usual, to exhaust his constitution and his purse; and the chaplain, as usual, also, was making things as straight as he could, and putting the skid on where he dared. But you know all about that, Mr. Trevethick, I dare say, almost as well as I do. I am sorry you won't take another glass of wine."

"I think I will, if you permit me to change my mind, Sir," said the other, suiting the action to the word. "Now, the idea of your being so intimate with Parson Whymper, and having staid at Squire Carew's! Why, the Squire's my landlord, and owns all about here—leastway, short of Dunloppel. It's unlucky that this copper should have cropped out just beyond him, as it were."

"There is no mine here belonging to him then, eh?"

"Well, no, Sir; not, properly speaking, a mine, there ain't;" and the well-practiced hand of the landlord shook as he put down the glass, so that it clanked against the bottle.

Richard Yorke laughed a short dry laugh, apparently at some reflection of his own.

"Well, I'm sorry you've got your friend, landlord, and therefore can not have a chat with me; for it is evident we should find something to talk about together."

"And I'm sorry too, Sir. Though, if you wouldn't be too proud to come into our bar parlor—but then I can scarcely ask a gentleman as has been used to Crompton to do that."

"Indeed, I shall be very pleased to come," said Richard, frankly. "I have nothing to be proud of, I assure you; and if I had, why should I not accept the company of an honest man?"

"Very good, Sir. There's only me, and my daughter Harry, and this friend of mine, Solomon Coe. If you'll please to walk this way."

"Let's take the bottle with us, and then, perhaps, Mr. Coe will help us to finish it."

And bearing that token of amity in his hand, John Trevethick led the way into the bar parlor.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BAR PARLOR.

THE bar parlor of the *Gethin Castle* was a small snug apartment in the rear of the house, and therefore exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic winds, which were now roaring without, and enhanced, by their idle menace, the comfort of its closely drawn red curtains, and its ample fire, the gleam of which was cast back from a goodly array of glasses and vessels of burnished pewter. Upon a well-polished oak chest—the pride of the house, for oak was almost as rare at Gethin as among the Esquimaux—stood a mighty punch-bowl; and on the mantel-piece was a grotesque piece of earthen-ware, used for holding tobacco, about which some long clay pipes and peacocks' feathers were artistically arranged. A smell of nutmeg and lemons pervaded this apartment, and pleasantly accorded with its almost tropical temperature; and the contrast it

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altogether afforded to his own more stately but desolate "private sitting-room," with its disused air and comfortless surroundings, struck Richard very agreeably. On a chintz-covered sofa, in the most retired corner of this parlor, sat Solomon Coe and Harry Trevethick, and it was difficult to say in which of their countenances the most astonishment appeared when the young painter presented himself at the door. Harry's cheeks, which were not pale before, became crimson, though she neither moved nor spoke. But Solomon rose, and, with a frown, seemed to be asking of Trevethick the reason of this unexpected intrusion.

"This is a friend of Mr. Whymper's," said the landlord, setting down the sherry on the table; "and therefore, I am sure, the friend of all of us. That's my daughter Harry, Sir; and that" (and here he grinned) "is Solomon Coe, a very intimate friend of hers—as you may see. We are a family party, in fact, or shall be some day; so, pray, make yourself at home."

"I have seen Mr. Coe before," said Richard, frankly, and shaking that gentleman's unwilling hand; "and, though he took me for a bagman, I bear him no malice on that account."

"A bagman! Lor, Sol, what could you ha' been thinking about?" laughed Trevethick, grimly. "Why, this here gentleman has been stopping at Crompton with the Squire! But you mustn't mind Sol, Sir; his mind ain't free just now. Well, Harry, lass, why don't you get up and shake hands with the gentleman?"

"I have seen this young lady before, also," explained Richard. "It was he who was good enough to get me the key of the castle, which I have just returned, by-the-by, to your father," he added.

Harry gave him a look which showed him that his second pilgrimage up the rock was not unappreciated.

"Did you see the chapel, Sir, and the tombs?" inquired she.

"I hardly know, indeed," said Richard. "It was the climb itself that I enjoyed the most, and shall never forget as long as I live."

"Oh, but you must go properly over our ruins, young gentleman," said Trevethick, with the air of a proprietor. "My girl here, or Solomon, must show you them to-morrow, for they need a bit of explanation. Sol knows all about them. Don't you, Sol?"

"Oh yes; *I* know," answered Solomon, doggedly; "but nobody won't go up to the castle to-morrow, I reckon, with this sou'wester a-blowing."

"It is a wild night, indeed," said Richard, putting aside the curtain, and looking out through the shutterless window. "The clouds are driving by at a frightful speed."

"Ay, and it ain't only the clouds," said Trevethick, filling his pipe, and speaking with great gravity; "the Flying Dutchman was seen off the point not two hours ago."

"By old Madge, I suppose?" observed Solomon, derisively.

"Yes, by old Madge," retorted the landlord, sturdily. "She as knew our life-boat was lost last year with all hands long before she drove into Turlock Bay, bottom upward."

"But how was that?" inquired Richard, with interest.

"Well, Sir, it was this way," said Trevethick. "It was a stormy night, though not so bad a one as this is like to be, and the life-boat had gone out to a disabled Indiaman. She had been away three hours or more, when, as I was sitting in this very parlor, in came Madge, looking scared enough. She had been to Turlock on an errand for me. So, 'Sit down,' says I, 'and take a glass, for you look as though the wind had blown your wits away, old woman.' 'Tain't that, John Trevethick,' says she; 'but I'm near frightened to death. I've seen a sight as I shall never forget to my dying day. I have just seen our life-boat men—all nine of 'em. The Lord have mercy on their souls!' 'Well, why not?' says I. 'Why shouldn't you ha' seen 'em? They've got back sooner than we hoped for—that's all.' 'Nay,' said she; 'but I met 'em coming out of Gethin—away from home—the home they will never see again—all wet and white like corpses. They're drowned men, as sure as you stand there, John Trevethick.' And so it turned out, poor fellows!"

"And did you tell any body of this before you knew that they were drowned?" inquired Richard.

"Ay, that's the point," muttered Solomon, approvingly.

"No," said Trevethick. "I didn't believe the old woman, and I thought her story would be very ill taken; so I kept it to myself. But it turned out true for all that; the thing happened just as I say. John Trevethick ain't no liar."

"Of course you are stating what you believe to be the fact," said Richard, in a conciliating tone; "I don't doubt that."

"Just so; he's told it so often that he really does believe it," said Solomon, laughing. "But what seems curious is, that it is always Madge—a purblind old woman, as wants to be thought a witch—as sees these things—drowned sailors, and Flying Dutchmen, and so forth. I should like to know who else has ever had the chance?"

"Lots of folks," said the landlord, doggedly.

"Well, *you've* been here these forty years," said Solomon, "have *you* seen 'em? And Harry here has been at Gethin all her life, has *she* seen 'em?"

There was an awkward silence. Harry had turned very pale—in terror, as Richard thought, of the dispute between her father and Solomon becoming serious.

"That's naught to do with it," said Trevethick, sharply. "You're no Gethin man, Solomon, or you wouldn't talk so. Why, didn't Madge describe the very ship as was lost off Castle Rock, the night before we ever set eyes on her? and wasn't it printed in the paper?"

"In the next Saturday's paper: yes," replied Solomon, curtly.

"Nay, I heard the old woman with my own ears," said Harry, gravely. "There had been no wreck when she told me she had seen the schooner. 'The *Firefly*,' said she, 'will never come nearer home than Gethin Bay: you mark my words.' That was twelve hours, ay, and more, before she struck."

"Forgive me for interrupting," said Richard; "but I don't understand this matter. Is it supposed that a vessel announces her own destruction beforehand?"

"Sometimes," said Trevethick, gravely. "A ship is as well known here—if she belongs to this part of the coast—as a house is known in the Midlands. Well, if she's doomed, Madge—and it ain't only Madge neither—will see her days before she comes to her end. This *Firefly*, for example, belonged to Polwheel, and had been away for weeks."

"But still she was expected home?" interrogated Richard.

"Ay, that's it," said Solomon, once more nodding approval. "The old woman had that in her mind."

"Why so?" argued Trevethick. "What was the *Firefly* to her that she should think she saw her drive into the bay, and break to pieces against the rock out yonder? And why should she tell her vision to Harry?"

"That certainly seems strange, indeed," said Richard, "as showing she attached importance to the affair herself. It was a most curious coincidence, to say the least of it. But what is this Flying Dutchman, of which you also spoke? I did not know he ever came so far out of his proper latitude as this."

"He's seen before great storms, however," said Trevethick; "you ask the coast-guard men, and hear what *they* say. There's many a craft has put out to her from Gethin, and come quite close, so that a man might almost reach her with a boat-hook, and then, all of a sudden, there is nothing to be seen but the big waves."

John Trevethick had more to say to the same effect, to which Richard listened with attentive courtesy; while at the same time he held to the same skeptical view entertained by Solomon. Thus he won the good opinion of both men; and of that of the girl he felt already assured He scarcely ever addressed himself to Harry, and as much as possible avoided gazing at her. If the idea of his paying any serious attention to her had ever been put into her father's mind, the intelligence that he had been the friend and guest of Carew's had been probably sufficient to dissipate it: the social position which that fact implied seemed to make it out of the question that he should be Harry's suitor. It only remained for him to disabuse Solomon of the same notion. This was at first no easy task; but the stubbornness with which his rival resisted his attempts at conciliation gave way by degrees, and at last vanished. To have been able to make common cause with him upon this question of local superstition was a great point gained. Solomon had a hard head, and prided himself upon his freedom from such weaknesses; and he hailed an ally in a battle-field on which he had contended at odds, five nights out of every seven, for years. Harry, as we have seen, shared her father's sentiments in the matter; and it was a great stroke of policy in Richard to have espoused the other side. He would, of course, have much preferred to agree with her—to have embraced any view which had the attraction of her advocacy; but it now gave him genuine pleasure to find his opposition exciting her to petulance. She was not petulant with Solomon, but left her father to tilt with him after his own fashion.

From the superstitions of the coast they fought their way to those of the mines. Old Trevethick believed in "Knockers" and "Buccas," spirits who indicate the position of good lodes by blows with invisible picks; and, as these had more immediate connection with his own affairs than the nautical phenomena, he clung to his creed with even greater tenacity than before. So fierce was their contention that it was with difficulty that Richard could put in an inquiry as to whence these spirits came who thus interested themselves in the success of human ventures."

"I know nothing of that," said Trevethick, frankly, "any more than I know where that wind comes from that is shaking yonder pane; I only know that it is there."

"Nay, father, but *I* know," said Harry, with a little blush at her own erudition: "the Buccas are the ghosts of the old Jews who crucified our Lord, and were sent as slaves by the Roman emperor to work the Cornish mines."

"Very like," said Trevethick, approvingly, although probably without any clear conception of the historical picture thus presented to him. "It's the least they could do in the spirit, after having done so much mischief in the flesh."

The contradiction involved in this exemplary remark, combined with the absurdity of repentance taking the form of interest in mining speculations, was almost too much for Richard's sense of humor; but he only nodded with gravity, as became a man who was imbibing information, and inquired further, whether, in addition to these favorers of industry, there were any spirits who worked ill to miners.

"Well, I can't say as there are," said the landlord, with the air of a man who can afford to give a point in an argument; "but there's a many things not of this world that happen underground, leastway in *our* mines, for Sol there is from the north, and it mayn't be the same in those parts."

"It certainly is not," interrupted Solomon, taking his pipe out of his mouth to intensify the positiveness of his position.

"I say," continued Trevethick, reddening, "that down in Cornwall here there is scarce a mine without its spirit o' some sort. At Wheal Vor, for example, a man and his son were once blown to pieces while blasting; and, nothing being left of them but fragments of flesh, the engine-man put 'em into the furnace with his shovel; and now the pit is full of little black dogs. I've seen one of 'em myself."

Solomon laughed aloud.

Richard was expecting an explosion of wrath. The old man turned toward him quietly, and observed with tender gravity: "And in a certain mine, which Sol and I are both acquainted with, a white rabbit always shows itself before any accident which proves fatal to man. It was seen on the day that Sol's father sacrificed his life for mine." Then he told the story which Richard had already heard from Harry's lips, while Solomon smoked in silence, and Harry looked hard at the fire, as though—as Richard thought—to avoid meeting the glance of her father's hereditary benefactor.

"You are right to remember such a noble deed as long as you live," said Richard, when the old man had done. "My own life," added he, in a lower tone, "was once preserved by one whom I shall love and honor as long as I have breath."

He saw the color glow on the young girl's cheek, and the fire-light shine with a new brilliance in her eyes. Neither Trevethick nor Solomon had caught his observation; at the moment it was made the former was stretching out his great hand to the latter, moved by that memory of twenty years ago, and, perhaps, in token of forgiveness for his recent skepticism.

"Then there's the Dead Hand at Wheal Danes, father," observed Harry, in somewhat hasty resumption of the general subject. "That's as curious as any, and more terrible."

"Wheal Danes!" said Solomon. "Why, how comes that about, when nobody can never have been killed there? It's been disused ever since the Roman time, I thought?"

"Yes, yes; so it has," answered Trevethick, impatiently.

"But I thought you told me about it yourself, father?" persisted Harry. "How you saw the Thing, with a flame at the finger-tops, going up and down where the ladders used to be, and heard voices calling from the pit."

"Not I, wench—not I. That was only what was told me by other folks.—Take another glass of your own sherry before supper, Sir; and after that we will have a bowl of punch."

The hospitalities of Mr. Trevethick were, in fact, profuse, and his manner toward Richard most conciliatory.

"We'll be glad to see you, Sol and I, in our little parlor, whenever you feel in want of company," were his last words at parting for the night. And, "Ay, ay, that's so," had been Solomon's endorsement.

Harry had said nothing; but the tender pressure of her hand, when he wished her good-night, had not gone unreturned, and was an invitation more welcome than words. The events of the day, the conversation of the evening, had given him plenty of matter for reflection; but the touch of those soft fingers was more potent, and the dreams evoked by it swallowed up all soberer thoughts. He sat up for hours that night, picturing to himself a future altogether new to his imagination; and when he went to bed it was not to rest. His excited brain was fed with a nightmare vision. He thought that he was once more with Harry on the castled rock; his lips were pressed to hers; his arm was around her waist, just as they had been; but, instead of his slipping alone over the precipice, they fell together; and as they did so—not without a wild delight mingling with his despair—she was suddenly plucked away from him, and, as he sank headlong down, down, he saw that Solomon Coe had caught her in his arms, and, with her father, was looking down upon him with savage and relentless glee!

THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.

THE most important battle of the war in France, up to the time of writing, was that which took place near Metz, on Thursday, the 18th of August, between the forces under command of Marshal BAZAINE and the armies of the Prince Royal of Prussia and General STEINMETZ, the result of which was the penning up of the French within the fortifications of that strong-hold. We borrow the following description of the salient points of the battle from the elaborate and graphic account telegraphed to the *Tribune*, by its special correspondent, who witnessed the struggle at head-quarters, and stood by the side of BISMARCK and King WILLIAM.

The correspondent reached the battle-ground about noon of the 18th, just as the fight was waxing warm. His position was on a hill, whence the entire sweep of the Prussian and French centre could be seen, and a considerable part of their wings, and where, at the time, were the head-quarters of the King. The great representative men of Prussia, soldiers and statesmen, were standing on the ground watching the conflict just begun. Among them were the King, BISMARCK, General VON MOLTKE, Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, Prince CARL, Prince ADALBERT, and Adjutant KRANSKI. Lieutenant-General SHERIDAN, of the United States army, was also present. At the moment the French were making a most desperate effort to hold on to the last bit of the Verdun road—that between Rezonville and Gravelotte, or that part of Gravelotte which in some maps is called St. Marcel. The struggle was desperate but unavailing, for every one man in the French army had two to cope with, and their line was already beginning to waver. Soon it was plain that this wing, the French right, was withdrawing to a new position. This was swiftly taken up under cover of a continuous fire of their artillery from the heights beyond the village. The movement was made in good order, and the position, which was reached at one o'clock and thirty minutes, would have been pronounced impregnable by nine out of ten military men. When once this movement had been effected, the French retreating from the pressure of the Prussian artillery fire, and the Prussians as rapidly advancing, the battle-field was no longer about Rezonville, but had been transferred and pushed forward to Gravelotte, the junction of the two branching roads to Verdun. The fields in front of that village were completely covered by the Prussian reserves, and interminable lines of soldiers were steadily marching onward, disappearing into the village, and emerging on the other side of it with flaming volleys.

This second battle-field was less extensive than the first, and brought the opposing forces into fearfully close quarters. The peculiarity of it is that it consists of two heights intersected by a deep ravine. This woody ravine is over 100 feet deep, and at the top some 300 yards wide. The side of the chasm next to Gravelotte, where the Prussians stood, is much lower than the other side, which gradually ascends to a great height. From their commanding eminence the French held their enemies fairly beneath them, and poured upon them scorching fire. The French stood their ground and died—the Prussians stood their ground and died—both by hundreds, I had almost said thousands. This, for an hour or two that seemed ages, so constant was the slaughter. The hill where I stood commanded chiefly the conflict behind the village and to the south of it. The Prussian reinforcements, coming up on their right, filed out of the Bois des Ognons; and it was at that point, as they marched on to the field, that one could perhaps get the best idea of the magnitude of this invading army now in the heart of France. There was no break whatever for four hours in the march of men out of that wood. Birnam Wood advancing to Dunsinane Hill was not a more ominous sight to MACBETH than these men of General GOEBEN's army to BAZAINE, shielded as they were by the woods till they were fairly within range and reach of their enemies' guns. So the French must have felt; for between four and five o'clock they concentrated upon that spot their heaviest fire, massing all available guns, and shelling the woods unremittingly. Their fire reached the Prussian lines and tore through them; and, though the men were steady, it was a test to which no general cares to subject his troops long. Once out from under the trees the Prussians advanced at double-quick. The French guns had not lost the range of the wood, nor of the ground in front. Seen at a distance, through a powerful glass, the brigade was a huge serpent bending with the undulation of the field. But it left a dark track behind it, and the glass resolved the dark track into falling and dying and dead men. Many of those who had fallen leaped up again and ran forward a little way, striving still to go on with their comrades. Of those who went backward instead of forward there were few, though many fell as they painfully endeavored to follow the advance.

Now and then the thick cloud which hung over the battle-field would open a little and drift away on the wind, and then the French could be seen, sorely tried. To get a better view of this part of the field, the correspondent went forward about half a mile, and from this new stand-point found himself not far from Malmaison. The French line on the hills was still unbroken, and, to all appearances, they were having the best of the battle. But this appearance was due, perhaps, to the fact that the French were more clearly visible on their broad height, and fighting with such singular obstinacy. They plainly silenced a Prussian battery now and then. But the Prussian line also was strengthened by degrees on this northern point. Infantry and artillery were brought up; and from far in the rear—away, seemingly, in the direction of Verneville—shot and shell began reaching the French ranks. These were the men and these were the guns of STEINMETZ, who there and then effected his junction with the army of Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, and completed the investment of Metz to the northwest.

STEINMETZ was able to extend his line gradually further and further, until the French were outflanked and began to be threatened, as it appeared, with an attack on the rear of their extreme right wing. So long as the smoke from the Prussian guns hovered only over their front the French clung to their position. The distance from head-quarters to where the Prussian flank attack stretched forward was great; and, to add to the difficulty of clearly seeing the battle, the darkness was coming on. The puffs of smoke from the French guns mingled with the flashes, brightening as the darkness increased, receded gradually. The pillars of cloud and flame from the north as gradually and steadily approached. With that advance the French fire every moment grew more slack. It was not far from nine o'clock when the ground was yielded finally on the north, and the last shots fired on that terrible evening were heard in that direction.

So the battle raged, with fluctuating success, until about half past eight or nine in the evening, when the decisive blow was struck. When the battle of Gravelotte had actually ended, it was known that the Prussians held the strong heights beyond the Bois de VAUX, which command the surrounding country to the limits of artillery range from Metz; that two great Prussian armies lay across the only road by which BAZAINE could march to Paris for its relief, or for his own escape; that a victory greater than that of Sunday, and more decisive than the triumph of Tuesday, had been won; and that, in all probability, the French army, which had fought as valiantly and as vainly as before, was now hopelessly shut up in the fortress.

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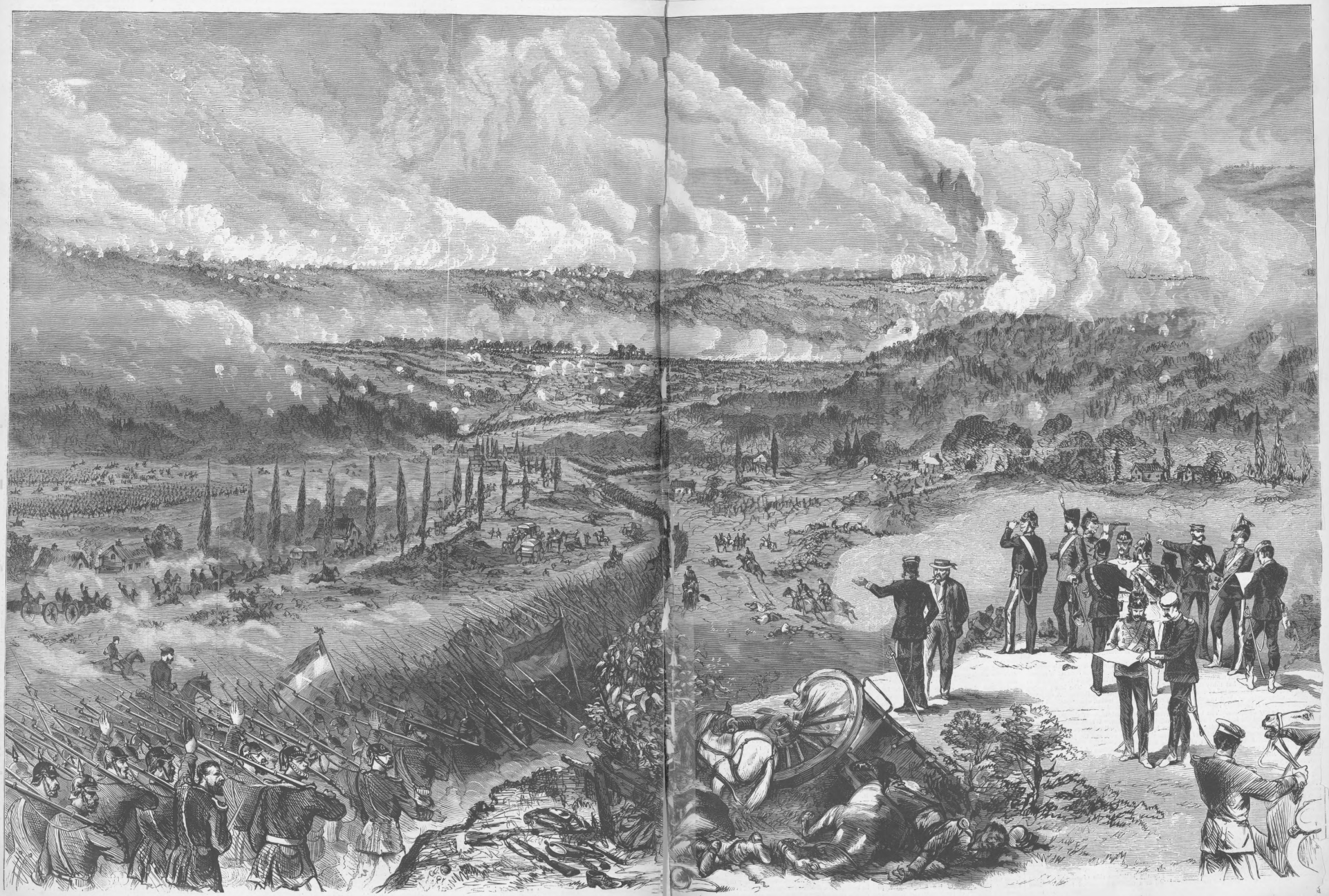

THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE, FOUGHT T[HURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1870.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

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THE WEAVER.

A WEAVER sat by the side of his loom,
A-flinging his shuttle fast;
And a thread that would wear till the hour of doom
Was added at every cast.
His warp had been by the Angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Like threads which the morning unbraids from the sun,
Jeweled all over with dew.

But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly,
For thought hath a wearisome spell!
But still the Weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray;
And the flowers and the buds and the leaves were gone,
And the gold threads cankered lay.

And things all strange were woven in sighs
And down-crushed hopes and fears;
And the web was broken and poor and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.
And the Weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin;
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A-weaving these life-cords in.

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh;
And with glozing words he to win him strove,
But the Weaver turned his eye.
He upward turned his eye to Heaven,
And still wove on, on, on!
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.

GAMBLING AT HOMBURG.

ENTERING the tall, stately, painted, and gilded rooms of the Kurhaus, one naturally goes straight to the gambling-rooms, guided thither by the rattle of money, which is audible already through one or two corridors and ante-rooms. You scarcely notice the gay *demi-monde* toilets, or the curious marks of dress and appearance by which nationality is distinguishable, so anxious are you to watch the play. It is after this first attraction of novelty has worn off that you begin to notice other things—first to individualize the players, and feel an unreasonable desire to control their play, especially to make them withdraw their winnings, when they make any. There is a fellow who has won on the red twice, and leaves his quadrupled winnings at stake again. Again he wins—there lie eight napoleons in place of the one he invested. Oh, if he would only withdraw it! There it goes into the bank; and you turn away in disgust. Next you look for a while at the person playing most heavily, easily guided to him by seeing where the greatest number of spectators are congregated. Then you have pointed out to you the stock celebrities—the Countess Kisselef, Mustapha Pasha, M. Blanc, the manager of the gambling-bank, etc., etc. It is probably not till a second or third visit that you find time to admire the large, clean, inlaid floors, the tall paneled and pictured walls, and the distant ceilings with their arching outlines and gay frescos.

Notice now the lighting of the Kurhaus. Every room is supplied with great and brilliant chandeliers, and the whole place is one glitter of glass and gas—entrance-halls, reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, eating and drinking rooms, and gaming-rooms—but not the gaming-tables! Over each of these hang two bright-lighted and deeply over-shaded oil-lamps. And thereby hangs, also, a tale; as there does by most of the characteristics of this bright-lighted and deep-shaded, tragi-farcical institution.

For, once upon a time, when gas alone was used, some enterprising individuals made a combination more effectual, if not more innocent, than the "combinations" of players who have a "system," and try to break the bank by means of calculations pricked on little cards for recording the course of the game. Some of the conspirators, having obtained access to the metre or stop-cock, turned off the gas. Instantly all was darkness, uproar, and confusion about the tables. The various games of hazard were resolved into one general game of grab, and the company lost many thousands of florins.

Nothing can be more evident than the perfect *fairness* of the play on the part of the bank. It retains, confessedly, certain chances in its favor. For instance, at the roulette there are thirty-seven squares. If you stake money on either of the squares, and the ball rolls into that compartment of the wheel, you receive, not thirty-seven times your stake, but thirty-six—the difference being the "percentage" of the bank, say one in thirty-seven, or about two and two-thirds per cent. It is physically impossible that there should be any deception. The ball rolls in one direction round the interior of a kind of bowl, its centrifugal action sustaining it for a few seconds from descending to the table of thirty-seven cells which forms the bottom of the bowl. In the mean time this thirty-seven-celled table is set revolving in the opposite direction; and, finally, you can place your stake after the ball and table have been set in motion.

In like manner at the trente-et-quarante table, the cards, six packs together, are shuffled by the croupiers, but they are cut by one of the public; then are dealt into two lines, enough to count some number between thirty-one and forty (the face-cards counting ten each, and the spots according to their number), by the "tailleur," whose eyes are bent on his cards as he deals them, and not on the stakes which have been made. But even if he saw all the bets, he could not control the series in which the cards are to fall from his hands, nor has he any interest in doing so. And, finally, if he saw the bets, if he had ample opportunity to "stack the cards" before every hand, and if he were to receive all the winnings, it would take more than the adroitness of Mephistopheles himself to arrange the play so as to be against the public and in favor of the bank to any greater extent than is expressed in the well-known and undisguised "percentage."

The croupier is not Mephistopheles, no matter how fiendish he may sometimes seem to the luckless loser. He may be a very good sort of fellow, fond of music, father of a family, and all that. In fact, we have heard of one who lets lodgings. This is very un-Satanic—if the lodgings are comfortably cool. Some of the croupiers are so human as to introduce a little humor into their otherwise unvarying phrases. There is one who says, "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs!*" in a pleasant, inviting tenor. Then, suddenly changing, he utters the incisive sentence, "*Le jeu est fait—rien ne va plus!*" in a profound bass, suited to the decrees of fate. You are precluded from staking, withdrawing, or changing a piece. "*Rouge gagne, couleur perd.*" You have lost? He smiles. Your neighbor has won? The croupier smiles as well.

There have been croupiers who failed to come up to the standards of perfect morality instituted by Locke, Dymond, and others. But judge if they defrauded the public. One of them had the habit of taking stuff. (They all take snuff.) But he had also a habit of having the bottom of his snuff-box covered with adhesive wax. The box traveled from his pocket to his hand, from his hand to the table, from the table to his pocket, and so on, as snuff-boxes are apt to travel, and as the exigencies of the game, the hunger of his nostrils, and the occupation of his hands in pushing out and pulling in gold and silver coins might dictate or permit. As may readily be imagined, the box, on going into his pocket, had often a gold piece sticking to it, whereas it was invariably without any when it reappeared to view. From that day to this the company furnishes the snuff for all the croupiers, and in front of each place may be seen a large stationary box filled with it.

Another croupier was a very fat man. He seemed to suffer a good deal with heat, and had a habit of mopping his glowing face, and slipping his fingers inside his collar to loosen it from his throat. All these phenomena were quite natural, and would have excited no remark except for a peculiar circumstance. Why should the contact or impact of his linen with his skin produce a chinking sound? We have all heard of "sweating gold," but it is supposed to be quite a different process from any which could be going on under the cravat of that croupier, although the sound was similar. To settle this interesting question in physics or acoustics, M. Croupier was invited to step into a private room and disrobe, when he turned out a shower of gold. He had slipped a gold piece into his cravat each time he had raised his hand thereto, and, had his zeal not outrun his discretion, he might have carried on his very profitable operations to this day. The croupiers now are required to keep their hands before them on the table. If one so much as drops his into his lap, he is at once admonished of the irregularity by a tap on the shoulder from one of the ever-watchful officials in plain clothes always standing about.

What did the administration, in each of these cases, do to their unprofitable servant? They took from him all he had sequestrated *that day*, and then—discharged him! No prosecution, no noise, no disturbance; that is one of the company's wise principles of action. More especially in the management of the *salons de jeu* is it their motto to allow any thing rather than an *esclandre*. In fact, the loss resulting from a few moments' interruption of play, at any table in full operation, would be greater than that to be sustained from the payment of any demand, however unreasonable. Unlike the poor croupier last mentioned, the corporation, as the money rolls into its secret receptacles, takes care that there is no noise about it.

The administration go still further in their deference to good order and public opinion. A Frankfort gentleman had a dispute with another player on some matter, and the croupier decided it against the Frankforter. Whereupon he arose in his might, stormed at the idea that such a creature as the poor croupier should presume to dispute his assertions, and demanded that he, the croupier, should be put out of the room. And he was accordingly expelled by the administration!

The poor administration is grievously annoyed sometimes by the outrageous conduct of persons who choose to kill themselves in the Kursaal, of all places in the world! The latest mishap of that kind occurred at Baden. A desperate looser blew out his brains, which spattered themselves over the fatal green cloth. For a time even the imperturbability of the gaming-house officials was ruffled. Within three-quarters of an hour, however, all evidences of the "occurrence" were removed, and the play going on at the same table as usual!

A man worth millions of florins played, and lost every thing. Toward the last he grew desperate, and would dash the notes down upon the tables so that they scattered themselves about unpleasantly. It was growing conspicuous, and even disquieting to the administration. Once or twice he was expostulated with, and, at length, one of the managers said to him, with their own insinuating politeness, "*Dear* Sir, you are unfortunate. You had better go away from here. You will be more happy elsewhere. Any funds you need you may draw on us for, only do not remain here." The poor fellow cried, "Give me a thousand pounds sterling, and I will go away and never return." Quick, before he could repent or retract, the notes were his. He departed, and so far has kept his word, and staid away.

For the ludicrous side of all this: I have heard of a fellow who rushed to the roulette table, threw down a coin or two, and then nervously plucked a pistol half out of his pocket. Of course one of the watchful guardians protested against the irregularity of such conduct. "I must have back my fifty florins!" he cried, still nervously clutching the pistol with trembling fingers. "I beg you to accept twenty-five florins, and leave us." Instantly all was serene. The pistol disappeared; also the man; one of the few who finally leave the Kursaal richer than they came.

A Spaniard, Señor G——, came and played boldly and immensely. The limit of bets at the trente-et-quarante table is four thousand florins on each single bet. G—— played a while, but protested that he could not spend his time over such beggarly risks, and demanded the privilege of doubling the amount, otherwise he should go elsewhere. After consultation it was accorded to him. Before he departed, he "broke the bank" at each of the four tables in the Homburg establishment. He then went to Baden, it is said, and broke the bank there. His aggregate winnings were estimated to have been a million or more of florins. Incarceration in a Parisian prison for petty theft was a subsequent incident in his career! His winnings gone, his capital gone, then his character, and finally his liberty departed—he has now leisure for reflection. Who can say how many men have been ruined by the tradition of G——'s doings—men who fondly thought they could follow his road to the top of the hill, and then leave it without making the descent?

Please observe here that a man may "break the bank," and yet be at the same moment a loser in the aggregate. The phrase does not mean that the unknown and incalculable reserve-hoards of the association are exhausted, or even that they are infringed upon, except to the extent of the capital placed by the administration at the disposal of Fortune on any particular table on any particular day. In the entrance hall is posted a written placard, as follows:

Mise en Banque
Au Trente-et-un, 150,000 fr.
A la Roulette, 60,000 fr.
Administration.

So it will be seen that whenever, on any day, the losses of the roulette table exceed the gains by the sum of 60,000 francs, technically speaking, the bank is broken at that table; the croupiers depart; the covering cloth is spread, and so, we may be sure, is the news. "The bank was broken a few minutes since!" Fancy the thrill that would run through the idle crowds in the hotels and pensions of Homburg! "Who was it? Show me the lucky man! I will follow and copy his play to-morrow!" "No; I will play the opposite of his play! Such luck can not last!" And so on, in polyglot. One fancies that it must pay the bank very well to be broken occasionally. And, at the very same time, the "lucky man" may have lost at that same table yesterday twice the sum he gained in breaking the bank to-day.

A famous player and constant loser was the Countess Kisselef. She has been often described. Every one has heard of her being wheeled in her chair to the Kursaal, and sitting at her place at the table from the opening to the close of the play, almost uninterruptedly, seven days each week during the whole season. Fabulous tales are told regarding her age; but, from her looks, she can not be over seventy. Besides, her peculiar relations with the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia fix the date of her birth as being almost certainly since the beginning of the present century. Very large, very bent, very infirm, very bright-eyed, and very affable—such are the characteristics which now mark the appearance of this once world-famous beauty. Nicholas left her one hundred thousand florins a year. The present Emperor cut down this pension one-half, and on the remainder the Countess manages, with strict economy, to live. Of course she can not play very heavily. She is said to set aside forty thousand francs a year to lose at play, saying that, in her youth and beauty, she spent more than that sum on dress and gayety; and, now that youth and beauty are gone, she must spend her time and money on the pleasures which are left her. Gaming, with her, is not a speculation, it is an occupation—a slight excitement, almost unconnected with hope and fear. In her favor it may be said that in Russia she is much respected. When she is in St. Petersburg the street where she lives is blocked with the carriages of callers—the best society, they say.

The first charter of the *Privelegirte Bank* was given in 1842, and expired in 1866, at which time the second (also for twenty-four years), began. But there came the war in Germany in 1866, and, as one of the consequences thereof, Hesse Homburg has become Prussian, and Prussian laws forbid public gambling; so there is talk of closing the gambling-rooms next year. What will become of Homburg when that is done? *Kurhaus* means the house where people are cured, and it is not to be supposed that the mineral waters of the springs will lose their medicinal virtues in consequence of having become Prussian. This will be "Bad-Homburg" still, as long as the baths remain, though not with the double significance the word has now while the place is the greatest gaming-hell in the world. The Kur-gardens will be lovely, green, shady parks, with innumerable walks and drives and ponds. The Kurhaus will still exist in all its gorgeous splendor. And in the Kurhaus the *salons de jeu* must endure for many a year, beautiful rooms wherein time and neglect can only damage the glories of color, not the perfections of form and proportion. Who will come to be cured when there remain to be administered only nature's remedies for bodily ills? We all know that the main attraction has been the fascinating phlebotomy of the gaming-table, so good for plethora of the pocket. It is money left here by the fortune-seekers that has built up this lovely little city for us simple health and pleasure seekers—laid out and paved these model streets, smoothed, planted, and beautified the pleasure-grounds that surround the wells, formed the lovely outdoor flower-beds and tropical green-houses, provided the concerts daily given to the public, and the frequent balls to which all visitors are freely invited. All this, besides paying for the magnificent Kurhaus, and giving the shareholders dividends of fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred per cent. per annum! Yes, Homburg is a lovely place, and the *Privelegirte Bank* has done every thing for Homburg.

A SOUL'S PARTING.

ON a fine September evening in the south of France, when the purple glow of the western sky lightened the purple of the vine-clad hills, the town of Tarbes was excited. A bad railway accident had happened near it, and the injured passengers were being taken, some in carriages and some on stretchers (according to the greater or less severe nature of the harm they had received), from the station up into the town. With all the impressive warmth of the Basque population in general, the citizens crowded round the slow procession; the women with tears in those large dark eyes which seem the birth-right of the daughters of the Pyrenees, the men eagerly extending their strong arms to help to carry the wounded. Among the sufferers was a young man, who lay pale and motionless upon a stretcher. In him the good people of Tarbes took especial interest, partly because he was good-looking and apparently much hurt, partly because a lady walked beside him, who was evidently herself much bruised and shaken, but who, notwithstanding the recommendations of those around her, and even of a medical man who was hurrying about among the patients, that she should leave her companion and get into one of the carriages, still kept close to him and tried to support his head upon her arm. She was young, and also good-looking; and the language in which she now and then spoke words of compassion or endearment to the unconscious man as she bent over him, as well as the golden shade of her light brown hair, were of the north. Moreover, the wreath of orange flowers on her bonnet announced her as a bride. Some would have inferred the same truth from the blush which, even in the midst of her distress and preoccupation, now and then rose to the young lady's cheek when she noticed that her tenderness for the injured man was commented upon in the crowd.

In fact, Clara—her name was Clara—had not been the wife of Mr. Charles Temple for more than a week. Mr. Charles Temple was a young man who had achieved the rare distinction of getting credit to himself with the British public for a volume of poems. In his quality of poet Mr. Charles Temple had during his courtship of Miss Clara worshiped eloquently. As for the goddess, she on her side, after the fashion of womankind, first turned away from her suppliant, then gradually bent down toward him, and finally insisted upon descending from her pedestal, and herself turning the worshiper.

Mr. Temple, the wounded, was at once conveyed to the hospital, where the doctor found in him a bad case of concussion of the brain. This was a cruel trial for the week-old wife; but after the first shock was over she buckled to her duty. "It's a girl who, though she will run squeaking from a mouse, can fight with lions," said the old attorney, who was Clara's godfather and guardian, and had much to do with her education. The first of the lions had now shown his claws, and Clara was facing him gallantly. Notwithstanding her own bruises and shakes, she had at once established herself at her husband's bedside, refusing to give up this place, even for a while, to an experienced Sister of Charity. For several days and nights, during which her husband first lay in the bottom of a deep well of unconsciousness, and then came out of it only to wander through a dark grove of delirium, the young wife watched incessantly beside him, astonishing the nurses of Tarbes by her quiet courage and her patient helpfulness. As the aunt with whom she had lived since her childhood was a confirmed invalid, she was not unused to a sick-room. The religious faith which had been a part of the life of her English home shone forth like a charmed writing when brought near to the fire of adversity. Doctor Bernardine, the physician who attended Charles, was a kindly family man, and, touched by her misfortunes, her youth, and her patience, soon grew to treat her much as he would have treated one of his own daughters under the like circumstances. At length Temple regained consciousness, and the doctor had hope of him. But Clara relaxed nothing of her loving care. The shock she had herself received in the railway accident, followed by long anxiety and constant watching, told, however, on her health. Her husband, whose senses were half blunted by his long unconsciousness, did not observe this change in her; but the doctor's practiced eye detected it. She laughed at his fears for her, disregarded his entreaties, and the stars of love and hope still shone calmly on in her eyes beside her husband's sick-bed. One morning, however, on awaking, Charles, to his surprise, found a Sister of Charity sitting beside him, and Doctor Bernardine, when he came, was forced to reply to his eager questioning that Clara had knocked herself up with overfatigue. Days passed by; the young husband very slowly improved, but the young wife did not return to his bedside. His distress and anxiety about her knew no bounds, and were so great as to retard his own recovery. Every day he besieged the doctor with questions, and every day he received from him evasive and soothing replies, which the husband's heart but too plainly felt were veils which the physician, in com-

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passionate care for his health, strove to draw between him and the truth. The truth was, that there was very small hope of her life. Throughout her illness she remained gentle and brave. Her chief anxiety was still for her husband; her chief regret when her own death seemed near was caused by the forecasting of his grief. No doubt deep down in her heart there were fervent wishes and prayers that she might live only a little longer with him; but these were for no human ear. At length, one evening Charles was aroused from dozing by a noise in his room. On looking round he found that the sound came from Sœur Thérèse, who was weeping violently. Then the truth at once flashed on him that Clara was dead. Yes; why hide it from him? Her spirit, while he slept unconscious of his loss, had died away like a sweet strain of music.

The night was far advanced when Charles Temple awoke from the uneasy sleep into which, notwithstanding his passion of grief, or rather because of it, physical weakness made him fall. He had been dreaming that he wandered with his pretty wife in the deep Devonshire lane where first he wooed her. He thought he had given her a white rose from his breast. She took it; but as she was about to place it in her dress a drop of blood from her heart suddenly fell upon the snowy petals; at which he started and awoke, with that sort of vague nervousness in his mind which not unusually haunts even healthy people for a few minutes after awaking from a disturbed dream. Hardly knowing what he expected to see, he glanced timidly around. Sœur Thérèse had left the room, as it was her custom to do when her patient slept: and he could distinguish the sound of her regular, heavy breathing as she slumbered in the next apartment. The candle which stood on a distant table flickered fitfully, as though fanned by an invisible shroud fluttering somewhere near it in the air. In its wavering light dark shadows crept about in the corners of the room, like the black robes of dead Sisters of Charity who had returned to visit the scene of their labors during life. Outside the wind rose and fell in long measured sighs; and a few rain-drops, which came down at intervals, pattered against the window like fingers of shivering ghosts who were there tapping for admission. A strange, sad fancy now seized Charles—a fancy which, considering the natural cast of the young poet's mind, the delirium from which his brain had so lately recovered, and his bodily weakness, might well be accounted for. He assured himself that Clara's spirit was about to visit him. Surely before her death she must have longed and yearned to bid him farewell; and what was more probable than that her spirit clung to earth till it had taken leave of him? This idea soon got such complete possession of his mind that he fixed his eyes upon the door as if really expecting her, strained his ear to catch some whisper near him, and laid his hand outside the bed to feel the touch of spirit wings. But he saw nothing except the figure of Lazarus rising from the grave, which, for the consolation of the sick and dying, the pious founder of the hospital had caused to be painted on the wall. Lazarus in the dim light looked gigantic, but was a familiar picture, nothing more. Nothing was to be heard except the noise of the window shaking in its frame as if with fear; nothing was to be felt except the touch of a large spider which fell from the bed-curtain. This stillness and emptiness of the room filled him with a nervous suspense that, as it were, enveloped and weighed down his mental powers. A clock in the town struck the quarter, and then began with its chimes to play a tune, but suddenly stopped in the middle, as though it were terrified at the sound of its own voice in the silence of the night. "Clara, Clara, where are you?" he murmured in his great trouble of mind.

The words had hardly left his lips when a low sigh sounded through the room. He started. Did that sigh come through the air from afar, or was it breathed close to him? And now there appeared upon the crimson fringe of the bed-curtain, which was slowly drawn back, a little transparent white hand. Then a faint cry burst from Charles Temple, and a tremor ran through his frame, for the apparition of his dead wife stood beside him. It was arrayed in shimmering white, and the form was so light that it might have been wafted to him on the midnight breeze. The face, in place of the bright changeful complexion, showed the ashy gray pallor of death; and though the cheeks, which had been round and dimpled, were hollow and sunk, the face was the same face that he had loved so well. There was no more sparkle of life in the eyes which were turned upon him with a fixed, mournful gaze, and lit with a strange unearthly lustre. On the colorless lips there rested a faint smile as of a moonbeam falling on a field of snow. That smile was the most ghastly thing in the whole apparition. It was as though the brilliant smiles that used to flash on him the warm sunshine of mirth and love were reflected by unnatural light in some distorting mirror. For two or three minutes Charles gazed at the phantom in silence. A great awe, an unutterable sadness, was upon him, a sadness not unmixed with a vague melancholy pleasure at the proof given, by this visit of her spirit to him after death, of her undying love. At length he spoke in a soft whisper, for he half feared that the sound of his voice would break the spell in which he lay. "My wife, my love," he said, "you are then come to take a last leave of me, to tell me that I am still dear to you."

"I was just now with the angels, but they have let me come to you again," replied a low voice that was like the voice of the old Clara heard from afar. "You love me still, Charles?"

"Love you, my heart's first and last darling," he rejoined, in tones chilled by the strong pressure of his emotion.

"There are many spirits here who watch you, although I have been away. The room is full of them," said the same low, sweet voice.

He shuddered, as well a mortal man might shudder to hear one of the novices of heaven tell what she saw with her new faculties.

"Hark!" the voice went on, while a transparent hand was raised, "the spirits talk together. But there is a bright light around me. The angel again takes my hand. Let me kiss you once more upon earth, my Charles."

Then the spectre bent down slowly toward him; but at that moment a great fear, overpowering his weakened faculties of body and mind, came upon Charles Temple, and he fainted.

Sœur Thérèse overslept herself that morning, so that the sun was up before her, and was throwing a chain of gold through the half-drawn window curtains on the floor of her patient's room as she entered it. When she looked toward the bed she crossed herself and called on the Virgin. Beside Charles Temple there lay another form. As soon as she had somewhat recovered herself, and was able to examine more closely, Sœur Thérèse found that it was the dead body of his wife. She was lying with her arms around Temple, who was completely insensible, with her head resting on his breast. Many were the stories to which this strange circumstance gave rise among the good sisters, who fully believed, and indeed still say, that the body of the heretic lady was carried at midnight by the Evil One to the apartment of her heretic husband. Doctor Bernardine found, however, a more realistic way of accounting for the marvel. When the sister who watched beside Mrs. Temple believed that she died she had really sunk into a deep trance-like sleep. To save himself unnecessary pain the doctor had not visited the supposed corpse of his favorite. Had he done so he perhaps would have discovered the mistake. Clara had awakened from her trance in a delirious state, and the passing strength given by fever had enabled her to rise. Her love for Charles being the one remaining note of harmony amidst the discords of the poor girl's brain, she had gone straight into his room, which was not far from her own. She entered the room while Charles slept and seated herself behind the curtain of his bed, as she used to do when nursing him. When he called for her she had risen and made herself visible to him. Her mind during her illness had been dwelling so much on death and eternity that it was little wonder if her wandering talk was of angels and spirits. The ephemeral strength of fever had soon given way; the dazzling light which often precedes fainting had come before her eyes. She had sunk upon her already unconscious husband, folding her wasted arms around him, and nestling her poor little head against the dear familiar breast. No aid had been at hand to keep the flickering spark of life alight within her; and so she passed away, to be, in truth, one of the angels.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME interesting statements concerning our Alaska possessions were recently made in a general report from a special agent of the Treasury Department. The population of the Aleutian Islands has usually been exaggerated; the present estimate is that the Aleutian Islands proper, including Kodiac, the neighboring islands, the Alaska peninsula, and the islands of St. Paul and St. George, do not, all combined, possess a population of quite 4500. Four distinct dialects are spoken in these islands. One of these, the Fox Island dialect, is considered a superior one. The former Greek bishop of Sitka compiled a grammar and dictionary of this dialect, and translated into it several books of the New Testament. It is spoken in the Fox Islands, the Shonmaginski Islands, the islands of St. Paul and St. George, and by the natives of Billkofsky, on the peninsula. The Aleutes support themselves by fishing and hunting. A good hunter will secure one thousand dollars' worth of skins yearly. Whale oil and blubber are staple articles of winter food among them. Houses are constructed partly below and partly above ground. The roofs are thatched with straw. At first there are usually but two rooms, but as the family increases, or the sons and daughters marry, new rooms are added, until often three or four families occupy one house. The women perform all the domestic labor, construct baskets and mats from straw, and are skillful with the needle. Every settlement has a chief, called "Tyhoon." He is elected by the popular vote, and holds his position for life, but his authority is limited. The Aleutes manage the "baydarka," a skin canoe, with the utmost dexterity. These are considered excellent life-boats. The natives are industrious, and, while the fur-bearing animals are protected, can not become a burden to the government.

It will interest Americans who are traveling in Europe to learn that the eminent Banking House of Drexel, Harjes, & Co., in Paris, have deposited a large amount of gold at Basle, Switzerland, for the accommodation of tourists. Besides instructing their Swiss correspondents to draw on that city for gold, they have also made such arrangements that their circular letters of credit will be available, under all contingencies, to the holders in other parts of Europe, authorizing them to draw bills either on London or Paris.

From the geographical position of Spain, she is likely not to be entangled in the present war, but will derive much benefit from it on account of the demand it will create for her produce. Her harvest has been abundant, and quantities of wheat, wine, and brandy have been furnished the French government.

Between $20,000 and $30,000 have been placed by Congress at the disposal of Professor Benjamin Pierce, professor at Harvard, and superintendent of the Coast Survey, to be used in defraying the expense of parties to be sent abroad to observe the total eclipse of the sun, which occurs on the 22d of December next. Three expeditions will probably be sent, one under the care of Professor Pierce himself, a second under the command of Professor Winlock, the director of Harvard Observatory, and a third under the direction of a competent naval officer. The line of totality passes through the southern portions of Portugal, Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Russia. The stations to be occupied by these parties will be selected so as to lie within this line. The English astronomers have had a grant of $50,000 from Parliament to be expended in making observations.

The French journals state that on the 1st of November France will have in store 2,200,000 Chassepots. The production of them has never slackened for a moment. In July, 30,000 per week were manufactured; in August, 47,000; in September, the number will reach 52,000; and in October, 60,000. It is understood that the Prussians have ordered more than one hundred mitrailleurs. The Turkish government has ordered two hundred cannon at Vienna, to be made after the Gatling system. They are to be delivered at the rate of twenty a month, commencing with October 1.

An American lady has appeared at French headquarters and volunteered her services as nurse. She is reported rich, young, and pretty.

In a private letter from a friend in London, he says: "The new Thames Embankment is a magnificent improvement. It is not only a convenience and a fine structure in itself, but it improves every thing in its vicinity. It affords what did not exist before—a good place from which to view the finest part of London. Starting from the Houses of Parliament, it curves, following the river, and affording a broad drive and promenade equal to the finest quais in Paris—as far as it goes. It brings the visitor under the first span of the great railway bridge leading out from Charing Cross Station, and continues its course, curving still with the river, beyond the long and handsome façade of Somerset House, till it is lost to the eye in the dingy distance. If the sun shone bright, and the air were clean and sweet, it would be an exhilarating place to visit. As it is, the openness of the place, its distance from the sooty walls, the promising young trees which enliven it with green, and the incessant life and activity of the little river steamers which go swashing by, make it a very cheerful walk."

We see it stated in an English paper that the gates of Strasbourg, which were shut a short time since, have been open day and night for more than fifty years.

It is a significant indication of the progress of religious enlightenment throughout the East that forty years ago a complete copy of the Old Testament could not be found in the city of Jerusalem. At the present time there are twenty-four Protestant schools in Palestine, in which one thousand children are taught the Bible.

The first Frenchman killed during the war was a non-commissioned officer named Pagnion. He fell in a skirmish at Niederbronn. Fusilier Kraus, the soldier who killed him, received from Berlin a reward of thirty thalers.

Ole Bull is about to marry—if the event has not already transpired—a young lady of Madison, Wisconsin. She is only eighteen years old.

Fruit ripened so early and so rapidly this year that dealers have lost immensely from the market being overstocked. The season will doubtless close earlier than usual, and the later fruits command a higher price.

The present Charles Dickens does not resemble his illustrious father in appearance or manner. He is a quiet, reticent, gentlemanly man of about thirty. He dresses more plainly and quietly than did his father; his manner is not so active; his features are heavier, and his face rounder. He bids fair to be as successful as the elder Dickens in the editorial chair, being an industrious worker, personally popular, and having an excellent judgment and literary taste.

A ludicrous story is reported concerning Dr. Livingstone, which pretends to account for the long disappearance of this explorer. A letter has been written by a Detroit lady, now sojourning in Syria, which states that Captain Burton, British Consul at Damascus, is informed concerning Dr. Livingstone's adventures in Central Africa. He says that Dr. Livingstone was first persuaded, much against his wish, to marry a rude and blustering native princess, and, when he afterward proposed to leave Mrs. Livingstone in order to prosecute still further his topographical investigations, his fond father-in-law and mother-in-law interposed such strong objections that he was virtually kept a prisoner. The matter was kept a profound secret by the doctor's friends until recently. The *Detroit Post* is responsible for this curious story.

During one fortnight in August the Castle Garden Labor Exchange found employment for 824 male emigrants. Of these, 672 were not able to read or write. Employment was given during the same time to 448 women; but of these, only 97 were deficient in these fundamental elements of education.

There are not far from fifty professional journalists who, in the "season," have their head-quarters at Washington, and do an immense amount of work as correspondents and editorial writers. Among these are several well-known ladies: Mrs. Lippincott, "Grace Greenwood," of the *Tribune*; Mrs. Briggs, "Olivia," of the *Philadelphia Press*; and Mrs. Snead, the "Miss Grundy" of the *World*. Just at present, these, as well as a multitude of other literary people, are taking some recreation at the various summer resorts.

Why should delicate children be forced into the water at the sea-side, against their inclinations? Doubtless parents are well-meaning, and think to strengthen fragile bodies. But when a child is taken into the water amidst screams, entreaties, and manifest terror, no good can be expected to result. The nerves in a delicate organization must be injured. Especially should mothers avoid leaving to ignorant nurses the care of bathing young children at the sea-side.

Some few years ago a block of houses fell in the Canongate of Edinburgh, killing thirty-six people. When the workmen had almost despaired of rescuing a boy who was still almost miraculously alive beneath a weight of bricks and timber, a little voice suddenly urged them on to fresh exertions: "Heave away, chaps; I'm no dead yet," said the little voice, quite cheerily. In rebuilding the houses the lad has been immortalized. The principal doorway is adorned with his bust. His own brave words are written beneath it. The Scotch never held up to the world a more striking example of their courage and patience.

Somebody estimates that twelve or fifteen million dollars, which would have been squandered abroad during the coming season, will be spent at home in consequence of the war. Probably not half the usual number of Americans will go to Europe this year. Whereat hotel proprietors in our own summer resorts are rejoicing.

"Ladies who do their own sewing," remarks an exchange, "may be interested in the fact that there are 20,649 stitches in a shirt." We think that depends—on how the shirt is made!

At the late sale of Lamartine's furniture at his country place, Monceau, even his most humble neighbors were anxious to obtain something which had belonged to him. A peasant paid eighty francs for an old arm-chair, which had little to commend it but its souvenirs, and a vine-grower bought for two hundred francs a little table, whose sole value—great in his eyes—was that Lamartine had often written on it.

The most silent soldier in the German army is Count Von Moltke. Officers say of him: "Moltke is silent in seven languages!"

Seventy-five days are sufficient to accomplish a tour around the world, according to Dr. Prime, who, with his wife, has recently completed this journey, though he took a year for it, stopping in various places. He has traveled between 30,000 and 40,000 miles during the year, and all without the slightest accident.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IN all policies of life insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living?" "Age of mother, if living?" A man in the country who filled up an application made his father's age, "if living," one hundred and twelve years, and his mother's one hundred and two. The agent was amazed at this showing, and fancied he had got an excellent subject; but, feeling somewhat dubious, remarked that the man came of a very long-lived family. "Oh, you see, Sir," replied the applicant, "my parents died many years ago, but 'if living' would be aged as there put down." "Oh, I see," said the agent.

A paper encourages the young by the example of a "youth who formerly lived in a hovel; yet with only his two hands and a crowbar opened a jewelry store; and now he is living in a large stone residence in Sing Sing."

A lady caught her husband breaking her hoops. Two hours afterward the unfortunate man was seen at a drug store purchasing hair restorative.

A lazy dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortunes, and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make you so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," answered the friend. "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

"Why do you walk, Bob, when you've got a donkey to ride?" said a gentleman to an Irish lad who was walking by the side of his donkey. "Shure, then," said the boy, "I am just walking to rest my legs."

A Chicago music publisher has issued a song entitled, "Father will Settle the Bill." All the young ladies in the city practice it at home as well as at the stores.

It is said that a man who was staying at a Western hotel last week woke up one morning and couldn't find his pillow any where. Just as he was about giving up the search he put his hand to his head, and found that the pillow had got jammed into his ear. The regulation allowance at a hotel is one feather for a pillow, and two for a bolster.

LADIES' BRIDLES.

What very pretty things
Are the bonny bonnet strings
Of your idol!
Do you know the technic name
That is given to the same?—
'Tis a *bridle*.

No man should marry till
He can pay his dinner bill—
That's the wit in it:
Pour vintage of the South!
The most loving little mouth
Wants a *bit* in it.

Mrs. Mullonney requested her ten-year-old daughter Polly to go to Fogarty's dram-shop and get half a pint of Bourbon. "And mind, Polly," she added, "you needn't say who it is for." "No need of telling him, mamma," answered innocent Polly, "for he'll know the bottle."

A school-girl, in writing to her mother, says: "I get along nicely with all my teachers except Miss ——; but I don't blame her, because she accidentally shot the young man she was engaged to, and it naturally makes her feel kind of cross, especially on cloudy days."

"Where's your wife, John?" asked a rural mother of her son, who had been to the city. "I hain't got any." "Why, you wrote us as how you was goin' to marry a rich York lady." "So I was; but just as we was about to be made one a policeman came in and took the gal off for stealing; an' I wouldn't try to marry another New York lady, if she was worth her weight in gold."

Some thirty-five years ago a lieutenant of the United States army met and fell in conversation with a somewhat inebriated individual far west of the Rocky Mountains. "Why don't you return to your native country?" inquired the lieutenant. "Return to my country? Never!" "Why, my friend?" "I'm a manifest destiny man, I am; and my country 'll be along here long before I die, stranger."

An uncharitable mocker commends to the Emperor of the French the poetical reflection of the pickpocket who was caught in stealing a cheap handkerchief, viz.:

"When I think of what I am,
Compared to what I was,
I fear I've thrown myself away
Without sufficient cause."

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?—Hailing omnibuses.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

A clergyman who had been accused of preaching long sermons, excused himself on the ground that the church was a large one.

An old toper, who had attended the Polytechnic, where the learned professor caused several explosions to take place from gases produced from water, said: "You don't catch me putting water in my liquor after this. I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked to take much of it."

The only persons who really enjoy bad health are the doctors.

"What is home without a mother?" as the young girl said when she sent the old lady to chop wood.

An old Indian, who had witnessed the effect of whisky for many years, said a barrel labeled whisky contained a thousand scalps and thirty fights.

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"DEAD MEN'S CLOTHES SOON WEAR OUT."

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GROUSE SHOOTING.

THE Twelfth of August is a day looked forward to by the "grown boys" of Great Britain with as much interest as juveniles among us regard the approach of the Glorious Fourth.

Many an important piece of legislation is hurried through the imperial Parliament to admit of an adjournment in time to allow the hereditary rulers of the country to reach the northern moors on the day when the slaughter of grouse is by law permitted to commence.

The preservation of game birds has been reduced to a science by the thrifty Scots: and many a *puir laird* is indebted for the value of the "*shooting*" on his otherwise worthless property for his winter supply of oat-meal and whisky.

All the moorland of Scotland is carefully preserved, and, although the yearly slaughter of birds is very large, the supply appears to keep pace with the demand.

Early in the season, before the birds have "packed" over good ground, the sport is not more fatiguing than any other kind of shooting; but later, when the young birds have attained their full strength of flight, it requires a keen eye to mark the distant point of descent of a pack from which the hunter may have picked a brace on their first rise.

The whir-r-r of a grouse, as it darts from its lair amidst the thick heather, is music to the ear of a practiced gunner, but sadly discomposing to the nerves of a novice. Even southern pointers, well trained to the *urr, urr* of the English partridge, wink their eyes and shake their heads on hearing the noise accompanying the flight of the grouse.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND.

THE COLOR OF SEA AND SKY.

SMOKERS have all noticed that the smoke from the end of a pipe or cigar is bluer than that which they puff from the mouth, and many may have wondered what the reason of this could be. The contrast may be well seen on a bright sunny day. This is, in fact, the simplest form of the experiment of the condensation of vapors causing them to pass through a fine blue to a white condition, which Professor Tyndall exhibited about two years ago, and which he employed to explain the blue color of the sky and the remarkable polarization of its light. The finer state of division in the freshly formed smoke gives it its bright blue color, as does the finely divided aqueous vapor give to the blue sky; the smoke which has passed through the pipe-stem and mouth has become more condensed, and consequently gives a whiter cloud.

The color of water is, it appears, to a great degree dependent on the same cause as that of the sky. M. Soret, of Geneva, soon after Pro-

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fessor Tyndall's researches on the cause of the blueness of the sky were published, made similar researches on the waters of the Lake of Geneva, and found that the light from the water, when blue, was polarized as the light from the sky, and, so far, there was the probability of the cause of the color being similar in the two cases. That particles in a fine state of division are the cause of the blueness of water as well as of sky is also made evident from a comparison of the waters of different lakes, seas, and rivers. There are two popular theories as to the cause of the color of masses of water, which have very deep root, and yet must, it seems, be abandoned. One is that seas or lakes are blue by reflecting the blue sky. The second popular theory which seems to be ill-founded is that the green color of lakes, rivers, and seas is due to plants growing on the bottoms and giving their color by reflection. The green color is produced in the same way as the blue in all probability, and may be due to a yellowness of the water in some cases, but it is less easily accounted for than the blue color. M. Sainte-Claire Deville is quoted by M. Soret as stating that waters which give a white residue on evaporation are *blue*, while those which give a yellow residue are *green*. Reflection of the color of the sky, and of the plant-color from the bottom, does no doubt produce color of water in some cases, but it is only in shallow pools that the latter can have any effect, or through perfectly smooth surfaces that the former can be effective.

Some cases of water-coloration which observers have noted will be not out of place here: 1. Intensely blue on a bright day, with pale sky and large cumulus clouds, was the color of water in reservoirs twenty feet deep at Plumstead, depositing chalk (by means of which the water is softened according to a patent process). 2. Intensely blue—the Mediterranean at Marseilles. 3. Bright blue—Lake of Geneva. 4. Darker blue, tending to indigo—sea near Guernsey; also the Laacher See, in the Eifel. 5. Pale blue—sea near chalk cliffs, being at a little distance from the coast green or grayish. 6. Pale blue or grayish blue—the Rhone, the Moselle, glacier stream, etc. 7. Green—the Rhine, the Scheldt (very markedly so at Antwerp, as testified in Belgian pictures), the Seine, Thames Estuary, etc. 8. Intense green—in patches on the Lake of Geneva; in the evening, when the sun was just below the mountains, more frequently on the Lakes of Thun and Lucerne. 9. Bright green—the sea, on a windy day, with bright sun, off the Isle of Man. 10. The sea round the coral reefs of Florida is said to be intensely green; when away from the coast it is deep blue. 11. On a heavy, clouded day, with rain, gleams of sunshine out at sea give patches of green color and reddish-brown. 12. Water standing in an old copper mine at Killarney was intensely green, while the water in the lake at the side was black in the mass. 13. Red color is produced in some seas by algæ, in others and in some rivers by the breaking up of soil colored red by iron. 14. Opaque green color is produced in ponds by unicellular organisms, which sometimes swarm in these waters. They may similarly become red. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of blue color, due to the optical properties of water, is the blue grotto of Caprera, where, at any rate, the reflection of the sky is eliminated. A similar phenomenon is the glorious blue and green of the glacier fissures.

Leaving the question of surface reflection aside, which can only come into play in the case of road-side pools and such mirror-like waters, and also leaving aside the appearance of vegetation in clear shallow streams and ponds, it seems that at the present time we may ascribe the blue color of masses of water to a peculiar reflection of the light from within the water, accompanied with polarization, and depending on suspended particles. Blackish, brownish, and yellow color is due to vegetable matter in solution; reddish-brown to iron, sometimes; green, sometimes, to copper or algæ; but the green commonly seen on seas, lakes, and rivers, like that of glacier fissures, probably admits of a similar explanation to that of the blue.

COUNT GASPARIN ON THE WAR.

WE give below a vigorous protest, from the pen of Count GASPARIN, against the war which the ambition of NAPOLEON has forced upon France. The letter was originally addressed to the editor of the *Journal des Debats*, under date of July 18, and has been translated expressly for *Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Editor:

Every man should have the courage to express his opinion. In a moment like this the duty of speaking, of speaking openly and explicitly, enforces itself even on those who, like me, have long since become strangers to public affairs. If, from the depths of my retirement, I raise a voice which at least has the merit of being sincere and impartial, it is because it seems to me that in being silent I should be guilty of real cowardice. I love my country too well, and I also love justice too well, not to protest against the pretended unanimity of the warlike passions which are about to hurry us away.

But no, these passions are by no means unanimous. There are in France, I know, a very considerable number of citizens who believe neither in the necessity nor the lawfulness of the war against Prussia. These citizens will not raise an outcry in the streets, or put articles in the papers; but they love peace, they cling to it, they have voted for it, and they are somewhat astonished that this has already been forgotten by their representatives. These citizens will not see a war begun which nothing justifies in their sight—they will not witness a conflict which wounds their conscience, and perhaps threatens the future of a whole generation—they will not submit to the anguish in store for fathers of families, to say nothing of the indefinite increase of our conscriptions, our debts, and our taxes, without yielding more and more to a feeling which is as yet hardly more than instinct, but which will soon ripen into energetic conviction and obstinate resistance. I think that it will be well to pay some consideration to these men, not noisy in general, and slow to make up their minds, but who, nevertheless, will be found to hold the balance of power in the end. Now, this is the conclusion arrived at by their good sense, and above all, their consciences.

In the first place (and herein lies the whole question), they have never thought that France had to seek revenge for Sadowa. They have been ignorant up to this time that France was conquered at Sadowa with Austria, or that the Prussians failed in their duty to us in not letting themselves be beaten. They have too high an opinion of French honor to believe it compromised because some one or other has taken it upon himself to win a great battle in Europe, and they have too high an idea of the power of France to believe it put in peril because Germany has organized itself into a nation. The old theories of the balance of power resting on the division and weakness of our neighbors seem to them to have had their day, and they would regard it as a crime to shed a single drop of blood for such theories.

When the declaration of war of the Duke of Gramont broke forth like a thunder-clap in a cloudless sky, these citizens thought at first that we must have received some mortal insult, that the country was in peril, and that we had vainly addressed ourselves to Prussia through those diplomatic measures which a government usually exhausts before uttering words of defiance and giving the signal for kindling the national and military susceptibilities, so easily aroused among us. Then they perceived, to their extreme surprise, on one side, that the outbreak had been preceded by no secret and amicable remonstrances, and that we had begun at the end; and, on the other, that the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern—more a MURAT than a Prussian besides—could not be a surprise to us, as JOHN LEMOURNE had spoken of it, several months before, in the *Journal des Debats*, and the German journals had continually discoursed of it to their readers.

Still more, this candidature was withdrawn; whereupon the citizens of whom I am speaking said to themselves that, unless we were determined on war, and only seeking a pretext, the affair was ended. The withdrawal from the candidature, announced by the father of the prince, was officially communicated to our government by the Spanish Minister.

What, therefore, was not the surprise—and this word falls short of the meaning—of the sincere friends of peace to learn that nothing was concluded? Violent journals, intemperate in their language and crude in their reports of affairs, told us that it was necessary to impose on Prussia not a renunciation, but a humiliation; that is to say, to insist upon war; war at any cost took the place of what had formerly been called peace at any price.

What was the King of Prussia to do? He had just declared to our ambassador that he had opposed the nomination of the Prince of Hohenzollern, and that he approved of his withdrawal. On seeing that something more was demanded of him, it was natural that he should call to mind that communication to the Corps Législatif, bearing the character of an ultimatum, with which our Minister of Foreign Affairs had begun without the slightest negotiation.

The French citizens who have no revenge to take for Sadowa may regret that the King did not see fit to repeat once more to M. BENEDETTI that he had opposed a nomination thenceforth withdrawn *de facto*, as had been certified by Spain. But as to finding in the refusal to say this again a cause or even a pretext for war—as to thinking that this authorized us to inundate Europe with blood—they are very far from it, I assure you.

The communication of M. OLLIVIER has filled them with consternation, and wrung their hearts. Between these petty details of etiquette and that terrible conclusion, war declared, the disproportion seems to them so great that their conscience protested as loudly as their reason against it. They are terrified at the frightful responsibility which it is sought to cast upon their country.

M. BISMARCK has addressed a note to the foreign powers concerning what has taken place! Well, is this strange after the declaration of M. DE GRAMONT? Germany is making military preparations! Are not we making them also, and which are farther advanced?

I repeat, what most alarms the friends of peace among us is to see to what degree any serious pretext on our side is lacking. Observe that these friends of peace are at the same time friends of liberty. Now they can not but remember that in France a great war and liberty rarely go hand in hand.

A great war! this scarcely expresses all. What school-boy ever will believe that a short campaign is in question? It is not two armies, but two nationalities, almost two races, that are entering upon this strife. Suppose even a Jena; nothing will be concluded! Germany, wounded to the heart, and for whose unity we shall have done more than BISMARCK—Germany will remain profoundly hostile to us. It was the men of Jena, indeed, who roused all Europe against us, who occupied Paris in 1814, and decided the fate of Waterloo in 1815.

Such are the thoughts which every day become clearer among our fellow-citizens, the friends of peace. No victory, no increase of territory, will soften to them the inconsolable grief of seeing violence done to justice in the name of their country.

And their number will go on increasing. Should the war be prolonged, when our agricultural classes are attacked, when we have irretrievably entered on that road which leads to the last man and the last dollar, then it will be perceived that if it is criminal to make war when it is not indispensable, it is imprudent to mistake for the will of a people an outbreak provoked by a Minister, the clamor of the mob, the momentary enthusiasm of the masses for the flag, and, in fine, the ardor of the enemies of parliamentary liberty, who avail themselves of a war to recover lost ground.

I utter these words without hesitation. Let them compromise me—so much the worse—I shall have obeyed duty, and protested, as far as in me lies, against an act which is repugnant to my conscience.

Will it be said that in doing this I am wanting in patriotism? FOX and his friends thought themselves very patriotic when they condemned, in Parliament, the war against France. We are apt to be hurried away by the high-sounding phrase, "The flag of our country is unfurled, and we must follow it!" That is to say, we can no longer see or write or think.

Never was maxim of despotism better conceived. A declaration of war is hurried on, the flag is unfurled; and then silence opinion! Silence in the court! The flag is unfurled!

But if the flag is unfurled, so is our conscience; and we will not, and can not, accept the least share of moral responsibility in a butchery which nothing renders lawful in our sight.

There are, it appears, two kinds of patriotism: that which follows the flag wherever it goes, were it that of LECLERC on the way to re-establish slavery at San Domingo, and that which struggles at its own risk and peril against every thing which seems to it to compromise the country's honor. For this kind of patriotism, the country's honor, the aim is not to win numerous battles, but to practice justice, and become the representative and patron of all generous causes. This patriotism also has its ambition, as you see, and does not aspire to a mediocre place for the country.

Will it be objected that the protests of the friends of justice and peace come too late? In any case, this is not their fault. The matter has been so abruptly managed, and its conclusion hurried on so rudely in the first act, that we are quite excusable for not coming in time.

But is it quite true that we are not in time? It would be an insult to the men who govern us to suppose that at the moment of firing the first gun—at the moment of setting in play all the ingenious machinery for killing that has been invented—they will not feel some honorable hesitation. When the hour shall strike for beginning, indeed, what may have incalculable results for all nations, who knows whether the firmly pacific intervention of impartial countries such as England may not yet succeed in preventing the fatal encounter? Who knows whether, even later, the re-establishment of peace may not be rendered more prompt and easy by the mere fact that there are declared adversaries of the war in France?

In any case, it was necessary that this should be said. For wounded consciences there is but one means of relief possible—protest.

Many others think like myself; but were I alone I should none the less relieve my heart by publishing this protest and signing it. A. DE GASPARIN,

Ex-Deputy.

P.S.—Historians who may wish to explain why King WILLIAM did not grant one more hearing to our Embassador will not do ill, perhaps, to remember that M. DE GRAMONT, on being interrogated in the Corps Législatif as to whether the demand concerning the HOHENZOLLERN candidature was the *only one presented* by us to Prussia, *refused to answer*. This refusal, coupled with the first communication made by M. DE GRAMONT to the tribune, had a significance which must have been found as striking at Ems as at Paris. M. EMILE OLLIVIER alone seems not to have comprehended it.

I wish to say, for the benefit of those who do not know me, that no one has blamed more harshly than myself several of the acts of BISMARCK in 1866; but the faults of BISMARCK in 1866 have absolutely nothing to do with this fact, which is as clear as daylight—our government in 1870 makes war because it wishes to do so.

LADY FAIR.

UNDERNEATH the beech-tree sitting,
With that everlasting knitting,
And the soft sun-shadows flitting
Through your wavy hair;
All my thoughts and plans confusing,
All my resolution loosing,
Say, what matter's in your musing,
Lady fair?

Oh, the charm that in your face is!
All the loves and all the graces!
To be clasped in your embraces
Monarch's guerdon were:
Not a man, I ween, who sees you
But would give his life to please you,
Yet you say—that lovers tease you!
Lady fair!

One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
Baffled still, but still pursuing,
Tangled in the snare:
In your ever-changing smile hid,
Or beneath your sleepy eyelid,
Many a heart it hath beguiléd,
Lady fair.

While the summer breezes fan her
Gently with their leafy banner,
Venus' form and Dian's manner,
Doth my goddess wear:
Lives the man who can discover
Any secret spell to move her
To the wish of mortal lover,
Cold as fair?

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindness lighten,
While the cheek's rich colors heighten,
What would I not dare?
To inform their scornful splendor
With the love-light soft and tender,
Bow the proud heart to surrender,
Lady fair!

By the lives that thou hast broken,
By the words that I have spoken,
By the passion they betoken,
I have loved, I swear,
Only thee since I have seen thee;
And, if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die, but I will win thee,
Lady fair!

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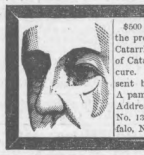

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 716.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"OUR FRITZ," THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 596.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

☞ *We lay before our readers this week, in a Supplement, a splendid*

PICTORIAL MAP

Of the Seat of War in France,

on which the movements of the several armies can be easily traced, and which shows the position of Paris with reference to the invading forces, and its railroad connections with other cities.

NAPOLEON'S OVERTHROW.

ON the fifteenth of last July the French Emperor, on a frivolous pretext, declared war against Prussia. The news awakened the wildest enthusiasm throughout France. The nation appeared to be crazy for war. With vastly exaggerated ideas of their own military strength, and fatally underrating that of Prussia, they looked forward to a short, sharp, and decisive campaign on German soil, and to a peace, dictated at Berlin, which should make the Rhine the eastern boundary of the empire. Officers and private soldiers, leaving Paris for the frontier, ordered that after the fifteenth of August their letters should be directed to Berlin; and Minister OLLIVIER, in the French Senate, announced that he accepted the war "with a light heart!"

Not so did Germany make answer. "God is my witness," said King WILLIAM to the crowd assembled to witness his departure from Ems, "that I have not desired war; but if I am forced into it, I will maintain the honor of Germany to the last man." His people responded to these words with a solemn and earnest enthusiasm, to which a parallel can only be found in the great uprising of the North after the firing on Sumter. Minor differences and petty jealousies were forgotten. The whole nation rose, like a strong man from sleep; and, before the vacillating Emperor was prepared to strike a blow, nearly a million of soldiers stood guard upon the Rhine. We need not recount the marvelous campaign that followed, unparalleled in the history of the world. In less than fifty days after the declaration of war —and less than forty of actual fighting—the military pride of France suffered humiliation in a dozen defeats; the empire was overrun with German soldiery; the capital is threatened, and in a state of siege; one great army, defeated in a long series of terrible battles, is shut up helpless within the fortifications of Metz; another, numbering a hundred thousand men —the largest number that ever capitulated at one time—has been surrendered by its commander; the Prince Imperial and the Emperor are prisoners! Well may the victorious King exclaim, in his modest dispatch to the Queen: "What a course, under the guidance of God, events have taken!"

It were useless, when great events tread so rapidly on each other's heels, to speculate on the probable results of this crowning victory of the Prussian arms, or to discuss the causes of the French defeat. There seems to be no doubt that NAPOLEON was the victim of gross frauds and deception from the first. His immense armies existed only on paper. The military condition of the empire was thoroughly rotten. Had the Emperor been earlier aware of these facts he would not have ventured upon the war; but, unfortunately for him, he first became aware of them after war had been declared. He then, as is well known, endeavored to open negotiations with Prussia, but Count VON BISMARCK sternly replied it was "too late." Unable to take the initiative, NAPOLEON found himself scarcely prepared to stand on the defensive, and the terrible blow that crushed M'MAHON'S army at Weissenburg virtually decided the struggle. Yet the soldiers of France never fought more gallantly than at Weissenburg, Gravelotte, and Sedan. They have incurred no disgrace in these terrible defeats. They have succumbed to vastly preponderating numbers, aided by bad generalship on the part of their own commanders in the first weeks of the war.

If all this shall bring peace to Europe and a stable government to France, founded really on the will of the nation and not in fraud, the world will have good reason to rejoice over the result of this wonderful campaign. The good will be dearly bought, it is true. The sacrifice of life has been enormous, and probably the German armies have suffered far greater losses in killed and wounded than the French. The most fertile part of France has been so laid waste and desolate that years must elapse before the injury can be repaired. But if, from the depths of this terrible humiliation, a new France shall arise, free, peaceful, more ambitious of the triumphs of industry and science than those of war—and if, as another fruit of this struggle, we shall see a united and free Germany, strong in herself, but unaggressive, who shall say that the sacrifice of blood was made in vain? A vast responsibility rests upon those who take in hand the political solution of the questions that must now arise for settlement. The future rests with them. If, flushed with victory and maddened by their terrible losses, the Germans insist upon a territorial recompense, upon placing a vassal of Prussia upon the throne of France, and reducing her to the position of a second-rate kingdom, then, indeed, all this precious blood will have been shed in vain. Such a settlement can not be other than hollow and temporary, and the next generation will see the struggle renewed with fiercer hatred, and at a more terrible cost of life. But we expect better things of Germany. As the victor, she can afford to be magnanimous, and the world will be greatly disappointed if she should insist upon imposing humiliating conditions upon France.

But what of the Emperor? what of the Prince Imperial? and what of the chances for Bonapartism in the France of the future? One would suppose that France, by this time, must be quite cured of imperialism. Had the Emperor, who has brought this humiliation upon the proudest military people of Europe, shown a spark of moral or physical heroism in the present struggle it might have been otherwise. But he has made respect, and even sympathy, impossible. Incapable in civil affairs, a blunderer and worse than charlatan in war, his fate excites none of the commiseration that always attends the fall of a really great man. He could not even die like a man, when all was lost.

> "'Tis done! But yesterday a king,
> And armed with kings to strive,
> To-day thou art a nameless thing;
> So abject—yet alive!"

So wrote Lord BYRON of the first NAPOLEON, and the words are still more applicable to the third. The fatal glamour of the name, let us hope, is broken forever, and with it the power of "personal government" in Europe. Neither the continuance of the Napoleonic dynasty on the throne of France, nor the restoration of the Orleans family, would secure a permanent peace. Nothing will do this but a representative constitutional government, based on the intelligent consent of the people.

THE GREAT SETTLEMENT.

BEFORE this paper is issued, but too late for comment upon its action, the Republican Convention of New York will have made its nominations and set forth its principles. What the general character of that action should be we have already suggested; and there can be little doubt, from the probable character of the Convention, that it will be as wise and as firm as the emergency demands. We say emergency, because so much is really at stake. There is a popular disposition, doubtless, to consider the whole subject of reconstruction finally settled, and sometimes to be impatient of any other view. But it is impossible that it can be considered settled so long as the Democratic party refuses to acquiesce; and it is improbable that that party will consent to acquiesce as long as the elections apparently show that it is not losing ground. It was very much more likely to adopt such a policy two years ago than it is now, as the rebel chiefs were willing to yield to terms immediately upon the close of the war which they indignantly repelled a little later. In politics every thing depends upon apparent popular support; and if the Democrats do not think that they have lost, but have rather gained, during their refusal to acquiesce in the validity of the amendments, they will continue to hold the question open.

But it is a question which must be closed before there can be a normal condition of parties and of the public mind. The ascendency of the Republican party is necessary now, as it was during the war, in order to maintain the fundamental law. The Democratic party is not an opposition but a disorganizing party. It is not in the British phrase, "her Majesty's Opposition," meaning a party which differs upon a policy while it agrees upon all the provisions of the Constitution, but it is a party which denies that certain parts of the Constitution are constitutional, or asserts that, whether constitutional or not, they are not lawfully placed in that instrument. A difference of this kind is vital. The wholly new questions which grew out of the war have been settled by Congress; and in the election of General GRANT that settlement has been approved by the country. A party which virtually asks the country to declare that they shall be again unsettled, by refusing to acquiesce in their disposition, should have a very summary answer from all truly honorable and conservative citizens.

To state this fact fairly and strongly in the pending political campaign is the duty of every Republican speaker or writer, and carefully to reflect upon it is equally the duty of every voter. It is not a dead issue, because the Democrats choose to keep it alive. How far from dead it is may be seen in the letter of ex-Governor ORR, of South Carolina, of which we spoke last week, stating his reasons for acting with the Republican party. Governor ORR was a conspicuous and trusted Democratic leader before the war, and had been the Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was a secessionist, and remained so to the end of the war. But since then he has sagaciously considered the condition of the country, and he sees that the Democratic party, refusing to acquiesce in the great settlement, is a party of which nothing is to be hoped. He therefore unites with the Republicans, and says, reproachfully, to his old associates, who are trying to fight after the battle is over: "If good and true men will consent to accept the reconstruction acts of Congress, and the legislation Federal and State necessarily growing out of them—if they will accept the new conditions surrounding us—if they will affiliate with the Republican organization," then they can profit by what that organization has done well, and can help correct its errors. It is because the Democrats will not do this that he sees the hopelessness of their party, and leaves it.

This is not the only issue of the canvass upon which we now enter in this State, but it is a very vital question. And it is a question not alone for this State, but for the whole country. The Republican party is still the party of stability and order. It is the party that would have peace permanent and secure. The importance and the position of New York make its voice very influential, and the progress of the campaign here, which will be watched attentively in all the other States, should leave our friends every where, and the whole country, in no doubt as to our attitude upon this question. Let Republican New York declare that the maintenance of the settlement of the Union as embodied in the reconstruction acts and in the amendments is indispensable to the national peace and prosperity.

HUMANITY IN WAR.

ALTHOUGH the war in Europe was so suddenly begun, and has been waged with such terrible vigor, yet it is clear that the laws and customs of war have been greatly modified, and are already practically more humane than the books describe them. Even so enlightened a writer as HAUTEFEUILLE, as a correspondent of the *Evening Post* recently mentioned, has written against the abolition of privateering, and has declared not only that private property at sea need not be respected, but that the same property on land is at the mercy of the conqueror. This doctrine, however, as to the rights of the conqueror on land, was denied by another French commentator, VERGÉ, who says emphatically, that, according to the usages of war on land, the belligerents have no right, and can exercise no control over the private property of the subjects of the hostile power; and he asks why the same principles should not be applied to maritime war. But this view represents what has been hitherto but a perception of the humane tendency of the modern usages of war. Law upon that subject is not made by the books, but by the armies in the field. And it is not the least of the blessings which in this terrible conflict Germany is conferring upon civilization, that she, the first military power in the world, is humanizing the usages of war.

The Emperor of France declared war against Prussia on the 15th of July. On the 19th Prussia announced officially to our Government that private property upon the sea would be respected without regard to reciprocity, that is, that even the enemy's merchantmen would not be molested except for causes that would expose a neutral to capture. Prussia knew, of course, that with her formidable navy France would not declare the same generous policy. But M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, loyal to an honorable instinct, immediately took the responsibility of declaring to our Government that France would not be outdone in humanity. He was not a proper representative of LOUIS NAPOLEON, however, as he felt, and his melancholy death immediately followed. On the 7th of August, in the first great battle of the war, the Germans won the victory, and advanced into France. On the 11th the King issued a proclamation at Saarbrück, in which he said: "We war against soldiers, not citizens. Therefore the latter may continue secure in person and property so long as they abstain from hostile acts, and we grant them protection as a matter of right." That declaration is the highest tide-mark of humanity in war, if we except the instructions to our Union armies in 1863 in regard to the protection of private property not essential to martial necessities, and for the acquisition of which due provision was made.

If any one would know the full significance of such a declaration by a conqueror, he need not turn back to the wars of CÆSAR in Gaul, when the old, the women, and the children were indiscriminately slaughtered, and towns were obliterated from the face of the earth; but to the wars waged in Central Europe in the name of Christianity, and called "religious wars," two centuries ago, when the whole land was laid waste, and the suffering of the people was incredible; or to the wars of LOUIS XIV. in the region of the present war, when he made the Palatinate a desert. Even MARLBOROUGH was dismayed by the condition to which the wars in which he was engaged reduced the country; and the cruel horrors of those wars are hinted in SOUTHEY'S familiar poem of the "Battle of Blenheim." The stories and the songs of the time are full of the terror which the approach of the enemy inspired, and of the utter demoralization which followed his passage.

War, indeed, is always terrible, often cruel. Its necessities compel peremptory measures, and the innocent individuals among a people whose Government has invited or defied war must often personally pay the penalty. The present war, like all others, is attended with unknown and indescribable sorrow. But it is plain to see that the higher tone of civilization, the better public opinion of the world, modifies and ameliorates its customs. Think, for instance, of the details of the Thirty Years' War, and imagine any soldier or statesman, or other human being of the time, reading such a passage as this in one of the letters from the seat of hostile operations:

> "France does not suffer what is technically called the horrors of war. Young girls stand at the cottage doors in the villages, or street corners, to see the soldiers pass, and are not harmed by them. The shops open in the towns are not plundered. Peaceful citizens go about their business without fear of life or limb. It is essentially civilized war in these respects. But fruit and vegetables are taken along the way-side; horses are pressed into the service, soldiers are quartered on the people, and large supplies of food are demanded from the local authorities."

It is the glory of Germany, in a war in which she is really fighting the battle of civilization against anarchy, to act worthily of the great cause by a policy of the highest humanity. From this time the rules of warfare will be much more humane, and what was a generous hope yesterday will be accepted law to-morrow. Yet no policy can wholly assuage the inevitable bitterness of war. In thousands of homes all over Germany and France at this moment there is a heart-ache and misery such as we in the United States only too freshly remember. History will have no word black enough to describe the guilty author of so vast a calamity.

GREAT BRITAIN A PENITENT.

THE late debates in the British Parliament upon neutrality in war show that our waiting in urging the *Alabama* negotiations has not been in vain. Indeed, England is preparing to concede our claim. She is going to confession. Not to state it unkindly, she is lighting the candles, and putting on the sheet of penitence. Some of the late speeches are curious reading to a man who has the Parliamentary debates during our war, and the British decisions of the same period, in his hand, or even in his memory.

It is the most solemn understanding between all civilized powers which accept what is called international law, that their own laws, or what is called municipal law, shall be stringent enough to secure the due observance of international obligation. On the 13th of May, 1864, a debate arose in the House of Commons upon the case of the *Georgia*, a rebel vessel of war, which, having been built and equipped in Great Britain, had escaped, and had subsequently returned to Liverpool. Mr. THOMAS BARING took the ground that, as she ought to have been arrested before escaping, she ought to be ordered off upon her return, and forbidden to enter any British port.

The Attorney-General insisted that the British law was sufficiently effective to prevent a breach of neutrality. Mr. COBDEN severely replied, showing the facts, and said that he was only sorry that the ship-owners, at the beginning of the war, had not compelled the Government to put the laws in harmony with the interests of the country and its foreign relations. The law, however, was not amended, nor was it amended after the monstrous British ruling in the *Alexandra* case. The steady reply to our impatient and surprised demands was, that the municipal law of Great Britain should not be altered at the dictation of foreigners, and the conclusive evidence that the spirit of the existing laws was not observed was wholly disregarded.

Now, however, all is changed. The instant war begins between Germany and France the British Parliament eagerly hastens to amend its municipal law, in order to secure an absolutely efficient neutrality. Such an amendment, upon such grounds, shows evidently that we were right in urging that the existing law did not secure it. But it shows more: it shows that what Great Britain during our war was unwilling to do upon our earnest representations, she does at once upon the outbreak of the present war without any request whatever from Germany or France. Great Britain confesses that we were right in saying that her domestic act to secure a faithful observance of international law was defective and inadequate. The Attorney-General, indeed, goes so far as to say, in reference to a provision of the new bill prohibiting the building of ships for a belligerent: "If such a provision were contained in the existing act, the *Alabama* could not have escaped, and the *Alexandra* must have been condemned."

This is a surrender of the case between the United States and Great Britain. England confesses that under her law as it stood our rights were not protected. It was never claimed that we did not do all that was necessary in supplying testimony to justify the arrest of the *Alabama* under the British law as it then was. Mr. ADAMS'S communications of evidence were ample, and they were admitted to be so by the

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tardy order of the Government for the detention of the ship. The plea of the British Government has always been that, upon the presentation of satisfactory evidence that the law was in danger of violation, it took all the measures which the law authorized to stop the vessel, and that its efforts were eluded by the *Alabama*. The United States said, and had constantly said, that if this statement were true, the law ought to be amended. The Attorney-General of England now declares in Parliament that if the law had been amended, the *Alabama* could not have escaped.

Great Britain, then, by this confession, did not do all that she could to stop the *Alabama;* and honorably, therefore, she must confess her responsibility for the consequences. Even if she did every thing that the law authorized, she confesses that the law did not authorize enough to be done. The Attorney-General, indeed, says that the amendment of the law is now proposed not because other nations demand it, but for "the honor and dignity of the crown." But we, of course, never claimed any right to interfere in British legislation. We merely represented to Great Britain, as a power equally interested in international obligation with ourselves, that the British local law was not adequate to the faithful protection of our international rights. Our declaration substantially was that "the honor and dignity of the crown" demanded the amendment of the law. If they demand it now, they demanded it then. If Great Britain is willing to amend her laws now, in order that her neutral obligations may be fully enforced toward Germany and France, why was she not willing to amend them to enforce the same obligations toward us?

This question will, perhaps, suggest to our English friends, who have denied that the feeling of the British Government was hostile to us during our war, that our assertion of an unfriendly disposition was not groundless. That Government really believed with Lord RUSSELL that the cause of the Union was hopeless, and it had no wish to alienate the new power which it expected to see arise upon our ruins by making laws to its detriment more stringent. It is not easy to imagine how one nation could put itself more entirely in the wrong toward another than Great Britain has placed herself toward us in this debate and amendment of her neutrality law. It prohibits every thing that we insisted ought to be prohibited, and was not; and ordains rules of proof that we demanded as merely just, and in vain. The debate and the new law are impregnable fortifications of our position. They are the confession of an *animus* which affected the entire official British conduct toward us during the war; and we do not see how magnanimous British statesmen can longer refuse either to acknowledge the responsibility for our losses by the *Alabama*, and offer to settle the bill when audited and presented, or to allow that the precedents established by Great Britain at that time are untenable.

THE LITTLE NAPOLEON'S LITTLE GAME.

THE intrigues of LOUIS NAPOLEON are coming to light upon all sides. The first disclosure —that of the proposition to absorb Belgium; in fact, to repeat the partition of Poland in another part of Europe—threw a ludicrous light upon the fine phrases of his proclamation in beginning the war. "We wish to conquer a durable peace, based on the true interests of the people, and to assist in abolishing that precarious condition of things when all nations are forced to employ their resources in arming against each other." These were becoming words, certainly, for a gentleman who, keeping an army up to the highest possible standard, was proposing to another equally armed Government that "the true interests of the people" of Belgium and Luxembourg required their absorption by France.

It appears now, also, that four years ago—in August, 1866—LOUIS NAPOLEON, with the same tender regard for the interests of the people, and the same humane horror of great armies, proposed to Prussia to take possession of the German territory upon the west bank of the Rhine, and to shut his eyes while Prussia appropriated certain parts of Holland. This was a "secret treaty," which the agent of LOUIS NAPOLEON had received from Vichy, whither his master had betaken himself for the benefit of his own health and that of Europe. "If you don't agree," said M. BENEDETTI to M. BISMARCK, in the Dick Turpin tone, "there will be war!" "Then there will be war!" answered BISMARCK.

Again, in 1867, LOUIS NAPOLEON proposed to Austria a little treaty against the power which did not accept his little treaty of 1866. He offered to join Austria in insisting that an alliance of Prussia with the South German states should be considered a violation of the treaty of Prague. As the little consideration of this favor to Austria, Prussia was to be required to evacuate Mayence, and Hesse north of the river Main was to go with that south of it. A union of the South German states was to be made, and justice demanded of Prussia for Schleswig-Holstein; and both the Southern German states and Prussia were to be solicited by war if they did not at once accept the invitation. Austria declined.

And now the Jesuit organ in Rome—the same that foreshadowed the Council and the dogma—the *Unità Cattolica*, declares that LOUIS NAPOLEON has a secret understanding with Italy that, if the Italian Government is obliged to take possession of Rome, then Piedmont, from Novara to Savona, excepting Alessandria, with the island of Sardinia, shall go to France; and, if the people rise in Italy, that France will help to subdue them.

These are some of the secret plots of the gentleman who is so anxious to consult the interests of the people and to reduce standing armies. It is amazing that a man so utterly incapable as this war has shown LOUIS NAPOLEON to be, and so totally without hold upon the heart of the French nation, should have had it in his power authoritatively to propose such radical changes in the map of Europe. He is proved to be a permanent conspirator against European peace. And even if the armies of Germany were driven back, and the people of France consented to allow this intriguer to return to the Tuileries, collective Europe might justly demand of them the most absolute and conclusive satisfaction that this public disturber should be kept at home. He has given Europe the right, even were he successful in this war, to put him under the most stringent bonds to keep the peace.

COUNT GASPARIN UPON THE WAR.

LAST week we printed GASPARIN'S noble protest against the war. But it reached us at the last moment, and we could not, therefore, give it the conspicuous position which its great significance demanded, and which our readers will have perceived. GASPARIN is one of the Frenchmen who are honored by the party of liberty every where, and with whom rest the hopes of the peaceful political progress of France. His fervid and heroic words are those of a man who dares to tell his countrymen the truth, even when they are most passionately excited; and they cover with shame the quibbling apologists of this infamous war.

The protest was written just after the Duke DE GRAMONT'S declaration of war, and begins with the assertion that there is a very considerable number of French citizens who do not believe either in the necessity or the lawfulness of the war. He does not admit that France was in any way humiliated at Sadowa, and insists that it is a crime to shed a drop of blood for any of the old balance-of-power theories. GASPARIN denies that there is any tolerable pretext for the contest; that the candidature of the HOHENZOLLERN was not only known for several months, but had been formally withdrawn; and, although it may be regretted that the Prussian King did not repeat to BENEDETTI his opposition to the candidature, his refusal was no reason for inundating Europe with blood. He loftily protests against the charge of want of patriotism always urged against those who oppose a war wrongfully begun by the country. He indignantly denies that thinking and speaking are to cease because the flag is unfurled. "If the flag is unfurled, so is our conscience; and we will not and can not accept the least share of moral responsibility in a butchery which nothing renders lawful in our sight."

One of the last paragraphs in the letter shows that the highest conception of national duty and of political morality is familiar to this generous mind.

"There are, it appears, two kinds of patriotism: that which follows the flag wherever it goes, were it that of LECLERC on the way to re-establish slavery at San Domingo, and that which struggles at its own risk and peril against every thing which seems to it to compromise the country's honor. For this kind of patriotism, the country's honor, the aim is not to win numerous battles, but to practice justice, and become the representative and patron of all generous causes. This patriotism also has its ambition, as you see, and does not aspire to a mediocre place for the country."

The protest of GASPARIN is the voice of that better France which can alone raise the country from the degradation of Napoleonism.

THE LATE U. S. CONSUL AT CANTON.

IN the midst of the absorbing news of the summer the death of our late Consul at Canton, in China, has been scarcely observed. But he was one of the men who make us prouder of the name of American, and he should not be forgotten. BERNARD P. CHENOWETH was born in Virginia. His father was a clergyman and a slaveholder, and removed afterward to Indiana. The boy was studious and observant, and from the first perceived the true character of the slavery in the midst of which he was reared, and resolved to do what he could to overthrow it. In the summer of 1860 he had just left a college in Indiana, and came to St. Joseph, in Missouri, where two other young men were publishing the only English Republican paper out of St. Louis. He offered to contribute what money he had, about $800, to write, and to learn to set type. After the election of Mr. LINCOLN hostility in Missouri to every thing Republican became hatred, and the three young men, W. W. WILDER, from Massachusetts, F. M. TRACY, from Missouri, and CHENOWETH, from Virginia, were indicted for publishing an "incendiary sheet." They retired to Kansas, and when the war began the Virginian and the Missourian raised the first company of the first Kansas regiment. CHENOWETH was captain and TRACY lieutenant. Both served through the war. CHENOWETH rapidly rose to be Inspector-General, and served upon the staffs of Generals GRANT and SHERMAN. He was offered the command of regiments, but his generals would not spare him.

The war left him stricken with consumption. He tried farming near St. Louis, and failed. He had friends in Worcester, Massachusetts, and his own evident fitness and charming character, with the most generous letter from General GRANT, made the young Virginian Superintendent of Schools in the very heart of Massachusetts. But his physicians told him that his only chance of life was a softer climate. He rented a place near Richmond, in his native State; bought two or three cows, and supported his family by peddling milk. He was better and happy; and, when General GRANT became President, he appointed CHENOWETH Consul at Canton. "I met him at Washington, then," writes a friend. "He was living on pawned watches and rings—his wife's—hopeful, reading up China; but painfully short of money for dinners for himself, wife, and two children."

During his brief residence in China Colonel CHENOWETH had won the highest respect and regard of all with whom he had relations of any kind. But his disease was too deeply seated, and he died in the early summer, at the age of thirty, leaving a wife and three children destitute of all but his ennobling memory. We have received from China and elsewhere the most earnest and enthusiastic tributes to the remarkable character of Colonel CHENOWETH; tributes which urge with tender eloquence to the sympathy of his countrymen the claims of the wife and children of the young Virginian, who gave all his powers and his life to the great cause of national salvation.

NOTES.

WE observe with very great satisfaction that Secretary COX, in addition to the letter upon the subject to which we recently alluded, forbade a political committee to go through the Department of the Interior to tax the clerks for the purposes of the election. The Secretary may be very sure that his conduct is approved by the best men of all parties who are not blind to the perils of the present system of our civil service. His action is well contrasted with that of a certain organization in Washington—perhaps the very one which the Secretary politely showed to the door—whose recent resolution upon the subject is truly Pickwickian. This association in a single resolution suggests the policy of voluntary contributions as more beneficial than a system of arbitrary assessments, asserts that it is the sacred duty of every office-holder to contribute liberally, and declaring that those who fail to recognize this sacred duty should be incontinently dismissed, and that their places should be filled by those who will make liberal voluntary contributions. If contributing under penalty of dismissal be voluntary contribution, it would be interesting to know what the gentlemen who adopted this resolution understand by "arbitrary" extortion of money. Nobody knows better than many of the members of this association, composed, we believe, of office-holders, how niggardly the average salaries of the Government clerks are. Nobody ought to see more clearly than they that their conduct tends to make every election an exasperated contest for bread among thousands of citizens. There is no class in the country more vitally interested in a simple and honest civil-service reform than those who hold office; and one such resolution as that of which we speak does more than a thousand abstract arguments to extend and deepen the intelligent perception that such a reform is becoming imperatively necessary.

THE doctors utterly disagree. Bishop BAILEY, of New Jersey, who has just returned from the Œcumenical Council, says, in an address to his people, that the Roman Catholic Church "has always believed in infallibility, that it is one of its accepted doctrines, and all that it has ever needed was to be confirmed by council." Father HYACINTHE says, in his late letter, published in Paris, that it is "a doctrine unknown to all ecclesiastical antiquity, which is disputed, even now, by numerous and eminent theologians, and which implies not a regular development, but a radical change in the constitution of the Church and in the immutable rule of its faith." Frère HYACINTHE may be a very uncomfortable brother in the Church, but his knowledge of its history and of its accepted faith is unquestionable. "If to believe implicitly," he said, when in this country, "in the doctrines and traditions of the Church in which I was born and bred makes me a Roman Catholic, then I am nothing else."

IT is not too late to say a word of tender remembrance of the late JOSEPH HOXIE. A man of the gentlest nature and most generous impulses, his convictions upon the great subjects of human interest were profound and inflexible. He had been long prominent in our politics, and his singular felicity in public speaking, and the unworn freshness of his zeal for the triumph of the principles which were dear to him, kept him an always welcome and honored favorite of the people almost to the last. For sixty years he had lived in the city of New York identified with its progress, and pleasantly familiar to its citizens, none of whom probably heard of his death without a kind word or thought for his memory. The writer of these lines can never forget with what delightful ardor Mr. HOXIE, a few years since, entered upon a local political campaign, in whose immediate result the writer was more interested than he. The issue was evident from the beginning; but the youthful energy and humorous eloquence of Mr. HOXIE lighted up the whole campaign; while his plain, practical, and vivid presentation of the questions of the time was a permanent benefit to his hearers. Mr. HOXIE'S health had gradually failed for some time, and he returned to the state of ROGER WILLIAMS, in which he was born, only to close peacefully his long and spotless life.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN FRANCE.

THE attempt of Marshal M'MAHON to relieve Marshal Bazaine has ended in a supreme disaster to himself. His intention was to march from Chalons with such secrecy and rapidity that before his plans should be discovered he could make a connection with Bazaine, and, uniting the two armies, fall upon the besiegers with an overwhelming and crushing force. Unfortunately for him, the Crown Prince of Prussia discovered the movement, and, at once divining its import, made haste to pursue. Moving with extraordinary celerity, the Germans fell upon the French between Remilgny and Douzy, on the 30th ult. The attack was a surprise, and resulted in the complete overthrow of General Failly's *corps d'armée*. The contest was renewed on Wednesday, with results equally disastrous to the French. Thursday, at daylight, showed the French forces reinforced, and occupying a strong elevated position, from Bazeilles, extending down the railroad to Douzy, and thence to Mairy, on the line of the Mouzon Railroad. At five o'clock the Prussians recommenced the battle, making simultaneous attacks on the French front and left flank. The fighting at first was confined to the artillery, both armies firing incessantly, the French evidently having a weaker force of guns than the Prussians. At noon a fierce attack was made by the Prussian infantry at Douzy, with the object of breaking the French centre, but after tremendous fighting the Prussians fell back. A pause seemed to take place at one o'clock, the firing being less incessant; but it was only a prelude of a yet fiercer assault.

At 2 o'clock a simultaneous movement was made along the whole Prussian line, the infantry charging the French guns. At 3 o'clock the French line, which previously stood firm, wavered and immediately thereafter broke. The battle then became a rout. M'MAHON was seriously wounded during the last attack.

The roads presented a terrible aspect. The French left every thing, flying in every direction, and throwing away their arms. The Prussian forces pressed forward resolutely, bent upon cutting off their retreat toward Belgium. The Prussian troops used the bayonet with terrible effect. Night closed on the rout and the pursuit, leaving the Prussians gathering in large numbers around Sedan.

The Emperor remained at Sedan during the fight. He was urged to fly to Belgium, but was too ill to make the attempt. The Prince Imperial was also taken prisoner.

On the following morning (September 2) the Prussians prepared to attack Sedan, which was not in a condition to resist. At twelve o'clock a party of officers, headed by General Wimpffen, left Sedan bearing a flag of truce. It was received by the Prussian advanced guard, and conducted to the rear to the Prussian head-quarters, where the General formally surrendered the French army and the fortress to King William.

They also bore a letter from the Emperor Napoleon to the King, stating that he wished to surrender himself, not having any command. His letter said: "*As I can not die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty.*" The formal capitulation took place early in the afternoon. M'MAHON'S whole army, comprising 120,000 men, capitulated without conditions. The Prussians had 240,000 troops engaged or in reserve.

The news of this great disaster caused a profound sensation in Paris. The Council of Ministers immediately issued an address to the French people, in which they admit the gravity of the situation, but declare that Paris would be defended to the last, the city being in a complete state of defense, and an army rapidly forming under its walls. In the French Senate, on Saturday, September 3, M. Jerome David stated that the defenses of Paris were in the best condition, and capable of resisting any enemy. He urged the defense on the walls, in the streets, and, if necessary, to bury themselves under the ruins. A similar statement was made in the Corps Législatif, where M. Jules Favre said they were unanimous for defense until death. It was time extraordinary compliances should cease; and then proceeded to attack the imperial government, proposing to place extraordinary powers in the hands of General Trochu. The Minister of War and the Chamber protested.

On the 4th instant the Corps Législatif, by a vote of 185, nays none, declared the empire at an end. The announcement was received by the populace with the wildest enthusiasm. The regiments passing into the city were received with deafening shouts of "*Vive la Ligne! Vive la Republic!*" There was no disturbance except in the Rue Castiglione, where the crowd began pulling down the imperial arms, and tearing from the flags of the National Guard the golden eagles of France, and from the walls and signs the medals bearing the imperial effigy. The National Guard took measures to preserve peace and order.

After the vote setting the empire aside, a Provisional Government was formed by the opposition members of the Corps Législatif, consisting of the following persons: Jules Favre, Gambetta, Jules Simon, Keratry, Picard, Pelletan, and Jules Ferry.

The bombardment of Strasbourg has greatly injured the magnificent cathedral.

At last advices Verdun and Montmédy still held out against the Prussians.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

A conflagration, which laid 2500 houses and six churches in ashes, is reported to have occurred recently in Samsoun, a sea-port town in Asia Minor, and a station of the Austrian Steam Company's packets. A similar disaster is recorded as having taken place in Yenidje, in Macedonia. The precise date of these disasters is not given.

The conference of Catholic bishops at Fulda, Germany, has recently resolved not to submit to the action of the Œcumenical Council on the dogma of infallibility.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE public debt statement for the month of August shows a decrease of over $13,000,000.

Great excitement prevails in Colorado over the discovery of new silver mines about forty miles northwest of Denver City. They are said to be the richest on the continent, and hundreds of persons are starting daily for the new El Dorado.

A message has been received in Washington from Red Cloud that he and the other chiefs will be at Fort Laramie by the middle of September, to meet the representatives of the government to consult on measures of peace.

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MARSHAL M'MAHON.

IN spite of the reverses suffered by the French army under Marshal M'MAHON, this General is still considered, both in and out of France, as a truly brave and skillful leader. He has been justly styled the true type of a military hero.

Singularly calm in the field, yet possessing great promptitude of decision and indefatigable activity, Marshal M'MAHON, with an equal force, and on his own ground, would prove a dangerous antagonist even to VON MOLTKE himself, as the brave though vain manner in which he has contested vastly superior forces at Wörth, and in the more recent battles, fairly testifies. Though a strict martinet, he is a great favorite with his troops, and especially with the rough and unruly Turcos.

MARSHAL M'MAHON.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM NICHOLAS CHARLES, Crown Prince of Prussia, of whom we give an admirable portrait on our first page, was born the 18th of October, 1831, and is the only son of WILLIAM I., by AUGUSTA, daughter of the late CHARLES FREDERICK, Grand Duke of SaxeWeimar. The Prince was indebted to his mother for a most careful education, not only in those things which, by tradition, form the education of kings, but in all branches of study. The Queen herself had been a pupil of GOETHE'S, and was, therefore, prepared to appreciate what we may term the higher, nobler, and more refining knowledge, and to be anxious that her son should receive its benefit. GODET and the historian MAX DUNCKER were the young Prince's instructors in these studies, while VON ROON and VON MOLTKE grounded him in those principles of the military art which he has since turned to such good account.

The record of his military career is too well known to need recapitulation here, and we will speak only of those kindly traits of character which have made him one of the most popular princes and generals of any age. "A country cart," says a correspondent, writing after the great battle of Wörth, "was rumbling down the street with two wounded officers. An officer on foot beckoned to the driver to stop, and went up to the cart, the occupants of which tried to salute him, but he made a gesture, and, leaning over, entered into conversation with them for ten minutes, evidently asking after their wounds. On parting, he shook each by the hand, and continued his way up the street, accompanied by two other officers. He halted at my quarters, and inquired if there were any wounded inside—they had been removed, some to their last resting-place—then went on, and meeting a cart full of wounded soldiers, talked to them each in turn, and so went on visiting the hospitals and the wounded in a most unostentatious manner." This officer was the Crown Prince, the "FRITZ" of the old King's telegram, and after reading this account we do not wonder at the devotion of his men.

Another correspondent, M. HENRI CHABRILLART, of the Paris *Figaro*, who fell into the hands of the Prussians after the battle of Wörth, had an interview with the Prince, and thus describes his appearance: "Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM is a man of tall stature, thin, with a calm and placid countenance; but in the curve of his aquiline nose and his dilating nostrils there are evidences of energy, while the rapidity of his glance convinces you of his decision. A full fair beard softens the somewhat stern expression of his features. He has great simplicity of manner, and affects rather a kind of *bourgeois* style of speaking, thinking, and general behavior. He was dressed in a black tunic with red collar and facings, without any embroidery or gold braid; upon the shoulder a small epaulet to indicate his rank, but no other distinguishing ornament. He wore a small black cap bordered with red, and the whole uniform was severely simple. He speaks French with great purity, without foreign accent beyond a slight German intonation and occasional hesitation at certain words."

He spoke, says the *Figaro* correspondent, with great admiration of the way in which the French fought. "Among the prisoners," said he, "is General RAOULT. I went this morning to see him at Reichshofen, where he lies wounded, his hip and thigh being broken; I fear that he is now dying. He is a brave officer, and he has given me some addresses in Paris to which he wishes letters to be sent." "But, Prince," M. CHABRILLART observed, "the other prisoners also have families." "I have thought of that. I have had them supplied with writing materials; the letters will be sent unsealed to our consul at Geneva, who will forward them to France." "Prince, we thank you on behalf of the mothers whose grief you are about to assuage." "I do not like war, gentlemen. If I should reign I would never make it."

PRUSSIAN SHARP-SHOOTERS THROWN OUT AS SKIRMISHERS.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Description of the Island.—Its Volcanic Origin.—Frequent and Terrible Eruptions.—The Town of Forshaven.—The Vikings.

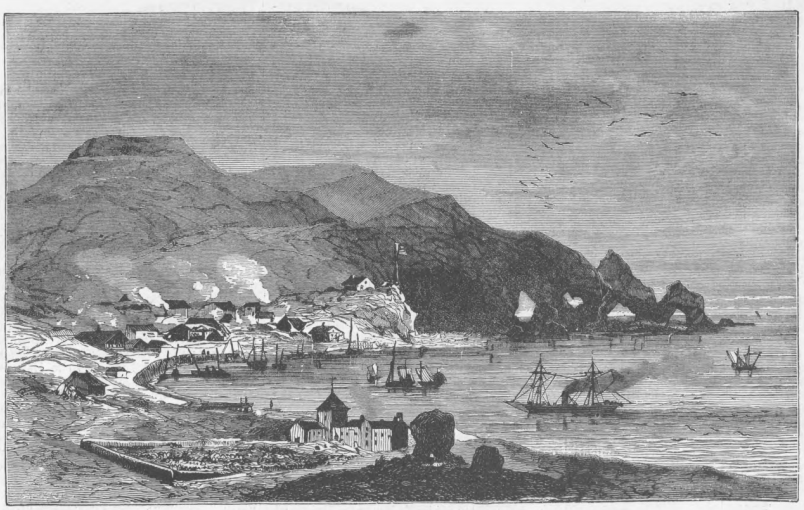
In a certain part of the ocean, far to the north, in a region of almost arctic cold, there lies a vast mass of volcanic matter, many thousand square miles in extent, which has been thrown up from the bottom of the sea, or, rather, which is still in process of being thrown up, for a large portion of it is still in a state of the most violent eruptive commotion. There are caldrons and craters without number, boiling, roaring, and throwing up, in some places, bursts of steam and scalding mud and water, and in others, projecting into the air, with thundering explosions, red-hot stones, and streams of lava, to add by their fall to the already enormous accumulation.

And yet so cold is the region into which this igneous eruption ascends that many of those portions of the accumulated mass which rise above the reach of the fire are covered with a mantle of perpetual ice and snow. The glaciers and the drifts climb up the mountain-sides to the very brink of the volcanic crater, and in the winter, even in the lowlands, crowd close to the margin of every boiling lake and caldron.

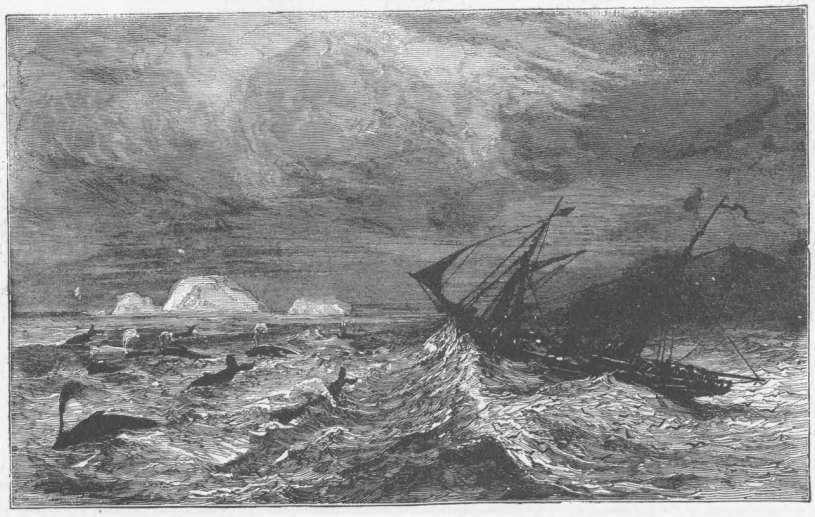
The name of this vast and chaotic accumulation is Iceland. It might as well have been named Fireland, for the warfare which has been going on in it for two thousand years between ice and fire is still raging, with no very decisive indications yet in respect to the result of the contest.

One might perhaps imagine the possibility of some portions of a vast chaotic upheavel like this being so situated within the narrow bounds which separate the arctic cold from the volcanic fire, as in process of time to clothe themselves with a scanty vegetation, and that possibly some forms of animal life might be sparingly developed in it; but no one would have thought of such a region being chosen as the home of a human community. And yet around the borders of the island, on the confines of a shore indented by innumerable inlets and bays, the sea has sent in vapors and rain which, in process of ages, have so smoothed the asperities and softened the surface of the chasms and ravines and deep abysses among the rocks, as to give them the character, during the brief summer season, of green and fertile valleys, where man can find the means of supplying some of his wants; and the shores themselves, with the boundless abundance of animal life with which the sea in those northern regions teems, provide for the rest. There has been a time when a hundred thousand people found their homes and their subsistence in this narrow fringe of verdure lying between a stormy sea on the one side, and on the other a vast interior of ice and fire. They had nearly five hundred thousand sheep to climb the slopes and crop the grass in places inaccessible to human culture, and herds of cattle and of horses in proportion for lower grounds. Here they lived, cut off in a great measure—and for certain seasons entirely—from all communication with the great family of man, and hemmed in between two sets of terrible combatants, who were engaged all the time in a most savage contest with each other—the wildest winds contending with the stormiest seas before them, and behind them a still more frightful conflict between the crashing avalanches of ice and snow, and the thundering explosions of volcanic fire.

Nor were they themselves at all respected in their peaceful avocations by these angry combatants. As the consequence of one of these eruptions, near the close of the last century, more than ten thousand people lost their lives in the destruction caused by it, and by the resulting pestilence and famine; and a hundred and fifty thousand domestic animals were starved!



FORSHAVEN—CAPITAL OF THE FAROE ISLANDS.



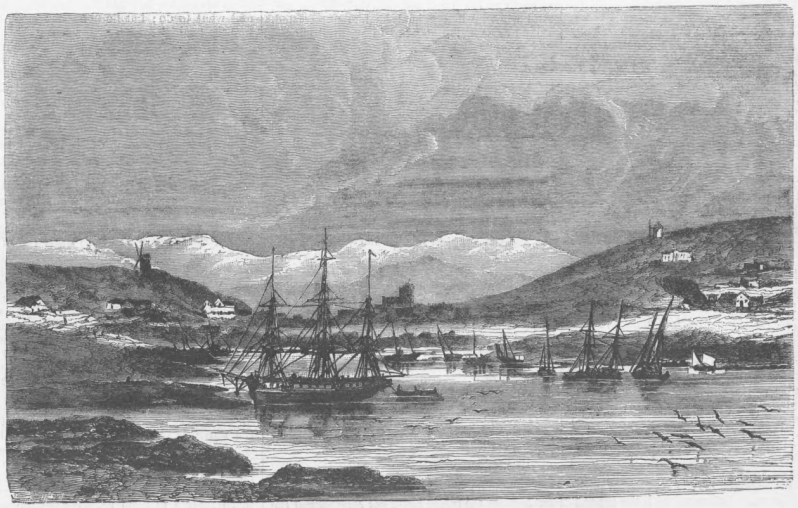
A SCHOOL OF WHALES.

A residence in this terrible region of danger and isolation may be tolerable during the intervals of comparative repose which sometimes prevail among the conflicting elements surrounding it; but when the paroxysms of activity return, the situation of those exposed to them must be awful in the extreme. When we consider how much the terror and suffering of being driven from one's home into the streets by fire is intensified by the conflagration's occurring when the thermometer is at zero, in a temperate clime, we can see that the eruption of a volcano among human dwellings, in the midst of an arctic winter, with little day and little warmth to be looked for for months to come, must be the most awful of all human calamities.

And yet, fearful as such a region must be, considered as a permanent home for a community of human beings, the features of strange grandeur and sublimity which it presents have a great attractiveness for the traveler who visits it in the intervals during which the severity of the elemental conflicts of which it is the scene is somewhat relaxed, and the country enjoys seasons of comparative repose. The Gulf Stream, though its force is well-nigh spent before it reaches the region, still carries some warmth during the long summer to these shores, and the gentle rains which come from its vapors cause the grass to grow, and make the glens and valleys green. Journeys into the interior may then be made, and some of the most wonderful volcanic phenomena on the globe can be quietly observed. By these attractions adventurous travelers are often drawn to the island, notwithstanding the remoteness of its inhospitable shores, and the stormy and inclement seas that must be traversed to reach them.

If the traveler, in visiting Iceland, comes from a port in the British Isles, he passes on his way the group of the Faroe Islands, consisting of one vast rock, with a number of smaller ones around it, long since thrown up from the sea by forces similar to those now in action in Iceland. At the Faroe Isles, however, the conflict has long since ceased. The fire has spent its force and withdrawn from the field, leaving the towering summits and vast chasms and caverns which the group presents to view as trophies of its former power.

As the traveler passes this group, perhaps the steamer stops to anchor for a day in the only harbor, that of Forshaven. Forshaven is the capital of the islands, but with that sounding title it is, after all, only a very small hamlet, consisting only of a few houses, and an unpretending fort upon a bluff overlooking the harbor—the only refuge of the fishing vessels which share with the sheep and cattle on the hills the duty of providing these exiles from the human family with their scant and precarious supplies of food. They may well be called exiles, for the seas around them are so incessantly agitated with currants, eddies, and whirlpools, formed by



VIEW OF REYKJAVIK.

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the flux and reflux of the tides among the sunken rocks, and the air so subject to sudden and baffling gusts, and to sweeping and long-continued gales, that sometimes for a long period no craft that depends upon sails can safely approach the coasts, and during such times the isolation of the community from the outer world is complete.

Still the inhabitants of the Faroe Islands are not exposed to the appalling dangers and terrors which are always impending over Iceland. Far to the north as they are, being in the latitude of the northern part of Hudson Bay and the southern part of Greenland, by the influence of the Gulf Stream, and the deflection to the northward, through other causes, of the isothermal lines in those longitudes, the cold of the winter is so moderated that the grass remains green, and the sheep and cattle feed on the lower hills, during the whole season. Were it not for these influences the country would be entirely uninhabitable, as the regions in corresponding latitudes are on the eastern coast of this continent. The whole of Labrador lies entirely to the southward of these islands, and yet no life can exist in Labrador except such as can derive its sustenance from the sea.

The voyager, in continuing his course, encounters wild and stormy seas, but he is astonished to find how full the water and the air in these half arctic regions are of animal life. The shores and the shallow waters near them swarm with fish; when he passes near cliffs or promontories of rocks he finds the air alive with millions of aquatic birds; and sometimes his ship approaches a school of whales that rise to the surface, spout their column of water into the air, and then plunge again below.

It is only during the season of summer that these seas are considered open to navigators. It is then almost one continued day, for the sun in his course disappears only for an hour or two below the horizon, and even then the atmosphere is so brightened by the twilight that night has only the aspect of a cloudy day. But then, as an offset to this, the sea is agitated with almost perpetual storms. It was amidst these storms, and this wild commotion of winds and seas, that the old Northmen were nurtured—the Vikings or sea-kings, with their followers, who, having created the art of navigation amidst these cold and stormy seas, and inured themselves to every hardship which the roughest water and the most inclement skies could bring, at length made their way southward to the coasts of England and France, and, under the name of Danes and Normans, made incursions and settlements there, and thus laid the foundation of the present maritime superiority and renown of those great nations. They were first drawn out, a thousand years ago, from their bays and fiords by their dependence upon the sea for food, and the necessity of seeking it there at every hazard upon pain of starvation. And thus the present maritime grandeur of England and France may be traced back to its origin in the courage and skill with which hunger inspired these poor fishermen, a thousand years ago, in impelling them to brave, in search of sustenance, the dangers of these stormy northern seas.

The name of the principal harbor of Iceland is Reykjavik. The engraving represents its appearance as approached from the sea. In the centre of the town is seen the church, the most prominent structure. A building on the slope of the hill, upon one side of the town, is the residence of the Danish Governor—the island being a Danish possession. A curious account of the first settlement of the Danish colony upon it, which is highly characteristic of the times when the event is said to have occurred, will be given in another chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

SOLOMON'S REMINISCENCES.

THERE are wild places yet in the world, and primitive folk. Even in England there are localities of which the phrase, "It is a hundred years behindhand," still holds good; and so it was with Gethin. Its wind-swept moors, its rock-bound coast, had inhabitants altogether differing from the men of fields and farms; to Richard, a man of pleasure from the town, they seemed a foreign race. They were rough in externals, but kindly and genial at heart; given to hospitality, and, though good at a bargain, by no means greedy of gain. Above all there were no beggars. The poorest Gethin man would open a gate for you, or walk a hundred yards out of his way to show you your road, without asking for, or even expecting, a coin. They were, however, as delighted as surprised to get it; and before the open-handed young artist had been a week in the place he had demoralized it by his largesses. As, however, his smile and his thanks always accompanied these presents, he was served more for love's sake than the money's, and enjoyed a popularity which can not be purchased, and which yet is impossible to be won by one who has nothing to give. He had the reputation among these simple folks, who knew how to be frugal themselves, of having a superfluity of wealth; his air and manner showed he had been always used to be lavish (as indeed he had), and nourished this delusion, which extended, though upon other grounds, to the tenants of the little inn.

John Trevethick and his friend Solomon would not have been much impressed with the expenditure of a few pounds by an improvident youth; but the former was well aware that the guests of Carew of Crompton were almost without exception very wealthy men, and he judged of Richard's social position accordingly. He had no idea that his landscape-painting was any thing else than an amusement—as it was practiced by half the young ladies and gentlemen who visited Gethin in the summer months; he took him for an amateur; and if he had seen his sketches, and been a judge of art, he would have been only fortified in his conclusion. He liked the young fellow upon his own account, though not so much as his handsome face and pleasant manners, combined with his desire to please, caused others to do; for Mr. Trevethick was not at all impressionable in such matters. Richard hated him in his heart for the scanty crop of regard he seemed to get out of him, notwithstanding all his pains; he had never made so continued an effort to make himself agreeable and with so small a result; but his self-love would have been more deeply wounded had he known that his own exertions would not have even gained him what they did, had they not been seconded by a hidden ally in the landlord's breast. Richard's desire to conciliate was fully reciprocated by Trevethick, who wished above all things to make friends with the friend of Parson Whymper; only conciliation was so much out of his line. The old man and the young had absolutely nothing in common except their love for Harry.

Upon the other hand, John Trevethick and Solomon Coe were cast almost in the same mould. Notwithstanding the former's superstition he was intelligent and shrewd enough in practical matters, and had, indeed, quite a genius for mechanics. Deprived of his underground occupation by the catastrophe with which we are acquainted, he had set his wits to work at home on the matters with which he had hitherto but physically concerned himself; and the labor of his head had proved more lucrative than that of his hand. He had invented several improvements in the working machinery of the mine which had so nearly proved his tomb; these had been adopted, with considerable profit to himself, in other places; and the money thus acquired he had not frittered away (as is usual in such cases) in speculative investments. In the interim between his giving up his trade and his reaping the fruits of his inventions he had tasted the bitterness of poverty, and that had made him very cautious. But he had a small share in Dunloppel, which seemed likely to turn out very profitable; and he had built the inn, the returns from which were more than sufficient to support him—indeed, it was rumored that John Trevethick had been laying by a pretty penny, and could hold his head much higher if he pleased. His pleasures were certainly not expensive, for they consisted in fancy iron-working, the results of which brought him in a considerable sum; and in occasionally getting drunk, which, being a publican, he could accomplish at the most reasonable figure. He was a hard unlovable man, and interesting only as statistics may be said to be as compared with literature—in a hard, practical way. If superstitious, he was by no means religious; and, though honest, he was grasping. He took time to resolve upon a matter; but, when once his resolution was fixed, his will was iron, and his heart was stone. It was certainly curious that one of Trevethick's character should have entertained so long and freshly his sentiment of gratitude even to a man that had saved his life at the expense of his own; but even this may have had its roots in egotism. Had the person saved been his wife or his daughter the feeling would not perhaps have been so enduring; and in carrying it out, as he fully purposed to do, by bestowing Harry's hand upon Solomon, he was certainly not uninfluenced by the fact that the latter was, pecuniarily speaking, an excellent match.

Like himself, his intended son-in-law was the architect of his own fortunes; but he had built them up in a different way. His youth had been spent in the coal-mines of the north; and, though no lucky stroke of the pick can there make one rich, as it can in other underground localities, his strength and skill had met with their full reward. And what he had gained he had not wasted. Pound after pound he had laid by, until enough had been saved for investment; and it was Solomon's boast in after-years that he had never got less than ten per cent. for any of it. It was all ventured on underground speculations, some of them hazardous enough—but all had prospered; and here John Trevethick's judgment, though the old man himself had not the courage to follow it, had been of great advantage to him. Every thing he touched turned, if not to gold, at least to tin or copper; and before the lode ceased to yield Solomon had sold his shares at a good premium, and placed the proceeds in another pit. He had sown, as it were, his money in the earth, and reaped a golden harvest. And now Dunloppel, his last venture, seemed likely to prove his best: and it was another strand in the strong bond between himself and Trevethick that the latter had also a share in that undertaking. There are some men with whom a common pecuniary interest is the most binding tie of sympathy of which their nature is capable; and never had the landlord of the *Gethin Castle* been more closely attached to his guest and son-in-law elect than at this time, when Richard Yorke proposed to himself to part them; as though a gilded summer skiff should thrust itself between two laden coal-barges, and bid them budge.

It was at least a week before Solomon Coe could be induced to open his lips before Richard, beyond the utterance of a few pithy sentences; not that the smouldering embers of jealousy had been fanned in the mean time—for Richard had been prudence itself in his behavior to Harry—but because the miner could not comprehend the young fellow, and therefore distrusted him. The light and airy manners, which were as natural to Richard as was John Trevethick's ponderous cunning or his own self-satisfied reticence, seemed to Solomon mere affectation, and even his appearance effeminate and dandified; but when he saw that he wore no other air when conversing with the pitmen of Dunloppel—an expedition undertaken with himself at Richard's special invitation—and marked how actively he climbed the tall, steep ladders, and how fearlessly he trusted himself to the rope, he acquitted him of such artful fopperies. Of Richard's intelligence he had formed a good opinion from the time when the latter had enlisted himself upon his side in the argument concerning superstition; and it flattered his vanity to find so sensible and accomplished a young fellow deferring to his opinion upon all practical points, and apparently desirous of obtaining his views upon them.

There was one subject, the experience of his early years, upon which Solomon was never averse to descant, could he once be got to talk at all; and it was a certain token—as one, at least, of the company well knew—that his prejudice against Richard was quite surmounted when Solomon began to unfold to him, over their punch in the bar parlor, the annals of his underground career. Often had he done so to Harry—like another Othello (and almost as swarthy) narrating his adventures to his Desdemona—but never had she been so pleased to listen as now, when she needed but to seem to hear, and, without the penalty of reply, could feed her eyes upon young Richard's listening face. It is hard when, in the race for woman's favor, one has to waste one's breath in making the running for one's rival.

And yet the talk of Solomon Coe was well worth listening to. He told of the great war which is always being waged by man beneath the earth against the powers of Water, and Fire, and Foul Air, and of the daring deeds he had seen wrought against them. He told of coal-pits that had been on fire from time immemorial, above which no snow would lie, by reason of the heat beneath, and where the grass of the meadows was always green. He told of others which had been suddenly inundated by a neighboring river, or by the waters from old workings, let in by a single unlucky blow, whereby scores and scores of strong men were overwhelmed, whose corpses floated about for months in the dark drowned pit before their fellows above-ground could get at them.

His speech was somewhat sullen and hesitating, and what he said was interrupted by whiffs of smoke and sips of liquor; but the nature of the subject was so absorbing that it needed no gifts of eloquence. It interested Richard in spite of himself; and Solomon was not indifferent to the flattery which the young artist's attention conveyed, and scarcely needed the entreaties of Trevethick to persuade him to throw off his native reticence. What he forgot, and had mentioned in former narrations, the landlord supplemented; and when "Sol" became technical and obscure the other performed the part of chorus or explainer. If the former had been some gifted animal, and the latter its proprietor, he could not have taken a greater pride in the exhibition of its talent than did the landlord in these narrations. Now he would look at Richard, and nod and wink, as though to bespeak his special attention to what was coming; and now he would wave his pipe, like a dumb orchestra playing slow music, to express the tremendous nature of a situation. Perhaps he was genuinely impressed by these thrice-told tales—perhaps he was endeavoring, by a feigned admiration for Sol's experiences and exploits, to justify his choice of a son-in-law not altogether suited to his Harry. To do the *raconteur* justice, he was by no means so egotistic as his aider and abettor, and Trevethick would express his regrets to Richard that it was so hard to get Sol to dismiss generalities and talk about himself. "It's on account of Harry being here, you see," explained he behind his horny hand, but in a tone perfectly audible to the other tenants of the bar parlor; "or else he would tell you how the timbering of the pit once fell upon him, so as nothing was free but his head and his left hand; and yet he never lost his wits in all his agony, but told the men where to saw and what to do; but he don't like to boast before the 'gal.'"

Then Richard, taking the hint, inquired of Solomon whether any incident particularly striking had ever happened to himself during his underground experience; and Solomon replied, with affected carelessness; "No, not as I know on; nothing particular."

Then Trevethick broke in with, "What! not when you was shut up in the seam at Dunston?"

"Oh yes, to be sure," said Sol, as though the recollection of the circumstance had only just occurred to him; "there was *that*, certainly; but it was when I was quite a boy. I was not quite seventeen when Dunston Colliery was drowned. The Gatton poured right in upon it, and they have not got the water out of it in places to this day. It was always said that the pit was being worked too near the river; but that was little thought about by those as was most concerned, and it never disturbed the head of a lad like me, of course. It was in the afternoon of the 12th of December, a date as I am not likely to forget, when the thing happened. Two mates—one old man and a middle-aged one—and myself were at work in a heading together, when suddenly we heard a noise like thunder. 'That's never blasting,' says one. 'The Lord have mercy on us,' cries the other; 'it's the river come in at last!' For, as I say, the risk was quite well known, though it was considered small, and made a frequent jest of. Nothing that ever I heard was equal to that noise; the waves in Gethin caverns here, during storm, are a whisper to it; the whole pit seemed to be roaring in upon us. We all ran up the gallery, which, fortunately for us, had a great slope, and crouched down at the end of it. We heard the water pouring in and filling all the workings beneath us, and then pouring in and filling ours. It reached our feet, and left us but a very limited space, in which the air was compressed, when the noise of the inundation ceased. There was a singing in our ears, so that we could scarcely hear one another speak. We knew that the whole mine had become a lake by that time, and that it would take months to drain her, if she was ever drained. We knew that we were buried alive hundreds of feet beneath the earth; and yet we did not quite lose heart. There was this gleam of hope: supposing that the next gallery, which was on a higher level than our own, was not also flooded, we could be got at through the seam. We did not know the fact that it was more than sixty feet of solid coal, and would have taken under ordinary circumstances at least four weeks to dig through; we only knew that, if a door of escape was to open any where, it must open there. We kept tapping with the heels of our boots at equal intervals against this wall."

"The miner's signal," explained the landlord, with a wave of his pipe.

"We felt that if we were once heard, and if hard work could do it, that our mates would save us yet; and we encouraged one another as well as we could. But presently the oil in our lamps gave out, and we were left in darkness; and then our hope grew faint indeed. We had knocked for four-and-twenty hours unintermittingly without any reply. We did not cease, however, to discuss the possibilities of escape. We knew that all was being done for us above-ground that could be done; that the surveys of the mine were well executed; and that it was known exactly where we were, if we were alive at all. There were more than a hundred men employed in the lower workings, and it was a certainty that not one of them could have escaped death; the attention, therefore, of the engineers would be concentrated upon those parts of the mine that might possibly be left above water.

"On the second night of our imprisonment we heard a distinct reply to our signal; the old man who was of our company began to weep for joy, though he was doomed, as it turned out, poor soul! never to see the light. 'We shall be saved,' he said; 'do not fear.' We knocked again, and again the reply was heard—they had found us out, and would never relax their efforts to save us. 'God bless them!' said we all. We laid our ears close to the rock, and presently heard the strokes of the pick, but not very distinctly. When the other said he was afraid the rock was thick, the old man cried out: 'No, it was not that; it was because we were dull of hearing.' The fact was, that the seam was not only thick, but very hard. It was strange, indeed, though sounds are easily transmitted through rocks of considerable thickness, how our feeble taps had been heard at all. Day after day, and each day a black night, went on; every hour was to be the last of our captivity, according to the old man; as for me, I was almost worn out, and heavy with sleep, but he was in constant motion, knocking and listening. Then suddenly we heard a splash in the water beneath us—he had lost his balance, slid down the inclined plane, and been drowned. He never stirred a limb nor uttered a cry. His fate discouraged and alarmed us two survivors exceedingly. If help was coming, we now felt it would never come in time. We dug into the shale with the handles of our lamps and with our fingers, to make our position more secure. We did not venture to speak of our late companion's fate to one another. Horror overwhelmed us, so enfeebled had we become through famine and fatigue. We had devoured our leather belts, and even crumbled the rotten wood of the timber-props in water, and eaten that; but we were now consumed by thirst, which we dared no longer quench. We were afraid to venture down as before for the water in which the old man had sunk to death; and it was that which had kept us alive."

"Don't forget about how you made a bucket of your boots, Sol," suggested Trevethick, gravely.

"Yes, at last we tied a string to a boot, and got the water up that way," continued Solomon; "but our stomachs turned against it."

"It was not so good as my punch," observed the landlord, parenthetically, and emptying his steaming glass.

"More dark days came and went, though, of course, we could not tell how many; then, all of a sudden, we heard a human voice, inquiring: 'How many are you?' 'We are three,' was our reply. We had not the courage even then to own that one of us had already been taken; death seemed still so near to us. The aperture which had thus let in the world upon us was also very small."

"And what was it you asked for first?" interrupted the landlord, with a nod at Richard, as much as to say: "Listen now; this is curious."

"What we wanted was light. 'Light above all things!' was our cry. But our deliverers could give us but little of that, for they had scarcely any themselves. They had been working in a narrow gallery, by means of five inclined driftways, at each of which only one man could ply his pick at a time, and where light and air could only be procured artificially. The coal was carried out in baskets as fast as it was hewn out: the atmosphere in which they thus toiled like giants, naked to the waist, was almost suffocating; yet, under these conditions, they had literally effected in four days, to save our lives, what it would have taken them four weeks to do, had they been working by the piece for wages. They had even been compelled to put up ventilators, and their lamps would only burn when close to these. They gave us broth through a tin pipe; but almost another day elapsed before

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the hole was large enough for them to carry us through it in their arms."

"And there was nobody else saved, was there?" inquired the landlord, with a triumphant look.

"There was not," said Solomon, expressing his tobacco smoke very slowly. "Out of a hundred and thirteen men who had been caught by the flood in Dunston we two were the sole survivors."

Many other stories of the like sort had Solomon to tell, and for not one of them was he indebted to his imagination. His experience of life had been remarkable, and it had impressed itself upon his character. His will was as strong as that of Trevethick, but he had less of caution; and he was at the same time both plodding and audacious.

It would not be well, thought Richard occasionally, to have either of these men for an enemy; and he was right. Unhappily, it was impossible to win Harry without a quarrel with, at least, one of them, and rather than lose her he was prepared to defy them both. If he could but have lifted a corner of the curtain that veils the future—well, even then, so mad was he by this time with the love of her, that he would almost have defied them still.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPRING-TIDE.

THERE is a beauty in woman that takes the stranger, and another the changeful charm of which wins its way deeper and deeper daily into the heart of man; but in the person of Harry Trevethick these two beauties were combined. Richard thought he had never seen any face half so fair as that which shone upon him through the mist on the first day when he came to Gethin; and when he had dwelt there for weeks he was of the same opinion still. Harry was innocent, tender-hearted, and gay, and so far the expression of her features told you truth; but it also told you more than that, which you must needs believe, though it was not the fact. Her face was not the index of her mind in all respects; it was rather like the exquisite and costly dial-plate of a time-piece the works of which are indifferent. Her air was spiritual; her voice thrilled your being with its sweet tone; her eyes were full of earnest tenderness; but she was weak of purpose, vacillating rather than impulsive, credulous, and given (not from choice, but fear) to dissimulation. That last fault Richard willingly forgave her, since it worked to his advantage; and to the others he would have been more than human had he not been blind. For Harry loved him. She had never said so; he had never asked her to say so; but it was taken for granted on both sides. They were thrown much together, for Dunloppel—a treasure-house, which proved richer and richer the more it yielded—monopolized the attention of both Trevethick and Solomon; they were in high good-humor, and not at all disposed for quarrel or suspicion. Harry had always been the mistress of her own movements, and she went, as usual, whither she liked, and Richard went with her.

The spring was advancing, and brought its soft hues even to the barren moors of Gethin, and bathed its gray rocks in sunshine. There was much to see that was worth seeing, and who so fit as Harry to point out these objects of attraction with which she had been familiar from her childhood? They strolled along the beach to Polwheel, and she showed him how the harbor there had been silted up through the wrath of the mermaids, or "merry maids," as she called them, still (under favorable circumstances) sometimes seen sitting on the slate cliff ledges beneath the clear blue sea. Far from ridiculing her superstitions, he led her on to talk of them; he did not much mind what she talked about so long as he could look at her and listen.

"But why were the Polwheel mermaids so cruel, Harry! I always imagine them bright and beautiful beings, with golden hair almost as long as yours, and with nothing to do but to comb it."

"That is so, when they are let alone," said Harry, simply; "but even the weakest creatures love revenge, and will get it if they can."

"And quite right too," interrupted Richard; "but for fear of that the strong would be more uncivil even than they are."

"Well, a mermaid was once cruelly treated by a Polwheel man—he fell in love with her, and deserted her—and then her sisters choked up the harbor bar."

"But how did he come to court the mermaid? That must have been difficult; though, if I saw you sitting under water yonder, I should certainly dive, and try."

"You would have no breath to make me pretty speeches then," said Harry, demurely. "This mermaid was, however, a changed child. A Polwheel woman was bathing her infant in the pool yonder beneath that arched rock, when it suddenly gave a cry of joy, and leaped from her arms into the sea. She thought it was drowned, but it came up the next instant more beautiful and bright than ever. She did not herself know but that it was her own child, but there were old folks in the town who knew that it was in reality a mermaid's changeling. She grew up to be a lovely woman, and the Squire of Polwheel at that time—for his race has died out since—fell in love with her; he treated her very ill, and she died broken-hearted, at Gethin, and was buried in our church-yard, where I can show you the tomb."

"And did no punishment overtake the scoundrel Squire?"

"Yes. After a great revel one night, he was returning home by the sands, and in the moonlight beheld a beautiful lady sitting by this same pool. She was so like his dead love to look at that he was frightened at first, but she smiled and beckoned to him, and then, clasping him in her arms, leaped into the sea, and drowned him; and in the storm that arose that night the merry maids filled up the harbor."

"That was hard upon Polwheel," observed Richard, "though the Squire only got what he deserved. He must have been a bad lot."

"But the mermaid was very foolish to believe him," added Harry—"very."

They visited the Fairy Bower, did these young people—the only spot about Gethin where trees grew; a beautiful ravine, with a fall of water, and a caverned cell beside it, where a solitary hermit was said to have dwelt. Notwithstanding which celibate association, it had a wishing-well besides, into which a maiden had but to drop a pin, and wish her wish, and straightway the face of her future husband was mirrored in the water. Through its clear depths you might see the bottom of the pool quite paved with pins.

"And does the charm always work?" asked Richard, laughing. "Try it to-day."

"No, no," answered Harry, gravely; "one must be quite alone for that, and beneath the moonlight."

On Morven Point, a grand old promontory, which pushed out many a yard to meet the encroaching waves, and battled with them long before they reached the main land, they sat and watched the sunsets; looked down upon the busy hive of men that worked upon the slate quarry beneath, or gazed upon the ships that tacked and wore to make Turlock Haven. There was a tower on this place, half ruined and with broken steps, up which they climbed together on one occasion, and stood supporting one another upon its dizzy top. There lay around them a splendid prospect of sea and land, but they were looking into one another's eyes, and yet they did not speak of that which was nearest to their hearts. It was a topic to be avoided as long as possible. They only enjoyed these blissful opportunities—they had only been permitted to thus stroll out together alone and unsuspected—upon the tacit understanding that no such thing as love could exist between them. If Harry had not plighted faith to Solomon, her engagement to him tacitly existed nevertheless, and it was under its ægis alone that they had been protected and indulged. It was a part of the character of the young girl to persuade herself that she was doing no harm so long as it was possible to entertain that delusion; and it was all one to Richard what their love was called so long as it *was* love. Else, as they stood alone together in the noonday stillness, his arm around her waist, as it had not been since that first afternoon upon the castled rock, he must needs have told her why the heart that pressed so close against her side was beating high. Just then, however, he dared not. Suppose that, by any possibility, he had mistaken her sentiments; suppose, that is, an extorted promise, or fear of her father's anger, or what not, should compel her to deny his suit, and cleave to Solomon; suppose even that her simplicity was such—and it was in some things marvelously great—that she had accepted his affection as that of a brother—a friend of her father's and of "Sol's"—but no; he felt certain that she loved him; suppose, at all events, for whatever reason, she was once again to reprove him for yielding to the temptation of her lips, he felt that such a rebuke must of necessity finish all. She could not forgive him twice, unless she gave him license to offend forever. He dared not, therefore, speak directly of that which both were thinking of; and yet he could not altogether ignore so sweet a subject.

"That is the moor yonder, Harry, over which I first came to Gethin—how long ago!"

"Has the time, then, hung so very heavy on your hands?" asked she, seriously.

"No, Harry, no; on the contrary, I have never been so happy; but when one has a new experience, however charming it may be, it seems to dwindle down one's past to nothing. I have had two lifetimes, as it seems to me—one elsewhere, and one here; and yet it is but six weeks since I met you first, Harry, out yonder, gleaming like a sunbeam through the fog."

"I remember it well," said Harry, with a slight shiver.

"But not to sigh about it, dear, I trust? You are not afraid of me *now*, as you were then? Do you recollect how scared you were when I called you back that day?"

"Yes, well," answered the young girl, earnestly. "I had a reason for being scared, though you would laugh at me if I told you what it was."

"Do I ever laugh at you, Harry, when you would have me serious?" asked Richard, reproachfully. "Come, tell me why you shrank from me—as you can not to-day, dear, for, see, I have got you close—and why your large eyes looked so wild and strange that I half thought you mad? Did you take me for a ghost?"

"No; but I had just seen what is far worse than any ghost. Did you not mark how pale I got that same night? I thought I should have fainted when I was asked" (it was Solomon who had put the question, but Solomon's name was never mentioned between these two young people) "if I had ever seen a spectre ship. I had seen one that very day—only a few minutes before I met *you*—and on this very cliff."

"Well, and what then?" said Richard, smiling. "Neither your father, nor any one in whom you have an interest, goes to sea. The Flying Dutchman did not concern you, I reckon, even if he did pay you a call."

"You do not understand," said Harry, seriously; "it was not that at all. But when the mists rise over Turlock sands, as they did that day, a black, square-rigged vessel glides across them, which bodes ill to those who see her; and *I* saw her as plain as I see *you*."

"But not so near," said Richard, fondly.

"She was coming from Turlock to the quarry yonder—"

"To fetch slates," interrupted the other—"nothing more likely."

"Nay, not she; no craft would have attempted that in such weather; and, besides, there was not a soul on board of her. She was sailing against what little wind there was, and against the tide."

"But even if this was so, Harry, what of it? What harm has come of it?"

"Nothing as yet; nor was I greatly frightened at the time. That omen bodes unhappiness to him or her who sees it, and I was already unhappy."

"Because I was not here to comfort you, Harry. Well, that is remedied."

She shook her head, and did not return the reassuring pressure of his hand. "Listen!" she said. "This misery comes through the person whom he who has seen the vision shall next meet; and I thought I knew who I should meet on my way home—one from whom"—she sank her voice to a whisper—"I already expected misery."

"You mean—" began Richard, eagerly.

"No matter whom I mean. It was not he who met me; that was *you*."

The hand which he held in his was cold as ice; her face was pale; and her limbs trembled under her.

"This is folly, Harry dear. Am I likely to do you harm, to make you miserable?"

"I do not know," said she. "I sometimes think you are."

He put the long hair back from her forehead, and gazed into her eyes, which were now fast filling with tears. "I love you, Harry, with all my heart," sighed he—"you know I do. And, though you are sometimes cold, and at others seem as though you purposely avoided me, I think you love *me*—just a little—too. Better, at all events, than the man with whom you yourself have just confessed you expect nothing but misery."

"Hush, hush!" moaned she. "If I said that, it was very wrong."

"It was the truth, Harry. How could it be otherwise? He is not a lover meet for such as you; he is twice your age, and rough and rude of speech even as a suitor. Do you think he will be more tender when he is a husband? He is no mate for you, Harry, nor you for him."

Again she shook her head, with a slow mournful movement, as though less in dissent from his statement than in despair of remedy.

"What!" cried he, "because his father was your father's friend, does that give him the right to be your husband?"

The young girl answered only with her sobs.

"Now tell me, darling—did you ever promise to be this man's wife in words?"

"Yes—no—I am not sure. Oh yes, I must be his; my father has set his mind upon it. Nay, do not smile at that; you don't know what my father is. He is not one to cross;" and, as if at the very thought of her stern parent's wrath, she lifted up her head from Richard's breast, and looked around in fear.

"But suppose I win him to my side, sweet Harry?"

"That you could never do," sighed she. "I tell you you don't know him."

"Nay; but I think I do, dear; and, if I could show him that it was to his own advantage to have me for his son-in-law, in place of—"

"You would not persuade him," interrupted the young girl, firmly—"not even if you were Carew of Crompton's heir."

The words she had used were meant to express exhaustless wealth—for with such was the owner of Gethin still credited in that far-away corner of his possession—but they startled and offended Richard. "I may not be Carew's heir," said he, haughtily; "but I have some power at Crompton, and I can exert it in your father's favor."

Harry shook her head. "He wants for nothing," she said, "that you can give him. He is wealthier than you imagine. He has two thousand pounds in notes, for which he has no use; they lie in the strong-box in my room. But there, I promised not to speak of that."

"I am not a burglar in disguise," said Richard, smiling, "and would make your father richer rather than rob him. But why should he keep so large a sum by him?"

"I do not know; but there it *is*, locked with a letter padlock which he made himself. No human being can open it, he says, who does not know the secret."

Richard was silent. Something else than love was occupying his thoughts, though his fingers were making marriage rings for themselves of Harry's golden hair. It is like entertaining angels unawares to find after one has fallen in love that it is with an heiress.

"Dear Harry," said he at last, "I think I shall take you from your father's willing hands; I have good hope of it, and better since I have heard you so despairing; but, at all events, you will be mine. Let me hear those sweet lips say so. Promise me, promise me, my darling, that you will be my wife."

He caught and clasped her close, and she did not repulse him.

"I dare not, Richard—I dare not promise you," she murmured.

"But if your father gives me leave?" whispered he, his lips to her warm cheek.

She uttered a soft cry of passionate joy that told him more than a hundred phrases of assent how dear he was to her, and hid her face upon his breast.

Oh happy hour, so bright, and yet so brief! Oh golden noon, already on the verge of eve and blackest night!

How often in the after-time did that fair and sunny scene recur to them, a bitter memory; how often was that first kiss of love renewed by cruel fancy and in mocking dreams, its sweetness changed to gall!

Better for one—better, perhaps, for both—if, clasped in one another's arms, they had fallen from that tall tower's top, and then and there had ended life and love together!

TURCOS IN BATTLE.

THESE half savage soldiers, who go into a fight with the recklessness and ferocity of wild beasts, have proved no match for their Prussian antagonists, who with calmer and more manly courage repel their wild assaults. Their bravery is unquestioned. They seem to fear neither death nor wounds, and when repulsed will return again and again to the attack. The illustration on page 601 gives a graphic and faithful representation of their style of fighting. The German papers contain frightful accounts of their ferocity, and a private letter, written soon after one of the recent battles, says:

"In the last engagement they scalped several wounded Germans, flayed their faces alive, and stabbed them with penknives. Three German officers, found in this state by their comrades, prayed to be shot instantly to be relieved from their sufferings; their wish was complied with, as there was no chance of life. Of three Hanoverian soldiers caught by the Turcos, they cut off the hands, noses, and ears. Another Turco, who had both legs shot off, crawled with difficulty to a wounded Prussian, and bit him in the neck; another, also wounded, shot an officer (from behind) dead through the neck. Several Turcos were brought here among the wounded, and placed in the highest rooms of the lazaret (into which the barracks have been turned), but one, being so very ill, was thought incapable of mischief, and was placed with some of the Prussians. To-day, however, he seized an opportunity to stab to death the wounded German lying near him, with a large penknife he had kept concealed by the lining of his trowsers."

These accounts seem too shocking for belief, and yet we are assured that they are true.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AT the theatre one night John Phœnix thought he saw an acquaintance sitting a few seats in front, and asked a gentleman between them to poke him with his cane. When he turned around John discovered his mistake. Fixing his attention on the play, and affecting indifference of the whole affair, he left the man with the cane to settle the disturbance, and he, being wholly without an excuse, there was, of course, a ludicrous and embarrassing scene, during all of which Phœnix was profoundly interested in the play. At last the man asked, indignantly: "Did you tell me to poke that man with my stick?" "Yes." "And what did you want?" "I wanted to see whether you would poke him or not."

A sailor was called upon the stand as a witness. "Well, Sir; do you know the plaintiff and defendant?" "I don't know the drift of your words," answered the sailor. "What! not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant!" continued the lawyer; "a pretty fellow you to come here as a witness! Can you tell me where on board the ship it was that this man struck the other one?" "Abaft the binnacle," answered the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle!" answered the lawyer, "what do you mean by that?" "A pretty fellow you," responded the sailor, "to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what abaft the binnacle means!"

A clergyman last summer visited the celebrated Hoosac tunnel, and encountered a sprightly Irishman, who, in reply to the question, "Do you think this work will pay?" promptly replied, "Faith, no! But thin it 'll be a great ornemint to society."

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, is a capital place in which to establish a sensational paper. Last week it enjoyed the felicity of a railroad smash up, four sun-strokes, a kerosene horror, a boy drowned in a barrel of soft soap, and another vitally disintegrated from lunching on broken glass.

A lady at Long Branch appears at breakfast-table with a plain dress, bad complexion, dreadful figure, and a small quantity of hair. In the afternoon she is the fairest of the fair, her figure is superb, and her chignon gorgeous. How does she manage?

IMPRUDENT—Promising your doctor a legacy.

A story is going the rounds about a girl in Chester, Vermont, dying from tight lacing. An editor, commenting on the fact, says: "These corsets should be done away with; and, if the girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can be found who would sacrifice themselves. As old as we are we would rather devote three hours a day, without a cent of pay, as a brevet corset than see these girls dying off in that manner. Office hours almost any time."

A passenger, having hired a boat to take him across a very rough stream, asked the Irish boatman if any body was ever lost there. "No," said Pat; "me brother was drowned there the other week, but we found him again the next day."

A clerk in an Erie hotel has a magnificent scheme in view. It is a circular hotel, to rest on a pivot, like a locomotive turn-table. The object is to give every guest a "front room."

Two convicts, by name Clark and Joy, were on their way to Australia. "You have the advantage of me, Clark; you needn't look so blue." "Why have I?" asked the other. "You're being transported with Joy."

A morning paper says, in an obituary: "Mr. —— was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married."

A few days since a woman walking in East Norwegian Street, in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, was attracted by the beautiful Scotch granite monument which stands in a marble-yard. She asked, "What is it, really?" The proprietor told her that it was a granite monument. "Shure," said she, "I thought it was sausage mate in a glass case!"

A "green-grocer" is described as "one who trusts."

A gentleman passing through a potato-field observed an Irishman planting some potatoes. He inquired what kind he had there. "Raw ones, to be sure," replied the son of Erin; "if they were boiled they wouldn't grow."

An article of apparel sometimes added to a lover's suit: "the sack." Also "the sulten."

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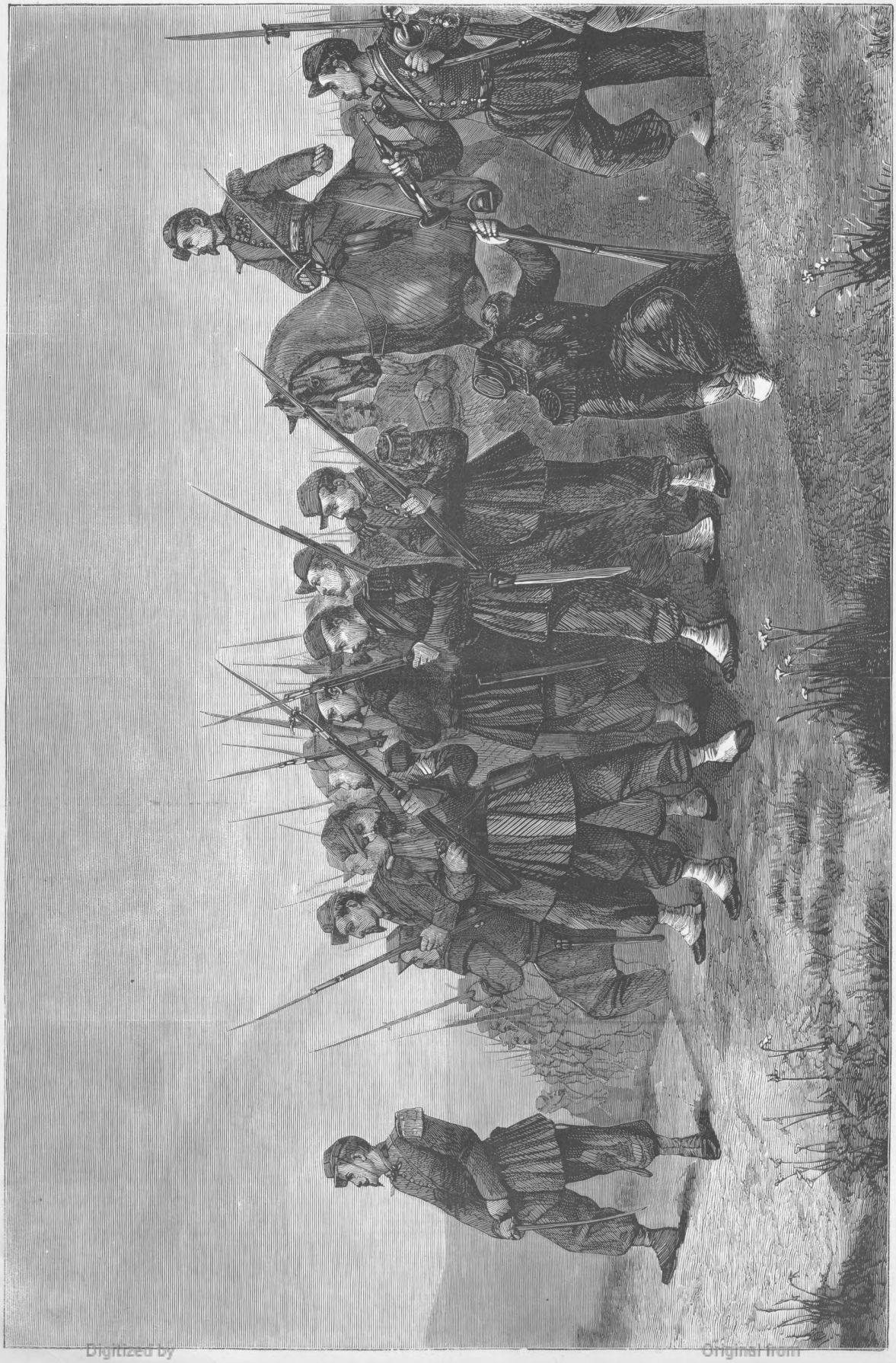

BEFORE THE ATTACK.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 602.]

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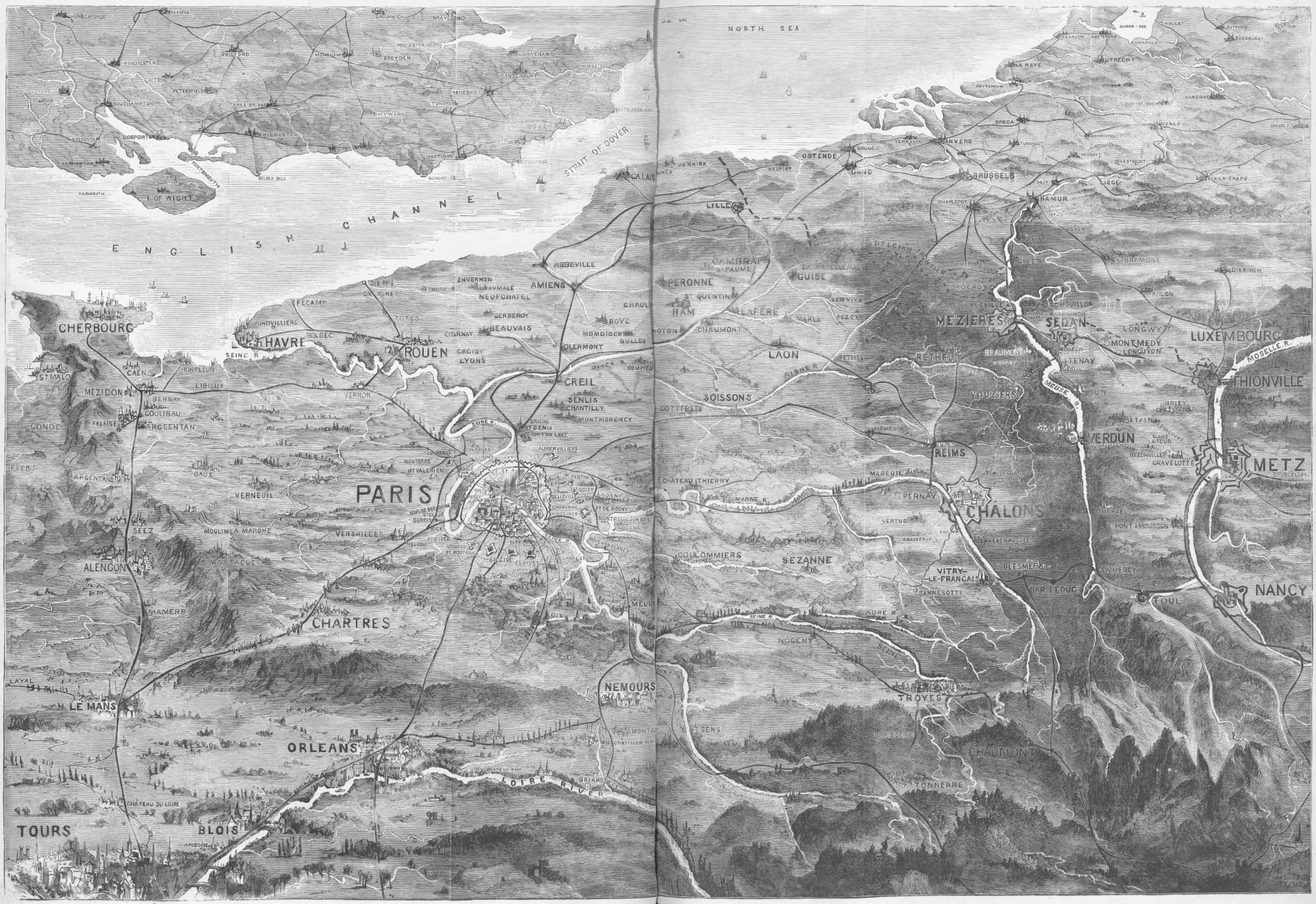

THE SEAT OF WAR IN FRANCE.

SHOWING THE SCENE OF M'MAHON'S DEFEAT AND CAPITULATION, PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS, AND ITS RAILROAD CONNECTIONS WITH TOURS, CHERBOURG, HAVRE, AND OTHER CITIES.

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TURCOS IN ACTION—CHARGING A PRUSSIAN BATTERY.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

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BEFORE THE ATTACK.

[See Illustration on Page 600.]

PATIENCE, O comrades, the time will come
When the signal gun shall flash,
And the blare of bugle and roll of drum
Shall join with the rifle's crash.
Then the ranks of the foe shall be crushed and riven,
They shall scatter before us like clouds storm-driven;
But steady now, till the word is given,
Then go with a dash.

He is not brave who is only brave
In the fervor of the fight;
The truest courage is sober and grave,
And steadfast in its might.
'Tis waiting and watching tries us most,
When terrible silence is over the host—
Keep steady, and each man at his post
Close up—that's right.

But a little longer—'tis deadly still—
Will the signal never come?
Now—ready—blow, trumpeter, blow with a will,
Beat, drummer, upon your drum.
Our waiting is over—there booms the gun;
Look to your rifles—stand steady each one.
Now, forward, O comrades mine, with a run;
Hurrah! strike home!

ROMANCE IN A RAILWAY.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Two young barristers, traveling from London to Liverpool, took their seats one evening in a first-class carriage of the five o'clock express at the Euston Square Station—a station known, I venture to think, to every American who has ever invaded the old country. There were only two other seats occupied in the compartment entered by the two young men. Two ladies—at least, a lady and her maid—were the other occupants. The lady was young and pale and pretty; the maid was a fresh, blooming, round-eyed north country girl—the moment she spoke a word her accent made it plain to one of the two advocates, himself from the lakeland of Northern England, that the girl came from dear old Cumberland. Two gentlemen, one apparently the young lady's father, attended her to the carriage door, and waited at the door until the train actually moved off. They both, especially the one who seemed to exercise parental authority over the young lady, kept incessantly casting expectant, eager, suspicious eyes about the platform, as if they looked for or dreaded the arrival of somebody. These little facts the two barristers, accustomed to note small things and construct them into evidence, observed almost unconsciously, and by the sheer force of habit.

The older man, whom both the youths learned in law assumed to be the father of the departing young lady, at last nodded significantly to the other, and said, in a low tone: "It is all right, Cunningham. He is not here. Thank Heaven!"

"He can't come now," said the other.

"It would not have much mattered even if he did," the elder observed. "He should not have exchanged a word with her—not one word! But I'm glad to escape scenes and tears and confusion for all that."

The lady in the carriage had heard nothing of this. She sat at the farther side of her compartment. Doubtless what was said would never have been spoken were she near enough to hear it. One of our lawyer friends, however, did hear it—in fact, he could not help himself; he had no choice but to hear.

The elder of the two speakers had taken a farewell of the girl when he put her into the carriage—that is, he kissed her very coldly, and said good-by, and added a few whispered words, which seemed to be something in the nature of a caution or a menace. Now, as the train moved off, he only nodded a farewell. He had a formally handsome face, regular, cold, and harsh, with thin lips and very white teeth.

The train then went on, and soon whirled through the pleasant suburbs of that side of London, and away into the open country. The young lady seemed very melancholy and absorbed. She replied gracefully to a few civilities and attentions offered by the two barristers, but was evidently not much inclined to any manner of conversation. She exchanged a few words every now and then with her maid, but for the most part remained silent.

It was growing to be late in autumn, and dusk soon began to come on. The evening was soft and beautiful; the face of the country looked tender and poetic, with all its autumnal charm and melancholy grace around it.

Our two friends talked together on many subjects, at first in a low tone, then, as the young lady appeared to be asleep, or wholly absorbed in her own thoughts, they began to speak a little more freely and loudly. Something or other, perhaps the gray poetic sadness of the evening, set them talking of the old world ghosts—the dear, delightful, torturing, hair-lifting blood-chilling spectres who used to haunt our childhood. They actually began telling each other ghost stories, and did not observe the shuddering terror of the Cumberland lass, who could hardly sit still in her seat, so great was her interest, excitement, and superstitious dread.

"I don't know," said one of the two young men, Lewis Rossmore by name, "why railways should be supposed to have necessarily banished ghosts. I can quite imagine a ghost making his appearance in this very train, for instance."

"Can you?" replied Fred Sargent. "I confess I can't; but I think you Northmen, near the Scottish border, have more imagination than we prosaic cockneys."

At the same time he happened to glance at the young lady in the corner, and her pale, sad face seemed ghostlike enough in the gray evening light. Sargent thought for a moment of the legend of the company who sat one evening telling ghost stories until at last the turn came to a pale young lady, who had been silent all the time, and who now, when invited to contribute her share to the entertainment, said, in a low, toneless voice, "I have no ghost story to tell, but I am a ghost myself!" and so vanished.

"Yes," pursued Lewis Rossmore; "I can easily imagine it; and I think it could be done with rather fine effect. Look here, Sargent, take a note of this idea, and make something of it for one of the magazines. Two people are traveling alone in a railway—the express—and have just passed one of the only stopping-places. Behold, as the train is rushing at full speed across the open country, fifty miles an hour, and the evening is growing dark, like this, they suddenly perceive that one of the seats has an occupant, whose presence was not observed before—"

"God's sake don't ye go on in that way," broke in the Cumberland girl, unable to contain herself any longer. "Don't ye go on so, gentlemen; it's enough to raise a ghost right i' the midst of us all!"

The young men laughed at first, but the superstitious fear of the poor girl was so obviously genuine and profound that Rossmore discontinued his goblin invention, and they reassured her and talked for a few moments of something else. Then the train stopped for five minutes at the one only station where it was to make any halt during the long journey. No one got out of the compartment in which our friends were, and no one got into it; and when the train had fairly moved off, and our two friends felt secure against further disturbance, they settled themselves for sleep. The young lady appeared to be already asleep.

Both young men slept. Suddenly a loud shriek caused both to start up and rub their eyes.

It was the Cumberland girl who had given the alarm.

"It's a ghost! it's a ghost!" she cried. "That's what comes of your devilry and your talk—you've brought a ghost among us!"

The evening had sunk into almost complete darkness; the one lamp, the highest luxury in the way of illumination, to which even first-class passengers in an English express are treated, was burning very dimly; but it needed little light to see that there was a fifth figure in the carriage—the figure of a man. There he was assuredly; a tall, slender man, stooping because of the lowness of the roof, and apparently about to take the seat, which was vacant, opposite to that on which the young lady was seated. She had started up with a half scream on hearing her servant's alarm; but the back of the mysterious intruder was turned to her, and she, perhaps, saw nothing surprising in his presence.

Both the young lawyers, however, saw something very surprising in it. An English railway train can not possibly be entered by any one after it has moved from the station. Nor has it any onter platform, or other means of communication, by which passengers can go from one carriage into another. The carriages open at the sides, and each first-class coach is a room closed up and complete in itself. Nobody had entered this compartment when it stopped at the station; nobody could have entered it since then; yet, here was a fifth occupant where only four were present before.

"Hallo! who are you?" exclaimed Sargent.

"How did you get in—where the devil did you come from?" fiercely demanded Rossmore.

"It's a ghost!" sobbed the Cumberland girl, faithful to her original hypothesis.

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," the intruder very calmly observed. "You have not a ghost among you; although, if I had remained under cover a little longer, it is quite possible you might have had a ghost in the carriage before the end of the journey."

But the sound of his voice created a new agitation. The young lady sprang from her seat and cried out, "Oh, Harold! my dear, dear Harold!" and threw herself upon his neck, and sobbed and laughed and sobbed again, and committed other such extravagances, to which the intruder lent himself, with great apparent cordiality, giving back embrace for embrace, and with compound interest.

The Cumberland girl said, "God be guid to us—it's Master Harold himself!"

The two barristers resumed their seats, and looked on much amazed, but with that outward calmness which distinguishes your true Briton under almost all conceivable circumstances. The intruder, whoever he might be, was clearly neither ghost nor robber.

"Oh, Harold!" exclaimed the young lady; "how did you come here? Where did you get in; and what have you come for?"

"Come for! Why, to see you, love, of course. They thought they were quite safe, I believe, when they saw the train fairly off, but they were a little mistaken. We'll surprise them a little more yet, Alice!"

"But how did you come here, Harold?"

"Do satisfy our curiosity, Sir," Sargent interposed. "It really is quite legitimate on our part, seeing that your sudden appearance looks very like a fraud upon the railway company, of which, for aught you know, my friend and I may be leading directors—and then you are positively accused of being a ghost."

The young man laughed. "Gentlemen," he said, "you shall have a full explanation. I have been for years engaged to this young lady. Lately her mother, who was a widow, thought fit to marry again, and her new husband, this young lady's step-father—you saw him at the station to-day—detests me, has poisoned his wife's mind against me, and has persuaded her to refuse her consent to our marriage, of which she quite approved two years ago—perhaps because we were then too young to marry. I am going to the West Indies, and may be absent Heaven knows how long; and they had set their hearts upon preventing me from seeing Alice before I go. Now I had, very naturally, set my heart on seeing her; and yet I didn't care to ask her to do any thing directly in opposition to her mother's commands."

"Quite right, Sir," said Rossmore, with a look of infinite solemnity.

"Very commendable indeed," added Sargent, paternally.

"So," Harold continued, "I found that she was being sent back to the country to-day, in order to get her quickly out of my way—and my course was clear."

"Don't see it yet," murmured Sargent.

"Don't you see it? I came to Euston Station, took a ticket to Liverpool—so you perceive there is no question of fraud on the company—used audacious efforts in the way of bribery, and thus induced the guard, first to allow me to hide under the seat, and next to manage so that the young lady, whose photograph I showed him, should be conducted into this particular carriage. Gentlemen, this was done—and, in short, here I am."

"Lucky that you were not smothered," said Sargent.

"Or shot as a robber, on emerging from your hiding-place," said Rossmore.

"Dear Harold, how you must have suffered," Alice whispered. He pressed her hand tenderly.

"Why did you not come out before?" she asked.

Harold smiled. "Blame these gentlemen for that," he said. "They will not be offended if I say that I thought them just a little *de trop*; and I fancied, from something they said, they were about to get out at the station we have just passed, and so I waited. But when I found they were coming the whole way, I saw it was useless waiting any longer, and I came out, and nearly frightened poor Polly there" (the servant) "out of her senses."

"Very sorry we should have been in your way, Sir," said Sargent. "But it may interest you to know that I am the very profoundest sleeper who ever traveled in a train, and that I feel terribly sleepy already."

"And I," said Rossmore, "can hardly keep my eyes open."

So the discreet barristers at once turned round in their seats, coiled themselves up, closed their eyes, and were apparently buried in slumber deep enough for the Emperor Barbarossa or the Sleeping Beauty in her immortal wood.

Then Harold sat beside Alice, and took her hand in his; and the servant, Polly, seemed to follow the example of her legal traveling companions, and sink into sleep. So Alice and Harold talked and talked, and were happy. About to part, apparently, for years, yet they were happy in the present. Surely that is one of the most excellent and exquisite properties of love—exquisite in its delight and in its pain—that it never looks beyond the present hour, but finds happiness now in a momentary meeting, though the agony of a long parting threatens near at hand—agony now in a momentary parting, although the hope of a speedy reunion may smile and offer consolation.

These two then were happy for the hour. But after all the whole journey from London to Liverpool by express is only some five hours' affair; and two hours had been wasted before our adventurous lover emerged from his concealment. So the prospect of Liverpool and separation began to look very threatening and imminent; and Harold, dreading and detesting the thought of such a parting, began to urge a wild proposal. Why should they not escape at Liverpool, take the first train in the morning—only a very few hours to wait—and go on to Scotland and be married there? Then let the family do its worst; and Harold would not go to the West Indies, but would push a career at home. Or, even if he had to go, he would at least leave behind him a wedded wife, whom no ill-conditioned step-father could take from him. "Be my wife—come and be my wife—that first; that at all hazards!" So rang the refrain of the passionate outpouring which for nearly an hour Harold kept whispering into Alice's ear.

The girl had spirit enough, and was not unwilling to yield. Indeed, there were few risks life could offer which she was not ready to encounter rather than go back to the dreary and odious home life, with Harold far away. Now she was being sent, as she perfectly well knew, to the custody, the mere custody, of an uncle and aunt in Liverpool, in order that she might be kept out of the way until Harold should have left London and gone out to the West Indies, where he had relatives, and where he hoped to make a fortune.

"But, Harold dear," the girl whispered, "the thing is impossible. My uncle will be at the station waiting for me with the carriage. Do you think he would be likely to fall into our plans?"

"No, Alice; I have thought of that. If you have courage—and I know you have—and are very, very quick, we can escape and defy him. Now listen, and don't be afraid. Just before we get to Liverpool the train enters a tunnel, and inside the mouth of the tunnel we stop for a minute—a bare moment—to make sure that all is clear. I will have the door open, and I will take you in my arms and get out; it will be perfectly easy and safe; and Polly shall follow without one instant of delay. Then we hold our breaths, and stand in the darkness close up to the tunnel wall for only a moment, until the train rushes by; and then we get quietly out, take to the road, get a carriage at the nearest inn, and drive to any station on the line, where we can wait for the Scottish mail. Your uncle will only suppose that you have put off coming for a day; he will grumble and wait for to-morrow without doing or even suspecting any thing, and then it will be too late."

"If we are killed—"

"Dearest, do you think I would expose you to any danger?"

"No, Harold, it was not that. I was only going to say that if we are killed—I mean even if we are killed—we shall be killed together!"

Harold embraced his intrepid and desperate *fiancée*, and the plan was resolved on. A few whispered words conveyed the whole to stout-hearted Polly, who had a romantic heart, and would have gone with these lovers any where—leaped with them out of an express train flying at full speed rather than desert them. The moments went by; the tunnel was near; the two young barristers had long since been fast asleep in good reality; Harold softly opened the door, and stood close to it with Alice in his arms; the faithful Polly loaded herself with such of her mistress's cloaks and shawls and things as she could attempt to carry; the train began already to slacken its speed; they were at the mouth of the tunnel; Harold said, in a whisper, "*Now*, love!" And Alice shut her eyes, and pressed her face against his shoulder.

The train rattled and crashed through the echoing tunnel. The hollow, hideous reverberations aroused our sleeping barristers. Sargent started up, and rubbed his eyes.

"Hallo, Rossmore, this is the Edgehill Tunnel! We shall be in Liverpool in a moment. Shake yourself up, old boy!"

"All right," replied Rossmore, yawning. "Glad we're in. But I say, Sargent, look here—why—did we stop any where?"

"Of course not. Why do you ask?"

"Then where are our fellow-travelers?"

"Good Heavens! To be sure, where are they? I forgot all about them. But they were here—that's certain; and we stopped at no station, and now they are gone!"

"Confound it, I never knew any thing like that! That man, Harold, whoever he was, came in mysteriously, and now he has gone out even more mysteriously, and spirited away the two women along with him!"

"I say, Rossmore, how if your suggestion of this evening should have turned out a prediction? Have we had ghosts in our railway train?"

Both laughed—both were incredulous; and the train rushed into the crowded, bustling, blazing station at Liverpool. Our friends spoke to the guard of the train, who was much amazed at first to hear of the disappearance of the three passengers; but he seemed to think that, in the case of so audacious a lover as Harold Rivers, any thing was possible—and then, there *was* a momentary stoppage in the tunnel.

So the barristers made no further inquiries, but took it for granted that all was right somehow, and went to their hotel.

They heard the end of the story, however, even before they returned to London, for they met Harold Rivers and his young wife in Liverpool ten days after. The pair had just returned from Scotland, where they were married. They had, of course, written off at once to Alice's mother, announcing their marriage, and they were in good hope that she would soon accept the situation. They could afford to wait a little, for they were married and happy, and Harold had made up his mind that he would not go to the West Indies.

PATRIOTIC SONGS OF FRANCE.

THE lasting popularity of the "Marseillaise," now nearly eighty years old, becomes more remarkable when we consider that, although the first song of the Revolution, it was immediately followed by a host of republican effusions, which competed with it for public favor. There were the "Chant de la Victoire," the "Chant du Retour," and the "Chanson de Roland," by Méhul; the "Chant du Juillet," the "Chant Martial," the "Hymne à l'Etre Suprême," the "Hymne à la Liberté," and "Peuple, reveille-toi," by Gossec. All these, the fruits of a general ferment, have died away, and the only lyrical work that, besides the "Marseillaise," has continued to live in the memory of the French is the "Chant du Départ," by Méhul. This was recently sung at one of the Parisian theatres; but as it is a sort of cantata, with solos and choruses arranged for different voices, it can never become a popular song in the ordinary sense of the word.

One forgotten melody of the old Revolution was revived shortly before the affair of February, when the "Histoire des Girondins," by M. De Lamartine, was the book of the day. Grey-Dupré, a journalist attached to the Girondists, and condemned to share their fate, composed, a few hours before his execution, a hymn which long afterward responded to the state of feeling in 1847, and which, with a slight modification, became the "Chant des Girondins," better, perhaps, known as "Mourir pour la Patrie." M. Alexandre Dumas's "Chevalier de la Maison Rouge," then a new piece, terminated with the supper of the Girondists, at which this song was appropriately introduced.

The lays of the First Empire were generally of a warlike kind, or, to speak more correctly, the words were warlike, though often set to the most pacific music. Nothing, for instance, could be less martial than the air extracted from an opera by Grétry, which was made to fit "Veillons au salut de l'Empire." However, the First Empire was by no means badly represented in the world of song by the "Partant pour la Syrie," which, in the days of the Crimean war, became the most popular tune in England and France; and by the "Sentinelle" of Choron and the "Vaillant Troubadour" of Sauvan, both of which are to be found in the most common music-books.

The Restoration brought with it the revival of the two famed Bourbon melodies, "Vive Henri IV.," and "Charmante Gabrielle." A pacific air, by Grétry, was now made to do duty in honor of the restored régime; but this time the music was not diverted from its proper pur-

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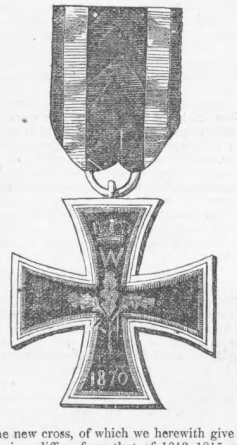
pose. The words to which it was fitted, "Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" rather celebrated the blessings of peace than the triumph of a dynasty.

The revolution of 1830 had a song of its own, with which great names were connected, but which, after a short popularity, sank into utter oblivion. Casimir Delavigne, as the poet of the renowned "Messéniennes," was looked upon as the proper person to celebrate the deeds of July. As he had not even that uncultivated power of music which belonged to Rouget de Lisle, he fitted his words to a Hungarian air which he had retained in his memory, and which was duly noted down and scored by Auber. Thus arose the "Parisienne," and to its non-national origin is attributed the short duration of its popularity.

Of late the patriotic songs of France have been the irrepressible "Marseillaise" and the "Rhin Allemand," which M. Alfred de Musset produced during the consumption of a single cigar, and to which music has been set by MM. Félicien David and Vaucorbeil. A greater novelty, however, is "A la Frontière," with music by M. Gounod, sung at the Opera by M. Devoyod in the uniform of a Zouave.

THE IRON CROSS OF PRUSSIA.

THIS order, which holds the highest rank in Prussia, was instituted in March, 1813, by FREDERICK WILLIAM III., in honor of the memory of his deceased wife, Queen LOUISA. Just a year afterward, on the first anniversary of its institution, it was bestowed upon his son, Prince WILLIAM, now King of Prussia, in recognition of a daring action under fire; and he still wears its Iron Cross as the proudest decoration on his breast. On the 19th of July of this year, the anniversary of his mother's death, the King decided upon the renewal of the order, with special reference to the war then impending with France. "In view of the serious position of affairs in Germany" (so runs the decree), "and in grateful remembrance of the heroism of our forefathers in the great war of Liberation, I have resolved to revive, in its full significance, the Order of the Iron Cross, instituted by my revered father."



The new cross, of which we herewith give an engraving, differs from that of 1813–1815 only in the substitution of a W for F W, and in the date. The material is gold, with black enameling. The black ribbon with a white border indicates service in the field; the white ribbon with a black border, service at home. There are two classes, First and Second, and a large cross, which is to be bestowed for a decisive victory, or for the capture or the successful defense of an important fortress. The cross of the Second class was recently bestowed by the King upon the Crown Prince of Prussia for his victories over M'MAHON.

"PAPA WRANGEL."

POOR "Papa Wrangel!" It may be quite true that this whilom commander of the army of invasion, sent to bring the uproarious Berliners to reason in 1848 or 1849, expressed the grimmest intentions at that period, "when," as he declared in his proclamation, "he saw the grass grow in the streets of Berlin" in token of its sad revolutionary condition; it may also be true that he has played something of a comic popular figure ever since in Berlin, and has never yet got over the difference between the dative and accusative of the personal German pronoun; but one can not help sympathizing deeply with him now. He has outlived his time and age, and, dying though he be to do something in his capacity of field-marshal, Moltke seems to be able to dispense with his services. It is really touching to read how he reviewed the other day the regiment of which he is still the nominal chief as it passed Berlin on its way to the Rhine. "I make it known to this whole regiment," he said to the soldiers, "that I have prayed his Majesty the King, in deepest humility, to be permitted to join this war as a common private soldier, upon which request I have received from his Majesty's own hand a most gracious reply, from which I have learned with profound sadness that my respectful prayer had not been accepted." And the tears started to the old man's eyes. He then addressed to his actual successor some martial words, and handed him two prizes—for the first French gun and eagle. Finally he seized the regimental standard, and cried, "This sacred banner your fathers have saved at Etoges with their lives from the hands of the enemy, and have always chained victory to its colors; you, my boys, will not do otherwise!" He then embraced the commander, handed a photograph of the King, "for whom to fight, win, or die honorably was the most sacred duty," to the sergeant, and shook hands all round, nearly overcome with the grief of having to remain behind alone.

THE ENGLISH TEMPLE KNIGHTS.

WHEN Heraclius visited England in 1184 the Templars had removed from their old Preceptory in Holborn to their new buildings in Fleet Street, on the site of the present Inner Temple. The venerable archbishop consecrated their new church for them, as well as that belonging to the Hospital of the Knights of St. John at Clerkenwell. The church was dedicated to the blessed Virgin, and built after the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It still remains to remind us of the happiest period in the history of this famous brotherhood.

Around this consecrated building the order raised its new Preceptory, and here they lived for many years according to the strict rule laid down for them by St. Bernard. Before entering the fraternity, each member had to declare that he had already been a knight, that he was neither married nor betrothed, that he had never taken vows in any other order, that he was free from debt, and in sound health. On his admission by the Master of the Temple, each knight made use of the following formula before the assembled brotherhood: "Sir, I am come before God, and before you and the brethren, and pray and beseech you, for the sake of God and our dear Lady, to admit me into your society and the good deeds of the order, as one who will be all his life long the servant and slave of the order." After this declaration the Master admonished him as to the life of self-denial and hardship he would have to lead; upon which the candidate bound himself by the most solemn asseverations to be obedient to the head of the house and chief head at Jerusalem, to observe the customs of the order, to live in chastity, to help with all his powers to conquer the Holy Land, and vowed never to be present when a Christian was unjustly and unlawfully despoiled of his heritage. He was then admitted, and assured of "bread and water, and the poor clothing of the order, and labor and toil enow." The white mantle with the red cross was thrown over him; he received the kiss of peace from the master and the chaplain, and was furnished with the arms and equipments of the order. Such was the form of admission for each Knight Templar. Besides the knights, there were other classes attached to the order of an inferior degree; but, although inferior, many illustrious and great men were proud to enter them, and among them we find no less a personage than Pope Innocent III. For many years after their foundation in England the members of the order appear to have acted in conformity with the rigorous rules laid down for them; and certainly the punishment inflicted on those of their members who proved refractory was sufficiently severe. They were imprisoned in a small stone chamber built in the thickness of the wall that surrounded the chapel, only four and a half feet in length. Cooped up in this narrow cell, with hardly food sufficient to support bare existence, they were not denied the consolations of religion. An aperture was made in the wall, through which the unfortunate prisoner could hear the voices of the brotherhood below, as it chanted the daily service in the chapel. Besides the punishment of imprisonment, offenders were publicly scourged on the bare back by the master before the assembled brethren. One Knight Templar, by name Valaincourt, who, having deserted the order, had returned and sought readmission, was condemned to eat for a year on the ground with the dogs, to fast four days in the week on bread and water, and every Sunday to be scourged in the chapel.

Such was the rigorous discipline of the order at the commencement of its career; but prosperity proved a greater enemy to this fraternity than ever adversity had done. Soon after the final fall of Jerusalem, the wealth, influence, and power of the order increased, not only in England, but throughout Christendom. At their Preceptory in London, on the spot familiar to every citizen, kings and embassadors were feasted, parliaments and general councils were held. Besides the large gifts bestowed upon the order, vast treasures were committed to its custody, and it was considered the safest guardian of wealth and property; and not only was property held to be sacred within its precincts, but kings sought and found refuge within its walls. Here King John dwelt in those troublous times when the barons of England demanded and obtained the great charter of their freedom. Here Hubert de Burgh deposited his vast riches when imprisoned in the Tower, and the King in vain sought to seize them.

In Henry III.'s reign the Master of the Temple first sat in Parliament; but now, at the zenith of their power, they fell. Pride, the sure forerunner of such falls, and vice, the constant attendant on such pride, overshadowed with their baneful influence the bright prospects of this once noble brotherhood. As Spenser tells us, when alluding to the Temple, in the following lines:

"Those brick towers
The which on Thames broad aged banks doe ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilom wont the Temple Knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride."

The envy of princes is not easily overcome; at least it was not in old days. The potent monarchs that ruled over the countries of Christendom at the time we are speaking of saw with fear and dismay the increasing power of men who once called themselves "the poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ." They found themselves confronted with a power equal to, if not greater than, their own, and a power that seemed ever on the increase. They coveted the broad acres and vast wealth possessed by the order, and inwardly chafed at the immunities they were forced to concede to men who were not overscrupulous as to the use they made of them. The common people hated the order with a more bitter hatred, engendered by the scorn and contumely with which they were treated by the brotherhood generally, and increased by the vice and depravity of the knights—crimes that remained unpunished and uncondemned. The ground being thus undermined beneath them, it only required a small spark to light the train. But before the fatal day arrived, the Knights Templars, as if determined to end their career in glory, as they had begun it, gave one more proof of their heroic courage by their brilliant defense of Acre. The flickering flame burned bright and lurid for a moment, and then expired. A few years later, and they had ceased to exist. In 1312, Pope Clement V. and Philip le Bel of France, their two most inveterate enemies, combined together for the total destruction of the brotherhood.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

REPORTS from various quarters indicate that in many sections of the country the peach crop will be "almost a failure." Perhaps this may be true; yet it is difficult to realize it when at every street corner the luscious fruit is piled on stands, and the large markets seem overflowing with baskets and crates. To be sure the season is so much earlier than usual this year that our peaches may fail us this fall before we are aware; yet, as a great "hue and cry" is so often made as to the "total failure" of this or that crop, we recommend every body to luxuriate with untroubled mind in this delicious fruit, while it is so abundant and inexpensive. As one passes through the streets and markets of our city near the close of day, seeing loads of peaches yet unsold, he can not but wonder what becomes of what is left, since much of it is too ripe to keep long. Dealers lose great quantities when the market is overstocked, as it was earlier in the season. The pies, puddings, and fritters of our numerous restaurants consume a vast number of baskets, just ripe enough to use and too ripe to keep. But the canning of peaches, which, in connection with the canning of various other fruits, has become an immense business, preserves for our future use hundreds of baskets which would otherwise be wasted.

A Greek Church is soon to be built in New York, according to report. The Empress of Russia is interested in the enterprise, and has raised $5000 toward the erection of the edifice, which is to be of the Byzantine style of architecture. There is now no Greek Church in our country.

"Grip," the famous raven which belonged to Charles Dickens, is now the property of the London Stereoscopic Company, who have issued his *carte*. Thus, in a certain sense, all England may be said to be the possessor of this popular bird, since every body who desires may own his photograph.

Sullivan, Ohio, is the home of a young girl of thirteen, whose father, a thrifty farmer, is very proud of her achievements. For three years past she has of her own choice been engaged in regular farm work, in plowing, sowing, reaping, mowing, and harrowing, as well as in driving and managing horses. Last summer she raked about forty acres of hay, besides doing her share toward mowing, loading, and "pitching" it.

The Chinese method of cooking rice, as obtained from the Chinese colony of shoemakers at North Adams, is as follows: Take a stew-pan with a close-fitting top, and a clean piece of white muslin, large enough to cover over the top of the pan and hang down inside nearly to, but not in contact with the bottom. Into the sack so formed place the rice, pour over it two cupfuls of water, and put on the top of the stew-pan, so as to hold up the muslin bag inside, and fit tight all round. Place the pan on a slow fire, and the steam generated from the water will cook the rice. Each grain will come out of the boiler as dry and distinct as if just taken from the hull. More water may be poured into the pan if necessary, but only sufficient to keep up the steam till the rice is cooked.

A Siberian railway is a somewhat novel project, but certain Russian capitalists have undertaken to accomplish it. The proposed line is to be about twelve hundred miles in length, and much of it will be through desert regions which are covered with ice and snow during ten months of the year. It is to commence at Nijni Novgorod, the great market for goods from Northern Asia, Persia, and Turkestan. The value of the goods brought to this market has, during the last ten years, averaged 105,000,000 rubles per annum; last year it was 114,000,000 rubles. Another important station on the railway will be the town of Irbit, at the junction of the Rivers Niza and Irbita. It is believed that this railway will increase the corn supply of Western Europe, by opening communication with Southern Siberia, whose corn may compete with the best qualities.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing from Martha's Vineyard, describes the present abiding-place of the Hutchinson family as "a picturesque little tent, gleaming white and pure in its green frame-work, finished artistically with a scarlet bordering." There live John Hutchinson and his wife, showing, as ever, a quaint and dignified simplicity of demeanor. Their tent is a great place of resort, and a pleasant party is always gathered on the veranda.

One must retreat very far from the city nowadays in order to be able to live economically as regards eatables. It surprises a novice to learn the high prices demanded for fruit, meat, milk, and similar commodities in the very section of country where they are produced; and not unfrequently it is impossible to procure them at any price, "the city" having absorbed every thing. Not long ago a New York gentleman, who was rusticating in Massachusetts, was overheard reasoning with a sturdy son of the soil who asked fifty cents a pound for a pair of young—*very young*—chickens, that ran largely to legs. "Why, my friend," said the New Yorker, in persuasive accents, "I am willing to pay just what is charged in Fulton Market, but don't you see that when we come to your door to buy your produce you ought not to charge more than the retail price in New York?" "That sounds well," quoth the farmer; "but we gets all we can, an' if you don't want them young hins at fifty cents a pound other folks do." There was no help for it, and the New Yorker paid the farmer his price, and sent the "young hins" in to the cook.

The country people about Strasbourg say that among the Prussian scouts are a great many persons whom they formerly knew well in different attire as residents for longer or shorter periods in Alsace. Several of the Prussian officers are also old acquaintances. One was a pupil in the École d'Application at Metz, another a civil engineer, a third learning the business of a forester—all convenient occupations for studying the topography of the district.

Six young women of Charlestown—so the story runs—lately challenged six Boston girls to a swimming race for the prize of $100. The challenged party accepted, but did not appear on the ground at the appointed time. So the Charlestownians resolved to get up a race among themselves. They started off in fine style; but before they reached the turning stake four gave out, and paddled, exhausted, to the shore. One of the others suddenly threw up her hands, exclaiming that she was sinking, and begging help. Her companion succeeded in keeping her above water until aid arrived. Swimming is a useful and desirable accomplishment for ladies; but such public displays of doubtful strength and skill seem to be neither pleasant nor in good taste.

Bismarck seems to be very friendly to American journalists, according to an account of an interview with him given by a correspondent of the *World*, writing from St. Avold. He says:

"While I was looking at the king there passed by me a great giant of a man, several inches over six feet in height, and powerfully built. I knew it was Bismarck. He turned, just before entering the door, and scanned the street. Among all the uniforms were two black streaks; they were represented by myself and an American journalist in whose company I happened to be. Seeing us, the Chancellor—he was in simple dark blue uniform trimmed and faced with gold—held up his finger to stop us just as, after taking a good look at him, we were moving off. We approached him, and he met us half-way. 'Where are you from?' he asked. I said, 'We are Americans, and are writing for the press in that country.' He then said: 'You are welcome. We are very glad to have American writers among us, and with our army. The only thing that the authorities and officers will expect from you will be proper papers of legitimation. You have these? Very well; then the freedom of every thing will be accorded to you. The only thing we can not promise you is transportation forward. You see we are very much crowded with a vast army in an enemy's country. You will have, gentlemen, to depend upon yourselves for moving forward; but for every thing else, for all the help and protection you require, you have only to come to us here.'"

Boston is shocked by the recent announcement that there is a Mormon Church in that city. However, the society is small, there being only sixteen members, and, moreover, they are not Mormons after Brigham Young's style. The society calls itself the "Reorganized Church of the Latter Day Saints."

A new epidemic among horses, cattle, and pigs has been creating a sensation in the western part of Canada. The disease is described as first making its appearance in a number of small blotches or gatherings of the front feet at the joint, thence creeping upward, infecting the flesh and the bone and swelling the leg to an unnatural size. Behind the knees the skin cracks horizontally, the part soon begins to bleed, inflame, and emit putrid matter. If neglected, the swelling extends to the breast. Sometimes this breaks out in monstrous boils or ulcers, setting free an enormous amount of putrescent, mephitic substance. In other cases the disease strikes into the vitals and kills the animal. Milder cases have occurred, in which the disease abates of its own accord, and passes away without serious effects.

Scene in a Boston tenement house. Enter United States "Census man." A woman is bending over a wash-tub, rubbing vigorously. She is evidently of Celtic origin, and the census-taker remarks: "I am taking the United States census. I'll thank you for the names, age, occupation, and birth-place of all your family. What is your husband's name, madam?" Without looking up, and giving an extra pull on a shirt, she answers, "Misther O'Sullivan." "What is the first name, if you please?" Another extra pull, as she says, "And shure how does I know? I wasn't at his christnin'." "Very good!" responds the "Census man," blandly. "When you speak to him how do you address him?" Another tug at the shirt. "Shure, as Misther O'Sullivan; and fags, if I knew his christen name, I wouldn't thrate him so dishrespectfully as to call him by it." "Did you ever hear any one call him by a Christian name?" "Aw, yis!" "Well, what have you heard him called?" Another fearful pull at the washing, and out comes this answer, "I have heard some of them call him John, some Father, and more call him Michael." For five minutes the patient inquirer continues asking questions and she dodging the answers. Finally, she straightens up, wipes the suds with her hands off her arms, and says, "Yees is the plisintest gintleman I iver saw. Shure I've been thrying to git ye mad the last five minutes, and the more madder I was gitting the more plisinter you was growing, and I'll tell yees any thing ye want to know." So she enumerates her whole family, and then calls out, at the bottom of the stairs, "Misthress Muldoony! Come down here. Here's a gintleman taking the United States clinsis. He wants to know the names of all your family. Jist give it to him, and thin show him to the rist of the folks trough the building."

For ten years past a dog in Cincinnati has lived a hermit life. His cell is under an old house, and he is never seen outside it in the daytime. There he is perfectly quiet, and never barks. At night he steals out from his retreat and takes a ramble, apparently in search of food. He seeks no companions, and why he has thus retired from the world is a mystery.

An exchange asserts that it is useless to assassinate flies, for, unless you annihilate them, they come to life again. In proof of this it remarks that Franklin found some dead flies drowned in a bottle of wine that had been corked up for many years, and when he exposed them to the sunshine they soon flew about as lively as ever!

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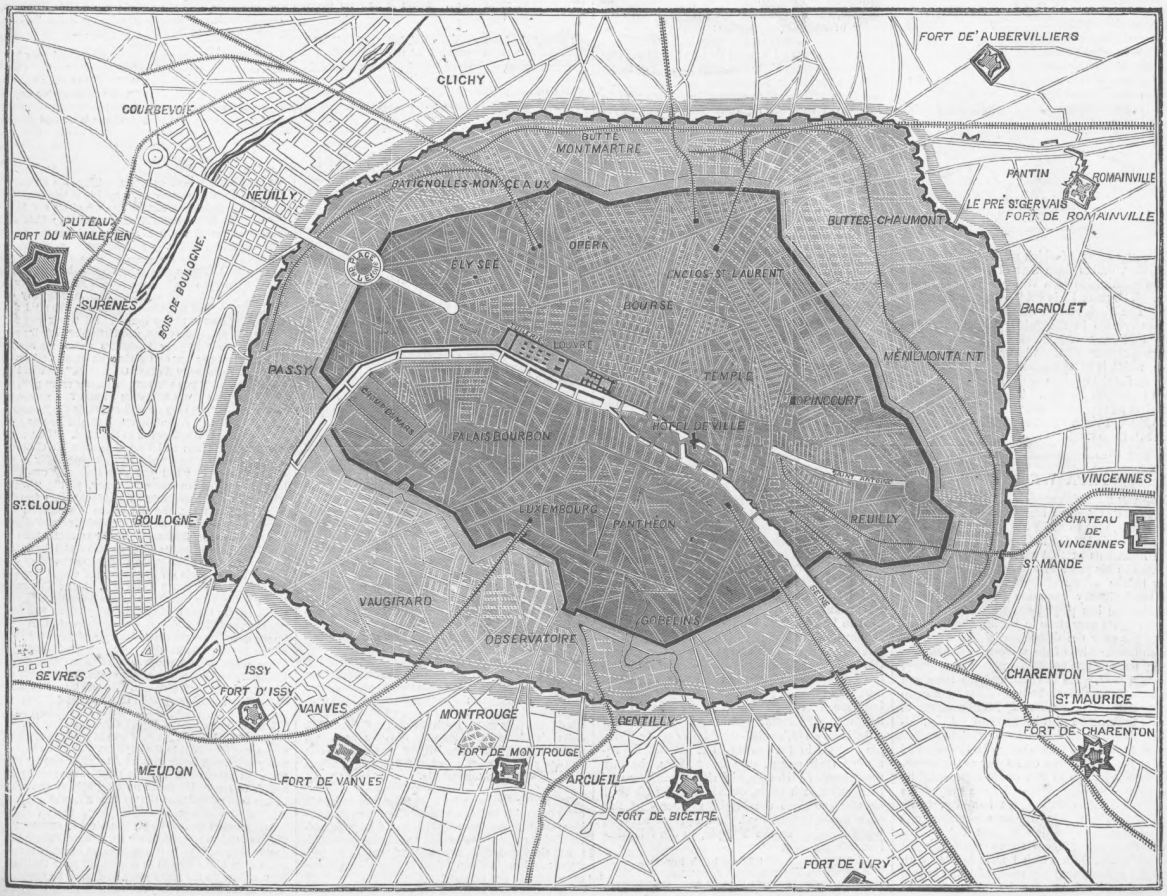
A GROUP OF PRUSSIAN UHLANS.

THE UHLANS.

THE Uhlans, who have been lately seen within twenty-five miles of Paris, are light cavalry, armed with breech-loading carbines and lances, who are much employed by the Prussian commanders as scouts. They push far into the enemy's country, and are of immense service in procuring intelligence of movements in progress, the position of the enemy, and in keeping up a state of terror and uncertainty throughout the country. It will be remembered that, during the late war in the South, our cavalry were often similarly employed in "raiding" within the enemy's lines with the same general purpose and results.



THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 605.]

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PEASANTS FLYING.

ONE of the saddest features of the war is the desolation that marks its progress through a land. The carnage of the battle-field is not its worst evil. Wherever it sweeps it leaves the record of its devastating tread in ruined highways, desolated fields and farm-houses, and silent hamlets. The illustration on this page, which represents a party of French peasantry flying to some place of refuge before the approach of the enemy, is but one out of a thousand incidents that show how heavily the woes and burdens of the war have fallen upon the peaceful homes of France.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

THE fortifications about the French capital, of which we give an accurate plan on page 604, are of that peculiar denomination known to military engineers as a "continuous *enceinte*," and a "surrounding girdle of exterior forts." The inner line, as may be seen by the plan, consists of a series of bastions, presenting nearly a hundred angular fronts. It entirely surrounds the city, and is said to be the longest continuous line of bastions in the world, being twenty-two miles in circuit. In front of these bastions is a continued fosse, or moat, eighteen feet deep and twenty wide, which can be filled with water from the Seine, if required for the defense of the city. Around the whole circuit runs a magnificent military road, to facilitate the concentration of artillery or infantry with the least possible loss of time at any given point; and from the *enceinte* to the several exterior forts, as also between the forts, are likewise these same excellent roads. Outside the *enceinte*, detached from it, and situated at the distance of from a mile and a quarter to two miles from the *enceinte*, and the same distance from each other, are the forts forming the outer girdle. The cheapest of these forts cost $700,000, exclusive of the purchase-money for the site. Fort Mont Valerien cost about $1,000,000, and Fort De Charenton $800,000. Until the present war broke out there was not a gun mounted upon the ramparts, nor was the *enceinte* complete. Under the vigorous administration of General TROCHU the armament has been fully completed, and the entire inner works put in a state of preparation to repulse the enemy. According to the latest reports nearly two thousand guns have been placed in position on the bastions. About one hundred gates pierce the ramparts, the fosse being crossed by draw-bridges which can be removed at a moment's notice, or, if necessary, destroyed by the cannon on the walls.

The object of this method of fortification—that of an *enceinte* and detached forts beyond—is to have not only two lines of defense, but two such lines as would furnish a powerful fortress all around the city, and at the same time debar an enemy from getting near enough to that fortress to shell the city. The forts prevent the erection of a siege line against the city, and in case an assault were made between the forts to take the city by storm, the *enceinte*, with its ninety-four bastions, is there to protect it. An army surrounding Paris within cannon range of the girdle of forts would not occupy less than ten leagues. Thirteen years ago the best engineers pronounced the fortifications of Paris impregnable, and since 1857 millions upon millions have been lavished in bringing these works to the highest possible point of efficiency.

The black line within

TWO MOTHERS.

FRANCE (*to the* EMPRESS). "AH, MADAME, A SURE HAPPINESS FOR *YOU*, SOONER OR LATER; BUT THERE WERE DEAR SONS OF *MINE* WHOM I SHALL NEVER SEE AGAIN."

PEASANTS FLYING BEFORE THE APPROACH OF THE ENEMY.

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the circuit of bastions, shown in our plan, indicates the position of the old walls of Paris, which have long since given place to magnificent boulevards. The space between the old boundaries of the city and the new walls is now closely built up; but the most important public editices are within the limits of old Paris, where they would be comparatively safe from the effects of a distant bombardment.

A CHECKERED LIFE.

STEFAN TURR, the emissary of Bismarck and Napoleon, seems to have led rather a checkered life. He is the son of a shoemaker, and was born in Baja, in Hungary, in 1822. In 1846 he was "assented" into the Austrian army, advanced after some time to a corporalship, and in 1848 sent with the Imperial Regiment of Infantry, Archduke Francis Charles, to Italy. He had been proposed for a lieutenantship, when, with some of the men, he deserted over the bridge near Buffalo to the Sardinians. There he was made colonel of the newly formed deserters' legion, the so-called Caprians. When, after the battle of Novara, Austria particularly insisted on having Turr given up, he escaped into Switzerland, whence he went to Baden, and there joined Miewslawski. He now reappeared as lieutenant-colonel, and Miewslawski promoted him to a colonelcy. After the ill-fated affair in the Bergstrasse he returned to Switzerland with one hundred and three men, whom he despatched to America, himself remaining behind. He was next sent to Constantinople, and during the Crimean war obtained British naturalization, and went as British agent to Bucharest. There, on neutral ground, he was arrested by the Austrians as a deserter, sent home and brought before a court-martial at Karlsburg, in Transylvania. Almost on the eve of being led out to execution the judge declared to him that Queen Victoria had interfered on his behalf, as a naturalized British subject, and that the Emperor had in consequence commuted his sentence to eternal banishment from the Austrian states. In 1859 he joined Garibaldi, became commander of the Chasseurs, received a wound, and was promoted to a generalship. Since 1861 he has sojourned chiefly in Paris, being now one of the most intimate friends of Prince Napoleon; and in September, 1861, married Adelina Wyse-Bonaparte, second daughter of Princess Letitia Bonaparte, sister of Pierre Napoleon, and nominal daughter of the English Consul Wyse, but born in 1842, long after Wyse's legal separation from his wife. The first legitimate daughter of Wyse is the wife of Ratazzi, the Princess Solms.

OLD EYGPT.

GREAT and splendid as are the things which we know about oldest Egypt, she is made a thousand times more sublime by our uncertainty as to the limits of her accomplishments. She presents not a great definite idea, which, though hard to receive, is, when once acquired, comprehensible and clear. Under the soil of the modern country are hid away thousands and thousands of relics which may astonish the world for ages to come, and change continually its conception of what Egypt was. The effect of research seems to be to prove the objects of it to be much older than we thought them to be; some things thought to be wholly modern having been proved to be repetitions of things Egyptian, and other things known to have been Egyptian being by every advance in knowledge carried back more and more toward the very beginning of things. She shakes our most rooted ideas concerning the world's history. She has not ceased to be a puzzle and a lure: there is a spell over her still.

Besides her early maturity and the solitariness of her career, there is another mystery concerning Egypt; and that is the thick darkness that so long shut her out from sight. We are wont to call those ages dark wherein the wisdom of Greece and of Rome became dim to the world at large, and was treasured by the few; but what was this darkness in comparison of the utter obscurity which settled with a weird persistence over Egypt herself, over all her wisdom and all her works? As year by year the deposit of the river was entombing her material works, so was the cloud of oblivion enveloping and surely obliterating the memory of her glory and her ability; and this in spite of the most determined resistance that any nation has ever offered to time and his effacing power. The monuments would not, could not perish forever; but they were ineffectual to avert an eclipse that lasted for ages. It is little less than a miracle that such a country could quietly sink out of sight, and the world begin life again, fancying that it was originating thought and art, while close to the tyros lay a nation that had proved ages before every mode of human ability, and whose credentials did not rest on tradition or history, but were shining on the earth—splendid, gigantic, palpable—obvious to the regard of the aspiring and the inquisitive. As one ponders on these things it is impossible to be regardless of the denunciation of the Hebrew prophet (Ezekiel) who foretold this obscurity. "The pomp of her strength shall cease in her: as for her, *a cloud shall cover her*, and her daughters shall go into captivity." The period of forty years during which no foot of man or foot of beast was to pass through Egypt is not plain, but the condition to which Egypt fell is only too distinctly painted. "I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities among the cities that are laid waste shall be desolate forty years: and I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries." The "cloud," we may suppose, began to break at the beginning of this century; from without came the regard of nations, from within arose reanimation and the desire to be known once more. The nations of the world resort thither again, and find this kingdom truly "a base kingdom," but things looked as though she had resolved to acquiesce no longer in her baseness. Already one sees how the highway from Egypt to Assyria, foretold by the prophet Isaiah, may be accomplished. The canal of the Isthmus will undoubtedly lead to the contraction of the desert, so that the way into Assyria will be comparatively easy. And when life and vigor and civilization shall return, what great result may be expected to accompany them! To a nation waking up to consciousness after centuries of coma every thing about her present self must be unsatisfactory and distasteful—a condition to be reformed as soon as possible, and banished from sight and memory. Her consolatory thoughts all centre in the past. As she looks back with pride and glory at what she was, the hope of what she may again be is lively within her, and she can feel a trust in herself. Her reviving ambition will feed upon the mighty deeds of old, and her sons will gain strength from the knowledge of the glorious dead. When this spirit shall come upon Egypt—when, instead of leaving research to the stranger that may come from a far land, Egyptians themselves shall make it a pleasant labor to ascertain the wonderful past of their native country—then, perhaps, the world will truly understand what *the wisdom of the Egyptians* was.

For him who believes that his puny efforts are tending to the establishment of a golden age, and leading the human race to perfection, there can be no corrective more effectual than the study of ancient Egypt. From thence he may learn the truth that human wisdom and human knowledge can not perpetuate themselves. Great, strong, wise as she was, the glory of Egypt came to naught, her science perished, her engraved characters became riddles. Progress was arrested, and thick darkness overspread the earth—not for a short interval, but during a very large fraction of the world's existence—darkness which has never yet been dispersed. It is true that, if we can not build pyramids or hew out colossal statues, or divert the course of a river like the Nile, we can use the printing-press, and control the forces of electricity and steam. But, when we have summed up gains and losses, what is the amount of advancement since the days of Moses that we can fairly credit ourselves with? Truly it is very little, and that little due to a *renaissance* in the last two or three centuries.

But if we, creatures whose life is half an age, may not influence the destinies of the world on which we live, or of our remote successors, that consideration need not damp our spirits; it does not show us that our labor for the benefit of humanity is in vain. We may design and build, though we may not attempt a tower whose top shall reach to heaven. Plenty of legitimate work is given us to do; we are commissioned to subdue the earth, but we are not commissioned to determine its future. That future will be as little affected, probably, by our acts and labors as our present has been by the wisdom and works of the Egyptians. A great nation—a community of great nations—may die like a mighty man, and then all their thoughts perish. The earth is not ours. Nevertheless we have a field for labor—greater labor than we shall ever accomplish. Let us benefit, if we may, our own generation and that which is to follow us, trusting to the providence of an ever-living Power to determine whether any part of our work shall survive and be a heritage for our descendants; or whether it shall perish utterly; or whether, like the glorious deeds of old Egypt, it shall lie for milleniums under a mysterious cloud, and live again hereafter to a race such as it has not entered into our hearts to conceive.

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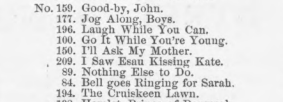
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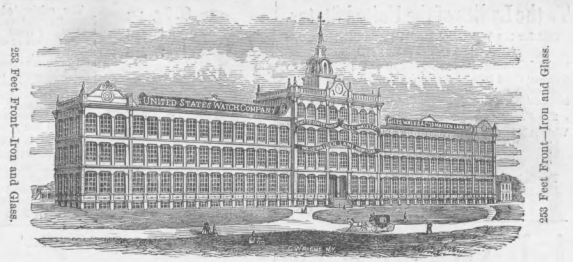

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There is all the difference between these two classes of amusements that exists between health and disease, between moral purity and moral depravity. Hence those who have made moral science a study have been unanimous in recommending games of skill, and just as unanimous in deprecating games of chance.

Among all the recreations which demand skill, perhaps none present more attractions to the majority of mankind than shooting; and this amusement is also an educating exercise, training the eye and nerves to steadiness and precision.

At pleasure resorts and watering-places air-gun practice has become a standard amusement with both sexes.

Air pistols and guns have heretofore been somewhat expensive, costing from twenty dollars to sixty dollars, according to style and finish. The pistol herewith illustrated costs only three and a half dollars, and is, we believe, the cheapest air pistol ever constructed.

The stock or handle is of japanned iron, the barrels are of brass. The lower barrel is the air pump, by which the stock is filled with condensed air.

The dart or bullet is put into the breech end of the upper barrel, through an aperture shown in the engraving, and the aperture is then closed by a ring slide.

The hammer of the lock strikes on a solid nipple which communicates with and opens a valve leading from the air chamber to the upper barrel, and allows just sufficient air to escape for a charge. It will shoot from five to ten shots a distance ranging from thirty to fifty feet at one charging.

Darts are furnished with each pistol, and every piece is tested before leaving the factory. E. H. HAWLEY, Patentee, June 1, 1869. For pistols, address
P. C. GODFREY, Agent, 119 Nassau Street, New York.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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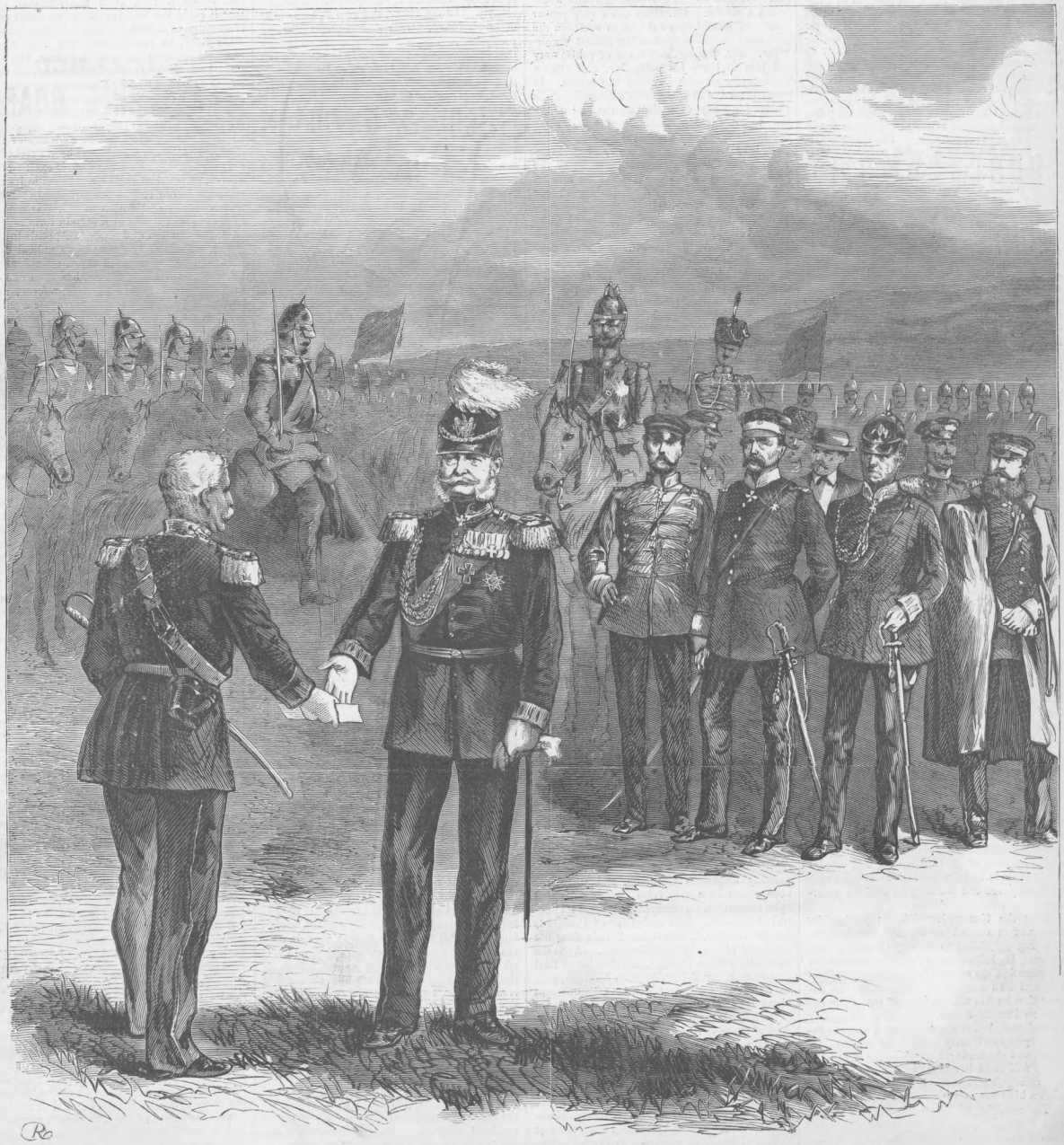
THE SURRENDER AT SEDAN.

ABOUT five o'clock on the evening of September 1 there was a sudden suspension of the cannonade along the Prussian lines; and a few minutes later a French officer, escorted by two Uhlans, advanced up the steep bridle-path leading from Sedan, carrying a white duster on a stick as a flag of truce. The messenger turned out to be a French colonel, come to ask for terms of surrender. After a very short consultation between the King and General VON MOLTKE, the messenger was told by the General that, in a matter so important as the surrender of at least 80,000 men and an important fortress, it was necessary to send an officer of high rank. "You are therefore," said the General, "to return to Sedan and tell the governor of the town to report himself immediately to the King of Prussia. If he does not arrive within an hour our guns will again open fire. You may tell the commandant that there is no use of his trying to obtain any other terms than unconditional surrender." The officer returned with this message, and about an hour later the French General REILLY rode up with a letter for the King. As soon as the French general was in sight the escort of cuirassiers and dragoons was drawn up in line, two deep. Behind the King, in front of the escort, was the staff; and ten yards in front of them again stood his Majesty, King WILLIAM of Prussia, ready to receive General REILLY.



GENERAL REILLY BEARING THE SURRENDER OF THE FRENCH ARMY AT SEDAN TO KING WILLIAM.

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That officer was the bearer of an autograph letter from the Emperor NAPOLEON to King WILLIAM. The Emperor wrote: "As I can not die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty."

On the receipt of this letter there was a brief consultation between the King, the Crown Prince (who had come over from his hill on the arrival of the flag of truce), Count BISMARCK, General VON MOLTKE, and General VON ROON. After a few minutes' conversation the King sat down on a rush-bottomed chair, and wrote a note (on another chair held as a table by two aids-de-camp) to the Emperor, asking him to come next morning to the King of Prussia's head-quarters, at Vendresse.

The next day the Emperor sought an interview with Count BISMARCK, which took place a few hundred yards outside the squalid walls of the village of Donchery, near Sedan. The humble cottage of a poor weaver stood near the place, and Count BISMARCK led the way and entered it. The room was not pleasant, and the Count walked up the stairs. The apartment was filled by the hand-loom and appliances of the weaver; so he descended, and found the Emperor sitting on a stone outside. Two chairs were brought out of the cottage. The Emperor sat down in one; Count BISMARCK took the other, and placed it on his Majesty's left-hand side. The officers in attendance on their fallen master lay down, some distance away, upon a small plot of grass in front of the cottage. The conversation was a strange one. The great point to be gained was peace; but no assurance of it could be obtained by Count BISMARCK. The Emperor stated that he had no power; could not negotiate a peace; could not give orders to the army or Marshal BAZAINE. The Empress was Regent of France, and on her and her Ministers must devolve the negotiations. So Count BISMARCK thereupon remarked that it was of no avail to hold any further conversation on political matters with his Majesty, and that it would be of no use to see the King. The Emperor desired to see the King in person, but Count BISMARCK declared it was not possible to accede to his Majesty's wishes until the capitulation had been signed. Then, as the conversation was becoming rather dangerous, and as the situation was becoming difficult on both sides, they ended it. The interview terminated. Count BISMARCK went to see the King; the Emperor withdrew to consult his officers.

At half past eleven the following terms were agreed upon between General WIMPFFEN and General MOLTKE: "The garrison and army of Sedan to surrender as prisoners of war, to be sent into Germany; officers to be liberated on parole not to serve again during the war; all horses, guns, and munitions of war to be given up."

About two o'clock the King, with his body-guard and escort of cuirassiers, attended by the Crown Prince and staff of general officers, proceeded to a château outside Sedan, and received the Emperor, who came with his personal followers and staff, in charge of an escort, which was ranged on the other side of the avenue facing the cuirassiers. The King and his captive retired into the glass house off one of the saloons of the drawing-room floor, and they could be seen by the staff outside engaged in earnest dialogue. After the interview with the King the Emperor had a few moments' conversation with the Crown Prince, during which he was much agitated when alluding to the manner of the King.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1870.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE action of the New York Republican Convention apparently satisfied every body but the Democrats. This is the more surprising because the Democratic party in the State, in its two great branches of the SWEENY and the O'BRIEN Democracy, is such a happy family that it should surely not grudge a little harmony to the Republicans. There were, undoubtedly, serious differences and warm feeling at the Saratoga Convention, but there was no discord; and the Democratic papers are therefore reduced to the old shift of ribald abuse and misrepresentation. The question of general sympathy with the Administration was tested at the opening of the Convention, and conclusively settled; and the resolutions adopted with unanimity are not wanting in decisive clearness.

That the Convention did not prefer Mr. GREELEY as a candidate for Governor is probably not surprising to so experienced a politician. He knows that a man who has been for a generation the editor of a leading party journal, and who conceals no opinions, in the degree that he has written himself into fame has written himself out of availability as a party candidate. When the victory of a party is beyond question it may indulge its sense of respect and gratitude; but when the contest is sharp and close it will remember too much of the various hostility which so long a career of such a kind has necessarily occasioned.

The condition of the party and the certainty of a contest inclined the Convention to some man who might be considered free from such disabilities, and whose character and fair fame would commend him to the unqualified sympathy and support of the party. Such a candidate one of the largest, and undoubtedly one of the weightiest, conventions ever assembled in the State believed it had found in General WOODFORD, whom it called by a very great majority to bear its banner in the campaign—a majority which became immediately the whole Convention. With General WOODFORD is associated Mr. KAUFFMAN as Lieutenant-Governor. The objection, which is really not important, that he is from the same part of the State with General WOODFORD, is overborne by the consideration that he was nominated by the Erie delegation. Mr. PALMER, for Comptroller, is by common consent one of the best nominations that could be made by any party.

The *World* received the nomination of General WOODFORD with a sneer. It commends his opponent, Governor HOFFMAN, as a "statesman." But if epithets were arguments General GRANT would never have been elected President. Even the exquisite humor of the *World* in calling him "Hiram," throughout the campaign of 1868, did not defeat him. Let us compare the claims of these two gentlemen upon the confidence of the honest voters of New York. They are both young men, and both lawyers by profession. Mr. WOODFORD is called an unknown lawyer. But although Mr. HOFFMAN was Recorder, we have not heard that he was of any distinction in his profession. During the war Mr. HOFFMAN was of Copperhead sympathies; Mr. WOODFORD was a devoted Unionist. Mr. HOFFMAN'S very proper course of official duty led him to sentence the convicted rioters of 1863 to the utmost punishment. Mr. WOODFORD'S sense of public duty led him to leave his profession, and raise a regiment, and march against the rebels. In consequence of Mr. HOFFMAN'S sentence of the rioters his party, compelled at the end of the war to nominate a candidate who had some apparent claim upon the support of honest citizens, made Mr. HOFFMAN Mayor. So, in recognition of the great soldier element of the party in which he had been so faithful and efficient a worker, General WOODFORD was made Lieutenant-Governor.

As Lieutenant-Governor of the State he discharged all the duties of his office with universal approval. As Mayor of the city Mr. HOFFMAN'S single remarkable act was his proclamation, just before the election of 1868, virtually denying the frauds which were notorious to every body actively concerned in politics—frauds which the editor of the *World* declared were within his knowledge, and were shameful—frauds which made Mr. HOFFMAN Governor. Mr. WOODFORD left office to return to his profession. Mr. HOFFMAN, as Governor, besides the routine duties of his position, is chiefly remarkable for his obedient signing of the Erie bill, one of the most monstrous prostitutions of official authority in our history—an act done for the advantage of political intriguers whose names are familiar to the State and the country.

The *World* calls Mr. HOFFMAN "a statesman," and sneers at General WOODFORD. The voters of New York will consider the career of the two gentlemen, and decide between their claims upon the confidence and support of honest and intelligent men. It is perfectly well known who is in power when Mr. HOFFMAN appears to be Governor. It is equally well known that Mr. WOODFORD is no man's instrument, and represents that better tendency in our politics which can certainly never be developed by the Democratic party. The contest will inevitably be close; but with the Congressional law to protect the ballot-box, with the profound conviction that the promises of the Democratic party are as worthless as rebel currency, with the general feeling that Democratic ascendency would be fatal to the true welfare of the country, with a long, strong, and unanimous Republican pull, the State of New York may be rescued and restored to its old political fidelity.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

IT is to be regretted that the attitude of Great Britain—which "Americus," a learned correspondent of the *Evening Post*, calls the representative power of the Teutonic race—apparently displeases Germany, and there has been report of a very crisp Prussian demand upon the British Government to respect its neutral obligations. The complaint of Prussia is our old complaint, that Great Britain does not efficiently enforce those obligations. As to the particular offense charged, the circular of Earl GRANVILLE, the British Foreign Minister, says very truly that different nations take different views at different times of what is contraband of war, and there are no general decisions. And if there were, neutrals could still convey contraband to neutral ports, and it is too much to ask that neutrals shall do the work of belligerents.

Great Britain is not accused of furnishing arms or ammunition to France to the prejudice of Germany, nor of violating any treaty obligation, but stress is laid by Prussia upon the fact that coal has been exported to France. But Prussian authors of the best repute have held that coal is not contraband, and if it were, the offense lies in the destination of the cargo, which must be decided by the belligerent prize court, and not by the British Government. Earl GRANVILLE, in a wholly frank and manly way, states the recent exportation from Great Britain of objects that might be denounced as contraband in proof of the equity of British action.

But the eager haste with which, as we stated last week, Parliament has amended the British neutrality law, shows an anxious wish not to appear wanting in honorable neutrality, even if it does not betray a slight doubt that there may have been some real offense. The action of Parliament is a sign of friendship which Prussia can not refuse to acknowledge and accept. If the change in the British law had been made upon our complaint during the rebellion in this country, our national feeling toward Great Britain would have been very different from that which exists. Nor can we doubt that the same sagacity which dictated the circular of Earl GRANVILLE, and which, at the instance of the Government, has amended the neutrality law, will perceive the justice and propriety of an expression of regret to the United States, accompanied with an offer of a settlement of the *Alabama* claims.

It is easy to say, and to believe, that the action of Great Britain is the result of fear; that in our case she supposed we were to be defeated, and therefore did not care to prejudice the conqueror, while she is now quite sure that Germany will be the victor, and so drops an anchor to windward. This view is unquestionably partly true. But it is still possible to believe that statesmanship is not solely inspired by the basest and most selfish views, and may sometimes rise to the perception of the policy of international friendship. Every unprejudiced Englishman must certainly see that Great Britain would not have acted unwisely for herself, would neither have injured her prestige nor her power, if she had been willing, by amending her neutrality law, to show a friendly wish to respect her neutral obligations toward us. Nations are strong in the sympathy of other nations, as well as in their own power, as Germany feels at this moment. It is a truth to which we do not believe Mr. GLADSTONE and Earl GRANVILLE are blind.

Meanwhile a good understanding between Great Britain and Germany is most desirable for every reason. Civilization could no more gain by a war between those powers than by a war between the United States and Great Britain. That we have suffered by British feeling and conduct during our war is no reason that we should wish to see Great Britain in trouble; for the misfortune of England could not be the advantage of America. To spite a neighbor may gratify an emotion of hostility, but it is not a promising method of promoting the harmony or the welfare of neighborhoods. There is no man in his senses who does not wish that the differences between the United States and Great Britain may be amicably adjusted; and, for similar reasons, that the friendly relations of Germany and England may not be disturbed. The power and influence of the press to this result are incalculable, and to treat pending questions in a tone of flippancy or bitterness is to assume the gravest responsibility.

THE RIGHTS OF MINORITIES.

THE late Convention at Reading, in Pennsylvania, to consider the minority system of representation is a significant sign of political progress. Illinois has just constitutionally provided for the voice of the minority in the election of members of the Legislature and of the managers of all incorporated companies in the State; and the Pennsylvania Convention suggests to the next Legislature of that State the adoption of a similar system for the election of various officers, and an act for a Constitutional Convention to embody this and other wise provisions in the fundamental law. The proposition in its simplest form is that, in a community of two thousand voters, the views of nine hundred and ninety-nine shall not be totally disregarded, but shall have a positive and authorized expression.

The opponents of the scheme say, indeed, that practically in the case supposed the representative does not disregard the opinions of the large minority; that not only his general intelligence, but his wish not to become obnoxious in a community so evenly divided, makes him very cautious and moderate; that, in fine, the minority really tempers his action, which is all that a minority can fairly expect. But, although this seems reasonable enough, the fact is otherwise. In a country like ours, where the policy of a party necessarily prevails, the members of that party, whether elected by an almost unanimous vote or by one majority, equally support the same party measures. It would not be possible upon studying the votes in Congress, for instance, to determine which representatives of the dominant party were elected by large and which by small majorities. Where the latter is the case the opinions of the minority do not in the least affect the representative's vote, and the minority is practically unrepresented.

Again, it is said by the opponents of the system that it would lead to the representation of special interests and classes, while it is desirable that the general interest should control legislation; and that the general interest is best expressed by the majority. But this is only a plausible objection. For, in fact, nine hundred and ninety-nine persons do not represent a special interest any more than a thousand and one persons do. In both cases the numbers represent those who agree upon a policy which is best for the general interest. Probably all intelligent people would admit that a representation of special interests would be very undesirable and surely fatal to wise legislation. Indeed, the vice of much of our present legislation is that it is dictated by certain special interests. The representative is hopelessly confused by the constituent who says to him: "Sir, the bellows-makers are protected, and I demand equal protection for the makers of fine-tooth combs." There is no consistent reply to such an argument; the member must vote for the demand. But deliberately to recognize and organize such a system, to have a Congress of representatives of bellows-makers and fine-tooth combs, would be very much more inconvenient than the present system.

The obvious advantage offered by the minority representation is that it gives to the Legislature the relative weight of numbers and opinion that actually exists in the country. If it be said that in critical emergencies this is not advisable, because great unanimity of sentiment and action is then often indispensable, and that it could not be expected in an exact representation of differing opinions, it must, on the other hand, be remembered that when great emergencies arise, as now in France, there is virtual unanimity in the Legislature, and that one of the advantages of minority representation is that it diminishes the probabilities of such emergencies. If the anti-slavery sentiment of the country had been proportionately represented in Congress, the insolent audacity of the slavery Democracy would have been checked.

It is evidently a subject which is exciting the interest of political thinkers. It made its appearance in our recent Constitutional Convention upon the proposition of Mr. HALE, then of Essex; and it was in a certain form adopted at the election of Judges of Appeals in the spring. Nor has any change so radical ever been received with more favor. Ex-Senator BUCKALEW, of Pennsylvania, has been one of the most earnest advocates of the reform; and he very truly says that it is in no sense a partisan, but a truly patriotic movement.

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE WAR.

AN influential Western German paper, the *Anzeiger des Westens*, published at St. Louis, calls attention to the striking fact that, with a few insignificant exceptions, "the entire Democratic press in America has taken side in the present war for France." And it adds, that "the insults which the Democratic papers now heap upon the Germans strike deep, and will not be forgotten." But the fact ought not to surprise any one who is familiar with the Democratic press. It is always upon the side which surprises the *Anzeiger*. The most malignant criticisms of JOHN BRIGHT, and other European liberals, that have appeared in the United States, have been those of Democratic papers; and Democratic papers also have steadily sung the praises of LOUIS NAPOLEON and Cæsarism. By all kinds of innuendoes and implications against those who were conspicuously opposed to him, by exculpations of his worst acts and by making the most of the less nefarious, the influence of that press has been generally thrown in favor of the Napoleonic empire.

Naturally, therefore, since the war began the Democratic press has vehemently favored the Emperor. We do not recall one hearty protest in any Democratic paper against the utterly wanton conduct of LOUIS NAPOLEON, which has brought such calamities upon the French people and upon Europe. That the war is any thing more than a trial of strength between two armies it seems not to be able to perceive. When LOUIS NAPOLEON put forth his foolish proclamation, its criticism was that he managed his case skillfully, and the events daily reported are interpreted as unfavorably to Germany as they possibly can be. The attempts of the Democratic papers to evacuate this position of hostility to the Germans in the war, and through them to European liberal progress, are as comical as they are futile. But the ludicrous effort only seems to show an uneasy consciousness of having blundered. It does not in the least disclose any perception of the fact that the cause of Germany is that of liberty and justice, as much for France as for itself. Indeed, the sincerity of fine words, extorted only by fears of political harm at home, and which are contradicted by the uniform tone of the papers that now use them, is not very impressive. Papers that have for years praised LOUIS NAPOLEON, and remember to say a few phrases about the people of Europe only when he is humbled, are not likely to deceive the dullest of their readers.

But the secret of the Democratic sympathy with LOUIS NAPOLEON, and of Democratic hostility to the Germans, which the *Anzeiger* remarks, is not merely the fact that some Irish capital was expected to be made out of it, as the Fenians had declared for France; it is much deeper. It is that the Democratic press for a

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generation has been engaged in inventing excuses for slave-masters at home, and therefore naturally sympathizes with despots abroad. It has no sympathy with liberty in Europe, because it has been the relentless enemy of liberty in the United States. At this very moment, when it is unwillingly forced to say an apparently kind word for the poor masses in Europe, it is striving to put the poor masses of half of this country under the heel of hatred and prejudice. The moral and political perception of such a press is necessarily obscured. The intelligent and honorable public sentiment of this country has sympathized with Germany in the war, as in our late war it took part with the loyal men and the slaves in the Southern States against the oligarchy of Democratic rebel chiefs. But the former apologists of slavery, and the present enemies of equal political rights at home, are instinctively the friends of Cæsarism and the empire abroad.

And even had the present war been merely a contest between KING WILLIAM and LOUIS NAPOLEON, the fact that it was brought on without a pretense of excuse, "begun at the end," as GASPARIN says, by the Emperor, would have determined the sympathy of just and honorable minds. For all the horrible carnage of the last weeks at Haguenau, before Metz, and upon the Meuse—for the anguish of innumerable homes in France and Germany—for the devastation of peaceful countries, the ruin of great public works, and the incalculable waste and loss of war—for the present untold suffering of the people, and for the weight of taxation that will long keep fresh the bitterness of to-day, LOUIS NAPOLEON is morally responsible. The people of Europe, of France as well as of Germany, and the people of the United States, will neither forget him nor his feeble apologists elsewhere.

THE DUTY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

IT is under disastrous circumstances that the new republic begins in France, and every humane man will wish it moderation and sagacity. But the Foreign Minister, M. JULES FAVRE, began with something very like a mistake. He apparently expected Germany to stop the war. But Germany did not begin it. M. FAVRE declares that the King said he was defending himself against the Emperor, and, as the Emperor is gone, M. FAVRE seemed to expect the German armies to retire. But how was the Emperor able to attack Germany? Because of the support of France. The French people have adopted the Emperor's war, and it is for them to say that they wish to stop.

Before these words are printed we hope that they may do so. Certainly until then the King has no alternative. If from the field of Sedan he had said to the French people, "Have you had enough, and will you make peace?" there would have been a war of defiance. When he comes under the walls of Paris, if he reiterates the demand, and Paris should reply that it treats with no enemy who stands upon the soil of France, what is KING WILLIAM to do? Is he to retire beyond the Rhine, propose his conditions, and resume the war if they are rejected? Would the United States of America do so under similar circumstances? The controlling fact of the situation is, that France has adopted the war, and must, therefore, make the first overtures of peace. And this not from any Quixotic point of pride, but from the necessities of the situation. What possible security could Germany have that France, revived under a republic, would not renew the attack?

It is the moment for foreign and friendly states to represent to France the demands of the situation, and we have little doubt that they are doing so even now. That France has become a republic does not justify the war. The Germans are on French soil, indeed, but they are there because of the Emperor's war. France has rejected the Emperor; let her repudiate his war, and the Germans will retire. This is the logic of the situation, which M. JULES FAVRE seems to have failed to comprehend; and it is not affected by the change of the form of government.

THE OLD SERPENT.

THE tenacious refusal of the Democratic party to recognize any of the fundamental changes wrought by the war, or, more truly speaking, made evident by the war, is extraordinary. But it is not to be regretted, as it reveals more plainly the tendency and policy of the party. If the bloody attempt at secession might have been supposed to prove any thing, it is that the people of this country will not tolerate the old theory of State sovereignty. Any effort to recuperate that doctrine is necessarily anarchical. That the Union is paramount; that the States, equal as they constitutionally are, have no right, upon any pretense whatever, to disturb the Union, which is the guarantee of that common equality, has been settled finally and forever. The attempt, therefore, to insinuate the old dogma, and under obscure phrases to renew the declaration of the State authority as supreme, is merely a reopening of the whole angry discussion.

Thus the Democratic party of Georgia, not daring to assert openly that the State reserves the right to withdraw from the Union if it chooses, but wishing to foster as ugly and hostile a feeling as possible, has just resolved:

"That the Democratic party of the State of Georgia stand upon the principles of the Democratic party of the Union, bringing into special prominence, as applicable to the present extraordinary condition of the country, the unchangeable determination that this is a Union of States, and the indestructibility of the States, and of their rights, and of their equality with each other, is an indispensable part of our political system."

This is part of the whole policy of the non-acquiescence of the Democratic party in the results of the war and in reconstruction. It is not satisfied with the decision in the field, nor with the repeated judgments of the country. It is not content with the election of 1868, which was an appeal to the people upon the validity of Republican reconstruction, which proceeded upon views wholly irreconcilable with the Democratic dogmas. Indeed, the Democratic party knows only too well that the moment it leaves its old ground of injustice to the negro, and concedes that every citizen should be civilly and politically equal, and that the States form a really national Union, and not a confederacy at the pleasure of a packed vote of its weakest member, that moment it is irretrievably lost. It coheres as a party because it is the organization of all the disaffected to the Government upon every ground, and of all who still cherish the theories which hard experience has exposed and refuted.

It is for the people of the country to decide whether its peace and progress are likely to be promoted by a party which steadily insists that the Union is a mere league of sovereign States—the dogma of CALHOUN, and inevitably the root of endless jealousy and confusion.

A BRITISH STATUE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT, known as "Historicus" of the London *Times*, writes to that paper a letter upon the projected statue to STONEWALL JACKSON by his British admirers, which is to be erected at Richmond. He very vehemently accuses MR. BERESFORD HOPE and his friends of mischief-making, and exhorts them to spend their money more wisely. But that is advice thrown away. MR. BERESFORD HOPE and his friends are constantly engaged in demonstrating that they are not wise men, and therefore they can not act wisely.

On the other hand, "Historicus" need not be troubled for us. If the friends of STONEWALL JACKSON wish to erect a statue to him, they can do so without exasperating any body. But it would be a very foolish thing to do, because bronze endures longer than the men or the passions of any period. And when the Southern feeling that attended our late war has gradually passed away, as it surely will—"the King over the water" will not be always toasted—the cause in which STONEWALL JACKSON fought will be more remembered than the skill and sagacity which he displayed in fighting. His valor was horribly misapplied. If the statue were erected, and a true inscription placed upon the pedestal, it would read: "To a religious man and a brave soldier, who fell in the effort to extend human slavery."

MR. BERESFORD HOPE and his friends might wisely consider whether that is the kind of memorial which the descendants of STONEWALL JACKSON would wish to see.

NOTES.

THE New York *World* speaks of "the note of freedom summoning the people to possess their own" as the "one only clarion note which rouses the Democratic heart." Considering that the maintenance and extension of the most hopeless system of slavery in the world was for a generation the chief policy of the Democratic party, that it now bitterly opposes the political equality of a large part of the people of this country, and that its "one only clarion note" is the cry "D— the nigger!" the reader of this amusing assertion will naturally remark, with Mr. Squeers: "Here's richness!"

TWELVE years ago MR. SEWARD made a speech at Rochester, in which he defined the great contest in the country between liberty and slavery as "the irrepressible conflict." Thereupon he was fiercely attacked in many newspapers as if he had advised universal hatred and bloodshed. One paper especially, because of his simple statement of a fact, pursued him for years as the author of "the brutal and bloody manifesto." In the same paper, which has seen the justification of MR. SEWARD'S words, we now read in reference to his journey to China: "Heaven keep the grand old statesman through the long journey that he has undertaken. He has escaped the assassin's knife and survived long years of arduous labor for his country, and when he dies at last we hope it will be within the limits of that country and in his own homestead." What a pity that the paper was not keen enough to perceive that MR. SEWARD was a grand old statesman, instead of a brutal and bloody disorganizer, at the time when the perception might have been of some use to the country!

ARCHBISHOP M'CLOSKEY, in his address replying to the welcome from the members of his diocese, also says, substantially, that the dogma of Papal Infallibility has always been held by the Roman Catholic Church. The Archbishop, however, must be aware that this assertion is directly and unconditionally denied by some of the chief scholars and dignitaries of his Church. And, as we have already shown from the words of the dogma, if the doctrine as now announced has been always held by the Church, the action of the Council is wholly superfluous, because the Pope, according to the words of the dogma, is infallible whether the Council acknowledges the fact or not.

THE HARPERS have just issued a "Life of Dickens," by the author of the "Life of Thackeray," which is a delightful sketch of the career and works of the novelist. The work, which is of moderate size and cost, is enriched by some very interesting illustrations of the houses in which MR. DICKENS lived at various times, and in which he wrote his different tales. There are also several of the portraits taken at different times in his career, and a study of DICKENS'S characters, drawn by "Phiz," MR. HABLOT K. BROWNE, who was the original delineator of most of the famous DICKENS figures. The book has also an account of the unpleasant difference between DICKENS and THACKERAY—a difference which was happily forgotten before THACKERAY died. The tone and treatment of the interesting subject of this little book are unexceptionable, and it is sure to hold a permanent place among the memorials of the author.

THE HARPERS have also published an American novel, "The New Timothy," by the author of "Inside;" and it is truly an American novel, and one of the most original and racy. Like the "Chronicle of Secession," which was the sub-title of "Inside," it is rather a series of continuous sketches than a regularly developing tale. The theme is the life of a young clergyman in a Southwestern village, just before the war; and around him are collected groups of figures and pictures of society and scenery which are unique in themselves, and are brought out with the most vivid touches of humorous characterization. The book is well worth reading for its freshness and spirit, its shrewd observation, and insight into character.

THE Prince De Joinville, who was first known in this country as a young naval officer upon *La Belle Poule*, and who danced gayly at the balls of the last generation in New York, and who afterward came, during our war, a graver and older man, with sympathies for the good cause, has just written a manly and touching letter upon the French situation. He takes of course, and with fervor, the part of his country. He sees only France desolated and stricken. But he feels the want of leadership. "We must be commanded. Shall we be so?" And again: "If our army finds a chief to direct it, the efforts of the Prussians will be exhausted in the centre of France, and they will find their Borodino there. Nothing is lost, and I still dream of a great national movement by which France will hurl the enemy from her soil. Hours, minutes, are precious. I am no longer myself." The Prince, who is a man, like his brothers, of intelligence and capacity, says that he can not understand the action of the French Chambers, as if there could be any other thought than national unity and salvation. He says that he has received no reply to his offer to serve in the army under the Emperor, and asserts: "Whatever may be the character of the present Government, it is better than a provisional one, from the simple fact that it is organized. And, if resistance can be prolonged, it is it alone which will have to submit to the law of the conqueror. But any thing in preference to this alternative." Nothing could more plainly show the extremity of France than such a letter from such a man.

MR. FREDERICK KAPP, long a well-known citizen of New York, and a most efficient Commissioner of Emigration, who returned to Germany to reside, last spring, gives the following explanation of the greater readiness of the Prussians for the war:

"The reason why we were ready sooner than the French is that the French marched their regiments, incomplete as they were, to the frontier, and ordered those who were on leave, or who belonged to their reserves, to join their regiments singly as well as they could. These men were scattered all over France, while according to the Prussian system every regiment is raised in a certain district, where the reserves and those on leave of absence can be called in a few hours. When a Prussian regiment reaches the place of its destination it is complete and ready to fight, while it is very difficult in France and other states of Europe to reach the normal war strength of the various regiments; in all cases more men were ready for service in every Prussian regiment than were required to make them complete. As much as possible the married Landwehr men were refused, because a sufficient number of single men offered themselves. Those Landwehr men who distinguished themselves in the war of 1866 are assigned to the fortresses, in order to give the younger ones an opportunity to serve in front."

NOTWITHSTANDING the vehement assertion upon the part of many of the bishops who were at the Council, especially of Archbishop PURCELL, that the new dogma does not give the Pope any claim to political supremacy beyond his own dominions, we observe that the Baron VON BEUST, the sagacious Austrian Prime Minister, urged the abrogation of the Concordat between Austria and Rome, upon the ground that it was impossible to maintain relations with a power whose pretensions were suddenly found to be illimitable.

IN his "Life of Charles Dickens," published by Messrs. T. B. PETERSON & Co., Philadelphia, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE offers us a most entertaining and instructive personal and literary history. DR. MACKENZIE is a very warm admirer but not an indiscriminate eulogist of the great author, and his graphic and vivacious pen carries the reader on from page to page, from one event of DICKENS'S life to another, from one book to the next, blending the story of the man and the author so intimately that the whole work leaves a very characteristic impression of its subject; for in the minds of all his admirers the man DICKENS is inseparable from the novelist. The book is full of fresh anecdotes, and of copious information and speculation upon the originals of many of the most familiar characters in the novels, and it is enriched with a collection of many of DICKENS'S uncollected pieces and notes hitherto unpublished, with his will and Dean STANLEY'S sermon. It is a fresh and most pleasant survey of the busy and beneficent life of one of the greatest of our contemporaries. Necessarily, it was written in haste, but obviously, also, the material has been carefully collected, and was held in readiness. To the same haste we must attribute one or two little "digs," which we are sorry to see, and which jar upon the general good-humor of a book which will be read with great interest by every one who begins it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

IMMEDIATELY after the declaration of *déchéance* by the Corps Législatif, and the formation of a provisional government, the Republic was proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville. A government of national defense, composed of eleven members and all the Deputies of Paris, was constituted, and ratified by popular acclamation. The names of the eleven are Arago, Emanuel Cremieux, Jules Favre, Jules Ferry, Gambetta, Garnier-Pages, Glais-Bizoin, Eugene Pelletan, M. Picard, Rochefort, and Jules Simon. General Trochu was appointed Minister of War, in place of Count Palikao, and continued in the position of Governor of Paris.

The new ministry at once entered into negotiations with foreign powers, several of which promptly recognized the Republic as a government *de facto*, the United States being among the first. The King of Prussia, it is said, declines to acknowledge the new government, and continues to regard Napoleon III. as the rightful ruler of France.

Immediately after the surrender of Marshal M'Mahon's army the Prussians, leaving a large force to watch Bazaine at Metz, advanced upon Paris by two routes, on the north from Sedan, and on the east from Chalons, and were expected to unite before the French capital about the 14th inst. The defenses of the city are said to be complete. It is generally admitted that no regular siege can take place without such an augmentation of the Prussian army as would take every able-bodied man in Germany. King William is said to have declared that he would not attempt to reduce the city by a bombardment, but would starve the inhabitants into submission by cutting the railway communications, shutting off supplies, and keeping the population in a constant panic by means of harassing cavalry raids. Meanwhile the most energetic efforts are making to provision the city for a long siege, and the military strength of the defenders has been greatly augmented by the arrival of General Vinoy from Chalons with a powerful corps d'armée. The railroads and forests about the city have been destroyed, so as to delay the Prussian advance.

Marshal Bazaine still holds out at Metz. It was rumored, but apparently without foundation, that he recently made a successful sortie, and that a large portion of his army broke through the Prussian lines and escaped. The defense of Strasbourg is heroically maintained. It is reported that a deputation has set out from Berne to intercede with King William against the further bombardment of a city which can exert no influence on the fortune of the war. The little fortress of Toul holds out gallantly at last advices, and the Garde Mobile defending it have made a sortie with some damage to the besiegers. Laon, a small town on the line of the Prussian advance, surrendered to escape bombardment. The Prussians blew up the fortifications.

A London dispatch says that three energetic dispatches have gone through from Washington to Berlin, all against a continuance of the war.

The Empress Eugénie and her son are at the Marine Hotel in Hastings, England. Her meeting with the Prince Imperial was most sad and touching. The Prince threw himself into his mother's arms, sobbing, "*O, mon pauvre papa!*"

It is reported that intrigues among some of the German princes have occasioned great uneasiness at Berlin, and that King William has been entreated to return home.

The Paris correspondent of the *World* telegraphs that advices from Florence indicate that the Italian government has determined to forestall all revolutionary movements in Italy and Rome by an official occupation of the Roman territory, without the slightest intention of harming the Pope, but to preserve the Catholic world from a great catastrophe. Several members of the College of Cardinals have given in their adhesion to the necessity of this step. The Italian army now holds all the roads north and south leading into the Roman territory. An Italian squadron is at Civita Vecchia. No conflict is anticipated with the Zouaves, General Kemzler, the Papal War Minister, having given his opinion that the Papal forces do not justify any attempt at resistance. The Prussian government has notified the Italian government that it has no intention of interfering in any way with the question of Rome. Upon the occupation of the city a popular vote will be taken throughout the Papal States upon the annexation of the Papal territory to Italy.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The British iron-clad *Captain*, one of the most powerful war ships ever launched, foundered off Cape Finisterre, during a sudden gale, on the night of September 6. She had 500 men on board, all of whom but eighteen were lost.

A convention of Roman Catholic professors at Nuremberg, Germany, has demanded a new council to revise the proceedings of the recent Œcumenical Council.

It is stated in England that the British and French governments, as soon as the latter is settled, will declare war upon China, in order to obtain satisfaction for the massacres at Tien-tsin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York State Convention of War Veterans met at Saratoga September 6, and passed a long list of resolutions, indorsing General Grant's administration, expressing sympathy for the Germans in the present war, and for the Cubans in their struggle, and urging integrity, union, and harmony in the councils of the Republican party.

Mr. Wendell Phillips has been nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the Labor Reform Convention of that State.

The diminutive craft, the *City of Ragusa*, three tons burden, arrived safely at Boston on the 8th instant, having made the trip from Queenstown in eighty days.

Over a million of dollars have been left by the late John Simmons, of Boston, to found a female seminary.

An immense natural cave has been discovered near Corinne, Utah. It has been explored for two miles without any terminating or outlet being found.

The Kioway Indians are reported as behaving outrageously, stealing provisions, driving off cattle, and defying the authority of their agent. They have, however, given up the captive Krosier family, consisting of a mother and five children, and received $600 as a ransom.

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WOUNDED FRENCH PRISONERS ESCORTED FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD BY A DETACHMENT OF BAVARIANS.
[See PAGE 620.]

IMPERIAL HEAD-QUARTERS AT GRAVELOTTE, FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE EMPEROR'S DEPARTURE.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

SCENE IN ETAIN, ON THE ROAD FROM METZ TO VERDUN.
[SEE PAGE 615.]

A BURYING PARTY OF FRENCH PEASANTS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.
[SEE PAGE 615.]

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER II.

How the Danish Adventurers settled Reykjavik.—Primitive Substitute for Chart and Compass.—The Interior of Iceland.—A Volcanic Chasm.—Traveling on Horseback.

ABOUT eight hundred years ago two young Danish noblemen, who had made themselves amenable to the law, by some act of rapine or violence, found themselves compelled to quit their country. They were still strong enough, however, to attach to themselves a considerable number of attendants and followers—sufficient to found a colony—and they concluded to sail to the northwest, and take possession of some one of the islands which were known to exist there; for the art of navigation, as rudely though very effectively practiced in those days, had already made very considerable progress.

So they embarked their goods and their men on board a ship, and set sail. It seems that the Faroe Islands had already been settled, for the account states that they touched at these islands on their way, to visit some friends. On leaving the Faroe Islands they steered to the northward, in search of Iceland, and they adopted a very ingenious mode of finding it. They had three or four sacred birds on board, such as it seems were customarily used by navigators in those times for the purpose about to be described. After sailing two days they released one of the birds from the deck of the ship, accompanying the act with certain very solemn religious ceremonies. The bird ascended high into the air, and then, after apparently making its survey, turned to the southward and flew back toward the Faroe Islands. This made it evident that the voyagers had not yet proceeded far enough.

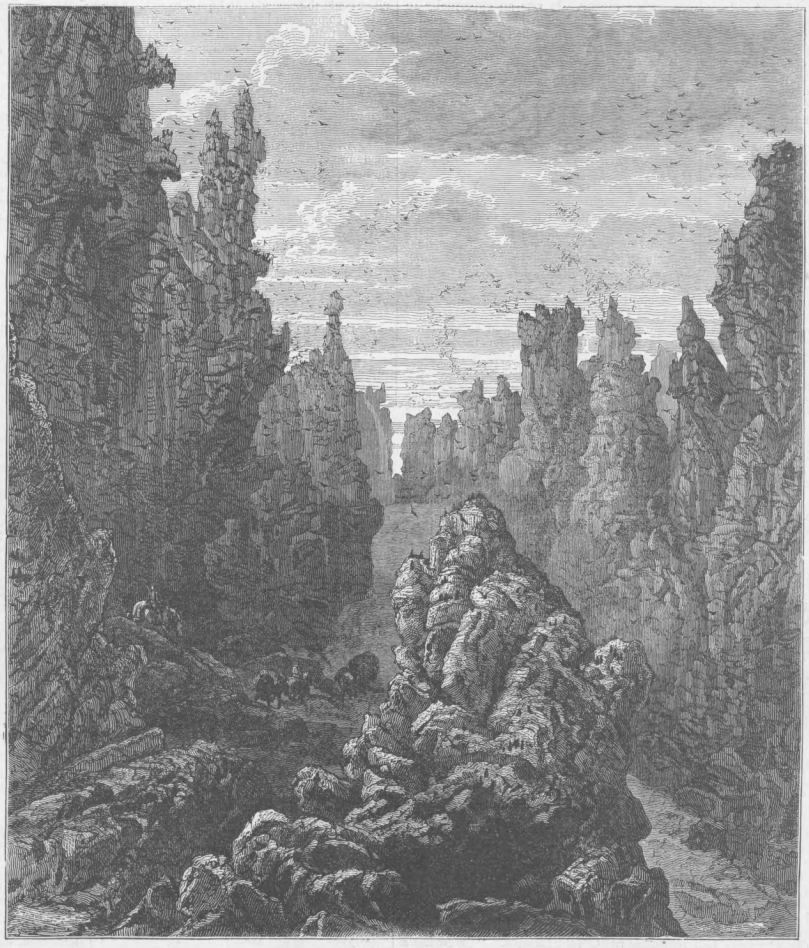
They sailed on for two days more, and then released another bird. This second messenger went high into the air, and after hovering about for a time, descended and alighted again on board the ship.

They sailed on. A day or two afterward they sent forth a third bird. This last envoy, after ascending as the others had done, flew off toward the northward. They inferred that the land of their destination was in sight, and followed the direction which the flight of the bird had indicated.

Whether this method of finding the way at sea, in lieu of the compass, quadrant, and charts of the present day, was invented by the navigators of those times, or was derived from the Mosaic account of Noah and his dove, is left to conjecture.

When the ship which conveyed these adventurers approached the coast they decided upon their place of landing not through any survey or examination of the shores, but by means of a religious rite very characteristic of the times. They threw overboard certain pieces of wood which were derived from their ancient household goods or furniture—and so were invested with a sacred character in their eyes—and followed these as their guide, wherever the winds and currents conveyed them. They were led in this way to the harbor of Reykjavik, so says the legend; and in this way that spot became the seat of the colony.

DEPARTURE OF A TRAVELER.



A VOLCANIC CHASM.

The settlement which these adventurers thus commenced was increased from time to time, by the coming of other fugitives and exiles, until at length it became quite an important colony. The rapidity of its growth was greatly increased by religious persecution in the mother country, in consequence of which, in the two or three succeeding centuries, great numbers of people were driven from their native land. It is melancholy to think to how great an extent the dispersion of mankind over the earth, in modern times, has been owing to the cruelty and hate which superstition, in the name of religion, has enkindled in the heart of man against his fellow-man. Results of vast and inexpressible benefit to the race have thus been accomplished through the agency of the most hateful passions, and at the cost of an inconceivable amount of the most intense and bitter individual suffering.

The colony gradually increased as centuries rolled on, and though the resources of the community were small, the people were frugal and industrious; and as a regular, though not frequent, intercourse was kept up with the mother country, a considerable degree of refinement and cultivation was attained by certain classes of the inhabitants. A recent visitor to the island, from whose narrative we derive many of the facts stated in this article, M. Noël Nugaret, says that he found sixteen pianos in Reykjavik, and that during the five open months of the year the fashionable society of the place, consisting of the families of the merchants, the government officers, the professors in the institutions of learning, and the naval officers from on board the ships of various nations which during that season often visit those seas, are as much occupied, in their measure, with dinners, balls, concerts, and parties of pleasure of every kind, as the corresponding class in any of the great cities of more genial climes.

Journeying can only be performed on horseback, as there are no roads in the country, and consequently no carriages. The interior of the island is a vast desert of ragged volcanic rocks, interspersed here and there with sulphureous plains, gloomy and solitary lakes, and vast chasms, made terrible sometimes by craters still burning, and sometimes by vent-holes ejecting steam and stones and fire. When we consider that the island is about three hundred miles long and two hundred broad, it is easy to see how great the difficulties must be of making any general exploration of so vast a territory, with no roads, no inhabitants, no water communications, no resources for food, and no natural shelter.

Still the people have a mode of journeying of their own. They have a race of horses on the island somewhat like the ponies of the neighboring Shetlands—small, wild, or at least not more than half civilized, but which answer tolerably well as beasts of burden, provided the burdens are not too heavy. The amount of baggage which a party requires is large, as the tents, the forage, the provisions, and every thing else that is required must be carried, even to a supply of horseshoes and nails; and as the animals are not strong enough to carry the requisite loads continuously, and as no relays can be procured on the route, it is necessary to take two sets of beasts, so that each may do the work in turn and relieve the others, those relieved having thus only to walk along at their ease, with no burdens to bear, until their turn comes round again. This system involves the necessity of taking a large number of animals, which make, when the party is moderately large, quite a long cavalcade.

The horses employed on this service are provided with very little harness or tackling. The silence and solitude, when they fairly enter the interior, being such that they seem to be inspired, like the human visitor whom they convey, with a sense of solemnity and awe, and are only too glad to keep at all times close to their companions. At the commencement of their journey, however, they are usually ready enough to break away from the caravan and return, so that some restraint upon their freedom is required for a certain time. The arrangement made to secure this is to fasten the spare horses each between two burdened ones, and to connect the whole train by fastening the head of each horse to the tail of the one preceding him. Thus the traveler at the outset of his journey sees a very whimsical cavalcade setting out before him, with his guide on the foremost horse to lead the way.

It is necessary to keep the horses thus under restraint for some distance, until they are far enough away from home to feel when freed a greater sense of

ICELAND LADIES.

THE BISHOP.

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safety in keeping with their companions than in attempting to return. Both men and horses are glad when this time comes; the horses because they are liberated from restraint, and the men because they can now travel at their ease, and at a more rapid rate. For, of course, while fastened together in a line in such a manner, it is only at a very slow pace that animals can advance over so rough a country, with nothing but the merest tracks to guide them, as in the interior of Iceland there are no roads. When liberated from their fastenings to each other the horses can go on pretty well, and they all, whether laden or light, follow on very obediently in line, unless, perchance, a spot of verdure comes within sight, as they are moving along. Then they have no hesitation in breaking ranks and making the best of their way, heedless of all remonstrances, to the alluring spot. Here they become completely "demoralized," and it requires disciplinary measures of the most energetic character, on the part both of the traveler and his guide, to bring them back to their duty. Some of them are so intoxicated with delight that they lie down and attempt to roll upon the grass, with their burden of baggage bound to their backs.

Nor is the country entirely without inhabitants. As far back as any vegetation extends a hut is here and there found, occupied by the peasant owner of the animals that feed upon the grass. These huts are roofed with turf, and some of them, from a distance, present the aspect of a mere grass-covered mound of earth, built up in some sheltered corner or recess of the rocks, with an opening for entrance in one end, like the hole of a wild beast, or the entrance to a tomb. Some of these peasants have rude refreshments to sell to such passing travelers as come their way.

In some portions of the island there are groups of these scattered habitations sufficient in number to accommodate a population large enough to form a parish, and to require a church. The churches thus provided are, perhaps, the simplest and most unpretending temples of worship to be found on the globe. They are built of wood, on foundations of lava. Many of them stand in the most wild and solitary places, and are accessible only by the roughest paths; and they are often used, as will be seen more fully in the sequel, for other than religious purposes. The minister lives in the neighborhood of the church, sometimes in one of the semi-subterranean huts already described. The religion is Lutheran. There are one or two hundred churches scattered around the shores, and for a short distance into the interior of the island, over whom one bishop, a man of simple habits, and free and familiar in his intercourse with the people, presides.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

WORKING ON A PIVOT.

NEVER had Richard been in such high spirits as on the evening of that day on which Harry had made confession to him of her love, and had promised to be his wife should her father's consent be gained. It was true that she had been far from sanguine upon the latter point; but Richard had his reasons for being of a different opinion. It would be better, every way, if he could obtain Trevethick's good-will; not that he at all shared in the girl's dread of his anger, but because it really seemed that if he married her from her father's roof he should be fulfilling his mother's injunctions in making alliance with an heiress. What with his two thousand pounds in gold, and his inn, and his lucky mine, it was plain that the old man would have no despicable sum to leave behind him; and yet, to do Richard justice, this only formed an additional incentive to a project upon which, at all events, he had long set his heart. He had resolved at all hazards to make the girl his wife. His love for her was as deep as it was passionate; and now that he was assured from her own lips of its being returned, his heart was filled with joy, and spoke out of its abundance. It had been hitherto his habit in that family circle round the bar-parlor fire to play the part of listener rather than of talker. He had mainly confined himself to the exhibition of an attentive interest in Solomon's stories, or in his host's sagacious observations with respect to the investment of capital, such as: "One couldn't be too cautious where one put one's money;" and, "Where the interest was high the risk was great, and where it was low it was not worth while to let it leave one's hand." Next to the subject of local superstition, "investment" was the favorite subject of debate between Trevethick and "Sol;" and Richard, whose ignorance insured his impartiality, had been the judicious scale-holder between them. But upon the present occasion it was the young artist who led the talk and chose the matter. He told them of the splendors of Crompton and of the marvelous prodigality of its owner, and they listened with greedy ears. To vulgar natures, the topic of mere wealth is ever an attractive one, and in the present instance there was an additional whet to appetite in the connection of Carew with Gethin. He was naturally an object of curiosity to his tenant Trevethick, and never before had the old man had the opportunity of hearing at first hand of the eccentricities of the Squire. In relating them Richard took good care to show by implication on what intimate terms he stood with him, and hinted at the obligation under which he had put him by throwing his park gate open so opportunely. The impression which he left upon his audience, and desired to leave, was, that Carew was indebted to him for having saved his life.

"Then it is likely the Squire would do any thing for you that you chose to ask him?" observed Trevethick, with the thought of his own debt to Solomon's father doubtless in his mind.

"Well, he certainly ought to do so," answered Richard, carelessly; "but, on the other hand, it is not very probable that I shall put him to the test."

"Just so," returned Trevethick, sucking at his pipe; "you're independent of the likes of him."

"Altogether," was Richard's reply.

The old man spoke no more, but sat in a cloud of smoke and thought for the rest of the evening. Even when "Sol" rose up to go—Harry having retired long since, for they kept very early hours at the *Gethin Castle*—the landlord did not, as usual, accompany him, but mixed himself another glass of his favorite liquor. As for Richard, it was not his custom to seek his bed until after midnight; so Trevethick and he were left to one another's company. It was an opportunity to which the latter had been looking forward for many a day, but which he had never desired so keenly as at that moment.

"Are you likely to be at Crompton soon again?" inquired the landlord, pursuing the subject of the evening's talk.

"I have no intention of going there at present," returned Richard. "The fact is, Mr. Trevethick, between ourselves, I am but a poor man in comparison with many of those I meet there, and their ways and habits are too expensive for me."

"Ay! gambling and such like, I suppose?" observed the landlord, cunningly. "It is 'Light come light go' with the money of that sort of folk, I reckon."

"Just so; and though my money comes light enough—that is, I have not to earn it, since my mother makes me an allowance—I don't choose to risk it at the card-table."

"Quite right, quite right, young gentleman," answered the other, approvingly. "But there are some prudent gentry even at Crompton, I suppose. Parson Whymper, for instance, he don't gamble, do he?"

"Certainly not; he is much too sagacious a man, even if he were rich enough, to play; but for him, indeed, some say the Squire would have come to the end of his tether before this. He manages every thing at Crompton, as you know."

"And yet Carew don't want money?" said the landlord, musing.

"Well, I have been his guest," returned Richard, smiling; "and it is scarcely fair of me to speak of his embarrassments. He does not certainly want it so much but that he can still afford to indulge his whims, Mr. Trevethick, if *that's* what you mean."

"That's just what I *did* mean," said the old man, frankly. "Six months ago or so I made a certain proposition to the Squire, which would have been exceedingly to his advantage to accept—"

"And not to yours?" interrupted Richard, slyly.

"Nay, I don't say that, Sir," answered the other. "But it was one that he ought to have been glad to accept in any case, and which it was downright madness in him to refuse, if he wanted cash. It was a chance, too, I will venture to say, that will never offer itself from any other quarter. Mr. Whymper acknowledged that himself."

"I know all about the matter, Mr. Trevethick: the Squire behaved like the dog in the manger to you. He won't work the mine himself, nor yet let you work it."

"For mercy's sake, be quiet!" cried the landlord, earnestly, and looking cautiously about him. "If you know all about it, you need not let others know. What mine are you talking about? Give it a name—but speak it under your breath, man." The old man leaned forward with a white moist face, and peered into Richard's eyes as though he would read his soul.

"Wheal Danes was the name of the place, if I remember right," said Richard. "Carew has a notion that the Romans did not use it up, and that it only wants capital to make it a paying concern. It is one of his mad ideas, doubtless."

Mr. John Trevethick was not by nature a quick appreciator of sarcasm, but he could not misunderstand the irony expressed in Richard's words.

"And is *that* what you came down to Gethin about?" inquired he, with a sort of grim despair, which had nevertheless a comical effect.

Richard could only trust himself to nod his head assentingly.

"Well," cried the other, striking the table with his fist, "if I didn't think you was as deep as the devil the very first day that I set eyes on you! So you are Parson Whymper's man, are you?" And here, in default of language to express his sense of the deception that, as he supposed, had been practiced on him, Mr. Trevethick uttered an execration terrible enough for a Cornish giant.

"I am not Mr. Whymper's man at all," observed Richard, coolly. "Mr. Whymper is *my* man—or at least he will be one day or another."

"How so?" inquired the landlord, his eyes at their full stretch, his mouth agape, and his neglected pipe in his right hand. "Who, in the Fiend's name, *are* you?"

"I am the only son and heir of Carew of Crompton," answered the young man, deliberately.

"You? Why, Carew never had a son," exclaimed Trevethick, incredulously; "leastways, not a lawful one. He was married once to a wench of the name of Hardcastle, 'tis true; but that was put aside."

"I tell you I am Carew's lawful son, nevertheless," persisted Richard. "My mother was privately married to him. Ask Parson Whymper, and he will tell you the same. It is true that my father has not acknowledged me, but I shall have my rights some day—and Wheal Danes along with the rest."

The news of the young man's paternity must have been sufficiently startling to him who thus received it for the first time, and would, under any other circumstances, have doubtless excited his phlegmatic nature to the utmost; but what concerns ourselves in even a slight degree is, with some of us, more absorbing than the most vital interests of another; and thus it was with Trevethick. The ambitious pretensions of his lodger sank into insignificance—notwithstanding that, for the moment, he believed in them; for how, unless he was what he professed to be, could he know so much?—before the disappointment which had befallen himself in the overthrow of a long-cherished scheme.

"Why, Mr. Whymper wrote me with his own hand," growled he, "that in his judgment the mine was worthless, and that he had done all he could to persuade the Squire to sell. And yet you come down here to gauge and spy."

"All stratagems are fair in war and business," answered the young man, smiling. "Come, Mr. Trevethick; whatever reasons may have brought me here, I assure you, upon my honor, that they do not weigh with me now, in comparison with the great regard I feel for you and yours. If you will be frank with me, I will also be so with you; and let me say this at the outset, that nothing which may drop from your lips shall be made use of to prejudice your interests. I have gathered this much for myself, that Wheal—"

"Hush, Sir! for any sake, hush!" implored the landlord, earnestly, and holding up his huge hand for silence. "Do not give it a name again; there is some one moving above stairs."

"It is only Solomon," observed Richard, quietly.

"I don't want Sol nor any other man alive to hear what we are talking about, Mr. Yorke," answered Trevethick, hoarsely. "You have gathered for yourself, you were about to say, that the mine is rich, and well worth what I have offered for it."

"And a good deal more," interrupted Richard. "Perhaps a hundred times, perhaps a thousand times as much. We don't make so close a secret of a matter without our reasons. We don't see Dead Hands, with flames of fire at the finger-tips, going up and down ladders that don't exist, without the most excellent reasons, Mr. Trevethick. What we wish no eye to see, nay, no ear to hear spoken of, is probably a subject of considerable private importance to ourselves. Come, we are friends here together; I say again, let us be frank."

Trevethick was silent for a little; he felt a lump rise in his throat, as though nature itself forbade him to disclose the secret he had kept so long and so jealously guarded. "I have known it for these fifty years," he began, in a half-choking voice. "I found it out as a mere lad, when I went down into the old mine one day for sport, with some schoolmates. The vein lies in the lowest part of the old workings, at a depth that we think nothing of nowadays, though it was too deep for the old masters of the pit. I remember, as though it was yesterday, how my heart leaped within me when my torch shone upon it, and how I fled away, lest my schoolfellows should see it also. I came back the next day alone, to certify my great discovery. It is a good vein, if ever there was one. The copper there may be worth tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions!" Never had the numeration table been invested with such significance. Trevethick's giant frame shook with emotion; his eyes literally glared with greed.

"You have been there since?" observed Richard, interrogatively.

"Often, often," answered the other, hoarsely; "I could not keep away. But nobody else has been there. The place is dark and perilous; there are rats, and bats, and eerie creatures all about it. And folks are afraid, because of the Dead Hand and the Flame."

"*Your* hand and torch?"

"Yes. I did my best to keep the place my own; my thoughts were never absent from it for a day. And when I had earned a little money I put it by, and more to that, and more to that again, till I had got enough to make a bid for the lease of the old mine. But Carew was under age; so that fell through. I bided my time, and bid again; not much—not enough, as I fondly thought, to excite suspicion—but still what would seem a good price for a disused pit. Then I bid more and more; but Carew will neither sell nor let; and my money grows and grows in vain. I tell you I have laid by a fortune only to pour into his hand. It is ready for him to-night; there would be no haggling, no asking for time—it would be paid him in hard cash. How long, thought I, will this madman balk me with his whim? He will die some day in his cups, or break his neck in hunting, and I shall surely come in with my offer to his heir, and have my way at last, and win my prize. But now, after all my patience and my pains, I am overmatched by a Parson and a Boy." He spoke with uncommon heat and passion—not complainingly. His face was dark, and his tone violent, and even menacing. There was no mistake about his having accepted his companion's invitation to be frank.

"Mr. Trevethick," said Richard, gravely, "your disappointment would be natural enough, if your long-cherished plan had really failed; but you have misunderstood me altogether. I am grateful to you for confiding to me the whole of what I had already guessed in part; and you shall have no reason to repent your confidence. Your secret is safer now than it has ever been; for from my lips Mr. Whymper shall never have his suspicions with respect to Wheal Danes confirmed. I have been too long your guest, I feel myself too much the friend of you and yours, to act in any way to your disadvantage."

Trevethick looked at him inquiringly, suspicion and disfavor glowing in his dusky face. "But if your story is true, young gentleman, this mine will be your own some day?"

"It may, or it may not be, Mr. Trevethick. My father's intentions are not to be counted upon, as you must be well aware, for twenty-four hours. But if ever Wheal Danes is mine—" Richard hesitated a moment, while the landlord devoured him with his eyes.

"Well," cried he, impatiently, "what then?"

"I am willing to make over to you, as soon as I come of age, by deed, all interest that I may have in it—on one condition."

"Make over Wheal Danes to me by deed! What! at my own price?"

"For nothing; you shall have it for a free gift."

"But the condition? What is it that you want of me that is not money?"

"I want permission from you, Mr. Trevethick, to wed, that is—for I would not speak of love without your leave—to woo your daughter."

"To wed my daughter!" cried Trevethick, starting from his seat; "my Harry!"

"I say provided that my suit is not displeasing to her," answered Richard, not without a tremor in his voice, for the old man's face was terrible to look upon. Hatred and Wrath were struggling there with Avarice, and had the upper hand.

He rocked himself to and fro, then answered, in a stifled voice, "My daughter's hand is already promised, young man."

"It may be so, Mr. Trevethick, but not by her, I think; and that her heart has not been given to the man you have designed for her is certain. You may see that for yourself."

"I tell you I have passed my word to Solomon Coe that she shall be his wife," returned the other, gloomily, "and I am not one to go back from a bargain."

"One can only promise what is in one's power," urged Richard; "your daughter's heart is not yours to give. In backing this man's suit you have already redeemed your word to him. If he has failed to win her affections—and I think he has—let me try my chance. I am a fitter match for her in years; I am a gentleman, and therefore fitter for her, for she is a true lady. I love her a thousand times as much as he. As for Wheal Danes, I would give you twenty such, if I had them, for the leave I ask for, and the end I hope for."

It was curious to mark how the mere mention of the mine by name affected the old man; his wrath, which seemed on the very point of explosion, was checked and smoothed at once, like raging waves by oil; his brow, indeed, was still dark and frowning, but he resumed his seat, and listened, or seemed to listen, to Richard's impassioned pleading. His genuine feeling made the young fellow eloquent, and gave a tender charm to his always handsome face and winning tones.

Perhaps even the unsympathetic Trevethick was really somewhat touched; at all events, he did not interrupt him, but when he had quite finished took out his watch, and said, in a softened tone: "The hour is late, Mr. Yorke, and you have given me much to think about, to which I can not reply just now. Your communication has taken me altogether by surprise. I will answer neither 'Yes' nor 'No' at present. Good-night, Sir." He nodded, which was his usual salute at parting; but upon the young man's eagerly stretching out his hand, he took it readily enough, and gave it such a squeeze with his giant fingers as made Richard wince. Then, smiling grimly, he retired.

As his heavy step toiled up stairs Richard perceived a slip of paper on the floor, which had apparently fluttered out of the old man's watch-case. Upon it were written the three letters, B, N, Z. As he held it in his hand he heard the landlord's tread returning with unusual haste, and had only just time to replace the paper, face downward, on the sanded floor, before the other reappeared.

"I have dropped a memorandum, somewhere," said he. "It is of no great consequence, but— Oh, here it is!" He picked it up, and replaced it in the hollow of his great silver watch.

Richard, who was sitting where he had left him, looked up with a glance of careless inquiry. "Good-night again, Mr. Trevethick."

"Good-night, Sir." And again the landlord smiled in his grim fashion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BY MOONLIGHT.

RICHARD sat over the fire, revolving his late conversation with Trevethick in his mind, and picturing to himself what would probably come of it. Although the declaration of his love for Harry had been thus suddenly made, it had not been made unadvisedly. Though he had not expected the opportunity for stating it would have offered itself so soon, he had planned his whole argument out beforehand, with Wheal Danes for its pivot. And, upon the whole, he felt satisfied with its effect upon his host. The latter had not surprised him (except by his frankness) in his disclosure respecting the rich promise of the mine. Richard's own observation, aided by the clew which Parson Whymper's few chance sentences had given him, had convinced him that Wheal Danes was a most coveted object in the landlord's eyes; and had it happened to have fallen into his own hands, he did really suspect enough to have had it searched for ore from top to bottom. Trevethick had therefore lost nothing by

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his revelation (as his sagacity had doubtless foreseen), while he had made a very favorable impression upon Richard by his candor. Cornish giants, thought the latter, might be rude and brutal, but duplicity was foreign to their character; it was not Blunderbore, but Jack the Giant-killer, who dug pitfalls, and pretended to swallow what he only put in a bag.

Trevethick had certainly shown strong disfavor to the young man's suit, backed though it was by such great pretensions; and it was evident that but for his hold upon him with respect to the mine, Richard would not have been listened to so patiently. However, his mouth had not been peremptorily closed at once (as he had expected it would have been), which was a great point gained, and the longer the old man took to think about the matter the more likely was self-interest to gain the day with him. Supposing Richard's representations to have been correct, he was certainly "a better match" for Harry than Solomon was; and he had no apprehension of their being refuted. Trevethick would in all probability write to Mr. Whymper to inquire into the truth of them—but what then? He would certainly make no reference to the mine; and as to Richard being Carew's lawful son, had not the chaplain himself (whom he could count on as a friend to say all that was to his advantage besides) admitted that, in his eyes, he was born in honest wedlock? At all events, there would be ample excuse for his having taken such a view of the case; while, as to his prospects, he had frankly confessed that he was, for the present, unacknowledged by the Squire. So long, in fact, as he could keep up the pretense of influence, either present or contingent, at Crompton, he felt his position with Trevethick tolerably secure.

In all this scheme of dark deceit his love for Harry was interwoven like a golden thread, and amidst all his plots and plans her glorious face would suddenly rise unbidden, and charm him from them. He had long since resolved to win her, but the late avowal of her love for him, and now his partial success to gain her father's favor, seemed to have made her his own already. How beautiful she had looked that day upon the tower, with the sunlight on her hair! How fresh and guileless were her ways! Her very weaknesses were lovable, and the cause of love. How touching was her simple faith in omens, and how pleasant to combat it, his arm about her dainty waist, as though to protect her from the shadow of harm! How pitiful her fear of her gruff father, and of this Cornish Solomon; and how sweet to calm it, kissing her tears away! Once more his loving arms embraced her—once more his lips touched her warm cheeks—when a sudden noise awakened him from his dream of bliss.

The parlor fire had long gone out. It was warm for the time of year; but had it been otherwise he would not have replenished it. The candles, too, had burned out, and the moon-beams were streaming through the window; but had it been dark he would scarce have been aware of it. The house had long ago been hushed in repose, and yet Richard felt certain that he had heard a movement in the passage.

A stealthy step, yet not that of thief or burglar; a fairy footfall, rather, which was music to his ear. His heart leaped up to tell him that on the other side of the door was Harry Trevethick. He held his breath, and trembled—not for fear. Was it possible that, knowing he was sitting there alone, she had come down of her own choice to bear him company? Had her father told her something—some glad tidings which she could not keep from her lover even for a night? Or, filled with sweet dreams of him, as he of her, had she risen in her sleep, and been drawn involuntarily toward him by the loadstone of love? But—hark! The bolt that fastened the house-door was softly drawn, and the latch gently lifted. What *could* that mean? Why was she thus going forth alone, and clandestinely, at midnight? His heart beat faster than ever. For an instant all that he had read or heard from his wild companions, and what he had himself believed until he came to Gethin, of the wiles and inconstancy of woman, flashed upon his mind. Had he, bred in the town, and familiar with all the ways of vice, been flattered and hoodwinked by a country wanton? Impossible. For, though there were no virtue in the world, he felt assured that Harry loved him, and him alone. She must be walking in her sleep. Softly, but very swiftly, he left the parlor, and hurried to the front-door. It was closed, but unfastened. He opened it, and looked out. All was as light as day, and yet so different. Every object in the street, every stone in the cottage opposite, stood out distinct and clear, but bathed in a pale and ghostly atmosphere. The distant murmur of the sea came to him like the sigh of one just freed from pain. Nothing else was to be heard; no human tread disturbed the midnight stillness; but along the winding road that led to Turlock he caught the far-off flutter of a woman's dress. She was going at rapid speed, and the next moment had turned the corner, but not before he had recognized his Harry; and, closing the inn door softly behind him, he started after her like an arrow from the bow.

The scene of this pursuit was strange and weird enough, had Richard possessed eyes for any thing but the object of it. The sky was without a cloud, and the sea—which showed on its cold blue surface a broad and shining path where the moon-beams lay—without a ripple. On shore there was even less of motion. The bramble that threw its slender shadow on the road moved not a twig. Nature, green and pale, seemed to be cast in an enchanted sleep, and even to suspend her breathing. From the point Richard had reached he could see the road stretching for a full mile, like a white ribbon, save in the middle, where it dipped between high banks. It led to Turlock only, but at this place a foot-path struck across the fields to the Fairies' Bower. To his astonishment, though indeed he had scarcely capacity enough for further wonder, Harry took this path; he saw her climb the stile, and then for the first time look round; he sank under the hedge, to hide himself; and when he cautiously looked forth again the girl had vanished. But he knew whither she was going now. He had assisted her across that very stile but a few days ago; he had walked with her through the hazel copse, and skirted the clear trout-stream by her side; and he could follow her now at utmost speed, and with less caution, for the path was green and noiseless. He could hear his heart beat—not from want of breath—as though in accord with the silver treble of the stream, as he sped along. Through the scanty foliage of the dell he saw her light dress gleam across the wooden bridge, but he himself stopped beside it, peering through the lattice of the branches upon her as she stood on the green bank of the Wishing Well.

Never had moon-beams shone upon a sight more fair. Harry was attired as she had been on the previous evening, except that she wore a shawl, which also served her as head-gear, like a hood. This she now unfastened, and taking out the pin that had joined it together, held it above the well, which showed, as in a mirror, her leaning face and curving form, her wealth of hair, her frightened yet hopeful eyes, and the rise and fall of her bosom, filled with anxiety and superstitious awe. She had come to test her future—to foresee her fate—at Gethin Wishing Well. For an instant she poised the pin, her lips at the same time murmuring some simple charm—then dropped it into the well's clear depths, and watched it fall. As she did so, another figure seemed to glide upon the liquid mirror, at the sight of which she clasped her hands and trembled. Superstitious as she was, Harry had only half expected that her foolish curiosity would be actually gratified. Moved by the avowal of Richard's love that morning, the obstacles to which seemed to her so formidable, she had wished to see her future husband, to know how fate would decide between him she loved and him whom her father had chosen for her, and yet she was terrified now that that which she had desired was vouchsafed her. She scarcely dared to look upon yonder shadowy form, although its presence seemed to assure her of the fulfillment of her dearest wish. It was the counterfeit presentment of Richard Yorke himself; bareheaded, just as she had seen him last in the bar parlor, but with heightened color, an eager smile, and a loving gratitude in his eyes, which seemed to thank her for having thus summoned him before her. The figure was at right angles from her own, but the face was turned toward her. She gazed upon it intently, looking for it to faint and fade, since its mission had been accomplished. She even drew back a little, as though to express content, yet there was the vision still, a glorious picture in its fair round frame of moss and greenery. Supposing it should remain there (her pale face flushed at the thought) indelibly and forever, to tell the secret of her heart to all the world! Then a whisper, that seemed to tremble beneath its freight of love, whispered, "Harry! Harry!" and she looked up, and saw the substance of the shadow, her lover, standing upon the little wooden bridge!

Though Folly be near kin to Vice, she does not acknowledge the relationship, and, to do Harry Trevethick justice, she would never have made a midnight assignation with Richard in the Fairies' Bower. She was more alarmed and shocked at the too literal fulfillment of her wish than pleased to see him there. She shed tears for very shame. Whatever reserve she had hitherto maintained, with respect to her affection for him, had now, she perceived, been swept away by her own act. The scene to which he had just been an unsuspected witness was more than equivalent to a mere declaration of love: it was a leap-year offer of her hand and heart. She had no strong-hold of Duty left to which to betake herself, nor even a halting-place, such as coy maidens love to linger at a little before they murmur, "I am yours."

There was nothing left her but revilings. She poured upon him a torrent of contumely, reproaching him for his baseness, his cowardice, his treachery in tracking her hither, like a spy, to overhear a confession that should have been sacred with him of all men. Whatever that confession might have been—and, to say truth, so utterly possessed had she been by her passionate hopes, her loving yearnings, that she knew not what she had merely felt, what uttered aloud—she now retracted it; she had no tenderness for eaves-droppers, for deceivers, for—she did not know what she was saying—for wicked young men. Above all things it seemed necessary to be in a passion; to be as irritated and bitter against him as possible. The copiousness of her vocabulary of abuse surprised herself, and she did not shrink from tautology. She only stopped at last for want of breath, and even then, as though she knew how dangerous was silence, she bemoaned herself with sobs and sighs.

Then Richard, all tenderness and submission, explained his presence there; showed how little he was to blame in the matter, and, indeed, how there was neither blame nor shame to be attached to either of them; spoke of his late interview with her father, gilding it with brightest hopes, and cited the marvelous attributes of the Wishing Well itself in support of his position. He felt himself already her affianced husband; the question of their union had become only one of time. She was listening to him now, and had suffered him to kiss her tears away, when suddenly she started from his embrace with a muffled cry of terror. Some movement of beast or bird in the copse had made a rustling in the underwood, but her fears gave it a human shape. What if Sol should have followed them thither, as Richard had followed *her!* What if her father should have heard her leave his roof, as Richard had, or should miss her from it—and—oh shame! — *miss him!* "Home! home!" she cried. "Let me go home." And she looked so wild with fright that he durst not hinder her. Hardly could he keep pace with her along the winding path, with such frantic speed she ran. At the stile she forbade him to accompany her farther.

"What! leave you to walk alone, and at such an hour, my darling?" It was nearly two o'clock.

"Why not?" she cried, turning upon him fiercely. "I am afraid of none but you, and of those whom I should love, but of whom you make me afraid." Then up the white road she glided like a ghost.

Richard watched her with anxious eyes as long as he could, then sat upon the stile, a prey to apprehensions. To what dangers might he not have already exposed her by his inconsiderate pursuit! Suppose some eye had seen them on their way, or should meet her now on her return! Suppose her own fears should prove true, and her father had already discovered their absence! His thoughts were loyally occupied with Harry alone; but the peril to himself was considerable. It was impossible that he could satisfactorily explain his companionship with the inn-keeper's daughter at such a place and hour. The truth would never be believed, even if it could be related. She had got home by this time; but had she done so unobserved? Otherwise, it was more than probable that he should find two Cornish giants waiting, if not "to grind his bones to make their bread," at least to break them with their cudgels. In their eyes he would seem to have been guilty of a deliberate seduction, the one of his daughter, the other of his destined bride. Yet, not to return to Gethin in such a case would be worse than cowardice, since his absence would be sure to be associated with Harry's midnight expedition. He had hitherto only despised this Trevethick and his friend, but now, since he feared them, he began to hate them. Bodily discomfort combined with his mental disquietude. For the first time he felt the keenness of the moonlit air, and shivered in it, notwithstanding the hasty strides which he now was taking homeward. Upon the hill-top he paused, and glanced about him. All was as it had been when he set out; there was no sign of change nor movement. The inn, with its drawn-down blinds, seemed itself asleep. The front-door had been left ajar, doubtless by Harry; he pushed his way in, and silently shut it to, and shot the bolt; then he took of his boots, and walked softly up stairs in his stockinged feet. He knew that there was at least one person in that house who was listening with beating heart for every noise.

The ways of clandestine love have been justly described as "full of cares and troubles, of fears and jealousies, of impatient waiting, tediousness of delay, and sufferance of affronts, and amazements of discovery;" and though Richard Yorke had never read those words of our great English divine, he had already begun to exemplify them, and was doomed to prove them to the uttermost.

BURYING THE DEAD.

THE work of burying the dead on the battle-fields of France is partly done by the peasantry, as shown in the engraving on page 612, under the superintendence of German officers. A correspondent, writing from the battle-field of Wörth, thus describes what he saw while these parties were engaged in their melancholy work:

"While the burying parties were busy with the German dead, on the eastern side of Wörth, there was more than an exchange of slaughter on the western side. Here the Prussians and Bavarians had pushed forward in strong force, and their fire had told fearfully upon the French. Whole companies of Frenchmen had been mowed down in their wild attempts to check the enemy's advance. It had been a tolerably equal fight in some places, for the ground was strewn with German dead. But more and more Frenchmen had fallen in proportion. Black Turcos and wide-trowsered Zouaves lay thick at many points, and the cuirassiers had suffered much. There were steel breast-plates and brass helmets scattered thickly on the line of retreat, while the dead horses in all directions might be counted by hundreds. And so, westward through the wood, were the traces of increasing disaster; officers and men lying grimly where they had fallen, some of them in quiet, shady spots, as though they were picnickers asleep; pools of blood where the wounded had been found; knapsacks, rifles, and over-coats, either thrown away in flight or left by the wounded on the field. Then came a spot where the French had rallied, and where the dead of both sides lay thick. Turcos might be seen who had evidently fought to the last, and had tried to fire their pieces as they lay. Frenchmen of the line regiments had here and there fallen in numbers, as though having halted and faced about in regular order. But the aspect of the fields beyond the wood seemed to indicate a hasty retreat. Wagons were overturned, baggage was thrown out upon the road-side, and many knapsacks were to be seen. No one who had passed over that battle-ground of Wörth when I did could have failed to realize that a great disaster had befallen the French arms, though most of the wounded had been removed."

It seems to be customary to bury the dead of both armies indiscriminately together, in pits, or large graves, which may contain a hundred bodies. A writer describes a visit he paid to the burial-grounds in the neighborhood of Saarbrück: "Hier ruhen in Gott," says one inscription, "28 Preussen, 69 Franzosen. Grab No. 4." "Here rest friends and foes together," says another inscription, "6 Prussians, 11 Frenchmen." He observed that the words "and foes" had been marked out by some charitable person.

GRAVELOTTE AND ETAIN.

A LITTLE before the great battle of Gravelotte, in which the Prussian arms achieved so signal a victory, the Emperor of France and his staff left the little building shown in our engraving on page 612, and set out for Verdun. Within five minutes after his departure it was literally riddled with shell.

A second time on the same day the Emperor had a very narrow escape at Etain, a little town on the road between Gravelotte and Verdun, of which also we give a sketch. The Imperial cortége was closely followed by a party of Uhlans, and at this village had only just left a house where they had stopped a few moments for refreshment, when it was surrounded by the enemy. But with the Emperor it was, after all, only "out of the frying-pan into the fire." He escaped at Etain only to be made a prisoner at Sedan.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CROWD gathered at the Piqua, Ohio, railroad station the other day to see General Grant. As the train was moving off an old gentleman asked, "Who did they say that fellow is?" "That is General Grant, our President." "Oh," said the old fellow, "it is, is it? Well, stranger, you see, I am not about town much, and don't pay much attention to the newspapers, and know but little about these things. What might his politics be?"

The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the judge and a Dutch witness, all the way from Rotterdam: "What is your native language?" "I pe no native." "What is your mother-tongue?" "Ich hab no mudder, mynheer." "What did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle?" "I did not speak no language in de cradle; I only cry in Dootch." Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury, and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

"What! tipsy again?" said a wife to her husband. "No, my dear," said he, "not tipsy, but a little slippery. The fact is, somebody has been rubbing my boots till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

"Come, husband," said the wife of a note-shaving stock-exchange bear, "it is time for us to get up; the day is breaking." "Well, let it break; I don't hold any of its paper."

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to scold him, when he silenced her by inquiring, "What is the use of a good hoss till it's broke?"

"Where's your filial gratitude, you naughty boy? What would you have been without your kind father and mother?" "I s'pose as how I'd been an orphan, Sir."

"Why is that waiter so slow?" said an irritable customer to the proprietor of a famous restaurant. "Sir, replied the proprietor in a whisper, "it is he who serves the turtle soup."

An assistant United States marshal in Louisville, in taking the census, asked a colored woman what personal property she possessed, to which she replied, "Nothin' but dese tree chillen yere, and dey ain't wuth much since the 'mancipation procklermation."

The working of miracles seems to have been successfully resumed in Piqua, Ohio. A few years since, during a religious revival in the church of which the Rev. Granville Moody was pastor, certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort" created a disturbance in one of the meetings. Mr. Moody approached them, took them to task for their misconduct, when one of the parties said to him: "We heard that you were working miracles here, and came in to see if it were true." "No, Sir," said the divine, "we do not work miracles, but," taking him by the collar, "we do cast out devils."

It is a noticeable fact that people who change their mind often never get a good one.

A resident along the line of the Adirondack road, seeing a lady driving along Broadway, in Saratoga, lately, and her coachman with folded arms behind, thought "that nigger must pay that nice-looking girl a pile to drive for him."

A Paris bookseller, having applied to a Berlin publisher of lithographic prints for a great number of copies of portraits of the more illustrious Prussian generals, received the following reply: "There are no copies left; we send you the originals."

The women in Utah are very apt to marry Young.

STAGE CARPENTERS—Actors who saw the air and bore the audience.

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler, after he had just sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madame, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drank so much water to get a little."

A Saratoga belle who dresses nineteen times a day has gone into a decline. So has her father. He declines to pay his notes.

Tom, twitting Sam on the extraordinary size of his understandings, said to him: "You must take cold easily, Sam; I should think you would be sick all the time." "How so?" asked Sam. "Why," replied Tom, "because there's so much of you on the ground."

A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. He was answered, "A man going to be buried." "Oh," replied he, "I'll stop and see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

A FLEETING SHOW—A yacht race.

A ragged little urchin, begging in the street the other day, was asked by a lady who filled his basket if his parents were living. "Only dad, marm," said the boy. "Then you have enough in your basket to feed the family for some time," said the lady. "Oh no, I haven't neither," said the lad; "for dad and me keeps five boarders. He does the house-work, and I do the marketin'."

A rather bashful young man, after a long and arduous courtship, found himself one bright evening the betrothed of a pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. He was about to take his departure, and, after lingering about the door for some time, he declared and protested to Miss Sallie that he couldn't and wouldn't leave until she had kissed him. Of course Miss Sallie blushed beautifully red, and avowed in return that she could not and would not do that—she never had done such a thing, and never would until she was married. The altercation became exciting, until the gentleman got huffed, and declared if he couldn't kiss her he wouldn't have her, and was marching off. She watched him to the door, and seeing he was in earnest, and that she should lose him unless something was done, she said, coaxingly, "Come back, then; I'll split the difference with you." "You may squeeze my hand."

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THE LAST MESSAGE.—[DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY.]

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AFTER THE SURRENDER—MASSES OF FRENCH PRISONERS UNDER PRUSSIAN GUARD.

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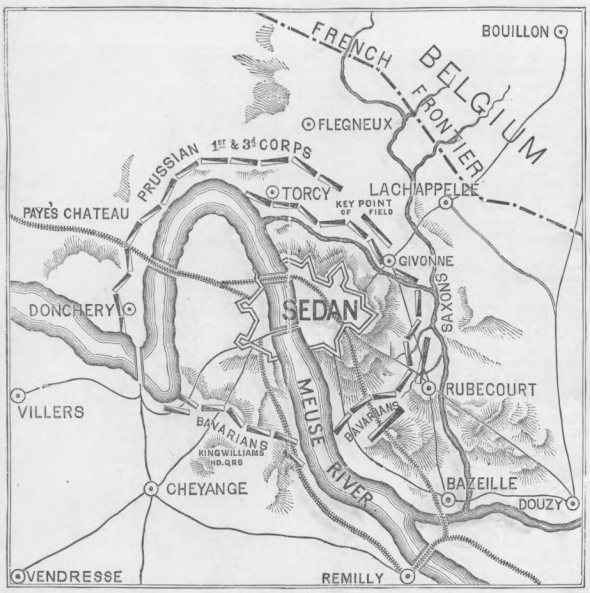
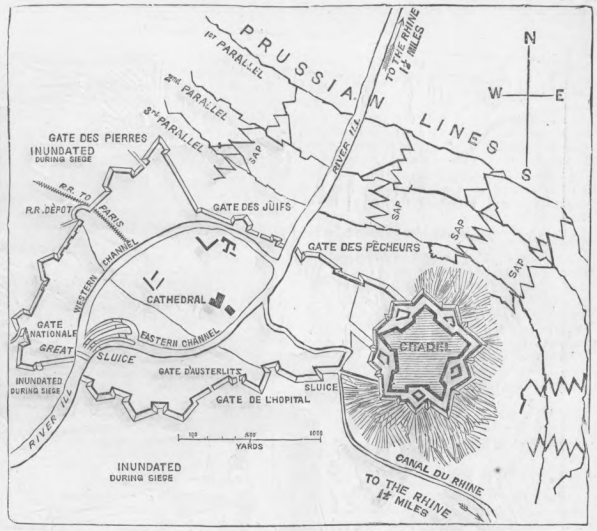


SEDAN AND VICINITY.



THE INVESTMENT OF STRASBOURG.

SEDAN AND STRASBOURG.

THE plan of Sedan, which we give on this page, shows the positions occupied by the Prussian armies investing that fortress on the day of the capitulation of M'MAHON. It exhibits at a glance the hopelessness of the French situation there, and explains the surrender of so large a body of men.

The plan of Strasbourg shows the lines of investment up to September 10, when the Prussians had completed their third parallel. Next to Metz, this city is considered the strongest fortress of France on the eastern frontier. The defenses consist of a bastioned enceinte, very irregular in outline; the bastions constructed at intervals along its perimeter, varying in each instance, but admirably well located for mutual support and defense. The numerous re-entering angles in the trace of the enceinte are well secured by towers and demi-bastions of suitable construction, while the salients are protected by a powerful cross-fire from the supporting works. The main ditch is filled with water for nearly the whole distance around the city. Between the city proper and the Rhine, and connected with the enceinte, and occupying a commanding position, is the Citadel, pronounced to be a master-work of VAUBAN. It is constructed on a pentagon, according to the great engineer's first system, and presents five great bastions, with their supporting works, and effectually commands the city and the Rhine. This strong-hold has been much improved during the past twenty years, and is jealously guarded from inspection by strangers. Immediately close to the Citadel, on the city side, are the great arsenals and military institutions for which Strasbourg is famous—the Salles d'Armes, the Military Hospital, the Artillery School, and the Arsenal de Construction, and also a magnificent esplanade.

INFELICE.

THE summer morning was dawning, and the violet and golden and crimson lights were beginning to shine through the trees of the parks, when the Honorable Mrs. Milner drove home in her carriage from one of the latest balls of the season. Mrs. Milner lived in one of the most fashionable streets of the Mayfair region of London. She was a young woman and handsome; but just now her face wore that faint, weary, and jaded air which beauty itself acknowledges when, after a night of pleasure, the dawn shines upon it. Mrs. Milner was very tired and sleepy, and the dawn made her shudder.

When the carriage drove up to the door, and the footmen got down, there seemed something like a little commotion going forward, and Mrs. Milner, being too impatient to wait, got out and found that her servants were very angry with a boy who had been asleep on the naked door-step in the dawn, and was so sleepy that he could hardly be roused to a sense of his situation and his audacity.

"Come, you be hoff!" said one pampered menial—a very worthy poor fellow in his way, but who really thought it as strictly a part of his duty to keep vagabonds from his mistress's door-step as Javert believed it his duty to unmask and arrest concealed felons. "Come, just you be hoff! I wonder there's no pleeseman about!"

"Now then, young feller," remarked the other pampered menial, decisively, "it's time you were away. Move on!"

The boy only rubbed his eyes and looked sleepily at the servants. He was a very handsome boy, looking a little like one of Murillo's immortal *gamins*, with thick curling hair, and skin almost as dark as that of an Algerian. Certainly part at least of the dark hue was attributable to want of washing.

"Let me see the boy," said the Hon. Mrs. Milner.

She looked at him with eyes of kindly interest. Under the corsets of a fashionable West End woman there does sometimes beat a kind and tender heart, for all the *Saturday Review*.

"Poor boy!" she said. "He must have been very tired. He is a fine-looking child. Why did you sleep there, my little boy? Have you no home?"

"No home, madonna!" said the lad, who had roused up wonderfully in the light of the lady's kind eyes. He spoke a lisping, broken English. He was evidently an Italian lad, and his face now spoke, if faces may be trusted, intelligence and truthfulness.

"Bring him into the hall," said Mrs. Milner, decisively.

He was brought in, and she talked to him in his own language. His story was simple, commonplace, and old. He was born in Parma. His father and mother were dead. He had come to London on the inducement of other Italian boys to make a fine living by grinding the organ in the streets. He did not make a fine living—the *padrone* ground him much more effectively than he ground the organ; and he made up his mind at last to run away and get into the fresh, beautiful country where the birds sang and there were no organs. From the Saffron Hill region, the home or lair of the organ-boy, he had tramped so far on his way. He chose the Hyde Park direction because he had often admired the trees there, and he thought the country could be soonest reached that way. He had contrived to steal out of his wretched den when midnight had long passed, and he was so tired and sleepy as he reached Mrs. Milner's tempting door that he thought it would be pleasant to have a sleep there. So he coiled himself up on the door-step and fell asleep.

Mrs. Milner said he must be sure never to sleep on door-steps any more. That he might be the less in the way of temptation, she bade him sleep on a good soft rug in the hall just then, and she told the servants to be sure he was not disturbed until he had had his sleep out, and that he got a good breakfast on waking. Then she went to bed herself, and slept very soundly until noon.

She did not forget her little Italian. That day she gave orders that he should have a complete bath, be well scrubbed, have his hair combed and cut, and have a suit of new clothes, and that a bed should be made up for him. She did not yet know what to do with him; but it was clear, she thought, that while she was making up her mind the boy must have clothes to wear, and food to eat, and a bed to sleep in. One thing was certain—she would not turn him into the street to sleep on door-steps again.

The Hon. Mrs. Milner, it should be said, was not on terms of the most cordial affection with her husband, the Hon. Charles Milner, who, for all his rank and his prospective title, was a good deal of what Londoners call a "cad." He was a man of low tastes, given to horses and prize-fighters and the *coulisses* of theatres, where the actresses were of the "Black Crook" or *Biche aux Bois* school. Mrs. Milner married him, at the direction of her parents, when she was too young to think for herself, or to form any opinion as to her own or any body else's character. They never had been happy together; now they were trying—and he was successful in the effort—to be happy separately. They never had any open quarrel, and were generally supposed to get on well enough. Mr. Milner was now at Newmarket, and now at Doncaster, and now at Baden-Baden, and his wife was seldom troubled with his society. He had a seat in the House of Commons, and he went and voted in all the important party divisions, spending the night, when he had to wait long to give his vote, in the smoking-room of the House, and drinking a good deal of brandy-and-water. But he was not very happy even in the smoking-room of the House. His highest idea of happiness was to be surrounded by a throng of vulgar, admiring boon companions, of both sexes, who looked up to him, and were proud to do him homage.

Mrs. Milner had had two children, of whom only the younger—a girl—was now living. The boy had died when a mere infant. Perhaps it was some thought of him—some thought that if he were alive he would now be about the same age as the lad asleep on her door-step—that first aroused in the breast of the lady of fashion a feeling of pity for the little Italian, and a wish to do something for him.

However that might be, she kept little Felice Morra under her care, and would not turn him out on the world. She sent him down to one of her country seats for a time, and he came back to London strong, healthy, and happy. The child had a beautiful voice, and she had him taught to sing, and would play for him on the piano herself, and she began to take a positive pleasure in his boyish affection and devotion. He was a sort of page for her, and a play-fellow for her little girl, who was some two or three years younger than he. The servants in the house detested him at first; but his sweet, docile, caressing Italian ways soon won over the women, at least. Mr. Milner grumbled a little at the introduction of poor Felice into the family, and swore a muttered oath or two sometimes when he saw the boy. But then he did not often see him, and his mind was generally too much occupied with Ascot, Epsom, the prize-ring, and the *ballet* to trouble himself much with the existence of a poor harmless boy. If it had been a pretty orphan girl, now! But in that case Mrs. Milner would probably not have taken such a charge into her household.

Years brought difficulties. Mrs. Milner had been so long deciding on the proper occupation to which Felice Morra should be put that he was actually growing to be a young man without any occupation at all. The education he had was only what he had acquired from reading aloud to Mrs. Milner any book or magazine or newspaper she wished to have read to her—and she did, indeed, keep him pretty constantly occupied in this way—and from occasionally writing at her dictation. He was a delightful singer, with a clear, full, sweet tenor voice; he could play the piano well, and, indeed, had a great natural gift of music. One might have called him Mrs. Milner's secretary, perhaps, now that he could no longer be called her page; but his position in the household was beginning to be more anomalous and inconvenient every day. Mrs. Milner, indeed, was always resolving that something must be done with him; but she never could make up her mind as to what ought to be done. In truth, the poor lad had twined himself closely round her heart. She was not a happy woman. Years had made her husband worse, and herself more lonely; and had also made the poor outcast boy whom she had rescued seem more and more like the son whom she had lost.

She had, indeed, her daughter, a beautiful girl somewhat like herself, but darker. Mrs. Milner dearly loved her daughter, but the heart of a woman is always unsatisfied if it has nothing manly to love; and Mrs. Milner had no husband and no son, and was yet in her prime. So she looked forward with dread to the sending of her young *protégé* away into the cold outer world; and yet it was now evident that it must be done. Her husband had of late begun to grumble and swear at the poor young man, and used to make it a point to insult him whenever the two chanced to meet. Things could not long go on thus. Indeed, only for the extraordinary gentleness and patience of Felice Morra, reminding one of a Bengalee rather than an Italian, a rupture must have taken place long ago. But Felice bore all with a quiet, docile endurance which observers might have thought spiritless. Mrs. Milner long felt convinced he bore all for her sake, not to disturb or distress her, not to have to leave her. She pitied and loved him all the more. She came to see, however, that she was mistaken. For it became at last only too apparent that the Italian outcast was passionately in love with Linda Milner, his patroness's daughter.

Now this was surely, one might have thought, a thing to be dreaded, guarded against, foreseen, expected, by any rational woman; yet Mrs. Milner, who was ordinarily a very rational woman, never had thought of this. The child, Linda, had always appeared such a child to her!

One day—it was in the country—Mrs. Milner came down to breakfast a little late, and her daughter was not in the breakfast-room. She looked out upon the lawn, and Linda was not there; then from another window into a little shrubbery, and there she saw something which made her first turn red, and then pale.

She saw Linda Milner and the young Italian walking slowly up and down, apparently conversing in low tones. They were walking, one might perhaps have said, just as any two acquaintances might walk; but Mrs. Milner did not think so. Ah, no! There was something in the attitude of both—of her, as she walked with downcast eyes and an indescribable air of timidity, and yet earnestness; of him, as he leaned toward her and looked down upon her—which spoke only too plainly to Mrs. Milner.

These two who walked there were lovers! And Mrs. Milner herself had brought this about; and only think how Linda's father would receive the news that his daughter had fallen in love with an Italian beggar, who was picked up, when a child, on a door-step!

Presently she saw Felice Morra take Linda's hand in his and press it to his lips, and then the two parted, and Linda, "like a lapwing," ran across the lawn and soon entered the breakfast-room.

Mrs. Milner could not and would not keep back her feelings.

"Linda, you have made me miserable! I have seen all!"

Linda was a proud girl, long trained to self-will. She said, coldly:

"All what, mamma?"

"I saw you walking with Felice, and I saw your manner toward each other. For shame, Linda! He is in love with you!"

"He is, mamma."

"Has he told you so?"

"Yes, dear mamma."

The composure of her demeanor quite bewildered Mrs. Milner.

"Then what did you say, girl, when he told you this?"

"At first—nothing."

"And at last?" asked Mrs. Milner, striving, not very effectively, to imitate the composure of her daughter.

"At last—well, I told him the truth when he pressed me for an answer."

"Then you have the courage to tell me that you love him?"

"I have not told you so, mamma; but it is true!"

"And you dare to think of marrying him?"

"Indeed I do."

"Have you thought of what your father would say?"

"I have thought of it, dear mother; but it can not change me. I love *him*, and I will bear any thing for him."

"Do you know what he is—what he was?"

"Yes, mamma; I know all about it. But I know, too, that you have made him your companion and mine so long as I can remember any thing. I did not choose him for a companion; I do choose him for a husband."

Mrs. Milner tried expostulation, argument, tears, prayers, threats—she was not very good at threats, poor woman!—but she could make no impression on her daughter. Mrs. Milner was miserably unhappy. Despite all she had done for Felice, despite her genuine affection for him, her whole soul revolted at the idea of his marrying her daughter. Nobody needs to be told what the feeling of *caste* is in the English aristocracy.

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This was one of the kindest of women; she had done for this youth what not one woman in ten thousand would have done; she was strongly attached to him, and only yesterday had been wondering how she could bear to part from him; and yet she was positively unable to realize to her mind the possibility of such a fantastic calamity as his marrying her daughter. After all, she felt very much as a benevolent Georgian lady might have felt who suddenly learned that the slave boy she had specially favored and petted had stolen her daughter's heart.

Moreover, Mrs. Milner was, in some respects, a timid woman. She shrank from scenes and disturbances and even sudden changes; and she dreaded the outburst of her husband's anger when this shocking story should come to his ears.

At any cost this hideous love business must be stopped, and Mrs. Milner now knew but one way to stop it, and that was to appeal to Felice Morra himself.

She summoned him to her; she reminded him of all that she had done for him; reminded him that to her he owed far more than many sons owe to their mothers; and she besought him with tears to sacrifice himself and his love, and leave her daughter.

"Leave her!" he said, bitterly. "Leave her, although she loves me, in order that she may marry some one whom she does not love! In order that she may marry some one of her own rank! Ah, God! Mrs. Milner, *you* can tell whether to marry in one's own class is always happiness!"

Mrs. Milner crimsoned. "It is not always happiness, indeed, Felice; but to marry quite out of one's rank is never happiness, except for very, very rarely constituted beings. My poor boy, listen to me. I know my daughter. She has not the nature that could rise superior to the difficulties and pains of such a position as you would bring her to. I think, perhaps, I could have done it. I know she could not. Write her a few lines. Tell her, frankly, that you do not think it right or honest or for her happiness to continue near her, or to hold her to her foolish engagement, and go. She will forget you. Poor boy, I am sorry to destroy your first romance; but I know my daughter, and she will forget you."

The poor youth groaned in agony. There was something womanish in his nature, and he seemed now like to play the woman with his eyes. Mrs. Milner pressed him again and again, appealing, above all, to his sense of gratitude and the memory of all she had done for him.

"Oh, Mrs. Milner, I only wish to Heaven," he exclaimed at last, "you had left me on your door-step, and that I had died there!"

But she prevailed, and he surrendered. He wrote his few farewell lines; and he left that very day the house which had sheltered him so long. Mrs. Milner endeavored to induce him to take some money. She offered him enough to make a gallant start in life for any youth, but he only begged of her to spare him this. When she continued to press him with her untimely and futile kindness he broke into the only outburst of passion she had ever seen him give way to. He quite terrified her by the sudden and electric vehemence of his anger; and he left the house without even a farewell pressure of her hand.

He made his way to London, and straggled about there helpless and wretched as a canary-bird turned out of his gilded cage to wander over northern forests. He suffered immense, unspeakable misery. So far as the Milner family was concerned, he seemed to have wholly disappeared.

Mrs. Milner was right. In a few months Linda had nearly forgotten him, or was glad to be free of her love engagement with him. Yet a little, and she was to be married to the son and heir of an earl—a handsome, youthful, brilliant lover, whom, indeed, she loved.

The time came, the wedding took place. In the crowd who watched it was one haggard, ghastly, stricken wretch, with burning eyes and trembling lips, whom hardly any body noticed, and who remained in the church, his head buried in his hands, after every one had left, until the genteel sexton turned him out at last.

The bride and bridegroom started for the Continent. Mrs. Milner went to a ball that night.

She did not remain long, but left almost before the guests had ceased to arrive. She was very sad and lonely. She had fancied, somehow, that in the crowd at the church there was a face which for a moment reminded her of poor Felice Morra; but there was nothing in that, for she was always thinking now that she saw faces which reminded her of his. She wondered where he was, and whether he had got over his grief, and whether he was prospering, and had forgiven *her*. She did not dare to allow herself to consider the other possibilities—that he was not prospering, that he had not forgotten his grief, that he was poor and miserable. She kept saying to herself that she had acted for the best; that she had done right; that she could not have done otherwise; that she was bound to secure her daughter's happiness; that she had secured it. Thus thinking, as she sat in her carriage, she reached her own door.

There was a slight delay or difficulty or confusion of some kind among the footmen at the door and the servant who opened it. Mrs. Milner could not help thinking of the summer morning when she found poor Felice Morra asleep on the door-step.

What were the men about? She thought she heard half-suppressed exclamations and expressions of wonder. She got out of the carriage. The servants were certainly removing some obstruction from the doorway. With a sinking heart and a sickening presentiment of something terrible to happen, Mrs. Milner eagerly pressed forward. The men were lifting a body from the door-step, and they turned to her with awe-stricken faces. One glance at the burden they bore was enough for her. It was the body of poor Felice Morra, and he was dead. He had dragged his exhausted frame to the door-step where, years ago, a poor vagrant boy, he was found by her, his only patroness. And there he had lain down and died.

Linda never knew the fate of her hapless lover. Mrs. Milner kept that sad secret, an abiding agony, in her own heart.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

WE give below the most spirited, as well as the most faithful, translation of this celebrated German war song which has yet appeared in English. It was made expressly for *Harper's Weekly:*

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel,
"The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell:
They'll guard the sacred landmark well.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

And though in death our hopes decay,
The Rhine will own no foreign sway;
For rich with water as its flood
Is Germany with hero blood.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

From yon blue sky are bending now
The hero dead to hear our vow:
"As long as German hearts are free
The Rhine, the Rhine, shall German be."
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

"While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand."
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

Our oath resounds; the river flows;
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

THE SIMPLE SCHOOL OF NOVELS.

THE simple school of novels is a born native of England. Fielding, Richardson, Goldsmith, Defoe, Miss Burney, Jane Austen—all these are claimed as representatives of the simple school; and at no time since stories and story-telling have prevailed have there been wanting enough of them to prove and satisfy the national taste.

Love is more or less the burden of all novels; but it is interesting to note how different a figure is cut by the god that is said to be blind in the pages of simple novelists from that played by him in those of their fast and sensational competitors. As a matter of course, love does not run smooth here any more than elsewhere; but its even current is not interrupted by the turbulence of passion, or by the breaking down of the restraints of duty. A wife too many or a husband too few is not with the simple school the obstacle to united bliss. Novels of the sensational school have accustomed us to conquering heroes—tremendous fellows with herculean limbs, killing glances, and withering smiles, and by whose very presence the hearts of women are fluttered, as the Volscians were fluttered at Corioli by the apparition of Coriolanus. The normal state of their heart is that of a volcano apparently quiet, but in reality boiling, burning, and seething within, and periodically inundating its female neighbors with the scorching lava of an unexpected erotic eruption. In the simple novel the hero is a much less formidable and distinguished personage. It is perhaps a slight drawback to his dignity that he is not unoften a bit of a "spooney;" but then he has the advantage of resembling, in that as in other particulars, the masculine objects of our own experience. Far from having, like the overpowering hero we have just been considering, a past so full of sin and shame that the retrospect, as in the case of the fugitives from the doomed cities of Holy Writ, is positively petrifying, he is usually, when first introduced to our notice, as bashful before a petticoat as a curate is before lawn sleeves. We are expressly given to understand not only that he is (as Thackeray said every woman thinks her own son) a Joseph, but that he has yet been fancy-free. His heart has not been injured even to the extent that would be implied by its having given temporary lodgment to a score of boyish fancies. His affections are fresh and unworn when he consecrates to the heroine his first passion, and exalts her, in the words of one of our simple novelists, to the throne of his spirit, to be his darling, his sovereign mistress. When relentless fate involves the fast or sensational hero in some tragic loss, cuts off his fiercely worshiped mistress in the zenith of her maddening beauty—we trust the reader recognizes the original sources of these imposing expressions—or flings her, ardently reluctant, into the rival embraces of some passionless plutocrat—he, like Ajax defying the lightning, stands immovable. He bears a laden breast; but the only signs by which you may know that the simoom has swept over and scorched him are that he smokes perpetually in sombre silence from chibouques of fabulous rarity filled with tobacco that never gets into the market, and that he loses or wins his money at *rouge et noir* as calmly as though he were blowing soap-bubbles. Not so our simple hero. If the little lady o his love comes to trifling hurt, his heart beats thick and fast. If she seems to be coquetting with some other swain, he is ready to make away with himself in desperation. If he can pick up a little hair chain that has been on her person, he carries it away with him, and wears it next his heart until he can place there a sweeter substitute—herself. The heroine of simple novels is a companion picture. She would as soon think of drowning herself in the nearest pond or hanging herself on the nearest tree as of sitting on the grass under an umbrageous beech, after the fashion of a fast heroine, with a blue-eyed stranger she meets for the second time, and to whom she has never been formally introduced. What Francesca da Rimini terms *La prima radice del' amor* strikes into her heart very differently and far more slowly. Only by fine gradations does she come to associate the presence of her lover with an undefined feeling of happiness, and to discover her own secret by noticing that she is more particular about her personal appearance when she hears his footstep approaching. The scene in which the hero proposes and is accepted, or rejected, or told to wait, as the case may be, is marked by the same absence of passion and exaggeration, and the same deference to propriety and human nature. The most natural of all the simple novelists, with a fidelity to nature which is sometimes a little perilous, allows his hero to make a bigger fool of himself at that critical moment even than during the other portions of his undazzling career; thinking, doubtless—and, to judge by success, thinking justly—that the ludicrous figure he cuts will be condoned by the reader on the principle of *hanc veniam damus petimusque vicissim*. "Unhappy the man," exclaims Lamartine, "who has not been a poet once in his life!" A simple novelist often seems to think that unhappy is the man who has not made a fool of himself once in his life. It is consoling to think that the vast majority of the masculine species have shared in at least that one piece of felicity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ABOUT three miles from Cassel, the former capital of the electorate of Hesse-Cassel, Germany, stands the castle of Wilhelmshöhe. It is situated on the top of a hill, and commands a beautiful view of the country around. The castle is built of white sandstone, and consists of a large tower, with a massive building on each side. A flight of stairs leads from the tower directly into a beautiful and picturesque garden. Wilhelmshöhe was built about 1788 by the Elector William, and there he died; but his son and heir was driven away from Cassel by Napoleon I., who made it the capital of the Westphalian kingdom, and gave it to his younger brother, Jerome Napoleon. Jerome, however, was forced to leave it, in consequence of the German uprising in 1813. Political disturbances caused the reigning Elector to flee in 1848, and, though quiet was afterward restored, Prussia took possession of Hesse-Cassel in 1866, in consequence of the Elector siding with Austria in the German-Italian war. Since that time Wilhelmshöhe Castle has not been used. But now the late Emperor of the French, Napoleon III., is at the castle, a prisoner of war, though with a large number of attendants. How long he will remain there is uncertain, but very likely until a settlement is made between France and Prussia.

Nearly two hundred horses can now be accommodated upon the racing-grounds at Jerome Park. The fall races, which commence on October 6, will embrace a great variety of races, and it is said that almost every fine race-horse in the United States and Canada will be present.

We have seen it stated that the last sale of a slave in the South occurred in Virginia, under the following circumstances: The news had just come of the retreat of Lee's army, when a gentleman offered a slave to a farmer of Augusta County. After a considerable bargaining on both sides the negro was sold for one hundred cabbage plants.

Common petroleum, rubbed over the face and hands, is said to answer every purpose of a mosquito net. We should suppose it would!

Sarracenia, a plant indigenous in the northern part of the United States, is considered by many physicians a sovereign remedy for variolold and small-pox. This valuable plant grows wild in the swamps of Nova Scotia, and at the proper season the root is gathered and preserved for use. The *Journal of Applied Chemistry* says that no other medicine reaches the disease in the same effective manner; that sarracenia deprives variolold matter of all contagious properties; and that, however numerous the eruptions on the body of a patient, there is rarely the least scar left. This plant is often used as a preventive. But here a grand query arises: Can it be made to take the place of vaccination? Can not somebody thoroughly investigate the subject?

One dark night, not long ago, a burglar entered a private residence in Sixth Avenue. On ascending one flight of stairs he observed a light in a chamber, and, while hesitating what to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, forced him down through the hall, and pushed him into the street before he had time to think. "Heroic Repulse of a Burglar by a Woman," was the way the story appeared in the newspapers next day. But when friends called, and congratulated her upon her courage, she exclaimed: "Goodness gracious! I didn't know it was a burglar. If I had I should have been frightened half to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk again, and I was determined he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition."

Another woman, living in Pittsburg, heroically came to the rescue of her husband in this wise. The man had been arrested on suspicion that he had made a violent assault upon another man. He had a broken head, and the evidence was strong against him. But wife swore that she herself inflicted the wound in his head with a poker! So the magistrate could only discharge the husband from custody.

Rubens, the celebrated painter, was evidently possessed of warm affections and a domestic character, if we are to judge at all by the numerous pictures he left of his wives and children. He seems to have delighted in multiplying and varying these beloved objects under every possible aspect. Five known portraits by him of his first wife, Isabella Brant, still exist, and no less than eighteen known portraits and sketches of his second wife, Helena Forman. He was married to his first wife in 1609, and for seventeen years she was his faithful companion. She left him two sons, and he greatly deplored her loss. Several years after her death he married again. At the time he was in his fifty-fourth year, and his bride, Helena, scarcely sixteen. The extraordinary beauty and modesty of this young girl awakened a strong love and admiration in the heart of the artist, which remained undiminished till his death. By her he had five children. Rubens's first wife, also, is represented to have been very handsome.

Marshal M'Mahon wrote to his wife, after the battle of Wörth, a touching account of his efforts to maintain his position. Yet it is in the language of a hero. He spoke of the masses of Prussians which surrounded him, and of the heroism of his soldiers. He said that, in despair at finding himself abandoned and without ammunition, he sought for death, but the bullets would not touch him.

Each war of modern years has brought into prominence one particular mode of attack or defense. The Crimean war (1854-1855) demonstrated the utility of iron-clad ships. The Italian war (1859) brought rifled cannon into prominence. The American war (1861-1865) established the use of torpedoes. The Austro-Prussian war (1866) showed the potency of the needle-gun; and the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 has established the use of the mitrailleur.

Count Bismarck's two sons took part in the battles before Metz. One of them was wounded; the other had his horse shot under him.

Hippophagy has received a fresh impulse from the war. Butchers find the battle-field a good place to buy horses which were intended for a nobler use.

Some time ago two ladies happened to occupy the same seat in a car from Baltimore. One, however, was modest and unassuming; the other, fussy and overdressed. There was a violent storm prevailing, and the first lady remarked that it was a trying time for sailors along the coast.

"Yes, I know it is," affectedly responded the other lady. "I know all about these 'ere east-northeasters."

"Ah! you've had some experience personally, I suppose?" inquired the first lady.

"You may well say that, ma'am. Why, bless yer! my husband, Captin John Freenail, is Captin of Chespeck Bay. He used to be Captin of Choptank, Christiania, Brandywine, and sich like creeks; but he's got a canawl-barge commission, and carries hay to Petersburg now. I guess, likely, maybe, your husband is a sailor too, ain't he?"

"Yes, my husband is a sailor."

"I thought that; you look just like a sailor's wife. Is your husband a captin?"

"No, not at present."

"Mate?"

"No, ma'am."

"Sailor 'fore the mast?"

"No."

"Wa'al, now, that's singler! Not a captin, nor mate, nor 'fore the mast! Why, marm, what does your husband do?"

"He commands a fleet at present, I believe."

"You don't say! Why, who may your husband be, marm?"

"Admiral Porter, ma'am."

"Mrs. Captin John Freenail" suddenly subsided into insignificance.

An "old folk's" party at Mystic River, Connecticut, was composed of fifteen persons whose united ages were 1140 years. The oldest was ninety-two, the youngest sixty-two. At a little village in Massachusetts, recently, five ladies took tea together, whose united ages were four hundred and twenty-five years.

A sort of velvet tissue is now woven from the hair of cats and rabbits. The fabric is considered beautiful.

Brigham Young proposes to abolish Mormonism, provided the United States will pass laws compelling every man to marry, and punishing every one "who interferes with his neighbor's wife, or with single women."

The following conversation is given in the *France en Orient*, as having taken place in the commission ordered to examine the plan of the declaration of war, before it was submitted to the Chambers:

M. DE KERATRY. "Marshal, are we ready?"

M. LEBŒUF. "Quite ready."

M. DE KERATRY. "Will you pledge your word of honor? Think what a crime it would be to plunge France into war, without having foreseen and provided for every thing!"

M. LEBŒUF. "I give you my word of honor that we are completely ready."

M. DE CASSAGNAC. "One word more. What do you mean by these words—to be ready?"

M. LEBŒUF (*authoritatively*). "I mean by them that if the war were to last a year, we should not have to buy a button of a gaiter."

"Man and Wife," Wilkie Collins's latest novel, has been dramatized by the author for the London stage, and has also been brought out in this country. Collins has been for a long time a successful writer of dramas. In connection with Dickens and Fechter he dramatized Dickens's Christmas story, "No Thoroughfare," which was put on the stage, by Fechter, at the Adelphi Theatre.

At a late election, held in Wyoming Territory, for delegate to Congress and local officers, the women voted generally throughout the Territory.

Near Barfield Point, Arkansas, excavations have been recently made into an Indian mound about twenty-five feet high, and about an acre in area at the top. The result has been the discovery of human skeletons eight and ten feet in height. Surely there "were giants in those days"—long gone by.

A jeweler of Saratoga has in his possession a rare trinket, especially valuable from having once been the property of the Empress Carlotta. It is a lady's watch and chain, intended to be worn pendent from the neck like a locket. The face of the watch is plain white; the reverse side, which is designed to be worn outward, is set in a beautiful *lapis lazuli*, encircled with diamonds, and having in the centre a raised letter C in German text, richly studded with brilliants. The chain is heavy, containing six large links of blue *lapis lazuli*, with intermediate links of gold, set with diamonds.

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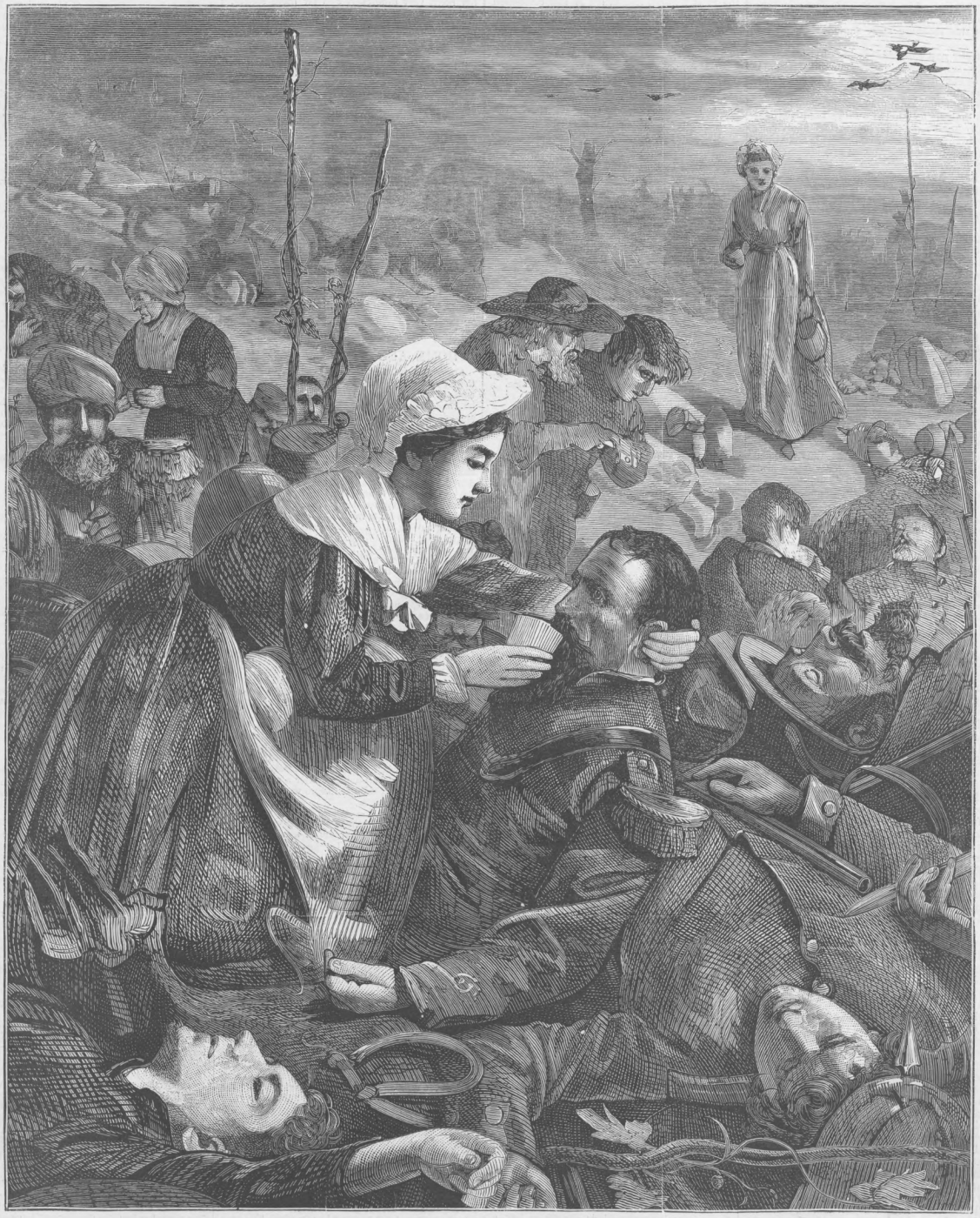
CARING FOR THE WOUNDED.

THE German armies are not only admirably organized for fighting, but for the operations of every department of the art of war. Their officers are consummate topographers, and while Parisians have been shouting "*à Berlin!*" they have been diligently poring over maps till they are cognizant of every mountain track which might be supposed to be known only to the local goatherds. Carefully, too, have they studied the gazetteer of France; for they know exactly how many horses every village between Metz and Paris is capable of stabling. They lay down extempore railways and extempore electric telegraphs; and if the enemy destroy bridges, they carry beams of just the right length to supply the place of the shattered edifice. In every thing their foresight appears pre-eminent. Especially is this visible in the department which attends to the victims of the strife. In former days the wounded were left to chance succor, while the dead were buried either by the forced labor of reluctant peasants, or left to the eagles and the ravens. But now there is an organized corps of grave-diggers, while the red crosses which distinguish the bearers of the wounded, and the black and white dresses of the Sisters of Mercy, convey the aspect of a procession of pilgrims approaching a holy shrine rather than of soldiers invading a hostile country. Of the Krankenträger (bearers of the sick) some are men of the Landwehr, others are students from the hospitals and universities in plain clothes. All display the red cross, stamped on a white cloth, which is tied round the left arm. Nor is the service devoid of danger. Recently a nun, while tending the wounded, had both of her legs carried off by a cannon-ball; and at the battle of Thionville, says a Prussian dispatch, the French fired—it is to be hoped in ignorance—both on surgeons and ambulances. Besides the Sisters of Mercy in black and white, there is a corps of Sisters who wear dark slate-colored dresses and white hoods. But there are also, it is to be hoped, every where where woman is to be found, amateur Sisters of Mercy of the old-fashioned, unorganized sort, such as the peasant girls depicted in the engraving on this page, who tend the wounded without distinction of nationality.

As a further illustration of this tenderness for the wounded, we give on page 612 a sketch of the removal of wounded French prisoners from the battle-field of Wörth, escorted by a detachment of Bavarian soldiers. A private letter, written from Haguenau soon after that battle, says: "Nearly every house and stable at Weissenburg is full of wounded, as are also all the villages round about, and a large number of wooden sheds have been erected as temporary hospitals outside the town. Here also, at Haguenau, the red cross floats from nearly every window. A number of poor fellows, chiefly Turcos and Zouaves, arrived here this evening. It was pitiable, indeed sickening, to watch them crawling painfully through the streets. They offered, in truth, a shocking spectacle—their heads bound up in dirty cloths, their gay uniforms smirched with mud, and in many instances covered with blood. They had thrown away knapsacks, and even boots and clothes, in the flight, and looked as pitiable a set of men as could easily be seen. In the majority of cases they had received bullet-wounds in the feet or legs, and dragged their slow way along in agony at every step. Let Prussia boast—for she can truthfully do so, and it is a matter of which a nation may indeed be proud—that, the fight once over, friend and enemy are treated alike, and nothing is spared to ease the suffering, to soften the miseries of the wounded foe. Nor are instances of individual kindness wanting. I noticed the Prussian soldiers helping the poor crippled men along, and carrying in their arms those who seemed too faint to walk. Others pressed upon them cigars, which were eagerly accepted, and even money, with which, goodness knows, the donors could ill afford to part. All honor to the gallant fellows who show such a noble spirit, and who, the fight once over, can be as tender and kindly compassionate as women toward the suffering and the poor! These instances of true charity all occurred, so far as I witnessed, among the private soldiers; the officers, perhaps too busy to attend to such trifles, passed by on the other side."



PEASANT GIRLS TENDING THE WOUNDED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

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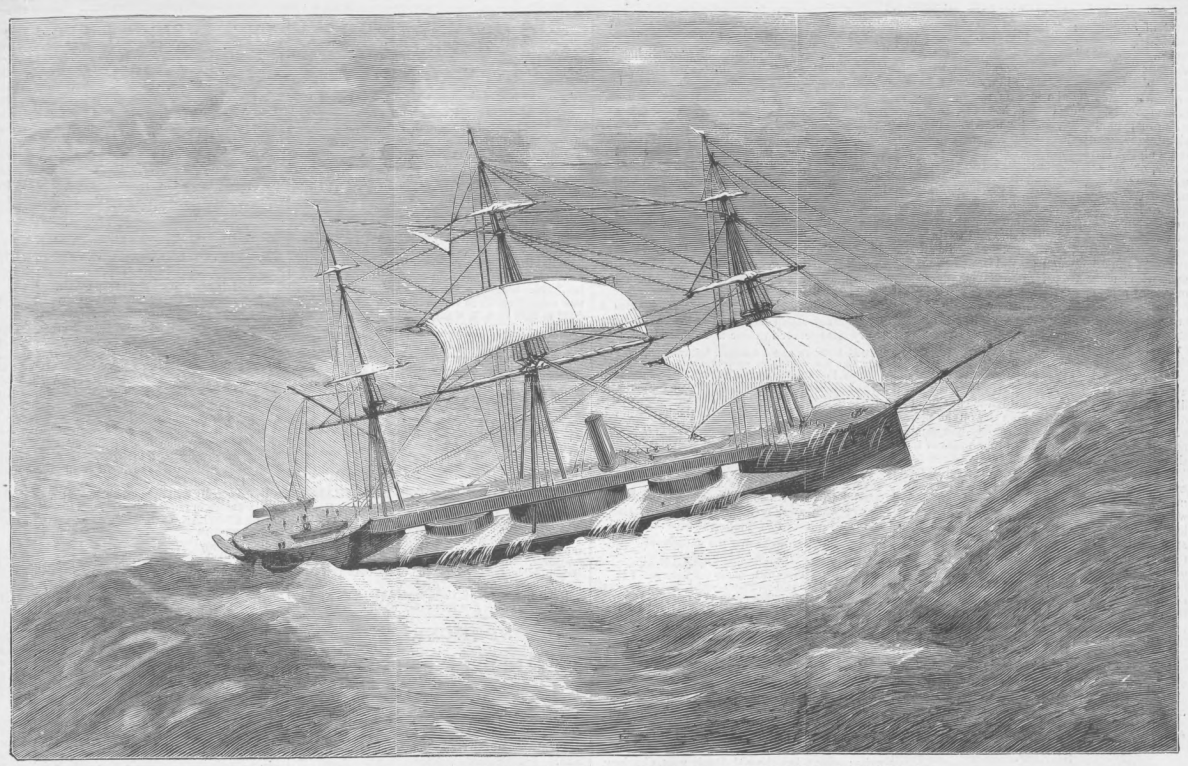


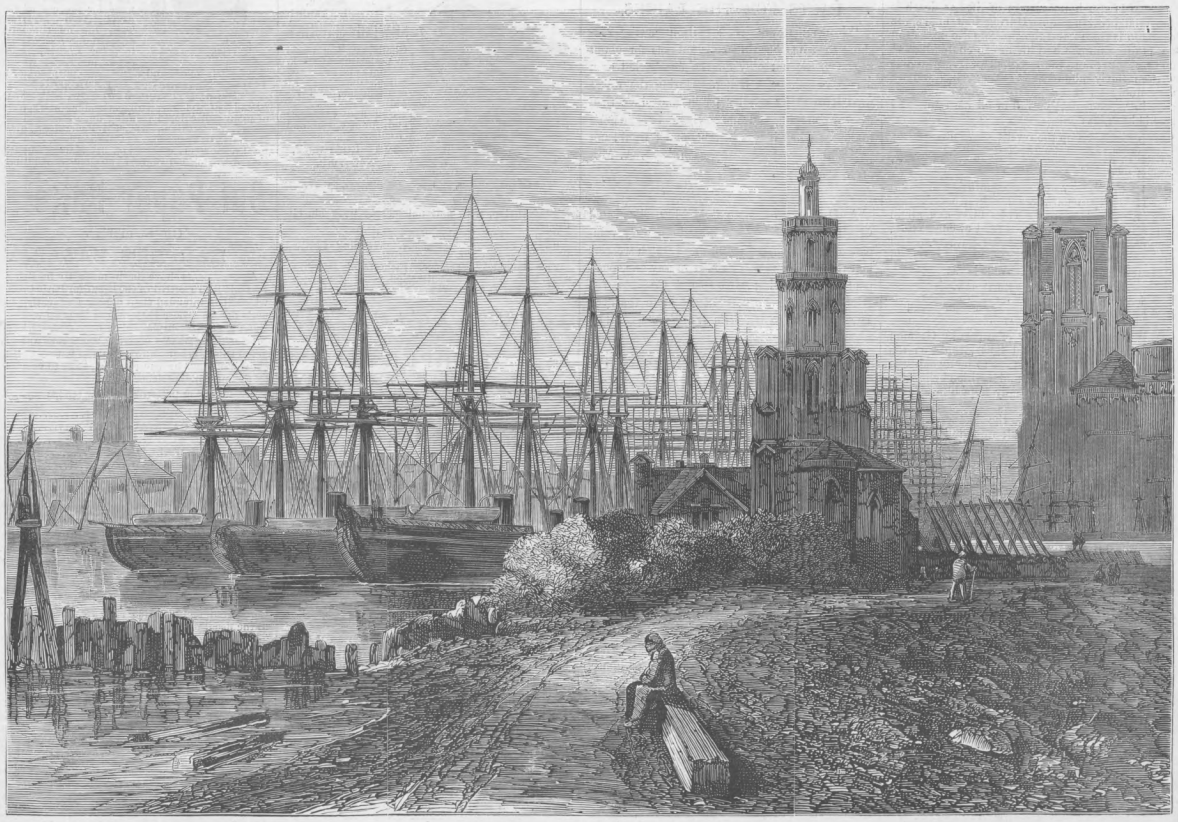
THE BRITISH IRON-CLAD "CAPTAIN," LOST SEPTEMBER 6TH OFF CAPE FINISTERRE.

THE LOSS OF THE "CAPTAIN."

WE give on this page a sketch of the new British iron-clad ship of war the *Captain*, which recently foundered off the coast of France in a heavy gale, carrying down with her all but eighteen of her crew of five hundred men. The *Captain* had two large turrets placed amidships, in each of which were mounted two 25-ton rifled guns, throwing a solid elongated projectile of 600 pounds, or a shell of proportionate weight; and in the forecastle and poop there were two or three bow guns and stern-chasers of smaller calibre. Full ship-rigged, with two independent screws, engines of extraordinary power, steering apparatus of curious perfection, and every modern improvement which has ever been found of value in the equipment of a ship of war, the *Captain* was considered one of the most magnificent specimens of naval architecture afloat. The thickness of her plating varied from six to ten inches. On her first trial-trip, last July, she behaved admirably in a heavy gale. The cause of her foundering in a gale which other ships easily weathered is yet unknown, but will probably be ascertained from some of those who were so fortunate as to survive the disaster. The captain and Captain COLES, who claimed to be the originator of the turret system, were among those who were lost.

STEAMERS LAID UP AT BREMEN.

THE effect of the war upon German commerce is shown in the engraving of the Bremen docks, on this page, where a large number of ships and steamers are now lying idle, having been withdrawn from the seas to secure them against capture by French cruisers. A correspondent who visited Bremen a short time ago thus describes the appearance of the city since the commence-



STEAMERS LAID UP AT BREMEN.

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ment of hostilities: "Bremen was formerly a fortified town, with huge ramparts, glacis, and moats. These have all been destroyed; scarp and counterscarp have disappeared, and all vestiges of the forms of the military works have been obliterated by the skill of the landscape-gardener. The altered slopes have been planted with ornamental trees, and the moats made into picturesque, many-shaped pools and canals, at times almost lost among the rich foliage on the banks, or else opening out into broad sheets of water covered with water-fowl. Round the ornamental grounds thus formed are built the villas of the wealthy merchants of the city. Bremen is famed all over Germany for the wealth of its inhabitants and the pride and exclusiveness of the principal merchants. The villas that surround the ornamental ground are of all sizes and styles; some are palaces, suitable only for a merchant prince; others are exceedingly small; but all are built in the most perfect manner, and with the most refined taste. The prevailing style is classical, leaning rather to the Greek than to the Roman. It is many years since the fortifications of Bremen were destroyed and the mounds planted, so that the timber is fine and well grown. This suburb of Bremen is more like what one would expect to find, but would not find, in some fine old Italian city on the shore of the Mediterranean, and certainly one would never expect to see it within a few miles of the shores of the cold North Sea.

"Bremen has at present in it more than 18,000 troops, who are quartered in all the hotels and many private houses. They are nearly all landwehr—a steady, stern-faced body of men, who look as if they would fight most certainly, but seem not much pleased at being dragged from their homes, their families, and their peaceful occupations by this war. Their general bearing is unexceptionally good; they do not look smart, and there is no pipe-clay, yet they seem precisely the class of men an officer would wish to have behind him, for they are safe to follow where he leads, or stand and die where he bids them. The Hanoverians, like all other Germans, are of one mind in the matter of this war. They say they are out to fight for the father-land, and they desire to know no more. On this question Germany seems to have but one heart."

SLEEP.

SHELLEY begins that beautiful rhapsody of his, "Queen Mab," with the lines:

"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep."

Allegory is a dangerous edge-tool, and very apt to snap in the hands of the workman. An allegorical impersonation should be shown quickly, then instantly withdrawn. No inquiry should be made into its antecedents or its future. It is a beautiful allegory to call Death the brother of Sleep, but what would you say if you were asked who was Sleep's third cousin, or his aunt, or his grandmother, or his godfather?

Sleep is the holiday time of life, as death is the final breaking up. During half man's life the shop is closed and the shutters are up. Man needs forgetfulness half his life to enable him to endure the other half. Shakspeare, who has written finely about most things, has written very nobly on sleep. Witness that grand passage in "Macbeth," so full of all his faults and all his beauties:

"Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

What a prodigality and even confusion of metaphors! Sleep a darner, a death, a bath, a balsam, a second course, a chief dish, and all in four lines! Shakspeare was fond of contrasting troubled royalty with contented poverty. The antithesis often occurs in his writings. Thus, in "Henry the Fourth," the Prince says:

"Sleep with it now,
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
Snores out the watch of night."

Boerhaave tells a story of a cranky German physician, who maintained that sleep was the natural state of man, and that to be awake was to be in a state of disease, under which belief this Teutonic dormouse eventually slept himself into an apoplexy.

What is sleep? you ask the doctors and the physiologists, and, as usual, they tell you the symptoms and results of sleep, and expound its diagnosis, but help you no further. In fact, all they know about it is that it is. Blumenbach attributed it to a diminished flow of arterial blood to the brain, but Dr. Elliotson, his commentator, justly remarks that this slower circulation is a consequence, not a cause, of sleep. Pressure on the brain produces involuntary sleep, but, nevertheless, there need not necessarily be pressure in true and natural sleep. Here, again, we arrive at one of nature's closed doors.

The writers on sleep have noted several of its phenomena. At the battle of the Nile some of the ships' boys, worn out with fatigue, fell asleep at the foot of the guns that were for a moment ceasing their remorseless fire. There have been men so accustomed to the din of forges and the noise of mills that they could not sleep in quiet places. During the retreat from Corunna the soldiers were often seen marching fast asleep. Some great men, like Napoleon, have been able to sleep at will. Sir Walter Scott always said he required seven hours' sleep to refresh his huge brain. Sir Edward Coke used to say, in the words of a quotation from Alcæus, of which he was fond:

"Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix."

But Sir William Jones took a less ascetic view of life when he wrote his paraphrase:

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven;
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven."

The robust and ungallant old proverb has it, "Five hours for a man, six for a woman, and seven for a fool;" but life was slower and less exhaustive than it is now when that proverb was written.

Keats wrote well when he said:

"O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till all is hushed and smooth."

But, after all the poets' fine sayings, there is a single sentence of Cervantes that, in my estimation, beats them all. He puts it in the mouth of that jovial materialist, Sancho:

"Now blessings on him that first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."

Young, in his "Night Thoughts," assumes a depreciating strain, and snubs sleep as a mere paltry time-server in these five smooth lines:

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
He, like the world, his ready visits pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And visits lids unsullied by a tear."

Some old writer of the Elizabethan Church breaks forth in one of his sermons into quaint conjectures as to Adam's feelings when his first sleep oppressed him. It must have seemed like dissolution, a fading away into the chaos from whence at God's word he had emerged. Poor Hartley Coleridge has a fine sonnet on the subject of what awoke Adam from his first sleep, and we can not resist quoting it here:

"What was't awakened first the untired ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody and greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs nestle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet,
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?"

The poets have written their best in their comparisons of death and sleep.

"Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking,"

writes Scott; but the old Jesuit poet, Crashaw, uses the word sleep with ineffably more tenderness and a deeper feeling in his beautiful elegy on two lovers:

"Do not weep.
Peace! the lovers are asleep,
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morning dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake with that light
Where day shall never sleep in night."

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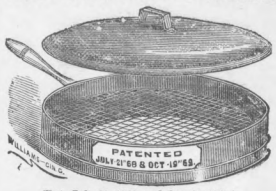

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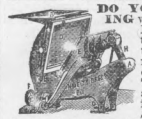

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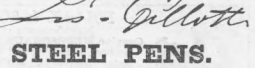

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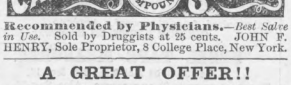

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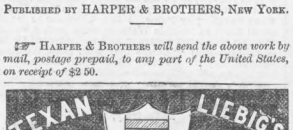

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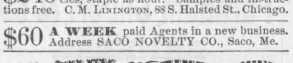

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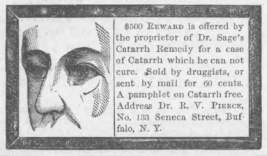
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

WITH THE DICKENS SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. XIV.—No. 718.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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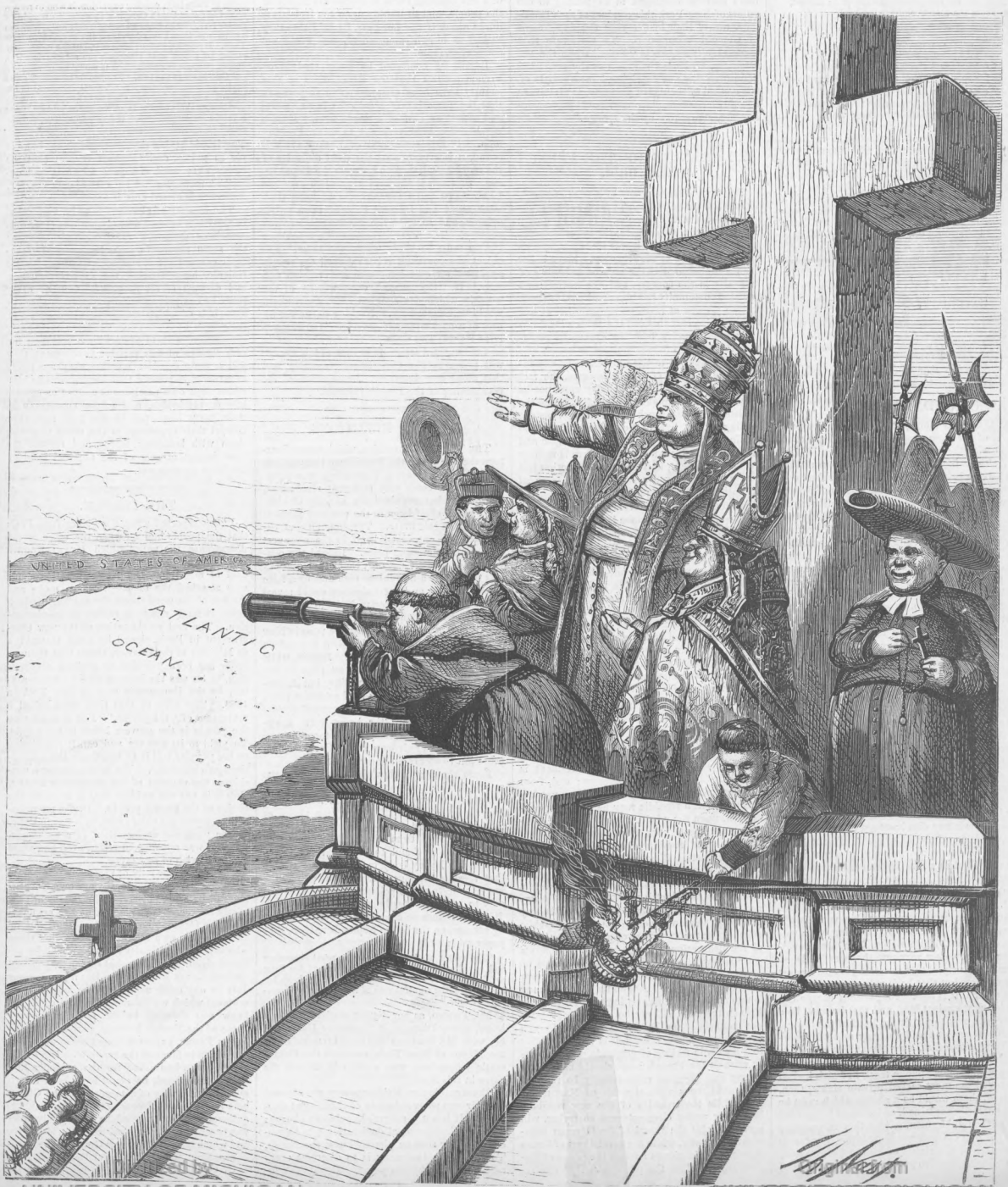

"THE PROMISED LAND," AS SEEN FROM THE DOME OF SAINT PETER'S, ROME. [SEE PAGE 626.]

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TWO DAYS.

ALL up, with the birds and the bees,
My love rose yesterday;
And she sang with the thrush in the maple-trees,
And she rivaled their songs alway.
And robin muttered, and bobolink sputtered,
And said that her notes were false;
But she sang them again, such a gushing strain
That the thrushes began to waltz.

The glint of the morning sun
Lay bright on my love's brown hair;
And the flowers in the garden, every one,
Seemed suddenly grown less fair;
For her rare face's splendor, half wild, half tender,
Eclipsed them, roses and all.
"Oh, fair sweet bud!" I cried, as she stood
By the rose-tree under the wall.

All still, like a nested bird,
My fair love lies to-night;
And the mellow notes that the robin heard
Are locked in her lips' snow white.
In the early gloaming they'll wait her coming,
And list for her song in vain;
And the thrush's throat will swell with a note
That is echoed not back again.

The setting sun's red ray
Falls bright on the locks of brown;
And the flowers in the garden seem to-day
To be drooping down and down;
Like pale dead faces they hang in their places,
Lilies, and roses, and all;
And all over the ground the leaves lie around,
From the rose-tree under the wall.

THE PROMISED LAND.

MR. NAST and the New York *Herald* seem to have hit upon the same idea with regard to the future residence of the Pope. In its issue of September 16 that paper says: "We could wish to see the Holy Father in New York. It has always been our conviction that the New World is his proper sphere. If the Old World is sick of him, as it seems to be, why should he not come to the New World, which allows its heart to go out to him with filial affection?" We may be permitted to express a little doubt as to the extent of the "filial affection" so touchingly alluded to by the *Herald*; but the similarity between the newspaper paragraph and Mr. NAST's spirited sketch on our first page this week is curious.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1870.

☞ *With the present Number of the* WEEKLY *we lay before our readers a Supplement, containing the Sixth and Last Monthly installment of*

The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

THE CANDIDATES IN NEW YORK.

NOTHING more plainly shows the inability of the Democratic organs to find serious fault with the administration of General GRANT than their incessant carping at his traveling, and living by the sea in summer, and their constant criticism of unimportant details of personal conduct. Those papers pay a similar tribute to the Republican candidate for Governor of New York. He has been Lieutenant-Governor, and he has served in the army. But, unable to find any thing discreditable in his public career, the journals of which we speak resort to personal ridicule. It is the old habit of the party. It has always relied upon the appeal to prejudice and ignorance and passion, because it did not dare to confront the actual questions of the hour. For a generation the Democratic party maintained its ascendency by feeding the hatred of the negro. Its conclusive argument against prohibiting slavery in the Territories was the question, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" And the spirit and scope and character of that argument it carries into every political discussion.

Are the principles of the Republican party any less sound, or its policy any less expedient, because General WOODFORD is a gentleman? Is a cause less respectable because its advocate is courteous? Under a free system of popular government, which is maintained and conducted by a direct and constant appeal to public opinion, is it any disadvantage to a public man that he is an admirable orator? To the Democratic judgment courtesy and eloquence may be ridiculous in a Republican candidate; but it seems that good-breeding and facility of speech are no objections in a Democratic Governor, or Mr. HOFFMAN would not now fill that office. Thus far the campaign of the Democrats in the State of New York has been nothing but a volley of personal abuse of the Republican candidate. But we are very sure that sensible Democrats will suspect that if nothing is said against a candidate but that he is polite and of agreeable speech, it is because no serious charge can be brought against him, and that he must be a very safe man to put at the head of the State.

If, indeed, it could be truly said of General WOODFORD that, notwithstanding attractive personal qualities, he had once been in a position of the highest public trust, in which he had betrayed the most sacred private rights, then, indeed, there would be a charge which must be satisfactorily explained, or he would be opposed by all honorable men. And that is precisely the position of Governor HOFFMAN. The representative of the rights of all the people, and, vested with the veto power for their protection, he has not hesitated to deprive honest men and women of the control of their own earnings invested in the Erie Railway, a control guaranteed to them by the terms of the charter. It is one of the worst political crimes ever committed. If the deportment of the man who condescended to such an outrage were as fine as Lord CHESTERFIELD hoped to make his son's, it could not save him from the censure and the contempt of all honest citizens. Yet the journals that support Mr. HOFFMAN for Governor of New York complain that General WOODFORD is polite! They really seem to suppose that a few sneering epithets hurled at the Republican candidate will hide the notorious and alarming acts of the Democratic Governor, and the proved enormous corruption of his masters, the Tammany managers.

General WOODFORD is a gentleman of unimpeached and unimpeachable private and official character. Governor HOFFMAN is the signer of the Erie bill, the officer who made it a law, and, overriding the charter itself, made Mr. TWEED and his friends—the "inventors" of Governor HOFFMAN—directors for four years, and entirely beyond the control of the stockholders. The Democratic journals would be more usefully employed in explaining to the voters of New York this conduct of their candidate, rather than in decrying the deportment of General WOODFORD. To vociferate that General WOODFORD is "little," while the not large Mr. HOFFMAN stands morally convicted before the State of depriving honest people of the control of their own property, is plainly, as certain Democratic statesmen would professionally say, "to throw up the sponge."

THE CHANCES OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE immediate pressure of a state of war in France has prevented much thought of the probable chances of the republic. In its formation it was as much a *coup d'état* as the imperial usurpation, but, unlike that, it was bloodless, and an evident necessity of the situation. Since it has been established it is the only organization of authority in the country, and the instinct of a civilized community has perceived that it must, for the present at least, be supported. It was the same instinct that led the Prince De Joinville to urge every body in France to recognize the Palikao Ministry while it lasted, and to offer his sword to the republic. In considering the chances of its permanence, the fact which we suggested the other day must not be forgotten, that a great deal of what is called the fickleness of the French is due to the constant baffling and betrayal of the nation by those who obtain power. This, indeed, is both cause and effect. If, as BERANGER says, there is nobody for *Vice*-President, it is because the nation has not yet been allowed a fair chance of political education and development.

Of course the first obvious condition of the political situation in France is that the force of the old parties is much exhausted. The Legitimists, who had BERRYER and MONTALEMBERT in 1848, have no conspicuous leader. The Bonapartists, who were united by a profound sentiment of romantic pride in 1848, have no other cohesion than that of possible public plunder. The Orleanists, who had little but a following of interested classes in 1848, have become disorganized and dispersed. They have, indeed, a certain support among many of the best Frenchmen, and the representatives of the family are honorable and able princes. But the glamour of royalty is utterly gone in France; and it would not be easy to show that a perpetual President would not satisfy all the requirements of a strong executive, while a King would be an object of endless suspicion. A repetition of the folly of electing a member of any of the French royal houses President is not likely if the republic continues; and, from the party point of view solely, it seems not improbable that a republic may be generally considered, upon the whole, if not in itself desirable, yet the best guarantee of domestic order.

The second consideration is the attitude of foreign powers. None of them, of course, are friendly to a republic; but if ever a republic in France would be tolerated it would probably be now, when the doctrine of the right of every nation to settle such questions for itself is very generally acknowledged—when the republic arises upon the ruins not of a royal house, but of the usurpation of what royalty considers a *parvenu*—when the great national prestige of France has been broken and its military power virtually destroyed. Assuming that Germany is magnanimous in the settlement of the war, a French republic will not be more disagreeable nor menacing than LOUIS NAPOLEON'S French empire has been. Indeed, it is not impossible that a certain feeling of gratitude may hereafter arise in the French heart should republican liberty and German magnanimity be recalled as simultaneous with the fall of NAPOLEON. Meanwhile the troubles of the new republic, beginning under circumstances so trying, will serve to point the moral of the German argument for royalty, while the revelations of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S intrigues against the peace of Europe will quicken the perception that the republic is not likely to be a conspirator. We doubt, therefore, if republican France will be considered to be a worse European neighbor than imperial France has been.

The third consideration of the chances of a permanent republic is of another kind. It is the character, the habits, the political intelligence of the people. It will not be forgotten that some of the most accomplished and eminent liberals in France voted for the empire at the last *Plebiscite*. They did so in the choice of an alternative. They felt that the question was imperial order, or anarchy and its chances, and they voted for order. Our readers will remember that, just after the French election of last May, we spoke of a letter of LABOULAYE, to a friend in New York, explaining his position and his vote for the empire. LABOULAYE declared—and he is a man familiar with French politics, and thoroughly versed in political history and philosophy—that the French Republicans, as a body, had no conception either of the philosophy or the conditions of a republic. Their theory, he said, was government by a single chamber. They had no conception of the rights of a minority, nor any respect for them; and when he told them that the object of a free constitution is to secure the liberty of the people, and to impose upon the legislature limits which it can not pass, he said that they looked at him in amazement, and could not comprehend him.

It will be confessed by every student of French politics that the Republicans in that country have been always unable to perceive that the despotism of a majority is as hateful and unjust as that of a single man. French republic has been very apt to mean Parisian mob. If this conviction of LABOULAYE'S is sound, it is evident that the chief difficulty of the republic will be found among the Republicans. But this is the very hour when men like LABOULAYE and GASPARIN should bring their intelligence and thought to bear upon public opinion, and so upon the government of their country. The great principles of a republican system must be every where the same. The object of a constitution is to defend the people against their own ignorance and passion and folly. If "the people" were worthy of the worship which demagogues offer, government would be unnecessary. Nothing shows the fitness of a nation for self-government so distinctly as its will and capacity to restrain itself in its fundamental law. It is that which France will prove in the Constituent Assembly, and that alone can determine the question of the permanence of the French republic.

HONEST ELECTIONS.

THE Soldiers' Convention, which met at Saratoga the day before the Republican Convention, and of which General WOODFORD was president, passed some very stringent resolutions, one of which recognized the honesty of elections as the chief issue in the pending political campaign in this State. The Republican Convention also expressed itself in the strongest terms upon the same point. Indeed the conviction is universal not only that Mr. HOFFMAN was elected by a fraudulent vote and by a false count, but that an honest election would reveal a very decided Republican majority in the State. The Democratic journals affect to sneer at the assertion that there is fraud at the polls in New York. They insist that it is only a Republican pretense to justify interference. Indeed, while it is notorious that the greatest peril to our government is not foreign hostility but domestic corruption, nowhere so fatal as at the polls, the Democratic party is steadily arrayed against every effort to guard the ballot-box. It opposes an adequate registry and competent naturalization laws as it jeers at the Congressional provision to secure an honest election.

From the fury with which a law has been attacked, whose sole and obvious purpose is the protection of every honest voter, it might be imagined that some blow had been aimed at the liberties of the people. But the cry of hostility proceeded from the tools of the Ring which seeks by fraud to destroy the popular liberties. If any body in the country doubts that there is the most enormous and unblushing dishonesty at the polls in New York, he has only to recall the testimony of the New York *World*, a Democratic paper in this city. About a year ago, on the 5th of September, 1869, that paper said:

"The editor of the *World* saw by what shameless and cunning frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as WILLIAM M. TWEED and OAKEY HALL cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of HORATIO SEYMOUR."

Mr. TWEED, as our distant readers may not know, is the Dictator of Tammany Hall; and he, with Mr. SWEENY and Mr. OAKEY HALL, the Mayor of New York, compose the Democratic triumvirate who absolutely control the party in this State.

These gentlemen, it thus appears, are accused by their own party associate of cheating at elections. It is not a general Republican charge; it is a distinct personal declaration of a Democratic editor that he himself knew the frauds. To reject the testimony is to discredit every assertion made by the paper. Republican investigation has indeed already established the fact, but it is confirmed by this Democratic confession. The *World* pushed the war. It resolved, as it valiantly said, and to the great amusement of all who knew how powerless it had been proved to be in its party, to break the Ring and relieve the party of the odium of dishonest management and of fraudulent elections. The contest was joined in the Legislature with Mr. TWEED, whom the paper had denounced as a shameless corruptionist. Mr. TWEED'S victory was as thorough and final as that of the Germans at Sedan. The Dictator of Tammany put the *World* in his pocket, and there it has remained quietly ever since. Except, indeed, when Congress passed a law to protect honest voters against such shameless frauds as the *World* declared Mr. TWEED practiced in New York.

Upon that occasion the *World* put its head out of the pocket of the gentleman whom it had described as a shameless corruptionist, and exclaimed, on the 21st of May, 1870:

"What does this howl about the necessity of Congress reconstructing the ballot-boxes of this city mean? Is it seriously meant that these fellows [the Congress of the United States] do not mean to lose their hold on the throats of the people, and, when this State signifies to them their coming expulsion, intend to reconstruct her *à la* South Carolina, in order to remain in power?.... The baffled and stung trooly loil must have a care how they talk of putting the bayonet to New York. It may be, and we hope it is, but the mere crazy raving of defeat that possesses the saints; but if a deeper purpose is entertained it would be pleasant to put that issue to the test. The people of these United States have endured too much from Radicalism to now submit to be told that they shall not change the administration of this country from the hands that dishonor it into a better and purer, if less pretentious, possession."

The *World* having thus emerged to eat humble pie in public, and to assert in May that the hands were good and pure which it had described in September as shamelessly corrupt, those hands closed over it again.

The honesty of elections is to be vindicated in this State against managers whom their own associates denounce as shamelessly corrupt; the same managers who, having contemptuously covered the *World* with inextinguishable ridicule, have aroused the deep indignation and distrust of all thoughtful men of every party by compelling their Governor to sign the Erie bill, of which we speak elsewhere. If the people of New York, whatever their party sympathies, wish to protect from pollution the very springs of free popular government, they will gravely consider whether they are likely to do it by intrusting that government to men whom their own partisans denounce as shameless corruptionists, and whose supremacy in their party is proved by the fact that they compel their opponents in the ranks to praise them with Indicrous fervor, and control the most important acts of the nominal head of the State government.

THE PEOPLE.

IT was reported a few days since from Paris that the people had attacked the office of the *Marseillaise*, the paper which HENRI ROCHEFORT formerly edited, and had done a great deal of mischief. But it was not the people who attacked the office—it was a mob; and the use of the word shows the confusion which exists in many minds in regard to popular action. The first proclamation of the new Government in Paris, signed by LEON GAMBETTA as Minister of the Interior, states that the new order has been "ratified by popular acclamation." So was the burning of the orphan asylum by the Democratic mob in New York in 1863. The riots of that time were called a movement of "the people." But to call a mob the people is the gravest insult in a republic. To yield to its menace and call it submission to the popular will is to overthrow the foundations of civil order. We have elsewhere considered the chances of the republic in France. But it is not yet evident that it is really the choice of the French people. It was proclaimed in many of the chief cities, as it was in Paris, by the "popular acclamation" of a multitude, which it was not wise to resist, even had there been any wish of resistance.

Hence, too, the folly of urging an immediate recognition of the republic by our own Government or by other powers. The President very wisely instructed Mr. WASHBURNE to acknowledge the Government *de facto*. That was of course. Our own interests require that those who represent authority and order shall be acknowledged. It was for that reason that we recognized LOUIS NAPOLEON. But it was not our duty in any other way to acknowledge a government which we did not know and could not know was founded in the popular consent. Some of the French journals, perhaps even M. JULES FAVRE, expected some kind of active intervention in favor of the republic. But if Mr. WASHBURNE had asked for the evidence that a republic existed, he could have been shown nothing but a vote of a minority of the Chambers and the acquiescence of the cities, an acquiescence which we might very justly infer was based upon the necessities of the situation, and which regarded the new Government merely as a Committee of National Defense.

Of course we are not asserting that the re-

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public will not be sustained, but only that the people of France have not yet established it, and that therefore it was thoughtless in any responsible Frenchman or American to suppose that we could do more than we have done. As we have stated in another place, the chances of the permanence of a republic in France seem more promising than ever before. But the Constituent Assembly may decide otherwise. It may not ratify the authority which summons it, and may consider that a constitutional monarchy is a better security of order than a republic. The present government is that of a few men who declare the old system overthrown, and who control affairs until some new system is adopted. And the perplexity of the situation as we write is, that no settlement with the present authorities could be considered final. It must be ratified by the nation, to which they also look to justify their own existence.

THE MORAL IN MISSOURI.

THE action of the Republicans in Missouri, like the vote in the House of Representatives upon the President's proposition to buy and register foreign ships during the war, is significant of the rapidity with which new issues are now commanding public attention. The Republican Convention in Missouri divided. One part renominated Governor M'CLURG; the other nominated Mr. B. GRATZ BROWN, ex-Senator of the United States. The platforms of both parties are excellent. They both denounce repudiation; encourage the removal of political disabilities; demand a reduction of taxation as rapid as is honorably practicable; oppose any system of taxation which fosters one industry or interest at the expense of others; and protest against any sectarian abuse of the school fund. Upon these great points both conventions agreed. Beside these, the BROWN party very wisely and firmly demand a thorough reform of the civil service system, which we do not believe would be distasteful to the other. The question, therefore, becomes very interesting, why there was any division?

The difference is in the known views of the candidates. Governor M'CLURG, who, according to the *Tribune*, is an open and defiant protectionist, accepts the nomination of a convention which declares itself opposed "to any system of taxation which will tend to the creation of monopolies, and benefit one industry or interest at the expense of another." The revenue reformers apparently refused to support a man whom they knew to be opposed to their principles. This shows that they hold those principles to be more precious than the cohesion of the party upon the other issues. They will take the risk of party defeat rather than secure success with a candidate who is unsound upon revenue reform.

Now it seems to us the duty of wise politicians to reflect upon the fact, not to rage at it. It is not enough to deride one party to the difference as disorganizers. That party deliberately says that it regards the revenue reform question as of vital importance. It may be mistaken, but it is merely childish to deny its honesty. Now what is true in Missouri was true in the House of Representatives, and is, of course, true elsewhere in the country. It is, therefore, essential that the Republicans every where should give the subject the most serious attention, in order that the Republican revenue policy may be plain and unanimous at the next session of Congress. Let us have no repetition of the sorry spectacle of a Republican President making an important suggestion to a Republican Congress, upon which the Republican majority divides, and defeats the executive. Such a spectacle is deplorable, not because every suggestion of the President ought to be adopted by Congress, but because the difference of the President and his supporters in Congress upon certain fundamental questions tends to show that the party has no common principle upon such questions; and a party wanting such community of doctrine upon such essential points can not hope to retain general sympathy and support.

Let us take to heart the moral which the position of the party in Missouri suggests, and not think that we have done our duty when we have angrily asserted that the revenue reformers are traitors, plotting for the success of the common enemy.

THE SIMMONS COLLEGE.

WHATEVER differences of opinion there may be of what are called Women's Rights, there is one right of women which the most crabbed conservative will not deny, and that is the right to make an honest living if they can. It has certainly never been satisfactorily demonstrated why thousands of widows with families dependent upon them, and thousands of unmarried women, should be straitened and starving because it is the natural expectation of women to be married and supported by their husbands. It may also be very unwomanly for any woman to feel that, as a member of society, having the same kind and degree of interest in the common welfare with every one else, she ought to have a voice in its general direction; but why it should be unwomanly to wish to be useful in the world, and to support herself honorably, is not easy to see. Evidently the late Mr. JOHN SIMMONS, of Boston, could not see it. A quiet, industrious, thrifty, thoughtful man, he saw that what thousands of women want is a chance of helping themselves. Give them that, and the melancholy and suffering and despair of innumerable aimless lives will disappear. And so Mr. SIMMONS provided in his will that they should have that chance.

He has left one million and four hundred thousand dollars to establish the Simmons Female College, in which women may study medicine, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy, and other branches of art to enable them to earn an honorable livelihood. Young women who think that the acquisition of useful knowledge is unwomanly will smile at the Simmons College. Young gentlemen who think it unlady-like for a lady to support herself will sigh at so vulgar a perversion of money. And the worthy persons who are exceedingly troubled lest women should "desert their sphere," and "descend from their pedestal," will groan at this radically "unsexing" proposition as tending to the disturbance of the natural order of the universe.

But while all these excellent people groan, we trust that intelligent young women, however delicately nurtured, however daintily accomplished, however gracefully idle they may be, will remember that the richest husband may fail, and the most devoted die, that they themselves are subject to every chance of life, and that the happiness of very many more than themselves may depend upon their ability to be independent of others. "I should be rich if I hadn't a cent in the world," said a distinguished man, "for I am a practical baker." But he has not worn the baker's apron for thirty years. Many women may never be obliged to use their practical skill of any kind for their support, but they are none the poorer in womanliness nor in the honor and respect of men for having it. Long life and countless students to the Simmons College for Women!

"THE BURNING OF DARIEN, GEORGIA."

WE publish with great pleasure the following letter, and remind our readers that subscriptions may be sent either to the senior warden, to the REV. ROBERT F. CLUTE, rector, or to the RT. REV. JOHN W. BECKWITH, Bishop of Georgia.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"SIR,—Through several copies sent to me my attention has been called to an editorial in your issue of September 3, 1870, with the above caption. You publish parts of Colonel ROBERT G. SHAW's letters, written shortly after the event, to prove that he was not responsible for the burning of Darien. You not only make out a clear case of the Colonel's blamelessness, but also of his abhorrence of the act, which now seems, by these extracts, to be fixed upon General HUNTER and Colonel MONTGOMERY.

"Be this as it may, as one of the authors of the appeal for aid for St. Andrew's Church, addressed 'to the members of the Episcopal Church, and all other friends of religion and education in the United States,' which has called forth the above-named editorial, I desire to state in your columns that the object of the circular was simply to set forth, in as concise a manner as possible, the sad historical fact of the destruction of the town, including church and academy, and the other grounds upon which assistance was asked. It was not intended to reflect, even by implication, upon the memory of any one, as you will readily observe by reference to the inclosed copy. Yet I have been informed that such a construction had been placed on the circular, to the injury of the cause it was intended to advance.

"The impression prevailed in this community that Colonel SHAW commanded the troops by whom Darien was plundered and destroyed. Before issuing the circular I asked one of the few citizens who remained in the vicinity at the time—a gentleman of intelligence—if he could give me any information on this point. In answer to my request he handed me a card which he had taken from an old mill, left standing, upon his going into Darien a few hours after the Federal gunboats had retired. That card is before me. I extract from it the following: 'June 11, 1863. STUART W. WOODS, Company I, Fifty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, in command of Colonel SHAW, Captain G. POPE, First-Lieutenant HEGINSON Second-Lieutenant TUCKER.' When it is remembered that there were no other Federal sources of information at hand it will be readily understood why the above was accepted as satisfactory evidence.

"But the members of St. Andrew's parish are truly glad that the memory of Colonel SHAW—who certainly proved to the world at Wagner that he was a gallant soldier, even as these published fragments of his letters evince him to have been a Christian gentleman—has been exculpated from the disgrace of burning a defenseless town, 'which contained only old men, women, and children,' who were then, while they still stood around the smouldering ruins of their homes, 'finally shelled from the river.' His opinion of the transaction is expressed in his own language, as published by you: 'I think now, as I did at the time of the burning of Darien, that such destruction is cruel, barbarous, impolitic, and degrading to ourselves and our men, and I shall always rejoice that I expressed myself as I did.' Will not Northern friends, taking the simple appeal of the members of the parish in connection with this expression of opinion, deem the rebuilding of St. Andrew's Church a fit subject for their generosity, and *act* upon the feeling?

"Respectfully yours,

"W. ROBERT GIGUILLIAT, *Senior Warden.*

"DARIEN, *September* 9, 1870."

NOTES.

THE conservatism of power was never more strikingly illustrated than in a late act of HENRI ROCHEFORT'S. His paper, the *Marseillaise*, has waged the most relentless warfare upon the empire; and after the murder of his friend and associate by PIERRE BONAPARTE, last spring, it seemed as if ROCHEFORT might become the chief figure of a revolution. Elected to the Chambers, his paper was still unsparing, and he was finally arrested and condemned. When the war began he was imprisoned in Paris. When the reverses occurred he was removed to Vincennes. When the republic was declared he was brought back to Paris, and made one of the Provisional Government. A day or two afterward the *Marseillaise* published an article denouncing the new Government. On the following morning ROCHEFORT announced that he no longer had any connection whatever with the paper, and severely reproved the tone of the article, declaring it to be the duty of all good citizens to sustain the Government. Thereupon the mob attacked the office of the paper, and burned the offensive issue. Mr. ROCHEFORT had the opportunity of knowing how LOUIS NAPOLEON felt when the *Marseillaise* used to attack the empire.

IT must be rather disagreeable to the better kind of Democratic journals to urge the defeat of the Republicans in this State upon the ground that they favor reasonable and honorable measures for preventing the unspeakable suffering and constant crime that result from drunkenness. The sneaking way in which this argument is insinuated by some Democratic papers is characteristic. But the great mass of intelligent German voters, as they are called, although they are American citizens, are as much opposed to grogshops as any reputable class of the community. The position of the Republican party in this State upon the subject was precisely defined at its late Convention. It accepts, as the Democrats accept, the license system, as a wise and orderly system; and it says, what it is not easy to deny, that while the people of the towns and villages and cities have the right under the Democratic excise law to license the sale of intoxicating liquors, they should have the right, by a majority of votes, to prohibit such sales. The Republican party can better afford to lose than to keep the support of those who do not see how closely the common welfare, private happiness, and public taxation are connected with a wise supervision of the sale of intoxicating liquors.

THE Young Democracy, as they cheerily call themselves, are organizing for the election. They will not, of course, expect public confidence in advance after their action in the Legislature last spring. The difference, as they say in the West, between the "advertised bills" and the performance was so ineffably ludicrous that the audience will now naturally wait for the result. For the Tammany managers the movement may be very serious. Their unmitigated despotism is such that, sooner or later, a successful revolution against it is inevitable, and this may be the beginning. If the Young Democracy break the Tammany Ring they will give us another, of course. They are Democrats like their opponents in their camp. Nobody is deceived by them; and therefore it is hardly worth while for them to say a great deal about honesty and other virtues. The Young Democracy simply do not see why Tammany should have all the loot. From their point of view they are quite right, and there is no reason whatever why they should not have their share, or distribute the whole. Meanwhile the public knows that it is sure to suffer, whichever party wins.

IT would be very amusing if the first event after the declaration of papal infallibility should be the precipitate departure of the Pope from Rome. The Italian Government is about to take possession of what is called its natural capital. It professes great respect for his Holiness, and proposes to treat him with the utmost reverence. But the Pope and his Minister, ANTONELLI, know very well that when VICTOR EMANUEL is in Rome the Pope is no longer king. THACKERAY tells us of the fine dinners where the gorgeously liveried attendants are bailiffs, who, in that deceptive form, keep watch of the host. So the Pope would curiously look upon his obsequious guard of honor of the Italian army as his jailers in uniform. But it is not the least of the changes which the war invoked by LOUIS NAPOLEON is likely to produce in Europe, that the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Rome will be destroyed, and that officer become a wholly ecclesiastical functionary. And it must be said of the temporal government of the popes that it has been the most cruel, demoralizing, and barbarizing in history. There are few civilized populations so wretched and ignorant as that of the Papal States. No generous reform, no progress in civilization, is due to them. They have been the helpless victims of ecclesiastics, who are the worst of tyrants. By the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government the long-oppressed Papal States will be opened to the humane and ennobling influences of which they have been so long and so disastrously deprived.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE gates of Paris were closed on the 16th of September, and the city declared to be in a state of siege. Its power to resist an attack, in the opinion of military men, is limited only by the supply of food, and this is ample. General Trochu has 410,000 men under arms, and has made most complete preparations for defense. If the enemy should batter down the walls, or get within the city by surprise, they will have to make their way over formidable barricades. There is an immense supply of powder within the city, and plenty of arms. The people are reported as calm, but resolute, and determined to emulate Strasbourg.

It was reported from Tours (now the actual seat of government in France) on September 18 that on the day preceding General Vinoy made a reconnoissance from Paris, and discovered a force of 30,000 Prussians posted at Creteil. A skirmish took place, in which the French lost fifteen killed and thirty wounded. A cannonade followed, lasting two hours. Cannonading has been heard in the directions of Forts Ivry and Charenton. The first of these forts is on the south and the other on the southeast of Paris, forming part of the external line of defense. On the 16th the fort at Vincennes was destroyed by the French, the position being considered untenable. At latest advices the Prussian forces were drawing closely around the city, and cutting it off from communication with the rest of France. Actual siege operations had not commenced up to September 20, owing, it was reported, to the fact that the heavy Prussian siege train was stuck fast in the mud in the Canal de la Marne au Rhin, from which the water had been suddenly drawn off by the French engineers.

It was reported from London on the 18th ult. that Lord Lyons was conducting negotiations between M. Jules Favre and Count Von Bismarck, and that a brief armistice had been arranged. It is understood that the Prussian Government had previously rejected the terms proposed by M. Thiers, which were: Payment to Prussia of the war expenses, destruction of all the forts in Alsace and Lorraine, temporary occupation of Metz and Strasbourg by the German troops until the election of an authorized government for France and the ratification of the treaty by the proper authorities; but it is thought that, having actually arrived under the walls of Paris, the King of Prussia may be induced to relax the rigor of his demands.

There was a rumor, which does not appear to be confirmed by later dispatches, that a portion of Bazaine's army had escaped from Metz, under General Canrobert, and was proceeding to operate on the Prussian flank. We give on page 633 an interesting bird's-eye view of the beleaguered city and its fortifications, from which the reader can form a very accurate conception of Marshal Bazaine's position.

The heroic defense of the city of Strasbourg excites the admiration of Europe. A special dispatch to the New York *World*, dated Ostend, September 18, says: "An English officer here to-day from the Upper Rhine, who witnessed the bombardment of Strasbourg on the 15th, says that, unless the works of the besiegers are pushed with more intelligence and activity than has heretofore been displayed, there is no reason why the city should not hold out for a long time to come. He states that the Cathedral shows no signs of dilapidation, that the batteries of the besieged are heavier and better served than those of the attack, that there is an epidemic of a choleraic type among the Baden troops, and that a mutiny took place in a regiment of them at Ostwald, last week, which resulted in the mutineers occupying, and defending themselves in, the reformatory at that place, most of the buildings of which were destroyed before the disturbances were suppressed."

The Cologne *Gazette* of September 17 has an editorial article giving the following interesting statistics and particulars concerning this remarkable siege: "There are now before Strasbourg eighteen batteries of mortars and rifled cannon. These fire collectively more than 7000 shots into the city every day. Thirty carloads of munitions of war, including 8000 quintals of iron, are thus consumed daily."

The fortress of Toul still holds out bravely against the besiegers.

A dispatch from King William makes a great reduction in the number of prisoners secured by the capitulation of Sedan. It states that the total number of men actually captured was only 30,000, including 39 generals and 2595 officers, 500 of whom were released on parole. The killed and wounded numbered 20,000. It is reported that great numbers of soldiers escaped from Sedan before the actual capitulation, and have made their way to Paris.

The mission of the French fleet has utterly failed. Commander Villaumez complains that all the promises made to him by the Minister of Marine, when the fleet left Cherbourg, have been broken. He was assured that several armor-clad ships would follow him at brief intervals, and that a fleet of transports, with a force of thirty or forty thousand troops, for land service, would speedily join him. Nothing of the kind has been done, and his position has been a difficult and dangerous one. Kiel was not attacked, because the forts commanding the entrance are situated so high that they could not be reached by the ships' guns; and the bay is filled with torpedoes, and has been made unnavigable by the sinking of vessels, connected by chain cables. Iron-clads, recalled from the Baltic and North seas, are to protect Cherbourg, Havre, and other ports.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

An official dispatch to the Italian Government at Florence, from the head-quarters of the Italian Army of Occupation in the Roman territory, dated at Monte Rotundo, September 17, says that Baron Von Arnim came to General Cadorna's quarters by authorization of the Pope to explain that the foreign military forces for the moment ruled the city of Rome, and his Holiness was unable to prevent resistance to the entrance of the Italian troops. He wished to know what course General Cadorna intended to take. The General replied that his purpose was fully set forth in the royal proclamation. The King had shown great patience, but the fact that foreigners attempted to defend the city and rule the Pope, tried that patience severely. The Baron Von Arnim begged for a delay of twenty-four hours, that he might bring additional influence to bear on the Pope. General Cadorna so far yielded as to suspend the attack on Rome for twenty-four hours, but reserving the right to manœuvre his troops, which now encircle the city.

The following dispatches give the latest intelligence respecting the march on Rome:

LONDON, *September* 18.—The latest advices from Rome state that the Pope and the Diplomatic Corps have taken refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo, and that the capitulation of the city is hourly expected.

LONDON, *September* 18.—The people of Rome are in favor of admitting the national troops, but the Zouaves and the clergy restrain them from taking practical steps in that direction.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

A correspondent gives a sorry picture of the ex-Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe. He says: "He is now bloated, bilious, and yellow. His eyes are faint, tired, and expressionless. His movements are slow, awkward, and mechanical, and his face absolutely devoid of expression.... He retires late, and rises early.... He dresses plainly in black, and amuses himself a great deal by talking to the school-children, who gather around to see him."

The discovery of an immense cataract in British Guiana is reported. There are two falls, one 770, and the other 50 feet in height, the volumes of water being 78 feet deep and 100 yards wide.

The telegraph cable from Cuba to Jamaica has been successfully laid.

Further outrages have been committed on the missionaries in China, and the people are said to be preparing for war.

A bill has passed the First Chamber in Holland abolishing the death penalty.

The international boat-race between the Tyne and St. John crews took place September 15, on the St. Lawrence River, at Lachine, and was won by the former in 41 minutes and 10 seconds.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NOTICE has been given by the Post-office Department of a postal convention with the empire of Brazil, establishing and regulating the exchange of correspondence between that country and this, and fixing the rates of postage.

Governor Shaffer, of Utah, has issued a proclamation forbidding the assembling of the Mormon militia, and of all gatherings of armed men.

Judge Daly, of the New York Court of Common Pleas, in a case of life-insurance, has decided that the death of the insured, resulting from habits of intoxication acquired after effecting the policy, does not render the policy void, and can not therefore be pleaded as a defense in an action to recover the amount of insurance.

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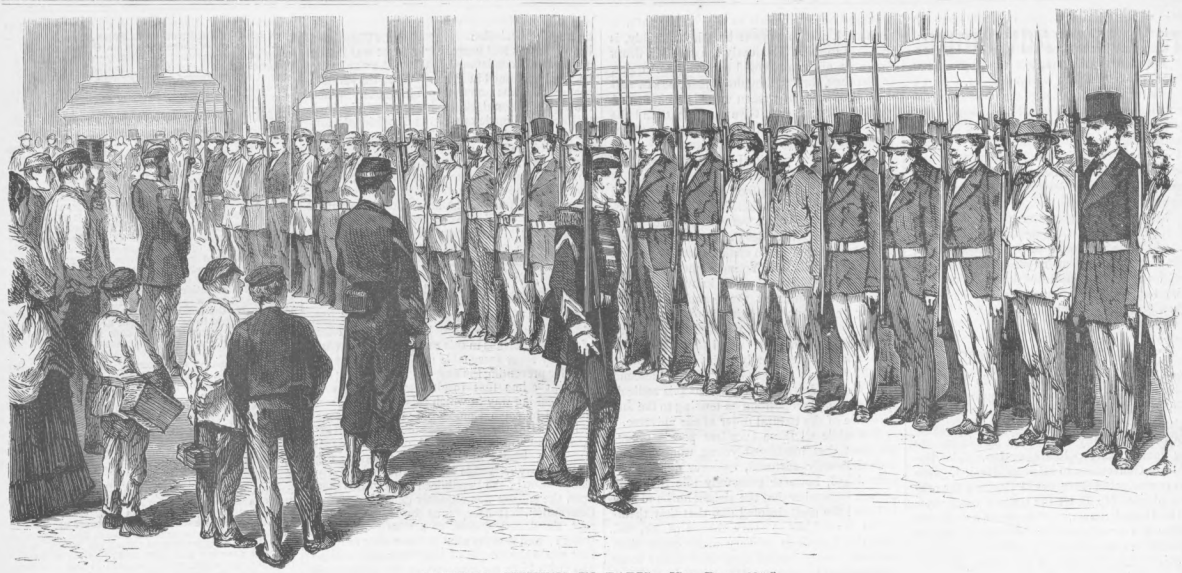
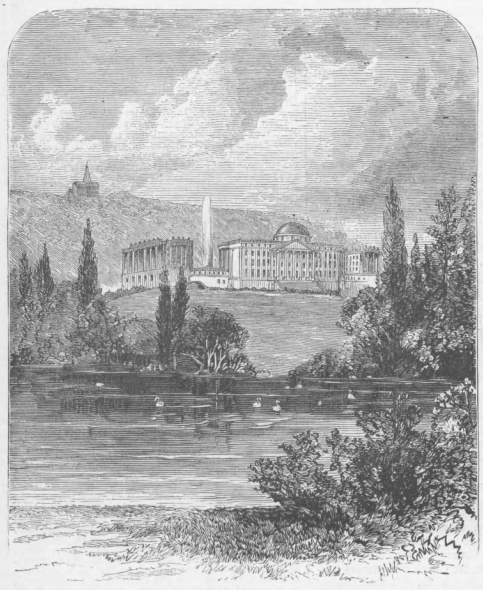


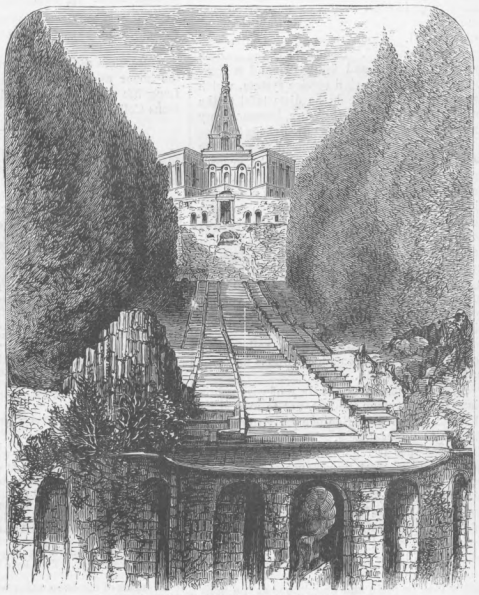
DRILLING CITIZENS IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 635.]



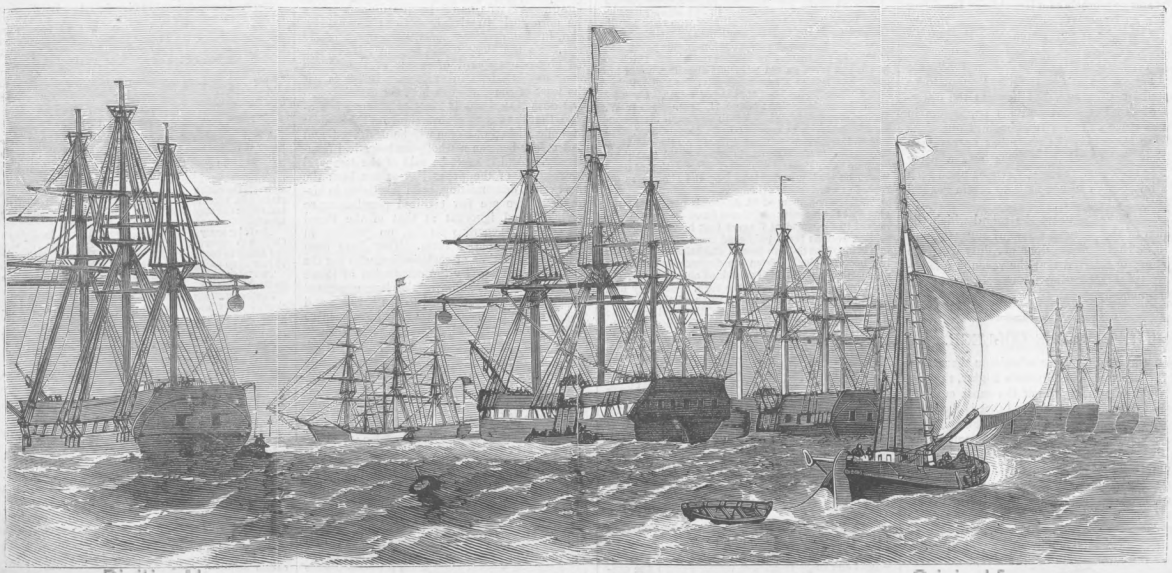
THE CHÂTEAU OF WILHELMSHÖHE.

WILHELMSHÖHE.

WILHELMSHÖHE (in English signifying William's Height), which has been designated by King WILLIAM as the residence of NAPOLEON, and of which we give two illustrations on this page, is one of the most delightful resorts of royalty in Germany—more so on account of its fine location and beautiful park than its palace. But the most remarkable feature of the place is the grand cascade, fountains, and other water-works, which deservedly rank among the finest of Europe. The mountain-side upon which they are located, situated about three miles from the city of Cassel, is upward of twelve hundred feet in height, and is crowned with a huge structure, in the shape of an octagon, called the Giant's Castle, from the centre of which rises a pyramid, ninety-six feet in height, supporting a bronze statue of Hercules full thirty feet high. The castle covers the reservoir containing the waters which, on Sundays and fête days, are let loose, and flow down an inclined plane of three hundred yards, with a width of forty feet, broken at distances of fifty yards by small basins. The whole is constructed of solid masonry. At the foot the water is gathered again to pass through an aqueduct that looks like a relic of ancient Rome, and finally shoots up, in a stream of twelve inches thickness, to the height of one hundred and ninety feet. This fountain is visible beyond the château in our first illustration.



THE GIANT'S CASTLE AT WILHELMSHÖHE.



PREPARING SHIPS TO BE SUNK IN THE HARBOR OF HAMBURG.—[SEE PAGE 635.]

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Travel and Adventure.

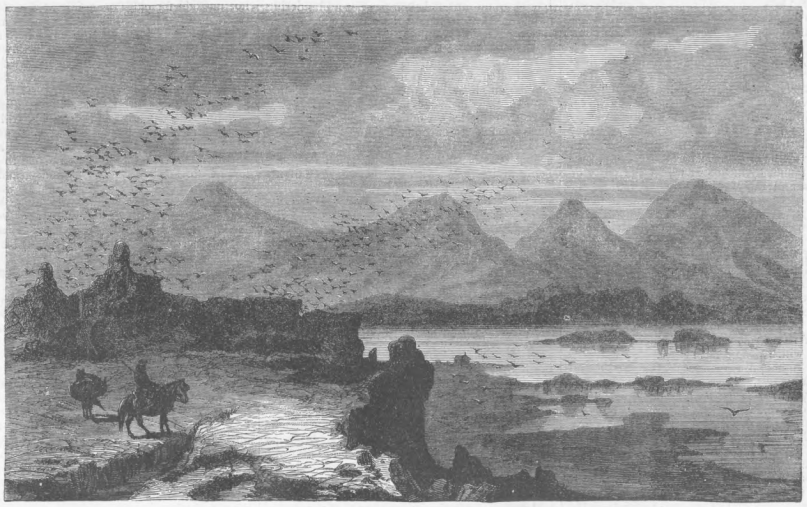
PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER III.

The Population of Iceland.—Severity of the Climate.—Former Mildness.—Magnificent Lake Scenery.—Swimming a River.—Crossing at a Ford.—A Lake of Boiling Springs.

THE population of Iceland was in former times considerably greater than it is now, although, after a long period of gradual diminution, it is now again tending to an increase. The tendency to diminution, which for a long time was quite manifest, was due apparently to two causes: first, a relaxation of the spirit of persecution at home, and a diminution of the civil and political troubles, in consequence of which a smaller number of families were driven to flight or exile, thus diminishing the immigration; and, secondly, a gradual change in the climate of the island, resulting in an increase of cold, and a consequent curtailment of the productiveness of vegetation. For, though the islanders depend in a great measure for their subsistence on the products of the sea, the grass which sustains their domestic animals is of vast importance to them. The growth and the value of this grass are much greater than one would suppose possible in a country lying on the confines of the arctic circle. For, in all these regions, through the effects of the warm currents of water carried thither by the Gulf Stream, and of other cosmical influences, the summers, such as they are, are protracted, and the winters are far less severe than the latitude would indicate. Thus, in respect to Iceland, the July isothermal of Newfoundland, which lies a thousand miles to the southward, passes through it. In winter the advantage is greater still, for the January isothermal of Iceland passes through New York. In other words, in Iceland they have the summers of Labrador, with the winters of New York; that is to say, the influences above referred to carry to this region in summer the climate of countries situated a thousand, and in winter of those fifteen hundred, miles to the southward of them.

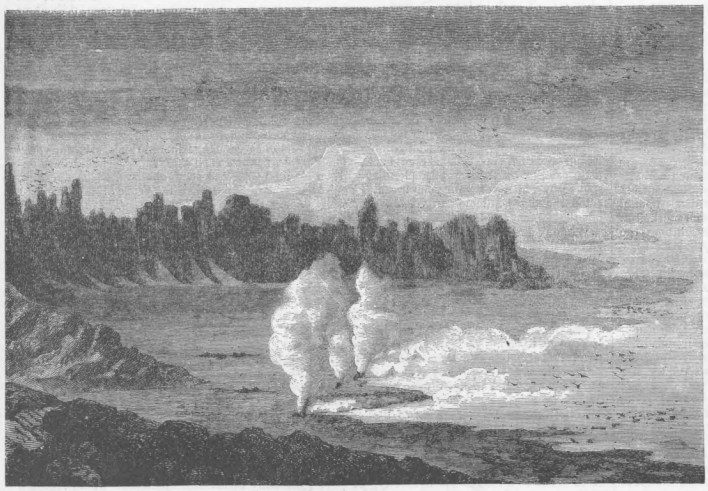


LAKE SCENERY IN ICELAND.

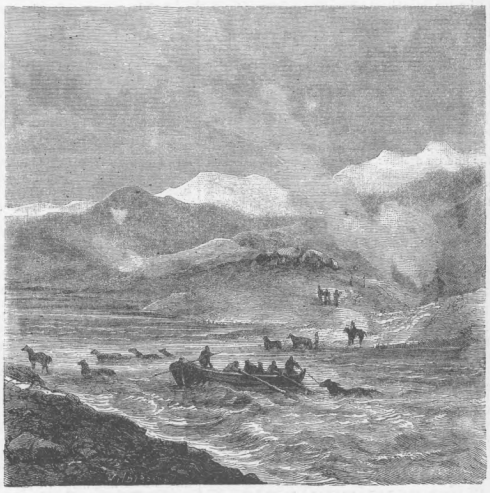
Whether any part of this relaxation in Iceland of the severity of the cold natural to the latitude is due to the volcanic heat still slumbering beneath the surface of the ground is, perhaps, uncertain. It is known that the rocks forming the crust of the earth are very slow conductors of heat. There is found to be, moreover, a gradual but very regular increase of temperature as we descend from the surface in all parts of the earth, and this being the case, there must be a real, though perhaps small and inappreciable, warming of the surface every where from the heat within. This effect must be still more decided in volcanic countries, where the heated portions come much nearer the surface, and the effect must be felt more sensibly in the colder latitudes, on account of the greater contrast between the outer and the inner portions. If this is so, and if the volcanic heat of Iceland is, as would appear to be the case, gradually declining—it certainly is infinitely less than it was at some former period, since the whole mass is volcanic, and was once in a state of fusion—the gradual deterioration of the climate and the diminution of vegetation are at least partially explained.

That there has been this gradual refrigeration of the climate, or at least of the soil, of Iceland, within a moderate number of centuries past, is shown not only by the historical testimony in respect to the state of things in former times, but also by traces, in many places apparent, of a former luxuriance of vegetation which now no longer exists. Varieties of grain were once produced which now can not be made to ripen, and great forests which formerly spread over portions of the island have disappeared, and now no trees, or scarcely any, will grow. The traces of these old forests still remain in deposits of semi-carbonized wood, which the people now use for fuel.

The average temperature of the country at the sea level—namely, that of Labrador in summer, and of New York in winter—would make the whole island habitable by man if the interior were but little raised from the sea, and if sufficient time had elapsed since the ejection of the basalt and lava for the surface to have covered itself with a soil. But this is not the case. The interior rises here and there into long mountainous ranges and lofty summits, some of which are covered with eternal ice and snow; and when the elevation is not sufficient to reach the line of perpetual congelation the rocks are ragged and bare, and, as is usual with volcanic products, have, in cooling and in suffering disintegration from the weather, opened vertical instead of horizontal seams, and present to view a confused mass of peaks and pinnacles and precipices and chasms, forming a bristling surface which it will require, as it would seem, some millions of years more of winter frost and summer rain to soften and subdue, and cover with a surface of fertile soil.



BOILING SPRINGS OF LAKE LANGARVATN.



SWIMMING A RIVER.

FORDING A RIVER.

And yet, savage and inhospitable as is the expression of the scenery of the interior in general, the traveler sometimes comes suddenly upon an attractive view. There are many lakes in the country, and some of these, with their surroundings, would form charming landscapes if they were bordered with forests and fields, and their banks were adorned with human habitations.

These lakes are formed, of course, of the accumulations from the rains, which come from the condensation of the vapors that ascend from the comparatively warm seas which environ

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the island. When there is a channel of communication open between one of these lakes and the sea a river is formed. Some of these rivers are a hundred and fifty miles or more in length, and they flow through the wildest country and over the roughest beds, with cascades and cataracts innumerable, for, on account of the great elevation of the interior portions of the island, the descent is usually very great from their sources to the sea. Of course these rivers add greatly to the difficulty of traveling. Many of them, especially as they approach toward the sea, are broad and deep. At some of the crossing-places most used a rude boat is found, by means of which the party of travelers and their guides can pass, while the horses are made to swim. Where this mode of transportation is not provided the only alternative is to follow up the bank of the river until a place is found shallow enough to be forded. Some of these fords would seem, from the representations given us by travelers, to be dangerous in the extreme.

Wherever lakes have been formed in hollows which have no channel of communication with the sea, so that no river can flow from them to carry off the surplus water, a marsh is formed, through which ooze often sulphureous and suffocating vapors, always disagreeable, and sometimes dangerous. Over some of these bogs, in certain parts of the country, the horse-path is carried by a kind of narrow embankment or dyke, which quakes under the tread, and threatens to engulf the traveler in the most horrible slough that the imagination can conceive.

As the traveler advances into the interior, indications of the increase of the subterranean heat, or rather of its influence approaching nearer to the surface of the ground, multiply. He sees columns of vapor rising from the ground in various places, usually in the vicinity of surface water, either that of a river or a lake. One striking example of this is seen at a lake called Lake Langarvatn, a Danish name signifying Bathing Lake, which designation seems to intimate that in former times, when the country was more populous, it may have been resorted to by the inhabitants for the purpose of bathing in its tepid waters; or the name may have been given to it by a kind of figure of speech, playfully, as a large hollow pool is sometimes called the Punch-Bowl, or a frightful precipice of rocks the Lover's Leap. At any rate, on the borders of this lake are several hot springs which throw up columns of vapor that rise sometimes quite high into the air, and attract the attention of the traveler long before he arrives at the spot.

All these issuings of hot water and steam from the interior are due, no doubt, to the penetration of the surface water through orifices and fissures in the rocks to the heated, and perhaps even fused, strata below. Sometimes when these waters penetrate to a moderate depth only they are brought into contact with strata the temperature of which is only moderately raised, and then they issue, wherever they can find an opening at a lower level, in a warm spring, or a hot spring, or a boiling spring—or even in a continuous jet of roaring vapor, like that of a gigantic boiler blowing off its steam. In all these cases we see only different forms of the great conflict which is still going on, and has been going on for ages, between the internal heat of these volcanic regions and the external cold; for the liquidity of the water, given to it by the atmospheric influences prevailing without, is only the product and the expression of cold, and the vehicle, moreover, by which the cold is carried down to the field of conflict within.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

RICHARD BURNS HIS BOATS.

IT was strange enough that day after day and week after week went by without John Trevethick making any reference to the application his guest had made for his daughter's hand. His silence certainly seemed to favor it; and the more so since, notwithstanding what he knew, he put no obstacles in the way of the young people's meeting and enjoying each other's society as heretofore. Perhaps he had too strong a confidence in Harry's sense of duty, or in the somewhat more than filial fear in which she stood of him. Perhaps Richard's prudent and undemonstrative behavior toward the girl in the presence of others deceived him. But, at all events, the summer came and still found Richard under the same roof with Harry, and more like one of the family than ever. Tourists of the young man's own position in life, and even of the same profession, began to visit Gethin, and of course "put up" at the *Castle*, but he found nothing so attractive in their company as to withdraw him from that homely coterie in the bar parlor for a single evening. He was always made welcome there by both his host and Solomon; and without doubt, so far as the former was concerned, a less sanguine man than the young landscape-painter might have considered that his suit was tacitly acceded to.

Even Harry herself — to whom her father's conduct was surprising enough—had come at last to this conclusion. Only one thing militated against this pleasant view of affairs—it was certain that the old man had not yet opened his lips to "Sol" upon the matter. It was clear that the miner still considered himself in the light of Harry's accepted suitor. As a lover, he was fortunately phlegmatic, and did not demand those little tributes of affection in the shape of smiles and whispers, secret glances, silent pressures, which his position might have exacted; but he would now and then pay her a blundering compliment in a manner that could not be misinterpreted, or even make some direct allusion to their future settlement in life, which embarrassed her still more. The young girl, as we have hinted, was by no means incapable of dissimulation, but she naturally revolted against having to support such a *rôle* as this, and would have even run the risk of precipitating what might have been a catastrophe by undeceiving him. But Richard bade her have patience. He had strong reasons, if they were not good ones, for being well satisfied with the present state of affairs. In love, notwithstanding much savage writing to the contrary, it is the woman who suffers; it is she who is the small trader, who can least afford to wait, while man is the capitalist. Richard saw no immediate necessity for pressing the matter of his marriage, upon which his heart was, nevertheless, as deeply set as ever. He would not (to do him justice) have been parted from his Harry now for all the wealth of Carew. But he was not parted from her, and he did not wish to risk even a temporary separation by any act of impetuosity. Living was cheap as well as pleasant at the *Géthin Castle*, and it was of importance to husband his funds—to reserve as much of his resources as he could for the expenses of his honey-moon. So far, and no farther, went his plans for the future. He knew that his mother would not refuse to offer them a home, even if his wife should come to him empty-handed; and the more he humored the old man, and abstained from demanding a decision, when it was clear the other preferred to procrastinate, the better favor he would have with him, and consequently the better chance of gaining a dowry with his daughter. Even if he should press matters, it was probable, he reasoned, that Trevethick had no decisive reply to give him. He had doubtless written to Mr. Whymper, and learned all that Richard had already divulged to him—and no more; that is to say, that he was, though an unacknowledged offspring of the Squire, in a very different position, at all events, toward him than that of a mere natural son. Trevethick could not have heard less—that is, less to his advantage—or he certainly would not have kept silence for so long.

Such was the state of affairs at Gethin. Harry with her two suitors; her father with his two expectant sons-in-law, each of whom had more or less of reason for his expectation. Though Richard might be satisfied with it, it was clear it could not last forever—nor for long. The day on which the change took place, though it was in no wise remarkable in other respects, he never forgot: every incident connected with it, though disregarded at the time, impressed itself upon his mind, to be subsequently dwelt upon a thousand times. It might have been marked in the hitherto sunny calendar of his life as the "Last day of Thoughtless Gayety. Here Love and Pleasure end."

It was fine weather, and there were more tourists at the inn than could be accommodated, so Richard had given up his private sitting-room to their temporary use. This, however, did not throw him more in Harry's society than usual, since their presence naturally much occupied her time. He had not, indeed, seen her since the mid-day meal which he had taken in the bar parlor; but she had promised, if she could get away, to call for him at a certain spot where he had gone to sketch—the church-yard on the hill. The attraction of the castled rock was such that few visitors sought the former spot, notwithstanding its picturesque and wild position. How the church maintained itself on that elevated and unsheltered hill, despite such winds as swept it in the winter, was almost a miracle: but there it stood—as it had done for centuries—gray, solitary, sublime. It was of considerable size, but small in comparison with its God's-acre, which was of vast extent, and only sparsely occupied by graves. The bare and rocky moor was almost valueless; it is as easy for one duly qualified to consecrate a square mile as an acre; and the materials of the low stone wall that marked its limits had been close at hand. In one or two spots only did the dead lie thickly; where shipwrecked mariners — the very names of whom were unknown to those who buried them—were interred; and where the victims of the Plague reposed by scores. Even Gethin had not escaped the ravages of that fell scourge; and, what was very singular, had suffered from it twice over; for, on the occasion of an ordinary burial having taken place many generations after the first calamity, in the same spot, the disease had broken forth afresh, and scattered broadcast in the little hamlet ancient death. The particulars of the catastrophe, so characteristic of this home of antique legend and hoary ruin, were engraven on a stone above the spot, which had never since been disturbed.

In a lone corner, as though seeking in its humility to be as distant from the sacred edifice as possible, was a quaint old cross. It was probably not so old by half a dozen centuries as the grave-mounds on the rock where the ruined castle stood, but it seemed even older, because there were words cut in its stone in a tongue that was no longer known to man. Seated on the low wall beside it, Richard was transferring to his sketch-book this relic of the past in his usual intermittent manner—now gazing out upon the far-stretching sea, here blue and bright, there shadowed by a passing cloud; now down into the village, which stood on a lower hill, with a ravine between. He had seen the post-cart come and go—for it came in and went out simultaneously at that out-of-the-way hamlet, where there was no one to write complainingly to the papers concerning the inefficiency of the mail service—and it was almost time for Harry to come and fetch him, as she had appointed. But presently the reason for her absence made itself apparent in the person of her father. It was not unusual for old Trevethick, at the close of the day, to call at the cottage in the ravine, which the guide to the ruin inhabited in the summer months, and see how business was doing in that quarter. If he had no eye for the picturesque, he had a very sharp one for the shillings which were made out of it; and Richard was not surprised to see the landlord descending the opposite hill. "This will keep Harry at home; confound him!" muttered the young man to himself, and then resumed his occupation. As there was now no one to watch for, he worked with more assiduity, and with such engrossment in his subject that he was first made conscious that he was not alone by the sudden presence of a shadow on his sketch-book. He looked up, not a little startled, and there was John Trevethick standing beside him, his huge form black against the sun.

"You may well be frightened, young gentleman," were his first ominous words; "it is only a guilty conscience that starts at a shadow."

Richard *had* a guilty conscience; and yet the remark that was thus addressed to him, unconciliatory, if not directly hostile, as it was, rather reassured him than otherwise.

Trevethick's presence there, for he had never made pretense of seeking Richard's society for its own sake—was of evil augury; his tone and manner were morose and threatening; his swarthy face was full of pent-up wrath; and yet it was obvious to the other that the secret was yet safe, the divulging of which he had most cause to fear. Had it been otherwise there would have been no mere thunder-cloud, but a tornado. "The post has brought some ill news from Crompton," was what flashed across the young man's brain; and the thought, though sufficiently uncomfortable, was a relief compared with that he had first entertained, and which had driven the color from his cheeks.

"I have no cause to be frightened, that I know of, either of you or any other man, Mr. Trevethick," observed Richard, haughtily.

"I hear you say so," was the other's grim reply; "but I shall be better pleased to hear you prove it."

"Prove what?"

"Two things—that you are not a bastard, nor a pauper."

Richard leaped down from the wall with a fierce oath; and for a moment it really seemed that he would have flung himself against his gigantic opponent, like a fretful wave against a rock of granite.

Trevethick uttered an exclamation of contempt. "Pick up your sketch-book, young man, or one of those pretty pictures will be spoiled by which you gain your bread. You've acted the fine gentleman at Gethin very well, but the play is over now."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Trevethick. If you must needs be insolent, at all events, be explicit. You have miscalled me by two names—Bastard and Pauper. Who has put those lies into your mouth, the taste of which you seem to relish so?"

Trevethick reached forth his huge hand, and seized the other's shoulder with a gripe of steel. It seemed to compress bone and sinew as in a vice; the arm between them was as a bar of iron. Richard felt powerless as a child, and could have cried like a child—not from pain, though he was in great pain, but from vexation and rage. It was maddening to find himself thus physically subjugated by one whom he so utterly despised.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, cock-sparrow," growled the giant, "lest I wring your neck. You're a nice one to talk of lying; you, with your tales of son and heirship to the Squire, and your offers of copper-mines for the asking! Who told me how I had been fooled? Why, Carew himself! You thought I should write to the parson, eh?"

Richard certainly had thought that he would have written to the parson, but he strove to look as calm and free from disappointment as he could, as he replied: "It was quite indifferent to me to whom you wrote, Mr. Trevethick. There was only one account to give of my affairs; and it was the same I had already given to you. I told you that my father did not choose to acknowledge me for the present, and I have no doubt that your questioning him upon the matter has made him very bitter against me; the more so because he is well aware that he is fighting against the truth; he knows that he was married to my mother in a lawful way, and that I am the issue of that marriage. It is true that technical objections have been raised against it, but his own conscience warns him that they are worthless. Mr. Whymper will tell you the same."

"Never you mind Mr. Whymper," said the landlord, gruffly, but at the same time relaxing his grasp upon the young man's shoulder; "the parson needs all his cleverness to take care of himself in this matter, and will have no helping hand to spare for you. The Squire is in a pretty temper with you both, I promise you. Here's his letter, if you'd like to see what he says of you in black and white; not that there's much white in it, egad!"

It was a custom of the Squire of Crompton, unconsciously plagiarized from the Great Napoleon, to let all letters addressed to him in an unfamiliar hand answer themselves. They were not destroyed, but lay for weeks or months unopened, until the fancy seized him to examine their contents. He made, it was true, a gallant exception in the case of those whose superscription seemed to promise a lady correspondent; but that had not been the case with the communication from Trevethick, and hence the long interval that had elapsed before it was attended to. Trevethick's business letters had hitherto, as was the case with all tenants of Crompton estate, been addressed to the chaplain only, so that he was unaware of this peculiarity of Carew, and had naturally construed his silence into a tacit admission of the truth of Richard's statement.

If force of language and bitterness of tone could have made up for his previous neglect, the Squire's letter was an apology in itself. It was short, but sharp and decisive. "The grain of truth," he wrote, "among the bushel of lies that this young gentleman has told you is, that he was once a guest under my roof—I forget whether for two nights or three. He will never be there again—neither now nor after I am in my box" (this was the Squire's playful way of alluding to the rites of sepulture). "He has no more claim upon me than any other of my bastards—of whom I have more than I know of—and in fact less, for I may have deceived their mothers, whereas his played a trick on me. As to his expectations from me, I can only tell you this much, that I expect he will come to be hanged; as for interest, whatever he may have with my son of a she-dog of a chaplain, he has none with me; and, as for money, so far as I know, he is a pauper, and likely to remain so as long as he lives." There were other sentences spurted from the volcano of the Squire's wrath, but to the same effect.

"A nice letter of recommendation, truly, and from his own father, of the young gentleman who asked me for my daughter's hand!" growled Trevethick. "You ought to be thankful to get out of Gethin with whole bones. If 'Sol' was to come to know of what you asked of me, I would not answer for even so much as that, I promise you."

"'Sol' might have known of it had you not chosen to keep it from him, for reasons best known to yourself," said Richard, quietly. "You have taken some time to make up your mind between us."

Trevethick winced; for the promise of the young man's interest with respect to Wheal Danes had, in fact, been the bait which had tempted him to temporize so long. He had never meant to give his daughter to Richard; but he had hoped to reap an advantage, present or future, out of the implied intention; nor did he know even yet in what relation Richard stood with Parson Whymper.

"At all events, it's made up now," answered the landlord, curtly.

"This letter has caused you to decide against me, then?"

"That letter? Well, of course it has. Not that there ain't a heap of other reasons; but that one's enough, I should think, even for you."

"It is just such a letter as I should have expected Carew to pen," observed Richard, coolly, "and does not alter the facts of the case as I stated them to you one whit. That my father is furious with me is clear enough; that is, because he is in the wrong, and feels it. He is angry, you see, even with Mr. Whymper, because he knows that his view of my case is such as I described to you. I confessed from the first that my interest at Crompton was a contingent one. You are treating me with great injustice, Mr. Trevethick."

"What! Have you so much brass left as to say that? You, that have asked my permission to pay court to my daughter, under the pretense that you were a fine gentleman, independent at present, and the heir-presumptive to one of the richest commoners in the kingdom! How durst you do it? You vagabond! you scoundrel!"

"You will be sorry for having said those words some day," said Richard, hoarsely; he was choking with rage, and yet it was necessary to restrain himself. He felt that this man would presently forbid him his house—would separate him from his Harry forever; and that would be like tearing out his heart-strings. Always audacious, there was nothing that he was not now prepared to say or do to avert this. "I tell you, Mr. Trevethick, this letter is full of lies, or rather it is written by a madman. I am not a bastard; I am not a pauper. I have an independence of my own, though, indeed, it is small compared with my expectations. My mother makes me a good allowance. I am a gentleman, and I have a right to be listened to by any man, when I ask leave to be his daughter's lover."

"Let us leave alone your gentility, Sir, and your mother's allowances," sneered the landlord, "since there is no means of gauging either the one or the other. As for your independent property—I don't believe you have a hundred pounds in the world; but it is easy enough to prove that I am mistaken there. Let me see the money down. Show me your three or four thousand pounds in gold, or notes that I know, for I must needs be particular with so clever a young gentleman; notes of the Bank of England, or of the Miners' Bank at Plymouth. Let me hold them in my hand, and then I shall feel that you are speaking the truth. At present, I tell you fairly, that if I saw a check of yours, I should look upon it as so much waste paper until I also saw it honored."

"Three thousand pounds is a large sum, Mr. Trevethick," said Richard, thoughtfully.

"Let us say two, then," returned the landlord, mockingly. "Sell out two thousand pounds of this independent fortune of yours, that has been invested in the Deep Sea Cockle Mine, or in debentures of the Railway in the Air. Let me see but two thousand pounds, Mr. Richard Yorke, and then—and not before—may you open your lips to me again respecting my daughter Harry." He turned upon his heel with a bitter laugh; while Richard, as white as the sketch-book he still held in his hand, remained speechless. A perilous thought had taken possession of his mind—a thought that it would have been better for him to have dropped down there dead than to have entertained, but it grew and grew apace within him like a foul weed. Had his life of selfish pleasure angered the long-suffering gods,

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and, having resolved upon his ruin, were they already making him mad? He ran after the old man, who did not so much as turn to look behind him, though he could not but have heard his rapid steps. "Mr. Trevethick, I will do it," he gasped out.

"Do what?" said the other, contemptuously, striding on. "Go hang yourself, or jump off Gethin rock into the sea?"

"I will get you the money that you speak of—the two thousand pounds. You shall have it in your hand, and keep it for that matter, if you please."

"What?" Unutterable astonishment stared out from the landlord's face. For the first time since the receipt of Carew's letter he began to discredit its contents. If this young fellow had really the immediate command of so large a sum, there was probably much more "behind him." He must either have a fortune in his own right, or if Carew had settled such a sum of money on him, he must have had a reason for it—the very reason Richard had assigned. And if so, Wheal Danes might be his to dispose of even yet. But Trevethick was not the man to hint a doubt of his foregone conclusions. "You have not got this money in your pocket, have you?" said he, with a short dry laugh.

"No, Sir; but I can get a check for it from my mother, in course of post."

"A check!" cried the other, contemptuously, all his suspicions returning with tenfold force. "I would not give one penny for such a check."

"I will get it changed myself, Mr. Trevethick, at Plymouth. The post has gone, but I will write to-morrow, and within the week—"

"You shall not stay here a week, nor another twenty-four hours," roared Trevethick. "I have been made a fool of long enough. I will not listen to another word."

But he did listen, nevertheless. No longer hampered by vague fears and difficulties, with which he knew not how to grapple, but with a distinct plan of operations before him, Richard's eloquence was irresistible. Deceit, if not habitual with him, had been practiced too often to lack the gloss of truth from his ready tongue. He actually had a scheme for procuring the sum in question, and when he possessed confidence himself, it was rarely, indeed, that he failed to inspire it in others. For the second time, the landlord of the *Gethin Castle* found himself in doubt; he was staggered by the positiveness of the young man's assertions, and by the force and flow of his glowing words. In spite of himself, he began once more to think that he might have been mistaken in condemning him as an impostor, after all; as Richard had said, Carew *was* scarcely sane, and when excited by wrath, a downright madman. His resolves, too, were as untrustworthy and fickle as the winds. Trevethick felt tolerably convinced that the money would, at all events, be forthcoming; and the sum—large in itself—seemed the earnest of much more. Last, but not least, there were the possibilities in connection with the mine. If he broke altogether with Richard, and turned him out of his house outright, might not his first act be to reveal to Parson Whymper, in revenge, all that he knew about Wheal Danes!

"Well, well, you shall stay at Gethin, then, till your check comes, young gentleman," said he, in a tone that was meant to be conciliatory. "I don't wish to be uncivil to any man, and certainly not to one who has been my guest so long. But you will keep yourself *to* yourself, if you please, in the mean time. The bar parlor will no longer be open to you, until you have proved your right to be there. And I don't mean to promise any thing certain by that, neither; but what with your fast talking and fine speaking I'm all in a buzz."

Honest John Trevethick did not, indeed, know what to think, what to believe, or what to propose to himself for the future. His brain, unaccustomed to much reflection, and dulled by pretty frequent potations, was fairly muddled. Most heartily did he wish that this young landscape-painter had never set foot in Gethin; but yet he could not make up his mind to summarily eject him. Upon the whole, he was almost as glad to temporize in the matter as Richard was himself.

In point of fact, Richard Yorke had won the battle, and was for the present master of the field; but what a struggle it had been, and at what a loss he had obtained the victory, you might have read in his white face and haggard eyes. As to whether it would be possible to hold the advantage he had gained was a problem he had yet to solve. He had committed himself to a policy which might—nay, very probably would—succeed; but if it should fail, there would be no escape from utter ruin. He had burned his boats, and broken down the bridge behind him.

CHAPTER XX.

ON THE BRINK.

FOR four more days, Richard Yorke continued at the *Gethin Castle*—to outward appearance, in the same relation with the landlord and his family as before, but in reality on a totally different footing. Trevethick had not found it practicable to exclude his late guest from the bar parlor; he could not do so without entering into an explanation with its other tenants, which he was not prepared for, or without devising some excuse far beyond his powers. Notwithstanding his bluff ways, he could tell a lie without moving a muscle; but he was incapable of any such ambitious flight of deceit as the present state of affairs demanded. He had, indeed, no aptitude for social diplomacy of any kind, and suffered his change of feeling toward the young landscape-painter to appear so plainly that even the phlegmatic Solomon observed it. He was rather pleased than otherwise to do so. He had acquiesced in the hospitality with which Richard had been treated, but without the slightest sympathy with it; and, in fact, he had no sympathies save those which were connected with his personal interests. It was evident enough that his father-in-law elect had had some reasons of his own—probably in relation to the property he held under Carew—for conciliating this young gentleman; and "Sol" had taken it for granted they were good, that is, substantial, ones. If these reasons no longer existed, the sooner this young gentleman was got rid of the better. It was true he had behaved himself very civilly; but his presence among them had been, on the whole, oppressive. "Sol" rather chafed at Richard's social superiority, though it was certainly never intruded, and, at all events, he preferred the society of his own class, among whom he felt himself qualified to take the lead. But the idea of jealousy had never entered into his mind. In his eyes Richard was a mere boy, whose years, as well as his position in life, precluded him from any serious intentions with respect to Harry, whom, moreover, Solomon regarded as his betrothed. If he had been married to her, he would certainly have forbidden her "gadding about" so much with this young fellow; but at present she was under her father's rule, and the old man knew very well what he was about. He was glad that there now seemed a prospect, to judge from the latter's manner, that the lad's intimacy with Harry, and the family generally, was about to end; but it might have lasted six months longer without "Sol's" opening his mouth about it, so prudently had Richard played his cards—so irreproachably behaved "before folk."

Solomon went, as usual, daily to look after affairs at Dunloppel, but Trevethick remained within doors, under pretense that the influx of guests, which was in fact considerable, demanded his presence. He took care that Richard and Harry should have no opportunity of meeting alone throughout the day; while in the evening he sat in almost total silence, sucking his pipe, and frowning gloomily—a wet blanket upon the little company, and the source of well-grounded terror to his daughter Harry.

Richard had told her how the matter stood; protested that he could get the money; and argued that when that was done, her father could have no excuse for forbidding his suit. But she knew the old man better than he, and trembled.

On the fifth day Richard received a letter, inclosing a check for two thousand pounds upon a London bank, from his mother, and, with an air of quiet triumph, showed it to his host.

"That is worth nothing here," observed Trevethick, coldly; "for all I know, the bank may not exist, or she may have no account there." But it was plain he was surprised, and disappointed.

"Notice has been sent to Plymouth, as I am here informed," said Richard; "so that I can get the check changed there, if you are still dissatisfied; which, you must pardon me for saying, I do not think you really are. Come, take my hand, and allow that you have behaved ungenerously. You're a man of your word, I know. This proves to you I am at least no pauper. I claim the right which you agreed to grant on that condition, to ask your daughter's hand, and demand of you to leave her, at all events, to grant it if she pleases. I affirm, once more, the truth of all that I have told you as regards myself. I am Carew's only son, begotten in lawful wedlock. He will acknowledge as much himself some day, even though he should delay it to his dying hour. If ever I come to possess it (and I think I shall), Wheal Danes shall be yours, without the payment of a shilling. Even now, I do not offer myself empty-handed. This is the sum that you yourself agreed I should show myself possessed of; but there is more where this comes from. I ask again, then, give me my fair chance with Harry: let her choose between me and this man Coe."

This was a wily speech; for Richard was recapitulating the very arguments which were presenting themselves to the old man's mind. True, he had promised his daughter to Solomon, and would much rather have had him for a son-in-law; but there were unquestionably great advantages in the position of this other claimant. Trevethick was not quite the slave to gratitude which he had professed himself to be, with respect to Coe's father. He did feel sincerely grateful; but he had himself exaggerated the feeling, with the very intention of making Harry understand that her fate was fixed. He had not been blind to the fact, that from the first she had never regarded "Sol" with favor as a suitor, and it was still possible to break off the match without disgrace, upon the ground of her disinclination to it. Above all, perhaps, he was actuated by the apprehension that Richard, if refused a hearing, would disclose the secret of Wheal Danes, and wreck the scheme upon which his heart had been set for near half a century. One word from him would divert the unsuspected wealth, over which he had so long gloated in anticipation, into another's hand. But he did not like the young man better for the precious knowledge which he alone shared with him; far otherwise; he hated him for it, and, without being a murderer in his heart, would have gladly welcomed the news that his mouth was closed forever by death.

"I wish such or such a one was in heaven," is a common expression, the meaning of which is of still more general acceptation. The idea, in fact, has doubtless flitted across the minds of most of us, though few, let us hope, would help to realize it; for, notwithstanding its agreeable form, it is not a benevolent aspiration. The reception of the individual in question into the realms of bliss has less interest with us than his removal from the earth's surface, and, consequently, from our path upon it. We may be very civil toward this person, and we often are; but we seldom desire him for a son-in-law. John Trevethick did not. But still less did he desire his open enmity; the longer, at all events, the declaration of war could be deferred the better.

"Come," urged Richard; "I am only demanding the redemption of your promise—one," added he, precipitately, "that it lies in your own power to redeem."

"The conditions, Mr. Yorke, have not yet been fulfilled," said Trevethick, pointing to the check. "I must see that money in bank-notes."

He had not the least doubt of the genuineness of the document; but his objection would at least give him the respite of another day or two, and a respite seemed almost a reprieve.

"As you will," answered Richard, with a faint smile. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me, and only costs me a journey to Plymouth. If you will be so good as to let me have some vehicle to take me as far as Turlock, I will pack my carpet-bag and start at once."

The landlord nodded, and withdrew without a word.

Left to himself, the smile faded from Richard's face, and was succeeded by a look of the utmost dejection and disappointment. All had been going so well up to that very last moment, and now all remained to be done, just as though nothing had been done at all. The dangerous path that he had marked out for himself had to be trodden from first to last, at the very moment when he had seemed to have reached his journey's end by a safe short-cut. He knew that it was the smallest grain of suspicion, if not the mere desire to procrastinate, that had turned the scale in Trevethick's mind, and imposed this task upon him. The genuineness of the check had been *almost* taken for granted—entire success had been missed, as it were, by a hair's-breadth. And now he was as far from it as ever. Had he been but a little more earnest, or a little more careless in his own manner, all might have been well. The obstacle that intervened between him and his desire still stood there, though only by an accident, as though, after he had fairly blown it into the air, it had resettled itself precisely in the same spot.

Richard felt like some offender against the law who had been foiled in an ingenious scheme by the stupidity rather than the sagacity of him he would have defrauded; or, rather, like one who has been brought to justice by misadventure—through some blunder which Fate itself had suggested to his prosecutor. He was filled with bitterness and mortification, and also with fear. This miscarriage now imposed a necessity upon him, which he had contemplated, indeed, but never looked fairly in the face; he had always hoped it might be evaded. The only alternative that presented itself was to give up his Harry; this swept across his mind for a single instant—a black shadow that seemed to plunge his whole being in night—then left it firmly set upon its perilous purpose.

He did not seek to see her before he left; he could not trust himself so far even as to turn his head and wave her a good-by, as he started from the inn-door, although he felt that she was watching him from an upper window. He was afraid of the anxiety that consumed him being visible to those loving eyes. She knew upon what errand he was going, but not the dangers of it. But he spoke cheerfully to Trevethick, who stood beneath the porch with moody brow, and testily found fault with horse and harness.

"The master's in a queer temper to-day, Sir," was the driver's remark, as they slowly climbed the hill out of the village.

"So it seems," answered Richard, absently.

The road they traveled was the same on which he had pursued Harry on that eventful night, now months ago; every object recalled her to him—the ruined tower on the promontory, the Fairies' Bower in the glen; but they suggested less of love than of the peril that, for love's sake, he was about to undergo. When they reached the point where he had met her first, on the margin of the moor, now bright with gorse and heather, and with its gray rocks sparkling in the sun, an overwhelming melancholy seized him. Was it possible that the omen which had alarmed her simple mind was really in the course of fulfillment? Was he, indeed, fated to be the cause of misfortune to her he loved so well? If evil should befall him, it was only too certain that it would include her in its consequences.

"You seem a cup too low, Mr. Yorke," said the driver, wondering at the young man's unusual silence; for his habit was to be brisk and lively with every body.

"We'll remedy that when we get to Turlock," answered Richard, good-naturedly, "by taking a glass of what you will together."

Accordingly, when they reached the little town, and while the post-horses were getting ready which were to take him on the next stage of his journey, Richard called for some liquor.

"Here's your good health, Sir," said the man, and added, in a roguish whisper, "and our young missus's too, Sir."

"By all means," said Richard, coolly. "But why couple hers with mine?"

"Well, Sir, it do come natural like, somehow," said the man, becoming suddenly stolid, on perceiving that his remark was by no means relished. "I suppose it's seeing you so much about together; but I meant no offense."

"I am sure of that," said Richard. It was on the tip of his tongue to pursue the subject, but he restrained himself. If he had already given occasion for gossip, he did not wish to provide fresh fuel for it in his absence from Gethin.

When a mile or two away from Turlock he produced the check which was the apparent cause of his irksome journey, and tearing it into minute fragments, scattered them out of the window.

Upon the second day he arrived at Plymouth, but too late for banking-hours, and drove to an hotel. He had had little to eat upon his journey, yet he now sent his dinner away almost untasted; on the other hand, though it was unusual with him to take much wine, he drank a bottle of Champagne and some sherry, then lit a cigar, and strolled out of doors. It was a beautiful evening; and he sauntered on the Hoe, gazing upon that glorious prospect of sea and shore which it affords, without paying regard to any thing, although all was as new as fair. His mind, however, took in every object mechanically, and often presented them to him again in after-years, just as it did that summer scene upon the ruined tower. Was it laying in provision for itself against the time, now drawing so nigh, when his physical eyes should have no more of such fair sights to feed upon? Or was the circumstance only such as attends all great changes and crises of our lives; for is not every feature of the face of Nature, upon the eve of any vital event, thus engraven on our recollection? Do we not note the daisies on the lawn forever, when for one instant we look out upon it from the darkened room wherein our loved one lies a-dying?

It presently grew too late for the ordinary signs and tokens of life; but Richard still paced to and fro, and gazed upon the darkening waters; he saw the light leap out upon them from the distant Eddystone, and from the craft in harbor, and from the houses that were built upon its margin: blue and red, and white and yellow.

There was one large vessel a great way off that he had not hitherto observed, but which now became conspicuous by its green light. Richard, vaguely interested in this exceptional beacon, inquired of a miserable-looking man, who had in vain been offering his services as cicerone, what it signified.

"Well, Sir, them colors as the ships show all mean something different; the red is from the floating powder-magazine, and the yellow is—"

"I said the *green* light," broke in Richard, with his usual impatience of prolixity. "What is that vessel *there*, I say?"

"Oh, that's the convict ship, Sir; they say she is waiting until after the 'sizes, to take the drab-jackets to Portland."

Richard nodded, and threw the man a shilling; then walked hastily away into the town. The night was mild, but his teeth chattered, and he shook in every limb.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ONE of the amusements at Long Branch is to watch the New Jersey mosquitoes open clams with their bills on the shore. Several of these useful little insects are being domesticated, and taught to punch rivet-holes in steam-boilers.

A use has at length been found for old hoop-skirts. No less than six are swaying from poles in one cornfield, not far from town, as scarecrows. "To what base uses may we come at last!"

An Irishman who was troubled with the toothache determined to have an old offender extracted, but there being no dentist near, he resolved to do the job himself; whereupon he filled the excavation with powder, but, being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, lit it, and then ran round the corner to get out of the way.

A Rochester man has issued a book of the names of men who don't pay their debts in that city. It contains so many names that it is frequently mistaken for, and used in the place of, a city directory.

"How," said Mr. Munsell to Mr. Yates, "do you accomplish so much in so short a time? Have you any particular plan?" "I have; I go and do it."

An honest Jonathan from the interior, on his first visit to the metropolis, was awakened one morning by hearing the cry of "Oyst! buy any oysters?" in the mellifluous tones of a vendor of the luscious shell-fish who was passing under the window of the hotel. A noise so new to him startled him, and he asked his room-mate what it meant. "It's only oysters," replied his fellow-lodger, pettishly. "Oysters!" exclaimed Jonathan, in astonishment; "and do oysters holler as loud as that?"

Some one asked a boy how it was he was so short of his age, when he replied, "Father keeps me so busy, I ha'n't time to grow."

An Irishman, having arrived in this country, struck across the fields in search of employment. While ascending a hill he suddenly came to a stand-still at the sight of a land-turtle slowly wending its way. Pat, never having seen the animal before, exclaimed: "Houly mither—the divil of a country is this, where the snuff-boxes walk up hill!"

It is said that the man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one has invented a machine with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

A gentleman paid a compliment to a beautiful German lady at Newport, by telling her she resembled the Prussian army. "How so?" she asked. "You are winning," was the reply.

A militia officer being told by a phrenologist that he had the organ of locality very large, innocently replied, "Very likely; I was fifteen years a colonel in the local militia."

A man with a scolding wife says he has less fears of the jaws of death than the jaws of life.

Why should young ladies never wear stays?—Because it is so horrid to see a girl "tight."

A Scotch paper tells the story of a farmer who, after the burial of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger, who, bringing his hand down on the shovel, exclaimed, "Down wi' anither shillin', or up she comes!"

A Philadelphia woman refused to permit her husband to go on a fishing excursion, "because he was very apt to be drowned when he went upon the water, and, moreover, did not know how to swim any more than a goose."

HOUSE DECORATIONS—Women.

"I see the villain in you face," said a Western judge to an Irish prisoner. "May it please your worship," replied the prisoner, "that must be a personal reflection."

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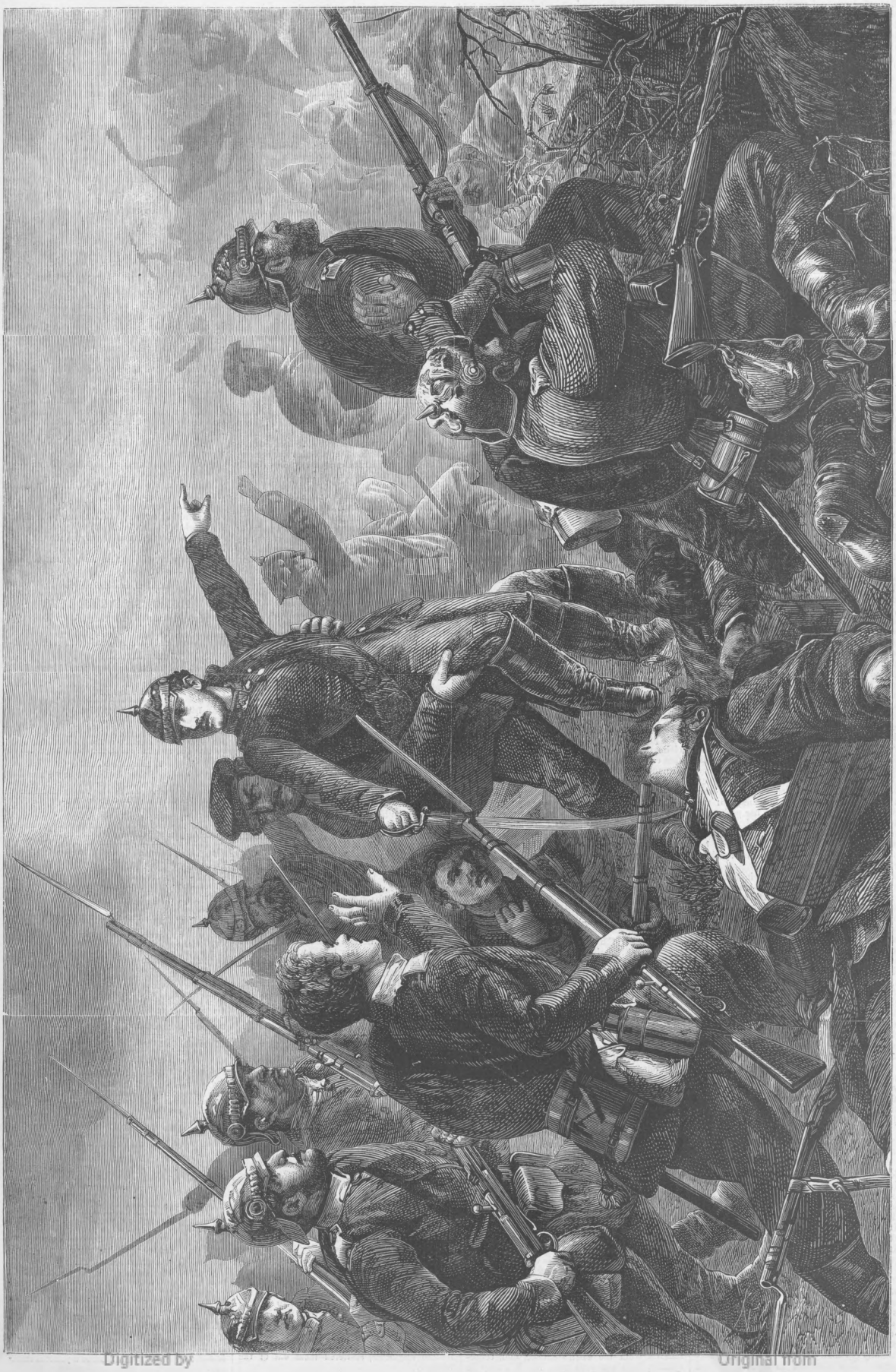

PRUSSIAN INFANTRY CHARGE.—[See Poem on Page 634.]

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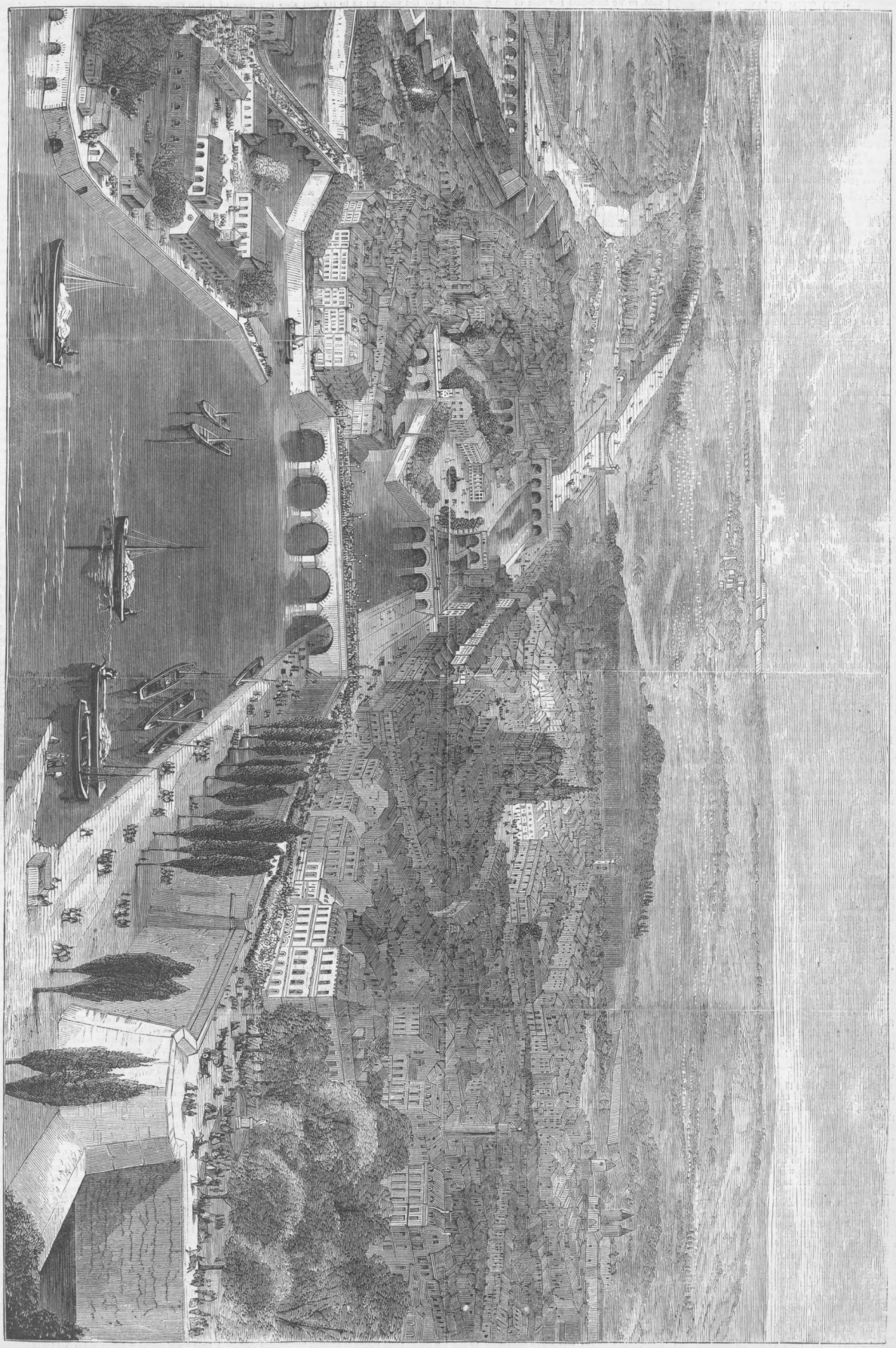

VIEW OF METZ, WHERE MARSHAL BAZAINE'S ARMY IS BESIEGED.—[SEE PAGE 627.]

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"TO THE CHARGE!"

[See Illustration on Page 632.]

"To the charge!" High the trumpet-blast rings on the air,
And the banners fly backward that bid us prepare.
Our swords will bite keenly; for surely we know
That the might of the Father-land strengthens the blow;
To the charge! and whoever is first in the fray,
The lilies of France are ensanguined to-day.

The Father-land bade us keep watch upon Rhine,
And we vowed that the wave should dead faces enshrine
Ere the foeman should triumph. The proud ripples gleam,
For it rolls for us still an inviolate stream:
While the print of our footsteps for aye shall remain
On the plains of Alsace and the fields of Lorraine.

To the charge! that the Frenchmen may quail as they feel
The soul of the German is true as his steel;
We shall hurl back their legions, though blood runs like rain
On the vine-covered hill-sides of pleasant Champagne;
And the twin-headed Eagle, with menacing glance,
Shall fly o'er the fields of their beautiful France!

We left those who love us afar 'neath the sky,
Where the foeman had boasted his banners should fly;
The robbers had counted and portioned the spoil,
But their footsteps have never polluted our soil;
No tricolor waves in the Rhineland to-day—
The imperial eagle is balked of its prey!

To the charge! Dress your ranks and stand firm. Then away,
Like a wave of the Baltic snow-crested with spray;
As the thunder-bolt strikes at the heart of the oak,
Charge down on the foe till he reels from the stroke;
And when the stern work of the battle is done—
Lo! from Elbe down to Danube our Germany's one!

SAVED FROM DEATH.

CLIVE and I were engaged to be married, and had been so about three months. We had known each other a great many years, and he often came down to the rectory, till one day, in a very unromantic manner, he asked me if I would be his wife; and though there had been none of the sighings and jealousies and heart-burnings we read about, I knew that, in my foolish little way, I was very fond of Clive; and feeling how good and true-hearted and strong he was, and how glad I ought to be that he would stoop to such a poor little insignificant girl as I was, I looked up in his brave, handsome face, which I could hardly see for the tears swimming in my eyes, and then I said, Yes, I would; and then for a while I was clasped close to his breast, and it seemed to me that there could be no more care or trouble in this world, and all that I had to do was to nestle there to be safe from all life-storms to come. He kissed me then, gently and lovingly, and somehow I felt very happy—so happy that when my uncle, who had brought me up from a child, came into the room I did not flinch hastily away, but went to him quietly, and clung to his arm, while Clive, in his bold, open way, said, "Mr. Grace, Mary has promised to be my wife."

Uncle shook hands with him warmly, and patted my cheek as he drew me closer to him, and after that matters went on in a very quiet, unexciting way for three months, Clive coming down on Saturday night, and staying till Monday morning, when he returned to his office in the city, and in those days we used quietly to talk about the future: how in years to come we were to be married, and how we were to plan and contrive about our little income, taking a cottage somewhere six or eight miles from town, and living very sparingly, because Clive's salary was any thing but high. Our planning, though, was needless; for one day Clive came down in great haste, and I could see by his face that he had important news to communicate, and so it proved. He had been asked by his employers, a large merchant firm, whether he would like to accept another appointment.

"But is it advantageous?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, in a quiet, strange way; "six hundred a year."

"Six hundred a year, Clive!" I exclaimed. "Why, we shall be rich!"

"Rich? Yes," he said, taking my hand; "but there is a drawback."

"A drawback?"

"Yes, I must sign an agreement to serve them for six years certain."

"Well," I said, "but is not that advantageous?"

"Perhaps," he said, looking very hard in my eyes as he spoke. "But I have not told you where it is."

"Not abroad, Clive!" I exclaimed, as a sudden pang shot through me.

"Yes, love, abroad—in Java—at a Dutch station."

"But you can not accept it, Clive—six years—you will not leave me?" Then I checked myself, as I thought of my selfishness, and it struck me that I was going to be a stumbling-block in his path when fortune was within his grasp.

"Do you wish me to give it up, Mary?" he said.

"Yes—no, no, Clive. I am selfish!" I exclaimed. "You must not throw it up—it would be destroying your future prospects. It seems hard to bear—hard to wait for six years; but we must be patient."

I could say no more, for the tears I had striven to keep back would come; but the next moment he held me sobbing in his arms as he whispered, "Is there no other way of getting over the difficulty, darling!"

I looked up in his face, for, for a few moments, I did not see what he meant; but the next minute I was clinging to him, weeping silently. And so it fell out that at eighteen I was my dear husband's girlish little wife, so girlish, that, as we ascended the side of the great ship *Batavian* at Gravesend, I saw the sailors whispering to one another, and I felt my cheeks burn, because I knew that they were saying I was such a mere child. For it was all like a dream—that hurried wedding, and the hasty preparation for our voyage. My uncle had said that it would be suicidal for Clive to give up so good an appointment, and, though he felt it bitterly, he considered with Clive that six years was too long a separation. "Had it been three," he said, "he would have considered it our duty to wait;" but as it was for the longer period, he yielded easily to Clive's solicitations; and in one short fortnight all was settled; farewells had been said; and the great ship was slowly sailing down the ever-widening river.

It seemed so strange, so wonderful, that it required at times the reassuring touch of Clive's hand to make me realize the fact that we were bidding farewell to the old country. But so it was; and though my heart was sore at parting from my uncle, yet that sorrow was mingled with so much happiness that I fear I did not think enough of his pain.

The days glided by, even as the great ship glided past the shores of the old country, and soon we had seen the last of the great rock-point which they told me was the Lizard, and we were far at sea.

Had I been a queen, I could not have had more attention paid to me; the captain, mates, and even the humblest sailor, always had a smile for me; and as we reached in time the hotter regions, there was always a summons, and the best place reserved for poor little me, whenever flying-fish, or dolphins, or a shark was in sight.

The days grew into weeks, and with almost invariably pleasant weather, the ship sailed on. There seemed no danger—nothing to apprehend; and as I sat with the soft breeze fanning my cheeks, all the perils of the sea of which I had read seemed so distant and impossible that I could hardly believe the gentle rippling waves, and the soft cloud-flecked sky, could possibly be guilty of the cruelties of which we hear.

At last, though, came a cloud, and that cloud seemed to settle upon my husband's brow. I asked him the reason, and he unwillingly told me that it was on account of the vessel.

It was upon one soft tropical evening that I elicited that response from him; and as he spoke he drew me closer to him as we leaned over the side, looking down at the glittering starlight reflected from the dark bosom of the sea.

"Are you keeping any thing from me, Clive?" I said, gently. "Am I not to share the trouble as well as the happiness of life?"

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"But I should not be happy if I felt that I did not share all, Clive. By keeping me in ignorance you would be inflicting the very trouble from which you would screen me."

"Beaten with my own weapons," he said, lightly, and then, in an under-tone: "I am uneasy, darling, about the vessel."

"But why?" I said. "What is there to make you uneasy?"

"Look along the deck, and tell me what you see."

"What do I see? The man at the steering-wheel, the men of the watch, and the four men pumping."

Clive was silent.

"What makes you uneasy, then?" I asked, after a while.

"Darling," he said, "if you had not asked me, I should not have told you; but I can not bring myself to seem wanting in confidence. Have you not noticed any change in Captain Webster and Mr. Green?"

"They have seemed a little more cheerful and merry than usual," I said.

"In the cabin—yes; but when on deck, it has not been so. Mary, darling, I fear there is trouble at hand; those four men pumping looks ominous."

"Ominous!"

"Yes, love. Three days ago one man was employed pumping; the next day two men were at work at once, and they were relieved again and again; yesterday, four men were pumping all day till evening, to-day, it was commenced at daybreak, and orders have, I know, been given that it is to be kept up all night."

"And what does that mean?" I asked, though I felt that I knew what the answer would be.

"It means, love, that we are a thousand miles from any land, and that the ship has sprung a leak."

I was only a weak girl then, and very young, so that perhaps my emotion may be excused; for I felt a strange catching of my breath, and a sense of dread stealing over me; but I tried hard to master it all, and I don't think my voice shook as I laid my hands on Clive's breast, and said: "Dear husband, we are in the hands of the Almighty; let us hope that in our weakness we are magnifying the peril."

He caught my hands in his, and held me at arms'-length for a few moments, gazing down in my eyes. "And I've been thinking you a timid little girl, Mary!" he exclaimed, at length. "God bless you! Yours is indeed a brave little heart."

We were interrupted by a little display of excitement forward, and in the dim light we could see that the captain and both the mates were there. Orders were hurriedly given, and soon there was the clanking noise of another pump hard at work, with the plashing of the water as it streamed down over the side. Lanterns were busily moving about, now on deck, now disappearing below. Then I heard calls for the carpenter, and the captain giving loud orders; and soon after there was a good deal of bustle close to the ship's bows; and Clive explained to me that they were drawing a sail under the bottom of the ship, so as to try and stop the flood of water, for it was evident that the danger was growing greater.

All through that long dark night we staid on deck, listening to the clanking noise of the pumps, and the ripping plash of the water as it ran over the side; but when morning broke it was evident that the danger was not lessened. The captain looked pale and anxious, and there was a sullen discontented look about the men, who could only with difficulty be prevailed upon to keep to their work of pumping. About midday they broke out into open mutiny, and refused to pump any longer; for the carpenter, having been sent below, came up with so bad a report that the men left their work directly, and, in spite of commands, and even threats, they set their officers at defiance, and began to make preparations for leaving the ship.

"Look here, Cap'n Webster," said an old bluff-looking sailor; "we're ready enough to obey, only it ain't no good to stop here, with the ship sinking under us. The murder's out now, and what's the good of fighting again' it? She's started a plank, that's what she's done; and all the pumps, and twice as many more, could not keep the water under."

"John Jackson," said the captain, "you're the last man I should have thought would turn against your captain."

"So I am, cap'n—hang me if I ain't," said the man. "It's no good, lads; I'm under orders again; who's coming on my side?"

Three more men came out of the little group, and followed the bluff old sailor to where the captain and the mates were standing in front of us; but the rest of the crew went on stolidly placing water and provisions in a couple of the boats, and at last launched them, and were about to push off without a word when Captain Webster threw them in a compass and gave them directions which course to steer.

Five minutes after they were rowing swiftly away, when for the first time Clive spoke: "Is there no chance of saving the vessel, Captain Webster?"

"No, Sir," was the reply; "not the slightest. In two hours she will have gone down."

I shivered as I heard these words; but I tried to smile as Clive glanced round at me; and then, for the next hour, busy preparations for leaving the vessel were carried on.

The boat left was large and roomy; and upon its being launched, sails, masts, and cordage were placed inside, with quite a heavy store of water and provisions, every man working hard; and though they smiled at my efforts, I ran backward and forward from the cabin carrying necessaries for our use.

But at last all was declared to be in readiness, and I was lowered over the side, Clive quickly taking his place with me in the boat, where there were already the four sailors; then came the two mates, and lastly the captain.

"You bear witness, gentlemen," he said, "that I left nothing undone, and that it was not until every effort had failed that I left my ship." He would have said more, but something which caught his eye made him shout to the men to seize their oars; and then, all together, they rowed hard away from the ship's side.

At first I did not know why this was done, but I soon saw that it was to avoid the vortex which the sinking vessel would cause; for, before five minutes had elapsed, the great ship began to roll slowly from side to side; and then, in spite of myself, I uttered a cry as it gave a plunge forward, and seemed to dive down out of sight, leaving us alone upon the surface of the great waters.

The night came on and passed slowly away, affecting us all with a deep feeling of awe as we thought of the frail defense we had against death. To us the vast ocean, heaving so slowly and regularly beneath, seemed then like the threshold of eternity; and I know that I trembled as I clung to poor Clive's arm, in spite of his encouraging words. But very little was said that night; and I know that no one slept; but we all sat watching and longing for the morning.

At another time I could have remained rapt with wonder and joy at the glorious sunrise, which flooded the whole surface of the sea with orange and gold; but there was the sense of the great solitude oppressing me always, while around me were the pale haggard faces of men who knew the perilous strait in which we lay. As the morning broke, though, the captain rose up in the bows, and stood looking around in every direction to try if he could make out where the other boats were, but, though he tried again and again, he could see nothing; and we felt that we were alone. It was not a time for repining, however, and every man set busily to work, arranging such things as we had in the boat; then a little mast was set up, and a sail hoisted, which the soft breeze gently filled; and the boat began to go lightly over the swell. After a short consultation the captain determined to sail for the island of Amsterdam, a tiny speck in mid-ocean, but a place that might prove to us a haven of refuge till a passing vessel could take us off; for, though at the present time the sea and sky were serene and bright, we did not know how soon a storm might arise to engulf our little frail boat.

One—two—three days we sailed on; and then came a change—a fierce wind blowing from the very direction in which our island lay. First, the sky grew black with clouds, while the sea became white and foaming, the waves each moment curling up more and more fiercely, till they beat against the sides and splashed over. The boat's course was altered, the sail lowered all but a tiny portion, and then the little vessel began to ride swiftly over the waves, now leaping up a great hill of water, hanging balanced on the foamy ridge, and then plunging and gliding down into a depth from which it seemed impossible that we could ever rise. Then came a time when every one except the captain, who sat pale and stern, steering the boat, began to bale out the water which constantly dashed over the sides. Even I would have helped, but every one smiled, and tried to make the part of the boat I was in more comfortable by putting up a portion of the sail, so as to screen me from the spray, which was now icily cold.

It might be thought that in such a time of trouble men would have been moved by selfish thoughts; but it was not so, for again and again it seemed to me that I was made the first consideration. When biscuit and water, or wine, were passed round, I received always the first share; and all through that wild and fearful time even the roughest sailor there was ready to show me respect, and try to do some little act to prove his willingness to serve me.

For a whole week we were borne along through that great chaos of troubled waters, each moment expecting some huge wave to engulf us; and then slowly the tempest began to abate. First, the wind went down, and then by slow degrees the waves—so slowly, though, that losing care, now that the peril was supposed to be less great, one of the sailors, who was steering, allowed a wave to wash right in, deluging the boat from end to end, so that it seemed about to sink, and I clung to Clive, feeling that our last hour had come.

The confusion caused by this sudden danger made matters worse; and two of the men plunged overboard with an oar each, to keep themselves afloat, for they felt that the boat was going down. But a few words from Captain Webster restored confidence; and, in spite of fatigue, the water was attacked, so that each moment the vessel rose higher, and at last was entirely free once more.

It was two days, though, before the sun once again shone out to cheer our disconsolate state—disconsolate, indeed; for, in the time of peril the little water-casks had been washed or thrown out, while the greater part of our provision had floated away, at a time when every thought had been devoted toward keeping afloat. The biscuit was saturated, and we were all cold and numbed with being so long shivering in the water. It almost seemed to chill our very hearts, when, upon examination being made of each bag and case of provision, they were, without exception, found to have been destroyed by exposure.

"Looking will not mend it, my lads," said the captain, bravely. "Let us be hopeful, and fight through it all as well as we can. Never despair; and recollect that we have a charge here to save as well as ourselves."

He pointed to me as he spoke, and the men gave a faint cheer, as, in accordance with his orders, the sail was once more well hoisted, the boat trimmed, and we were once more skimming over the sea.

Night, morning—night, morning, succeeding each other for I don't know how many strange and misty days of horror, with a gnawing pain of hunger tormenting us, and the pains of thirst becoming hourly more and more unbearable. Captain Webster held up bravely, and encouraged us all; but we could only see that we were sailing on to our death—a death of torment, with the burning sun above us, and the mocking water around, ever tantalizing, and, as it were, asking us to drink, as it lapped musically against the frail sides, foaming, sparkling, and pure. But the captain's advice was not always taken; and though, with a faint smile upon his lip, Mr. Green, the first-mate, owned to his weakness, he persisted, during one frantic fit of agony, in drinking desperately the draft that should hasten his end; for soon he grew delirious, starting as if spoken to, then leaping up, and wanting to alter the direction of the boat's head; while, when a couple of the sailors tried to restrain him, their weakness was such that he thrust them aside, and they sank back in their places, helplessly gazing at him as he climbed over the boat's thwarts, pushed the rope which held the sail aside, and muttering angrily, trampled upon me as he made at the captain who was steering. Clive tried to stay him; and, in spite of my effort to restrain it, I uttered a loud scream, for the poor creature seemed to catch his foot in my dress; and, before we were aware of it, he made a lurch sideways, and fell heavily into the water.

For a few moments we were all petrified; but the captain altered the boat's course, and ran back to the spot where the mate had disappeared; but though we ran to and fro for some time, and every eye was gazing intently upon the limpid water, we saw no more of the poor mate; and for the rest of that evening I sat with my head bowed down upon my knees, praying that help might come.

The silence that reigned on board that little boat was almost startling; but it was engendered of despair, and when in the pale moonlight I looked up again, it was to have that despair which was in my breast augmented by the fixed stare in poor Clive's eyes.

I did not know it then, but I learned it afterward, that my share of the food and water had been daily augmented by the half of his, and now it seemed that he was dying, and that I was to lose my sole protector. I flung myself frantically at his feet, and tried to speak; but my mouth was parched and dry. I looked round for help, but it was only to gaze upon four impassive, stony figures, whose fixed and heavy eyes responded not to my appeal. There was a smile, though, upon poor Clive's face as he felt my arms clasp him, and slipping from his seat, lower and lower, he sat at last in the bottom of the boat with his head resting upon my breast, while the sigh of content that he gave sent a shudder through me, for my heart whispered that it was his last.

"Throw some water in his face—moisten his hair," whispered a hoarse voice, which I did not recognize as the captain's; but I tried to obey it,

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and bathed my husband's forehead, though apparently without effect, for he lay motionless, his arms lightly circling me, and his eyes half closed; and then it was that, with my bodily power momentarily growing weaker, my mental faculties seemed to become more active, and my tears fell fast, as I thought how hard it was for him, so young and brave, to die thus early. At times I asked myself whether I was to blame—whether I ought not to have dissuaded him from accepting this post—to have been content with less brilliant prospects at home. I felt that it was for my sake he had accepted it, and this was to be the end!

That long, long night passed; and with the rising sun I gazed upon Clive's face to find it still and placid as if in sleep. The captain, who was the only man who moved, seemed to me—for all I saw was in a dreamy, misty way—to secure the rudder, and then crawl forward, when he pressed a scrap of biscuit into my hand, and from a bottle would have poured a few drops between my lips, when one of the sailors snatched at it. There was a moment's struggle, and the precious liquid fell over the side, the sailor making a dash at it, and falling half over the boat's edge, to lie with his face in the water, too weak to struggle back till the captain and the stout old sailor dragged him in; but the bottle was gone.

A time of bright golden mist, with a red-hot globe seeming to scorch my head, and a time of dense black darkness, the one mingling with and running into the other. Then pleasant visions of green fields and bubbling streams, with delicious melting fruits hanging over the bright glistening waters. Then the old days, with Clive half supporting me as we wandered in the pleasant lanes, talking of the happy future. Then, again, the golden glowing haze, and the burning heat, the muttering of voices, the soft fluttering of the sail; and then once more the black darkness, mingled now with the hissing as of mighty winds; and then it seemed as if my head sank upon my husband's neck, and that I went to sleep.

And it was so; but was almost the long sleep of death; and so near had been the end that it was not until after days of unremitting attention that reason returned, and I found that I was lying in a cot in a dimly shaded cabin. For a long time I could not realize the past—could not understand where I was. There was the heaving motion of a vessel, the "wash-wash" of the water hurrying by, and occasionally a heavy footstep upon the deck overhead. But at last came a sigh, apparently close at hand, followed by a rustling noise; and turning my curious eyes in the direction, it was for them to encounter my husband's face, but so care-worn, pallid, and anxious as to be almost unrecognizable. The next moment my feeble arms were round his neck, and the tears of thankfulness were flowing, for I knew that we were saved.

Saved, indeed; but how near had been our end may be divined when I relate that the merchantman which picked us up passed us in the night; but the white sail of our boat attracted the attention of a sailor; and upon the vessel's course being changed, the impression at first was that the duty to be performed was to afford Christian burial—a rite, indeed, needed by the three sailors; Captain Webster and the second-mate being the only other survivors.

A month later, weak, and the shadows of our former selves, we were landed at Madras, the destination of the vessel which had picked us up; and soon after, but with many a shiver of dread, we re-embarked, to reach Java in safety. It was not for many months that I recovered from a strange nervous depression, whose effect was constantly to bring before me, in all the vividness of reality, those terrible hours when all seemed shrouded in a golden haze, whose scorching heat burned and wasted the life within me. But by degrees came restored health and the calmness of strengthened nerves. We learned afterward that the two boats with the crew were also picked up, after many days of fearful suffering, similar to that which marked with indelible lines the forehead of my husband—a glance at which at any time is sufficient to bring back to memory our fearful peril, and the manner in which we were saved from death.

DRILLING CITIZENS IN PARIS.

As soon as it became evident that the regular armies in the field were unable to withstand the Prussian advance on the French capital, the citizens of Paris and the neighboring country, belonging to the National Guard, were called out for organization and drill. They responded with enthusiasm. The sketch which we give on page 628 shows several companies of these volunteers drilling in La Place Napoleon III., under the instruction of regular officers. Their appearance, scarcely any two being dressed entirely alike, will remind many of our readers of the "training days" which, a few years ago, used to be the wonder and delight of our rural population. No doubt these men, who would stand a poor chance in the field against the veterans of Prussia, will make a brave and stubborn defense behind the ramparts of Paris.

DEFENSE OF HAMBURG.

TAKING a lesson from our own war, the Germans, at the outbreak of hostilities with France, prepared to defend their important rivers and harbors against the operations of the enemy's fleet by means of torpedoes and sunken ships. The illustration on page 628 shows a fleet of old hulls prepared to be sunk for this purpose at the entrance to the harbor of Hamburg, the most important German sea-port, on which it was supposed the French would make an immediate and vigorous attack. The inexplicable inactivity of the French fleet rendered these precautions unnecessary.

INCREDIBLY HOT.

A LEARNED wight, two centuries ago, addressing the most erudite of bodies in London upon the arrangement of the universe, commenced his arguments with this axiom: "We all know that hell is in the centre of the earth." The good man must have been over-true to the teaching of his childhood. Philosophy had not made him unfaithful. He accepted the extravagant idea that Gehenna is a region of fire, and assuming that the centre of the earth is in a molten, fiery condition, he made a self-satisfying fact out of two assumptions. We have all heard of a sect who locate Hades in the sun; perhaps for the reason that the heat seems more intense there than it can be in the middle of our globe. Impossible as it may appear, some notion of the actual heat of the solar globe has been arrived at; and with a greater probability of correctness than can be granted to the corresponding datum for the centre of the earth. Men have gone down pits and mines with thermometers, and found that the heat increases at a certain rate; they have assumed that this rate is constant, and thus have arrived at a probable figure for the temperature of the earth's fiery heart. But this comes out thus so enormous that one can not believe it. Four hundred thousand degrees on the Fahrenheit thermometer is rather too great a warmth to be coolly accepted. It is three times as hot as the sun, according to the determination just alluded to, which finds that the solar furnace would raise a thermometer—could one be applied—to 123,000 degrees. Mind, this is not a guess; it is a deduction from the facts that certain gas flames are blazing under certain conditions in the sun, and that the temperatures at which these gases flame under similar conditions upon the earth are known or are calculable. The figure is approximately, if not absolutely, correct; no doubt it is far nearer the truth than the conjectural earth-centre heat. A long mathematical and physical investigation was required to find the sun-heat, the credit for making which is due to one Zöllner, an Austrian astronomer of high repute.

THE REALITIES OF WAR.

ONE of the strangest incidents of a battle is the indifference, for the time being, of the fighting men to the wounded. The army regulations forbid any attention to the latter during the fighting, declaring that the highest duty and most pressing emergency is to win the battle, by which only can the proper treatment of the wounded be secured. This injunction is obeyed quite as often from inclination as from a sense of duty, I think; certainly, the ruling idea of a soldier in a battle is to kill the enemy. There is no spirit within him then but that of slaughter. Put an arrant coward in the line, and compel him to stay there, and instinct—if nothing higher—will tell him to take a musket and retaliate upon the men who are trying to slay him.

No more truthful words were ever spoken of a soldier than those of the Duke of Wellington, who remarked of an officer who was leading a line into action, "He is a brave man." "I should say," said an aid, "from his deathly white face, that he is a coward." "He is a brave man," repeated the Duke, with emphasis. "He realizes his danger, and firmly accepts it. Such a man will always do his whole duty."

This, I think, is the whole theory of bravery in battle—a stern, heroic endurance of dreadful danger from a conviction of duty. True, there are soldiers of fortune and rattle-brained madcaps, who claim to love fighting for its own sake, and who go through a battle as they would through a steeple-chase; but this is a kind of frenzy which is not moral courage, and which is only just nearer to bravery than the inspiration of opium or liquor.

"You are afraid," said one officer jeeringly to another at the opening of a battle. "Yes," was the ready answer; "and if you were half as frightened as I, you would have run long ago."

The sights and sounds of a battle are well-nigh indescribable. Noise, tumult, danger, excitement, all blend together to make a scene which can have no parallel on the hither side of the infernal regions. During his first battle, perhaps the novelty of the thing may fill the recruit with genuine enthusiasm, and put fear in the back-ground; but after that he will find the poetry of the battle-field somewhat overdone in "Hohenlinden," and fighting itself rather a prosaic and dangerous butchery. There is nothing less like a pageant, I verily believe, than a battle. The arms are not polished and shiny now, for the dew of last night's bivouac in the grass has tarnished them; brilliant uniforms have disappeared; belts are loosened, or, in the fury of the fight, are thrown aside altogether; shoulder-straps and epaulets are discarded, out of wholesome regard for the enemy's sharp-shooters; and after the fight has progressed an hour you will find those who are still fighting dirty, grimy, and laboring to kill the enemy with about as hard manual labor as a navvy is used to:

"And like smiths at their forges
Labored the red St. George's cannoneers."

An army the day after a fight is like a ship that has passed through a tornado and barely escaped wreck—shattered, crippled, and almost powerless. Next to a defeat, there is nothing so prostrating to an army as a victory. A few score men around a torn and ragged flag will represent a regiment; brigades have dwindled to regiments, and divisions to brigades. Some are killed, many wounded, and many more have straggled or become temporarily mingled with other commands. If every man brought into a battle actually remained under orders until the victory was won, or until he was killed, wounded, or forced from the ground by pressure of numbers, the problem of battles would be much harder of solution than it is. Experience has shown that even the most efficient and best disciplined regiments generally contain a modicum of poor fighters, who may be divided into three classes: first, the skulker, who is certain to leave the field at the first instant he can withdraw himself from the eye of his officer or file-closer; second, the straggler, who will fight till the battle grows hot and the danger thickens, and then make for the rear, thinking he has quite done his part; and third, the benevolent coward, who will not fight if he can help it, but is anxious to save appearances, and so exerts himself to help the wounded off the field, and forgets to return. For the deficit in strength caused by such as these the officer relies upon the fidelity and valor of the good soldier, who never deserts his colors, and who will endure the pangs of hunger and fatigue that he may be on the line with his regiment when the hour of trial arrives.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE famous Bois de Boulogne, which has been destroyed by the Council of War at Paris, as a defensive measure, is situated about two miles north of the city, opposite to St. Cloud, and on a peninsula formed by a bend of the river Seine. In old times it was a favorite hunting-ground of the French kings; but in 1852 it was purchased by the municipality of Paris, and converted into a magnificent park. Two millions of francs were expended in making two artificial lakes and islands, and in raising the hill "Mortemart." Since that time every improvement and embellishment which taste could suggest and money accomplish have been added to a spot most charming by nature. The park is four miles long by two wide. A fine carriage road winds around the lakes, for a distance of about five miles—a delightful drive, upon which the most magnificent equipages of the French capital have been daily seen. The Hippodrome de Longchamps, one of the finest race-courses in Europe, is included in the Bois de Boulogne, and contains about one hundred and fifty acres. The whole park now contains over two thousand acres, and the total cost of it has been more than fourteen millions of francs.

The mystery connected with the murder of Mr. Nathan seems likely to remain a mystery forever. The coroner's jury charged with the investigation of this most singular case recently met together, and formally rendered a verdict of death from wounds inflicted by an instrument known as a "dog," in the hands of "some person or persons unknown." So the inquest has ended, and this black horror continues to loom up a fearful mystery which never may be unraveled.

To the American edition of the novels of George Sand, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, has just been added the translation of "M. Sylvestre," forming the third volume of this handsome and attractive series. The translator, Mr. Francis George Shaw, has executed his difficult task with singular ability, and has produced a version which has all the ease and freedom of original writing.

The fish of Holland is asserted to be noticeably superior in quality to that found in most countries. The Dutch account for this by saying that they take pains to kill the fish as soon as they are taken from the water, while the common practice is to let them struggle and gasp till life is extinct. By killing them at once the flesh does not soften, but retains its compactness, and possesses a superior flavor to those that die in the usual way. The method of killing is to take a sharp knife and make a longitudinal slit under the tail, an operation quickly performed, and effective in preventing that flabbiness common to fish suffered to struggle and die by exhaustion.

The bequest, recently made public, of a fund of $1,400,000 for the endowment of a college for women, in Boston, gives interest to some particulars relative to the life of the donor, the late John Simmons. Mr. Simmons was a successful and wealthy merchant of Boston. He commenced business in that city in his sixteenth year, in association with his brother Cornelius. Five years later he commenced business alone; and was regarded as the pioneer of the "one-price system," as applied to the clothing business, in Boston. Before many years, his business having largely increased, he erected and removed to the building known as Simmons's Block, situated at the corner of Congress and Water streets. By 1854 his clothing business had accumulated for him a large fortune, and he withdrew from trade and devoted himself to real estate operations. He erected, in various localities, a large number of beautiful business structures, and also several fine houses. He also invested largely in "Back Bay" lands, which eventually became very valuable. In his business habits Mr. Simmons was careful and energetic. He was pleasant and genial in disposition, and his charities were many, although, from his reserved and unostentatious nature, little was publicly known of them. In all respects a straightforward and scrupulously just man in his transactions, he filled no place in the public eye during life, and only in his death has his name become familiar.

The property given is estimated at present at $1,300,000 or $1,400,000. By the will it is to be accumulated to $1,900,000, when it is to be devoted to the erection and support of the "Simmons Female College," an institution "for the purpose of teaching medicine, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy, and other branches of art, science, and industry best calculated to enable women to acquire an independent livelihood."

A young lady living in one of our suburban cities happened, one day, in passing a barber's shop, to see her intended husband sitting with closed eyes, and a man fanning him. Thinking he must have been taken suddenly ill, she rushed in to his assistance. She was chagrined to find he was only having his mustache dyed. But she got some of the dye stuff on her cheek, which so disgusted her that she broke off the engagement.

According to the latest computations, there are probably about seventy-five thousand Chinese on the Pacific coast. Of these, not far from thirty thousand are engaged in working the mines.

The Samson of the South lives in Calhoun County, Mississippi. He is about thirty-five years old, and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He has been known to carry three bars of railroad iron, when it takes from three to five ordinary men to carry one. He can take a cask containing forty gallons of whisky or water and raise it from the ground and drink out of the bung-hole with as much ease as others could out of a common pitcher; and he has frequently taken a barrel of flour under each arm, and balancing a sack of salt on his head, carried them for several hundred yards with apparently little effort.

Joseph Strauss, the celebrated composer, recently died. His body was laid out in state in his house in Vienna. The coffin was covered with wreaths of flowers, and on the right, on a velvet cushion, was placed the Hanoverian Order of Ernest Augustus, and the violin of the dead musician, with the strings broken. Beside it lay the bow, covered with crape. The violin is the same one upon which he played for years to so many thousands of delighted listeners, and was placed in his grave. He was the composer of over 300 musical works, and leaves some 200 "arrangements."

The Royal Scientific Institute has awarded a gold medal to Signor Guattari, in recognition of what it considers an important invention. This is an atmospheric telegraph, in which compressed air performs what is done in ordinary telegraphs by an electric battery. By an ingenious system of tubes and stop-cocks currents of air are created, which set in motion a lever connected with the writing apparatus. The machinery is very simple, and unaffected by atmospheric changes. Successful experiments have been made with it.

A certain judge living in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon, having had a load of wood brought into his door-yard, a Chinese wood-sawyer applied for the job of sawing it. "How muchee?" asked the judge. "Hap dollar," replied John. A bargain was about to be struck, when an Irish-American citizen demanded the job. "How much?" again asked the judge. "A dollar and a half," replied the American citizen. The judge demurred, replying that the Chinaman had just offered to do the same work for half a dollar. "However," he said, "as I prefer to encourage white American labor, I will pay you a dollar and a half." The judge returned some hours afterward, and, to his surprise, found the Chinaman, and not the white man, at work upon his wood-pile. "How's this, how's this?" said his Honor; "who told you to saw my wood?" "Melican man," said John. "How muchee he pay?" queried the judge. "Hap dollar," said John. The judge accepted this lesson on cheap Asiatic labor.

Indiana papers relate a wonderful tale of a "spir" child," a little girl, apparently five years old, who attends a lady of Fredonia wherever she goes. The little creature has been seen by many persons, and attempts have been made to capture the mystery, but it always, when approached for this purpose, becomes invisible! Only once has it ever been seen elsewhere than following the lady alluded to. This lady, having been followed by the little phantom for about ten years, has become quite accustomed to it, and exhibits no alarm at its appearance.

A very skillful engineering operation was recently performed under the charge of the Department of Public Works in this city. In consequence of a change of grade in Fifth Avenue, between Sixty-eighth and Seventy-second streets, the two large iron pipes which supply the city below Central Park with Croton water were uncovered; and it was necessary to lower them about four feet, to protect them from frost and other injuries. It was considered important to prevent any interruption to the flow of the Croton—a difficult task, the pipes being laid in a trench cut through solid rock. Before they could be moved an inch one side of the trench had to be blasted and removed with the utmost precaution. A temporary bed, eight to ten feet wide, was prepared, and the Croton mains, each three feet in diameter, and about 1000 feet in length, were slipped sideways on wooden blocks. This was done with great care, so as not to disturb any of the joints. The magnitude of this task may be inferred from the fact that the weight of every foot of pipe, including the water contained therein, was about 1500 pounds. A trench, twelve feet wide and of proper depth, was then excavated through the solid rock along the centre of the avenue, and the pipes lowered into it, without disturbing the flow of water.

Instances have been mentioned in the German papers of six or seven brothers serving simultaneously in the present war. In 1866 eight brothers of the Treskow-Radojewo family fought under the Prussian standard; and now nine of them are in the German army.

Many improvements have been made within a few years past in appliances for extinguishing fire. A new invention, by which carbonic acid gas is ejected into a burning building, thereby immediately extinguishing the fire, promises, if successful, to surpass all other methods. A company has been organized in Brooklyn who propose to construct a reservoir and lay down pipes for conveying the gas to any fire. It is also reported that a similar company is to be formed in New York.

The entire altitude of the Lincoln Monument lately erected on the southwest corner of Union Square is twenty-three feet. The statue is of bronze, representing Mr. Lincoln in modern costume, and was designed by Mr. Browne, the sculptor of the equestrian statue of Washington on the southeast corner of the Square. The monument was ordered by the Union League Club, and was cast in Philadelphia.

Indiana manages to get up most extraordinary mysteries. The latest sensation is reported from a place in one of the interior counties of that State, where a new house, occupied by a respectable family, is a constant target for stones hurled at it by unseen hands. The stones are thrown at all hours of day and night, but never when any one is on the watch. A guard has repeatedly been set all around the house, but nothing unusual occurs until every one has withdrawn. Then comes a volley of stones! This state of things has existed for six weeks, according to report, but the mystery remains as great as ever. The family are resolved to stay in the house as long as a timber is left to protect them; but, as they have been forced to board up the windows, the glass all having been broken, it is to be inferred that they have a rather dark time of it.

After a lady has received the usual amount of wedding presents it would seem almost needful for her to open a shop of exchange, in order to utilize her gifts. Not long ago a New York lady received three sewing-machines, six large Family Bibles, and ten ice-pitchers among her bridal presents.

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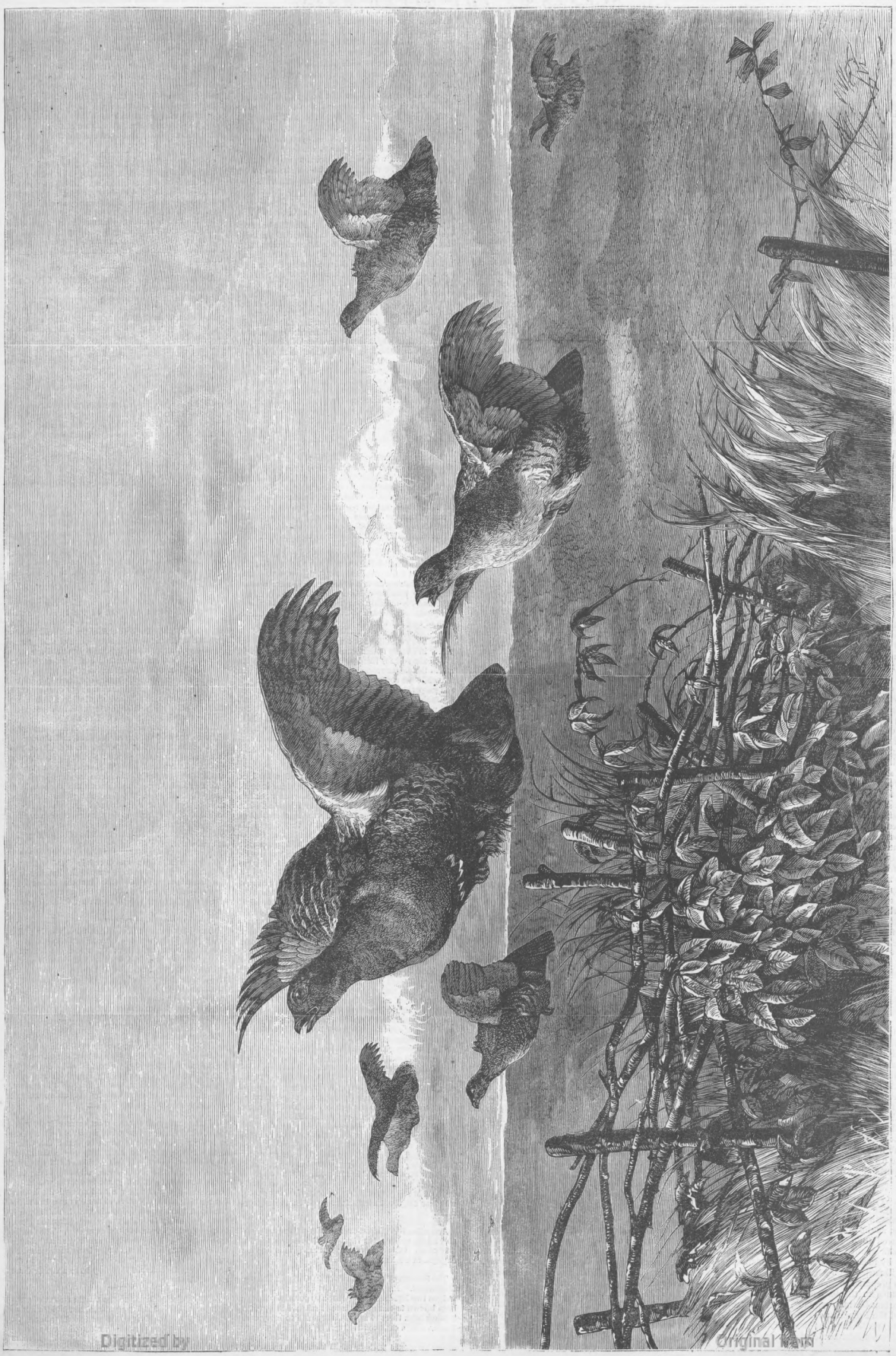

A COVEY OF PARTRIDGES.

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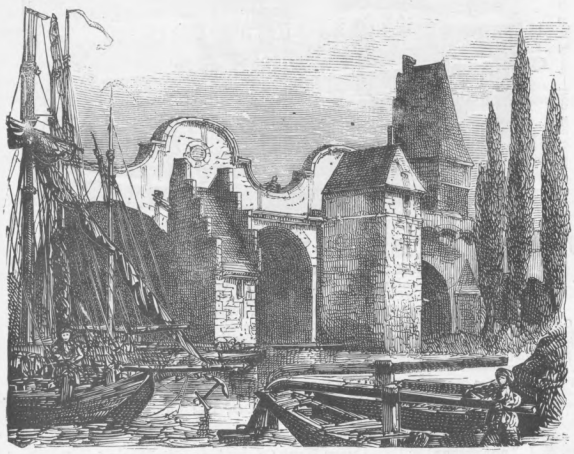
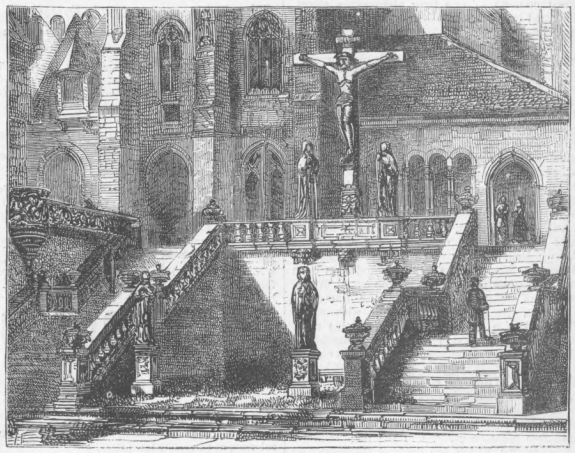
SCENES ON THE RIVER MAIN.



1.—BRIDGE AT FRANKFORT.



2.—CHURCH AT ASCHAFFENBURG.

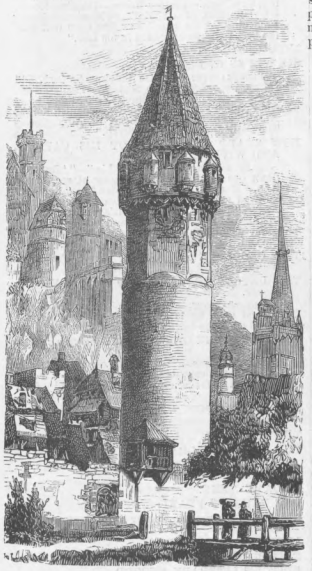
THE majority of American sight-seers in Germany confine their tours to the Rhine, and know but little of the beautiful tributaries of that glorious river. One of these is the Main, on whose banks stands the old imperial city of Frankfort. Where it flows into the Rhine, at Mayence, the banks of the river are low and flat, and its stream is broad, slow, and muddy. The first place of interest is Frankfort, a city where some people think there is nothing to be seen except DANNECKER'S overrated statue of Ariadne. Such peo are wrong. It is well worth while to walk through the quaint streets of the old town; to peep into the Cathedral, with its curious frescos, executed in 1427 by STEPHEN of Cologne; to view the modern paintings of the Römer; the remarkable church of St. Leonard; and lastly, the quaint old bridge, the subject of sketch No. 1 on this page.

At Aschaffenburg, where the tourist quits the railway, the beauties of the Main begin. The town is very prettily situated on the right bank of the river. The Castle first attracts the observation of the tourist, a remarkable building, with five lofty square towers, capped with bulb-shaped spires. It is now one of the numerous palaces owned by the King of Bavaria. Still more interesting is the "Pfarr" Church, or chief parish church of Aschaffenburg (the subject of the second sketch). Parts of it are very old, the nave being said to date from the ninth century. The plan of the building is remarkable, as the transepts, instead of being between the nave and the chancel, are close to the west end, while the cloisters surround the west end of the church. Here are three noteworthy monuments, namely, Cardinal ALBERT, of Brandenburg, a beautiful life-size bass-relief of the Virgin and Child, and a canopy supporting a sarcophagus which has crystal panels, and contains the body of a saint. This church stands on a hill, and is approached by a picturesque flight of steps.

Between Aschaffenburg and Würzburg the Main winds considerably, and the scenery is exceedingly picturesque. The river flows between lofty hills, with grand masses of rock projecting from them, and as we approach Wertheim the vines are replaced by beautiful woods.

Wertheim lies at the junction of the Main and the Tauber, and at the point where the two streams unite stands the stately Watch-Tower (sketch No. 3). This Watch-Tower is more than one hundred feet high, and among the quaint roofs and gables of the houses to the right appears the curious spire of the parish church, while the whole scene is backed by the lofty hills on which stands the Castle of Löwenstein.

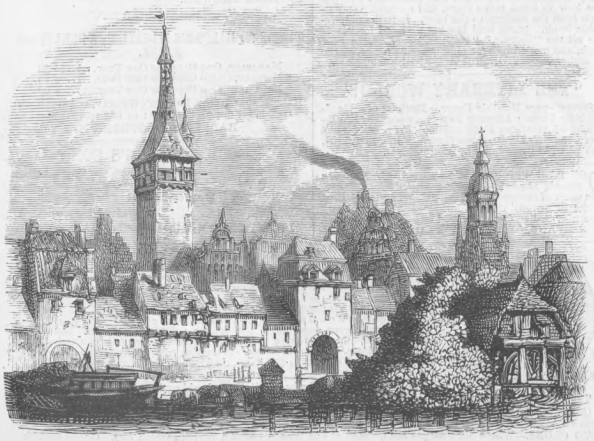
Next is reached the village of Zell, with its two



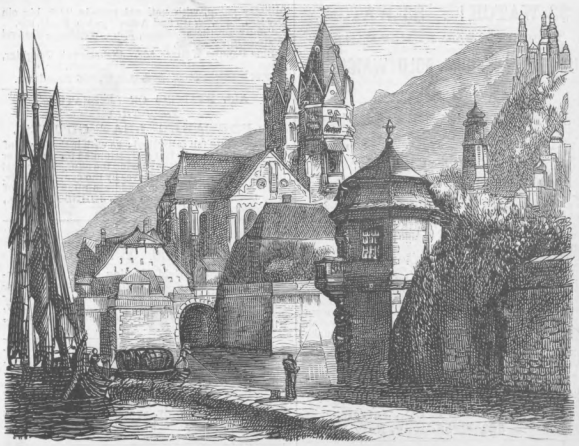
3.—WATCH-TOWER AT WERTHEIM.

7.—BEER GARDEN AT WÜRZBURG.

4.—STREET OF ZELL.



5.—VIEW OF WÜRZBURG.



6.—ST. BURKHARDT'S CHURCH, WÜRZBURG.

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secularized abbeys, one of which is used as a printing-office, and in it the first steam printing-press in Europe was established. The little town consists of one long picturesque street, hemmed in between precipitous hills and the river (sketch No. 4).

Directly the Convent of Hummelspforte is passed, Würzburg breaks on the view, and presents a most attractively medieval appearance, looking more like the back-ground of a picture by VAN EYCK or MEMLING than an actually thriving busy town. On one side of the river rises a grand rocky hill crowned by a castle. At the foot of this hill, and also across the river, are a cluster of gables, spires, and towers, backed by vine-clad hills (No. 5). The two parts of the town are joined by a fine old bridge with gigantic statues on each pier. The interior view of Würzburg is somewhat disappointing. Whitewash, improvements, and bürgermeisters have all lent their aid to rob this fine old city of the Prince Bishops of as much interest as possible. However, fifty years of modern vandalism have not sufficed entirely to destroy the grand monuments of eight centuries, and the numerous churches, hospitals, and convents with which the piety of a former time adorned this town still make it a place of considerable interest to the antiquary or artist. The most ancient church is that of St. Burkhardt (sketch No. 6), and the part of Würzburg which retains most of its old picturesqueness is that on the western bank of the Main.

The last sketch (No. 7) represents one of the immense pleasure-gardens in the neighborhood of Würzburg, which are devoted principally to wine and beer drinking. Will our fair readers be horrified if we tell them that in these gardens the ladies of Germany are to be seen imbibing liberal quantities of these beverages? But such is the case. Whole families—parents, grandparents, and children of all ages—visit these gardens together, enjoying pleasant social intercourse or listening to music.

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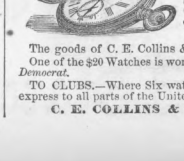

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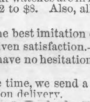
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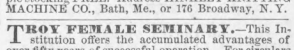

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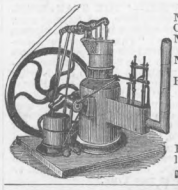

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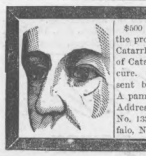

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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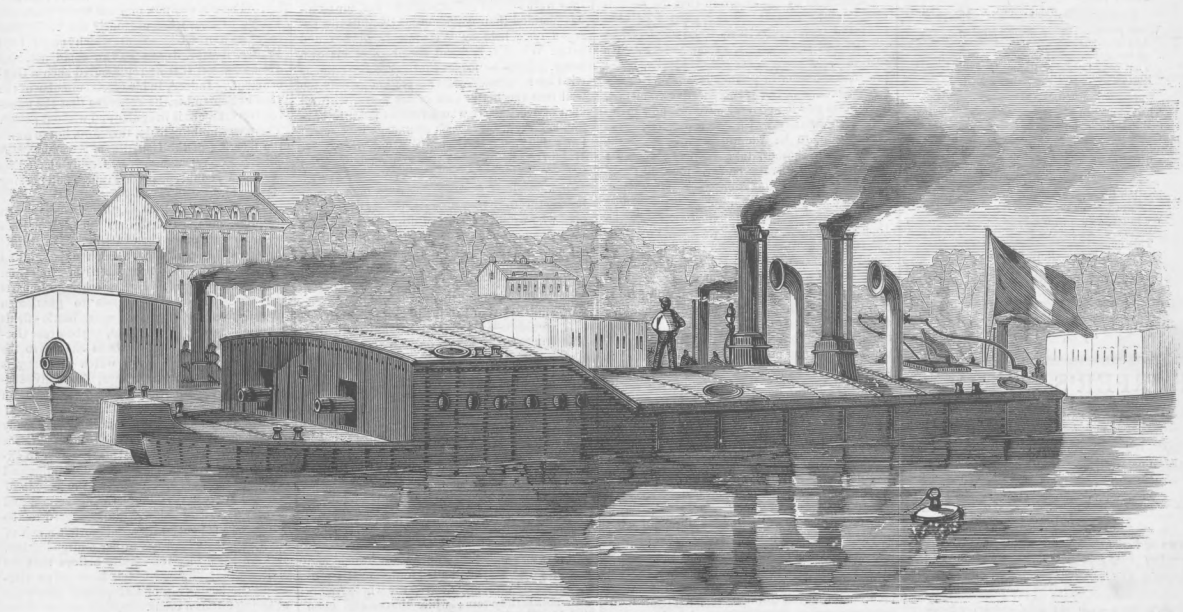

GUN-BOATS ON THE SEINE.

GUN-BOATS ON THE SEINE.

THE weakest side of Paris, so far as artificial fortification is concerned, would seem to be the northwest, in the wide interval between the fortress of Mount Valérien, overlooking the Bois de Boulogne, and the forts about St. Denis, due north of the city. But a double reach of the Seine, in its windings around the peninsula of Combevoie, Puteaux, and Asnières, just opposite the suburbs of Neuilly and Clichy, seems to offer good natural facilities for defense. Here, below St. Cloud, there is quite a fleet of gun-boats, one of which is represented on this page. She is iron-plated, and the deck is also covered with iron. She has what a sailor would call a "forecastle," which rises above the level of the rest of the deck; and it contains two guns, which point forward on a line with the keel, with a slight training limit to each side. Having two large helms and double screw, like one of our own ferry-boats, she is intended to turn rapidly, so as to face her foes. There are six small projections on each side of the forecastle; these are probably shields covering loop-holes for musketry. These little craft may give the enemy a good deal of annoyance, but their plating is not sufficiently heavy to resist even 12-pounder shot.

BLOCKING UP THE CHANNEL OF THE WESER BY THE GERMANS.

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WORN OUT.

You say that the sun is shining,
That buds are upon the trees,
That you hear the laugh of the waters,
The humming of early bees;
I am pleasured by none of these—
I am weary!

Let me alone! The silence
Is sweeter than song to me!
Dearer than Light is Darkness
To the eyes that loathe to see!
'Tis better to let me be—
I am weary!

I have faltered and fallen—
The race was but begun;
I am ashamed, and I murmur,
"Oh! that the day were done!"
How can I love the sun,
Who am weary?

What will you do for the flower
That is cut away at the root?
If the wing of the bird be broken,
What wonder the bird is mute?
Oh, peace! and no more dispute—
I am weary!

I will give you a token—
A token by which to know
When I have forgotten the trouble—
The trouble that tires me so
That I can no further go,
Being weary.

When you shall come some morning
And stand beside my bed,
And see the wonderful pallor
That over my face is spread,
Shrink not. But remember I said
I was weary.

Then shall you search my features,
But a trace you shall not see
Of all these months of sadness
That have put their mark on me;
Then know that I am free,
Who was weary.

For the Old must fall and crumble
Before we can try the New;
We must taste that the False is bitter
Before we can crave the True.
This done, there's no more to do,
Being weary.

Only to droop the eyelids,
Only to bow the head,
And to pass from those who are singing,
"Alas! for our friend is dead!"
But remember how I said,
"I am weary!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1870.

☞ *We present to our readers, with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *a Double Page illustrated Supplement, giving*

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS
AND ITS SURROUNDINGS,

drawn and engraved by our own Artists, and prepared at great expense expressly for our Paper. The point of view is just south of Paris, on the Heights recently occupied by the Prussians, looking northward over the city. This Pictorial Map, constructed with strict regard to the accuracy of the perspective, gives a complete View of Paris with its Public Buildings, of the Seine and Marne Rivers, and of all the Fortifications.

FACTS AND PROMISES.

THE result of the elections in Maine and Vermont shows that the intelligent people of the country are not yet disposed to prefer the smooth promises of the Democratic party to the imposing and gratifying facts of Republican administration. Immediate interest in politics is undoubtedly concentrated upon the financial question. Is the administration of General GRANT honest, efficient, and economical? If that question can be satisfactorily answered, it is enough. The "splendor" of administration, indeed, which was anticipated by some persons, may not appear in the faithful and steady care of the public interest which has thus far distinguished the Presidency of GRANT. But there is something better than splendor. An elaborate article in the *North American Review* for July arraigns the administration as substantially a failure. But the article, although pointedly and effectively written, is exactly not what it assumes to be—an impartial review of the administration. It brilliantly emphasizes some of its mistakes and failures, but it carefully omits any allusion to the considerations which entitle it to public confidence.

The article of which we speak elaborately criticises, for instance, the financial management of the administration. With much that it says we are disposed to agree. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the sole aim of the Secretary of the Treasury seems to have been to pay off the national debt immediately, and without sufficient regard for other considerations and the whole situation of affairs. But, on the other hand, an administration which can show such financial results as those contained in the statement of the 5th of September from Acting-Secretary RICHARDSON, merits other mention than the indiscriminate censure which the article lavishes. The speech of Vice-President COLFAX at South Bend may also be diligently and profitably studied in illustration of the silent but most significant goodwork of the administration.

In brief, it appears officially that the net increase in the receipts of the government during the eighteen months from the 1st of March, 1869, to September 1, 1870, over those of the next preceding eighteen months was more than $87,000,000. The comparative decrease of expenditures during the same time was nearly $83,000,000. The whole amount gained by the increase of receipts and decrease of expenditures was thus more than $170,000,000. During the same time the interest account shows a net decrease of more than $17,000,000, while in the eighteen months of the GRANT administration the public debt has been reduced nearly $170,000,000. All this has been effected, it will be remembered, by no increase of the rate of taxation nor of the articles taxed, but while Congress has been steadily reducing taxation, about $80,000,000 having been thrown off at the last session alone. It is evident, from this statement, not only that the debt and taxation have both been reduced, but that the public money is both collected and distributed more honestly and economically.

The force of such facts, which every intelligent voter in the country can understand, is not destroyed by the assertion that the tariff is clumsy and unequal; nor is a party which has produced such results likely to be displaced by the alleged unsoundness of the theories of a secretary. A party is not judged ideally. The practical question in politics is not one of abstract excellence, but of comparative efficiency. This State and the country have not now to decide whether they will frame a perfect system of taxation, to be administered by infallible hands; but whether, taking all the facts together, the Democratic party is more likely to give us an honest and economical administration than the Republican. The alternative is very simple. If the Republicans go out, the Democrats come in. And we have no doubt whatever that nine-tenths of the intelligent people of this country would consider such a result a dire national misfortune.

It is not because the administration of General GRANT is what may be called "splendid," a word which is often applied to a policy of the most injurious national tendency, nor because it has not made mistakes, nor because all those who support it are wise or honorable men, nor because there has not been much disappointment of many kinds, that it really has the confidence of the country; but because there is a universal and profound impression—which, as we believe, the facts justify—that it has sought with stanch fidelity the public welfare, that it has aimed at an honest management of public affairs, and that it has been able to prove its economy and efficiency in those very directions in which there is the most popular concern. No truly patriotic or thoughtful citizen is likely to carry his criticism of certain details of Republican administration to the point of conniving at the success of a party identified with electoral frauds, with the mad extravagance of New York municipal government, which denies the validity of the new constitutional amendments, and would tear open every question which the war ought finally to have settled. The elections in Maine and Vermont prove that the public judgment of the two parties is virtually unchanged.

MR. TWEED'S NOMINATION.

MR. TWEED has renominated as the Democratic Governor of the State Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, the gentleman who signed Mr. TWEED'S Erie bill, by which the stockholders of the Erie road were deprived of the control of their own property. If Mr. HOFFMAN had refused to sign that bill his political career would have ended. In the State of New York no Democrat can hope to rise but by the favor of Tammany Hall, and Mr. TWEED is Tammany Hall. The gentlemen whose names figure as sachems receive their orders from Mr. TWEED. The Democrats who affect to be independent, and to protest, are not only silenced by him, but presently sing his praises. Indeed, the peculiar defects of our political methods were never so conspicuously revealed as they are now in the Democratic party management in the State of New York.

In a late grave and well-considered speech in Brooklyn General WOODFORD spoke of his opponent, Governor HOFFMAN, as "a gentleman of scholastic culture, of persuasive eloquence, and of rare personal refinement. Against his character as a private citizen, as a lawyer and judge, no breath of suspicion has ever been raised." General WOODFORD then proceeded to state, in the strongest terms, the notorious fact that this gentleman owes his present official position to the most extensive frauds, and to the crimes of repeaters, ruffians, and bullies; and that he would "shrink, as from leprosy, were he called upon in private life to stand sponsor for such wrongs as he has fathered in his public and official career."

If this estimate of Mr. HOFFMAN be correct, how extremely unenviable is his position! He knows that every intelligent man in the State of New York is aware that his political advancement is due to his utter subservience to certain persons, whom the editor of one of his party organs calls the authors of shameless frauds at the polls. He knows that the same great and intelligent multitude is aware that the signature of the Erie bill was the price of the continued favor of those who may most truly be called his political masters. The most conspicuous act of Governor HOFFMAN'S administration is an outrage so gross, a prostitution of official power so flagrant, that not a voice has ever been raised in its defense, and his friends can only pray for the charity of public forgetfulness. It is in vain that he and those friends assert that in all parties there are corrupt men, and that his party is no worse than others. The glaring fact in his case is that, as Mayor, he virtually protected by proclamation the frauds of those corrupt men by which he was himself to profit, and that, as Governor, he has been the instrument of their plans.

If Mr. HOFFMAN'S independent career had made his name familiar, and he had, by acknowledged services, invited the honors of his party—if he were, therefore, allied with Tammany upon equal terms, so to say, his position would be less humiliating. But he was selected by the managers of his party, not because of conspicuous services or capacity, but because they were sure of his obedience; and the result has justified their confidence. He fills the position once held by WILLIAM L. MARCY and SILAS WRIGHT, eminent members of his own party. Does he forget that every Governor is tried by his predecessors? He knows only too well that the better part of his party, with all men of every party whose respect is worth having, ask themselves with shame, as they see in fancy MARCY and WRIGHT sitting where Mr. HOFFMAN sits, Would those men have done the bidding of Mr. TWEED and Mr. SWEENY? Tammany Hall wanted the very man whom General WOODFORD described. It wanted a man who would consent to do as a public officer what he would spurn as a private gentleman; a man whose acknowledged amiability and correct deportment would serve as a convenient cloak for inexcusable public acts. It believed it had found this person in Mr. HOFFMAN, and the event has justified its sagacity.

It would be an interesting inquiry whether Mr. HOFFMAN is not of opinion that political advancement may be bought too dearly. There is, of course, in all practical politics a certain amount of disagreeable details. That is understood. It is the necessary friction of politics. But there is a line beyond which no self-respecting man is willing to go. To pass that is to reveal his weakness and his incapacity. The grave objection, therefore, to elevating men like Mr. HOFFMAN to public office is not that their official conduct is controlled by the political principles of their party, which is properly expected, but that they are powerless to resist the most fatal assaults upon the very foundations of the government. The frauds which Mr. HOFFMAN, as Mayor, denied and virtually protected would presently destroy the whole American political system; while the assault upon the most sacred rights of industry, in the Erie bill, fatally disturbs the confidence in vested rights which is essential to the public welfare.

The tendency of the Democratic party, relying, as it does, upon ignorance, class hatreds, and electoral frauds, is as plainly fatal to American institutions now as it was when it was the defender and perpetuator of slavery. The qualities of Mr. HOFFMAN, as shown in his public career, are not such as temper and control this tendency; they only promote it by slightly veiling it. His official career, thus far, has brought shame upon the State; its continuance tends only to disaster.

PRUSSIA AND PEACE.

M. JULES FAVRE and many persons in this country who gladly hailed the republic, virtually decried the conduct of Germany in pushing forward to Paris as monstrous. But there was nothing else to do. The Imperial Government declared war against Prussia, and the French armies marched to invade Germany. The war, if not approved, was adopted by France. Instead, however, of invading Germany, and demanding the Rhenish provinces at Berlin, France found herself disastrously beaten in the field, her armies shut up in fortified cities, and at last her Emperor and the chief army surrendering. Thereupon the Imperial Government was overthrown in Paris; a Government, or Committee of Defense, was improvised, which called itself the Republic, and its first words were that it was "a republic of war to the knife against the invader." What was Germany to do? Was the Prussian King to march quietly back to Berlin, or to believe the declaration of the new authority that it meant to continue the war? There was no alternative. France had declared war, and, after great reverses, had overthrown the existing Government, in order to carry on the war more effectively.

But as the German army pressed steadily forward to Paris, the actual situation, the awful peril of the country, seemed to become more evident to the French authorities. They wanted above all things a respite, an armistice. The obvious method to obtain it was to go at once to the Prussian camp, and ask upon what terms peace was possible. But those authorities knew only too well that they could give no guarantees for the fulfillment of their own engagements with Prussia. They had seized the government in Paris, but that was all. The authorities of some of the other cities had acquiesced; those of still others had not; and Lyons was acting independently of Paris. The country, smitten and paralyzed with universal calamity, seemed to co-operate with the only apparent organization of authority. But the will of France had not been expressed. Knowing that, the Republic, or the Committee of Defense, saw the futility of going directly to the Prussian camp, and asked informally the mediation of England.

But England was, of course, perplexed by the same difficulty. She could not act for a French Government which France had not authorized; and she was utterly unable to show to the Prussian King that any terms which she might suggest, as agreeable to the authorities in Paris, would be ratified by the people of France. Neither those authorities nor England could say to Prussia that the terms which might be accepted would not instantly be thrust aside by a new revolution and a new form of authority. Prussia was not, and has never been, unwilling to treat; but obviously she could treat only with a Government which could bind France, and M. JULES FAVRE could not, and did not, assert that he represented such a Government. Indeed, in his official circular of the 18th of September, he concedes that the existing Government is irregular and without power. There was nothing to do, therefore, but to await the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. A congress of representatives, freshly elected by the people, could speak for France, and nothing else could.

The conduct of Prussia, therefore, has been irreproachable. It has thus far been neither relentless nor cruel nor exacting. Meanwhile various false stories have been exposed, and many confidential conversations of BISMARCK have been reported. But whether he imparts the profoundest state secrets to gentlemen whom he casually meets upon battle-fields may be wisely doubted. Yet, as the great German plan of the war has been simple, so the conditions of peace upon which Germany is likely to insist may, perhaps, be easily surmised. Just terms would be an indemnity, a reduction of the army, and the dismantling of certain fortresses. If, beyond this, Germany should demand the cession by treaty of Alsace and Lorraine, France might justly refuse to expatriate her own citizens by treaty, and demand that the question be referred to the people of the provinces. Should Germany refuse, and insist upon the cession without regard to the wishes of the people, she would forfeit much of the sympathy which has hitherto attended her. But we shall very reluctantly believe that the skill and intelligence which have given Germany the leadership of Europe will desert her at so important a crisis.

A DEMOCRATIC "PLANK."

THE people of this State and of the country will not fail to observe the position of the New York Democrats upon one of the most vital questions of the hour. They are perpetually begging for public forgetfulness of their conduct during and before the war. They constantly pray a charitable country not to recall the fact that for a generation before 1860 the sole aim of the Democratic party was to confirm and extend slavery, and that during the war it did what it could, short of actual armed assistance, to secure the overthrow of the government. A slave-driving party before the war, and a Copperhead party during the war, it naturally hates to remember, and begs every body to forget. Its Congressional Committee entreated the Southern voters to let dead issues alone. But when directly summoned in the House to declare whether the amendments were final, the members of the committee all voted no. So Senator THURMAN, of Ohio, in a late speech, denounces the whole system of reconstruction. The orators and the party all decline to declare that they acquiesce in the settlement, and Tammany Hall also refuses.

At its late convention in New York the party had an excellent opportunity to express its acquiescence. But the resolution in which this topic is treated is more absurd than even such resolutions generally are. Here it is:

"*Resolved*, That, as many of the issues which have divided good citizens in the past age are now settled, we invite all conservative citizens, irrespective of former political differences, to unite with us in securing the ascendency in the government of the principle upon which it was established as such, while, sustained by the majority of the American people, it secured peace and prosperity for all."

That is a resolution which, meaning exactly nothing at all, except a longing for the good old palmy days of slave-driving, might be cordially approved by WADE HAMPTON and ROBERT TOOMBS.

This is the attitude of the New York Democracy upon the settlement of the war. It proposes to tear open every question if it has the opportunity. It scornfully rejects the counselors in its own ranks who feebly whisper that it is by chaining itself to a corpse that the party has suffered hitherto. It is a prodigious blun-

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der which, as sincerely opposed to the party, we gladly perceive. It is a reckoning to which the Democratic managers may be very sure that their party will be held. They proclaim now the same disorganizing policy which they advocated in 1860, 1864, and 1868, and which, happily for the country and for civilization, totally overthrew them.

Let the voters of New York carefully consider whether they think it well for the peace and prosperity of the country to support a party whose open refusal to acquiesce in the validity of the late amendments, and the finality of reconstruction, is a declaration of endless and fatal agitation.

OUR DUTY TO LIBERTY.

Is the Government now to be accused of hostility to a republic in France because the neutrality laws have been enforced against certain persons who had been enlisted to make war upon a power friendly to the United States? Is it desirable to have such laws, or is it merely undesirable to enforce them? Ought we to allow recruits to be enlisted here to fight against monarchical governments with which we are at peace, and should we only prohibit enlistments to fight against republics? In other words, are the United States to declare that they will take part in every war which calls itself republican, and are those who oppose such a policy as fatal to republican liberty to be considered enemies of republican government? Certainly none can wish success more sincerely than we to the efforts of the French people to establish and maintain a republic. But that does not imply that we are to go to war to help them. No part so ridiculous can be proposed for any nation as that it shall declare itself the defender of liberty against all comers. This was what the old French republic did—the republic which smothered liberty in blood.

The United States Government has enforced its laws in the case of France, as it has in that of Cuba. But nothing could be more unjust than to declare it, for that reason, hostile to the French or to the Cubans. It stopped Colonel RYAN'S expedition last year. Was it because the Government wished to see slavery perpetuated in Cuba? It is said, indeed, that the insurgents had declared emancipation, and that to help them was to favor emancipation. If that had been the whole case it would have been a strong one. But it was really a very small part of the case. The same argument would have justified our sending expeditions to an insurrection in England which declared a republic, or to Ireland because it asserted its independence. In a word, it brings us directly around the circle again to the position that the United States ought to help every body who says that he is fighting for liberty, and help him without the slightest regard to the actual facts of the situation, or to the probable results to their own liberty or happiness. This is a course which no intelligent man and no sagacious party will ever propose. But the sympathies and hopes of the people of this country are none the less warmly given to every honest struggle for liberty, wherever it may be.

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

It is with inexpressible sorrow that those who recall the bright and smiling capital of France read of the devastation and desolation which have befallen its immediate vicinity. It is not easy to discover from the accounts exactly how great the destruction is, but, if the intention of defense of the city has been serious, the ravages of the neighborhood must have been immense. Paris is in a peculiar sense the pride of France. Indeed, there was many a Parisian who secretly felt it to be the glory of the world. In its perpetual carnival it amused itself with nothing more than satirical railing at Germany and the Germans. There was especial zest in the Parisian laugh at the German soldier caricatured in le General Boum, because it was a German who served up the sneer. How would an evening of the "Grande Duchesse" be relished by the golden youth of Paris with the King of Prussia occupying Versailles as his head-quarters? The suddenness of the humiliation of Paris is as astounding as its completeness.

And this dire humiliation of its capital, and all this unspeakable sorrow and loss, this total national decline, France owes chiefly to LOUIS NAPOLEON. His reign of eighteen years seems now a kind of Circean revel. It appeared very splendid, and it was utterly demoralizing and fatal. Paris has never been gayer, but all the while it has been truly portrayed in COUTURE'S terrible picture in the Luxembourg, the "Decadence of the Romans." A frenzied festivity is not happiness. The policy of the French empire was that of the baser days of Rome, to amuse and excite the people, and blind by dazzling them. Paris, therefore, was beautified. The new avenues, the new boulevards, were magnificent. But the tone of imperial society was deplorable. The best Frenchmen did not appear in public affairs. They who did were voices of warning and protest. Their attitude was that of the statues of the old Romans in COUTURE'S picture. Nowhere in the world, except in some American Democratic newspapers, did there seem to be any sincere admiration of LOUIS NAPOLEON or his empire. But what mere paste its apparent diamonds were, how utterly hollow its pretense of power or hold upon the people, the last few weeks have shown.

That nobody sees this more plainly than BISMARCK there can be no doubt. And the report that he would only treat with a resuscitated regency was therefore wholly improbable. To suppose that BISMARCK would refuse to treat with JULES FAVRE because he could not be sure that France was behind him, and yet insist upon treating with the name of LOUIS NAPOLEON when he knew that France had, at least, spewed him out, however obscure every thing else might be, was to accuse the most acute statesman of modern Europe of being deceived by a sophism which the merest doctrinaire would spurn. But all the sorrow and loss and shame which LOUIS NAPOLEON has brought upon France will not be wholly in vain, nor to be altogether regretted, if they shall serve to rouse the French people permanently to the conviction that they can hereafter yield to any form of personal power only at the peril of their very existence.

How terrible their fate under that system has been they see but too well. Ground to the earth by the old BOURBON despotism, they were yet able to defy Europe, and to make their national name more illustrious than ever. But the long succession of monarchical abuses since those days has prostrated France hopelessly. She will emerge from this contest more humiliated than any great nation ever was in so short a time. Whether, indeed, there is the necessary intelligence upon the part of the people to confirm and organize the republic is a question to be decided only by experiment. LOUIS NAPOLEON always resisted the earnest appeals of his Minister of Public Instruction, DURUY, to make education, as in Germany, compulsory and universal; and the French people are, therefore, very much less instructed than the Germans, and therefore, also, more helpless in the hands of the priests. Should hostilities happily end within a short time, the reorganization of France will be the most interesting problem in current political history. And if any thing can serve to make the republic sure, it will be the remembrance of the character and consequences of a rule like that of LOUIS NAPOLEON.

A BITING SATIRE.

THE most withering sarcasm of the political campaign is the resolution of the New York Democratic Convention in praise of Governor HOFFMAN. It compares the signer of the Erie bill to TOMPKINS, CLINTON, and MARCY! It praises the vetoes of a Governor who refused to interfere against infamous legislation to save to honest men and women the control of their own property! It commends the devotion to municipal rights of a magistrate who openly shielded the frauds in the city of New York which deprived every honest citizen of his most precious political privilege! With elaborate mockery it celebrates "the elevated statesmanship" of a gentleman selected for office because of his negative qualities. Mr. TWEED causes Mr. HOFFMAN to be solemnly extolled, as Mr. PITT would have told his men to praise Dr. ADDINGTON. Elevated statesmanship! How can a gentleman be a statesman whose haunting fear is that he may destroy his political prospects by alienating Mr. TWEED?

NOTES.

THE American Sanitary Commission during our war showed how much could be done for the relief of the suffering and the cure and care of the wounded upon the battle-field; and in 1863 a congress of most of the chief powers was held at Geneva to secure by treaty or mutual understanding the utmost care of wounded soldiers. An association was formed, which has a branch in this country, of which Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, the admirable and efficient President of our own Sanitary Commission, is President. This branch has refrained from making any appeal to the public while the force of the national French and German sentiment in the country has been at work, and because it wished to test the adequacy of the method of the International Association. That has now been most fully and satisfactorily tested; and the American branch, having fully informed itself of the situation and of the pressing emergency, now appeals to the people of the United States for generous contributions of money to be applied impartially to the relief of the vast and cruel suffering occasioned by the war. It guarantees that not a dollar shall be wasted, and, if necessary, it will have an experienced agent of its own upon the ground to see that the American relief is properly applied. Contributions, in money only, may be sent to HOWARD POTTER, Treasurer, New York.

OUR friends of the daily press have a hard time with their special dispatches from Europe, for the fullness of which the public is surely grateful. It seems that it is the rule among the papers in the city known as the Associated Press that all special dispatches, except from certain places, which are sent to either of the papers shall be furnished to all the others, with the privilege of using the whole or a part upon proportional payment. Thus the special dispatch to one paper may appear the same morning in all, the specialty entirely disappearing. This arrangement has, however, occasioned a constant volley of mutual accusations and innuendoes. One paper charges another with using its dispatches in an imperfect form, which, however, is provided for by the agreement. Another paper, using the dispatches which the enterprise of its contemporary has provided, claims an equal credit for the enterprise because it pays its proportional share of the expense. Another paper, being mentioned by name in proceedings which it specially reports, finds, to its great disgust, that its neighbor, who by the rules is entitled to use the dispatch, converts it wholly to its use by changing the name mentioned to its own. Certainly there was never a rule among associates which worked so deplorably, and produced more constant irritation. It would really seem worth while either to change the rule or to abide silently by its consequences. The special dispatches of all the papers have been valuable and interesting, and it is a pity that each should not enjoy the advantage of any superior enterprise or excellence it may display.

A LOVELY illustration of Democratic "economy" is mentioned by the *Tribune*. Mr. John Jones, tax-payer in the city of New York, paid in the year 1866, upon houses valued at $100,000, a tax of $2 30 per hundred, a total of $2300. In the year 1870 Mr. John Jones perceives with pleasure that under beneficent Democratic rule the rate of taxation has been reduced five cents. It is now $2 25, and Mr. Jones evidently saves $50. Poor Mr. John Jones! His tax bill is larger than ever. He hastens to the assessor's office, and finds that the valuation of his property has been raised to $142,000, although he knows that no such actual rise of nearly fifty per cent. has taken place; and under the Democratic reduction of the rate of taxation Mr. John Jones pays a bill of $3195, an increase of $895 in four years. On the valuation of 1866, at a tax rate of $2 30, nearly $17,000,000 was raised. The same rate upon the valuation of 1870 would yield more than $25,000,000. But as the masters of the city want a little less, say $23,500,000, they "reduce" the rate by five cents, a "reduction" which makes Mr. John Jones pay more than a third more, and which yields $7,615,472 more money than in 1866. Mr. John Jones will probably vote the Tammany ticket with ardor.

THE Governor of Utah has issued a proclamation peremptorily forbidding the musters and drills of the militia of that Territory except by his orders. This is a direct issue of authority with BRIGHAM YOUNG, and an emphatic suggestion to that patriarch and his followers that the laws of the United States will be enforced in all territory subject to their authority.

MR. ELLIS H. ROBERTS, the editor of the *Utica Herald*, has been nominated for Congress with enthusiasm. We wish he might be elected with unanimity, and that Congress were altogether composed of such honorable and able men.

Putnam's Monthly, a magazine which will be always kindly remembered in our literature, will be hereafter merged with *Hours at Home* in *Scribner's Monthly*, a new magazine to be edited by Dr. HOLLAND. The great popularity of Mr. "Titcomb," and his skill in interesting and touching the widest circle of readers, are the best auspices for the new periodical. Dr. HOLLAND comes to his work, also, fresh from a residence in Europe, an experience which will give him the richest material. He is, however, so essentially an American that Europe could only enlarge his sympathies, not alienate them from his own country.

IT gives us great pleasure to be able to congratulate our enterprising contemporary, the New York *Evening Mail*, upon its triumphant success, after four years' strife against its numerous competitors. Owing to the judicious management of J. M. BUNDY, this paper has for a long time stood at the head of the two-cent evening journals of this city. Last year its space was largely extended, and during the month of December it is proposed to issue a double sheet every Saturday.

WE are glad to hear that our old friend BENSON J. LOSSING, the well-known historian, has again returned to the lecturing field. He will lecture during the ensuing season on "Art: its History and Work," and on "Chivalry, Yesterday and To-day." We are sure that a lecturer so pleasant and impressive as Mr. LOSSING, and speaking upon such interesting and instructive topics, will be warmly greeted by the public as a familiar friend.

THE WAR—CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES.

IT is among the curious things connected with the war between Prussia and France that there is scarcely a place of any note that late events have made us familiar with that has not an interesting reminiscence connected with printing.

KEHL, where the first work of destruction began by an attempt to destroy the bridge across the Rhine, is the locality to which Baskerville's beautiful type was transferred in 1779, having failed to procure a purchaser at home. M. Beaumarchais, who bought it, opened an office in this town, and, at the expense of three millions of francs, published an edition of Voltaire's works, consisting of 20,000 copies, of which twenty-five were on blue paper for King Frederick of Prussia, "who labored under weakness of the eyes."

METZ, which has acquired so much notoriety, was early distinguished by the introduction of printing. As early as 1482 a work was printed here (the first book of Thomas à Kempis). In 1575 all Protestant printers had to quit the city, and all such authors had to get their works printed at Paris, or Rheims, etc., for more than twenty years.

STRASBOURG is well known to the learned as one of the towns that put in a claim to the honor of giving birth to the typographic art, Schoepling and others contending that John Gutenberg printed here between 1440 and 1450; but this is unsupported by any positive evidence. The earliest dated book known to have been printed here is dated 1471. John Mentelin printed in Strasbourg, in 1473, the first edition of the German Bible.

TOUL was a seat of early printing. The first known work on Perspective, by Jo. Pelegrinus, was printed here in 1505; there is a copy in the show-case of literary curiosities in the British Museum. Toul is also to be noted as the place at which one of the earliest attempts at stereotyping was made in 1785.

At RHEIMS printing was carried on as early as 1551. In 1552 was executed here the first edition of the Romish-English version of the New Testament.

At VERDUN printing was carried on as early as 1560. At this place the English prisoners who were detained by Napoleon I. printed, by his permission, a "Book of Common Prayer" in English.

SEDAN has also an interest to the lovers of typography. "Here were printed," says Dr. Cotton, "some very diminutive volumes, well known to the collectors of books by the name of Sedan editions—the 'Virgil,' dated 1625, the 'Horace,' of 1627, and the 'Greek Testament,' of 1628, are all of this kind at present known." In Trinity College, Dublin, is a Sedan volume dated 1589.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE recent interview between Jules Favre and Count Von Bismarck, looking to peace negotiations, seems to have proved an utter failure. Jules Favre admitted that he could give no guarantees of permanent peace, and desired an armistice till the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. He admitted also that Germany could not be asked to relinquish temporarily any advantage of her present military position. He agreed that negotiation should proceed upon a basis that would give Germany, at the end of the armistice, if the Constituent Assembly rejected the terms, the same relative superiority as now.

The disagreement commenced on purely military questions, Von Moltke pointing out that the mere lapse of time inflicted on the German position an essential injury that must be compensated by France relinquishing specified material advantages. He named the surrender of Strasbourg, Toul, and Verdun—all entire—because now those fortresses are obstructing German communications, to open which and accelerate the movement of heavy guns, ammunition, and supplies, Moltke considered might be partial compensation for the delay of an armistice. Metz was not demanded, because it does not interrupt communications.

The unexpected moderation of these terms impressed Favre, who personally, it is believed, would gladly have accepted them; but he had no final authority from his colleagues, and returned to Paris to consult. Meantime, the state of affairs in the city had grown worse; the difficulties of maintaining authority were greater than ever. The Red Republicans were turbulent; there was great hostility to any negotiations whatever, and the Government was reluctantly obliged to reject the proposals.

On September 24 the French Cabinet issued the following proclamation to the people: "Before the siege of Paris Jules Favre desired to see Count Von Bismarck, to know the intentions of the enemy. The following is the declaration of the enemy:

"Prussia wishes to continue the war in order to reduce France to a second-rate power. Prussia demands Alsace and Lorraine as far as Metz, by right of conquest. Prussia, before consenting to an armistice, demands the rendition of Strasbourg, Toul, and Mont Valerien. Paris is exasperated, and will rather bury herself beneath her ruins. To such insolent pretensions we can respond but by resistance to the last extremity. France accepts the struggle, and counts upon her children."

The Government has issued decrees that all the municipal elections, as well as those for the Constituent Assembly, be suspended and adjourned, and all municipal elections which have been effected annulled.

On the 23d of September Toul was surrendered to the Prussians after a bombardment of six hours. The conditions of capitulation were similar to those which formed the basis of negotiation at Sedan. There were surrendered 109 officers, 2240 privates, 197 bronze cannon, of which 48 are rifled, 3000 muskets, 3000 sabres, 500 cuirasses, a very considerable quantity of ordnance, quartermaster, and commissary stores.

The special correspondent of the New York *Tribune* at Berlin telegraphs that Bazaine, on September 19, sent a letter to the head-quarters of Prince Frederick Charles, which was forwarded from thence to the King. It is reported that he expressed a willingness to surrender on condition that the troops be permitted to retain their arms, on parole not to resume hostilities for three months.

Paris has been completely isolated. The Prussians, on the 19th, captured and occupied a commanding position on the heights of Sceaux, south of the city.

The Italian troops occupied Rome, September 20, without resistance, and preparations were immediately commenced for the transfer of the capital from Florence to that city. A provisional government has been formed at Rome.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EARLY on the morning of September 24 the Bremen steamer *Hermann*, Captain Reichmann, with forty-seven passengers, chiefly Germans, cleared from the port of New York, and soon after passing Sandy Hook found two French cruisers slowly moving across her path, and both carrying the tricolor of France, at the distance of about three miles. The captain made them out to be the steam corvette *La Touche Creville* and the gun-boat *Britomarte*, though it is thought that the latter was more probably the *Epremard*, which sailed from Havre on secret service about a month ago. The officers of the *Hermann* were at once summoned to consult with the captain. The engines were stopped, and in a few minutes the order was given to put about and return to American waters. At Quarantine the vessel came to anchor, and the passengers were shipped to the city, each one having been furnished with an order upon the company for the amount paid for passage.

The President has appointed Senator O. P. Morton, of Indiana, to succeed Mr. Motley as our Minister to England. The appointment has been accepted.

The New York State Democratic Convention met at Rochester, September 21, and nominated John T. Hoffman for Governor and Allan C. Beach for Lieutenant-Governor.

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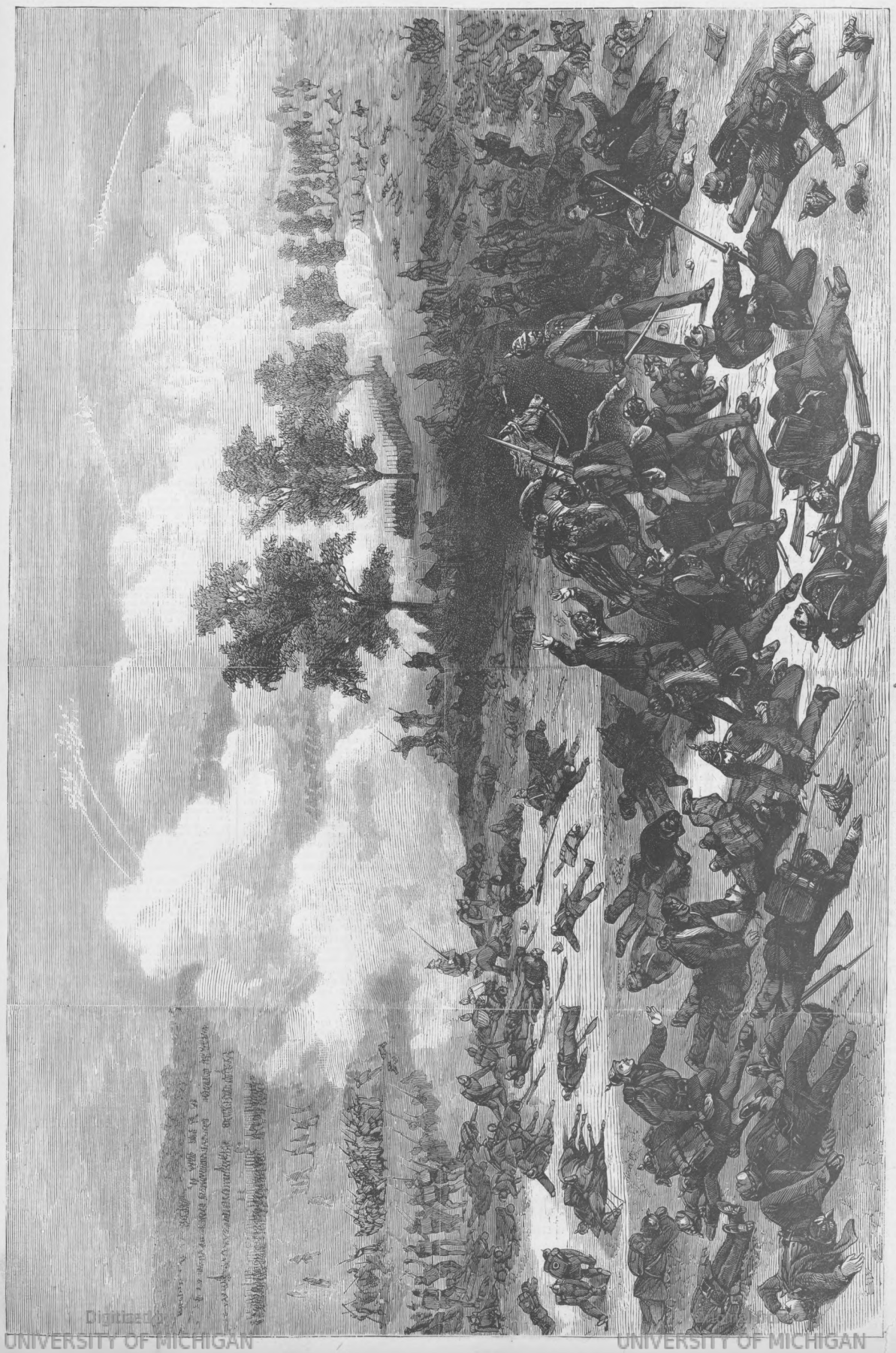

EFFECT OF THE MITRAILLEUSE IN THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.—[SEE PAGE 647.]

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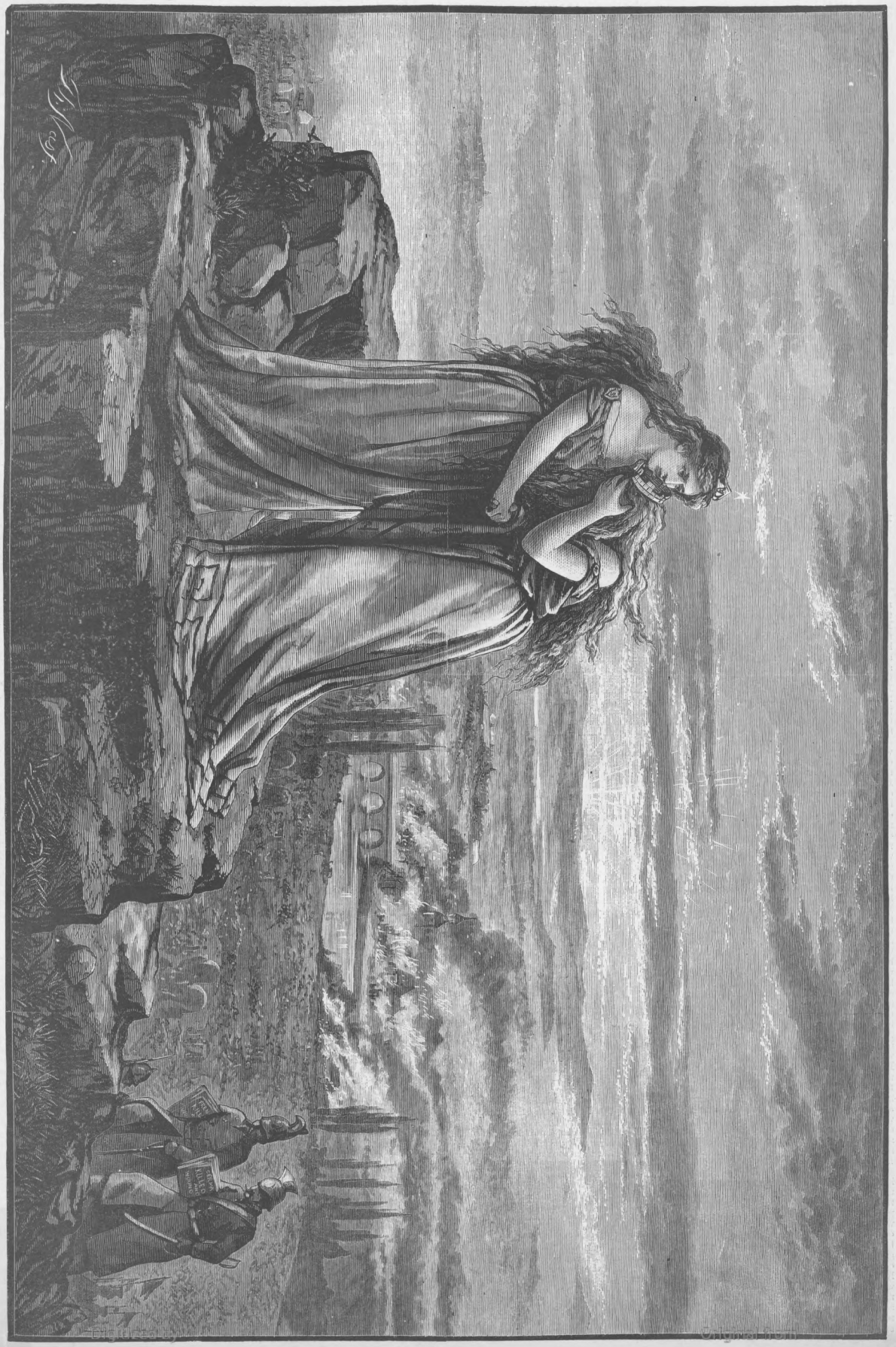

EUROPE AND AMERICA OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—"WE SHRINK FROM CONTEMPLATING OUR LOSSES."—*King William's Dispatch to Queen Augusta.*

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BRINGING UP THE GUNS.

[See Illustration on Double Page.]

HAVE you read in song and story
How the dead Napoleon comes,
Yearning still for earth-born glory,
And the war-beat of the drums?
Phantom legions file before him,
Far upon that Dreamland plain,
While the eagles hover o'er him,
As exulting o'er the slain.

And he marshals his battalions,
Ranged upon the spectral sod;
Till, as the Armada galleons
Vanished at the breath of God,
So the vision fades, and only
One remembrance doth remain,
Where a captive paces lonely
On the shores of St. Helène.

When we read that gallant story
Our desponding spirits thrill;
France and Victory! France and Glory!
Seem familiar phrases still.
And if in the coming ages
We have need of battle-cry,
We can seek historic pages—
Think of Austerlitz—and die.

Once our cannon spoke in thunder,
And all Europe heard in dread;
Now, O France, thou'rt torn asunder—
And thine army lacks a head!
Yet, as earnest of salvation,
While this agony shall last,
Hope, amid thy desolation,
Fairer future from thy past.

Still as sweeps the storm of iron,
Where the cannon crown the ridge,
And the battle-clouds environ,
We shall think on Lodi bridge;
Lo, the golden lilies paling,
France has sore need of her sons;
They shall answer her unfailing
While one lives to man the guns!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MINERS' BANK.

As, though Richard had fasted long, he could not eat, so, though he was fatigued with the travel of the last two days, he could not sleep. He turned from side to side upon his pillow throughout the weary night, and strove to lose himself, and shut out thought, in vain, even for an instant. He got up and paced the room; and, when the streaks of dawn began to show themselves, drew up the blind, and looked forth. It was a very different scene from that he had been accustomed to contemplate at Gethin. In place of the waste of ocean, specked by a sail or two, whose presence only served to intensify its solitary grandeur, the thick-peopled city lay before him. But as yet there were no tokens of waking life; the streets were empty, the windows shrouded, and a steady drizzle of rain was falling, which gave promise of a wretched day. Even when the morning advanced, it was difficult to make out the individual buildings; but he had had the Miners' Bank pointed out to him on the previous day, and he thought he recognized it now. It was there that the business which he had proposed to himself was to be effected, and he gazed at it with interest. The wisest of us are simple in some things, and though so knowing in the ways of the world—that is, of *his* world—Richard knew nothing of banks whatever, and wondered whether he would have any difficulty in carrying out his object. He could not foresee any; it seemed to him that the banking folks would be glad to oblige him in the matter in question, since, if there was any advantage, it would be on their side. But there were six hours yet before he could perform this business, and since sleep was denied him, how was he to pass the time? There was a large book upon the drawers, which he had not hitherto observed, with the royal arms stamped upon it, and the name of the hotel inscribed beneath them. It did not look like a devotional work, but it was the New Testament—a work that was very literally new to Richard Yorke. He had seen it, of course, often; was acquainted by hearsay with its contents, and had joked about them. It is the easiest book in the world to make jokes upon, which, perhaps, accounts for its being so favorite a subject of ridicule with foolish persons. Shakspeare is also easy to make fun of, but the *soupçon* of blasphemy is in that case wanting, which, to many, forms the chief charm of witty converse. Richard looked at it as a dog looks at a stick; but he took it up, and opened it at random. "Having no hope, and without God in the world."

He was not a believer in sortilege. If the text he had chanced upon had been ever so applicable to his own condition, it would have made but little impression upon him, and this was not very pertinent in its application. He was by no means without hope. He had come to Plymouth full of hope, though disappointed at its not having been already exchanged for certainty. He had good hope of inspiring John Trevethick with confidence in his social position, and consequently of obtaining his consent to marry the woman who had now become indispensable to his happiness. He had even some hope of yet inheriting a portion of his father's great estate. He could not be accused of sinful ambition. Any other sort of hope than that of being in a position to enjoy himself thoroughly had never entered into his mind. Just now, however, he was far from enjoying himself; he was a prey to anxiety, and any opportunity of forgetting it was welcome to him. Not without an effort to be interested, therefore, he reflected upon these words, which seemed rather to have been spoken in his ear aloud than merely to have caught his eye. He had already shut the book with contemptuous impatience, but he found himself, nevertheless, repeating: "Having no hope, and without God in the world," and pondering upon their meaning. He wondered at himself for taking the trouble to do so; but if he didn't do that, his thoughts would, he knew, be even less pleasantly occupied; so he let them slip into this novel channel. How *could* a man be without God in the world, if God was every where? as he had somewhere seen or heard stated, and which he believed to be the fact. It was one of the objections against the Bible, was his peevish reflection, that it was self-contradictory in its assertions, and unmistakably distinct only in its denunciations of wrath. Here was a case in point, and one which might justly be "taken up" by a fellow, if it was worth while. As for himself, he was no skeptic. Exeter Hall might have clasped him to her breast (and would) upon that ground. He was accustomed to use the name of the Creator whenever he wished to be particularly decisive; but for any other purpose he had never named it with his lips. Even as a child, his mother had never taught him to do so. She had never spoken to him on religious subjects except in humorous connection with the Heads of the two Churches to which her first husband had belonged—Emanuel Swedenborg and Joanna Southcott. If the expression "without God in the world" meant the living in it without the practice of religion, it certainly did have an application to himself, but also to every one else with whom he was acquainted. Of course he had known people who went to church—young men of his own age, whom their parents compelled to do so, and who envied him the liberty he enjoyed in that respect; and the poor folks at Gethin went to chapel. But, even there, shrewd fellows like Trevethick and Solomon did not trouble themselves to do so. True, Harry went! But then women, unless they were uncommonly clever, like his own mother, always did go to hear the parsons. Parsons, as a rule, were hypocrites. He had met one or two of them in town under circumstances that showed they had really no more "nonsense about them" than other people, but in the pulpit they were bound to cant. Look at Mr. Whymper, for instance—the best specimen of them, by-the-by, he had ever known—who could doubt that his mind was wholly set upon the main chance? To what slights and insolences did he submit himself for the sake of feathering his own nest; and how he had counted upon that fat living, of which the Squire had so cruelly disappointed him! Talk of religion! why, there was Carew himself, with thirty thousand a year, and did not spend a shilling of it on religion! True, he kept a chaplain, but only as a check upon his steward, to manage his estate for him. If there was really any thing in it, would not a rich man like him have put aside a portion of his wealth, by way of insurance—insurance against fire?—and here Richard chuckled to himself.

It was all rubbish, these texts and things. He would dress himself, and go out and take a walk, although it was so early. He had already heard sounds in the house, as though somebody was astir; so he rang the bell. It was answered by a sleepy and disheveled personage, whom he scarcely recognized for the sleek "night chamberlain," whose duty it was to watch while others slept, and who had given him a bed-candle not many hours before.

"What! still up, my man?" said Richard, gayly.

"Yes, Sir. The morning mail has but just come in; we had a passenger by it. I put him in the room under you; but he seemed a quiet one, and I didn't think he'd 'a disturbed you."

"He did not," said Richard. "I have been awake all night, and never so much as heard him. Can I have some hot water?"

"Not yet, Sir, I'm afraid; there's no fire alight at present. I can get you some brandy-and-soda, Sir."

"No, no," answered Richard, smiling; "I sha'n't want that; and as for the hot water, I can do without it; but, now you're here, just tell me, for I am quite a stranger to your town, isn't that high roof yonder," and he pointed to the object in question, "the Miners' Bank?"

"Yessir, that's it. Ah, if the morning was but a little finer, you would have a lovely view from this here window—half the town and a good slice of the harbor! There's a splendid building out to the left there, if the clouds would but lift a little. That's the County Jail, Sir."

"Indeed," said Richard, carelessly, and turned away. "Just take my boots down with you, as I shall want them as soon as you can get them cleaned."

The man did as he was bid. Directly he had left the room, Richard pulled down the window-blind, and staggered to a chair. Perhaps want of food and sleep had weakened him; but he sat down, looking very pale and haggard, like one who has received a sudden shock. Why should one man have answered him last night, "the convict ship," and now this fellow have pointed out the jail? It was only a coincidence, of course; but if there was ever such a thing as an evil augury, he had surely experienced it on those two occasions. "This is what comes of burying one's self at Gethin," thought he, smiling faintly at his own folly. "If I staid there much longer, I should begin to believe in mermaids and the Flying Dutchman." Jail! Why, if the very worst should happen, the matter would only require to be explained; he was in no real peril from the law, after all. Indeed, the very revelation which he most dreaded would only, by exposing the true state of affairs, precipitate his happiness. Trevethick would then be as eager as himself to hasten Harry's marriage.

Thus he reasoned until something of equanimity returned to him. Then he attired himself, buttoning his frock-coat carefully over his chest, and went down stairs. As he reached the next landing, a gentleman emerged from the room immediately beneath his own, like himself, fully dressed, and carrying his hat and great-coat. He was a small stout man, with bushy red whiskers, a good-natured face, and little twinkling black eyes. With a civil bow he made way for Richard to pass him, and then followed him down stairs into the coffee-room. It was a huge apartment, and quite empty except for their two selves. Most persons meeting in such a Sahara would have exchanged a salutation; and Richard, gregarious by nature besides, being eager to divert his thoughts, at once entered into conversation.

"You are the gentleman who arrived by the mail this morning, I conclude," said he, "otherwise you would scarcely keep such early hours."

"Just so, Sir," answered the other, smiling. "I thought it was not worth while to go to bed, but just gave myself a wash and brush up; and here I am, sharp-set for breakfast."

It was plain this man was not a gentleman, but Richard cared very little about that. He would have talked to the waiter, in default of any other companion.

"Well, I have been to bed," said Richard, smiling, "though something I took at dinner disagreed with me, and kept me awake all night. Do you mean to say you are not going to take any horizontal refreshment at all?"

"Well, no; I had some sleep in the coach, and a very little of that article does for me. If you eat and drink enough, as I do, it is astonishing how well you can get on without rest."

"Indeed," said Richard. "I should like to see the substitutes you take for what I have always found an indispensable necessity. Suppose we have breakfast together, and you shall order it."

"But not pay for it," stipulated the stout gentleman, in a tone that you might take as either jest or earnest. "We'll go shares in that, eh?"

"Unless you will allow me to be your host, we will certainly go shares," said Richard, wondering to himself whether in all Gethin so great a boor as this could be found above-ground or beneath it, or making his business on the waters, but rather amused nevertheless.

"I don't like misunderstandings," explained the little man, "nor yet obligations. It's not that I grudge my money, or have not as much of it as I want, thank Heaven!"

"Then you've got more than any body else I know," said Richard, laughing; "and I am acquainted with some rich men too."

"I dare say, Sir; you are a rich man yourself, I hope. You look like a young gentleman with plenty of money in your pocket."

At any other time Richard would not have been displeased by such an observation, which was, moreover, a perfectly just one. He looked from head to heel like a young man of fortune, and had been brought up as idly and uselessly as any such; but now he blushed and felt uncomfortable; and his fingers, in spite of himself, sought that breast-pocket which he had so carefully buttoned up, as though his companion's observation had had a literal and material meaning.

"Do you know Plymouth?" asked he of the stranger, by way of turning the conversation.

"Perfectly. Indeed, I live here; but I did not wish to arrive at home at such an unseasonable hour as the coach comes in. If, as a resident, I can be of any service to you, pray command me. But you don't eat, Sir."

Richard, indeed, was only playing with a piece of toast, while eggs and ham and marmalade were disappearing with marvelous rapidity down the throat of his companion.

"I am not like you," he answered. "Want of sleep produces want of appetite with me. With respect to Plymouth, you are very good to offer me your hospitality, but—"

"Services, Sir—services while in the town, I said," observed the little man. "Let us have no misunderstanding, nor yet obligation; that's my motto. Now, what can I do for you, short of that?"

"Well, I shall not greatly tax your prudence," rejoined Richard, this time laughing heartily, "though you must certainly be either a Scotchman or a lawyer, to be so anxious to act 'without prejudice.' The only information I have to ask of you is, at what time the bank opens; for I have got some business to do there, which I want to effect as soon as possible, and then be off."

"The bank! Well, there's more than one bank in Plymouth," observed the little man, scraping up the last shreds of marmalade on his plate. "They open at different hours."

"The Miners' Company is the one I want to go to."

"That opens at nine, Sir. It's on my way home, and I shall be glad to show it you."

"Thank you; but it was pointed out to me last night," said Richard, stiffly; for he preferred to effect the business which he had on hand alone. "It is still raining. What do you say to a cigar in the smoking-room?"

"With pleasure, when I have just written three words to tell my people of my arrival," answered the stranger; "however, I can do that as well there as here."

And so eager did he seem for Richard's society that he had pen and paper brought into the hotel divan, and from thence dispatched his note.

"Take one of my cigars," said Richard, good-naturedly, offering his case.

"No, no," replied the little man, shaking his head, and looking very grave; "you know my motto, Sir."

"A cigar," urged Richard, "is one of those things that one can accept even from a stranger without that sense of obligation from which you shrink so sensitively. Seriously, my good Sir, I shall feel offended if you refuse me this small favor."

"Sooner than that shall be, Sir, I'll take your cigar," said the little man. He held it up to the light, and sniffed at it with great zest. "This is no common brand, I reckon."

"Well, it is better than you will get out of the waiter's box, I dare say," answered Richard, smiling; for his cigars, like every thing else he had about him, were of the best.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put this in my pocket, if you'll allow me, young gentleman, for a treat when I get home. After an early morning breakfast, I generally prefer a pipe;" and he produced one accordingly from his pocket.

The room was melancholy to the last degree, being lit only from a sky-light; relics of the last night's dissipation, in the shape of empty glasses and ends of cigars, were still upon the small round tables; while a two-days-old newspaper was the only literature of which the apartment could boast.

"This place and hour would be dull enough, Sir, without your society," observed Richard, genially. "I don't think I was ever up so early in my life before, nor in such a den of a place."

"It's reckoned a good inn, too, is the *George and Vulture*; but the life of a hotel, you see, don't begin till later on in the day."

"That's a pity," said Richard, laughing, "as I sha'n't have the opportunity of seeing it at its best. I hope to be away by 9.30, or 10 at latest."

"Ah," said the little man, "indeed!" His words were meaningless enough, but there was really a genuine air of interest in his tone. He was a vulgar fellow, no doubt; but Richard rather liked him, mainly because it was evident that the other was captivated by him. He had laid himself out to please John Trevethick and his friend Solomon for the last six months, without success, yet here was a man who had evidently appreciated him at once. If he was but a bagman, or something of that sort, it was only the more creditable to his own powers of pleasing; and his vanity—and Richard was as vain of his social attractions as a girl—was flattered accordingly. In his solitude and wretchedness, too, the society of this stranger had been very welcome.

"I am sorry," said Richard, when they had passed some hours together, and it was getting near nine o'clock, "that I am obliged to leave Plymouth so soon. It would have given me great pleasure if you could have come and dined with me; though, indeed, I fear I have already detained you from your family. It was the act of a good Samaritan to keep me company so long, and I thank you heartily."

"Don't mention it, Sir—don't mention it," said the little man, quite huskily. "I have only done my duty."

This courteous sentiment made Richard laugh. "Your duty to your neighbor, eh?" said he. "Well, I must now wish you good-by;" and he held out his hand with a frank smile. "Perhaps we may meet again some day."

"Perhaps so, Sir," said the other, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and accompanying him into the hall.

At the hotel door Richard called a fly, as it was now raining heavily. "Shall I take you as far as the bank," said he, "since your road home lies that way? or is even that little service contrary to your motto?"

"I have got to see to my luggage," answered the other, evasively.

"Well, good-by, then."

"Good-by."

The vehicle rattled down a street or two, then stopped before a building of some pretension, with a tall portico and a flight of stone steps before it. Another fly drove up at the same moment, but it did not attract Richard's attention, which was concentrated upon the business he had in hand, and made his heart beat very fast. He pushed his way through the huge swinging door, and found himself in a vast room, with a large circular counter, at which clerks were standing, each behind a little rail. He had never been inside a bank before, and he looked around him curiously. On the left was an opaque glass door, with "Manager's Room" painted on it; on the right was an elevated desk, from which every part of the apartment could be commanded; the clerk who sat there looked down at him for an instant as he entered, but at once resumed his occupation. Every body was busy with pen and ledger; men were thronging in and out like bees, giving or receiving sheaves of bank-notes, or heaps of gold and silver. Richard waited until there was a vacant place at the counter, then stepped up with: "I want to exchange some Bank of England notes, please, for your own notes."

"Next desk, Sir," said the man, not even looking up, but pointing with the feather of his quill pen, then scratching away again as though he would have overtaken the lost time.

There was a singing in Richard's ear as he repeated his request, and fumbled in his breast-pocket for the notes; then a silence seemed to fall upon the place, which a moment before had been so alive and noisy. Every pen seemed to stop; the ring of the gold, the rustle of paper, ceased; only the tick of the great clock over

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the centre door was heard. "Thief, thief! thief, thief!" were the words it said.

"How much is there?" inquired the clerk, taking the bundle of notes from Richard's hand; and his voice sounded as though it was uttered in an empty room.

"Two thousand pounds," said Richard. "Is there any difficulty about it? If so, I can take them elsewhere."

But the clerk had got them already, and was beginning to put down the number of each in a great ledger. Richard had not calculated upon this course of procedure, and had his reasons for objecting to it.

"80,431, 80,432, 80,433," read out the clerk aloud, and every soul in the room seemed listening to him.

"That will do," said another voice close to Richard's ear, and a light touch was laid upon his arm. Scarlet to the very temples, he looked up, and there stood the little red-whiskered man from whom he had parted not ten minutes before. A very grave expression was now in those twinkling black eyes. "I have a warrant for your apprehension, young man, upon a charge of theft," said he.

"Of theft!" said Richard, angrily. "What nonsense is this?"

"Those notes are stolen," said the little man. "Your name is Richard Yorke, is it not?"

"What's that to you?" said Richard. "I decline—"

Here the door of the manager's room was opened, and out strode Solomon Coe, with a look of cruel triumph on his harsh features. "That's your man, right enough," said he. "He'd wheedle the devil, if once you let him talk. Be off with him!"

The next moment Richard's wrists were seized, and he was hurried out between two men—his late acquaintance of the hotel and a policeman—down the bank steps, and into a fly that stood there in waiting.

"To the County Jail!" cried Solomon, as he entered the vehicle after them. Then he turned to the red-whiskered man, and inquired fiercely, why he hadn't put the darbies on the scoundrel.

"Never you mind that," was the sharp reply. "I'm responsible for the young gentleman's safe-keeping, and that's enough."

"Young gentleman! I am sure the young gentleman ought to be much obliged to you," replied Solomon, contemptuously. "Young felon, you mean."

"Nobody's a felon until after trial and conviction," observed the little man, decisively. "Let's have no misunderstanding and no obligation, Mr. Coe; that's my motto."

Here the wheels began to rumble, and a shadow fell over the vehicle and those it held: they were passing under the archway of the jail.

CHAPTER XXII.

LEAVING THE WORLD.

WHAT wondrous and surpassing change may be in store for us when the soul and body have parted company none can guess; but of all the changes of which man has experience in this world, there is probably none so great and overwhelming as that which he undergoes when, for the first time, he passes the material barrier that separates guilt from innocence, and finds himself in the clutches of the criminal law. To be no longer a free man is a position which only one who has lost his freedom is able to realize; the shock, of course, is greater or less according to his antecedents. The habitual breaker of the law is aware that sooner or later to the "stone jug" he must come; his friends have been there, and laughed and joked about it, as Eton boys who have been "swished" make merry with the block and rod, and affect to despise them; the situation is, in idea at least, familiar to him; yet even he, perhaps, feels a sinking of the heart when the door of the prison-cell clangs upon him for the first time, and shuts him from the world. The common liberty to go where we will is estimated, while we have it, at nothing; but, once denied, it becomes the most precious boon in life. How infinitely more poignant, then, must be the feelings of one thus unhappily circumstanced, to whom the idea of such a catastrophe has never occurred; who has always looked upon the law from the vantage-ground of a good social position, and acquiesced in its working with complacence, as in something which could have no personal relation to himself!

Thus it was with Richard Yorke when, for the first time, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of Mr. Dodge, the detective, and his blue-coated assistant. For the time he felt utterly unmanned, and might have even fainted, or burst into tears, but for the consciousness that Solomon Coe was sitting opposite to him. The presence of that gentleman acted as a cordial upon him; the idea that he owed his miserable position to that despised boor wounded him to the quick, but at the same time gave him an outward show of calmness: he could not have broken down before that man, though he had been standing beneath the gallows-tree. Despondency would have utterly possessed him but for hate and rage—hate of his rival and all who might be concerned in this catastrophe, and rage at the arrest itself. For, though he had not the consciousness of innocence to support him, he had no sense of guilt. He had had no intention of absolutely stealing Trevethick's money; and yet he foresaw how difficult it would be to clear himself of that grave charge. He also looked back, and perceived for the first time the magnitude of the folly which he had committed. He felt no shame for it as a crime—he had not principle enough for that; but he recognized the extent of the imprudence, and its mad audacity; yet he was mad and audacious still. He had been brought up as much his own master as any youth in England, no matter how rich or nobly born; he had never known control, nor even (except during those few days at Crompton) what it was to control himself; and he could not realize the fact that he might actually come to share the fate of common thieves; to wear a prison garb; to be shut up within stone walls for months or even years; no longer a man, but a convict, known only by his number from other jail-birds. He did not think it could even come to his standing in the felon's dock, subject to the curious gaze of a hundred eyes, the indifferent regard of the stern judge, the— In the midst of these bitter thoughts, which were indeed disputations with his fears, the fly had stopped at the jail gate, and Mr. Dodge, with a cheerful air, observed: "We must get out here, if you please, Mr. Yorke."

Richard hesitated; he was mistrustful of his very limbs, so severely had the sight of those stone walls shaken him.

"Your young friend does not seem much to like the idea of lodging here," said Solomon, with a brutal laugh.

"That is fortunate," answered the detective, dryly, "since he will not have to do so. In my profession, Mr. Coe, we hold it a mean trick to kick a man when he is down.—This way, Sir, if you please." For, at the sound of Solomon's voice, Richard was up and out in a moment. "It is merely a form that you have to go through before we go before the beak."

"A form?" asked Richard, hoarsely; "what form?"

"We shall have to search you, Sir; that's all."

"That's all," echoed Solomon, with a grin.

Richard's face changed from white to red, from red to white, by turns.

"Mr. Coe will stay where he is," said Dodge, peremptorily, as he led the way into a little room that opened from the gate-keeper's parlor.

"I thank you for that, Mr. Dodge," said Richard, gratefully.

"Not at all, Sir. If you have any thing of a compromising nature about you—revolvers or such like—that's my business and the beak's, not his.—Officer do your duty."

Richard was searched accordingly. He had no revolver; but what astonished himself more than it did the searcher was that a cigar was found loose in his breast-pocket.

"Why, this must be the one that I gave to you this morning, Mr. Dodge."

"Just so, Sir. I put it back again as we came along. You know my motto. When you come to be your own master again—which I hope 'll be soon—then I 'll smoke it with you with pleasure; they'll keep it for you very careful, you may depend upon it, and baccar is a thing as don't spoil. That's a pretty bit of jewelry now—*that* is." Mr. Dodge's remark referred to a gold locket, with the word "Harry" outside it, written in diamonds; and within a portrait of her, which he had executed himself. "That's a token of some favorite brother, I dare say?"

"Yes," said Richard. "Might I keep that, if you please; or, at all events, might I ask that it should not be shown to the man in yonder room? It's my own, Mr. Dodge," added he, earnestly, "upon my word and honor."

"No doubt, Sir; no doubt. There's no charge against you except as to these notes. I must put it down on the list, because that's the law; but you can keep it, and welcome, so far as I am concerned; though I am afraid the Cross Key folks will not be so very easy with you."

"The Cross Key folks?"

"Well, Mr. Yorke, it's no use to hide from you that you will be sent to Cross Key; that's the nearest jail to Gethin, I believe. I am afraid the beak will be for committing you; the sum is so large, and the case so clear, that I doubt whether he'll entertain the question of bail. You have no friends in Plymouth, either, you told me."

"None," said Richard, sadly; "unless," he added, in a whisper, "I can count you as one."

"Officer, just fetch a glass of water," said Dodge; "the prisoner says he feels faint.—Look here, young gentleman," continued he, earnestly, as soon as they were alone, "this is no use; I can do nothing for you whatever, except wish you luck, which I do most heartily. I am as helpless as a baby in this matter. I can only give you one piece of good advice: when the beak asks if you've any thing to say, unless you have something that will clear you, and can be proved—you know best about that—say, 'I reserve my defense;' then, as soon as you're committed, ask to see your solicitor; send for Weasel of Plymouth; your friends have money, I conclude. Hush! Here's the water, young man; just sip a little, and you'll soon come round."

Not another word, either then or afterward, did Mr. Dodge exchange with his prisoner. Perhaps he began to think he had acted contrary to the motto which was his guide in life in the good-will he had already shown him. Perhaps he resented the favorable impression that the attractions and geniality of his acquaintance at the hotel had made upon him as unprofessional. At all events, during their drive from the jail to the office where the magistrate was sitting—it was not open at the hour when Richard had been arrested, or he would have been searched there—Mr. Dodge seemed to have lost all sympathy for his "young gentleman," chatting with the officer quite carelessly upon matters connected with their common calling, and even offering Mr. Coe a pinch from his snuff-box, without extending that courtesy to Yorke. Nay, when they were just at their journey's end, he had the want of feeling to look his prisoner straight in the face, and whistle an enlivening air. The melody was not so popular as it has since become, or perhaps Mr. Dodge had doubts of his ability to render it with accuracy, but, as if to inform all whom it might concern what it was that he was executing, he hummed aloud the fag-end of the tune, keeping time with his fist upon his knee, "Pop goes the weasel, pop goes the weasel."

Richard understood, and thanked him with his eyes. He had no need, however, to be reminded of the good-natured detective's word of advice. The ignominy which he had just undergone had had the effect of revealing to him the imminence as well as the full extent of the peril in which he stood. Henceforward he could think of nothing—not even revenge—save the means of extricating himself from the toils which every moment seemed to multiply about him. The time for action was, indeed, but short; if he was ever (for it already seemed "ever") to be free again, the means must be taken to deliver him at once. The assizes would be held at Cross Key—he had heard the Gethin gossips talk of them, little thinking that they would have any interest for him—in three weeks. Until then, at all events, he must be a prisoner; beyond that time he would not, dared not, look.

Within ten minutes Richard Yorke stood committed to Cross Key Jail.

He followed his friend's counsel in all respects. But the messenger dispatched for Mr. Weasel returned with the news that that gentleman was out of town; he was very busy at that season—there were other folks in difficulties besides our hero, urgent for his consolation and advice as to their course of conduct before my Lord the Judge. Mr. Dodge, however, assured Richard, upon taking leave, that he would dispatch the attorney after him that very night.

The road to Cross Key was, for many miles, the same which he had lately traveled in the reverse direction; yet how different it looked! He had been in far from good spirits on that occasion, but how infinitely more miserable was he now! The hills, the rocks, the streams were far more beautiful than he had ever thought them, but they mocked him with their beauty. He longed to get out of the vehicle, and feel the springy turf, the yielding heather, beneath his feet; to lave his hands in the sparkling brook, to lie on the moss-grown rock, and bask in the blessed sun. Perhaps he should never see them any more—these simple everyday beauties, of which he had scarcely taken any account when they were freely offered for his enjoyment. He looked back on even the day before, wherein he had certainly been wretched enough, with yearning regret. He had at least been a free man, and when should he be free again? Ah, when! He was, as it were, in a prison on wheels, guarded by two jailers. Escape would have been hopeless, even had it been judicious to make the attempt. His only consolation was, that Solomon Coe was no longer with him to jeer at his dejected looks. He had started for Gethin with the news, doubtless as welcome to Trevethick as to himself, of the prisoner's committal. What would Harry say when she came to hear of it? What would she not suffer? Richard cast himself back in his seat, and groaned aloud. The man at his side exchanged a glance with his companion. "He is guilty, this young fellow." "Without doubt, he's booked." They had their little code of signals for such occasions.

The day drew on, and the soft sweet air of evening began to rise. They had stopped here and there for refreshments, but Richard had taken nothing; he had, however, always accompanied his custodians within doors at the various halting-places. He was afraid of the crowd that might gather about the vehicle to look at the man that was being taken to prison. There was nothing to mark him as such, but it seemed to him that nobody could fail to know it. He welcomed the approach of night. They still traveled on for hours, since there was no House of Detention at which he could be placed in safety on the road; at last the wheels rumbled over the uneven stones of a little country town; they stopped before a building similar, so far as he could see by the moonlight, to that to which he had been taken at Plymouth: all jails are alike, especially to the eyes of the prisoner. A great bell was rung; there was a parley with the keeper of the gate. The whole scene resembled something which Richard remembered to have read in a book; he knew not what, nor where. A door in the wall was opened; they led him up some stone steps; the door closed behind him with a clang; and its locks seemed to bite into the stone.

"This way, prisoner," said a gruff voice.

Door after door, passage after passage; a labyrinth of stone and iron. At last he was ushered into a small chamber, unlike any thing he had ever seen in his life. His sleeping-room at the keeper's lodge at Crompton was palatial compared with it. The walls were stone; the floor of a shining brown, so that it looked wet, though it was not so. His jailer-chamberlain pointed to a low-lying hammock, stretched upon two straps between the walls. "There, tumble in," he said; "you will have your bath in the morning. Look alive!"

Richard obeyed him at once. "Good-night, warder," said he.

"Night!" grumbled the other; "it's mornin'. A pretty time to be knockin' up people at a respectable establishment. If you want any thin'—broiled bones, or deviled kidneys"—for the man was a wag in his quaint way—"ring this 'ere bell. As for the other rules and regulations of her Majesty's jail, you'll learn them at breakfast-time."

The door slammed behind him.

How the doors *did* slam in that place! And Richard was left alone. If, instead of the metal ewer of water that stood by his bed-head, there had been a glass of deadliest poison, he would have seized it greedily, and emptied it to the dregs.

EFFECT OF THE MITRAILLEUSE AT GRAVELOTTE.

IN our issue of August 20, on page 532, we gave a correct representation of that fearful weapon of modern warfare, the mitrailleuse; and to-day, on page 644, we lay before our readers a sketch taken on the spot, at Gravelotte, showing the effects produced on the Prussians by the concentrated discharge of the thirty-seven barrels constituting the piece.

Terrible as may be the havoc resulting from the fire, it is not yet quite certain that the advantages ascribed to the mitrailleuse may not be counterbalanced by some defects. However, the crucial test is being furnished by warfare such as that in which it is now being employed; and the rejection or final adoption of the weapon may well be determined for other nations by the course taken in respect to it by the French and Prussian governments.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ADVICE TO FISH-EATERS—Deal gently with the herring.

A gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pail of water. They looked, and exclaimed, "Why, we only see our faces!" "Well," said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

Some of the questions proposed for discussion at a meeting of a Western debating club were these: "Is it necessary that femailes shud reseave a thurry litterary education?" "Ort femails to take part in politix?"

A new minister at New Bedford took a stroll before breakfast on the first Sunday he was there, and after walking a dozen blocks was accosted by a shabby-looking individual with: "You needn't look any further; there ain't any saloon open."

An unfortunate Indian missionary has had his sermon reported as follows: "The speaker was a deduction, and gave a learned description of Satan and his skill in sawing trees." The unhappy preacher wrote a piteous remonstrance to the editor of the paper which had published this *resumé*, to say that he was a Dutchman, and not a deduction, and that he had described Satan not as sawing trees, but sowing tares.

An inebriated individual fell down a flight of stairs the other night, and a passer-by, fearing him seriously injured, ran to pick him up. But the man majestically staggered to his feet, and in response to the proffered aid roared out: "Now, you jes let 'lone. Wan' no slobberin' round me. I allus come down stairs that way."

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look down in the mouth." "Well, Peter, I dare say if you'd been through what I have, you'd look bad too." "What's the matter?" "Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Peter?" "Yes." "I discarded her last night." "You did! What for?" "Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl that would treat me in that way."

In the grave-yard at Childwald, England, are the following queer epitaphs:

"Here lies the body of John Smith,
Buried in the cloisters;
If he don't jump at the last trump,
Call 'Oysters!'"

"Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Seidlitz waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been in these 'ere vaults."

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

A lady in Syracuse is said to rest her head on a grammar while sleeping, in order that she may dream correctly.

Laziness is a good deal like money, the more a man has of it, the more he wants.

An Iowa paper tells of a smart wife that helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest!

A poor fellow was brought before one of the police justices recently charged with being intoxicated. "Well, why did you get drunk?" "See here," was the reply, uttered in a hiccough and accent of a drunken man; "what did you give license for?"

A "backward spring" is produced by presenting a red-hot poker to a man's nose.

"Then I'll bring a suit for my bill!" said an enraged tailor to a dandy who refused to pay him. "Do, my dear fellow," replied the imperturbable swell, pointing to his threadbare clothes; "that is just what I want."

A grand jury ignored a bill against a negro charged with stealing. Before the judge discharged him from custody he called up the accused and said to him, "You can go now, John; but let me warn you never to appear here again." John replied, with a broad grin, "I wouldn't been here dis time only de constable fetch me."

"No, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, who had been taking a nap before dressing for an evening party, "you needn't rearrange your hair. You couldn't make it look any rougher if you tried."

"Boy!" cried out Brown to the waiter at Sam's. "Don't call me boy, Sir; I'm no boy, Sir," said the latter. "Then do as you'd be done by," put in Brown, "and don't call this mutton lamb any more."

A traveler, being at a coffee-house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, Sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I can't exactly say," replied the traveler; "but somewhere in Europe—Russia, I think." "I should rather think it-a-ly," returned the other.

Lovers of tobacco are now designated "Tobaccophagoi," and the gratification of their taste in this regard, which ignorant people call "chawin'" or "smokin'," is henceforth to be known as "Tobaccophagonism."

"Washington," exclaimed a member of a Nashville debating club, in stentorian tones—"Washington was a great man; he was a good man; he was a noble man; his mind had a powerful grasp of the future; if ever a man was *non compos mentis*, Washington was that man."

"Can't you manage to give my son one of the prizes at the exhibition?" asked a mother of a teacher. "No, madam," was the reply. "Your son will stand no chance; he obstinately persists in idleness." "Oh, but then," exclaimed the fond mamma, "if that's so, you can give him a prize for perseverance!"

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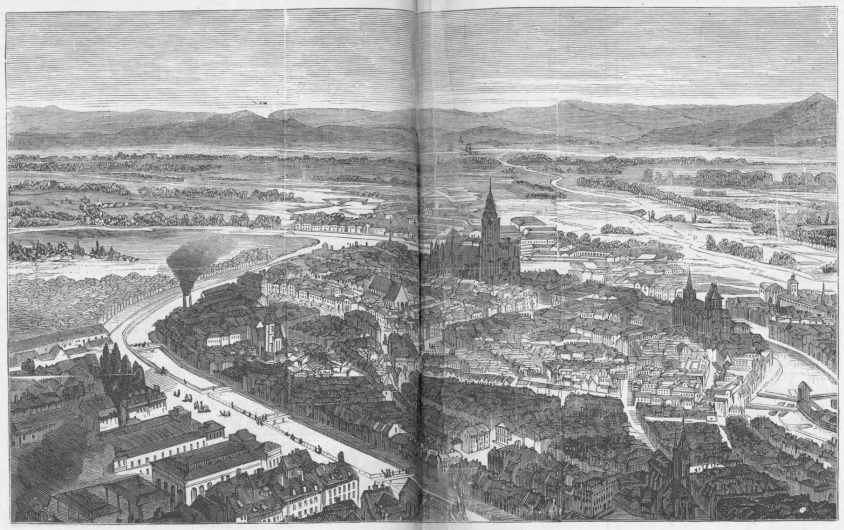
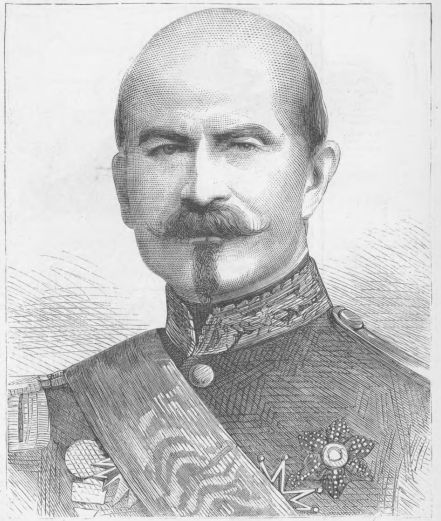
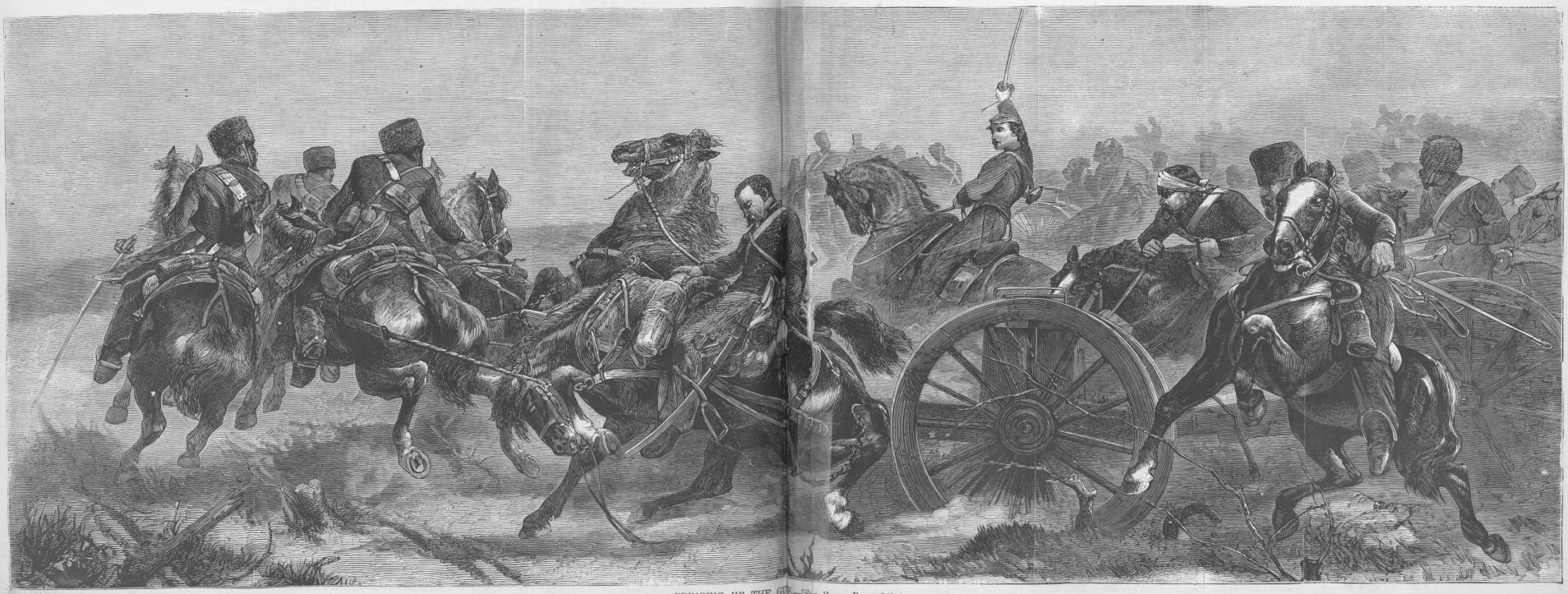
GENERAL UHRICH, COMMANDING AT STRASBOURG.—[See Page 651.]



VIEW OF STRASBURG.—[See Page 651.]



GENERAL TROCHU, GOVERNOR OF PARIS.—[See Page 651.]



BRINGING UP THE GUN.—[See Poem, Page 646.]

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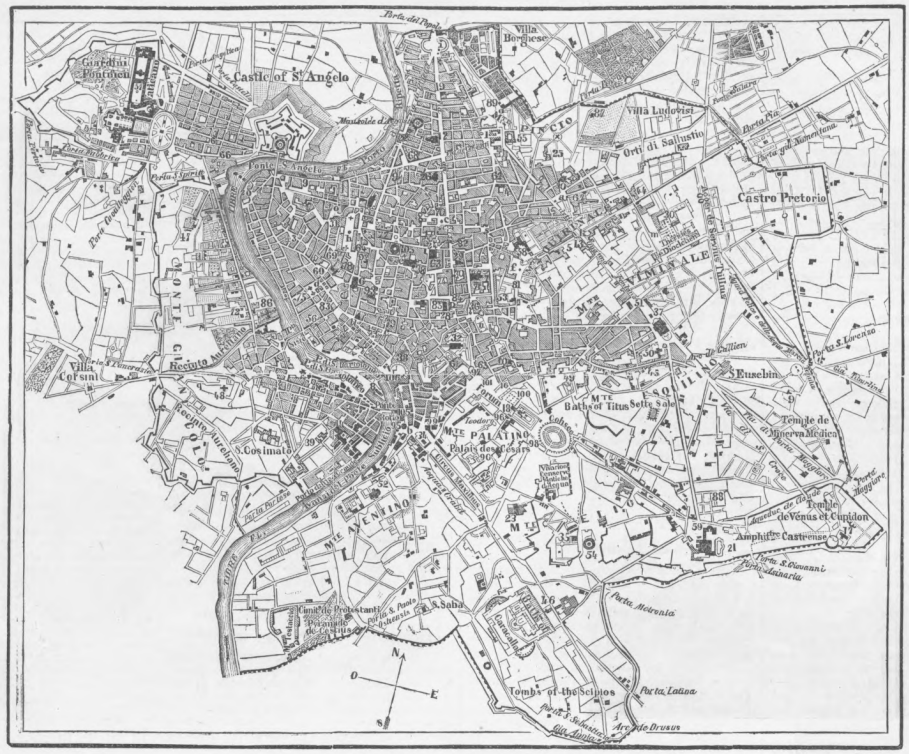

PLAN OF THE CITY OF ROME.

PYGMALION EVIL-STARRED.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

STEWART ARMSTRONG was a dreamer—in the best sense of the word, perhaps, but still a dreamer. He had an income large enough for a bachelor to live and travel on, and he did nothing to add to it—only lived and traveled. He was an American of that class who love to fly to Europe for a holiday, and return to their home as a school-boy goes back to school, with heavy looks. Life in the United States was always too energetic for him, he said; and so he loved to languish and dream in old cathedral cities of Europe, and by the banks of famous rivers, over which brood classic memories like mists, and under the shadows of Alpine peaks. He loved books, and loved to criticise them, but had never written any thing; he delighted in paintings, and never painted; in music, and never sang or played; he was an enthusiastic, poetic admirer of woman in general, woman "in the abstract," as Sydney Smith's Scotch lady might have said; and he had never loved any woman in his life. Now he was approaching that melancholy, poetic period of existence when one is supposed to take a farewell of the poetic; that period which is to the man or woman what the autumn is to the year, or the sunset to the day. In plain words, he had left youth behind him, but its light was on him yet. A few years more and he would get into the cheery, contented, firelight glow of middle age, when a man knows what he is and is to be, and hopes no more and regrets no more, but takes what comes good-humoredly, and lets his days go by without reflecting on them or on himself. That is the *bourgeois* time of life. Really great men, though they plow the fields, never reach it; your commonplace king comes to it as surely as you or I must do.

Stewart Armstrong was now, when this story came into his life, in Paris. He had established himself pleasantly in a little *appartement* not too high up in one of the avenues of the Champs Elysées. The night when the story opens he was sitting alone smoking a cigar, drinking Bordeaux, and contemplating his latest acquisition—something he had bought, and was very proud of, and fond of, and did not well know what he should do with when the time should come for him to pack up his portmanteaus and leave Europe.

This acquisition was a statue, or rather a plaster-cast, life-size, the original of which Armstrong had never seen, and which he had bought in one of the dear old dirty shops of the Quartier Latin, of a seller who knew no more about the statue than he did. It was the figure of a woman draped in a costume that was partly classic, but whose face and form were not of classic, at least not of Greek type. The head was large, the forehead broad, clear, and powerful; the eyebrows were slightly contracted, as if the woman were gazing anxiously after some far-distant object, and the whole attitude suited that expression, for the woman was seated, her chin supported on one hand, which rested on her knee, while the other arm and hand hung listlessly down. It might have been an Ariadne, a Sappho, a Corinna, looking far across the waves for the lover who was never to come; it might have been a poetess seeking inspiration; a being full of noble aspiration yearning vaguely for an unfound ideal—an ideal probably never to be found. The face was not specially beautiful. Nine out of every ten who saw it would perhaps never have suspected that it had any beauty whatever; but the tenth man, who found out the peculiar charm of the face, would have prized it all the more because it was not patent to every eye, and would have cherished it as a treasure of which the value was known only to himself. The face was beautiful only because it expressed the melancholy and the yearning which poets call divine. This was why Stewart Armstrong admired and delighted in the statue.

"Now," he said to himself, half jestingly, when he first had the statue set up in his room, "if the world is full of embodied souls seeking other embodied souls which are affined to them, there is the statue of the very woman who is seeking me, and whom I am seeking. If I had only the good fortune of Pygmalion, and could animate that plaster form with my breath, and make it rise and descend from its pedestal, and throw its arms, no longer hard and cold, around me!"

He drew his chair straight in front of the figure, and kept looking at it steadily for a long time, and thinking—offering incense to his idol, it must be owned, all the time, by aid of his cigar. He fell so deeply into contemplation of the face and figure that a friend, Charles Bryce, who had called for him that they might go to the theatre together, tapped at his door more than once in vain, and at last came in, and seeing Stewart Armstrong lying silently back in his chair, concluded that he was fast asleep, and gently laying his hand upon the supposed slumberer's shoulder, was amazed to find him broad awake.

Stewart started up, a little ashamed, and said nothing to his friend about his reflections and aspirations—did not even call his attention to the figure, and was secretly glad that Charles Bryce only glanced at it, and did not seem to think it worth saying any thing about. He was shy already about his feelings toward this poor piece of discolored plaster, as a bachelor verging to middle age often is when it is discovered that he is drifting into love of some woman.

This was the year of the *Biche aux Bois*, and Bryce was a fresh arrival from the States, delighted to see every thing that happened to be in season. Poor Stewart sacrificed himself cheerfully to his friend, and they went to the Porte St. Martin. It was a terribly dreary performance to Stewart, but he sat it out without a murmur, thinking all the while of his Ariadne, or Corinna, or whoever she might be, whose plaster form was the goddess of his shrine in the Champs Elysées. The performance came to an end at last; but then the friends had to sup, and Bryce knew no weariness in the matter of supper and Champagne.

It was nearly two o'clock when Armstrong, having seen his friend safely to the Louvre Hotel, where Bryce was staying, and of which the great gates had long been closed, turned away to walk through the Champs Elysées home. He felt a certain thrill of happiness on being released from his friend; a free joy in his loneliness; a relief which poor Bryce, who thought they had been spending the jolliest evening possible, could never have understood.

There was a glorious moon shining as Armstrong crossed the Place de la Concorde and entered the Champs Elysées. A carriage, driving quickly across the Place from the quarter whence he had come, was about to pass him, when its path was crossed by a hired *voiture*, dashing, at remarkable speed for a Paris conveyance, from the Rue Royal, across to the bridge. So the private carriage was forced to check its pace, and it stopped quite close to our hero. He glanced in through the window, and there he saw, in the bright moonlight, something which made him start, and gaze, and start again.

Only a woman dressed in white, sole occupant of the carriage. She was bending forward, her chin supported on one hand, which rested on her knee, and she was looking vaguely forth at the moon or the scene. The pale, massive, thoughtful, yearning face flashed across Stewart's eyes. He saw it but in profile, and for a moment. The *voiture de remise* went on its way; the private carriage took its course. But Stewart had seen enough; for the lady in the carriage seemed to him the living embodiment of his statue. The pallid moonlight, the white drapery, the attitude of the lady, might doubtless have wrought well with the American's peculiar mood to produce the fancied effect; but his mind would now listen to no question of fancy. He was firmly convinced he had seen the living embodiment of his ideal—that he had found at last his fate. So, indeed, he had.

He gave mad chase, and pursued the carriage. It did not go very far, luckily for him. There is a street quite near the Palace Elysée—a street of houses which are built after the English or American pattern—every one who knows Paris will remember it. There the carriage stopped, and our friend came panting up quite in time to see the lady get out and enter a house and disappear.

It would be superfluous to say that he observed closely the situation and number of the house. Indeed he hung about the spot as if it had some marvelous and magnetic attraction for him. At last he went home in the brightening dawn.

When he entered his room he fancied he heard a sigh—apparently the sigh of a woman—yet the room was lonely as he had left it. Only the plaster form of his Corinna or Ariadne occupied a place there. The sigh he thought he heard seemed to come from where the figure sat on its pedestal in the dawn, but it was doubtless the breathing of the wind as Stewart opened the door.

He slept little, and was in the Champs Elysées before long. He watched the one particular street for nearly all the day, but the lady he had seen did not make her appearance.

It is not difficult in Paris to find out a good deal about any body whose place of residence you know. Armstrong soon found out the name and something of the history of his mysterious lady.

She was a Frenchwoman who had married an Englishman, and lived for a long time in the West Indies. She had but lately returned to France a widow. Her name was Gabrielle Marie Randolph. Stewart also found that she was well acquainted with an American family he knew, and who had often vainly invited him to pass an occasional evening in their pleasant *salon*.

Need it be said that he very soon presented himself there? The lady he looked for did not appear, but his hostess told him of her in reply to his questions. Gabrielle Randolph was the most charming creature in the world. She had not been happy in her married life. She was not very young—quite thirty at the least. She was beautiful and gifted—a poetess, his hostess thought, at which latter qualification, perhaps, Stewart was not so much delighted, having the prejudice of a certain class of languid Americans against women who actually write. Stewart's friend almost undertook to have Gabrielle there on a night in the coming week.

Till then Stewart could only gaze of nights and mornings on his statue. As the night drew near when he was to meet Gabrielle he almost trembled, and wished he had never known of her, so fearful was he of being disappointed. The moment he entered Mrs. Raymond's *salon* he saw her—his statue's living counterpart. He thought he had never seen any thing at once more noble and more tender than the expression of her face and the light of her eyes. All the melancholy beauty, the dignified sadness, of an exquisite sunset was on her clear brow.

When Mrs. Raymond presented Stewart to Gabrielle the latter almost started, and a flush came over the face that had been so pale. They were left together, and they talked, constrainedly for a while, then more freely; at last Stewart feared he was becoming too obviously absorbed, and when some one else came near her he withdrew. He had talked enough with her to find the charm of her intelligence, her thought, her words, her tones, equal to any thing he could have dreamed of. In a word, he had found his ideal.

It was not very long before the acquaintance grew so close that he could tell her of his statue and his Pygmalion longings for its vivification, and the sudden, wonderful way in which his longings had been gratified. She could tell him that even in the moment when her carriage passed him on the Place de la Concorde she had seen his face and noted it, and remembered it afterward and dreamed of it, and therefore started when he was presented to her in the *salon* of Mrs. Raymond. In a word, these two were in love, and had confessed it now to each other, and were to be soon married, and were happy.

For Stewart, he was like one who breathed a new, bright, and beatific atmosphere. All that was beautiful and hopeful in life seemed to have suffused itself into the air he inhaled. Love came to him without any pangs—all radiant, roseate, delightful.

He began to neglect his plaster treasure. Not that he was ungrateful to it, or loved it less, but that the living realization of his dreams absorbed his whole heart and mind now.

One memorable night Stewart attended his *fiancée* to her home. They had been to the Opera, and it was somewhat late when they returned. As they drove into the street a man was lounging along in the moonlight—it was a night as bright as that on which they first saw each other, and they had been speaking softly of that auspicious time. Gabrielle looked out of the carriage window, and suddenly gave a scream, and flung herself back affrighted.

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Stewart, alarmed, caught her in his arms, and endeavored to learn the cause of her sudden outburst of fear. She recovered herself in a moment, and asked, in a tone that still trembled:

"Did you see any one—a man—there—on the foot-path?"

"Yes—a man—certainly, dearest. He went round the corner just now. What of him?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing! Only a wild fancy of mine. Oh, Stewart, if I could believe in ghosts, I should believe that I had seen one now! If the dead could come from their graves to torture the living, I should believe that one dead had come from his grave to torture me."

"Gabrielle, love, whom do you fear? What do you speak of? I will follow the man, and find out who he is!"

"No, no, for God's sake! I know it is only a fancy of mine—a foolish, wild fancy. And yet I could not bear to think of your following that man, and you and he looking into each other's eyes. How foolish this is you would know if I could tell you all; but I can not now."

They were standing now on the steps of the house in which she lived. He was reluctant to leave her, but she assured him that she was now quite composed, and had almost forgotten her first alarm. Yet there was an ominous sadness in the tone of her voice as she bade him good-night—a clinging, fearful fondness in the pressure of her hand, as if she dreaded to let him go.

Stewart looked out keenly every where as he walked homeward for the man who had alarmed Gabrielle so strangely. He thought he should recognize the figure again, although he had only seen it for a moment. The impression it had made on him was disagreeable; it seemed the figure of a man one would not particularly care to meet suddenly on a dark night if one were unarmed. This was, indeed, only a momentary and vague impression; but Stewart felt convinced he should recognize the man again if he saw him. He saw no one, however, whose form made the same impression on him; and he tried to think nothing of the whole affair.

On one point he felt certain. The man, whoever he was, had reminded Gabrielle of her late husband. Stewart had heard enough to know that the man had been an utter scoundrel; a libertine, a gambler, a swindler, a ruffian. He was dead, to be sure; but Gabrielle's life had been so darkened by him that it was little wonder if even a form which reminded her of him could startle her out of all composure.

Stewart went home, and gazed at his statue this night with a profound, mournful earnestness he had not felt for a long time. Something, he could not tell what, made him disinclined to go to bed. He lay upon a sofa in his sitting-room, and at last fell asleep.

He had not slept long when he seemed to hear a wild scream piercing the air and calling his name. He started up, and had hardly time even to think whether the cry was part of a disturbed dream or a very reality, when a loud crash, close to his ear, broke horridly upon the silence of the sleeping house; and in the light, faint as it was, that glimmered through the shutters, he saw that his cherished statue had fallen from its pedestal, and was smashed into a thousand pieces.

Why was it that he did not stop to lament over the fall of his idol, or even to consider how it had happened? What was there that made him at once connect its fall with the wild idea of some danger to Gabrielle? He never could tell; but now he seized his hat, rushed down stairs, unlocked the great door, and darted into the street. At full speed he tore along in the gray of the morning to Gabrielle's house; and lo! as he came in sight of it, he saw the man of the previous night creep cautiously down the steps, as if he had just crossed the threshold from within.

Stewart sprang at him, and seized him.

"What have you been doing there?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Just spending a quiet hour with my wife," was the reply, delivered with a savage scowl and sneer. "I am Gabrielle Randolph's husband. She thought me dead, but she was mistaken. She was in too great a hurry to believe me dead. You are the Yankee who was to have married her, are you? Sorry to have crossed your love; but she is my wife, all the same."

"This is not true," groaned poor Armstrong.

"Is it not? Ask *her* to-morrow; she will tell you. Have you any thing more to say?"

Stewart turned away without a word, and staggered home like one who is drunk. There, in the dawn now clearing, lay the symbol of his ruined hopes and love destroyed—the broken statue.

When the sun rose and the world awoke he resolved that he would go straightway and see *her*, and learn all the truth from her own lips. But before he could leave the house Gabrielle's maid brought a letter for him from her mistress. With trembling hands he opened it and read:

"DEAREST AND ONLY LOVE,—I can not live with you; I will not live without you. I did not deceive you, but was myself cruelly deceived. Only one way now is left to me. I escape from a life which henceforward would be too hideous for endurance. Oh, forgive me, that I have blighted your life; and when you can lift your head from this sorrow, think of me with love!

"Not in life, but at least in death, your own

"GABRIELLE."

Stewart Armstrong rushed like a madman to her house. It was all in commotion. He came too late. The moment she dismissed her maid with the letter Gabrielle flung herself on her bed, and they found her there with a tiny dagger—a pretty toy that used to lie on her dressing-table—driven into her heart. The determined, despairing hand that had driven it home still clung around its hilt.

The husband of the unhappy woman disappeared again into the darkness, and was seen no more. Stewart Armstrong still lives—a hopeless, gloomy man, prematurely old, who wanders about Europe purposeless as a ghost.

GENERAL UHRICH.

GENERAL UHRICH, the commander of the defenses of Strasbourg, is in his sixty-ninth year, having been born at Phalsbourg in the year 1802.

In 1820 he left the military school of St. Cyr as Sous-Lieutenant in the Third Regiment of Light Infantry, with which he served through the Spanish campaign of 1823, being present at the siege of Pampeluna.

His promotion was not very rapid, for it was not until 1848 that he became Colonel of his old regiment, the Third Infantry; in 1852 General of Brigade, and in 1855 General of Division, his present rank. This last promotion he obtained by brilliant service during the siege of Sebastopol. In 1857 he was nominated Commander of the Legion of Honor, and in 1862 Grand Officer of the same order.

General UHRICH is well known to the people of Strasbourg and the vicinity, having been born in the province, and held command of the subdivision of the Bas-Rhine for some years.

Since the commencement of the siege General UHRICH has issued very stringent orders respecting Prussian spies who are believed to be inside the fortifications, and to whom short shrift is to be given if detected.

The General has two brothers, one a distinguished officer in the army, the other an Intendant-General. He has also a son and nephews serving on his staff.

From the excellent portrait given on our double page our readers may judge that General UHRICH retains all the vigor and energy of youth, despite his near approach to the Psalmist's threescore and ten.

STRASBOURG.

THIS city, of which we give a view on our double page, is now a fortress of the first-class, but of very irregular shape, being about three miles long by two miles wide, and is seven and a half miles in circumference. It is situated on the rivers Ill and Bruche, which flow into the Rhine within a mile of the city, and is surrounded by a bastioned wall, with deep ditches, flanked by numerous exterior works. The wall is pierced by seven gates: those of *Blanche* and *De Saverne* toward the west, *Haguenau* to the northeast, *Juifs* and *Pecheurs* to the north, and the *Dauphin* and *L'Hôpital* gates to the south. The Blanche and Haguenau gates are defended by peculiarly strong redoubts. The citadel with its five bastions, at the eastern extremity of the city, was constructed by the celebrated engineer VAUBAN.

The river Ill, entering the city at the southeast, forming a grand sluice to the fortifications, by which the whole environs could be inundated, divides within the walls into several smaller streams, which are reunited as they leave the city on the northeast. The principal branch of the Ill, called Bruche, washes the central and eastern portions of the city, and receives on the right the canal of the Rhine, which gives to Strasbourg a direct communication with that river. Forty-seven bridges span the different branches of the Ill, nine of which are of stone, and arched. Strasbourg, before the commencement of hostilities, boasted a population of eighty thousand, who dwelt in generally well-built houses, and had the advantage of fine promenades on the banks of the various streams.

The Cathedral has ever been one of the great sights of Europe, its tower being considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of Gothic architecture. Indeed, Strasbourg is full of splendid buildings—the Château Royal, built by Cardinal DE ROHAN; the Church of St. Thomas, which contains the tomb of Marshal DE SAXE; the Hôtel de Luxhof, where, in olden days, dwelt the Emperors of Germany; these and many other magnificent monuments of art and skill are now being ruthlessly destroyed by the Prussian bombardment.

GENERAL TROCHU.

SIX weeks ago this able military officer was appointed Governor of Paris and commander-in-chief of the forces collected for the defense of the beautiful capital of France, and has now been nominated President of the Republic. General TROCHU is fifty-five years of age, and in his youth was a pupil of the military school of St. Cyr and of the Staff School. He enjoys a very high reputation for military ability, which, however, has never until now been tested by an independent command. He served in Algeria on the staff of Marshal BUGEAUD, and in the Crimea as one of ST. ARNAUD'S aids-de-camp. After the Marshal's death he was promoted to the rank of General of a Brigade of Infantry, which he held until the close of the Russian war. During the Italian campaign of 1859, which was ended by the victory of Solferino, he served with distinction in command of a division. Since that time he has been a member of the Consulting Staff Committee at the Ministry of War, and at the end of 1866 he was specially appointed to consider and report upon plans for a reorganization of the French army, in consequence of the aggrandizement of Prussia. In the following year he published anonymously a book entitled "The French Army in 1867," which attracted great attention, and passed through ten editions in six months. In it he severely criticised the organization of the French army, and especially the consequences of those changes under the Empire which tended to render the soldiery a separate and professional caste, severed in interest and feeling from their civilian countrymen. He received no appointment in the Army of the Rhine when the present war broke out; but it is understood that he was to have commanded the land forces which were to have composed the Baltic Expedition, but which were recalled from Cherbourg and Brest to defend Paris and Metz.

The portrait on our double page is from a photograph by DISDERI, of Paris.

PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC.

ON Saturday, the 3d of September, the total defeat of M'MAHON and his army was announced to the Corps Législatif. The Count De Palikao, essaying to palliate the terrible disaster, would not be listened to; but JULES FAVRE was, when he proposed to vest all power in the hands of General TROCHU. No action, however, was then taken; but on the following day, Sunday, the 4th, the populace invaded the legislative halls, shouting "*Vive la République*," and in the midst of the greatest disorder and tumult, but unaccompanied by any actual violence, the President put on his hat, and retired with the Count De Palikao and other members of the Ministry. Whereupon, finding it impossible to obtain any hearing inside of the Chambers, M. GAMBETTA, accompanied by the members of the Left, proceeded to the steps of the Corps Législatif, and there announced the dethronement of the Emperor to the people assembled outside. Our readers will infer, from the sketch of the scene on page 652, that M. GAMBETTA found considerable difficulty here also in making himself heard by the immense throng in front of and around him. They then hurried to the Hôtel de Ville, and installed themselves as a Provisional Government. Within an hour or two afterward, by the simple display of a few bayonets, possession was secured of the various ministries, the Prefecture of Police, the telegraphs, and the printing-machines of the *Journal Officiel*, and, presto! the Empire is changed into a Republic. The Parisians have made so many revolutions that they have been enabled to reduce the mode of proceeding to a formula, and the overturning of a throne is with them like any well-rehearsed scene in a play.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN first it was rumored that Christine Nilsson might cross the Atlantic to sing in the metropolis of America, the lovers of music expected a treat. And now that she has come, and they have heard her wonderful voice, their delight and admiration have been most enthusiastic. Never has any *artiste* been more warmly received by a critical American audience than this young, beautiful, and gifted Swede. The purity and delicacy of her voice, combined with extraordinary clearness, power, and feeling, the wonderful capacity she exhibits to interpret every emotion and passion hidden in the music she sings, as well as her graceful beauty and unaffected demeanor, have won fresh laurels for her in this country. On the evening of Mlle. Nilsson's first appearance in Steinway Hall a storm of floral offerings testified the appreciation of the audience; and at the close of the performance a number of her own countrymen, with the notes of an exquisite Swedish ballad lingering in their ears, awaited her entrance into her carriage, and, substituting themselves for the horses, enthusiastically drew her to her hotel.

The company which supports Mlle. Nilsson during the present engagement includes several artists of celebrity, and the concerts have been a rare enjoyment to the music-loving public.

Strasbourg has long been famous for its *pâtés de foie gras*, made of the livers of geese, which are enlarged to an unnatural size by the process of shutting the birds up singly in coops too narrow to allow them to turn, and stuffing them twice a day with maize formed into a paste. The winter is the season for fattening them, coolness being essential. These coops are very common in all houses. Instances are known of a goose's liver having attained the weight of two or three pounds.

Somewhere in the vicinity of Chicago a "Magnetic Well" has been discovered, which is capable of supplying that city with at least 1500 barrels a day, and still leave a good quantity for bathing purposes. It is the unanimous opinion of all who have tasted this water that it must be highly medicinal.

Paris is deserted by the fashionable world, society is dispersed, and foreigners have quitted the once gay city. A lady writing from that city says:

"To describe the popular state of feeling would be impossible; it is agitated beyond expression; and yet there is dulness and aching in our hearts. The shops are open, but nobody enters them to make purchases; the streets are filled with men. As a rule, the families of the richer class among our population have gone from our midst, thus freeing themselves from participation in the common danger. Parisian invention now only serves to supply foreign markets. There are no home buyers. Our leading *modistes*, that is to say, are solely occupied with mourning toilets, for it is easy to understand that, with the frightful slaughter in the army, there is scarcely a family that has not personally to lament the loss of at least one relative. In whatever *modiste's* establishment you enter, black surrounds you on all sides."

The following humorous *mal-apropos* incident is recorded: It happened the other day that the Crown Prince praised the Bavarians for their bravery in the presence of some soldiers belonging to that corps. "Yes, your Royal Highness," remarked one of them, "had you only led us in 1866" (meaning the time when they were fighting against Prussia), "we should have beaten those confounded Prussians."

The Parisians have named a street leading from the Faubourg St. Honoré to the Champs Elysées, *M'Mahon*.

The City Hall Park is at present in a state of fearful confusion. The old gas-pipes are being removed, the sidewalks are torn up, and a passage across it is any thing but agreeable. In a few weeks, however, we are promised order out of this confusion. Many improvements are being made which will add greatly to the beauty of this park.

When 40,000 Parisians all at once, as if moved by some sudden and universal fear, took the quick resolve to abandon their homes, their fields, and stores to seek shelter behind the fortifications of the city, never, perhaps, was such a scene beheld. Long before dawn did the sad procession begin, and until midnight of that memorable Sunday did it last without a moment's intermission. Vehicles of every shape, size, and burden—from the heavy furniture-van, with its rumbling, unsteady pace, to the humble hand-cart drawn wearily along by the poor mother, whose little stock of household goods was surmounted by the younger children, while the elder ones trudged wearily by her side—crowded the streets to that extent that the omnibuses were compelled to move at a snail's pace among them. The most brilliant carriages were applied, in many cases, to the same base uses. A whole history was written in that single episode. Many families who had been compelled to hire three and four heavy coaches for the conveyance of their goods were forced to follow them on foot. The rush was so sudden and so tremendous that the most exorbitant prices were demanded for the hire of vehicles even of the humblest description.

Famine and pestilence are following in the wake of the great European war. An immense area of country has been laid waste; thousands are homeless, breadless, and destitute of every thing. On the ground of common humanity an appeal has been made to the American people to send relief to the wounded and suffering.

The College of the City of New York is overflowing with students. We understand that it opened with over eight hundred scholars, while the capacity of the chapel is not much above seven hundred. Probably the number will be somewhat diminished by the eight weeks' probation. A new building is in the process of construction, which is designed to accommodate the lower classes of the college.

When the imperial apartments of the Tuileries were forcibly entered, after the flight of the Empress, there were traces every where of a most precipitate departure. Empty trunks and boxes were strewn about. In passing through the suit of rooms which had belonged to the Emperor and his son the first thing that attracted attention was a child's sword lying on a sofa, half drawn from the scabbard, while on the floor in the same room, amidst torn numbers of the *Gaulois*, the *Opinion Nationale*, and the *Figaro*, lay the holster of a revolver. In all the drawers broken jewel-cases were to be seen. In the Emperor's drawing-room was the palace diary, with the page relating to the 4th of September half torn away. In the corridors, which are ordinarily kept lighted, the lamps seemed to have been recently extinguished, and to have left behind them a faint odor of oil. In another room were the remains of breakfast, which had evidently been cut short. It was of very simple fare, consisting only of boiled eggs and bread and cheese. No damage was done by the mob to the interior of the Tuileries.

A visitor to the American Institute Fair will find, in the examination of the numerous articles on exhibition, abundant and pleasurable occupation for many hours. Those who have but a limited time to spend there may fail to discover any system of classification, so incongruous is the apparent arrangement. The following classification may assist in comprehending matters: 1. Art; 2. Comfort and Elegance in Homes; 3. Personal Comforts; 4. Applied Science; 5. Engines; 6. Intercommunication; 7. Agriculture. The second department occupies more room than any of the others, excepting machinery, and will specially interest those who have, or hope to have, homes of their own. The fair will continue open through October.

The heroic defense of Phalsbourg by its governor is another instance of history repeating itself. In 1814, when Governor Moulin was summoned to surrender, he replied, "I will surrender the town when the howitzers set my pocket-handkerchief on fire."

After the battle of Sadowa the streets about the residence of Bismarck were thronged with enthusiastic people, who vociferated for a speech. After many calls, Bismarck rose from his seat in the most indifferent manner, and saying to those with him, "If the battle had gone the other way they would have been here to mob me—*such* is fame," he walked to the balcony and merely bowed his acknowledgments, with a few words of praise to the *soldiers* who had won Sadowa.

A couple of Western editors thus sum up their worldly possessions: "Mrs. Editor (par value), $1,000,000; one five-years-old editor, $500,000; one seven-weeks-old editress, $250,000; cash on hand, 43 cents; due on account, $1; sundries, 12 cents; total, $1,750,001 55." The second editor is better off, according to his own reckoning: "Mrs. Editor, $2,000,000; one six-years-old editor, $1,000,000; one four-years-old editor, $700,000; one two-years-old editress, $500,000; one editress one week old, $400,000; cash on hand, $00 02; due on account, 15 cents; sundries, 9 cents; total, $4,600,000 26."

It is affirmed that a large part of the personal correspondence of the imperial family was found in some of the sixty-two trunks of the Princess Mathilde when she was arrested. She herself was immediately released, but it was the intention to obtain possession of any important papers which might have been confided to her safe-keeping.

The absence of Queen Victoria from her capital at such an important European crisis has been most severely commented upon, even by her loyal subjects. Balmoral is a day's journey from London—or rather a journey of twenty-four hours—and as the signature of the Queen is necessary to all documents of importance, every dispatch connected with the war is delayed three days. The English people do not like this way of doing business.

The Salamanca bridegroom who recently gave a forged check to the clergyman who married him would be justly served should he find his bride "worthless."

It is the thoughtful suggestion of a visitor to public hospitals that some cheap pictures would be more grateful to the eye of sick inmates than the bare plaster walls. When an invalid is confined to the bed it is a great relief to have something pleasant upon which the eye can rest. Flowers, plants, pictures, and the cheapest decorations of any kind, would be a godsend to many a weary patient.

Notes and Queries gives the origin of the phrase, "He will never set the temse on fire." It appears that the sieve used in sifting the flour at a mill is so called in Yorkshire; and it has occasionally happened that combustion has been caused by the hard and constant friction of the iron rim of the temse against the flour-barrel's rim. The word has been, oddly enough, corrupted into *Thames*, and in this country we say, "He will never set the river on fire."

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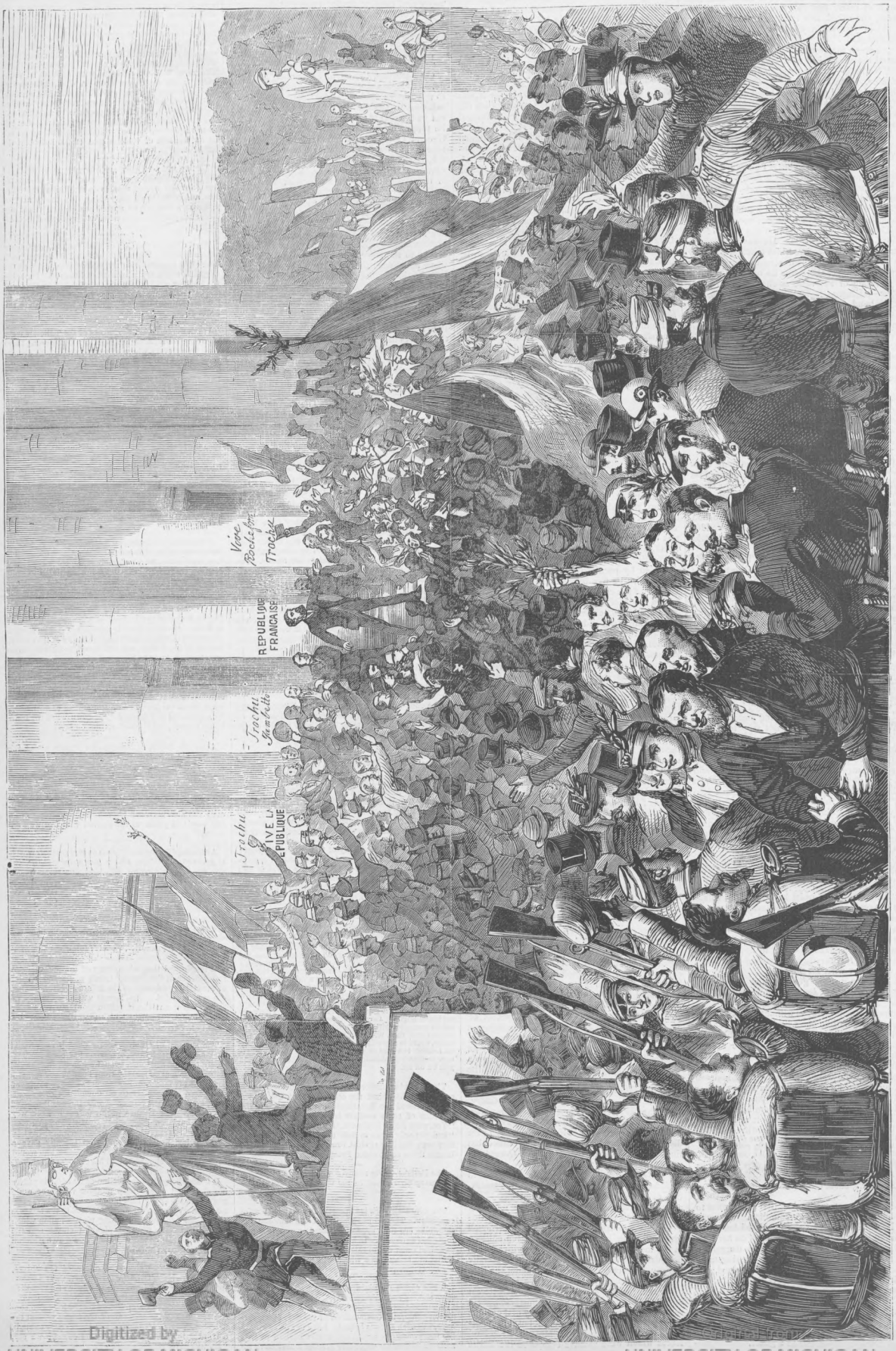

GAMBETTA PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1870, IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF THE CORPS LÉGISLATIF.—[See Page 651.]

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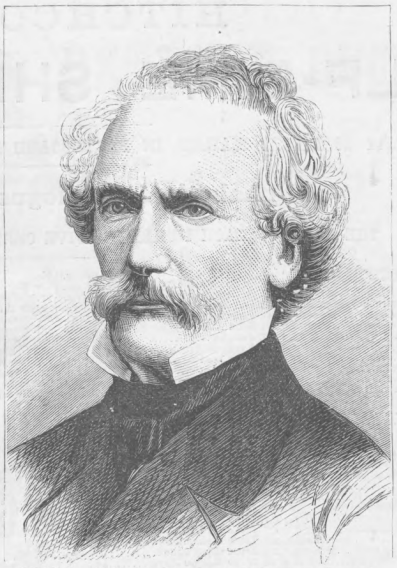
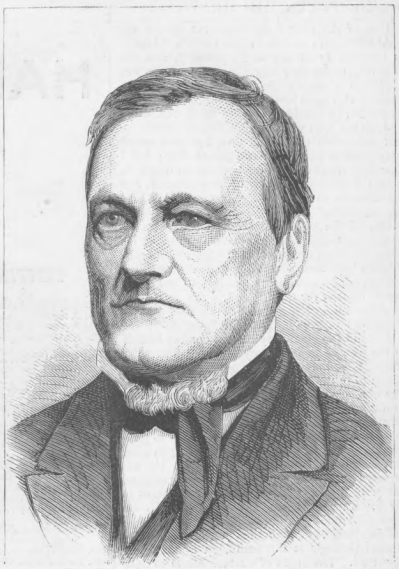
WILLIAM F. ALLEN.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]



RUFUS W. PECKHAM.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]



MARTIN GROVER.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]

THE COURT OF APPEALS.

ON this page we give portraits of the Judges of the new Court of Appeals, who were inducted into office on the 1st of July.

The Chief Justice, SANFORD E. CHURCH, first entered public life as a member of Assembly from Orleans County, in 1842, and was the only member of the Democratic party in the House from the Eighth District. He took immediate and prominent rank as a debater, and displayed that prudence and sagacity as a politician which has characterized him since. In 1857 he was elected Comptroller of the State, and served his term of three years. In 1867 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention as one of the delegates at large; and at the election in June last was elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Appeals, having received the largest vote cast for any member of that court. Judge CHURCH has been a member of several of the National Conventions of the Democratic party; and at the National Convention held at Tammany Hall, in 1868, received the vote of the New York delegation for the Presidency.

Mr. Justice WILLIAM F. ALLEN has filled various public positions. In 1843 and 1844 he represented Oswego County in the Assembly. In 1847 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Fifth Judicial District, and was re-elected in 1855. In November, 1867, he was elected Comptroller of the State, and was the incumbent of that office at the time of his election to the Court of Appeals.

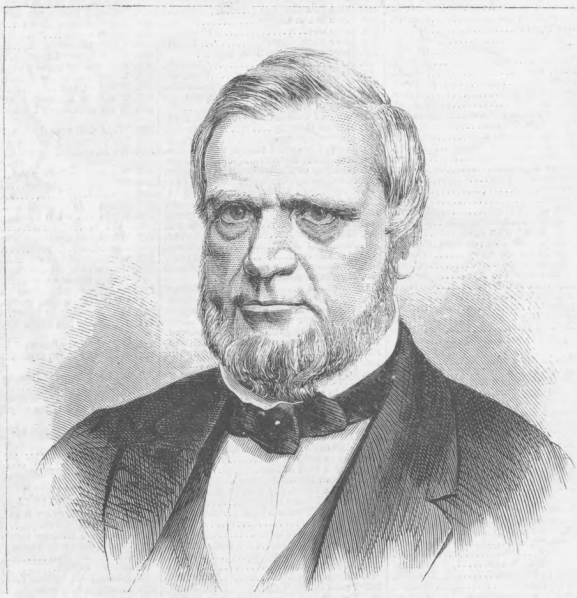
Mr. Justice RUFUS W. PECKHAM had long held a distinguished position at the bar prior to his election to the Thirty-third Congress from the Albany district. In 1861 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court, and re-elected in November, 1867, for eight years.

Mr. Justice MARTIN GROVER was known as an able lawyer and eloquent advocate throughout the Eighth Judicial District prior to his entrance into public life, which was as a member of the Thirtieth Congress, in which he served from 1845 to 1847, where he attained high rank as a debater. In 1857 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court from the Eighth Judicial District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Justice MULLETT; and re-elected, in 1859, for the full term of eight years. As a man of strong and original intellectual force he has scarcely a superior on the bench.

Mr. Justice CHARLES J. FOLGER, after having at a very early age won distinction at the Ontario bar, when JOHN C. SPENCER, MARK H. SIBLEY, FRANCIS GRANGER, ALVAH WORDEN, were at the zenith of their fame, was, in 1844, when but twenty-six years old, appointed First Judge of Ontario County, under the second Constitution; and in November, 1851, was elected to that office. In 1862 he was elected a State Senator from the Twenty-sixth District, and was re-elected in 1864, 1866, and 1868, and resigned for the purpose of accepting the office of Assistant Treasurer of the United States in this city. In the Senate he was the conceded leader of the Republican party—a position to which he was entitled by the soundness of his judgment, his admirable executive ability, and his readiness and power in debate. His personal popularity is sufficiently attested by the fact that his vote for Associate Justice was largely in excess of that of any of the candidates on the Republican ticket.

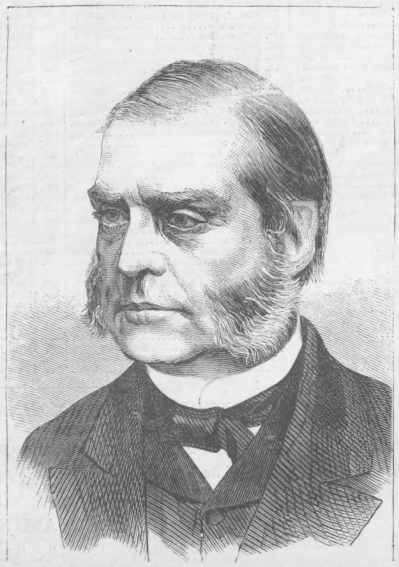
Mr. Justice CHARLES A. RAPALLO, although a young member of the bar, is, for the first time, the occupant of high official station. He is known as one of the ablest lawyers in the State, and has appeared as leading counsel in several cases involving a larger amount of money than has ever been brought into our higher courts for adjudication.

Mr. Justice CHARLES ANDREWS, of Syracuse, appears also for the first time in a public capacity, with the exception of having been a member of the last Constitutional Convention. In Central New York he has occupied a prominent position at the bar, and socially is held in high esteem.



SANFORD E. CHURCH.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]

CHARLES A. RAPALLO.—[PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.]



CHARLES J. FOLGER.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]

CHARLES ANDREWS.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]

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MR. PEPYS AND HIS WIFE.

ONE of the most humorous—yet one of the saddest—of the records in Mr. Pepys's "Diary" is the history of his wife's jealousy, and the trouble it occasioned him. Never, perhaps, was a picture of the working of that dread passion painted with more perfect skill—never was a demonstration of morbid anatomy more complete; and, as we read it, the whole drama unrolls itself before our eyes. He was, I believe, really very fond of his young and pretty wife; but I fear that he gave her some reason to doubt it, from the natural gallantry of his character, and his devotion to *le beau sexe*, one and all. Like Mr. Snevellicci, he "loved 'em all, Sir:" but I think, on the whole, Mrs. Pepys paid him off pretty handsomely. She contrived to make his home so warm that toward the end of the "Diary" we find him, after one of these little matrimonial tournaments, going "to bed weeping to himself for grief;" and, a few pages on, he cries out in the anguish of his soul that he "can no longer endure this life."

Nor did his good lady always confine herself to the usual female armory of snarls and sulks and sighs and tears. Upon one occasion she declined to retire to rest at the usual hour, and he was obliged to leave her sitting up. But, happening to wake about 1 A.M., he found her approaching his side of the bed, "with the tongs red-hot at the ends, as if she did design to punish me with them;" evidently intending to seize him by the nose, as St. Dunstan did his adversary! Upon this Mr. Pepys prudently skipped out of bed, and induced the fair combatant to lay down her arms; but I think he must always have felt some little uneasiness afterward when bedtime came. The method in which he carried himself throughout this campaign is admirably described. His mode of warfare seems to have been to soothe her at the time, and, some twenty-four hours afterward, to pick a quarrel with her about something else, and then rap her well over the knuckles—a mode of procedure which I think I have observed elsewhere. But, altogether, she appears to have pretty much carried her point, and made him feel, if not see, the error of his ways. Sometimes, unhappily, when he had been chastised into repentance, and all was smooth, the actress, Mrs. Knipp, who was the chief apple of discord, would by evil fortune wink at him in the middle of the play, and as Mrs. Pepys sat watching *him* instead of the stage, his answering smile would be at once detected, and hostilities would recommence with redoubled violence.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

"IN 1858 I bought a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, which is still in good order, and does as good work as ever, without a cent's worth of repairs. It has averaged two hundred and fifty dollars a year, besides family sewing. With one needle I hemmed over three thousand yards of magic ruffling. Tucking and hemming are my favorite pastime. I never sat at the machine alone without hymning, 'God bless Wheeler & Wilson,' and it is still my prayer."—MARY A. STEWART, Upper Alton, Ill.

PEARLS AND RUBIES.

WHEN rosy lips part pearls should glitter behind them. To preserve and beautify the dental enamel there is no preparation like Sozodont, a compound of the most wholesome vegetable antiseptics, among which the Bark of the South American Soap-Tree, known to the natives as *Quillay*, and used by the Spanish Americans for cleansing, without impairing, the most delicate fabrics, is the most important.

"SPALDING'S GLUE" will just suit you.—[*Com.*]

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"WE have used the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in the Home of the Friendless for many years. It has done excellent service, and has been an invaluable assistant in the making and repairing of the hundreds of garments here, and remains a monument of excellent work done."—Mrs. I. GRANT, Matron of the Home of the Friendless, Chicago.

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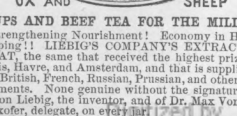
Use None but TRADE MARK  THE BEST!!

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Alphabetical Catalogue of 434 Pieces.

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SENTIMENTAL.

No.		Author.
301.	A Highland minstrel boy	J. Barnett.
204.	A hundred years ago	Waverly.
294.	A place in thy memory	Smith.
385.	A sweet song bird was singing,	W. F. Taylor.
76.	After Dark	Stewart.
202.	Against the Stream	H. Fase.
217.	Allan Water	C. E. Horn.
269.	All that's bright must fade,	Stevenson.
259.	All's Well	Braham.
206.	Annie Laurie	Scotch.
343.	Angels Whisper	Lover.
368.	Annie o' the banks o' Dee	Glover.
257.	Araby's Daughter	Kiallmark.
302.	Away, away we bound	Drake.
306.	Banks o' the Blue Moselle	Rodwell.
32.	Beautiful Bells	Waverly.
95.	Beautiful Hope	Bard.
347.	Beautiful spirit, spirit of love,	W. F. Taylor.
231.	Believe me if all those endearing young charms	Stevenson.
244.	Bessie, the sailor's wife	Hodson.
64.	Be Watchful and beware	Glover.
242.	Bird of Liberty	Holden.
227.	Birks of Aberfeldy	
280.	Black-eyed Susan	
271.	Blighted love	R. S. Camaroth.
310.	Bloom is on the Rye	Bishop.
42.	Blue Eyes	Molloy.
365.	Bonnie Doon	Kotzeluch.
376.	Boys of Switzerland	Bishop.
163.	Breathe soft and low	Millard.
240.	Bride, the	Nelson.
124.	Bridal ring	Rodwell.
373.	Brookside, the	Gabrielle.
185.	By-gone days	Raymond.
272.	By the sad sea waves	Benedict.
265.	Butterfly's Choice	A. Lee.
50.	Call me thine own	L. Eclair.
378.	Calmly the day is dying	Linley.
215.	Canadian Boat Song	Moore.
233.	Carrier Pigeon	Moran.
85.	Castles in the air	Adams.
94.	Cavalier, the	Glover.
191.	Charity	"
406.	Child of the West	Hodson.
430.	Claudine lived contented	Shields.
389.	Come, dwell with me	Lee.
422.	Come in and shut the door	Calcott.
12.	Come hither my baby	Wiener.
267.	Come, take the harp	Moore.
144.	Coming thro' the Rye	Nelson.
432.	Cracovian Maid	Guylott.
326.	Cushlamachree	Stadler.
367.	Cypress Wreath	Wiesenthal.
13.	Danish Boy's Whistle	Graff.
162.	Dawn of Day	Millard.
69.	Day and night I thought of thee,	Shrivall.
255.	Deep in my soul	Nelson.
375.	Dreams of the heart	G. Linley.
175.	Eily Mavourneen	Benedict.
356.	Erin is my home	Moscheles.
415.	Ever be happy	Balfe.
236.	Eye of Thee	Hall.
222.	Evening Gun	Moore.
232.	Fairy Boy	Lover.
74.	Fairies' Well	Waverly.
247.	Fair Rosabelle	Lutz.
374.	Farewell, Jeannie	Blamphin.
54.	Five o'clock in the morning	Claribel.
477.	Flow on, thou shining river,	Stevenson.
263.	Flowers of the Forest	Kotzeluch.
213.	Forget not your Kathleen	S. W. New.
166.	Fortune Teller	Pratt.
208.	Forsaken, the	V. Gabrielle.
427.	Florence	Jefferys.
218.	Gaily through life	Linley.
410.	Glide to the sea	M. B. Ladd.
390.	Go, forget me	Mozart.
6.	Good-bye, sweetheart	Hatton.
425.	Gondoletta	Waverly.
200.	Good-night, my dearest	Moore.
107.	Good-Night	Flowers.
415.	Grecian Daughter, the	J. P. Knight.
298.	Had I a boat	J. Rogers.
381.	Half-mast high	Claribel.
372.	Harper's Song, the	Wiesenthal.
178.	Harp of Tara's Hall	Irish.
290.	Has sorrow thy young days shaded?	Moore.
189.	He never said he loved	Hodson.
249.	Health to Bonny Scotland	Lee.
123.	Heart bowed down	Balfe.
131.	Heaven and Thee	Guglielmo.
180.	Her bright smile	Wrighton.
229.	Here we meet too soon to part,	Rossini
275.	Hey, the bonnie breast-knot,	
16.	His love shines over all	Forbes.
201.	Home Music	Raymond.
273.	Hope from sorrow takes the sting,	Lutz.
237.	Hurrah for the bonnets o' blue	Lee.
142.	I can not sing the old songs,	Claribel.
101.	I have a rose	Carrington.
421.	I knew a Sicilian Maid	J. Barnett.
394.	I love but thee	P. Cianchettini.
115.	I love the merry sunshine	S. Glover.
281.	I will love thee to the last,	Montgomery.
36.	I will not ask to press that cheek,	Gabrielle.
224.	I'd be a butterfly	Bayly.
418.	I'd offer thee this hand of mine,	
338.	I'm wearin' awa', Jean	Bishop.
137.	In happy moments	Wallace.

No.		Author.
391.	Ingle side, the	Wiesenthal.
128.	It ought not thus to be	Abt.
342.	Isle of Beauty	Whitmore.
141.	Janet's choice	Claribel.
183.	John Anderson, my Jo	Scotch.
97.	Juanita	Norton.
412.	Kathleen Aroon	F. Abt.
360.	Katy Darling	Bellini.
170.	Katy's Letter	Dufferin.
199.	Kelvin Grove	Scotch.
210.	Killarney	Balfe.
55.	Lady Mine	Waverly.
369.	Land of the West	Lover.
188.	Lass o' Gowrie	Scotch.
287.	Last link is broken	Clifton.
239.	Last rose of Summer	
78.	Larboard Watch	Williams.
49.	Le Sabre de mon pere	Offenbach.
34.	Life Boat	Claribel.
341.	Light of other days	Balfe.
53.	Light of the World	Hatton.
434.	Like a flower	Wrighton.
417.	Lillie Lee	Glover.
117.	Little Bird, little bird	Claribel.
348.	Little Diamond Dewdrop	Blamphin.
354.	Little Gipsy June	Glover.
14.	Little Maggie May	Blamphin.
212.	Little Nell	Linley.
403.	Lizzie Lindsay	Robertson.
122.	Love light in your eye	Sedgwick.
195.	Love in a Cottage	Smith.
258.	Love is the theme	Tully.
312.	Love not	Blockley.
323.	Love thee, dearest	Viotti.
230.	Love was once a little boy	Parry.
80.	Maggie Morgan	Scotch.
15.	Maggie's secret	Claribel.
214.	Maid of Athens	Kiallmark.
383.	March of the Cameron Men, the.	
79.	Mary of Argyle	Nelson.
384.	Mary of Castle Cary	McNeil.
197.	Marian Ramsay	Raymond.
405.	Marion's Song	Claribel.
256.	Mary, I believed thee true	Moore.
225.	Marseilles Hymn	De Lisle.
262.	Meeting of the waters	Stevenson.
286.	Meet me by moonlight	J. A. Wade.
60.	Meet me in the lane	Blamphin.
370.	Melodies of many lands	Glover.
151.	Memory of early days	Tetsch.
266.	Minstrel Boy	Moore.
98.	Molly Bawn	Lover.
161.	Monks of old	Millard.
45.	Moonlit sea	Prout.
153.	Motto for every man	Hobson.
392.	My ain fireside	Lee.
71.	My angel	Guglielmo.
428.	My Blue-Eyed Nellie	Blamphin.
311.	My gondola's waiting below	Hayter.
68.	My mother dear	Lover.
321.	My own, my guiding star	Macfarren.
164.	My own true love	Millard.
329.	Nellie	Blamphin.
106.	Never mind the rest	Fase.
92.	Of what is the old man thinking	Knight.
240.	Oft in the stilly night	Moore.
17.	Old cottage clock	Molloy.
325.	Old familiar faces	H. Fase.
285.	Old house at home	E. J. Loder.
277.	Old kirk yard	"
307.	Old man's home, the	Anne Fricker.
407.	One careless word	Alex. Lee.
113.	Only a lock of hair	Claribel.
283.	Orphan Ballad singers	Russell.
111.	O take me to thy heart again	Balfe.
104.	O that I were a song	Hime.
73.	O would I were a bird	Blamphin.
318.	O, ye tears	F. Abt.
398.	Oh! Banquet not	Bishop.
300.	Oh, smile again	Geo. Barker.
190.	Over the summer sea	Verdi.
226.	Passed away	Kennedy.
25.	Passing Bell	Claribel.
143.	Peace of the Valley	Balfe.
253.	Pensez à moi, ma chère amie	Brake.
426.	Pirate's Serenade, the	J. Thornton.
293.	Poor Louise	Rodwell.
8.	Praise of tears	Schubert.
52.	Pretty, pretty bird	Waverly.
279.	Red coats	Scotch.
419.	Regret, the	Cook.
397.	Rest, warrior, rest	Kelly.
339.	Robin Adair	Reeve.
332.	Rocked in the cradle of the deep,	Knight.
260.	Rose of Allandale	Nelson.
19.	Rose of Erin	Benedict.
379.	Rose of Tralee	Glover.
35.	Rosy Wreath	Raymond.
137.	Row, brothers, row	Saer.
335.	Roy's wife	
110.	Scotch Lassie Jean	Peabody.
86.	Scenes that are brightest	Wallace.
221.	Shells of Ocean	Cherry.
118.	She is not fair to outward view,	Sullivan.
21.	She might not suit your fancy,	Millard.
147.	She wore a wreath of roses	Knight.
18.	Silver Chimes	Claribel.
193.	Sing no sad songs	Linley.
337.	Sing me an English song	Wrighton.
119.	Skipper and his Boy	Gabrielle.
223.	Smile, bonnie Lassie	Parry.
56.	Smile of Memory	Waverly.
102.	Smiles and tears	Clippingdale.
146.	Spanish Muleteer	Millard.
371.	Something to love me	Bayly.
246.	So lonely	Butler.
330.	Spell is broken	Bellchambers.
411.	Spring time is come	Nash.
424.	Star of home	German.

No.		Author.
319.	Star of love	Bacon.
220.	Star-Spangled Banner	
24.	Still I love thee	Dobson.
140.	Strangers yet	Claribel.
57.	Susan's Story	Claribel.
76.	Sweetheart	Balfe.
186.	Sweet Flower	Blamphin.
207.	Sweet Robin	Scotch.
203.	Sweeter than the Breath	Nelson.
284.	Switzer's song of Home	Moscheles.
385.	Sweet song bird was singing,	W. F. Taylor.
26.	Take back the heart	Claribel.
363.	Teach me to forget	Bishop.
116.	Then you'll remember me	Balfe.
154.	There was a simple maiden,	Macfarren.
28.	There's a charm in spring	Hullah.
304.	There is a flower	Wallace.
289.	There's not a joy	Hause.
334.	There's not a look	Stevenson.
148.	'Tis hard to give the hand	Glover.
174.	The Troubadour	Bayly.
345.	These things can never die	Fase.
105.	This world is full of beauty	Waverly.
295.	They bid me forget thee	
288.	Those flaxen locks	Kiallmark.
393.	Those happy days are gone	Lavenu.
216.	Thou art gone from my gaze	Linley.
297.	To-day, dearest, is ours	Moore.
353.	Three fishers went sailing	Hullah.
399.	Trumpet and Drum	Rossini.
355.	Tubal Cain	Russell.
243.	Twilight Dews	
388.	Voice of her I love	Parry.
401.	Wait for the turn of the tide	Clifton.
172.	Wake, darling, wake	Willson.
357.	Watcher, the	Lardner.
387.	What'll be king but Charlie?	Scotch.
238.	What need have I the truth to tell?	Claribel.
358.	What will you do, love?	Lover.
3.	We'd better bide a wee	Claribel.
359.	We have lived and loved together,	Herz.
413.	We may be happy yet	Balfe.
292.	We meet by chance	Kucken.
366.	We met	Bayly.
208.	When love is kind	Bishop.
388.	When stars are in the quiet ski	Ball.
115.	When the swallows homeward fly	Abt.
205.	When ye gang awa	Scotch.
154.	Where is my sister dear?	Linley.
392.	Where there's a will	Saer.
364.	Whistle and I'll come to you	Bruce.
103.	White-blossomed tree	Musgrave.
51.	Why wandering here?	Nathan.
171.	Wilt thou not smile upon me?	Millard.
241.	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Moore.
382.	Wind thy horn, my hunter boy,	Bishop.
362.	Will you love me then as now?	"
314.	Wings of a Dove	Devereaux.
145.	Within a mile of Edinboro	Scotch.
2.	Won't you tell me why, Robin?	Claribel.
138.	Would you be young again,	Clippingdale.
400.	Yankee Doodle	
114.	You and I	Claribel.

COMIC.

153.	A Motto for every man	Hobson.
344.	All among the Hay	J. Williams.
256.	Annette's Granny Dear	Bayly.
387.	Ain't he long enough	Candy.
75.	Bachelors' Hall	Culver.
67.	Barney O'Hea	Lover.
77.	Bashful young lady	Glover.
340.	Beauty and Time	Lover.
84.	Bell ages ringing for Sairah	Hunt.
40.	Belles of Broadway	Raymond.
408.	Better late than never	Blockley.
65.	Boston Belles	Raymond.
56.	Boniface's Song	Waverly.
320.	Bother the Fashion	Butler.
187.	Bother the Men	Walker.
409.	Bowid Sojer Boy	Lover.
316.	Broken Down	Sinclair.
157.	Bulls and Bears	Pratt.
331.	Cackle, cackle, cackle	Bagnell.
136.	Call her back and kiss her	Clifton.
1.	Captain Jenks	Maclagan.
99.	Champagne Charlie	Lee.
66.	Chestnut-Street Belles	Raymond.
179.	Clown in the Pantomime	Pratt.
194.	Cruiskeen Lawn	Benedict.
310.	Scotch Lassie Jean	Peabody.
86.	Scenes that are brightest	Wallace.
221.	Shells of Ocean	Cherry.
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363.	Teach me to forget	Bishop.
116.	Then you'll remember me	Balfe.
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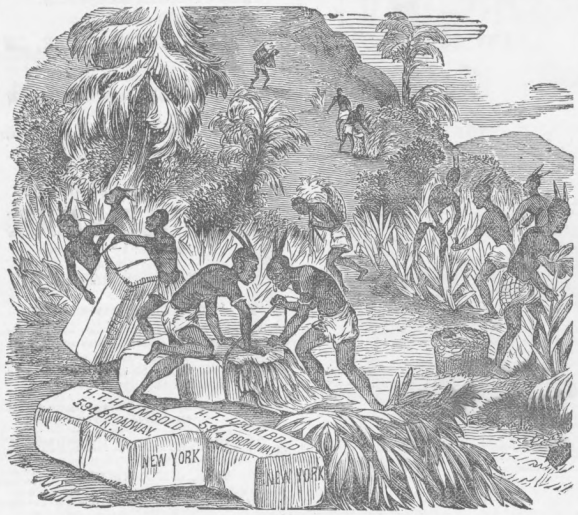

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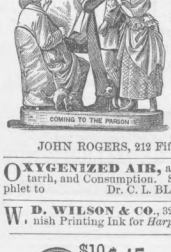

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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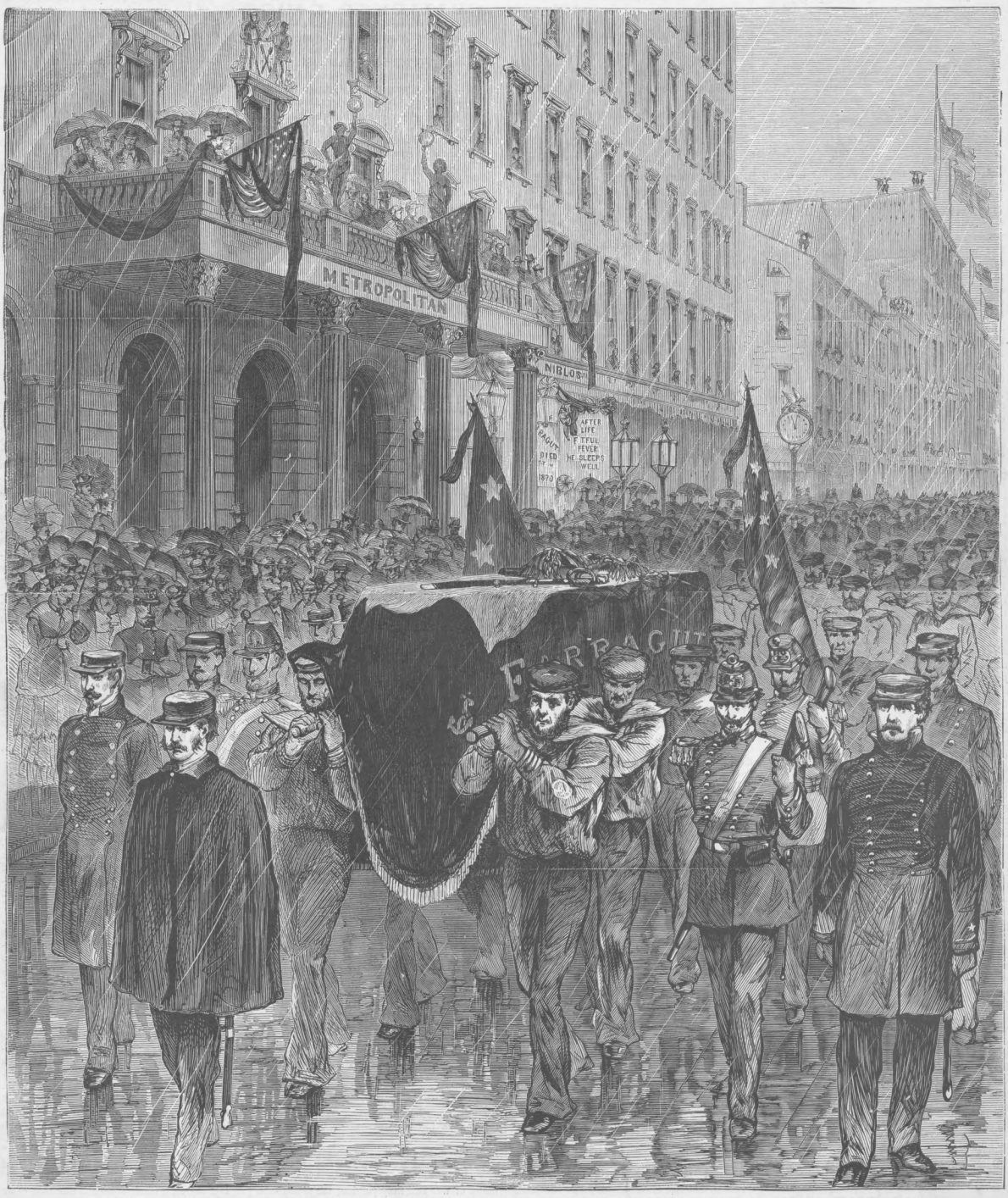

THE FARRAGUT OBSEQUIES—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING UP BROADWAY.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 659.]

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MARRIAGE BELLS.

WITH wide, warm wings the lonely autumn day
Still mounts and broods,
Still slowly soars from heaven to heaven away
In airy solitudes,

While fitfully from sun-soaked balsam woods
The light wind wells,
Gay with the silver chords and interludes
Of chiming marriage bells.

Oh, happy peals, within whose music dwells
The magic rune
That sets to sweet accords and joyous swells
Two lives in perfect tune!

Oh, happy heralds to the silent noon,
To whom 'tis given
To ring upon its melancholy swoon
Tidings of open heaven!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1870.

THE PRESENT DUTY OF REPUBLICANS.

THE Democratic Convention of New York declined to say whether the party acquiesces in the great settlements of the war—the reconstruction acts and the constitutional amendments. But evasion is itself declaration. When the public mind is interested in a certain question upon which one party occupies the firmest and most unequivocal position, the refusal of the other to express its agreement is to say that it does not agree. And this is still more evident when its convention feels that the question can not be altogether avoided, and therefore chooses words purposely obscure to define its position. No intelligent man can doubt that if the two parties should ask the support of this State and of the country upon the single point of the honorable maintenance of the conditions upon which the Union has been restored and of the pledged public faith, the party which inflexibly supported the amendments and the national honor would be decisively sustained. And this is really one of the most essential elements of the present situation. The Republican party would go steadily forward building up the future upon the foundations already laid. The Democratic party would not hesitate to disturb them, and takes care not to say any thing inconsistent with that policy.

The evidence of this position of the Democratic party is of various kinds, but it is conclusive. Thus ex-Governor ORR, of South Carolina, in his letter which announces his separation from the Democratic party, says: "If good and true men will consent to accept the reconstruction acts of Congress and the legislation, Federal and State, necessarily growing out of them," there might be a rapid restoration of prosperity. This means that there is a general refusal to acquiesce in the finality of reconstruction, and that the good and true men who will accept it are, in Governor ORR's opinion, certainly not to be found in the Democratic party, or he would not leave it. The Democratic Senator THURMAN, of Ohio, has recently made a speech in which he substantially reasserts the old doctrine of State rights, condemns the whole system of reconstruction, and declares that the new constitutional amendments are—not adopted—but "declared to be adopted." The point of his speech is, that the entire Republican rule has been a usurpation, and implies, of course, that as much of its unconstitutional action as may be found necessary for Democratic purposes will be set aside if the Democrats return to power.

In harmony with this strain was the speech of Mr. TILDEN, the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, at the party Convention. After a courteous allusion to the intelligence and high character of many members of the Republican party, he said that the crowning evil of the party was its policy of centralism, leading to imperialism, a policy destructive of liberty and of popular government. The proof of this he found in the reconstruction measures of that party—measures, which, of course, in order to free the country from imperialism and to save the government, must be reconsidered, and which, if the Democratic party were of the same opinion as in 1868, must be pronounced unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, and set aside. The spirit of the Democratic party is still further shown in the fact that, with few exceptions, the Democratic newspapers which demand that the party shall acquiesce in the amendments and the whole system of reconstruction have no weight whatever in the party councils, and all of them together are an insignificant number.

The issue upon this vital point is plain. Every vote for Democratic ascendency is a vote for reopening the terrific agitation from which the country hoped it was peacefully emerging. Are the great interests of this State and of the country desirous of such a convulsion? With all the faults of detail that may be charged upon the measures of reconstruction, have they not, upon the whole, resulted happily for the country, and is there not a general tranquillity and prosperity which, had they been foretold six years ago, would have seemed the mere dream of enthusiasm? Do the intelligent people really believe that the administration of a party which has established equal rights tends to a fatal imperialism; or that the ascendency of a party which for a generation was devoted solely to the extension and perpetuity of slavery is the most promising guarantee of liberty?

The Republican party is composed of the most enlightened and independent citizens. It criticises freely its own officers, and the measures of its own Administration. It often seems, therefore, to those who judge of the cohesion of parties by the aspect produced by the ignominious Democratic drill, that the Republican party is falling to pieces because it is agitated. But when the appeal to the country has been made upon grave and fundamental existing issues at honest elections, the differences of detail between Republicans, or their debates upon the future policy of the party, are forgotten in the harmonious resolution to maintain what they have already gained. The action of the Democratic party shows that the necessity of such a position is still imperative upon Republicans, and those who do not see it inevitably, however honestly, imperil the highest interests of the country.

MISSOURI.

IT is from the considerations just stated that we differ from our friends in Missouri, who think that the Republican ascendency may properly be endangered upon the issue of what is called revenue reform. But we repeat what we said the other day, that their position demands the gravest consideration. It is not enough to call them traitors. The *Tribune* takes exception to our remarks, and says that we advise the majority to surrender to the minority. Yet the very words which it quoted showed that we gave no such advice. What we said, and say, is this: that both the majority and minority of the Republican party are essential to the party success; and, if they differ upon any issue which is immediate and fundamental, some common understanding must be at least sought. A great party can not agree to differ upon a pressing fundamental issue; and if revenue reform be considered such, by any considerable and respectable minority of the party, we are unable to see that kicking and cuffing are likely to be of any use.

Now, if the revenue reformers in Missouri and the prohibitionists in Massachusetts think that it is better the Democrats should obtain power than that the Republicans should hold it, if they will not advocate what is called revenue reform and prohibition, we differ from them profoundly. Any special advantage which may be hoped from Democratic rule will be more than a thousandfold balanced by the general disaster. Differences should be discussed within the party lines until it is evident that public opinion is ripe for new organizations. But when there are honorable and leading Republicans in Congress who think that their own President's recommendation may be defeated in the interest of protection, and other Republicans, in various parts of the country, who think that they may divide the party vote in the interest of revenue reform, it is plain that there are Republican protectionists and Republican revenue reformers to whom the question is passing beyond the point where they can agree to differ.

Mr. HENRY C. CAREY, for instance, is a Republican protectionist, and Mr. DAVID R. WELLS is a Republican revenue reformer. If Mr. WELLS should be nominated for Congress by the Republican Convention in Mr. CAREY's district, would Mr. CAREY probably vote for him, and *vice versa?* If not, are they to be denounced as tenders to the Democracy? Is there, in fact, any reasonable way of dealing with them but showing them that the points upon which, as Republicans, they agree are of more instant importance than those upon which they differ? And even if this can not be done, it seems to us as foolish to insist that they are Democrats at heart as to assert it of Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS because he is the prohibitionist candidate in Massachusetts. Meanwhile, the number of Mr. CAREYS and of Mr. WELLSES is so large that those who are interested in Republican success should very seriously consider what shall be done with brethren who can not agree to differ.

A PEACE, NOT A TRUCE.

CIVILIZATION has a profound interest in the conditions upon which peace shall at last be made between Germany and France. If BISMARCK is to vindicate his claim to the name of a great statesman, it must be by regarding the subject not as a German only, but as a European and a man. It is easy to agree upon a treaty which would be only a truce for a few years, ending in a war as furious and withering as this. But the event will prove whether he has the consummate sagacity to make peace.

Mr. PHILLIPS charges BISMARCK with crime in not offering terms of peace after the surrender at Sedan. But the response would have been a roar of defiance from France; and the proof is that the first act of the Provisional Government was not to withdraw France from the war into which it had followed LOUIS NAPOLEON, but to proclaim that it would be continued more sharply than ever. And when the empire fell, the head of the new Government, JULES FAVRE, courteously received in the German camp as an embassador of peace, declared that there was no authority in France to bind the country to accept a treaty. That was true. But if he had stated the terms to which France ought to agree, and if they had been reasonable and ample guarantees of peace, the public opinion of the world would have demanded their acceptance by Germany. If he did this, the fact will appear, and the situation will be judged accordingly.

Meanwhile, what ought to be the settlement of the war? The honest people of Germany, summoned from their shops and fields and homes of loving hearts to go and encounter sickness and wounds and death, because France passively followed a wicked and imbecile chief to the field, will surely and justly insist upon the most tangible security for their children against similar outrage. There is not an honorable man in France who should not gladly grant it. There is not one who should not hasten eagerly to repair the enormous wrong which France has done to civilization and popular liberty by tolerating such a contemptible harlequinade as the empire proves to have been. Just in the degree that its hollowness and shallowness appear should every generous French heart long to atone for the national humiliation of submission to it, by frankly accepting every adequate and honorable guarantee of peace which Germany proposes.

These demands are understood to be in substance Alsace and Lorraine, and some members of the Provisional Government in France have declared that the country will never submit. Yet if France had conquered Germany as absolutely as she has been conquered, and had advanced to Berlin, the first NAPOLEON'S terrible requisition at Jena would doubtless have been repeated, and the German territory occupied to the Rhine. But while, according to the universally received canons of war, the demands made by Germany upon France in BISMARCK'S letter are not extravagant nor unjust, the important question is, whether they would probably secure permanent peace. Certainly not. The absorption of Alsace and Lorraine by conquest would only make future war inevitable. From the moment the treaty was signed the mutual hostility of the nations would become deadly hatred. Metz and Strasbourg in France, garrisoned by German soldiers, would be poisoned thorns in the tenderest flesh. If France is forced by treaty to yield Alsace and Lorraine, the future is pledged to war.

Yet BISMARCK truly says that Germany has a right to ample guarantees. The whole world agrees. What, then, shall they be? From the beginning of the negotiations JULES FAVRE was reported to have assented to indemnification and to the dismantling of the great fortresses. But that is not enough. The whole system of fortification in Eastern France was directed against Germany. It is a perpetual menace, and Germany, overwhelmingly victorious in a war wantonly begun by France, has the plainest right to remove the threat. But it should be done not by occupation, but by demolition. Occupation is war. Demolition is peace. France has willfully forfeited the right to complain that to demolish them is to expose itself to German attack, because it is now proved that they are the basis of French attacks upon Germany. With the total demolition of the fortresses there should be also an indemnity for the expenses of the war; and then the people of Alsace and Lorraine should decide for themselves whether to adhere to Germany or France. No French Government could properly cede the provinces by treaty; but the public opinion of the world would be satisfied that the provinces should choose for themselves.

With an ample indemnity, with the great fortresses leveled, with the harassing question of frontier allegiance decided by the people themselves, and with the utter destruction of the prestige of France, Germany might be well satisfied. Her victory would be more than a national success; her moderation would be the gain of the world. The military and material dominance which she has attained in Europe would be crowned by a moral superiority. She would give the world the spectacle of a great nation resistlessly triumphant over a neighbor who had causelessly attacked her, and asking, in the utter prostration of her foe, only the most equitable and reasonable security against a repetition of the crime.

That such a settlement would instantly make friends of the two countries is not to be expected; but there could be no humiliation to France in acceding to terms manifestly honorable. A great nation does not expect to be totally vanquished in a war of its own seeking without paying the penalty. All that it can fairly ask is, that the penalty be not one which is in its nature dishonorable, and which plainly shows, not the vengeance of an enemy, but the magnanimity of a great power seeking, in the midst of war and fiery passion, the foundation of lasting peace.

THE NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

THE appointment of Senator MORTON as Minister to England is received with great approbation. That envoy has been generally selected from the Eastern part of the country, but in the new Minister the British Government will receive one of the ablest statesmen of the West. We do not the less regret the silence of the Government upon the reasons for the removal of Mr. MOTLEY. His appointment gave such satisfaction, and he had apparently done his duty so well, that, for the sake of informing many of the warmest friends of the Administration, it would have been wise to authorize some statement of the cause of his recall. If, for instance, he was not in hearty accord with the views of the Administration upon the *Alabama* question, or upon any other, a simple authoritative word to that effect could easily have become public, and would have instantly answered every question and surmise. Under the circumstances the peremptory recall of Mr. MOTLEY is the most public and severe expression of the dissatisfaction of the Administration, and is consequently, while unexplained, a cause of great yet needless perplexity to those who are friendly to both.

The position of the Administration upon the *Alabama* claims is well understood. It does not deny the right of the British Government to acknowledge belligerency at its pleasure; but it holds that the circumstances under which the declaration was made in our case revealed a hostile feeling which raised a strong presumption against the subsequent faithful discharge of her international obligations by Great Britain. This presumption is materially increased by the late eager haste of the British Government to repair the neutrality laws at the instance of Prussia—a proceeding which is a virtual confession that the Government was wrong when it told us that its neutral laws adequately insured the discharge of British international duty. But if, as has been understood, the *Alabama* negotiations are to be transferred to Washington, Mr. MORTON'S attention will probably not be engrossed by them, except that he will doubtless be instructed to urge the British authorities to an immediate consideration of the subject.

Their reply that it is for us to begin, since they agreed to all our requirements, and we rejected our own treaty, may be satisfactorily met by the remark that if they can wait we can. Time, as the experience of the present war in Europe shows, is wholly upon our side. Already the authorities confess the inadequacy of the law under which we suffered; whether from the inefficiency of the law itself, or from negligence in enforcing it, we do not now inquire. Meanwhile the European situation and the position of Great Britain certainly make it very desirable for her to remove any hostile feeling upon the part of the United States. The immediate future is obscure, and if Great Britain should be drawn into war the best Englishmen would most sincerely regret the delay of an honorable settlement.

We are still of the opinion that true magnanimity upon the part of Great Britain would be the most efficient statesmanship. Without surrendering the right which we also claim, and without acknowledging a hostility which no nation need acknowledge, let Great Britain, for the sake of amity and civilization, and with sincere regret that her friendship should have fallen under suspicion, assume the payment of the verified claims. If Mr. MORTON can persuade her, further, to open the question of the voluntary annexation of Canada, he will undoubtedly not displease the Administration, and he will probably gratify the country.

CENTRALIZATION.

GENERAL BLAIR used to tell us during the campaign of 1868 that if General GRANT were elected he would gradually, or even suddenly, change the republic into an empire. The General's assertion was considered as "a good enough Morgan," but probably neither that gentleman nor any of his hearers seriously supposed that the government was in great danger of being imperialized. Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, however, is of another opinion. He descries the imminence of the empire. We are becoming rapidly centralized. Centralization is the destruction of liberty, and therefore the last hope of freedom is Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED'S Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN. The conclusion hardly sustains the gravity of the premiss, but it was the best that Mr. TILDEN could do under the difficult circumstances. Indeed, they were as difficult circumstances of the kind as Mr. TILDEN is ever likely to encounter. To address even the forms of reasonable speech to an assembly whose sole business was to register certain decrees of Tammany was the penalty of being an *ex officio* leader of his party. And when Mr. TWEED'S Mr. HOFFMAN in his speech at Albany alluded to the "independent representatives of their independent constituents," Mr. TILDEN must have been a little surprised by so original a view of his audience.

But as Mr. TILDEN'S speech was that of an intelligent and honorable citizen, intended not

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for the Convention but for the country, it is worth while to inquire upon what grounds this assertion of a dangerously centralizing tendency in the government is made. Mr. TILDEN speaks of the origin of the Union. What are the facts? The theory of State sovereignty, which had made the old confederation a rope of sand, and had exposed our national liberty and independence to mortal peril, almost succeeded in baffling the efforts of the wisest and most patriotic of our fathers to secure a really national union. A few years after it was established ALEXANDER HAMILTON said to JOSIAH QUINCY that the centripetal force of the Union, which is called the centralizing tendency, was so slight that the Union would not probably last more than a generation, and that its peril would always be the doctrine of the sovereignty of the States.

This doctrine was the substance of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, so veiled as to be of the most elastic meaning, reaching even to the right of secession. Those resolutions were the virtual platform of the Democratic nullifiers of JACKSON'S day, and of the Democratic secessionists of BUCHANAN'S. The doctrine of State sovereignty was the reliance of slavery, and the justification of rebellion. The deadliest domestic enemies of the Union always inculcated that hostility of the national government which is the basis of Mr. TILDEN'S speech. The country has seen the consequences, and it feels them still. The attack upon the national authority was formerly made under the plea of the reserved rights of the States. The same attack is now made under the cry of centralization. The result in both cases is the same. It is the weakening of the bond which has been proved to be essential to the national existence and prosperity.

The cry is raised at this time because, in restoring the Union, which had been convulsed by the attempt to destroy the government, under the pretense that it was no government, but an agency at the will of any partner, the people of the United States have determined the conditions upon which the disaffected States might be recognized. They have, in effect, decided that certain fundamental conditions are essential in every State to the national security, and these, under Republican ascendency, they have provided. But the Republican party is founded upon liberty. It includes the intelligent population, who, more than any other, understand the necessary conditions of freedom. Therefore these provisions do not transcend the limits which separate desirable local control from necessary national co-operation. Maine does not undertake to manage legislation in Georgia; but the United States require that the vital conditions of republican government shall be respected by both those States.

In what dangerous manner to popular liberty or to local legislation the national government is felt in the State of New York, for instance, Mr. TILDEN forbears to mention. He confines himself to the general assertion that State rights have been absorbed. We trust, indeed, that the asserted rights of any State have been absorbed just so far as they interfered with the united rights of all the States. This it was the imperative duty of the people to do, a duty emphasized by the rebellion. Centralization, in the sense of imperialism, as described by Mr. TILDEN, not only does not threaten us, but it is impossible. His speech, however well meant, is merely a continuation of the old cry that furnished a pretense to the rebellion. The safety of American republican institutions is in the general intelligence of the people. That will promote a wise, and oppose a perilous centralization; and whether that intelligence tends to the Republican or Democratic parties no one knows better than Mr. TILDEN.

THE CRIMINAL AT WILHELMSHÖHE.

BY universal consent the present war in Europe is the work of one man, LOUIS NAPOLEON. Prussia, by every honorable means, sought to avoid it, but LOUIS NAPOLEON pressed on. It is due to him that every dire suffering of war has fallen upon hundreds of thousands of peaceful homes and tender hearts, and that a devastation and ruin which are inconceivable overspread France. The sorrow which he has occasioned can only be surmised now and then from some tragical story of individual ruin which is told in the papers. All the criminals of France since he built his empire upon perjury have done nothing which can compare in enormity with the least of his offenses in this war. But this man, whose crimes are unrelieved by any personal heroism or dignity, and who betrays his country to unspeakable anguish and shame, now lives in a romantic and spacious palace with the subdued state of majesty in misfortune.

It is one of the cruel contrasts of the war that many a brave and noble and devoted soldier, who has left the delights of home and sacrificed all that is most alluring in life and hope to perish by the fault of this wretched man, falls stricken in the field, knowing that he leaves his family to every form of calamity, while the author of the tragedy pays no penalty, and is safe from harm. They who think that NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was hardly treated when he was exiled to St. Helena will perhaps reconsider their judgment when they are reminded by the conduct of the nephew how vast the crimes of the elder NAPOLEON were.

It is a false and perilous philosophy which forgets the man in the emperor, and which does not see that the personal moral responsibility of LOUIS NAPOLEON could never be set aside. He knew what war was. It is the last and terrible appeal, only to be invoked when every other resource fails. But he made no effort to avoid it. On the contrary, he took care that it should not be avoided. And when he did this he deliberately, consciously, intentionally decreed the slaughter of thousands of innocent men. If a man who fires a musket from a window into a crowd is held guilty of murder should any one be killed, how much guiltier should this man be considered, who refused peace, and made the anguish of a country sure!

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE Democratic School Board of Louisville, Kentucky, recently directed that M'DONALD'S "Southern School History of the United States," written by the principal of the Louisville High School, an ex-officer in the rebel army, and published by an ex-rebel firm in Baltimore, should be substituted, as a text-book in the schools, for ANDERSON'S "Pictorial School History of the United States," which had been decried as a "radical" work. The character and spirit of this school-book, from which, by Democratic appointment, the children of Louisville are to learn the history of their country, may be inferred from the following extract. The author, speaking of the massacre of the Union soldiers in Baltimore, and of what followed, says:

"The defiance of Baltimore excited the liveliest resentment in the North. The streets were posted with placards, calling for troops, and headed 'Vengeance upon Baltimore!' The noblest and meanest passions of the human heart were appealed to, for the purpose of obtaining volunteers. It was said, 'The capital is in danger!' 'The government is upon the verge of ruin!' 'Let patriots stand by their country in her hour of need!' At the same time influential journals declared that the Southerners were degenerated; that the men were cowards and bullies, and the women beautiful, and *loaded with jewels*. '*Booty and Beauty*' was one of the watch-words of the hour."

Here we have the wretched falsehood of BEAUREGARD'S Manassas proclamation offered as history, and serving the same purpose for which it was originally uttered, namely, to inflame civil hatred. And as if to show that the sympathy with rebellion is as timid as it is positive, it is alleged, when objection is made, that this history is used in the schools only as far as the account of the late war!

The consequences of the adoption of such text-books are but too evident. They are placed in the hands of children at the most ductile and unsuspicious age, and their entire feeling toward the government of their country is colored by them. The sorry subterfuge of saying that a certain part of the book is not taught is merely contemptible. It is furnished to the schools by Democratic direction as the history of the country, and the child reads that the rising of the people to save their government was stimulated by the basest appeals to the worst of passions. The direct and necessary result is to implant a hatred of the government, and to foster the spirit from which the rebellion sprang. It is another indication of the essentially and radically disorganizing tendency of the Democratic party. It can not forgive the victory of the Union and of liberty. It will not accept the situation, and acquiesce in the conditions which are indispensable to the repose of the country.

Meanwhile the spirit which writes and the party which adopts such a history as this calls itself the conciliatory spirit and the conservative party. But every fresh fact shows that it conciliates nothing but disaffection, and preserves only a malignant jealousy of fidelity to the Union. Its conciliation and conservatism in national affairs are exactly as evident as its honesty and economy in the municipal management of New York.

NOTES.

WHAT is a "Congressman?" We often read in the papers that Congressman Binks is renominated, while the chances of Congressman Dinks are painfully uncertain. Now Congress consists of two bodies—the Senate and the House of Representatives. A Senator is therefore as much a Congressman as a Representative; and the word Congressman is certainly neither more expressive nor more convenient than Representative.

It is very difficult to determine exactly what is true in the reports which come in clouds every morning from Europe. We saw a letter in a newspaper, the other day, in which the writer said, under date of September 14, that his conjecture had become a certainty, and that the Germans would recognize no other government in France but that of LOUIS NAPOLEON. He added that Count BISMARCK'S organ in Berlin confirmed it. But in the same column, and immediately above the letter, a telegram from Berlin, dated September 27, said that the official journal states to-day that "whatever may be the German plans about France, the restoration of the BONAPARTES is not among them."

THE *Tribune* very truly remarks that the only conclusive way to teach political managers to nominate good candidates is to scratch the bad. A vigorous exercise of the inalienable right of scratching will tend to purify politics rapidly. The managers count upon the general unwillingness to endanger the success of the party, and often nominate the unworthiest candidates. This is a madness which must be resisted at the beginning; and if the people intend to control their own Government, they will carefully scratch, upon every proper occasion, until the managers propose names which do not deserve scratching. It is not those who refuse to vote for unfit candidates, but those who nominate them, who are responsible for the party defeat.

THE occupation of Rome by the troops of the King of Italy does not exclude the Pope altogether from territorial power. His domain is diminished, but not wholly destroyed. Instead of a part of Italy, he now governs a part of the city of Rome, the Leonine City, as it is called, or the Vatican and its vicinity. When the capitulation was signed the General of the Papal troops stipulated for their withdrawal, assuring the Italian General CADORNA that a guard of two hundred, which he should leave, would be an ample protection for the Pope. CADORNA asked him if he were sure, and he replied, "Entirely." But when the Italian army entered the city the inhabitants flocked across the river to the Vatican, and hissed and groaned so menacingly that the Pope was alarmed, and he sought the protection of CADORNA. The General replied at first that his interference would vitiate the capitulation; but upon the receipt of a pressing note from the Pope, he asked instructions from his Government, and he was told to take care of the Pope. So the Bishop of Rome is now under the protection of the king whom he wished to excommunicate. For the sake of the Pope's reputation it is to be hoped that the Leonine City will not be abandoned to his temporal government, which, being the worst in the world, does not inspire respect for the Pope in his ecclesiastical functions. It would be curious if the old saying, that the Pope who reigns for twenty-five years will be the last Pope, should be fulfilled in the case of PIUS who will probably be the last Pope who combines temporal with ecclesiastical power.

THE FARRAGUT OBSEQUIES.

THE final honors paid to the remains of the late Admiral FARRAGUT, on the 30th ult., were of the most imposing character. Nothing of the kind was ever witnessed in New York, with the exception of the funeral of President LINCOLN. In spite of the driving rain the sidewalks were crowded with people who braved the drenching storm to see the splendid procession pass. Had the weather been more propitious, at least half a million of people would have filled the streets to assist in paying the last tribute of public respect to the most distinguished naval officer of modern times. The remains, followed by the civil authorities and many distinguished persons, detachments from the army and navy, and the First and Second divisions of the National Guard, etc., were conveyed through Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Forty-ninth Street to the Harlem depôt, from which they were taken by a special train to Woodlawn Cemetery. At the grave the religious ceremonies were conducted by Rev. Dr. MONTGOMERY. The usual salute was fired, and the hero was left to his last rest. In the city business was generally suspended after eleven o'clock, and many of the buildings along the route of the procession were decorated with appropriate inscriptions and emblems of mourning.

The sketch on our first page represents the funeral procession passing up Broadway.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

ON Friday, September 30, the French made a determined sortie from Paris—probably a reconnoissance in force, for the purpose of discovering the position and intentions of the besiegers. The main attack was directed against the Prussian forces on the heights of Sceaux, and at the same time a column emerging from St. Cloud attacked in the direction of Versailles. After two hours' heavy firing, in which considerable loss was suffered on both sides, the French retired under cover of the forts.

It is reported from Tours that the Prussians are now preparing to make an attack upon Paris from the west, where only a single fort—Mont Valérien—defends several bridges across the Seine, and many well-paved approaches which converge upon these passages.

The city of Strasbourg, after a most heroic resistance, surrendered to the Prussians on Tuesday, September 27. The garrison consisted of 451 officers and 17,000 men. There was great rejoicing throughout Germany over the news of this event. It is said the noble Cathedral, though much battered by the bombardment, has not been materially injured, and architects have been sent from Munich to superintend its reparation. After the surrender the Prussian General Werder made a thorough examination of the city. He reports that the Prussian fire was characterized by extreme accuracy and precision. Every prominent structure in the city, against which shells or shot were directed, has either been destroyed outright, along with the adjoining buildings, or rendered irreparably ruined. The devastation consequently is terrible. Entire streets are tenantless. Houses torn to pieces, the footways encumbered with *débris* and abandoned household furniture, and an utter picture of desolation presented every where. The ruins of the public buildings stand bleak and desolate, surrounded by piles of rubbish. The celebrated picture-gallery, with nearly all its treasures of art, was totally destroyed.

On the 27th ult. the French made another sortie from Metz, but were repulsed. They, however, removed their dead and wounded, and a number of prisoners captured by them in the fight.

An interesting account of a balloon journey from Paris comes by the Atlantic cable. It appears that M. TISSANDER left the French capital on Friday afternoon, September 30, in a balloon, with a cargo of letters and important official dispatches, and reached Tours in safety after a short "voyage." He reports that no Prussians were to be seen near Paris, nor any people on the roads leading to the city, nor boats of any kind on the river. A complete silence reigned about the city. Approaching Versailles, large numbers of Prussian soldiers were observed in camp. The aeronaut dropped a large number of copies of the recent Government proclamation, printed in German, among them, and was answered by a sharp fire. No harm was done by this, however, as the range was too long. M. Tissander landed near Dreux, in the department of Eure-et-Loire, many miles west of the Prussian lines; sent the letters which he had brought, 25,000 in number, to the town post-office, from which they were forwarded to Tours in a special train with the Government dispatches. Relative to matters within Paris, he says more than 500,000 soldiers, well armed and disciplined, are behind the walls; and the firing from the forts has been so accurate that the Prussians have been baffled in their attempts to erect batteries. The city is tranquil. Nearly all the shops are open during the day as usual. All the cafés are closed at ten nightly, and a careful watch kept throughout the city until daylight. The public squares are filled with troops, drilling and exercising. No luxuries are to be had; no butter nor fruit. Fresh meats will soon be scarce, but there is a six-months' supply of salted provisions and flour.

The Madrid correspondent of the New York *Times* telegraphs that it is openly avowed at the North German Embassy in that city that the plan of Count Bismarck is to restore Napoleon long enough to sign a peace, when he is to abdicate in favor of his son; that a regency, with the Empress as Regent, and M. Rouher and a Bonapartist General associated with her in the Council, is then to be established and enforced by Prussian troops and a military terrorism.

The same correspondent asserts that negotiations are in progress for placing a Saxon or Prussian prince on the throne of Spain, Prussia furnishing money, and promising her a part of Algeria, Gibraltar, and aid in annexing Portugal, in order to make her a powerful ally of Germany.

A letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of September 29 contains a protest from a number of generals and superior officers of the French army at Sedan against the surrender. They say they were entitled to be present at the council which decided the matter, but were kept in ignorance of it.

At Havre a revolving electric light illumines the harbor at night, and the entrance is barred by enormous chains.

On the 29th ult., General Cluseret made an abortive attempt to head a revolution in Lyons, but was arrested, with his adherents, by the Gardes Nationales of the city.

The London papers of October 3 contain full accounts of a daring deed by the Francs-Tireurs on the 24th ultimo, which resulted in the killing of the Duke of Nassau, and the wounding of several of King William's staff. On the day named the King and his staff started from Rheims to Chalons, accompanied by the Duke of Nassau. The royal party occupied five carriages, and were escorted by a regiment of cuirassiers. Just beyond Château Sillery, where the road descends a hill through a deep cut which is only wide enough to admit of the passage of the carriages in single file, there was a sudden attack from a strong force of Francs-Tireurs in ambuscade on either side of the roadway. The carriages were riddled with repeated volleys, and the troopers of the escort were thrown into confusion. The firing ceasing, the cavalry which had been in advance, came back, and scoured the woods, but without making a single capture. On investigation it was found that every person in the third carriage, containing the Duke of Nassau and his aides, had been either killed outright or mortally wounded. The fifth carriage, containing the King and his staff, had been terribly riddled, but none of its occupants had been injured. The body of the Duke was sent back to Manheim under a large escort.

A recent Paris letter says the population is unanimous for the defense of the city. Paris is to be lighted with petroleum, if it should be found necessary to cut off the gas. Rochefort is using his great influence with the working-men, and they are prepared to fight to the last.

The attitude of Russia occasions distrust and uneasiness in Europe. She is making military preparations on a vast scale, but whether to attack Turkey or to interfere between Prussia and France is not yet apparent.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

ON Sunday, October 2, the people of Rome voted on the question of Italian unity. The plebiscitum was conducted in the most orderly manner, and the result was an almost unanimous vote in favor of union with Italy under Victor Emanuel and his successors.

The Pope is said to be well pleased at changing his mercenaries for Italian defenders. He is treated with great respect, and appears again in public. Rome is quiet, and confidence in business circles is returning. The Jews of the city have sent an address to Victor Emanuel exulting in their release from Papal rule.

The resignation of De Rodas, Captain-General of Cuba, will probably be accepted at Madrid, and General Cordova is likely to be his successor. The idea of the cession of Cuba to the United States is gaining ground at Madrid.

It is stated at Madrid that De Rodas refuses to execute the laws relative to the emancipation of slaves in Cuba. It is also said that the Spanish Government will agree to a commission to fix indemnities for American losses in Cuba.

The rinderpest prevails to such an extent among the cattle of Hesse-Darmstadt that none are allowed to pass thence into Prussia.

The Austrian Government has signed the Naturalization Treaty with the United States.

Sir John Young, Governor-General of Canada, has been created a peer of the United Kingdom, with the title of Baron Lisgar.

The latest advices from China state that the French ultimatum has been refused, and the Chinese are preparing for war. The French are waiting for orders from the home Government.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ONE of the most destructive freshets ever known in this country occurred in Virginia the last week of September, attended by great loss of life and property. At the city of Richmond the water overflowed into the streets, so that horse-car travel was interrupted, and ferry-boats resorted to instead. Buildings and property were carried away, and communication with the surrounding country cut off. At Harper's Ferry a large part of the city was submerged, many substantial buildings destroyed, and forty lives lost. Three women and three children were drowned at Lynchburg. The Potomac rose several feet, and the bridges between Washington and the Virginia shore were carried away. The streets of Washington bordering on the river were overflowed and filled with floating merchandise. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was greatly damaged, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad above Harper's Ferry was swept away. The losses at and near Lynchburg were estimated at $1,500,000.

The public debt was decreased during the month of September by $9,007,448 13. The decrease since the 1st of March is $91,415,824 89, and since the 1st of October, 1869, is $121,581,419.

A number of peaceable negroes in Tennessee were recently taken from their cabins and whipped by a band of masked ruffians, because they had been "voting wrongly."

The largest bar of gold ever seen is on exhibition at Denver, California. It is 12¼ inches long, 6⅝ wide, and 4¾ in thickness, weighs 2548¾ ounces, and is valued at $50,000.

It has been decided that a widow may continue the business of her husband without taking out a new license, provided she has the goods changed to her own name.

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A QUEER RECEPTION.

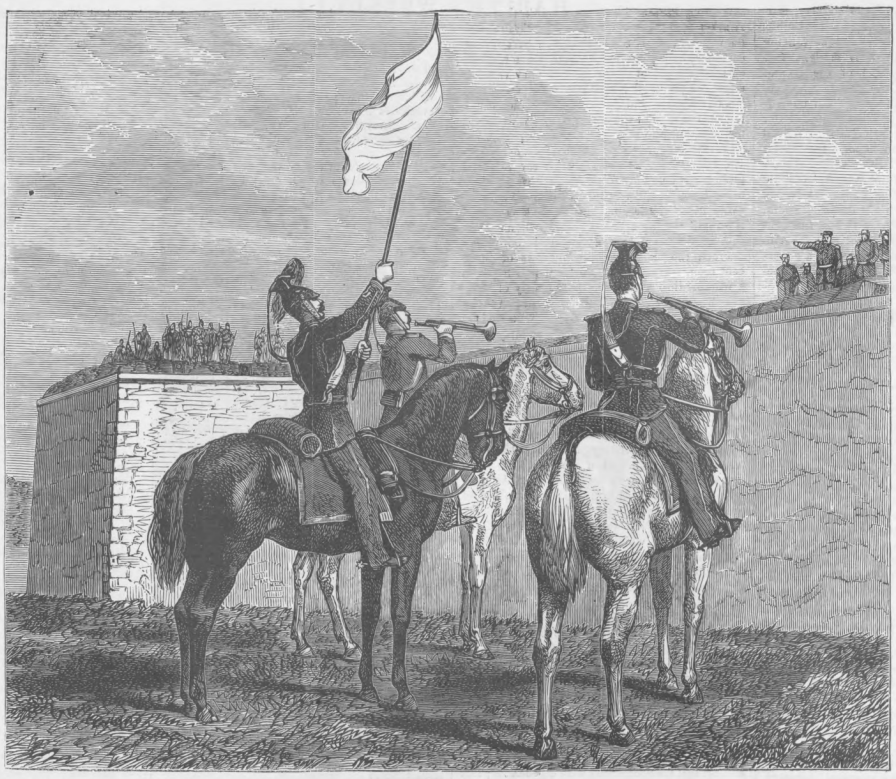
MOLSHEIM, one of the French towns invaded by the Prussians, is situated on the Lower Rhine. Our illustration on page 661 represents the queer reception which the invaders met at this place. An artist, who witnessed this humorous scene, thus alludes to it in his diary:

"You will find the *improbus anser* in most towns and villages of Alsace, but nowhere to such an extent as in Molsheim. I looked down through my Venetian blinds, and found a broad square full of them. In the middle was a fountain, where one or two Baden troopers were watering their horses. To the right stood the Hôtel de Ville, a very ancient building, with high-pitched roof and beautiful tiles, fantastic gable-ends, over the doorway a painted *chapelle*, under that a clock, and under the clock a bell, struck by queer little puppet figures. Not a soul was about. The geese cackled hideously, as if, like the guardians of the Capitol, to warn the inhabitants of the invasion of the enemy."

THE SURRENDER OF SEDAN.

OUR illustrations on this page give a graphic representation of one of the most novel and picturesque phases of the war in France. One represents the surrender of Sedan. Our engraving shows the French General LAURISTON holding a flag of truce, and attended by a trumpeter, who sounds a note of parley, standing upon the gate of the fortified town, to invite an armistice, for the purpose of capitulation. This took place at half past four in the afternoon of September 1; and the Prussian artillery fire, which had completely overpowered the French, was stopped before five o'clock, by order of the King, who stood upon the hill of Chevenge, three miles from the gate of the town. The memorable interview between Count BISMARCK and the Emperor NAPOLEON was at seven o'clock the next morning, outside the village of Donchery. They stopped at the cottage of a hand-loom weaver, and sat at the door, engaged in earnest conversation, while the officers in attendance on the Emperor kept their distance by the roadside.

The other illustration on this page, "The Demand to Surrender," almost brings before us a picture of medieval times. It represents a walled French town, like Toul, or Metz, or Strasbourg, before which stand the messengers of the Prussian general in command of the besieging army. The wall is surrounded by a moat, which, owing to the point of view taken by the artist, is only visible in the distance on the



THE DEMAND TO SURRENDER.

THE SURRENDER OF SEDAN.

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left. How vividly does this picture recall to our minds the first scene in the second act of "King John," before the walls of Angiers. We can almost hear these trumpeters calling forth, like King Philip in that scene:

"Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?"

And how aptly might King WILLIAM, in relation to this whole conflict, say with King JOHN, in the same scene:

"Peace be to France: if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven."

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LETTER LOCK.

ON the day that Richard left Gethin, which was itself an incident to keep the tongues of its gossips wagging for a good week, another occurrence took place in that favored neighborhood, and one of even more absorbing interest—the workings of Dunloppel were suspended. This, of course, was not a wholly unexpected catastrophe. The new vein, after giving an exceedingly rich yield for some months, had of late, it was whispered, evinced signs of exhaustion, although the fact was not known that for several weeks the undertaking had been carried on at a loss. Neither Trevethick nor Solomon, who were the principal proprietors, was the sort of man to play long at a losing game, or to send good money after bad; so, for the present, the pit was closed. But Solomon believed in Dunloppel; contrary to his custom, he had not disposed of a single share when the mine was at a premium, and his stake in it was very large.

Only a few minutes after Richard had departed for Plymouth with his check, Solomon returned to the inn with thoughtful brow.

Trevethick was moodily smoking his pipe in the porch, still balancing the rival claims of his sons-in-law elect, and dissatisfied with both of them. He did not share Solomon's hopes, and he detested losing his money above every thing. "Well, you've packed off all those fellows, I hope, that have been eating me out of house and home for these three weeks?"

"I've closed the mine, if that's what you mean," said Solomon. "But" (he looked cautiously up at the windows of the inn, which were all open—the guests were out in search of the picturesque, and Harry was on the tower, straining her eyes after Richard) "I want to have a word with you in private, Trevethick."

"SHE DRAGGED UPON HIS ARM."

"Come into the bar parlor, then," grunted the landlord, for he did not much relish the idea of a confidential talk with Solomon just then, since it might have relation to a matter about which he had not fully made up his mind to give him an answer.

"Is that young painter fellow out of the way, then?" asked Solomon. "We have never had a place to ourselves, it seems to me, since *he* came to Gethin."

"Yes, yes, he's far enough off," answered Trevethick, more peevishly than before, for Sol's remark seemed to foreshadow the very subject he would fain have avoided talking about. "He's gone to Plymouth, he is, and won't be back these five days."

"Umph!" said Sol. If he had said, "I wish he would never come back at all," he could not have expressed his feelings more clearly.

"Well," growled Trevethick, when they were in his sanctum, and had shut the door, "what is it now? Bad news, of course, of some sort."

It was a habit with Trevethick, as it is with many men of his stamp, to have a perpetual grievance against Providence—to profess themselves as never astonished at any bad turn that *It* may do them—and, besides, he was on the present occasion desirous of taking up a position of discontent beforehand, so that the expected topic might not appear to have produced it.

"No; it's good news, Trevethick," said Solomon, quietly—"the best of news, as it seems to me; and I hope to bring you over to the same opinion."

"He's got some scheme for marrying Harry out of hand," thought the harassed landlord. "How the deuce shall I put him off?"

There was not the slightest excuse for doing so; if Solomon had been of a less phlegmatic disposition, he might have married her a year ago, young as she was. "Read this," said he, producing a letter from his pocket, "and tell me what you think of it. It's old Stratum's report upon the mine."

"Ay, ay," said Trevethick, diving into his capacious pocket for his silver spectacles. As a general rule, he was wont to receive all such reports with discredit, and to throw cold water upon Sol's more sanguine views; but it was several minutes before he could get himself into his normal state of dissatisfied depression, so much relieved was he to find that his daughter was not to be the topic of the conversation.

"Here's the plan," continued Solomon, "which accompanied the letter. I got it just after I dismissed the men; and, upon my life, I'd half a

RECEPTION OF THE PRUSSIANS BY THE GEESE OF MOLSHEIM.—[SEE PAGE 660.]

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mind to set them on again. But I thought I'd just have a talk with you first."

"Ay," said Trevethick—"well?" He was quite himself again now—crafty, prudent, reticent; about as unpromising a gentleman to "get on with," far less get the better of in a bargain, as a Greek Jew. But Solomon was quite accustomed to him.

"Stratum feels confident about the continuation of the lode, you see; and also that the fault is not considerable. We shall not have to sink fifty feet, he thinks, before we come on the vein again."

"He *thinks*," said Trevethick, contemptuously. "Is he ready to sink his own money in it?"

"It's no good asking him that," said Solomon, coolly, "because he's got none. But I have always found Stratum pretty correct in his judgment; and, as for me, I believe in Dunloppel. The question is, Shall I go on with it single-handed, or will you go shares?"

"If it's so good a thing, why not keep it yourself, Sol?"

"Because my money is particularly well laid out at present, and I don't want to shift it."

"That's just the case with mine," said Trevethick, from behind the plan.

"I thought you might have five hundred pounds or so lying idle, that's all," returned the other. "I'll give six per cent. for it just now."

"Oh, that's another thing. Perhaps I have. I'll see about it."

"If you could get it me at once, that would be half the battle," urged Solomon. "There are some good men at the mine whom I should not like to lose. If I could send round to-night to tell them not to engage themselves elsewhere, since they're opening so many new pits just now, that would be a relief to my mind."

"Very good; you may do that, then. I'll write for the money to-morrow."

So blunt, straightforward, and exceedingly unpleasant a man as John Trevethick was, ought to have been the very incarnation of Truth, whereas that last observation of his was, to say the least of it, Jesuitical. There was no occasion to write to any body for what he had got above stairs, locked up in his private strong-box. But he did not wish all the world to know that, nor even his *alter ego*, Solomon Coe.

Trevethick, although a close-fisted fellow, was no miser in the vulgar sense. He kept this vast sum at hand, partly because he had no confidence in ordinary securities, and partly because he wished to be in a position, at a moment's notice, to accomplish his darling scheme. If Carew should happen to change his mind, it would be because he was in want of ready money, and he would be in mad haste to get it. His impatience on such occasions brooked no delay on the score of advantage; and the man that could offer him what he wanted, as it were, in his open hand, would be the financier he would favor in preference to a much less grasping accommodator, who might keep him waiting for a week. It was not so much the tempting bait of ready money that caught the Squire as the fact of his wishes being obeyed upon the instant. He had not been used to wait, and his pride revolted against it; and many a time had a usurer missed his mark by not understanding with how great a bashaw he had to deal in the person of Carew of Crompton. Trevethick was aware of this, and indeed the chaplain had given him a hint to keep the proposed purchase-money within easy reach, in case the Squire's mood might alter, or his necessities demand his consent to what Mr. Whymper honestly believed to be a very advantageous offer. Otherwise, Trevethick was not one to keep a hoard in his house for the mere pleasure of gloating over it. He had not looked into his strong-box for months, nor would he have done so now, but for this unexpected demand upon it. It was safe enough, he knew, in his daughter's room; and as for its having been opened, that was an impossibility; the padlock hung in front of it as usual, and it would have taken a man half a lifetime to have hit upon its open sesame by trial. He was justly proud of that letter lock, which was his own contrivance, invented when he was quite a young man, and had been perforce compelled to turn his attention to mechanics, and he considered it a marvel of skill. It was characteristic in him that he had never revealed its secret even to his daughter. Indeed, with the exception of Harry, nobody at Gethin—save, perhaps, Hannah, when she dusted her young mistress's room—had ever set eyes upon it, nor, if they had, would they have understood its meaning.

It was therefore without the slightest suspicion of its having been tampered with, that, an hour or two after the conversation just narrated, Trevethick repaired to his strong-box, with the intention of taking from it the sum of money required by Solomon. The padlock was like a little clock, except that it had the letters of the alphabet round its face instead of figures, and three hands instead of two; this latter circumstance insured, by its complication, the safety of the treasure, but at the same time rendered it useless—unless he broke the box open—to the possessor himself if by any accident he should forget the letter time at which he had set it; and accordingly Trevethick was accustomed to carry a memorandum of this about with him; even if he lost it, it would be no great matter, for what meaning would it convey to any human being to find a bit of paper with the letters B, N, Z upon it? Harry, as we have said, was out of the house, so his daughter's room was untenanted. He went to a cupboard, and took down the box from its usual shelf, with the same feeling of satisfaction that an old poet recurs to his first volume of verse; he may have written better things, and things that have brought him more money, but those spring leaves are dearest to him of all. So it was with Trevethick's spring lock. He adjusted the hands, and the padlock sprang open; he lifted the lid, and the box was empty; the two thousand pounds in Bank of England notes were gone.

He was a big bull-necked man, of what is called (in the reports of inquests) "a full habit of body," and the discovery was almost fatal to him. His face grew purple, the veins in his forehead stood out, and his well-seasoned head, which liquor could so little affect, went round and round with him, and sang like a humming-top. He was on the very brink of a fit, which might have "annihilated space and time" (as far as he was concerned), "and made two lovers happy." But the star of Richard Yorke was not in the ascendant. The old man held on by the shelf of the cupboard, and gradually came to himself. He did not even then comprehend the whole gravity of the position; the sense of his great loss—not only of so much wealth, but of that which he had secured with such toil, and laid by unproductively so long for the accomplishment of his darling purpose—monopolized his mind. Who *could* have been the thief? was the one question with which he concerned himself, and the answer was not long delayed. It was the coincidence of amount in the sum stolen with that which Richard had gone to Plymouth to realize, that turned his suspicions upon the young artist. Why, the scoundrel had fixed upon that very sum as the test of his possessing an independence for a reason that was now clear enough: it was the exact limit of what he knew he could lay his hand upon. But how *did* he know?—or, rather (for the old man's thoughts were still fixed upon the mechanical mystery of his loss), how did he open the padlock? Then there flashed upon his mind that incident of his having dropped the memorandum out of his watch-case in the bar parlor in Richard's presence, and the whole affair seemed as clear as day. It was Richard's intention to change the notes at Plymouth for the paper of the Miners' Bank, or for gold, and then to exhibit it to him in its new form as his own property. He did not believe that the young artist intended to steal it; but he was by no means less furious with him upon that account—quite otherwise. He piqued himself upon his caution and long-headedness, and resented every deception practiced upon him even more than an injury. Moreover, he felt that but for Solomon's unexpected request for the loan the plan would have succeeded. In all probability, he would not have discovered his loss until it had been too late—he would not have known how to refuse the young man leave to become his daughter's suitor; and once his son-in-law, he could scarcely have prosecuted him for replacing two thousand pounds' worth of bank-notes in his strong-box by notes of another kind. Exasperated beyond all measure as Trevethick was, it did credit to his sagacity that even at such a moment he did not conceive of Richard Yorke as being a common thief. But he concluded him to be much worse, and deserving of far heavier punishment, as a man that would have obtained his daughter under false pretenses. He went down stairs, taking the box with him, to seek his friend. Solomon had just returned from the cottage over the way, where he had been giving orders to one of the best miners to still hold himself engaged at Dunloppel, and had bidden him tell others the same. He was in high spirits, and was twirling about in his large hands Mr. Stratum's diagnosis of the mine.

"You may put that away and have done with it," said Trevethick, hoarsely; "I have no money to lend you for that, nor nothing else. This box held two thousand pounds of mine, but it's all gone now."

"Two thousand pounds!" exclaimed Solomon, too amazed at the magnitude of the sum to realize what had happened to it. "Two thousand pounds in a box!" He had always suspected that the old man kept something in a stocking-foot, and had often rallied him upon his unnecessary caution with respect to investments; but this statement of his appeared incredible.

"What does it matter if it was twenty thousand, when I tell you it's gone," said Trevethick, sullenly. "That limb of the devil, Yorke, is off with every shilling of it."

"Do you mean to say *he's* stolen it?" inquired the other, even more astonished than before.

"He's taken it to Plymouth with him, that's all."

Solomon Coe was a man of action, and prompt in emergencies, but for the moment he was fairly staggered. He had no liking for Richard, but such a charge as this appeared incredible; it seemed more likely that the old man had repented of his late offer of the loan of five hundred pounds, and had invented this monstrous fiction to excuse himself.

"Where was the box kept?" asked Solomon, dryly.

For a moment or two Trevethick was silent.

"It is as I suspected," thought the other; "the old man is making up the story as he goes on."

But the fact was that this question had gone to the very root of the matter, and opened Trevethick's dull eyes wide. In his chagrin at his loss (though he did believe it would be temporary), and irritation at his sagacity having been set at naught, he had overlooked the most serious feature of the whole catastrophe. How had Yorke come to the knowledge that the strong-box was kept in Harry's room? and under what circumstances had he obtained access to it?

"Where's Harry?" exclaimed Trevethick, starting up with a great oath; for it flashed upon him that she had fled with Richard. "Where's my daughter?"

"I saw her in the village just now," said Solomon, "talking to old Madge. She had been for a stroll out Turlock way, she said. But what's the use of vexing *her* about the matter? Women are much best kept in the dark when one don't want things to be talked about. The more quiet you keep this story, the more chance you'll have of getting your money back, you may depend upon it. It was in notes, of course?"

"Yes, in notes," answered the other, with a vacant look, and drumming on the table with his right hand.

"Come, come, Trevethick, you must keep your head," remonstrated Solomon. "I'll act for you quick enough, if you'll only supply me with the means. It's a great loss, but it should not paralyze a man. You've got a memorandum of the numbers of the notes?"

"Yes, yes; I have somewhere."

"Well, go and fetch it, while I order out a horse. I can get to Plymouth before wheels can do it, and shall catch this scoundrel yet. He'll be going there to change the notes, I reckon?"

"Yes, yes," said Trevethick; "he'll be at the *George and Vulture;* so he said."

"Good," replied Solomon. "I'll get a warrant from old Justice Smallgood on my way. Rouse up, man, rouse up; you shall have your money back, I tell you, and see this rascal lagged for life into the bargain."

"If I could only get him hanged!" answered the old man, fiercely—"if I could only get *him* hanged, Sol, I'd let the money go, and welcome!"

Solomon stared after him, as he left the room and tramped up stairs in search of the list of notes, with a ludicrous expression of wonder. In *his* eyes, no revenge at present seemed worth so extravagant a price. But Trevethick had his reasons, or thought he had, for this excess of hate; his slow-moving yet powerful nature resembled the python—it was exceedingly tenacious when its object was once grasped, and it was apt to glut itself.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A HARD ALTERNATIVE.

SOLOMON had ridden off, and was half-way to Turlock before Trevethick felt himself sufficiently collected to summon Hannah, and bid her send for her young mistress. He could not go in search of her himself and speak what he had to ask: no bird of the air must carry her reply, no wind of heaven breathe it, if it was such as he feared. There must be no "scene" in public to let loose the gossips' tongues. He sat in the bar parlor, with his huge head leaning on his hands, brooding over his wrongs, and waiting for her—for the daughter by whose wicked connivance, as he thought, he had been despoiled of his hard-earned gains. He did not reproach himself for having thrown her so much with Richard, in order that the latter might be kept in good-humor, and apt to forward his plans as to Wheal Danes. He "wondered at their vice, and not his folly." As to there being any thing beyond a flirtation between the young people, he did not suspect it; but even as matters were, he was bitterly enraged against Harry, and would have strangled Richard out of hand if he could have got near him. It was evident to him that this fellow had been courting his daughter, though he knew she was plighted to another, and had wormed out of her the secret of his hoarded wealth. Six months ago she would not for her life have dared to tell what she knew he wished to hide; and now this young villain had wound himself so cunningly about her that she had no will but his, and had even helped him to rob her own flesh and blood. His heel was on that serpent's head, however, or would be in a day or two, and *then*— The old man ground his teeth as though his enemy were between them.

"Well, father, here I am; Hannah said you wanted me."

Harry's voice was as calm as she could make it, but her young limbs trembled, and her face was very pale.

"Come here—nearer!" cried Trevethick, hoarsely, seizing her by the wrist. "Do you know that you are the only creature but two—but one, I may say, for gratitude ain't love—that I have ever loved in this world—that I have worked for you, planned for you, and for you only, all my life?"

"Yes, father; and I am very grateful for it," answered she, submissively.

"No doubt," sneered the old man; "and the way you show how much you feel it, the way you show your duty and your love to your father in return, is to put a thief—a lying, cheating thief—in the road to rob him!"

"You must be mad, father!" exclaimed Harry, in blank amazement. "I know no thief!"

"You know Richard Yorke, you wicked, wanton wench!" interrupted Trevethick, passionately. "And how could *he* have heard of yonder box except through you? Of course you'll lie; a lie or two is nothing to one like you. But here's the proof. The padlock has been opened, the money taken. Who did it? Who could have done it, except him, or you?"

"As I am a living woman, father, as I hope for heaven," answered Harry, earnestly, "I did not do it, and I do not know who did."

"You didn't, and you don't! The thing's incredible. Reach here that Bible." He still held her by the wrist. "You shall swear that, and be damned forever! What! you never told that villain where my money lay?"

"I did tell Mr. Yorke that, father. Pray, pray, be patient. It was long ago; we were talking together about I know not what, and it slipped from me that you kept money in a strong-box. That was all."

"All," said the old man, bitterly, and flinging her arm away from him, the wrist all black and bruised with his angry clutch. "What more, or worse, could you have told than the one secret I had bid you keep? You told him the exact sum, too, I'll warrant? Two thousand pounds!"

"Yes, father, I did. It was very wrong, and I was very sorry directly I had done it. But I knew the secret would be safe with a gentleman like Mr. Yorke."

"A gentleman! A cheat, an impostor, a common rogue!"

"Oh no, oh no, father!"

"But I say 'yes.' To-morrow he will have the handcuffs on him! What! Have you tears for him, and none for me, you slut! Perhaps you *showed* him where the box was kept, as well as told him! Did you, *did* you?"

There was something in Harry's frightened face that made her father rise and lock the door.

"Speak low!" said he, in an awful voice; "you have something to tell me. Tell it."

"Only that I love him, father—oh, so much!" pleaded Harry, passionately. "Indeed, indeed, I could not help it! I tried to love Sol, because you wished it, but it was no use; I felt that even before Richard came. We walked every day together for weeks and weeks, and he was so different from Sol, so bright and pleasant, and he loved me from the first, he said. He told me, too, that you had listened with favor to his suit, or, at all events, had not refused to listen—that there was good hope of your consenting to it, and without that hope he knew he could not win me. I only promised to be his on that condition. Speak to me, father; pardon me, father! Don't look at me so. He never meant to thieve, I am sure of that. You asked of him some warrant of his wealth, some proof that he could afford to marry me. You would not have done that had you set your face utterly against him. And I think—I fear—though Heaven is my witness that I knew nothing of it until now, that he took this money only to bring it back to you again, and win your favor. It was an ill deed, if he has really done it, which even yet I do not credit; but it was done for my sake; then for *my* sake, father, pity him, pardon him!" She had thrown herself upon her knees beside the old man's chair; her long hair had come unfastened, and trailed upon the sanded floor; her hands were clasped in an agony of supplication. No pictured Magdalen ever looked more wretched or more beautiful.

"You have more to tell?" said the old man, harshly.

She shook her head, and uttered a plaintive moan.

"Then *I* have," continued he. "You say you love this man; now *I* hate him! I do not regret that he has robbed me, since, by that act, he has placed himself in my power, and I mean to use it to the uttermost; but for his cozening me to my face, as he has done so long, and for his smooth, false ways, and for his impudent tales, which I had half believed, and for his audacious attempt to pluck you from the hand for which I had designed you, I *hate* him. I tell you," cried out the old man, fiercely, "if this villain had fifty lives, and the law would help me to them, I would exact them all! If he stood here, I would brain him with yonder staff; and if my curse could follow him beyond the grave—as my vengeance shall to the grave's brink—he should perish in eternal fire! *Hate* him? I almost hate you for having loved him; and if I thought you would dare to cross me further by holding to him now, I'd drive you from my door this very hour. You will never see him more; but I shall, once. This mouth shall witness against him to the uttermost; these ears shall hear the judge pronounce on him his righteous doom."

"No, no," gasped the young girl, faintly. "If you do not hate me yet, I pray you to unsay those words. When you curse Richard, father, you are cursing you know not whom." She dragged upon his arm, and brought his ear down to the level of her mouth, and whispered in it.

The old man started to his feet, and pushed her from him with a hideous oath; then made as though he would have unlocked the door and thrown it wide, to drive her, as he had so lately threatened, from his roof. But there was a noise of many feet and chattering and laughter in the passage without, which showed that some of the tourist guests had just come in. Only a plank intervened between that little knot of giddy pleasure-seekers, with their jokes and small-talk, and the father and daughter in their agony.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the wretched girl.

Trevethick clapped his hand upon her little mouth, with, "Hush, fool! hush!" and she felt thankful that he called her by no worse name.

"Forgive me—pity—pardon," murmured she.

"Listen!" said he, in a stern whisper. "Obey me now, you wicked, wanton slut, or I proclaim your shame before them all; one minute will decide your fate! Be stubborn, and you shall go forth through yonder door, discarded, friendless, infamous, to beg your bread, or win it how you will; be tractable, and even yet you shall have a father and a home. Make choice, and quickly; and having made it, be you sure of this, that it shall hold. Do you hear me, trollop?"

"I hear! I hear!" she murmured, shuddering. "I will obey you now, and ever."

"Then marry Solomon Coe—at once—within the month."

"Oh, father, mercy!"

His fingers were on the door, and the key grated in the lock.

"The sea-air makes one famish," said a gay voice outside.

"It's lucky," laughed another, "for there is sure to be nothing for dinner but the inevitable ham and eggs."

In another instant the final barrier between herself and public shame would have been withdrawn by that relentless hand.

"I promise—I promise—spare me!" cried the unhappy girl, and fell fainting on the floor.

The old man drew a long, deep breath, and wiped his forehead. His victory had not been lightly won. He lifted his daughter up and carried her to the sofa; then raised the little clumsy window, rarely opened, and propped it with

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a stick, so that the breeze might blow upon her tear-stained cheek. How white and worn and emptied of all joy it looked! As he gazed upon her, a touch of pity stole into her father's face. He poured out a little spirits in a glass, and put it to her lips. "Take a sup of this, and you'll be better, child."

She opened her heavy eyes, and shook her head.

"You said you would have mercy, father, if I promised?"

"Yes, yes; all shall be forgotten. We will not even speak of it to one another."

"And you will pardon *him?* You will not hurt my Richard?"

"Your Richard!"

"Yes, for he was mine once. You will not bear witness against him before the judge? Is he not punished enough in losing me? Am *I* not punished?"

"Silence!" exclaimed the old man, in a terrible voice. His hand, trembling with passion, had struck against the strong-box, and at its touch his wrath broke out in flame. "That man is dead to you henceforth! You gave your promise without conditions. Moreover, his fate is in the hands of the law, and not in mine."

TWO HARVESTS.

THROUGHOUT its length and breadth, from shore to shore,
The golden harvest-fields of our blest land
Have yielded up their increase, and the store
Strown by the great Creator's open hand
Is garnered; so our prayer for daily bread
Is by our Father heard, and answered.

But France! Oh! weep for France! In place of grain
Behold the bloody harvest that she yields!
Instead of binding sheaves, she heaps the slain,
Scattered by tens of thousands on her fields!
Her and Germania's best and bravest lie—
Brothers *in death*—beneath the peaceful sky!

And where, when falls the mellow autumn day,
Homeward should creak the overflowing wains,
Piled high with goodly wheat, there roll away
The wagon-loads of wounded o'er the plains!
And where her grapes are ripening in the sun,
More purple still—behold her life-blood run!

Oh, sister France! and thou, brave Father-land,
Hear, hear the prayer we send from this far shore;
Oh, sheath the sword, and stay th' uplifted hand
Ere yet unsated Death reap more and more!
Surely *thy* harvest now is finished!
God help thy children when they cry for bread!

THE TOURISTS AT GRAVELOTTE.

ORDERED HOME.

THE armed truce, which is the accustomed counterfeit of peace in Europe, is ever full of shadows, and one of these seemed to have darkened the latticed windows of the little Swiss inn on the mountain-side, as the three friends sat down to breakfast, in spite of the straggling sunray that made a prism of the mist from the coffee-urn.

"Ulric, my good fellow," said Conway, "what news have you this morning? You are as glum as a Scotch fog."

"I have news that you English are always safe from; my summer wandering is cut short enough. De Senlis, my dear friend, I must give up my promised visit to your château at Gravelotte. I am ordered home."

"And so am I," replied the French count, "though my leave of absence is not yet half expired. This Spanish business threatens trouble, it seems, and I must be with my cuirassiers."

There seemed to be already a something of forced and studied coldness in the manner of the hitherto polite and genial tourist.

"But you, Ulric," said Conway, "you are not in the army?"

"All Prussians are soldiers; and I am a captain of Uhlans in the first ban of the Landwehr. Unless this matter is promptly settled I shall kill no partridges with you next September."

"I certainly hope that you will not be practicing at French uniforms instead," replied the Englishman. "How soon have you to start?"

"At once, or I shall run the risk of being late, and that would be a serious business. From my soul I hope there will be no fighting, but if there is, Ulric von Hippel must be in his place."

"And so must Raoul de Senlis," growled the Frenchman, rising from the hardly tasted breakfast. "If there is war, which I shall sincerely regret, the cry of all France will be, '*à Berlin!*' —we have been there before."

The blue eyes of the German shone with an unpleasant light, but he replied, without rising,

"The German swords can keep the Rhineland, even if no Blücher comes to bid us 'forwarts.'"

The Englishman sprang to his feet.

"De Senlis—Von Hippel—my dear fellows, I won't have a word of this nonsense. We can not meet at Gravelotte, and you two may not come to help murder my partridges, but the war, if there is to be one, shall not begin here. Shake hands now, and part like good friends, and like good soldiers as well. Which of you, if the other was wounded or a prisoner, would not be a brother to him?"

Somewhat rough in his way was Conway, with his huge proportions and his yellow whiskers, and he was actually blushing at his own impetuosity; but he had struck the right chord, and his two fellow-tourists extended their hands with a marked cordiality that had something of shame in it.

"Von Hippel, my dear friend, *pardon!* Some happier day we will meet at Gravelotte. Remember me most kindly to your family, and especially to the *fräulein*, your sister. War does not last forever."

"My dear De Senlis, I hope there will be no war; and if there is, the day may nevertheless come when we shall meet at Gravelotte, as good friends as ever."

"Even the King and the Emperor would promise as much as that," half jocosely observed the Englishman. "But," he added, "it will be a fearful pity to have such men as you cutting each other's throats to keep the diplomats from making a bad Spaniard out of a very good Dutchman. I hope they won't drag us islanders into the mess."

The breakfast was not yet cold, and the three now forced themselves to do it justice; but when that duty was done there was nothing for it but a few hasty but very good-humored and manly farewells.

And so they parted.

AT GRAVELOTTE.

It was late in the afternoon of the great battle, and the shattered columns of the French had slowly retired from a shot-torn slope whereon the heaps of mangled forms testified to their own obstinate courage and the destroying power of the needle-guns.

A cloud of Prussian cavalry was hovering in the valley below as if meditating pursuit, and the leaden rain-drops of war were still falling every where; but all that did not seem to disconcert the movements of a tall figure in citizen's dress that moved slowly on from man to man among the dead and dying.

The white cross on his breast indicated that he belonged to the volunteer sanitary corps—that most Christian of modern war inventions—and he displayed some skill in the rapid attentions which he gave to one and another of the sufferers.

"If I don't mean to be hit," grumbled he, "I must get away from this. Ha, that was a close shot! Hullo, here come some Uhlans! Well, it won't do to run, and I don't think they will disturb me. I'm sure I saw him fall, and not far from here. Ah, God pity his poor mother! here he is. De Senlis?"

"Conway, my friend, *you* here?"

The question came, in a tone of unmeasured astonishment, from the bearded lips of the leader of a small column of Prussian light cavalry, or Uhlans, who had ridden rapidly up the slope.

"Ulric, is it you, my dear fellow? Yes, I am here. Don't you see my white cross? We three have met at Gravelotte, but the count can not welcome you."

"What! De Senlis?"

"It was, ten minutes since, but now—" and even the self-contained Englishman could only pause and point to the still quivering corpse.

The blue eyes of the German clouded as he leaned forward in his saddle to look at the white face of his late fellow-tourist.

"Is this Gravelotte?" he murmured, as if speaking to himself.

"That village away yonder," said Conway. "Do you see that burning house among the trees about half-way? That was De Senlis's country seat. I was there this morning with his mother."

Brief was the conference, for, as a bugle-call came pealing up the slope, the captain of Uhlans shook his head, waved his hand in farewell, and wheeled his horse to retreat. As he did so he suddenly reeled, and then straightened in his stirrups, and while two of his men spurred forward to support his falling form, he turned his head, as if with a dying effort, and shouted,

"Conway, I had a message for De Senlis from my sister, if I met him at Gravelotte."

Conway was left standing alone, but the whistling balls forbade him to stay, and he strode onward toward the retreating lines of the French.

A day or two later a Paris morning paper contained, among its other war news and incidents of the disasters to the arms of France, the following item:

"An Englishman, who had been one of the most daring and useful spies of our ferocious invaders, under pretense of serving in the volunteer sanitary corps, was shot by order of General ——, after the battle. He was actually seen, by several officers, in communication with the enemy on the very battle-field. Death to all spies!"

The three tourists are still at Gravelotte.

PRIMITIVE MAN.

EVEN more remarkable than the ancient caverns are the rock-shelters which have been identified as the dwelling-places of primitive man. In various parts of France many specimens of these early settlements—one can scarcely call them retreats—have been discovered, mere sheltering-places under some overhanging rock. Sheds, perhaps, were built there, all traces of which have long since perished; but man has left more enduring traces of his presence. On the left bank of the river Aveyron, for instance, under the overhanging brows of the rocks of Bruniquel, was discovered a fire-hearth of the pre-historic period, as well as a host of objects, the study of which has furnished many data concerning this epoch of humanity. The area covered by this shelter is two hundred and ninety-eight square yards. The bones of the horse—though these are comparatively rare—of the ox, of the urus, the elk, the ibex, and the chamois are found there, all showing signs of the action of fire. Many pounds' weight of the half-roasted bones of the water-rat prove that that now despised delicacy formed a feature in the primitive *menu*. Fish-bones are also found in great quantities; and even skeletons of fish, rudely traced upon fragments of bone and horn. Reindeer's horn was, in that stage of man's existence, all that iron is to us. Their arms, their implements, their ornaments, were all made of this substance; and their favorite dainty was the marrow of the long bones, which they extracted by fracture, without spoons. We are sorry to say that these ancestors of ours labor under the suspicion of cannibalism. On certain children's bones of these epochs found in Scotland Professor Owen has recognized the trace of human teeth. Human finger-joints have been detected among the remains of cooking in the epoch of the great bear and mammoth, and also (later) in that of the reindeer. In a cave in Northern Italy was found the small shin-bone of a child, which had been carefully cleansed and emptied to satisfy the inordinate primeval taste for marrow. Not the least trace of dogs having gnawed any relics of a feast of this epoch has been discovered; hence it is declared that these animals had not yet been reduced to a state of domesticity. It is also proved that men wore clothes. A large number of reindeer antlers have been found with certain cuts at their base, which evidently could only have been produced in flaying the animal. Nay, these dandies were not content with the mere skins; flint scrapers are every where met with, which they used for scraping the hair off; and bodkins and stilettoes made of flint and bone—exactly the same as are now used by the Esquimaux—for sewing the different pieces together. Certain reindeer bones also give evidence that the sinewy fibres of that animal were used for thread. No metal, however, was yet known; besides the hatchet and the flint knife there was no weapon. The ornaments were made out of the tooth of a wolf, or the bony part of a hare's ear. In some places were great emporiums or manufactories of flint weapons. In the cave of Chaleux were found nearly twenty thousand flints chipped into hatchets, daggers, knives, scrapers, scratchers, and spear-heads. Whistles have been also found made from the first joint of the foot of the reindeer. "We ourselves," says Monsieur Figuier, "have had the pleasure of verifying the fact that these primitive whistles act very well." Perhaps the last person that blew into it had eaten mastodon, or his own mother, ten thousand years ago! He had certainly eaten dog—bones of this animal, broken by the hand of man, and bearing marks of having been cut with a knife, place that fact beyond question.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COUNTRY apothecary, not a little distinguished for his impudence, in the hope of disconcerting a young clergyman whom he knew to be a man of singular modesty, asked him in the presence of a large company, at a public assembly, "Why did the patriarchs of old live to such an old age?" To which the clergyman replied: "I suppose the ancient patriarchs took no physic."

A little boy, six years old, and a little girl, eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed, "Oh, Minnie, I see a dog in the sky!" "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky-terrier!"

A New York Justice, after propounding the customary hymeneal conundrums, thus closes the ceremony: "In the name of the people of the State of New York, I pronounce you man and wife; and you solemnly swear to support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of New York, and to vote the Democratic ticket every time it comes round."

"Well, Pat," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, doctor dear, I enjoy very poor health entirely. The rumatics are very distressin', indade; when I go to shape I lay awake all night, and me toes is swilled up as big as a goose hen's egg, so whin I stand up I fall down immediately."

Some girls are like old muskets; they use a good deal of powder, but won't go off.

A wager was laid on the Yankee peculiarity to answer one question by asking another. To decide the bet, a Down-Easter was interrogated: "I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I kin du it, mister," said the Yankee. "Then why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?" "*Du they?*" was Jonathan's reply.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life,
What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife,"
I am told by mother. Well, that being true,
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;
And if naught but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful "for better or worse"
To take the first booby that graciously came,
And offered those treasures—his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small;
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept;
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

"See here, I can't pass you," said the door-keeper of a theatre to a man who was trying to slip by unnoticed. "Can't you? Well, stand still, then, and I'll pass *you*." And pass he did.

PRE-HYSTERIC TIMES—Before tight lacing.

"Mary, why did you kiss your hand to the young gentleman opposite this morning?" said a careful parent to his blooming daughter. "Why, the fellow had the impudence to throw a kiss clear across the street at me, and, of course, I threw it back indignantly. You wouldn't have me encourage him by keeping it, would you?" Suspicious paternal relative is convinced that he drew an erroneous inference.

Love is an internal transport. So is a canal-boat.

A boot-black, having taken a situation in a store to sweep out and run errands, was questioned by some former associates whether he felt as good as when in business for himself. "Well, 'tis hard to be bossed round," was the reply; "but I pay it off on the ash-man."

I love to see the rain descend,
When I've a good umbrella;
I love to see a man get kicked,
When I am not the fellow.

I love to see a pretty dress,
When I don't have to buy it;
I love to see a pint of wine,
But not when I can't try it.

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put up his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

A loquacious author, after chattering some time about his place to Sheridan, said, "Sir, I fear I have been intruding on your attention." "Not at all, I assure you," replied Sheridan; "I was thinking of something else."

PRESSED FOR TIME—Egyptian mummies.

LADY. "Before I engage you, I should like to know what your religion is?"

COOK. "Oh, ma'am, I always feels it my duty to be of the same religion as the family I'm in."

A BAD POLICY—One that has run out.

A clever mot is attributed to the Prince Imperial. When asked why people always said "Brave as a sword," and never "Brave as a cannon," he replied, "Because a cannon always recoils when it is fired."

"You ought to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easy enough," responded the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

HUSBAND. "If I were to lose you I would never be such a fool as to marry again."

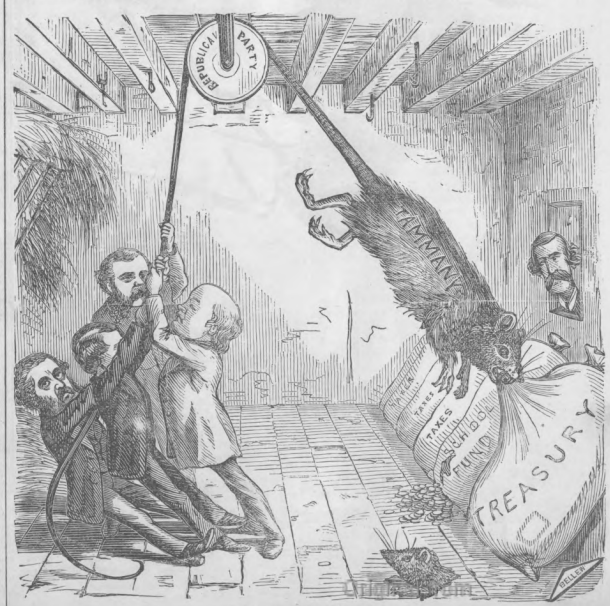
WIFE. "If I were to lose you I would marry again directly."

HUSBAND. "Then my death would be regretted by at least one person."

WIFE. "By whom?"

HUSBAND. "My successor."

A journal asks, What is the difference between a soldier and a fashionable young lady? and replies: One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.



THE TAMMANY RAT.
AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF ATTACHMENT TO DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.

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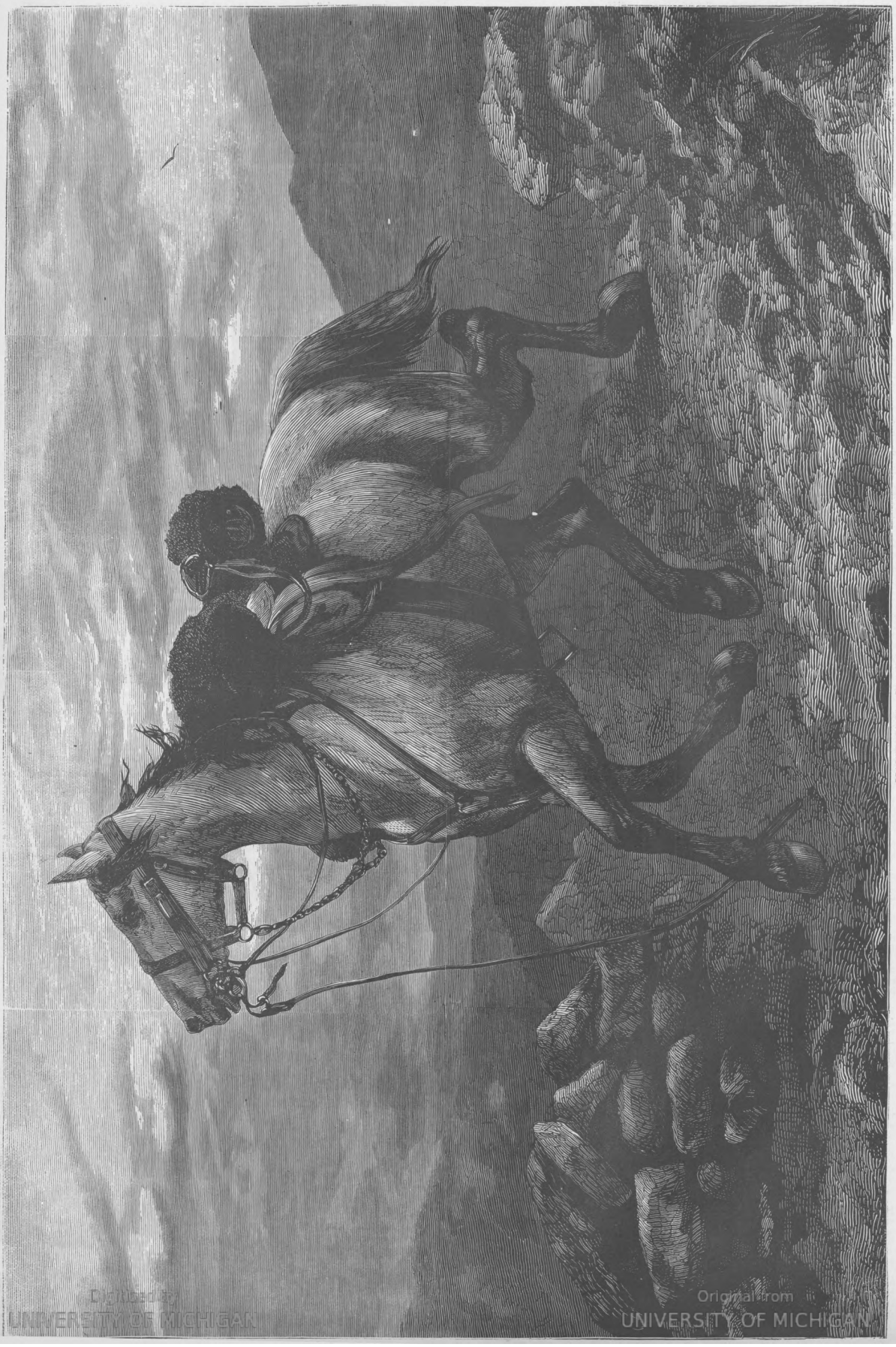

MASTERLESS.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 666.]

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UHLANS BURNING A FRENCH VILLAGE.

THE UHLANS.

What the Cossack was to an earlier generation of Frenchmen the Uhlan is to their descendants. Mysterious in name and ubiquitous in his movements, the blue-and-yellow horseman, with the heavy revolver in his belt, causes at once bewilderment and alarm. Uhlan is the Polish word for lancer, and is said to be derived from a Tartar root signifying brave, a vestige perhaps of Mongolian invasions.

But the Prussian lancer has nothing non-Germanic about him but his name. He is, in fact, a thorough Teuton, cool, hardy, intelligent, and good-humored, the *beau ideal* of a modern light-cavalry man. The officers speak both French and German, and are well acquainted with the topography of the country. When the armies are on the move the Uhlans are thrown out in front and on either flank. They mask the movements of their own forces while they pick up all possible information about the enemy. They tear up railways, cut telegraph-wires, and act as foragers for the main force. Mounted on wiry horses, mostly from the eastern provinces, and broken into small detachments, they are often left for days together to their own resources. The officer in command acts on his own responsibility. If he succeeds, he is employed again, and may hope for speedy promotion. If he fails, he is at once recalled, and serves for the rest of the campaign with the main body of the army.

The tales told of the enterprise and daring developed under this system are almost fabulous. Five hundred of these Uhlans covered the whole line of the frontier during the anxious fortnight in which the German forces were being mobilized, and succeeded in persuading the French marshals that they were the advanced guard of a large force. A party of five took tranquil possession of the town of Chalons, awing the inhabitants with their revolvers, and coolly smoking their pipes while they issued orders to prepare supplies for the troops which were on their way. At Haguenau, Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, resistance was in like manner crushed by sheer audacity. At once bold and wary, reckless of their lives, but careful to avoid unnecessary encounters, they are the eyes of the army; and the marvelous precision with which the operations of the campaign have been conducted is due, in great measure, to the active intelligence of the Uhlans.

One of our illustrations on this page represents a band of Uhlans making a requisition for food at a farm in Ardennes. Another represents the burning of a French village by these modern "Pandours." This is a too frequent spectacle; though, as a rule, the German troops are by no means disorderly.

UHLANS DEMANDING FOOD AT A FRENCH FARM-HOUSE.

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MASTERLESS.

[See Illustration on Page 664.]

In his harness-thongs of glory,
With his bridle blown before,
Comes a steed of heroic story,
With his fetlocks steeped in gore.

He has been where deeds most deadly
Their way through the carnage won;
Where bullets rained fiercely, deadly,
From Chassepôt and needle-gun.

Where art thou, O gallant Master?
Is thy race of glory run?
This eclipse of dire disaster,
Has it quenched thy noon-day sun?

For years upon years together
He listened to thy command;
Loving friends, come wind, come weather,
He obeyed thy guiding hand.

Say, where art thou, noble Master!
Since dark fate unloosed thy hold,
And, thy destroyer flying faster,
In the dust thy glory rolled?

He is free, while thou art lying
In a bondage worse than death;
He is free, thy aid defying,
He who hung upon thy breath!

Free! For what? For wildly straying?
Better thou wert here again!
Free! For shaft-toil worse than slaying?
Would thy grasp were on his rein!

Say, O France! amid disaster,
Is no dream of glory gone?
Freed thyself—thy noble Master
Captive lies, Napoleon!

MRS. LORME'S LITTLE PLOT.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

THERE were great preparations down at Woodside during the whole of the first week of a bright and not very long past July. And as all things that went on at Woodside had a vital interest for me, I was rather agitated by my own and other people's speculations concerning them.

Woodside was the great place—the only "place," in fact, of our Midlandshire village. And Woodside, to my inexperienced and partial eyes, was a very great place indeed. I am free to confess that my eyes were inexperienced, for I had lived my whole life of eighteen years in Chalton. That they were partial may be gathered from the fact that I had given my heart and plighted my troth to Alfred Dene, the eldest son and heir of the owner of the Woodside property.

My father was the cadet of a good, poor, clever, versatile family, and he inherited a fair share of the goodness, poverty, cleverness, and versatility of his race. He had commenced life as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, and he had been compelled to quit the service, which he always continued to love almost enthusiastically, through the spleen of a martinet. On this—the downfall of his first ambition—he had set himself with a splendid resolution to the cultivation of a literary ability of a rare kind. He was a brilliant humorist, and he was a polished classicist. The combination made him of mark among the critically discerning few, but brought him little money from the voracious-for-mere-amusement many.

However that may be, it suffices to say here that he made enough by his pen to live a life of lettered ease in a retired English village, to bring his children up with guarded care, and to educate them well. My two brothers, after successful and honorable university careers, were launched on the world respectively—the elder as a tutor to youths about to enter the civil service, and the younger as a barrister and a leading-article writer on one of the most paying of our "dailies." Thus, though I lived a life of rural seclusion in the flesh, in the spirit I was brought into familiar contact with much of the thought and power of the day—as evidenced by the treatment of the most exciting political, literary, and artistic topics. It is no outbreak of intellectual vanity, but simply the truth, told in order to make the reader better understand my position, to say that, though I had scarcely been beyond the borders of our own paddocks, the fact would not have been apparent to any one who heard me discuss the new books, pictures, and cabinet intrigues which were moving the current interest of the world.

My father spent several weeks of every year in London; but he had either never thought it necessary to give me a taste of a wider life, or he had not the money wherewithal to do it. Whatever the cause, the effect was the same. When he went to town to be lionized in certain circles, I remained at home improving the shining hours to the best of my ability.

I say to be lionized in certain circles advisedly, for though Anthony Thorne lived in obscurity, his talents, and his ability to serve a party powerfully by his pen, were widely recognized and cordially appreciated. The only wonder was that he was not better paid for what all were outspoken in declaring to be thorough work thoroughly done.

During one of these absences of my father's I—left as I was to my own devices—struck up a quiet friendship with Gertrude Dene, the squire's eldest daughter. She was a very ordinary type of young English country lady. Quiet, gentle, fair, inane. Yet, notwithstanding this last quality, capable of scratching when occasion served. She happened to be in one of her chronic love-fits just then; so I answered the purpose of a confidante—a touch-stone on which she could vent some of her spurious sentiments.

There had never been much intimacy between us previous to this. The Woodside people were rich, as riches go in that county-side, and we were poor. Moreover, the Woodside people—the female portion of them at least—were eaten up with an intolerable idea of their own social status. And as I knew that their brains were by no means equal to my own, girl-like I despised them.

But at this juncture Gertrude and I seemed to be very sympathetic. Together we took long walks and drives—the one luxury I was mistress of was a pony-carriage, and together we made futile plans for the future. Her day-dream at that time was to marry a young nobleman who had strayed into the neighborhood, lured by a pigeon-shooting match. Mine was to become an authoress, and win a place in the British Pantheon.

"Alfred will be down for the match," she said to me one morning; "he has quite distinguished himself at Harlingham, and I find Lord Boynton knows him; when Alfred is here we shall give a series of parties, and you must come to them, Annette." She said this rather patronizingly, but I forgave the patronage on that occasion for the sake of the pleasure it might open up to me. A series of parties at Woodside sounded with as glad a note of promise in my ears, at that time, as a series of entertainments at Compeigne can in the ears of a practiced Parisian *habitué*.

Well! The pigeon-shooting match was held, and Alfred Dene won the cup. I remember I felt sick and sorry for the fourteen dove-colored birds that fell to his gun in rapid succession; but I thought him a hero for all that. When he brought the cup to show to me, as I sat in my little pony-carriage with his sister by my side, I thought him a god, and when he made me take the first sip of Champagne out of his prize, I was in love with him.

"You never told me he was so clever," I said to Gertrude that night, as she was fixing a spray of the maidenhair fern in my hair.

"How do you know he is clever?" she asked, suspending operations abruptly, and looking down at me with the sharply spiteful looks that only pale blue eyes can give; "he hasn't spoken to you, has he?"

"Why, he was talking to me for an hour at least," I cried, indignantly.

"What! Lord Boynton! When?"

"No, no; not Lord Boynton. I meant your brother," I laughed.

"Oh, Alfred," she said, with a relieved air; "I dare say he is clever; we all are, you know. Mamma always says it was no trouble to teach us; we taught ourselves."

"Did your mamma ever try it?" I asked, demurely; for Mrs. Dene was notoriously a bombastic, ignorant woman; and though I was in love with her son, I was not by any means blind to her shortcomings.

"Of course not," Gertrude said, haughtily; "we had governesses without end. There! that will do; you really look very nice, Annette; now we'll go down."

We did go down, and Alfred took me in to dinner, and loitered by my side all the evening. I was in a fool's paradise, or I should have taken warning by Mrs. Dene's angry looks and the contemptuous smiles of her younger daughters. (Gertrude was too much engrossed with Lord Boynton to heed me.) As it was, I simply disregarded every thing and every body but Alfred, and he returned the compliment I paid him to the full.

As I had been invited to every one of the series of parties at Woodside, not even Mrs. Dene's wrath could urge her on to tell me that I was no longer welcome to the rest, since I was so very welcome to the heir. The consequence was that I had ample opportunities of encouraging his and my own liking; and before many days were over I committed my first folly. I betrothed myself secretly to a man who excused himself from openly acknowledging the bond. I woke to stern realities after my happy dream when the gayeties came to an end, and my father came home. Alfred went away vowing fidelity, and extracting the like vow from me, and then I had time to think about what I had done. It is true that there was still something pleasant to look forward to in the immediate future, for this was June, and in July a large party—Alfred among them—was to assemble at Woodside.

"How have you been amusing yourself while I have been away, Annette?" my father asked me suddenly one night when we were at dinner.

"How? Oh, in many ways," I answered, in confusion.

"Principally at Woodside, I gathered from your letters?"

"Yes, papa."

"Boynton is a nice fellow, isn't he?"

"I didn't see much of him; he was absorbed with Gertrude."

"I don't believe it," my father said, coolly; "he is not a fool, and she is; all the Denes are, in fact."

"Oh, papa," I cried, in a hot horror; "how can you be so uncharitable and so unjust?"

"Hoity-toity!" my father interrupted, laughing. "Which of them has developed intellect, may I ask? It isn't the fair Miss Gertrude, I'm very sure, or she wouldn't waste her time in vain pursuit of Boynton, who would no more marry her than he would a Lowther Arcade doll!"

I made no answer to this. Presently my father resumed:

"Do you know, Annette, you're growing very like your mother?"

I did start and flush a little at this, for I knew that my mother had been his ideal of female loveliness, and though I had lately taken a certain pleasure in looking at the reflection of my face in the glass, it had never occurred to me that its lineaments could at all resemble those that he had so passionately admired.

"But, papa," I expostulated, "my mother was a beauty."

"So are you, my child," he said, smiling brightly at me; "a beauty, and something beyond it, if I'm not very much mistaken. I have kept you too long in the country, my girl; you deserve a different sphere. I'm glad you haven't punished me by throwing your heart away on some noodle."

My heart fell, but presently I told myself reassuringly that he could never think Alfred *that*, at any rate. I suppose, discreet as I fancied my silence to be, there was something suspicious about it, for my father glanced curiously at me after a while, and said:

"What do you say to going up next week and having a taste of town life for a month, Annette?"

"I should like it, but not just yet," I stammered.

"Not just yet! Why, what is the girl thinking of? If we don't go now, the season will be over before we get there."

"Papa, I can't get ready," I pleaded; "there are so many things for me to get, you know—dresses, and a bonnet, and—and—all sorts of things."

"Bless the child! get them in town, to be sure; you couldn't get any thing down here that would be fit for London in your own eyes in a week. You have no other reason for not wanting to go now, have you?" he continued, sharply.

I leaned my chin on my hand, and made no reply.

"Well, well, Annette," he said, kindly, "I know enough of human nature to sympathize with the reticence a girl displays when she is not sure of something of which she wishes to be sure. If I am not very much mistaken that is your case now; trust me when you can, my child, and the sooner you can the better."

"My dear, dear father," I cried, jumping up and going round and putting my arms round his neck, and my head on his breast, as I had been wont to do when about to confess some childish peccadillo; "I will trust you now—now, this moment." Then I paused, tongue-tied, and crushed by the recollection of the strict secrecy Alfred had almost commanded me to observe when we came to our private understanding.

Ah! as that pang of remembrance assailed my heart and brain, what a miserable business I felt it to be! How I longed to be free to confess all my hopes and all my fears to that good, that frank, chivalrous gentleman whom I was so proud to call my father! But I could not. I dared not break my word to Alfred, for fear of the "consequences" with which he had vaguely threatened me. Ah, me! men do not know half the mischief they do when they burden a young girl's soul in this way.

Heavily freighted as I was with my secret engagement—with what I thought then my most delicious and honorable secret—I yet managed to keep up a keen interest in all the projected gayeties that were to take place at Woodside. And this brings me to my starting-point—namely, the first week of a bright July, when pleasure reigned lord of all, from the basement to the attic of the "Squire's" home.

"DEAREST ANNETTE,—They are all come; bring your warmest congratulations for me to-night, for Lord Boynton seems positively to rejoice at being here again. Yours ever,

"GERTRUDE DENE."

This was the substance of a note I received by the hand of a special messenger one morning early; and from the sly and scrubby hand of the same little boy I had slidden into my own these few words from the man to whom I had voluntarily surrendered the rule of my life:

"DARLING A.,—I came last night, and live on the thoughts of seeing you this evening. Do be careful; I will not be offended at a little coolness.

"Yours eternally—"

Here followed a hieroglyphic which might have been intended to represent the initials A. D., or might, with equal justice, have been taken for any other possible alphabetical combination.

My father was going to dine at Woodside that evening, and at half past seven I started with him in the pony-carriage, with a fluttering feeling in my heart that nullified all my efforts at polite conversation. That little suggestion my lover had offered as to my demeanor seemed to me to be a hint as to what his own would be. And the idea of coolness from him then went like an ice-bolt through my heart.

We were the last to arrive; still there was time for me to observe before dinner was announced that my father and Lord Boynton seemed to be very heartily glad to see one another again. There was also time for me to observe that the centre of attraction in the room appeared to be a very pretty woman, sumptuously dressed in white silk and black laces, who was finally consigned to the care of my lover to take in to dinner.

By-and-by, in the evening, long before I had exchanged any other word than a formal how d'ye do with Alfred, I asked Miss Dene who the fair stranger was.

"She is *so* exquisite," Gertrude said, rapturously; "you never saw any thing like her. Just look at that Chantilly lace! real, every bit of it; and Alfred says that every thing in her house is equally perfect."

"Who is she?" I interrupted, pettishly.

"Mrs. Lorme—a widow, and immensely rich; it argues yourself unknown not to know her, Alfred says. It was a great thing to get her here; but to tell the truth" (here she lowered her voice mysteriously, and affected in a bright-eyed manner that was one of her numerous affectations to make sure of my sympathy)—"but to tell the truth, I believe that Alfred is the attraction."

I felt the face that my father had called so beautiful only the other day stiffen into the semblance of an ugly, revengeful mask as she spoke. But I summoned some of that pride of which every young girl possesses a fund to my aid, and said:

"And is she the attraction that brings him here?"

"That we can't tell yet; I only know it was by his desire that she was invited," Gertrude said, flippantly. And then the gentlemen came into the room, and she went off to places that were accessible to Lord Boynton. It happened, however, that Lord Boynton did not avail himself of the opportunity thus magnanimously given by the fair foe to his liberty. On the contrary he stood near to me, talking to my father; and I, too, soon became absorbed in the conversation.

They were talking about something that my youngest brother, Albert Thorne, had written lately, something that removed him far above the rank of a mere press-man, and that was causing him to be very highly thought of. As they talked of him Mrs. Lorme roused herself from her lassitude and came forward, and to the astonishment of more than one of us said, with animation,

"Are you speaking of that Prince of Bohemia, Albert Thorne?"

My father bowed, and then laughingly added that he did not know that his son was openly and avowedly a citizen of that land of the free.

"Yes he is," she said, sparkling as she spoke, in a way that was as soothing to my sisterly vanity as it was to the lately roused jealousy on account of Alfred Dene, "yes he is; and let me tell you that if I were a power, and ever formed a *belle alliance* with any other, it would be with that bonniest of all bonny kingdoms."

"You agree with our latest lost and hardly spared young literary light, Geoffrey Prowse, then; he wrote:

"'Though the latitude's rather uncertain,
And the longitude likewise is vague,
That person I pity who knows not the city,
The beautiful city of Prague.'"

"Yes, Mr. Thorne, I do most heartily agree with him. Will you introduce me to your daughter?" she added, with a most winning grace; and the next moment my hand was taken and cordially pressed by the woman I had almost regarded as my rival.

For more than an hour she sat by me, talking of art and literature and Albert, and I could not fail to perceive that the last was the most interesting topic to her. She told me where she lived—"a gem of a house in Benton Street;" and how she lived—"one of a mediocre conventional society, through which your brother and others of that ilk gleam like meteors at rare intervals;" and I should have been quite happy in her society if I had only had one word from Alfred.

At last, just before we were going away, and just after lovely Mrs. Lorme had volunteered a visit to me the following day, my tardy lover found his way to my side.

In extenuation of my infatuation for him I ought to say that Alfred Dene was as handsome as a star. A tall, lithe young Apollo, with nut-brown curly hair tipped with gold, and eyes of that tawny hazel hue that, aided by their thick, dark lashes, always look so much more than they mean. Moreover, he had a very seductive manner, a very polished, easy grace of bearing, and—he was my first love, and I was only eighteen.

"We have conducted ourselves miraculously well to-night," he said, complacently, as he sat down by me on the chair that Mrs. Lorme had just vacated. "I defy the most vigilant of domestic detectives to discover any thing, if we only go on like this."

"If we go on like this, it would be as well that there should be nothing to discover," I answered, coldly.

"My dear, impulsive Annette," he whispered, "why in the world *should* we make public what is so deliciously our own? We know it; isn't that sufficient?"

"Quite for you, apparently," I said, as carelessly as I could. And then he asked, eagerly:

"What has she been saying to you?"

"Mrs. Lorme?—many things. Among others, that she is a great admirer of the genius, as she is pleased to call it, of my brother Albert."

"The deuce she is," he muttered, thoughtfully. "She's rich enough to indulge her caprices, too," he added. Then he seemed to recollect himself, and asked me if I could arrange to see him to-morrow.

"Yes, Alfred, if you'll come to my father's house," I said, decidedly; "but I'll do nothing more clandestine."

"Don't speak so loud; my mother will hear you!" he said, in an evident terror that roused afresh all my ire and pride. Before I could retort my father had come to take me away, and I had no excuse for not taking Alfred Dene's arm to lead me out of the room.

"Do be careful, my own darling," he whispered, softly, as we walked through the hall. "This will not be for long, and when it's over we shall laugh about it."

"You may," I thought, "but I never shall;" and then I uttered a little fervent, fierce prayer for strength to be granted to my heart to enable me to break my fetters ere they humbled me still farther.

We had a very silent drive home; but when my father had lifted me out of the pony-carriage very tenderly, and the boy had driven round to the stable, he said, as we paused to look at the moonlight effects before we went into the house,

"Are you ready to trust me yet, Annette?"

I did not feel a bit afraid of him, or abashed before him then. I just looked frankly up in his dear, kind, honest face, and said,

"Not just yet, but I shall soon." And for reply he put his hand on my shoulder confidingly, and sent me to my rest with the blessed conviction that my father was not suspicious or distrustful of me—a conviction that, if parents would im-

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part more frequently to their children, would work marvels in the way of establishing that noble system of mutual trust which is the real basis of family happiness.

I was lured, despite my resolution to do nothing more clandestine, into having a meeting with Alfred Dene the following morning. He told me, apparently, a good deal about his private affairs. That is to say, he told me several things that made me take rather a forlorn view of our prospects of ever being more to one another than we now were.

"You see, being only a treasury-clerk on £500 a year, it would be madness on my part to think of marrying on that," he said, mournfully.

"But marriage is a thing of the future; concealment in the present is all I dislike," I urged, vehemently.

"My darling, you talk like a child; you were reasonable enough the other day; now you are unreasonable, and a little unjust. If we avowed our attachment, it would be talked about and opposed, and—and—I'm sure you're too delicate-minded to desire notoriety of that sort."

"I'm too delicate-minded to like deceiving my father," I said, gloomily. "Oh, Alfred, if you knew how grandly gentle he was in his treatment or me when he first found out that I had something to conceal—"

"*Has* he found out that?" he interrupted, in a most unheroically alarmed way.

"Yes, he has. My father is not indifferent to me, or to what concerns my honor and happiness," I said, in a little high-flown strain, that was pardonable enough considering my age and the circumstances.

"Then he'll find out what it is soon," Alfred said, with genuine annoyance. "I did think you cared more for me, Annette; you don't realize all that this will entail. As sure as a gun, my mother will get my father to cut off my allowance."

"What a price to pay for your love!" I thought; but I only said,

"You shall not be such a sufferer: I will tell my father *this*, and then your family will be spared. I will say to him that I have been in a dream, but that I'm awake now; in other words, I will tell him that there is nothing more between us."

"In other words, you will make him believe me to be a rascal," he said, warmly; "besides, my dear girl, I am not going to give you up, I can tell you that. I counsel a little justifiable concealment, and you're off on the high ropes at once, like a woman. You don't want to have done with me, Annette?"

He put his arm round me as he spoke, and pressed his lips to mine. And, fool that I was, I submitted to the caress, and let the man persuade me against my own judgment.

"I have a fortnight's holiday, dearest," he said, presently; "let us spend it in peace; let us make it an idyl – a sunny spot to look back upon, whatever comes."

I did not like the possible meaning of the two last words; but I did like him so very much that I agreed that it would be a delightful thing to do; only how were we to do it?

"Meet me here every morning," he said, promptly. "You won't grudge me an hour or two, will you, my love, my darling? Meet me here, where no prying eyes can see us, and no inquisitive ears hear us. 'Stay with me, lady, while you may,'" he continued, passionately, quoting Owen Meredith, of whose writings, by-the-way, he knew me to be inordinately fond at that epoch; "'for life's so sad, this hour's so sweet.'"

"And of an evening you will be distant to me and devoted to Mrs. Lorme?" I questioned.

"Pshaw! Mrs. Lorme—she's a blind, that's all," he said, in some confusion. "The people at home take it for granted that I ought to be at her feet; so I am obliged to humor their suspicions, that's all." Then he looked at his watch, and said it was time to go, and I was free to go into the house and await the advent of my self-invited guest, Mrs. Lorme.

She came at length, looking lovelier than she had looked on the previous night, and for a few minutes I felt more jealous of her than before. But my jealousy fled and gave room for a feeling of even greater misery when she said:

"I'm an older woman than you, Miss Thorne; but I wouldn't rest my claim to be heard by you on that fact alone, if I didn't take a great interest in your family. Don't have any thing to do with Alfred Dene. I venture to say this because I know him to be a most insidious wooer and a most untrustworthy man."

Again an ice-bolt went through my heart, but I was dumb.

"They, the girls, think that I am here because I love their brother," she resumed; "whereas the truth is that I am here solely because I love yours."

The vivid blush that spread over her beautiful face as she spoke, the pure, proud light that came into her eyes, testified to her truth. Wonderingly I waited to hear more.

"Albert and I were only just engaged when I got this invitation from the Denes; and hearing of your beauty from your brother, I judged, and judged rightly I fear, that Mr. Alfred Dene would not have known you without being true to himself and false to you. So I begged Albert to keep silence about our little plans until I had been down here. I have not come too soon. Alfred Dene is a traitor!"

"How dare you say it of him?" I sobbed.

"Because it is the truth. I marked his reserve toward you last night; it is a manner that I have seen him adopt to another girl whom he had led into the error of believing in him. I marked his agitation this morning when he came to me with his false vows."

"Vows to you?" I stuttered out.

"Vows to me. Have I not what his soul, what noble yet almost tearful energy she seems loves—money?" she said, calmly. "I would not desecrate my engagement to your brother Albert by telling him of it. I only repulsed him with the scorn he merits. That was at twelve this morning. Tell me the truth, dear Annette, has he not been with you since then?"

I bowed my head in silent shame, and she generously would not press me for words.

"Dear Annette," she said, kissing me, "treat this matter as it deserves to be treated. Tell him you know him for what he is, and have done with him; or, stay—give him one lesson. You will not object to humbling a thing so mean?"

"What will you have me do?" I asked.

"Do? Come up to town to-day with your father; I will go too; but they must not know that we act in concert. I will develop my plan to your father, and if he approves of it you will consent?"

I agreed to this, still being in a dream, and before nightfall I was located with my father at the Langham Hotel.

They considerately said nothing to me about my discomfiture for the next few days, during the whole of which time my brother and Mrs. Lorme appeared to be very busy. At the end of the few days they told me that they were going to be married, very quietly, at St. George's, Hanover Square, the following day. "Only papa and you will be present, Annette, and perhaps one other friend," Albert said.

"Who is the other friend?" I asked.

"Well, I hope you'll not object; but, knowing how fond Alfred Dene is of every thing clandestine, I have written to tell him that I am going to make a secret marriage to-morrow, and to beg him to do me the service of being my groomsman. It will be the easiest way for you to get out of your little difficulty with him, dear, without a regular explanation and exposure, and all that sort of thing; seeing the conjunction of Trixy, you, and myself, he will understand that he is seen through, and you will be free without loss of dignity."

I did not like the idea of such a *dénouement* to my first romance, but I had been such a weak guide to myself that I could not do other than let them guide me now. Accordingly, the following day I arrayed myself in the pretty bride-maid's dress that Trixy Lorme had had provided for me by her own milliner, and went to St. George's with my father.

We all seemed to arrive together. My brother and his groomsman had barely had time to reach the altar-rails and turn round before my father and I, and the bride, leaning on the arm of an old friend, her lawyer, were close upon them. The service commenced at once; it was over before I found the courage to look up at Alfred Dene's face. It was as pale as death, and he palpably had to constrain himself strongly in order to remain to the end.

When we were signing in the vestry he took his hat up, and, with a brief "wish for her welfare" to the bride, he went away without one word to the others. My father followed him out into the square, and there spoke his last words to the found-out man. He told me their substance afterward.

"I am afraid that you were a little disappointed this morning, Mr. Dene; let it be a warning to you not to dabble in any thing clandestine again, and be thankful that instead of being humbugged you did not get a horse-whipping."

On the whole I am thankful for my experience. I took to my pen earnestly as a diversion, and my pen has well repaid me. I only write prose fiction; if I wrote poetry I would say, with L. E. L.:

"It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song."

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

A VERY gentle, brave, and noble-spirited woman was Charlotte Brontë. Fragile of form, and tremulous as an aspen leaf, she had an energy of mind and a heroism of character capable of real things in private life as admirable as any of the fine delineations in her works of fiction. Nothing she has ever done seems to me more truthful, more magnanimous, and more touching than the brief preface she wrote to a new edition of her sister's novel of "Wuthering Heights." Emily was dead; her novel had not been appreciated; not well spoken of by the critics; not well received by the public; and mainly in consequence of frequent violations, in no instance of the reality of the characters she had so wonderfully portrayed in their time and place, but violations of the so-called "taste of the day," which does not permit country squires and others to swear in oaths with proper spelling, but only by a first and last letter, and a hushing-up dash, to mark the prudent author's disapproval of a profane tongue. There were also some other startling excrescences, but only as the excess of force in the reality of the pictures, all very pardonable in the first work of a young author. "Wuthering Heights" is one of the most powerful novels ever written in the English language, or any other language. It did indeed deserve a better fate. Emily Brontë died without receiving any public recognition of her genius, and although the inward fangs of a fatal disease were doing their certain work, the world might perhaps have had another creation from that so potent spirit; and in any case the feeling of some public acknowledgment that she had not lived, and felt, and thought, and labored in vain, would have helped to smooth her death-pillow, and to have made the brief remaining period of her generous sister's own life more happy. With what earnest emotion does Charlotte Brontë strive in that preface to place her sister's fame beside, or above, her own; with

to keep down her reproaches of the shallow judgment, the prudery, and want of perception, which had refused to admit Emily to her rightful place among writers of fiction! The ancient Romans used to set up a statue to "Success," and worshiped it as a god. What could the figure have been like, one wonders? Such a deity could not well be set up, admissibly and substantially as such, in modern times; but, O Discretion! how often do we notice that for want of thee the best things may fail utterly, while, with thine aid, mediocrity in all shapes may become most prosperous!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE long-continued drought of the past season has been severely felt in almost every section of the country, and has been almost as remarkable as the unusual heat which preceded it. Much as it has disturbed city residents, the farmers in the country have been the chief sufferers. Happy they who have unfailing springs upon their land! Both crops and cattle have been parched for lack of water. Some complaints have been made concerning the impurities of the Croton water in this city. It is true that the extremely warm, dry weather of the past season so reduced the natural flow of the Croton River as to render the supply of water entirely inadequate to the demand. Consequently the Chief Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct Board purchased some lakes in Putnam County, the waters from which have been turned into the Croton River above the Croton Dam. The quantity supplied from these sources has for several weeks varied from thirty to sixty millions of gallons; and without this the city would have been destitute of water. The inconvenience, therefore, to which residents of New York have been subjected was, on the whole, comparatively slight. They should remember the thousands of wells in country places that are entirely dry, and thankfully take the trouble and expense involved in more thoroughly filtering the water they use.

Cornell University has received nearly three hundred new pupils this fall. In consequence of the great increase of students four additional professors have been elected, among whom is Mr. O. P. Cornell, a son of the founder. The library of the University already numbers 30,000 volumes. It contains the private library collected by Charles Anthon, entire—8000 volumes in all; the library of Franz Bopp, Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Berlin; Goldwin Smith's private library, 3500 volumes, and he has given $2200 for books, in addition, this year; President White has bought $10,000 worth of books for the University, and has also lately added to the library 1200 very valuable volumes on architecture; Mr. William Kelly, of Rhinebeck, has given $2250 for mathematical books; Mr. Cornell has just added $1000 to a former gift of $500 for agricultural books; the British Government has presented 2400 volumes of British patents, from 1611 to 1870, and the volumes will increase at the rate of 100 a year. These volumes, which are still in London, are to be rebound, and the plates, which are on thin paper, are to be backed, at a cost of £1400.

The widow of Audubon, the naturalist, resides in Louisville, Kentucky, and is over eighty years of age. A short time ago the 350 beautiful copper-plates, from which Audubon's "Birds of America" was printed, were to be sold at auction in this city, for her benefit. The sale, however, was postponed at the request of one of the members of the Board of Education, until it could be decided whether the Board would buy them. These plates weigh 3360 pounds, and were engraved in London in 1832 and 1833, at a cost of £20,000. The original drawings have been deposited with the New York Historical Society, $3000 having been subscribed by wealthy persons to keep them in this city.

A French physician, Dr. Maydieu, has revived an old practice of administering shot as a remedy for bilious colic. His method is to take No. 5 shot, after carefully washing them with sweet oil, and give a dessert-spoonful every half hour. He claims that in five or six hours the vomiting ceases.

Chemical analysis shows that fish contains all the constituent elements of a perfectly composed food.

The Crown Prince of Prussia received his English education from Professor Thatcher, of Yale College. While the Professor was studying in Germany he became tutor to the young prince, and taught him what he knows of the English language.

In 1815 the Paris *Moniteur* thus recorded, from day to day, the progress of Napoleon I. from Elba to Paris:

"The Anthropophagist has Escaped."
"The Corsican Ogre has Landed."
"The Tiger is Coming."
"The Monster has Slept at Grenoble."
"The Tyrant has Arrived at Lyons."
"The Usurper has been Seen in the Environs of Paris."
"Bonaparte Advances Toward, but Will Never Enter, the Capital."
"Napoleon Will be Under our Ramparts To-morrow."
"His Imperial Majesty Entered the Tuileries, on the 21st of March, in the Midst of his Faithful Subjects."

In the early days of *Household Words*, the only regular staff-contributors of original articles were Mr. Dickens, the acting editor, and Mr. R. H. Horne. Occasionally an article was jointly written. One day Mr. Dickens proposed to Mr. Horne a paper on "Chatham Dock-yard," and the subject being approved, they went early to the place, where observations and notes might be made. "Now," said Mr. Dickens, this article will naturally divide itself into two parts, which we can afterward dove-tail together—viz., the works of the dock-yard, and the fortifications and country scenery around. Which will you take?" Mr. Horne at once replied that the works of the dock-yard seemed most promising. Dickens smiled and said, "Then we'll meet here again at a quarter of five. I am glad you made that choice, for this is a sort of native place of mine. I was a school-boy here, and have juvenile memories and associations all round the country outskirts." Few literary men would have suppressed a strong personal feeling on such an occasion before the choice was made. To the joint article thus prepared Mr. Dickens gave the title of "One Man in a Dock-yard," thus again sinking his own personality.

A writer in *Good Health* says that the average weight, all the year round, of that portion of a woman's clothing which is supported from the waist is between ten and fifteen pounds; and that if a woman was sentenced to carry such a weight about in this way for a number of years, for some great crime, the punishment would be denounced as an inhuman one; yet thousands of women daily endure such a punishment voluntarily, because it is the custom, and because they do not know the bad effects likely to follow it. The writer earnestly counsels women—not to adopt an attire similar to that worn by men, but to have their clothing suspended from the shoulders, by which dangerous pressure on abdominal muscles would be avoided.

Jennie Lind and Florence Nightingale are among the London Committee for the relief of the sick and wounded in the European war.

All the property of Admiral Farragut was left by his will to his wife and son. The total value of it is stated to be $200,000.

Bismarck is said to have some poetry in him, and that on approaching Nancy on the Moselle, he became sentimental, and thus addressed the "French damsel:"

"'Tis here I'd fly to meet thee still
At sound of the vesper bell,
In the starry light
Of a summer night
On the banks of the blue Moselle;
For, Nancy dear, through fire and rain,
Against M'Mahon and Bazaine,
Old Nap, young Nap, and all their train,
I've come to the Moselle."

From Rio Janeiro we hear a report of a contemplated visit of the Emperor of Brazil to the United States. The object of his visit is to gather information which may prove useful to him in the administration of affairs in the vast country over which he rules.

Bouchet, the colored Freshman at Yale College, is said to have passed by far the best examination of any of the one hundred and ninety candidates. The young man is a resident of New Haven, eighteen years of age, and graduated from the leading preparatory school of the city, valedictorian of his class. What rank he will take in '74 remains to be seen.

The German soldier finds his sausage as important to him as his needle-gun. The government supplies the army with a sort of sausage made of pease-meal, onions, spices, and bacon. It is so made that it will keep a long time, and, in fact, needs no further cooking, and is only put into hot water before eating, when this can be done. It is both palatable and nutritious. In Cologne several buildings are appropriated to the manufacture of this sausage, and over two thousand men employed.

A census-taker interviewed a woman whose family might be considered as belonging to the vagabond order, and the following conversation ensued:

CENSUS-TAKER. "What is your occupation?"

WOMAN. "I work myself to the bone trying to get something to eat in the house, and to pay the rent."

CENSUS-TAKER. "What does your son do" (a man of twenty-two), "or what is his trade?"

WOMAN. "He never had any trade, and he don't do any thing to my knowledge but get drunk, and come home and abuse his mother."

CENSUS-TAKER. "What does your daughter do?" (A girl of eighteen, who looked on with a simper on her face.)

WOMAN. "She used to work in a factory, but she don't do any thing now but gad the streets, and leave me to do the work."

CENSUS-TAKER. "Do the two children go to school?"

WOMAN. "No, Sir; I've tried to make them go to school, but a regiment of soldiers couldn't keep them there; so I let them go where they please, and maybe they'll live to repent it."

The first music printed in New England was in 1609, and the earliest collection preserved was published in 1698, and contains thirteen tunes. In 1713 the first organ in the country was set up in King's Chapel. It remained unpacked for seven months, but when it was set up it became at once a wonder. One old lady thought it was "a pretty box of whistles, but an awful way to spend the Sabbath." About the time of the Revolution the custom of "deaconing" out the hymns was abolished, amidst much opposition. In one instance, when the deacon persisted in lining out the hymn, he was overborne by the choir, and left the church in tears, but was afterward censured by the church. In another case, a deacon waited until the choir finished, and then commenced lining out the hymn, prefacing it by saying: "The world's people have sung, now let the Lord's people sing." The first instrument brought to aid church-music was the pitchpipe, then came the tuning-fork, the bass-viol, and other stringed instruments, which preceded the organ. The introduction of the viol caused much opposition, and once a minister introduced the service by saying: "You may fiddle and sing the 105th Psalm."

In by-gone days a man of style in Paris wore a coat of bright blue silk, faced with yellow; a white satin vest, wrought with gold-lace; satin trowsers tied at the knee with knots of gay ribbon; white silk hose, with slippers called pumps; and frills of costly lace drooping daintily over the hands. His hair was covered with pomatum, and then well floured, and his queue was stiff with powder and oil. On the whole, *present* fashions, both for ladies and gentlemen, might be worse than they are.

An awakened and accusing conscience often is the bitterest of punishments. A singular instance recently occurred in Massachusetts. A watchman in the Charlestown State Prison brutally threw a small boy into the water from the prison wharf, where he was playing with other boys. The child pleaded for his life, saying he could not swim; but the cruel watchman made not the slightest effort to save him, and he was drowned. For this barbarous deed the light sentence of five years' imprisonment was inflicted upon him. But into his prison an avenging monitor followed him. The heinousness of his crime arose before him, and there was no rest for him day or night. His anguish was so great that his health failed, and he became absolutely insane. Only a little over one month of his imprisonment had passed when he died in the hospital, a most pitiable object.

The Western youth who, being desirous to wed the object of his affections, "interviewed" her paternal ancestor, and stated that, although he had no money worth speaking of, yet he was "chock full of days' works," has got the girl. Other youths, Western and Eastern, can take the hint.

The Baroness De Reumont, whose château of Grand-Verneuil is, or was, a few miles from Montmédy, has suffered strange vicissitudes. In 1792, and again in 1814, and still a third time in 1870, she has been forced to flee from her home before an advancing army of Prussians. She is now ninety-four years old.

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POPE PIUS IX.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again."

King Henry VIII., Act III., Scene 2.

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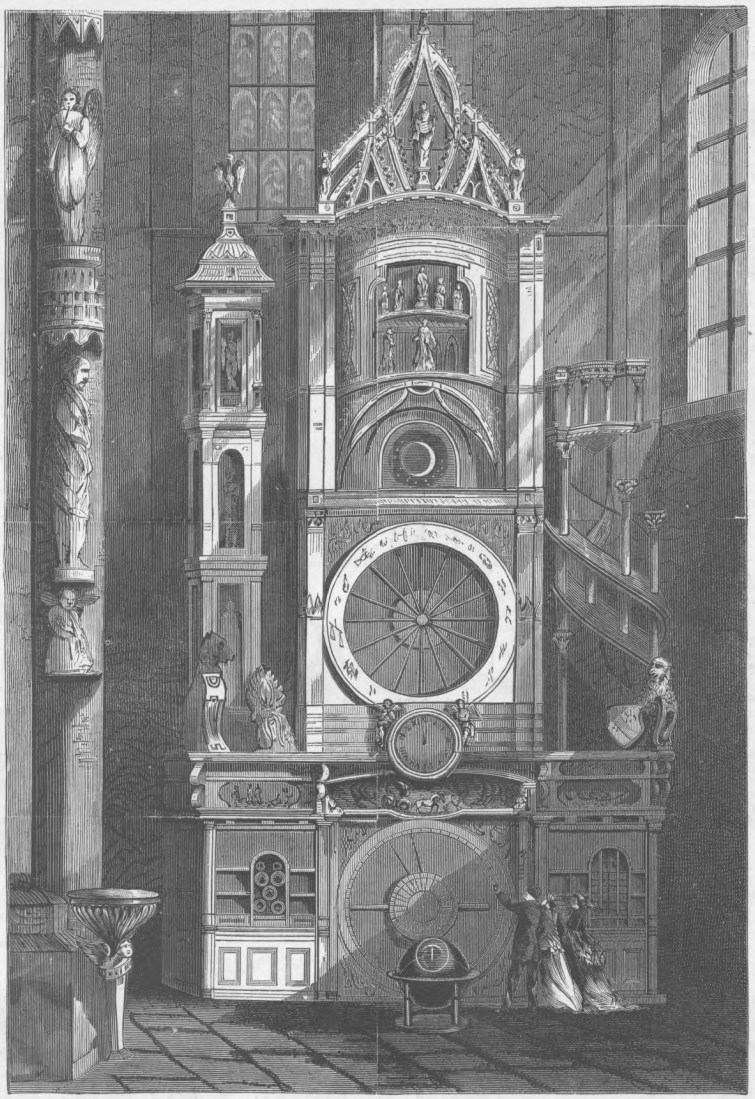
THE STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL AND CLOCK.

THE wonder and delight of Strasbourg is the Cathedral—one of the master-pieces of Gothic architecture. Founded by CLOVIS in 510, reconstructed by PEPIN and CHARLEMAGNE, destroyed by lightning in 1007, it was rebuilt in 1015 by ERWIN DE STEINBACH, and finished in 1413 by JEAN HULTZ, of Cologne, after the tower had been four hundred and twenty-four years incomplete. According to tradition, ten thousand workmen toiled at the holy work for the good of their souls, "all for love, and nothing for reward." An epitome of Gothic art, this Cathedral contains specimens of every style, from the Byzantine upward. Heaven send it a safe deliverance from Prussian shot and shell! let the gunners aim wide of that noble, heaven-piercing spire, which, according to the best guide-books, rises four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the pavement—that is twenty-four feet higher than the great Pyramid, and sixty-four feet higher than St. Paul's, the body of the church itself being higher than the towers of York Minster. The view from this net-work of stone repays the giddiest person. Beyond the dull red roofs, and the high-roofed and many-windowed houses, spreads the whole country of the Rhine and Black Forest, and on the side of France you see those Vosges Mountains, that might have been held against the world. HOPE describes the netting of detached arcades and pillars over the west end of the Cathedral to be like a veil of the finest cast iron, so sharp and bright is the carving of the durable stone; while Dr. WHEWELL, comparing the building to an edifice placed under a rich open casket of woven stone, laments the sacrifice of distinctness from the multiplicity and intersection of the lines. The triple portal is peculiarly fine, and is in itself a world of quaint statues and bass-reliefs. The middle arch is adorned with no less than fourteen statues of the Old Testament prophets; on the right arch are the Ten Virgins, and on the left the Virgins treading under foot the Seven Capital Sins. In the Revolution these carvings were destroyed, and the great brass doors melted down into money, but they have been restored with a most reverential care. The choir is plain and simple Romanesque, but the nave is the choicest early decorated German Gothic. The tower's special treasures are the fine stained windows of the fourteenth century, recently restored (spare them, gentle gunners!), the vast marigold windows, and the famous astronomic clock, one of the wonders of Europe, comprising a perpetual calendar, a planetarium on the Copernican system, and shows the hour, the day of the week, the month of the year. It was made in 1571, and, after standing still for fifty-six years (a good rest), was repaired in 1842 by a mechanician of the town. We give on this page an illustration of this wonderful clock. This part of the Cathedral is supported by a single pillar of great symmetry, and above the Gothic cornice appears the effigy of ERWIN DE STEINBACH, the architect of this vast building, whose tombstone was discovered, in 1855, in a humble little court behind the chapel of St. John. In an old house at the southwest corner of the Minster Platz there are preserved some curious ancient architectural drawings belonging to the Cathedral.



THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK AT STRASBOURG.

RAILROAD TRUCKS FOR HOUSES IN PARIS.

So strong is the faith of the peasantry in the impregnable position of Paris that they have voluntarily flocked into the city in immense numbers from the adjacent country. The police have hunted up all the "useless mouths," and sent as many as possible out of the place by the railroads leading to the northwest; but now that Paris is completely invested by the enemy, all within the fortifications must remain and take the chances of war, sharing the discomforts inevitable to a state of siege. The houses will not accommodate the population, and the useless railroad cars have been made available as places of shelter for such as can not find homes elsewhere. Our engraving on this page shows how this design is being carried out.

ITALY.

WHEN the Continental war first broke out the Italian Government was urged to take advantage of the moment to occupy Rome as her capital; but ministers replied, with a certain magnanimity, which apparently secured the public approval for their policy, that it was unfair to press France in the hour of her trial for a settlement of that question. The question is now, however, being settled. The excited state of public feeling has been such that it has been necessary to act promptly in the matter, and thus forestall the party of action.

It was resolved by the King and his ministers to occupy the Pontifical territory with Italian troops. There was a strong agitation in Rome and the provinces, addresses being forwarded to the King, popular placards posted, and the people in some parts at last rising in open insurrection. Colonel De Charette, with the Papal Zouaves, fortified Montefiascone, and declared that with or without the leave of the Pope he, for one, would resist the Italian troops. Signor San Martino, intrusted with a mission to the Pope, carried an autograph letter from the King, begging his Holiness not to oppose the advance of the army, and it was understood that

HOUSING THE PEASANTRY IN RAILROAD TRUCKS IN PARIS.

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the advance was only delayed until the return of the embassador. His mission was so far successful that orders were issued to the Zouaves to offer no opposition, and several of the prelates were in favor of an arrangement with the King; but to this, it appears, the Pope could not bring himself, but was occupied in framing a protest.

On Monday, September 12, the Italian troops, under the command of General Cadorna, crossed the Roman frontier, their instructions being to occupy such places as asked for their presence, for the safety of the public and the Holy See, and not in the King's name. The inhabitants were not to be molested, and the next step in the drama was to be a vote of the people, annexation or no annexation; and not till that is given is the King to assume sovereignty over the occupied provinces. The troops were enthusiastically received every where; Montefiascone was evacuated, the Papal troops contenting themselves at first with cutting the railway lines; but at Civita Castellano they fired at the advance-guard, and then capitulated. Viterbo, Frosinone, and Corneto have been occupied.

The Pope, who was to have gone to Malta, decided to remain in the Vatican, but refused all terms of arrangement with the government of Italy.

CYNICISM.

THAT kind of cynical criticism of life which amounts to a regular depreciation of its higher aims and better labors is founded upon an error which it is very easy to signalize. If the conscience of an observer has been depraved by willful wrong-doing, he immediately inclines to note and dwell upon the worst or weaker part of the character of each individual; not necessarily to rejoice in it, which would be devilish, but to watch the power which the wrong part in a man may have of defeating the right part in him. But all the while he is imperfectly sensible of the great fact that the good and right are still in the ascendant; or, in other words, that, in the mass, excess and defect correct each other, so that collective man is a very different creature from A or B taken at hazard out of a crowd. This is, indeed, a very poor way of putting the case, which might be made much stronger; but room must now be made for a word about cynical criticism of a less malignant order. This chiefly exhibits itself in running down vulgar enthusiasms, and questioning, in a scientific vein, the accuracy of those instinctive generalizations which play so large a part in human affairs. With regard to the vulgar enthusiasms, it is a curious thing that while the great humorists often make us smile at them, they always show them in their true light—that is, as fortresses or intrenched camps made by the better part of the average human mind in its haste to go about its business. We can not always be stopping to chop logic concerning degrees of heroism or genius in history and literature; just as in life, we find the best-hearted people choose their friends and stick to them, without pausing every now and then to revise the grounds on which their choice was made.

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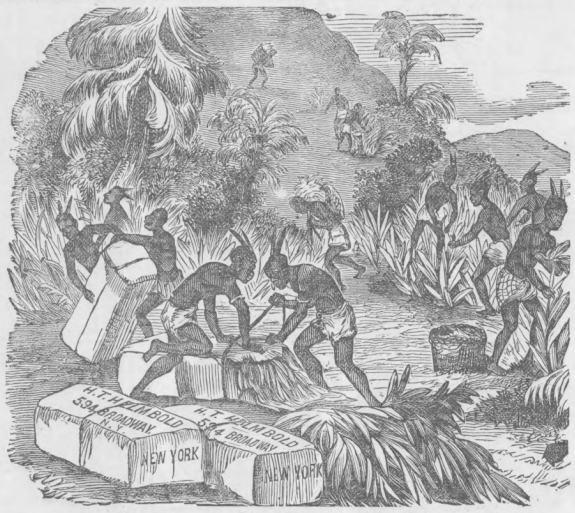

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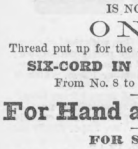

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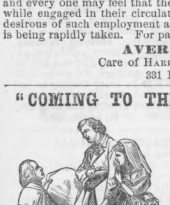

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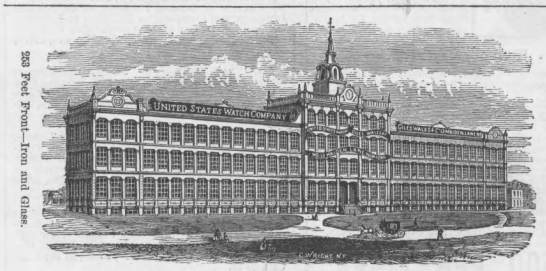

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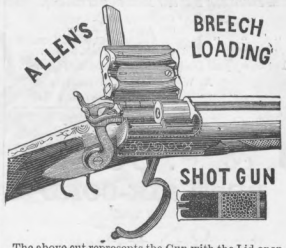

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 721.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE BURNING OF BAZEILLES.

ONE of the most horrible incidents of the war in France was the burning of the village of Bazeilles, represented in the accompanying illustration. Exaggerated and distorted narratives of this lamentable affair have appeared in the letters of war correspondents; but the statement of an English gentleman who was actually in the village the day it was burned, and saw the Bavarian soldiers setting fire to the houses, relieves it of its worst horrors, and makes it apparent that there was no intention to take the lives of non-combatants. The French soldiers had defended their position in the village, and clung to every house and bit of wood. The Bavarians were so close upon them that some of them were cut off and left in Bazeilles. Here they remained concealed in the houses while the Bavarians passed through. It was only about eleven o'clock that they were discovered. The village was then on fire in several places, and the fire had reached a large house at the corner of two streets. Suddenly from the windows of this house was opened a sharp fire, and the men of the small Bavarian force in the place began to fall fast. The little garrison in the house refused to surrender. The Bavarians fired in vain; and through the closed shutters straw was heaped against the doors and lighted, but the wind blew steadily back, and left the front of the house untouched; and from the cellars and the ground-floor in front the French still kept up their fire. At last their officer fell, mortally wounded, from the window. He was picked up and brought in by the Germans, and soon afterward the remnant of the little force surrendered. There were 200 men of the marines in the house. Their commander would not hear of a surrender, and only forty came out at last unhurt. In other houses other small bands were found. Some of the inhabitants, not soldiers, even women, fired on the Bavarians. This English gentleman saw them taken with the arms in their hands. The men, but not the women, he was assured, would be hanged next day. It is said, however, that other people, who had taken refuge in the cellars, unknown to the German soldiers, were unfortunately stifled by the smoke of the burning houses. But there is no substantial evidence of the enormous act of cruelty that has been alleged. Bazeilles was rather more than a large village—almost a town, of 2000 or 3000 inhabitants, with a church and a mairie. The greater part of its population had fled into Belgium. The church, and all the houses in the place, are destroyed.

BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF BAZEILLES.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST IN THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

THE election in New York has this interest for the country, that, if Mr. HOFFMAN should be re-elected Governor, he would be the Presidential candidate of the Tammany managers. It is useful for the country, therefore, to know something of the chief illustration of his political character and career. He has been Mayor of the city and Governor of the State. As Mayor of the city, his most memorable act was a proclamation at once denying and protecting the electoral frauds, which were not reported only, but known, and by means of which Mr. HOFFMAN was elected Governor. His most conspicuous act as Governor is the signing of the Erie bill, an outrage so flagrant that it has convicted him, in the minds of all intelligent citizens of his own State who are familiar with the facts, either of total incapacity or of utter want of principle. Stung by the consciousness that this great iniquity justly threatens its perpetrator with political destruction, the shrewder Democratic organs are busily endeavoring to divert attention from their candidate by slander of General WOODFORD. But the less wary, like the *World*, actually attempt a defense which is so absurd as to be merely a confession of judgment. Indeed, the full enormity of Governor HOFFMAN'S conduct was never made more conspicuous than by the ludicrous apology of the *World*.

The facts of the case are simple. Certain notorious persons, among whom are the political inventors of Mr. HOFFMAN, became managers of the Erie Railroad. They presently made an issue of several millions of new stock, the illegality of which proceeding was admitted by their successful application to the next Legislature to legalize it. Having thus for the time mastered the road, they applied to the Legislature to alter the charter, so as to deprive the stockholders of the right to elect a full Board of Directors annually, and enable the Board—as well as that of certain other roads—to divide itself into classes, of which only one-fifth should be chosen annually, thus giving the chief managers a control of the road for three or four years, notwithstanding every effort of the stockholders, who had elected them for one year only. The bill was passed in May, 1869, to take effect immediately, and its words are:

"The Board of Directors in each of the said companies may so classify the members of such Board, by lot or otherwise, that, as nearly as may be, one-fifth of their number shall go out of office at each annual election; and at the next election of directors, in each of said companies, directors shall be voted for only in place of those whose terms shall then expire in the classification aforesaid."

This was the bill. If the Governor signed it, and it became law, all redress for the stockholders was hopeless; because the managers, who by the executive signature would prove that they owned a governor, were already known to own judges and lawyers. The very occasion, therefore, for which the great veto power is given to the Governor had arisen. He was morally and officially bound to interfere for the defense of the rights of honest citizens, imperiled by ignorance or fraudulent intention. That the Governor fully understood the enormity of the bill is plain from his long hesitation in signing it. He retained it nearly a fortnight. But the power that made him could unmake him; and with the feeblest effort at justification of an act which, if honorable and proper, needed no more justification than his signature of any other bill, he signed the bill depriving honest citizens of the control of their own property, and giving it to persons whose reputation was notorious.

The expression of public opinion upon the subject was instant and most emphatic. Leading papers had forcibly called the Governor's attention to the enormity of the bill while he was still hesitating to sign it. Even the *World*—a Democratic paper in this city, which constantly informs us that Mr. HOFFMAN is a great "statesman"—speaking of the bill some months afterward, said that if a man owned the whole stock of the Erie Railroad he could no more obtain control of it before it was ruined than if it ran among the mountains of the moon. It declared that the Erie bill "organized that monstrous injustice," and added: "The Erie bill is simply indefensible—it was not even defended by the independent Democratic press of the counties when severely attacked by the Republican press as bearing Governor HOFFMAN'S signature." And when a proposition was made, in the last Democratic Legislature, to repeal the bill, the *World* said:

"If the attempt now making to repeal the knavish act passed last spring to keep Messrs. GOULD, FISK, TWEED, and LANE in office as Directors of the Erie Railway Company four years beyond the period for which they are elected should succeed in both branches of the Legislature, we suppose there can be no doubt that Governor HOFFMAN will sign the repealing bill. *If there is any thing he ought to covet, it is an opportunity to rectify the mistake he made in approving that piece of knavery, and making it a law. When he signed the bill it was with a forced grimace. He will need no apology for signing a repeal.*"

This expressed the universal sentiment. There has been but one opinion among honest men in the State of Governor HOFFMAN'S conduct in signing the bill. But the same *World*, which is now as subservient as Governor HOFFMAN himself to the persons for whose purposes the Erie bill was signed, has recently attempted a defense of the bill which it has already denounced as indefensible and knavish. It says, in the first place, that this is the only offense alleged against the public conduct of Mr. HOFFMAN, which is not true; for his proclamation as Mayor, protecting the electoral frauds, and his appointment of judges under the new constitutional provision, equally expose him to the censure and suspicion of honorable men. But if it were true, what is the argument? To say that the Governor must be spotless if this is the only charge against him is like replying, when a man is accused of an enormous theft, "Very well, what then? He never stole any thing else, and is therefore presumptively an honest man." It says, in the second place, that a Republican Legislature passed the bill, and therefore the Republicans are equally guilty with the Governor. This does not follow, because the scope of a bill may be dextrously concealed by those who consult times and seasons to slip it through the forms of legislation. Moreover, legislators may be absent, may be inattentive, may not understand the case.

But in the worst aspect, supposing that the Republican majority was bribed to vote for what the *World* calls a "knavish," "indefensible," "monstrous" bill, what is the substance of its reply to the charge that the Governor betrayed his trust? It is simply, "Very well, other officers betrayed their trust." If the Republican Legislature passed a monstrous and knavish bill, it was the duty of the Governor to veto it. The veto was given him for that very purpose. But, of course, the Governor can not veto a bill, however infamous, until it is passed by the Legislature; and yet Governor HOFFMAN, with incredible folly, actually pleaded the fact that this bill was passed, as a reason for not vetoing it. He said, "No serious opposition was made to it in either House." Why not? Because it was not understood. But it was his duty to understand it. "The stockholders on the several roads have not presented objections." Why not? Because they did not understand it. When they did—but let the *World* tell us about it. "In excusing his signature to the Erie bill he noted the absence of protests, which since have been numerous enough to indicate that general sentiment," etc. Does the Governor mean to say that he will sign any knavish, indefensible, monstrous bill, if there is no protest against it? He does not seem to know that he is himself put there to protest against legislative knavery, and to make his protest effective.

Then it is alleged that the principle of the Erie bill is that of the provision in the United States Constitution for the classification and retirement of Senators. What has that to do with this case? The Senators of the United States were elected with full and universal knowledge of that provision. But the Erie bill, as will be seen by reference to its text, which we have already quoted, empowers the Board of Directors, already elected for one year, to classify themselves, and the act takes effect immediately. The moment that the Governor signed the bill, the existing Board had the authority to classify themselves. There is no possible parallel between the cases. The *World* itself can not think so; or does it think that the provision in the Constitution of the United States for the classification of Senators is "knavish," "monstrous," and "indefensible?"

This is all that can be said by the most vehement denouncer of this bill, when hard party necessity constrains it to defend what it calls "indefensible." It is, of course, the deliberate surrender by that journal of any claim to regard for its opinions. It can no longer expect the confidence or respect of the honest and intelligent, even of its own party. It stands henceforward self-convicted as an unscrupulous party hack, and it can justify its ludicrous inconsistency, which ruins its influence, only by pleading an ignorance which covers it with contempt as a public journal. But that is of very small importance compared with the fact of this alarming betrayal of the highest public trust by the Democratic Governor of New York. The great and threatening peril of our politics is the increasing power of the vast moneyed corporations, of which the control is often sought and obtained by the most unprincipled men. When their money and their power enable them to buy and to intimidate legislatures, courts, and governors, their despotism is absolute, and the people are wholly in their hands. The progress of this fatal tendency is nowhere so evident as in the State of New York, where, according to the *World*, there are "rings" and cliques controlling enormous wealth, and of unscrupulous purpose, who "put up judges in our courts to sell injustice for a price." But when it is evident that the chief magistrate of the State also—the man who sits where JOHN JAY and CLINTON sat—is the mere creature of such a Ring, there is no hope for the honest people but in a vote of disapproval at the polls so decided that it can not be overcome by the naturalization frauds which, as Mayor, the Governor protected, nor by the repeating organized by the men whom he served in signing the Erie bill, and whom his advocate, the *World*, describes as shameless corruptionists of the Ring.

Yet if these persons should succeed, by the same frauds, in making their instrument again Governor of New York, we shall hear from the *World* that the "statesman" who approves what it calls "knavery," and makes "monstrous" and "indefensible" bills law, is the most fitting of all candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

SLANDERS OF GENERAL WOODFORD.

IN order, as we have said, to divert attention from the official record of the Erie iniquity, and of Governor HOFFMAN'S complicity in what the *World* calls knavery, two charges have been made against General WOODFORD.

The first is that when he was the presiding officer of the Senate of New York General WOODFORD received a bribe of $5000 from the French Cable Company for aiding it to get a charter. This charge was immediately answered by Mr. C. C. LEIGH, the Temperance candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, who says that he was the person who obtained the charter and a subsequent amendment from the Legislature, and that Lieutenant-Governor WOODFORD not only did not assist him, but was opposed to the scheme. Mr. LEIGH states that no money was spent in procuring the charter or the amendment. The confutation of the slander was certainly unnecessary, but it is conclusive.

The second charge is that when General WOODFORD was Assistant District Attorney he received a bribe of $2000 to have the slaver *Augusta* bonded at a low rate, in the interest of the slave-trader. This report is said by a Ring orator to come from ex-Marshal MURRAY, who is said to have received the statement from the slave-trader himself. That is to say, we are asked to believe against a gentleman of hitherto spotless reputation an ignominious charge, said by a political opponent to be founded upon something said to have been said by a convicted slave-trader! It is simply ludicrous; and General WOODFORD treats it as any honorable man would in saying that if his opponent, Mr. HOFFMAN, upon an examination of these or of any charges, will consent to attempt to prove them, he will show that they are false.

These accusations, like the hopeless defense of Governor HOFFMAN'S signature of the Erie bill, spring from the frantic endeavor of Democratic partisans to hide their candidate from the public scorn with which his chief official act is regarded.

BISMARCK'S MASTER.

THEY who suppose that the hope of BISMARCK, like that of the first NAPOLEON, is to subdue Europe, are curiously forgetful of the entirely changed condition of the Continent and of the new forces that control affairs. He is undoubtedly a Tory, but a modern Tory. To expect of him what might be hoped of VICTOR HUGO, for instance, if he were in his place, is not very wise; but, on the other hand, to suppose him as inflexible as METTERNICH is equally vain. BISMARCK anticipated a war, and was ready for it. When the Empire fell at Sedan, if France had proposed peace, BISMARCK would not have refused, and he would have demanded ample security against future aggressions. This was felt by France, and, therefore, the new authorities not only did not propose terms of peace, but declared that the Republic was war to the knife. Germany came to Paris. Then the new authorities asked for an interview, and demanded what terms would be offered. The reply was, "Ample security against future aggression." The details were thought too hard, and the war was not stayed.

The French authorities insist that BISMARCK wishes to reduce France to a second-rate power. But his whole career shows that he accepts the modern principle of nationalities, which is merely a form of saying that every nationality should be united under its own government. BISMARCK'S aim has been the unity of Germany, but he has not hitherto sought extension by conquest. No nation has a right to quarrel with the chief German state for wishing to unite all the German states into a great nation. This policy, indeed, has been bitterly opposed in France, and by no one so strongly as by M. THIERS, who declared it to be the true French policy to keep Germany divided. Nor can any nation justly complain that the victor in the present war wishes to make such utterly wanton attacks as that of France more difficult, if not impracticable, hereafter, provided that the measures of defense are not such as would necessarily occasion renewed war.

It is incorrect, therefore, to assert that Germany, under BISMARCK, shows a spirit which is menacing to the peace of Europe. Undoubtedly Germany reveals an immense force, superbly trained, but it is not yet misdirected. And what really is that force? It is certainly not that of FREDERICK the Great, which was merely brutal and military. But the force of Germany, the secret of the serene national uprising to resist France, and the force which controls the general policy of BISMARCK, even if he directs it upon special occasion, is that intelligent public spirit which is the chief element in free popular government. The democratic form, as DE TOCQUEVILLE remarked long ago, may exist without the democratic spirit, and it makes the worst of despotisms. He thought that to be the condition of France. We see it to be that of the city of New York. There is the form of popular government in this city; but not that intelligent spirit of liberty which prevents the total corruption of the form. The city of New York under the rule of Tammany Hall is what France was under LOUIS NAPOLEON. It is a despotism with democratic forms; and a despotism made possible by ignorance and demoralization.

In Germany, however, while the popular form is wanting, the true popular spirit exists; and an unjust policy in the government would encounter a moral hostility which it would not be easy to resist. It is the want of this spirit which makes the duration of the republic in France seem to be so uncertain; and, on the other hand, its presence would be the surest guarantee of the stability of a German republic. The debt of liberty and of free institutions to France is not very great, but to Germany it is incalculable. It is thought that emancipates, and Germany has done a great deal of thinking for the modern world. BISMARCK formally denies that he wishes the reduction of France to a second-rate power. Nor would any of the great European states desire it. Germany is restrained by something that France has never felt, either under the BOURBONS or the BONAPARTES—an enlightened public opinion—and to that we confidently look for a sagacious settlement of the war.

TEMPORAL ROME.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING, one of the most reactionary of the Roman Catholic clergy, and a strenuous supporter of the papal infallibility, has recently preached a sermon in London, in which he warned England by the fate of Rome, and prophesied a direful day of reckoning. He is reported also to have made the extraordinary statement that the fate of Rome was the fate of Christianity and of civil order, and that Rome was now in the hands of a mob. The inference was that Christianity is in peril because the Pope has lost his temporal power.

It is very natural that the fate of Rome, as a Church, should seem to a Romanist the fate of Christianity, because every sectarian confounds religion with his sect. But why the wretched misgovernment of a little state, by a bishop of any Church, should seem to any body essential to religion, it is not easy to perceive.

Among all civilized people there is scarcely to be found such ignorance and superstition, such poverty and degradation, as exist in the Papal States; and among all the events growing out of the war, none is more significant and hopeful than the resignation of Cardinal ANTONELLI, the Pope's Minister. It is a sign that he sees the end of his supremacy, and that the great wave of modern impulse has at last reached and lifted the most stagnant surface. If Rome were Christianity, who that knew Rome under GREGORY the Sixteenth, or the heavy hand of ANTONELLI, but must have sighed to think that Christianity was identical with ignorance and wretchedness?

Nobody pretends, probably even Archbishop MANNING would not assert, that the people of Rome were at an equal level of civilization with their neighbors or the better part of Europe. It is not supposed that they yielded voluntarily to the Papal rule. They have voted with virtual unanimity to cast it off. Even those who trained their children for the Church gnashed their teeth in impotent rage at the ecclesiastical government, and made priests of their children because it was useless to resist the priestly authority. A curse seemed to rest upon the whole region. Art, literature, science, thought, progress, civilization, surely expired. No great step in human improvement, no electric word for humanity, no mortal blow at ancient superstition, no relief from suffering, no inspiration of faith and hope, came from Rome. The Papal States have been a blot upon modern civilization; and all that Rome has contributed to the most Christian, because the most religiously free of all epochs, is a protest against intellectual and moral progress, and a curse upon the liberty of the human soul, in the declaration of the dogma of infallibility.

Archbishop MANNING warned England that the revolutionary feeling in Europe was spreading, and would yet take Great Britain by the throat. But the only peril in a revolutionary movement is popular ignorance, and nothing has so fostered ignorance as the ecclesiastical spirit which the Archbishop defends. The ignorance and inhumanity that sprang up armed and relentless men, in the old French Revolution, were seed sown by aristocratic and priestly rule. A man of education and apparent enlightenment, like Archbishop MANNING, destroys all confidence in his judgment and respect for his opinion when he confounds Chris-

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tianity and religion with the political authority of a bishop. How much wiser is Archbishop PURCELL, of Ohio, who said, upon returning from the Œcumenical Council, "I believe it would have been a happy thing for the Church if kings had never pretended to be her protectors..... All we want is a free field and no favor. Truth is mighty and will prevail. We are here, side by side, with every sect and denomination of Christians. It is for the people to judge which of us is right, which of us teaches that which is most conformable to the Holy Scriptures. Then if they approve our religion, let them embrace it; if not, reject."

This is sounder doctrine than that of Archbishop MANNING, whose words sound like a voice of the futile despair which Cardinal ANTONELLI doubtless feels.

PRIVATE GLIMPSES OF PUBLIC MEN.

THE private correspondence of LOUIS NAPOLEON has fallen into the hands of the new Government in France, and the question is suggested, How much of it ought to be revealed? Has an emperor lost the privileges of other men altogether? While state secrets and plots injurious to the public welfare may very properly be exposed, ought his personal intrigues to be published? The question is akin to that suggested a few years since by Mr. PARTON'S article upon DANIEL WEBSTER. Mr. PARTON stated plainly that, upon more than one occasion, when Mr. WEBSTER addressed the public, he was overpowered by wine. There was an indignant protest from some persons that it was an unpardonable indignity to publish such a fact, that the public was interested in the great qualities, and not in the little faults of Mr. WEBSTER, and that a decorous sensibility would have veiled his lapses in silence.

Then decorous sensibility would have been a very poor historian. What we really wish to know about great men more than of any other is the truth. If WILLIAM PITT often saw two Speakers instead of one, there is no harm in saying so, however painful it may be. If Dr. FRANKLIN was a man of loose conduct, why should decorous sensibility represent him as a passionless sage? If WASHINGTON lost his temper at Monmouth, and swore roundly, why should decorous sensibility skip the oath? Whatever is necessary to show the man as he really was it is essential that the historian should record. Mr. SPARKS once corrected the grammar of some of WASHINGTON'S letters. It was kindly, but surely unwisely done. And it is precisely that kind of polishing and trimming which made FIELDING say that the difference between novels and history is that in the novel every thing is true except the names and dates, and in history nothing else.

In the case of LOUIS NAPOLEON every thing which is essential to a true knowledge of the man may properly be published. There is no good reason that Frenchmen should suppose him to have been a religious man if he were not so; nor a truthful man if he told lies; nor a learned man if he were ignorant; nor a continent man if he were unchaste. Many a public evildoer has been exonerated upon the ground of his private personal virtues. But if a ruler who has caused countless homes to be ruined and faithful hearts to be broken, to gratify his miserable lust of personal power, is also an ignorant, superstitious, cowardly, debauched man, may the privileges of his private rights be justly pleaded to save him from the exposure of the truth? We do not say that LOUIS NAPOLEON was such a man. But if the evidence which proves it should be discovered, it should certainly be made public. It should be no more concealed than the general moral tone of his court. We are all profoundly interested in knowing whether great public virtues may exist in the same person with great private vices; and whether a man who can not govern himself can wisely govern an empire.

THE VOICE OF A GERMAN REPUBLICAN.

THE Prussian republican leader JACOBY has been arrested for a speech lately delivered by him at Königsberg, in which he said what appears to be distasteful to the German Government, but what is certainly very true. In speaking of the demand for the absorption of Alsace and Lorraine as old German provinces which Germany may very properly retake, he begged his hearers not to be deluded; the demand, he declared, was only the old right of the cannon, of brute force, in a new dress. Have Alsace and Lorraine no people? he asked; may the victor decide their fate according to his own caprice? They are essentially French, he insisted, and it would be inhuman to endeavor to incorporate them with any German state. "Let us," said JACOBY, "firmly maintain the principles of right as much in political as in private life; let us proclaim that any annexation of foreign territory against the will of the inhabitants is a violation of the right of the free disposition of peoples. Without allowing ourselves to be troubled by the momentary intoxication of victory, let us protest against any violence which may be done to the people of Alsace and Lorraine. Those only who respect the liberties of others are themselves worthy of liberty."

Wiser words could not be spoken. They describe a statesmanship which would make the war a blessing, and give Germany the leadership of Europe. The value of the highest principle is yet to be illustrated in state craft, but there is no doubt whatever of its expediency; and if, as we prefer not to believe, Germany should make the cardinal mistake of forcible annexation by right of conquest, she must take the responsibility of the future war which BISMARCK seems to regard as inevitable. If there is to be a peace and not a truce between the two countries, it must be founded upon mutual respect. France defeated, dismembered, humiliated, is necessarily an implacable foe. Annexation by conquest will be but a provocation and justification for reannexation by conquest. And if a statesman like BISMARCK is unable to see that brute force can settle no state question except by the total destruction of opposition, we must patiently await the day of the greater statesman like JACOBY.

It will be observed that in the speech of the German republican there is no rant. In the phrase of Artemus Ward, JACOBY, like WASHINGTON, does not "slop over." He states calmly and forcibly the central truth of the situation, and we must regard his arrest, if really occasioned by this speech, as is alleged without contradiction, as a very serious mistake of the German Government, and an unpleasant sign of its probable intentions in settling the terms of peace. It will be deplorable if the sympathy of the world, which has attended Germany from the beginning of the war, and which has thus far most justly followed its campaign, should be alienated by its interpretation of the right of conquest. If Alsace and Lorraine wish to be united to Germany, let them say so. If they do not, to seize them and hold them against their will is to begin endless war.

MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE Massachusetts Republican Convention was apparently unanimous upon every point but that of suffrage for women. It renominated Governor CLAFLIN and his associates, who have served the State so well, and it expressed itself plainly upon the duty of the party. The resolutions cordially approve the Administration; but while they declare the natural pride of Massachusetts in having one of her citizens at the head of the Treasury, they delicately condemn his policy by suggesting that the burden of the debt should be shared a little with the future, and that taxation should be further reduced. This, indeed, is a measure universally demanded by the party, and one that will be undoubtedly adopted.

The resolutions further declare the party pledged to continued interest in the new citizens, and to take care that education is secured to them. This resolution comes very properly from Mr. HOAR, the chairman of the committee, who, in his place in the House of Representatives, made a powerful and admirable speech upon the intimate relation of education and republican freedom. The Convention also asserted that the Republican party is distinctively the labor party, demanded a prompt and vigorous settlement of the *Alabama* question, and favored "laws wisely calculated to prevent tippling and drunkenness, and promote temperance and industry"—a truly sound and conservative resolution!

But Mrs. LIVERMORE and Mrs. LUCY STONE, and Mr. SLACK and Mr. ROBINSON, and other gentlemen, moved and pleaded in vain for the woman-suffrage resolution. The committee declined to act upon it, and reported it back to the Convention for its pleasure. The Convention did not feel that it had yet become a question upon which the party was unanimous or prepared to speak, and so declined to declare itself. Mrs. LIVERMORE urged that the movement be adopted by the Republican party, to which it naturally belonged, and that its friends should not be driven to the Democracy. But surely nothing could so show the utter hopelessness of the leaders of the movement as an appeal to a party which has no sympathy whatever with political progress or reform. Do they expect the party of caste, of ignorance, of hostility to races and colors, to be sincerely friendly to so vast and radical a reform as that involved in woman suffrage? Even if the Democratic Convention should pass the resolution which the Republican rejected, and the small woman-suffrage vote should hold the balance of power so as to secure the success of the Democratic party, does any thoughtful advocate of woman suffrage think that the cause would be nearer its triumph?

The great body of the friends of all rational progress in this country are in the Republican party, and no special good cause can gain, in the present condition of affairs, by the destruction of that party. As TALLEYRAND said that every body knows more than any body, so now the general national welfare is more important than any particular cause. The temperance reformers, the labor reformers, the revenue reformers, the suffrage reformers, should think long and well before they connive at the overthrow of the great organization of whose action they are all sure, as fast as public opinion ripens, and without the support of that opinion success is impossible.

The success of such movements in the Republican party is organic development, but in the Democratic party it is a trick or an expedient. The Republican party always and wisely declares a little less than it believes in its own direction. It is even better than its word.

Democratic blandishment should inspire in all friends of intelligent progress the most ancient of fears—that of the Greeks bringing gifts. And this not because parties, as such, are more than organizations for specific purposes, but because, as a fact, the moral and political intelligence of the country is at present in the Republican and not in the Democratic party.

THE USUAL THREAT.

THE organ of the Tammany Ring in New York says that the law of Congress to secure honest elections in that city is "calculated to stir the people to resentment," and it very plainly suggests a riot and mob violence as a remedy against a law which makes illegal voting difficult. This is an illustration of the spirit and methods of its party. In 1861, when some of its chief leaders were dissatisfied with the result of an election, they tried to destroy the government by force of arms. In 1870, when the leaders dread the result of an honest election, they declare the dishonest voters to be the people, and indirectly counsel them to go armed to the polls.

It is for the intelligent and truly conservative voters of New York and of the country to decide whether a party which incessantly appeals and threatens to appeal to arms is a party that may be safely trusted with the government of the state and the nation. It was so long the party of the slave-drivers, and so used to brute force as its only argument, that it does not know that, among free and intelligent people, threats are the poorest campaign appeals.

AN UNSAVORY FEAST.

THE New York *Times* is doing noble service in its trenchant attacks upon the Tammany Ring—a service which is in the interest of every honest voter in the State and the country. The perilous power of the Ring is seen in nothing more clearly than in its total subjugation of the *World*, which is effectively and conclusively exposed by the *Times*. Last winter when the *World* declared what it indicrously called "war to the knife" against the Ring, there were many persons who believed that it had sufficient character and regard for the public welfare to persist in its warfare, and that there were honest Democrats enough to support it. The Ring, however, has not only silenced the opposition of the *World*, but it compels it to eat its own words in public every day; and the *Times* vigorously takes care that the moral of that feast shall not be lost upon the spectators.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

PARIS is now entirely isolated from the rest of France by the encircling lines of Prussian batteries, and balloons furnish the only means by which the beleaguered inhabitants can communicate with the world outside. The most recent ascension was that of M. Gambetta, who left Paris on the 7th inst. The balloon was accompanied, at the beginning of its voyage, by one containing two gentlemen of New York, who took this means of leaving the besieged city. They confirm the statements of the determined spirit of the people of Paris. The representatives of foreign nations still remaining in Paris had recently held a meeting at the Papal Nuncio's to consider the position in which they were placed by Count Bismarck's refusal to permit their dispatches to be transmitted without being opened, which condition the diplomatists have unanimously refused to submit to. This determination is to be communicated to Count Bismarck; and, should he persist, they will be compelled to suspend all communication with their respective governments. M. Gambetta's journey was attended with several hair-breadth escapes, his balloon having descended two or three times in close proximity to the Prussians.

The following proclamation was issued on the 9th inst., by M. Gambetta, at Tours:

"By the order of the republican government I have left Paris to transmit to you the hopes of the Parisians and others of those who are seeking to deliver France from foreigners. Paris, invested for seventeen days, presents the spectacle of two million men forgetting their differences to withstand the invader, who expected civil discord.

"The revolution found Paris without guns or arms of any kind. Four hundred thousand of the National Guard are now armed, and one hundred thousand Mobiles and sixty thousand regulars are assembled. The foundries are casting cannon. The women make a million cartridges daily. Each battalion of Nationals has two mitrailleuses and field-pieces, and is prepared for sorties. The forts are manned by the marines, and are supplied with artillery of the greatest excellence, and served by gunners the first in the world. Hitherto their fire has kept the enemy from erecting the smallest work. The *enceinte* on the 4th had only five hundred cannon; now it has three thousand eight hundred, with four hundred rounds for each. Every defense has its men at their posts. The Nationals drill constantly. Behind the *enceinte* is the third line of defense—the barricades—which are adapted to the genius of the Parisians. This has all been achieved calmly and orderly, amidst general patriotism. The impregnability of Paris is no illusion. It can not be captured or surprised, and there is no danger of sedition or starvation, which the Prussians have been counting on."

The siege-guns were in position about Paris on the 8th inst., and it was believed that the bombardment would commence on the 16th, the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic. General Burnside, whom the Prussians permitted to enter Paris with dispatches for M. Jules Favre and Mr. Washburne, reports that the people are calm, and the appearance of the city much as usual. The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes that the city is good for a six months' siege. It is said that the invaders' cannonade will be preceded by a formal summons to surrender the city. The English people and press are still trying to move the government to act on the question of mediation, but the ministry as yet do not manifest the slightest disposition to move.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, a military gentleman who has seen much active service, gives it as his opinion that the Prussians can enter Paris on the first serious assault. Nothing, he says, in the way of stone-walls can withstand Krupp's guns at the range at which they can be placed by recent Prussian advances. The people are preparing for the threatened bombardment by placing bags of earth in their windows. The books from the principal libraries have been removed to cellars. Watchmen are stationed in the towers of Notre Dame to look out for fires.

Great hopes are entertained of the new armies forming in the south of France. It is said that they will number nearly 600,000 men.

Garibaldi reached Tours on the 8th instant. His presence created great excitement. He made a short speech to the Francs-Tireurs, in which he said that he should meet them on the battle-field to rid France of the invaders.

Minor engagements are reported from several parts of France, with varying success. The cannon captured at Strasbourg are now in position against Metz. The garrison make daily sorties, in which they are driven back with loss. A battle is reported to have been fought near Château-Gaillaird on the 4th inst., in which the Germans were worsted, and compelled, in consequence, to evacuate Pithiviers with precipitation, leaving large numbers of cattle and much forage in the hands of the French. Two regiments of the army of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin were defeated, on the 4th, before Soissons, by the Gardes Mobiles of the Department of Aisne, garrisoning Soissons. On the 7th inst. the Prussians opened fire on Neu-Breisach, one of the strongest fortified towns in Eastern France.

A Strasbourg correspondent writes that one-third of the city has been laid waste by the bombardment, that the Cathedral can be easily restored, and that the museum, theatre, university, library, and the military buildings are in ruins. Strangers have begun to arrive, and are permitted to enter the city, and trade is beginning to revive. The German garrison is 10,000, who are billeted upon the people.

The prisoners in Belgium, fugitives from the northern battle-fields of France, who have been held at Bercloo, have shown symptoms of revolt, and the Belgian Rifles have been sent there to preserve order.

At Lyons military precautions are being taken in anticipation of the Prussian advance into the south of France. The heights have been fortified, and are garrisoned by regular troops.

It is asserted that the documents found in the imperial archives prove conclusively that the French people were opposed to war. This is regarded as important, as furnishing an answer to Bismarck's main argument for harsh conditions.

An Ostend dispatch says that the latest story from Berlin is that Prince Gortschakoff signed a secret treaty with Count Von Bismarck against France in July, Prussia engaging to menace Austria, while Russia seizes Constantinople. The statement is not credited, and its publication is thought to be a sign of alarm at Berlin concerning the designs of Russia, and an attempt to pacify the popular mind in Germany.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

It is conceded that the plan for taking the vote in Rome on the question of Italian unity was fair and impartial. All classes except the priests and their associates voted. A correspondent testifies to the spontaneous rejoicing of the Romans on thus ratifying their liberation. The progress of the revolution in the city is marked by the gradual changing of the names of streets, and the disappearance of the papal arms from public buildings. The Jesuits are reported to be leaving the city; but there is now but little doubt that the Pope will accept the situation, and remain under the protection of the Italian government. General Cadorna's address at the first session of the Junta favored the greatest consideration and veneration toward the head of the Catholic Church and the clerical body, and guarantees for the exercise of the supreme spiritual power. The Pope has been attended by an Italian guard, at his own request, and has expressed a desire to bless the troops in the great square of St. Peter's. A monument is to be erected to those who fell in 1867 and 1870 in the enterprises for the liberation of Rome, and commemorative tablets to those who died in exile or on the scaffold in the cause of liberty.

The Belgian bishops protest against the recent events at Rome.

More assassinations of foreigners in China are reported. Troops are also said to be collecting between Pekin and Tien-tsin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A PROCLAMATION was issued by the President of the United States, on the 8th instant, more strictly defining American neutrality, and warning the vessels of the belligerents against hostile demonstrations in American waters.

The census shows that St. Louis is the fourth city of the Union in population. It has doubled since 1864, when it was 157,068.

The corner-stone of the Harvard Memorial Hall was laid October 6. The fund subscribed for the construction of the building now amounts to upward of $262,000.

Miss Etta E. Barston, a school-teacher, of Canton, Massachusetts, died recently from the effects of an assault made upon her with stones by four of her pupils. The young ruffians have been arrested.

Reports from Canada state that all is quiet at Fort Garry, and that Governor Archibald is gaining the good-will of all classes of people there.

Mr. John Savage has issued the address of the Council of the Fenian Brotherhood adopted a short time ago. In it the union of the Fenian factions is announced, and the condition of Ireland is reviewed. From the recent democratic demonstrations in England it is believed that the working-men of that country will go hand in hand with the Irish for liberty.

At a conference held October 8 at Salt Lake City, Brigham Young resigned his position as Trustee of the Mormon Church, with the view to have a younger man appointed to succeed him. He said he was getting old, and wanted to travel among the Saints, and did not wish to be harassed with the vexatious lawsuits now threatened by apostates. He was furious against the courts. He was determined to resist every encroachment, and would destroy and burn every thing if need be rather than submit to persecution.

Five citizens of Columbus, Kentucky, had a "difficulty" a short time since, which they proceeded to settle in a free fight. One of them was killed on the spot, and the other four received fatal injuries. The fight was desperate, and lasted only three minutes.

General Woods, at Fort Wallace, has been ordered to the Middle Park, Colorado, the scene of late Indian troubles, to ascertain the facts, and see whether troops are necessary for the protection of that region. A large force of mounted Indians appeared near Bijou Trade Station, forty-five miles east of Denver, a short time ago, but showed no signs of hostility.

John Jourdan, Superintendent of the New York Police Department, died in this city on the 10th inst. He was an excellent executive officer, and was greatly respected by all who knew him.

Fitzhugh Ludlow, an American magazine writer of great talent and versatility, died on the 12th ult., at Geneva, at the early age of thirty-four. He had gone abroad only a few weeks previously for the benefit of his health.

Some business men at Springfield, Massachusetts, have made an arrangement to break up a combination of ice-dealers in that city by following the example of New York, and going into the business themselves.

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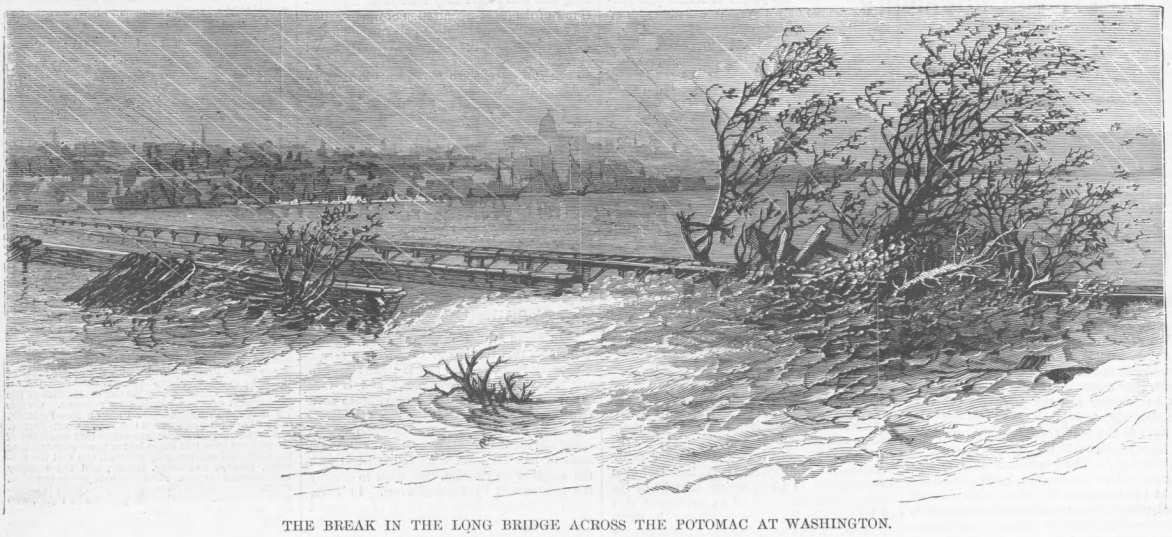
THE FLOOD IN VIRGINIA.



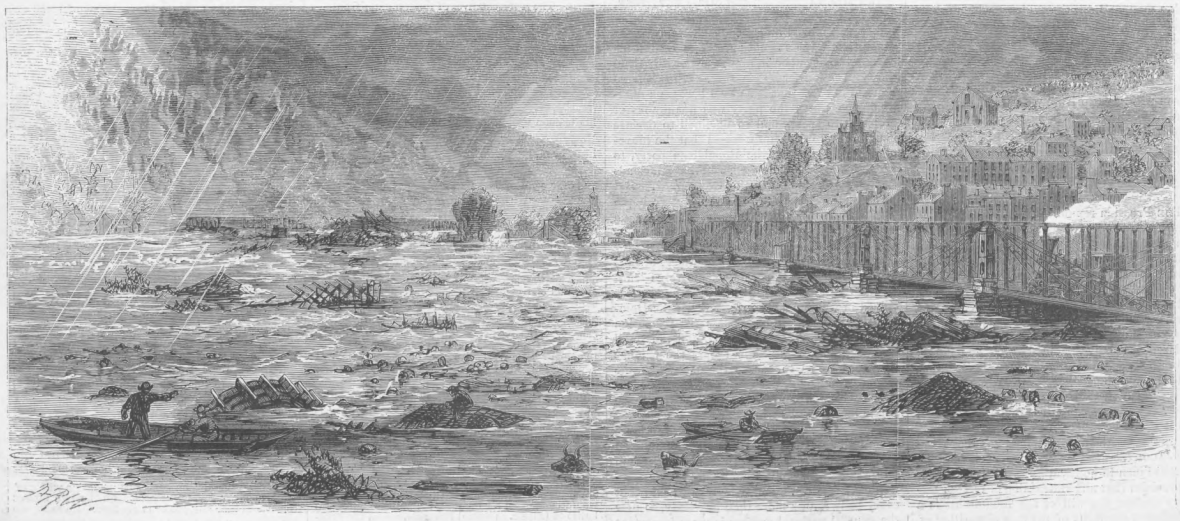
THE BREAK IN THE LONG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC AT WASHINGTON.

THE flood that recently swept over Virginia was the most destructive ever known in that State. At Lynchburg the James River rose twenty-two feet, submerging most of the town in its muddy waters, and giving it the appearance of a city rising from a lake. At Washington about 500 feet of the causeway of the Long Bridge was entirely swept away, and both spans nearest the south draw were broken.

At Harper's Ferry and Richmond the flood was equally destructive. Several streets of the latter city were submerged, as shown in our illustration, which is engraved from a photograph courteously sent us by Messrs. C. R. REES & Co., of Richmond. The view was taken from the St. Charles Hotel, and represents the flood on Main Street, where the water stood from four to five feet deep.

Many lives were lost at different places where the rivers rose suddenly in the night, and swept away houses before the inmates had time to escape. At Harper's Ferry alone the number of victims was over fifty, and the total loss of life must reach nearly two hundred.

INUNDATION OF RICHMOND.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. R. REES AND CO., RICHMOND.]



HARPER'S FERRY.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

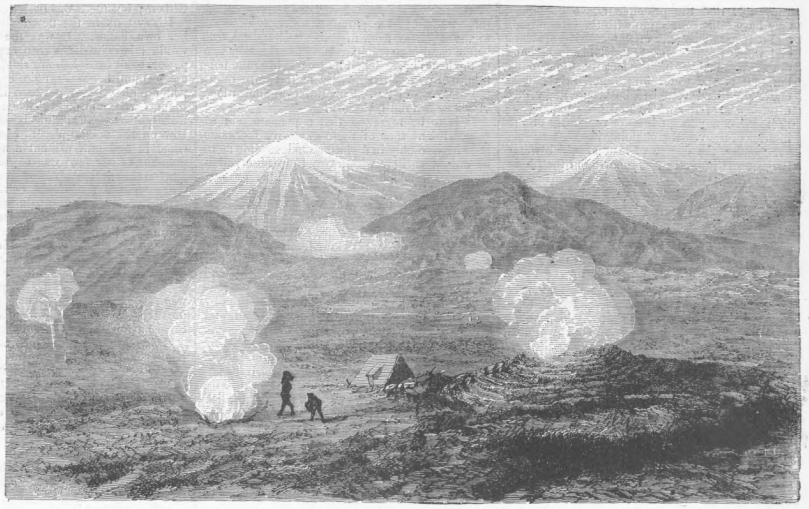
CHAPTER IV.

Approaching the Plain of the Geysers.—Its General Appearance.—Provoking Eruptions.—Theories and Facts in Regard to the Geysers.—The Great Strokr.

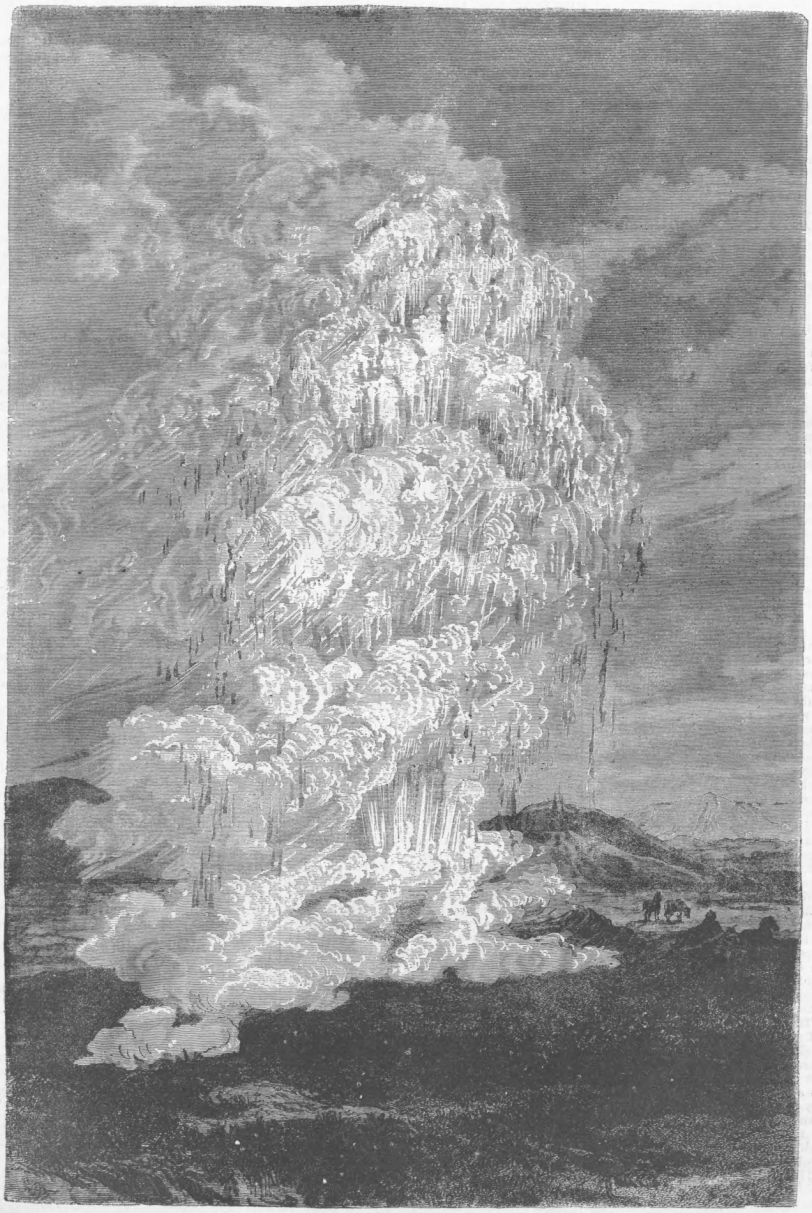
As the traveler approaches what is called the Plain of the Geysers—the region in which these blasts and explosions of hot water and steam are most abundant, and manifest themselves on the largest scale—the country grows more wild and rough, the crevices and fissures from which steam and sulphureous vapors and odors are emitted become more numerous, and every thing indicates the increasing violence of the internal heat, or at least its nearer approach to the surface of the ground. The country is almost entirely uninhabited, though travelers speak of one turf-covered hut, which they reach in approaching the plain, where a peasant, who serves as a local guide, resides with his family. A more lonely and dreary home for the abode of a human household can scarcely be conceived.

A guide well acquainted with the locality is very necessary in traversing this region, on account not only of the numerous chasms and pitfalls which abound in it, but also of the sulphureous and suffocating fumes which are emitted in certain spots, and which do not, like the vapor of water, make themselves perceptible from a distance to the eye, nor audible like a jet of steam. For steam, in consequence of its rapid condensation in coming in contact with the external air, emits a hissing or roaring sound; or, if it comes forth in sudden bursts, produces a series of detonations and explosions which warn the traveler of his danger.

These sulphureous emanations are alleged by geologists to be



PLAIN OF THE GEYSERS.



THE GREAT GEYSER.

derived from the decomposition by heat of a certain mineral called pyrites, which is a compound of sulphur and iron, as is denoted by its chemical name—*sulphuret of iron*. Sulphur, when pure, and also in many of its combinations, is indued with the remarkable property of *sublimation*—that is, the capability of being volatilized directly from the solid state, and afterward condensed again from the gaseous to the solid condition, assuming when thus condensed either the form of crystals or of an impalpable powder called the flowers of sulphur. In consequence of this property, great quantities of this substance in the form of vapor are emitted from volcances, and, being condensed again around the margin of the crater, form deposits which accumulate in the course of ages to a vast amount. A large portion of the sulphur of commerce is derived from deposits of this kind in the volcanic regions of Etna and Vesuvius, in Sicily and Italy.

The iron pyrites, from which sulphur is sometimes supposed to be derived, is widely diffused throughout the earth—disseminated generally, where it occurs, in small crystals which tend usually to a cubical form; and, as in color and general appearance it bears a certain resemblance to gold, people unskilled in mineralogy are often deceived by it—so much so that it has obtained the name of *fools' gold*. Almost every professor of chemistry in our colleges, and every State geologist or assayer, is continually receiving specimens of this mineral, sent in from the country to be analyzed, under the impression that it is gold. The character of the mineral can, however, at any time be easily determined by the stroke of a light hammer. Gold, being malleable, would be flattened by this treatment, but the pyrites is extremely brittle, and will fly to pieces under quite a gentle blow.

There is a third substance, besides the vapors of water and of sulphur, which is brought up from the interior by these volcanic ejections, and that is a silicious mineral which is dissolved by the water under the influence of the great heat below, and then is deposited again around the margin of the opening through which the water issues. The engraving showing a portion of the Plain of the Geysers gives an idea of the character and appearance of these deposits, which form a kind of mound around the orifice through which the water issues like the curb of a well.

The engraving also shows the tent of the traveler pitched upon the plain; for whoever attempts to explore these wonders has no shelter except such as he takes with him on the back of a pony. One of the figures represents the traveler in the act of throwing a heavy stone into an opening, while his guide is bringing another to be thrown in in its turn, with a view of provoking explosions.

For it is a remarkable, and in some respects a mysterious fact, that the ejections of water and of steam from these craters are intermittent, taking place sometimes at considerable intervals, and what is more remarkable still, they can often be excited by throwing a heavy stone or a clod into the opening. This last peculiarity—which was probably discovered by the very first visitors to the Geysers, through the curious propensity which seems to impel every one, grave and gay alike, when they see a hole or chasm or abyss of any kind, to throw the nearest stone into it—was long considered very wonderful and mysterious, as, indeed, were many other things connected with these extraordinary phenomena. The explosive bursts which followed the throwing of the stone seemed like the expression of life and passion, as if there were a monster within, who resented the entrance of the missile as an attack from an enemy, and the explosion which ensued was the expression of his wrath and defiance.

A great many theories have been advanced, and a great many speculations offered, in respect to the cause of the intermittent and irregular action of these springs. The tendency of most of the springs is to remain quiet for a time, or at least only to boil and fume with moderate violence, and then, after intervals varying in length, either spontaneously or from the stimulus mysteriously imparted by some shock given to them from without, to burst into a violent explosion, by which, in the largest of them, a column of water several feet in diameter is thrown one or two hundred feet into the air. The explanation of such a phenomenon must be in a great measure conjectural, but there are some scientific considerations connected with it which may involve the elements of an explanation, and, at any rate, which it may be useful and interesting to the reader to understand.

First, then, there is a mysterious connection between the presence of air in water and the manner in which the process of ebullition goes on when the water is heated to the boiling point. It is found that when all the air which, under ordinary circumstances, is combined with water is exhausted from it, the water may be heated somewhat above the boiling point without boiling, and then it tends to burst into sudden and great developments of steam. In other words, it boils continuously and quietly while it contains air, but when it is deprived of air the ebullition takes place in a series of sudden evolutions of masses of vapor, which have to some extent the character and effect of explosions. Now, as we may easily suppose that the wa-

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ter, at great depths among the volcanic strata, may become entirely deprived of air, it is not impossible that the principle above explained may have some connection with the intermittent and explosive character of the emission of steam and water from the geysers. This is perhaps the more probable from the fact that the sudden bursting of the water into vapor, in the case above described, seems to be promoted by any disturbance of the water, and even to be connected with any inequalities or roughness of the interior of the vessel containing it.

Secondly, the degree of heat at which water is converted into steam depends upon the pressure to which it is subjected. At the surface of the earth, where the ordinary pressure is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, it boils at 212° Fahrenheit. But upon the top of a mountain, where the pressure is less, it boils at a much lower temperature. At the bottom of a deep mine, where the pressure is greater, it would of course require a higher temperature to boil it. So true is this that there is an actual though not very great difference in the degree of heat required to boil a tea-kettle in a farmer's kitchen, depending upon the difference in the pressure of the atmosphere, as indicated by the barometer, on different days.

Now the pressure bearing upon the lower portion of a column of water in a crevice or cavity in the rocks, extending some hundreds or thousands of feet into the interior of the earth, is enormous, and it would consequently require a very intense heat to boil water under it. It was said that Jacob Perkins, in the experiments that he made many years ago with his steam-gun, subjected water to such a pressure that he could make it red-hot without allowing it to boil. It would be easy for a person conversant with the subject to calculate the depth below the surface of the earth at which the pressure would be sufficient to enable water to endure that temperature and still remain liquid.

The pressure upon the lower portions of a column of water a thousand or fifteen hundred feet in length—a distance to which it would not be at all extraordinary for crevices and fissures in the crust of the earth to extend—though the force of it might easily be expressed in figures, would be really so great as entirely to transcend all human powers of conception; and water subjected to such pressure would endure a prodigious intensity of heat before it would be converted into steam. If, now, we suppose that a portion of water, while subjected to that heat and pressure, were suddenly transferred to the surface of the earth, where the pressure would be at once reduced to the rate of fifteen pounds to the square inch, it would instantaneously burst into steam with all the force of the most violent explosion.

Such a sudden transfer from so great a depth to the surface would be impossible; but we may easily suppose that the lower portion of the column might be slowly forced upward by steam formed in small quantities at a still greater depth below it, until it reaches a level where the pressure would be so far relieved as to allow a portion of it to flash off into steam, and to throw up the column of water sufficiently to produce such an explosive jet at the surface as is witnessed in the case of the geysers. The water in the well of the geyser would, of course, after the force which lifted it was spent, sink back again to its former level, to be lifted again by another explosion in due time.

This is a process by which it seems that intermittent eruptions of this kind *might be* produced. Whether they are in reality thus produced remains yet to be ascertained.

Thirdly, a great many different schemes have been devised—ingenious but fanciful—for showing imaginary arrangements of channels and cavities in the rocks at a certain depth below the surface, so as to produce, by a combination of steam generators, air chambers, siphon tubes, and tortuous channels, which might be easily supposed to exist, and which, if they existed, might lead to the production of the phenomena in question. Of course these explanations are entirely conjectural; and, though it is well enough sometimes, when we can not determine how any given effect really is produced, to amuse ourselves with imagining modes by which it *might* be produced, we must not mistake such hypotheses for actual knowledge.

But, whatever we may make of the proposed explanations, there is no doubt that the Great Geyser of Iceland presents at the time of an eruption one of the most astonishing spectacles which nature any where exhibits. The orifice is surrounded by a mound of stone, which the water has itself formed, fifty to sixty feet in diameter, and twenty feet high. The centre forms a well ten feet in diameter, through which, in the ordinary state of the Geyser, the water, hot but not boiling, rises quietly, and thence flows in a gentle stream over the margin of the mound. Every thing continues, sometimes for many hours, in this state, until at length a rumbling noise is heard deep under ground, followed by several subterranean explosions. The water in the well begins to boil furiously, and at length, in a succession of bursts more and more violent, it rises higher and higher into the air, until the roaring and steaming column finally attains an altitude of from fifty to two hundred feet, according to the violence of the paroxysm. The water thus issuing being nearly at the boiling point, the whole mass soon envelops itself in a cloud of steam which shuts the column of water almost entirely from view. The discharge continues for about five minutes, after which the Geyser returns to its normal condition of tranquillity.

The Great Geyser, so called, is not so easily excited to an eruption by throwing stones into it as another one situated at a few hundred feet distant from it, called the Great Strokr, from an Icelandic word signifying *churn*. The eruptions from the Great Strokr take place spontaneously two or three times a day; but by throwing stones into the opening they can be brought on almost at any time. Attempts have been made to sound these wells, but the plummet will only descend to the depth of from fifty to one hundred feet before coming to a stop. Whether the stoppage of the lead is occasioned by its reaching the bottom, or by some irregularity in the form or in the direction of the channel of communication, of course can not be known.

It is to be regretted that a phenomenon so wonderful as that of these explosive fountains is to be seen only in a place so inaccessible as to be almost entirely withdrawn from observation from the whole human race. Three or four travelers in a century make their way over the rough volcanic rocks which guard them, and bring back to us their reports, and their pictorial representation of the scene. They can, however, do but little to give an adequate idea of the spectacle the scene presents to an eye-witness, and still less can they explain the nature and the operation of the cause by which the effect is produced. There is no doubt that the force by which the water is ejected is that of steam, and that this steam comes from the water deposited on the surface in rain, and thence percolating through fissures and crevices and porous strata till it reaches the incandescent, or nearly incandescent, regions below. But in what precise manner the explosive force thus produced is led to manifest itself in this special and very peculiar mode of action is a mystery yet unexplained.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SIGH.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SINCE tears will never bring thee back,
Why should I weep?
I would not any moan of mine
Should break thy sleep.

Thou didst bring heaven round thee here,
In this sad place;
'Tis heaven still with memories
Of thy dear face.

Sleep, sleep, my darling. By thy side
I will not stir,
More than the bird that broods and dreams
Deep in the fir—

The bird that dreams of fluttering joy
Full soon her own,
Nor sees the shadow at her feet
Whose joy has flown.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

SIX days had come and gone since her lover's departure from Gethin, but no tidings of him had reached Harry's ears. Solomon had returned on the second day, and been closeted with her father for some hours, doubtless in consultation about Richard; but not a word had been spoken of him, in her presence, by either. She dared not mention him to her father, and still less could she apply for information to his rival, her now affianced bridegroom. How much, or how little, her father had disclosed concerning him to Sol she did not know; but the latter had evidently closed with the terms which she had in her late strait accepted on her own part. The bans had been put up in the church upon the hill, and in a month she would be this man's wife. She had been congratulated upon the coming event by all the neighbors. Some had slyly hinted—little guessing the pain they gave to that sore heart—at her late "goings-on" with that young gentleman-painter; they had almost suspected at one time that he would have supplanted her old flame; but they were glad to see matters as they were. Solomon was a steady, sagacious man, as every body knew, and would get on in the world; and what he gained he would not waste in foolish ways. Such an old friend of her father's, too. Nothing could be more fitting and satisfactory in all respects. Solomon, notoriously a laggard in love, was likened to the tortoise, who had won the race against the hare.

To have to listen to all this well-meant twaddle was misery indeed. Perhaps, upon the whole, good honest dullness does unknowingly inflict more grievous wounds than the barbed satiric tongue.

To think, to picture to herself the condition of her lover—deplorable, she was convinced, from the grim satisfaction upon Solomon's face when he first came back—was torture. She could not read, for her mind fled from the page, like breath from a mirror; there was nothing for it but occupation. She busied herself as she had never done before with the affairs of the house, which afforded some excuse for escaping from Sol's attentions, naturally grown somewhat pressing, now that his wedded happiness was drawing so near. The *Gethin Castle* was not, however, very full of guests. It had been wet for a few days, and rain spoils the harvest of the inn-keeper even more than that of the farmer. One night, when it was pouring heavily, and such a windfall as a new tourist was not to have been expected by the most sanguine Boniface, a lady arrived, alone, and took up her quarters in the very room that Richard had vacated. Trevethick himself was at the door when she had driven up and asked with some apparent anxiety whether she could be accommodated. She was wrapped up, and thickly veiled, but he had observed to his daughter what a well-spoken woman she was, and an uncommon fine one too, though her hair was gray. She had inquired whether there were any letters waiting for her, addressed to Mrs. Gilbert; but there was no letter.

Harry took in the new arrival's supper with her own hands. It was the time when she would otherwise have been expected in the bar parlor, to sit by Solomon's side, and feel his arm creep round her waist, more hateful than a serpent's fold. A fire had been lit in the sitting-room, on account of the inclement weather, and Mrs. Gilbert was standing beside it with her elbow on the mantel-piece. She watched Harry come in and out, without a word, but the expression of her face was so searching and attentive that it embarrassed her. Under other circumstances she would certainly have delegated her duties to Hannah, but to evade Solomon's society she would have waited on the Sphinx. She brought in each article one at a time, and when there was nothing more to bring inquired deferentially whether there was any thing else that she could do for the lady.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gilbert, gravely; the voice was soft, but the manner most earnest and impressive. "I want five minutes' talk with you; can I have it secure from interruption?"

"Certainly, madam," answered Harry, trembling, she knew not why.

"Close the door, girl. Come nearer, and away from the window; we must not be overheard."

Harry was constitutionally timid, and it struck her that this poor lady was not in her right mind. She hesitated. The other seemed to read her thoughts.

"I am not mad, child," said she, sorrowfully, "though I have trouble enough to make me so. You are the daughter of the landlord of this inn, I think?"

"Yes, madam."

"And I am the mother of Richard Yorke."

She was standing in the same position, and had spoken coldly and as sternly as such a voice as hers could speak, when something in the young girl's face caused her whole manner to change. With a sudden impulse she turned toward her, and held out both her arms; and Harry threw herself into them with a passionate cry, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Hush! hush!" whispered the other, tenderly; "we must not weep now, but act!"

But the girl still sobbed on, without lifting up her face. Tears had been strangers to her heated eyes for days, and she had longed in vain for one sympathizing breast on which to lay her head. "I have been his ruin," she murmured; "but for me he would never have done wrong. How you, who are his mother, must hate me!"

"No, Harry, no!" answered the other, putting aside those rich brown locks, and gazing upon the fair shut face attentively. "I do not wonder at his loving you; for such beauty as yours many a man would lose his soul! I did hate you until now. But you love my Richard truly, as I see; and we two can not afford to be enemies. We must work together for his good to avert the ruin of which you speak, for it is imminent. He has sent me to you, for he can not come himself. He is in prison, Harry!"

"In prison! O Heaven, have mercy!"

She sank down on her knees, and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes, Harry, think of it. Our Richard, so bright, so dear, within prison walls! He may pass his life there for what he has done for your sake, unless you help him."

"Help him? I would die for him!"

"Calm yourself. Sit down. To grieve is selfish where one can do better; when all is lost it is time enough for that. All *will* be lost a fortnight hence, unless we bestir ourselves. Hush! I hear a step in the passage. Who is that?"

"It is Sol, madam—Solomon Coe."

"The man you are to marry, is it not?"

A stifled groan was the girl's reply.

"I can not speak what I have to say here," said the other, thoughtfully. "Is there no other place? Stay. I can be ill—overfatigued with my journey—and you will come and tend me in my own room presently. That can be managed, can't it?"

"Yes, madam, yes."

"Then wipe your eyes—be a brave girl. Think of Richard, and not of yourself—think of him, when yonder boor is clasping the hand that once rested in his—think of him, when those alien lips press yours at parting, and be strong! If I were in your place, he would find that I had not deserted him in his trouble."

"Desert him, madam? I? Oh, never!"

"To be weak is to desert him, girl—to let yonder man and your father suspect that any friend of Richard's is beneath this roof is to desert him—to weep when there is need to work is to desert him. Did I not tell you I was his own mother; and yet *I* shed no tears! Look up, and learn your lesson from me."

The faces of the two women were indeed in strong contrast—the younger, yielding, feeble, despairing; the elder, calm, patient of purpose, and inflexible. Her cheeks were plump, and radiant with health; her form erect and composed; her eyes, indeed, betrayed anxiety, but it was from want of confidence in the person she addressed, not in herself; the white hair seemed to fitly crown that figure, so full of earnestness and firmness.

"I will do my best," cried the young girl, "though I know I am but weak and foolish. Pity me, and pray for me. I am going to the torture, but I will be resolute. Tell Hannah—the servant-maid—that you wish me to attend you in your room. Send for me soon, for mercy's sake! How I long to know how I can help our Richard!"

As she left the room Mrs. Gilbert's face grew dark. "A fool! a dolt!" she muttered, angrily. "How could he risk so much for such a stake! Oh, Richard! Richard!"—her voice began to falter at that well-loved name—"was this to have been the end of all my hopes? What fatal issue, then, may not my fears have end in! my beautiful, bright boy! The only light my lonely life possessed! to think of you as like yourself, and then to think of you as you are now!" She looked around her on the sordid walls, the vulgar ornaments upon the mantel-piece, the wretched ill-chosen books; then listened to the splash of the rain in the unpaved street. "And this was Paradise, was it, my poor boy, because this girl dwelt in it! I ought to have known that there was danger here. His letters few and short and far between, his patient tarrying in so wild a place, should have been enough to warn me. But not of this; in no nightmare dream could I have conceived this unimaginable peril. Ah, me! ah, me!" She sat down at the untasted meal, and strove to eat. "I must be strong, for Richard's sake," she murmured. But she soon laid down her knife and fork to muse again. "This Trevethick is a hard, stern man, I see. There is no hope in his mercy. The only path of safety is that which the lawyer pointed out; but will this puling girl have the heart and head to tread it? Will she not faint, as she nearly did just now, and lose her wits when my Richard most requires them? And then, and then?" As if unable to continue such reflections, she rose and rang the bell, which Hannah answered.

"Bring me a bed-candle, girl; I will seek my room at once; and please ask Miss Trevethick to look in upon me before she retires herself, for I feel far from well."

"Yes, ma'am." Hannah thought within herself that the new arrival looked uncommon fresh and well considering her years, and that her young mistress had far more need of rest and "looking to" than she; but, nevertheless, she gave the message; and Harry, at her usual time for going to rest, repaired to the new-comer's room accordingly.

"Are they gone to bed, those men?" inquired Mrs. Gilbert, anxiously, as soon as the door was closed.

"No, madam; my father and Solomon always sit up together now till late."

"Ay; plotting against my boy, I doubt not. Well, let us, then, counterplot. Who sleeps on either side of this room?"

"No one, madam. Both rooms are empty at present; the last visitor, except yourself, left us this evening."

"And the servants?"

"They have retired long ago up stairs."

"That's well. Sit here, then, close to me, and listen. You know that Richard is in prison, placed there by your father and that other man on a false charge. They know as well as I or you that he had no intention of committing the crime of which he stands accused, and yet they both mean to swear the contrary."

"Oh, madam, they will surely not do that!"

"But I say 'Yes;' they want revenge upon him. I know them better than you, who have known them all your life; or perhaps you say they will not, because you hope so. Is it possible," she broke forth, impatiently, "that in such a strait as this, girl, you can encourage such delusions! You are like the fool in the Scripture, of whom it is written, that though thou shouldst bray him among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

"I know I am not like you, madam," answered Harry, piteously. "Richard has often told me how wise and brave you are; but yet my love for him is as great as yours can be. Whatever you think fit that I should do to help him, that shall be done. Trust me; it shall, indeed."

"That's well said, girl. Be you the hand, and I the head, then, of this enterprise, and we shall conquer yet. I say again, that if they could, these men would swear my Richard's life away. They might as well do that as what they mean to do, and deprive him of his liberty; cast him for years into prison, and herd with the worst and basest of mankind; to work under a task-master with irons on. Do you understand, girl, what it is to which, unless we can hinder them, these wretches would doom him?"

"Yes, yes, I do," she murmured, shuddering. "It is horrible, most horrible! God help us!"

"We must help ourselves," answered Mrs. Gilbert, sternly.

"Yet God is surely on our side, and for the truth, madam. If they swear falsely—"

"You must swear also," interrupted the other, angrily; "you must meet them with their own weapons, if you would defend the innocent against them. As it is, the law is with them, and will prove the instrument of their vengeance. The notes were found upon his person; he strove to change them, that he might pass their substitutes more easily. He counted upon your father not missing them from his strong-box until it was too late. The case is clear against him that he stole them."

"Great Heaven!" cried Harry, clasping her hands in agony; "and yet he did not mean to steal them."

"Of course not; nay more, he did *not* steal them, for *you gave them to him*."

"*I* gave them to him? Nay, I never did."

"You did—you did, girl; you acquiesced in his plan for obtaining your father's consent to your engagement; you undertook to supply him temporarily with the money requisite to establish his pretensions as a man of fortune. Or, if you did *not*"—and here her voice assumed an intense earnestness—"your Richard, the man you pretend to love, will be a convicted felon—a prisoner for all the summer of his life, and for the rest an outcast!"

Harry was silent; her hands were pressed to her forehead, as though to compel her fevered brain to think without distraction. "I see, I see," she murmured, presently; "his fate hangs

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upon my word. 'So help me, God,' is what I have first to say, and then say *that!*"

"Why not?" rejoined the other, stoutly. "Will not these men, too, call God to witness what they know to be a lie? Will not *He* discern the motive that prompts *you*—desire to see a wronged man righted, the innocent set free—and the motive that prompts *them*—malicious hate? Or do you deem the all-seeing eye of Heaven is purblind? I tell you this, girl, if I were in *your* place, and the man I loved stood *justly* in such peril, I would swear a score such oaths to set him free! Yet here, with justice on your side and truth, and Heaven itself, you hesitate; you shrink from uttering a mere form of words, the spirit of which is contrary to the letter, and for conscience sake, forsooth, will let your lover perish! *Your* lover! yes, but you were never *his*, although he thinks so. I will go hence, and tell him that you refuse to speak the thing that alone can save him from life-long wretchedness; I will go and tell him that the girl for whose sake he has brought this load of ruin on himself will not so much as lift it with her little finger! You fair, foul devil, how I hate you!" She drew herself up to her full height, and regarded the wretched girl with such contemptuous scorn that even in her abject misery she felt its barb.

"I have not earned your hate," said Harry, with some degree of firmness, "if I have earned your scorn; nor is it meet that you should so despise me, because I fear to anger God."

"And man," added the other, with bitterness. "You fear your father's wrath far more than Heaven's."

That bolt went home: the unhappy girl did indeed stand in greater terror of her father than of the sin of perjury; and the idea of affirming upon oath what she had but a few days before so solemnly denied to him was filling her with consternation and dismay. Still the picture that had just been drawn of the ruin that would assuredly befall her Richard, unless she interposed to save him, had more vivid colors even than that of Trevethick's anger. Let him kill her, if he would, after the trial was over, but Richard should go free.

"I will do your bidding, madam," said she, suddenly, "though I perish, body and soul."

"You say that now, girl, and it's well and bravely said; but will you have strength to put your words to proof? When I am gone, and there are none but Richard's foes about you, will you resist their menaces, their arguments, their cajolements, and be true as steel?"

"I will, I will; I swear it," answered Harry, passionately; "they shall never turn me from it. But suppose they prevent me from leaving Gethin, from attending at the trial at all?"

"Well thought of!" answered Mrs. Gilbert, approvingly; "she has some wits, then, after all, this girl. As for their forbidding you to give evidence, however, Mr. Weasel, who is Richard's lawyer, will see to that. You will be subpœnaed as a witness for the defense. You will say, then, that it was you who opened the strong-box, and took out the notes, and gave them into Richard's hand."

"But how could I open the letter padlock?"

"Good, again!" answered the other; "you have asked the very question for which I have brought the answer. Now, listen! Have you access to your father's watch at times when he does not wear it?"

"Yes; he does not always put it on—never on the day he goes to market, for instance. He comes back late, you see."

"Just so; and sometimes, perhaps, not altogether sober. Very good. Now, you once opened that watch from curiosity, and saw a paper in its case with B N Z upon it. Those letters formed the secret by which the lock was opened. You tried it, just in fun at first, and found they did. Do you understand?"

"I do," said Harry.

"You will not forget, then, what you have to say; or shall I recapitulate it?"

"There is no need," groaned Harry. "I shall remember it forever, be sure of that, and on my death-bed most of all." With a wearied look on her wan face, and a heavy sigh, the young girl rose to go. "Good-night, madam. We need not speak of this again to-morrow, need we?"

"Surely not, child. My mission here is done. The rain is falling still, and that will be a sufficient excuse for my departure. I had a sick headache to-night—remember that—but it will be better after a night's sleep."

"Do you sleep?" asked Harry, simply. "Ah me, I would that *I* could sleep!"

"Of course I do. Is it not necessary for Richard's sake that I should be well and strong? I could weep all night and fast all day, if I let my foolish heart have its own will. It is easy enough to grieve at any time; one has only to think to do that. Sleep, child, sleep, and dream of him as he will be when you have set him free; then wake to work his freedom. I will tell him that you will do so. Press your lips to mine, that I may carry their sweet impress back to him. One moment more. Do not get your lesson by heart, lest they should doubt you; but hold by this one sentence, and never swerve from it: 'I gave Richard Yorke the notes with my own hand.' That is the key which can alone unlock his prison-door. Good-night, good-night."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. ROBERT BALFOUR.

An author of sensitive organization has always a difficulty in treating the subject of prison life. If he avoids details, the critics do not ascribe it to delicacy, but to incompetence; if, on the other hand, he enters into them, they nudge the elbow of the public, and hint that this particular phase of human experience is his specialty—that he "ought to know," because he has been "through the mill" himself. This is not kind, of course; but the expression, "a little more than kin and less than kind," is exceedingly applicable to the critic in relation to his humble brother, the author. We will take a middle course, then, and exhibit only just so much of Cross Key as may be seen in a "justice's visit."

Twenty years ago, the system of treatment of prisoners before trial incarcerated in her Majesty's jails was not so uniform as it now is. In some they were permitted few privileges not enjoyed by the convicts themselves; in others a considerable difference was made between the two classes. The establishment at Cross Key leaned to the side of indulgence. Its inmates who were awaiting their trial were allowed to wear their own clothes; to write letters to their friends without supervision (though not without the suspicion of it on their own part); and to mingle together for some hours in a common room, where that unbroken silence which pervades all our modern Bastiles, and is perhaps their most terrible feature, was not insisted upon. In this common room Richard Yorke was sitting on the afternoon following his incarceration. The principal meal of the day had been just concluded, and himself and his fellow-guests were brooding moodily over their troubles. The platters, the block-tin knives, so rounded that the most determined self-destroyer could never job himself with them into Hades, and the metal mugs had been removed, and their places on the narrow deal table were occupied by a few periodicals of a somewhat depressing character, though "devoted to the cultivation of quiet cheerfulness," and by a leaden inkstand much too large to be swallowed. The prisoners—upon the ground, perhaps, of not needing the wings of liberty for any other purpose—were expected to furnish (from them) their own pens. There were but half a dozen of these unfortunates; all, with two exceptions, were of the same type—that of the ordinary agricultural criminal. Ignorant, slouching, dogged, they might have fired a rick, or killed a keeper, or even—sacrilegious but unthinking boors—have shot a great man's pheasant. They did not make use of their privileges of conversation beyond a muttered word or two, but stared stupidly at the pictures in the magazines, wondering (as well they might) at the benevolent faces of the landlords, clergymen, and all persons in authority therein portrayed, or perhaps not wondering at them at all, but rather pondering whether Bet and the children had gone into "the House" or not by this time, or whether the man in the big wig would be hard upon themselves next Wednesday three weeks.

One of these two exceptions was, of course, our hero, who looked, by contrast with these poor, simple malefactors, like a being from another world, a fallen angel, but with the evil forces of his new abode already gathering fast within him. His capacities for ill, indeed, were ten times theirs; and the dusky glow of his dark eyes evinced that they were at work, though they did but ineffectually reflect the hell of hate that was beginning to be lit within him. It flamed against the whole world of his fellow-creatures, so mad he was with pride and scorn and rage; his hand should be against every man henceforth, as theirs was now against him; his motto, like the *exeunt* exclamation of the mob in the play, should be: "Fire, burn, slay!" He was like a spoiled child who for the first time has received a severe punishment—for a wonder, not wholly deserved—and who wishes, in his vengeful passion, that all mankind might have one neck in common with his persecutor, that (forgetting he is no Hercules) his infant arms might throttle it off-hand. The love which he still felt for Harry and his mother, far from softening him toward others, rather increased his bitterness of spirit. They, too, were suffering wrong and ill-treatment, and needed an avenger. His fury choked him, so that he had eaten nothing of what had been set before him, and he now sat leaning with his elbows on the bare boards, staring with heated eyes at the blank wall before him, and feeding on his own heart.

"This is your first time in quod, I guess, young gentleman," observed a quiet voice beside him.

Richard started. He had thrown one contemptuous glance upon the company when they first assembled, and had decided that they possessed no more interest for him than a herd of cattle; buried in his own sombre thoughts, he had lost consciousness of their very presence, as of that of the warder, who was pacing up and down the room with monotonous tread. But now that his attention was thus drawn to his next neighbor, he saw that he differed somewhat from the rest; not that he was more intelligent-looking—for, indeed, there was a reckless brutality in his expression which the others lacked—but there was a certain resolution and strength of will in his face, which at least told of power. But it was the tone of voice, which, coming from such a man, though it was a gruff voice enough in itself, had something conciliatory and winning in it, that chiefly attracted Richard. Perhaps, too, the phrase "young gentleman" flattered his vanity. We can not throw off all our weaknesses at a moment's notice, no matter how stupendous the crisis in our fortunes, any more than, though our boat be sinking under us, we can divest ourselves of our clothes with a single shrug; and sympathy and deferential respect had still their weight with Richard Yorke. Perhaps, too, his nature had not yet even got quit of its gregariousness, and he was not sorry to have his acquaintance sought, though by this hang-dog thief.

"I have never been in prison before, if that is what you mean," returned he, civilly.

He who asked the question was a stout-built, grizzled fellow, about fifty years. He was dressed like a well-to-do farmer, but his accent smacked of London rather than the country; and his hands, Richard observed, were not so coarse and rough as might be expected in one used to manual labor, though his limbs and frame were powerful enough for the most arduous toil. His gray eyes looked keenly at Richard from under their bushy brows, as he propounded a second inquiry:

"What are you in for? Forgery or embezzlement, I reckon—which is it?"

"Neither," answered Richard, laconically, a bitter smile parting his lips in spite of himself.

"Well, now, that's curious," observed the other, coolly. "If it was not that you were sent here with the rest of us, and not shut up by yourself, I should have guessed 'Murder' outright, for you were looking all that a minute ago; and since it could not be murder, I thought it must be one of the other two."

"I don't know what I am here for," said Richard, gloomily, "except that the charge is false."

"Oh, of course," rejoined the other, with a grim chuckle; "it's always false the first time, and as often afterward as we can get the juries to believe us. I'm an old hand myself, and my feelings are not easily wounded; but I have never yet disgraced myself by pleading guilty. It's throwing a chance away, unless you are a very beautiful young woman who has put away her baby, and that I never was, nor did."

"Beauty in distress mollifies the court, does it?" inquired Richard, willing to be won from his own wretchedness by talk even with a man like this.

"Mollifies!—yes, it makes a molly of every body. I have known a judge shed tears about it, which he is not bound to do unless he has the black cap on—that always set him going like an onion. Why, I've seen even an attorney use his pocket-handkerchief because of a pretty face in trouble; but then she was his client, to be sure. Talking of attorneys, you'll have Weasel, of course?"

Richard nodded an affirmative.

"Quite right. I should have him myself, if there was a shadow of a chance; but, as it is, it's throwing good money out o' winder. I wish you better luck, young gentleman, than mine is like to be; not that you want luck, of course, but only justice."

Richard did not relish this tone of banter, and he showed it in his look.

"Come, come," said the other, good-humoredly, "it is a pity to curdle such a handsome face as yours with sour thoughts. Let us be friends, for you may be glad of even a friend like me some dirty day."

"It is very likely," answered Richard, bitterly. "I see no fine days ahead, nor yet fine friends."

"I hope you will see both," answered the other, frankly. "The first time one finds one's self provided for so extra careful as this," with a glance at the iron bars across the low-arched windows, "the prospect always does seem dark. But one learns to look upon the bright side at last. Is the figure very heavy that you're in for? Excuse my country manners: I don't mean to be rude, nor do I ask the question from mere curiosity; but you don't look like one to have come here for a mere trifle."

"The amount in question is two thousand pounds."

"No whistling there!" cried the warder, peremptorily, for the "old hand" had not been able to repress an expression of emotion at this announcement. He looked at Richard with an air of self-complacency, such as a gentleman of the middle classes exhibits on suddenly discovering that he has been in familiar converse with a person of title, or a small trader on being brought into unexpected connection with a merchant prince. The gigantic character of the "operation" had invested this young man with an increased interest in the stranger's eye.

"That's a great beginning," said he, admiringly, "and could scarcely have happened with a poor devil like me. One requires to be born a gentleman to have such opportunities. Now, I don't mind telling *you*," here he sank his voice to a whisper, and looked cautiously about him, "that I was forty years of age before I ever got such a haul as yours. I've done better since, but it's been up-hill work, for all that."

"It doesn't seem to have been very hard work," said Richard, with a meaning glance at the other's hand.

"Well, no, I can't say as it's been hard; a neat touch is what is wanted in my profession."

"Why, you're not a pick—" Richard hesitated from motives of delicacy.

"A pickpocket? Well, I hope not, Sir, indeed," interrupted the other, indignantly.

"Then what *are* you?" said Richard, bluntly.

As a coy maiden blushes and hangs her head in silence when asked the question which she is yet both proud and pleased to answer in the affirmative, so did Mr. Robert Balfour (for such was the name of our new acquaintance) pause and in graceful confusion rub his stubble chin with his closed fist ere he replied: "Well, the fact is, I have been in the gold and precious stone line these thirty years, and never in the provinces until this present summer, when I came down here, as a Yankee pal of mine once put it, 'to open a little jewelry store.'"

"With a crowbar?" suggested Richard, with a faint smile.

"Just so," said the other, nodding; "and it so happened that yours truly, Bob Balfour, was caught in the very act."

"And what term of punishment do you expect for such a—"

"Such a misfortune as that?" answered Mr. Balfour, hastening to relieve Richard's embarrassment. "Well, if I had got the swag, I should—considering the testimonials that will be handed in—have been a lifer. But since I did not realize so much as a weddin' *ring*, twenty years ought to see me through it now."

Twenty years! Why, this man would be over seventy before he regained his liberty!

"Great Heaven!" cried Richard, "can you be cheerful with such a future before you! and at the end of it, to be turned old and penniless into the wide world!"

A genuine pity showed itself in the young man's look and tone. A minute before he had thought himself the most wretched of human beings; yet here was one whose fate was even harder, and who met it without repining. Community of trouble had already touched the heart which he had thought was turned to stone.

"Are you sorry for me, young gentleman," inquired the convict, in an altered voice, "you who have got so much trouble of your own to bear?"

"I am, indeed," said Richard, frankly.

"You would not write a letter for me, though, would you?" inquired the other, wistfully. "I should like to tell—somebody as I've left at home—where I am gone to; and the fact is, I can't write; I never learned how to do it."

A blush came over Bob Balfour's face for the first time; the man was ashamed of his ignorance, though not of his career of crime. "If it's too much trouble, say so," added he, gruffly. "Perhaps it was too great a favor to ask of a gentleman born."

"Not at all," said Richard, hastily, "if the man will bring us pen and paper."

"Hush! the *officer*, if you please," said Balfour. "They like to be 'officered,' these gentry, every one of them. Some friends of mine always addresses 'em as 'dogs;' but that's a mistake, when they has to watch you."

Mr. Robert Balfour spoke a few respectful words to the warder, and the requisite materials were soon laid upon the table. Richard dipped his pen in the ink, and waited for directions. "It's only a few words," muttered Mr. Balfour, apologetically, "to my old mother. Perhaps you have a mother yourself, young gentleman?"

"I have." He had written to her guardedly the previous day, before he left Plymouth, to tell her the same sad news which he was now, as he supposed, about to repeat for another, and to urge her to repair to Cross Key at once.

Mr. Balfour beat softly on the table with his forefinger for a moment, and then, as though he had found the key-note of the desired composition, dictated as follows:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—When this comes to hand, I shall have took your advice, and started for the New World. There's a ship a-sailing from Plymouth in a day or two, and my passage in her is booked. I didn't like to come back to town again, for fear I should change my mind, and turn to the old trade. The post is queer and doubtful, they tell me, in these far-away parts; but you shall hear from me whenever I have an opportunity. All as is mine is yours, remember; so, use it. I have no need of money myself, for there's a place being kep for me, out yonder, in the carpentering line. Hoping this finds you well, as it leaves me, I am your dutiful son, ROBERT BALFOUR."

"Then you don't tell her any thing about what's happened to you?" said Richard, wonderingly.

"Why should I? The poor soul's over seventy, and will never see me again. It's much better that she should have a pretty picture to look at than such a reality as this; ain't it?"

"Well, I suppose it is."

This delicate feeling on the part of Mr. Balfour jarred upon Richard. *He* had taken no pains to break the news of his imprisonment to *his* mother; on the contrary, he had painted the wretchedness of his position, with a view to set forth the urgent necessity for help, in its most sombre colors. Of course there was a great difference in the two cases, an immense difference; but still he resented this exhibition of natural piety, as contrasting unpleasantly with his own conduct.

The other, however, had no suspicion of this. His thoughts, just then, were far away; and the subject of them gave an unwonted softness to his tone as he observed: "I thank you for this, kindly, young gentleman. Here's the address—Earl Street, Spitalfields. It's her own house; and she will have enough, and to spare, while she lives, thank the Lord! Well, that's done with; and if Bob Balfour can do you a good turn for it, he will. Hello, you're wanted."

"Richard Yorke!" repeated the warder, loudly. "Can't you hear?"

Richard had heard well enough; but the idea that it was his mother who had come to see him had for the moment unmanned him; he well knew how proud she had been of him; and how was he to meet her now, disgraced, disheartened, in prison, a reputed thief! But the next instant he reflected that her arrival could not be possibly looked for for some days; perhaps it was Trevethick, who had, in the mean time, learned all, and was come to announce his willingness to withdraw from the prosecution; perhaps Harry herself was with him; perhaps—

But there was no time for further prognostication; a second warder was at the door, beckoning impatiently, and Richard rose at once. The dull faces of the rest were all raised toward him with a malign aspect; they feared that some good news was come for him, that they were about to lose a companion in misfortune. Only one held out his hand, with a "Good luck to you, young gentleman; though I never see you again, I shall not forget you."

"Silence there!" cried the officer in charge, as Richard passed out into the stone passage. "You ought to know our ways better than that, Balfour."

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SUMMONED TO THE WAR.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 682.]

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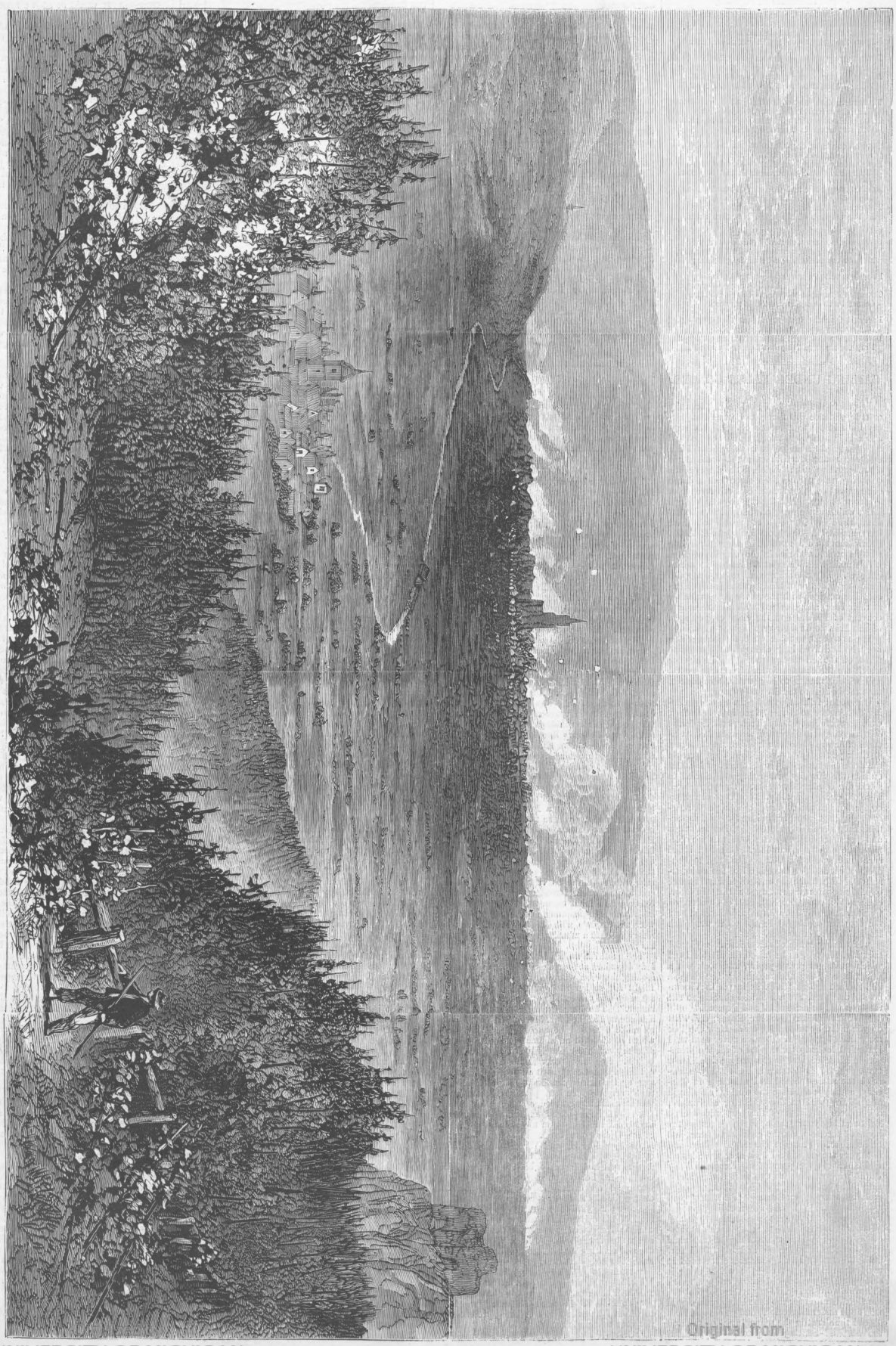

THE CITY OF STRASBOURG DURING THE BOMBARDMENT, THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS IN THE BACK-GROUND.—[SEE PAGE 83.]

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SUMMONED TO THE WAR.

[See Illustration on Page 680.]

'Tis the Father-land that calls me, O my mother,
'Tis the Father-land that calls me, O my wife,
Calls me and many a sad-hearted brother
From the quiet hopes and labors of our life.

There are wives who pray with fervor that the battle
May spare the dearly loved ones, past all prayer;
And babes, too young a father's name to prattle,
Who will never know a father's tender care.

There are mothers who will be childless on the morrow;
There are friends, true hearted, who will never meet;
There are homes where the ghost of haunting sorrow
Will sit forever in the vacant seat.

'Tis not our country wounds us, but the stranger—
We give but to our country what we owe;
For the echo came to us that told of danger,
Where the waters of our dear Rhine river flow.

And the very thew and sinew of the nation,
The tollers and bread-winners of the land,
The sturdy manhood of a generation,
In the vanward of the battle take their stand.

We fight for Father-land, and not for glory,
Whose roots are watered by the tears of pain,
We fight not that our names should live in story,
But for the nation's life. And not in vain;

For 'tis a nation's war, and we, the nation,
Fight sternly, strong of heart in our own cause,
Though the wail of women, in their desolation,
Comes to us sadly in the battle's pause.

Farewell, O mother! 'tis my father wants me—
Our country, common father of us all;
Farewell, O wife! weep not, for weeping daunts me;
Pray for me, and for yourselves if I should fall.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS.

I.

IT was in the year 1835, before Italian unity or independence was thought of, when the journey from Rome to Florence occupied six days and a half, and when the Grand Duke Leopold dwelt in regal magnificence in the Palazzo Pitti, that two young Englishmen sat at breakfast in a Florentine palace, in which, without very much crowding, might have been stood half a dozen of the "brown-stone fronts" of Fifth Avenue or Madison Square. But for the loveliest view in Italy, which was spread out under its vast windows, the room in which they sat would have been almost cheerless from its height and size. Below them were terraced gardens, sparkling with fountains, and rich in the luxuriant foliage which makes Italy almost a paradise to northern eyes. Beyond and around rose the magnificent amphitheatre of hills in whose midst Florence lies nestled, with the silver Arno winding at their base, and crowned with the tower and convent of Fiesole and the cloud-capped spire of San Miniato on their very highest peak.

It was a scene to rouse the enthusiasm of any one who had lived long enough in the world to throw off the self-absorption and self-indulgence which are the characteristics of extreme youth, and which, thanks to a merciful Providence, time rarely fails to modify and subdue.

Our young friends, who, by-the-way, were doing full justice to a most luxurious breakfast, were far more interested in their plans for future enjoyment, and in discussing the animated specimens of nature's handiwork whom they had met in their yesterday's travels, than they were in the art treasures within, or the natural beauties outside the fair city where they had elected to spend the coming six weeks. The young men were old college friends, and had been traveling-companions on the continent of Europe for nearly three years. In personal and mental attractions they were fairly matched; in social status and position widely apart. One was a nobleman, the other a commoner. One had broad acres, and a rent-roll that was counted by hundreds of thousands; the other had but an inheritance of three hundred pounds a year and remote expectations from an estranged uncle. In short, one was William Adolphus, Earl of Grafton, of Grafton Castle, Wilts, with minor estates in half the counties of England; the other was plain Roger Merton, of nowhere at all.

"It's a very dangerous experiment, my lord," said Mr. Merton, as he raised the marble hand which served as presse-papier, and took out a dozen letters lying underneath. "The English in Florence are as 'thick as leaves in Valombrosa,' and there are a hundred chances to one that you will be recognized and exposed."

"What an old muff you are, Roger; and what do you mean by mi-lording me? How can I be recognized by people who have never seen me? Haven't I looked over the list of all the strangers in Florence, and there is not a name I know among them? Besides, am I not ready to sacrifice the silkiest beard and mustache in Tuscany, and appear before the world, 'all shaven and shorn,' without decoration or adornment, a complete specimen of the true middle-class Briton (I beg your pardon, Merton), resting my hopes of success upon the qualities of heart and brain alone. Pass the claret, old fellow, and hold your tongue while I look over these letters and make out the plan of my campaign. By Jove! what a thing it is to *have* a plan and a something before one, besides dawdling through picture-galleries, and being 'mi-lorded' and 'your lordshiped' by all the mewling, puling, namby-pamby tuft-hunters between here and Mayfair! Let me see—to 'the English Embassador,' to the 'Chamberlain of the Grand Duke,' introducing Lord Grafton and his friend Mr. Merton. Lucky I had your name included in my letters, Roger. Well—the whole thing is arranged in my mind, old fellow, and you're not to have a word to say. Only remember that *you* are Lord Grafton for the time being, and as you won't sail under false colors, and go out and have a good time among the managing mammas and the husband-hunting daughters—why, 'Lord Grafton' must be an invalid and a hypochondriac, and never be seen by any one but his valet and his attached friend 'Merton.'"

"Very well," replied Roger, as he shook the ashes from his meerschaum on to a small silver plate—"'a willful man,' etc.—you know the old saying, Grafton. But it does seem to me the most insane project that was ever set on foot. Do be persuaded to give it up, like a good fellow. If your object is to win and woo the lovely girl we met at Valombrosa yesterday, do it without trickery or deception. Let her know you for who and what you are, and trust—"

"To the noble indifference to place and power that exists in the female mind," interrupted the young lord. "No, I thank you, Roger; there's an amount of stiff-neckedness in you, old fellow, that would get the better of me on any other point, but on this my mind is made up. I shall never get such a chance again, and I'm resolved to be plain Mr. Merton for the next six weeks, and see what I can do toward breaking women's hearts without my title and estates to back me."

"And so enact 'the Lord of Burleigh' to your own overthrow and humiliation, most likely. Recollect I warned you, Grafton," replied Merton, shaking his head gravely at his madcap friend. "But if it *is* to be, when is the masquerading to begin, and how soon am I to fall into invalid ways? I don't feel any premonitory symptoms, unfortunately, and you must have nobody dropping in at meal-times, remember. If you do I must pass for a lunatic, not for an invalid, this air gives me such an infernal appetite. You'll let me get a glimpse of the Venus to-day, I hope, before I succeed to my unwelcome title, and am shut up for an indefinite period."

"Certainly, old fellow; do whatever you like. I shall be all the morning under François's manipulations, trying to be made respectable and middle-class." And gathering up their letters as they spoke, and setting their hats upon their heads after the most approved British style, the young men left the room by different doors.

II.

There was a ball at the grand ducal palace a few days after the conversation recorded in our first chapter, and here, in the blaze of light from whole *trees* of candles, and in the glitter of uniforms, stars, and diadems, "plain Mr. Merton" made his bow to Florentine society. After the necessary presentations to the court circle, and after hearing on every side profound regret expressed at the declining health of his noble friend, the *soi-disant* Mr. Merton found himself walking listlessly through the brilliant suit of rooms very much unknown and unnoticed, and rather uncertain whether this standing on one's own merits and attractions were not somewhat of a mistake after all. He stopped for a moment in the ball-room to watch a quadrille in which the Grand Duke himself was dancing, and as his eye fell upon the partner of his royal highness a thrill of delighted surprise ran through his frame, for he recognized instantly his charming acquaintance of Valombrosa, and the heroine of his day's adventure there. She was a young English girl of about eighteen years of age, fresh and very fair, and with the timidity of her race and of her sex written in every line of her beautiful face. Her eyes, which were shaded by lashes of most unusual length, seemed to elude the most cautious attempt to meet their upward glance, and her lips rarely parted over the small regular teeth, even in response to the efforts of her illustrious partner to draw her out. She danced with the ease and grace of a Frenchwoman, gliding over the smoothly waxen floors without displacing a ringlet or disturbing a fold of the exquisite Parisian elaboration which was called then, as it has been ever since, "une toilette." Lord Grafton was too well accustomed to the "coming, seeing, and conquering" process to hesitate a moment in seeking out the lord chamberlain, and requesting an introduction to the unknown beauty; and for a moment he inwardly cursed his own folly in assuming a name and rank which were not his own when he saw the Italian dignitary hesitate a moment before complying with his request.

The quadrille ended, however, and the young lady deposited at the side of a rather formidable-looking chaperon, whom Grafton devoutly prayed might *not* be her mother, "Mr. Merton" was taken up and presented to "Miss Adelaide Berringer." The long eyelashes were raised for a moment, and then Mr. Merton was called upon to make a second bow to "Mrs. Berringer," which he did with an amount of cool self-complacency which completely took away that lady's breath. She, however, retaliated by making it quite as apparent as was at all necessary that she was by no means pleased to make "Mr. Merton's" acquaintance. A petition for the next waltz was timidly granted, and the next moment Lord Grafton and Adelaide Berringer were whirling round the ball-room to the delicious music of the Duke's own band. A turn in the conservatory followed, and then, under pretense of having lost his way in his well-meaning efforts to take his fair partner back to her chaperon, Grafton led her out on to the moonlit terrace, where the entrancing beauty of the night was an excuse for still further lingering.

During all this time Grafton had made the most of his opportunities and of his rather unusual conversational powers, talking charmingly and sympathetically, as he knew so well how to do, and eliciting many a responsive glance from under the long eyelashes.

"I think we had better go back now, Mr. Merton," said the young girl at last. "My aunt will be surprised at my long absence."

"Your aunt?" inquired Grafton; "the lady to whom I had the honor of being presented is not your mamma, then?"

"Oh no!" replied the fair girl, whose timidity was beginning to wear off a little. "I am an orphan. My aunt is very kind; but she has two daughters of her own—"

"To whom I was *not* introduced," interrupted Grafton, quickly.

"Oh no! nobody ever is introduced to Mildred and Annie except lords or honorable misters," replied Adelaide, with great naïveté; "but I'm only a poor little girl, without parents or fortune, and when we go home very likely I shall take a situation as governess."

"Governess!" exclaimed Lord Grafton, looking compassionately down upon the lovely creature at his side. "You are very unfit for that, my child."

"Oh, indeed," replied Adelaide, simply, "I have been very carefully educated, I assure you. I speak French and German as well as I do English, and people say that I sing very nicely."

"Sing!" exclaimed Lord Grafton; "how delightful! I am so fond of music! When may I have the honor of hearing you? Perhaps we might manage a duet together. I have a pretty fair tenor myself."

"I am sure I shall be very happy," replied Adelaide, looking shyly down; "but, indeed, we must go in now. My aunt will think it so very strange."

And resisting all his efforts to detain her, she turned resolutely toward the entrance of the palace.

They were met in the grand corridor by Mrs. Berringer and her two very plain daughters, hooded and cloaked for departure; and very stern was the glance the good lady bent upon "Mr. Merton" and her beautiful niece as they approached, full of apologies for their long absence.

"Mildred has your cloak, Adelaide," she said, in a tone that was intended to be calm; "and Lord Loftus will see us to our carriage. I have the honor of wishing you good-evening, Sir," she continued, courtesying profoundly to "Mr. Merton," with an emphasis which seemed to dismiss him from her presence not only for that occasion, but for the remainder of his natural life.

For the next few weeks life seemed to be one long summer day's holiday to Lord Grafton, and one long dark winter of discontent to the assumed possessor of that ancient name. In direct opposition to his friend's judgment and advice, Grafton gave himself up entirely to his daily increasing passion for Adelaide Berringer, and was wild with triumphant delight at the growing interest in himself which she unconsciously betrayed. At balls and fêtes, in gardens and galleries, they met continually, and Grafton had even the temerity to snap his fingers at Mrs. Berringer's repelling coldness, and call frequently at their hotel, where he spent morning after morning listening to the delicious strains of Adelaide Berringer's voice. During all this time he had not been honored with an introduction to the Misses Berringer, nor once received the faintest sign of recognition from them. It seemed to be tacitly admitted that he was "well enough" as an admirer of Adelaide's, and would be tolerated as such provided he made not the slightest attempt to invade the sacred precincts of her family circle. As for Adelaide herself, she was living in an enchanted world, of which she and Grafton were the sole inhabitants. To her guileless nature the good things of this life were comprised within very narrow limits. To wander with her lover through gardens and vineyards under the deep blue sky of Tuscany—to dance with him, sing for him, and to fight nobly and bravely for him against the scoffs and sneers of the whole home circle, was happiness enough for her. The rest she left to him, "secure," as she shyly told him, when they stood together on the very spot where he had first seen her in the vale of Valombrosa—"secure in his love, and content to give up all her future life to him."

And then Grafton would press her to his heart in a wild ecstasy of happiness, and whisper, "Have you no fears, dearest, of the trials and privations that poverty and obscurity may create? Are you willing to fight the battle of life, fierce and dark though the struggle may be, at my side?" He had his answer in language that is sweet to lovers' hearts, but not very intelligible to those living outside of their enchanted circle.

III.

"Isn't it time for this farce to come to an end, Grafton?" said Roger Merton, in a disconsolate tone, as he watched his friend putting the final touches to his toilet for a "festa" in the lovely grounds of the Cascine. "I've been ill so long that I'm quite ready to die, and the sooner you publish my demise the better."

"My dear fellow, don't talk of dying," replied Grafton; "you shall be put out of your misery without going through that uncomfortable process. I feel as if I could never thank you enough for your patience and long-suffering in my cause. And by Jove! Roger, what a splendid success our little masquerade has been! I never should have believed that girl loved me for myself alone but for this little innocent deception. And now upon my word, Merton, a man can't talk about that sort of thing, you know, but I do believe we shall be the happiest couple in England. The only trouble is how to break the truth to her. Upon my soul I don't believe she'd marry me if she knew who I really am."

"Have you got her aunt's consent to 'plain Mr. Merton' entering her august family?"

"Oh, such a lark! Yes, the old lady was pleased to accord her royal permission, upon condition that our names were to be struck off her visiting list from the hour of our marriage. I agreed *cheerfully*; and, by Jove! I'll hold her to her own conditions strictly. How I did enjoy dwelling upon my 'narrow income' in the only conversation I have ever had the honor of holding with her! By-the-way, Roger, I wish you'd go in and court one of those old girls as Earl of Grafton. It would be such a splendid 'plant' upon the old dame."

"Thank you," replied Merton, dryly. "If you can offer me no better compensation for my services, I prefer to remain forever unremunerated. But, joking apart, Grafton, have you taken my advice and consulted Lord and Lady N—— about the marriage, and the best way to get out of this infernal snarl?"

"Made a clean breast of it yesterday, Roger. The embassador looked rather glum at first, and said something about the reproach cast upon 'our order' by my little escapade. What a farce it all is, to be sure! Fifty years hence 'our order' will probably have ceased to exist. But never mind; the old lady made it all right. Her jolly old heart was charmed with the romance of the thing, and it's settled that our marriage is to take place at the embassy early next month, and they'll undertake to break the 'dreadful intelligence' to Mrs. Berringer, after we're gone, I hope."

"When the veritable Roger Merton will throw up his cap and shout, 'Hurrah for liberty!' I never knew how fond I was of my father's name until I lost it. Can't I have it back before the wedding-day?"

"Not one hour sooner, you poor old victim. I've a great mind not to give it back to you at all. It has brought me more happiness than ever my title and estates did—hang them!" And catching up his gloves and stick, and waving a laughing adieu to Merton, he ran gayly down stairs.

The fashionable world of Florence was full of excitement and astonishment when it was known that the marriage of Adelaide Berringer with "that plain Mr. Merton, my dear," was to be celebrated at the British embassy; and fierce was the struggle for invitations to the fête which Lord N—— had announced was to be given in honor of the occasion. What added a little to the interest was a certain veil of mystery which seemed to hang over the whole affair, and the impossibility of ascertaining definitely what the arrangements for the marriage were to be. All that the most potent arbiters of fashion could learn was contained in their cards of invitation, which summoned them to the private chapel of the embassy at one o'clock, and to an outdoor fête with dancing, to commence immediately afterward.

The sun shone as it can shine nowhere else but in an Italian sky on the morning of Adelaide Berringer's wedding-day; and deep was the murmur of admiration that ran round the crowded chapel as, in her robes of floating white, she walked up the aisle leaning on the embassador's arm. The bridegroom met her at the altar; and it was noticed by more than one of those present that the look of tender affection which rested for a moment on his lovely bride changed to one of almost triumphant defiance as he glanced round the assembled crowd. The ceremony proceeded, and as the Christian names of the bridal pair were pronounced by the clergyman in that most solemn of all combinations which the marriage service contains, Mildred Berringer whispered to the lady next to her, "William Adolphus! What a grand name for such a very small individual! It ought to be Tom or Dick."

"Well," replied the lively girl to whom the remark was addressed, as the ceremony ended and the newly married couple, with their chosen witnesses, moved toward the vestry-room, "whether Tom, Dick, or Harry, he is a very distinguished-looking man. Adelaide Berringer will be a happy wife, I feel sure."

At this moment there was a buzz and a rustling through the chapel, and at a signal from Lady N—— the guests retired and dispersed themselves over the magnificent grounds, or reclined in the luxurious saloons. Mrs. Berringer and her daughters took refuge in Lady N——'s boudoir. It having been a part of Mrs. Berringer's tactics to interest herself as little as possible in the details of her niece's marriage, she had declined going into the vestry with her to witness the signing of the contract. Now, however, she began to be a little anxious, as more than half an hour had elapsed and neither "Mr. nor Mrs. Merton," as she was careful to call them, had appeared.

"Do you think any thing could have happened to Adelaide?" she said, a little nervously, to her eldest daughter. "Perhaps she may be ill or faint. Shall I go back to the chapel and make inquiries?"

"Oh no, mamma," replied the aristocratic Mildred, who was standing near the window; "that horrid man is sure to be rude—you had better let them alone. Just come here a moment and look at this magnificent chariot standing at the principal entrance. An earl's coronet and four horses! It can not be Lord N——'s?"

"No," replied Mrs. Berringer, peering cautiously through the blinds. "I have never seen it in Florence before. An earl's coronet—let me see! I have it, Mildred. It must be that mysterious Lord Grafton's, whom nobody has ever seen. He has lent it to his friend for the first stages of the wedding trip. And look, girls, there are the bride and bridegroom getting in at this moment. They are going off without farewells after all. Very sensible and judicious of them, I must say; as, of course, none of these people will care to know them again in London. I did not suppose that Mr. Merton had so much tact. It spares *us* so much, my dears. Well, Adelaide goes off with flying colors," she continued, as the magnificent equipage dashed by, and the radiant face of Adelaide was visible for a moment to the group at the window—"it's a pity they are false ones."

"Pardon me, madam," said Lord N——, who entered the room at that moment, and heard the concluding remarks; "the colors are as true as your lovely niece's own heart. And I am re-

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quested by the young Earl and Countess, whom you have just seen drive from my door, to apologize to their friends for their abrupt and unceremonious departure, and to say that they hope to meet, during the coming season in London, all those from whom they have received kindness and attention here. Those who have declined the honor of 'Mr. Merton's' acquaintance," he added, glancing slyly at Mildred and Annie, "will of course not have it forced upon them by Lord Grafton. To you, madam," he continued, turning to Mrs. Berringer, "his lordship desired me to present his grateful acknowledgments for the wife whom you so reluctantly bestowed, and to assure you that the conditions which you imposed upon him when you gave your consent to his engagement shall be most religiously observed. Will you allow me to conduct you into the banqueting-hall, madam," continued the courtly old man, feeling really sorry for Mrs. Berringer, whose face was pale to absolute ghastliness, "where you can take some refreshment, and receive the congratulations of our friends on the happy *dénouement* of this romantic little drama? You will find there also, under Lady N——'s chaperonage, the real Mr. Merton, to whose assistance in planning and carrying out this little plot Lord Grafton is largely indebted. He really is a most charming young man, and I am sure you will be delighted to make his acquaintance. As he is quite a stranger in Florentine society, I shall take the liberty of presenting him to your daughters. I have the honor to offer you my arm, madam."

STRASBOURG UNDER FIRE.

On page 681 we give an interesting sketch of the city of Strasbourg and the surrounding country during the recent bombardment. The sketch was taken from the heights near Appenweier, in the Baden mountains, directly opposite Strasbourg, on the west bank of the Rhine, and overlooking the valley of that river, with the village of Kehl on the east side. The winding stream of the Ill and its canals may be traced through the flat meadows around the beleaguered city; behind it lies the plain of Alsace, and in the distant back-ground rises the chain of the Vosges Mountains. The magnificent Cathedral, which fortunately escaped destruction, though much shattered by the bombardment, forms a prominent feature in this sketch. An official examination of the city after the capitulation showed that the Prussian fire had been terribly destructive. Entire streets were in ruins, and presented a picture of utter desolation.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

Among the still active volcanoes we meet with some whose craters are several miles in diameter, encircled by precipitous sides rising to even a thousand feet above the bottom of the crater when at rest, which, as in the Sandwich Islands, may contain reservoirs, or rather lakes, of liquid lava, two to four miles across, and at times send forth rivers of molten stone several miles in breadth, extending their fiery inundation to a distance of even forty miles from the crater whence they issued. In the eruption of Hualalai, in 1801, a lava current, after reaching the coast, poured out such volumes of melted matter as to fill up a bay some twenty miles deep, and in its place extend a headland some three or four miles farther into the sea. The rate at which these rivers of molten stone flow is a very varying one; in 1805 the lava current from Vesuvius is said to have run down the first three miles in four minutes, yet only completed its total distance of six miles in three hours; and in 1840 that from Mauna Loa advanced no less than eighteen miles in two hours; while on the other hand it is recorded that during the eruption of Etna, which commenced in 1614, and continued many years, the lava stream only completed a distance of six miles in ten years, notwithstanding that all this time it was seen to be in slow but almost imperceptible motion; during the eruption of this volcano in 1865 it was found, however, that at the edge of the current the rate of motion varied from 15 to 120 feet per hour, according to local circumstances; in the centre of the stream the lava was evidently still more rapid in its movements.

The entire mass of a lava stream often advances even when to the eye it would appear to have become quite solid; upon throwing a heavy stone on to the top of a lava current so far consolidated that the stone merely fixed itself into the surface without sinking deeper, it was seen that the stone moved along with the lava, which otherwise looked as if stationary. The surface of this lava consolidated and cooled with almost incredible rapidity, so much so that, notwithstanding the protestations of his guides, a gentleman walked over lava currents when, at the same time, the fiery stream still flowing below could be distinctly seen through the cracks in the crust over which he passed.

On this occasion also the stems of the pine-trees in the forest which was destroyed by this eruption were converted into charcoal as high as the lava reached, but the upper portions of the trees then toppled over, and remained in an almost unaltered and uncharred condition on the top of the lava current which had so quickly cooled. The crust which forms on the top of lava when cooling, being an excellent non-conductor, acts so efficiently in preventing further escape of heat that we find streams of lava requiring many years, and even ages, to become quite cold. Dolomier relates that the lower part of the Ischia lava of 1301 was still hot in the year 1785.

The buried cities of Stabia, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, covered up in parts to the depth of 100 feet by the ashes of Vesuvius, are ocular proofs of the vast quantity which can be sent out of a volcanic vent during an eruption. The volcano of Sangay, in Ecuador, in constant activity since 1728, has buried the country around it to a depth of 400 feet under its ashes; and a French geologist has estimated that in the course of only two days the volcano of Bourbon has thrown out no less than 300,000 tons of volcanic ashes. The immense distances to which these may be transported by the winds is no less surprising; the ashes of Vesuvius, in the eruption which buried Pompeii, darkened the sun at Rome, and were carried as far as Syria and Egypt; those from San Vincent, in 1812, are reported to have made the sky as dark as night in the Barbadoes; and in Iceland, in 1766, the air became so charged with ashes for a distance of 150 miles around Hecla that even the brightest light could not be distinguished at a few yards.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

For the first time since theatres were permanently established in Paris there is a complete cessation of dramatic performances. These entertainments were stopped by legal authority; yet, before that was done, public opinion favored their being given up. While the Revolution was progressing, the tragedies of Marie Joseph Chénier and Arnault *père* were performed; and while the Reign of Terror deluged the streets of Paris with blood, pastoral dramas, recording the loves and quarrels of Corydon and Amoret, divided the public favor with republican idyls celebrating the triumphs of the new *régime*, the marriage of priests, and other novelties. Napoleon went to the campaign which ended at Waterloo while the "Triomphe de Trajan" was being performed; and the entry for the second time of the Allies into Paris was celebrated by the production of "Le Roi et la Ligue." So that this peculiar feature of the present struggle seems indicative of the serious aspect which it bears in the minds of the masses.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Saratoga Springs has made an effort to break up the elegant gambling-saloon of John Morrissey. This establishment has been carried on openly and successfully, to the ruin of thousands, in defiance of all law. The statutes of the State authorize the seizure and destruction of all exposed gambling implements, and make it a punishable offense for any person to keep a gambling establishment. The proprietor of the establishment referred to was arrested, and, after examination, bound over for his appearance and trial at the next term of the Saratoga County Court. All lovers of good morals can not but hope that the Young Men's Christian Association will persevere in this case until this notorious gambling club-house is wholly rooted up.

Remarkable solar phenomena are now exciting the interest of all astronomers. From observations made at the Alleghany University, Pennsylvania, it appears that the side of the sun now turned toward us is covered with hundreds of spots of all sizes and in all stages of growth. The area of one of the large spots, which is now near the centre of the disk, has been computed from careful measurements, and found to exceed 2,300,000,000 square miles. These spots apparently change their form from hour to hour; a sort of current appears sometimes to rush downward, carrying with it great masses of luminous matter to lower depths, and opening black cavities of a size commensurate with the scale on which this action is carried on. The largest of these cavities is seen to be overhung with parts of the brilliant surface, which visibly break away in enormous portions, and sink in it out of sight. Masses the size of whole continents are utterly changed in shape or disappear from one day to another, sometimes while the observer watches them; and the whole "spot" is, to all appearance, being slowly rotated by the cyclones which are visibly working there.

The aggregate number of persons who last year received public care in the institutions under the control of the Department of Charities and Corrections, or relief through their agency, is stated to be 160,278. Over 51,000 of these were relieved by the Superintendent of the Outdoor Poor.

The Chinese of North Adams continue to adhere to their home diet of rice, and tea which they brought for their own use. They also eat beef and mutton, and ordinary vegetables. They are cleanly in their personal habits, and are beginning to adopt the clothing which New Englanders generally wear. Some have ceased to shave the head, which makes a vast change in their appearance; but the long queue is still carefully retained. They learn to read and write rapidly, and many of them attend the churches and Sunday-schools. They mix, however, very little with the community in general—which is, perhaps, one reason that they have not yet learned to smoke and drink. They are quiet and respectful, but withal somewhat suspicious; for when farmers have given them apples from their orchards they have courteously expressed thanks, but never have tasted the fruit until they have taken it home and examined it carefully.

A sect of Adventists, living in the vicinity of Pittsburg and Alleghany, are now busily circulating their belief that within the next two years the earth will be transformed into its original Edenic state. The European war, and the changes going on in the Papal States, are, in their opinion, hastening this end. These Adventists claim that the number of their followers in both Europe and America is large.

John Allen, who was unenviably known as the "Wickedest Man in New York," died a few weeks ago at his father's residence in West Perth, New York. At one time it was believed he had become a reformed man; but his subsequent conduct proved that his reformation was only a pretense for the hope of gain.

A correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*, having visited Wilhelmshöhe and seen the Emperor, says that he looks thirty years older than he did five years ago. He goes to bed late and rises early. A light can be seen burning in his bedroom after midnight, and between four and five o'clock in the morning he has already taken his first walk in the garden. Napoleon and his generals are apparently conscious of the tragic gravity of the situation, but his subaltern officers do not appear to understand it. They walk happily in the park, laughing at the passers-by, amusing themselves at the cascades, and have all the insolence of lackeys accompanying a master on a journey of pleasure. One of these gentlemen denied energetically, on the 8th of September, that the republic had been proclaimed at Paris. He considered it to be simply a "Prussian canard," and when told of the issue at Paris of the first number of the *Journal Officiel* of the French republic, he shrugged his shoulders and said, with an air of superiority, "Good God, Sir, we must not believe every thing we read in the newspapers."

A singular petition was lately presented to the Board of Aldermen of Nevada City from a Frenchwoman who desired to be allowed to wear male attire. She stated that elsewhere she had worn that dress for twenty years, and being about to open a mercantile establishment in that city, she wished to be protected against arrest. With her petition she sent a document bearing the signature of the Clerk of the District Court of Amador County, California, which was given her to serve as a protection against arrest, and which speaks of her as an industrious and virtuous woman, and one possessed of considerable real estate in that county. This document is certified to and countersigned by the French Consul at San Francisco, and states that she first adopted male attire in 1850, upon her arrival in California; that not finding any thing to do in San Francisco, and wishing to lead an honest and virtuous life, she went to work in the mines, where she made money enough to start in business.

A wild story is circulated in Paris that there exists a subterranean passage, with one entrance beyond the fortifications and another in Paris itself. The letter conveying this information to the authorities says that the writer has it from one of the masons employed in the work, who offers to come to Paris with a safe-conduct, he being a German. The subterranean passage is said to have been the work of six years, and to have been dug by German workmen on high pay, who were always taken to and from their work blindfolded!

Baron Rothschild, the millionaire, *par excellence*, of France, is in the National Guard, and is ready to do his part in defending the capital.

The *savans* of the British Scientific Association of Liverpool do not trouble their heads about the great war on the Continent, but have quietly assembled for the discussion of the "atomic theory," the site of Paradise, the expedition of Sir Samuel Baker, luminous meteors, fossil corals, and kindred matters. But interest in their deliberations does not extend far out of their own charmed circle.

That much-dreaded disease, the yellow-fever, which has been prevailing in New Orleans and in parts of Spain and in Cuba, has also been at the very doors of our city during the past season. Although there is every reason that the authorities should use every precaution in regard to it, the season has now so far advanced that there is little danger of its becoming epidemic.

Phenophthalmotrope is the name given to a new machine, invented by Dr. Donders, of Utrecht, for elucidating the movements of the eyeball.

A Massachusetts man having lately undergone a very severe surgical operation, his mind became unsettled, and he was seized with the conviction that they had removed all the internal organs from his body, and left him a mere anatomical shell. All their protestations to the contrary only convinced him the more of the perfidy of the whole medical profession. He steadily refused to eat or drink. After lingering for nearly a month, he died the other day in a Salem hospital, bewailing his stolen vitals, and execrating the thievish doctors.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old lady, recently, in some court before which she was brought as a witness, when asked to take off her bonnet, obstinately refused to do so, saying, "There is no law to compel a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh!" imprudently replied one of the judges, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us?" "No, I thank you, Sir," said the old woman, tartly; "there are old women enough there now."

There are a good many people who do *not* live in New Jersey who will sympathize with the feelings of a Jerseyite, who, having heard that sparrows would destroy mosquitoes as well as worms, procured a couple, put them into his bedroom, and told them to "hunt." He was somewhat discouraged when he returned to his room to find that the mosquitoes had swallowed the sparrows!

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out the room?" "No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

"Mother," said a little shaver the other day, "I know what I would do if I was at sea, and the men were all starving, and they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should be me—I'd jump into the water." "But," said the mother, "they would fish you up." "No," said he, "for I wouldn't bite."

"Boss, I want twenty-five cents," said a jour printer recently to his employer. "Twenty-five cents! how soon do you want it, William?" "Next Tuesday week." "As soon as that? You can't have it; I've told you often that when you were in want of any large sum of money you must give me at least four weeks' notice, for you ought to know that nobody pays the printer."

The Great American Dessert—Fruit.

"It is a poor rule that won't work both ways," exclaimed the boy as he threw the ferule at the schoolmaster's head.

An old lady who had never been to a railroad before, went into the dépôt at New Bedford the other day, took a seat, and after a while turned to a lady friend and observed, "It rides real easy, don't it?"

Scull Race—A college examination.

The distinguished author of "Lines to a Waterfall" is said to be engaged now on "Lines to a Hair-pin."

The Favorite Romance of Office-Seekers—"Put yourself in his place."

A young man in Ohio recently opened a clothing-store, and was sent to jail for it. Reason—the clothing-store belonged to another man.

The Detroit women wear Red-Cloud hats, and it is said the men are preparing to come out in Spotted-Tail coats.

It was a woman who first prompted man to eat, but he took to drink on his own account afterward.

Some lawyers study the fees-ability of a client's case before undertaking it.

Preceding the list of marriages, a Chicago paper says: "The following is a list of candidates for divorce."

"What is the size of this place?" gravely asked a New Yorker of the conductor, just after the brakeman had sung out "O-pe-li-ka" at a Southern station, where not a house was visible among the pines except a rambling shed called an "eating-saloon." "It's about as big as New York," was the ready answer, "but it isn't built up yet."

A San Francisco paper declines to publish the particulars of three murders, as "there was nothing novel or original about the modes of death."

Two Irishmen were one day engaged in roofing a house, when one of them lost hold and fell to the ground. The other hastened to him, and inquired, when he found him lying prostrate and still, "Mickey! Mickey! are you dead?" "No," replied Mickey; "not dead, but spacheless!"

A St. Louis reporter is terrifically "graphic" in describing the recent collision of railroad trains in Missouri. Hear him: "The two engines rushed at each other like malign and enraged monsters, grappled with a tremendous crash, reared from the track in a mortal wrestle, and fell into helpless and disjointed fragments on the ground."

A veteran was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's nothing," broke in a little fellow; "my sister Sarah's been engaged eleven times."

A lady recently said to an Irish man-servant, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." He returned in a few minutes with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years old.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY; OR, WHICH IS THE GOBBLER?

Whene'er that tender bird I chance to see,
I wish that I might e'en a gobbler be;
So, as my foes are wrapt in battle murky,
I'll take my chance, and bone that heathen Turkey.

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BEAR HUNT IN A SOUTHERN CANE-BRAKE.—DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 685.]

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"OUR FRITZ" VISITING THE WOUNDED.

The kindness and consideration shown by the Germans to the French prisoners of war have been noted ever since the commencement of the conflict. At Berlin the citizens received the captives with open arms, and bundles of cigars and mugs of beer were distributed among them by the inhabitants of the various towns they passed through on the road.

The German officers also appear to be most anxious to alleviate as much as possible the lot of their unfortunate opponents, "Our Fritz" himself being among the foremost. The sketch on this page represents him speaking to wounded French soldiers as they were taken through the streets of Soultz the day after the battle of Wörth. An eye-witness, writing from the spot, describes his kindness as something wonderful, and tells us that whenever he sees a wounded man, whether soldier or officer, French or Prussian, he is sure to go up to him and say a few kind words.

JULES FAVRE.

We give on this page a portrait of M. Jules Favre, who is now the virtual head of the civil government of France, so far as such a thing can be said to exist in that country. He is a man of eminent ability and enlightened views. The task before him is, perhaps, the most difficult ever assumed by a statesman, and the prospect of a successful issue is very dim. His late circular, addressed to foreign powers, was the most reasonable and honest which has issued from any French Minister of recent times. Discarding the conventional fallacies of French rhetoric, he founds his arguments for peace on a basis which neutral governments generally recognized as reasonable, although it failed to satisfy the victorious enemy. Instead of insisting on the distinction between the imperial government and the nation, he candidly admits the obligation of France to repair by just measures the wrong it has done. If Germany "takes advantage of our misfortunes to overwhelm us, we shall offer a desperate resistance, and it will remain well understood that it is the nation, properly represented in a freely elected assembly, that this power wishes to destroy." It may, of course, be objected on the German side that the question is whether France is prepared to offer sufficient reparation; but it is impossible in an appeal to European opinion to enter into the details which must at some time be the subject-matter of negotiations. It is admitted that the French Foreign Minister has confined himself, in this circular, to arguments which serious and educated men may use without intellectual degradation, leaving it for M. Victor Hugo, who formerly encouraged the cupidity of his countrymen for the Rhine, to rant in inflated phrases about Leonidas, Rienzi, and Danton, Plutarch, Homer, and Nebuchadnezzar.

JULES FAVRE.

IN A CANE-BRAKE.

The cane-brake is a distinguishing feature in Southern lowland scenery. Along the Mississippi and its tributary rivers and bayous there are large tracts of land periodically submerged, and covered by dense thickets of the graceful cane, affording cover for large numbers of reptiles and other wild animals. Trumpet-vines, wild convolvulus, the passion-flower, and other climbing and twining plants, bend the canes with their luxurious growth, and make them gorgeous with color. Over all the Spanish moss, which in such situations flourishes exceedingly, hangs from the dying cypress-trees, or swings from limb to limb in giant festoons. Malaria here holds potent sway, and woe to any one, not "to the manner born," who may have to pass a night in these deadly fastnesses.

In these swamps runaway negroes were wont to hide themselves from their masters, and during the war scouts and guerrilla parties found ample cover in these close retreats. A gentleman who visited a Confederate command in one of these thickets describes it as well quartered in an immense lodge, built of the canes, with doors and numerous windows. The brake had been leveled for many rods around, forming a dry and compact flooring, and every precaution had been made to avoid surprise.

Our picture on page 684 represents the capture of a bear, which, having been too particular in his visits to a neighboring plantation, had contracted the ill-will of the owner, and was hunted

"OUR FRITZ" VISITING THE WOUNDED.

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down by a detachment of the hands detailed for the purpose. These tracked the festive Bruin to his lair in the dense cane-brake, and there, with the aid of all the dogs in the vicinity, surrounded his bearship, and put an end to his marauding.

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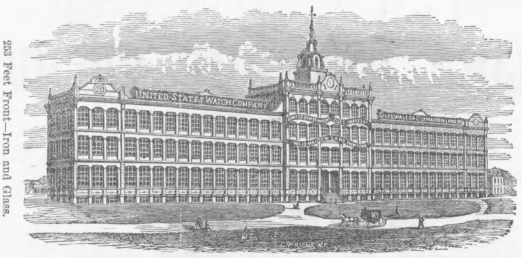

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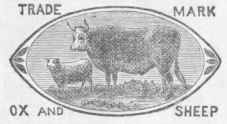

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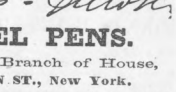
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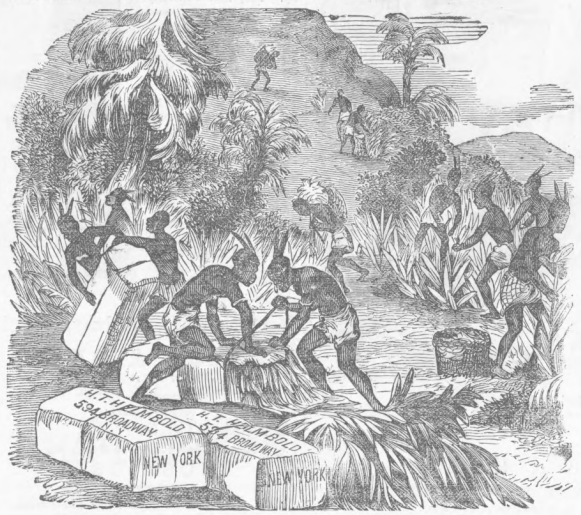

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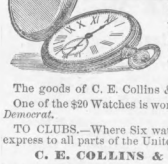

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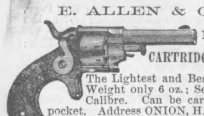

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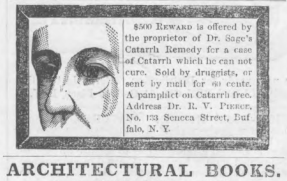

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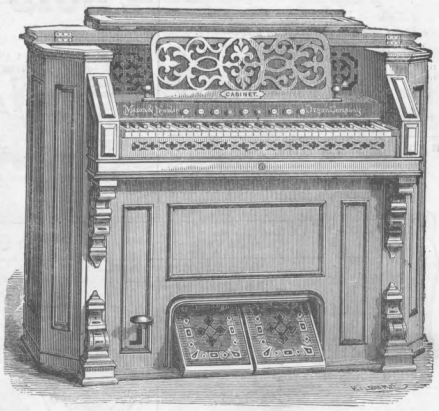

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 722.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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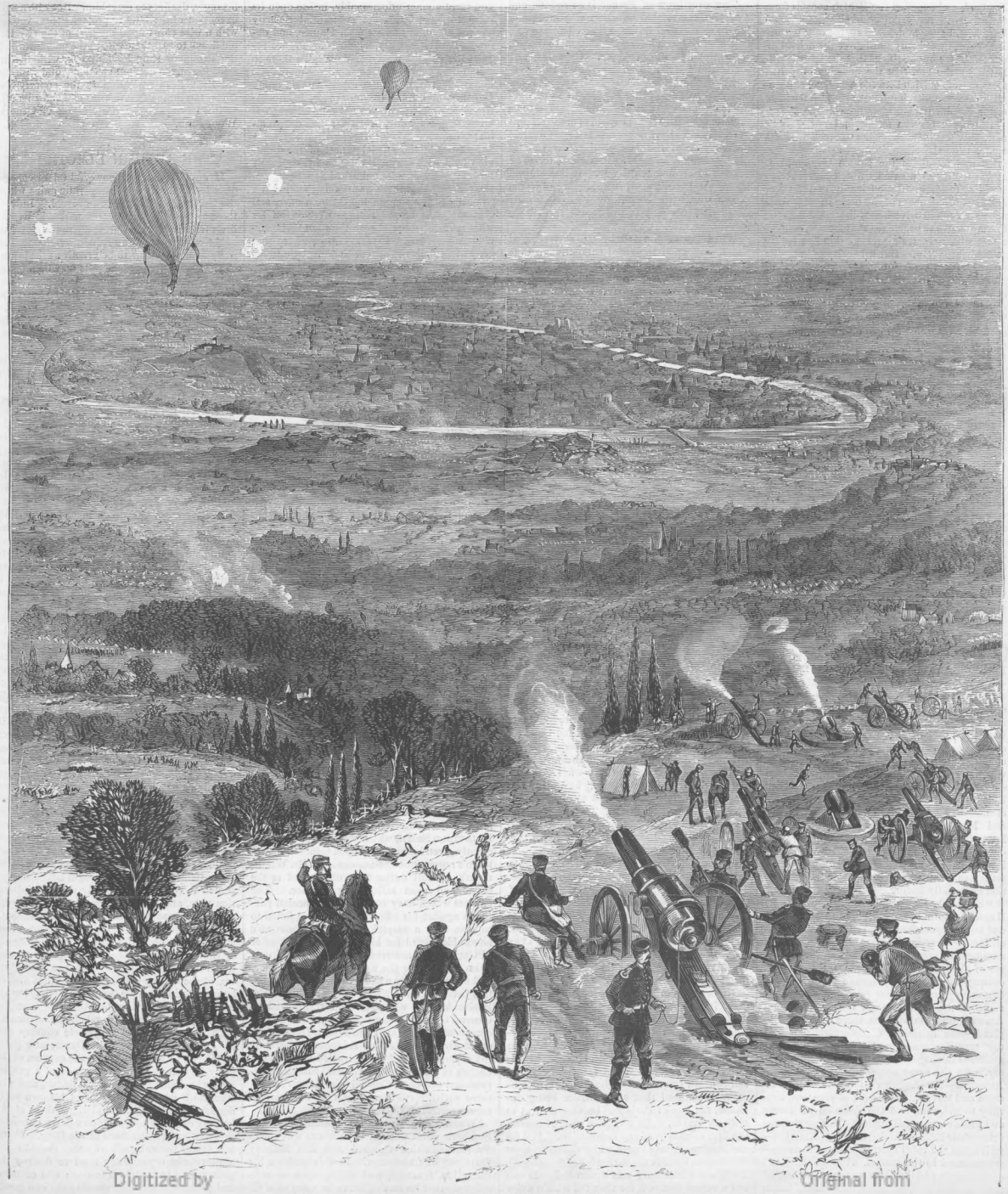

BALLOONS FROM PARIS PASSING OVER THE PRUSSIAN LINES.—[SEE PAGE 701.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870.

JOHN TO JONATHAN.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES has been welcomed in this country as few Englishmen would be, and his address in Boston was a manly and simple statement of the feelings toward us and our late war of the Englishmen who were our friends. What Mr. HUGHES said does not materially differ from the speech of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH at Ithaca last year, except that the latter claimed rather more good feeling upon the part of the chief members of the English ministry than Mr. HUGHES. But they both agree that the great popular feeling in England was strongly with us, and that the action of the Government, however hasty and negligent it may seem to us, was first taken at the instance of our friends, and was so far from satisfying our enemies that the rebels cut off intercourse with England, and expelled the British consuls from their towns. Mr. HUGHES admits that it would have been better to delay the issue of the proclamation of neutrality until after the arrival of our minister; but he thinks that the haste is palliated by the fact that the question of privateers, and of collision between American and English vessels, arose simultaneously with the issue of the President's blockade proclamation.

But the stress that we lay upon the Queen's neutrality proclamation is not so much upon the fact as upon the circumstances, as showing the spirit and feeling of the British Government. It was the act of a cabinet which Mr. HUGHES is willing to admit was not friendly, and the declarations of members of the cabinet, with their needless and offensive haste, indicated that the Government had prejudged the case against us—a fact which creates a presumption against its subsequent action. But it is certainly not fair to forget that the same ministry opposed in Parliament the efforts of GREGORY and his friends at intervention, and declined absolutely the proposition of LOUIS NAPOLEON to the same end. This point, however, of unfriendliness in the issue of the Queen's proclamation is not susceptible of definite settlement. It will be determined by feeling, but to every statesman it must still be an important consideration. Mr. SEWARD'S statements upon the subject were undoubtedly made without full knowledge or consideration of the facts, and we must be content upon both sides to have our own opinion. The American opinion is that the British cabinet thought that the Union would be destroyed, and were not very sorry, and acted accordingly.

Upon the escape of the *Alabama* Mr. HUGHES very wisely refrains from a general discussion, which could lead to no beneficial result. He was the first man in Parliament to urge open arbitration upon the British Government. He concedes that that Government has surrendered its old position as untenable; and in accepting the terms proposed by the United States, and in professing willingness to discuss the changes in public law which late events have suggested, he thinks that the British Government has done all that we can honorably ask. It is universally agreed that where there is a serious difference between two nations, there are but two practicable methods of settlement—war and arbitration. But in this case the arbitration should interpret—that is to say, should make—international law upon the subject of recognition. Since belligerency, according to British authority, is a fact, is it wise to leave the determination of the fact wholly to every state, or shall the great powers of Christendom agree upon certain preliminary conditions which should plainly exist? The vital international question is, Ought the precedents set by Great Britain during our war to be accepted or condemned as a part of the code of nations? The question between America and England is, Will England pay for the losses inflicted by the privateers that escaped, or which were hospitably entertained? The last is all that we can demand as a nation; but the settlement of the first is essential to the restoration of friendly feeling between the countries.

"Shall it be love or hate, John?" asked Mr. HUGHES, quoting LOWELL; and to his earnest and noble appeal for mutual friendliness and intelligence every honorable American heart will unreservedly respond. Indeed, the great service of the presence and plain speech in this country of men like THOMAS HUGHES and GOLDWIN SMITH is the revelation that they make of the fact, which it is fully time that America understood, that there are two Englands—the England of aristocratic and narrow tradition, and the England of the most generous intelligence and cosmopolitan sympathy. In the same sense, also, there are two Americas—the America of the traditions of caste and slavery, and hatred of race, and hostility to progress, and the America of liberty and justice and equal rights. During the war aristocratic England and aristocratic America—which was the rebel chiefs and their abettors—sympathized to the utmost, while the England of the people and the America of nationality, of freedom, and of equal rights, also clasped hands and hearts.

And now, in the interest of civilization and of human progress, it is the paramount duty of the last two not to relax their grasp. It is their duty to oppose every attempt to foster mutual bitterness of feeling. It is their duty to remember that in settling the difficulties between the countries they are dealing with friends and not with foes, and to seek, therefore, not the humiliation of a rival power, but the clear and honorable and permanent understanding of the two countries which lead the van of well-ordered civilization. This is possible only if undertaken in the spirit of the parting words of THOMAS HUGHES. "When that centenary comes round," he said, speaking of the 4th of July, 1876, "I hope, if I live, to see the great family of English-speaking nations girding the earth with a circle of free and happy communities, in which the angel's message of peace on earth and good-will among men may not still be a mockery and a delusion."

IS GERMANY IMPLACABLE?

THE overthrow of France is so sudden and complete, the total destruction of a great and imposing national prestige is so bewildering, that there is a natural disposition to accuse Germany of peculiar ferocity. Germany, personified in BISMARCK, is denounced as unreasonable, insatiable, and blood-thirsty. It is declared to be devastating France, to be occupying towns and cities by armed hordes, and to be threatening with fire the capital of civilization—the beautiful city. And this is urged against Germany as if she had deliberately refused the opportunity of making reasonable terms of peace and of ending the war. It is a subject which we have already considered; but the accusation is so incessantly and vigorously urged that it is only fair to repeat the simple facts of the case.

When the empire fell by the surrender at Sedan, and a self-appointed committee in Paris proclaimed the republic, M. JULES FAVRE, the Foreign Minister of the Committee, in his first circular denounced the King of Prussia for continuing the impious war which he had said that he waged against the Emperor, who was gone, and then added, that "a shameless peace" was not to be thought of, and that "France yields not one foot of soil, not a stone of a fortress." M. GAMBETTA, the Minister of the Interior, made a still more fiery declaration of a determination to expel the invader. M. KERATRY, the Prefect of Police in Paris, announced that France "prepares to vanquish or die;" and the whole body of ministers called upon the country to rally around the glorious symbol which eighty years before had driven all Europe before the victorious republic. All this certainly indicated a patriotic determination to rid the country of the enemy; but it quite as distinctly said to that enemy, "The terms you will probably offer we repudiate in advance as shameless." But the Provisional Government, while hoping and, indeed, suggesting the mediation of foreign powers, not only made no propositions of its own, but admitted that it was provisional merely, and that its action could not bind France. Meanwhile, the German armies advanced upon Paris. What else could they do? The King had, indeed, said that he fought an Emperor who was now his prisoner; but a nation and its military organization had supported the Emperor, and had made his war their own. When the empire fell they did not say to the King, "This was not our war; let us make peace." But they said, "We mean to wage war more vigorously, to drive you from our soil, and we don't mean to submit to a shameless peace."

There is not a government in the world that would not have done precisely what the Germans did. They pushed steadily forward. But they were plainly willing and anxious to encounter proposals for peace. There is no proof whatever of a cruel or blood-thirsty persistence upon their part. Indeed, M. FAVRE in his official report says, and most truly, that the situation permitted the enemy to throw upon France the responsibility of continuing the struggle. This is a distinct exculpation of Germany of any extraordinary hostile eagerness. And when M. FAVRE asked for an interview looking to peace, although M. BISMARCK showed that M. FAVRE could give no guarantee, which M. FAVRE did not deny, yet the proposal was accepted, and M. FAVRE was conveyed through the German lines.

Unfortunately M. BISMARCK and M. FAVRE differ in their representation of some material points of the interview, which was abortive. The Provisional Government of France denounced the conditions suggested by Prussia as "insolent pretensions;" declared that Paris was exasperated, and would rather "bury herself beneath her ruins." The German Government announced that an armistice being declined, the fate of Paris had become subject to military events. An armistice was, of course, the first condition of any negotiation. And for the necessary grave losses which the delay must inflict upon Prussia the surrender of Strasbourg, Toul, and Phalsbourg was demanded. It was not a severe demand, for they fell within a few days afterward, and the acceptance of the proposition would have saved much suffering. The conversation upon the terms that might subsequently be asked by Germany revealed the hope of acquiring Alsace and Lorraine by the right of conquest. This, certainly, is not an unprecedented nor unexpected demand, nor is it one of which France should too vehemently complain, since it is perfectly well known that if she had been victorious she also would have "rectified her frontier." It seems to us, however, a mistaken demand upon the part of Germany, for reasons that we have hitherto stated.

This, then, is the situation. France, to gratify a grudge and to rectify a frontier, undertakes a causeless war against Germany; and we say France, because whatever the opposition of THIERS upon the ground of want of readiness, there is no question that the war was sustained by the opinion of the country. Meeting reverses, the country apparently acquiesces in a change of government to prosecute the war more vigorously. Unable to stay the enemy, France proposes to treat of peace, declaring in advance that it will not surrender an inch of territory nor a stone of a fortress. Germany, and certainly not unreasonably, insists upon its right to have the most substantial security against a similar assault from France, and defines what the security should be. France rejects the definition with disdain. To those to whom the demand of Prussia seems monstrous her conduct is, of course, rapacious and cruel. But that, under the circumstances, it is monstrous or insolent we do not see, although it seems to us impolitic, because it does not promise peace.

Meanwhile the official report of the interview held with Count BISMARCK by M. JULES FAVRE, which is now published at length, will show clearly that there was nothing unkind nor insulting in the tone of the German offer, and that the most cogent reasons were given for what seemed to the French the most dishonorable propositions. It must also be added that M. FAVRE does not appear to advantage in his own story. The war must proceed; but the passionate denunciation of the Germans because they do not retire from before an enemy who still resists is puerile. By the admitted laws of war which France has always recognized, victorious Prussia may properly demand territory as a condition of peace. It is for France to determine whether, in view of the actual situation, that demand should be resisted at the cost of still farther bloodshed and inconceivable suffering, which to all reasonable apprehension would seem to be utterly fruitless.

STEWART L. WOODFORD.

GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD, whose portrait is upon another page, is already well known in the State of New York, for in every part of it his eloquent and earnest voice has been heard pleading for the principles of the party which has now nominated him for Governor. Although still a young man, he has seen a great deal of service of many kinds, and his tastes and his powers both incline him to a political career. He was born in the city of New York in 1835, and after graduating at Columbia College and studying law he was admitted to the bar. In 1860 a delegate to the Chicago Convention that nominated Mr. LINCOLN for the Presidency, he sustained the good cause throughout that exciting canvass in a series of able and popular speeches, taking rank immediately with the most effective orators of the party. He was selected to carry the electoral vote to Washington, and was soon after elected chairman of the Young Men's Republican Committee of the city.

Soon after Mr. LINCOLN'S inauguration Mr. WOODFORD was appointed Assistant-District-Attorney, and was placed in charge of the bureau for the legal prosecution of the many naval captures made by the government; and we have the testimony of the District-Attorney, Mr. DELAFIELD SMITH, which was warmly and generously given immediately upon General WOODFORD'S nomination at Saratoga, that Mr. WOODFORD'S difficult duties were discharged in the ablest and most satisfactory manner. The charges which have been made by heated partisans against his official fidelity have failed to suggest even a suspicion of Mr. WOODFORD'S honorable regard for his duty. In 1862, after M'CLELLAN'S disastrous retreat, Mr. WOODFORD enlisted for the war as a private soldier, and was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel before leaving for the front. He served upon the Peninsula, and was afterward transferred to General GILMORE'S Southern Department. He commanded the forts upon Morris Island, subsequently acted as Judge-Advocate-General of the department, and was intrusted with the exchange of prisoners. As General SHERMAN approached the coast Colonel WOODFORD sought more active service, and took part in several engagements.

When active hostilities ceased upon the Southern coast Colonel WOODFORD was made Provost-Marshal-General, and first Military Governor of Charleston. In this position his discretion, firmness, and ability were so conspicuous that he was called to be chief of staff by General GILMORE. Later Colonel WOODFORD succeeded General GROVER in command of the city of Savannah. During all his administration he was the most faithful friend of the freedmen, and his rule was confessedly sagacious and effective. In 1865 he resigned, and returned to resume in New York the practice of his profession. In the same year he declined the Republican nomination to the Court of Common Pleas; and in the autumn of 1866, after a thorough and active personal canvass of the State, General WOODFORD was elected Lieutenant-Governor by a majority of fifteen thousand votes. Against his official career only one serious charge has been made by party malice—a charge instantly exposed and exploded.

This is the simple story of the patriotic and spotless public career of General WOODFORD, whom one of the most representative Republican Conventions ever assembled in New York has called to bear the party banner in the present contest. He is now engaged, under the most favorable auspices, in canvassing the State, and has invited his opponent to meet him before the people. That opponent, however, although willing to insult General WOODFORD, as he does in his reply, declines to meet him. But with a firm execution of the laws to protect honest voting, with a wise effort upon the part of the city Republicans to cast their vote in the manner which the Tammany Ring least desires, with the inspiration of the autumn elections, and with the old Republican resolution in the country districts, the State of New York can show its real political sympathy by the election of General WOODFORD.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

IT would take a very powerful microscope to discover the enormous Democratic gains which the October elections were to reveal. Indeed, those elections show a very remarkable Republican tenacity, for it is precisely in the elections of the second year of an Administration that its party strength seems to be usually at the lowest ebb. Differences and disgusts may then be indulged without too serious consequences. But such causes of division seem to have been singularly inoperative in the Republican ranks. No Administration was ever more caustically opposed by its enemies or more firmly and plainly criticised by its friends than that of General GRANT. But the fact revealed by the elections is one of the most gratifying to every friend of the popular system, for it is that the conviction in the public mind that the Administration is honest and faithful is its strongest fortification. The autumn elections are the distinct declaration of the people that the President and his cabinet mean fairly. They do not always do the wisest thing, perhaps, nor always appoint the best man, but they have the honor and real welfare of the country at heart, and therefore they can be trusted.

This is a verdict which must be especially grateful to the President, who came to his office with no particular familiarity with politics or politicians, but with a very sincere resolution to provide an honest and economical conduct of public affairs. How honest and economical it has thus far been is shown by nothing more than by the readiness and eagerness with which the Republican orators and papers turn to the financial condition of the country, proving by the amplest and simplest statement of facts that the public revenues have been faithfully collected and sagaciously expended, while the heavy burden of taxation has been materially lifted. An Administration which has steadily diminished the debt while it has reduced taxation need not fear the most searching criticism, if its attitude at home and abroad has also been honorable and dignified. Indeed, a very serious Republican loss in the elections of this year might have been anticipated without implying a vital distrust of the Administration. The ordinary causes of a declining vote of which we have spoken, with the reaction of feeling that must, of course, follow the accomplishment of reconstruction, the weight of unavoidable taxes, which were sure to be emphasized by Democratic misrepresentation, and differences as to financial systems and measures, might have been expected to reduce very largely the Administration vote, and the actual result of hearty support and sympathy is all the more agreeable.

But we do not forget the other reason which will long continue the Republican ascendency in the country, and that is the profound national distrust of a party which has plainly revealed the quality both of its patriotism and its honesty. The people know that the Democratic party to-day is substantially the same as when it palliated causeless rebellion and derided national loyalty; and the whole country sees to-day government by the Democratic party in the city of New York, and the support of the party in that State for Governor of a gentleman who connives at electoral frauds, and who signs bills which the organs of his own party denounce as infamous, and signs them at the bidding of men whom their own party associates describe as corruptionists of the Ring. Patriotic voters naturally ask why they should assist a party which yesterday tried to destroy the government to control it to-day; and economical voters ask why they should help into greater power a party whose leaders their own friends

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publish as shamelessly corrupt. The autumn elections are the beginning of the answer to these questions.

They who have counted upon a rapid dissolution of parties are evidently mistaken. Existing parties can not be dissolved until there is a general conviction that the paramount issues are changed; and the error of some Republicans whose hearts are set upon certain measures and reforms is that in their eagerness they accept a formal and doctrinal view of the situation. If the only question of importance, for instance, were the method of taxation, the parties might fall to pieces. But the very fact of their steady cohesion should suggest that in the public mind there are questions even more important. And this general conviction will increase rather than decline. The real cause of the unbroken party organizations is, that the old issues are not only not renounced by the Democracy, but they are constantly reaffirmed. The chief point in those issues is the amendments and the new colored vote. The elections show that that vote is, as it should be, a unit for the Republican party. But this fact will not win the Democratic party to acquiescence in the validity of the amendments, but will merely imbitter its hostility. To insist that the whole subject of reconstruction, therefore, is a settled issue is to accept a theory for a fact. The country has not done so, and the country is right.

Now let us put New York, where it belongs, in the Republican line of equality and progress, and we shall show the enemy at the polls, as we used to show him in the field, that our intention is to fight it out upon the line of his unconditional surrender.

ROBERT E. LEE.

ROBERT E. LEE was undoubtedly an amiable man and a good soldier. But his career, in that part of it which concerns the whole country, was an illustration of an apparently fatal weakness of character. He was bred to the army, and served as an engineer in Mexico with great distinction, and subsequently in a cavalry command. Upon the fall of Sumter, the first time that the flag of his country had been fired upon with doubtful result, he resigned his commission, on the 20th of April, 1861, saying that except in defense of his native State he hoped never again to draw his sword. Despite this hope, however, he went immediately to Richmond, where, two days afterward, he was appointed General of the Virginia troops, and on the 10th of May Major-General of the rebel army. From that time he was the most popular man in the Confederacy. He was passionately extolled by his Southern associates, and the Copperhead papers in the North were never weary of applauding the "great captain" and "the Christian gentleman."

His military skill was conceded by his ablest opponents. But he kept himself carefully aloof from politics, confining himself closely to his military duties. It will not, however, be forgotten that the suffering of the Union prisoners at Belle Isle was almost visible from his headquarters in Richmond, and that the tortures of Andersonville were not stopped by him, nor, so far as we are aware, condemned. Personally courteous, and in the field honorably considerate of friend and foe, his indifference to the fate of the Union prisoners may have been due to incredulity, or to a feeling that he was not responsible. Indeed, notwithstanding that he passed immediately from the national army to that of the rebels, his interest in the rebellion seems to have been reluctant and *ex officio*. Trained in the sophistry of State sovereignty he thought it his duty "to go with his State," but saw no reason that his State should go. His services being required by the authority to which he thought them due, he performed the tasks allotted him as well as he could. "I recognize no necessity for this state of things," he wrote, and with a fatal inability to perceive, what he yet seems always to have vaguely felt, the consequent immorality of his position, he continued to conduct the operations of a war which seemed to him needless.

If that war had been in defense of his country, if it had been a rising against intolerable oppression, if its object had been to assert and maintain threatened freedom, his obedience to such an authority would have been commendable. But it was a war to destroy a nation, and instead of a rising against oppression, it was an effort to overthrow a great government, solely because it seemed to favor lawful liberty. To such a cause he gave his sword, because he thought that Virginia had a right to command it! Was his moral judgment, was his manhood, subject to his State? A man may be amiable, courteous, and refined, a brave and skillful soldier, unselfish, and modest, but if in the crucial moment of his life he consents to fight in a war of which he sees no necessity, and the malign purpose of which is but too plain, he consents to cloud his name forever as that of an amiable man whose weakness is virtual crime. It is in vain that we say General LEE thought that he ought to go with his State, for no man whom history can respect thinks that he ought to go with his State or with his country for an ignoble purpose. If he did not see that purpose to be ignoble, his confusion is only the more evident; for he was then ignorant of what was known to every man, and of what had been loudly and widely declared by the second officer of the Government which he obeyed.

From the day that he surrendered and his cause was lost General LEE lived quietly withdrawn from the public eye. Apparently regarding events as a soldier and not as a politician, he did not think it honorable to try to thwart the results of a victory which he had vainly sought to prevent. His personal generosity and kindliness, and the modesty of his retirement, had greatly softened public feeling, and he has been regarded with the pity that always attends sincere self-sophistication. But in the warmest eulogies that have been made of him, however, there is a tone of conscious apology. He was in no sense a great man, but he may be called truly unfortunate. His name will be remembered as that of a chief leader of one of the worst causes in history, yet a weak man, called to deal with events which he could neither clearly comprehend nor control.

POLITICS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

OUR friends in other States who sometimes see the New York papers may not exactly understand their references to the political situation of the city, which we will briefly describe, so that they will see why it may probably be the duty of every sincere Republican to vote against what will be called the regular Republican city ticket at the November election.

Tammany Hall, which absolutely controls the city by the most notoriously criminal means, and which, under popular forms, has annihilated popular government, justly excites the anxious apprehension of all good citizens. Unless its power can be broken the most disastrous results and the most desperate civil convulsions are sure to come. Tammany Hall governs by terrorism and corruption. It relies upon cheating at the polls. Persons hold offices in its pay with the understanding that they are to lead gangs of repeaters at the polls. And no free people can long tolerate such a system, when its character is exposed, as that of Tammany now is.

The first duty of every voter, therefore, who means well to the public peace and to intelligent popular government, should be the overthrow of Tammany. If the whole opposition to its rule in the city were united, the result would be either its destruction or a formidable opposition party which would hold it in check. The first object of Tammany, therefore, is to divide those who are opposed to it, that it may the more easily prevail. For this purpose it holds under its control certain persons who have been and still are professedly Republicans. These persons procure places upon Republican committees and in Republican conventions, and, so far as they can, they direct the action of those bodies as Tammany dictates. There is, further, a certain number of Democrats who, for various reasons, wish to break the power of the Tammany Ring. Some of them, as experience shows, merely "hold out for a trade." They are presently bought up by Tammany and are silent. But others steadily maintain hostility, and are organized into a party.

In the approaching city election Tammany wishes, of course, that the anti-Tammany Democracy shall have a ticket and that there shall be also a Republican ticket, in order that the opposition vote to Tammany may be divided. It is its hope that the Republican voters who are not familiar with the details of politics will vote for Republican candidates, if they are in the field, rather than for any kind of Democrats. Tammany has therefore directed its agents in the Republican party to procure the nomination of such a ticket, that the Republican vote may not combine with the anti-Tammany Democrats. If this plan should succeed, therefore, every man who votes the Tammany Republican ticket votes to sustain the Tammany Ring, while every man who votes the Democratic anti-Tammany ticket, votes to destroy the Ring.

Whether it would be practicable afterward to form a harmonious party from the elements of opposition to the Tammany tyranny is not the question. It is enough that it is possible to form an efficient force now to deal with the actual situation. When the pressing present evil is removed we can consider how to dispose of the next. A wise and honest man does the best that the circumstances allow. The Republican who votes for the anti-Tammany candidates, for instance, to break the Ring in the city of New York, neither approves the past actions nor adopts the present general political principles of many who are known as anti-Tammany Democrats.

Nor is it necessary for Republicans to make any bargain, which in politics is always a very uncertain transaction. If the papers of the party and all those friendly to honest government will make it plain to the voters of the party that the object is the overthrow of Tammany, that alone will be accepted as a sufficient reason for supporting the anti-Tammany ticket. Indeed, it is the only manner in which the grasp of Tammany can be peacefully relaxed, and that result would be an immense relief for the whole country.

Last winter the sympathy and support of the Republicans were asked for the anti-Tammany movement, which was avowed to be a movement for the defeat of the Republican party at large, and the appeal, of course, failed. As we said at that time, if Democratic candidates of any kind are supported there is danger that a change would be only a change of masters. But when a situation is intolerable we must do what we can. The fear that another Democratic Ring might be no improvement is no reason for not trying to break the present one. And if the Republican nominations should be dictated by Tammany Hall, as now seems inevitable, it will be the duty, as we said, of the Republicans to decline to support the ticket.

NOTES.

THE retirement of Secretary COX from the cabinet will be deeply regretted by all who have watched his wise and faithful efforts to secure intelligent efficiency in the service of the government. Mr. COX believes, with many of the most thoughtful and practical of his fellow-citizens, that the purification and elevation of the civil service system, or the establishment of the details of administration upon sound business principles—making honesty, industry, and efficiency, and not "skill in politics," the tenure of office—will tend directly to withstand the enormous incapacity and corruption which are the natural fruits of the patronage of our present system. It is unfortunate that the two members of the first cabinet of President GRANT who were most conspicuously associated with administrative reform should have left office apparently in consequence of the pressure of those who believe that the civil service of the country should be organized upon the lowest party considerations. The names of Senators CHANDLER and CAMERON, which are prominently mentioned in connection with the retirement of Secretary COX, may probably be accepted as illustrations of the kind of influence which has deprived the country of the services of two of the ablest and most valuable advisers that any President has had—Judge HOAR and General COX. That the interests of a great party like the Republican are safer with gentlemen like the Senators than with leaders like the late members of the cabinet we do not believe.

MR. TWEED'S MR. HOFFMAN'S proclamation as Mayor of New York virtually protecting the notorious naturalization frauds, his signature of the Erie bill as Governor, making what his own party papers called an "infamous" and "indefensible" bill law, and his appointments of Supreme Judges for the general term, are acts as important as they are iniquitous; but his method of declining General WOODFORD'S invitation to discuss political issues together is one of the very smallest acts of which a Governor could be guilty. In a perfectly courteous note General WOODFORD invites the Governor to discuss the issues of the election with him before the people. Mr. HOFFMAN when a candidate had done the same thing, inviting Mr. FENTON, whom he knew not to be an orator, to meet him in debate. But after retaining General WOODFORD'S note for a day, the Governor, either not knowing or deliberately disregarding the conduct that is always expected of gentlemen, instead of himself accepting or declining with equal courtesy, directs his secretary to write a refusal. That person obeys by writing a note sneering at General WOODFORD as "merely a candidate for office." If Mr. HOFFMAN, however, thinks that a Governor may disdain to meet a mere candidate upon the platform, he will find that he must still meet him at the polls.

THE friends of Woman Suffrage, who seem to us sadly to cheapen the cause by the attempt to ask the aid of any party convention that will listen, have at least had in Massachusetts a very distinct revelation of the direction in which they are to look for sympathy. The Republican Convention courteously received and candidly discussed their proposition, and gave it a very significant vote. The Democratic Convention laughed it down. The friends of the cause ought to reflect that their position is peculiar. They are not voters, yet their object is to affect voting. But the voters are practically divided into two great parties, the issues of which seem to them more important than the extension of suffrage to women. Until, therefore, there is a sufficient number of voters in one of those parties to whom this is the paramount issue, and whose defection would change the general result, ought not the movement to remain a moral appeal to public opinion?

THE latest illustration of "reportorial" rhetoric, or the vernacular upon stilts, we find in the account of an evening party, at which "a groaning table of appetizing viands were convivially discussed," and "Tokay was quaffed with a relish that can only be experienced on occasions of the free flowing of that beverage."

IT is very good news that comes from Washington, that the Government of the United States will execute the laws protecting honest voting should any foolish persons undertake to violate them at the approaching election. It is to be regretted that there should be any possibility of an attempt to defend cheating at the polls by force. But after the frank exhortation of the *World* to riot, it would be inexcusable in the Government not to be fully prepared. The talk about bayonets at the polls comes from the repeaters and their organs. Yet it is they alone who make such a spectacle possible.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN FRANCE.

OCTOBER 8 the garrison of Paris made reconnoissances toward Bondy, Château d'Argenteuil, Neuilly, and Clamart. It is claimed that the French gained important successes. It is also reported that at Montreuil two Prussian guns were dismounted by the fire from the forts. French reports of Prussian disasters before Paris are denied by the Prussians, who claim to hold the same positions they occupied September 19. The Château of St. Cloud was fired by the French batteries during the reconnoissance of the 8th of October, and destroyed.

October 11 the Mobile Guards made a sudden attack on Malmaison, and set fire to the place after a combat in which a number of Prussians were killed.

Another balloon left Paris October 16, bringing news of a battle outside the walls on the previous day, in which 3000 Prussians were killed.

The town of Soissons capitulated on the 15th. Four thousand French prisoners fell into Prussian hands.

The garrison of New Breisach made a successful sortie October 16, killing many Prussians.

On October 17 the French fleet was assembling off Dunkirk. This fact, coupled with the unexpected arrival of a squadron in the North Sea, caused the Germans to again remove the lights, and restore the torpedoes and other obstacles in the Elbe.

It has been arranged that each day three members of the government will visit the forts and redoubts.

All orders given for arms are being rapidly filled. It is the purpose of the government to form an army for offensive purposes, which, when it moves out of the city, shall be thoroughly equipped, and supported by an enormous force of artillery.

A diary of a Parisian, which fell into German hands, represents that but two months' supplies remain in the city, and the only way is to act on the offensive.

M. Jules Favre is acting, *ad interim*, for M. Gambetta, during the latter's absence from Paris. Proceedings had been instituted against Gustave Flourens for an alleged attempt at insurrection against the government.

An engagement took place on Monday, October 10, and was continued the following day, between a detachment of the army of the Crown Prince, under General Von der Tann, and the French Army of the Loire, in which, according to a London telegram, 1000 prisoners and three pieces of cannon were taken from the French, who fled in disorder. The French general's report of the conflict to the Minister of War says that a brigade and several companies of Chasseurs were attacked by a considerable force of Prussians, at Artenay, at 9 A.M., and succeeded in occupying the place. The French were reinforced by five regiments, four battalions, and a battery of eight guns, but, at 3 P.M., they were driven into a forest, which the general in command said he should defend at all hazards. The Prussians outnumbered the French. A Tours dispatch says much indignation is felt there that the French were not properly reinforced, as there were troops at that city, and the battle-field is only three hours' distant by rail. Later accounts state that in this engagement the Papal Zouaves and Gardes Mobiles behaved well, but the regular troops fled at the first fire, many throwing away their arms in their flight. The Prussians opened fire on the town, setting fire to it in many places and burning the railroad station.

On the 7th of October a sortie from Metz was repulsed with great loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Another, on the 12th, is reported to have been more successful. The French claim to have burned five villages which sheltered the Prussians, dislodged them from several positions, and cut to pieces four regiments of cavalry. At the same time Marshal Canrobert made a successful sortie on the left bank of the Moselle.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

General La Marmora entered Rome October 11, and immediately issued a proclamation, in which he expressed the hope that the Pope would continue to exercise his rights as head of the Church with perfect freedom, and appeals to all to preserve order.

In reply to a deputation from Rome, who waited upon him at Florence, King Victor Emanuel made a speech, in which he guarantees "liberty to the Church, unity to Italy, and independence to the Pontiff."

Victor Emanuel has published a decree establishing equality among the Romans. The Italian flag at Civita Vecchia has been saluted by the English Commander.

A number of French artists are in London, on the way to New York, where they propose to remain should the war continue. Among them are Gérome, Meissonnier, Rosa Bonheur, Galant, and Saintin.

It is stated that Prince Gortschakoff demands the removal of the prohibition against Russian war vessels in the Black Sea.

Arrangements have been made for the marriage of Princess Louisa, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, with the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyle.

Three thousand Spanish troops have recently arrived at Havana.

A terrible hurricane swept over the island of Cuba October 14, causing severe inundations in many parts of the country. Great damage was done to property, and it is supposed that at least two thousand people were drowned. The hurricane is said to have been the severest that has visited the island within a century.

There was a revolt of the blacks on the Island of Martinique, September 24, when fifty plantations were burned and several whites killed.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRESIDENT GRANT issued a proclamation October 13 warning all persons against engaging in hostile enterprises against any power friendly to the United States, and declaring that in all such cases the law will be rigorously executed.

The importation of cattle from Europe to this country is prohibited, unless the invoice is accompanied by the certificate of a consul that no disease prevails in the country from which they are brought.

A complete statement of the receipts and expenditures of the National Treasury, since 1865, has been prepared by chief clerk Saville, of the Treasury Department, and is now in press.

Fifty-one Winnebago Indians were naturalized at St. Paul, Minnesota, October 12.

A man named William Gage has been convicted of murder in the second degree at Mansfield, Ohio, for throwing a train of cars from the track, and thereby killing one man and injuring several others. He was sentenced to the Penitentiary for life.

The special Indian Commissioners at Fort Laramie have recently had a three-days' talk with Red Cloud, Man-afraid-of-his-Horses, Roman Nose, and other prominent chieftains, and think that a permanent peace may be maintained with the powerful tribes of the North.

The Collector of Customs at Pembina has been ordered not to allow the entry of buffalo-skins and peltry from the regions on the Red River where small-pox is prevalent.

The steamship *Continental*, from Mazatlan, Mexico, for San Francisco, foundered at sea thirty miles off Cape St. Lucas on the 30th of September, and seven passengers and one of the crew were drowned. The steamer encountered a severe gale on the 28th, and on the 29th her fires were put out by the water from a leak. Those lost refused to leave the ship, while all who took to the boats were saved. Her treasure, amounting to $140,000, and the mails, were lost.

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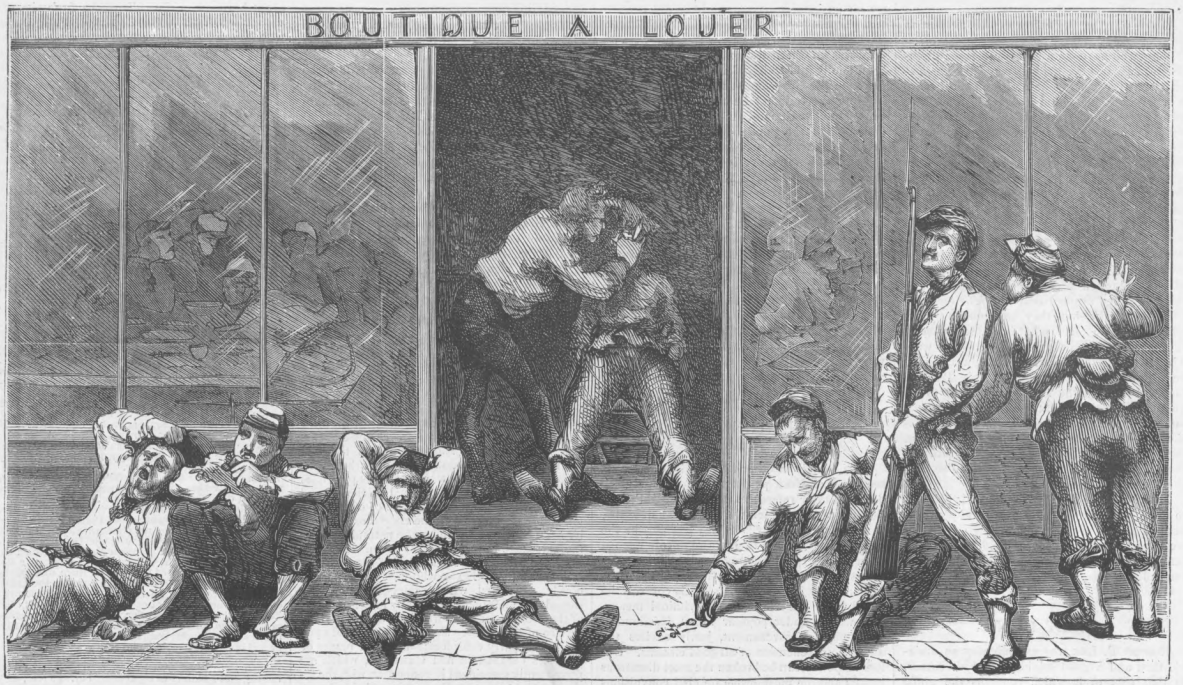
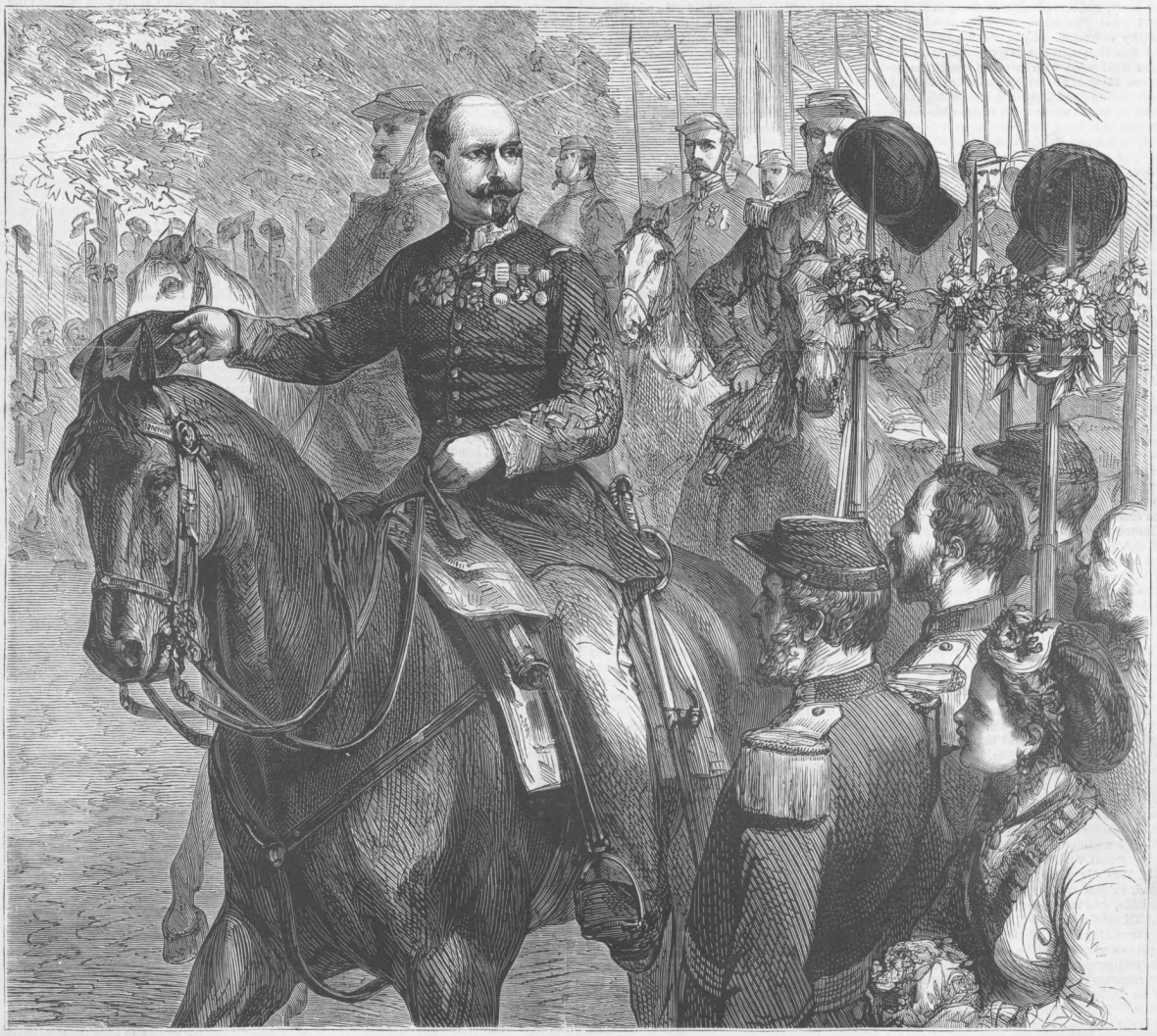


SOLDIERS FROM THE PROVINCES IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 700.]



GENERAL TROCHU AND THE NATIONAL GUARD.—[SEE PAGE 700.]

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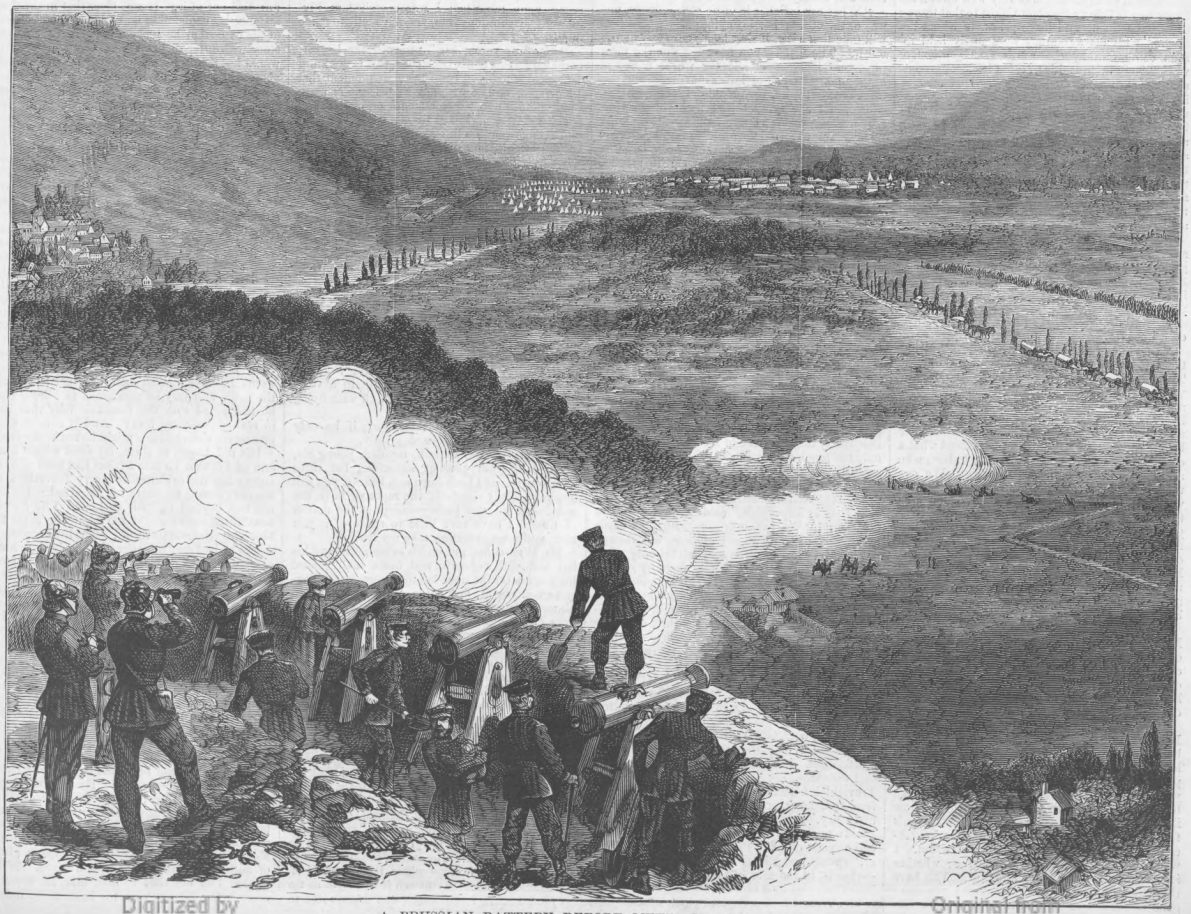
WOUNDED GERMAN SOLDIERS RETURNING HOME.



A PRUSSIAN BATTERY BEFORE METZ.—[SEE PAGE 695.]

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ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

"The dead hand clasped a letter."
Special Correspondence.

HERE, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead—
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves:
So this man's eye is dim—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died—
Message or wish, maybe—
Smoothen it out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled
Only the tremulous
Words of a child;
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look! She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet;
That is all. "*Marguerite.*"

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died! But no;
Death will not have it so.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ATTORNEY AND CLIENT.

IN a hall of stone stood a room of glass, and in that room the inmates of Cross Key Jail were permitted to have access to their legal advisers. They were not lost sight of by the jealous guardians of the place, one of whom perambulated the hall throughout the interview; but though he could see all that passed, he could hear nothing. Mr. Weasel of Plymouth was very well known at Cross Key as being a frequent visitor to that transparent apartment, and those prisoners whom he favored with his attentions were justly held in high estimation by the warders, as gentlemen who, though in difficulties, had at least some considerable command of ready money. He was waiting now, with his hat on (which he always wore, to increase his very limited stature), in this chamber of audience; and so withered up he looked, and such a sharp, shrunk face he had, that Richard, seeing him in the glass case, might have thought him some dried specimen of humanity, not alive at all, had he not chanced to be in the act of taking snuff; and even that was ghostly too, since it produced the pantomimic action of sneezing without its accompanying sound.

"Mr. Richard Yorke, I believe?" said he, as soon as they were shut up within the walls of glass. "I am glad to make your acquaintance, Sir, though I wish, for your sake, that it happened in another place. You'll excuse my not offering you my hand."

Richard drew back his extended arm and turned crimson.

"Don't be offended, Sir," said the lawyer; "but the fact is, the authorities here don't like it. There are some parties in this place who employ very queer legal advisers; and in shaking hands, a file or a gimlet, and a bit of tobacco, are as likely to pass as not. That warder can see every thing, my dear young Sir; but he can no more hear what we say than he can understand what a couple of bumble-bees are murmuring about who are barred up in a double window. We can therefore converse with one another as much without reserve as we please, or rather"—and here the little man's eyes twinkled significantly—"as *you* please. What I hear from a client in this ridiculous place is never revealed beyond it, except so far as it may serve his interests. If Mr. Dodge (to whose favor, as I understand, I owe this introduction) has told you any thing concerning me, he will, I am sure, have advised you to be quite frank and candid."

"There was no necessity for such a warning, Mr. Weasel, in my case, I do assure you," answered Richard, earnestly. "I have nothing to conceal from you with respect to the circumstances of my position: they are unfortunate, and doubtless very suspicious; but I am as innocent of this disgraceful charge—"

"Hush, hush! my dear Sir; this will never do. It is mere waste of time, though it might have been much worse. Good Heavens! suppose you had been guilty, and told me *that!* you would have placed me in the most embarrassing situation, as your professional adviser, it is possible for the human mind to conceive. What I want to know is *your* story, so far as these two thousand pounds found in your possession are concerned. Whether it is true or not, does not matter a button. I want to know whether it *seems* true; whether it will seem true to a judge and jury. You have thought the matter over, of course; you have gone through it in your own mind from beginning to end—now please to go over it to me."

The little man whipped out a note-book, leaned forward in his chair, and looked all eye and ear, like a terrier watching at a rat-hole.

After a moment's pause, Richard stated his case pretty much as we are already acquainted with it; the little lawyer interrupting him now and then by a gesture, but never by a word, in order that he might set down a point or a memorandum.

"Very good," said Mr. Weasel, when he had quite finished. "That's your story, is it?"

"It's the truth, Sir."

"Hush! my dear young Sir. We shall have enough of that—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—a fortnight hence. What you and I have to consider are the probabilities. Why did you go to Plymouth, more than any other place, to change these notes?"

"Because I had heard there was a Miners' Bank there, and Trevethick had mentioned the notes of that company as being as good, in his opinion, as those of the Bank of England. I thought it would be easier to get the Mining notes in exchange for those of the Bank of England, than others of the same bank."

"The check which you showed this Trevethick was not, then, a *bonâ fide* piece of paper, eh?"

"It was not," said Richard, casting down his eyes.

"Very good," answered the lawyer, so cheerfully that you would have thought his client had cleared himself of the least suspicion upon *that* score, at all events. "Now, where did you get it?"

"My mother sent me a blank check, at my request, and I filled it in."

"That check is destroyed, you say—you burned it, of course?"

"No; I tore it up, and threw it out of the window of the carriage."

"The devil you did!" said Mr. Weasel, in perturbation. "That is not the way to destroy checks. Had your mother an account at the bank on which it was drawn?"

"Of course," said Richard, simply.

"There is nothing 'of course,' Mr. Yorke, in this matter," answered the lawyer, gravely. "Are you quite sure?"

"Quite. She has always had an account there; though to no such amount as two thousand pounds."

"It is a large sum," muttered the lawyer, thoughtfully, "but still they have not lost one penny of it. In case things went against you, Mr. Yorke, would an appeal to the prosecutor be likely to be of service?"

"Certainly not," answered Richard, hastily. "I would not accept mercy at his hands; besides, it is not a question of mercy."

"It may come to that," observed the other, gravely. "We must not deceive ourselves, Mr. Yorke."

"Good Heavens! do you believe, then, that I took this money with intent to steal it?"

"What my belief is is of no consequence, one way or the other; but my opinion is that the jury will take that view, if they hear your story as you tell it. The fact is, you have left out the most important incident of all: the whole case will hinge upon the young lady's having given you these notes with her own hand. It is evident, of course, that she sympathized with you in your scheme," pursued the lawyer, rapidly, and holding up his finger to forbid the protest that was already rising to Richard's lip: "nothing could be more natural, though most imprudent and ill judged, than her behavior. She had no more idea of stealing the money than you had; how should she, since it was in a manner her own, she being her father's sole heiress. You and I see that clearly enough, but to a jury used to mere matters of fact, motive has little significance unless put into action. What we want, and what we must have, is evidence that you got these notes, not only for this girl's sake, but from her fingers. Nobody can hurt *her*, you know. Trevethick could never prosecute his own daughter; indeed, the whole affair dwindles down to a lover's stratagem, and there is no need for prosecuting any body, if we can only put Harry Trevethick into the witness-box. Now can we, Mr. Yorke, or can we not? that's the question."

Richard was silent; the lawyer's argument struck him with its full force. He had no scruples on the matter for his own part, but he feared that Harry might entertain them—they would be only too much in keeping with her credulous and superstitious nature.

"If I could talk to her alone for five minutes," muttered Richard, uneasily.

"That is impossible," said Mr. Weasel, with decision. "We can only play with such cards as we hold. I could go to Gethin myself, though it would be most inconvenient at this busy time, and refresh this young woman's memory; but it is a delicate task, and would be looked upon by the other side with some suspicion. Now, is there no judicious friend that can be thoroughly depended upon—a female friend, if possible, since the affair may require tact and sympathy—to effect this little negotiation? Think, my good Sir, think."

"Why, there is my mother herself!" ejaculated Richard, suddenly. "She is the wisest of women, and the very one to conduct this matter, if properly instructed."

"Is she, now, is she?" said the lawyer, cheerily. "Come, come, that's well, and I begin to see a little light. Let her go down to Gethin, where, as I conclude, she is not known, and see Miss Trevethick herself. I should like to see her beforehand, however; indeed, that is absolutely necessary."

"In my note to her, yesterday, I asked her to call at your office in Plymouth on her way hither," stammered Richard. "I thought it better—that is, in the first instance—that she should hear from you how matters stood."

Mr. Weasel took a copious pinch of snuff, and shut his eyes, as though he were going to sneeze. Whenever a client got upon an embarrassing topic Mr. Weasel took snuff, to obviate the necessity of looking him in the face; while, in case of any compromising disclosure, Mr. Weasel sneezed, to obviate hearing it.

"In a case of this kind, Mr. Yorke, not a moment is to be lost. I should advise your mother's going direct to Gethin from my house, and making sure of this young lady's evidence. There is even a possibility—I don't say it is probable, but there is just a chance, you see—that she may be subpœnaed *by the other side.*"

"Just so," assented Richard, so naïvely that a smile flitted across the little lawyer's face.

"Under these circumstances, then, this is what we will do, my dear young Sir: Mrs. Yorke will go to the *Gethin Castle* as a guest, and, as I shall venture to suggest, under another name; she will then find an opportunity of speaking to Miss Trevethick without awakening her father's suspicions; and when she comes to Cross Key, she will have, I trust, some good news to bring you, something to talk about (although you must be very careful and guarded, mind that, for you will not be left alone together, as we are) besides mere regrets and lamentations; don't you see, don't you see?"

Richard saw exceedingly well, and felt more grateful to the lawyer for devising such an arrangement than he would like to have confessed; nevertheless, he did thank him heartily.

"Not at all, not at all, my dear young Sir," drawing on one of his gloves, in signal of departure. "In a case like this, we must consult feelings as well as array our facts; we must bring heart and head to bear together. Speaking of head reminds me, by-the-by, of the subject of counsel. I propose to instruct Mr. Smoothbore, who leads upon this circuit; I gather from your letter that there will be no difficulty with respect to funds."

"Whatever may be necessary, Mr. Weasel, for my defense will be, you may rest assured, forthcoming. My mother—"

The smile disappeared from the lawyer's face with electrical rapidity. "Pardon me, my young friend," said he; "but as a professional man, I only deal with principals in these matters. The word forthcoming is a little vague. Counsel are paid beforehand, you must remember."

We must not be angry with Mr. Weasel, who was really a good sort of man after his kind. He was naturally cautious, and if he had been the most trustful of mankind his experience would have taught him prudence. He did like to see his money down; and really, as to Mr. Yorke, all he knew of his pecuniary position was with relation to that blank check, the history of which was not of a nature to inspire confidence.

"I was about to observe," said Richard, haughtily, "that my mother would satisfy all claims; but, in the mean time, there were over a hundred pounds in notes and gold which were found upon me when I was searched at Plymouth. If you doubt me, you have only to make inquiries."

"My dear young Sir," returned the lawyer, earnestly, "this is not courteous, this is not kind. I never doubted you from the first moment that I saw you; no one with any knowledge of mankind could do so. Professional etiquette compelled me to remark that I could treat with principals only, that is all. Let me see," added he, consulting his note-book, "have I any thing more to say? Yes, yes. With respect to this young lady, Miss Harry Trevethick—I did not like to interrupt you at the time, but I see I have made a memorandum—is she pretty?"

"She is very, very beautiful," said Richard, earnestly, the remembrance of her beauty giving a tenderness to his tone.

"That's capital!" nodded the lawyer. "Old Bantam is our judge this session, and he likes a pretty face. So do we all, for the matter of that, I hope. You are young and good-looking yourself, too; Smoothbore will make something of *that*, you may depend upon it. 'Gracious Heavens, is the iron arm of the law to sunder these happy lovers for a mere indiscretion, and make their bright young lives a blank forever?' He'll give them something like that, Sir, in a voice broken by emotion, and bring you off with flying colors."

"I don't care about the colors, if he only brings me off," said Richard, grimly.

"A very natural remark, my dear young Sir, for one in your present situation; but three weeks hence, as I both hope and believe, you will not be so easily satisfied; the more we have, the more we want, you know—except in the matter of time. I have very little to spare of it just now, and must therefore take my leave."

Mr. Weasel had put on his other glove and his hat, and, with a cheerful nod, had actually placed his fingers on the door-handle, when he suddenly turned round, and said: "By-the-by, I had almost forgotten a little form of words, which in your case I am sure will be *but* a form, and yet I do not like to omit it. I never leave a client in your position without asking him the question; so you must excuse me, my young friend, and not be offended."

"I am not in a position to be very sensitive about what is said to me," answered Richard, bitterly. "Pray ask whatever you please."

Mr. Weasel looked cautiously round, to see that the warder was not too near, and lowered his voice to a whisper. "Is this little affair your first, my dear young Sir? I mean," added he, "have you ever been in trouble with the law before?"

"Certainly not," replied Richard, smiling.

"I had anticipated your answer," said the little lawyer, gayly; "but I thought it right to make quite certain. Because, if the affair should happen to reach a stage where the question of 'character' is mooted (though it won't get so far as *that*, I trust, in our case), one doesn't like to be taken altogether by surprise, do you see? You have been a landscape-painter, you say. A most innocent and charming occupation, I am sure, and one which Smoothbore will make the very most of. The case altogether will afford him such opportunities that he really ought to do it cheap. And you've never been any thing else, have you? never had any other calling, or obtained your livelihood by any other than quite legal and permissible means—eh? What, what? You have not been quite frank and candid with me, my dear Sir, I fear."

"It is really not of much consequence," said Richard, hesitating.

"You must allow me to be the judge of that, Mr. Yorke," said the other, gravely, taking off his hat once more and one of his gloves. "Imagine yourself a good Catholic, if you please, with Father Weasel for your priest."

The confession lasted for some minutes.

"I think you will admit that what I have told you has not much bearing upon the matter in hand," said Richard, when he had finished.

"None at all, none at all—that is, I hope not," answered the other, thoughtfully. "But what an interesting revelation it is! What a nice point as to whether the matter is an offense against the law or not! How prettily Smoothbore would treat the subject, if it chanced to come in his way." He looked at Richard with admiration. "You're a most remarkable young man, Sir; I wish that circumstances permitted of my shaking you by the hand. Good-morning, my dear Sir. You may depend upon my not permitting the grass to grow under my feet. When your mother comes she will have good news for you. Good-morning."

The warder took possession of Richard, while Mr. Weasel, followed by the young man's longing eyes, was ushered to the opposite door, on the other side of which was liberty. But the lawyer's mind was still within the prison walls, though his legs were free, and walking up the street of the little town toward his inn.

"Now, that is really a most remarkable young man," he murmured to himself. "A most ingenious young fellow, upon my word. The idea of his having invented a new crime! Why, bless my heart, it's quite an epoch—quite an epoch!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE IRON CAGE.

So long as Richard had had Mr. Weasel to bear him company, half his troubles—so elastic was his nature, and so apt for social intercourse—seemed to have been removed; but now that that brisk, confident voice was heard no more, and the stone passages only echoed to the tread of the warder and himself, his spirits sank even lower than they had been before. Alone in his comfortless cell, he went over the lawyer's talk anew, and it was strange how the sparks of comfort died out of it. It was clear that in the first instance his companion had taken a gloomy view of his case, that he looked upon Richard's own story with utter disbelief, and was convinced it would not hold water before a jury. His remark about the money having been recovered must have had reference to a possible mitigation of the sentence, and therefore took conviction for granted. Nor, upon reconsideration of the case with calmness—the calm of loneliness and despair—was, Richard himself admitted, any other conclusion to be arrived at by a stranger. Those who were acquainted with his rash and impulsive character and reckless ways would understand that he had no serious intention of robbing Trevethick—except, that is, of his daughter; even Trevethick himself must be aware of that; though, with that same exception before his eyes, it was more than doubtful whether he would acknowledge it. Smarting with the sense of the deceit that Richard had practiced (almost with success) upon him, he might conceal his real impression of the affair, and treat it as a common felony. Taking the brutality of Solomon's manner to him when he was arrested as an index of his prosecutor's purpose, he felt that this was what would happen; and if so, what chance would he have against such evidence? Would the judge and jury be persuaded to believe that he had acted with the romantic folly that had in reality possessed him? And if not, to what protracted wretchedness might he not be doomed!

His old hopes, in short, lay dead within him, and he felt that his late adviser had been right in suggesting the evidence of Harry Trevethick as the only means to secure his acquittal. He did not look beyond *that* for an hour. Life for the next three weeks would have but one event for him—his trial and its result. The little attorney, whom he had seen but once, the suasive barrister, of whom he had only heard, were from henceforth the two persons upon earth who had the most interest for him of all mankind. If *they* failed him, all was lost. If they succeeded, all, or what had now become his all, was gained. He thought of Harry only as the being upon whose testimony his fate depended; he did not picture her to himself in any other character, though perhaps he would have refused to part with her even at the price of that liberty which had become so precious in his eyes. She would surely not refuse to say the half-dozen words which were the "open sesame" that alone could set him free! He thought of his mother, not so much as such—the truest and most unselfish friend he had—as the person best qualified to win Harry over to speak those words. He was no longer ashamed to see her; his heart was so full of anxious fear that there was no room for shame; but he was glad that the lawyer had recommended her to visit Gethin before coming to Cross Key. What he thirsted for was hope, a gleam of sunshine, a whisper of good news. If his mother had not that to give him, let her stay away. He did not wish his heart to be melted within him by regrets and tears; if there was no

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hope, let it harden on, till it was as hard as adamant, for the hour, that, however long delayed, must come at last—of vengeance! He thought of Solomon Coe as one of a dominant race thinks of the slave who has become his master, and was his murderer in his heart ten times a day. He thought of him as the man who would marry Trevethick's daughter, his own Harry, while he (Richard) rotted in jail.

Such were the bitter reflections, creeping fears, and meagre hopes which consumed him when he was alone, that is to say, for five-sixths of the day and all the weary night. In the society of Balfour he found, if not solace, at least some respite from his gnawing cares. The importance which this man had attached to the recovery of stolen goods as mitigating the punishment of crime, and to good looks in the case of a female witness or prisoner, corroborated as it had been by the judicial experience of Mr. Weasel, gave him confidence in the convict's intelligence; or, at least, in his judgment with respect to the matter on which Richard's thoughts were solely concentrated. He was never weary of asking this man's opinion on this point and on that of his own case, the details of which he fully confided to him. Balfour, on his part, gave him his best advice, and whatever comfort he could. He did not resent, nor even seem to be aware of the fact, that the position in which he stood himself awoke no corresponding sympathy in Richard. He had taken a fancy to this young fellow, so different from any companion that he had ever known; was flattered by his confidence; and felt that enthusiasm toward him which friendship, when it exists between two persons of widely different grades, sometimes begets in the inferior.

A week passed on, and then, at the same time and place as before, Richard was summoned from his fellow-prisoners. He turned pale in spite of himself, as he rose from the table to meet for the first time, since disgrace had overwhelmed him, his mother's face.

"Don't give way, my young master," whispered Balfour, good-naturedly, "for that will only make the old woman fret."

Richard nodded, and followed the warder, who on this occasion led the way through a different door. "It ain't Mr. Weasel this time," said the latter, in answer to his look of surprise; "it's a private friend, and therefore we can't let you have the glass box." He ushered him into what would have been a stone court-yard, except that it had a roof also of stone. In the middle of this, running right across it, was a sort of cage of iron, or rather a passage some six feet broad, shut in on either side by high iron rails; within this paced an officer of the prison; and on the other side of it stood a female figure, whom Richard at once recognized as his mother. It was with this iron cage between them, and in the presence of an official, that prisoners in Cross Key Jail were alone permitted to receive the visits of their friends and kinsfolk. It was no wonder that in an interview under such restrictions, Mr. Weasel should have recommended caution.

To do Richard justice, however, that was not the reflection that now passed through his mind. For all his selfish thoughts and calculations, he had really yearned to cast himself on his mother's breast, and feel once more her loving arms around him; to whisper in her ever-ready ear his sorrow for the past, his anxieties for the future; and when he saw that this was not to be, the heart that he would have poured out before her seemed to sink and shrink within him. In this material obstacle between them he seemed to behold a type of the dread doom that was impending over him—separation from humanity, exclusion from the world without, a life-long entombment within stone walls. He put his hand and arm through the bars, mechanically, to touch his mother's fingers, and when he found he could not reach them, he burst into tears. It was only by a great effort that Mrs. Yorke could maintain her self-control; but she, nevertheless, did do so. Her face was calm, and her eyes, though full of tenderness and pity, were tearless; only her low, soft voice gave token of the woe within her in its tremulous and faltering tones.

"Dear Richard," it said, "my own dear Richard, take heart; a few days hence, and you will be folded in your mother's arms; not to stray from them again, I trust, my boy, my boy!" She pressed her forehead with its fine white hair against the cruel bars, and seemed to devour him with her loving eyes. "All will yet be well," she continued; "your innocence can not fail to be established, and this dreadful time will be forgotten like an evil dream."

"Have you been to Gethin, mother?"

"Yes, dear; I only came from thence this morning. Harry sent you her best love. Your faith in her, she bade me tell you, is not misplaced; *she will be in the witness-box, for certain.*" This last sentence was uttered in the French tongue, and very rapidly.

"I am very sorry, ma'am," interrupted the official, who had retired to the further extremity of the cage, "but my orders are to prohibit conversation between prisoners and their friends in a foreign language."

"I will take care not to transgress again," said Mrs. Yorke, with a sweet smile; "your consideration for us I am sure demands all obedience."

"Has Mr. Weasel made his arrangements, mother?"

"Yes, all; the subpœna will be sent to Gethin to morrow. He is most confident as to the result."

"And what does Mr. Smoothbore say? Have you seen *him?*"

"No, dear, no. But the matter on which I went to Gethin having been satisfactorily arranged, we may consider that is all settled. Your counsel has no doubt of being able to establish your innocence, notwithstanding the malice of your enemies."

"But what is he like, this Smoothbore?"

"Well, the fact is, Richard, we have not got him, but another man, Mr. Balais—quite his equal, Mr. Weasel assures me, in all respects."

"Not got him!" cried Richard, impatiently. "Why, Weasel told me Smoothbore led the circuit. Why have we not secured him?"

"He has been retained by the other side," answered Mrs. Yorke, in a tone that she in vain endeavored to render cheerful. "To say the truth, Richard, the prosecutor is exhibiting the utmost vindictiveness, and straining every nerve for a conviction. Money, which he was said to be so fond of, is now no object with him, or at least he spares none. But he can not bribe twelve honest men, nor a righteous judge."

"I knew it," exclaimed Richard, stamping his foot on the stone floor. "Those sullen brutes, Trevethick and the other, would have my life, if they could. There is nothing that they would stick at, be assured of that—and do you put Weasel on his guard—to work my ruin. How could he be such a dolt as to let them be beforehand with him, when he himself said there was not an hour to be lost!"

"Indeed, Richard, all was done for the best. One could scarcely expect Mr. Weasel to advance so large a sum as was required, without security; and he did communicate with Mr. Smoothbore as soon as he had satisfied himself upon that score. He assures me Mr. Balais is quite as clever a counsel. Indeed, I should not have told you of the change, had you not pressed the question so directly."

"Tell me all, mother; tell me every thing; I adjure you to keep nothing back. To think and guess and fear, in a place like this, is worse than not to know the worst. Trevethick is a miser, and yet you say he is spending with a lavish hand. How is it you know that?"

"Why, Mr. Smoothbore's clerk is a friend of Mr. Weasel's, and he hears from him that his master has never received so large a retaining fee as on this occasion. The sum we offered, two days afterward, though larger than is customary, was, he said, but a trifle compared with it."

"You have something else to tell me yet, mother—I see it in your eyes. If you go away with it untold, you leave me on the rack."

"There is nothing more," answered his mother, hesitatingly, "or almost nothing."

"What is it?" cried Richard, hoarsely—"what is it?"

"Well, merely this: that thinking that no money should be spared to help you in this dreadful trouble, Richard, and having but a very little of my own, I—I forgot my pride and steadfast resolution never to ask your father—"

"You did not apply to Carew for money, surely?" ejaculated Richard, angrily. "To let him know that I was here was ruin."

"It may have been ill judged, indeed, dear Richard," replied his mother, quietly; "but it was not ill meant. Do you suppose it cost me nothing to be his suppliant? Do you suppose I have no scorn nor hate, as you have, for those who have wronged me and you? If fury could avail to set you free, your mother would be as the tigress robbed of her young. It is an easy thing enough to fume and foam; it is hard to have to clasp the knees of those whom you despise, in vain."

"He refused you, then—this man?"

"He did, Richard. He told me—what I had not learned from you; I do not say it to reproach you, dear—what it was that had so long detained you at Gethin. He mentioned, in coarsest terms, your love for Harry, and how you had misrepresented yourself to Trevethick as the heir of Crompton in order to win her. He expressed a callous indifference to your present peril, and added something more in menace than in warning respecting that affair with Chandos which caused you to leave his roof. Since it seemed you had made no secret of the matter to Mr. Weasel, I showed him Carew's note; and his opinion is that Trevethick has spies at work to track your past. This may or may not injure you. Mr. Weasel thinks that it will not; but it shows the rancor with which this case is pressed by Trevethick—a malice which we are altogether at a loss to understand."

Richard ground his heel upon the stone without reply, while his mother looked at him in gravest sorrow.

"Your time is almost up, ma'am," said the warder; "there's only a minute more."

"You told her how much depended on her, mother, did you?" said Richard, rousing himself in the effort.

"Yes, dear. She will not fail us, never fear. Keep heart and hope; and as for me, you will be sure that not a moment of my waking thoughts is wasted upon aught but you. I shall see you again, once more at least, before your—before the trial comes on; and Mr. Weasel will be here next week again. Is there any thing, my own dear boy, that I can do for you?"

"One moment, mother. Carew has not punished *you* on my account, I trust? He has not cut off—"

"The annuity? Yes; he has stopped that."

"May he rot on earth, and perish everlastingly!"

"Hush, hush, dear; pray be calm; there is no need to fret. I can support myself without his aid; indeed I can; and perhaps he may relent when he gets sane, for he was like a madman at my coming to Crompton. Mr. Whymper will do all he can, I am sure. How cruel it was of me to heed your words, and tell you— Look to him, warder, look to my son!" she screamed.

Richard had indeed turned deadly pale, and though his fingers still mechanically clutched the iron rail, was swaying to and fro; the warder unlocked the passage-gate, and ran to him just in time to save his falling headlong on the pavement.

"Are you a man," said the agonized woman, "or iron like this"—and she beat against the railing passionately—"that you will not let a mother kiss her son when he is dying?"

"Nay, nay, ma'am; it's not so bad as that," said the warder, good-naturedly; "see, he's a-coming round agen all right. I've seen a many took like that. In half a minute he'll be himself again. It's his trouble as does it, bless you. If you'll take my advice, you'll spare both your son and yourself the pain of parting, and leave him as he is. I'd go bail for it, it's just a faint, that's all."

"Let me kiss him once," implored the unhappy woman. "Oh, man, if you have ever known a mother's love, let me kiss him once! Here is a five-pound note—take it, and leave me still your debtor—but one kiss."

"Nay, ma'am, I can't take your money; of which, as I couldn't help hearing you say, you have not got too much to spare. But you shall kiss your bonnie boy, and welcome;" and with that the stout warder took the unconscious lad up in his arms, and bore him within the passage; and his mother put her lips between the bars and pressed them to his forehead once, twice, thrice.

"There, there, ma'am; that will do," muttered the man, impatiently; "and even that is as much as my place is worth. Now, just tap at yonder door, and they'll let you out."

Mrs. Yorke obeyed him without a word. She had heard the heavy fluttering sigh that betokened Richard's return to consciousness, and knew that the worst was over; unless, indeed, the coming back to life might not be the worst of all.

A PRUSSIAN BATTERY BEFORE METZ.

METZ, which, like Strasbourg, has gained in the present war an excellent reputation for sustaining a severe and prolonged siege, is considered to be one of the strongest fortresses of France. Indeed, it has constantly been declared to be impregnable, and such would seem to be the opinion of the Prussians, as we hear that orders have been given by the King "to avoid further bloodshed, and bide their time," which, remarks a contemporary, signifies starvation. The most contrary reports have been circulated as to the true state of the garrison and inhabitants. The French, quoting the words of soldiers who had escaped through the Prussian lines, say that Metz is still well provisioned, that the inhabitants are in capital spirits, and even that the usual business of the town is still being carried on. The Prussians, on the other hand, have been informed by deserters that the town is in a wretched state, and that the cavalry horses are being killed for food. The French again assert that several balloons dispatched from Metz have been picked up containing letters from officers of BAZAINE's army, all disclaiming the slightest idea of a capitulation. Whether or not these airy messengers were dispatched more with a view of deceiving the enemy than for the purpose of reassuring anxious friends is doubtful, but the former supposition seems far the more likely one.

The illustration on page 693 represents a Prussian battery planted on one of the hills commanding the town.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE builder of a church now in course of construction, when the toast of his health was given, rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

A young man wants to know what business he had better go into that will enable him to occupy a high position in society. Let him try the roofing business. In that trade a smart man will soon get to the top of the ladder.

A rather grim *bon mot* by Bismarck comes to us from a European correspondent. The Count was dining with some friends immediately after the surrender of Strasbourg, and the conversation naturally turned on the war, and the devastation that attended the progress of the victorious armies. One of the guests remarked that France would pay dearly for her wanton attack on Germany. "Oh no," replied the Count, "it will cost her only *two Napoleons.*"

A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at her house. "Do you like Rossini?" said she to one of her male guests. "Rossini?—indeed I do; he is my favorite composer." "Are you familiar with his 'Barber [of Seville]?" "Oh dear no," was the reply; "I always shave myself."

"You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old trowsers, have you?" "No, my man," said the merchant; "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house." "Where do you live?" rejoined Pat, "and I'll call in the morning for the ould pair you've got on."

FRUIT FOR NEWSMEN—Fresh dates.

"Sambo, do you know how to make a hen lay boiled eggs?" said Boggs one day. "No," said Sambo, "I does not." "Why, dat am easy enuff; all you hab to do is to gib de fowl hot water fer to drink, an' dey come out ready fer eatin'."

Smollett tells an anecdote of a half-crazy free-thinker of his day, who, chancing in Rome, stopped one day before a bust of Jupiter, and, bowing low, thus addressed the dethroned idol: "Sir, if you should ever get your head above water again, I hope you will remember that I treated you politely in your adversity."

A MAN OF LETTERS—The penny postman.

A spinster went recently to a well-known lawyer and engaged him to manage a suit for her, in which she claimed a legacy, to which her right was disputed. The suit was lost, and the poor maiden said to the lawyer, "How can I ever repay you for all the time and trouble which you have taken on my account? I have nothing but my heart to give you." "My clerk takes the fees—go to him," answered the lawyer, gruffly.

The heaviest *internal* tax is paid by those who drink bad whisky.

A physician writes asking a renewal of a note which he owes, giving as a reason therefor: "We are in a horrible crisis. There is not a sick man in the district."

A Mr. Gridley, who advertises a tract of land for sale in Georgia, among other recommendations says: "The land is said to be very valuable, but I never could get nearer than half a mile of it, not having any canoe at my command. It is warranted to yield from thirty to forty bushels of bull-frogs to the acre, and alligators enough to fence the entire tract."

An unfortunate listener begs for some one to invent a "noiseless hand-organ."

An Irishwoman, in her will, ordered her body to be burned after death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

THE MAN WHO CARRIES EVERY THING BEFORE HIM—The waiter.

A young man in Louisville is advertised to marry a Breckinridge County belle in the Mammoth Cave. This looks like running matrimony into the ground.

Men don't commit suicide in Memphis. When tired of life they go out and insult some one, and are at once shot dead.

THE BEY STATE—Tunis.

It was a "Lunnon" livery-stable keeper who presented the following bill for the use of a horse:

Anos	10s. 0d.
Atakynonymom	00 6
Toatolhofol	10s. 6d.

In which terms he obviously meant to record the charge for "a horse," and for "a taking of him home," likewise the "total of all." Its orthographical peculiarity is owing to the idiom of the country.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed: "Well, I dunno 'bout that. I've blowed my nose a number of times, and never broke it yet."

HOW TO MAKE A HIT—Strike.

They toll a bell in Winchester, Indiana, every half hour, as a signal for the inhabitants to take their quinine.

THE SHADOW OMINOUS TO TYRANTS.

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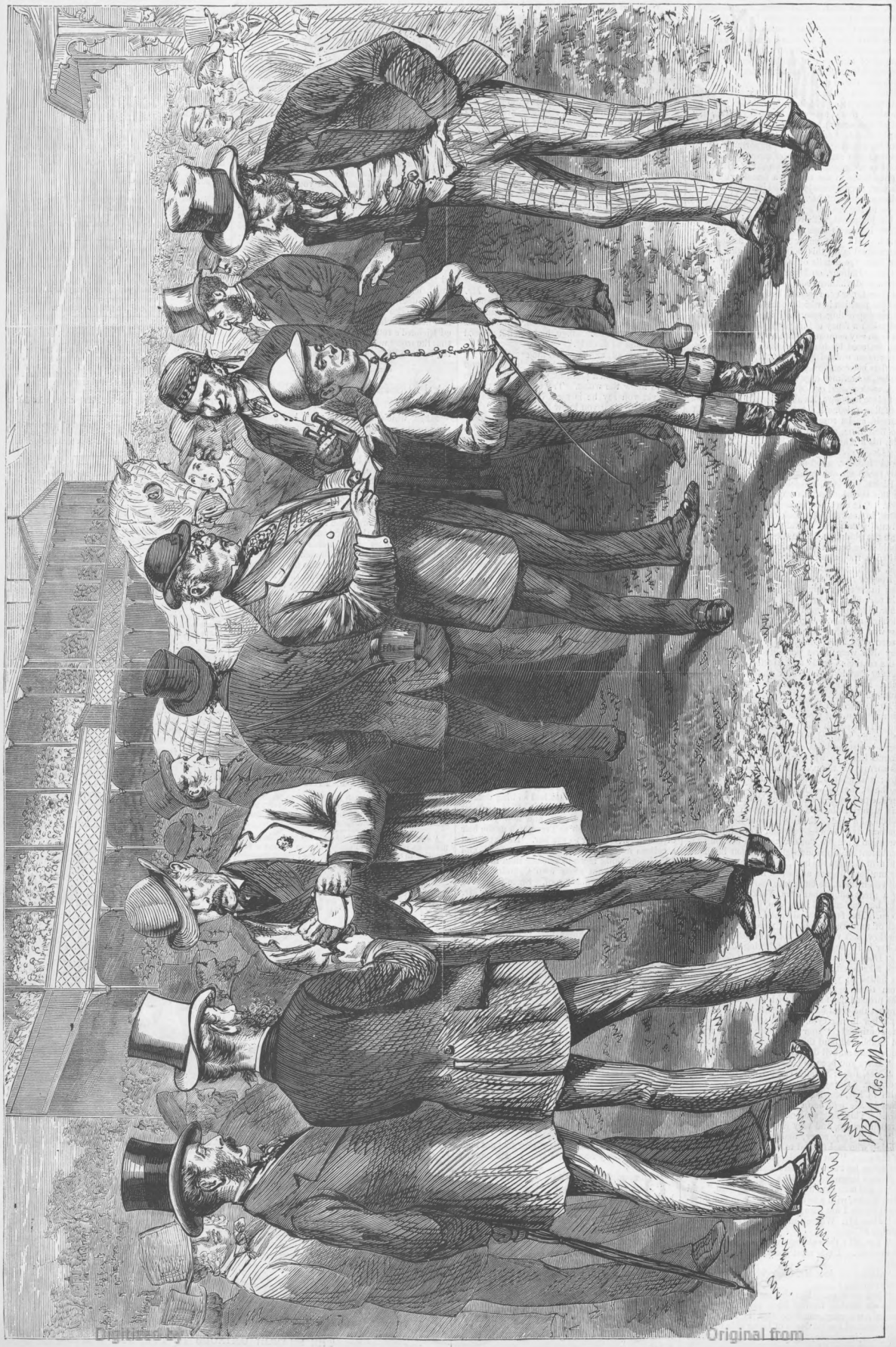

BETTING ON THE FAVORITE.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard, from a Sketch by W. B. Myers.—[See Page 698.]

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THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

HE CANNOT CALL HIS SOUL HIS OWN.

Th. Nast.

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BETTING ON THE FAVORITE.

OUR illustration on page 696, given *apropos* to the fall racing season at Jerome Park, represents a scene that must be familiar to all persons who have visited that pleasant resort—a group of sporting men gathered round the jockey who is to ride the favorite. Such a scene presents a splendid opportunity for the study of character, and our artist, as a glance at his spirited picture will show, has not failed to put it to excellent use.

CHANGES.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

"Some are married, some are dead."

WE were all young then, or at least we were all very much younger than we are now; and we were a very bright band. A company of veritable citizens of Prague; a corps of the lightest-hearted Bohemians that ever fought its little battle for fame and life in that great seat of war, London; a joyous, poor, industrious, reckless group of young people who were all animated by the hope that "in the days to come" we should distinguish ourselves in our several careers, and win names that might be named with pride.

How we used to play at Endeavor and Struggle, at Conquest and Success, at Disappointment and Defeat, in those bonny, hopeful days! How we used to narrate our experiences, and criticise our compeers, and patronize our betters! How we used to plan and hope and encourage! And, above all, how we used to like one another!

We were not all bound for the same goal. There were very few of us bound together by reminiscences of still earlier days. But though we were brought together by the exigencies of our several vocations, we, for a season or two, resembled the "three musketeers" in being "one for all—all for one."

We were all quartered in and about London at the time of which I write, and I fancy we all thought that civilization ended somewhere about the "artists' quarter" in Kensington, and that there was no other mart for intellect in the world than that in the Strand. We all painted, or wrote, or sang for money—for the daily bread we ate so gayly—for the bright, innocent recreation in which we indulged so freely. We were all, in fact, young and happy and poor.

Place aux dames. Mrs. Meredith was the queen regnant, by universal consent, of our brilliant little coterie. Was she a widow then? I really forget; for her husband had always been such an unimportant item in her existence that people omitted to take down the date of his decease. She had been known to the public before her marriage as a graceful artist and a clever art critic; known to a wide circle of admiring friends as charming Bella Vaughan. When she married she did not sink her individuality, as too many artists do, nor did she suffer her God-given genius to be submerged in the ocean of domesticity. She drew as correctly, and colored as beautifully, and wrote about the drawing and coloring of others as cleverly as ever. But she worked harder as Mrs. Meredith than she had ever done as Bella Vaughan, and so was not quite so frequently seen at the opera and in the saloons of titled patronesses of art. We her juniors gained by her loss—not that she ever thought it such—for she made her pretty house in the Victoria Road the assembling spot for us all whenever we liked to assemble there.

And we liked to assemble there very often indeed. Her little drawing-room was a snug spot to linger in, let the weather be what it would—a soft rose-tinted room, with bass-reliefs from the Parthenon friezes covering one side-wall, and luxuriously shaped chairs and lounges disposed so that you could study the antique in comfort; flowers in abundance always, and a full provision of books and serials and newspapers, of admissions to picture-galleries, and programmes of concerts, and bills of new plays, and studies from the last and loveliest thing in models.

I remember one afternoon well when several of the most prominent members of *La belle Alliance*, as we called ourselves in the height of our foolish, bright enthusiasm, were gathered together in this room. Kate Arden and her two friends, Laura and Mimi Drayton; Flora Byng, the sculptress; Ellen Hayes, or "Stella," as we called her among ourselves, the novelist; and Miss Gwynne, the musical composer and eminent contralto.

Kate Arden was the most admired, most believed in, most sought after of us all. She had no specialty save that of being beautiful as yet; and, perhaps for this very reason, believing, as we did, that she could do any thing if she tried, we looked forward to her most hopefully. She was the sister of a prosperous writer on sensible and severe topics, who had long ago shaken himself free of the harmless Bohemianism in which we were all steeped. And she had hair of a golden hue, and was adored by every young artist who had ever come in contact with her.

One of these was making a study of her finely planted head as she sat on a tiger-skin in Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room this afternoon. His name was Denis Daly, and he was rapidly making that name known by the cartoons he contributed to a rising periodical. He was very young, not above two-and-twenty, and he had a gloriously beautiful dark oval face, and he was the idol of us all in those days. Clever and bright, gay and full of love. Gifted, in fact, with one of those glittering yet deep Irish natures that inform the melodies of Moore, and the eloquence of Burke and Grattan.

His career had only just commenced, and it was a very successful one already. Some short time before, he had come to London without money, without friends, without a prospect of remunerative employment. But there was a magic in his pencil which charmed the public; and now Denis Daly was a popular pet, and was unspoiled by his popularity. He had the power of winning men as well as women to him. Even as he sat there, lavishing compliments on the lovely outlines of the head he was copying, Charles Selwyn (or "Carlo," as he was called familiarly), his rival in the favor of Miss Arden, could not hate him. As Denis Daly was always celebrating her in his cartoons, under various names, so Carlo was constantly immortalizing her in song and story. She was the theme of his prettiest verses, the heroine of his most thrilling romances in two chapters; the object for whom he seemed bent on ruining himself in stephanotis and pale gray gloves; the reward for which he was honestly ready to rack his brain to pieces, if need be.

It was very difficult at that time to discover which of these who were fighting so frankly for her favor had won it. She maintained a strict neutrality, and was chary of her words on the subject of either, even to her bosom friends. When too hardly pressed for an opinion about either, she would avow with decision that she adored them both; that Denis was a dear, and Carlo a darling; and that they were both perfectly welcome to continue their present system of worship for herself, free from all interference from mutual friends.

Two of these mutual friends were beauties too, but not beauties after the artist heart, as was Kate Arden. One of them, Mimi Drayton, a fair, dreamy-eyed girl, played in a way that we all thought promised well for Arabella Goddard's overthrow. She loved her piano as Denis Daly loved his art, and Carlo loved his verses, and Stella loved her stories of love and crime and folly and society.

Stella was the active agent, the leading spirit, the organizer-in-chief of these frequent gatherings. Known—and known, on the whole, not unfavorably—to the public while still a girl, petted by her friends, spoiled by her family, living a life that was as bright on the surface as a fairy queen's, she was the one of the group for whom the future seemed to have the brightest things in store. I knew her better than I knew any of the others. If in painting a portrait that many will recognize I idealize a little, I must be forgiven for old friendship's sake.

She was that queer contradiction, a woman with an earnest, fixed purpose, who yet can take life easily and brightly. In these early days, just after the excitement of her first success, she worked as hard and unceasingly as if she had never made it. She was an anomaly even in that anomalous society—a writer always ready with a book to be published, or to write an article or review—a girl always ready to give a dance or go to one—an Amazon whose whole heart and interest seemed to be centred in the horse she was riding—a woman rarely free from a wearing anxiety.

The *personnel* of a woman can not be put upon paper easily. Stella will be pronounced unworthy of the prominent position she occupied in that *clique* whose characteristics I am portraying. She was attractive enough and good-looking enough to be called charming and pretty by those who liked her. But to the great majority she must have appeared just a moderate-looking, graceful-mannered girl; nothing more.

Brunette, very decidedly brunette for an Englishwoman, yet with none of the languor of the South about her. That languor might be hers possibly in after-years, and the possession of it would improve her considerably. But at the time of which I write she was as full of perpetual motion, of quick resolve and quicker action, as any thing not American could be.

Brunette, of the middle height and size, slim, and subtile in manner, yet with not a trace of the taint of slyness in that subtilty. Small-featured, dark-complexioned, with a look of race about her points. When I have said that she was and had these things, I have said all that need be said as to her personal appearance.

There was a good deal of happy aggressive assurance in her manner at this epoch. She had made her mark in the world of letters, and whether that mark was large or small, it distinguished her enviably. She had her accepted position, and her regular pursuits, and her big object—greater success—to fall back upon in all her troubles. And the knowledge that she had these made her rather antipathetic to the motiveless many who moved about her, and intolerant to all such as did not admit her claims.

By her side on this special April afternoon, when I introduce them to you first, stood two men who had made their marks, too, in literature, but in such ways as did not clash with hers. A special correspondent of a flourishing "daily," and a blooming celebrity in the person of a burlesque-writer. Both of them sufficiently well known and reputed already to make their openly expressed expectations of future fortune and further fame perfectly reasonable. Buoyant-natured men, who made the most of those circumstances which threw them into the best society one hour, and into the bar of a tavern the next, to write about it (the society).

A little nearer to the light than the corner in which Stella had enthroned herself, Miss Gwynne, the clever musical composer aforesaid, sat at the piano, and half hummed, half sang a song, the words of which Stella had written, called "Other Days", and I stood by her side, and envied Stella the distinction such singing of her words gave her.

I was ambitious in those days of following in Stella's footsteps, but she seemed so far above me then that I had only the hope of successfully emulating her in my dreams. She had got me placed—that is to say, she had got short stories of mine accepted in one or two second-rate magazines. So I believed in her—in her present excellence, and the realization of her future high aspirations—more heartily than any of the others.

What was I? I will introduce myself last—when I have brought one of the most typical of our band to the fore. A Mr. Warren—a romantic realist, if ever there was one in this world, who wrote prose poetry of a splendid order by the yard whenever he was pushed, and understood the classics better than he understood himself, I used sometimes to fancy; a clever, brilliant man, of exceptional cultivation and genius, a gentleman of good birth, a man of letters, whose high position in letters was widely recognized, and yet, by some strange chance, a member for a time of our glittering, hollow confraternity.

He was older than any of the rest, and his coming among us was the work of accident, not design. Stella had been the agent in this case, as she was, indeed, in most cases of new introductions. She had met him at an outside party, and had set herself the congenial task of winning as much notice and as warm a regard as it was in her to win and him to give. How she succeeded was best known to herself. At any rate, he had thought it worth while to follow her into her own familiar places, and for a while he was regarded as an interloper by her older friends.

Now for myself. I would fain describe myself simply as I have described the rest. But, in telling of these things, I am animated far more by Stella's spirit than I am by my own. She would have described me thus: "Miss Owen—a brown monkey, who thinks she will write as well as I do some day. I know you think that impossible, Mr. Warren, regarding me as the excellent and unexcelled thing I am. Still Miss Owen is not so utterly despicable as you think every one else after me." This Stella would say before me; but I have reason to believe that behind my back her words were warm and commendatory, as only friendship justified them in being.

Why were we assembled in Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room on this half-tearful, half-smiling April afternoon? I really don't know, unless it was that we took great pleasure in each others' society, and so sought it with a motive, or without a motive, whenever the opportunity occurred. By way of excuse for having got us there, Mrs. Meredith was showing us her great picture of "Rosa Bonheur in her Studio," which we all knew by heart already; and, by way of excuse for having come at her impromptu bidding, we were all taking a great verbal interest in where it "ought to have been hung," if only she had finished it in time for this year's Academy.

Miss Stella was the only preoccupied and rather selfishly absorbed one among us this day.

"You people who paint live in the clouds as far as every thing else is concerned," she said, when "Other Days" had come to an end, and we were all gathered around the easel on which "Rosa Bonheur" was stretched.

"And you people who write expect the rest of the world to be constantly agape about what you have written—different forms of the same creditable aspiring art-mind; that is all, dear," Mrs. Meredith said.

"After all, with such dramatic power as Miss Stella undoubtedly possesses—we all agree that she does possess it"—(Mr. Lacy, the aspirant for honors in burlesque paused for an answer—we all agreed that she *did* possess them—and then he went on)—"the real wonder of the age is that she doesn't learn 'business,' and write for the stage."

"Nobody would act as I intended. People never do in real life," Stella said, laughing.

"We all do as you wish us to do, as far as you favor us by making your wishes known," Mr. Warren said, pointedly. "Take me, for example: I have given up making classical puns and whisky punch at your behest."

"And I have really tried to do something better than make pretty bonnets, and wear them out at the Zoo on Sundays, Stella," Kate Arden cried.

"And I have humiliated myself before a music-publisher in the vain endeavor to get him to publish something higher than the tweedledum-and-tweedledee prettinesses that sell so largely, on your recommendation," Miss Gwynne chimed in. "Ungrateful creature, to say you can't get people to act as you wish them to act, when both Mr. Warren and Mr. Lacy are acting as if they were in love with you, and we all know you wish—"

"Hush!" Kate Arden said, coming to the rescue, with her grand air and cool tones; "we none of us know what Stella wishes, that's the beauty of it—of her, I mean. What were we talking about before Miss Gwynne made honorable mention of Mr. Warren and Mr. Lacy?"

"I will tell you what Stella wishes just now," Stella herself said, eagerly. "We are all going to immortalize ourselves in our several ways, of course; but now, while we are young and happy and fond of each other and insignificant, let us immortalize ourselves in concert."

"I will gladly go into partnership with you, but I don't care to increase the firm," Mr. Warren said, slowly.

"Let us start a magazine, and keep it up by ourselves, unaided by any one else," Charles Selwyn suggested.

"Let us make Stella the editress," Denis Daly struck in.

"And you do the frontispiece for it, Daly," Mr. Lacy said.

"We must talk over the title first," Brand—the man who had been war-correspondent for a "daily"—interrupted.

"We won't have the name of a place or of a firm, will we?" Stella pleaded. "Let us have something peculiar to ourselves."

"'Unfit for Publication,' would take no end," Mr. Lacy said; and then Denis Daly sat down to sketch out the outline of a pictured back for the embryo magazine.

"This is my idea—look here!" he said, drawing away as fast as he could. "Something quite peculiar to ourselves—the editress, accompanied by all the contributors and the one subscriber, on her way to Bedlam."

"We ought to meet at least once a week, to talk over the contents," Mr. Selwyn said.

"We might as well make out a programme of the entertainment to-night," Mr. Lacy added.

"Mrs. Meredith, may we stay a little longer," Stella asked, imploringly, of our hostess; and our hostess said, "Yes, if we could put up with the remains of last night's supper" (I forgot to say that we had all been at a party at her house the previous night), "instead of a proper dinner."

"Chicken and lobster salad and Hungarian wines are good enough for me," Stella said, and we all chorused our satisfaction at staying.

"Let us rejoice in its being spring and not autumn, because we can have oysters, and needn't go out of town," Mr. Brand said.

"Let us rejoice more especially over the latter fact," Stella said. "London, dear London! I suppose some people live out of it, though. There are savage tribes who exist all the year round out of reach of Piccadilly, I have heard."

"For my own part, I am more sympathetic with life in the 'Modern Athens,' than with London life; the Bohéan of my day would have shone you down," Mr. Warren said.

"So you say, because it's over," Stella said. "Why, Denis Daly will make Tenniel look to his laurels, and—"

"As for you," Mr. Lacy interrupted, "several of your fellow-novelists

> "'may grovel
> In an ocean of absurdity and an atmosphere of crime;
> 'Tis for you to contradict them, and you'll do it in a novel,
> Which the critics will declare to be—'"

"A step from the sublime," Stella interrupted, laughing. "I know they will; but there's one thing the critics can't do, and while they can't do that one thing I can suffer and be strong under their chastisings."

"What's the one thing?"

"They can't banish me from London; if, for my bad grammar, they could send me into the country to become subjective, I should soon go where Denis Daly is sending me in his frontispiece."

"A good wholesome course of the study of butter-cups and daisies would do you good," Mr. Brand said.

"So another of my friends said," Stella retorted; "either that or starvation in an uncomfortably furnished garret was the medicine he proposed for the cure of my compositions."

"The study of butter-cups and daisies, under certain conditions, wouldn't be bad," Charles Selwyn said.

"When you make your grand success—which, of course, will be with your next book—take a house at Richmond, Stella," Kate Arden said.

"Too far—altogether too far. I think every thing ought to take place in Piccadilly, and every one ought to live in one or other of the adjoining streets."

"Put your theory into practice as soon as possible, Miss Hayes. You know your mother would go and live on the top of the Monument, if you said you liked the situation."

"I'd rather live on the top of it than be compelled to live an hour's drive from it," Stella said.

"Now I can understand that sort of love of place, if Paris were the place loved," Kate Arden said.

"And I can understand it if it were expressed about the borders of the blue Mediterranean," Mr. Warren put in.

"And I think we can all understand it about London," Mr. Brand exclaimed; "for my own part, I honestly confess that at least half the income for which I am working so hard goes in Hansoms; I can walk in any other city in the world, but I can't walk in London."

"And you don't like walking any where, Teddy; so the inability is no drawback," Mr. Lacy said.

"Don't you think Kate and Mr. Selwyn are going on very favorably?" Mimi Drayton whispered to Miss Hayes.

"I hope not," that young lady replied, energetically; "we ought to resemble heaven in that respect; there should be no talk of marrying and giving in marriage among us—at any rate, there should be no talk of it for some years. 'The world is full of folly and sin;' we needn't go and add to it yet a while."

"Stella is talking as if she didn't know we all know that she would marry to-morrow if she could insure having a riding-horse and a carriage kept for her," Miss Gwynne said, laughing. "Will you all come to me and discuss her charms on Thursday evening?"

"Yes," we all chorused; "and you won't let any one sing to us or play to us, will you?" Stella added. "Human beings should be occasionally forced to rely on their own conversational powers—taught, for instance, to stand erect on two legs, and talk to their fellow-creatures without looking awkward."

"You may talk to as many of your fellow-creatures as you can get to listen to you, Stella."

"And as I beneficently desire to give you something to talk about, Miss Hayes, let me offer you a box at the Prince of Wales's for to-morrow night to see my new burlesque," Mr. Lacy said; and Stella accepted his offer with a warmth of pleasure that made her entirely forget two other engagements she had already made for "to-morrow evening."

"You have been going about so much lately, *won't* you be late with the copy for the novel that is announced as ready on the 1st of May?" Mr. Brand said, laughing. And then we all began to make plans for going to the Royal Academy together on the 1st of May, and for eating ices in Grange's afterward.

The 1st of May came—day of high hopes and bitter qualms!—and a goodly number of those whom I have been striving to depict drifted to-

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gether, in the way we had of drifting together, in the rooms at the Royal Academy. We had come to see the people and each other, not the pictures, on this the first day, so we moved about, or sat still and gossiped with each other, and made no efforts to see how art had progressed since 1865.

"The man who appreciates color to that degree can never go back to drawing on the wood," Denis Daly said, after a long look at a marvelous study in white, by a great colorist of that year.

"Don't you get on to color yet, then; wait till you've illustrated me as you promised the other day," Stella said.

"I think working together in the way we contemplate is sure to be successful," Denis Daly said. "You see author and artist will consult each other. I shall not be in danger of illustrating some other meaning than yours."

"The serial will run for eighteen months, won't it?" Mr. Lacy asked. "During that time, at least, the flock is safe to fly together, for we all have an interest in each of you."

"And after that time," Stella said, "there is great pleasure in the thought that we must play our parts on the same stage. We are bound to follow out our respective careers in London. Where else can we go to succeed—to live, even?"

"We needn't ask where, because we would none of us try it if we were told. Look at the eminent author of 'Clogging his Wheels:' don't you wish you knew how he did the trick with that book, Miss Hayes?"

"Miss Hayes wins by honors," Mr. Warren said, lounging up to the group.

"He will forget presently that Stella is a lady, and will congratulate her on being a scholar and a gentleman," a casual acquaintance of Mr. Lacy's remarked.

"You're wrong there," that gentleman replied. "There are two things that Warren never forgets—himself and the presence of a lady."

Those bright, happy days—bright in spite of many clouds, happy in spite of many disappointments! Well-watched, well-applauded work must always be a delightful thing to the young. In the case of artists "the labor they delight in physics pain," undoubtedly.

That guild was a very pleasant one. It was one of intense, keen sympathy, and unselfish good-will. We read and repeated all that was kindly said about each other. We prognosticated brilliant successes for each other. We would have worked and sacrificed for each other, had need been; and as there was no need for us to work and sacrifice for each other, we made merry together, and said kind things about each other's probable destinies. On the whole, we were kinder for our brightness, and brighter for our kindness toward each other; and if our lives were rather feverish, and our customs fitful, there was nothing unhealthy about either.

It was a very sunshiny period; and it passed.

It is not two years since we met and talked as though we were to go on meeting in the same way for the next ten years—and now we are all scattered. Denis Daly, the best liked of them all, the one who had made his mark the earliest in life and worn his laurels the most modestly, is beyond us all now, far above even what we had prognosticated for him—buried in the Norwood Cemetery. And nearly all the rest of the little band that declared itself to be like heaven, in that "in it there was no marrying or giving in marriage," are "wedded wives" and husbands now.

The destinies of all are rather different to what was then imagined for them. Kate Arden and Charles Selwyn have thrown in their lots together, and she fulfills the onerous duties of wife as well as she did those of admired beauty. Stella has married a clergyman, whose flock feeds in a sequestered spot far out of reach of the sound of the roar of Piccadilly.

As for myself! Well, I find it hard sometimes to realize that

"Some are married, some are dead."

TALKING-MACHINES.

A DISTINCTION between the honest and the deceptive in these contrivances deserves to be noted. There have been some so-called talking and singing machines in which the talking and singing really came from human lips, under such circumstances as led the audience to believe that mechanism produced the sounds. We know very little about Roger Bacon's speaking head; but there is reason to believe that, if the machine were ever produced at all, the sounds emitted came from human lips. A famous exhibition, called the Invisible Girl, was a deception in which much ingenuity was displayed. In this machine there was a girl or lady concerned, who did the talking and singing, and who was invisible to the audience; the deception consisted in leading the visitors to suppose that she was in a small globe suspended in mid-air. There were four upright posts, united at top by four horizontal rails, like the frame-work of a table. Bent wires, springing up from the posts, converged to an ornamental centre; and from these wires was suspended a hollow copper ball, with four trumpet-mouths on four sides. This was all the visitors saw. Any person wishing to propose a question, spoke it into one of the trumpet-mouths; and presently afterward an appropriate answer came from all the four mouths. The voice was so soft that it seemed to come from a very young and diminutive being indeed—a fairy, an invisible girl. French and Italian were spoken by the voice as well as English; witty and lively remarks were made, as well as questions answered; and songs were beautifully sung in silvery tones. It was admitted on all hands to be an attractive exhibition; and as there were means of verifying the fact that the globe touched nothing whatever, except four ribbons by which it was suspended, the surprise felt was great. The facts of the case were these: One of the posts was hollow, as were two of the rails; and there were openings in the rails just opposite two of the trumpet-mouths. In an adjoining room was a lady seated at a piano-forte; a very small opening in the partition between the two rooms enabled her to see what was going on; while a concealed tube was carried from a point near the level of her ear to the hollow part of the machine, beneath the floor. Sounds, as we know, travel very easily through tubes; and thus the questioning, the answering, the singing, and the piano-forte playing, were transferred from room to room. When a spectator asked a question, speaking at one of the trumpet-mouths, the sound was reflected from the trumpet back to the opening in the horizontal rail, which opening was neither seen nor suspected by the audience; it went down the rail, under the floor, and into the adjoining apartment, where the lady heard it; and the sounds in the opposite direction were similarly conveyed. The sound became so altered in character and intensity by this process of transmission as really to seem to come from the ball; and when an answer was given to a question expressed in a whisper, the impression was very strong that the answer really came from the ball.

But the more interesting contrivances are those in which the sounds are really produced by a mechanism of pipes, bellows, keys, vibrating reeds, etc. Musical instruments have in some cases been played with surprising success by such means, involving the expenditure of an almost incredible amount of time, patience, and ingenuity in devising the requisite arrangements. Vaucanson's flute-player was a wonderful example of this kind. It was a life-size figure, dressed in the ordinary fashion of his day (about 1730), and standing on a pedestal, both figure and pedestal being full of delicate machinery, essential to the working of the machine. When wound up with a key, the figure played real music on a real flute. Air was projected from the mouth to the embouchure or mouth-hole of the flute; and the force of the current was varied to suit the loudness or softness of different passages, as well as the different pitch of their octaves, the opening between the lips being varied to assist in producing the desired effects. The fingers, made of some elastic material, stopped the holes in the proper order for producing the several notes. The machine was constructed to play a certain number of tunes, beyond which its powers did not extend. Soon afterward the same clever mechanician produced his automaton flageolet-player. The flageolet had only three holes; and so diverse was the intensity of wind required to produce all the notes of a tune, with such limited means, that the pressure varied from one ounce for the lowest note up to fifty-six pounds for the highest. Another of his productions was his automaton pipe and tambour player; the figure of a shepherd, standing on a pedestal, played nearly twenty minuets and country-dances on a shepherd's pipe held in the left hand, at the same time playing on a tambour (a kind of hybrid between a tambourine and a small drum) with a stick held in the right hand. Maelzel's automaton trumpeter, exhibited about sixty years ago, was quite a triumph of ingenuity. A figure, dressed in the uniform of a trumpeter of Austrian dragoons, when wound up by a key, played the Austrian Cavalry March, and a march and allegro by Weigl, on a trumpet, and was accompanied by an orchestra, the sounds of the trumpet being admirably produced. Then, his dress being changed to that of a French trumpeter of the Guard, the figure played the French Cavalry March, all the signals, a march by Dussek, and an allegro by Pleyel. When we consider the numerous modifications of pressure with which the lips of a trumpeter touch the small end of the trumpet, the production of such results by machinery is certainly surprising. Soon after Maelzel's time Maillardet produced an automaton piano-forte player. The figure of a lady, seated at a piano-forte, played no less than eighteen tunes, keeping on for an hour when once wound up; the machinery was laid open at intervals in such a way as to show that it was really mechanism that played. The white keys or natural notes were pressed with the fingers in the usual way, but the flats and sharps were produced by pressing on pedals with the feet. The inventor succeeded in making this lady more graceful in her attitude and movements than is generally the case with automata. Somewhere about 1820 there was an exhibition of two automaton flute-players in London; the two figures played eighteen duets, which must have required a vast amount of interior mechanism.

Wolfgang von Kempelen, inventor of the far-famed automaton chess-player, constructed a talking figure which cost him a large amount of thought, time, and inventive ingenuity. First he made experiments with tubes and vibrating reeds, which enabled him to imitate the sound of the Continental "a," like our "ah;" then, with a tube and a hollow oval box hinged like the jaws, he produced the sounds of "a," "o," "ou," and an imperfect "e;" then he succeeded with the consonants "p," "m," and "l," and afterward a few others; but there were some consonants or sounds which he never succeeded in imitating. Having combined the results of his researches, he constructed a head, which contained the requisite wind-tubes and vibrating reeds, and a bust provided with some kind of bellows. Thus armed, his automaton could pronounce the words "opera," "astronomy," "Constantinople," "vous êtes mon amie," "je vous aime de tout mon cœur," "Leopoldus secundus," and "Romanum imperator semper Augustus." These words were spoken when the machine was wound up, without any player being required to press upon keys and pedals. Tubes to imitate nostrils produced "m" and "n;" a funnel and a reed changed "s" into "z," "sch," and "j;" and there were various pieces of mechanism to imitate more or less successfully the movements and action of mouth, lips, teeth, tongue, palate, glottis, lungs, etc. Altogether, it was what the chess-player was not—really an automaton.

Professor Willis and Sir Charles Wheatstone some years ago devoted a good deal of attention to this matter; not, of course, for any exhibition purposes, but to analyze the production of vocal sounds in a scientific way. Sir Charles showed the results of his experiments at one of the meetings of the British Association. Professor Willis separated all the sounds, whether letters or exclamations, emitted in speaking, into three groups, which he called mutes, sonants, and narisonants. Doctor Rush, of Philadelphia, preferred a classification into tonic monothongs, tonic diphthongs, subtonics, and aspirations. Willis, leaving consonants untried, made experiments in the mode of producing vowel sounds by mechanism. With an air chest, vibrating reeds, and cavities and tubes of different kinds, he produced a great variety of sounds. One curious result of his experiments was, that with the same apparatus, drawn out gradually in length, he could produce in succession all the vowel sounds which are heard in such English words as "see," "pet," "pay," "past," "pan," "caught," "no," "but," "book," "boot;" we find, in effect, that the lips protrude more and more as this series advances; and this supplies a noteworthy confirmation of the views held on this matter by the experimenter.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY day the most shocking reports reach us concerning the atrocities practiced in this fierce European struggle. Now it is the Prussians, who ruthlessly murder the helpless inhabitants of some defenseless village and deliberately fire their dwellings; again it is the French, who show barbaric ferocity toward wounded prisoners, and recklessly assassinate every one they fancy a spy. From both sides come similar details of hideous deeds from which our thoughts turn shudderingly away. Whether these details are exactly correct in special cases it is impossible to know; nor would the correctness of them necessarily prove the Prussians or the French to be more barbarous in their warfare than other nations called civilized have been. The truth is that all war is demoralizing, and leads naturally to wanton atrocities and unrestrained crime. Wherever war rages there also rage the worst and vilest human passions—not in the hearts of *all* engaged in the strife, but in the hearts of multitudes, whose better feelings are smothered by hardships, unnatural excitements, and the constant sight of carnage and bloodshed. And not only *during* war do extraordinary cruelties and crimes prevail, but there comes an after-tide of reckless deeds equally fearful. Ever since our civil war a marked disregard of human life and all rights of person and property has been apparent among certain classes. Who can begin to estimate the long train of evils consequent upon this French and Prussian conflict?

The peculiar power of recollecting faces possessed by Superintendent Jourdan, and his knowledge of physiognomy, were valuable to him in his detective business. Once coming in contact with an old confidence operator, Jourdan looked at him a moment, and said, "Your name is ——?" The man said, "Yes." "I have not seen you for twelve years; where have you been to?" The man replied, "I was in the State prison for five years, and was in California until a week ago." "You know how to leave the city," said Jourdan; "if you are in town to-morrow night you will travel to Sing Sing on the lightning express." The man left the city the following day.

Many trite sayings have been uttered about October, as well as concerning all the other months. How much credit is to be given them is a matter of speculation. If there is not more truth than poetry in the following, not much reliance can be placed upon the sayings:

"October warm with certain speed
Makes February cold indeed."

"If there is in October much frost and wind,
January and February both mild you'll find;
But when in the autumn the weather is clear,
The cold wind full soon will appear."

"Much rain in October, much wind in December."

"October thunder-storms plainly say,
Changeable weather winter will stay."

"Do not let October flies
Lead you to expect warm skies."

"In October the thunder, though sounding drear,
Than that of February is better to hear."

There is an enormous traffic carried on between the two shores of the Bosphorus, and the delay caused by the opening and shutting of the bridges of boats, which form the only means of communication, is very troublesome. Tunneling by the ordinary method is not to be thought of, as the water is extremely deep, with twenty or thirty feet of mud at the bottom. Engineers of the nineteenth century, however, are not to be lightly baffled, and Mr. Haddon, chief engineer to the Turkish government, has suggested a means of solving the problem. He proposes to suspend or float a tunnel at about 35 feet below the surface of the water, allowing uninterrupted passage to vessels of the largest tonnage. The tunnel is to be a wrought-iron tube about 10 feet in diameter and 1200 feet long. It would weigh about 600 tons; maximum weight of any train 400 tons; concrete and lining, to overcome the buoyancy of the tube, 1700 tons; water displacement, 2700 tons. Chains of great strength will neutralize the upward strain when the train is not passing.

Since the opening of the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital, in October, 1869, 4720 patients have received treatment.

Soon after the organization of the American Board, in 1810, by the General Association of Congregationalists in Massachusetts, the Presbyterians were invited to join its mission work. They labored harmoniously together until the separation of the Old and New School in 1837. After that the New School Presbyterians alone joined in labor with the Congregationalists. Since the recent great Presbyterian reunion, merging Old and New School in the same organization, the latter have felt it expedient to withdraw from the American Board, not from any dissatisfaction, but simply because the Presbyterian Mission Board, in their judgment, specially claims their services. At the meeting of the American Board in Brooklyn this matter was fully discussed, and the separation effected with friendly reluctance to parting, but with the most cordial good-humor and honorable generosity.

All contributions to the German Sanitary Fund are transported free of expense by the Austrian railroads.

"The Holy War of 1870," is the title of a volume which is being issued by a German publisher.

When Minister Washburne was compelled to abandon his residence, situated on the Avenue de l'Impératrice, he moved into a house in the rear of the Madeleine. He abandoned all his furniture and valuables—according to report—including a fine portrait of President Grant.

A charge of 2000 francs is made by the balloon company for conveying a passenger out of Paris.

A new mitrailleuse has been tested in the presence of a special committee at Vincennes. It is worked by steam, and capable of projecting balls during twenty or thirty hours consecutively without becoming heated. A machine of two-horse power is sufficient for an implement of twenty barrels. The range is about the same as the Chassepot. The inventor has offered to make 200 of them in eight days.

The harvest in Germany this year has been gathered largely by German women, assisted by men too old or too young to join the army.

When the Italian army invaded Rome, the Papal troops were ordered, in case they should be repulsed, to concentrate around the Vatican. And when the hour for capitulation had evidently come, Pope Pius was standing in the great red hall of the Vatican, surrounded by his special friends, among whom was Cardinal Antonelli. During the five hours of the conflict his Holiness did not betray unusual emotion. In appearance he was calm, and even gay. He walked up and down the hall, occasionally stopping at one of the windows to look on the scene without. Occasionally he knelt and prayed. Once he suddenly started from his knees, and asked anxiously whether there was any danger of shells falling on the Vatican. Count Di Carpegna was ushered into the presence of the Pope to inform him that, in General Kanzler's opinion, resistance was no longer possible. The Pope looked at Cardinal Antonelli, and, after a few minutes' silence, said: "Your Eminence was right; it can not be helped. I have been abandoned by Catholic Europe, and I must yield. Never mind. My glorious predecessor, Pius VI., and myself were once forced by the revolution to leave this palace, but we both returned. Revolutionary Italy and her revolutionary King surround me and the Œcumenical Council with their bayonets. I must yield." Turning then to Count Di Carpegna, he said: "Go and tell General Kanzler to capitulate; make haste."

Not long ago a Russian bishop visited this city. He had been appointed Bishop of Alaska, with authority over all the Greek churches in the United States. Services will soon be held in this city by a clergyman of the Greek Church. The bishop will be permanently settled in Alaska. There is a Greek chapel in New Orleans, in which city is quite a large population of Russian Greeks and Moldavians from the Danubian provinces. In San Francisco there is about the same number of believers, and also a chapel, while in Alaska the dominant faith is that of the Russian empire.

Not long ago a case of goods was sent from Milwaukee to this city, addressed to Mlle. Bousson, a member of the French Subscription Committee in aid of the wounded of the French armies. A letter accompanied the donation, announcing that the donor would himself arrive here in a few days. Subsequently he came—a patriotic old Frenchman, M. Claude by name, who for many years has resided in this country. At the age of sixteen he was wounded at the battle of Waterloo. His family are now in Metz, and he has been a comrade of Bazaine. Still full of enthusiasm, he has sailed to devote his last strength to the defense of his country.

Some singular cases come to the knowledge of surgeons in the German military hospitals. One man was struck by a ball, which lodged in the internal arch between the skull and the brain. He is well in health, can eat, drink, and sleep well, but can not move about, as, if he does, he feels the ball rolling in his head.

Jenny Lind is singing in London in aid of the fund for the sick and wounded of the armies.

Madame Seebach has offered to assist at a matinée to be given in aid of the fair under the auspices of the German Ladies' Association for assisting the sufferers by the war.

A French National Bazar is to be opened the latter part of this month in aid of the French wounded. Great sympathy is manifested on all sides for those who have been wounded by the chances of war, or who are enduring hunger and privation in consequence of this desolating scourge.

From Cassel it is announced that the Emperor Napoleon desires to exchange Wilhelmshöhe for the palace of Bellevue at Cassel. He feels himself inconvenienced by the cold and the wind prevailing at Wilhelmshöhe, owing to its elevated situation.

From the diamond fields of South Africa come brilliant stories of abundance of valuable stones being found, which are a fortune to the fortunate discoverers. The fields seem immense and inexhaustible. Parties arriving there sign the miners' laws, and are allowed to choose a certain portion of land for themselves. The diamonds are bright even in their rough state, and easily distinguished from other bright stones.

A company is being organized whose efforts will be to make ice next summer more abundant, and consequently cheaper, than it has been during the past season. Land has already been purchased on the Hudson a few miles above Catskill, and an ice-house is being built which will hold 60,000 tons of ice, and this is to be ready so that the work of storing can commence by the 25th of December.

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MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

THIS city is on the Alabama River, and, from its central position, was first selected by the Southern people as the capital of the seceded States. It is a place of considerable importance in the cotton trade, large amounts being shipped down the river to Mobile.

The Capitol building occupies a commanding site, and is conspicuous from the surrounding country. The streets are wide and dusty, suggestive of the least interesting portions of Washington. High banks rise on both sides of the river, cut into picturesque gullies, or stretching like a wall for miles, adown which the cotton bales are pitched to the steamers below, as well as the cord-wood required to feed the furnaces.

FRENCH PROVINCIAL SOLDIERS IN PARIS.

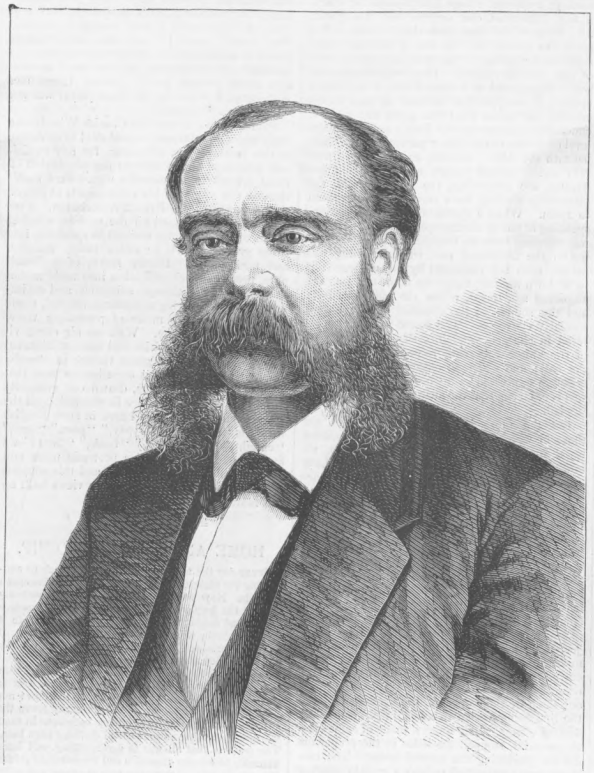
THE Garde National Mobile of France is composed of those young men who, from the year 1867, have escaped from military service, either through having drawn a lucky number in the conscription, or through insufficiency of height, being the only son of a widow, or some other exemption, and of those who, drawing an unlucky number, were rich enough to pay for a substitute. They are termed "Moblots," and the duration of their term of service is five years. But few exceptions, and, except for special reasons, no substitutes are allowed. One member of a family, however, may replace another, always providing that the *remplaçant* is not more than forty years old.

The Parisian Moblots were the first called out in the present war, and a large camp was accordingly allotted to them at Chalons. Finding, however, that camp life was not so comfortable and easy as they had at first supposed, the Moblots began to murmur, and were therefore transferred to the camp of St. Maur, almost under the walls of their beloved capital. Here they calmed down a little, but, on the approach of the Prussians, were removed into Paris itself.

The provincial Moblot is a far different being from his Parisian brother. Unused to the luxuries and enervating amusements of the capital, he is much more suited to endure hardships, and far less disposed to grumble at them. Accustomed, also, to respect his curé, and to regard his maire as infallible, he does not possess that turbulent and irreconcilable spirit so unfortunately characteristic of the Parisian populace, and thus is, as a rule, respectful and obedient to his superiors. Besides, in many cases, the excitement of visiting and residing in Paris, and of seeing and examining those wonders of which he has heard so much from his soldier cousin, and of which he has read such stirring descriptions in the *Petit Journal*, has overcome his disgust at leaving his native province, even if his patriotism and determination to expel the invader had not already been sufficient to check any such discontented thoughts.

The behavior of the Garde Mobile in the recent skirmishes round Paris has been admirable; and this carries out another of General TROCHU'S pet theories, so ably set forth in his "L'Armée Française," namely, the non-superiority of veteran over young soldiers. In a skirmish at Villejuif on September 19, the Mobiles were reported to have "fought most bravely, with the steadiness of old troops," while the Zouaves—those boasted heroes of the French army—ran away almost at the commencement of the affair. Indeed, the Moblots are now as much relied on as they were formerly laughed at, and certainly the readiness and aptitude with which they have learned the several military exercises are simply marvelous.

The illustration on page 692 represents a detachment of provincial Moblots having taken possession of, and fairly established themselves in, a shop in the Rue Lafayette, which, as it bore the now superfluous inscription of "Boutique à Louer," was immediately appropriated as a convenient residence for the time being. There they are making themselves at home, and enjoying themselves while they can, with the genuine soldier's philosophy. Some are eating at a table improvised out of the counter, another is being shaved by a good-natured comrade, others are reposing outside, while the sentry on duty looks amusingly conscious of the important trust confided to him.



GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 690.]

GENERAL TROCHU AND THE NATIONAL GUARD.

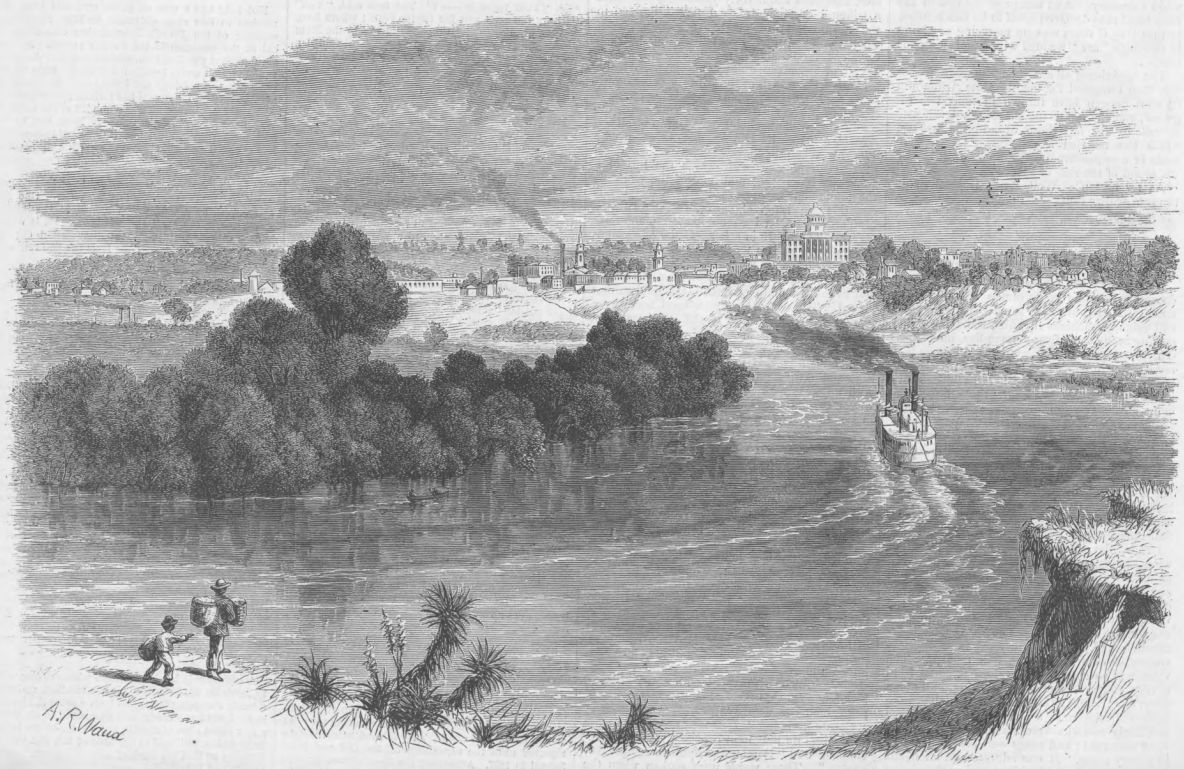
THE review of the Parisian National Guard, held by General TROCHU a few days before the final closing of the gates of Paris, may well be reckoned as one of the most remarkable and stirring spectacles on record. For the first time for twenty years Paris appeared openly and powerfully armed.

The review was hardly a review in the strict sense of the term, for there was no manœuvring, and not even a march past, the whole affair partaking much more of the nature of a demonstration. The troops drawn up in line extended from the Place de la Bastile, through the Boulevards to the Place de la Concorde, and the battalions which arrived late were stationed down the side streets. The variety, and in many cases the insufficiency, displayed in the equipment of this army of some two or three hundred thousand men, plainly showed with what patriotic haste the government had armed them. There were but very few old regiments, and the new were easily distinguishable by the determined air with which they manipulated their weapons. Many regiments, however, were entirely composed of workmen, who, having formerly served in the army, were perfectly acquainted with all the drill and the routine of military manœuvres. Some were armed with the old muzzle-loader, others with transformed carbines furnished with the sword-bayonet, others with the *tabatière*, and a select few with the Chassepot. All, however, were armed, but few had uniforms, many wearing only the *képi*, and some not even that.

About noon, General TROCHU, mounted, and in field costume, followed by a small staff, and M. TAMISIER, the new Commander of the National Guard, arrived at the Place de la Bastile. He was received with great enthusiasm, and loud were the shouts of "Vive TROCHU," intermingled, of course, with "Vive la République," as he passed up the line, acknowledging with his *képi* the thousands of salutes that welcomed him—the usual mode of saluting, by-the-by, being a hat whirled round on the top of a bayonet. Many of the muzzles, however, were ornamented with large bouquets, giving a strange variety to the scene.

Another peculiar characteristic of this review was the almost total absence of spectators—there were none to look on. All the available population of Paris was in arms. Behind the ranks there were a few women and children, and from one or two of the neighboring houses handkerchiefs might be seen fluttering. Some ladies, it is true, threw down from their windows bouquets tied up with tricolored ribbon as the General passed, but this was all. The "ride past" over, the troops dispersed to their several quarters, many to take their station on the ramparts, where sentinels had already been posted.

How different was this inspection of ununiformed, undisciplined, and all but unarmed troops to one of the old reviews in the Champ de Mars, when NAPOLEON III., attended by a brilliant staff, of whom but few now remain, would put his favorite Zouaves or Cent Gardes through their paces in the sight of thousands of admiring Parisians! And now! It seems hardly credible that this was but three months ago.



APPROACH TO MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—[DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.]

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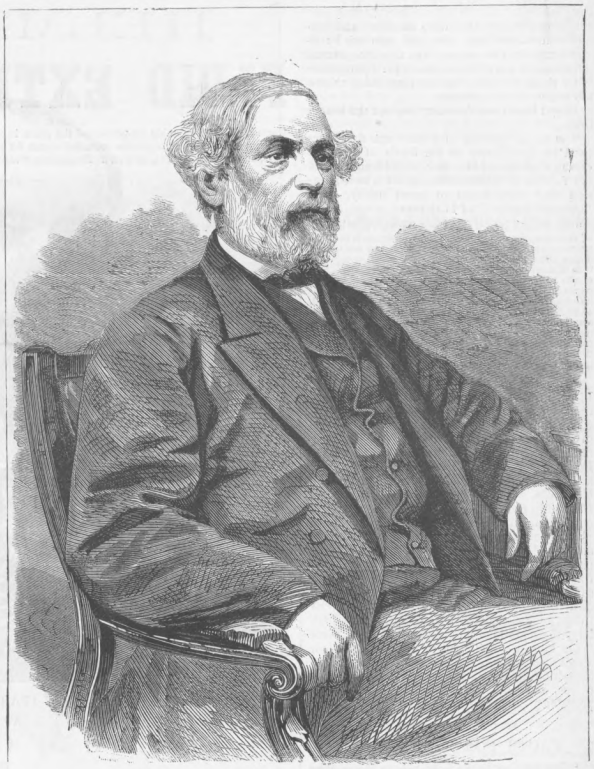
THE LATE SUPERINTENDENT JOURDAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS.]



THE LATE GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.—[SEE PAGE 691.]

THE LATE JOHN JOURDAN.

THE death of Superintendent JOURDAN, whose portrait we give on this page, deprived New York of the services of an efficient and thoroughly honest man, who, as manager of the Police Department, held one of the most important places of trust in the municipality. The story of his official life is too well known to be retold here; and it is sufficient praise to say of him that he enjoyed the confidence of all parties, and was sincerely hated and feared by the criminal classes.

FULTON MARKET OYSTER STANDS.

OUR sketch represents lunch hour at one of the Fulton Market oyster stands. A large proportion of the guests are ladies, who have acquired an appetite in the arduous pursuit of shopping.

BALLOONS IN WARFARE.

ON our first page this week we give a representation of the departure of M. GAMBETTA and two American gentlemen from Paris, in balloons, of which we gave a brief account in our

OYSTER STANDS IN FULTON MARKET.—[DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.]

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last Number. As the adventurers passed over the investing lines they were saluted with rockets, bomb-shells, and rifle-balls from the Prussian batteries, and some of the missiles whizzed unpleasantly near their aerial ships. Fortunately for them, the range was too long and the mark too uncertain for accurate firing, and the wind at length bore them in safety beyond the hostile lines.

The use of balloons in warfare was first practiced by the French at the battle of Fleurus, during the siege of Mayence, and during that of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on which occasion they were found of great utility. The "Annual Register" of 1794 says:

"The French armies are attended with a new species of reconnoitring engineers, whose business it is to do every thing relative to the preparation and use of balloons. The person who mounts in the balloon is furnished with paper and pencils of different colors. The marks to be made are agreed on beforehand, and the paper, after being marked, is attached to a small rod like an arrow, one end of which is loaded and pointed, so that it strikes in the ground and stands upright. A small piece of colored silk is attached to the other end like a flag, to render it more visible. This is dropped from the balloon on ground that is in possession of the army to which the balloon belongs, and thus the information obtained is fully communicated."

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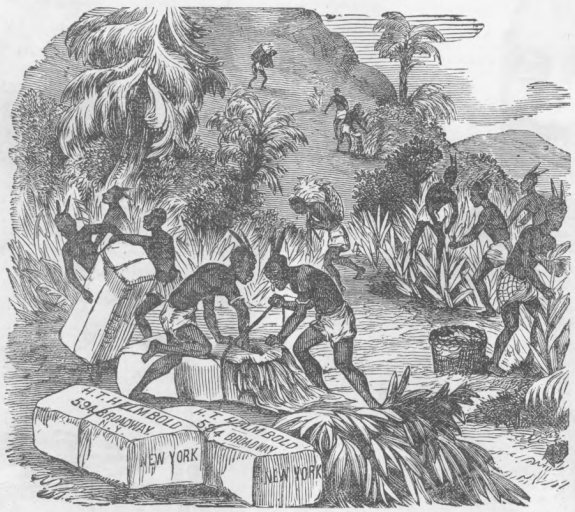

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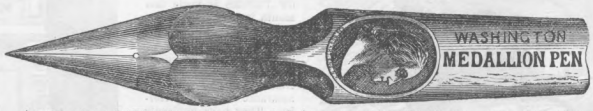

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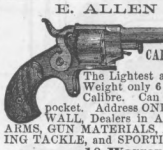

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE FLORAL TEMPLE IN THE GRAND GERMAN FAIR.—[SEE PAGE 706.]

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THE GERMAN FAIR.

A GRAND fair for the benefit of wounded soldiers within the German lines was opened recently in the hall of the Thirty-seventh Regiment, on Broadway, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets. It is arranged with great taste, and will doubtless produce thousands of dollars for the desirable object for which it was designed. One of the chief attractions is a magnificent Floral Temple, of which we give an illustration on our first page. There are eighteen tables in the rooms, profusely laden with fancy and useful articles of every description. Besides the tables supplied by private parties in this city, there is one belonging to the Turnverein, one from Hoboken, and one from College Point. On the opening night Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT made a very interesting address.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1870.

ANNEXATION BY CONQUEST.

WE have more than once remarked the profound regard for the public opinion of the world which has been constantly evinced by Germany during the war. Every word has been spoken and every act done as in the conscious presence of a great and just arbiter. There could be no more significant sign of the immense moral progress of the world, for it is a tacit admission that mere force conclusively settles nothing; that every result produced by powder and shot must be ratified by reason, or it will not stand. In all Count BISMARCK'S dispatches, therefore, there is a tone of calmness which is almost cruelly satirical upon the passionate rhetoric of the French declarations. His circular to the German legations in various countries detailing the circumstances of his interview with JULES FAVRE has been published since our article of last week was written. BISMARCK'S account of the interview, like that of JULES FAVRE, is, of course, *ex parte;* but it has an air of great probability. His demands, as he reports them, are precisely those which it was universally supposed would be made by Germany, and his corrections of certain representations of M. JULES FAVRE justify themselves. There can be little doubt that the substance of the negotiations is faithfully reported by Count BISMARCK.

There can be as little that they will be considered by public opinion not to have failed by reason of the extravagance of the German conditions. The primary topic was of necessity an armistice, and the terms proposed were not extravagant. The frontier that would be claimed as a condition of peace BISMARCK declined to discuss until the principle of cession had been publicly conceded by France. Whether this cession were to be absolute by right of conquest, or to be referred to a vote of the inhabitants, he did not say. But he denied that to cede territory would humiliate France. It was a demand which France had always made, and it was a result of all modern wars; and France could not urge that the cession would dishonor her without granting that she had dishonored other nations. Indeed, all the argument and the precedent were with Count BISMARCK. But the Count did not, and, of course, could not, show how the absolute cession of territory and population would tend to that peace of feeling without which a treaty is but a truce.

"Americus," a very learned and able correspondent of the *Evening Post*, recently considered the whole subject of the plebiscitum. Leaving aside the question of the wisdom of annexing any French territory, and assuming annexation to be essential to the peace of Germany and of Europe, he shows that we Americans have five times extended our territory, but that neither the people of Louisiana, of Florida, of California, nor of New Mexico were consulted, and Texas, as an independent state, was admitted by treaty. All territorial annexation, with very few exceptions, has been made without the plebiscitum; and "Americus" forcibly asks by what right a majority can determine the allegiance of the rest. There is undoubtedly a great deal of weight in such suggestions. But the actual question must be determined by the circumstances. Louisiana was undoubtedly as much French territory as Alsace is now, just as Washington Territory is as much part of the domain of the United States as New York. But it would manifestly be much easier for the government to lose that Territory by friendly cession in a time of peace than to be forced by war to cede New York.

But although it is undoubtedly true that annexation by conquest has been hitherto the rule, there is no question that it has not tended to the permanence of peace. Mr. SEWARD did not care to have a vote taken upon the island of St. Thomas. But when Denmark insisted, and the vote was as virtually unanimous as that of the Roman provinces recently, the proposed cession had a moral strength which nothing else could give. It is, of course, a perplexing question. But if the majority of the inhabitants of Alsace ought not to determine the allegiance of a minority, should the arms of an enemy determine that of the whole? Granting that a vote upon the subject is awkward, and in a certain sense inconclusive, is it not a very much more satisfactory method than a peremptory transfer? The latter is an assertion of one of the old rights of war, as they are called, which have been set aside by the development of the very public opinion of which we were speaking, and which protests against the mere will of the conqueror as a law for the conquered.

It is, again, in deference to this public opinion that Count BISMARCK has sent a dispatch from Versailles to the German ministers that the object of the military operations in France is not conquest, but such a new boundary as experience has demonstrated to be essential to the defense of Germany from French incursions. To this security Germany is entitled. The whole world agrees that she is not bound to continue exposed to French invasions and promenades to Berlin. But it is clear that this security can best be found in the total demolition of the fortresses; and that no "rectification of frontiers" or occupation of the fortresses can do more than exasperate feeling until it produces another terrible war.

THE TAMMANY POLICY.

WE showed last week how it had become the duty of the Republican voters, in the city of New York, to throw their weight against the Tammany Ring by supporting the anti-Tammany Democratic nominations. Since then the Republican State Committee, at a meeting attended by twenty-four of the thirty-one members, and by a vote of twenty-one to three, have recommended that no city nominations be made by the Republican party, but that those of the independent or anti-Tammany Democrats be supported. On the following evening two Conventions of the party were held. That of the Administration Republicans cordially approved the action of the State Committee, by resolving that the course recommended by it was the true policy of the party, under the circumstances. The other Convention, that of those who are called, from their action, Tammany Republicans, discussed a resolution virtually censuring the State Committee, which was finally referred, and a committee of conference with the other body was appointed. We do not suppose that the Administration party will recede, and the other, having made an apparent overture of harmony, will probably proceed to nominate a full ticket of Republicans.

It is a wise old maxim in war to find out what the enemy wants you to do, and then avoid it with energy. The enemy is anxious that a Republican ticket shall be nominated in the city. It will divide the opposition and secure the victory of the Tammany Ring. Is not that enough for any Republican? Is it the mere form of voting a party ticket upon which he is bent, or does he prefer the fact of the enemy's defeat? Now in the city the enemy is the Tammany Ring. It is very powerful and very crafty and unscrupulous. And when a Republican discovers that a vote for the regular ticket of his party helps the Ring, ought he not to vote differently? Moreover, it is not a question to be decided by an equal dislike of the managers or advocates of the two policies. If a voter distrusts A, who is conspicuous upon one side, as much as B, who is equally conspicuous upon the other, when he sees that Tammany prefers one of them, is it not enough to persuade him to vote for the other?

Every Republican knows that the hope of the Tammany leaders is to carry the State of New York by manipulating the vote in the city by fraud of every kind. Should they succeed they will press Mr. TWEED'S Mr. HOFFMAN upon the next Democratic National Convention as the most available Presidential candidate, who is sure to carry his own State and its imposing array of electoral votes. They wish to use the State of New York as the lever to overthrow the Republican national ascendency, and they intend that the city shall be the fulcrum. Does any Republican wish to help them? If he does, he will of course do at this election precisely what the Tammany managers wish; that is, he will support the Republican city nominations that may be made. If he does not—if his object is to strike at the very heart of the movement to turn over the national government to the party which connived at its destruction—he will refuse to divide the opposition to the Tammany Ring.

PRUSSIA AND NEUTRAL RIGHTS.

IT is stated from Washington that the Prussian Government has remonstrated against the sale of arms and material of war in this country to France. The same remonstrance has been addressed to England, and apparently with damaging force, by the Prussian minister, who points out that the British Government has changed its ground upon this subject during the war, and that its present position is incompatible with its recent conduct. Upon the first point the Prussian minister, BERNSTOFF, says that when complaint was first made of such shipment from England the reply was, that there could be interference only upon positive proof of the traffic; and that when such proof was offered the reply was, that the traffic was lawful. In the second place, he says that in the Danish-German war the British Government did prevent the exportation of arms and warlike stores intended for use against Denmark. This is certainly a statement of damaging force, if it be true. But there is, of course, something to be said upon the other side; and that is to be found in the circular of the British Foreign Office of August 11, 1870.

In that circular Lord GRANVILLE says, that "The steps taken by her Majesty's Government have been strictly in accordance with precedent, and with the principles by which neutral nations, including Prussia herself, have been guided in recent wars." And he adds, that no neutral power can decide what articles are to be held contraband of war, nor prevent their exportation; and that it is the duty of the belligerent to arrest them if they are likely to injure him. But Lord GRANVILLE confuses his case by stating that in the Crimean war Prussia herself could not prevent the passage of foreign arms through her territory to Russia, although she had forbidden it. What then? If a state is not bound to prohibit the exportation, as Lord GRANVILLE claims, why should it be anxious to prevent it? That he is correct in his statement of the British law is undeniable. "Historicus"—Mr. VERNON HARCOURT — said, during the *Alabama* debate, "An English merchant may manufacture cannon and all other munitions of war for a belligerent, because there is no law to prevent it." The late amendments of the British neutrality law do not affect this right; and the claim of the Prussian minister, that the export of arms and material from England to France is a breach of neutrality, can not be sustained in view of the fact that the same facilities are offered to each belligerent, and that if the rule operates more severely against one than the other, it is, nevertheless, a rule adopted upon general grounds, and without regard to any particular contest.

The position of this country upon the subject has been always uniform, and Prussia need only to be referred to our uninterrupted tradition. Hostile expeditions and ships of war are not allowed to depart, nor to be fitted out, but arms and ammunition, which can be of service only when they reach the territory of the belligerents, we freely sell and take the risk. Secretary FISH declared to a foreign minister at Washington, just at the beginning of the present war, that arms and warlike material had always been regarded by the United States as articles of legitimate commerce by neutrals; and that during our late war great quantities of such articles were furnished by dealers in England, France, and Belgium to both parties in this country. It is very plain that if Prussia does not wish France to be furnished with American arms, she must stop them. The Prussian Government has declared such a humane and sagacious regard for the rights of neutrals that she can not hope to maintain a claim that war shall limit neutral commercial enterprise. If the neutral world may supply arms and material at its own risk to belligerents, nations will be more wary how they go to war; and nothing is plainer than that it is for the advantage of civilization that the rights of neutrals shall be constantly enlarged.

PARTY SPIRIT.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of Massachusetts, in accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor of that State, writes a very lively letter. He says: "Differing in that respect from my eloquent competitor [WENDELL PHILLIPS], I have, for three years past, wished to be Governor of Massachusetts very much; but having failed to discover the reciprocity of sentiment among a majority of my fellow-citizens, which is so desirable in such cases, I thought it would be wise for the Democracy to select a more attractive candidate." He adds that it would be absurd to insist upon refusing so small a sacrifice as that of allowing his name to be printed at the head of a ticket, which is all that is expected of a Democratic candidate for Governor in that State. If the letter of Mr. ADAMS had ended here it would have been a good-humored part of the joke which he and every body else understand his nomination to be. But he proceeds to make certain assertions in regard to the Republican party and its policy, one of which will illustrate the value of all.

Mr. ADAMS says: "Above all, Sir, the Democracy intend to try for a new Union under what a radical Senator of the United States has called that 'decayed and worm-eaten bequest of the fathers of the republic,' the Constitution of the United States." Mr. ADAMS ought to remember that the first duty of an honorable partisan is to take care to ascertain the truth of charges that he makes; and the least care upon his part to know the fact would have apprised him that no radical Senator ever said what he quotes. It is an electioneering story, which grew out of the statement of a correspondent professing to report the substance of a speech of Senator CONKLING'S, and immediately upon its repetition in the *World*, where Mr. ADAMS probably saw it just as he was writing his letter, was promptly denied.

There are some things which even party malice might suppose that political opponents would not say. If in the days when Mr. ADAMS was a Republican, and PRESTON BROOKS assaulted Mr. SUMNER, it had been reported that Mr. EDWARD EVERETT, who was a political opponent of Mr. SUMNER'S, had said that Mr. SUMNER was served right, would Mr. ADAMS have gravely repeated the remark as authentic? Yet it was just as probable that Mr. EVERETT would have said it as that Mr. CONKLING would call the Constitution "worm-eaten and decayed."

FRANCE AND BALLOONS.

ANY close observer of the European war must have remarked that the truth of the situation has been generally told by the Germans, and not by the French. During the battles at the end of August around Metz, and the series of operations which closed at Sedan, the reports from French sources were totally false, and the lies upon which Paris was fed are monstrous to remember. This French inability to tell the truth apparently continues. Whether it be that the new Government distrusts itself, or thinks that it is necessary to fire the French heart at all hazards, or wishes merely to produce a momentary effect upon general public opinion, or whatever else may be the reason, it is painfully evident that it is necessary to disbelieve the French reports until they are confirmed.

Thus one morning recently it was announced from Tours that BAZAINE had broken out of Metz, and was marching victoriously through the German lines to join another French army; that the German force which had a day or two before taken and occupied Orleans had surrendered; while a sortie from Paris had driven back the whole line of the Germans, and had, in effect, raised the siege of the city. In a word, the entire situation was changed; and if the news were true, it was to be supposed that the next morning's intelligence would be that the Germans were in full retreat to reach the Rhine, and escape from France before they were annihilated. Of course no such news came, but in its place a simple statement that the astonishing reports were untrue, that the Germans still held Orleans, that their position around Paris was substantially unchanged, and that BAZAINE was still in Metz.

Indeed, since the French have taken to balloons their news seems to be affected by the conveyance—it is all wind and gas. So tragical a spectacle was never offered as the apparent material and moral choas into which a great nation has suddenly fallen. No man and no body of men in France seem to be masters of the situation. Those who have placed themselves at the head of affairs shrink from asking the people to authenticate their powers; and they can not plead that the situation of the country renders it impracticable, for BISMARCK stated that the elections would not be interrupted in districts which the Germans command, and he would have granted an armistice for the purpose. The French authorities seem to dread the appeal to the people. The consequence is, that while industry is every where paralyzed—while the country is overrun by the enemy, and necessarily desolated—while city after city is falling into the enemy's hands, and his lines are drawn fast about Paris—while the confidence of the French soldiers and people in their military leaders is wholly destroyed, and the popular volunteer chief is the Italian patriot, GARIBALDI—while the rhetorical proclamations of the Provisional Government only make the reader sigh, and the military efforts are scattered, spasmodic, and resultless, there is the terrible consciousness that amidst all the bewildering confusion there is only a provisional authority, born of an emotion, and by its own acknowledgment not a Government which can bind the country, or which other Governments can fully recognize.

No cheers for a republic, no denunciation of despotism, can do more than confound the confusion. If BAZAINE really had escaped from Metz, and were triumphantly marching to Tours —if the Germans upon the Loire had actually surrendered, and the remnants of their army were streaming across Eastern France—what should we be likely to see in a country full of blood and desolation and wrath?—labor paralyzed, and the laborer armed; somewhere a Provisional Government, self-appointed; every where the plots of the most desperate partisans; and nowhere that calm, sturdy habit of liberty and of civil self-control which enables a people to await the legitimate organization of authority. One of the wisest of political thinkers, himself a Frenchman, DE TOCQUEVILLE, more than thirty years ago expressed a fear that France was tending to that most deplorable of conditions, a democracy under an absolute monarch; that is to say, a democratic state of society without an intelligent spirit of liberty. This was exactly the condition of France under LOUIS NAPOLEON, and it is this which has ruined the country. There is, apparently, no mutual confidence among Frenchmen left; and, so far as can be surmised from the reports

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of eye-witnesses and residents in that country, a great military chieftain could easily work his will.

That a republic might at last, and after a terrible struggle, reorganize France into a peaceful and progressive political society, is possible; but is a republic possible? When it was declared, remembering the manner in which it had been always betrayed hitherto, it seemed in the then apparent situation as if its chances were fair. And if there had appeared in the Provisional Government a republican mind of heroic grasp, which could have plainly seen that the first act of the country must be the repudiation of the Emperor's war, as it had apparently repudiated the Emperor, and could have seen further that immense sacrifices, at which France would wrathfully protest, were indispensable, and had had the ascendency to persuade the country to acquiesce, the world would have felt that there was hope of establishing and sustaining a popular system. But the French conduct of affairs has been a huge blunder. The sole thought has been to repel the invader by force of arms, and to denounce him as blood-thirsty and barbarous because he did not retire before the threat. We do not certainly blame the men in authority that they are not other than they are. We do not say that any man, or body of men, could have persuaded the nation to a truly great and wise policy. The storm of popular feeling must, perhaps, be spent. But sooner or later the actual situation must be confronted reasonably, and not rhetorically. In the mean while it is useless to prophesy, but equally useless to credit balloon news.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT IN OPERATION.

THE autumn elections show that the colored vote is true to the party which proposed and carried the Fifteenth Amendment. It would be very strange if it were not so. If the citizens who have been so long disfranchised or disabled should vote against those who have fought and won their battle, and in favor of the party which has steadily derided and oppressed them, it would only prove how utterly degraded that oppression had made them. The case was put so strongly by ex-Governor ORR, of South Carolina, in his letter of the 15th of August, when speaking of the new vote in the Southern States, that we are glad to repeat what he said:

"The colored vote is, and has been from 1867, nearly a unit for the Republican party; and have they acted unwisely or unpatriotically in their ardent devotion to the Republican party? Suppose our conditions — the white race—were reversed; that we and our ancestors had been slaves for two hundred years; that a party had made war to give us freedom; that it had succeeded; that the same party had periled its own supremacy by guaranteeing to us civil rights; and that, above all, the ballot, the effectual weapon of preserving those rights, had been secured to us by solemn constitutional enactment by the same party, and we were, in the face of all this, appealed to by those who had opposed all these great boons, to join with them in overthrowing the party of our deliverance and redemption, would any white man tolerate with patience any such proposition?" And Mr. ORR asks most conclusively, "Is it strange the colored Republican should be cautious, and adhere with tenacity to his party? Can we justly hope to exercise that political influence over him which we now constantly do in all the other relations and duties of life, until he is convinced that we intend in good faith to protect him equally with the whites, not only in his person and property, but in all his civil and political rights?"

These questions, so obvious to every sagacious politician, have, of course, suggested themselves to the Democratic party chiefs in the Northern States. But they had so long prospered by pandering to the contempt and hatred of the colored population that they could not suddenly turn to flatter and cajole them without alienating their followers. They have, therefore, lost all chance of securing any considerable part of the new vote, and their aim is to bully it from the polls if they can. This was tried in Philadelphia at the late election, but the United States Marshal had made provision of military force which awed the bullies and protected the voters. In the city of New York, the *World*, the organ of what it calls shameless corruptionists, openly suggests to the repeaters and ballot-stuffers to go armed to the polls. Such advice is, of course, to be expected from those who are used to carrying elections by fraud and violence, and who truckle to ignorance and crime. But the honest voters are, fortunately, still in the majority; and although the present Mayor, like his predecessor, Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, should strive to protect frauds, and the Governor—the same Mr. HOFFMAN—should sustain the Mayor's attempts, honest voting will still be practicable so long as the superior national authority is in Republican hands.

No good citizen, whose purposes are honest, will object to the most stringent protection of legal voting, nor to the summary exposure and the severest punishment of fraud. But nobody, of course, who believes the organ of the Ring, believes an honest election to be practicable under the Ring auspices. For what chance of a fair election could there possibly be from gentlemen who, as we are told by the *World*, "cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of HORATIO SEYMOUR?" If they cut down the vote for a candidate whom they do not like, they will certainly not hesitate to "pile it up" for one whom they favor. If the *World* is to be trusted, the honest voters are defrauded at the polls, and ought to be protected. How glad the *World* must be to know that the Government is resolved that they shall be!

WOMEN AND PEACE.

THE appeals of Madame DE GASPARIN and of MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, each published without co-operation, show that the influence of women is ceasing to be a passive emotion, and is becoming a positive and formal incentive to action. MRS. HOWE, in her address, published some weeks ago, invites the assembly of a congress of women to declare authoritatively that they will not connive at war, but will insist that a peaceful solution of every difficulty be found. Madame DE GASPARIN proposes a petition to be signed by women throughout Christendom, and presented to the belligerent governments, and to others, as a protest of mothers, wives, and daughters, against the inevitable wrongs and incalculable sufferings of war. However mistaken the expectation may seem that any such protest or congress could be effective, the suggestion is significant. It is another sign that women are moving toward an active part, not only as human beings, but as citizens, in the conduct of affairs. But while they are still disfranchised we do not see that any public and combined protest could be more influential than private remonstrance. A protest with a vote behind it is very powerful. But the protest of feeling is made now as earnestly as it could be under any circumstances.

What is wanted is the power to prevent war, by making the protest operative. At present every wife and mother and sister denounces with all her heart and conscience a wicked, as they inspire courage for a truly holy war. The universal protest of their hearts against the bitterness of the ordeal is felt by every man who arms and marches away. That, indeed, could not be deepened nor increased. But if women could authoritatively say, "There shall be no war," in the same way that men say, "There shall be," the change in international relations would be profound. Long rolls of names, which could not well be authenticated, could have but a vague and remote effect, but piles of ballots must be heeded. And the instinct which impels two women in different countries, and without collusion, to propose to bring the weight of womanly feeling and wisdom to bear directly upon the subject, is the same instinct which is moving them toward an equal voice, as they have an equally vital interest, in the conduct of human affairs.

NOTES.

THE statement that Secretary COX resigned for what are called personal or pecuniary reasons is untrue, and nothing can be gained by its vehement repetition. He resigned because those who wish to make the department a mere political machine were able to annoy him to a degree detrimental to the public service and to his own self-respect and convictions of official duty. The retirement of the Secretary, like that of Judge HOAR, is another eloquent protest against the present perilous system of the civil service—a system to which both parties cling because it is founded upon patronage, but which is a calamity to the country. The perplexity of the President, who is comparatively unfamiliar with politicians, and with the established conditions of party ascendency and control, must be, of course, very great, and the duty of the Republican press to advise frankly upon every question of party management is all the more imperative.

THE latest accounts from Europe before our paper closes indicate that a strong combined effort will be made by England, Austria, and Russia for an armistice in France, and with some probabilities in its favor. The Germans, of whose sagacity we have elsewhere spoken, see, of course, the disadvantage to them of a bombardment and serious injury of Paris. By the customs of war they will be entirely justified in demanding its surrender, and, upon a refusal, in proceeding to extremities. But the situation of France is so forlorn, and the interest of the world in Paris is so great, that there is a great deal of that sympathy for the country which always attends misfortune. Mr. RUSKIN'S letter is a fair illustration of this feeling. He says that France is a chaos, and that Germany is a superbly and nobly organized nation, but that it is pushing its victory too far. There is no reason in such a remark as the last, but it expresses a very general feeling. It is the consciousness of that feeling which has delayed the bombardment of Paris, and which makes an armistice possible.

IN a recent speech to prove the purity of the elections in the city of New York, Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR alluded to the draft in 1864, and spoke of "the sacredness of its purpose—the preservation of our Union." But at the beginning of the war with so sacred a purpose Mr. SEYMOUR said substantially—and the saying was used against him with withering force by DANIEL S. DICKINSON—that the Union should be dissolved rather than that slavery should be abolished. Mr. SEYMOUR'S speech is intended, like the proclamation of Mr. TWEED'S Mr. HOFFMAN when he was Mayor, to protect electoral frauds in the city of New York. Mr. SEYMOUR'S assertion of the purity of elections in this city is contradicted by the *World*, the editor of which says that he personally knew the shameless frauds by which Mr. A. OAKEY HALL and Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED cut down Mr. SEYMOUR'S own vote here in 1868; and by Mr. THOMAS J. CREAMER, now of Tammany Hall, and then not of Tammany Hall, who said last winter in a speech in the State Senate, carefully reported in the *World*, that the electoral system in the city of New York was "as corrupt as hell." Mr. SEYMOUR'S smooth generalities will hardly stand against these positive assertions of his own party associates who live in the city, and are familiar with the Democratic methods here.

ONE of the late *facetiæ* in the morning papers was that General BANKS, being advertised to deliver a lecture upon the European war, was at the last moment induced to withdraw, because his sympathies were known to be with the French, and ex-Governor HARRIMAN, of New Hampshire, took his place. At first sight this news would be puzzling, as there is a tolerably free expression upon the subject by other gentlemen, and it is certainly difficult to see why General BANKS should not say that he sympathizes with France, if such is the fact. But in the papers of the previous day it was announced that the General had just been renominated for Congress, and the unavoidable inference is, that there must be a large number of voters of German descent among his constituency. But the matter was clumsily managed. If he had been reported unwell, no ill consequences might have followed. But to announce authoritatively in the papers that he had strong French sympathies would seem to be as damaging as if he had said so in a lecture.

WE are very glad to know that we misapprehended the action of the friends of Woman Suffrage in Massachusetts, and very sorry if we shall have led any reader into error. The representatives of the cause did not seek to traffic with either of the great party conventions, nor mean to make any bargain whatever. But before those conventions met the Woman Suffrage Convention resolved to vote for no candidate upon any ticket who was not favorable to the political equality of women. The Convention, however, did address a request to both of the other conventions, requesting the recognition of that equality as an act of justice. We learn that the friends of the cause among the Republicans in Massachusetts are entirely satisfied with what has been done, and the very imposing vote which "the woman resolution" received in the Republican Convention justifies the expectation that next year it may become a plank in the platform.

THE paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* insulting Senator MORTON, our new Minister to England, of whose final acceptance, however, there are serious doubts, should be regarded as just what it is—the gibe of an ignorant and irresponsible writer. Certainly it should not be allowed to affect in any degree the feeling of Americans toward England. Our own press is free, and we know how loosely the falsest stories are often told by it about England and Englishmen, which are intended only to exasperate. There is no more popular Buncombe in this country than "digs" at England, and we are very sorry to say it. They are the expression of a dull and ignorant hostility; of the spirit which insists upon confounding our friends in that country with our enemies, and denouncing them all as selfish Britishers. Of course there are selfish Britishers, and we ought to pity them, and be thankful that there are no selfish Yankees; but, on the other hand, there are Englishmen who are our true and sturdy friends. They are a great and controlling party in England; and why do we apparently always insist upon forgetting them? It was the morning after the speech of Mr. THOMAS HUGHES in New York that the paragraph from the *Pall Mall* was published. His speech and the paragraph fairly illustrate the two Englands, which we must clearly comprehend before we can be just in our feelings toward that country.

OUR friends the enemy are having a very rough passage with their charge against General WOODFORD of complicity in the slave-trade. Mr. MURRAY, the late United States Marshal for the district, asserts that when the General was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor somebody from the *Tribune* called upon him, and asked him to keep still upon the subject, as Mr. GREELEY had nominated General WOODFORD at the Syracuse Convention. The Mayor of the city asks Mr. GREELEY if the messenger did not call at his request. To which Mr. GREELEY answers, "No, Sir. MURRAY has lied to you if he has told you any thing of the sort, so far as we are concerned." Mr. MURRAY adds that he consented not to produce the evidence which would have so damaged General WOODFORD. But it does not follow, because he may have been asked to be silent, that the evidence was conclusive. It was enough that it would have made the same talk that it has now; and if a person came to the Marshal from the *Tribune* it was with the hope of keeping the discussion out of the canvass. That the evidence was necessarily fatal to General WOODFORD is entirely disproved by the fact that the whole subject was examined at the time by Judge SHIPMAN and the Interior Department, and the General most honorably exonerated. Mr. GREELEY, in another article, suggested that the secret of Mr. MURRAY'S hostility to General WOODFORD is that, as Assistant District-Attorney, the General interfered with some of the Marshal's plans for enriching himself by prize captures. However this may be, the attack upon General WOODFORD has entirely failed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MILITARY OPERATIONS IN FRANCE.

UP to the latest dates, by balloon from Paris (October 23), the general situation within the walls of that city had undergone no material change since the complete investment by the Prussians. It is reported that the people are calm and resolute. The manufacture of arms, especially of cannon, is pushed forward with great dispatch, and the volunteers and Mobiots are drilled incessantly. Frequent sorties on the part of the garrison are reported. These seem to have no object but that of harassing the besiegers at their work, and accustoming the new soldiers to service, as the time has evidently not arrived for a serious attempt to raise the siege by a general attack from within the city. Provisions are said to be still plentiful, and all the unoccupied squares and pleasure-grounds in the city are planted with cabbage and cauliflower.

The fire from the French batteries is said to be so effective that the Prussians are unable to push their lines within bombarding distance of the city. The forts are manned by the best gunners in the world.

Reports from official and private sources show that bands of sharp-shooters, in all parts of the country occupied by the enemy, are becoming more and more effective, and cause much annoyance and damage on the German lines of communication.

Accounts in regard to the destruction of the château of St. Cloud are contradictory. The Berlin papers lay it to the French, and condemn it as an act of Vandalism. One French report says the château was destroyed to show the world that the Parisians would not hesitate to sacrifice every thing in the defense of their country, while another says it was fired by the Prussians to conceal their depredations. The inhabitants of the town of St. Cloud say that all the valuables and art treasures had disappeared before the fire broke out.

Four thousand French soldiers surrendered at Soissons October 15, and 132 cannon were among the spoils of the victors. The Prussian force released by this surrender is said to number 22,000 men. It will move against some others of the northern fortified places.

The defeat of the French before Orleans in the series of engagements commencing October 10, resulted in the capture and occupation of that city by the Prussians, who took 6000 prisoners. They also took all the clothing from shops and wine from cellars. The invaders are sweeping the valley of the Loire of cattle.

General Garibaldi has organized his command in the Vosges. It consists of three brigades, one of which is commanded by his son Menotti.

The efforts of General Burnside to negotiate a settlement between France and Prussia have failed. Count Von Bismarck's proposals, made through the American General, were said to be the payment of an indemnity of eighty millions sterling; Alsace and Lorraine to be neutral territory for ten years, and then to decide by a *plebiscitum* their future status; the Prussians to enter Paris, and sign a peace there. It is reported that M. Jules Favre considered these terms reasonable, but that the Parisians indignantly rejected them. Notwithstanding this failure, it is stated in a London dispatch of October 23 that the British ambassadors at Tours and Berlin, in conjunction with those of Austria and Italy, were about to offer direct intervention for an armistice.

The German commander on the Loire has issued a proclamation declaring that the main condition of peace is the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Roman provinces are to be consolidated together, with five prefectures. The Italian Minister of Finance says the transfer of the capital to Rome is no longer doubtful, but it needs the sanction of Parliament.

The Catholic hierarchy of Great Britain have issued a protest against Italian occupation of Papal territory, and a movement for the interference of the British government is to be put in operation.

The Duke of Aosta, second son of the King of Italy, has been offered, and has accepted, the throne of Spain.

Late advices from China state that two Mandarins have been transported, and fifteen men beheaded for complicity in the Tien-tsin outrages. An embassy is preparing to go to France.

The steamship *Cambria*, of the Anchor line, which left this city October 8, for Glasgow, struck on Innishtrahuil Island, off the north coast of Ireland, on the 19th ult., and became a total wreck. A seaman who was picked up in a boat, in which also was the corpse of a young girl, states that four other boats left the wreck, but they had not been heard from at the date of the latest advices. His boat had been upset several times, and all but himself drowned.

An order has been issued by Captain-General De Rodas, of Cuba, liberating 2000 apprenticed negroes captured from slavers in 1855, 1856, and 1857.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AN earthquake occurred on the 20th ult., which appears to have passed from Ohio through New York, Lower Canada, and New England, to the coast. Distinct shocks were noticed at Cleveland (Ohio), Ithaca, Syracuse, and other places in the interior of this State, along the Hudson from Albany to this city, at Montreal and other Canada towns, and throughout the New England States. It occurred at a few minutes past 11 o'clock, and lasted from half a minute to two minutes. At Montreal the shock was so severe that bells were rung in the public buildings, and judges precipitately left their rooms in the court-house. Chimney-tops were thrown down in Quebec, and the spire of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, was seen to sway back and forth. Throughout the Dominion the shock was quite distinct.

The President has appointed Thursday, the 24th of November, to be a day of Thanksgiving throughout the country.

A number of distinguished Japanese are in San Francisco; among them the Prince Imperial, heir-apparent to the throne.

Advices have been received in Toronto from Fort Garry, Manitoba, that small-pox was raging in that region of the West, and that the Indians were dying by thousands, and their corpses were scattered over the plains, filling the air with stench.

Several terrific hurricanes have recently swept over the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indian waters, attended with great loss of life and property. The coast of Florida is strewn with the wrecks of small sailing vessels, and one steamship, the *Mariposa*, plying between New York and New Orleans, is known to be lost with all on board. The Havana steamship *Morro Castle* encountered the hurricane on the 21st ult., while on her voyage to this city. The waves made a clear breach over the ship, and the captain was compelled to throw overboard the deck-load, consisting of 700 barrels of oranges. This was of material service, but the hurricane continued, and dashed the boats from the davits, tore the sails into atoms, carried away the skylights, binnacle, and every thing movable on deck, and, to make matters worse, damaged the paddle-wheel boxes, and filled the saloons with water. By the skillful seamanship of her experienced commander, Captain Richard Adams, the *Morro Castle* passed safely through the storm; and on arriving at this port the passengers published a card expressing their sense of his careful and good management.

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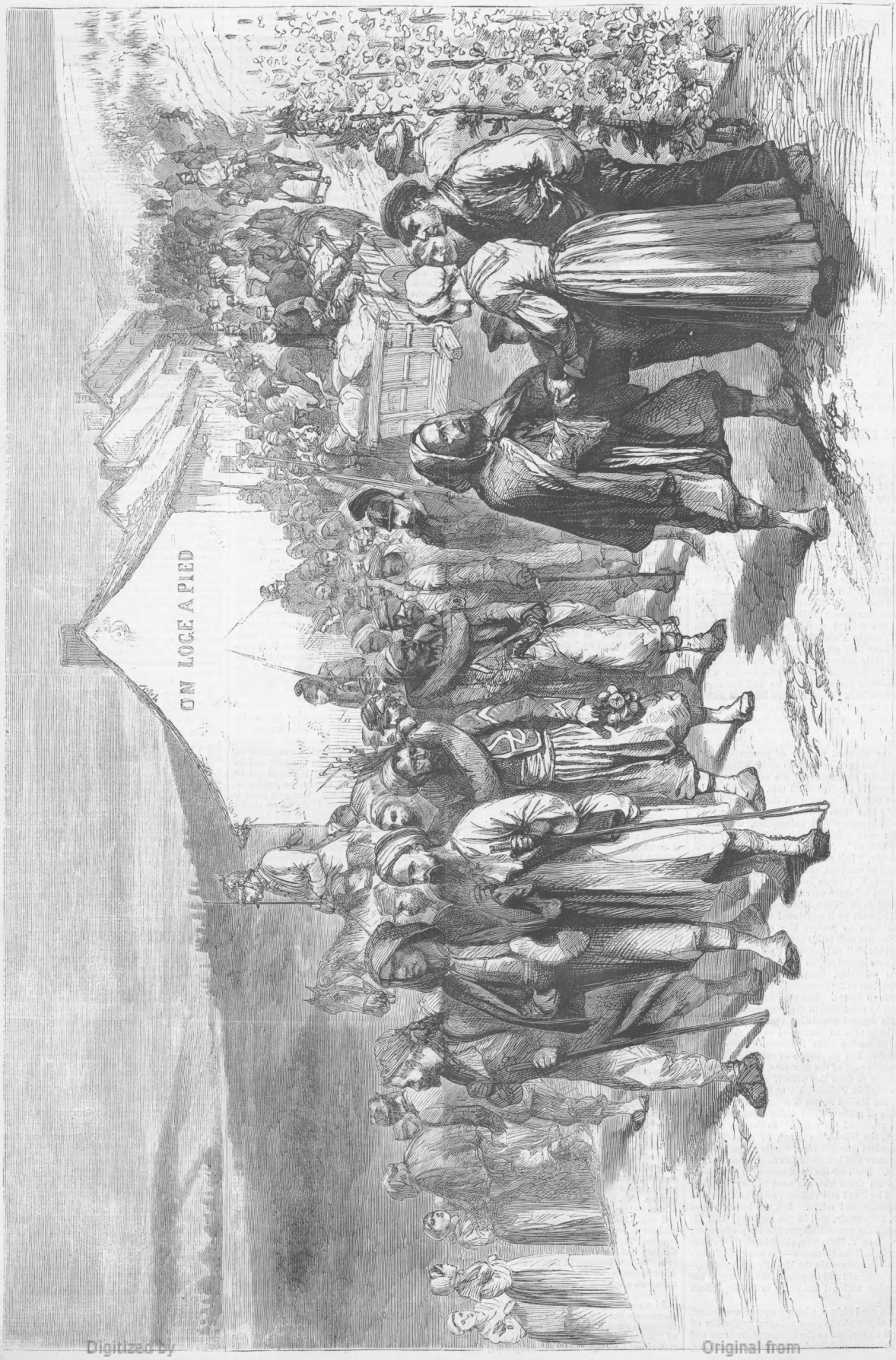

FRENCH PRISONERS FROM SEDAN.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

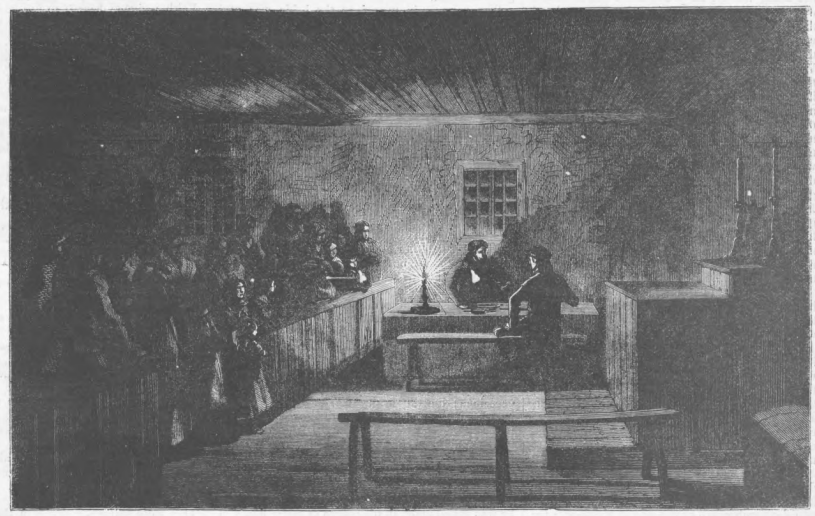
CHAPTER V.

Off for Mount Hecla.—Deserted by the Guide.—An involuntary Halt.—Hospitable Reception.—A Conversation in Latin.—Strange Scene in a Church.—A Peasant Wedding.—Curious Marriage Customs.

LEAVING the wonderful plain of the geysers, described in the last chapter, M. Noël Nougaret, from whose interesting narrative these papers are prepared, continued his journey to Mount Hecla. This remarkable volcano is situated in the southwestern part of the island, and not many miles from the coast. The valleys which extend into this region from the sea have each its stream of water, fed by the copious rains which come from the condensation of the vapors that rise from the comparatively warm water carried thither from the Gulf Stream. This moisture causes the grass to grow wherever there is any soil; and the country is accordingly sparsely inhabited by peasants, who raise sheep and cattle and horses to the extent that the scanty vegetation will allow, though they derive their chief sustenance from the products of the sea.

Our traveler had been deserted by the guide which he had employed to conduct him to the region of the geysers, and left alone with the nine horses which constituted his "transportation." For on such expeditions as these it is necessary, it seems, to take one horse to carry the tent and its accessories, two more for provisions and baggage, and two saddle-horses—one for the guide, and one for the traveler himself. This makes five that are necessary for the actual work, and five more must be taken for a change, that the two sets may relieve each other, by bearing the burdens alternately during the progress of the journey, since no fresh horses can be obtained on the way to furnish relays.

Our traveler accordingly, after being thus deserted by his guide, proceeded to load his horses and prepare to continue his journey alone. He had an excellent map; for the Icelanders, though rude and simple in their manners, have attained to a much higher degree of cultivation than one would expect to find in so wild and inclement a region, and, in co-operation with the Danish government, they had constructed an excellent map of the country. On this map various little villages were laid down in the valleys which lay between the geysers and Hecla, at some of which he hoped to obtain a new guide.

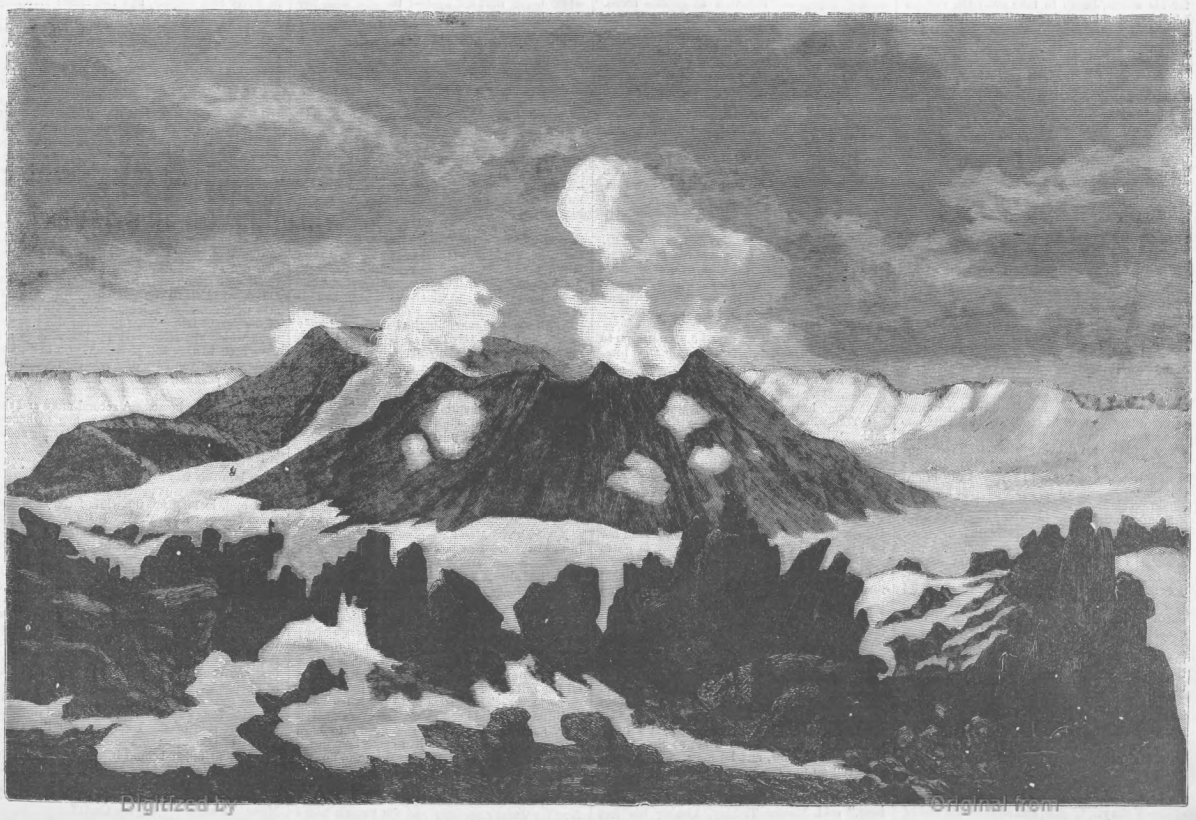


SUPPER IN THE CHURCH.

AN INVOLUNTARY HALT.

The horses went on, as they were accustomed to do on such journeys, following each other in a long line, with their master at the head of it. They advanced in this way very steadily for some time, until they came to a hut, when they at once broke their ranks and began peaceably feeding upon the grass around it. They took it for granted, it seems, that there was to be a halt at every hut. There were dogs sleeping upon the top of the hut, which was roofed with turf, and had the appearance of a mound, with a rude opening for a door at one end, and presented a general appearance which might almost indicate that it was the abode of some wild animal.

The dogs received the traveler with a loud barking, which soon brought the only occupant of the hut, an old woman, to the door. Her husband was very probably at sea, fishing. It was theoretically night, though in the month of June, in these latitudes, there is no darkness at any hour. The woman, by pantomime, invited the stranger to come in and rest from his



MOUNT HECLA, FROM NEAR THE SUMMIT.

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journey. He declined this invitation, as he wished to go to a certain village some miles farther on; but being thirsty, he pronounced the Icelandic word *melk*, which was one of the few words of the language which he had in his very limited vocabulary. The woman immediately went into the hut, and brought out some milk in a calabash. When M. Nougaret had drunk he handed back the bowl to the woman, and she took a drink herself, as required by the rites of hospitality in such cases, as understood in Iceland. He then offered her some pieces of Danish money, but she declined receiving any compensation. He then took from his pocket a kind of shawl-pin, with a large head spangled with gilded stars, and offered it to her. She received this gift with great apparent surprise and gratitude; and then M. Nougaret, gathering his troop of horses together again, went on his way, the animals following him in a line along the narrow, rough, and devious track which constitutes the only road, with a docility and steadiness quite characteristic of well-trained Iceland ponies.

It was about midnight, though there was a bright sunset light diffused over the sky, when the traveler arrived at his place of destination, which was a point designated on the map as Thorfastather. It was a little hamlet, consisting, like others of its class scattered among these valleys, of a plain wooden church, twenty by thirty feet in dimensions, built upon the rocks, and with a turf-covered hut, forming the parsonage, near it. Sometimes there are also in these cases a few other similar huts, occupied by peasants, near by. A small burying-ground is also usually seen near, filled with turf-covered graves.

Our traveler approached the hut, which he deemed to be the residence of the minister, and knocked at a window which occupied the bottom of a deep embrasure by the side of the door. He was answered by a vociferous barking of dogs from the roof and from the interior of the house.

Presently the minister himself appeared at the door. He was a small man, was wrapped in a long black coat or gown, and his face was nearly concealed above by the vizor of a cap which he wore, and by his beard below. Behind him, in a narrow passage-way, were seen a crowd of women and children, who had risen hastily, it seems, and pressed forward to see who had come.

The traveler accosted the minister in Latin, and succeeded finally in explaining to him in that language—though with some difficulty, on account of the difference of pronunciation—who he was, and wherefore he had come. As soon as the case was understood the whole family seemed greatly pleased with the arrival of their visitor, and all united in giving him a most cordial and affectionate reception, as if he had been an old friend.

It seems, according to the statement of our author, that these solitary churches are not exclusively devoted to purposes of religious worship, but are called upon to fulfill various other functions, especially those connected with the rites of hospitality. In this case the traveler was at once conducted to the church, and preparations were made for his accommodation there, while the minister's wife, in order to make room for his effects, began to take away the various articles of clothing for her family which had been kept there. A supper was soon prepared for him, the table being set in the open space near the pulpit, and the minister himself keeping him company while he was eating it, while all the household, together with some of the neighbors, assembled as spectators in the pews.

After supper the table was cleared, and a bed was made up in the place of it. When all was ready the family and the visitors withdrew, and the traveler, after smoking his cigar, went to bed, and occupied himself for a time, before he went to sleep, in looking through a window near his bed at the flowers blooming in the church-yard, and musing on the singularity of his situation, until at length he fell asleep.

When he awoke the sun had of course been up for a long time, rising as it does in this latitude and at this season soon after midnight. When he opened the church door he found that all the family of the minister were at work in the fields around, gathering the scanty crop of hay which their grounds produced. They left their work, however, when he appeared, and came to bid him good-morning. The minister had told him the evening before that there was to be a wedding among them the next day, and had invited him to stay and attend it, which he had promised to do. He wondered which of the young women was to be the bride, but could not determine the question. He had some presents which he intended to bring forward, and thought it would be proper to make some distinction, in the distribution of them, in favor of the bride, if he could ascertain who she was; but he could obtain no clew.

So after breakfast he brought forward his presents, and commenced the distribution of them. They consisted of dolls gayly dressed, rings and bracelets of imitation jewelry, rolls of narrow ribbons, and jumping-jacks—hideous-looking images made to spring up out of a box when the lid was opened. The surprise and pleasure which the display of these objects occasioned to all, both old and young, were unbounded. The jumping-jacks he had intended for the little children, but the old people were so delighted with them that they took possession of them themselves with the utmost eagerness and delight.

As for the ribbons, they were given to the girls, in the expectation that *they* would be particularly pleased with them; but they did not seem to know what to make of them. They unrolled them, and then examined curiously the round blocks on which they had been wound. Their perplexity was not removed until M. Nougaret himself took down a lock of hair from the head of one of the young girls, and adorned the end of it with a knot which he formed from one of the gayest of the ribbons. This delighted them all exceedingly, and the ribbons were at once in great demand.

The mystery in regard to the bride was at length explained. She was not then at home, but had been living with her husband already, at his house, for nearly a year. The writer makes the extraordinary statement that, among these simple-minded people, when two young persons agree to take each other as husband and wife, the essential thing to constitute the marriage is that they should so agree, and at once establish the relation by beginning to live together. The marriage ceremony is a matter of form, important enough, it is true, but in regard to which there is no necessity for any special haste. Any time before or about the time that the first child is born is deemed sufficient. The young couple whose marriage was about to be solemnized in this instance was a case of this kind. They had been living together in their own home, at some miles distant, for nearly a year. And now the marriage ceremony was to be performed.

A long cavalcade was formed, and the whole company went forth to meet the bridegroom and bride. When they reached the place of meeting the bridal pair were escorted back to the church, and the ceremony proceeded. The service was duly performed, our traveler standing as one of the groomsmen. When the service was over the party engaged in the usual rejoicings on such occasions; but the bride soon retired, and not long after M. Nougaret was called to attend her in his capacity of medical man. In the morning it was announced that a child was born, and that it was decided to proceed at once to the baptism of the new-comer, and M. Nougaret was requested to stand as godfather. And thus, as he says in the conclusion of his narrative of this affair, he was called upon, in the course of thirty hours, to act in the capacity of ladies' hair-dresser, groomsman, physician, and godfather.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE EVENING.

FAITH polished the last tea-cup, counted the spoons, brushed a little lint from one of the tumblers, and then, arranging them upon the closet shelf to her entire satisfaction, closed the door upon them with an air of relief. Then she straightened the crumb-cloth, spread the crimson table-cover, placed the lamp upon it ready for lighting, and laid her father's daily paper beside it. This done, she went to the door and looked out.

It had been a sultry summer day. The heated air in the meadow had seemed to vibrate visibly; and the cows had stood all day knee-deep in the water lazily brushing away the flies, and browsing the thick herbage upon the bank, and the tender shoots of the overhanging willows. Faith was tired. The children had been troublesome; and her young step-mother—herself only ten years older than this girl of eighteen of whom I am writing—had had a headache. To tell the truth, she always had one—or some other ache—whenever it was hot, or the children were cross, or any unpleasant domestic exigencies arose. Miss Ophelia might have pronounced her "shiftless." She declared herself a martyr to feebleness and to her nerves.

But now the sun was lying low in the west; a bright breeze was dimpling the river, and the tree-tops nodded and beckoned invitingly. Tom and Janet would not want to go to bed for an hour, and Faith caught her little white sun-bonnet from the peg behind the door. She wanted to be alone for a while, to be free, to think her own thoughts, and to open her heart to the sweet ministries of nature. She needed rest and medicine such as she could find nowhere else. No. I am not speaking at random. I mean just what I say—such as she could find nowhere else. God reaches a young girl's heart more nearly through his woods, his flowers, his dews, his stars, his sacred solitudes, his holy calms than through the lore of books, or even the revelations of his Word. These things touch it as with a human tenderness, and the closed doors fly open at their approach.

She had just got to the gate.

"Faith! Faith! Tom says he wants to go to bed," called Mrs. Harris. "Come and get him. He is driving me crazy."

Faith went back to the house, and hung up her bonnet again, casting one lingering glance at the cool, leafy recesses beyond the river.

"You will not go to sleep yet, Tom," she said. "It is a whole hour before your bedtime. Where's Janet?"

But Miss Janet was not ready to go to bed. She was slowly shaking the saw-dust out of her dolly, sitting with her face to the wall in a dark corner.

"Oh! leave Janet for the present," said Mrs. Harris. "She's quiet enough, and I'll send her up by-and-by. If Tom doesn't want to go to sleep just yet, you can tell him stories."

Tell him stories! Faith knew just what that meant. She repeated "Mother Goose," and the "House that Jack Built," and "London Bridge," and "Who Killed Cock Robin?" until her head swam. Then she began with "Noah's Ark," and went straight through to "Malachi." But all to no purpose. The great brown eyes still looked at her unwearyingly from over the low foot-board, and the persistent little voice still pounced upon every omission, and demanded the correction of every blunder.

"Ah, Tom!" she cried at last; "I knew you were not sleepy—and I am so tired! Do be a good boy now, and let me go down stairs. You can go to sleep without me if you have a mind."

"No, I ain't a-going to sleep for ever so long," said Master Tommy, kicking his feet against the wall. "Not for six or fourteen hours; and there's lots and lots of stories you've got to tell me! If you don't, I shall holler and holler, and that makes mamma's head ache."

Faith resigned herself to her fate, and began to improvise a fairy tale. That was at least better than ringing the changes any longer upon "As I was Going to Sell my Eggs," or "Little Jack Horner." But just then a lady and gentleman upon horseback swept by, the latter raising his eyes to the window as he passed, and then, lifting his hat with a smile, bowing until his dark hair nearly touched his horse's chestnut mane.

The color flashed to Faith's face, and for an instant she drew back and hid herself in the shadow of the curtain. Then, as the riders swept round the corner, and commenced a more leisurely ascent of the hill, she leaned forward and watched them—watched them with a look of pain and longing.

"What you stopping for, Faith?" came a voice from the bed. "Why don't you tell me what became of the princess? Did she ever find—"

"No," cried Faith, suddenly, "she never found what she was looking for, never, never! Oh, Tom, Tom! do let me be! I can't tell you any more stories to-night."

"But you must, you see; because if you don't I shall cry and scream and get sick, and then—"

Faith rose in her desperation and went up to the bed.

"Tom Harris, you will do no such thing; and I shall not tell you another story this night. Do you just turn over and go to sleep, or I shall go straight down stairs."

Astonished out of his wits, for Faith had never so dealt with him before, Tom turned quietly to the wall and said never a word. Faith went back to the window.

They were still going slowly up the hill—slowly, like those to whom the present moment is golden, and who would prolong its sheen. The lady was young, only a year or two older than Faith, probably, and very beautiful; so beautiful that the child who sat cowering there behind the window-curtain gazed at her with a strange sinking of heart; for the gentleman who rode by her side was—Kenneth Marston.

As they reached the brow of the hill they reined in their steeds, and Faith knew by the wave of Kenneth's hand that he was pointing out to his companion all that was worth seeing in the valley below—the wide sweep of the hills, the uplifting of the mountain peaks, the glories of earth and air and sky. She knew just how his eye dilated, how his form seemed to expand, how his voice grew deeper and tenderer. There was the sting of it.

But how could he help it? How could Faith help it that this beautiful, cultured, graceful woman had dropped down, out of the clouds, as it were, and for three or four weeks had sat beside him at the board, walked with him in the dim old woods, read with him out of the self-same book, rode with him over the hills and through the valleys, and knelt by his side in the same pew on Sunday? No one was to blame; but that did not make it any easier.

Faith looked at her as she sat there on her white horse, outlined against the sky, with her dark blue drapery falling in graceful folds. She was not so far off but that it was easy to see how "her wavy hair, so wondrous fair, was with the sunset glowing;" and how white were the little ungloved hands that were fastening back some stray tresses that had become loosened by the rapid motion.

Poor Faith! "There is such a difference in people," she sighed, as the riders passed out of sight. "Now my dresses will never fall like that, every fold in the right place. If my hair comes down it will not wave and twist and coil itself until its disorder is prettier and more picturesque than another's painstaking. And just look at my hands!"

The sun went down, and the gray twilight crept over the earth. Janet came sleepily up stairs, holding dolly clasped to her heart, bottom upward, and scattering saw-dust all the way. Faith undressed her, and in two minutes she was in the land of Nod, to which place Tom had already betaken himself.

Faith was free now, for the baby was already asleep, and Mrs. Harris was reading the last magazine, undisturbed by nerves or headaches. But she had lost the desire for a walk. She wanted to think.

It was all over between her and Kenneth Marston. Of course it was. Or rather it had never been begun. Only she had thought—she had hoped—she had been sure—

But she did not blame him. Oh no! Why should she? Shall a man stoop to pick up a pebble when a diamond has fallen in his way? Shall he prick his fingers in attempting to pluck a wild sweet-brier when there is a moss-rose, dewy and fragrant, blooming at his feet?

Ah, Faith! Men have preferred sweet-briers to moss-roses. But you have not learned that yet.

She had always known she was not good enough for him. She had always wondered why he sought her companionship. He was so much wiser than she—he knew so much more of books and of the world. He had been—why, every where; and she had never been farther than Burlington in all her life. When she came home from her one year at Mrs. Worcester's school, which was all her father could afford, she had intended to do so much. There were her French books on the little shelf, and her Botany, and Ancient History, and Literature, and she meant to have gone on with them. She had come home with all a girl's eager ambition—her desire to do and to be. But she had washed dishes, and tended baby, and skimmed the milk, and put Tommy to bed, and darned stockings, and hemmed ruffling for Janet's aprons; and the French books were unopened, and she was forgetting who built St. Paul's, and in what year Shakspeare died. That was the end of it. Her time was all frittered away, and there was nothing to show for it.

Yet she had thought—she had really thought sometimes that Kenneth Marston loved her; and she had dreamed—she was ashamed of it now, but she acknowledged it bravely as she communed with her own heart, sitting there with her head buried in her arms—she had dreamed of a beautiful home with him, where her innocent tastes and fancies might find free indulgence, and where a gentle, guiding hand would lead her in the flowery paths she loved. And now the dream was over. She had awakened the first time she saw him and Judith Grant together, and she should never dream again.

If she could only go away somewhere and do something!—teach, or make bonnets, or go into a shop, or keep books, she did not care what—any thing that would take her out of herself, and open a new life for her. But there was no escape. She must just stay there and listen to her mother's complaints, and tell stories to Tommy, and mend Janet's doll, and grow old and homely and fretful, maybe! That was the worst of it. To feel that she was growing down rather than up. Dwarfing herself, when she had so longed to grow to the full stature of a perfect womanhood.

She stopped thinking for a moment and listened. There was a strange, preternatural hush abroad—a portentous silence that startled her. She raised her head. The soft, rosy tints had faded from the sky, and dense black clouds were gathering overhead. Presently window-blinds swung to with a crash at the other side of the house, and the trees swayed and bent before the couriers of the approaching tempest.

Faith went down stairs to close the windows and fasten the doors. Just as she did so a heavy peal of thunder rattled overhead, and lightning seemed to dart from every quarter of the heavens. This little girl of ours was physically brave. She did not know the meaning of fine-lady tremors, or what it was to shrink from real or imaginary dangers. In her present mood she rather enjoyed this fierce convulsion of the elements, and deliberately seated herself upon the door-step to watch the progress of events. Not a drop of rain had fallen; but now the rumbling of the thunder was incessant, and the black clouds were rent and riven by the fierce forked lightning. At one moment the darkness was intense—the very blackness of the densest midnight; the next both earth and heaven were lit with a lurid glare that seemed to come straight from the regions of everlasting flame.

She had forgotten Kenneth Marston, forgotten Judith Grant, forgotten Faith Harris. Her thoughts had gone on the wings of the lightning to the uttermost parts of the earth. Man's voice is so small, so weak, when God speaks. But just then the sultry fires lit up the brow of the hill, and for one moment she beheld a vision.

A flying steed, white as the driven snow against that back-ground of ebony clouds, a mass of tossing drapery, a gleam of golden hair streaming out upon the night wind, a white face fixed in terror and despair, and two hands clutching the silvery mane.

Faith took it all in at a glance. She thought as the drowning think. A lifetime was condensed into one moment's space.

Straight down the hill came the frightened horse. At the bottom of it, if he kept the road, there was a short turn, sharp and sudden as a right angle. If he did not keep it, there was a deep ravine straight ahead, and stones at the bottom. Faith Harris knew that Judith Grant was riding right into the jaws of death either way. For one instant she clasped her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out some fearful sight, then she darted across the road as if borne on the wings of the wind.

She said afterward that she could not account for it—that it was like an inspiration; but that during that one moment of doubt or irresolution she seemed to see herself standing upon the smooth stump of a tree that had recently been cut down close to the road-side, with her left arm wound around a large sapling, an offshoot of the parent tree. That gave her the thought upon which she acted. In far less time than I have been writing this paragraph—in less time, perhaps, than you have been reading it—she had taken her position, and was awaiting Judith's approach.

On swept the horse. A second more and she shouted, standing there like a young pythoness upon the tripod, with the lightnings darting about her:

"Judith! Judith Grant! I can save you! Turn him this way!"

The sharp accents pierced the nearly deadened ears, and, looking up, the white-faced rider saw Faith almost within reach. Instinct rather than reason taught her to give a sudden pull upon the mare upon the side nearest to the stump. The horse swerved. Faith's arm was extended, and clasped Judith's waist; the steed rushed onward, and the two girls fell to the ground stunned and senseless.

A while afterward—Faith never knew how long—she sat up in the darkness. Her clothes were wet. The storm had spent its fury, and the moon was breaking through the clouds. At first she could not tell where she was or what had happened.

The girls had not fallen together. Judith, breaking from Faith's clasping arm, had dropped upon the side of the stump nearest the road. Faith, clinging to the little tree, had swayed around and fallen behind it. As she sat there now, trying to collect her senses, she heard footsteps and voices and the rumbling of wheels.

"Here she is, Mr. Gray," said Kenneth Marston's voice. "Oh, my God!"

Faith saw him drop upon his knees beside the

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body that looked so like death as the dim rays of the lantern fell upon it. She saw him place his hand upon Judith's heart; she heard his murmured words of thanksgiving as he found that she yet lived; she saw him put the hair back from the forehead with a tender touch; she saw him stoop over and kiss the pale brow, ere he lifted the slight figure in his arms and bore it to Mr. Gray's carriage; she heard him speak a few low words, and there was something in his voice that she had never heard before.

The wheels rolled away in the distance, and Faith got up, went home, and to bed. She had saved a life—that was all; for the next day Judith's horse was found in the bottom of the ravine.

The next morning Faith was paler than usual, and there were dark circles about her eyes.

"Mother," she said, "if you are willing, I will put the baby in her carriage, and draw her up in the woods. I can sew just as well there as here, and—I can't breathe this morning."

Mrs. Harris looked at her in some surprise.

"Go, if you want to," she answered. "But I expect the baby'll get all stung up by the mosquitoes."

Faith went, nevertheless; and before long Kenneth Marston joined her. He did not speak at first, but held out his hand silently, and looked at the patient little face very much as one might look at a pictured saint.

At last he said:

"Where were you last night, Faith, when I found Judith and took her away?"

"I was—there," said Faith, hesitating, "on the other side of the stump."

"And you did not speak to me—would not let me thank you! Oh, Faith!"

She did not answer, but her face was hidden in her hands. He removed them with gentle violence, and held them close prisoners.

"Judith has told me all about it," he whispered. "How brave and noble you were, and how you saved her from certain death. You know where they found the horse?"

Faith nodded, shuddering.

"She wants to know you better," he went on. "She told me to bring you to her to-day, for she is not able to sit up, and she wants to thank and bless you."

Faith shook her head.

"You won't refuse, Faith. It is not like you—you who have given her her life. See, she has sent you this," he added, slipping a costly ring upon her finger as he spoke.

Faith drew it off and laid it in his hand again, while her face grew white as ashes.

"I do not wish to be paid for what I did," she said, while her lips trembled painfully.

"Paid! Faith, she never dreamed of such a thing. How could she? She sent the ring simply because she could not come to you herself. She said, 'It means less than my simplest word, Kenneth. But place it on her finger, and beg her to come to me.' She has the gentlest, truest heart, Faith. Do not misjudge her."

A shade of color had stolen back to Faith's face. But at these words it blanched again to the very lips.

"I can not wear your wife's ring," she said, presently, in a low, self-contained voice. "It is impossible. But tell her I am glad that I was able to be of service to her, and that I hope there are many years of happiness in store for you both."

"My wife—my wife's ring!" exclaimed the young man, detaining her as she was about to leave him. "My wife! Why, what do you mean, Faith?"

Her eyes flashed, then fell as they met his.

"I mean that I saved your wife's life last night, Kenneth Marston, and—I want to go home now. I am tired."

She looked so, poor child!

"But, Faith, *dear* Faith"—and he twined one arm about her waist, while he tried to turn her face toward him—"look at me and listen to me. Judith Grant and my brother Hal are to be married as soon as he comes back from South America. They have been engaged these two years. Did you not know it?"

What could our little Faith do but to shake her head, while the soft color went and came upon her cheek, and her heart fluttered beneath his hand like that of a frightened bird.

Kenneth Marston read the sweet face for an instant. Then clasping her closer, he kissed her lips.

"Faith, I love *you*, and you only!"

And the baby looked on in wide-eyed wonder.

ITALIAN PEASANTS.

A CONSIDERABLE number of the non-readers in Italy are good story-tellers and reciters of ballads, and some of them make what is called poetry on their own account. This is particularly the case in the south and in some of the central provinces, where education of a practical kind has (until recently) been much neglected. Where schools flourish, home philosophy, sometimes called mother-wit, is generally found to be on the decline. Old women lose their importance; old men look to their sons and daughters, and not to the priest, for instruction. No more peasants, brooding over the old classics, make a reputation as local poets; no more village sibyls thunder forth anathemas in blank verse, or lull their children, or their children's children, to sleep with cradle-songs in seventy or eighty verses, interspersed with Litanies and Ave Marias. To find such customs nowadays you must go to secluded spots, far away from the track of the schoolmaster; to romantic hills and valleys where the priest is still supreme; to villages suspended from the crags like eagles' nests, and supposed (but not proved) to have been built at the breaking up of the Roman empire by feudal chiefs or robbers, who were making war on their sovereign. It would almost appear as if poetry of a certain class can not exist in an enlightened age. Ivy looks best on a ruin; ballads do not flourish in an age of newspapers. Perhaps it is because ballads, being in one sense an inferior kind of newspaper, are driven out of the market by the real article. Look at education, what it is doing in Italy; how it is breaking the soil (like a large steam plow), and preparing the country for a new harvest! But, in removing the rubbish and obstructions which beset its path, it removes many beautiful things; not alone the weeds of ignorance and superstition, but the wild flowers of tradition and poetry. And these are the sights which one sees in Italy in this year of grace; the lazaroni of Naples swept away, or forced to become honest members of society; the gondoliers of Venice reformed, and educated, and properly controlled by the authorities; the brigands of Calabria and the Roman States shot or imprisoned as convicts; the pifferari and wandering minstrels—poor peasants, with their wives and families, who used to sing so prettily at the way-side shrines and in front of the pictures of the Virgin Mary—sent to the reformatory or the work-house. But it is impossible not to regret some of the old customs and traditions which are being destroyed along with these errors and abuses.

Tuscany and Lombardy, as well as Naples and the Roman States, contain many of the secluded spots above alluded to, "spots" composed of villages, and even small towns, where newspapers are unknown, books a forbidden rarity, and candles (tallow, wax, and composite) highly esteemed as articles of religion. The peasantry of these places are still in the sixteenth century. Every man, woman, and child places his or her conscience in the hands of the local priest. Soul-money, or a tax on dead people, is levied, and paid with cheerfulness. Taxes are raised on sin, indulgences (or permission to sin) are bought and sold in secret, and people are taught that the wages of sin is not death, as stated in the Scriptures, but absolution and eternal life. The fact is, the Italian peasantry are the great bulwark of the Church of Rome. When these fall off the Pope may begin to despair; but so long as these remain faithful—that is to say, as long as they remain ignorant and superstitious—there will be no prospect of a change of tactics on the part of the priesthood, either as regards soul-money for the dead, or sin-money for the living, or the worship of graven images throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Among the most horrible of the superstitions of the peasantry is the belief in the advocacy of little children—babies, who die as soon as they are baptized, or as soon after baptism as is consistent with a belief in their entire innocence and purity. Children who die young are called "advocates," or avvocati, because they are said to go to heaven without passing into purgatory, and plead for their parents and relations at the right hand of God. Many old women (chiefly grandmothers), and not a few fathers and mothers, have been convicted of compassing the deaths of children, not wickedly or maliciously, but in a pious, God-fearing sort of way, in order to have "friends in heaven" when their time comes. Do not suppose that they murder the children. Nothing of the sort. They simply let them alone, and keep the doctor at a distance. If they are ill they say the hand of God is upon them. If friends interpose, and insist on something being done, they mutter a Latin prayer, and resign themselves to what they are pleased to call the "wishes of the Almighty." I have known cases where mothers have prayed that their innocent little children might die during illness, and cried bitterly when the coffin was being carried out of doors. But such cases are not frequent.

FRENCH PRISONERS FROM SEDAN.

THE surrender of the splendid army of Marshal M'MAHON at Sedan, by order of the Emperor, was the most terrible military humiliation ever inflicted upon a great nation. Some of the ablest of the French generals have since declared that there was no necessity for it, and that, had their advice been followed, this stain upon French honor might have been averted. The picture which we give on page 708 shows a large detachment of prisoners, after the surrender, halting for refreshment under the guard of their Prussian captors.

FLIGHT OF FRENCH PEASANTS.

ONE of the saddest features of the war in France is the destruction of small villages by the Prussians. It is in some cases, perhaps, a "military necessity"—a phrase which, however, may be made to excuse every sort of military outrage—and in others an act of vengeance for the shooting of an officer or soldier by an exasperated peasant. More than a score of such villages, which a few weeks ago were the happy seats of quiet industry and rural comfort, have been given to the flames and totally destroyed. The illustration on page 712 will give our readers a vivid idea of the misery thus brought upon the peasantry, who are compelled to fly from their homes with what little they can carry away in their arms or in hand-carts. It is one of the worst effects of war that those who are least responsible for it are always the severest sufferers from its ravages. While NAPOLEON lives at ease in the luxurious Château of Wilhelmshöhe, served by King WILLIAM's own chief of cuisine, his hapless subjects are driven out into the fields and highways from their blazing homes, to die of exposure and starvation.

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.

MR. JAMES JACKSON KELSO, who has been promoted from the position of Chief of the Detective Office to that of Superintendent of the New York Police, is a native of this city. He was born in the Seventh Ward, October 31, 1835. His father, for whom he was named, was one of the best-known New York pilots, and highly respected by all who came in contact with him. The son, JAMES, being a bright and intelligent lad, was given all the educational advantages which were within his father's means. In due time he graduated from Public School No. 7, and subsequently from the Free Academy. He then entered the great oil house of JOSIAH MACY & SONS as a clerk; but after a short time took a position in the Register's office, where he remained for several years, under Registers DOANE and MINER, passing through the various grades to be Assistant-Deputy. He then left the office, and on the 23d of January, 1861, was appointed a patrolman of the Metropolitan Police. He did not, however, go upon post duty, but was assigned to the office of Chief Clerk HAWLEY, and placed in charge of the record of arrests. About a year later he was transferred to the detective office, then under charge of Captain JOHN S. YOUNG. He remained doing detective duty until the retirement of Captain YOUNG, when he was placed in charge of the office, being made Sergeant April 9, 1869, and Captain on the 24th December, 1869.

Through all his police experience the new Superintendent was accounted a faithful and vigilant officer, and a shrewd, able, and successful detective. While in charge of the office he displayed administrative ability of a high order, and the training of his whole life has been such as to fit him admirably for the duties of the position to which he has been called. Personally he is said to be one of the most popular men in the Department, and he enters upon his new service with the confidence and good wishes of all parties. His portrait will be found on page 716

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for his correctness of language, but who by honest industry had realized a comfortable independence, being called on at a social meeting for a toast, gave, "Success to forgery!"

A fat French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin. No sooner does the disappointment come than the mere expectation of growing thinner gives me such joy that I become fatter than ever."

PEEPS AT PARIS.

THE LAST OUT.
(Not Popular among the Prussians.)

A Connecticut fisherman one day baited his hook with a live frog. After patiently waiting some time for a bite, as he chatted with a friend, he found that his lively bait had swum ashore, and was sitting quietly on the rock by his side. He wound up his line and went home.

A thin, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health-insurance company in Philadelphia the other day, and inquired: "Ish de man in vat inshures de beople's heits?" The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, Sir." "Vell, I vant my heits inshured; vot you charge?" "Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness." "Vell," said Mynheer, "I vants ten dollars vort." The agent inquired his state of health. "Vell, I ish sick all de time. I's shust out te bed two, tree hours a tay, and te doctor says he can't do noting more goot for me." "If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health." At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger. "You must tink I's a pig fool! Vot! you tink I come pay you ten dollars for inshure my helt ven I vas vell!"

APPROPRIATE PLACE FOR GOOD PORK.—On the Rhine.

In Chicago they define a miser as a "philanthropist who, knowing money to be the root of all evil, sacrifices himself for the good of his neighbor."

BAD TASTE.—Asafœtida.

When are soldiers like writers for the press?—When they charge by the column.

An old "stager" of Salem was compelled by his worthy spouse to "join the cold water army," which he did, promising never to touch a drop except in sickness. He has never been well since.

The sign of a pork-butcher in a French provincial city reads, "Batta, Jun., slaughters hogs like his father."

An apprentice, one day, after dinner, deliberately stepped up to his master and asked him what he valued his services at per day. "About sixpence," said his master. "Well, then," said the boy, putting his hand into his pocket and drawing out some coppers, "here's threepence; I'm off on the spree."

A ridiculous story is going the rounds of the country that Mr. Bergh had a young woman arrested the other day for beating an egg.

A Michigan census-taker came across a man who had been married five years, but he never inquired his wife's Christian name. He always called her "Say!"

"If wimin was Tu vote, wudn't every wun on em Go jest contrary tu them wat was their husbands and Lords? I put it tu ye, wudn't my Wife deborah (for wun) take a sort of Haughty pride in heavin in a vote wat shude kounter-ballance & make vold (& without no effeckt) the ballot wat I had Gin in, & wat I knew was a Goin tu save the kuntry from Ruin and knoe? I ask, wudn't she do it, even if i stude ovur her Kolossal form, & was fetchin my Eye to bear on her every movement, all The while? I tell ye she Wud."

There is a poor fellow in Bangor, Maine, who says "it's working between meals that's killing him."

LIGHTING THE BEACON.

THE PRUSSIAN CHORUS.
"Ja in der Ballon, Boys! Ja in der Balloon."

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FLIGHT OF FRENCH PEASANTS.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

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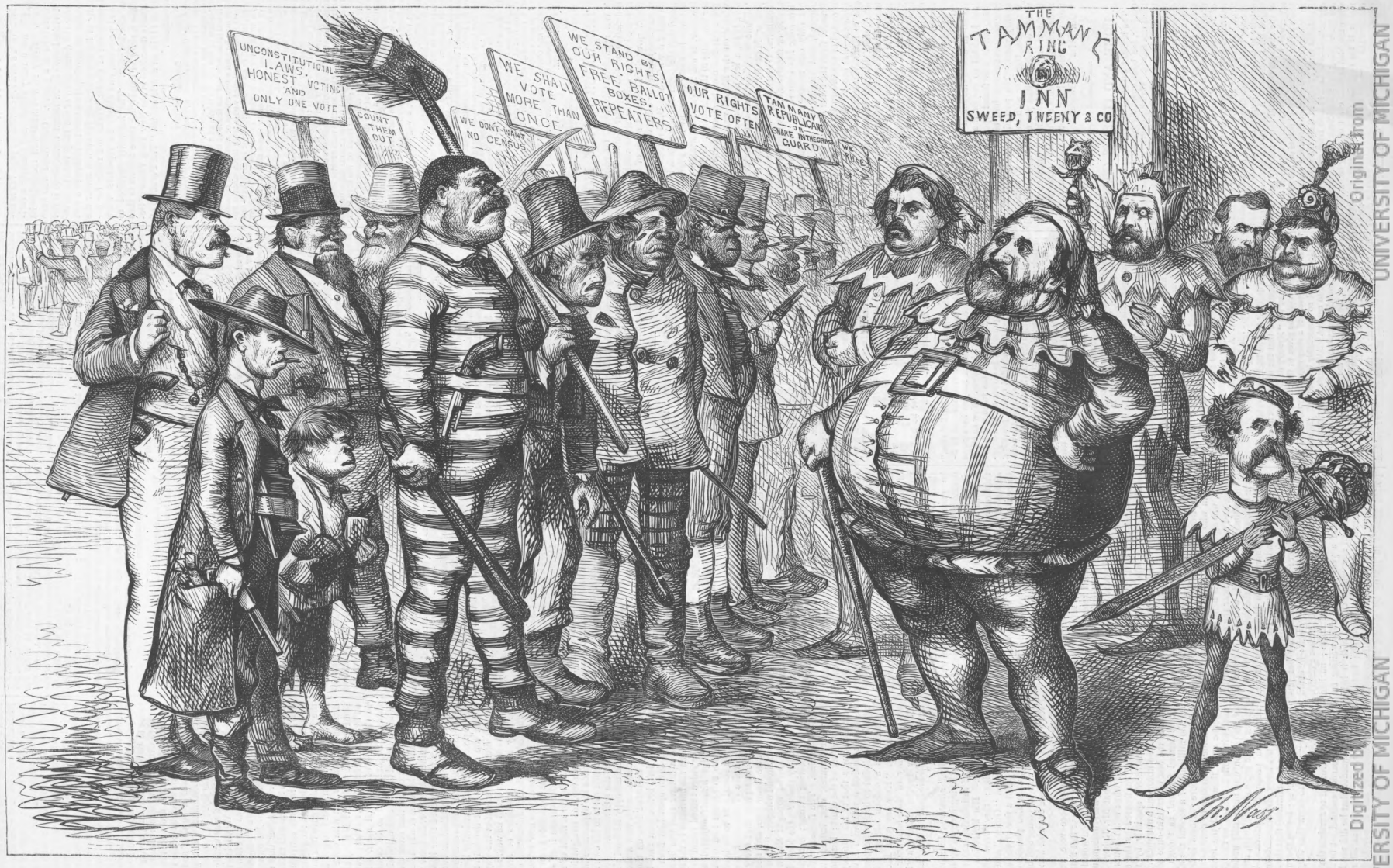

OUR MODERN FALSTAFF REVIEWING HIS ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

FALSTAFF.—My whole charge consists of slaves as ragged as Lazarus, and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded serving-men and revolted tapsters. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. Nay and the villains march wide between the legs, as if they had fetters on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison.—*Shakspeare, slightly varied.*

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FALSTAFF REVIEWING HIS ARMY.

MR. NAST'S striking cartoon on page 713 is unhappily not a fancy sketch, and scarcely a caricature. Every New Yorker will recognize its truthfulness at a glance. Only those who have not visited our city in recent times, since it fell under the domination of the Ring, need to be informed the municipal authorities maintain a vast army of loafers, ostensibly for service under the Department of Public Works, but really for political purposes, and chiefly for repeaters' work on election-day. The ingenuity required to make a show of employing these fellows is thus cleverly described in the New York *Times* of October 11, in an article headed "The Paradise of Repeaters:"

"There is a familiar military movement known as marking time without advancing. Any body who wants to see a similar process conducted with pickaxes and spades, has only to inspect during the usual working-hours of the day the labors of a body of the Ring's political friends amidst the chaos of the City Hall Park. Here may be seen a few scores of naturalized citizens, whose term of residence varies from three months upward, engaged in an honest endeavor to distribute one day's work over six weeks. Poets and philosophers have complained since remote times that art is long, and time is short. The city workmen find that time is long, and work is short. The most indifferent on-looker will be surprised to find how little a spade may, by judicious management, be made to carry. The amount of energy that may be expended by eight men in retarding each other's efforts to fill a cart will dawn upon the reflective lounger by the City Hall like a new revelation in natural philosophy. Falstaff's celebrated Coventry Regiment was not selected with greater judgment than are the men assigned to the several departments of the great industrial effort in front of the City Hall. The subordinates of the Chief Commissioner of Works know the requirements of the situation too well to organize their force with a view to getting the work quickly finished. Election-day, with its varied necessities, will find each of these patriots resolved to record at least five votes for HOFFMAN, and the glorious régime that gives a fair day's wage for no appreciable day's work.

"At stated intervals during the day the working corps is ranged in line, and the process of calling the roll is gone through. We have been unable to discover the cause of so much solicitude lest any of the precious gang should be straying beyond the charmed precincts of the Park. Careful attention, however, might reveal the fact that the frequent repetition of the ceremony is intended to familiarize the employés of MR. TWEED with the various aliases they are expected to be shortly able to answer to. 'Learn not to labor, but to loaf,' ought to be the motto adopted in the Department of Public Works. The shining example which it presents of a successful application of this principle can not fail to add another to its many claims to public remembrance, and ought to help to bring out in stronger relief some items of the price we pay for our existing city government."

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

WE reproduce this week, on page 717, the translation of this popular German song which appeared in our columns some weeks ago, and which gives the force and spirit of the original more closely than any other version that has fallen under our notice. Until recently it was supposed that the poem was called forth by the present war between Germany and France. This, however, is not the case. Germany is indebted for this song to the war-whoop of M. THIERS in 1840. It has now been ascertained that "The Watch on the Rhine" was written in November, 1840, a few months later than the famous "Rhine-Song," by NICOLAUS BECKER; and its author, MAX SCHNECKENBURGER, a native of Thalheim, Würtemberg, who, a young man of twenty or twenty-one, was then living at Berne. The song has been set to music several times; but only one tune—the one now universally adopted, and ringing through Germany and France, from the coast fires on the Baltic to the bivouacs of the Crown Prince of Prussia beyond Châlons—has become popular. It owes its origin to KARL WILHELM, formerly Capellmeister at Crefeld, Rhenish Prussia, and dates as far back as some years before 1850. KARL WILHELM, the composer, now a man of about fifty years, is still living (although sick and in poverty), to earn the fruits of the sudden popularity of his tune. His name is on every tongue, the illustrated papers give his portrait, public subscriptions in his favor are successfully going on, and the Queen of Prussia has sent him a golden medal in acknowledgment of his merits. She had intended to confer the same honor on the poet, but it was found upon inquiry that poor SCHNECKENBURGER had been dead more than twenty years. His portrait and that of KARL WILHELM, together with the music to which the words of this spirited poem are now sung, will be found on page 717. The picturesque sketch underneath represents a Prussian band playing this truly national air at the head-quarters of "Our Fritz" in France.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE brilliant autumn foliage, a crowning glory of October, has been unusually beautiful in some sections this season. Walking or driving in the country, traveling by rail or by boat, the gayly painted leaves of the maple, oak, and of scores of other forest trees, are seen mingling in fine contrast with evergreens and wild twining vines. It seems really to be regretted that in the balmy October days, so mellow with soft sunshine, or even during the delicious Indian summer of November, most of the day-boats, which make bay and river lively in midsummer, should be suspended. True, one great tide of travel is stayed; but the mere summer tourist never dreams of the beauties Nature unfolds to those who journey after autumn's hue has tinged the landscape. A sail up the Hudson on one of the steamers which still leave the city late in the afternoon, or a mid-day excursion on one of the little boats plying between various points on the river, gives an enchanting view of that far-famed scenery. The Highlands must be seen in their fall wrappings to be appreciated—not even in their fresh green June robes are Storm-King and Break-Neck more attractive than when enfolded in their coats of many colors. What matter if the sunshine often disappears, and heavy shadows fall upon the mountain's brow? The gathering clouds are grand, and, perchance, the big drops that burst from them may throw a rainbow over the scene. Watching the ever-varying clouds, which with their changes beautifully change the mountains also—watching the river, now densely white with encircling fogs, now glimmering in the sunlight—watching all the bright landscape, which alters like a kaleidoscope under the eye—the delicious days pass dreamily away, leaving the mind touched and softened by that subduing influence peculiar to autumn.

Rumors are rife that several artists have been prohibited access to the picture-galleries in the Vatican, in consequence of their having taken part in the late popular demonstrations at Rome. The Italian Liberals protest against this, and declare that the galleries of the Vatican must be regarded as national property.

M. Ollivier is preparing a work in two volumes for publication. The first volume will bear the title, "The Plébiscite," the second that of "The War."

Curious, if true, is the report that, while Jules Favre and Count Bismarck were trying to find a basis of negotiation, Von Moltke was seated in a corner reading "Little Dorrit."

The origin of the word *Silhouette* is curious, and may be new to our readers. M. Silhouette was Finance Minister to Louis XV. in 1757. An economist, he made large reforms in the revenue, till, touching the personal outlay of the king, he was dismissed. This made him the most popular man in France. Every thing cheap was *à la Silhouette*, and the black profiles which just then came into vogue have preserved the name to the present time. Among the artists who have in recent times adopted this style of illustration, Konewka has exhibited the finest skill and purest imagination. His illustrations to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" are exquisite creations, delicate and airy, as befitted the play. Konewka has also illustrated Goethe's "Faust" in the same manner. The book will shortly be published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston, in the style of their beautiful edition of Shakspeare's fairy creation. The text will be that of Taylor's translation.

During the first twenty days after the commencement of the war 151,000 Prussians passed through Berlin. They were furnished by the committee with ordinary refreshments, and also with 5100 bottles of wine, 110,000 large glasses of beer, 2300 bottles of seltzer-water, 430 bottles lemonade, 64 bottles of Jamaica rum, 228,600 cigars, and 20,500 packages of tobacco.

The arrangements made by government for observing the condition of the atmosphere, and reporting the approach of storms, will be most useful. It is the design so to locate the stations of observation that, the existence of a storm at any place being ascertained, information of it may be communicated by telegraph in advance of its probable movement. Whenever experience has certainly determined what may be regarded for any section of the country as premonitions of approaching storms, signal-stations will be established as quickly as the necessary arrangements can be made, and signals will be displayed, announcing the probable approach, with other information which may be possible.

It is a curious fact that every person thinks that there is no danger of musket, revolver, or any fire-arm discharging itself unawares in *his* hands. Moreover, he is always certain that *his* gun is left in a safe place, and is unloaded when not about to be used. Yet accidents are constantly occurring. The other day, in Williamsburg, a little boy of seven years old found a loaded musket belonging to an elder brother. While playing with it he discharged it by some means, sending a bullet through the head of his little brother only four years old, and killing him instantly. Such a sad tale needs no comment.

The London firemen have received false alarms of fires in consequence of the aurora borealis, which has appeared several times within the past few weeks. The aurora has been very brilliant in this country also; but, in general, our people can see enough of the sky to distinguish between the aurora and a fire.

The banking-house of Drexel, Harjes, & Co. removed from Paris to Geneva some little time ago. They were the only bankers at Paris who continued to pay out the full amount of gold to their customers, without premium, during the trying epoch which preceded their removal; and the house will ever be held in honorable esteem by American travelers.

"Divorce without publicity, and for a small charge," is a notice which has been extensively inserted in Illinois papers. A certain class of lawyers have given attention to this business *ad libitum*. Now an effort is being made to put an end to the fraud which has been so notoriously prevalent in divorces. The Superior Court of Chicago has adopted orders providing that in all divorce suits hereafter instituted the complainants must either sign the bill with their own hands, or their solicitors must file written authority with the clerk before the decree can be taken. Moreover, if any advertisements of the kind referred to appear in the papers, such lawful action will be taken as will tend to prevent its repetition.

One of our daily newspapers has commenced the regular announcement of divorces in its columns. "Married," "Divorced," "Died," is the order in which these important particulars appear.

Over six thousand emigrants landed in New York during the week ending October 16. Among these were one hundred and twenty Swedes, who are to form a colony near Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The long-continued bombardment of Strasbourg resulted in much destruction of life among the civil population, as well as among the garrison. The library, also, which contained many rare and ancient books, was entirely destroyed. A large picture-gallery and the principal theatre were laid in ruins.

Since the death of Charles Dickens the statement has frequently been made that the author left no clew to the unfolding of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," and that nothing could be given to the curious reader beyond this fragment of a story apparently most skillfully plotted, and so remarkably broken off. This does not seem quite correct. Although no written notes have been found suggesting the further developments of the tale, or the solution of the "mystery," and any attempt to complete it by a different hand would have been unwelcome to the public, yet some authentic indications appear to exist of the turn Mr. Dickens intended to give the story, and these should be furnished to the readers of the fragment. Accompanying the edition of "Edwin Drood" published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers is a fac-simile of the vignetted cover, designed, probably, by the same artist who furnished the illustrations to "Edwin Drood," and in which the course of the story is evidently prefigured. An English reviewer is of the opinion that, as several of the scenes in the actually completed parts are distinctly represented on the cover, the drift of those that are not must have been more or less explained by Mr. Dickens to the artist who designed them for him. Any instructions received by the artist would greatly assist the imagination of the reader, if they were only added to the fragment. A study of these vignettes is extremely interesting, in connection with the story. S. L. Fildes is mentioned as the artist.

Worth, the famous man-milliner, removed his establishment some time ago from Paris to London. Many ladies, fearing that silks and velvets will attain a fabulous price in the near future, are purchasing to an extravagant amount.

A novel surgical operation was recently performed upon General Kilpatrick, our late Minister to Chili. For two years past he has been suffering from a swelling in the neck. He found himself obliged to return to this country for medical advice. Physicians decided that he was suffering from a tumor, and an electric operation was decided upon. At that time the tumor protruded outwardly as large as a hen's egg. Inwardly it was much larger, crowding the windpipe half an inch over to the left, making the effort to talk and eat very difficult and painful.

General Kilpatrick was placed under the influence of ether. Four large-sized darning-needles were inserted in the tumor. A powerful electric battery was then applied in full force to the needles. When the needles were removed the patient remained quiet under the influence of the ether. In half an hour the outward swelling began to diminish, and soon disappeared entirely. When General Kilpatrick recovered consciousness he complained of severe pain in neck and throat, but the "great lump" had gone. The operation seems to have been entirely successful.

Dr. F. V. Hayden, United States geologist, recently visited Colorado for the purpose of examining the Georgetown silver mines, and the country adjacent. He is of the opinion that the next five years will develop an amount of mineral wealth that will place Colorado among the prominent bullion-producing States of the Union. At the Paris Exposition of 1867 the Colorado silver ores took the first prize.

A persistent adherence to the following rule is said to be an effectual cure for stammering: Keep the teeth close together, and before attempting to speak inspire deeply; then give time for quiet utterance, and after very slight practice the hesitation will be relieved. No spasmodic action of the lower jaw must be permitted to separate the teeth when speaking.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE COURT-HOUSE.

IT is proposed by some elevators of the public mind to make us all philosophers, and to abolish the morbid interest which mankind at present entertains in the issues of life and death. They hold it weakness that we should become excited by incident, or enthralled by mystery, and prophesy a future when intelligence shall reign supreme, to the extinction of the vulgar passion for sensation. In the mean time, however, the sympathetic hopes and fears of humanity remain pretty much as they have been within all living memory; and one of the greatest treats that can be provided for the popular palate is a criminal trial. There are many reasons why this should be the case; the courts of law are free, and a sight that can be seen for nothing is of itself attractive, since we are, at all events, not losing our time and money too. Again, the most popular drama, the most popular novel, are those to which the dénouements can not easily be guessed; and in the court-house we see drama and novel realized with the verdict of the jury and the sentence of the judge—a matter of anxious speculation to the very last. Where theatres and books are rare the passion for such scenes is proportionally stronger, and perhaps there is no periodical event which so deeply stirs the agricultural interest—speaking socially, and not politically—as the advent of the Judges of Assize.

At Cross Key, at all events, there was nothing else talked of for weeks beforehand; and the case which above all others was canvassed, and prejudged, and descanted upon over all sorts of boards—from the mahogany one in the dining-room at Cross Key Park to the deal tripod which held the pots and pipes at the road-side beer-house—was that of Richard Yorke, the young gentleman-painter, who had run away with old John Trevethick of Gethin's hoarded store. The rumor had got abroad that he had almost run away with his daughter also, and this intensified the interest immensely. The whole female population, from the high-sheriff's wife down to the woman who kept the apple-stall in the market-place, was agog to see this handsome young Lothario, and especially to hear the evidence of his (clandestinely) betrothed, who was known to have been subpœnaed for the defense.

There were innumerable biographies of the prisoner to be had for nothing. He was a nobleman in disguise; he was the illegitimate son of the prime minister; he was indirectly but immediately connected with royalty itself; he could speak every European language (except Polish), and painted landscapes like an angel; he had four thousand a year in land, only waiting for him to come of age, which carried with it half the representation of a Whig borough; he had not a penny in the world, but had hitherto supported himself in luxury by skillful forgeries; it meaning, it was not for want of its being suffi-

young as he was, he was a married man, and had a wife (three times his age) alive. All these particulars were insisted upon and denied forty times a day. The least scraps of trust-worthy intelligence concerning him were greedily devoured. The turnpike-man who had opened gate to let him through on the night he came to the jail was cross-examined as to his appearance and demeanor. The rural policeman of the district (who had never had a chance of seeing him) was treated to pots of ale, and suddenly found himself the best of company. The *Castle* at Gethin was thronged by local tourists, who, under pretense of being attracted by the scenery, came to stare at Harry, and, having seen her, returned to Cross Key with marvelous stories of her charms. As the time drew on the applications for admittance to the court-house made the life of the under-sheriff a burden, and caused the hearts of his subordinates (who got the half-crowns) to sing for joy.

The unhappy Richard was wholly ignorant of all this excitement. When he pictured the court-house to himself, as he often did, he only beheld a crowd of indifferent persons, who would pay no more attention to his own case than to that of Balfour, or any other that might follow or precede it. He saw himself taken out in custody, and carried in some conveyance, such as he had arrived in, through the gaping street; but the idea of that ordeal gave him no uneasiness. Those who saw him would forget him the next moment, or confuse him with some other in the same wretched plight. His mind always reverted from such reflections, as comparatively trivial, to the issue of the trial itself. Indeed, that thought might be said to be constant, though others intruded on it occasionally without obscuring it, like light clouds that cross the moon. As to the details of the scene of which he was about to be so prominent an actor, he knew nothing; for the warders never opened their lips to him, except officially, and Mr. Balfour had never happened to come to grief in the course of his professional practice in that particular locality before.

But the fact was that the jail of Cross Key, though situated in so out-of-the-way a spot, was a model establishment in its way, and built upon the very highest principles of architecture, as connected with the administration of the criminal law. No prisoner was ever taken out of it for trial at all, but was conducted by an underground passage into the court-house itself—indeed, into the very heart of it, for a flight of steps, with a trap-door at the top, led straight into the dock, in which he made his appearance like a Jack-in-the-box, but much more to his own astonishment than to that of the spectators.

Imagine the unhappy Richard thus confronted, wholly unexpectedly, with a thousand eager eyes! They devoured him on the right hand and on the left, before him and behind him; they looked down upon him from the galleries above with a hunger that was increased by distance. Even the barristers in the space between him and the judge turned round to gaze at him, and the judge himself adjusted his spectacles upon his nose to regard him with a searching look. Not a sound was to be heard except the monotonous voice of the clerk reading the indictment; it was plain that every one of that vast concourse knew him, and needed not that his neighbor should whisper, "That is he." Was his mother there? thought Richard, and above all, Was Harry there? He looked round once upon that peering throng; but he could catch sight of neither. The former, with a thick veil over her features, was, indeed, watching him from a corner of the court; but the only face he recognized was that of his attorney, seated immediately behind a man with a wig, whom he rightly concluded to be Mr. Sergeant Balais.

There was a sudden silence, following upon the question, "How say you, Richard Yorke, are you guilty of this felony, or not guilty?" The turnkey by the prisoner's side muttered harshly behind his hand, "They have called on you to plead."

"Not guilty," answered Richard, in a loud, firm voice, and fixing his eyes upon the judge.

A murmur of satisfaction ran softly through the court-house. His hesitation had alarmed the curious folks; they were afraid that he might have pleaded "Guilty," and robbed them of their treat. Not a few of them, and perhaps all the women, were also pleased upon his own account. He was so young and handsome that they could not choose but wish him well, and out of his peril.

Then Mr. Smoothbore rose, and was some time about it. He was six feet four inches high, and it seemed as though you would never see the last of him. ("Oh, Jerryusalem, upon wheels!" was the remark that Mr. Robert Balfour muttered to himself when some hours afterward *he* found himself confronted by the same gigantic counsel, instructed specially by the crown to prosecute so notorious a marauder.) The twelve men in the box opposite at once became all ear. Some leaned forward, as though to anticipate by the millionth of a second the silvery accents of Mr. Smoothbore; others leaned back with head aside, as though to concentrate their intelligence upon them; and the foreman held his head with both his hands, as though that portion of his person was not wholly under control, but might make some erratic twist, and thereby lose him some pregnant sentence. These honest men did not know Mr. Smoothbore, and thought (for the first five minutes) that they could sit and listen to him forever; before they had done with him they began to think that they should have to do it.

Far be it from us to emulate the prolixity with which the learned counsel set forth his case; it must be conceded that he did not hang over it; his words ran as smoothly as oil, and with perfect distinctness, and if any body missed his

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ciently expressed. To a listener of average ability, however, he became insupportable by repetition, which is, unhappily, not exclusively "the vice of the pulpit." We will take care to avoid his error. It will be sufficient to say that when he had finished Richard stood accused not only of having stolen two thousand pounds from John Trevethick, but of having compassed that crime under circumstances of peculiar baseness. He had taken advantage of his superior education, manners, and appearance, to impose himself upon the honest Cornishman as the legitimate son of his landlord, and secured within that humble home a footing of familiarity, only the better to compass a scheme of villainy, which must have occurred to him at a very early period of their acquaintance. Indeed, Mr. Smoothbore hinted that the prisoner's profession of landscape-painting was a mere pretense and pretext, and that it was more than probable that, having heard by some means of Trevethick's hoard, he had come down to Gethin with the express intention of becoming possessed of it, which his accidental discovery of the secret of the letter padlock enabled him to do. In short, by artful innuendo at this or that part of the story, Richard was painted as a common thief, whose possession of such faculties as dexterity and *finesse* only made him a more dangerous enemy of society. There had been rumors, Mr. Smoothbore admitted, of certain romantic circumstances connected with the case, but he was instructed to say that they were wholly baseless, and that the matter which the jury would have to decide upon was simply an impudent and audacious robbery, committed in a manner that he might stigmatize as being quite exceptionally void of extenuation.

The speech for the prosecution immensely disappointed the general public, already half-convinced, in spite of themselves, by Mr. Smoothbore's impassioned clearness and straightforward simplicity, while it pleased the jury, who were glad to hear that the matter in hand was, after all, an ordinary one, which would necessitate no deprivation of victuals, nor absence of fire and candle. The witnesses for the prosecution appeared, as usual, in an order in inverse ratio to the interest and importance of their respective testimonies—the clerk of the Miners' Bank into whose hands the notes had been paid, policemen, Mr. Dodge, and others, who only repeated what we already know. Even the appearance of Solomon Coe was marked by nothing especial, save to the eyes of the accused. In the triumphant bearing of this witness, and in the malignant glance which he had shot toward him ere he began his tale, Richard read that the charge against him was to be pushed to the bitter end. It was in this man's power, more than in any other's (save one), to extenuate or to set down in malice; and there was no doubt in his rival's mind (though his rancor took so blunt a form that it might well have been mistaken by others for outspoken candor) which of the two courses Solomon had chosen. He showed neither scruple nor hesitation; every word was distinct and decisive, and on one occasion (though the repetition of it was forbidden by the judge) even accompanied by a blow with his sledge-hammer fist in the way of corroboration. It seemed that the story he had to tell was, after all, a very plain one.

When John Trevethick, who was the last witness examined for the prosecution, strode into the box, this feeling was intensified. His giant frame and massive features seemed, somehow, to associate themselves with a plain story; and his evidence was as much in consonance with his counsel's speech as evidence could be with pleading.

But when he had quite done with his unvarnished tale, and when Mr. Smoothbore had given him a parting nod in sign that *he* had done with him, Sergeant Balais rose, for the first time, with an uplifted finger, as though, but for that signal of delay, the honest landlord would have fled incontinently, and hanged himself, like another Judas.

"You have a daughter, I believe, Mr. Trevethick?" and the Sergeant looked at the jury, with elevated eyebrows, as though he would have said, "If we can get even that admission out of this hoary miscreant, we may consider ourselves fortunate."

And indeed John Trevethick did hesitate for one instant ere he replied. He had not even looked at the prisoner before, but at that question he gave an involuntary glance toward him, and met Richard's answering look. When two men are fighting, each with his hands upon the throat of the other, not for dear life, but for the longed-for death of his foe, it is possible that in their faces some such inextinguishable lurid fire of hatred may be seen burning as then flashed from witness-box to dock, from dock to witness-box; but scarcely under any other circumstances could such a look of deadly malice be exchanged between man and man. It passed, however, in an instant, like the electric fire, and was gone, leaving no trace behind it.

"I *have* a daughter," replied Trevethick; and as he spoke his face, though somewhat pale, became as blank and hard and meaningless as a wall of stone.

"This man is about to perjure himself," thought the experienced Mr. Balais; and he looked around him with the air of one who was convinced of the fact.

"The prisoner at the bar was, I believe, your daughter's lover, was he not?"

"Not that I knew of."

"Not that you know of?" repeated Mr. Balais. "Will you venture to repeat that?"

"The witness said *knew*," interposed the judge, demurely, and ordered a sky-light to be closed, the draught from which inconvenienced him. Every body looked at the officer of the court who pulled the string and shut the sky-light, as though it had been the most ingenious contrivance known to man. Not that it was a relief to them to do so, but from that inexplicable motive which prompts us all to observe trivial circumstances with which they have nothing whatever to do, on any occasion of engrossing interest. Even Richard regarded this little process of ventilation with considerable concern, and wondered whether the judge would feel himself better after it.

"Oh, you didn't know of this attachment between the prisoner and your daughter at the time it was going on under your roof, but you knew of it afterward, did you? You read of it in the papers, I suppose, eh?"

"I heard of it, after the robbery was discovered, from my daughter herself."

"And, upon your oath, you did not know of it before then?"

"I did not."

"Nor suspect it even, perhaps?"

"Nor even suspect it."

Mr. Balais smiled, shrugged his shoulders. His principles of oratory were Demosthenean; his motto was "Action, action, action." His friends on circuit called him the Balais of action. He had had some experience of the depravity of human nature, said the shrug, but this beat every thing, and would be really amusing but for its atrocious infamy. Good Heavens!

"Then you never had any conversation with the prisoner with reference to your daughter at all?"

"Never."

Mr. Balais bent down and interchanged a word or two with Mr. Weasel behind him.

"Now be so good as to give me your best attention, Mr. Trevethick, for upon my next question more may depend than you may be aware of. If you have any regard for your own interests you will answer it truly; for as sure as—"

"Is this necessary, Brother Balais?" interrupted the judge, scratching his forehead with his forefinger, and looking up at the sky-light, as though that matter was not satisfactorily settled even yet.

"My lud, I am instructed that nothing less than a conspiracy has been entered into against my unfortunate client."

The judge nodded slightly, shivered considerably, and made a mental note to complain of that infernal draught before he should dismiss the grand jury.

"I ask you, Mr. Trevethick," continued the counsel, solemnly, "whether or not, in a conversation which you held with the prisoner upon a certain day last month, you mentioned two thousand pounds as the sum you must needs see in his possession before you could listen to any proposition of his with respect to your daughter's hand?"

"I did not."

"You never spoke of that particular sum to him at all?"

"Never at all."

It was Mr. Balais who looked up at the sky-light this time—as though he expected a thunder-bolt.

"The notes, of which we have heard so much, as being hoarded in this ingenious box of yours—and that you are a very ingenious man, Mr. Trevethick, there is no doubt—this box, I say, was kept in a certain cupboard, was it not?"

"It was."

"And now, please to look at the jury when you answer me this question: Where was this particular cupboard situated, Mr. Trevethick?"

Into the landlord's impassive face there stole for the first time a look of disquiet, and his harsh, monotonous voice grew tremulous as he replied, "The cupboard was in my daughter's bedroom."

"That will do, Mr. Trevethick, *for the present*," observed Mr. Balais, with emphasis; "though I shall probably have the opportunity of seeing you another time"—and he glanced significantly toward the dock—"*in another place.*"

CHAPTER XXX.

FOR THE DEFENSE.

WHEN Mr. Balais rose again it was to speak for the defense, and he addressed the jury amidst an unbroken silence. So rapt, indeed, was the attention of his audience that the smack of a carter's whip, as he went by in the street below, was resented by many a frown as an impertinent intrusion; and even the quarters of the church clock were listened to with impatience, lest its iron tongue should drown a single sentence. This latter interruption did not, however, often take place, for Mr. Balais was as brief in speech as he was energetic in action. He began by at once allowing the main facts which the prosecution had proved—that the notes had been taken from Trevethick's box, and found in the prisoner's possession, who had been detected in the very act of endeavoring to change them for notes of another banking company. But what he maintained was, that this exchange was not, as Mr. Smoothbore had suggested, effected for the purpose of realizing the money, but simply of throwing dust in the prosecutor's eyes. He had changed the notes only with the intention of returning his own money to Trevethick under another form. Even so young a man, and one so thoroughly ignorant of the ways of the world and of business matters as was his client, must surely have been aware, if using the money for himself had been his object, that it could be traced in notes of the Mining Company as easily as in notes of the Bank of England; nay, by this very proceeding of his, he had even given them a *double* chance of being traced. He (Mr. Balais) was not there, of course, to justify the conduct of the prisoner at the bar. It was unjustifiable, it was reprehensible in a very high degree; but what he did maintain was that, even taking for granted all that had been put in evidence, this young man's conduct was not criminal; it was not that of a thief. He had never had the least intention of stealing this money; his scheme had been merely a stratagem to obtain the object of his affections for his wife. This Trevethick was a hard and grasping man, and it was necessary for the young fellow to satisfy him that he was possessed of certain property before he would listen to any proposition for his daughter's hand. His idea—a wrong and foolish one, indeed, but then look at his youth and inexperience—was to impose upon this old miser, by showing him his own money in another form, and then, when he had gained his object, to return it to him. Mr. Balais was, for his own part, as certain of such being the fact as that he was standing in that court-house. Let them turn their eyes on the unhappy prisoner in the dock, and judge for themselves whether he looked like the mere felon which his learned friend had painted him, or the romantic, self-deceiving, thoughtless lad, such as he (Mr. Balais) felt convinced he was. They had all heard of the proverb that all things were fair in love as in war. When the jury had been young themselves perhaps some of them had acted upon that theory; at all events, it was not an unnatural idea for young people to act upon. Proverbs had always a certain weight and authority of their own. They were not necessarily Holy Writ (Mr. Balais was not quite certain whether the proverb in question was one of Solomon's own or not, so he put it in this cautious manner), but they smacked of it. This Richard Yorke, perhaps, had thought it no great harm to win his love by a false representation of the state of his finances. He could not see his way how otherwise to melt the stony heart of this old curmudgeon, who had doubtless—notwithstanding the evidence they had heard from him that day—encouraged the young man's addresses so long as he believed him to be Mr. Carew's lawful heir. The whole question, in fact, resolved itself into one of *motive*; and if there was not a word of evidence forthcoming upon the prisoner's part, he (Mr. Balais) would have left the case in the jury's hands, with the confident conviction that they would never impute to that unhappy boy—who had already suffered such tortures of mind and body as were more than a sufficient punishment for his offense—the deliberate and shameful crime of which he stood accused. He had lost his position in the world already; he had lost his sweetheart, for they had all heard that day that she was about to be driven into wedlock with his rival, a man twice his age and hers; he had lost the protection of his father—his own flesh and blood—for since this miserable occurrence he had chosen to disown him; and yet here was the prosecutor, who had lost nothing (except his own self-respect, and the respect of all who had listened to his audacious testimony that morning), pressing for a conviction, for more punishment; in a word, for the gratification of a mean revenge. If he (Mr. Balais) had nothing more, therefore, to urge in his client's defense, he would have been content to leave the jury to deal with this case—Englishmen, who detested oppression, and loved that justice only which is tempered with mercy. But as it so happened, there was no need thus to leave it; no necessity to appeal to mercy at all. He had only to ask them for the barest justice. He was happily in a position to prove that the prisoner at the bar had no more stolen this two thousand pounds than their own upright and sagacious foreman.

A sigh of relief was uttered from a hundred gentle breasts. "We are coming to something at last," it seemed to say. A hundred fair faces looked at Mr. Balais—who was growing gray and wrinkled, and found every new performance of his pantomime harder and harder—as though they could have kissed him, nevertheless. "Yes, gentlemen of the jury, that money was given to him by the prosecutor's daughter with her own hand."

A murmur of satisfaction ran round the court-house.

There *was* a romance—a love-story—in the case, then, after all.

Mr. Balais concluded a most energetic speech with a peroration of great brilliancy, in which Richard and Harry were exhibited like a transparency in the bright colors of Youth, and Hope, and Passion, and finally sat down amidst what would have been a burst of applause but for the harsh voice of the usher nipping it in the bud by proclaiming silence.

There was no need for his doing that when Mr. Balais jumped up to his feet again, as though he were on springs, and called for Harry Trevethick. The judge was taking snuff at the time; and such was the stillness that you could hear the overplus falling on the paper before him on which he wrote down his notes. There was a minute's delay, during which every eye was fixed upon the witness-box, and then Harry appeared. She was very pale, and wore a look of anxious timidity; but a bright spot came into her cheeks as she turned her face to the prisoner in the dock, and smiled upon him. From that moment Richard felt that he was safe. Guarded as he was, and still in peril, he forgot his danger, and once more resolved that he would cleave to this tender creature, to whom he was about to owe his safety, to his life's end.

Harry was simply yet attractively attired in a pale violet silk dress, with a straw bonnet trimmed with the same modest color. It was observed, with reference to this and to the innocence and gentleness of her expression, that she looked like a dove; and a dove she seemed to Richard, bringing him the signal that the flood was abating, the deep waters of which had so nearly overwhelmed both soul and body. Even the judge, as Mr. Weasel had foretold, regarded her through his double glasses with critical approval; for a most excellent judge he was—of female attractions.

Mr. Balais smiled triumphantly at the jury. "Did I not tell you," he seemed to say, "that my client is guiltless in this matter? Here is Truth herself come to witness in his favor. Bless her!" Richard's feverish eyes were fixed upon her; he knew no God, but here was his spring in the wilderness, his shadow of the great rock in a weary land. As for her, she looked only at the judge, expecting—poor little ignoramus—that it was he who would question her.

"You are the daughter of John Trevethick, of Gethin?" said Mr. Balais.

This interrogatory, simple as it was, made her color rise, coming from that unexpected quarter.

"Yes, Sir."

"He keeps an inn, does he not; the"—here Mr. Balais affected to consult his brief, to give her time to recover herself from her modest confusion—"the *Gethin Castle*, I believe?"

"Yes, Sir."

"The prisoner at the bar has been staying there for some months, has he not?"

She stole another look at Richard: it spoke as plainly as looks could speak, "Oh yes; that is how I came to know and love him." But she only murmured, "Yes, Sir."

"Speak up, Miss Trevethick," said the counsel, encouragingly; "these twelve gentlemen are all very anxious to hear what you have to say." The judge nodded and smiled, as though in corroboration, as well as to add, upon his own account, that it would give *him* also much pleasure to hear her.

"Was the prisoner staying in the inn as an ordinary guest, or did he mix with the family?"

"He was in the bar parlor most nights, Sir, along with father and me and Solomon."

"He was in the bar parlor most nights," repeated Mr. Balais, significantly, for he was anxious that the jury should catch that answer—"'with father and me and Solomon.' And who introduced him into the parlor?"

"Father brought him first, Sir, on the second day after he came to Gethin."

"Father brought him in, did he? Now, that is rather an unusual thing for the landlord of an inn to do, is it not? To introduce a young man whom he had known but twenty-four hours to his family circle, and to the society of his daughter, eh?"

"Please, Sir, I don't know, Sir."

"No, of course you don't, Miss Trevethick; how should you? But I think the jury know. You have no idea, then, yourself, why your father introduced this young gentleman to you so early?"

"Father said he was a friend of Mr. Carew's, of Crompton, who is father's landlord."

"Just so," said Mr. Balais, with another significant glance at the attentive twelve. "Mr. Trevethick had already discovered that this youth was of a good social position, and likely to prove an excellent match. 'Will you walk into my parlor?' said the spider to the fly; 'I have the prettiest daughter that ever you did spy.'"

Every body tittered at this except Mr. Smoothbore and his solicitor; even the judge blew his nose.

"Now, not only did the prisoner at the bar spend most nights in the bar parlor, but, as I am given to understand, he spent most days there, or, at all events, in your society, did he not?"

"Father and Solomon were away most days, Sir, and so we were left a good deal together."

"Just so. Your father took care to be away most days, did he, in order that you should be left a good deal together?"

Mr. Smoothbore started to his feet. "My lud, I submit," etc.; meaning that this was a mode of interrogating the witness that he could *not* submit to for an instant.

"Very good," said Mr. Balais, smiling. "I will not put the question in that form, then. The form is of very little consequence. You were left together, however, and the consequence was that you two young people fell in love with one another, eh?"

Harry was crimson. "I—he—we;" and there she stuck.

"I am very sorry to embarrass you, my dear young lady, but I am necessitated to press this question. Did you fall in love with one another or not?"

No answer. Harry was thinking of Solomon, to whom she was to be married within ten days, and hung her head.

"Come, did he fall in love with *you*, then? There was ample apology for it, I am sure, and he ought to have been ashamed of himself if he hadn't. Now, did he 'court' you? I think you must know what that means."

No answer. Every eye was upon her, the judge's double glasses included. They might have been burning-glasses, she felt so hot and frightened.

"Come, did this young gentleman ever give you a kiss?"

"Yes, Sir," murmured poor Harry, almost under her breath.

"Did you say 'Yes' or 'No?'" inquired the judge, dipping his pen in the ink.

"I said 'Yes,' my lord," said the unhappy Harry.

"There were more kisses than one, now, I dare say," said Mr. Balais, with a wink at the jury; "and they were not all on one side, eh?"

No answer.

"Some of them were on the other side, were they not? I don't mean on the other cheek, for I have no doubt he was perfectly indifferent as to that."

Again there was a little titter.

"She is your own witness, Brother Balais," observed his lordship, "but it seems to me you are giving her unnecessary pain."

He had a very tender heart, had the old judge,

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where a young and pretty woman was concerned—otherwise he was a Tartar.

"My lad, it is absolutely necessary to prove that my client's passion was reciprocated. Did you ever return one of these many kisses, Miss Trevethick?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you ever meet him alone at night in a place, I believe, called the Fairies' Bower?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Yes," repeated Mr. Balais, recapitulating these facts upon his fingers; "you were left alone with him all day; you met him alone at night, away from your father's roof; you returned his kisses; and all this without the slightest suspicion—if we are to believe his evidence—being aroused upon the part of your parent. Now, Miss Trevethick, you were aware that your father kept a large sum of money—these two thousand pounds—in his strong-box, were you not?"

"I was, Sir."

"Did you ever speak to the prisoner at the bar about it?"

"I think—yes, I did, Sir, on one occasion," and here Harry's voice fluttered and faltered. No one noticed it, however, except the prisoner; if any neighbor eyes had watched him narrowly—but they were all fixed upon the witness—they would have seen his face whiten, and his brow grow damp. Why should she have laid that stress upon "on one occasion?"

"You told him that the two thousand pounds were in the box in the cupboard in your bedroom?"

"I did, Sir."

"The fastening of the box was not an ordinary lock, I believe. It was what is called a letter padlock?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you ever open it?"

"No, Sir."

A great bell seemed to be suddenly set tolling in Richard's brain—it was the knell of all his hopes.

"You had never opened it at that time, eh?" continued Mr. Balais, cheerfully. "But you learned the secret afterward?"

"I—yes—I did."

"Do you remember the letters that did open it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What were they?"

"B, N, Z."

"Very good. We have heard from the counsel for the prosecution that they were so; and that Mr. Trevethick kept a memorandum of them on a piece of paper that fitted into his watch-case. Did he always carry that watch about with him?"

"Not always. When he went out to market, and was likely to be late, he sometimes left it at home."

"In his own room, I suppose, where you or any body else could get at it?"

"I suppose so, Sir."

"You *suppose?* You know he did, do you not? Did you not open the watch-case yourself, and so discover the means of unlocking the box?"

"No, Sir," said Harry, faintly; and once more she turned her eyes to Richard. It was a true and tender glance, one would have said, and accompanied by an attempt at a smile of encouragement. But if it had been a glance of a gorgon, it could not have had a more appalling effect; it literally seemed to turn him into stone.

"Recollect yourself, Miss Trevethick," said Mr. Balais, earnestly; "you are getting confused, I fear. Now please to give me your attention. You say that you knew that the letters B, N, Z were those which formed the key of the letter padlock, and yet that you did not open your father's watch-case. How, then, did you become possessed of the secret?"

No answer. Harry caught her breath convulsively, and turned deadly pale. She could never tell how Mrs. Yorke had endeavored to suborn her.

"Well, well, this is a matter of very little consequence—though I see my learned friend is making a copious note of it," said Mr. Balais, gayly. "The main point is what, as you have told us, did occur—that you found out the secret somehow. When you got it, I suppose you opened the box?"

No answer, save from Mr. Smoothbore, who observed, tartly: "You have no right to assume that, Sergeant."

"Let the young woman have a glass of water," suggested the kindly judge.

"My lord, my lord!" cried Harry, with sudden passion, "he is not guilty. Richard did not mean to steal the money; indeed he did not. He only wished to get possession of it that my father might believe him to be a man of wealth. He did but—"

"Endeavor to compose yourself, young woman," interposed the judge. "The learned counsel will only ask what is necessary."

"Take your time, Miss Trevethick, take your time," pursued Mr. Balais, in his blandest tones. "The question is, how the prisoner became possessed of this money. Now, tell us, did you not give it him with your own hands?"

The bell was still tolling in Richard's brain, and yet he could hear the buzzing of a fly against a window of the court-house, and the careless whistle of some lad in the street without. It was the same tune that the keeper at Crompton had been wont to whistle in his leisure moments at home; and his mind reverted with a flash to the glades of the stately park, the herds of deer, the high-mossed gate, which he had shut in the face of the hounds when they were chasing Carew's carriage. Was it the bang of the gate, or had Harry really answered in a firm voice, that resounded through the silent court-house, "No, Sir?"

"What!" said Mr. Balais, raising his voice a little. "Do you mean to say, then—and recollect that the fate of the prisoner at the bar may depend upon your reply to this question—that Richard Yorke did not become possessed of these notes by your connivance through your means, at all?"

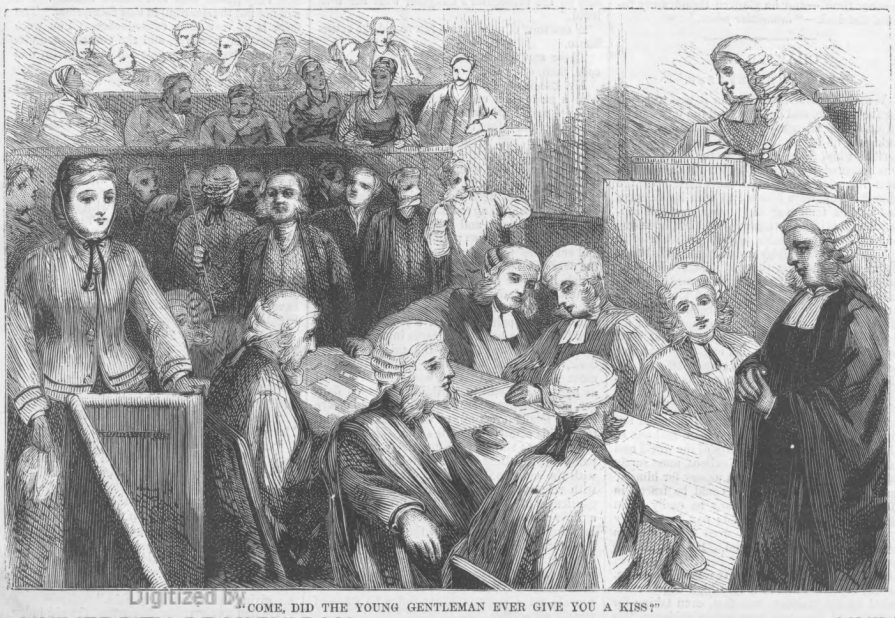
"No, Sir, no," answered Harry, passionately; "I can't say that; indeed, Sir, I can not. But he is innocent—Richard is innocent—he never meant to steal them. O God, help me!" In her excitement, and not because she wished to do so, she had turned about, and once more caught sight of the prisoner at the bar. It was her turn now to shrink appalled and petrified. It was not reproach that she saw pictured in that well-loved face, but downright hate and loathing. "He will never, never forgive me!" cried she, with a piteous wail; and then scream followed scream, and she was borne out in haste, and a doctor sent for.

Cross-examination was, of course, quite out of the question; and, indeed, Mr. Smoothbore was much too sagacious a man to wish to exercise that privilege. The failure of the witness for the defense had proved the case of the prosecution.

It was Mr. Smoothbore who could now best afford to praise the innocence and candor of the unhappy Harry. Was it not evident that that tender creature had been tampered with, and almost persuaded to perjure herself, for the sake of the prisoner at the bar—almost, but happily for the ends of justice, not quite persuaded! Her natural love of right had conquered the ignoble passion with which she had been inspired by this unscrupulous man. What words could sufficiently paint the baseness of the conduct of the accused! Was it not clear that he had endeavored to escape scot-free, at the sacrifice of this poor girl's good name? *She*, forsooth, was to proclaim herself thief, to save his worthless self! It was not for Mr. Smoothbore—Heaven forbid!—to exaggerate such wickedness, but was it possible that the phrase, "Young in years, but old in vice," had ever had a more appropriate application than in the present case! For the credit of human nature, he trusted not. The point upon which his learned friend had mainly relied having been thus proved wholly untenable—the fact of Richard's taking the money having been incontestably brought home to him—it only remained for him (Mr. Smoothbore) to notice what had been said with respect to motive. If the prisoner at the bar had even had the intention, which had been so gratuitously imputed to him, of returning this money to the prosecutor, when once the object of his supposed scheme had been effected, he would be no less guilty of the crime that was laid to his charge. It was possible, indeed, in such a case, that there might be extenuating circumstances, but those would not affect the verdict of the jury, however they might influence his lordship's sentence after that verdict had been truly given. And this he would say, after what had just occurred in that court—after the painful scene they had just witnessed—the breaking down of that innocent girl in an act of self-sacrifice, culpable in itself, but infinitely more culpable in him who had incited her to do it—for he could not for an instant suppose that the prisoner's legal advisers could have suggested such a line of defense: taking all this into consideration, he, Mr. Smoothbore, would confidently ask the jury whether the prisoner at the bar was to be credited with merely a romantic stratagem, or with a crime the heinousness of which was only exceeded by the means by which he had striven to exculpate himself from it, and to evade the ends of justice.

When Mr. Smoothbore had thus concluded a lengthened and impassioned harangue, he sat down, wiping his hands upon his handkerchief, as though implying that he had washed them of the prisoner for good and all, and that a very dirty job it had been; while the judge rose and left the court, it being the hour appointed to his system, by nature, for the reception of lunch.

SUPERINTENDENT JAMES J. KELSO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY & CO.—[SEE PAGE 711.]



"COME, DID THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN EVER GIVE YOU A KISS?"

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THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

Words by MAX SCHNECKENBURGER; *Music* by KARL WILHELM.

KARL WILHELM.

A VOICE resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel,
"The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong:
With filial love their bosoms swell:
They'll guard the sacred landmark well.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

And though in death our hopes decay,
The Rhine will own no foreign sway;
For rich with water as its flood
Is Germany with hero blood.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

From yon blue sky are bending now
The hero dead to hear our vow:
"As long as German hearts are free
The Rhine, the Rhine, shall German be."
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

"While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand."
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

Our oath resounds; the river flows;
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

PLAYING "THE WATCH ON THE RHINE" AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF "OUR FRITZ."—[SEE PAGE 714.]

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THE BLUE GROTTO.

ONE of the most remarkable caves in the world is the Blue Grotto, in the island of Capri. The entrance from the sea is so narrow that the persons in the boat must lie down; but as soon as that is passed you enter into fairy-land. The water, clear to the bottom, is of an exquisite celestial blue, which is reflected from the calcareous rocks in their pure whiteness. It is a palace of turquoise built above a sapphire lake. The drops of water from the oars sparkle like pearls with a blue tinge. The effect on the body is most singular; the part under water of a swimmer is silvery white, with blue shadows round the muscles; while the head and neck, which are out of the water, are of a bronze color, looking like an alabaster statue with a bronze head. It is certainly one the most beautiful natural curiosities in the world. A fisherman was the first to discover it, in 1822, though there are some indications that it was known to the ancients. Much has been written as to the cause of so singular a phenomenon; perhaps the most plausible theory is that, owing to the peculiar form of the entrance, the sea is saturated with light, which is shut up within, and throws its rays to the farthest depths of the vault. In another part of the coast there is a grotto where the color is that of pale green. It is very similar to its neighbor, but not quite equal in beauty.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., *May* 8, 1870.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR, Merchant Clothiers, 138 and 140 Fulton St., N. Y.:
Dear Sirs,—Received clothes per express yesterday, and am perfectly delighted with the fit; so is my father. My friends are wishing they had their measure at your house. Yours, etc., CHAS. E. BOWES.

FORT UNION, NEW MEXICO, *May* 2, 1870.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR, Merchant Clothiers, 138 and 140 Fulton St., N. Y.:
Gentlemen,—I received last night the box of clothing for Messrs. DUNN, BRANNIGAN, MOORE, and myself. The suits and shirts are much better in every way than we had expected, and give perfect satisfaction. Please accept my thanks.
Very truly yours, J. C. STODDARD.

VILLISCA, IOWA, *April* 9, 1870.
Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR, Merchant Clothiers, 138 and 140 Fulton St., N. Y.:
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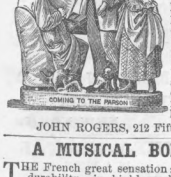

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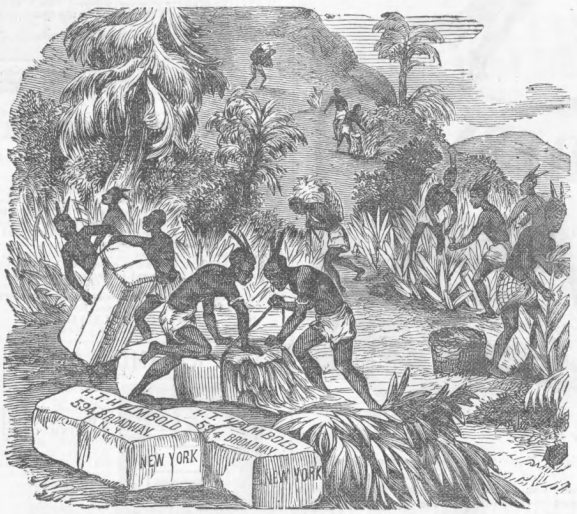

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 724.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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FRENCH REFUGEES IN LONDON.—[SEE PAGE 722.]

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FRENCH REFUGEES IN LONDON.

THE city of London is full of fugitives from the war. There are a few Germans among them, who fled to avoid military duty; but the great majority are French, for the most part women and children and elderly men. The more opulent among them, driving in open carriages through the parks and gardens, or lounging in the fashionable promenades, give an unusual air of vivacity to the British capital. Ever since the gates of Paris were closed, say the London papers, one may hear almost as much French as English spoken in the streets and restaurants; and Regent Street appears to be as completely occupied by the French as Boulogne is by the English. The illustration on our first page will give our readers a graphic idea of the character of this social "invasion" of England.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870.

THE PROVISION FOR HONEST ELECTIONS.

IT is not the magistrate who calls the military force to support the laws—it is those who force him to that action who are responsible for the consequences. This is precisely the position of the Administration in regard to the election in this city. The immense corruption of the polls here is notorious. Every man familiar with the details of politics knows of it. Certain politicians openly boast of it. Men are largely paid by the city government for certain nominal official duties, with the understanding that their real duty is repeating and stuffing at the polls, and bullying honest voters. At the election of 1868 the naturalization frauds were universal and shameless. They were known in detail to every active politician. But Mr. TWEED's Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, who was then Mayor of the city, issued a proclamation a day or two before the election declaring the charges of fraud "gross and unfounded," stating that they were made by dangerous men—meaning Republicans—"to cover their own schemes of fraud, which they hope to consummate by the aid of untried or unpardoned criminals," and that they were intended to produce acts of resistance and violence.

This reckless performance of Mr. TWEED's official agent was part of the system of fraud which was intended to secure that agent's apparent election as Governor. And the untruthfulness of the declarations of the Mayor was established by the statement of Mr. TWEED's present newspaper organ, the *World*, the editor of which asserted in his paper that he saw "the shameless and cunning frauds" of Mr. TWEED and Mr. A. OAKEY HALL, the present Mayor. The subsequent investigation by a committee of the House of Representatives of the United States established the fact of these frauds in detail beyond any question; and in pursuance of its highest duty to protect the purity of the government at its very source, Congress passed a law to defend, so far as possible, the honesty of the polls, which was approved by the President on the 31st of May, 1870.

As the election of this year approached, the opposition to this law upon the part of the Democratic party, which is as much identified now with electoral dishonesty as it was formerly with slavery, became bitter and intense. Its organs denounced the law as unconstitutional, as if each House of Congress, which is made by the Constitution "the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members," which is authorized to make all laws necessary for carrying into execution all powers vested in it, and which is even empowered to change the times, places, and manner prescribed by the States for electing representatives, had no constitutional authority to provide that the election of its members should be honest! Perceiving the hopeless folly of this kind of assault upon a law which could have no other purpose than the protection of the rightful voter, the organs of the Democratic party, and especially Mr. TWEED's present organ, the *World*, declared that the law was an "unabashed attempt" to provoke people "to go to the polls with arms in their hands."

This was, of course, intended both as a threat and a suggestion. It was an open and flagrant incitement to forcible resistance. And to whom was it addressed? To the July rioters of 1863, the men who burned orphan asylums, and massacred the most helpless and innocent poor people in the city; the "friends" of ex-Governor HORATIO SEYMOUR, who first incited the riots by his speech in the Academy of Music on the Fourth of July; and then, when his words sprang up armed men, sent a messenger to ask the National Government to yield to the demand of the mob. It was addressed to the most ignorant and lawless class of the population in a city where they knew that their political party was in a great majority, and where the judges were elected by themselves; a city of which the chief magistrate was publicly denounced as a shameless corruptionist by his own party associates, in a State of which Mr. TWEED's agent has been elected Governor by the very frauds which he officially denied. The managers of these frauds, having elected their agent Governor of the State, had openly declared at Tammany Hall that he was their candidate for President in 1872. But to that result it was more than ever necessary that he should seem to carry the State now. That any fraud necessary to this result would be perpetrated no intelligent person doubts. The law of Congress was, therefore, not passed a moment too soon. Its probable efficiency is seen in the rancorous opposition of the party of fraud.

But under the circumstances of which we have reminded our readers, and which are familiar to every citizen of New York, in the face of angry threats of resistance, it would have been inexcusable in the National Government if it had not taken the measures essential to secure the protection of honest voters by the prompt enforcement of the law. The outcry against it is exactly that of Mr. HOFFMAN's proclamation protecting the frauds in 1868, of which we have constantly reminded our readers, because it was one of the most alarming documents ever issued under official sanction in this country. Professing a painful regard for the forms of law, it struck at liberty itself. "It is the first time in the history of the country," said the Democratic Mayor's proclamation in 1868, as the Democratic organs say in 1870, "that United States Government officials have attempted to interfere with free elections in the Empire State, and the act is attended with danger." By free elections Mr. TWEED's Mr. HOFFMAN meant stuffing, repeating, and "good counting." He meant what the editor of the *World* called the "shameless and cunning frauds" of Mr. TWEED and Mr. HALL. It was that the Tammany managers might prevent a free election that he denounced the National Government as interfering with it.

It is an old confidence game, and is thoroughly understood. The honest voters in New York, who have been intimidated at the polls by ruffians, know whether, if the power of the United States is at hand, it is for the purpose of "coercing" or "protecting" them. Every intelligent man in the country understands that nothing would so surely lead to civil commotion as the electoral corruption practiced by the Democratic party. A Presidential election, decided by the electoral votes of New York, which had been carried by the means that made Mr. TWEED's agent Governor of the State, would not be accepted by the country with equanimity. It is in no sense a party question. It is a question of the peaceful possibility of popular government. If the system by which the elections in the city of New York are decided by the Democratic party is not checked, it will as surely produce a civil convulsion as the system of slavery which the same party so long and strenuously supported. And among the many claims which this Administration has to the popular favor, which the autumn elections show that it still enjoys, there is none more positive than its determination to protect the honest voter at the polls.

GERMAN TERMS OF PEACE.

THERE have been renewed efforts at peace between Germany and France. But Count BISMARCK is stated to have remarked that there could be no peace until there was a recognized Government in France to ratify it, and that Germany could not hope for full security against her dangerous neighbor without the possession of the provinces that have been wrenched from her by France. Assuming the report to be true, the situation becomes clearer. Germany is anxious for peace, but not from fear. If an armistice be granted for the purpose of the French elections, it will only be upon conditions favorable to Germany. The military operations are not favorable to France, nor is there any evidence that they are likely to become so. The suffering of the country must be indescribable. The Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, President of the American Branch of the International Relief Society, has published a letter of ex-Minister SANFORD at Brussels, stating that in the region along the Belgian frontier there are 200,000 persons in peril of starvation, and Colonel KRUTZOW says that twice as many—nearly half a million—in the whole district over which the armies have swept are starving.

Moreover, there come from Marseilles and Lyons accounts of political differences and disturbances, and it is impossible not to feel that the whole nation is disintegrating. Meanwhile the movements of other powers toward intervention are limited to polite appeals. No Government proposes to lend actual assistance to France, or to command Germany to desist.

The simple situation, therefore, is this: Germany has conquered France, and is overrunning the country in every direction. Her military skill is immeasurably superior, and her military force resistless. France is crumbling under her tread, and Germany dictates terms as a conqueror. Those terms are the cession of Alsace and Lorraine. France replies, "Never!" and can do nothing. The other powers protest that Germany is severe, but they will do nothing. And they will do nothing because the terms of Germany are not unusual, and are justified by the precedents of every country in Europe, including France herself. Indeed, not only did France undertake the war for the purpose of taking more German territory, but the very provinces in dispute were "wrenched from Germany" by France more than two centuries ago. Germany, also, is in full possession of them to-day, and France is utterly unable to dislodge her. Nothing but a hostile European alliance against Germany could dispossess her of the new territory. But which of the European monarchies shows any disposition to ally itself with the phantom of a republic; and which of them, with their hands full of conquered provinces, will command Germany to renounce her conquests?

This, indeed, is not the settlement we had hoped from Germany, because the German official acts and words during the war have indicated a very high regard for the good opinion of civilization. The demolition of the fortresses under the guarantee of Europe would be all the security which Germany naturally and justly desires. To end so great a war, in which the triumph has been so prodigious, by destroying the obvious means of future offense, and by disdaining the vulgar spoils of conquest, is all that is necessary to crown the work of Germany, and to give her a greater glory than any nation warring with another has ever reached. But to the argument that the demolition of the fortresses is a sufficient guarantee, Count BISMARCK virtually replies that it is sentimental, not substantial. "Whatever the settlement may be," he virtually says, "France will hate us more than ever. Her total prostration, the exposure of her hollowness, the ruin of her military prestige, our successive and incessant victories upon her soil, make her a more deadly foe than before. If the war leaves France utterly exhausted, we may demolish the fortresses; but we can not demolish the hostility that will build others, and make France a camp ready for the day of reckoning. Another war must come, and we have fairly won the offensive advantages which France has always turned against us, and we can not reasonably decline to use them. This alone will give us full security."

Germany is the judge of the situation, and this is her judgment. We see no present reason to doubt that Europe will acquiesce. To say that the terms are hard is to say what is always said of the victor, and to complain that it is a monarchy oppressing a republic is to forget that thus far the republic is a mere *coup d'état*.

A FEW REMINISCENCES.

MR. AUGUST BELMONT was president of the Tammany ratification meeting in New York, and in his opening address announced that the country was tired of radical misrule, and wanted a Democratic Administration; and presently the banner appeared, "JOHN T. HOFFMAN for Governor, 1870; for President, 1872."

Mr. AUGUST BELMONT was chairman of the Democratic National Committee in 1864, and fully represented the spirit of his party. In his house, as was publicly announced at the time, an English nobleman wore a secession badge unrebuked by the host, who was very angry with a young Union officer who resented the insult to his country. While he was still the official leader of the Democratic party, Lord LYONS, the English minister, wrote to his Government: "Several of the leaders of the Democratic party sought interviews with me..... The subject uppermost in their minds, while they were speaking to me, was naturally that of foreign mediation between the North and the South. If their own party were in power, or virtually controlled the Administration, they would rather, if possible, obtain an armistice without the aid of foreign Governments, but they would be disposed to accept an offer of mediation if it appeared to be the only means of putting a stop to hostilities."

The Democrats say that they prefer not to talk about the past. Of course not. The last thing that a Democrat should wish to tell or to hear is the story of his party. But it is not so very long past; and the moral of political reminiscence just now is, that the Democratic party is led by the same chiefs, and is inspired by the same spirit, as during the war, while it refuses to acquiesce in reconstruction, or to acknowledge the validity of the amendments. Mr. BELMONT says now that the country is tired of radical misrule. The Chicago Convention, which, as national chairman, he called to order, said the same thing in 1864. It said that it was "the sense of the American people" that the war was a failure, that the Constitution had been disregarded in every part, that public liberty and private right had alike been trodden down, and that justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demanded a cessation of the war.

Mr. BELMONT and his party had no comprehension whatever of the loyal spirit and purpose of the American people then, because they were merely a political organization to secure the ascendency of the slavery aristocracy. They have no comprehension of the spirit and purpose of the same people now. They do not understand that the autumn elections, upon which Mr. BELMONT congratulates his friends, show that the Republican party will still control the Government, and that the country is not yet ready to trust those who would have betrayed it only six years ago.

Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR wisely confined his efforts to a treatise upon the Erie Canal, while Mr. S. S. COX, whom the *Evening Post* commends as a candidate for Congress, did not remind his audience that he said in Chicago, in 1864, according to a report of his speech, which we have not known him to question, "LINCOLN and DAVIS ought to be brought to the same block together."

The people, as appears from the elections thus far, do not think that the height of practical wisdom in politics is to shut your eyes and to refuse to remember.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE American Social Science Association, which a year ago held a meeting in New York, met this year in Philadelphia, and several valuable papers were laid before it. Electoral Reform, the Civil Service Reform, Minority Representation in Europe, the Annexation of Canada, the Relations of Business Men to National Legislation, were the titles of some of the papers; and the subjects, with the writers, show that the attention of the association is earnestly directed, among its other objects, to practical measures of political progress in the improvement of political methods. The objection that it is an association of theorists and speculators, who consider every thing but human nature and the facts of the case, is one of those easy, flippant objections always urged by the thoughtless against the thoughtful, and is an expression of a very general infidelity in regard to the great laws which govern political action and development. Indeed, one of the chief purposes of the association for some time must be to show that there is such a thing as social science, or a possibility of knowing the laws which regulate human society.

This happy-go-lucky view of society, which laughs at political economy, and sneers at intelligence and thought and common-sense as what it pleasantly calls impracticable, is a very popular view. But it is none the less absurd. It is the source of the opinion that any body is good enough for a legislator or a civil officer, and that to try to manage the ordinary business of the country as ordinary successful business is managed elsewhere is mere pedantry and dreaming. But intelligent thought upon any subject is never a disadvantage. To collect facts, to compare results, to draw conclusions, is, perhaps, as practical a method of treating important questions as to empty the mind and guess. Yet upon the great points of political science we are in this country chiefly students of foreigners, when we are students at all. Political science, since the earliest days of our history as a nation, has been scarcely studied. We have had a theory that popular government is a very simple affair, which mainly "runs itself," and we have cultivated a horror or contempt of political thinkers, as if they were necessarily visionary. It is, indeed, lucky if education itself is not regarded as "aristocratic."

Now one of the very first services of the Social Science Association is to show that ignorance and prejudice and routine are not the necessary conditions of public improvement, and that as thought helps invention, machinery, and trade, so it helps political progress. The association enables men who have made special studies of particular subjects to present the results of the inquiries which few of the rest of us have the time or the taste to make. For instance, it occurs to a thoughtful man that the rule of the majority may often be very unjust, and hostile to the real popular principle. But the universal tradition is that the majority must govern, however coarse a method it may be, and sometimes palpably disastrous. Our thinker admits that the majority must govern, but he asks whether it follows that the minority must be silenced. From this he proceeds to show in the plainest and most practical manner how the minority may be represented while the majority governs. Thus one of the most vital requirements of good government is satisfied, and the "theorist," the "speculator," the "visionary," has done what no statesman was wise enough to do.

Indeed, if the Social Science Association should do nothing more than stimulate thought upon similar political problems, it would be a unique and most serviceable society. As it is, its volumes of transactions are quite indispensable to those who would know the best American thought upon several most pressing topics of public concern.

INTERNATIONAL RIGHT AND LOCAL LAW.

THE latest contributions to the literature of the *Alabama* question are the letter of Mr. JOHN A. PARKER, the President of the Great Western Insurance Company, addressed to ex-Senator FRELINGHUYSEN, and an article by President WOOLSEY, of Yale College, in the *North*

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American Review for October, of which Mr. MOUNTAGUE BERNARD's book upon the neutrality of Great Britain is the text. Mr. PARKER's letter states that the British Government is ready to pay all American citizens who suffered loss by the *Alabama*, but that Lord CLARENDON, who was consulted, said that perhaps this very payment might be considered by our Government another British offense; and the letter accuses the United States Government of legal and diplomatic error in the conduct of the negotiation. But Mr. PARKER himself falls into an extraordinary error when he supposes that a private citizen can complain of a sovereign power for a violation of international law. The offense of Great Britain was against the United States by a breach of the law of nations. Great Britain is, therefore, responsible to the United States, which seeks not only reparation for the particular offense, but a guarantee against its repetition. The REVERDY JOHNSON treaty was repudiated by public opinion in this country because it regarded the *Alabama* question as one of damages merely, while it was even more conspicuously a question of guarantees. The vital point of the controversy would be left untouched if the United States should consent to the private settlement of claims.

Great Britain pleads that we can not go behind local state law to enforce international obligation. We claim that international duty is independent of state law. This is the substance of the controversy; and the question of special damages is quite subordinate. If Great Britain should pay all the damages claimed, nothing would be settled except those claims. Or if Great Britain should insist that she observed strictly her own law, and declined to pay, and we admitted that she *had* observed it, the inquiry would still remain whether our rights under international law are subject to the local legislation of any country. How if there were no law at all? Are international obligations thereby suspended? The action of Great Britain in modifying the local law of neutrality at the instance of Prussia, to secure international rights more fully, is a confession that the local law should be adequate to that protection, and that during our war it was not adequate. And before this, in 1868, as President WOOLSEY reminds us, a Parliamentary Commission reported that the stringency of the British local law should be increased. These are facts that point to a possible good understanding upon the essential point, and the satisfactory settlement of claims will, of course, follow.

When Mr. PARKER accuses the Government of delaying the settlement for political reasons, and indicates very distinctly his own political sympathies by saying, "It is known that the Government is holding these claims in abeyance for purposes of its own—to accomplish objects of personal and political ambition and popularity," he also reveals a similar ignorance of the essence of the controversy. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's opinion, which he mentions, that England would probably pay a portion of the claims if properly represented, is an opinion which needs the corroboration of any direct or indirect approval of any member of the British Government, or of any informed Englishman; while the remark of Lord CLARENDON to "our friend" was merely a question which could not be answered except by the Government of the United States, and was, if it could be considered any thing more than a polite diplomatic evasion, a reference of the whole matter to what Lord CLARENDON knew, whatever "our friend" might have known, to be the only principal in the case.

The wisdom of a certain delay in pressing the negotiation has certainly been vindicated by the event. There is much greater general knowledge of the facts; there is consequently a much more reasonable feeling upon both sides; and the probability of a pacific solution of the difficulty, both by payment of damages and ample security against similar occurrences, is greater than it could possibly have been had we peremptorily demanded a settlement in the height of exasperation which followed the war and the REVERDY JOHNSON treaty.

"STATE'S EVIDENCE" AGAINST TAMMANY.

IN the last session of the New York Legislature Mr. THOMAS J. CREAMER was a Senator from the city of New York. He was then very strongly opposed to the government of the city by the Tammany Ring, and in a speech in the Senate Mr. CREAMER, according to a careful report in the New York *World*, made the following remarks:

"I trust that all other legislation will in a manner cease until laws are passed that will protect the purity of the ballot-box, and give the people of New York in fact what they have now only in name—a republican form of government. Sir, what a farce it is for us to sit here creating corporations and charters, and passing bills day after day to perfect the various departments of our government, when the very foundation-stone of a republican government is rotten to the core! What a farce it is for us to sit here and legislate, as representatives in a republican government, when the election system upon which such a government rests has been undermined, and is as corrupt as hell!"

This is testimony which, like that of the editor of the New York *World* to the same effect, will not be suspected of Republican origin. The fact that since his speech in the Senate Mr. CREAMER has been taken into favor by Tammany Hall, and is silent, does not affect the truth of his statement. The movement of the "Young Democracy" last spring had this public advantage at least, that it produced an immense amount of "state's evidence" of the utter corruption of Tammany Hall.

NOTES.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of Massachusetts, who went over from the Republican to the Democratic party in company with Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON and Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, seeking, with those worthy men, political purity and peace, has recently made a speech about his old friends and party. In the fury of his onslaught he even surpasses Mr. PHILLIPS. To use a phrase irresistibly suggested by the amusing recklessness of his speech, he "sloshes round generally," and his hearers must have suspected that they beheld the original "old Joe kicking up ahind and afore." There are few follies, outrages, and crimes of which, in his opinion, the infamous Republican party is not guilty. So Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, for his part, has come out of Sodom. Flying from what he calls "the great, original, and supreme outrage—reconstruction," and seeking a government which will not "dandle" nor oppress the people with taxes, he joins himself to Mr. TWEED. Sighing for an honest regard for the right of the people to manage their own investments, he turns with relief to Mr. TWEED's Mr. HOFFMAN. Looking for honor in politics he cleaves to the Honorable FERNANDO WOOD and Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun. Pining for official dignity and self-respect, he embraces Mr. A. OAKEY HALL in green clothes. Loathing corruption, by which he says the Republican party lives, moves, and has its being, he turns with satisfaction to Tammany Hall. Indeed, it is an immense relief to the disgusted soul of Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS to find Paradise close by this reeking, bottomless pit of Republicanism from which he has providentially emerged, and to know that the other name of purity, principle, progress, intelligence, and honesty is the Democratic party. Mr. TWEED probably feels the sneer which TALLEYRAND expressed, "*Surtout, mon ami, point de zèle!*"

THE "Capital Convention" has not made a profound impression. The chief points of interest seem to have been a letter of Mr. GREELEY's, which was read, and one of Mr. FORNEY's, which was not. Indeed, the main business of the Convention was the debate upon the reading of the latter. It adjourned upon the first day before it reached a decision. The next day it resolved to read it, and then the letter could not be found. As Mr. GREELEY advised the removal of the capital to New York, so Mr. FORNEY probably recommended Philadelphia as its proper seat. Certainly he would have had tradition in his favor. The Convention wisely did no more than appoint an Executive Committee "to take charge of the whole subject," and then adjourned *sine die*. It has had, however, the good effect of showing that there is really very little feeling upon the subject in the country. Nor can any good reason be suggested, at a time when the facilities of travel so rapidly increase, for the enormous waste of the public money that must attend the desertion of the present government buildings and the erection of new. Economy, upon which the mind of the country is so properly bent, demands at least the delay of such expenses until their occasion is justified.

THE little telegram that on the 26th of October General VON MOLTKE celebrated his seventieth birthday at Versailles recalls the fact that few great soldiers have made their fame at so advanced an age as he. It is only within a very few years that he has been recognized as the greatest of living generals. In older history ALEXANDER THE GREAT had conquered the world when he was thirty-two. At twenty-five HANNIBAL was commander-in-chief of the Carthaginian armies. At thirty-three TURENNE was Marshal of France. At twenty-seven BONAPARTE was triumphant in Italy. At thirty-three FREDERICK THE GREAT was acknowledged as the first soldier of his time. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS defeated TILLY, his greatest opponent, at thirty-seven. Before he was twenty ALEXANDER FARNESE, Prince of Parma, was a famous soldier. At twenty-one DON JOHN, of Austria, was commander-in-chief. At forty-five WELLINGTON had conquered BONAPARTE. In our own day and country, on his forty-fifth birthday, SHERMAN was marching to the sea; and before he was forty-three GRANT had fought it out on that line to victory. At the same age WASHINGTON was commander-in-chief. But VON MOLTKE is not only remarkable for conducting the most imposing and effective series of military operations at so ripe an age, but for doing it as a student, and what NAPOLEON would have contemptuously called a pedant. He must unquestionably rank among the generals of the very greatest military genius.

WE recently mentioned with regret the arrest and imprisonment of Dr. JACOBY, the German republican leader. It was a stupid blunder, because it could not fail to alienate the very sentiment which Germany has so wisely and steadily propitiated. We are therefore very glad to know that the German Government has not only ordered the release of JACOBY, but has sharply censured General VON FALKENSTEIN for his repression of free speech at public meetings. It is certainly powerful enough to tolerate any expression of opposition, and any criticism of its policy. The German Government is rigorously monarchical; but unlike the old description of Russia, that it was a despotism tempered by assassination, Prussia is a despotism tempered by intelligence and sagacity. The monarchy will undoubtedly be stronger for the truly wonderful triumphs of Germany in the war; but also the national feeling and the confidence in German unity will be confirmed. With immense sagacity the German monarchy conforms to the spirit of the age, and it is in this that the superior genius of BISMARCK is apparent. Under the statesman BISMARCK and the soldier MOLTKE Germany reaches a greater glory than ever before.

THE war in France has so entirely occupied public attention that the nomination of the Duke of Aosta to the Spanish crown, and his acceptance, have been hardly observed. The Duke is the second son of the King of Italy. He is twenty-five years old, and is Vice-Admiral of the Italian navy. That his elevation to the throne is agreeable to the Prussian Government there can be little question, and it cements the good understanding of the Italian and Prussian crowns. But that, which was formerly the chief consideration, is now quite subordinate to that of the satisfaction of the people. Probably the Germans have no other interest than that upon such a point the Spaniards should be satisfied. And if, as seems to be likely, the Spaniards prefer a monarchical system, they probably expect to look out of the country for a king, and the Italian prince may be as agreeable as any other. But the whole tendency of European politics is unmistakable, and nothing but convenience now hedges a king.

THERE must be great comfort to many readers in prodigious head-lines in newspapers, or they would not be used. Thus in the American advocate of LOUIS NAPOLEON's empire we read one day in the tallest capitals "France Firm." The next day, in the same place and type, we have "The Fall of Metz." Or we read with interest, "BOURBAKI saves Amiens;" and hastening through the telegrams to find the details, we discover that it is announced from Tours—whence the same advocate gave us the detailed story of the triumphant escape of BAZAINE from Metz—that "the Government here considers that his [BOURBAKI's] march to the assistance of Amiens saved that city from attack and bombardment." Nothing could be more ridiculous than the publication of such stuff, except the emphatic head-lining of it as important news. Indeed, the question must soon be entertained whether there are any French people or Government, while the thought of the suffering of the country is appalling, and its future so gloomy as to be incalculable.

THE Pope has formally suspended the session of the Œcumenical Council, alleging that there has been a sacrilegious invasion of the territory of the Church, which might prevent its freedom of action. But the Italian Government promptly replied that there was no reason whatever for such a suspicion, and that there is no obstacle to the meeting and free action of the Council. The profane might suggest that, as Papa PIO has obtained the great object for which he convoked the assembly—namely, the declaration of infallibility—he is perfectly willing to make capital by prohibiting its further deliberations under the pretense of apprehended interference from the new Government.

THE publication of Secretary COX's letter of resignation settles the question that he retires because of the reasons which we have already stated. "Our active political managers" interfered so grossly with the efficiency of the department that they or the Secretary must withdraw; and comprehending that under the circumstances, arising from a vicious system, for the present impregnably established, other and more immediately important purposes might be promoted by his resignation, he resigned. Secretary COX left to the decision of the President the question whether the Administration could safely provoke the hostility of "our active political managers," and the President decided that it could not. Probably the decision was correct. Under the practice of every party, and the imperative political traditions of nearly half a century, the attempt to free the country of the incubus of patronage would have left the Administration powerless. But the fact should only the more plainly show us that the present system is one which costs us the services of the best men, and sinks us deeper and deeper in corruption.

SENATOR CONKLING has written to Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS in regard to the offensive remarks upon the Constitution which Mr. ADAMS attributed to a distinguished "radical Senator," and which were published in the New York *World* as Mr. CONKLING's. The Senator states that he never made the remarks, nor said any thing like them, which was, of course, understood by every body but the most vehement partisan opponents. The grave repetition of the story, which Mr. ADAMS had probably casually seen in a newspaper, without the least evidence of its authenticity, is another illustration of the utter recklessness with which that gentleman conducts his campaign. But Mr. ADAMS ought to reflect that, as no possible caricature or misrepresentation of his opponents can procure his election, temperate truth-telling would be of much greater service to him hereafter.

MESSRS. J. B. FORD & CO. publish "A Library of Poetry and Song, being choice Selections from the best Poets: with an Introduction by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT." It is a large and well-printed book of double columns, illustrated with an admirable portrait of Mr. BRYANT, with three or four wood-engravings, and fac-similes of the writing of many noted poets. It contains more than fifteen hundred selections from more than four hundred authors, and has one-fifth more matter, the publishers say, than any similar collection. Mr. Bryant is not the compiler of the work, but every poem has been subjected to his revision, and he has added or excluded at his pleasure. His introduction is a brief and pleasant sketch of the progress of English poetry, and his judgments will be accepted as admirable. In its general character and arrangement the "Library" is like Mr. DANA's "Household Book of Poetry," certainly one of the best selections ever made. This traverses substantially the same field and gathers very many of the same flowers, as is unavoidable. Like that, also, it is a delightful companion, or a storehouse of sweets.

MR. THOMAS NAST, who is undeniably the foremost caricaturist of the day, has lately employed his talents in illustrating a humorous almanac for 1871. He has wisely avoided the field of politics in these illustrations, and aimed only to amuse. Among the best of the cuts are "The Landing of Columbus," "The Death of Queen Elizabeth," and "The Landing of the Pilgrims." The reader will be amused to trace in the faces of the latter the well-known lineaments of some of the living statesmen of Massachusetts.

NUMBER 47 of *Harper's Bazar*, for November 19, will be issued with a very interesting and valuable mammoth Supplement, containing twenty-five full-sized patterns of winter wrappings and bonnets, superbly illustrated and carefully described, besides a very choice variety of literary matter and fine-art illustrations.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN FRANCE.

ON the 27th of October the grand army of Marshal Bazaine, at Metz, comprising three Marshals of France, 66 generals, 6000 officers, and 173,000 troops, capitulated to the Prussian forces on the conditions of the surrender of M'Mahon's army at Sedan. The news excited the utmost consternation throughout France, and Marshal Bazaine was openly and vehemently accused of treachery. According to the statement of the Prussian General Von Zastrow, who held the woods of Vaux on the morning of August 19 (after the battle of Gravelotte), Bazaine could have avoided being inclosed in Metz. After he was thus inclosed he could have, according to citizens of Metz, made a sortie and joined M'Mahon more easily by far than M'Mahon could reach him. After most of Bazaine's cavalry and artillery horses had been eaten this proceeding was, of course, more difficult; still his movements are said to have lacked determination, and in the last two sorties to have been even frivolous. This is charged to a plot in behalf of the Regency, by which this army was to try to remain in *statu quo* until the conclusion of the war in Western France, and then was to become available, with Prussian consent, for Bonapartist purposes. Bazaine himself expected in that case to be the governor of the Prince Imperial, and the virtual regent.

Toward the end of the siege, Bazaine dared not show himself to his own men for fear of assassination, and the terribly relaxed discipline is assuredly the cause of the hasty capitulation, when a week's rations for all were on hand. On the morning of October 29 five soldiers lay dead of starvation at Montigny, while the staff still indulged in luxurious meals. Four days' rations were given to the entire army that morning (29th), but for two days previous they had received none. No beef nor pork had been obtainable at any price for a week; but on that morning, before any thing had arrived in town, the shops had plenty thereof, which goes to prove the charges current in the town that speculators had seized and concealed a quantity of food, and that a rational system of apportionment, such as existed during the last ten days of the siege, if introduced at first, and combined with requisitions, would have prevented much waste, and enabled the fortress to hold out a month longer.

On the 30th ult. the Government Council at Tours issued a proclamation to the people, charging Bazaine with treachery, and calling upon them to "raise their spirits and resolution to the fearful height of the perils that have fallen upon the country."

The surrender of Metz seems to have produced a stagnation in French military circles, though Garibaldi is operating on a small scale in the east, and bands of French volunteers, calling themselves the "Wild-Boars of Ardennes," are tearing up railroad tracks and otherwise interfering with the German communications. They have thrown off the track three trains filled with troops near Launois. Many of the soldiers were killed or wounded.

A Berlin dispatch of October 30 says: The King telegraphs as follows to the Queen:

"VERSAILLES, *October* 29, 1870.

"The defeat of the two hostile armies which recently marched against us warrants me in conferring on our two commanders, Fritz and Frederick Charles, the batons of Field-Marshal—the first instances of such appointments in our family history. WILLIAM."

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Italian Foreign Office has issued a circular to the foreign representatives of Italy, denying the assertions made in the recent papal bull relating to the Œcumenical Council, and declaring that the government has no intention of interfering with the independence of the Church.

The great powers have assented to the candidature of the Duke of Aosta for the throne of Spain.

The official consent of Queen Victoria has been given to the intended marriage of one of her daughters with the Marquis of Lorne.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SENATOR MORTON has formally declined the mission to England, on the ground that the Indiana Legislature, being Democratic now, would elect a Democrat to succeed him in the United States Senate, to permit which would be an impropriety on his part in connection with the interests of the administration.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1870, the Post-office receipts from the sale of stamps were $16,581,000, $1,409,000 in excess of the previous year.

The United States steamers *Nipsic*, *Frolic*, and *Guard* have returned from the Canadian fishing-grounds, the fishing season having closed. The senior officer of the squadron reports that five American vessels were seized for fishing within the prohibited limits. At one time there were eleven British war vessels in the vicinity of the grounds, some to refit and receive supplies. Nothing of an unpleasant character occurred. The catch was less favorable than in former seasons.

The First National Bank of Grafton, Worcester County, Massachusetts, was entered on Tuesday night, October 25, by burglars, who, after gagging and handcuffing the watchman, robbed the bank of between $200,000 and $300,000 in treasure and valuables, $100,000 of which was in government bonds.

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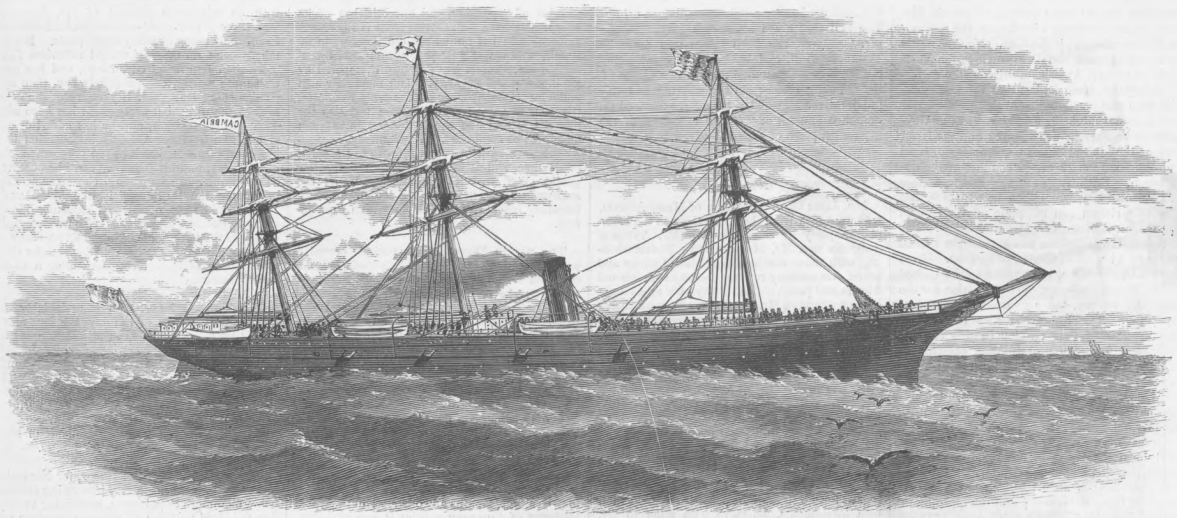
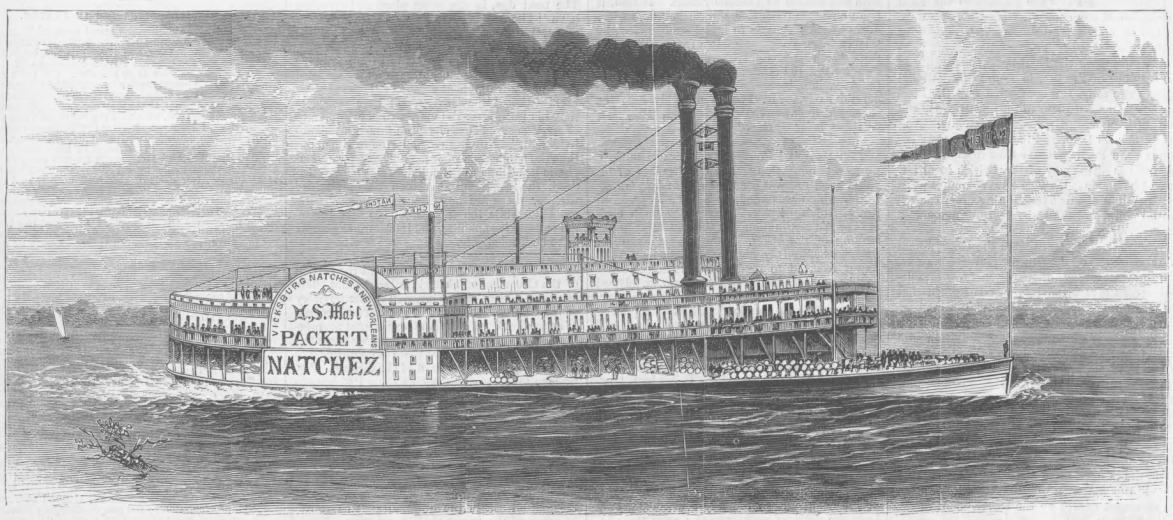


THE STEAMSHIP "CAMBRIA," WRECKED OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND OCTOBER 19.—[SEE PAGE 730.]

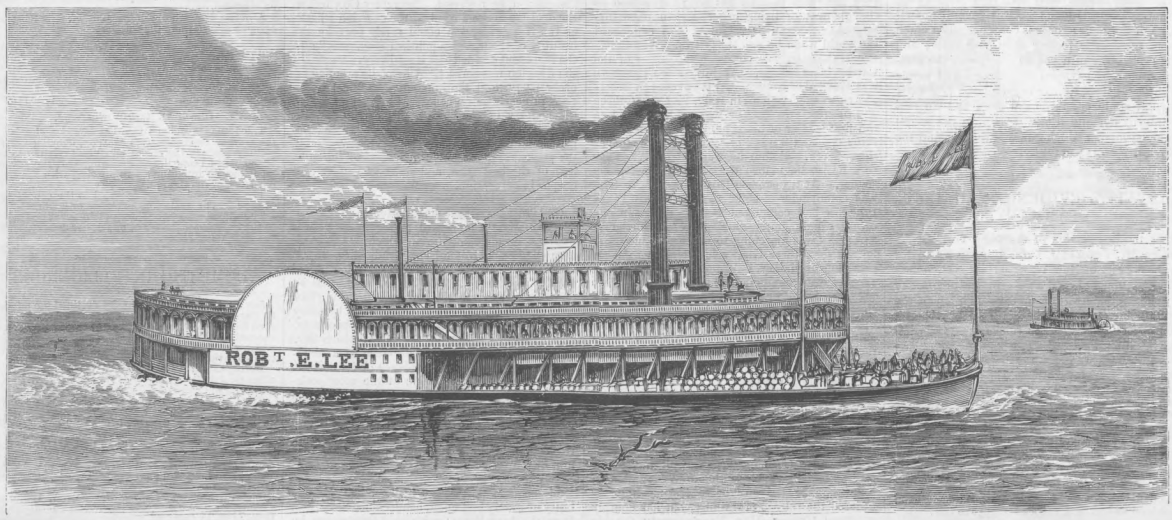
THE "NATCHEZ" AND "ROBERT E. LEE."

ON this page we give our readers accurate pictures of the champion steamboats of the Mississippi, the *Natchez* and the *Robert E. Lee*, engraved from photographs kindly furnished us by Mr. GEORGE ELLIS, of New Orleans. The interest excited by the great race between these boats, some months ago, has not yet died out, and even at New Orleans crowds of people are attracted to witness their departure and arrival, while the local papers give daily bulletins of the time they make from landing to landing. Their rivalry seems to have revived the old enthusiasm for racing, which years ago made the navigation of the Mississippi more dangerous than that of any other river in the world. A trip without an accident of some kind was considered a very tame affair; and a boat whose captain was so mean-spirited as to care more for the safety of his passengers and cargo than for winning a race, stood no chance in the competition for patronage.

Between the chimneys of the *Natchez* hangs the miniature representative of a cotton bale. The chimney-tops of the *Robert E. Lee* represent oak leaves. In finish, as well as strength of construction, these champion boats surpass all their rivals on the Mississippi. Thus far their competition has been pursued without accident; but no one would be surprised to hear any day that one or both of them had been blown to fragments.



THE MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT "NATCHEZ."



THE MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT "ROBERT E. LEE."

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VIEW OF THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE, NOW ERECTING IN THE CITY HALL PARK.—[SEE PAGE 727.]

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THE FIELDS ARE GRAY WITH IMMORTELLES.

THE sheep are sheltered in the fold,
The mists are marshaled on the hill,
The squirrel watches from his lair,
And every living thing is still:
The fields are gray with Immortelles!

The river, like a sluggish snake,
Creeps o'er the brown and bristly plain;
I hear the swinging of the pines
Betwixt the pauses of the rain
Down-dripping on the Immortelles!

And think of faces, slimy cold,
That flinch not under falling tears;
Meek-mouthed and heavy-lidded, and
With sleek hair put behind the ears,
And crowned with scentless Immortelles!

The partridge hath forgot her nest
Among the stubble by the rill;
In vain the lances of the frost
Seek for some tender thing to kill:
They can not hurt the Immortelles!

Sad empress of the stony fell!
Gray stoic of the blasted heath!
Dullest of flowers that ever bloomed,
And yet triumphant over death,
Oh, weird and winged Immortelle!

Lie lightly upon Nature's breast,
And cover up her altered face,
Lest we should shiver when we see
The brightness of its vernal grace
Grown grayer than the Immortelles!

The wind cries in the reedy marsh,
And wanders, sobbing, through the dell;
Poor, broken-hearted lover, he
For violets finds the Immortelle!
The Immortelle! The Immortelle!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendolline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SENTENCE.

RICHARD remained in the dock. The warder who had charge of him gave him the option of retiring, but he preferred to stay where he was till all was over. He had at last caught sight of his mother, straining her loving eyes toward him—with still some hope in them—from a distant corner of the gallery; and he kept his gaze fixed upon that spot. They had all the world against them now, these two, so clever, and yet so wholly unable to combat with inexorable fate. Harry's evidence, and especially the manner of it, had not needed Mr. Smoothbore's fiery scorn to turn all hearts against the accused. To the great mass of spectators it seemed as though Richard would have made the girl change places with himself, and become a vicarious sacrifice for his worthless self.

The majesty of the law having withdrawn itself, a hum of many voices filled the court-house; a munching of biscuits, a sipping of flasks. The silence of suspense no longer reigned. The struggle was virtually over, and the victim was only waiting his doom. It was hoped it would be a severe one. The spectators were pitiless, and had turned their thumbs toward their breasts. As to the verdict there was no doubt. Those who knew the character of the judge opined that this young gentleman would "get it hot," notwithstanding that this was his first offense. Odds were taken that he would have fourteen years. "At all events," said one of the small officials, in answer to eager inquiries, "more than he could do on his head." With this enigmatical reply of the oracle its astonished questioners were compelled to be content.

"Silence in the court—si-lence." The judge had returned. It was thought by some that it was in the prisoner's favor that the judge had lunched. They were mistaken, or perhaps a fatal economy had provided African sherry. His charge was scarcely less dead against the prisoner than had been Mr. Smoothbore's closing speech. As for the motive, upon which such stress had been laid by the counsel for the defense, that might be a plea for a recommendation to mercy, if the jury believed it, but it could not affect the question of the prisoner's guilt. That the stolen property had been found in the possession of the accused there was no sort of doubt. If the prisoner at the bar had not himself taken it out of the prosecutor's strong-box, who had?

Such was the form in which the case was left for the jury.

"It's U P," whispered Mr. Weasel behind his hand to Mr. Balais. Mr. Balais nodded indifferently; the case was over so far as he was concerned, and he was not going to employ significant action gratuitously. That would have been waste of power indeed at his age. The jury did not leave the box; they laid their heads together, like a hydra, and "deliberated" for half a minute; that is to say, the foreman whispered, "We can return but one verdict, I should say, gentlemen;" and the eleven answered, "But one."

"We find the prisoner guilty, your lordship."

His lordship nodded approval. "In my opinion, gentlemen, you could not have done otherwise. Hem!" Then that common phrase, "You could have heard a pin drop," might have been used with respect to that vast assemblage. That "hem!" was a very fatal sign with Mr. Justice Bantam, as the bar well knew.

"I'll take you six to five in sov's he gives him seven years," whispered one learned gentleman to another, without moving his lips.

"It seems to me you are rather fond of a good thing," returned the other, scornfully, but with a like precaution.

"Hem!" said the judge again. "Is there any one in court able to give any information concerning the antecedents of the prisoner?"

"We have no witnesses to character, my lud," said Mr. Balais, gravely; "we had hoped it would not have been necessary."

"There *is* a witness in court, please your ludship, a detective of the A division of metropolitan police, I believe," observed Mr. Smoothbore, "who knows something of the prisoner."

"Let him stand up," said the judge.

Here was an extra excitement—an additional attraction, which had not been advertised in the bills—and the public evinced their satisfaction accordingly by craning and crowding. Richard turned his heated eyes in the direction of this new enemy. He had no hope of seeing a friend. The individual in question was unknown to him. He was a tall, quiet-looking man, whose face might have been carved out of box-wood, it was so hard and serious, but for its keen eyes, which seemed to meet his own with a look of recognition.

"I know the prisoner at the bar; that is to say, I have seen him on a previous occasion, when he passed under the name of Chandos, and on other occasions, as I believe, under other names. From information received I attended a competitive examination, under the authority of government."

"Do you mean that you were employed by the government, or that the examination was a government one?" interrupted the judge.

"You'll hear something now," whispered Mr. Weasel to Mr. Balais, "by Jove!"

"Both, my lord," explained the witness. "It had come to the knowledge of the government that there had been several cases of personation in the competitive examinations recently instituted both for the military and civil services. Not only were young gentlemen, who had apparently passed with credit, found grossly ignorant of the subjects which they had previously been examined upon, but their physical appearance was sometimes such as would have seemed to have disqualified them: it appeared incredible that they should have passed the preliminary medical examination. One was hump-backed; another almost blind. It was understood that some systematized scheme of imposture, of mispersonation, was at work to produce these results, and I was instructed to inquire into it. I did so. I came to the conclusion that only one person was concerned in the matter—the prisoner at the bar. I had had my suspicions of him for some time. I had seen him on three separate occasions as a candidate at public examinations. His nomination was correct and genuine, but (as I have since discovered) it had been issued to another person. He succeeded in every instance in obtaining the appointments in question for his employers, who received them in due course, though they have, I believe, since been canceled. In the case of Chandos, a letter was written, by the supposed successful candidate, to the authorities of the government branch—the India Board—under which he was to serve, so grossly misspelled that the fraud was at once suspected. In this instance the guilt was brought home to the prisoner by the confession of the young man Chandos himself, who paid over to him a considerable sum of money for the service in question. But I am now in a position to prove that on several other occasions the prisoner has committed the same offense; and, in short, if he may be said to have a calling, it is that of personating, at competitive examinations, young gentlemen of small ability, who are thus enabled to secure situations and appointments which they could otherwise never obtain."

Mr. Justice Bantam had his prejudices, but he had a fair and honest mind.

"This is a most unlooked-for communication, Brother Balais," said he, doubtfully; "and it is not permitted you to cross-examine upon a point of character."

"I am sorry to say, my lud," returned Mr. Balais, after a hurried conversation with the little attorney, "that my client is not in a position to dispute the evidence just adduced. He prefers to throw himself upon the mercy of the court, on the ground—a very tenable one, I think—of his youth and," he was going to add "inexperience," but, under the circumstances, he thought it better not—"of his extreme youth, my lud; my unhappy client is barely eighteen years of age."

"Very good," said Mr. Justice Bantam, looking as if it could not be worse. "Hem! Prisoner at the bar: after a careful and fair trial, in which you have had the benefit of the best legal aid, you have been found *guilty* of the charge of which you are accused. In that verdict I cordially concur. The offense was a very serious one; but the endeavor which you have made to screen yourself, at the expense of that beautiful and innocent young girl, is, in my opinion, still more heinous and contemptible than the crime itself. Having made yourself master of her affections, you used your power to the utmost to effect her moral and social hurt. You would have had her perjure herself, and proclaim herself guilty of a crime she did not commit, in order that you might yourself escape justice. Nobody who heard her evidence—who saw her in yonder box—can doubt it. Still, as your counsel has just remarked, you are but a youth in years, and I looked about me in hopes to find some extenuating circumstances in your past career—some record of good—which might have justified me in inflicting on you a more lenient sentence than your offense had earned. I had no other purpose in asking whether any thing was known of your previous career. The reply to that question has astonished and shocked me, as it has shocked and astonished every right-thinking person in this court who heard it. We knew to what base purpose you had used the comeliness and youth and good address with which nature had endowed you; and now we have learned how evilly you have misused your talents—with what perverted ingenuity you have striven, at so early an age, to set at naught those precautions by which your country has lately endeavored to secure for itself efficient public servants."

"That's neat," whispered a learned friend to Mr. Balais, reverently shutting his eyes, as though in rapt admiration.

"Very," returned that gentleman. "He's bidding for the Lord Chief Justiceship."

"In the whole course of my legal experience, young man," continued the judge, "I have never seen a case which seems to me to call for more exemplary punishment than yours. The promise of your future is dark indeed—bad for yourself, and bad for that society which, though so fitted to adorn and benefit it, you have chosen to outrage. I will not, however, reproach you further; I will rather express a hope that when you return to the world after your long probation—and it will be as long as I am able to make it—you may be a wiser and better, as well as a much older man. The sentence of the court is, that you be kept in penal servitude for the space of twenty years."

CHAPTER XXXII.

BROODING.

NOT a syllable of the judge's exhortation was lost upon the prisoner at the bar. He listened to it as attentively as one who is waiting for the thunder listens to the muffled menace that precedes it, and the fall of each big drop of rain. When the words of doom smote upon his ear a solemn hush succeeded them; and then one piteous, agonized shriek, and a dull fall in the gallery above.

"This way," said a warder, sharply; and Richard was seized by the arm, and hurried through the trap-door, and down the stairs, by the way he had come. It seemed to him like descending into hell itself.

Twenty years' penal servitude! It was almost an eternity of torment! worse than death! and yet not so. He already beheld himself, at the end of his term of punishment, setting about the great work which alone was left him to do on earth—the accomplishment of his revenge. He had recognized his mother's voice in that agonized wail, and knew that her iron will had given way; that the weight of this unexpected calamity had deprived even her elastic and vigorous mind of consciousness—had crushed out of her, perhaps, even life itself. Better so, thought he, in his bitterness, if it had; there would then be not a single human creature left to soften, by her attachment, his heart toward his fellows—none to counsel moderation, mercy, prudence.

If the view taken by the judge had even been a correct one, as to "motive," Richard had been hardly dealt with, most severely sentenced; but in his own eyes he was an almost innocent man—the victim of an infamous conspiracy, in which she who was his nearest and dearest had treacherously joined. After flattering him with false hopes, she had deserted him at the eleventh hour, and in a manner even more atrocious than the desertion itself. He knew, of course, that it was mainly owing to her evidence, to which he had looked for his preservation, that his ruin had been so complete and overwhelming; but what he hated her worst for was for that smile she had bestowed upon him as she entered the witness-box, and which had bade him hope where no hope was. He could not be mistaken as to that. She had known that she was about to doom him by her silence to years of misery, and yet she had had the devilish cruelty to smile upon him, as she had often smiled, when they had sat, cheek to cheek, together! Since they had done so, he could never lift his hand against her (he felt that even now)—never strike her, slay her, nor even poison her; but he would have revenge upon her for all that. He would smite her, as she had smitten him, no matter how long the blow might be in falling: if her affections should be entwined in any human creatures, against them should his rage be directed; he would make her desolate, as she had rendered him: he would turn their love for her to hate, if it were possible, and, if not, he would destroy them. As for her father—as for that stone devil Trevethick—it choked him to think that nature herself might preserve him from his wrath, that the old man might die before his hour of expiation could arrive. But Solomon Coe would live to feel his vengeance. His hatred was at white heat now; what would it be after twenty years of unmerited torture? To think that this terrible punishment had befallen him through such contemptible agencies—through such dull brains and vulgar hands—was maddening; and yet he must needs feed upon that thought for twenty years, and keep his senses too, that at the end they might work out his purpose to the uttermost. There was plenty of time to plan and scheme and plot before him, and henceforth that should be his occupation. Revenge should be his latest thought and his earliest, and all night long he would dream of nothing else. His wrath against judge and jury, and the rest of them—though if he could have slain them all with a word he would have uttered it—was slight compared with the vehemence of his fury against those three at Gethin. Rage possessed him wholly, and, though without numbing him to the painful sense of his miserable doom, rendered him almost unconscious of what was going on about him.

When he found himself in his cell again he had no recollection of how he had got there; and the warder had to repeat his sharp command, "Put on these clothes," before he could get him to understand that he was to exchange his garments for the prison suit that lay before him. It was a small matter, but it brought home to him the reality of his situation more than any thing that had yet occurred. With the deprivation of his clothes he seemed to be deprived of his individuality, and, in adopting that shameful dress, to become an atom in a congeries of outcasts. From henceforth he was not even to bear a name, but must become a number—a unit of that great sum of scoundrels which the world was so willing to forget. That he was to suffer under a system which had authority and right for its basis made his case no less intolerable to him; he felt like one suddenly seized and sold into slavery. That his master and tyrant was called the Law was no mitigation of his calamity; nay, it was an aggravation, since he could not cut its throat.

"It is no use, young fellow," said the warder, coolly, as Richard looked at him like some hunted beast at bay. "If you was to kill me and a dozen more it would do you not a morsel of good; the law has got you tight, and it's better to be quiet."

Richard uttered a low moan, more woeful than any cry of physical anguish. It touched his jailer, used as he was to the contemplation of human misery. "Look here," said he; "you keep up a good heart, and get as many *V G*'s as you can. Then you'll get out on ticket-of-leave in fifteen years: it ain't as if you were a lifer."

He meant it for consolation; but this unvarnished statement of the *very best* that could by possibility befall poor Richard, seemed only to deepen his despondency.

"Why, when you've done it," pursued the warder, "you'll be quite a young man still—younger than I am. There's Balfour, now; he's got some call to be down in the mouth, for he'll get it as hot as you, and he's an old un, yet he's cheery enough up yonder"—and he jerked his head in the direction of the court-house—"you may take your 'davey he is. You get *V G*'s."

"What are those?" said Richard, wearily.

"Why, the best marks that can be got; and remember that every one of 'em goes to shorten your time. You must be handier with your room, to begin with. You might be reported by some officers for the way in which that hammock is folded, and then away go your marks at once; and you must learn to sweep your room out cleaner. We couldn't stand *that* in one of our regulars, you know;" and he pointed to some specks of dust upon the shining floor. "As for the oakum pickings which will be set you to-morrow, I'll show you the great secret of that art. Your fingers will suffer a bit at first, no doubt, but you'll be a clever one at it before long. Only buckle to, and keep a civil tongue in your head, young fellow, and you'll do."

"Thank you," said Richard, mechanically.

"If you'll take my advice, you'll set about something at once; sweepin', or polishin', or readin' your Bible. Don't brood. But you will do as you like for this afternoon, since you won't begin regular business till to-morrow."

The warder looked keenly round the cell, probably to make sure that it afforded no facilities for suicide; but the gas was not yet turned on, and if it had been, his prisoner was unaware that by blowing it out, and placing the jet in his mouth, more than one in a similar strait to his own has found escape from his prison woes forever.

"I'll bring you some supper presently," he added; and with a familiar nod, good-naturedly intended for encouragement, he slammed the iron door behind him.

That he should have become an object of pity and patronage to a man like this would in itself have wounded Richard to the quick had he not been devoured by far more biting cares, and even now it galled him. His twenty years might possibly, then, by extremity of good luck, be curtailed by five. By diligent execution of menial drudgery; by performing to some overlooker's satisfaction his daily toil; by careful obedience and subservience to these Jacks in office, themselves but servants, and yet whose malice or ill-humor might cause them to report him for the most trifling faults, or for none at all, and thereby destroy even *this* hope—he might be a free man in fifteen years! He would, even then, he was told, be still a young man. But that he would never be young again Richard was well aware. Within these last three weeks—nay, within that last hour, he had already lived a life, and one that had aged him beyond the power of years. High spirits, pleasure, hopefulness, love, and all the attributes of youth, were dead within him for evermore. For the future he was only to be strong and vigorous in a will that could not have its way for fifteen years at earliest.

Through the grating of his narrow window a few rays of the setting sun were streaming in, and fell upon the bare brown wall behind him. What a flood of glory they were pouring on the woods of Crompton, now in their autumn splendor—on the cliffs at Gethin—on the copse that hid the Wishing Well—on the tower where he had first clasped Harry in his arms! He saw them all, and the sunset hues upon them became suddenly blood-red. He was once more at Gethin, and in imagination taking his revenge upon old Trevethick, and for the moment he was almost happy. "Pity on his gray hairs?" No, not he—though the gallows loomed before him, though hell yawned for him, he would slake his thirst in the life-blood of that perjured villain; and as for her, he would drag her by the hair to look upon her father's corpse. Where was she? Ah, with Solomon upon the castled rock; and see! she had pushed him from the edge, and there he hung exactly as he himself

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had hung when Harry had preserved him! How long would a man hold on like that, even a strong man like Coe, on such a narrow ledge, with the gulls screaming about him? Not twenty years—no, nor fifteen!

The clatter of the trap in the door of his cell, as it fell in and formed a table, awoke him from this gloating dream. "Supper," said the warder, looking in at him through this orifice. "What! you're still brooding, are you?—that's bad;" then marched on to the next cell.

Some gruel and bread stood upon this little improvised side-board. If they had been the greatest luxuries imaginable, he could not have swallowed a morsel. The sunlight had faded away; his dream of retribution was over; he seemed to be touching the utmost verge of human wretchedness. Was it possible to kill himself? His neckerchief had been taken away; but he had his braces. The gas-pipe was the only thing to which he could attach them, and it would never bear his weight. He had read somewhere of some poor wretch who had suffocated himself by turning his tongue inward. Had he determination enough for such a device as that? Plenty. His will was iron; he felt that; but it was set on something else than suicide—that afterward, or death or life of any kind, he cared not what; but in the first place, and above all things, Vengeance! In the mean time, there were twenty years in which to think upon it! Twenty years!

The bar dined with the judge that night at Cross Key, and talked, among other things, "shop."

"A curious case that of that young fellow, Yorke," said one. "I wonder whether he has been playing his game long with these competitive examinations? That Chandos must be a queer one, too—son of Lord Fitzbacou's, is he not?"

"I dare say," answered another, carelessly. "It is only vicariously that the juvenile aristocracy ever get an appointment in these days, having no wits of their own. This conviction will be a great blow to them."

"Very good, Sharpshins! but you'd better not let old Bantam hear you, for he dearly loves the Swells. By-the-by, what a pretty girl that witness for the defense was, who turned out to be for the prosecution, eh?"

"Yes, she upset her lover's coach for him nicely. Is it true, I wonder, that the little traitress is going to marry that dull, heavy fellow whom Smoothbore had such work to pump? Gad! if I had been she, I'd have stuck to the other."

"Yes; but kissing goes by favor. She marries him next week, I hear. Is there any thing of interest at Bodmin?"

"Nothing of interest to *me*, at all events. Smoothbore and Balais get all there is between them, confound them! I say, just pass that claret."

Not another word about Richard. The judge himself had forgotten him except as a case in his notes. The jury forgot him in a week. A murder of a shipwrecked sailor happened soon afterward on that coast, and became the talk of the country-side in his place. The world went on its way, and never missed him; the rank closed up where he had used to march, and left no gap.

Richard Yorke was out of the world.

THE NEW CITY POST-OFFICE.

THE new City Post-Office, of which we give an illustration on page 725, engraved from drawings furnished by the courtesy of Superintendent MULLIR, will be a large, substantial, and imposing edifice. It will occupy the south end of the City Hall Park, and will have equal and similar fronts on Broadway and Park Row, with its principal façade opposite the Park. The style is classical Italian Renaissance, with some modifications to harmonize it with the treatment of the roofs, which is French, as best suited to street architecture on a large scale. The exterior is of three Doric orders superposed, designed with increasing richness from the lower story to the main cornice. The building is substantially in form a trapezoid, its longer base crossing from Broadway to Park Row, and is planned with an open triangular court in the centre, along the main story. It includes a sub-basement, basement, three stories in the walls, and a roof story.

A wide drive-way, or street, reserved by the government on the Park side of the lot, serves as approach to that front, and secures the perfect isolation of the building, with perpetual access of light and air from that side as well as from the others, whatever changes may hereafter be made in the disposition of the adjoining ground. The principal entrances are at the southwest front, under the portico which gives access to the Post-office corridor, and by a broad double staircase to the upper stories, and at the northerly corner pavilions on Broadway and Park Row, where two great elliptical stairways lead again to the higher stories, but do not communicate with the ground-floor, being reserved for the use of the courts and their dependencies above.

Beside these are the lateral entrances to the Post-office corridor on Broadway and Park Row, and to the Post-office proper on these two sides and on the Park front.

The sub-basement, or cellar, and basement cover the whole area of the lot, being extended under the sidewalks, the central court, and the drive-way. The cellar will be used for the boilers, engines, and heating apparatus, and for the storage of coal and other bulky material. It receives light and air through large areas reserved from the inclosed space beneath the sidewalk. The basement and principal story are set apart for the use of the Post-office.

The principal story occupies the entire space of the building, including the interior court, which here is roofed with glass, and the walls of which, with all the interior partitions of the stories above, are in this story and the basement carried on iron columns, leaving the whole area of the Post-office room open to light, and free for use and communication. The corridor for the use of the public occupies the exterior belt of the ground-floor on the southwest front, and on Broadway and Park Row far enough to include the central pavilions, and is separated from the Post-office room by a box and delivery screen. This corridor is but half as high as the first story, and the space above it is occupied by a *mezzanine*, or half-story, which, being entirely open on the inside, forms a gallery encompassing the Post-office room on three sides. The high windows of the principal story, running through both corridor and *mezzanine*, give an uninterrupted communication of light and air to the interior, while the supply of light is increased by the whole breadth of the glass roof over the court.

The floor under this roof is also of glass, giving light to the basement, which is also lighted by means of illuminating tile in the sidewalks throughout the length of the curtains which join the pavilions.

In the upper stories corridors fourteen feet wide make the circuit of the whole building; from these corridors rooms open on either hand toward the streets and the inner court. The rooms over the principal entrance, and looking down Broadway, are reserved for the postmaster, and those of the deputy-postmaster and cashier are close at hand. The whole of the Park front is given to the United States Courts. There are three court-rooms, of which the two larger are continued up through two stories in height; adjoining them are special rooms for the judges, near which private stairs furnish the only access to the jury-rooms on the third story. The remainder of the second story is occupied by rooms for marshals, United States attorneys, clerks of the courts, record-rooms, and others for uses incident to the courts. Other United States officers are to be accommodated with rooms in the upper stories.

Owing to the ill-will of the city authorities, who place every possible obstruction in the way of the general government, work has been practically suspended on the building for the present, permission to use that portion of the park required for the accommodation of work-shops and other outbuildings having been retracted, and the work-shops cleared away. So far only the foundations have been completed. This was a work of great difficulty. The bed, which was to be excavated to a depth of more than thirty feet, was of loose sand, and the traffic of the adjoining streets was enormous. The trenches in which the retaining walls and pier foundations were to be laid were completely incased in sheet-piling, shored across with timber from side to side, under protection of which the excavation was carried on, and the masonry laid. The excavating was done mostly by night, the men working by magnesium light. The outer walls and those of the court, and the foundations of the ranges of interior columns, are based on granite, and massive beds of concrete. One hundred and fifty-nine iron columns in the basement, and 117 in the first story, support the walls and floors. The piers of the cellar are of granite or arcaded brick; the walls of granite lined with brick; the floors of brick and iron; the stairs of stone and iron; the chimneys of stone; the roof and its ornaments of iron, covered with slate and copper.

Four large low-pressure boilers will supply the steam for heating the building, ample arrangements having been made for heat and ventilation. The roofs of the corner pavilions rise 107 feet above the sidewalk. The foundation of concrete is laid 35 feet below the sidewalk; the cellar is a little more than seven feet in the clear, the basement 16 feet, the public corridor 14 feet, and the *mezzanine*, or gallery above, nearly the same. The outer circuit of the building will be over one-fifth of a mile.

THE ART OF POMPEII.

HERCULANEUM and Pompeii, although they have furnished many exquisite statues, can not be said to have enlarged our knowledge of the character and excellence of ancient sculpture. This being the art which endures through the material in which it works, war, nor time, nor natural convulsions, can not so thoroughly destroy its achievements that the future does not receive a tolerable legacy. These cities rather illustrate for us the richness of their age in noble works. They have given us the exquisite Narcissus, the dancing Faun, the Apollo, the portrait-statues of the Balbi, the Alexander, the Tiberius, and a host of minor works, all of which belong to schools and are treated in styles with which we are already familiar. They are enrichments, but not revelations. Michael Angelo understood the excellences of antique sculpture as well as any artist of our day.

The walls of Pompeii, however, give us, by almost a miracle, certain knowledge of an art which may be said to have been known to us only by tradition. From the perishable nature of painting, even in fresco, its most durable form, the world could never have hoped to possess a single specimen of the pictorial art of the Greeks and Romans, but for the singular chance (or design) by which they have been preserved. Let the reader imagine that not a single antique statue or bass-relief were known to us, and that—we will not say the Laocoon, and the Aristides, and the Venus of Milo, but—a hundred works of sculpture were suddenly exhumed! What wonder, what joy, what knowledge would thereby be given to the world! Pompeii has wrought this miracle for painting. What we previously knew was confined chiefly to those arabesque decorations of the Baths of Titus, which were the delight of Raphael (his only models, after Perugino and Masaccio), and to a few fragments of mutilated fresco, all rather illustrative of decorative art than painting. It had become a conventional idea with scholars that, in spite of Apelles and Zeuxis and Protogenes, the Greeks were very indifferent painters. Their coloring, it was surmised, was crude and flashy; they had no comprehension of perspective or foreshortening, and their drawing might be estimated by that upon the sepulchral vases and urns. To one who has been fed with these conjectures, which have been asserted so frequently and so positively that they are still generally believed, the walls of Pompeii will indeed be a revelation.

The value of the specimens already rescued is more than their artistic character. Not being portable, they were executed on the spot, and for the most part by local artists. Pompeii was but a third-rate city; it had nearly been destroyed by an earthquake, ten years previous to its entombment, and the most of its frescos must have been painted during that period of restoration. It can not be supposed that, when Rome was most luxurious, and the shores of the Mediterranean were covered with magnificent towns, artists of established fame could be spared for a place so unimportant as Pompeii. What we now possess can not, therefore, be considered as more than the ordinary art of the age; but it is none the less a basis of clear knowledge in regard to modes of painting, treatment of subjects, and skill in the various technicalities of the art. In this respect the mural paintings of Pompeii are as satisfactory as would be a collection of antique statues, which did not include the master-pieces, in regard to the character of the ancient sculpture. Having an average of manner and skill we can easily project upward as well as downward.

Many fine pictures must have been lost by the action of the weather since the first private dwellings of Pompeii were opened. Others have been greatly damaged by neglect, while, incredible as it may seem, some were wantonly destroyed, in former years, because it was difficult or expensive to detach them from the walls! At present every picture of value which is unearthed is carefully sawed from the walls, secured in a solid frame, and transported to the National Museum (formerly the *Museo Borbonico*) at Naples. It is singular that Pompeii itself should not only have given the hint, but also the method, of transferring and preserving frescos. In the Temple of Venus, adjoining the chief forum of the city, there is still a picture to be seen, in one of the chambers occupied by the priests—a fresco representing Bacchus pouring a goblet of wine over his panther, while he leans upon the shoulder of Silenus, who plays the lyre. A close inspection of this picture revealed the fact that it had been transferred from a former building, and was fastened in its place by iron clamps; and further, that in making the transfer, a space was left for the circulation of air at its back, in order to preserve it from possible injury from damp. The Pompeiian paintings are now arranged in the same manner on the walls of the Museum at Naples.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IN an Eastern city a cabinet-maker employed two Germans as porters to deliver his furniture. One morning he loaded his cart with a bureau, and gave directions where to have it left. "And, by-the-by," said he to one of them, handing him a shilling, "on your way back get a *pint o' pease*." They staid an unusual time, and when at length they did return, it was soon ascertained that they had enormous "bricks" in their hats. "Why, you German rascals," roared the angry boss, "you are both drunk!" "Yaw," said one of them; "you gift us ter shilling to puy a *pint apieee;* we trinkt him, and we are pote so trunk ash ter teuykens!"

Water is so scarce in Madison, Indiana, that the people don't think of using it as a beverage. It is even reported that the milkmen have been compelled to sell pure milk, as a matter of economy.

DRY DIET FOR THE RUSSIAN AUTOCRAT—Turkey without Greece.

During an examination a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification set in?" replied, "When you pop the question and are answered 'No.'"

Miss M——, a young heiress of considerable personal attractions, chanced to be seated at a dinner-party next to a gentleman remarkable in the fashionable circles for the brilliancy of his wit, and who had long made one in the train of her admirers. The conversation turning on the uncertainty of life, "I mean to *insure* mine," said the young lady, archly, "in the *Hope*." "In the hope of *what?*" said her admirer; "a *single life* is hardly worth insuring. I propose we should insure our lives together, and, if you have no objection, I should prefer *the Alliance!*"

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—The gas company's bill.

Mr. Quintin Dick, M. P., was once entertaining a party to dinner, when a loud knocking was suddenly heard at the door, and ere they could well conceive what it meant, Mr. D.'s footman entered, ushering in a rough-looking son of Neptune. Mr. Dick rose, imagining that he came with tidings from some friend in India. Jack then, with the coolest assurance in the world, stretched out his hand, and asked, "Is your name Quintin Dick?" "It is," replied Mr. D., "at your service." "Good! I'm glad of it; give us your hand, my old boy—for my name is Dick Quintin; and by the mast we'll have a drop of grog together!" roared the tar. The effect on the company may be easily imagined. Mr. Dick took it in good-humor, gave the man half-a-crown, and told the servant to take him to the kitchen and give him plenty to eat and drink.

An old lady of Connecticut, who lost her purse a short time since at New Haven, declared, on its being restored to her, that she would not attempt to interfere with the reward which was stored up in heaven for the finder, by offering him money.

FLOWERS THAT ARE ALWAYS FALLING OFF—Bachelors' Buttons.

A cute young wife says: "When I want a nice snug day all to myself, I tell George dear mother is coming, and then I see nothing of him until one in the morning."

"My dear," said good, unsuspicious Mrs. Howard, "I think Mary is in a decline." "In a what?" inquired the startled but unromantic husband. "A decline, my dear—in a decline. You were far too stern with her in regard to that little affair with Mr. Young. Girls' hearts, my dear, are not like those of great rough boys; they are fragile things, my love—very fragile. Now I have noticed that Mary acts very queer; she eats nothing but peaches or canned quinces, or something of that sort; and to-day, unobserved by her, I was watching her singular movements. A spasm of pain crossed her features; she stopped in her walk and sighed, my dear—sighed as if her heart was breaking," said the lady. "Sighed, did she, and groaned? Umph! Ain't you old enough yet to tell the difference between a breaking heart and a spell of the colic?"

YOUTH'S COMPANION—A pretty girl.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

Supposing the river Ganges to be three cubits in breadth (which it isn't), what is the average height of the Alps, stock being 91⅞?

If in autumn apples cost 4*d.* a pound in London, and potatoes a shilling a score in the spring, when will green gages be sold in Paris at 1¾*d.* each, Spanish oranges being at a discount of five per cent.?

If two men kill two brace of partridges in going up the right side of a rectangular turnip-field, how many would be killed by five men and a terrier pup in going down the other side?

If a milk-maid, four feet ten inches in height, while sitting on a three-legged stool, took four pints of milk out of every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what was the girl's age?

A fop, just returned from a Continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply; "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.—"Pat, where's your brother?" "Och, thin, me darlint, he's dead, Sir." "But how did he die?" "Why, Sir, you see, he fell off the scaffold one day when the praist was talkin' to him."

What is it that nobody wants, yet nobody likes to lose?—A lawsuit.

"IT'S LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD TURN ROUND."

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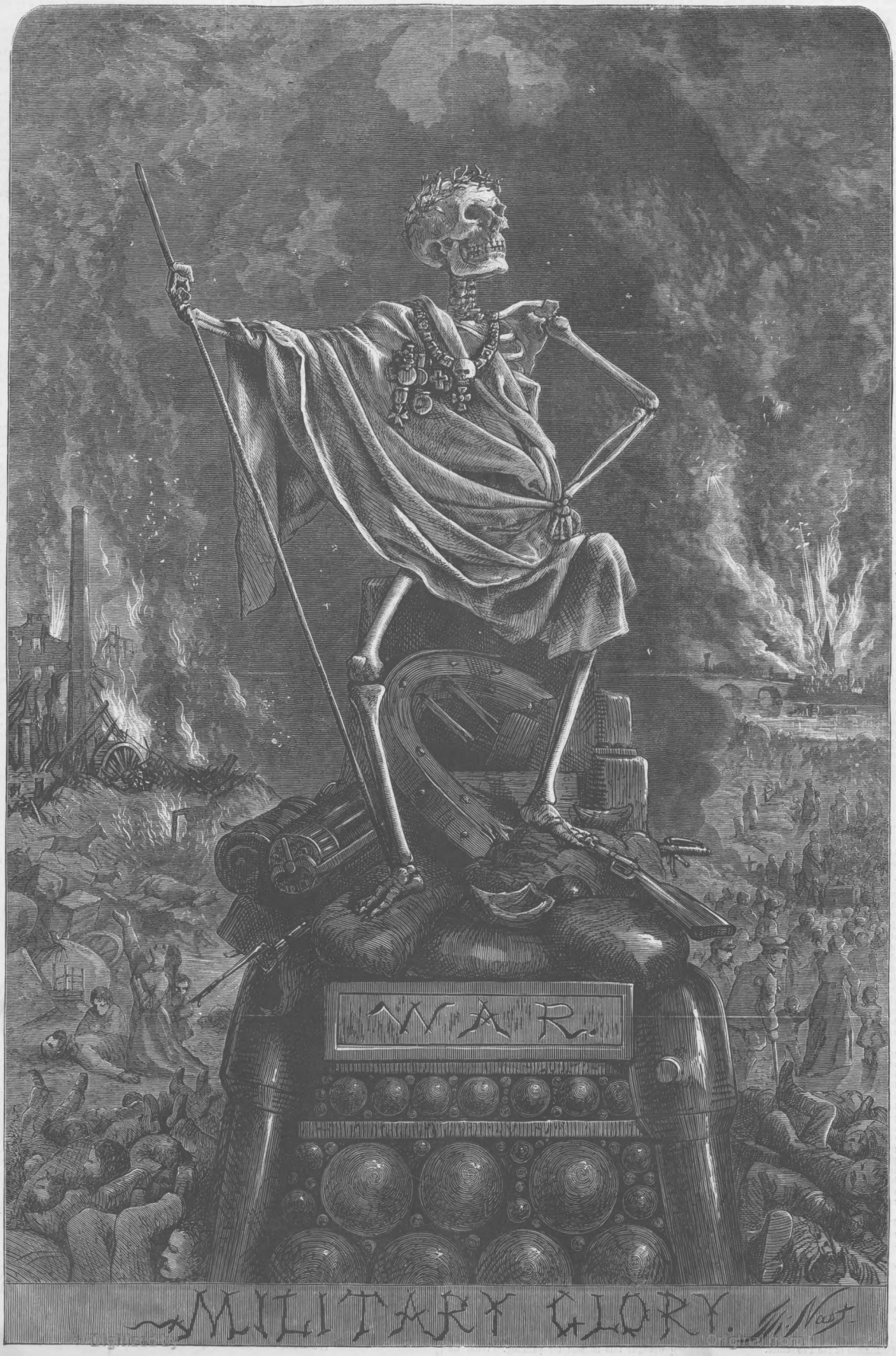

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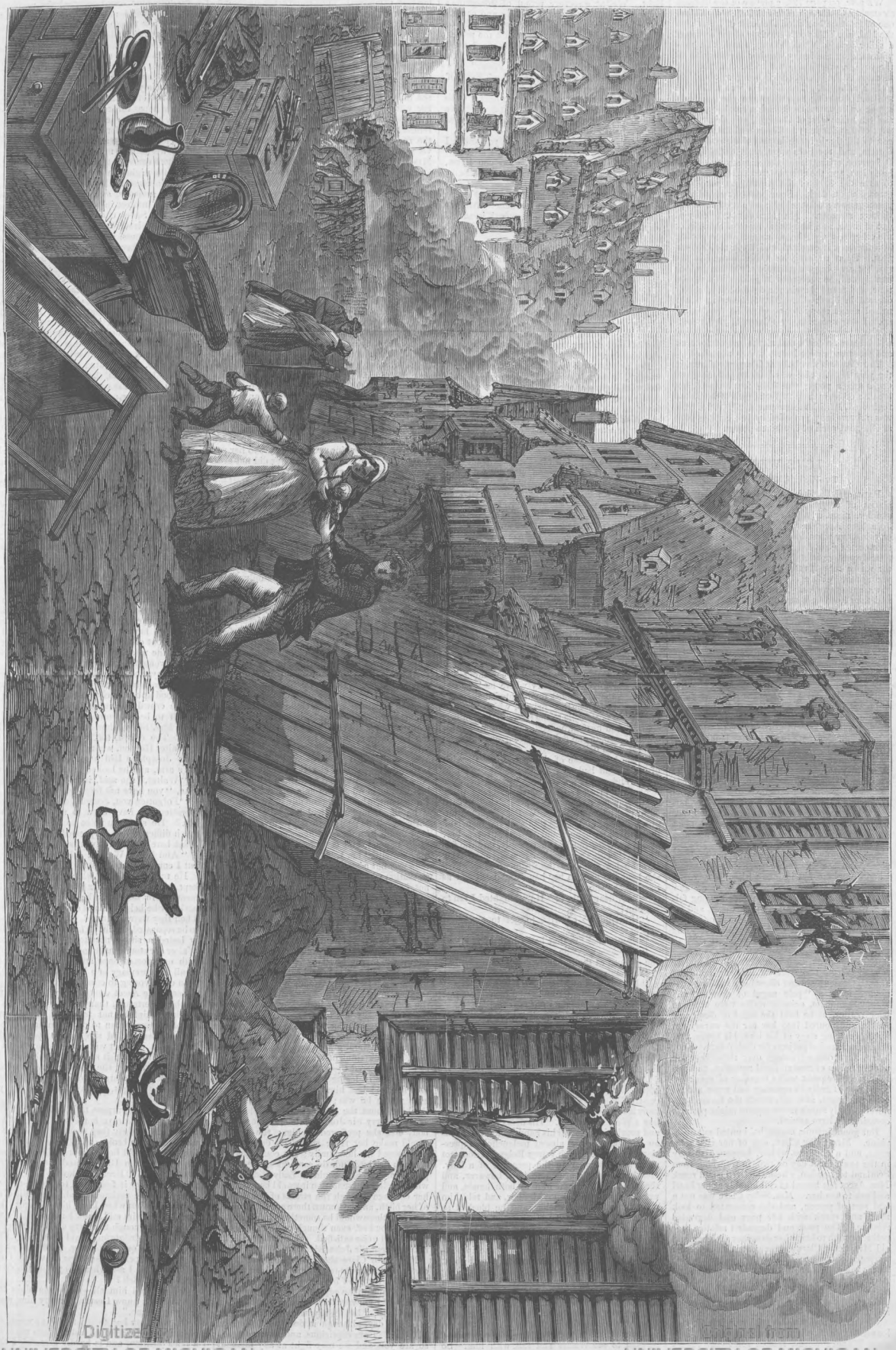

A STREET IN STRASBOURG DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.—[SEE PAGE 731.]

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THE "CAMBRIA."

WE give, on page 724, a picture of the ill-fated steamship *Cambria*, which was lost, with all but one of those on board, off the coast of Ireland on the 19th ult. The only survivor of the disaster, a sailor named M'GARTLAND, states that notwithstanding the heavy weather encountered on the voyage, every thing went well until the very moment of the wreck, which occurred about ten o'clock at night. The *Cambria* was under full sail and steaming rapidly, when she suddenly struck on Innistrahue Island, a small rocky island ten miles west of Donegal, and thirty miles west of Londonderry. The vessel instantly began to fill through the large holes stove in the bottom, and the fires were soon extinguished. It became evident that the steamer was hopelessly lost, and the efforts were therefore directed to save the lives of the passengers, who were massed upon deck. Four boats, crowded with passengers, were launched, and put off from the sinking steamer. Mr. M'GARTLAND entered one of these, and he saw no more of the ship or the other boats. Almost instantly upon getting into the boat it capsized, and he lost consciousness. Upon reviving he found himself in the sea, but grasping the gunwale of the boat, which had righted, he succeeded in getting in a second time, and found therein the dead body of a lady dressed in black silk. Mr. M'GARTLAND was tossed about many hours, when he was picked up. Later accounts, by telegraph, give details of the finding of fragments of the other boats, which leave no doubt that all the rest of the crew and passengers were lost.

The *Cambria* was built at Glasgow, of iron, in the year 1869. She was bark-rigged, had two decks and a poop; was 324½ feet long, 35 feet breadth of beam, and 22 feet depth of hold, and registered, British measurement, 2140 tons. She was a screw boat, propelled by two engines built at Glasgow, each of 750 horse-power.

LOVE WINS.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

PAUL and Virginia, in their palm groves and glades of tropic Arcadia, were not happier, simpler, more truthful and tender lovers than Josephine Ascot and Walter Hexton, up to a certain hour when Josephine met with a piece of unexpected good fortune. Josephine was an extremely pretty girl, tall, slender, and fair. Walter was a robust, rather angular and awkward young man, with a big broad brow, and heavy jaws, and gray eyes. They were near neighbors, and they lived in a small town in the north of England. Walter Hexton was the son of a decent tradesman, and was studying chemistry, without any higher view, as yet, than that of opening a chemist's shop, and making a respectable living. Josephine Ascot was the daughter of a clerk in an attorney's office. But Josephine's mother had some rich relations, who, although they had never thought her worth doing any thing for while she was yet unmarried, thought her quite worth denouncing and repudiating when she made her *mesalliance*. Mrs. Ascot, a weak woman with a love of gentility, venerated her relatives all the more because they had cast her off, and could never bear to hear a word said against them. In her mind, to be rich was to be endowed with celestial grace, and almost to be armed with celestial authority. She was not sorry—at least not always or perhaps often sorry—that she had married an attorney's clerk, but she quite recognized the fact that, in doing so, she had committed a crime of *lèse-majesté* against her genteel relations, and she did not ask, did not hope, to be forgiven.

She had only one daughter, the pretty Josephine, and she was rather glad than otherwise when Josephine fell in love with so steady and promising a young man as Walter Hexton. For Walter was a steadfast, high-minded young fellow, with strong aspirations of his own, and no taste whatever for dissipation, idleness, or frivolity. Josephine and he walked together every fine evening—took long walks on quiet roads and over breezy downs, returning often by the tender light of the moon, dear and sacred to all lovers, though Virgil may call its light malign, and Danish Oehlenschlaeger allow his Aladdin to denounce it as a "pale angel of destruction." Happy, exquisite, ecstatic walks were those to poor Walter, as he held the hand of Josephine in his, and poured into her ear the unvarying, never-wearying story of his love, his hopes, and his aspirations and projects for their future. Poor lovers have one advantage over rich—they are under far less of conventional restraint, and can have more frequent walks together of evenings. The lover of Sally in our alley had some special class privileges, after all, which the favored admirer of Lady Sarah in the square might perhaps occasionally have envied.

But good fortune, unsought, hunted out Josephine. Mrs. Selby Clare, one of her rich relations, and a childless widow, happened to stay in the town for a day or two, in returning from Scotland to London, where she lived; and meek Mrs. Ascot felt bound to call humbly at her hotel and ask to see her. Mrs. Selby Clare was not a bad sort of person, and she consented to look upon and speak with her poor and degraded relative. The poor and degraded relative was politic enough to bring her daughter with her, and old Mrs. Selby Clare's somewhat withered heart warmed to the graceful, pretty, lady-like girl. The visit ended in a ten-pound note to Mrs. Ascot, and a peremptory command that Josephine should, the very next week, go up to London, and there spend a fortnight in the house of her newly found relative.

"You don't think, Josephine, you will stay longer than a fortnight away from me?" These were Walter's words, spoken somewhat plaintively, the night before Josephine's departure for London, as they walked together in the moonlight. Walter was very proud of Josephine's being admired by the great relative and carried off to London, but his mind had some ominous misgivings confusedly struggling with the pride.

"No, Walter dear, I don't think so; I don't mean to, unless, of course, Mrs. Selby Clare should insist on it. She may, you know."

"She may, indeed; I should think so. Of course she'll want you to stay;" and he glanced at the girl with the look of one who held it to be an obvious and self-evident fact that any relative or other person who once had Josephine near her must wish to keep her there.

"Well, if she does, Walter, then, you know, I can not venture to refuse Mrs. Selby Clare."

"No, dear, I suppose not. Do you know, Josephine, I almost wish sometimes Mrs. Selby Clare had never found you out?"

"Oh, Walter, for shame! My mother's near relative. And so good a woman! And so rich! I quite wonder at you to speak in such a way. You ought to be very glad—only you men are all so selfish."

"I suppose we are," said poor Walter, with a sigh; and he urged the matter no further.

Next morning early Josephine set out for London. Her father, her mother, and Walter accompanied her to the railway station. Walter had the privilege of a parting kiss. As the train swept out of the station he caught a final fading glimpse of Josephine's face, and there was a quiet, self-satisfied, complacent smile on it. She had left him with a complacent smile! His heart was bursting.

But he was not a jealous creature. It was no wonder, he told himself, that Josephine should feel a little elate at the bright prospects now evidently opening for her, and if for her, of course for him. Of course she was glad! Men must be selfish creatures, indeed, as she had said; otherwise he would at once have understood why she showed on her face a hopeful smile at their first parting.

Life for the next few months was all pleasure and brightness to Josephine, all hard work and dullness to poor Walter. Josephine was plunged at once into a new, brilliant, many-tinted kind of existence, which, entirely novel as it was, seemed quite congenial and natural to her. She breathed in it with delicious freedom. Mrs. Selby Clare had money enough, and some good taste, and moved in a brilliant circle. She lived in the Park Lane region, and gave pleasant dinner-parties; and Josephine proved quite an attraction and a success, and went through all the enjoyments of a London season—the ball, the opera, the croquet-party, the Richmond *fête champêtre*, the strawberry breakfast, and the rest, with a fresh and open acknowledgment of delight which made her doubly attractive. Then, it was well known that Mrs. Selby Clare had no children, or nephews and nieces, or very near relations of any kind; and the natural presumption was that this pretty, graceful, charming girl, whom she introduced every where as "almost my niece, indeed almost my adopted daughter," would assuredly be her heiress, which assumption added not a little to the lustre of Josephine's charms, and formed, indeed, the glorious atmosphere of roseate and gold which surrounded them and set them off.

Toward the close of the season, for the visit of a fortnight had, of course, swelled itself into weeks and months, Josephine was startled, delighted, displeased—all emotions blending or conflicting in a moment—by receiving a card with the name of "Mr. Walter Hexton" engraved on it, and being told that the owner of the card was below, and wished to see her. Whereupon she blushed very deeply, and the following thoughts and wishes passed successively through her mind, in the instant during which she held the card in her hand and hesitated as to what she should say:

"Poor dear Walter! How delighted I am to see him!

"How did he contrive to get to town just now?

"How glad I am that he had a card!

"I wonder what he will think of me?"—and she glanced at the looking-glass.

"I wonder what he looks like!

"I wonder what Mrs. Selby Clare will think!

"How unlucky that he should have come just now, when we are going out at once!

"I don't know, perhaps it is rather lucky, on the whole.

"I wonder how long he is going to stay in town!

"I hope not long—oh no, I don't hope any thing of the kind!"

And then, to stifle all further doubts and hopes, she ran down stairs, and presently received Walter. Well, she was compelled to acknowledge to herself that Walter was not looking like a West End youth. His dress seemed rural and provincial; so did his hands; and there was an uneasy, anxious, almost melancholy expression on his face, which young Belgravia does not allow itself to wear in the presence of a lady. Her heart quite warmed to him, however, and she ran up and caught him by both hands, and wondered why he did not kiss her, and told him so. Then he did kiss her, and he blushed so much in the act that she blushed too.

They sat and talked, and he grew less constrained. He had come to town because of a chemical discovery, apparently of some importance, which he believed he had made, and about which he had written—not knowing any thing better to do—to a famous London *savant*, whom even Mayfair and Tyburnia admired. The famous *savant* had actually replied in friendly, kindly style, and had declared that he thought there was something in Walter's idea, that he would look into it, and that meantime he should be glad to see Walter and talk with him. So Walter came up to town, and was going to the house of the great man of science that afternoon; but first, of course, he must come to see Josephine. Then he said, very awkwardly, that he hoped she was happy, that she looked splendid and quite like a great lady, and that he supposed she was never coming back to the old town any more. She assured him she was returning home very soon—as soon as the season closed; and she began to give him a little outline of the kind of life she had been leading for the past few months; but she thought of the flight of time, and looked at her watch, and was just beginning to tell him that she was going out, when Mrs. Selby Clare relieved her from the necessity by coming into the room and asking her whether she was not yet ready. Then Josephine presented Walter to Mrs. Selby Clare, and that lady was gracious and distant; and Walter knew that he must go. He was awkward about beginning to go, and longed beyond measure for one other moment of Josephine alone. That joy, however, he was not destined to have; and he left the room without a chance of exchanging a syllable with Josephine, and without any hint from Mrs. Selby Clare that he would be welcome if he were to call again.

He was received with great kindness and consideration by the scientific man, who talked a long time with him, and urged him to study in London, Paris, and Germany, offering him letters to many great professors in these places. Then he told Walter he might come and see him as often as he pleased, and showed quite an interest in him. A year ago, six months ago, all this would have made Walter wild with hope and joy; but now, somehow, it did not seem to affect him much. It did not appear to him that a proficiency in chemistry would be quite enough to make up for the lack of money and social position in the circles whereto Josephine had so suddenly found admission, and wherein even already she seemed to be so much at home.

The two who had been lovers met no more that time. Josephine returned home to her parents during the winter, but Walter did not even then see much of her. He was, indeed, a good deal in London, and he avoided her. Nothing was said of their old engagement. It had apparently passed so entirely out of the world of realities that poor Walter thought it would be a piece of presumption on his part if he were even to offer to release Josephine Ascot from it. "This long time," he thought to himself, bitterly, "it has been practically at an end. She would think it an offense if I were to remind her in any way that it ever had an existence. She only wishes to forget it."

Mrs. Selby Clare had evidently taken quite a fancy to Josephine. She sent for her in the winter, and made her come to Nice. Josephine's father and mother had not the spirit to refuse. They said to themselves that it would only be to stand in the way of their child's advancement. They were very good people, in the negative, harmless sense; but they utterly failed to understand that their child might have higher interests to advance than any which the capricious favor of a rich old woman could make or mar.

Josephine had many admirers, but as yet not many suitors. There was, indeed, something too uncertain about the basis of her future fortune to satisfy the prudent young men of the West End when they came to consider the matter seriously and closely. But she met at Nice with a wealthy and influential man—a leading partner in a banking-house, and member of Parliament, who could probably be in high office if he liked, and who had lately been made a baronet. This gentleman fell in love with her; kept up his love for her when she and he returned to London, and early in the season proposed for her, telling her frankly that her personal fortune was not a matter of any importance or consideration whatever to him. Now Josephine was not, by any means, in love with Sir John Riddell—not the least in the world in love with him. He was more than forty years old, and she was only just twenty; he was a grave, steady man, who seemed even older than he really was. She did not love him, and she did not feel as if she ever could. But then there was no one else—in society—whom she loved or cared at all about. Of the many handsome and brilliant young men whom she often met around her, not one had touched her heart. For she had a heart; and the more she mingled in society, now that the startling novelty and dazzling gloss of the thing were wearing off, the more she began to yearn after some sensation deeper and more real than that of variety and gratified vanity and social display. She did think of Walter sometimes—oftener than she cared to—and she sometimes doubted whether in losing him she had not lost all. But she had lost him; she did not know now even where he was; and there was no use in thinking about the past any more. She might as well marry Sir John Riddell; there was nobody else she preferred to him; the marriage would make her rich; she could do any thing she pleased for her family; she could, perhaps, through her husband, do something one day for poor Walter. She would be Lady Riddell; and what a delightful sensation it would be to drive in her carriage through the streets of the old town of her birth, and be known there as Lady Riddell! After all, there would be something in life to enjoy and be proud of, even though one might not feel one's heart quite satisfied. She thought she had better accept Sir John Riddell.

Mrs. Selby Clare thought so too, and with a charming frankness reminded Josephine that she had not a penny of her own, and only depended for a fortune on the generosity of her, Mrs. Selby Clare. "I am very fond of you, my dear," said the old lady; "but then, you know, we may quarrel some day, although it does not look likely just now. I am capricious, and I am a woman; so are you, and we may fight at any moment; and I really think you had better secure yourself at once against all chances."

So Josephine Ascot accepted the proposal of Sir John Riddell, and was to become Lady Riddell in a few months. And she received many congratulations, and congratulated herself a great deal, telling herself, over and over again, that it was like a dream, and picturing to herself the magnificent future a kind fate had prepared for her; and she was very brave and exultant all day and in society. But at night, in her room alone, and in her often sleepless bed, her spirits gave way, her hopes turned into sad ghosts, crowding around her, and she shed a great many bitter tears, and longed for the day, and the light, and the society, and the animal spirits again.

The weeks and months went by, and it was once more drawing toward the close of the season. One night there was a brilliant reception, or *conversazione*, in the rooms of one of the great scientific societies, and Sir John Riddell, who took some interest in science, was there, and so were Mrs. Selby Clare and Josephine Ascot. The rooms were crowded, and all the celebrities of science, letters, art, politics, and travel were gathered together. Even Josephine, with all her present weariness of mind, felt some interest in looking around her, and exchanging a word or two with this or that famous personage; and there was something more than mere admiration of science in the emotion she felt, and the color which came into her cheeks, when Sir John Riddell brought up and introduced to her the distinguished man who had been poor Walter Hexton's early patron. She longed to ask for Walter, but she could hardly bring herself to make the venture. She feared that the blood would rush into her cheeks, that her voice would tremble, and that some curious eyes and ears might possibly attach an unpleasant significance to such symptoms of feeling.

A moment or two after she heard the *savant* say to her affianced husband:

"Sir John, I want to introduce to you a young scientific man in whom I see a great deal of promise. He has just come back from a mission into the Ural Mountains, in which he represented one of our best scientific societies. Here he is. Glad to see you, Hexton; and come here, I wish to introduce you to my friend Sir John Riddell."

And Josephine, looking up, saw Walter Hexton, her old lover, introduced to her betrothed husband. He was the old Walter still. More manly, more calm and self-sustained, more grave, perhaps, and with a darker tint on his face; but with the broad forehead, the gray eyes, the somewhat ungainly figure, and the quiet, simple, honest look and bearing. As she gazed at him the old, early love came swelling up in her heart; all the interval since first she left her father's house seemed to have dropped completely out of her life and out of her memory; the vanity, the frivolity, the mean hopes, the ignoble ambitions, the unwomanly disloyalty and cowardice—all sank away, and she felt as if nothing remained in her heart but the true love which, from her childhood up to a twelvemonth back, had filled it.

The crowd separated her—and she allowed herself to be separated—for a moment or two from Mrs. Selby Clare and from Sir John Riddell. The crowd, too, brought her quite near to Walter Hexton, whom Sir John had just quitted. Josephine laid her hand gently on Hexton's arm, and he looked round and saw her.

"Walter," she said, in a low and tremulous tone, "you have not forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you, Josephine! No, I have not forgotten. I have tried to forget, but I could not." He spoke in voice so low, and with so much difficulty and suppressed emotion, that she could barely catch his words.

"And I, too, Walter; I have tried to forget; but I could not, and I shall try no more."

He turned his eyes, which he had previously kept away, full upon her face, and he found her meaning in the look which her eyes gave him back. She held her hand out, and he pressed it. Then they were separated, or allowed themselves to be separated, again. Their converse had hardly lasted a single minute, but it was enough. Walter Hexton went home with a heart swelling with unexpected hope and joy, and the sudden recall to supremacy of a love which he had long been endeavoring to crush.

Josephine Ascot went home with a mind more troubled, certainly, than his, for she had a perplexing, painful knot to undo, and a manly, honorable gentleman to displease and offend at the very least; and she looked upon much of her recent conduct with sincere contrition and shame. But she felt so much of relief and happiness that at last she saw her way clear before her, and had returned to her true allegiance. Come what might, she would never marry Sir John Riddell.

She kept her purpose to herself as Mrs. Selby Clare and she drove home together in the carriage. But when they reached the house and were alone she broke out at once with her confession, and told her patroness she never would marry Sir John Riddell, and she told her the reason why. "Because I love Walter Hexton! I did not know it fully until to-night—at least I thought I had perhaps stifled it and killed it, to my shame—but when I saw him to-night I knew that I loved him still; and I never will be weak and wicked enough to marry another man!"

"This is delightful," said Mrs. Selby Clare, dryly, "and quite affecting, no doubt, at least to romantic persons—a class to which I don't belong. May I ask what you propose to do with Sir John Riddell?"

"I will tell him all—the whole plain truth. He will then know I can not marry him, and he will forgive me."

"I wish you had thought of this sooner, Josephine. It is very unpleasant; it puts me in quite a false position, and is hardly grateful, I think.

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Pray be good enough to explain to Sir John that it is no doing of mine—that I have no hand in the business."

"I will make that plain to him, Mrs. Selby Clare, for I will go back at once to my father's house. Oh, don't think I am ungrateful, or that I can ever forget all your kindness and generosity to me; but after this—after I have done what I know you wish me not to do—I feel I have no right to remain under your roof any longer."

Mrs. Selby Clare only bowed, and said nothing. Perhaps she was beginning to wish for some novelty, and the excitement of a grand marriage for Josephine would have been a fresh and pleasing sensation. That hope frustrated, she was not sorry to be free of Josephine, and to be able to talk of the ingratitude of girls.

Next day Josephine told Sir John Riddell all. It was a heavy blow, but he bore it bravely, like a gentleman, and was generous and forgiving. And Josephine returned to her father's house not richer by a coin than when she left it, but proud and happy.

Walter soon found her. He was yet but a struggling man, able to welcome his young wife to nothing better than a modest income and a humble home. But she was glad and happy to be thus welcomed; and she has faith in him, and believes him destined to rise in the world. Better than that, she has love for him, and were he never to rise they will still be happy, and look brightly on life together.

EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

IN the first historical reign—the reign of Menes—there was a little dabbling in waterworks, but merely this, that the whole stream of the Nile, or of one of its main branches, was diverted from its course to favor the planting of the city of Memphis. The engineer who undertook the job—and tradition credits the monarch himself with the execution—must have possessed the soul of Mrs. Partington, with something more than that lady's scientific acquirements. Menes took accurately the measure of the power which he resolved to oppose, and constructed a dyke "whose lofty mounds and strong embankments," says Wilkinson, "turned the water to the eastward, and effectually confined the river to its new bed." The dyke was doubtless shown to Abraham, in whose day the diversion of the river was as old a story as the account of Joan of Arc or Jack Cade is to us. This is taking the very mildest calculation of the antiquity of Menes. And in the reign of Mœris, farther on, was formed an artificial lake, measuring, according to Herodotus, four hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and three hundred feet in depth. This huge lake was fed by the Nile through artificial channels; it received and stored a portion of the annual overflow, and, when that subsided, regurgitated upon the river by all the channels, prolonging the times of refreshing, and extending the fertilizing influence to land that, without the aid of art, would be absolutely barren, and, no doubt, was barren before the days of Mœris. Herodotus, and those who exactly followed him, were wrong, it is now thought, in supposing that this immense lake was wholly a work of art. There was probably a natural basin to suggest the scheme, but this was greatly increased; and all the feeding streams, the arteries and veins of the system, were undoubtedly artificial. These last had their flood-gates, dams, and locks, and were managed with the greatest skill.

The mass of masonry in the Great Pyramid, according to Bunsen, measures 82,111,000 feet, and would weigh 6,316,000 tons. The dimensions of the separate stones are not very great, but the quantity raised shows with what readiness these old workmen did their quarrying. And they not only got this stone out, but tooled and laid it with some skill. Mr. Kenrick, speaking of the casing of the Great Pyramid, says: "The joints are scarcely perceptible, and not wider than the thickness of silver-paper; and the cement so tenacious that fragments of the casing-stones still remain in their original position, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, and the violence by which they were detached. All the fine work of the interior passages, where granite is not expressly mentioned, is of the same stone"—to wit, the limestone of the Mokattam quarries—"and finished with the same beautiful exactness." But the skill in quarrying was displayed more in the extracting of the huge blocks out of which obelisks and colossal statues were hewn. Obelisks ninety and statues forty feet high, each fashioned out of one stone, were not uncommon things; and the blocks selected for these monuments were not chance splinters from barbarous efforts of splitting and smashing, but clean slices, separated *secundum artem*, from the native rock, after being selected and accurately defined. And how was this done? By driving in huge iron wedges? No, indeed; that would probably have split the stone. By infinite labor, then, in chiseling and sawing? Pooh! the old Egyptians knew a trick somewhat cleverer than that; they cut a small groove along the whole length of, say, one hundred feet, and in this inserted a number of dry wooden wedges; then they poured water into the groove, and the wedges, expanding simultaneously and with great force, broke away the huge fragment as neatly as a strip of glass is taken off by a diamond. They had a way, too, of moving about these vast monoliths which we, with all appliances and means to boot, would find it hard to imitate.

Now such work would have been very astonishing, even if it had ended in Cyclopean savagery, like Stonehenge; but we know very well that it ended in nothing of the kind. The separation from the native rock was but the beginning of artistic treatment. Every fragment, great or small, had its billet, and was taken off to undergo a series of transformations; the least that could happen to any one being to be plain wrought, and then set with consummate skill in a building. Twenty years ago it would have been wise to say little or nothing of the Labyrinth, notwithstanding that Herodotus considered it to be a wonder not second to even the Pyramids. For such have been the destructions and inhumations of this splendid work that nobody believed in the probability of recovering even its site, and not a few were inclined to look upon the whole account as an invention. The French, however, at the end of last century, affirmed that they had found the ruins, and forty years later antiquaries began to test and verify the French work. Gradually it came to be acknowledged that the foundations at least of the Labyrinth might yet be traced, and the labors of the Prussian Commission effected a complete recognition of the remains of this vast building. But there is still much dispute about the purpose and the form of it; and what has been realized is chiefly valuable because it tends to confirm the account given by Herodotus. He tells us that it had three thousand chambers, half of them above the ground and half below, and he goes on to say: "The upper chambers I myself passed through and saw, and what I say concerning them is from my own observation. Of the underground chambers I can only speak from report; for the keepers of the building could not be got to show them, since they contained (as they said) the sepulchres of the kings who built the Labyrinth, and also those of the sacred crocodiles. Thus it is from hearsay only that I can speak of the lower chambers. The upper chambers, however, I saw with my own eyes, and found them to excel all other human productions; for the passages through the houses, and the varied windings of the paths across the courts, excited in me infinite admiration as I passed from the courts into chambers, and from the chambers into colonnades, and from the colonnades into fresh houses, and again from these into courts unseen before. The roof was throughout of stone, like the walls; and the walls were carved all over with figures. Every court was surrounded with a colonnade, which was built of white stones, exquisitely fitted together. At the corner of the Labyrinth stands a pyramid forty fathoms high, with large figures engraved on it, which is entered by a subterranean passage." This is, perhaps, enough to say here concerning a structure of which there is so little now to be seen; but there is another marvelous palace, or temple, or both, at Karnac—a part of what was once Thebes—the grandeur of which a visitor may see for himself. The ground covered by this mass of buildings is nearly square, and the side measures about 1800 English feet. Travelers, one and all, appear to have been unable to find words to express the feelings with which these sublime remains inspired them. They have been astounded and overcome by the magnificence and the prodigality of workmanship here to be admired. Courts, halls, gateways, pillars, obelisks, monolithic figures, sculptures, rows of sphinxes, are massed in such profusion that the sight is too much for modern comprehension.

A STREET IN STRASBOURG.

THE striking sketch on page 729 illustrates the condition of Strasbourg during the progress of the terrific bombardment to which that city was subjected. A correspondent, who entered immediately after the surrender, thus describes the scene:

"On the day I entered Strasbourg with the troops we found nearly all the shops, and many other houses, had planks placed in a sloping position, so as to save the fronts from fragments of shell. This was all that a plank could do. A shell itself would go right through plank, shutters, and all. Most of the inhabitants had retired from the upper rooms into the cellars; and the windows of these places, being small, and on the level of the pavement, had been heaped up with earth; but in some cases tanner's bark served the purpose; in many the straw and dung from the stable had been used. This served to protect them from fragments of projectiles. Many of the streets were filled with articles of furniture, which had been taken out to save them from fires. I find that many people are still living in secluded corners, such as along the banks of the canal. They have a few scraps of kitchen things, with which they cook, and they sleep under planks placed against the wall. Yesterday I saw one woman giving her children their dinner in one of these places. Some families, indeed, had been able to move their furniture to places of safety; and every day you see wagons of it passing back to its old quarters. In one case you see a bundle of valuables going back; in another it is a picture or a time-piece. Parrots and canary-birds might also have been seen going back to their old abodes now that the danger is past. I saw a melancholy cat sitting among a lot of articles, all that was left of the household to which it belonged. Fire-engines were always in readiness; and there were committees of safety to go about and enforce certain regulations during the siege, some of which were that buckets of water were to be in readiness in every house, with wet cloths and wet straw, to place upon a fire when it first began, so as to stop it in the beginning. No doubt these precautions have made the damage from fire much less than it might have otherwise been."

The illustration was taken at a point where the extreme demolition ceases, and the houses and other buildings still retain something of their former character. On one side may be seen the high sloping roofs with many stories of garret windows, for which Strasbourg is noted; and on the other you see where houses have been, but do not now stand. This condition of things extends from this point away on the right to the Porte des Pierres, nearly a quarter of a mile, and the same on both sides of the streets. Those who have visited Strasbourg since the bombardment say the destruction reminds them of the condition of the streets of Pompeii. More than 400 houses were burned down, 1700 civilians killed or wounded, and 8000 persons made roofless. The estimate of the damage done in the city is set down at 180,000,000 francs, or between $35,000,000 and $40,000,000. The havoc is worst in the Jews' quarter, the fishermen's quarter, St. Nicholas, Finkenmatt, Broglie, and the neighborhood of the Stein Strasse. In the town itself nearly all the principal buildings are reduced to ashes. The prefecture, the Protestant church, the theatre, the museum, the artillery school, infantry barracks, military magazine, railway station, and, worst of all, the library, with its invaluable contents, have been entirely destroyed. The citadel, with arsenal and church, is no more. The grammar-school is likewise severely damaged.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT VERSAILLES.

THE magnificent palace of Versailles, once the residence of the BOURBON kings of France, and dedicated since their fall to the exhibition of historical and national glories, is now converted into a German military hospital under the red-cross flag. Its picture-galleries, as may be seen by the illustration on page 732, are filled with the low iron bedsteads of the wounded soldiers, placed on the floor beneath the long array of portraits and battle-paintings which adorn the walls; and the surgeons, nurses, Sisters of Charity, and servants of the hospital pass to and fro, attending to those in need. Convalescent patients, some of them cripples, others with bandaged heads, lounge in the gardens, upon the grand terrace or the lawns, to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Cincinnati Industrial Exposition of 1870 has been a great success. Even its most sanguine friends were astonished at the intense interest which was awakened in the community concerning it, and which was kept up, undiminished, to the very last moment when the grand display was open to the public. For twenty-eight days the curious from Ohio and adjoining States, and not a few from distant sections of the country, wandered through the crowded halls of the Exposition, not merely as superficial observers, but intent on understanding the uses of all the new, strange, and beautiful things on exhibition. About 400,000 visitors were admitted during the four weeks, and the receipts amounted to about $50,000. A noticeable feature was the immense number of children who thronged the place; and yet, though in the midst of buzzing saws, revolving wheels, and the working of ponderous machinery, no accident occurred to any one, so far as known. Cincinnati may well congratulate herself on the results of this Exposition.

During the recent earthquake, which shook with more or less gentleness various sections of our country, a Boston school-teacher reassured her pupils by remarking, coolly, "Girls, shut the doors and windows—it's only an earthquake." Whether shutting doors and windows is the best thing for us to do in case of an earthquake, may be a question. Nor are we, in this latitude, likely to experience such violent convulsions of this nature as to make it necessary for us to devote much time to the consideration of the question. Negatively it may be asserted that it is *not* a good plan to jump out of a fourth-story window, and screaming is entirely useless. It is said that in Peru, when an earthquake is felt, people fall on their faces, and so remain until the shock has subsided. It is to be hoped that we shall not be obliged to test the advantages of this or any other method of avoiding shocks. We may reasonably believe that no very disastrous earthquakes will rend this section of the country, and that quiet self-possession will enable us to meet the slight shocks that may come from time to time.

The game laws of this State positively prohibit hunting, shooting, or trapping on Sunday, under the penalty of twenty-five dollars fine, and twenty days' imprisonment. Half the fine goes to the informer. Quail-shooting is prohibited in Kings, Queens, Suffolk, and Richmond counties at any time for the next two years.

The highest military decoration of Russia is the Order of St. George. This has been conferred by the Czar upon Baron Von Moltke.

It has been suggested that in the event of the siege of Paris being prolonged until provisions grow scarce, it may be worth while for the friends of the besieged to consider whether food could not be dropped from balloons by means of parachutes into the city. Large quantities of Liebig's extract of beef might descend in this manner, and would be very acceptable when every thing else is eaten up.

A good deal has been said recently about the so-called "Sleeping Beauty"—a case which has been brought before the public at several different times. The details are familiar to most of our readers. A young woman, twenty-nine years old, residing in Tennessee, is said to have slept most of the time for the last twenty-one years, awaking to consciousness for brief intervals several times during the day and night. She appears in good health, though certain paroxysms attend her awakenings. She has lately been taken to St. Louis, and a committee of physicians were appointed to investigate her case. Inquiry disclosed that she had taken no medicine, nor adopted any measures for relief for many years, and remedies which were suggested were declined. It was proposed to watch the case for forty-eight consecutive hours, which was also declined. Means were procured, however, by which the case could be observed in the night by persons selected by the committee, and their report concludes as follows: "Having given the case considerable time and as much care as the means at our disposal would permit, we respectfully submit the unanimous opinion that it is a case of collusion, misrepresentation, and systematic pretending, for the purpose of deceiving, which may have originally been prompted by some morbid condition of the nervous system."

The jackdaws and pigeons which have been accustomed to occupy the old tower of New Church of Strasbourg have clung to their home in spite of all the dangers which have threatened them. The great roof of the Protestant Gymnasium, which was formerly a Dominican cloister, has for years been the meeting-place of numerous Strasbourg storks previous to their departure to a milder clime. They usually gathered in August, and noisily chattered about their contemplated journey. This year, it is said, they left town earlier than usual, having been frightened from their usual resorts by the German soldiers.

Prevention is better than cure. Therefore it is well to remember that one should never enter a sick-room while in a state of perspiration, nor with an empty stomach, as in such conditions of the body one is specially liable to contract disease.

The following list of the principal sieges which Paris has suffered will give a condensed idea of its history in a military point of view:

53 B.C.—The Romans fought a successful battle outside the city, and then entered it.
465 A.D.—Childeric I. drove out the Romans.
845.—The Normans pillaged and burned the city.
887.—Charles the Fat surrendered the city to Normans after a twelvemonth's siege.
1358.—The Dauphin, afterward Charles V., laid siege to Paris without success, and the attempt of Edward III. in the following year was attended with a similar result.
1420.—The English troops captured the city, and held it for sixteen years, notwithstanding the attempt of Charles VII. to reduce it in 1427.
1464.—The Count of Charolais attempted its capture and failed.
1536.—The Emperor Charles V. of Germany likewise failed to capture it.
1593.—Paris sustained a memorable siege during the civil war, and opened its gates to Henry IV. in the following year.
1814.—The allied troops occupied Paris, and re-established the monarchy under Louis XVIII.
1815.—After the battle of Waterloo the allied troops again captured the city, and occupied it for three years.
1870.—The Germans attempt its capture, with what result remains to be seen.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has passed a law, making provision for giving free instruction in industrial or mechanical drawing to pupils in the day or evening schools who are over fifteen years old. Every town containing more than ten thousand inhabitants is required to make the necessary arrangements for such instruction, and smaller towns are recommended to do so.

An interesting feature of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum of this city is the recent establishment of a School of Industry, in which those boys who are willing receive instruction in some trade, so that when they are discharged from the asylum they are competent mechanics. The first experiment was made with a boot and shoe factory, in which there are now eleven boys to work, under an experienced shoemaker as their teacher. They not only make all the boots and shoes needed at the asylum, but work for outside customers. This shoe factory commenced in May, 1869, and during the first twelve months has done work to the value of $1698. Since then a printing-office has been established, and bookbinding will shortly be introduced. The boys are allowed to share in the proceeds of their work, and receive a certain proportion each week in cash.

During the past year the Maze, or Labyrinth, in the Central Park has been completed. This comprises within its inclosure 3700 feet of gravel-walk, and 2250 trees as borders to the walk. An attempt to reach the central point is somewhat amusingly difficult to a stranger.

A recent number of a German paper contains a comparison of the losses sustained in some of the principal European battles during the last two centuries. From this it appears that Borodino, Leipsic, Waterloo, and Metz are the four bloodiest battles recorded. At Leipsic 460,000 combatants were engaged, and the losses amounted to 93,000; during three engagements around Metz 450,000 was the number of French and German forces, and the losses were estimated at 90,000. A writer in the journal referred to, in speaking of this awful slaughter, remarks:

"When will cease this warring—this fearful necessity, abhorred by all nations, but still used by all; damned by every statesman, though evaded by none! Our weapons have already attained a state of perfection which in power of destruction leaves nothing more to be wished, and yet, doubtless, after the war, will be still further improved. Even now our bombs, shrapnels, mitrailleuses, and needle-guns devour so much human flesh that scarcely the greatest nation can afford to make war longer than four weeks. What will be the result when more improvements are introduced, and when, by means of our rapidity of movement, it will cost, at least, a third more human flesh than it does now?"

In 1866 the cinchona or quinine plant was introduced into Jamaica for cultivation. At the close of the following year the number of young plants had so increased that it was thought desirable to convert a forest of six hundred acres on the Blue Mountains into a cinchona plantation. This plantation is situated above five thousand feet above the sea level, and, having a good soil, and being well watered, the experiment has proved remarkably successful. The commercial and sanitary value of this plant is well known.

Occasionally a "real lord" becomes impatient of the restraints of his position, and attempts to adopt the life of "common folks." This was the case with Lord Ockham, Byron's grandson, and heir to his father's earldom of Lovelace. After a great deal of strange and troublesome conduct, Lord Ockham took regular employ in the yard of Mr. Scott Russell, the eminent London ship-builder. On one occasion, having need of money for the purchase of some instruments, he wrote to his grandmother, Lady Noel Byron, for the required sum, which was promptly supplied. The check was drawn to the order of Viscount Ockham, and he, accordingly, in his workman's dress, walked into a great London banking-house and presented it. The clerk glanced at it, and then handed it back, saying, "It is drawn to order, and needs his lordship's indorsement;" upon which, to the indignation of the clerk, the rough mechanic seized a pen and scribbled "Ockham" on the back. The scandalized clerk immediately signaled the constable in attendance to arrest the forger, as he supposed, and the culprit was confronted with a partner. The clerk explained the circumstance. "Well," replied the offender, to the clerk's astonishment, "I am Lord Ockham." The partner, who knew the family and the peculiar circumstances of the case well, looked steadily at the young man for a minute, and then said to the clerk, "Yes, it is quite right; pay the check." Lord Ockham, at the time of his death, was engaged to a young girl of highly respectable antecedents, in humble life, whose parents were almost to the last ignorant of the real position of the suitor.

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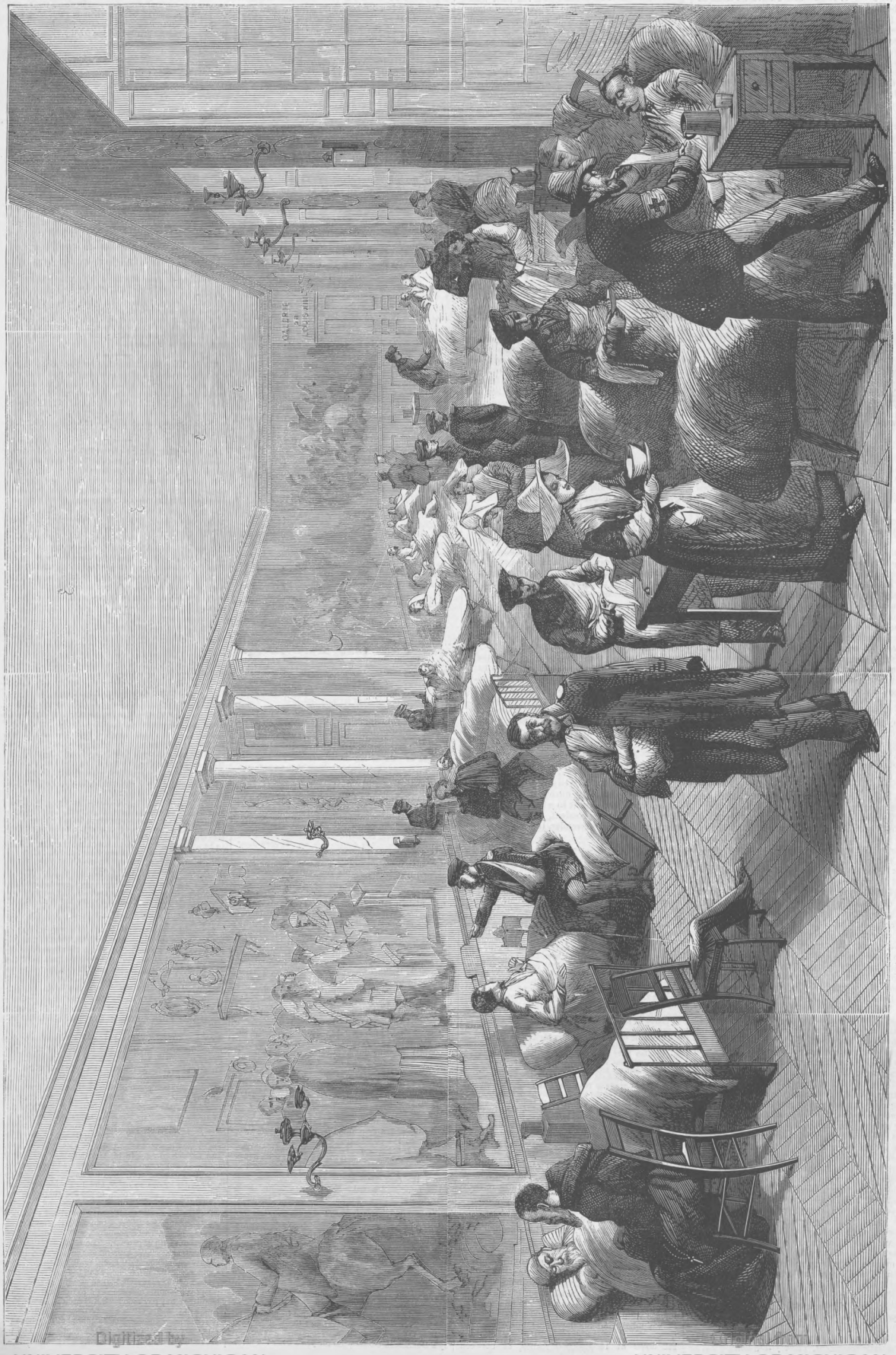

WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.—[SEE PAGE 731.]

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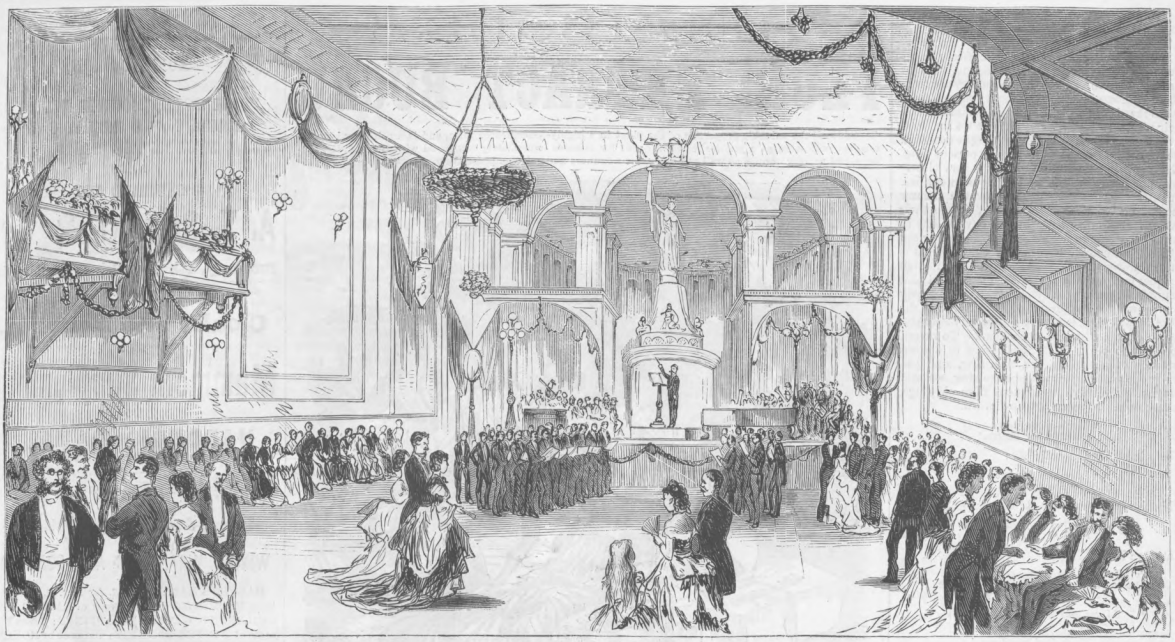


ITALIAN JUBILEE IN NEW YORK—CELEBRATING THE LIBERATION OF ROME.

ITALIAN UNITY.

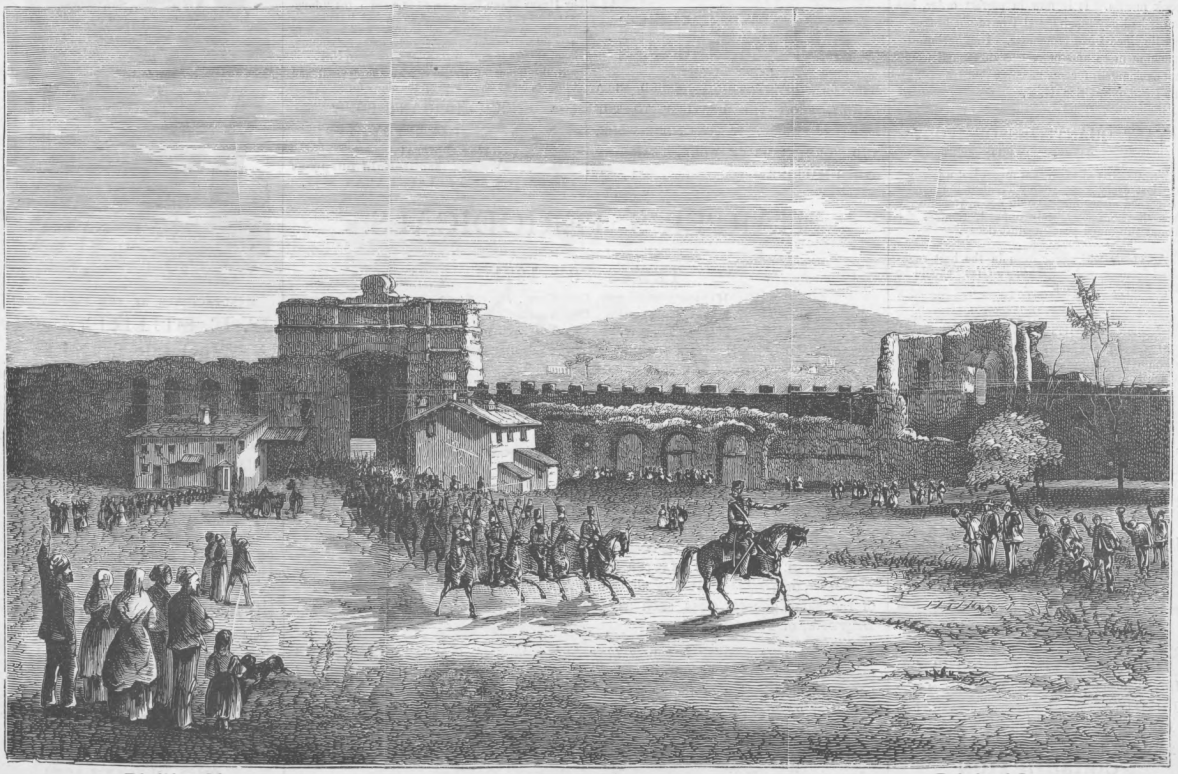
THE Italians residing in New York held a festival in Apollo Hall on the evening of October 28, to celebrate the liberation of Rome and the consequent unification of Italy under one government. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags and flowers, and a colossal pictorial representation of free Italy towered over the platform where the speakers of the evening were assembled. The speeches were all in the same spirit of enthusiastic congratulation; and though an unfortunate and ill-timed attack upon the personal character and national policy of VICTOR EMANUEL by one of the speakers threatened for a moment to disturb its harmony, the festival passed in the most agreeable manner. Among the attractions of the evening was the singing of a fine martial chorus, composed expressly for the occasion by Signor BARILI. Our artist has chosen this as the subject of his illustration.

THE LIBERATION OF ROME.

THE entry of the main body of the Italian troops into the city of Rome, which forms the subject of an illustration on this page, took place at the Porta San Giovanni, where the attack was directed by General ANGIOLETTI. At the same time General BIXIO attacked the western gate, called Porta San Pancrazio, by which the French took the city in 1849, while the rest of the army attacked Porta San Lorenzo, Porta Pia, and a part of the city wall between Porta Pia and Porta Salara, close to the Villa Bonaparte, where the Papal Zouaves had taken up their position. The garrison, not including some of the Pope's Italian troops who refused to fight, numbered above 9000 men—the Zouaves, the carabineers, the Antibes legion, the dragoons, the squadriglieri (said to be recruited from the inmates of prisons), and the gens d'armes; but it is probable that not more than half of these were actually engaged. They were Frenchmen, Bavarians, Swiss, and Belgians. The gates of the city were barricaded and fortified by ramparts of earth, as in 1867, when GARIBALDI was expected to attack them.

The defense was commanded by the General Baron KANZLER, a German officer holding the post of pro-Minister of War. The garrison had sixty pieces of artillery; and the walls, forming a complete circuit of thirteen miles about the city, are of great height and thickness, and of solid brick masonry, having been erected, for the most part, in the times of the ancient Roman empire, chiefly in the reign of AURELIAN. Nevertheless, they could not long withstand the attack of a modern army bringing up all its batteries within eighty yards of the city walls and gates. The artillery fire of the besiegers, which began at five o'clock in the morning, was accompanied by a sharp interchange of musket bullets, with loss of life on both sides, between the Papal Zouaves and the Italian bersaglieri and troops of the line. This went on till about ten o'clock in the forenoon, by which time each division of the Italian forces had succeeded in destroying a gate or opening a breach, and was enabled thereby to force its way into the city, without much resistance of hand-to-hand fighting.

By orders of the Pope, expressly given to General KANZLER, the Papal troops capitulated as soon as the Italians entered the city. They gave up their arms, and were sent away from Rome, next day, to the port of Civita Vecchia, whence they were conveyed by sea to Marseilles. The castle of St. Angelo was consigned to Italian troops. One division of the Italian army remained to occupy Rome; the rest were conducted to other parts of the country. The Romans have voted in favor of their union with the kingdom of Italy. The Pope still remains at the Vatican, having published, through Cardinal ANTONELLI, his protest against these proceedings. The Roman nobles, with Prince BORGHESE at their head, seem to acquiesce in the change of government.



ENTRY OF THE ITALIAN TROOPS INTO ROME.

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WEDDING-RING RHYMES.

"THE merit of having writ a posy of a ring." It appears that Mr. Richard Steele uses this expression in irony, and as if Mr. Spectator thought there was little merit in having writ a posy of a ring. There is, however, a charm about some of these posies that is engendered of their quaintness and their pith. It is with pleasure that we see them revived on many of the wedding-rings exposed in the windows of the jewelers at this present time. The immediate derivation of posy is very clearly from poesie or poesy, the *e* having been cut out. But posy is commonly applied by the country people to a large or small bunch of flowers their gardens afford in plenty in the gay seasons of spring and summer. Bowpot is another word applied to a homely bouquet, or bunch of rustic garden flowers. The analogy to the French bouquet is close, and it has been suggested that beau-pot is, perhaps, a more correct orthography than bowpot. However, in whichever way the word is spelled, it is at this day in very common use in certain districts of England. To revert, however, to posy, in its application to a short sentence of verse inscribed on a ring, and generally the wedding or a keepsake ring, we may quote a few of these inscriptions from old rings, dating from the year 1506 downward.

"Death never parts
Such loving hearts."

There is another, equally old:

"Love and respect
I doe expect."

This also is from a very old ring:

"In God and thee
Shall my joy be."

Later we have:

"Divinely knitt by Grace are wee,
Lately two, now one, the pledg here see."
B. and A., 1657.

"Love and live happy."—1689.

"Happy in thee
Hath God made me."

"God did decree
Our unitie."

Of a still later date is a punning one:

"Endles as this
Shall be our bliss."
THOMAS BLISS, 1719.

Most of these couplets are strongly imbued with the spirit of loyalty—to wit, under date 1646:

"I love the rod,
And thee, and God."

Which shows a spirit of feminine subjection now rather uncommon. But all the devotion was not on one side, for we find on another old ring:

"I doe rejoice
In thee, my choice."

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"I HAVE used one of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines (No. 2762) nearly fourteen years, making cloaks for the last eleven years, and doing all other kinds of sewing, down to book muslin. It is now in perfect order, has never had any repairs, and I have not broken a needle since I can remember. I appreciate my machine more and more every day, and would not exchange it for any machine that I know."—M. BUDLONG, Utica, N. Y.

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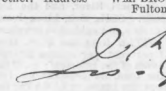

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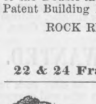

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 725.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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TAKE A CHANCE?

WHATEVER may be said, in general terms, against the morality of lotteries, this easy method of raising money has become a part of the regular machinery of charitable fairs, and every objection is met with the undeniable statement that it is both popular and successful. Many a one, who otherwise would not contribute a dime, will take a chance in a lottery, especially when assailed, like the nice young man in the accompanying sketch, with the pleasant cajoleries of charming young ladies. It is a singular and not very creditable fact that mere misery is less potent than many other influences to unlock a cash-box. All around us, within a short distance of our own homes, in streets through which we pass every day, there are hundreds and thousands of our fellow-beings painfully holding themselves just above the verge of starvation, or sinking below it in despair. We know this. We know that within a stone's-throw of our own comfortable homes there is more misery than many a hard-fought battle-field has seen. And yet, partly from custom, and partly from the deficiency in picturesque elements, we are less moved by this than by a single incident of war.

It must be confessed that our sympathies are sometimes moved by circumstances entirely independent of the merits of the case. The French Zouave, for example, is a highly picturesque figure, and makes a brilliant show in illustrations of the war. Nothing is more effective than a scene in a hospital or on the field of battle, where Sisters of Mercy bend over the dead and dying, priests with the crucifix in hand listen to the

TAKE A CHANCE?—[DRAWN BY C. R. REINHART.]

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last words of confession, and groups or masses of military fill the other parts of the sketch. Some such picture rises before our imagination when we are asked to contribute to a fund for the relief of the wounded. We do well to contribute liberally for this cause; but, at the same time, we should not forget that a New York laboring-man, sick and out of work, the starving seamstress, the poor widow and her children, and the wretched waifs of humanity that swarm in our streets, may suffer as keenly as the most picturesque gentleman that ever marched to glory in baggy trowsers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

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A LESSON OF THE DAY.

THE retirement of Secretary COX shows that the present system of the civil service is stronger than the President. At the head of a party Administration, he finds that the condition of party ascendency, recognized by both of the great political organizations and the accepted tradition of a generation, is, in Mr. MARCY'S famous phrase, that to the victors belong the spoils. General COX is of course not ignorant of the immense force of the system, and in his letter offering his resignation he suggests that the President must decide whether his Administration can venture to provoke the hostility which would spring from his refusal to acquiesce in the usual practice. Since, then, it is a system strong enough to put the best men out of office, it will soon put honor itself out of politics. And when they are wholly gone it will be a little late to reflect that the application of the simplest principles of ordinary business to the management of the affairs of the government would have saved us from the total wreck in which we shall be involved.

When we make party zeal the sole tenure of office we make every election a ferocious struggle, literally, for life or the means of livelihood upon the part of the officers. They therefore desert their duty to influence the election. The national business remains undone, or is turned off in the hastiest and most slovenly manner, and the excitement of an election becomes a prolonged fury. But the officers are ill paid. They not only know that they will lose their places if the opposition comes in, but that they will be taxed heavily for the expenses of the election, and that they will be turned out for any suppliant who can command stronger political influence. They therefore make hay while the sun shines. The system incites them to dishonesty. It is not honesty, capacity, and industry, it is party management and large subscriptions, that keep them in office. It is a system, therefore, under which the offices of the government are really for sale. A subscription-paper, for instance, is passed through a department—Secretary COX'S or any other. The clerks are told that it is "voluntary." Young Jones, who has a salary of a thousand dollars and a large family, feels and says that he can not honestly afford to pay, and declines. Young Jones is consequently removed; and if he inquires why, is told that there are twenty gentlemen, just as good party men and just as capable clerks as he, who would gladly pay twice the amount of the "voluntary" subscription which he declined. If there is one who would pay ten times as much, the office is sold to him.

But who should pay if not those who enjoy the party prizes? innocently asks some old fox. But we are not speaking of party prizes. We are speaking of the offices of the government necessary to the faithful administration of affairs. They are not party prizes, they are public services. Parties, indeed, have appropriated them, and degraded them to prizes. But the question assumes the very iniquity. The alternative is simple. If the members of a party are not sufficiently interested in its success to pay the necessary honest expenses of an election, their convictions are not of a depth and sincerity which make their ascendency desirable. If they insist that the office-holders shall pay the expenses, they put up the civil service at auction, and foster an abuse which is fatal to honest government. Young Jones, who is faithful and honest, and just the officer whom the country wants, says, sadly, "I didn't go round with the boys and treat, nor attend the caucuses and the polls, nor pay a political tax, nor subscribe 'voluntarily,' and here I am!" Smith, at the next desk, says, "I couldn't starve, and so I paid my assessment to save my bread and butter; as I would give my purse to a robber to save my life." Jenkins, at the desk beyond, pays up and is silent. But he feathers his nest against the day of wrath. Thus it is a pleasing system, by which every fourth dollar received disappears, and by which every man's interest is to cheat, and not to serve, the government.

"Yes, it is a very bad system, but you can't do any thing about it." Not half as bad as slavery, and a great deal has been done about that. There never was an evil yet which was removed by saying that nothing could be done about it. It is by doing that the world warps ahead. When a ship goes ashore, or drifts among breakers, if the captain should complacently twirl his thumbs, and remark that it was a bad business, but nothing could be done, he might justly be thrown overboard as the JONAH of the disaster. If absolute venality and corruption are inseparable from politics, then the sooner decent men withdraw from them the sooner they will do their duty. But who believes such folly? Who does not know that the very system which was finally established by General JACKSON, in pursuance of MARCY'S principle, led at last to the utter overthrow of the Democratic party? Who does not know that there is no advice to the Republican party so contemptible as that it should imitate the methods of its opponents?

The fatal power and tendency of the present civil service system are now apparent. It constrains a President to sacrifice the better men in his own party. That sacrifice is necessarily attended by the disapproval of the best sentiment of the party. It tends to destroy that harmony and confidence which are indispensable to party success. The Administration, whose purity of purpose we do not doubt, should reflect that the political apathy of so many of the best men, of thousands and thousands of such men throughout the country, arises from the feeling that one party is as bad as another. It is a feeling which we deprecate and do not share, but the reason of which is mainly the apparent inability or reluctance of the Republican Administration to cope with this terrible evil. Meanwhile the better portion of the Democratic party feel that they are justified in not leaving their old camp lines when the practice of the opposition seems to be little better.

President GRANT, naturally unfamiliar with politics and politicians and political methods, is experimenting, and, as we believe, with perfect honesty. But if he considers the character of the Republican party and its natural tendencies, we believe that he will perceive his instinct at the beginning of his administration to have been correct, and that it is safer to alienate the mere party managers than the intelligent judgment of thoughtful American citizens.

A FRENCH APPEAL.

THE dignified, pathetic, and powerful appeal of M. AUGUSTE LAUGEL to the Americans, and to the Germans in America, in behalf of his country will not be without effect. M. LAUGEL is the friend and secretary of the Duc D'Aumale, and his wife is an American. He is a gentleman of the highest honor and intelligence, who came to us, full of sympathy, during our war, and upon his return published a work marked by the finest insight and clear judgment. He has been long exiled under the empire, with so many of the best Frenchmen; but the misfortune of his country touches him so deeply as to give to his appeal an eloquence all the more persuasive from the calm of intense feeling which appears in its tone. He begins by confessing the justice of the German indignation with "the unprovoked and wicked attack of the French Emperor." But as the war has now become one of conquest, its character is changed. Germany has no more right to dismember France than France would have had to divide Germany; and the situation shows that dismemberment is no longer essential to the security of Germany.

Has Germany a right to annex all German-speaking provinces? May she take German Switzerland and German Russia? Would Europe allow France to claim Belgium, Luxembourg, and Geneva? Alsace, M. LAUGEL asserts, has never been oppressed by France. When LOUIS XIV. persecuted the Protestants elsewhere he spared Alsace. The very prevalence of the German language in the province is the best proof that France has not interfered with the habits and customs of the people. And it is this policy which has made Alsace loyal to France. She became free, her peasants became proprietors, and her soldiers became generals, while Germany was still feudal. Germany can only invoke the right of conquest. She would hardly dare to trust an appeal to the inhabitants of the provinces. Besides, if the annexation could be accomplished, M. LAUGEL thinks that it would not be for the advantage of Germany. Alsace was a mediator between the countries. Through her German ideas penetrated France, and French ideas Germany. To annex the mediating territory is to isolate France completely, and intensify the national jealousy and hostility.

M. LAUGEL then turns to the Americans at large, and asks the voice of their sympathy for France in this terrible hour of her humiliation and ruin. "Now that we are vanquished," says this noble and honorable Frenchman; "that our faults are expiated by so many miseries; that we look around us in Europe and find no friend; that our armies are destroyed; that our fortresses are falling under the guns of the invader; that we have rid ourselves—even in the face of his advancing armies—of the corrupting power which prepared our ruin; that we are ready to give up every thing to our enemies except the liberty of our fellow-countrymen; that we accept ruin, humiliation, and famine, and only refuse to buy peace with the free souls of our faithful Alsatians—I call upon Americans to remember the past—to remember LAFAYETTE and ROCHAMBEAU, TOCQUEVILLE and GASPARIN—to remember the Comte De Paris and his brother. Let the voice of America be heard, and that voice will not be heard in vain."

Such manly words are refreshing, for they assure us that there are still thought and reason in the breasts of Frenchmen, of which the lamentable rhetoric of GAMBETTA and the rest had made us despair. Here is an honorable acceptance of every thing but what seems to the writer a cruel betrayal of part of his countrymen, and a fatal dismemberment of his country. But no appeal will now avail. Since the address was written Metz has fallen, and the occupation and virtual annexation of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany are accomplished. No power—not even the United States—could consistently protest, or even demand that a vote of the people be taken. We have acquired great territory without consulting the inhabitants, and the right of possession by conquest is admitted by international custom. France pays the terrible penalty of the total demoralization wrought by the empire of LOUIS NAPOLEON. So great, because so ignominious, a fall no nation ever had. But it is to men like M. LAUGEL, who have not succumbed to the general decay which has overtaken the nation, that France must look for her resurrection, not as a *grande nation*, but as a great, free, self-respecting people.

CONGRESS AND THE PEOPLE.

THE reputation of part of the judicial bench in the city of New York has become so tainted—it is so notorious that there are judges here who, as the *World* says, "sell injustice for a price"—that it is very pleasant to contemplate legal proceedings of the highest ability and beyond suspicion, like those in the Circuit Court of this district, upon occasion of the attempt to impeach the constitutionality of the law to secure honest elections for members of Congress. There are hard necessities in every profession, and it must have been a little difficult—whatever the liberality of Tammany Hall—for two respectable lawyers like Mr. STOUGHTON and Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS to know that they appeared in the interest of that vast system of electoral fraud which is now the most threatening fact in our political situation. Their cause was the cause of repeaters, ballot-box stuffers, bullies, and scoundrels of every degree. They denied, as was their legal right, the constitutionality of a law which could by no possibility harm any man, and whose enforcement could only protect the most precious political right of every citizen. The success of their effort to impeach the law would have made fraud easier. Yet, if they thought it unconstitutional, they probably felt that they were doing a professional duty.

None the less, however, must they have regretted the hard necessity of professionally aiding electoral frauds, and all the more must they, as good citizens, have rejoiced that deeper constitutional insight and greater professional ability than theirs enabled the court to establish the constitutionality of the law which they disputed, and to baffle the designs of those shameless corruptionists of the Ring, whose crimes the editor of the *World* beheld, and who were, of course, not the employers of Messrs. STOUGHTON and CURTIS in the case. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. STOUGHTON should have allowed himself more than once to speak in a highly emphatic and pointed manner of the "unusual" and unprecedented course of the Court, as if he intended to convey a very much stronger criticism than the word itself justified. The Court, however, calmly corrected him in a tone and spirit which, it is to be hoped, will not be without benefit to the learned counsel. It is so easy for prosperous and noted professional gentlemen at the bar to acquire an offensively dictatorial manner, which lifts them beyond courtesy and propriety, that a tranquil reproof is of the utmost service, and is undoubtedly gladly welcomed by them, as it is universally approved by the public.

The opinion of Judge WOODRUFF sustaining the constitutionality of the election law is very clear and decisive. It asserts that the method of ascertaining the qualifications of an elector provided by the law is not an attempt to prescribe his qualifications, and therefore does not conflict with the constitutional provision in regard to qualifications. The opinion affirms, secondly, that the clause in regard to the manner and times of election was inserted to secure the honest and free expression of the popular will in Congress, which might be defeated by indifference or knavery in the States; and since Congress could certainly enable all to vote for its members who are entitled to vote, it may equally prohibit the voting of those who are not entitled; and the fact that the power has not been hitherto exercised is no argument whatever against its existence. Congress provides in the law that Congressional elections shall not be decided by fraudulent methods under the guise of State law. If it had no authority to make such regulations, the people of the United States would be powerless against just such organized knavery as Tammany Hall.

The denunciations of this law as "centralizing" are part of the Tammany tactics, to hide its purposes and its unscrupulous methods under an appeal to jealousy of the national authority. It is an attempt to wrest the doctrine of State sovereignty to the protection of electoral corruption and fraud, as it was formerly invoked to shield slavery. The Democratic party is now, as it has been for a generation, a disorganizing party. Its efforts are all turned to foment suspicion and hostility between the national and the State authority. It strives to depict the government of all the people at Washington as a centralizing tyranny, and the minions of Tammany Hall—as absolute a despotism as LOUIS NAPOLEON'S empire—decry Congress as despotic! To all this foolish clamor the opinion of the Court in this case is an admirable reply. It states temperately, completely, forcibly, and finally both the constitutionality and the reason of the constitutionality of a law which aims to keep the Congress of the United States what the Constitution meant it to be, the representative of the people, and not of any clique of shameless corruptionists in this or in any State.

MONEY AND POLITICS.

IN the State of Massachusetts Mr. D. H. MASON was nominated for Senator at the recent election, and he declined the honor upon the ground that he could not afford to take the office. He said that a Senator must spend half of the year in arduous public duty with no adequate compensation, and a man who could do this, he said, without serious loss, must count his labor of little value. Mr. MASON states very pointedly what has become a grave consideration—the expense of taking office. Dr. FRANKLIN, who has the reputation of great shrewdness, was of opinion that the officers of the national government should serve for nothing. But experience since the doctor's day does not illustrate the wisdom of his judgment. A sagacious politician estimated ten years ago that the actual expense in money, besides the entire sacrifice of time and labor and conscience, for an election as a representative in Congress, was at least the salary of the first term. This was the calculation of a moderate and economical man, and indicated what may be called a normal situation in a district where a nomination was equivalent to an election.

But when an honest man is nominated in a doubtful district for a smaller position, as a member of the State Legislature, for instance—a position which is not generally personally agreeable, and which requires of an honest man immense sacrifices—what will he find to be the situation? In the first place he will be assessed by the local committee. Then he will be expected to subscribe liberally to the local clubs. Then he will be waited upon by all the target and other companies. Then he must pay for the printing of posters and circulars, and for speakers, and for the incessant "cheerful glass" of friendly retainers. He must have a skilled agent or two, "practical politicians," who "know all about this thing." There must be music also and banners; and, as the crisis approaches, every kind of "usual" outlay will be suggested to him by perfectly disinterested gentlemen, who really think that, by a little care, he can be elected. Meanwhile the glamour that touches the eyes of every candidate does not spare his. He is nominated, and he naturally wishes to make the best fight he can; and really, under the circumstances, it does look to him as if—this time—he might be successful! What, then, are fifty dollars here, or a hundred there?

If the honest man is rich and is elected, very well. He will be paid about a twentieth part of what he has spent. If he is poor and is elected, and has borrowed the money for the campaign, and must leave his business, to be paid some two or three dollars a day in the Legislature, is not his honesty exposed to a considerable strain? If, on the other hand, he is not an honest man, and has spent five or ten thousand dollars to secure the chance of being paid three dollars a day for a hundred days, he will make the three dollars three hundred a day if he possibly can. Thus the small sums paid for the public service, and the enormous expenses to the candidate of a canvass, allow only the rich or the dishonest to hold office. The pay of a member of the Assembly in New York, who serves for one year, is three dollars a day for a hundred days. We have heard a member openly assert in a railroad car that his election cost

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him six thousand dollars, which he "had got to get back," and as much more as possible. There are men who have no business whatever but politics, and who grow suddenly and enormously rich. They live in fine houses, and are good-humoredly regarded as "knowing." There are other men who, with as much honesty, forge or steal; and they are sent as felons to Sing Sing. A rose smells so differently under different names!

These are very familiar facts, but they show plainly that money has become one of the chief elements in politics. The office is not regarded as a post of the public service, but it is a prize for which aspirants must pay. To take office is not considered a patriotic sacrifice, a duty which a man ought, when honorably practicable, to undertake, but a chance at money-making, for which he must expect to pay a good price. It is another view of the influence which is becoming so universal and imperative that good citizens can no longer safely disregard it. But for this wrong there is no remedy but the active and constant interest of honest men in the details of politics. There will then be a chance for the nomination of more candidates like Mr. MASON, who will break with the traditions, and refuse to pay great sums of money to obtain positions which they do not wish, but which the intelligent and honest public wish them to fill. And if such men feel with Mr. MASON that they can not properly accept the nomination, we shall begin to ask whether it is not true economy to save money by removing the temptation to steal.

A STRAW THAT SHOWS THE WIND.

AT a recent political meeting in Norfolk, Virginia, at which the Secretary of the Navy and other gentlemen were present as speakers, a disturbance began while Professor LANGSTON, a colored citizen, was addressing the audience, which ended in a riot which the police were powerless to quell. Fire-arms were freely used. The next morning one colored man was found gashed and dead in an alley near by, and JOHN T. DANIEL, a well-known white Republican, was seriously wounded. Of course nobody supposes that it was the Republicans who disturbed their own meeting, and shot and murdered their own friends. It was an ebullition of the hatred and jealousy which still agitate the public mind in the late rebel region. And what does such an incident suggest?

Nothing is truer than that trouble must for a long time be expected in that part of the country. We have constantly insisted in these columns that nothing was more foolish than to suppose that, because actual hostilities in the field were over, all the amenities of peace had returned. The Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts at the late election said that of course there were disturbances in the Southern States, and of course they would continue. That is the undoubted fact. EX-GOVERNOR ORR says that the late rebel leaders do not co-operate with the means of peace offered by Congress. Let us make no more of the fact than it will honestly bear, but do not let us assume that it is not a fact, and act accordingly. Ostrich statesmanship is the most intolerable of all.

What the late rebel States really want more than any thing else is the conviction that the people of the country have a steady policy in regard to the whole subject of political equality and reconstruction. If the ugly element in those States knows that the government—that is, the people—is friendly to that equality, and will support it to the last, and with all its power, that element will become less and less pernicious and incendiary. If, on the other hand, it knows that the government is hostile, and heartily hates the political equality established by reconstruction, that element will be the dominant influence in the Southern States, and endless agitation must follow. When the Democratic organs feebly hint to their fellow-partisans that the party ought to cease its open warfare upon the political equality of all citizens, the persuasive argument is, in substance, that if, under pretense of acquiescence, the party at large could only gain the national control, then the party in the various States might treat the colored citizens as it pleased, and the Democratic central power would be sleeping or gone upon a journey; in any case it would not see nor interfere.

Mr. GERRIT SMITH, in urging the colored voters to support the anti-dram-shop ticket at the late election in New York, said that it was "insulting as well as nonsensical" to tell them that if the Democratic party triumphed the freedmen would be re-enslaved or disfranchised. Mr. GERRIT SMITH is a true friend of the colored citizen, but is it insulting as well as nonsensical to say that if the Democratic party could obtain national power, such riots as that at Norfolk would become very common; that the exercise of the right of voting and of free discussion in public would become extremely difficult for the colored citizens; that terror can disfranchise as well as law; and that while slavery might not be restored, the spirit of slavery would affect the conduct of the ugly element of which we have spoken? Could there fail to be immense excitement and agitation, a feeling of insecurity upon the part of the colored citizens, and of triumph upon that of the worst classes of the population? And what possible benefit would this be to any human being? On the contrary, would it not be a very grave disaster for the whole country?

When, therefore, we read the story of such a riot as that at Norfolk, let us reflect that if such things are to be naturally expected, as we admit, even under the Republican national ascendency, what might be naturally expected should the Democratic party come into power?

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THE attempt to bridge a stream or estuary, like the East River at New York, of a breadth of sixteen hundred feet navigable water, with a single span, is something new in the progress of engineering. This is twice the span of the Niagara Suspension-Bridge, and four times the longest non-suspension spans ever attempted. The height of the proposed structure also is (practically) unprecedented; that is, although other bridges have been built at as great or greater heights from the surface of the water, no other bridge has ever been projected at such an elevation above the shores. A proposal, by TELFORD, to replace Old London Bridge with an iron arch rising to a height of sixty-five feet, or about one-third the height of the proposed East River Bridge, was rejected on account of the entirely impracticable extent of the necessary approaches! Times change, and so do places, and men of Anglo-Saxon blood seem to change with both.

This bold and peculiarly American design is not yet wholly beyond the scope of debate; and its perfect success, if achieved, will be a subject of congratulation, not only to the myriads of inhabitants who daily pass between the opposite shores on business or pleasure, but also to the whole world of engineering and public works. Yet the successive steps, as sure as bold, which have led up to the solid position from which Mr. ROEBLING lifted his foot, in perfect assurance, to this last—to be arrested in the very act by his lamented death—seem to have prepared the way by practical demonstration for engaging in so magnificent an enterprise with little risk of failure or error. The only doubt seriously felt—though not shared at all by the ROEBLINGS, father or son—is in the stiffness of the suspended structure against the lifting, twisting, and swaying effect of powerful winds. But as for the lay public, we, at least, must be content to abide the test of experiment, and to congratulate the engineer and ourselves when none can dispute the successful result.

The bird's-eye view of the proposed bridge, herewith presented in a Supplement, with the portions of New York and Brooklyn more directly connected by it, and the outlines of the harbor, its islands, and the neighboring sea-shore, is, we believe, an unprecedented piece of engraving of the kind for a newspaper, taking comprehensiveness and detail both into consideration. The more familiar the reader is with the localities represented, the more striking will the successful effect and the general accuracy of the artist's work appear. The extremely deep perspective stretches across the better half of Brooklyn, from the bridge southward across Long Island, and to the ocean horizon, with what might be described as a telescopic view of sea-going craft, broken on the right by the Highlands of Neversink, with Sandy Hook at their feet. Within this barrier and the hollowed coast of New Jersey lies the Lower Bay, receding into Raritan Bay at the extreme right. Nearer again, on the right, is seen the most of Staten Island—that rounded gem of natural scenery and paradise of suburban elegance, dotted with its numerous villas and villages. The three small islands in the harbor, nearly in a line, are (in their order from right to left) Hart's, Bedloe's, and Governor's islands—each flying the national ensign from its flag-staff, as a military station of the United States. The Narrows are seen between Staten Island and Long Island, with Fort Richmond on the extreme point of the former, and Fort Hamilton on that of the latter island. The small stone work in the Narrows, near Fort Hamilton, is Fort Lafayette, sometimes called, from its shape, Fort Diamond—the brown-stone mansion wherein the more distinguished civil guests of the War Department were sometimes entertained during the rebellion. The Quarantine anchorage is faintly marked in the apparent centre of the Narrows. The long, low point of land beyond the Narrows, with the winding, ditch-like channel that cuts it off from the main island peeping out here and there, is Coney Island, the products of which are pure gray sand, excellent sea-bathing, and innumerable sprees, with an occasional free fight. The seeming inlet on the hither side and left of the Narrows is a glimpse of Gowanus Bay, from the head of which Gowanus Creek and Canal extend some distance into the heart of Brooklyn, accommodating the local trade in fuel, lumber, and other coarse articles. Before leaving the City of Churches, this tallest spire, farthest to the left (that of "Holy Trinity"), marks for us the corner of Clinton and Montague streets, the latter leading to the Wall Street Ferry; and close behind it may be seen the City Hall, the County Court-house, the end of Fulton Street, and the beginning of Fulton Avenue. At this point, thirty years ago, the writer's walks, which seem like yesterday's, began to linger between green fields and old country houses on either side the way, as far as where broad Flatbush Avenue (then Flatbush road) forks off to the right to Prospect Park. Straight on, up the hill, where Fulton Avenue now runs, with the then still complete earth-works of Washington Heights—now Washington Park—on the left, we wandered into the rough country, where, far beyond all other signs of city or suburban life, Rev. SAMUEL H. COX, D.D., was building his modest "Rusurban"—now Oxford Street—about midway in the reach of the dense and elegant city!

Returning to the artist's point of view, in the right-hand fore-ground—we suspect that is he perched, at this moment, on the chimney next the border-line of the engraving—we survey most of the first five wards of the city of New York, covering, perhaps, one-twentieth of its built area, and embracing in one view specimens of the two extremes—of its wealth and honor on the right hand, and of its misery and depravity on the left. Most of the portion to the left of the bridge is in the Fourth Ward, next in ill fame to the Sixth, which adjoins it on the hither side. The last street running toward the East River, on the left, is James Street, and the last but one is Roosevelt Street. Both terminate in Chatham Square, a corner of which is seen in the left-hand corner of the engraving. The triangular block between them, cut off by the broad diagonal line of the New Bowery, contains the Howard Mission near its apex; and the building which forms the apex of the adjoining triangular block, to the left, between New Bowery and James Street, is the new St. James's Mission (Roman Catholic). The third street, from left to right, is Pearl Street, which bends off from the direction of the river, and meets the bridge at right angles at Franklin Square, which is crossed and partly concealed by the structure. A little further on are the Harpers' Buildings; that on Pearl Street marked by the national flag, and both by the name of the firm, which may be made out with a glass or a pair of sharp eyes.

Next to the artist's perch we observe the old Rotunda, the small building with a dome, an historical relic, lately demolished, where, in the days above recalled to mind, we were wont to resort for letters when it was the City Post-office. Later, CATHERWOOD'S panorama was exhibited there—a marvelous object in its time, since eclipsed by BANVARD and the rest. He (CATHERWOOD) it was who was afterward orphaned, according to some Editor's Easy Chair of the day, by a fire, which left him without a pa-nor-a-ma. Next to the Rotunda, toward the right, is the Tax-Receiver's Office. In the rear of the latter building is the old Hall of Records, now called Department of Finance—once a building of respectable design, but now, like the Custom-house (formerly Merchants' Exchange), and somewhat like the rock ledges on unimproved property up town, its roof has been made a roost for an extensive shanty. It may be, for aught we know, Mr. TWEED'S hennery, or a garret for rubbish and papers, or a janitor's tenement, for the accommodation of naturalized civic functionaries expert in voting. Next these two buildings, in the right-hand corner of the engraving, are seen the eastern ends of the new Court-house and the old City Hall; the former, which is nearest you, perhaps the most remarkable unfinished building on this or any other continent, considering its cost, already between six and seven millions of dollars, and growing; the latter, barring its contents, a respectable and honest relic of the architecture of better days. Behind them all is a corner of the City Hall Park, resting on Park Row, which is gridironed with the tracks of all the city railroads east of Broadway, except the Second Avenue line. Next comes the new Post-office, as it will be in time. A corner of the Astor House here peeps into the picture, and next it stands St. Paul's Church. Midway down the magnificent street stands Trinity Church, looking down Wall Street upon the noble dome of the Custom-house, partly hidden by the shanties before referred to, but which have not yet been built all over it. The large dirt-heap at the foot of Broadway is the city dumping-ground, formerly the Battery, and in old times surrounded by the most fashionable and aristocratic mansions of the city. The next street parallel to Broadway, on the left, is Nassau; the second, William; the third, Gold; the fourth, Cliff; the fifth, Pearl; the sixth, seventh, and eighth, indistinctly seen, are Water, Front, and South. Crossing them all, and heading off those west (right) of Pearl Street, the high viaduct, or land approach of the bridge, gradually slopes down to the level of Chatham Street at Printing-house Square—so called by the daily papers there domiciled, in the spirit of obsequiousness to our British prototypes, of which we exhibit instances frequent enough justly to silence all who would rebuke us for the sin of national pride. The buildings of the *Sun* (old Tammany Hall), of the *Tribune*, on the corner beyond, and of the *Times*, fronting on the square, are plainly distinguished. Beyond the *Times*, on the further right-hand corner of the same block (formerly the Brick Church property), is the office of the *World*, on Park Row and Beekman Street. Next the adjacent corner of Beekman Street and Park Row comes the *Standard*, further down the same block the *Express*, and finally the *Herald* building, where Barnum's Museum so long stood, at the junction of Park Row with Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church. The *Star* is at the hither extremity of the square, and the artist has kindly turned the front of the sign toward the rear, for the occasion, so as to give us a view of it.

The ground-floor of the enormous building, or block, in which the bridge approach on the New York side terminates will afford spacious waiting-rooms and promenades for passengers, besides abundant room for any possible number of discharging and reloading cars, for throngs of foot-passengers, and for droves of vehicles and beasts of burden. The lucrative position and great public convenience of the stores above the ground-floor need not be pointed out. Many regard the heavy operations in real estate and building involved in these land approaches as a formidable obstacle to the practicability of completing the bridge. It is strange that any one should fail to perceive that the privilege of acquiring and constructing these approaches (now mostly property of third or fourth rate productiveness) carries with it one of the most enormous speculations ever known in real estate, and constitutes the one part of the Bridge Company's business to the profit of which no alternative can be supposed.

The total length of the colossal structure before us is about a mile and one-seventh. From the entrance on Chatham Street to the tower at the the river-side is nearly half a mile, or, accurately, 2277 feet. Of this part of the structure, 940 feet, from the tower to the anchor-wall at Franklin Square, is to be suspended. The remainder, 1337 feet, is to be built up from the ground in fire-proof warehouses and stores, supporting the road-way on their roofs. The streets will be crossed by iron truss and girder bridges. The grade of this approach, from Chatham Street to the level of the bridge proper, is $3\frac{44}{100}$ feet in 100, and the total ascent, or height of the bridge floor above the floor of the grand dépôt, is 100 feet. The span from tower to tower is 1600 feet long and 80 feet wide, at an elevation of 136 feet above high-water. The base of each towe rmeasures 56 by 134 feet, and the height of each is 268 above high-water.

The Brooklyn approach has a span of 940 feet, suspended over the roofs of the city, precisely like that on the New York side, and a solid roadway on the buildings to be erected for the purpose of 837 feet from the anchorage in James Street, near Garrison, obliquely to the terminus in the block bounded by Fulton, Prospect, Sands, and Washington streets.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE *Indépendance Belge* claims to have intelligence from an escaped French officer, corroborated by a paper printed in Metz when the Germans entered, that the French leaders to the last deceived the army by promises to cut their way out, repeated while they were actually treating for the surrender.

It is asserted that the Germans found in the magazines and arsenals of the forts at Metz stores of all kinds, including provisions sufficient to maintain the garrison till March.

The Alsatians captured at Metz and elsewhere are to be kept separate from the other prisoners, as they are hereafter to be regarded as Germans, and not French.

A deputation of two thousand representatives of various political organizations in France waited upon M. Gambetta recently to urge a *levée en masse*, and the appointment of committees in the Departments to hasten the uprising. He replied that the government were making every effort to procure arms and munitions, but the people must assist the government in this, as in other efforts, and must not expect the government to surmount obstacles which they themselves might remove.

M. Thiers has been unsuccessfully negotiating with Count Bismarck for an armistice. At the first interview, on the 3d inst., it was arranged that an armistice should be concluded for twenty days; during this interval the inhabitants were to be at liberty to bring food into Paris, and elections were to be held in all the departments. M. Thiers asked if Alsace and Lorraine would be permitted to send deputies to the Assembly. Bismarck at first said no, but finally intimated that he might consent. These conditions were not favorably received by the French authorities in Paris, and M. Thiers was directed to discontinue the negotiations, and to leave the Prussian head-quarters.

Some disturbances were recently fomented in Marseilles by the "Reds," but promptly quelled. Letters from that city represent that when Cluseret was carried in triumph to the prefecture by a few turbulent persons he nominated George Francis Train as General-in-Chief of the Garde Nationale.

A version of what is called the Emperor Napoleon's pamphlet on the campaign of 1870 has been published. The imperial plan of campaign was to mass 150,000 men at Metz, 100,000 at Strasburg, and 60,000 at Chalons, and to cross the Rhine near Haguenau with a large force, so as to divide Germany, win the first great battle, and secure the alliance of Austria and Italy in imposing neutrality on the South German states. The defective military system and delay in bringing up men and material frustrated the plan, and the Germans, having had time to bring their forces forward, outnumbered the French, and put them on the defensive. A new plan was then made necessary, involving a retreat on Chalons. This the regency opposed as discouraging to the public. He yielded his convictions, and adopted M'Mahon's plan of relieving Metz, which ended in catastrophe. The author analyzes the battle of Sedan, and the causes of the German successes, and points out many of the defects in the French army.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Austrian government has decided not to interfere in Roman affairs, but suggests a conference of the powers to adjust the guarantees to be offered to the Pope.

Among the propositions of the Italian ministry are the recognition of the Pope as the spiritual sovereign, and the reorganization of the army on the Prussian plan.

July 15, 1871, has been fixed upon as the date of the transfer of the capital of Italy to Rome.

A written acceptance of the Spanish crown by the Duke of Aosta was received at Madrid on the 3d inst.

Another hurricane occurred on the island of Cuba on the 20th ult., doing much damage to buildings, crops, and shipping. No loss of life is reported. Manzas and Cardenas suffered most severely. There was a destructive gale at Key West, Florida, at the same time.

Two filibustering schooners from the United States, laden with arms and clothing, were recently captured near Nuevitas, on the island of Cuba.

The French authorities of Martinique have shot twenty-five of the leaders of the late insurrection, and have one hundred others in their power.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE expenditures of the United States government for the month of October amounted to $13,798,027 75.

The revenue collections of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1870, amounted to $168,550,107, an increase of more than $15,500,000 over those of the preceding year.

The drawing of the Mercantile Library Gift Concert lottery, at San Francisco, took place on the 1st inst., and was attended with considerable excitement. The first prize of $100,000 was drawn by ticket No. 154,077, held by Mr. Hellman, of this city.

The steamship *Varuna*, for Galveston, Texas, foundered during the night of October 20, off Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and all on board, except the second mate and four men, were lost. She carried thirty-six passengers, among whom was Mr. Jenkinson, member of the British House of Commons.

The poet Whittier was offered the nomination for Congress in the Sixth District of Massachusetts, by the prohibitionists, but declined it.

The official returns of the South Carolina election show that Republican members of Congress have been elected in all the districts.

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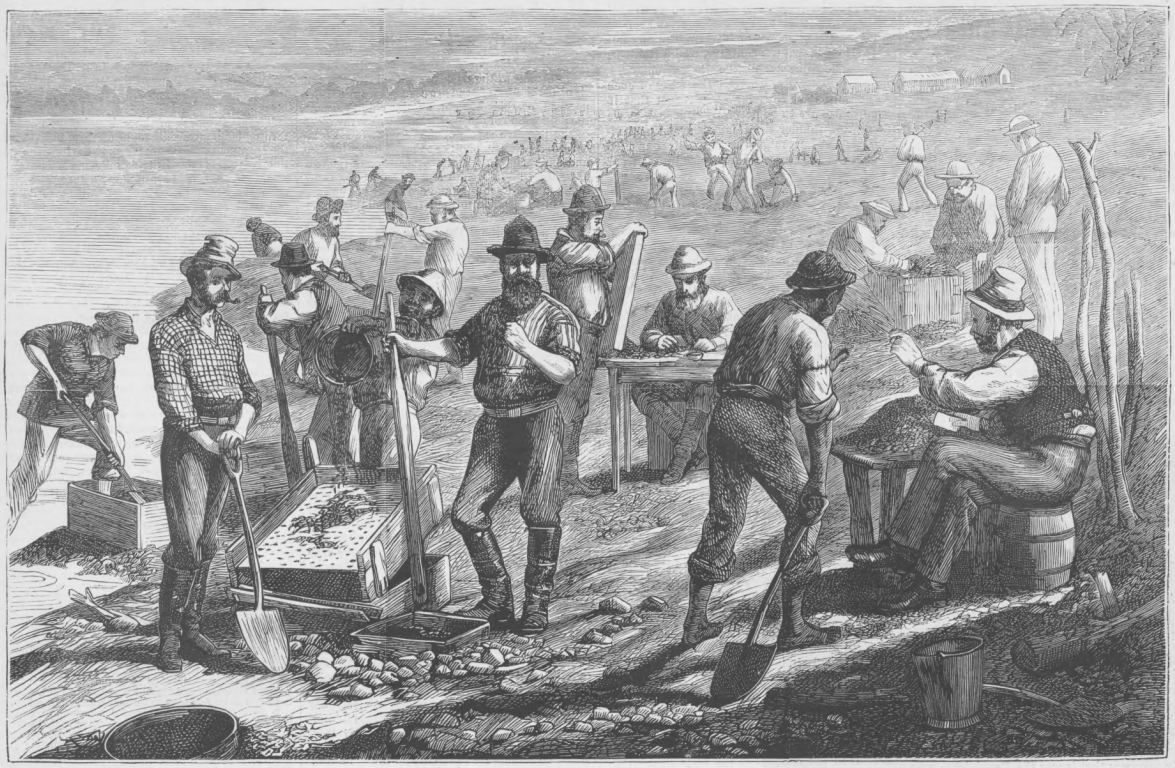

WASHING FOR DIAMONDS AT THE NEW DIAMOND FIELDS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS.

THE diamond fields recently discovered in South Africa are situated on the Vaal River, far inland, though easily accessible from Cape Town by steamer to East London, and thence by an overland journey of about 300 miles through a country where the means of travel are good, and subsistence obtainable at moderate prices. A letter written from the mines by a Mr. VON RONN gives the following interesting particulars of his visit there:

He started from Phillipolis Missionary Station, which lies in the Orange River Sovereignty, between the Cradock and Vaal rivers, and after passing through Jacobsdaal—a most miserable village of about twenty houses, situated in a waterless desert—entered some immense plains stretching on every side without any landmark. A few miles before reaching the Vaal River, however, the landscape changed, and our traveler entered a region of stony hills and immense boulders of rock. He was much pleased with the first sight of the lovely Vaal River, which he compares to the Thames at Richmond. It is shaded with willows and other large trees, and the sloping hills, except that they consist of basaltic rocks, closely resemble those of the Thames. For two miles in length both banks of the Vaal are dotted over with tents and wagons, and Mr. VON RONN reckons that the population at the time of his visit could not be far short of 4000. Since then it has doubtless greatly increased, as people were rushing there from all parts of the colony.

The diggers gravel the floors of their tents with the refuse washings of the mines, and amuse themselves by looking for diamonds while lying in bed. Several have been found in this way. Gambling and drinking prevail to some extent, but on the whole Mr. VON RONN gives the people a very high character. They are very civil, friendly, and obliging, and help each other in every way. Besides this, there are a large number of respectable women and children at the mines, so that the rowdyism of California and Australia is not likely to be reproduced. "In fact," says Mr. VON RONN, "it is a large and enjoyable picnic, just the thing for a Dutchman and his family, so that those who are compelled to go away all say they shall come back again."

DIAMOND MINERS GAMBLING AT NIGHT.

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Travel and Adventure.

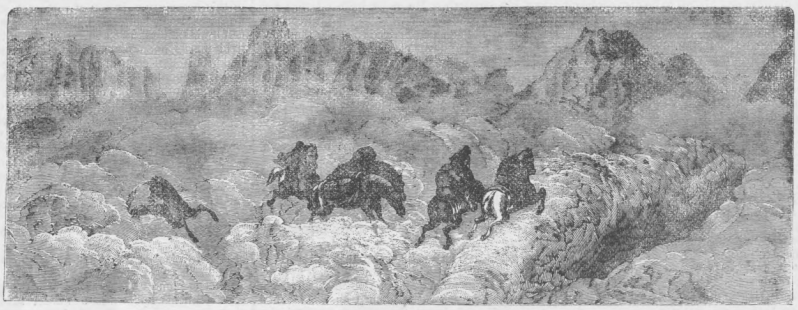
PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

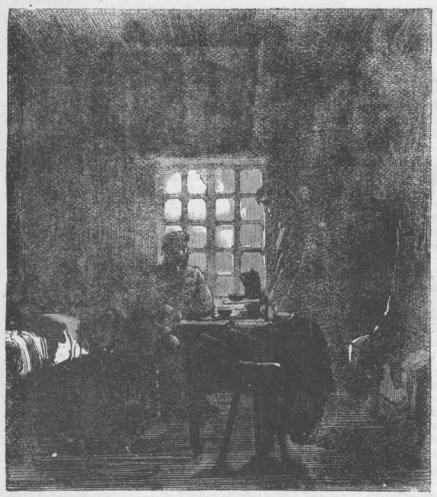
CHAPTER VI.

A new Guide.—An inveterate Snuff-taker.—Icelandic Snuff-horn.—An Escape from Drowning.—Preparations for ascending Mount Hecla.—A Hospitable Clergyman.

AT the village where the incidents narrated in the preceding chapter occurred our traveler procured the services of another guide, and resumed his journey. He was not very favorably impressed with the character of his new servant, who appeared to be inefficient, and who was certainly slow and stupid. Among other disagreeable personal traits he was an inveterate snuff-taker, and constantly inhaled the titillating dust, after the Icelandic fashion, from a receptacle somewhat like a powder-horn. It requires the use of two hands to manage an ordinary snuff-box, and this on horseback is not very convenient. So the Iceland peasants have adopted another contrivance, consisting of a kind of horn, the stopper of which, when taken out, is held by a short chain. The man then holds the orifice to his nose, and giving the horn a shake, and inhaling vigorously, performs the operation in a very satisfactory manner.



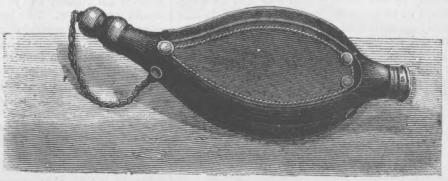
VOLCANIC DUST.



AT THE MINISTER'S.

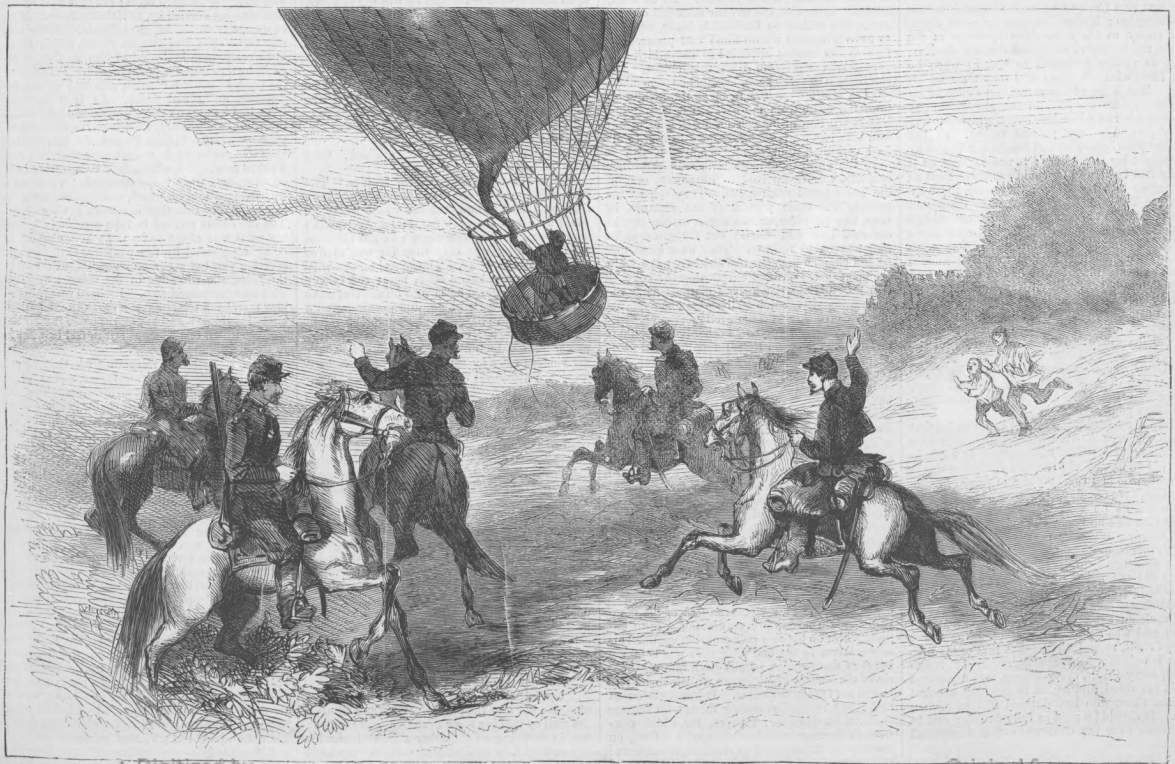
The traveler met with some accidents characteristic of the country as he went on.—One of his stirrup-straps broke, and he was obliged to ride with his legs dangling by the horse's side until he arrived at the next church, where the minister produced the necessary tools and repaired the damage; for the ministers, it seems, in addition to their scholastic attainments, are possessed of many other kinds of knowledge and skill, which are often called into requisition. After going on somewhat further his horse, in crossing a ford, fell into a deep hole, in which both horse and rider were completely submerged—so much so that the latter was wet through to the skin. Indeed, our adventurer was thrown off his horse entirely, and was only saved, as he says, by seizing hold of the horse's tail, and being dragged in this way out to dry land.

It was blowing a gale at the time, and the guide, by signs, indicated that M. Nougaret ought to stop and change his clothes. But M. Nougaret was thrown, he says, into a state of irritation bordering on frenzy by his mishap, and he whipped the horses and drove on at the utmost speed he could attain to the next hamlet, hoping that the excitement and the exercise would prevent him from taking cold. The name of the hamlet was Thyorsaholt, a little village on the banks of the river Thyorsa, flowing at the foot of Mount Hecla. Here he was received with the greatest hospitality, and made the recipient of the utmost kindness and attention by the whole family. They put him into the best room, brought out the ancient sacred family chair for him, and all together began to remove his wet clothes and dry him with towels, the young people of both sexes taking part in these attentions with an innocent simplicity and assiduity by which the object of them was much impressed. When he was dry, and fresh clothes had been put upon him, they brought him such refreshments as their cabin afforded. Among these was a cup of coffee containing in the saucer the single lump of sugar which comprised the whole family store of that article, and which had long been preserved for some great occasion of hospitality. The traveler found that he could not decline using this precious delicacy without wounding the feelings of his hosts, but he took care to replace it secretly from his own stores before he left the cottage. He was so much impressed by the devoted attentions which he received from this family that he says, on leaving them, that though the Icelanders have not much blood in their veins, and though what they have is poor and thin, he really believes they would open their veins and shed every drop of it, if it was necessary to do so in order to relieve the distress of any chance guest that should come among them.



ICELANDIC SNUFF-BOX.

After spending a day or two in the enjoyment of the hospitality of this kind-hearted family, and completing in the mean time his preparations for ascending the mountain, M. Nougaret announced his determination to depart. They all urged him to remain longer, especially as there was a heavy gale of wind blowing, by which the air was filled with flying volcanic dust and ashes from the vast stores which had been deposited all over that region by former eruptions. But he was intent on proceeding, and so the horses were loaded and brought to the door, and he bade his hospitable entertainers farewell. The cavalcade was followed by several members of the family to the banks of the river Thyorsa, which was not far distant, in order that they might witness the process of crossing the stream—an undertaking not unattended with danger in such a wind. There was a large, broad, flat-bottomed boat on the bank. The horses were unloaded, and the baggage put into the boat, and then the poor animals were driven into the water with sticks and stones. The boat followed, conveying the baggage and the men. The air was so filled with clouds of dust that in the middle of the stream nothing was to be seen except that an occasional glimpse was now and then afforded of one bank or the other, and of here and there



M. ISSANDIER'S BALLOON, FROM PARIS, DESCENDING NEAR DREUX.—[SEE PAGE 745.]

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a horse, drifting down with the current, and with only his nose and his tail to be distinguished among the angry waves.

However, in due time the passage was effected, the boat reached the farther bank, the horses were collected from the places far down the stream where they had severally scrambled to the shore, the loads were replaced upon their backs, and the cavalcade was formed in order of march again.

The party arrived after a time at the village of Storuvellir. Here the traveler made a halt, in order to confer with the minister of the place in respect to the best mode of procuring a guide for the ascent of the mountain. The minister received him with great kindness, caused a table to be spread for him with refreshments, and while he was partaking of them stood by, conversing with him in Latin on the events which were transpiring in the great outside world. M. Nougaret was surprised to find how well informed his host was in respect to events the news of which could hardly be expected to penetrate to so remote and solitary a region. He found, however, that there was a newspaper published occasionally at Reykjavik, the capital, and that the successive numbers found their way by some means even to this lonely retreat. The minister produced the last number of the paper, and read an article from it, translating it into Latin, as he read it, for the comprehension of his visitor.

When M. Nougaret was ready to resume his journey the minister insisted on accompanying him to the next halting-place, which was a hamlet named Hankadolur. The track lay among the ranges of hills and broken peaks and pinnacles which surround the mountain, and in one place the travelers were obliged to cross a plain of loose volcanic dust, that was driven about so furiously by the wind, which was still blowing heavily, as to make the passage of the plain extremely disagreeable, if not dangerous. They protected their mouths in some degree by their handkerchiefs, which they wrapped over them, but still they were almost suffocated; and the horses appeared to suffer even more than the men.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN COUPLES.

WHAT tender-nurtured boy, newly-arrived at school—that Paradise when looked back upon from afar, that *Inferno* of the present—has not awakened from sweet dreams of home with a heavy heart? Who has not pictured to himself the weary months that must elapse before he once more regains his freedom and his friends? The burden (one may say) is light, but then the back is also weak that bears it. It is a genuine woe. Something of this, but tenfold in intensity of wretchedness, did Richard feel when he awoke for the first time a convicted felon. He had dreamed that Carew was dead, and left him heir of Crompton; his mother and he were there, and Harry as his wife. The splendor of the house, the beauty of the grand domain about it, were as vividly presented to him as when he saw them with his eyes; and they were all his own. The hope of his youth, the desire of his manhood, were gratified to the uttermost; yet through all ran an undercurrent which mirrored a portion of the present reality. In the marshy pond where he had fought the Squire by moonlight lay two bodies; it was shallow, as it really had been, and he could see their faces as he peered into the water: they were those of Coe and Trevethick. He kept them there, and would not have the pond dragged; but would go thither and gloat upon them for half a summer's day. The mansion was full of gay folks—his old town companions invited to visit him, and behold his greatness (as he had often imagined they should be): Tub Ryll was *his* jester now, and Parson Whymper his "chaplain." They were all playing pool as usual, and he was just about to make an easy hazard, when somebody jogged his elbow. It was the warder of the jail.

"Come, come—this won't do," said he, gruffly. "You must jump up when the bell rings, or we shall quarrel. Fold up your hammock, and clean your room."

Even the school-boy does not begin on his first morning to reckon on his chimney almanac, "One day gone; twenty-four hours nearer to the holidays;" and how should Richard make that cheerful note, who had twenty years of prison life before him, save one day!

He did as he was ordered, wearily, with a heart that had no hope: it seemed to the warder that his air was sullen.

"If this happens again, young fellow, I report you; and then good-by to your *V G*'s."

He did not mean to be brutal; but Richard could have stabbed him where he stood. There were times to come when the temptation to commit such an act was to be very strong within him; and when no thought of punishment, far less of right, restrained him, but that of his projected vengeance always did. Every rough word, every insult, every wrong, was treasured up in his mind, and added to the long account against those who had doomed him to such a fate. It should be paid in full one day; and in the mean time the debt was out at compound interest.

He took his sordid meals, his cocoa, his bread, his gruel, not because he had ever any appetite for them, but because without them he should lose his strength. He must husband that for the long-expected hour when he might need it; when the moment had arrived to strike the blow for which his hand was clenched ten times a day. His hate grew every hour, and, like a petrifying spring, fell drop by drop about his heart, and made it stone. In the mean time, a fiend in torment could alone imagine what he suffered. He spoke to no one but his warders and the chaplain; for now he was a convict, there was no communication with his fellows; only once a day for an hour and a half he took his monotonous exercise in the high-walled prison-yard. Tramp, tramp, tramp, each half a dozen paces behind the other, with an officer on the watch to see that the limit was preserved.

"Keep your distance, you there, unless you want to be reported."

Richard did not want that; but at times his temper was like a devil unchained, and it got the better of him, and even of his treasured purpose; he sometimes returned a sharp answer. This weakness was almost the only feeling within him that reminded him that he was human. He was put on bread and water within the first fortnight; then cursed his folly for thus postponing the one object of his life, and amended. His case was quoted to the visiting justices as an exemplification of the efficacy of cutting short a prisoner's supplies.

While exercising one day he recognized Balfour, who happened to be on the opposite side of the ever-moving circle: the old jail-bird, without glancing toward him, threw his open hands out twice. By this he conveyed to him that his own sentence was also twenty years. During the nine months that Richard remained at Cross Key, this was all that happened to him which could be called an incident. At the end of three months his mother essayed to visit him, but he would not see her. She had been ill, it seemed, ever since that dreadful day of the trial, and was only just convalescent; she had had lodgings in the town, within a hundred yards of him, ever since: it was something, poor soul, to know that she was near him, however inexorably separated. "It would please him," she wrote, "to learn that, through Mr. Whymper's intercession, Carew had continued her pension. She had money enough, therefore, and to spare, but intended to go on with her business of lodging-house keeping in a new quarter of London, and under another name (that of Basil), that she might save, and her Richard find himself a rich man when he regained his liberty. In fifteen years—she had discovered that his time could be remitted to that extent—there would be quite a little fortune for him. In the mean time, she thought of him night and day." But there was something else in the letter. "She confessed that in her agony at his dreadful doom, she had written to his prosecutor to adjure him to appeal for mercy to the crown, and he had refused to do so." This news had driven Richard almost to frenzy. He had written her such a letter as the prison authorities had refused to send, and now he would not see her.

He wrote again; more moderately, however, to bid her never mention Trevethick's name again, nor Coe's, nor Harry's, if she wished him to think of her as his mother: they were dead to him, he said, *for the present*. To be brief, Richard never saw his mother after his conviction. He wished to harden his heart, and not to have it melted within him; and perhaps his fury at her having appealed to Trevethick was purposely exaggerated with this object. His recollection of "the cage," it must be remembered, was also not such as to make the idea of an interview attractive; moreover, that his mother should see him in his convict dress, kept within iron bars like a wild beast, seemed to him to afford a triumph to his deadly enemies.

In the tenth month, Richard, with the other convicts, was transferred to Lingmoor, one of the great penal settlements. They were "removed," for some portion of the distance, in vans, like furniture, or, we might rather say, in caravans like wild beasts; but for some miles they traveled by railway. They were handcuffed and chained together two and two, as pointers are upon their journeys, except that the connection was at the wrist instead of the neck. Silence was strictly enjoined, but this one opportunity of conversing with their fellow-creatures was not to be let slip. Richard's other half was a notorious burglar called Rolfe; this man had passed a quarter of a century in jail, and was conversant with every plan of trickery and evasion of orders. His countenance was not at all of that bull-dog type with which his class is falsely though generally credited; he had good features, though somewhat hard in their expression, and very intelligent gray eyes. It was their very intelligence, so sharp, so piercing, and yet which avoided your gaze, that showed to those who studied such matters what he was. After one glance at Richard he never looked at him again, but stared straight before him, and talked in muttered tones unceasingly, and with lips as motionless as those of a ventriloquist. He was doing fourteen years for cracking a public-house, and had cracked a good many private ones, concerning the details of which enterprises he was very eloquent. When he had concluded his autobiography he began to evince some interest in the circumstances of his companion. Richard, however, did not care to enlighten him on his own concerns, but confined his conversation to the one topic that was common between them—jails. Rolfe gave him a synopsis of the annals of Lingmoor, to which he was bound not for the first time. It was a place that had a bad reputation among those who became perforce its inmates; tobacco, for which elsewhere convenient warders charged a shilling an ounce, was there not less than eighteenpence: such a tariff was shameful, and almost amounted to a prohibition. A pal of his had hung himself there—it was supposed through deprivation of this necessary. It was "a queer case;" for he had "tucked himself up" to the bars of his cell by his braces, the buckles of which had left livid marks upon his neck. His Prayer-book had been found open at the Burial of the Dead, and it was understood that he had read that service over himself before taking leave of the world. He had also written his will with a point of the said brace-buckles upon the brick of his cell. He himself (Mr. Rolfe) had been called as a witness at the inquest, and had thereby obtained two hours' relaxation from labor; but upon the whole he would rather have been working with his gang—the affair had quite upset him; and, since its occurrence, the inmates of Lingmoor were forbidden to use braces.

"Were there any escapes from Lingmoor by any other means?" inquired Richard.

"Escapes?" Mr. Rolfe's countenance assumed a more solemn vacuity than ever. It was an indiscretion of his young friend to shape that word with his lips while a warder sat in the same carriage. Yes, there had been such things even at Lingmoor. But it was a difficult job, even for one used to cracking cribs. The outer wall was not to be scaled without a ladder, and ladders were even more difficult to procure than tobacco. Even if you did get over the outer wall, the space around the prison was very bare, and the sentries had orders to shoot you fleeing. If you got to Bergen Wood, two miles away, you might be safe so far, but it was a dangerous business. Nobody had ever done it yet without "putting somebody out."

This was a euphemism for murder, as Richard was by this time "old hand" enough to know.

"Warders?" inquired he indifferently, for he had already learned to value that objectionable class at a low figure.

"Hush! Yes; you must kill 'a dog' or two before you say good-by to Lingmoor, unless you can put them to sleep." (Bribery.) "There was a man once as had to kill his pal to do it."

"How could that help him?" Richard felt no interest whatever in these narratives as stories; but since they referred to escapes they were entrancing. The convict who is cast for death thinks of nothing but a reprieve; the "lifer" or the long-termer, thinks of nothing but an escape—and (sometimes) vengeance.

"Well, it was curious. There was a 'Smasher'" (utterer of counterfeit coin) "named Molony in for life there—a thin-shanked, shambling fellow, as Smashers mostly are—mere trash. He had got a file, this fool, and dared not use it—kept it as close as though it were 'bacca,' and waited for his chance, instead of making his chance for himself.' Damme, if *I* had a file!"

Mr. Rolfe's feelings of irritation were almost too much for him; he turned up the whites of his eyes, so that persons who were unacquainted with his views upon religious subjects might have supposed him to be engaged in some devotional exercise.

"Next door to this fellow—though it seemed a long way off, for the cell was in an angle of the prison—there was one of the right sort; name of Jeffreys. No prison in England could have held *him* if he had had a file. With a rusty nail as he had picked up he dug through his cell wall, and came out one night, all of a sudden, upon the Smasher—thought he was out of doors, poor beggar, through this cursed angle, you see, and after all had only changed his room."

"That must have been the devil," observed Richard.

"It *was*," said Mr. Rolfe, significantly.

"'Why, how on earth did you do it?' asked the Smasher. At least I suppose he did, for the conversation was not reported, as you shall hear. 'With a mere nail, too. Why, *I've* got a file, and yet I never thought of that.'

"'A file!' cried Jeffreys. 'Let's look. Give it to me.'

"But Molony wouldn't give it him. The case was this, you see. If Jeffreys could have filed his irons off, and then the window-bars, he could have made a push for it; but he couldn't wait for the other; the night was too far gone for that—there was only time for one to free himself and get away. The Smasher was willing enough to make an effort now; the other's pluck had put a good heart into him. But since he had been there so long, and never moved a hand to help hisself, Jeffreys thought he might stop a little longer; it seemed to him dog-in-the-manger like to be refused the file—at least that's my view of what he thought; though he's been blamed a good deal for what afterward happened."

"But what did happen?"

"Well, they got to high words; the t'other wouldn't give up the file; and when Jeffreys tried to get hold of it, what did the aggravation Smasher do—for you see he was used to bolting half-crowns and such like—but *swallow the file!*"

"Why, that must have killed him?" observed Yorke.

"So Jeffreys concluded," returned Mr. Rolfe, coolly; "and indeed that was his defense when his trial came on. He pleaded that Molony was dead already. 'I did not put the file down his throat, though I did deprive him of it afterward. I was obliged to do it.' He made an anatomy of him with the nail, in fact, just as the surgeons do with their dissecting-knives, though not so neat, in order to get at the file. An ugly job, I call it; but it was a very pretty case, the lawyers said, as to whether murder had been done or not."

"But did this Jeffreys get off?"

"Upon the trial—yes; but not from the prison. He got into the yard all right, and climbed the wall by making steps of the file and the nail; but, in dropping on the other side, he broke his leg, and so they nabbed him. It's a very hard nut to crack, is Lingmoor, *I* can tell you."

With these and similar incidents of prison-life, Mr. Rolfe regaled his companion's ears. The sound of this man's voice, muffled as it was, notwithstanding the nature of his talk, was pleasant to Richard after so many months of enforced silence. After long starvation the stomach is thankful for even garbage; and so it is with the mind. Moreover, any thing would have seemed better than to sit and think during that hateful journey. The railway part of it was by far the worst. To be made a show of at the various stations—every one curious to see how convicts looked in their full regimentals, chained and ironed; to behold the other passengers who were free; to see the happy meetings of lovers and friends, of parents and children; and the partings that were scarcely partings at all compared with his own length of exile from all mankind: these were things the bitterness of which Richard felt to the uttermost; his very blood ran gall. His friend Balfour was among his fellow-travelers, but they did not journey in the same van nor railway carriage. Had it been otherwise Richard might have felt some sense of companionship; whereas the contact of this man Rolfe seemed to degrade him to his level, and isolate him from humanity itself. At the same time, he shrank with sensitiveness from the gaze of the gaping crowd. It is so difficult, even with the strongest will to do so, to become callous and hardened to shame except by slow degrees: every finger seemed to point at him in recognition, every tongue to be telling of his disgrace and doom; whereas, in simple fact, his own mother would scarcely have known him in such a garb, and with those iron ornaments about his limbs; his fine hair cropped to the roots; his delicate features worn and sharpened with spare diet and want of sleep; above all, with those haggard eyes, always watching and waiting for something a long way off—almost, indeed, out of sight at present, but coming up, as a ship comes spar by spar above the horizon, taking shape and distinctness as it nears. There were nineteen years and three months still, however, between him and *it*.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

OUT OF THE WORLD.

THIS tedious, shameful travel came to an end at nightfall. Their way had lain all day through landscapes of great beauty, though about to lose the last remnants of their autumn splendor; but when they left the rail, the woods, and glens, and rivers were seen no more. All was dreary moorland, where winter had already begun to reign. A village or two were passed, among whose scanty population their appearance created little excitement: such sights were common in that locality. They were on the high-road that leads to Lingmoor, and to nowhere else. The way seemed as typical of their outcast life-path as a page out of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Vanity Fair, where they would fain have tarried if they could, was left far behind them, while to some of them the road was doomed to be the veritable Valley of the Shadow. They were never to see the world, nor partake of its coarse and brutal pleasures—the only ones they cared for, or perhaps had experienced—any more. How bare, and desolate, and wretched was the prospect! There was no living thing in sight; only the wild moorland streams hurried by, as if themselves desirous to escape from the barren solitude. Not a tree was to be seen save Bergen Wood, which Richard's companion indicated to him, as they neared it, by a movement of the eyelid. It had been the tomb of many a convict, who had striven for freedom, and found death. As they emerged from it, Lingmoor prison presented itself, solid, immense, and gloomy, as though it were built of steel—"Castle of Giant Despair." Its guarded gate was swung back, and all were marched into a paved court-yard, where their names were called over, and their irons removed. Then each was stripped and searched, and another uniform substituted for that they had worn at Cross Key. The old hands seemed to take a pride in knowing what was about to be done beforehand; in being recognized by the warders, though their greeting was but a contemptuous shrug; and in threading the windings of the stone labyrinths with an accustomed step. Richard was ushered into a cell the exact counterpart of that he had lately inhabited; and yet he regarded it with the interest which one can not fail to feel in what is to be one's home for years.

Home! Frightful misnomer for that place, warm and well-ventilated as it was, and supplied with the latest products of civilization. The gas was burning brightly; fresh cool water flowed at his will; at his touch a bell rang, and instantly, outside his door, an iron plate sprang out, and indicated to the warder in what cell his presence was required. "How clean and comfortable," says the introduced-by-special-order visitor, to his obsequious acquaintance the governor, on observing these admirable arrangements. "How much better are these scoundrels cared for," cries the unthinking public, "than are our honest poor!" It is not, however, that the convict is pampered; but for this unkindly care he would not be able to endure the punishment which justice has decreed for him. Science has meted out to him each drop of gruel, each ounce of bread, each article of clothing, and each degree of warmth. Not one of all the recipients of this cruel benevolence but would gladly have exchanged places with the shivering tramp or the work-house pauper. To cower under the leafless branches of Bergen Wood, while the November night-blasts made them grind and clang, would have seemed paradise compared with that snug lodging; nay, the grave itself, with its dim dread Hereafter, has been preferred before it.

Life at Lingmoor was existence by machinery—a monotony that sometimes maddened as well as slew. To read of it is to understand nothing of

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this. The bald annals of the place reveal nothing of this terrible secret.

Richard rose at five at clang of bell, cleaned out his cell, and folded up his bed more neatly than did ever chamber-maid; at six was breakfast—porridge, and forty minutes allowed for its enjoyment; then chapel and parade; then labor—mat-making was his trade, at which he became a great proficient. His fingers deftly worked, while his mind brooded. At twelve was dinner—bread and potatoes, with seventy minutes allowed for its digestion; then exercise in the yard, and mat-making again till six in summer, and four in winter; prayers, supper, school till eight; when the weary day was done. On Sunday, except two hours of exercise and chapel, Richard was his own master, to brood as much as he would. There were also no less than three holidays in the year, on which it has been whispered with horror that the convicts have pudding. There was, however, no such excess at Lingmoor.

As for society, there was the chaplain. This gentleman could make nothing of Richard, though he tried his best. It was evident to him that the young man had something on his mind; if he would only confide in his spiritual adviser, he assured him comfort could be administered. But no confidence ever took place. It was a most distressing case; here was a youth of superior position, and well educated, as obstinate and stubborn as the most hardened criminal in the establishment. His Bible was never opened. One of his warders had expressed his opinion that No. 421 was vindictive, but he (the chaplain) was bound to say he had observed nothing of that. The remarks in his note-book respecting 421 were these: "Richard Yorke—aged twenty, looks ten years older; reserved and cynical; a hopeless infidel, but respectful, uncomplaining, and well-mannered."

Richard had been reported more than once for "inattention to orders," and had lost some of his good marks accordingly. The cause of this was one over which he could now be scarcely said to have control. He had become so absent and *distrait* that he sometimes hardly knew what was going on about him. The perpetual brooding in which he indulged had, in fact, already postponed the accomplishment of the very object which enthralled his thoughts. The effect of this was serious; and he had good reason for the apprehension which seized him that his wits might leave him before that day of liberty arrived, which was still so many years distant. On account of his previous calling, which was described in the prison-books as landscape-painter, he had been put to a handicraft trade; but he now applied for barrow-work, and the surgeon seconded his application. This change of occupation, which was destined in some respects to be beneficial, proved at the outset most unfortunate. The outdoor toil was mostly spade and barrow labor on the moor, on which the convicts worked in gangs—each gang under supervision of two warders, armed with sword and musket. The first face that Richard's eyes lit on, when he found himself in the open, with the free air of heaven blowing on him, and already, as it seemed, bearing the seeds of health and hope, was that of Robert Balfour. In his joyous excitement he sprang forward and held out his hand; the other hesitated—for the old cracksman was prudence itself—then, as if with an incontrollable impulse, grasped the offered fingers, with an "I am right glad to see you, lad." The next instant they were both in custody, and marched back to the prison, charged with the high crime and misdemeanor of conversation, which at Lingmoor was called "colloguing," "conspiracy," and other terrible terms. Brought before the authorities upon this serious charge, Richard at once confessed himself alone to blame; the fresh air had, in a manner, intoxicated him, after his long confinement within stone walls; and the sight of his old acquaintance had caused him to forget the rules. On the offense-list being examined, it was found, however, that No. 421 was a good deal in the habit of forgetting. His cell-warder gave him but an indifferent character; and Richard, in a fury, committed the fatal indiscretion of rebutting this latter accusation by a countercharge of tyranny and ill-usage. The next instant he could have bitten his tongue out—but it was too late; he felt that he had made an enemy of this body-servant, who was also his master, for the remainder of his term. An "old hand," unless he is a professional garroter (in which case he is generally too much respected to be ill-used), is always careful to keep on good terms with his attendant; otherwise—since a warder's word, if it be not law, is at all events worth that of ten prisoners—there may be no end to your troubles. This is not because warders are not as a class a most respectable body of men, but simply because you can't get all the virtues for a guinea a week. A strict and impartial sense of justice is especially a rare and dear article—even governors have sometimes been deficient in it. Most men have their prejudices, as women have their spites; and a prejudice against a fellow-creature is a thing that grows. Richard's warder was no tyrant—only a sullen, ignorant fellow, in a false position; he had an almost absolute power over his fellow-creatures, and like many—perhaps like most who have ever possessed such a thing—it was too much for him.

"I am a tyrant, am I?" said he, significantly, as he marched Richard back to his cell after sentence was decreed. "Very well; we'll *see*."

Richard got bread and water for three days certain, and, what was far worse, another "monstrous cantle" might be cut out of that period of remission which began to be all the dearer in his eyes the more problematical it grew. Garroters, as we have said, were respected at Lingmoor; they are so ready with their great ape-like hands, and so dull-brained with respect to consequences; yet Richard's warder, when he brought his bread and water, with a grin, that night, was probably as near to death by strangling as he had ever been during his professional experience. It was not that he was on his own account the object of his prisoner's wrath, but that by his conduct he had, as it were, supplemented the inexpiable wrong originally committed, and earned for himself a portion of the undying hate which was due elsewhere. "I may kill this brute some day," thought Richard, ruefully, "in spite of myself." And he resolved on the first opportunity to communicate a certain secret which was on his mind to a friendly ear; so that *that* at least should be utilized to the disadvantage of his foes, in case incontrollable passion should one day compel him to sacrifice a lesser victim, and make his great revenge to fail. It had not once entered into his mind that he could *forego* his purpose, but only that circumstances might render it impossible.

The occasion for which he looked was not long in coming. His days of punishment concluded, he was once more marched out upon the moor, and again found himself in Balfour's company. Not a sign passed between them this time, but as they delved they talked. "I fear you have been suffering for my sake," said Richard.

"It is no matter. My shoulders are broad enough for two," returned the other, kindly. "I am right glad to see your face again, though it is so changed. You have been ill, have you not, lad?"

"I don't know. Something is wrong with me, and I may be worse—that is why I want to speak to you. Listen!"

"All right. Don't look this way, and sink your voice if either of these dogs comes to leeward."

"If you get away from this place, and *I* don't—"

"Now, none of that, lad," interrupted the old man, earnestly. "That's the worst thing you can get into your head at Lingmoor, if you ever want to leave it. Never *say* die, nor even *think* it. I am three times your age, and yet I mean to get out again and enjoy myself. It is but fifteen years now, without counting remission—though I've got into disgrace with my cursed watch-dog, and sha'n't get much of that—and you must keep a good heart."

"I shall keep a firm one," answered Richard, "never fear. I wish to guard against contingencies, that's all. If I die—"

"Damned if you shall," said Balfour, sturdily, quite innocent of any plagiarism from Uncle Toby.

"Very good," continued Richard, coolly. "If you get out of this before me, let us merely say, I have something to tell you which may be of service to you. There's a man in Breakneckshire called Carew of Crompton—"

"I know him: the gentleman born as put on the gloves with Bendigo at Birmingham?"

"Very likely; at all events, every body knows him in the Midlands. He will go to the dogs some day, and his estate will be sold. You have saved money, you tell me; if the chance occurs, you can't invest it better than in the lot called Wheal Danes, a mine in Cornwall."

"I believe you every word," said Balfour; "but a mine would be rather over my figure, wouldn't it? I have only got eight hundred pounds."

"That would be plenty. It's a disused mine, and supposed to be worked out. There's only one man in England that knows it is not so, except myself. He will come or send to the auction, expecting to get it cheap; but do you bid two hundred pounds beforehand, and get it by private contract. Say you want the place—it's close to the sea—for building purposes; they'll laugh at you, and jump at your offer. The fee-simple is not supposed to be worth five shillings an acre. It will turn out a gold mine to whoever gets it."

"Wheal Danes," repeated Balfour, carefully. "I'll remember that; and what is more, lad, I'll not forget the man as told me of it. It's not the profit that I am speaking on: that will be yours, I hope, as it should be in all reason, and not mine; but it's the confidence." The old man's voice grew husky with emotion. "Damme, I liked *you* from the first, as was natural enough; but there was no reason why you should take a fancy to an old thief like me more than any other among this pretty lot here. The first as speaks of secrets is of course the one as runs the risk, but I will do what I can to show myself honorable on my side. You have trusted me, and I'll trust you."

"Have you any plan to get away from this?" whispered Richard, eagerly. "All that I have shall be yours: I swear it."

"Nay, lad; your word's enough," returned the other, reproachfully. "And I don't covet nothing of yours; indeed I don't."

"I was a brute to talk so to you, Balfour," answered Richard, penitently. "But you don't know how I crave for freedom: it makes me mad to think of it."

"Ay, ay; I know," sighed the old fellow. "It used to be so with me once; but now it only comes on me when my term is nearly up. One gets patient as one gets old, you'll find. No; I've no plan just now; though, if I ever have, I promise you you shall be the man to know it. It's another matter altogether that I meant to tell you about. You've given me an address to remember: let me give you another in exchange for it—No. 91 Earl Street East, Spitalfields. That's where mother lives, if the poor soul is alive to whom you wrote for me from Cross Key. She'll be dead, however, long before you or I get out of this, that's certain, or I should not be telling you what I do; for one's mother is the best friend of all friends, and should come first and foremost. Well, the money will do her no good; and if any thing happens to me, I have neither chick nor child to inherit it. I am speaking of this eight hundred pound, lad. If I get into the world, I shall want it for myself, for I doubt my limbs will be too stiff for work by that time; but if not, then you shall have it—every shilling. I am digging my own grave, as it might be, with this spade, and making my will, do you see?" said the old fellow, smiling.

"I thank you for your kind intentions," returned Richard, absently; "it's very good of you, I'm sure." His hopes of some scheme of present release had been excited by the old man's manner, and this faint and far-off prospect of a legateeship seemed but of little worth.

"I may not have another chance to tell you about it," resumed Balfour. "It is five years now since you and I spoke together last, and it may be another five years before such good luck happens again; so don't forget 91 Earl Street East. It's under the middle stone of the back kitchen, all in golden quids. You needn't mind it being 'swag;' and as for those whose own it is by rights, I could not tell you who the half of it belonged to, if I would. It's the savings of an industrious life, lad," added Mr. Balfour, pathetically; "and I should be sorry to think, if any thing happened to me, that it should lie there useless, or be found accidental like, and perhaps fall into the hands of the bluebottles. Your memory's good, my lad, I dare say, and you won't forget the number nor the street."

"My memory is very good, friend," returned Richard, slowly; "and I have only two or three things else to keep in it. And you, on your part, you will not forget the mine?"

"Nay, nay; I've got it safe: Wheal Danes, Wheal Danes."

"Silence, down there!" roared the warder; and nothing but the squeak of the barrow-wheel and the clean slice of the spade was heard in all that throng of involuntary toilers.

HANDWRITING.

MANY people laugh at what is called "graptomancy," or the art of judging characters by handwriting; and yet all acknowledge that handwriting *does* indicate something. Every one allows a difference between a man's and a woman's hand; we hear people speak of a vulgar hand, a gentlemanly hand, a clerkly hand, etc. "I had once," says Archbishop Whately, "a remarkable proof that handwriting is sometimes, at least, an index to character. I had a pupil at Oxford whom I liked in most respects greatly; there was but one thing about him which seriously dissatisfied me, and that, as I often told him, was his handwriting: it was not bad as *writing*, but it had a mean, shuffling character in it, which always inspired me with a feeling of suspicion. While he remained at Oxford I saw nothing to justify this suspicion; but a transaction in which he was afterward engaged, and in which I saw more of his character than I had done before, convinced me that the writing had spoken truly. But I knew of a much more curious case, in which a celebrated 'graptomancer' was able to judge of character more correctly by handwriting than he had been able to do by personal observation. He was on a visit at a friend's house, where, among other guests, he met a lady whose conversation and manners greatly struck him, and for whom he conceived a strong friendship, based on the esteem he felt for her as a singularly truthful, pure-minded, and single-hearted woman. The lady of the house, who knew her real character to be the very reverse of what she seemed, was curious to know whether Mr. —— would be able to discover this by her handwriting. Accordingly, she procured a slip of this lady's writing (having ascertained he had never seen it), and gave it him one evening as the handwriting of a friend of hers whose character she wished him to decipher. His usual habit when he undertook to exercise this power, was to take a slip of a letter, cut down lengthwise so as not to show any sentences, to his room at night, and to bring it down with his judgment in writing the next morning. On this occasion, when the party were seated at the breakfast-table, the lady whose writing he had unconsciously been examining made some observation which particularly struck Mr. —— as seeming to betoken a very noble and truthful character. He expressed his admiration of her sentiments very warmly, adding at the same time to the lady of the house, 'Not so, by-the-way, your friend;' and he put into her hand the slip of writing of her guest which she had given him the evening before, over which he had written the words, 'Fascinating, false, and hollow-hearted.' The lady of the house kept the secret, and Mr. —— never knew that the writing on which he had pronounced so severe a judgment was that of the friend he so greatly admired."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE clerks at the New York City Hall are so accustomed to writing names beginning with O and an apostrophe that one of them recently, addressing a friend, concluded his letter with, "and O'Blige yours," etc. The letter was to a gentleman in O'Maha, Nebraska.

Why is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of sharps and flats?

A close-fisted man invited a friend to dinner, and provided only two mutton-chops. Upon removing the cover he said, "My friend, we have a lenten entertainment; you see your dinner before you." Taking the two chops upon his own plate, his friend replied, "Yes, I do; but where is your dinner?"

A man in Buffalo pulled off his coat and jumped in the canal to save a woman from drowning, when a pickpocket stole his pocket-book from the coat, and the woman swore at him for pulling her hair in his efforts to save her life. There isn't much inducement in Buffalo for a man to act as a retriever.

"Vill you dake sumding?" said a German teetotaler to a friend, while standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Vell, den, let us dake a valk."

A banker lent a graceless scamp fifty dollars in the hope of getting rid of him; but, to his surprise, the fellow paid the money punctually on the day agreed upon, and a short time afterward applied to him for another loan. "No," said the banker; "you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall never do so a second time."

PLEASANT CHECKS IN LIFE—Bank checks.

Pat's master told him to go and grease the wagon. He returned after a while and said, "All the grace is gone, bad luck to it." "Why, Pat, I gave you enough to grease five or six wagons." "If you plase, Sir, I only got about half over the top of the wagon when the grace run out." "Why, you blundering fool, I meant that you should grease the wheels, not the wagon." "Sure, you tould me to graze the wagon, Sir."

SMOKING-CARRIAGES—Engines.

A rich old speculator in Chicago, it is said, has sent a request to our Italian minister to engage "Mr. Chromo" to paint him a picture worth not less than $20,000.

AN INHUMAN ACT—Pulling down the blind.

"Wife, I don't see how they send letters on them 'ere wires without tearin' 'em all to bits." "They don't send the paper," said the wife. "They just send the writing in a fluid state."

A liberal translation of "*tempus fugit*" is "few get time."

The man who by mistake took a drink from a bottle of mucilage says he has felt "stuck up" ever since.

LA BELLE FRANCE.

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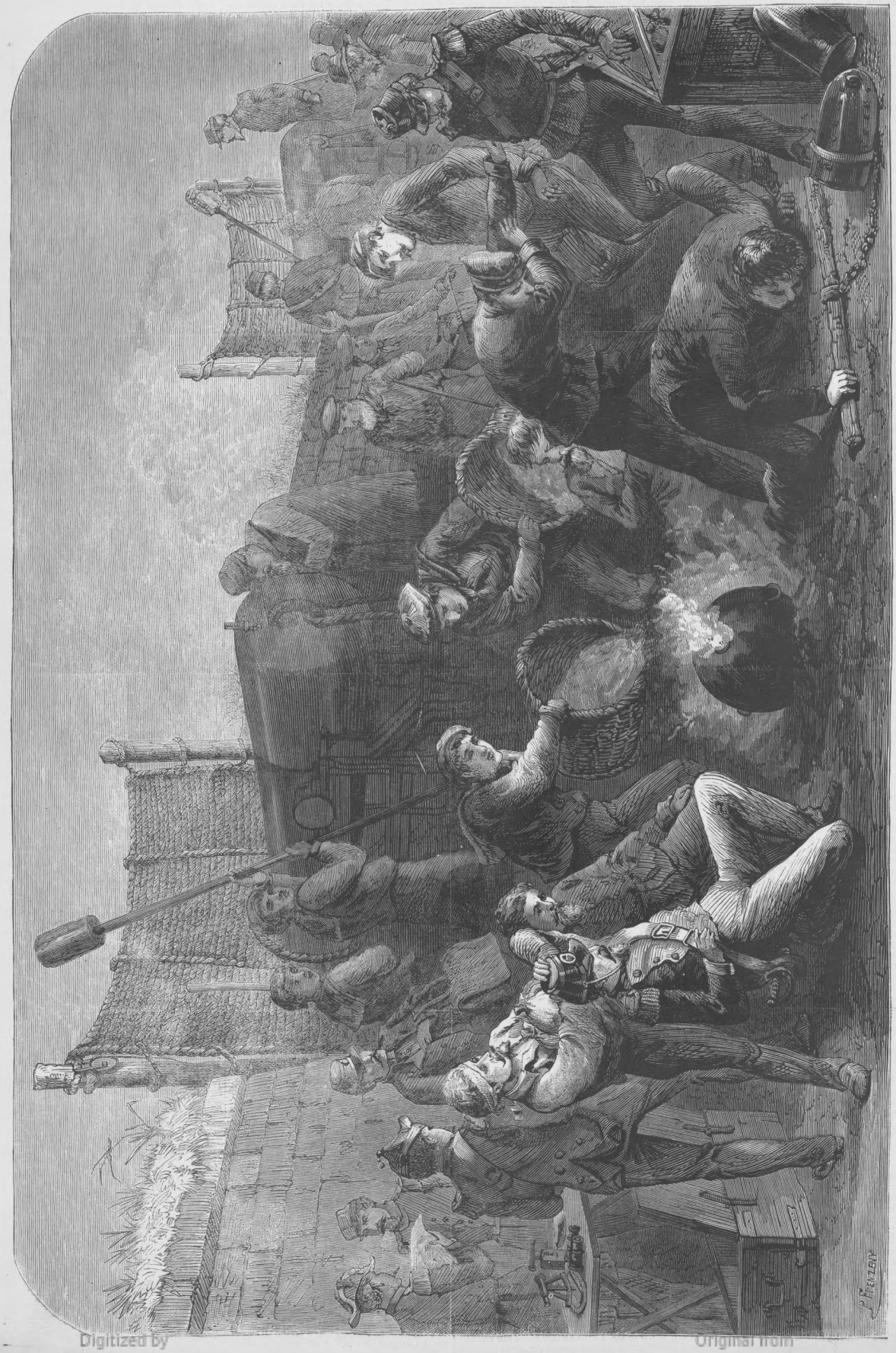

BEHIND THE RAMPARTS—A CRITICAL MOMENT.

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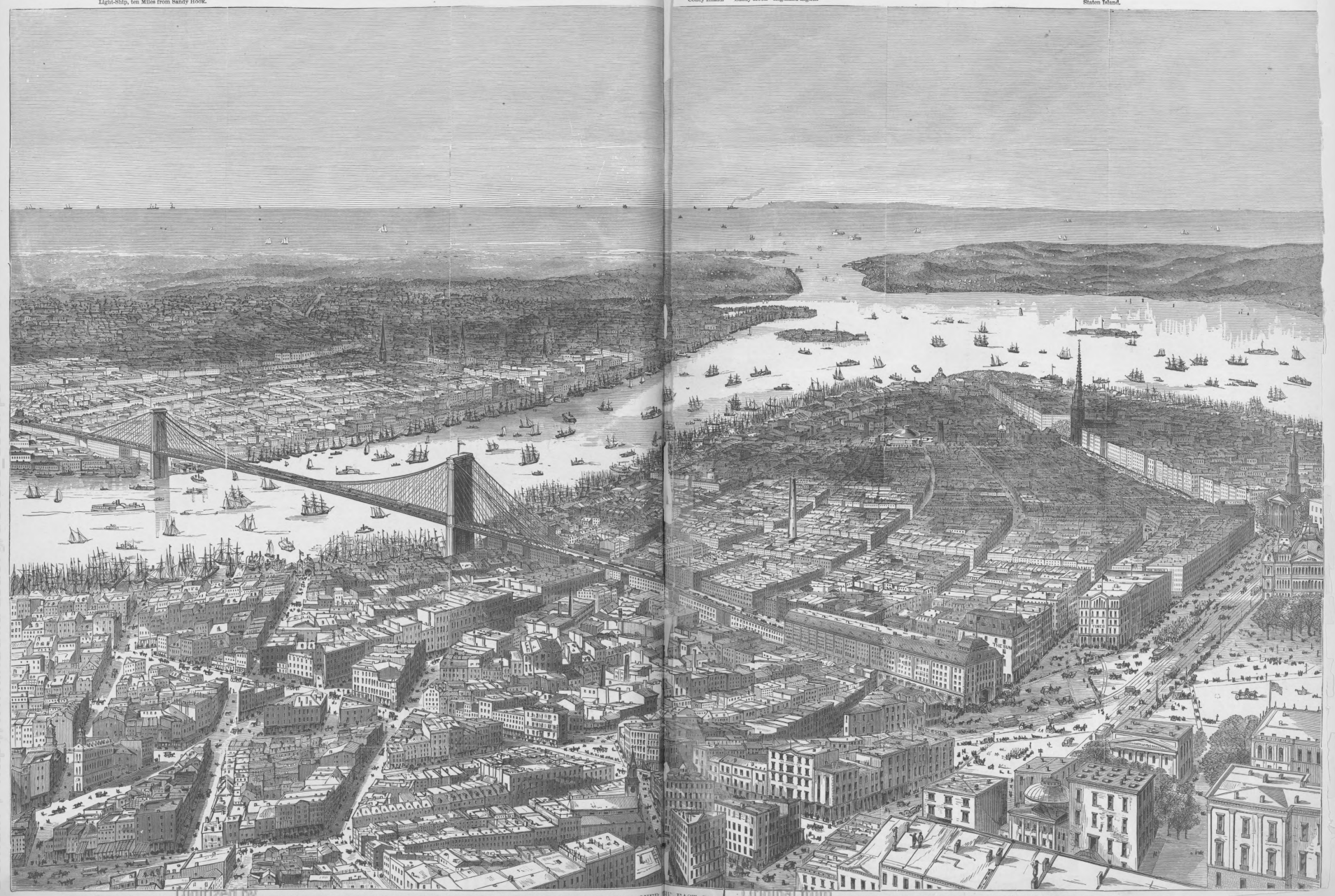

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN END OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN, SHOWING THE PROJECTED SUSPENSION-BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER, FROM THE WESTERN TERMINUS IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. D...

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IRREGULAR FRENCH TROOPS.

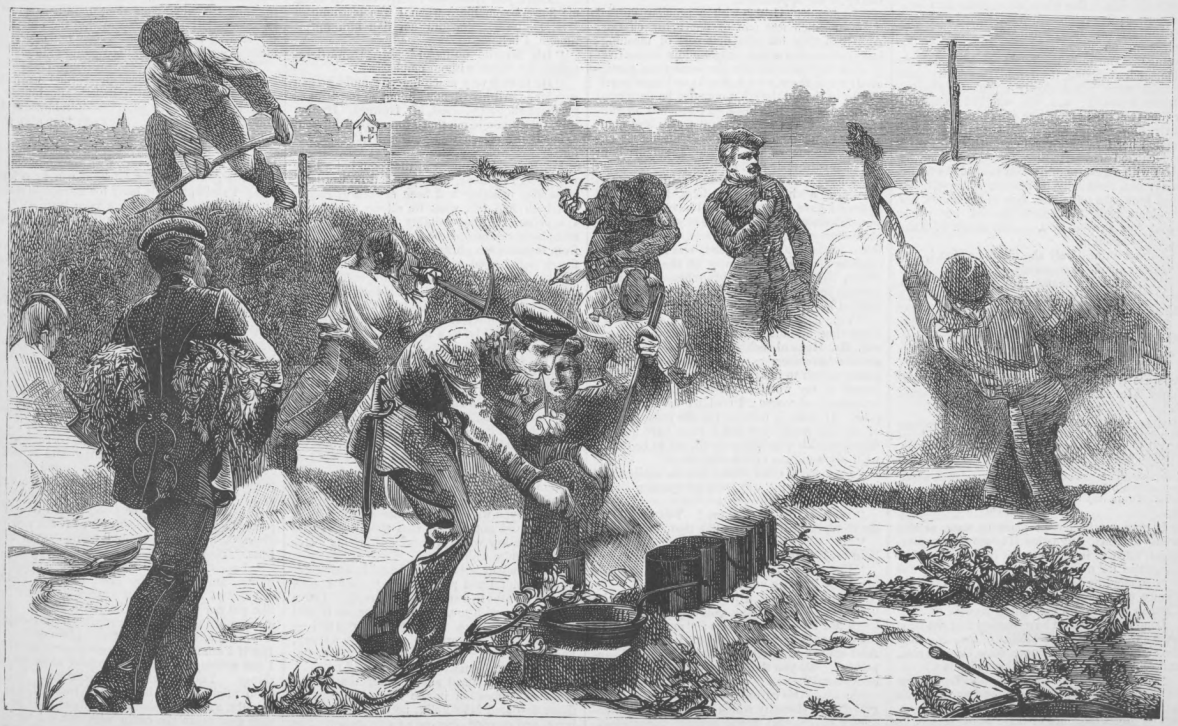
FRENCH SOLDIERS.

WE give on this page some illustrations that show the motley character of the armies on which France now relies for deliverance. The honest-looking but not very smart nor intelligent Bretons would doubtless make excellent soldiers in time, but no amount of drilling they are likely to get before the Prussians force them into the field can make them equal to the educated peasant-soldiery directed by MOLTKE. As for the Turcos, and other wild people brought over from Algeria, they are good for nothing in a war like this. Against their own kind their military training would make them efficient troops; but when employed against such men as Germany sends into the field, they must share the fate of all savages brought into conflict with a civilized race. Their bravery and dash avail nothing against the steady resolution and intelligent training of the Germans.

TURCOS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

A BALLOON DESCENT.

THE dispatch of balloons from Paris conveying persons and bags of letters, when the wind favors the passage, to territory beyond the Prussian lines of investment, is a remarkable characteristic of the siege of that capital. The picture on page 741 shows the descent of one of these balloons at Dreux, on the Eure, fifty miles west of Paris. The aeronaut, M. ISSANDIER, who was alone in the balloon, was greatly alarmed on nearing the ground by the approach of a number of horsemen, whom he took for Prussian Uhlans; but he had discharged so much gas that he could not help coming down then and there. To his great relief they turned out to be French volunteer cavalry scouts, ordered to welcome him, and assist his landing on terra firma. M. ISSANDIER gladly availed himself of their protection, and proceeded to Tours with important dispatches for the government from Paris.



PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS COOKING IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PARIS.

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THE END OF ALL.

WHEN mirth is full and free
Some sudden gloom shall be;
When haughty power mounts high
The Watcher's axe is nigh.
All growth has bound; when greatest found
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Uprears its pageants vast,
And vaunts—it shall not last!
Bright tints that shine are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys,
With fond adoring gaze,
And yearning heart, thy friend—
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Toward an end.

WHERE THE PATHS PARTED.

AFTER some restless walking up and down the room the young lady had paused before the mirror, and now stood with her eyes riveted upon the image revealed to her.

This circumstance, you will think, was not in itself remarkable. Very true, it was not; but the face reflected was far from ordinary.

It was a miracle of contradictions. It was a young face and an old face at once. It was a fresh and yet a faded face. A care-worn, thoughtful face, that might, somehow, have been mistaken for a merry face. It was trustful, perhaps; or was it perhaps cynical? But *one* thing one might swear: among all its shadowy mergings of expressions it was very earnest, very honest. There was not a taint, either, of the dry-rot of vanity.

The eyes thus sounding themselves were not large, but were well shaped and liquid, and absolutely charming, through their limpid softness and calm sincerity. The forehead above them was rather high and full, and upon it, between the somewhat heavily marked eyebrows, were two or three faint lines, visible in a cross light. It was the effect of these, perhaps, to fade the yet round cheeks, if you observed them. The nose was not symmetrical; the nostrils, thin and flexible, being quite too wide, with a slight dent in the upper part of their firm curves, which might have been wished away. But the mouth—the mouth was beautiful! perfect, in right of its outlines, its color, and its womanly, tempting sweetness. And the chin was almost as pretty; decided, but so gently curved, so lovingly impressed with one smooth dimple in its centre. I am sure that no woman would have called the face pretty, and no artist could have called it plain. It was framed by much (natural) dark brown hair, just now hanging loose and long about the girl's shoulders.

Between her elbows, where, for the better support of her chin, she rested them on the bureau, lay an open letter, hastily opened, evidently, for the envelope, tossed on the floor, was torn almost into two parts. And somehow, though her attentive glance had never touched it since she paused in her walk, you would have felt immediately certain, if you had seen her, that this letter contained the motive of her self-examination. She did not sigh once. Observe, that she did not once sigh. But when her scrutiny had lasted perhaps five minutes a film seemed to create itself in her soft eyes, which still regarded themselves in an alien, critical way, exceedingly strange. The mist thickened, clouded her vision, and, resolving itself into two heavy and painful tears, rolled slowly down her cheeks. Others followed; and she watched them fall without the smallest change of expression. Presently, however, a slight spasmodic stricture contracted her lips, and a sob caught in her throat and choked her. At that she turned from the glass with a gesture of disdain toward the figure in it; but, seemingly in despite of herself, her head sank, she buried her face in her hands, her shoulders bent, her bosom heaved, her whole figure was swayed by a sudden storm of some nameless emotion.

Almost immediately she lifted her head, and cried out aloud, passionately:

"Do my tears change any thing? I am a fool! My God! were there not fools enough? What was the Heavenly reason for making me?"

Then she laughed. Not a self-scornful, female-Mephistophelian laugh; quite a merry, heart-broken little sound, full of music.

The next thing was to take up the letter and reperuse it; and again; and again yet several times. Its sole and simple contents were what follows:

"DEAR MISS FELIX,—Hitherto I have been too busy to indulge myself with the long-promised pleasure of a visit to you; but if you are disengaged to-morrow evening, and in a mood for self-sacrifice, I shall take a holiday, and inflict an hour or two of it upon you. If I bring with me the body-guard of blue devils, which you maintain I support, I shall hope to leave them behind. Yours very truly,

"AUGUSTINE HOWARD."

It may not be out of place to state, at this point, that Mr. Augustine Howard was a journalist, talented in his way, but having a particular genius for never making money, which was only equaled by his gift for throwing it away if chance ever forced any into his pocket. Miss Carmen Felix was a resident governess.

Long after it would have seemed that she must have extracted every possibility of meaning from the simple words of the note, Miss Carmen rose, and remarked to herself, philosophically:

"Well, the world turns round. To-morrow has become to-day, and it is time I should dress myself."

The direct sequence of these words seemed to be that she should sit down again, which she did, and looked thoughtfully at the carpet a long time. Then she slowly unlocked a writing-desk at her elbow, and selected from a thick package of letters, directed in the firm clear hand of a man of business, one—the most recently dated. It was what is called "a love-letter," in the entirest sense of the phrase; devoted, ardent, and decidedly silly. In addition to the absurdities inherent in such a composition, it was noticeable that in this specimen the capitals were not all correctly placed, and that the punctuation was managed in accordance with a system original with the writer.

It is impossible to imagine any one with a more vivid perception of such indications than Miss Felix; but she read the letter through, word by word, slowly and attentively, twice; then slowly and carefully replaced it among the others, laid the package in its proper compartment, closed the desk methodically, and locked it with a sharp, decisive snap. Once more she spoke to herself—thus to speak being a bad habit of hers.

"There can not be a doubt that *he* loves me," she said, right sadly. "Unfortunately there can not be a doubt of that. I wish he was not coming this evening too. However, I must comb my hair."

She attended to this duty with scrupulous exactness. And though she was far from looking as handsome or as charming as she did when her full tresses had twined snakily about her bare shoulders, I am bound to say that the result would not have been unsatisfactory to me if I had loved her, which, thank Heaven! I never did. It is, perhaps, a misfortune to love any woman; but it is downright fatality to love such a woman as Carmen Felix—such a bundle of crude contradictory possibilities. Her arms about one would be pleasant, no doubt. Water-lilies are pleasant things to look at, but if I were a "strong swimmer" I would prefer they should not twine their soft long stems around my neck. I have noticed that there is a class of women (this is said in parenthesis), happily a small class, and unhappily a fascinating one, who do most mischief precisely when they persuade themselves that they are conscientiously refraining from any; and I suspect that Miss Carmen Felix may have belonged to it.

After she was dressed, she felt her heart disturb her while she sat waiting. It did not flutter—it never did—but somehow impeded her respiration. The knowledge of this fact, which she did not disguise from herself, distressed her, and she was aware also that it would be apt to flush her face unbecomingly. So she took down a volume of Emerson to quiet herself. It will be admitted that she chose wisely; but Chance, mighty god, was against her. When the servant entered her room a little while after, with Mr. Howard's card, she was ruminating with bent brows over these words, which she had lit upon, and twice perused:

"Whatever is fated, that will take place. The great, immense mind of Jove is not to be transgressed."

"Very well," said Miss Felix, rising; "I will be down in a moment." She added to herself, "That should save me from responsibility, at any rate." After a little pause and laughing: "What a goose! A man said that for men. Women are outside the scheme. *We* do what we please—at least with our lovers."

Miss Felix blushed again, and ran down stairs too fast, thus once more endangering the equanimity of her appearance.

She met her visitor with a peculiar cordial warmth, which was one of her many charms. And then they fell into that sort of meaningless conversation which people adopt instinctively when they have not met for some time, particularly when there were half-acknowledged possibilities in the old time that may not be developed in the new. In this instance there was an anxious intentness in Mr. Howard's eyes and manner, and under all her cool ease an uneasy expectancy in that of Miss Carmen's, singularly at variance with their trifling words.

"I have not realized before," said Miss Carmen, after a while, "what a long, long while it is since I have seen you. Oh, I have missed you so much since I came from the city! Don't you remember you used to be a sort of father confessor for me? and how nice it was to have one's director getting into a temper all the time!" she added, laughing gayly. "It relieved me of the sense of unique depravity, which might have oppressed me if you had been quite saint-like."

"Yes, it generally ended in the penitent's conferring absolution on her ghostly father," said Mr. Howard, echoing her laugh. "I *did* get into 'a temper,' as you call it, pretty often. I puzzle myself to imagine why I always displayed myself in my worst colors to you. Not that I wanted to, of course; I couldn't help it, I suppose. If 'Fate is nothing but the remembrance of another state,' you and I must have amused ourselves with quarreling—well, not to be exact, we'll say a million cycles since or so."

"Dear me!" cried Miss Carmen, really turning a little pale; "why, you are quoting Emerson?"

"Well, is that a crime too? You will tempt me to repeat it if you look like that."

"No! You see you startled me. I have just been reading the wretch myself, that's all."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mr. Howard, smiling. "I perceive you are not a fatalist?"

"Don't be absurd, if you please," replied Miss Carmen, with charming courtesy, settling her robes like a bird its plumage; "and don't make fun of me. I'm not any thing; I am a woman. And women are nothing unless they are disappointed. Do you think I look like a disappointed woman?"

She asked this curious question with a childlike gravity and sincerity which would have been coquetry except that it was entirely unconscious. But as she lifted her dangerous eyes, so soft and so dreamily shadowed, she felt her face flame. She encountered a look she had not anticipated. She detected the ambushed danger, and made haste to answer herself.

"Of course I do, though, for I *am* disappointed. When I was little, for instance, I loved to sit out in the dusk, waiting. I was never sure that I should not see a funny old crone sidle up out of the shadows, and ask me what three things I longed for. Now I believe my wish would be to have her put me to sleep, like the princess, for a hundred years. But if I were asleep I should miss that sunset yonder. Just see it! I have been longing for you to come down, because I wanted to show you something prettier than ever you would see in the city—"

"I came for that."

She went on without heeding the interruption—"and it is so nice to have your visit happen on such an afternoon."

She had pushed back the light window drapery while she was speaking, and the level red ray flushed her face with a tint warm and glowing. They both looked out in silence.

It would have been difficult to use exaggerating adjectives. The clouds on the horizon were piled in jagged masses, mingling their radiant, deep hues through indescribable shadings of color. Above these was the pure, translucent blue—"clear as God's celestial crystals"—without speck, or fleck, or torn shred of cloud. The water was a little ruffled by the evening wind, and fast over it steely, changing lines moved, breaking into a million tints the bright reflection of the glories of the sky. One or two small sailing vessels, with white sails outspread, glided, doubled, passed, like winged images in a dream. On the near-seeming farther shore was the shadow of a mist, maize-colored over the houses of the town, deepening into purple on the sombre hills that closed the view.

Both were silent for some minutes; then said Miss Carmen, gazing straight before her:

"How very beautiful! I wonder if there is any one who could fail to feel it? This is Mr. Ainsworth's favorite outlook."

There was something singularly awkward in this little speech, and it was made more apparent by Miss Carmen's manner. She was generally the ideal of self-possession; but now this name had hardly escaped her lips when she caught her breath quickly and cast down her eyes, as we do when we have unwittingly betrayed ourselves. Yet it is certain that she had been meditating the introduction of Mr. Ainsworth's name ever since she had caught the glance whose translation into words she had deemed it better to prevent.

In a moment Mr. Howard forgot earth, air, and water in favor of one well-tinted piece of moulded dust. His changed glance fell upon her with what seemed an absolute physical pressure, communicating something of the sudden pain which impelled it.

"Mr. Ainsworth? A friend of yours, I presume?"

"Yes. Oh, the lovely afternoon! Could it have been more perfect if it had been ordered direct from paradise? See that loving mist, how it hovers over the dimples in the shore yonder! Oh yes! Why, don't you remember Mr. Ferdinand Ainsworth?"

Miss Carmen spoke with perfect ease again, and yet with a curious effect of forcing herself to say what she was saying.

"Don't you remember? He used to bring me flowers sometimes when I was boarding at Mrs. Dixon's. You did not like him much, though, I believe."

"His favorite outlook?" Mr. Howard repeated her words without emphasis.

"He likes it very much indeed; and who can wonder? All my friends are not so forgetful as you have showed yourself, Mr. Howard. By-the-way, that reminds me that I am angry with you. What is the reason that you have not come before?"

Mr. Howard had been in the room but a little while—half an hour, perhaps—and no words of particular meaning had been spoken by either. Yet both had felt, what we all do sometimes, I suppose, the impossibility of making commonplaces commonplace; of banishing meaning from meaningless phrases; of quite covering the fire which leaped in tremulous flashes to the cheeks of one, and sparkled unreproved in the eyes of the other. He looked deeply into her eyes as long as she would let him, and when they ambushed themselves behind their long fringes he spoke. Slowly, as a man speaks who speaks to a foe before the knife-thrust, and long after hate has hushed wrangling; as a woman speaks when she quietly soothes her child who is dying. Carefully, as one gropes a ragged, dangerous way in darkness; as a diplomatist touches tenderly the heart of a matter before he pierces it.

"I think I can explain," he answered, gazing at her eyelids as if they were white eyes—"I think I can explain my absence. I wished to assure myself of two things. To make them certain beyond a doubt. One was assured me months ago. The other— Do you remember a little note you wrote me two months since?"

"You did not answer that note," said Miss Felix, in a low voice, without looking up. Her face was quite white.

"Estimate its importance to me," he answered, with a painful and pallid smile, "when it took me two months to frame a suitable reply. I have brought one with me. I came to make it, and I beg you to hear me. I wish to make you feel—"

"Don't go on!" cried Miss Felix, in a sharp, unnatural voice. "I have something to tell you. I am going to be married in October!"

There was a dead silence after that, and a sense of suffocation in the room. A burning flame devoured Miss Felix, neck and cheek and brow, and receded, leaving an ashy pallor. She was so shocked at her horrible *faux pas* that she forgot every thing, even the despair she had thrust into her listener's heart. She had held in her hand a carven fan; its delicate handle snapped, and it fell to the floor; neither of them heard the small, sharp noise, or stooped to recover the toy. Mr. Howard did not seem to notice the advantage she had given him. He looked at her like a man bewildered by a sudden blow. At last he held out his hand, and when she placed hers within it he crushed the soft palm.

"I congratulate you from my heart on whatever is likely to make you happy. God bless you, Miss Carmen!"

He uttered these words in a husky voice, that came from a pierced heart, and that thrilled his listener's like living flame. "If God ever made a creature who deserves happiness, it is you; if a man's deathless—if my utmost wishes could secure it to you, you would have it in spite of God himself."

"Oh, Heaven! what am I, that you should say such things?" The words dropped from her lips in a half whisper, her white, scared face acknowledging the ardent passion of his. "Why—oh, my God!—why did you not answer my letter?"

She rose from her chair. I can not describe her look, nor his. Her gesture was unutterable, horror of herself, despair, half extinguishing agony. While he gazed at her, held silent for one moment, she changed. Her eyes lost their intensity; a little color crept into her cheeks; her high mood seemed to lower itself; her whole figure somehow to *wilt*. She sank back into her chair as if she were tired, locked her fingers loosely, and pressed them against her breast; she drew a long, slow breath, and with a faint smile said, murmuringly:

"Do, pray, forgive me! Sometimes I am so silly."

"Forgive you! I can not understand you. If I—if I could think it possible—"

"Oh, I hope it is possible!" she cried, opening her eyes and looking at him merrily, with the same laugh that had rippled over her lips when, a while ago, up stairs, she had called herself a fool. "Heroics are quite absurd, I know, and I was in danger of them just now. But, you see, though I expect to be very happy, of course, the thought of resigning my liberty sometimes distresses me. You must have been truly amazed at such a singular announcement of such a fact. Indeed, I saw you were. Yes, I am going to marry Mr. Ainsworth." Then she went on with increasing rapidity, her cheeks growing scarlet while she talked. "I wish you were better acquainted with him; I am sure you would like him very much if you were. There is nothing remarkable about him; he is noway brilliant; but he is kindness itself. And kindness has more to do with everyday happiness than all the brilliancy in the world. Don't you agree with me? And besides—but that 'of course,' too, since *I* am to marry him—he has plenty of money. And I have been scribbler, artist, governess—what not—so long that I shall be quite ready, no doubt, to appreciate pretty things and humdrum life. What! you are not thinking of going? Why, I supposed I should have a nice long visit. Besides," continued Miss Carmen, with amazing flippancy, "you remember you have not yet excused yourself for failing to answer my note."

"Nay, I am sure you will pardon me without an explanation." Mr. Howard's haggard face was not devoid of pity; and his low voice, uncertain and tremulous, had the same quality. "I would gladly prolong my stay, but the object of my coming is answered. I can not affect indifference well, and I do not wish to pain you."

"Oh, I am *truly* sorry you must go!" cried Miss Felix, with uncomprehending, cordial warmth. "If you could remain a little while longer I should hope for the pleasure of reintroducing you to Mr. Ainsworth. I expect him also this evening."

"There is the more reason for a speedy leave-taking," said Mr. Howard, with the quiet courtesy of a gentleman. "I fear it will be a long one. I shall probably leave for Europe in a day or two. You know I have been meditating a visit to my mother for a long time, and the present will be a favorable time."

Miss Carmen expressed her frankly warm regrets and good wishes with eyelids that never quivered, and color that never flickered. But just as he was leaving— He had said farewell quietly, and so had she; but he still held her fingers in a hungry, clinging grasp, that seemed as though it *could not* loosen, and looked at her with the dumb, death agony of hope still pleading in his eyes. This glance fell into hers with all its weight. It pierced her soul, and stung it out of its inexplicable lethargy. She seized with both hands the one that had held hers, and pressed it against her cheek—against her breast. There fell from her lips one monosyllable, but it sounded like the falling of a heart-wrung drop of blood. "Oh!" she murmured, and stopped. At that his eyes lighted with a renewed interrogation; there was a smile in hers, and no answer.

When he had gone she stood still in the same place, looking at the vacant air as if she saw his ghost. She was quiet and motionless a long time. Then she spoke.

"I wonder if I am dead, or alive," she murmured, smiling quietly. But her face looked the face of a woman ten years older than she. She put her hand on her heart with a whimsical air of interrogation. "It certainly beats! Well, it is a comfort to know where to place one's self. But if I am not dead, I am certainly dreaming. I feel nothing, and I don't wonder at wonderful things. Yes, I'm certainly dreaming. To be dead might be the best of the two. There is a doubt, at least, about the quality of the dreams they shut up in the coffin with one. I wonder if pine or rose-wood hold the better? Oh, what a pity I did not think of that doubt before!"

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This she murmured, after a minute of silence, with a quaint air of calm after-thought, which, in some inexplicable way, might have suggested a broken heart.

"Not for our love shall fate retire,
Nor God relent for our desire,
Nor the graves open for our call.
The end is more than joy or anguish,
Than lives that laugh or lives that languish,
The poppied sleep, the end of all!"

She repeated these lines in that musical, soft, sad voice of hers, whose subtile, heart-seeking intonations somehow always reminded me of the leaping and flickering of white flame. The last low cadence dispersed itself like melting perfume. The bell startled the listening silence. Miss Carmen clasped her hands and looked upward.

"Now God help me to do the hard, right thing!"

The gesture was honest, the aspiration sincere and fervent. But from her lips it might well have reminded one of the text on a good Mussulman's sharp steel cimeter—it pointed to bloody work.

Mr. Ainsworth entered the next moment. He was what is called a "good-looking" man; decidedly so, indeed, though the cast of his features was rather heavy, and though his figure, which was of no more than the medium height, was somewhat too stoutly built. He was very fair, with a profusion of blonde hair, and blue eyes, which were honest and tender, but not bright. His manners were those of a gentleman, and his appearance and elegant, unassuming dress those of a man of wealth. I am bound to say that the greeting between himself and Miss Carmen was conducted in the manner of betrothed lovers. But this over (and the young lady had merely submitted to an embrace which she could hardly avoid), she seated herself at some little distance from her lover, and began a hasty conversation of commonplaces. There was visible about her tremulous eyelids a certain cowardice—a certain irresolution in the nervous twitching of her clasped fingers. But Mr. Ainsworth was not the person to observe either indication.

However, love is prescient, wherever its home may be; and he grew uneasy after a little while, without knowing why. Perhaps he remembered that his mistress did not use to seat herself at such a chilling distance.

"Come Carmen," said he at last, "come and sit beside me on the sofa. I want to tell you about something important. I want to explain to you about some houses I have been looking at. You remember the corner house I spoke of, the brick, with brown-stone trimmings, dear— But why don't you come and sit beside me, Carmen?"

"I'm coming. But brick and brown-stone are such heavy subjects! Don't let's talk about houses, please. Besides, I know all about it beforehand: 'The man won't hear reason, won't give in an inch, won't "split the difference;" shall you purchase whether or no?' Indeed, I can't tell. I'm not a woman of business. Please yourself."

She leaned her head back, and folded her hands, and closed her eyes. Not *quite* closed them, but they seemed so. She looked indifferent, almost hard.

"Why, surely, Carmen, it is something to you!" said Mr. Ainsworth, after a minute's surprised silence. "But perhaps you *are* tired of it. I won't weary you, love, with details that you don't care for. Some day, when you are at leisure and feel like it, you shall go over it with me, if you will, and see all for yourself. You will understand it better then."

"You find me rather stupid to-night, perhaps?"

"*You* stupid?" cried the lover with ardor, and would have kissed her; but she avoided the embrace, and moved off a little.

"Carmen! What is the matter with you to-night?"

"The matter? with me? Am I not looking well? It is this blue ribbon, perhaps; blue is not becoming to me, in spite of your opinion. But just now I am anxious to hear what you wish about the house."

"My darling," said Mr. Ainsworth, beginning to look puzzled as well as grieved, "I thought the subject tired you?"

"It did, but I've changed my mind. Ferdinand—won't you tell me if I ask you?"

Mr. Ainsworth was very ardently in love, and it took only the slight accent of kindness in this question to banish the shadow which had begun to creep over him.

"I will do any thing on earth for you, my pet!" he answered, with devotion absurdly disproportioned to the subject.

And so he began, immediately forgetting his momentary pain in his desire to please her, and shortly entering into his subject *con amore*. For though he was a young man, wealthy, and much courted in consequence, he was full of home longings and fine domestic instincts; and he had pleased himself for many a week with imagining all sorts of pretty contrivances, and luxurious nooks and ornaments, in the cage he was to make ready for the bird he had won, and which he truly thought of Paradise. So he told her all he meant to do, and mixed up his descriptions with raptures and ardent epithets that showed his very soul. And Carmen listened, her head still lying back against the wall, her hand in his, he having captured it long ago. The color had quite sunk out of her face. It had not faded suddenly; the blood seemed to have drained itself away, to have fallen like the mercury when the weather chills.

"Do you like it?" he asked at last.

"Yes; that is—the house. Now describe its mistress."

"Describe its mistress—*to you?* Ah, I can't do that! God made her, and made her perfect; too good for any home but heaven! And God grant I may be *there* first, to make that ready too!"

He added this aspiration after a moment's silence, with an egotism and a sudden, poignant anguish of love which love alone can create or justify. "And she is beautiful as well as good. Kiss me, Carmen."

She let him kiss her cheek, and then, with a quick, bitter sigh, turned her lips to his for one immeasurable instant. His frame quivered from head to foot; he could not speak. He held her fast, and looked at her—looked at her as a man looks at but one woman on earth—as if she were indeed his very soul, and his whole being yearned for its life. Some murmured ejaculations fell from his lips.

"Please let me go." The words came in a soft, clear voice, which, being so distinct just then, had death in it. "Let me go, Ferdinand. I shall never be the mistress of that house."

He did not seem to hear her, and would have drawn her head down against his breast.

"Let me go, Ferdinand. I shall never live in the house you have been making ready for me. You must find another mistress for it, my poor friend; a better one than I."

He loosed his hold of her, and stared at her with contracted brows. When he spoke, it was huskily and painfully and slowly:

"Don't jest so, Carmen. Darling, don't jest so. You puzzle me and you pain me. I don't understand you. I can not bear to hear you talk so, even in jest. You love me, don't you?"

"No; I don't love you," answered the girl, steadily, with an ashen face.

He seized her hands, and crushed them with a fierce pressure.

"Good God! What do you mean?"

"I have wanted to tell you before, Ferdinand—often." Her voice was clear, and her eyes were dry. "I have wanted to tell you often. But until this evening I did not know how wicked my silence and my weakness were. Now I know, and I can not marry you."

A groan came from his lips. He looked at her with the eyes of a drowning wretch in sight of succor. She turned her face away, and went on:

"I want to ease your pain by telling you just what I am. I want you to know what I am. Oh, if you could only hate me! if you could only despise me as I do myself! Then you would root me from your heart; you would trample on every thought of me; you would disdain to suffer for such a creature as I!" She interrupted herself again, shivering, as well she might; she had glanced at the face confronting her. "Oh, don't look so! don't look so! I will cure your love for me. Only listen. Ferdinand, before I saw you I loved some one. I would have married him if he had asked me. He did not; I thought he had seen my love and despised it, and I was very wretched and cast down. Then you came. I was so lonesome and so miserable. And you seemed to love me—Hush! Ah, my God! Yes, I know you did; but only listen. I remembered I was poor and plain, and not very young nor talented, and often sick; and I thought I could perhaps make *you* happy at least. And—oh! Ferdinand, understand, for God's sake, how base I am!—I knew you had money, and I longed for ease. And so I promised to marry you. But this evening he came back again. And he would have asked me to marry him, and I would not let him. I told him I was going to marry you. And I can not! I can not! I can not!"

She covered her eyes with her hands, because she could not bear to look upon her work. She trembled with horror of herself and terror for him. Did she feel she was doing "the hard, *right* thing?" She heard his slow, difficult breaths, and saw him shudder. His face was utterly changed. It had grown white and wrathful, with a wolfish, murderous light in the eyes. He spoke slowly and painfully.

"You are going to marry *him*, then? Damn him!"

"He bade me farewell," she whispered, pallid to the lips. "He has gone away; he will never return."

"You double-faced flirt! Fly after him; hang upon *his* neck. Curse him! Kiss *him*. And may God—"

She held up her hands with one of her strange, speaking gestures: in it all the pathos of utter submission, all the pleading of undefended weakness. Her eyelashes were wet with tears that came no farther. Her noble bosom seemed broken up with unuttered sobs. At that sight—the misery and the weakness of the woman he loved—the man rose above himself. He held out his arms, with a strange, dumb cry, and drew her home again to his breast. He crushed her slight figure in his arms, and kissed her forehead again and again; the despair of farewell in every kiss. He called her every endearing name a thousand times—his love, his life, his flower, his pretty bird, his heart's pride, his treasure, his jewel above price! And she lay in his embrace without a word; she had neither voice nor the power of thought. It was instinct that drew her away from him at last. Then she held his hands in hers, and looked at him with bitter penitence.

"Only reproach me! Ah, only tell me you forgive me because you despise me!"

"Carmen! Is there *no* hope? Don't you think you can learn to love *me*—a little? I would die for you, Carmen!"

Her grief broke into passionate sobs at last, and there fell upon his hands a mingled rain of tears and kisses.

"I *do* like you—too well, too well to marry you. Your wife should give you her whole heart, and that I can not. Forgive me, and live to thank me for saving you from such a woman as I am!"

Let the rest pass. She remained steadfast. In spite of his pleading, of the traitor in her own breast, of her remorse and his despair, she sent him from her.

Mr. Howard sailed in two days. He passed quite away from her life; she never saw him nor heard of him again. Within some years Mr. Ainsworth married a sweet and loving girl, who was not to him what Carmen had been, but who gave to his life its calmer light of content.

And Carmen. She, too, was married—to a clergyman. He was quite a severe man, with exalted views of his office; decidedly inclined to Romanism. During six months his wife was happy, and a devotee. After that she wrote a book. It was a strange volume, not successful, and full of unusual theories, veiling fatalism and despair. It was the cause of difference between herself and her husband, which resulted in a quiet separation, every one greatly commiserating the sanctified minister of God.

There is a page in her private journal inscribed with a date—the date of this one evening in her life which I have endeavored to describe; on it is fastened a flower, brown and crisp, which she wore in her hair that day. And the place is kept with a blue ribbon.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE high and exposed situation of Wilhelmshöhe, the present residence of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, is such as to render the winters very severe. Undoubtedly a prolonged sojourn there would be trying to the health of one unaccustomed to the rigors of a northern climate. This fact, added to the circumstance that Napoleon has been afflicted with a severe cold, may have given rise to the report that he is about to change his residence from Wilhelmshöhe to Elba. Be that as it may, this rumor brings into notice that little island in the Mediterranean. Elba is about eighteen miles long, and its greatest width is twelve miles. It has an area of about ninety-seven square miles, and the population numbers about 23,000, of whom between 7000 and 8000 are proprietors of the soil. It is exceedingly mountainous, and some of its peaks rise to the height of 3000 feet above the level of the sea. The climate is generally healthy, and fruit abounds in the valleys. Red and white wine, marine salt, sardines, anchovies, and other fish are among the products of Elba. It is also noted for its iron and other minerals. During the brief sovereignty of Napoleon I. at Elba he made many improvements upon the island.

The English who, from motives of curiosity or otherwise, are still abiding in Paris, are reported to be under the protection of our minister, Mr. Washburne.

New York is to be favored with another census. The order for it states that the charges which have come to the President's notice, alleging that the first census was grossly inaccurate, render it necessary to have another enumeration, so that the charges may be disproved, or a fuller and more accurate enumeration of the inhabitants made.

Stenographic reporting by machinery is one of the latest improvements. Some English genius has announced a stenographic press, which enables the reporter to sit at a key-board, not unlike that of a pianoforte, and by applying his fingers to the keys to print on a strip of paper underneath signs which represent the words which drop from the lips of a speaker. A few months' practice enables any operator to follow the most fluent speaker with ease. Pity that somebody can not invent a condensing machine to work in connection with this! Speeches would be too long for newspapers unless judiciously cut down.

It is well known that some colors do not "take well" in photographs. Blue, purple, violet, pink, and magenta will come out very light. Dark shades of brown, drab, green, maroon, and plain black goods, without gloss, will take a rich drab-color. So, also, scarlet, cherry, crimson, and dark orange. Silks come out lighter than woolen goods.

The work of counting mutilated fractional currency and legal tenders received at the Treasury Department for redemption, from all parts of the country, is done entirely by women. It is said that they excel men in counting the currency, as they are quicker, and their fingers more pliable, but that they do not succeed so well with the legal tender, because "their hands are not large enough to grasp the bundle and separate the notes quickly!"

The Bishop of Calcutta recently visited Burmah, but a curious point of etiquette prevented a proposed interview between him and the King of Burmah. The king insisted on the bishop's squatting cross-legged before him on a small carpet. The bishop asked to be allowed to stand, but the king was firm; he could not allow any man either to stand before him or to occupy a seat not lower than his, his Majesty invariably reclining on a very low couch on these occasions. The bishop was likewise firm; he declined to suffer the indignity of sitting cross-legged on a bit of carpet; and the result was that the bishop left Mandalay without having met the king, although both were very desirous that an interview should take place.

The presence of a lady law student in a court-room in Rockford, Illinois, caused a sensible diminution in the number of boot-heels resting upon tables and railings, less lounging in uncouth attitudes, and extra attention to the arrangement of masculine back hair. The lady lawyer is reported to be very beautiful, and beautiful lawyers will have their uses if they can make the old-style attorneys gentlemanly.

A highly respectable man of Lawrence, Massachusetts, has developed a singular kind of insanity, which causes an almost irresistible desire to kill his children. In fact, it was said that he was accustomed to count them every morning to make sure that he had not dispatched one during the night. He was, however, sane enough to know that his liberty should be restrained, and at his own request he was taken to an asylum.

In Madrid a large number of the Spanish clergy have accepted the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament as the sole foundation of their faith, and have determined to preach and teach nothing which may not be proved thereby. They held their first synod at the University of Madrid in August last, the rector of the University presiding. One gentleman writes from Barcelona that although the work of distributing Bibles is hindered by the war, and the unsettled state of the country, yet he sold 1250 copies in a visit of three days to seven towns. Mr. De Mora, a Spanish priest, having become a Protestant, has been employed by the American Bible Society to revise the Spanish Bible.

In accordance with an old custom, the wife of the Mayor of Chester, England, was recently presented with a silver cradle, on the occasion of the birth of a son during the mayoralty of her husband. It is not to be supposed, however, that the cradle was especially useful to rock the baby in. The testimonial consisted of a silver centre piece, with two side stands, on a plateau of silver gilt. The cradle itself, which is no larger than a walnut, is suspended from the centre piece, and is after the fashion of a nautilus shell.

October departed in the midst of the first snow-storm of the season. We do not mean here in New York, where autumn is reluctant to give place to winter, but in Maine and New Hampshire there was a foretaste of the inclement season. The White Mountains were snow-capped, and in some parts of New Hampshire not less than six inches fell.

Alaska is giving us large quantities of the seal fur this year. It is handsome, durable, and reasonable in price. It will be much worn during the winter, as well as the popular mink, sable, and ermine. The mink is largely found in New York, Maine, and in Canada, and is frequently called the American sable. The Russian and Hudson Bay sable come from the Russian possessions, and have this year been imported in large quantities to meet an increased demand. The ermine is always most valuable when taken in the coldest northern regions. Indeed, it is only desirable when taken in extreme cold weather, for the little creature which furnishes this fur is white only in winter, its coat turning a reddish-brown in summer, excepting the tail, which is always black. In making up the ermine the tips are used to contrast with the pure white of the fur.

An association has been formed in this city by about sixty well-known gentlemen for the purpose of erecting a building on the French Apartment system, on a plan of joint partnership, combining special advantages. Twelve lots have been secured, finely situated in the upper part of the city. The building is to be architecturally beautiful, constructed of pale pink brick, with sandstone trimmings, and seven stories in height. There will be eight apartments, entirely distinct from each other, upon each floor, and all modern contrivances for comfort and convenience will be furnished at a small cost to each apartment. A large restaurant will be located on the first floor for the exclusive use of the occupants. The kitchens will be at the top of the house, and fire-proof. A complete system of ventilation is to be established, and, in short, nothing is to be wanting to make the structure elegant as well as comfortable. It is said that many of the association will occupy apartments in the building.

The letter from M. Pietri, the private secretary of Napoleon III., addressed to the London papers, affirming that the ex-Emperor had no money invested in foreign funds, brought out an answer from M. Max Pol, containing a statement of the investments which he asserts to have been made by the ex-Emperor. These, which do not include any thing placed in the French funds, amount to 63,000,000 francs. M. Pietri, however, declares that the list of the Emperor's foreign investments made public by M. Max Pol are a pure invention.

The French National Bazar opens about the middle of this month, and promises to be a great success. There are to be twenty tables, all abundantly furnished with rich articles.

A young American residing at Hong-Kong had been induced by a companion to frequent a gambling-house. He was young and yielding, his false friend old enough to have been less treacherous. One evening the two had been drinking and gambling fearfully, the young man losing in every game. A new game had just begun, and while the elder man shuffled his cards, the younger leaned lazily back in his chair, and carelessly commenced to hum a tune. Without thought he sang the beautiful lines of Phœbe Cary, beginning,

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer to my Father's house
Than I've ever been before."

The elder gambler stared at the singer a moment, then, throwing his cards on the floor, exclaimed,

"Harry, where did you learn that tune?"

"What tune?"

"Why, the one you have been singing."

The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and he said he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America.

"Come," said the elder, getting up, "come. Here's what I've won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit the infernal business."

The two men left the gambling-house together, and walked away arm in arm.

The reconstruction of the docks and piers of New York city is a matter which has long been agitated, and the time seems to be approaching when the Dock Commissioners will begin the good work in earnest. General Egbert L. Viele has submitted to the Commissioners plans for the reconstruction of our docks and piers, which are the result of many years' careful study. His thorough and comprehensive scheme proposes to widen the exterior street around the water-front to one hundred and fifty feet, and construct a substantial stone sea-wall in the place of the present bulkhead; to construct piers sixty feet wide, and two hundred feet apart, with solid stone pier-heads, and supported by piles of hollow iron tubes filled with cement; to make an elevated railway along the bulkhead line sufficient to accommodate freight and passenger traffic; to provide a low-level sewerage system capacious enough for the drainage of the entire city; to build for the accommodation of the canal-boat trade a large canal across the upper end of the island; and to remove the markets further up town. This appears to be a gigantic undertaking, even when looking at the mere outlines. But certainly nobody doubts that some gigantic reformation is needed—or, if any body doubts, an intelligent glance at the old wooden piers will speedily convince him—and the sooner some good plan is adopted, and work commenced, the better it will be for our people and our commerce.

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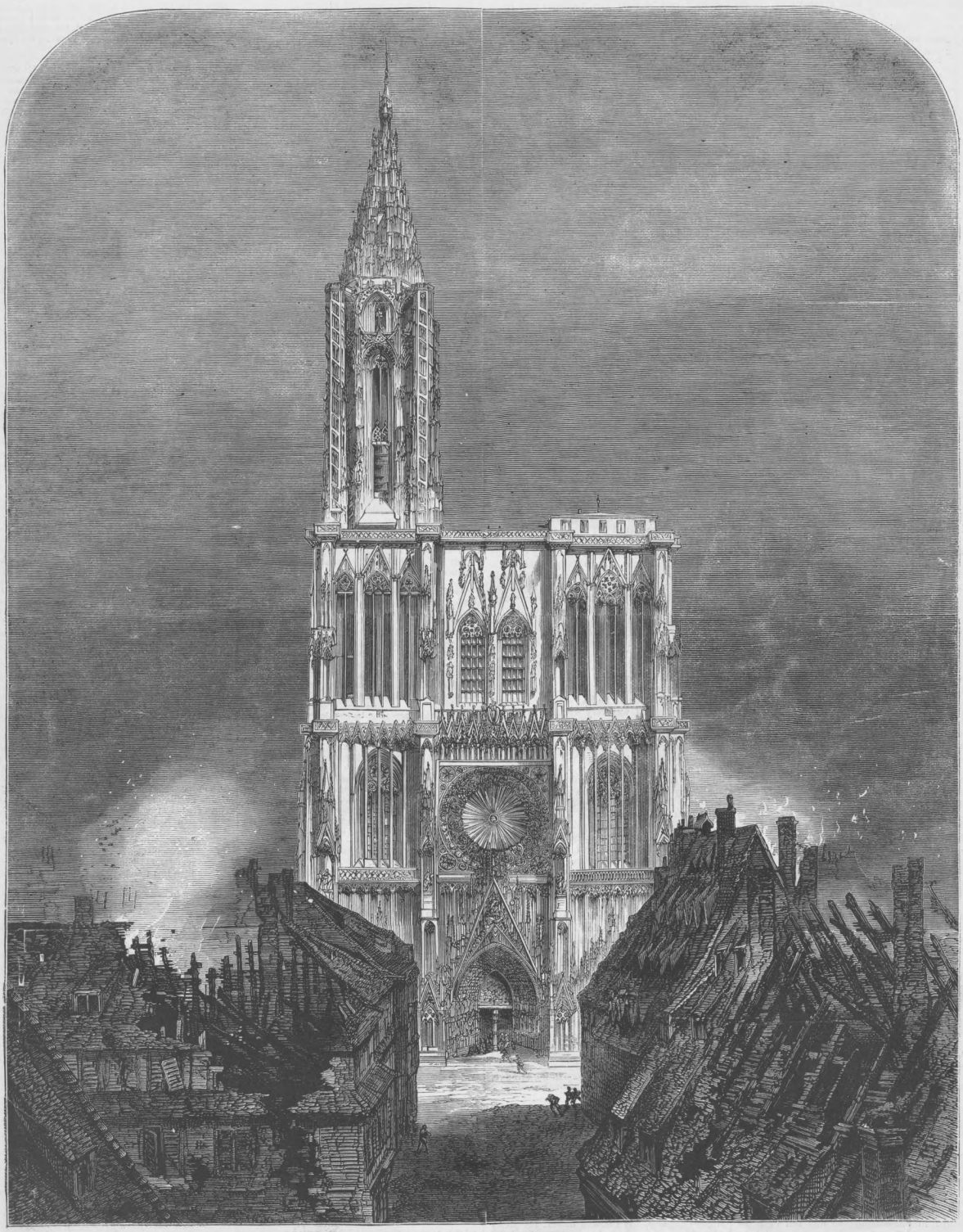

THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

A VISITOR to the German batteries during the bombardment of Strasburg describes the grand effect of the majestic Cathedral towering above the city, and its spire, illuminated by the light of burning houses, conspicuous against the rolling clouds of smoke that rose into the heavens. The gunners were instructed to spare, if possible, this magnificent monument of mediæval art, and probably there was not one among them who would not rather have lost his right hand than direct a single shot against the wonderful structure. Was it not a German cathedral? Was not Strasburg a German city? Were they not fighting to restore both to Germany? Fortunately its destruction was not required by the necessities of the siege, and when, after an heroic resistance, the city was surrendered, it was found that the Cathedral had suffered no material injury from the storm of iron and steel that had raged about it. As the picture on this page will show, the buildings in its immediate vicinity were greatly damaged. Close by whole streets were destroyed, the houses on each side lying in indistinguishable heaps of ruin. The whole civilized world rejoices — except those whose houses lie buried in those ruins.

Since the surrender of the city many very touching incidents have come to light, which illustrate the sufferings and hardships endured by the people of Strasburg during the bombardment. One story reads like a chapter of a romance. A wealthy merchant moved his household and his treasures into the cellar of his house, whither, when the bombardment became unpleasantly hot, they lived in supposed safety, passing away the hours in reading and other innocent amusements. But one night, when all were buried in profound sleep, a large bomb-shell fell directly through the house, and burst as it entered the cellar. As soon as the terrified man could strike a light he discovered a scene of terrible destruction. He alone was left alive. The other inmates of the cellar had either been killed by fragments of the bursting shell, or crushed to death by falling timbers. Terror-stricken by the sight, he endeavored to make his way out, but found the stairway blocked up by a mass of brick and broken beams. Fortunately he retained sufficient presence of mind to go to work at the removal of these obstructions; but having nothing but his hands to work with, he made but slow progress. At length his lamp went out, and he had to work in total darkness. Added to the difficulty of knowing what he was doing was the terror lest he should loosen the obstructing mass and bring it all down upon him at once. Several narrow escapes from this danger taught him to proceed with caution. At length, after many hours of toilsome and almost hopeless labor, a sudden slide of the mass at which he was working restored him to the outer world. It was night, but he could see enough to discern that he was in a situation of extreme peril, and that the least movement might involve his death. He therefore resolved to lie perfectly still till daylight. The stillness of the streets told him that the bombardment was over, and that the city had surrendered. Help came with the morning, and he was rescued from his perilous situation among the ruins.

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TAKING THE CENSUS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS WORTH.]

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SOCIAL IRREPRESSIBLES.

ACCORDING to Rabelais, there once grew a kind of medlar which caused those who ate of the fruit to swell enormously; and, in like manner, some persons having partaken of unwholesome moral food, their natural priggishness is thereby inflated and distended to an extent which seriously interferes with the comfort of others. Sometimes this dreadful mania for improving others takes its daily exercise in social life. Women will be seen making the lives of their husbands, brothers, and lovers a burden to them by this craze for altering and meddling with what really does not concern them, if they could only be persuaded to think so. Nothing will satisfy them but reform, root and branch, of all the habits and peculiarities which have become part of the nature of the unfortunate victim. It is the "See what I can do!" of the loving, restless fingers, which are never still. So a man shall have his beard or mustache shaven off, his whiskers docked, his latch-key taken from him, his cigars counted out to him, his manners looked after, and all his little weaknesses crushed out of him, until he hardly knows himself as he sits, shorn of his strength, the sport and derision alike of Barbarian and Philistine. It was said of Madame Récamier, "Elle était pour ses amis la sœur de charité, de leurs peines, de leurs faiblesses, et même un peu de leurs fautes." What a charming woman that must have been! But one of the class we have in view has been described as "being in this sort of benevolence thoroughly cruel, and she would listen to nothing that was said to her, *because she was convinced that she was managing admirably.*" There is a world of significance in the words we have italicized. This particular disposition has been perhaps rather pedantically defined as a deficiency of Entropelia, which is the power of adapting your own mental attitude to that of others. Who will show us any good? Alas! how many are too ready to undertake the task under the impression that they, of all others, can demonstrate it most effectually! Indeed, there are people who do every thing as if they only had a right to do it. Say that your boots are square-toed. You will be told that this circumstance endangers your respectability, disfigures your proportions, causes you to be mistaken for a Frenchman or a German, diminishes your legitimate influence, offends the taste of your friends, and compels them to recoil from you in public and to mourn over you in private. If you once yield in the hope of being left alone you will assuredly commit a grave mistake; for, besides affording these Irrepressibles the unholy satisfaction of feeling that a point has been gained, you will discover that it is the prelude to other demands, and, before you know where you are exactly, you will find yourself attired in a swallow-tailed coat or a round jacket, or something else equally unsuitable to your habits and opposed to your own inclinations. It does not matter whether you go to bed early or late—if you did the one before you will have to do the other now; or whether you smoke five times or twenty times a day—whichever it is, your privileges will be reduced by one-half, and the safest plan is to demand in the first instance, and peremptorily, fully twice as much as you desire to obtain.

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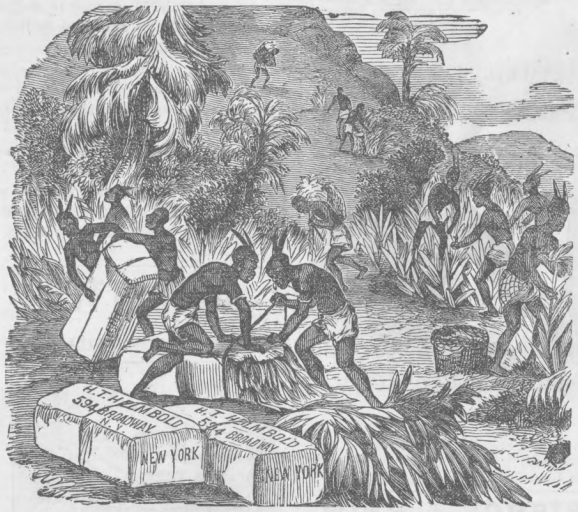

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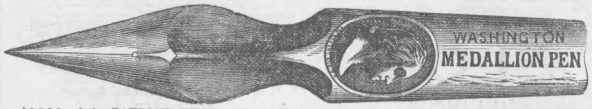

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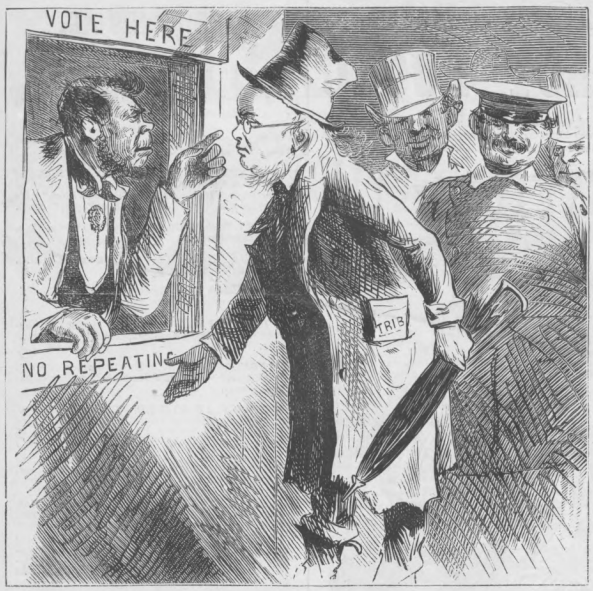

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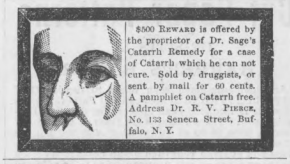

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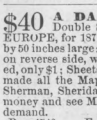

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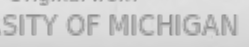

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 726.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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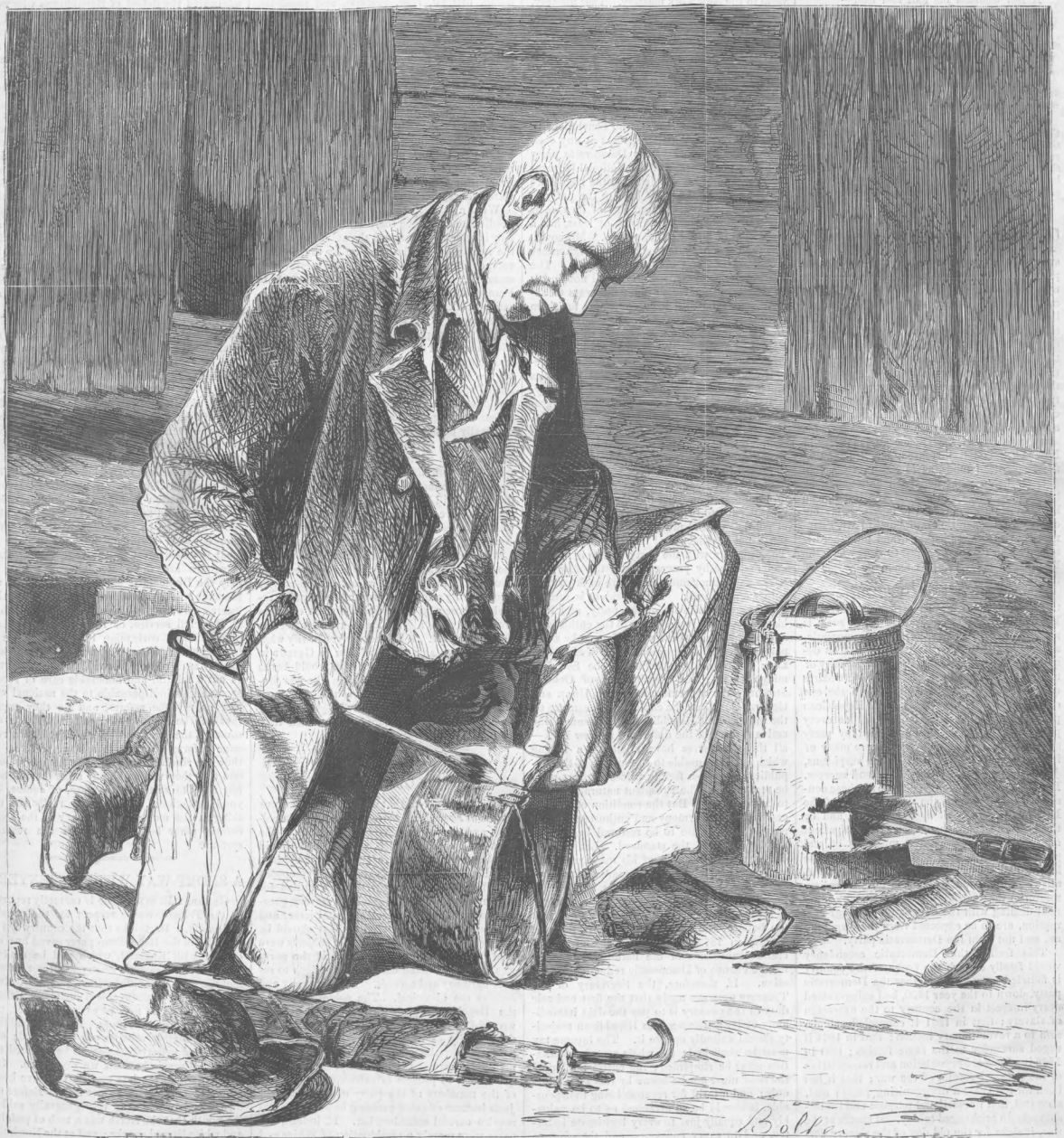
THE TRAVELING TINKER.

THE itinerant tinker, a few years ago, was an important personage in the rural districts. He traveled from village to village, from farm-house to farm-house, and being generally a good-natured, oldish man, with a talent for conversation and telling stories, and always willing to chat over his puttering work, he was almost as welcome as the traveling peddler. The growth of villages, and the increasing cheapness of manufacture, have nearly driven him out of business, and he is now rarely met with except in districts remote from large towns. People have discovered that it is cheaper to throw away leaky pans and kettles, and buy new ones, than to have the old tinkered up. He is, however, to be met with occasionally in the vicinity of our larger cities. The illustration on this page is a sketch from life in a New Jersey village near New York.

CHINESE GODS.

THE amiable celestials do not treat their gods with much veneration. If burning sun, continued drought, and dry weather should prevail, and their simulated offerings, their scant prayers, should not result in the required change of weather, they very coolly take down Joss, kick him and cuff him, and put him out in the sun and heat, just to let him see how *he* likes it! Then, as they keep the poor dumb image out of doors until the rain comes, he gets the credit of having produced it after all; and accordingly becomes duly reinstated to his former dignity, amidst the joyful adoration of his benighted worshipers.

In every corner of the Chinese empire you come upon the Joss-house. Many are crumbling into ruins, and but few of the best are remarkable for any architectural beauty, but make up for any deficiency in that respect by a super-



THE TRAVELING TINKER.—[DRAWN BY JOHN BOLLES.]

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abundance of gaudy coloring within. Idols—generally modeled in clay, which is afterward hardened and painted or gilded—are sometimes large and numerous, sometimes few and small, and their physiognomics are either of a sickly leaden hue, an alarming scarlet, or a sooty black. Some idols ride on nondescript animals, others are squatting or standing, and all are curious, not to say eccentric, in aspect. Gold and jewels are often placed in the head of the Joss. The rebels know this, and often sacrilegiously knock large apertures to get out the valuable brains. It was not unusual, after a visitation of Taiping rebels, to see headless trunks of idols in every direction. These rebels treat the paganism of their countrymen with supreme contempt, and it is pitiful to enter a Joss-house where they have been at work, and to view the mutilated remnants of poor battered gods. Truly they are unsparing iconoclasts, and may be the forerunners of better hope for benighted China.

A LEAF.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHERE the late leaves lit all the place
He left her, with her ashen face:
We shall not meet, he lightly cried;
Good-by, sweet-heart, the world is wide!

Though bright the sunshine on that day
Through the bare boughs around her lay,
She thought in blackest shadow stood
The melancholy autumn wood.

She bent, and lifted from the sod
A leaf whereon his foot had trod—
An idle leaf—but, dead and sear,
It held the heart's blood of the year!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1870.

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THE SITUATION.

THE elections of this autumn were peculiarly interesting, because they were an answer to the inquiry whether the Republican party had fulfilled its mission. The Democrats upon one side, and Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS upon the other, loudly sneered that the Republican party cumbered the ground. They insisted that it was organized to withstand slavery, and that, slavery being utterly abolished, the party was superfluous. Had the political situation been as simple as they represented, they would have been quite correct. The party would be superfluous, and would be discarded by the country. But as it is not discarded, as it will control the next Congress by some sixty majority, as the Democratic majority in New York is not increased, notwithstanding the Republican feuds, as Mr. PHILLIPS's vote falls far below what had been anticipated by his friends, and as, in a word, the Republican line is virtually unbroken, it may possibly occur to the Democratic orators and to Mr. PHILLIPS that they are mistaken, and that there is some reason for the steadfast support which the Republican party receives from the people of the United States.

This reason is evident enough. Upon questions of general policy both parties are divided. For instance, the Republican party, as such, is not a protectionist party, nor is the Democratic, as such, a free-trade party. Both parties demand reduced taxation. The foreign policy of neither party is belligerent. The doctrinaires can please themselves as much upon the one side as upon the other. But the Republican party, being in power, is criticised at every point. Its mistakes are magnified by party spirit, and they chill or even alienate many of its own friends. It is full of the suspicions, jealousies, and hostilities that attend success. Its continued ascendency, despite all these considerations, is due to the deep distrust of the Democratic party felt by the country, and by the profound confidence, even of the impatient and critical, that the great measures of real progress are to be expected from a party of the history and composition of the Republican. A self-respecting and truly wise foreign policy, reform in the domestic civil service, and a practical dealing with the danger of electoral corruption, are to be expected from the Republican, and not from the Democratic party.

This feeling that Democratic ascendency would fatally disturb the peace of the country is founded upon the fact that the Democratic party, down to the year 1860, had subordinated every interest in the country to the extension of slavery; that in 1861 it counseled submission to a revolutionary faction; that in 1864 it urged surrender to the same faction; that in 1868 it advocated repudiation and renunciation of the political results of the war; that it has been for ten years a disorganizing party; and, above all, that its spirit and purpose and leadership remain unchanged to-day. It sneers at the war, it sighs for the old day of the slavery despotism, it hates the negro, it denies the validity of the amendments, and it would repudiate the debt. Mere passive opposition to a party so radically destructive and revolutionary would be enough to hold the Republican party together; and, in view of the facts, the support by some Republicans of certain Democratic candidates, because of some special measures which they are supposed to favor, is as much a betrayal of the great interests of the country as if a Prussian company should shoot their own officers in the back because they fancied that some of the French officers were better soldiers.

That this is the real situation, and that this well-founded and most serious distrust is the explanation of the unyielding Republican strength, is felt by the Democrats themselves. They shout that they have not been defeated in New York, but they are too shrewd not to understand the significance of the whole result. So on the day after the election, when it was clear that their hope of a threatening minority, if not of an actual majority, in Congress was utterly baffled, the New York *World* began to implore its party to understand the situation. The Democratic intention is known. Tammany Hall, the most powerful and unscrupulous organization of political managers in the country, has again elected its docile agent, Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Governor of New York. It now proposes to play for the control of the country, with him as its Presidential candidate in 1872. Its organ, therefore, begins immediately to claim that the party is always successful in New York, and that therefore the leaders in other States should yield to the New York mastery. That mastery, it insinuates, is persuaded that there is but one way in which the party can succeed in 1872, and that is by absolute acquiescence in the great Republican settlements of the war, without which the national distrust of the party will remain unshaken.

That it can bring the Democratic party to this acquiescence we do not suppose, because, although Tammany Hall has no convictions or principles except those of success at any cost, there is a large part of the Democratic party which has. Jealousy of the National Government, and hatred of the debt and the negro, are sincerely felt by the great bulk of the party in the country. A very large part of its vote is strictly ex-rebel, and that part, at least, has a great deal of fervor of conviction. Moreover, it is the party of ignorance, and with ignorance prejudices of every kind are invincible. The Tammany managers, therefore, will not find it an easy task to persuade their followers to acquiescence; nor will it be any easier for them to convince the country that they have acquiesced; and could they succeed in this persuasion, the country would only ask why the Democrats should be preferred to carry out the Republican policy, when their general principles and measures are not better and no more timely.

But to enable the country to ask that question decisively the Republican party must declare its policy distinctly upon the actual situation. Strong as its intrenchment is in the national confidence of its maintenance of the settlements, it must make that position impregnable by a wise foreign and domestic policy of administration. To this end the President must decline to listen exclusively to professional politicians, and must trust the general good sense and intelligence of the Republican party. The difficulty with the party to-day is apathy, and that apathy proceeds from the fear that tricks and management are more in favor than ability and honesty. The President is sure of the "regulation" vote of the party, and it is his duty and his interest to win the enthusiasm and confidence of those who refuse to be strict party men. The mysterious recall of Mr. MORLEY; the remarkable urging of the San Domingo treaty; the appointment of General SICKLES; the retirement of Judge HOAR and General COX from the cabinet; the censure of the independent Republicans in Missouri; the active support of the difference in New York—all these measures have alienated a feeling which is indispensable to the success of the Republican party—a feeling whose support must be recovered. The President naturally wishes to be re-elected. But the condition of his success is the old harmony and enthusiasm of the party, and they are to be restored by raising, not by lowering, the standard. Let General GRANT recall the words of his message of last year in regard to political pressure against honest efficiency, and stand by them, and he will find the whole country gladly supporting him.

Meanwhile Congress should understand that the hope of the Democratic party is that the country in 1872 will take the risk of Democratic disturbance of the national settlement for the chance of Democratic reduction of taxation. If, therefore, the Secretary of the Treasury proposes again that the first and sole duty of the country is to pay the debt immediately under a war tax, the Republican majority should unitedly oppose it. The income tax must be abolished; the whole system of taxation must be simplified; the entire burden of the debt must not be borne by this generation only; and a tariff for revenue being indispensable, it should be so arranged as to be palpably and equally just to every legitimate industry, and to every consumer, and therefore to every citizen. A positive, simple financial policy—not free trade, which being absolutely impracticable, is not to be discussed; a conspicuously honest, economical, and efficient administration, looking constantly to fidelity and capacity as the true tenure of office; a resolution of party unity and harmony as the condition of effective opposition to the rule of the country by Tammany Hall—and Republican victory in 1872 is as sure as it was in 1868.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

As we write the armistice has failed, and the war in France is to continue. There are plenty of statements "upon the best authority" as to the reason of the failure. If the French authorities permitted the failure merely because of a refusal to revictual Paris—as BISMARCK's note asserts—they certainly did wrong, for Paris is universally declared to be victualed for two months, and there was no counter-consideration for the Germans proposed. That kind of loss should be mutual. The real reason, doubtless, is that no man and no authority in Paris or France are strong enough to seize and treat the actual situation. No one is bold enough to say, and the country does not dare to think, that it is actually conquered, and that it must submit to the best terms that the victor will allow. There is no hint, from any quarter, of confidence, or unity, or comprehension of the situation as existing in France. From every side and from every authentic report there are only universal doubt, distrust, rage, rhetoric, and paralysis. There is a steady pressure of the German siege around Paris, but no effective sallies from the city. There is an evident reluctance to bombard what is felt to be the capital of Europe, but starvation meanwhile does its work. Town after town falls before the Germans. There are rumors of French armies here, of French armies there, but rumors do not break the German lines. GARIBALDI appeals to the memories of other days, and to the hope of the Universal Republic; but the cool letters of those who are with him inspire no faith. All that is evident is that France is subdued, and that M. GAMBETTA declares the republic to be invincible.

What a Constituent Assembly might do it is needless to ask, since there is to be none. This only is tolerably clear, that the authorities doubt the ratification of the republic by the popular vote, or they would make immense sacrifices to secure it. Nothing could be so serviceable to France at this moment as the deliberate declaration of Frenchmen in favor of some form of government. The refusal of the authorities to appeal to the people necessarily covers them with doubt, and of course lessens their influence and command. The evident number and force of the Reds discourage constitutional republicans, and the conviction that so much of the intelligence and character of the country are Orleanist suggests that the political struggle will really be between them and the Reds—the constitutional republicans acting with the Orleanists. As winter approaches the situation will become still more tragical. The actual suffering will be more intense, and the feeling of the world will be that the French authorities ought to have accepted the armistice. Those who have been fondly looking for a great leader—and they are many; who have expected to see a MIRABEAU arising to unite France as PETER the Hermit united Europe in a fiery, resistless Crusade, or a NAPOLEON who would improvise a conquering army from raw and desponding recruits; those who declare that a great occasion always develops a great man—are silent before the terrible fact. Will TROCHU yet justify what Marshal BUGEAUD wrote of him to GUIZOT in 1845? "If you knew him you would be as much satisfied with him as I am; he has precisely the head and sentiments that you love. He is calculated to arrive at any height. I know no man in the army more distinguished than he is."

REPUBLICAN REVENUE REFORMERS.

IT is very evident that what is called revenue reform is assuming a certain importance in politics, and, as we suggested at the time of the Missouri movement, it is a fact which should not be turned off with a sneer or an epithet. The Republican party was originally composed of Whigs and Democrats. They united for action because they believed the slavery question to be the most urgent and vital issue, and they were agreed in the policy that should be pursued. Their views upon other subjects were held in abeyance, and each wing of the party was willing to make certain concessions to secure harmony and success. That harmony and success are historical. The achievements of the Republican party are the noblest ever wrought by any party. The completeness and the rapidity of its political triumph are only paralleled by the military success of the Germans in France. But, naturally, as the slavery question is in process of settlement, the views of the members of the party upon other subjects become of more pressing importance, and require careful consideration. If, indeed, the party were merely a combination of Whigs and Democrats to oppose slavery, when the members were satisfied that there was no further danger they might return to their old parties. But the situation is not quite so simple.

The Whig party is extinct, and the Democratic party is the residuary legatee of the remains of slavery, and its fatal spirit and disorganizing tendency. Moreover, there is all the new generation of the Republican party—the young men who have been only Republican, and to whom the old Whig and Democratic names are mere traditions. In other words, the Republican party is not, as seems to be often assumed, a league for a particular purpose, which may be harmlessly dissolved when the purpose has been formally fulfilled, but it is a political organization founded upon certain principles, and which has so steadily prevailed because it has applied them with the utmost sagacity to the paramount issues as they arose. The question of revenue and the whole system of taxation, including the tariff, are now becoming prominent; and since the party must occupy some position and hold some policy upon the subject, and can not differ upon a vital point, there is no more interesting question than that of what that policy shall be.

Mr. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, in the speech which we elsewhere mention, declared himself a protectionist; and he very truly said that the Republican party in this Congress or the next must decide upon what principle the tariff is to be revised or reconstructed. The *Tribune* asserts that the great mass of the party is protectionist, while the *Evening Post* openly advocated the defeat of Republicans who were not free-traders or revenue reformers; and we had, at the late election, the remarkable spectacle of a Republican paper denouncing the corruption of the Tammany Ring as hostile to the existence and permanence of the government, and in the same breath urging Republicans to vote for a candidate of that Ring, a gentleman who said, during the war, that he considered ABRAHAM LINCOLN and JEFFERSON DAVIS equally guilty, and to vote for him merely because he was not a protectionist, against Mr. GREELEY, who was. At the same time a third of the Republicans in Missouri united with the Democrats to elect a candidate who, in every speech that he made, denounced protection as virtual robbery. And it was announced from Washington, immediately after the election, that an alliance was projected between the revenue-reforming Republicans and the Democrats to organize the House by giving the Speakership to the former and certain advantages in the committees to the latter.

This is the exact situation. As we say elsewhere, we believe that, with wisdom, the unshaken ascendency of the Republican party can be maintained. But it can only be by concession. If the course of the *Evening Post* during the recent campaign should be made that of the Republican revenue reformers, they will, of course, destroy the party. An alliance with the Democrats would be simple absorption; and the revenue reformers would discover that they were merely throwing the fetters of Tammany Hall over the whole country. They will not find that their proposed allies voted for the reduction of taxes at the last session. But they would find that they must either obey those allies or become futile and ridiculous. The question is plain. For the chance of what is called revenue reform upon free-trade principles are these Republicans willing to help the Democratic party to the national supremacy? Are no other questions, no other interests, to be considered? Is not a reform in the civil service, or radical and organized effort against corruption in politics, quite as important as revenue reform, and do they look for any such reform to the Democratic party? Is not a faithful and honorable care of reconstruction as indispensable to the national welfare as revenue reform, and do they expect that of the Democratic party? These are some of the questions which Republican revenue reformers ought to ask themselves. If they are resolved that there is but one object, and that they will make any alliances and take any risks to secure it, they are, of course, beyond reflection. But do they really see nothing in the national ascendency of the Democratic party but a reform in the revenue system?

A SHORT WAY WITH DISSENTERS.

GENERAL BUTLER, if he is correctly reported in the *Tribune*, wants respect for the popular judgment. He thinks that the country can be rallied and the Republican party saved by a cry of war with England, which will be entirely safe, because England, he says, will not dare to make war. We differ with General BUTLER. It may be very inconvenient for Great Britain to go to war. It may be even hazardous, under existing circumstances. But the blood that flows in English veins is our own blood; and if England believed herself to be insulted she would do precisely what we should do. She would fight to the last gasp. We have heard before that people would not fight. Before our own war began it was very generally said at the South that the North was a mob of peddlers and white-livered sneaks; and at the North that the town's poor would as soon rebel against the town as the South against the Union. This

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was the Chinese method. It was beating a tremendous tomtom of big words. But the wise men were mistaken. The North and the South did fight, and we have none of us forgotten how.

General BUTLER has himself already announced this policy. Upon Memorial-day, a year ago last spring, he addressed the soldiers at Gloucester, and defied Great Britain. There was no response from the country, if we remember correctly. And Senator CHANDLER has belabored England in the Senate with the most energetic epithets, and still the country was silent. A war policy! It was tried in Congress last year, with Cuba as the point of departure. There was only Spain to consider, and what was Spain? Then there were a struggling people and a foreign yoke. There were, indeed, a great many grounds of a truly powerful and sympathetic appeal. General BANKS tried it. The country smiled at the General's zeal, and went to dinner. What! Have we, then, become indifferent to freedom, to humanity, to our own honor? Far from it; but we have become remarkably perceptive of Buncombe. When the member for that constituency rises we know that we shall hear all about the strawberry mark upon the left arm, and "it is! it is! mee long-lost brother!"—but we have heard it before, and we are a little used to it.

The policy which the General is reported as advocating is the declaration to Great Britain that we propose to settle the *Alabama* difficulty immediately, amicably if possible, if not, then forcibly. The terms of the proposition are, that John Bull is to go down on his wicked old knees and cry *peccavi*, and agree that any Canadian provinces that wish to join the United States shall do so, and the annexation shall be a receipt in full by us for all demands. It is truly simple. It is a transaction for the ocean telegraph. The State Department sends a message to Downing Street. "Do you confess your sins in the *Alabama* case, and will you telegraph a *plebiscite* to the Canadian provinces? If not, war exists between the United States and England." Nothing could be neater or more explicit; and of course England would tremblingly reply, "Any thing you please." This is a policy which is to electrify the whole country, and re-elect General GRANT triumphantly, and, of course, bring General BUTLER into the State Department. The General's cleverness is unquestioned, his services in the war are gratefully remembered; but does he seriously think that England will be persuaded by a kick, or that it is statesmanship to propose a foreign war as a method of keeping a party in power?

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE AGAINST A SENATOR.

THERE seems to have been an open market for votes at the late election in Rhode Island. The Providence *Journal* asserts that hundreds were bought, that the price was five dollars, and that there was scarcely a pretense of secrecy. It has been often alleged that the politics of the little State were more venal than those of any of the other States, and that preferment and influence have depended mainly upon money. The late contest in Rhode Island has occasioned a great deal of plain talking; and one speech of Mr. JENCKES just before the election is of national importance, because of the grave charges which it makes, upon official documentary evidence, against a Senator of the United States. Mr. SPRAGUE, one of the Senators from Rhode Island, has been known for some time to be peculiarly hostile to Mr. JENCKES, one of the Representatives—a gentleman most honorably known to the country for his bankrupt act, and more especially for his efficient advocacy of civil service reform. The Republican Convention of his district were unable to agree upon a candidate, and referred the selection to the people. There were five candidates at the polls, and Mr. JENCKES was defeated. Mr. EAMES, who is called a Sprague Republican, was elected, having nearly three thousand majority over Mr. JENCKES, and nearly four hundred over all.

Of the local and personal considerations affecting the election we have, of course, nothing to say, except to regret that so experienced, able, and faithful a legislator as Mr. JENCKES is lost to the country. But in the speech to which we have alluded Mr. JENCKES, after stating very plainly that it was the general impression in Congress that Senator SPRAGUE'S will is the law of Rhode Island, and that his will was established by political bribery and fraud, in consequence of which the State was every where notoriously disgraced, proceeded to charge, not, as he said, "without the most ample proof.....that, in the darkest days of the war, WILLIAM SPRAGUE, formerly Governor, and now Senator, of Rhode Island, in the Congress of the United States, violated the articles of war of the United States in holding commerce with the enemy, and aiding them with money and munitions of war."

Mr. JENCKES then read an official report from General HOLT to the Secretary of War in 1865, concerning a case of illicit trade to Texas, "implicating HOYT, SPRAGUE, and others, brought to the notice of the Department by Major-General DIX." The substance of the case is, that in the autumn of 1862 certain firms in Providence furnished money with which vessels were bought, loaded with machinery, arms, etc., cleared for foreign ports, and run to Texas under changed flags, the cargoes sold in Texas, and the proceeds invested in cotton. General HOLT states that Mr. SPRAGUE wrote several letters to General DIX denying the statements of HOYT, who seems to have been the agent, and who asserts that Mr. SPRAGUE was fully informed of every thing, and advised and aided the enterprise. Mr. SPRAGUE alleges that his object was to aid Union men in Texas; but no one else, the General says, seems to have taken that view; and Mr. SPRAGUE'S brother, who, as the Senator admits, had especial charge of the undertaking, describes its object to have been to get out cotton. General DIX, in writing to the Secretary of War, states that the proof of illicit trade is ample, and that it is an important question whether the proceedings should be by military commission or in a civil court, and whether the facts, if proved, are a violation of the laws of war or a still higher crime under the Constitution. General HOLT, in conclusion, is of opinion, after an examination of the papers, that the persons involved may be brought to trial for relieving the enemy with money and ammunition, or for violating the laws of war in trading with the enemy. His report is dated June 15, 1865; and he says it is for the Secretary to decide "whether, in view of all the circumstances and of the present condition of affairs," the trial shall be ordered.

To the question, why the accused persons were not tried at the time, Mr. JENCKES replies that General BURNSIDE advised postponement upon the ground that in that dark hour the trial of a Senator upon such a charge would be too demoralizing a shock to the frontier line. Later, when the report was made by General HOLT in 1865, more than two of the three years from the offense, which are the limit within which it can be tried, were passed; there were no national civil courts in Texas, and the authority of commissions was in question in the Supreme Court, which presently denied it; and the offenders, according to Mr. JENCKES, thus escaped exposure, trial, and punishment. We understand that Senator SPRAGUE has denied either the accuracy of Mr. JENCKES'S statement or the inferences of Generals DIX and HOLT. But the report of the latter gentleman is very emphatic, and General DIX'S opinion was that the proof of illicit trade was conclusive. It appeared, for instance, from the invoice of the cargo with which HOYT went from Havana to Matamoras, that it included "thousands of cartridges and percussion caps."

Party and personal feeling in Rhode Island are very acrimonious. But these are not the assertions of a partisan, they are official documents of the government. Their charges are so grave, and the implication of Senator SPRAGUE is so apparently positive, that no one is so much interested as he in a full and frank statement of the facts. One thing, at least, is very evident. If Mr. SPRAGUE satisfactorily explains this extraordinary charge, his opponents in Rhode Island will be decisively and finally overthrown, and his power must remain for a long time unassailable.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND MARRIAGE.

IF the charge that is sometimes carelessly made that the movement for the suffrage of women implies sympathy with the views which some of its prominent friends hold of the divorce laws or of any other subject, the number and weight of those friends would certainly be very seriously reduced. Mrs. STANTON, for instance, is very well known as one of the earliest, ablest, and most faithful advocates of the extension of the suffrage to women. Her knowledge and experience as a woman reveal to her a thousand wrongs which might be righted, and measures of common advantage that might be adopted, if women were admitted to equal political power. She is of opinion that the laws of marriage would possibly be altered if women voted; and she has probably very many other expectations of the results that would follow the voting of women. These views she expressed at a late meeting of the friends of woman suffrage in New York. They were her own views, sincerely entertained, eloquently set forth, we have no doubt, and to be judged by their intrinsic merits. But they are not the platform of any woman suffrage society, and are to be received as the expressions of another person might be who should say that the prohibition and extermination of ardent spirits would follow the voting of women, and were in themselves desirable objects.

This speech of Mrs. STANTON was very vigorously criticised in the *Woman's Journal*, as containing views fatal to all domestic happiness, or even to the existence of the family relation; and, of course, there was a natural regret that the teaching of "a woman beloved and honored as Mrs. STANTON is" should tend directly to inculcate doctrines which the *Journal* believes to be so pernicious. There was doubtless, also, very serious regret that they would undoubtedly be considered the views of the woman suffrage party, and a great injury be consequently done to the cause by confounding it with other questions. The *Revolution*, which is understood to be peculiarly friendly to Mrs. STANTON, replied to the criticism by asserting that the editors of the *Woman's Journal* were quite as heterodox upon the subject of marriage as Mrs. STANTON, and printed a private letter from that lady contemptuously criticising Colonel HIGGINSON, whom she declares to be the real leader of the Boston movement, Mr. BEECHER having, as she says, no knowledge or interest in the matter.

This little incident will explain to our readers why there are two associations to further the extension of suffrage to women. It is plain that those who think Mrs. STANTON'S views of marriage, which she urges as of the first importance at the meetings of the society, are false and perilous, will naturally prefer to work by themselves and in their own way; while it is equally natural to suppose that Mrs. STANTON and her friends prefer not to labor in common with persons whom they publicly hold up to contempt. This is the real reason why the attempt at union is not only futile, but foolish. The members of both societies are undoubtedly sincerely devoted to the cause. But the "New York" methods allow a latitude of debate and a miscellaneousness of subject which in the judgment of the Cleveland or Boston society are not only perplexing, but most injurious to the cause itself. The latter association, of which Mr. BEECHER is president, holds, as we understand, that the special question of reform in the marriage laws is independent of the woman suffrage question.

At the annual meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association at Cleveland it is understood that a further proposition of union will be made by the New York society. But it is obvious that even if all other differences could be waived, that which springs from so totally antagonistic a conception of the scope of the cause does and must divide the action of its friends. The divergence is, of course, imbittered by the publication of Mrs. STANTON'S free strictures upon her fellow-workers, but it need not necessarily have been acrid or hostile. There is a real difference of feeling, and it is therefore proper that there should be separate action. We have no doubt that this will be the result of any offer that may be made. Nothing certainly will be gained by sentimentally declining to recognize the facts of the situation.

HOMEOPATHIC ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

IN the State of New York there is proper hospital accommodation for only about half the whole number of insane patients. All the retreats are crowded. The asylum on Blackwell's Island has about thirteen hundred inmates, which is, perhaps, almost twice as large a number as can be properly lodged and cared for. It is therefore a subject of general interest that another insane asylum is proposed at Middletown, in Orange County, in which the patients are to be treated by the homeopathic practice. The State gives $150,000 when an equal amount has been privately subscribed, and to complete this private subscription $75,000 are yet needed. A project so humane and important appeals to the sympathy of all intelligent citizens; and Dr. GEORGE F. FOOTE, at No. 6 West Thirty-second Street, New York, will furnish any information.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE first important success achieved by the French arms since the commencement of the war was the reoccupation of Orleans on the 9th of November, after a severe battle, in which the Prussians under General Von Der Tann were defeated with great loss, and compelled to evacuate the city. The heaviest part of the fighting occurred at the small hamlet of Coulmiers, near Orleans. The losses of the Prussians are stated by the Tours journals to be 10,000 in killed and wounded, and 1800 prisoners. The French report that the Germans threw away their arms in their retreat, many of which were collected and distributed to the National Guards at Orleans. In the official report the French commander estimates his loss at 2000, and that of the enemy, he says, was much larger. He claims to have captured 1000 prisoners (and to be continually adding to the number in the pursuit of the enemy), two guns of the Prussian pattern, and many ammunition and provision wagons. A telegram from King William to Queen Augusta admits the defeat of Von Der Tann, but states that he has been largely reinforced.

The French garrison at Neuf Brisach—5000 men and 100 guns—capitulated November 11 to the besieging army, consisting of Baden troops. The first result of the surrender of this fortress was the dismantling of the German fortifications at Alt Brisach, across the Rhine, which, it is presumed, will no longer be necessary.

M. Jules Favre has addressed a circular to the French representatives abroad on the subject of the recent effort to obtain an armistice, in which he assures them that Prussia must assume the responsibility of rejecting the proposition for an armistice, and argues that Prussia, in rejecting it, proves that she makes war for personal aims, and not for the interests of Germany. M. Favre represents that an armistice without the privilege of revictualing Paris would be continued warfare, in which Prussia would condemn the population of Paris—men, women, and children—to starvation.

The Russian government has informed Austria that the treaty of 1856, so far as it relates to the Black Sea, will no longer be observed. This action has created great excitement in Europe, and may lead to very serious complications.

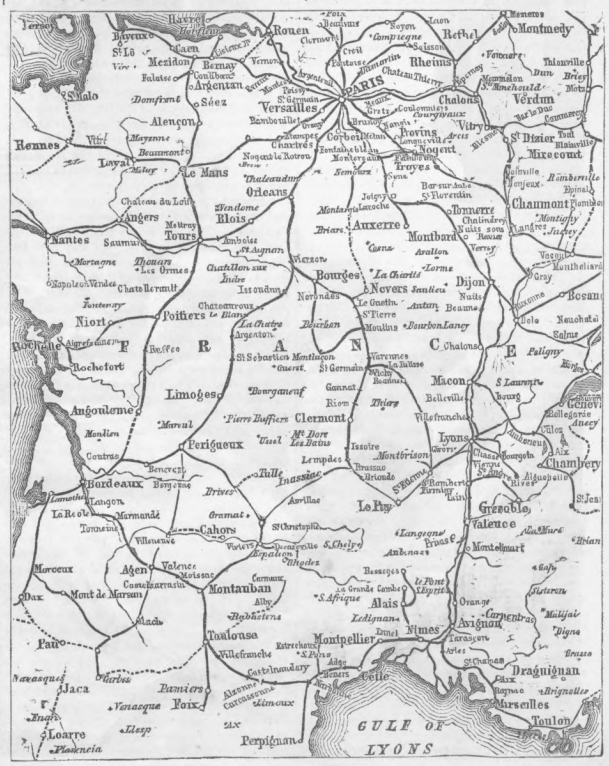
The Prussian Governor of Lorraine has ordered a census of persons liable to military duty, and evasions are to be punished severely.

The special committee of the Italian Senate on the question of changing the capital to Rome recommend that it, the change, be not made until after the death of the present Pope. M. Thiers, in a letter to the Pope, assures him that the great powers will consider his case at the coming Congress, and a position "worthy of God's vicegerent will be provided for him."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York State election, which took place November 8, resulted in the defeat of the Republican State ticket, headed by General Stewart L. Woodford for Governor, over whom Governor Hoffman was re-elected by a majority of about thirty thousand. The delegation in Congress will stand sixteen Democrats to fifteen Republicans. The State Legislature will be tied, according to the latest returns—sixty-four Republicans to the same number of Democrats.

The next Congressional House of Representatives will probably be composed of one hundred and forty-five Republicans and ninety-seven Democrats, five of the former being colored.



MAP OF THE SOUTHWESTERN PART OF FRANCE, SHOWING ORLEANS, TOURS, LYONS, AND THEIR RAILWAY CONNECTIONS.

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THE NEW PARISIAN POLICE.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

A NIGHT AT THE FRONT.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

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M. THIERS.

ON another page this week we give an account of the unsuccessful negotiations recently attempted by this veteran statesman to secure an armistice for France; on this page the reader will find his portrait, as he now appears, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He has exerted himself boldly and diligently in his patriotic mission, and has failed only because the headlong current of events was already too strong to be controlled. We can not, within the limits of a newspaper article, give even an outline sketch of his long and varied career in the departments of literature and politics, and can only glance at his history since the revolution of February, 1848, which brought him more prominently than he ever had been before to the notice of Americans.

On the breaking out of that revolution he was invited, with ODILLON BARROT, to make one attempt at saving the monarchy; but it was too late. He was never a republican, though he accepted the republic, and endeavored to give it a conservative turn, vehemently resisting the fallacious notions and preposterous schemes of the Communists, and the intrigues and agitations of the Red party. Sitting in the National Assembly for the department of the Seine Inférieure, he supported the advent of Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON as President of the Republic, and the French intervention at Rome, fighting a duel with the Italian General BIXIO upon that occasion. He has always upheld the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. In 1850, with the conservative majority of the Assembly, he helped to carry the restriction of universal suffrage, in order to prevent the re-election of the President.

M. THIERS.

LOUIS NAPOLEON was by this time obnoxious to that party, who suspected him of a design to usurp absolute power; while he suspected them, on the other hand, of an intention to restore the Orleans monarchy. M. THIERS had become his chief antagonist; and when the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, struck down the legislative body of the republic, M. THIERS was arrested, taken out of his bed at five o'clock in the morning, and confined some days in the prison of Mazas. He was released, but expelled from France, and passed some months in Belgium, England, Italy, and Switzerland. Returning to Paris in August, 1852, he finished his Napoleonic history. It was not till 1863, after the adoption of a more liberal constitution for the empire, that he entered the Corps Législatif, in which he has delivered many effective opposition speeches. He has denounced the financial extravagance of the imperial government, its wars in Italy and Mexico, and not less its abstinence from a warlike behavior toward Prussia four years ago. He has incessantly protested against the movement of the Italians and Germans toward the completion of their national unity, and he has taunted the Emperor for not daring to stop them. It can not, therefore, be denied that M. THIERS is, as much as any Frenchman, responsible for the irritation which has caused the present war, though he disapproved its undertaking last July, because he thought the opportunity was not well chosen. Notwithstanding the grave political errors which have been pointed out, his conduct, during forty-five years of public life, has not deserved the reproach of tergiversation; he has not belied or forsaken the principles which he formerly pro-

THE EXODUS FROM ST. CLOUD.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

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fessed. Constitutional monarchy, with a responsible ministry dependent on parliamentary and popular support, and with a permanent aristocracy to strengthen the throne, has been the object of his constant faith.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BASIL.

IT is nineteen years since Richard Yorke stood in the dock at Cross Key and heard the words of doom. Almost a whole generation of his fellow-creatures has passed away from the earth. Old men have died, young men have become old, and babes have grown to be young men. There are but some half dozen persons in the world who, if reminded of him by some circumstance, can recollect him dimly. There are two who still keep him in their thoughts continually, just as he was—like a picture which bears no longer any resemblance to its original—and even these never breathe his name.

Here is a young fellow walking with his mother along Oxford Street who is not unlike him, who might be himself but for those nineteen years; and the girl that walks upon the other side of him might also be Harry Trevethick. Youth and beauty are not dead because Richard Yorke is dead, or as good as dead. The name of this girl is Agnes Aird, a painter's daughter, who is also a teacher of his art. The lad is her father's pupil, and has learned beneath his roof a lesson not included in the artistic course; you may know that by the way in which his eyes devour the girl, the intonation of his voice when he addresses her, the silent pressure of the arm on which her fingers rest. Charles Coe is in love with Agnes, and in all his studies of perspective beholds her, a radiant figure beckoning him on to a happy future. His pencil strays from its object to portray her features—to inscribe her name beside his own. Mr. Coe, his father, exceedingly disapproves of this projected alliance, and has forbidden the young people to associate. This ukase, however, can scarcely be obeyed while the whole party are inmates of Mr. Aird's residence, who "lets off" the upper part of his house as furnished apartments, which the Coes have now inhabited as lodgers for some weeks. Solomon (now a very well-to-do personage, and a great authority on metalliferous soils) has come to town on business, and left to his wife the choice of a residence; and she, to please her son, had chosen the artist's dwelling, upon whose door-plate was inscribed the fact that he was a professor of drawing. Solomon was not displeased that his son's tastes lay in that direction; it might be useful to himself hereafter in the matter of plans and sections; but he is violently opposed to this ridiculous love affair, which is to be stamped out at once. To that end he has instructed Mrs. Coe to look for lodgings in a distant quarter, and it is on that errand that we now behold her. It is characteristic of the Harry whom we once knew that she permits these young people to accompany her—and one another—on the very quest that has their final separation for its object. She can not resist making them happy while she can; and she can refuse her Charley nothing. Moreover, Solomon is in the City, looking after his mining interests, and need never know.

In appearance, however, Harry Trevethick is greatly changed. She is but seven-and-thirty, yet has already passed into the shade of middle life. Her hair, though still in profusion, is tinged with gray; her features are worn and sharp; her brow is wrinkled; and in her once trustful eyes dwells a certain eager care, not mere distress or trouble, but an anxiety which is almost Fear.

The three are now in one of the streets which unite Cavendish Square with Oxford Street, as a busy babbling rill connects the unruffled lake with the roaring river. It is composed both of shops and private houses, the latter of which in some cases deign, notwithstanding their genteel appearance, to accommodate visitors by the week or month.

"This is the sort of locality your father wished for, Charley," remarked Mrs. Coe, looking about her; "it seems central, and yet tolerably quiet. Let us try this house."

The name of "Basil," without prefix, was engraved upon the door-plate; and in a corner of the dining-room window lurked an enameled card with "Apartments" on it.

"There is no need to drag Agnes and you in," Mrs. Coe went on, as they stood waiting for the bell to be answered. So Charles, well pleased, was left outside with the young girl, while his mother "went over the house." In a few minutes, however, she reappeared, and in a somewhat hurried and excited tone observed, "I think this place will do, my dears; but there is a good deal to talk about and settle, which will take me some time. Therefore I think you had better go home together, and leave me." Then, without waiting for a reply, she retired within and closed the door.

"How very curious!" exclaimed Agnes, wondering.

"Oh, not at all," said the young man, cheerfully; "my mother likes to do things for herself, and I dare say has not a very high opinion of our judgment in domestic matters. You don't seem over-pleased, it seems to me, Agnes, at the notion of a *tête-à-tête* with your humble servant;" and Mr. Charles pouted, half in fun and half with annoyance.

"No, no; it is not that, Charles," answered the girl, hastily. "You know I have no pleasure equal to that of being with you; but I don't like your mother's looks; she had such a strange air, and spoke so differently from her usual way. I really scarcely like to leave her."

"My dear Agnes, you don't know my mother," returned Charles, laughing. "One would sometimes think she had all the care of the world upon her shoulders when every thing is going as smooth as oil. You don't appreciate the grave responsibility of taking furnished lodgings for a week certain. Come along, you little goose." And, drawing her still hesitating arm within his own, he marched away with her.

Yet Agnes had reason for what she said; and Charles, somewhat selfish as he was, would have foregone his flirtation and remained by his mother's side had he seen her the moment after the house door had shut her in.

With a throbbing heart, and a face as white as the handkerchief she passed over her damp brow, she leaned against the wall of the passage, ere, with trembling steps, she approached the open parlor door. An aged woman stood in the centre of the room, with hair as white as snow, but with a figure straight as a poplar, and drawn up rigidly to its full height.

"Why do you come back again?" cried she, in accents soft as milk, yet bitter as gall. "Why do you cross my threshold, you false witch, when there is nothing more to blight and blast? Did you think I should not know you, that you dared to come? I should know you among all the fair-faced fiends in hell."

"Mercy, mercy, Mrs. Yorke!" cried Harry, feebly; and she fell upon her knees, and made as though she would have clasped the other's garments with her stretched-out arms.

"Don't touch me, lest I strike you," answered the old woman, fiercely, "as, nineteen years ago, I would have struck you on your cruel lips, and spoiled the beauty that was the ruin of my boy! May *you* have sons to perish through false wantons, and to pine in prison! May *you* be desolate, and without heart or hope, as I am! Go, devil, go, and rid me of your hateful presence!"

"Hear me, hear me, Mrs. Yorke!" pleaded the other, with clasped hands. "Strike me, spit upon me, if you will, but only hear me! Abject as I look, wretched as I feel—as I knew I must needs look and feel—I have longed for this hour to come, as my boy longs for his bridal morning!"

"May he wake the next to find his bride a corpse; or, better still, to find her false, like you."

"I am not false; I never was; Heaven knows it!" cried Harry, passionately. "I do not blame you for your bitter words. I have earned your curses, though I meant to earn your blessing."

"My blessing!" Contempt and hatred struggled for the mastery in her tone. "Richard, Richard! in your chains and toil, do you hear this? This woman meant to earn my blessing!"

"Upon my soul—whose salvation I would have imperiled to save him—I did my best, although it seemed my worst," cried Harry. "That I was weak and credulous and fearful is most true; but indeed, indeed, I was faithful to your son. My father—he is dead, madam, and past your judgment" (for the fury in the other's eyes had blazed up afresh at the mention of him)—"deceived me with false hopes; for fear alone—though I was timid too—would never have caused me to break the promise I had passed to you. He said, if I disgraced myself and him by the perjury I contemplated, that he would thrust me from his door forever; that in the lips of all the world my name would become another word for shame and infamy; that even the man I loved would loathe me when I had thus served his turn. I answered him, 'No matter, so I save my Richard.' Then he said, 'But you will not save him; you will ruin him, rather, by this very evidence you purpose to give. We have proof enough of this Yorke's guilt, no matter what you swear; and we have proof besides of his having committed other offenses, if we choose to adduce it. All you will effect is to make yourself shameful.' Then I hesitated, not knowing what to think. 'The case is this,' argued my father: 'I have no grudge against this young scoundrel, since the money has been all recovered, and I don't want revenge—else, as I say, I can easily get it. But I'll have him taught a lesson; he must be punished for the wrong he has done, but not severely. Before the judge passes sentence, I, the prosecutor, will beg him off: such an appeal is always listened to, you know, and I will make it. But if you dare to speak for him, as I hear you mean to do—if you, my daughter, call yourself thief and trollop to save his skin, then shall he rot in jail! He shall, by Heaven! His fate hangs on my lips, not yours.'"

"Can this be true?" mused the old woman.

"It *is* true, so help me Heaven!" cried Harry. "I was a fool, a poor, weak, shuddering fool, but not a traitress. If you were in court, and saw me look at him—the smile I gave by which I meant to assure him all was well, however ill it seemed— You *did* see it; I see you did. You do believe me. Oh, thank Heaven—thank Heaven!"

She began to sob and cry, and caught hold of the old woman's hand and kissed it, while the other stood silent, still in doubt.

"Oh, madam, pity me. That you have suffered torments for long years is plain to see, and yet you have not, though he was your son, been tortured as I have. You could not have freed him by a word as I could; and oh, I did not utter it! I seemed to be his judge, his jailer, the cause of all his woes, to the man I loved—and loved beyond all others! I hated my own father for his sake. I"—she shuddered—"I was married to Richard's rival. You at least have been alone, not companioned night and day by one who helped to doom him. Your case is hard and bitter—but mine! not our own Richard, in his chains and toil, has suffered what *I* have suffered! Look at me, madam, and tell me if I speak truth or lie."

"Yes, yes," mused Mrs. Yorke, in tender tones, and passing her fingers over the other's silvering hair and haggard face; "I do—I must believe it. I should not have known you to-day had you not called me by my name. You must have mourned for him indeed. Is this the cheek he loved to kiss? Is this the hair a lock of which I took to comfort him in prison? Poor soul—poor soul!"

"How is he, madam?" whispered Harry, hoarsely. "Is he well? Is he free?"

"Not yet, Harry. In a year hence he will be. I had a letter only yesterday. But you must never see him; and if you really love him—I speak it for his sake, not theirs—you must never let him set eyes on your husband or your boy."

"I do not wish to see him; it would be too terrible to bear," groaned Harry.

"But he must not see *them*," insisted the other, gravely. "You must put the sea between yourselves and him, or there will be murder done. His wrath is terrible, and will be the destruction of both them and him. The hope of vengeance is the food he lives upon, and without which he would have perished years ago. Even if you persuaded him, as you have convinced *me*, that you yourself are innocent of his ruin, that would only make him firmer in his purpose against your husband. He will have his life-blood, and then his own will pay for it. If I had not seen you, I meant to see this man, and give him warning six months before Richard left the prison."

"Solomon would never heed it," exclaimed Harry, "nor even believe it if I told him."

"He will believe *me*," said the other, composedly. "You must bring him here that I may tell him. Your Solomon must be a fool indeed not to hearken when a mother warns him against her own son. Mind, I do not blame my Richard, woman!" continued Mrs. Yorke, with sudden passion; "he has had provocation enough; it is but right to kill such vermin, and I could stand by and smile to see him do it. But they must be kept apart, I say—this man and Richard—lest a worse thing befall him than has happened already."

"Never to see him more!" moaned Harry, covering her face with her hands; "never to tell him I was not the wretch I seemed! only to fear him as an enemy to me and mine—"

"Ay, and to himself," interrupted the other, gravely. "If you would not inflict far more on him than you have done already; if you would not—as you will, if you neglect my warning—designedly bring him to a shameful death, as you have involuntarily doomed him to a shameful life, keep these two men apart. If you love this son of yours, remove him from the reach of mine."

"Great Heaven!" cried Harry, shuddering, "would he harm my boy—my innocent boy?"

"Ay, as he would set his heel upon his father—the viper and his brood. It is no idle menace he has breathed so cautiously that the whisper might well escape even another ear than mine, in every letter for these many years. He thirsts for liberty, not for his own sake, but for the slow-ripening vengeance it shall bear. He will have it, unless we save him from himself by saving them from him, as sure as yonder inky cloud will fall in storm. The thought of it was full grown in his mind when he wrote from Cross Key: '*They are dead to me, those three, at present,*' and forbade me ever to mention them by name; and since then he has thought of nothing else. The day of retribution is about to dawn. I say again, beware of him."

"But he must be mad to cherish—"

"Perhaps he is," interrupted the old woman, coldly; "he will not be less dangerous on that account to those who made him mad."

There was a long silence. Then Harry, in submissive tones, inquired what Mrs. Yorke would have her do.

"Bring your husband hither," returned she. "Take the rooms up stairs, and leave the task of telling him his peril to me: the sooner it is done the better. There is but a year at most—not much too long to sell his goods, and get him away across the world, erasing every footstep behind him. If he leave one—no matter how slight the clew—Richard will track him like a blood-hound."

"We will come here at once—to-morrow," cried Harry, eagerly.

"Good. My name is Basil now, remember; not that it is likely," she added, bitterly, "that you will call me Yorke from habit; it is not a household word with you, I reckon."

"It is never breathed," said Harry, simply; "but, oh, madam, I *think* of him, indeed I do! He was my first love, and my last; and though he should kill me for the crime, of which I have shown myself guiltless, I should pray God bless him with my latest breath. Yet he must curse *me* forever! He must never know but that I was the willing agent of his ruin!"

"'Tis true, I dare not mention your name, Harry," said Mrs. Yorke, sadly; "and, if I told him, all the knowledge of the deception practiced on you would only make him the more bitter against your husband—the man who, by connivance in your father's cruel falsehood, obtained you for his wife, while his rival pined in prison. I do not blame you for your marriage—I know the force of stern necessity too well. But do not imagine that Richard could forgive you: he never, never could."

"I know it, I know it," sighed Harry, shuddering; "and yet he would pity me if he did but know what my life has been—almost as much as I have pitied *him*. But you, madam, *you* at least have forgiven me; you believe me; you will not refuse to bless me, as his mother, before I go."

"I believe you, and therefore I forgive you," answered Mrs. Yorke, with tenderness; "and if I believed in blessings, and had the power of bestowing them, you should have your wish. From henceforth we two are friends—though I never thought to kiss your cheek again, Harry—and must work together for the good of him we love in common. You will be here to-morrow for certain, then?"

"Without fail we shall."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE OMEN.

MRS. COE was as good as her word, and her husband and son were Mrs. Basil's lodgers within four-and-twenty hours. Solomon Coe was not very particular as to furnished apartments, and left such arrangements wholly to his wife. On the other hand, he confided to her but little respecting his affairs, nor was she, on her part, curious to inquire into them. Man and wife had few things in common, and affection was not one of them. Solomon had married Harry with the full consciousness that another was preferred before him; the disclosures at the trial, and the subsequent gossip of his neighbors, had placed that fact beyond a doubt. But he was not to be balked of the bride that had been promised him so long; nor, above all, should his rival enjoy even the barren victory of Harry's remaining unwedded for his sake. There are marriages born of pique and spite on man's part as well as woman's; and Solomon's was one of them, although he reaped, of course, material advantages besides. Trevethick had survived more than ten years, during which he had largely increased his savings; and at his death all these had reverted to his daughter and her husband. The wealth that had thus poured in upon Solomon through Harry's means did not purchase for her any new regard; he had never ill-treated her, in a material sense, but he had spoken ash-sticks, though he had used none. On the slightest quarrel, that "jail-bird friend of yours" had been thrown in her face, and the cowardly missile was still cast at her upon occasion. The birth of their child had not cemented their union. As he grew up his character showed itself as foreign to that of his father as was his personal appearance. He was slight in figure, delicate in appearance (though not in constitution), and fastidious in taste. His choice of an artist's calling was not so objectionable to Solomon as might be imagined; he had not sensitiveness enough to abhor it from association, and, as has been said, he thought it might be made to co-operate with his own commercial schemes. But the artist nature was in antagonism to his own, and Charles and his father were not on affectionate terms with one another.

The wayward, handsome lad was, on the other hand, adored by his mother. Her intelligence, not naturally acute, was quickened to see his faults, not indeed as such, but as possible causes of misfortune to him. His too lively impulses, his indecision, his love of pleasure, were all sources of apprehension to her, though scarcely ever of rebuke. She saw in Agnes Aird, his tutor's daughter—so simple, yet so sensible and sterling, so faithful, pure, and true—the very girl to make her son a fitting wife; an antidote for what was amiss in him; her honest heart a sheet-anchor to hold him fast, not in the turbid ocean of excess, for her Charley was too good to tempt it, but through that sparkling sea of gayety in which he was too apt to plunge. She was beautiful enough even for him to mate with; she was better born and better trained than he, for old Jacob Aird was none of those irregular geniuses of the pencil, addicted to gin-punch and Shelley, and selfish to the core, but a plain honest man, who had brought up his daughter well—in tastes a lady, but housewifely and wisely too. As for the inequality of wealth between them, her son would have enough for both; and it was certain that Agnes did not love him for his expectations, for they were unknown alike to her and him. Harry had never led him to believe that he would be a rich man; her love, as we have said, had made her wise in all that concerned Charley; and as for his father, he was naturally reticent in such matters. He did not spend one fifth part of his income. His habits were as inexpensive as they had been in the old days at Gethin; and if the village folks had ever hinted to the young fellow of his father's wealth, he had no conception of its real extent. The idea itself, too, would have had no great interest for him; he liked to have money for the pleasure of spending it, but it was never the object of his thoughts; he was too careless, too much the creature of the hour, to forecast his future. His mother gave him all she could, but he was aware that it was obtained with difficulty; the cost of his very education, which he had received at a school near Turlock, had, he knew, been grudged; his father had often grumbled that it was money thrown away, for, "Look at me," said he; "I taught myself." There was always, in short, a tightness in the Coe money market that augured any thing but pecuniary prosperity.

The very fact of their having taken lodgings at Mr. Aird's house, situated as it was in Soho, a respectable but far from fashionable locality, argued but moderate means, and placed the artist out of all suspicion of setting his pretty daughter as a matrimonial snare for Charley. She was pretty enough and good enough, the old man justly thought, for him or for his betters; and though he regarded the good-will which the young people evidently entertained for one another with favor, he saw in it neither condescension nor advantage. Solomon, much engaged in business affairs away from home, and estimating, besides, the power of love at a low rate, was not seriously alarmed at the growing attachment between his son and Agnes, nor would have been had it advanced much farther. He thought he had only to say "No," to put a stop to it at any point. Still he had determined to place the boy

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out of the reach of such temptation as a pretty girl living beneath the same roof must always offer to susceptible youth; and hence it was that Mrs. Coe had engaged new lodgings. But even now, so lightly did his father think of the matter, that Charley was still to be permitted to visit at Mr. Aird's daily, and take his drawing-lessons as heretofore.

An excuse for the change of residence had been afforded in the fact that Soho was too far from the parks, in which alone Mrs. Coe took pleasure in walking. She was quite unaccustomed to town life, and the roar and tumult of the streets annoyed and even alarmed her. In some respects, indeed, she was even a more nervous, timid creature than she had been as a girl; the warning just received from Mrs. Yorke had not fallen upon her altogether unexpectedly, though she could not have been said to be prepared for it. A vague apprehension of Richard's vengeance had haunted her whole married life; she did not fear for her own safety; something told her that his anger would scorn to harm herself; that it would pass over her head like a flaming sword, and smite her husband and her boy; and as face after face passed by her in the crowded street, she would shrink and tremble, thinking that that of Richard Yorke would come one day, and recognize her own, and track it home. Was he not fated to work their common ruin? Did not the spectre ship cross Turlock Sands before she met his face for the first time? Though so mature in years, Harry was indeed as superstitious as ever. A curious instance of this occurred on the day that the Coes moved into their new lodgings. The mother and son had arrived first—Solomon being engaged in the City until evening—and Charley had strolled into the ground-floor parlor, while the landlady (whom he had not yet seen) was engaged with his mother up stairs in the distribution of the luggage. Above the chimney-piece hung that striking if not attractive portrait of Joanna Southcott and her amanuensis, with which we are already acquainted; and it tickled the young man's fancy amazingly. He concluded it was a family group—the likeness, perhaps, of Mrs. Basil and her late husband engaged in making out their weekly accounts. "I will beg Agnes not to be jealous of our charming landlady," thought he, and took out his note-book with the intention of transferring the likeness for that young lady's amusement. While engaged in this occupation the door opened, and in stepped Mrs. Basil and her new tenant. In his alarm and haste he stepped back suddenly, and overthrew a little table, on which were some ornaments, he knew not what, which rolled to his mother's feet. She uttered a cry of horror; and the landlady herself stood still, regarding him with a face of astonishment, and even terror.

"Is that—your—son?" exclaimed she, clutching his mother by the arm.

But Mrs. Coe did not seem to hear her.

"Look, look!" cried she; "the skull, the skull! Oh, is it not a frightful omen!"

"I am really very sorry," said Charley, picking up the article in question; "it was very stupid of me, Mrs. Basil."

"Don't mention it, young Sir," said the landlady, who had apparently recovered from her sudden tremor; "the skull is no worse for its roll, you see; he was fortunately a hard-headed gentleman who originally owned it."

"Indeed," said Charley, taking it from her hand with some curiosity, "it seems a curious ornament for a sitting-room. May I ask whom it belonged to when it had flesh about it?"

"It is the skull of Swedenborg," answered Mrs. Basil. "A near relative of mine was a disciple of his, and left it to me as a most precious relic."

"But how the deuce did he get possession of it?" inquired the young man.

"Well, not very fairly, as it seems to me," smiled the landlady. "While your mother sits down and rests herself—for I am afraid you have frightened her a bit—I'll tell you the story."

Yes, yes," said Mrs. Coe, faintly; "I shall be better presently; don't mind me."

"Well, the tale runs thus, Sir. Swedenborg was buried in the vault beneath the Swedish embassador's chapel in Princes Square, Ratcliffe Highway; and a certain theologian having once affirmed that all great philosophers took their bodies with them into the world of spirits, and that this gentleman had done the like, leave was obtained to settle this point by actual examination. The body was found, and the theologian confuted, but no trouble was taken to solder on again the lid of the coffin. A thieving Swede, attending a funeral of one of his countrymen in the same vault, remarked this circumstance, and stole the skull, with the intention of selling it to some disciple of the great philosopher's; and I am ashamed to say that he found a purchaser in my respected relative: and that's how I became possessed of Swedenborg's skull."

"Very curious, though rather larcenous," observed the young man, laughing. "And this good lady over the mantel-piece, who is she?"

"That's Joanna Southcott. But my good young gentleman, I will answer all your questions another time. Your mother and I will have enough to do to arrange matters before your father comes home. You will excuse my freedom, Sir."

"Certainly," said Charley, rather amused than otherwise with the landlady's bluntness. "I know I'm in the way just now; so I'll step out for half an hour or so. I am sorry I frightened you, dear mother."

He stooped and kissed her fondly; and then, with a smile and a nod at Mrs. Basil, stepped into the little passage and out of doors, and, whistling, passed the window down the street.

"Your son has a light heart," said Mrs. Basil, looking at Harry very earnestly. "How old is he?"

"Eighteen—or a little less."

"He looks his age *at least*," observed the other, emphatically.

"Yes; dark people always do."

"And your husband is dark, like him, I remember."

"Yes; his complexion is swarthy, though he is not slim, like Charles."

Mrs. Coe, still in the arm-chair into which she had first sunk, here closed her eyes; either the faintness of which she had complained was coming on again, or she did not wish to meet the other's searching gaze.

There was a long pause, during which Mrs. Basil went to the cellaret, and pouring out a glass of sherry, put it to her tenant's lips.

"Do you feel better now?" said she, when Harry had drunk it.

"Yes, yes; much better. But that skull—oh, horrible! it rolled from him to me. What an omen on your very threshold! Heaven guard my Charles from evil!"

"This is weakness, Mrs. Coe. The skull is harmless; and it rolled because your son upset it."

"Yes, my son," gasped the other, trembling. "It is for him I fear. It augurs death—death—death!"

There was a ring at the front-door, decisive, sharp, and resonant.

"Great Heaven!" cried Harry; "if it should be he himself! Hide me away; put me out of sight." Her terror was piteous to behold: she shook in every limb.

"It is the post," said Mrs. Basil, contemptuously; and she was right. The servant brought in a letter for her mistress.

"I don't know the hand," mused she. "Black-bordered, and black-sealed too." She opened it without excitement, and read it through: it was but a few lines.

"Your omen has proved true for once, Mrs. Coe," said she, in quiet tones. "This speaks of death."

"Whose death?" cried Harry.

"My husband's, Richard's father. Carew of Crompton died last night."

There was no sorrow in the aged woman's face: a gravity, unmixed with tenderness, possessed it. Carew was naught to her, and had been naught for twoscore years. But the tide of memory was at its flow within her brain; and because the Past *is* Past it touches us. This man had loved her once, after his own scornful manner, when he was young, and before power and selfishness had made him stone. He had been the father of her only son, and now he was Dead.

"I am so sorry," said Harry, not quite knowing what to say.

"There is no need for sorrow," replied the other, quietly. "Let us go up stairs and finish our work."

A NIGHT AT THE FRONT.

THE war correspondent has to put up with a thousand personal inconveniences and privations, even when quietly settled down with a besieging army, to which, in ordinary times, he would not submit without a good deal of grumbling. He must fare like a soldier, be ready to move at a moment's notice, night and day, either to join in a march, or get out of the way of the shells from some battery that happens to have hit the range of his quarters; and happy, indeed, is he if he lights upon so comfortable a lodging as that shown in the engraving on page 756. It is, perhaps, just a little crowded; but the jolly-looking fellows seem to be taking it easy, and are probably all good friends.

THE EXODUS FROM ST. CLOUD.

A WAR correspondent writes that, walking one day in the direction of St. Cloud, he met a motley train of poor people coming from that village, who had been turned out of house and home, not to make room for the Prussians, but for their own safety. St. Cloud was constantly under fire, and to stay there was to risk one's life. A brother and sister, old bachelor and old maid, with their bonne and gouvernante, led the dismal procession. Some of them were doubtless on their way to quarter themselves upon more fortunate friends, but others, probably, knew not where they should lay their heads that night, being only too glad to get out of the range of their countrymen's guns. The engraving on page 757 illustrates this affecting incident.

THE NEW PARIS POLICE.

AMONG other changes which the Paris revolution of last September effected was the disbandment of the police force. They were obnoxious to the mass of the people, as instruments of imperialist tyranny and intimidation, and especially, it is said, for their violence in suppressing the ROCHEFORT disturbances of February last. Any how, they were abolished, and their uniform, detested as a symbol of the corrupt dynasty which had fallen, was no longer seen in the streets.

For some time Paris seems to have got on remarkably well without any police at all; but M. DE KÉRATRY set vigorously to work, as the following passage from a Paris letter will show: "We are perfectly quiet; the order of the streets both by day and night is most remarkable. The new police force is being organized, and has already appeared in some quarters. Many of them are *ci-devant sergents de ville*, but the authorities have done all that is possible to remove their former military appearance by an entire change of costume, and the substitution of whiskers for the mustache and imperial." Another letter says: "I saw three of the new police this evening, and thought at first they were undertakers' assistants out of place. They are got up most funereally, in pilot coats, with enormous trowsers and cheese-cutter caps, all raven-hued, and just one little bit of color in an unhappy little tricolored cockade in their head-gear. After looking at them for some minutes a light broke upon me. The new guardian of the public peace is old *sergent de ville* writ large—clean shaven, his cocked hat and rapier removed." The illustration on page 756 shows the changes made by M. DE KÉRATRY in the costume and appearance of the force.

STRAW PICTURES.

AMONG the curiosities of art must be included pictures made of straw. How far patience is exercised in this direction at present we do not know; but in the last century the inmates of some of the French monasteries employed a portion of their time in such labors. The process was by no means a simple one. First, a selection was made of the whitest, thinnest, longest, largest-barrel straws. They were severed above and below all the knots; the knots, membranes, and smaller parts of the straw were removed; and the rest were retained for use, in the form of thin, smooth, unspotted cylinders of straw, sometimes six or eight inches long. The straws were damped, and split open by means of a slender wooden spindle, which was inserted at one end, and dextrously run along to the other, making a straight rent throughout; the brisk application of a burnisher flattened out each piece. Sometimes, to expedite their labor, the workers used a kind of small flatting-mill, which first split the straw and then opened it out flat. The split and opened straws were dyed of various colors, and were then pasted side by side on small sheets of thin paper, forming veritable sheets of straw, so accurately cut and adjusted that the lines of junction could scarcely be seen. All the straws on one sheet were exactly of the same color and tint. These, then, were the materials with which the artist worked; and the mode of working depended on the kind of effect desired to be produced. Sometimes the sheets were cut up into very narrow strips, and made into striped patterns by alternating the colors; sometimes the artists in straw would make diagonal patterns, and sometimes check patterns by crossing the strips, or diversified patterns by alternating broad with narrow strips. A favorite but very tedious process was that of making real straw mosaic. Several sheets, of different colors, were placed one on another, and cut completely through with a delicate apparatus, in accordance with some particular device; and then ensued the slow work of pasting the tiny bits side by side on paper, in the proper arrangements of color. Occasionally the pictures or devices so produced were embossed in relief by being stamped between a die of horn and a counterdie of thick pasteboard—all the raised and depressed parts of the device corresponding in a proper way with the different colors of the picture. And sometimes the artist went so far as to engrave or chase the straw, or even to work it up into a kind of cameo.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LITTLE girl, who was sitting, wearily, on a summer day while a very celebrated and equally pompous bishop was holding forth, whispered to her mother, "Oh, come away, mamma—come away! I's so tired!" "Not yet, my dear; he will soon be done," said her mamma. "Let us wait a little longer." The birds kept singing, and the preacher preaching, till the little girl, all worn out, and longing for relief and freedom in the open air, pleaded, "Do come now, mamma." "Hush, dear," was the response; "he'll soon be done—just in a minute." This was more than little patience could stand; and while the tears were running down her cheeks, she said, as she looked hopelessly at the expanding preacher, "Oh no, mamma. He is just puffed for another blow."

GALLEY SLAVES—Type-setters.

At Wamego, a place in the extreme West, is a shanty which bears the sign: "Here's Where You Get a Meal Like Your Mother Used to Give You."

"THE RAW MATERIAL"—Underdone steak.

A Dutchman at Decatur married a second wife in about a week after the loss of wife No. 1. The Sabbath following the bride asked her lord to take her riding, and was duly "cut up" with the following response, "You dink I ride out mit anoder woman in so soon after death of mine frau? No, no!"

A PROMISING SIGN—A pawnbroker's.

A little boy was advised by his father to use illustrations in his converse whenever they should occur to him, "for," continued the parent, "there is no more forcible way of conveying or impressing your meaning." Shortly after the boy was being lectured on generosity, "It's better to give than to receive, Johnny—far better. The Bible says so, and I say so." "Illustrate it, papa. I think I will understand you better." Father could not see the application.

Mrs. Partington says that since the invention of the needle-gun there is no reason why the women shouldn't fight as well as men.

Mythology tells us that Io died of love for Jupiter; but modern chemistry that Io-dide of potash.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE NOW SAYING TO THE HOTELS—"Shut up."

An Indiana husband lately deeded valuable property to his wife, "in consideration of one dollar and *mutual love and affection*."

A soldier, being on picket reserve, went to a house, as he said, to borrow a frying-pan, but for what none could imagine, as there was nothing to fry. However, he went to the house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady, who asked what he wished. "Madam, could you lend me a frying-pan? I belong to the picket down here." "Yes, Sir," and forthwith came the pan. He took it, looked in it, turned it over, and looked at the bottom, and then turned it over again, and looked into it very hard, as if not certain it was clean. "Well, Sir," said the lady, "can I do any thing more for you?" "Could—could—could you lend me a piece of meat to fry in it, ma'am?" and he laughed in spite of himself. He got it.

In the reign of James I., of tobacco-hating notoriety, the boys of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and indulged it night and day, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from their master; till one luckless evening, when the imps were huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapors of their own creating, lo! in burst the master, and stood in awful dignity before them. "How now," quoth the dominie to the first lad; "how dare you be smoking tobacco?" "Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain." "And you? and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn. One had a "raging tooth," another colic, the third a cough; in short, they all had something. "Now, Sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?" Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, after a farewell whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone, "*Sir, I smoke for corns!*"

THE GREAT OCEAN RACE—Fishes.

When cousin Ichabod first saw the elephant at the show he exclaimed, with mute astonishment, "Then that's the rael menagerer—the identical critter itself! Wouldn't tew of 'em make a team to draw stun with! Ain't he a scroger?" Ichabod went hum, and related what he had seen. "I seen," said he, "the genewine menagerer—the biggest lump of flesh that ever stirred. He had tew tails, one behind and t'other before. Philosophers call the fore 'un a pronobscus. He put one of his tails in my pocket and hauled out all the gingerbread—every hoofer. What d'ye think he done with it? Why he stuck it in his own pocket, and began to fumble for more."

A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "because I have preached so much without notes!"

A reverend divine, who was but a so-so preacher, being called upon accidentally for a sermon, asked a friend what he should preach about; to which the other coolly replied, "About five minutes."

ADAM DEFINED.—A Scotchman, being examined by his minister, was asked, "What kind of a man was Adam?" "Oh, jist like ither folk." The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation. "Weel," said the catechumen, "he was jist like Joe Simpson, the horse-couper." "How so?" asked the minister. "Weel, naebody got ony thing by him, and many lost."

Josh Billings gives good advice to young wives. He says: "Don't undertake tew liv with yure mother-in-law; but if wuss comes to a wussness let yure mother-in-law liv with yu!"

A dentist, trying in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with this apology, "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for any thing bad to come from your mouth."

As Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land he said to a farmer: "Sir, I perceive your land here is not very productive." "No, Sir," said the honest farmer; "our land is just like self-righteousness." "Ah! how is that?" "Why, the more a man has of it the poorer he is."

A LONDON SKETCH.

"Oh, it was pitiful,
In a whole city full,
Home he had none."

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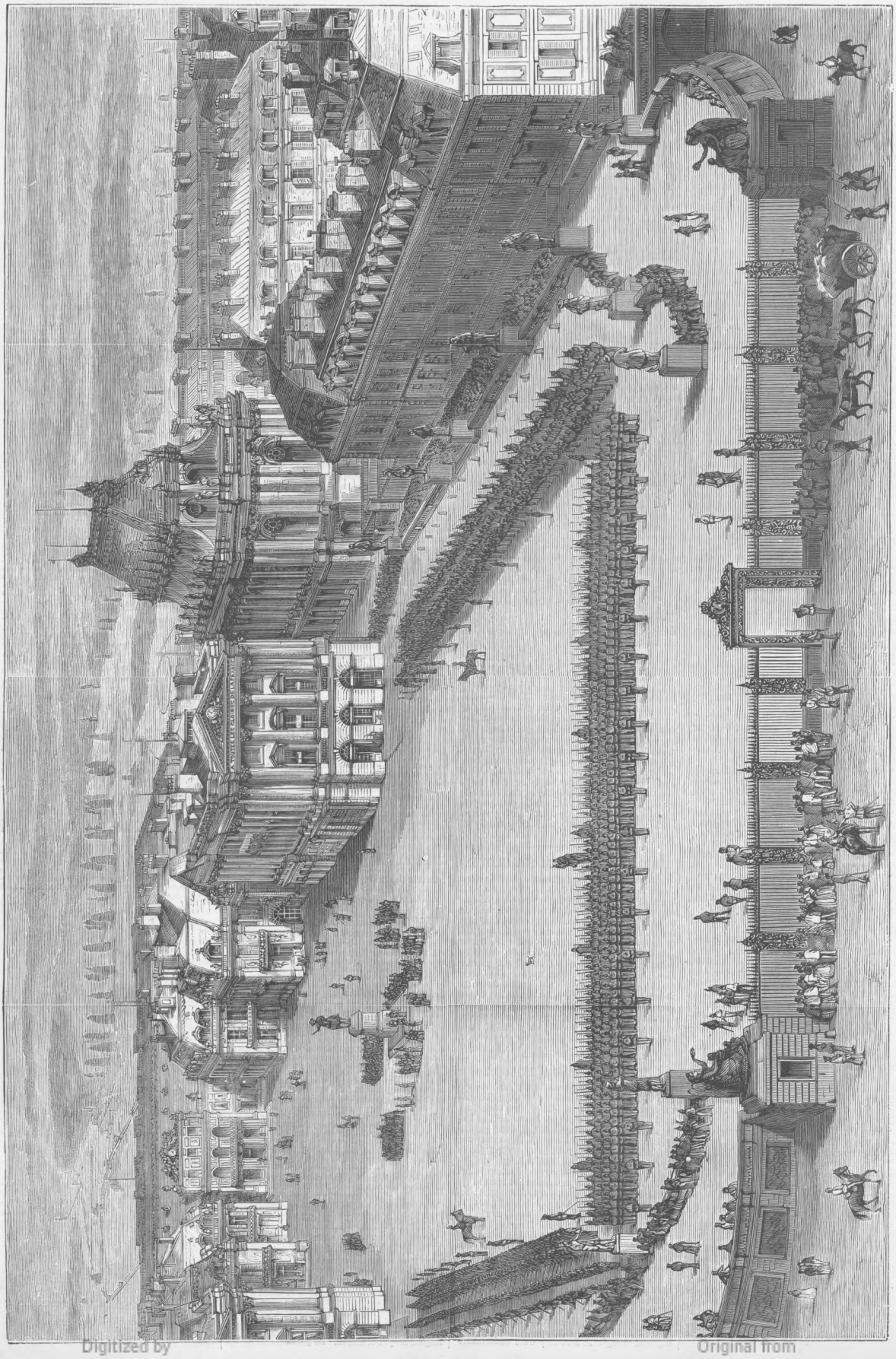

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

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SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

To accompany Vol. XIV., No. 726.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1870. [Gratuitous.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. CLOUD.

The destruction of the magnificent palace of St. Cloud by the French is referred to by the German papers as affording a justification for the impending bombardment of Paris. It occurred in this manner. On the 13th of October, at 1 P.M., the garrison of Mont Valérien began throwing grenades at the palace. The building was immediately set on fire and burned to the ground, nothing being left but the bare walls. The Prussians were ordered to save the furniture, books, paintings, and historical relics for which the palace was so celebrated; but the bombardment being continued, notwithstanding the flames burst out on all sides, little was preserved.

Among the few things saved is the table on which the Emperor Napoleon III. signed the declaration of war against Prussia. The furniture, books, and works of art which could be hastily snatched out of the consuming element were carried to one of the magnificent alleys at the back of the palace, where they remained a day or two, prior to removal to more appropriate quarters. Had the destruction of an edifice so intimately associated with the history of France been the consequence of an attack on the part of the Prussians, they would have been charged with the guilt of causing irreparable loss. As it is, the artillerymen on Mont Valérien are alone responsible for what occurred.

The ruins were visited soon after the bombardment by the correspondent of the London *Times*. His account of their appearance is subjoined:

"After a long ride we entered the park of St. Cloud. The sentries in the avenue are carefully hiding behind the huge trees. Turn sharp into side walk just as the vision of an earth-work, surmounted by a portion of a fort and the houses of Paris, comes in sight at the end of the avenue; ride in single file; get a view of what was the Lantern of Diogenes—it is now a heap of white rubbish. The French must have had exciting practice at the lantern, as it was rather a small object, but the avenue made it a kind of white bull's-eye bounded by dark green. And there lies the architectural toy of Napoleon I. a pyramidical mass of shattered stones. Turn to the left, down a quiet glade. There are horses neighing under the trees; the tents—the first Prussian tents I have seen—of a strong infantry guard and a cavalry picket gleam through the dark trunks of the forest. It is all so quiet that we might be going to a picnic. Past the little camp in the wood, out on the grand avenue. Here are deep scores in the ground, holes, and furrows in the grass. There lies a conical-tipped piece of iron, deftly ornamented with brass knobs on the sides, and a neat tip to the sharp end. It is only a 100-pound shell which has not burst. See, there is another, and there! This must be a hot corner, right in the line of fire. The little squad of horsemen insensibly quicken their pace. A shell—100-pounder—bursting here would be so unpleasant. Another moment and there are fountains which do not play, garnished by statues, gardens, and terraces, walks lined with vases, pieces of water girt with trees—the Prince Imperial's play-ground. And then a basin with flights of steps surrounded by statuary groups. Beyond such a ruin! I could not believe it. All that remained of '42 suits of rooms for guests, 600 other rooms, stabling for 237 horses, and barracks for 2000 men,' as the guide-book says, was a tall, gaunt, white stone wall—white except in the places where the fire and smoke rushed outside and licked the masonry in black lines. I never saw such a complete destruction. Bare walls and chimneys alone stood; the fire still smouldered, and a dancing haze rose up from the heated mass inside; but so clean is the work that I could look right through the palace and see Paris beyond in the opposite window-place. Here was all that was left of the favorite retreat of the great Emperor—a palace inferior to none in France for historical interest; the scene of the 18th Brumaire, of the imperial act of the 18th of May, 1804, of the receipt of the *Senatus Consultum* of the 7th of November, 1852; where Henry III. was murdered, and Henrietta of Orleans died, where Peter the Great was received by the Regent, where Charles X. signed the Ordinances, where the capitulation of Paris was signed in 1815, where Napoleon III. received Queen Victoria in 1855, where the declaration of war against Prussia was signed in 1870; decorated by the hands and works of Mignard, Le Moyne, Coypel, Boucher, David; rich in masterpieces of painting, tapestry, sculpture, art—a smoking Karnak of to-day. All is gone except a few books, some furniture, clocks, a fine bust of Napoleon, and the like, which were saved, at the hazard of their lives, by the Prussians. Count Seckendorff was sent off to ascertain if the picture of the Queen's arrival at the palace was saved. It is gone, and so are all the pictures. The books are stored in a gardener's house. They bear fleurs-de-lis, kingly crowns, imperial eagles, and bees and N.'s indifferently. I took up one. It was Vol. II. of 'Recueil des Adhésions de l'Acte du 2 Décembre,' Chaix, Paris. Another near it was 'Pichot, Voyage autour du Monde.' Most interesting of all, a copy of the *Moniteur Universel*, with the dispatches of Napoleon before Waterloo, his account of the defeat of the Prussians at Fleurus, and the dispatch after Waterloo.

"The officer in command at St. Cloud told me he had strict orders to let no one approach the ruins of the castle, for if a moving speck were seen the French fired at once, and sent showers of stones flying out of the 'hot walls.' What a story, to be sure! I know of nothing like it. Castles and theatres seem to be built that they may be burned. There is no such deed, I think, recorded as the destruction of a palace by the people to whom it belonged merely because they fancied the enemy might be raising a battery behind it. The shell which fell through the Emperor's bed, about 11 o'clock, began the mischief. Smoke issued from the room, and a flight of bombs coming in quick succession prevented any successful effort to extinguish the flames, which a high wind fanned into a furnace heat. Will it be said that the Prussians burned the palace? I dare say thousands in Paris will believe they did. Meudon is fast crumbling away. The French are naturally jealous of any commanding building being in the enemy's hands, be it a prince's castle or a peasant's mill. I am told that a complete underground electric telegraph was discovered in one of the cellars at Meudon. Underground passages too have been discovered leading from the interior of Paris into the open. The days and doings of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes, and of the persons of the 'Castle of Otranto,' and of the 'Old English Baron' are revived in strange uses and associations. For days the unconscious French were sending messages which were 'tapped' by the Prussians, to no great use, as they were generally in cipher. There have been successful fishings in the Seine for telegraph wires. Some codes of signals have also been discovered. But the great success of all is the investment of a capital containing 2,000,000 of people by an army which is numerically inferior to the force of the besieged army. That is a reversal of all military principles."

THE PRUSSIANS IN STRASBURG.

Major Von W——, a Prussian officer belonging to the army before Strasburg, was the first to enter that city after its surrender. On the morning of the 27th of September he was ordered to report at eight o'clock to General Von Mertens, in Strasburg. With an orderly and four men he made his way into the city without much difficulty, though the populace made threatening demonstrations, and soon reached the quarters of General Uhrich. The rest of the story is given in the Major's own words:

"Leaving two of my men to watch the door, I proceeded with the two others to the court-yard. There was no sentinel, but a few adjutants and a groom. To my question, 'Where is General Uhrich?' they politely answered, 'Le Général est dans sa chambre.' I begged to be announced, and stationed my two men at the entrance to his rooms. Presently one of the adjutants who had gone in returned, and, asking me to pocket the revolver which I still held in my hand, led me into the presence of General Uhrich. The next moment I found myself face to face with the famous commander who had so gallantly defended the place intrusted to his charge. He is sixty-seven years old, short, thick-set, with gray hair closely cropped, and mustache of the same hue. He has a round face, with a kind expression, and dark, large, hazel eyes. He regarded me with evident surprise, and perhaps some suspicion, not knowing what to make of my visit. I saluted him, and, mentioning my name and rank, acquainted him with my errand—to report myself to my superior officer in Strasburg at 8 A.M. The General replied that eleven o'clock was the hour fixed for the surrender of the city, and that, as far as he knew, neither General Von Mertens nor any other Prussian excepting myself had entered Strasburg. 'Do you know, my brave commandant,' he continued, 'you are the first Prussian soldier who has entered Strasburg, and I am happy to make the acquaintance of one of the gallant Prussian officers. But how the devil did you get here? No one is permitted to enter till eleven o'clock!' I replied that I was proud to have the honor of addressing a general whose gallantry we (the Prussians) had had so much occasion to admire. The little gentleman pressed my hand, and there was a tear in his eye as, half averting his face, he motioned me to sit down on the sofa. He said, as General Von Mertens was certainly not inside the fortress, and as he had an hour left before preparing for the melancholy ceremony of the morning, we might as well sit down and smoke and chat together like soldiers. He praised our artillery, and the discipline and steadiness of our men, whom he was pleased to call the heroes of Europe. They had converted Strasburg into a heap of ruins, shattered casemates and bomb-proof erections, making it, in fact, impossible for men to live any longer under their fire. Then, taking a map of our parallels, on which every one of our guns was accurately marked, he continued: 'It was not the number, but the excellence of your cannon that beat me. You will find 800 pieces at Strasburg, 200 of which are quite new; but the best of them is not equal to your worst. At the very outset of the siege I knew you would be too many for me. I was up in the tower of the Cathedral to observe your movements, when your cannoneers, noticing me and my suit, opened fire on us. The first shot missed, the second glanced along the edge of the platform, the third struck it with full force. Then I said to myself that I should not hold Strasburg long against such artillery. It was but yesterday one of your large bombs penetrated a house of six stories from top to bottom, and, falling through into the cellar, killed sixteen persons. We had about fifty killed per day—about 2000, I should say, during the whole siege. And, *mon Dieu!* what a number of wounded! All the hospitals are full of them. But now, my brave fellow, to breakfast. There is a beef-steak left for the commander of Strasburg. The rest of the city have had to content themselves with horse-flesh for the last fortnight.' Before sitting down to breakfast I requested the General to send messengers to the citadel and the Porte de Saverne to inquire for General Von Mertens. I also begged him to have some bread and wine given to my four brave companions outside, all which suggestions he kindly complied with. At this moment General Ducasse and Colonel Count Pourtalès entered the room, and spoke to the commandant. One of my grenadiers outside availed himself of this opportunity to look in at the open window, and tell me that he and his comrades were on the alert, and would enter the room uninvited if they thought it necessary. We lunched with two other generals, one adjutant, and the Préfet, M. De Laborde, who is a very agreeable, gentlemanly man. As they all gave toasts, I thought I had better imitate their example, and proposed their happy *réunion* with their families, upon which General Uhrich said he had not heard from his wife for five weeks. At last the orderlies he had sent in accordance with my request returned, reporting, 'No Prussians in Strasburg.' It was half past ten o'clock by this time, and the General had to leave me. In a touching manner he bade adieu to the other officers, and, fastening on his sword, shook hands with me, saying, 'Pardon my leaving you so abruptly. I must go. I shall remember your name as that of an officer who respects a defeated adversary. I shall have much pleasure in making the acquaintance of your General-in-Chief.' With this my amiable entertainer quitted the room, leaving me to my own devices. What was I to do? It was clearly my duty to continue my search for General Von Mertens. Though not in Strasburg an hour ago, yet he might have arrived by this time. Forward, then, again with my four men. When we departed from the house the streets were empty. We proceeded in the direction of the citadel, where I was most likely to find my General if in the place at all. Turning round a corner we were confronted by a French regiment of regular infantry, marching with trumpeters and officers in front. The officers saluted me. I halted with my men, and returned their courtesy. Other regiments followed. They were fine, well-accoutred troops, marching in a sad, dejected manner. After these came a crowd of soldiers, less orderly and military in appearance. They did not march in step, but struggled on in desultory confusion. Their officers ignored my presence. I was looking at the sorry spectacle presented by the noisy, tumultuous mass, when suddenly one of the men came up to me, and, thrusting his fist into my face, said, 'Take that, you Prussian rascal!' The same instant another came up and did the like, striking the butt end of his musket within an inch of my foot. I ordered my men to keep quiet, and told the fellows threatening me I was an officer, and that they were bound to respect my epaulets. Though evidently drunk, they desisted. On attempting, however, to cross the street, to continue my route, I found myself again stopped by an enraged soldier, who, placing himself in my path, and lifting his gun, cried out, 'See my musket, with which I have killed so many Prussians!' With these words he deliberately took aim. I heard my men behind me presenting their guns likewise, and the chances were that we should all be dead men in a few moments. As a last resource I explained, laughingly, 'My brave fellows, don't make fools of yourselves; your pieces are not loaded!' There was an uncanny sparkle in his eye; but he turned round, and in another moment beat his rifle in pieces on the pavement. It was as though the others had but waited for this signal to do the same. Like roaring, shouting maniacs, they smashed their weapons so that the fragments flew about. As far as I could see the infection spread from rank to rank, each vying with his neighbor who could do it the most effectually. The officers were powerless to prevent it, even if they had so desired. One of them, addressing me in an excited, urgent voice, said, 'In Heaven's name, withdraw with your soldiers; your life is in danger!' I cried, 'March, forward!' and, calling out to the Frenchmen, 'Place, mes braves!' rapidly crossed, and we got into a quiet side street, with the wild shouts of the intoxicated soldiery ringing in our ears. Twenty minutes more and I was in the citadel. There, at length, I saw our helmets again. It was half past twelve, and the citadel was occupied by a company of the Thirty-fourth: 17,200 men, consisting of Line, Mobiles, Zouaves, etc., were laying down their arms at that moment outside the walls. Still no General Von Mertens was to be seen. So I determined to march back to the Commandateur, and, a Baden artillery officer with two men joining me, set out, not a little reassured by this important addition to my forces. In the more frequented streets we passed through the ground was strewn with arms, drums, trumpets, belts, etc. Poor people, mostly women, were picking up the things that were scattered about. As I crossed the bridge over the Ill, a man told me that there were many Chassepots in the river, which the French had cast there. By one o'clock I reached the Commandateur again, and, seating myself in the court-yard, felt like the commandant of the place. At last, after a long delay, a small detachment of our infantry arrived, and took possession of the building. Gradually the streets filled with our troops, cavalry made their appearance, and the familiar tattoo of our drums resounded from all sides. At half past two General Von Mertens, very coolly I must say I at first thought, rode into the court-yard of the Commandateur. I reported myself as having been awaiting his orders since 8 A.M. The General knew nothing whatever of my summons, and on my showing him the written order I had received, promised that the matter should be inquired into forthwith. In the mean time he was good enough to congratulate me on my not having been shot, and to evidence his approval, appointed me Garrison-Major of Strasburg."

THE SATAN ROCKET.

M. L—— (says *La France*), the distinguished civil engineer and chemist, of the Rue de Londres, Paris, has invented a rocket which will be a formidable engine of defense. He has christened it the *fusée Satan*. We have seen this rocket made, and we will endeavor to describe it to our readers. To the end of an ordinary rocket is attached a very slight receptacle of tin, having exactly the shape of a conical bullet. In this receptacle is arranged a chamber filled with a composition based, we believe, upon sulphuret of carbon, which composition, once lighted, gives out considerable heat. A fusee communicates from this chamber with the top of the rocket. The tin bullet is filled, just before being used, with petroleum oil. The lighted rocket rises in the air, and traverses the space necessary to arrive over a certain spot. Arrived above its object, the rocket sets fire to the fusee, the composition in the chamber of the bullet takes light, bursts its envelope, and at the same time fires the petroleum, which falls like a sheet of flame, and continues burning. The sheet of flame fills a space of sixteen to twenty-four square metres, according to the size of the rocket. No. 1 throws one litre of petroleum, No. 2 two litres, and No. 3 three litres. They can be thrown a distance of six kilometres, and aimed with great precision, being balanced by means of a long stick attached to each rocket, which maintains the elevation given to it at the time of the discharge. Some interesting experiments were made with this weapon at St. Cloud on the 10th of last month. In less than ten minutes a considerable space of ground was covered with a sea of fire. A committee, composed of superior officers of artillery, presided over the experiments, and the general at their head was appalled by the terrible nature of this engine of destruction. Just imagine this sea of fire falling upon the Prussian masses, burning every thing, setting light to the cartridges in the soldiers' pouches, and to the ammunition vans of the artillery. Their rout would be complete. The committee, in its report, has declared in its opinion no civilized nation could make use of these rockets except for reprisals; and it would be only in case of the Prussians firing upon us with petroleum bombs, such as they used at Strasburg, that we should be entitled to retaliate with the new rocket. However this may be, the Committee of National Defense has given the inventor a large building on the Batignolle (formerly a girls' school), and has ordered the immediate manufacture, on a large scale, of Satan rockets. From day to day 200 workmen will be actively employed, and within a few days we shall have a sufficient stock to enable us to repay the Prussians in their own coin, if, as at Strasburg, they make use of unlawful weapons.

PHILOLOGY OF THE WAR.

Many of the old towns and departments of France have names which are somewhat curious. "Orleans" is a corruption of the name of Aurelian, by whom the city was embellished. In the town of Epinal there is the statue of a child trying to extract a thorn from its foot, which is meant to symbolize the thorns and briers of the region in which the town was built. For this reason it was called "Espinal," from *spina*, a thorn. The word Alsace means the *Else*-place—else meaning *alias*, other, having gradually come to mean outsiders. Nancy is derived by some from Celtic *nant*, a valley, but others say it is from Gothic *naut*, daring. According to Förstemann, Metz and Mousson are traceable to the same root with the German *muth*, courage; while an analysis of Mezieres shows it to be from German *maz*, food, and *hari*, warrior. The town will probably regard itself as destined to furnish, if not to become, warriors' food.

The names of prominent men on the Continent just now have sometimes suggestive meanings. Bismarck is from "bishop's march," *i. e.*, mark or boundary. Bazaine's name is fundamentally Norse, from the old word *baza*, struggle; and the destroyed town of Bazeilles comes from the same. Moltke, oddly enough, is from Gothic *malojan*, Norse *mola*, English *maul*. Should we suppose the ke related to *kennen*, the name would mean the man who knows how to maul! The genius of christening would seem to have presided at the font also when Garibaldi was named. Gari is substantially one with *guerre* (*war* is the same), but particularly meant spear; and bald means bold. So the Italian hero is "Bold-spear." It is very remarkable that the most distinguished military men on the French side should have Teutonic names. Such is the case with Bazaine and Garibaldi, but it is equally true of Trochu, Uhrich, and Bourbaki. Trochu is from Anglo-Saxon *dreogan*, military; Uhrich from Old Norse *úr*, a buffalo; while Bourbaki is from *boer*, boor, and Old Norse *bagan*, to contend. It is natural that the names that come to us out of old times should bear traces of the perpetual wars amidst which they were given.

An English philologist, Mr. Robert Ferguson,

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has contended that Bonaparte is an old Frankish name, come back after long exile to its native land. The case, according to him, stands thus: Bonibert in the seventh and Bonipert in the ninth century appear as Frankish names. In that part of Italy which was subdued by the Franks I find the present Italian name, Boniperti. From the same part of Italy come also the Bonapartes. Still the name may be German, for the Lombards, who held that part of Italy before the Franks, were also Germans, and the name seems radically identical with the American name Bonbright, which Mr. Bowditch has shown to be from Anglo-Saxon *beáht*, famous, and *bana*, slayer. Wherefore Bonaparte may mean, not as commonly thought, a man of *bon* or good parts, but a famous slayer.

About the name of the King of Prussia there is no doubt. Wilhelm means the helmet of Odin. In the Northern mythology the god Odin appeared at the creation of the world, in conjunction with Vili and Ve, beings whom Thorpe holds to be personifications of "divine agency." The name Vili (Old Norse) is the Anglo-Saxon *Willa*, English *Will*, meaning, according to Grimm, the force and spirit which set will in motion. *Vilh* became a title of Odin as the supreme will. And *helmet* is of obscure origin, thought by some to be related to the light (Helios) which flashed from it. Wilhelm was the name given to the sixth from Woden—the mythical Odin—in the genealogy of the kings of the East Angles. King Wilhelm, therefore, in believing, as is said, in the divine right of kings, is but true to the old belief represented in his name, which traces his helmet to the *Will* of Vili, the god of Valhalla.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

ONE of the principal obstacles to peace between France and Prussia is the want of a stable and authorized French government with which a treaty could be concluded. In order to obviate this difficulty, it was proposed to arrange for an armistice which would give the French people the opportunity to elect an Assembly. The negotiations were conducted on the part of the French by M. Thiers, fresh from his unsuccessful journey to Russia, Vienna, London, and Florence in search of allies. The veteran statesman was admitted to an audience with King William at Versailles on the 1st of November, and subsequently, on the 3d and 4th, with Count Bismarck. At the first interview with the Count M. Thiers exhibited his authorization from the Paris government to arrange an armistice on the basis proposed by Lord Granville, namely, the duration of the armistice to be twenty-five days, the inhabitants of Paris to have the liberty to take in food during this interval, and free elections to be held in all the departments. Count Bismarck replied that it was all very well as far as it went, but an authorization from the Tours government was also necessary. M. Thiers said M. Gambetta and his colleagues would not disavow an agreement made by the Paris government, and supported by General Trochu and the army of Paris. But he would undertake at once to communicate with Tours, and obtain a formal authorization in addition to the informal powers already received. Count Bismarck insisted on the necessity of convoking an Assembly, to speak with authority in the name of the country. He said he was willing to suspend active hostilities for this purpose, but until all had been arranged the siege operations would have full course.

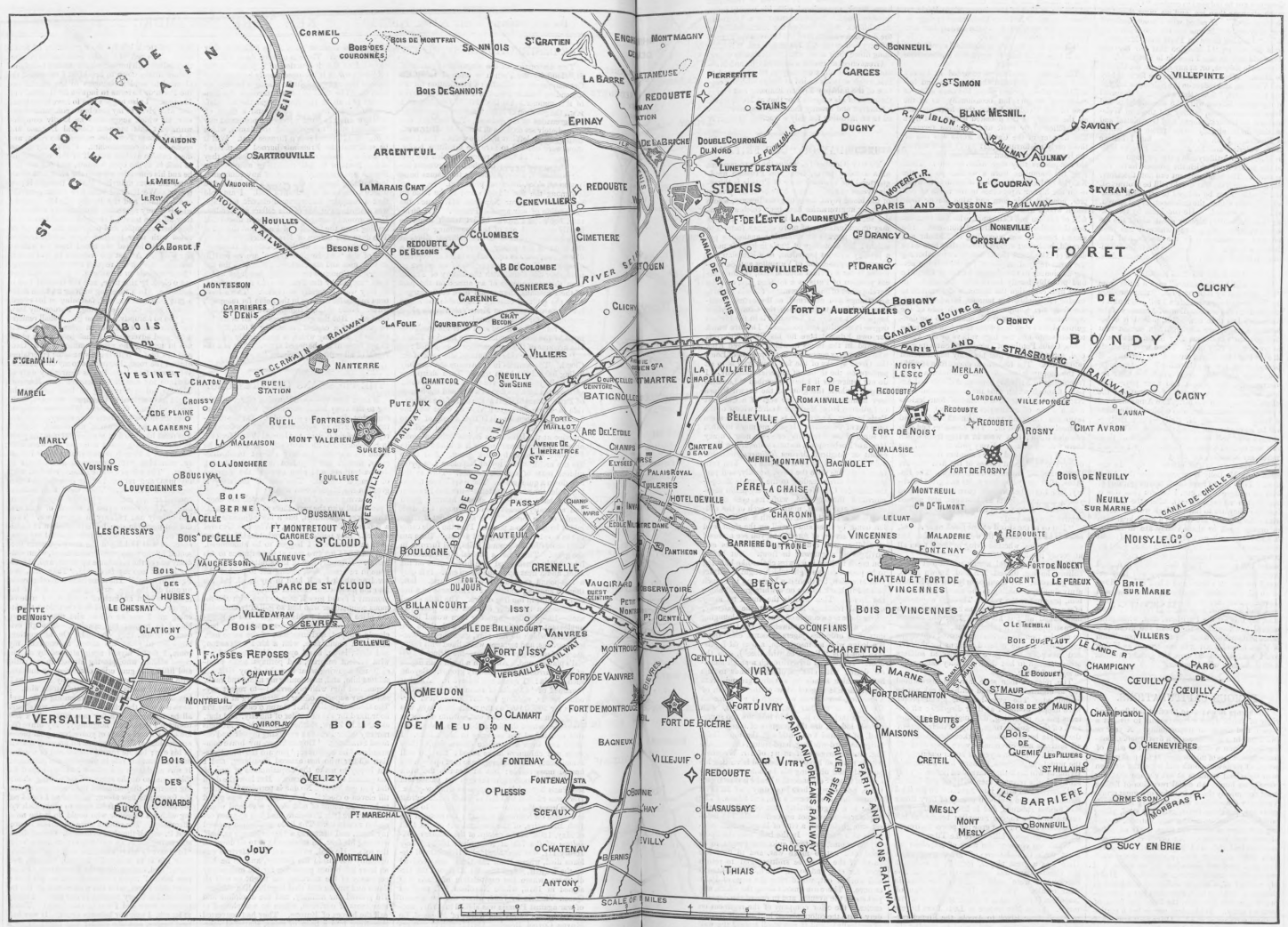
At the second interview Count Bismarck waived the point of the Tours government's authorization, and discussed the conditions of the armistice. He proposed that Paris should receive daily one day's food on the scale of present rations, and both belligerents proceed on their material preparations, the Germans to continue to occupy the whole territory now held by them, to cease to make forced requisitions, and to be allowed to bring forward all their stores and war material without interruption. M. Thiers agreed to these points, and asked, "Will Alsace and Lorraine be permitted to send deputies to the Assembly?" Count Bismarck replied in the negative, but at length intimated that he might consent.

King William, however, refused his assent both to the victualing of Paris and the participation of Alsace and Lorraine in the election. The negotiations were therefore broken off, M. Thiers returned to Paris, and the siege of Paris goes on with unabated vigor.

The accurate map of that city and the girdle of outlying forts printed on this page will give our readers some idea of the magnitude of the task undertaken by the investing army. Probably no city in the world is better protected by artificial means than the French capital, or is more capable of prolonged defense, if not reduced by starvation, or compelled to surrender by internal dissensions; yet the history of all sieges proves that, unless relieved by a victory in the field, outside the fortifications, the strongest fortress ever constructed must in time yield to the investing force.

The detached forts about Paris are seventeen in number, of which the strongest is that of Mont Valérien. It stands upon the west side of Paris, upon a hill behind Suresnes and Puteaux, on the left bank of the Seine, directly opposite the Bois de Boulogne. The fort is built in a pentagon, with sides of from 380 to 440 yards in length. The conical top of the hill on which it is situated comes up in the centre, towering over every thing, and serves as a gigantic natural parados, or traverse. There is on the top of the cone a plateau, which is surrounded by an earthen parapet. Inside this there are bomb-proof barracks. The fort consists of bastions joined by curtains. There are high cavaliers in the bastions, and small re-entering places of arms opposite the centre of each front. There is a masonry counterscarp and a covered way on four of the fronts. There are redoubts in the re-entering places of arms. There are seventy-six heavy guns and a battery of mitrailleuses on its ramparts, and a garrison of 1,500 Gardes Mobiles and 700 sailors. Some of the guns have a calibre of 9½ inches, the other forts round Paris have each four or five fronts, of from 325 to 330 yards in length. They have a bastioned trace. In general, the dimensions are as follow: escarp, 33 feet; counterscarp, 20 feet to 24 feet high; ditch, 78 feet wide. Some have loopholed walls on the top of the escarp. They have covered ways, *tenailles*, opposite the entrances and re-entering places of arms. They are well supplied with casemates, whose embrasures open on to the ditch. Some have advanced works, and even important outworks. The armament of these forts consists, in great measure, of 80-pounder guns. The garrisons consist of Gardes Mobiles and sailors. In many cases neighboring spurs are occupied by strong earth-works, which look into adjoining hollows which could not be searched by the fire of the forts.

According to published statements the Prussian siege-train comprises, besides many guns of inferior calibre, the famous 6¼-ton gun, calibre 8.25 inches, projectile 220-pound shell; the 14-ton gun, calibre 9.25 inches, projectile 337-pound shell, containing a bursting charge of 15 pounds of powder. Both the above are breech-loaders. The extreme range of these guns, with an elevation of 33 degrees, is said to be 9500 yards, or rather less than five and a half miles. The heaviest breech-loading rifle-guns mounted by the French at Paris are: 5-ton gun, calibre 6.3 inches, projectile 70-pound shell; 8-ton gun, calibre 7.5 inches, projectile 115-pound shell; 14-ton gun, calibre 9.45 inches, projectile 220-pound shell; 21¼-ton gun, calibre 10.63 inches, projectile 480-pound shell. It would be interesting to know in what proportion these guns exist on the two sides; but this is one of those secrets which good generals preserve. It is not likely that either French or Germans have added considerably to the number of their heavy guns since the war began, as the larger ones are of slow construction. According to a Berlin letter, 25,000 tons of ammunition had the army before Paris. This is a quantity to have been actually sent there, although, no doubt, the real supply was enormous, and will increase.


FORET DE ST GERMAIN
SEINE
RIVER
ROUEN RAILWAY
ST GERMAIN RAILWAY
VERSAILLES RAILWAY
BOIS DE BOULOGNE
PARIS AND ORLEANS RAILWAY
PARIS AND LYONS RAILWAY
RIVER SEINE
CANAL DE L'OURCQ
PARIS AND STRASBOURG RAILWAY
MARNE R.
MORBRAS R.
CANAL DE CHELLES
FORET DE BONDY
BOIS DE VINCENNES
ILE BARRIERE
CORMEIL
BOIS DES COURONNES
BOIS DE MONTFERT
SANNOIS
ST GRATIEN
ENGHIEN
MONTMAGNY
LA BARRE
EPINAY
BOIS DE SANNOIS
ARGENTEUIL
SARTROUVILLE
MAISONS
LE MESNIL
LE VAUDOUET
LE ROY
HOUILLES
LA MARAIS CHAT
CENEVILLIERS
REDOUTE
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CARRIERES ST DENIS
LA FOLIE
COURBEVOIE
CHAT BECON
CARENNE
MONTESSON
BOIS DU VESINET
CHATOU
CROISSY
CDE PLAINE
LA CARENNE
RUEIL STATION
NANTERRE
RUEIL
FORTRESS OF MONT VALERIEN
SURESNES
PUTEAUX
VILLIERS
NEUILLY SUR SEINE
CHANTECOQ
COURBEVOIE
BATIGNOLLES
CLICHY
MARLY
VOISINS
LA JONCHERE
LOUVECIENNES
BOUCIVAL
LA MALMAISON
FOUILLEUSE
BOIS DE BERNE
LA CELLE
BUSSANVAL
LES CRESSAYS
BOIS DE CELLE
FT MONTRETOUT
CARCHES
ST CLOUD
VAUCRESSON
VILLENEUVE
BOIS DES HUBIES
PARC DE ST CLOUD
LE CHESNAY
PETITE DE NOISY
VILLEDAVRAY
BOIS DE SEVRES
GLATIGNY
FAISSES REPOSES
CHAVILLE
BELLEVUE
MONTREUIL
VERSAILLES
VIROFLAY
BOIS DE MEUDON
MEUDON
CLAMART
FORT DE MONTROUGE
BOIS DES CONARDS
VELIZY
PT MARECHAL
BUC
JOUY
MONTECLAIN
FONTENAY
FONTENAY STA
PLESSIS
SCEAUX
CHATENAY
BERNIS
ANTONY
BAGNEUX
CORBEVOIE
HAY
IVILLY
THIAIS
CHOLSY
VILLEJUIF
REDOUTE
LASAUSSAYE
FORT DE BICETRE
FORT D'IVRY
IVRY
GENTILLY
PT CENTILLY
OBSERVATOIRE
BERCY
CHARENTON
FORT DE CHARENTON
CONFLANS
BOIS DU PLAUT
LE LANDE R
CHAMPIGNY
CŒUILLY
PARC DE CŒUILLY
LE BOUQUET
ST MAUR
BOIS DE ST MAUR
CHAMPIGNOL
LES BUTTES
MAISONS
BOIS DE QUEMIE
LES PLUIERS
ST HILLAIRE
CRETEIL
CHENEVIERES
MESLY
MONT MESLY
BONNEUIL
SUCY EN BRIE
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CHAT AVRON
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FORT DE NOISY
MALASISE
FORT DE ROMAINVILLE
REDOUTE
LA CHAPELLE
LA VILLETTE
ST MARTRE
BELLEVILLE
MENILMONTANT
BAGNOLET
FORT DE ROSNY
BOIS DE NEUILLY
NEUILLY SUR MARNE
MONTREUIL
CH DE TILMONT
LE LUAT
VINCENNES
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BRIE SUR MARNE
CHATEAU ET FORT DE VINCENNES
LE TREMBLAI
VILLIERS
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PALAIS ROYAL
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HOTEL DE VILLE
PERE LA CHAISE
CHARONNE
BARRIERE DU TRONE
PANTHEON
PASSY
AUTEUIL
BOULOGNE
GRENELLE
ISSY
VANVRES
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ILE DE BILLANCOURT
BILLANCOURT
VAUGIRARD
PETIT MONTROUGE
ARC DE L'ETOILE
AVENUE DE L'IMPERATRICE STE
CHAMPS ELYSEES
PORTE MAILLOT
CENTRE
BOIS DE BOULOGNE
CHAMP DE MARS
ECOLE MILITAIRE
PONT DU JOUR
PONT DE GRENELLE
PONT DE PASSY
PONT DE SEVRES
PONT DE BILLANCOURT
PONT DE GARIGLIANO
PONT DE LA CONCORDE
PONT DE LA REINE HORTENSE
PONT DE L'ALMA
PONT DE JENA
PONT DE SUFFREN

city boundary extended to the fortifications. He buys various articles, and finds them cheaper than they were, thanks to the commercial treaty. Iron cheaper, etc. He thinks that many authors are in prison. An error. No *émeutes*, no political prisoners, no exiles, no preventive imprisonment. Acceleration of lawsuits. Privateering suppressed. Savings-banks for old age. The asylums of Vincennes. The coalitions. *Police de roulage* abolished. Regulations abolished. Military service made lighter, pay increased, medal founded, retiring allowance augmented. Reserve increasing the strength of the army. Fund to relieve sick priests. Arrest for debt. Brokers; a shop-keeper who sent out a clerk to sell or buy merchandise arrested. General councils."

A NIGHT TELEGRAPH.

A NEW nocturnal military telegraph has been invented by a Hungarian officer, and sold to the Prussian War Department. By means of this telegraph, which consists of rockets of different colors, a communication can be established between two armies stationed at a distance of twenty miles from each other It would enable Bazaine, for instance, to have communicated with the commandant of Thionville. Each rocket represents six words, and an order containing 300 words can thus be conveyed by fifty rockets. The key to this telegraph, which may be altered so as to make it unintelligible to the enemy, contains all the words used in strategy and tactics.

LIVING ON THE COUNTRY.

How requisitions are conducted by the Germans—especially in the districts round Paris—may be judged from a report of Major Schmettow, from Chavenay, near St. Cyr. He says:

"We summon the mayor and municipality, and inform them in writing what they have to furnish. As I have an excellent book relating to all the communes in the department, the authorities are astonished when I make the most accurate statements as to their herds of cattle, population, etc., and address the head officials by their names. The little extract in my hand furnishes me with data for all this without any great trouble. One mayor had to deliver sixty sacks of oats. He swore hard and fast that it was impossible. Without listening to him further I required in addition two bullocks and four sheep. It was not my intention to take these. An hour afterward I received the oats, with the warmest thanks of the authorities for waiving the bullocks and sheep. In communes, however, where five or more requisitions have been made, to take away cattle from the people is an unpleasant part of the soldier's duty."

RAILWAY HOSTAGES.

THE railway at Epernay having been torn up by the French on the 11th ult., whereby a train of sick German soldiers was upset, three of them being killed and twenty injured, the French authorities have been required to appoint hostages of wealth and rank, who will accompany every train in the front carriage. In case of destruction of the line, and accident to a train, these persons will forfeit their lives. Several persons, including a count residing in the vicinity of the outrage, have been arrested, but it will be almost impossible to discover the offenders.

A PEN FOR BISMARCK.

PARIS is not yet taken, but the pen with which Count Bismarck is to sign the treaty of peace is already prepared. Herr Bissinger, of Pforzheim, has manufactured out of massive gold an imitation of an ordinary stout goose-quill. The quill itself is polished, in order that it may be more conveniently handled, but the feather closely resembles a real quill, every fibre being represented, while the back of the feather is thickly studded with brilliants, and below them a count's coronet and Bismarck's monogram are engraved. Besides the engraver and maker, two goldsmiths were engaged on it for five weeks. The gold employed is of 18 carats, and that part in which the brilliants are set is of 21 carats.

GERMAN IDEAS OF FRENCHMEN.

A GERMAN writer in the *Cologne Gazette* comments on the impossibility of reasoning with the French. They know that it is all up with them, and console themselves with the belief that in five years they will revenge their shameful defeat, but in the same breath they protest that they are not conquered, and are deceiving themselves to the last with the absurdest reports of victories. The "genius of the defense of Strasburg" is invoked by Gambetta. A patriot, but a fool, expects by barricades to repel a million practiced soldiers, and by a mob of Mobiles and francs-tireurs to annihilate the enemy in the provinces. The townspeople and peasants, with their excitable temperament, are stirred up by babblers and dreamers to deeds of so-called heroism, and while a handful of the enemy fall victims, the localities implicated are punished by destruction or contributions. Emissaries and proclamations are sent about, inciting a guerrilla war, directing people to assume to-day the francstireur's blouse, to-morrow the peasant's smock, so that they are to blame if peasants and francstireurs are fusilladed. The barricades and obstructions placed in the roads are not, however, defended; and behind the costly railway bridges and tunnels, which are shattered to pieces, there stood not one man to prevent the passage of the Moselle by the enemy on a bridge of boats. Will the well-to-do effeminate Paris tradesman or the artisan display more bravery than the army? Will he not throw away his musket as soon as the first shells fall in the city, like the people of the large provincial towns? To talk of dying under the ruins of Paris is the very fudge which has talked France into destruction. Treachery, numbers, espionage—these, according to the Paris prates, are the means by which the Germans have "intrigued" themselves up to Paris. There are intelligent people in France, but even these can not be induced to confess "Germany is much stronger than we, and we must therefore be conquered." If asked why France declared war, they reply, "It was not we who wished for it." "Looking down on Paris from Meudon," adds the writer, "I imagine that our heaviest shots will fall on the Place de la Concorde, the Place de la Bourse, or, at any rate, on the Champ de Mars. When I stand under the forts of Issy and Vanvres, and reflect on the Spicheren heights and Gravelotte, I fancy that a couple of thousand of our brave fellows will take these heights and these intrenchments, as they did those of Weissenburg, Saarbrück, Gorze, and Gravelotte, and as they have already twice taken the works at Bicêtre. I am no strategist, but I believe Mont Valérien and St. Denis will give us little trouble. Our artillerymen have long ago selected the points from which the greatest havoc can be made. The bombardment can not, therefore, last long, and if the war should still be protracted, and the Germans be obliged to establish themselves for the winter, the provinces, as yet spared, will also be wasted." He concludes by remarking that freebooters already sneak about the deserted villages, taking away whatever has been left and concealing it in the woods, and that there is a danger of Paris, on the Germans evacuating it, becoming the prey of bands of marauders.

AMAZONS TO THE RESCUE.

"YOU will hardly believe," says a letter from Paris, sent out by Balloon Post, "that the siege can be seriously regarded when I tell you that it is proposed to raise ten battalions of Amazons of the Seine—no less than ten. But, indeed, it is because the people are thoroughly in earnest that they go into a ludicrous folly of this kind, and do not see the folly of it. There were placards all over Paris last night, announcing the intended formation of the ten battalions of Amazons, describing what their dress would be, their accoutrements, their duties, and their pay. The first battalion is in course of formation; the others are as yet in the air. The Amazons have a provincial commander, who rejoices in the name of Belly. How long M. Belly—Felix Belly—will be allowed to command them no one knows: perhaps they will soon want a colonel of their own sex to lead them on to glory; or I should rather say a major, for the grade of colonel is as yet unknown in the citizen army. In the mean time M. Belly is supreme over the Amazons. They are to have black nether garments, with an orange stripe, cut, I believe (but this is not in the announcement), after the Zouave fashion; they are to have a black woolen blouse with a hood; they are to have a black képi with an orange peak or shade; they are to have a shoulder-belt with cartridge-box attached; and they are to be armed with a light musket, good for 200 yards. Each battalion is to have eight companies 150 strong. Their duty will be to defend the ramparts and the barricades; and they demand the pay of a franc and a half a day, allowed to all the other battalions of the National Guard. They are in earnest; they mean business, and no doubt they will find recruits; but I must say this for the Parisians, that, while some seemed bewildered as they read the green placards announcing what the feminine population of Paris intend, staring in amazement as if they could not believe their eyes, the greater number were consumed with laughter."

FAMOUS CAPITULATIONS.

THERE are moments in the first full flush and vigor of youth when sorrow seems to us but a dream, and death an impossibility. A year or two later, in a first illness or a first trouble, looking back from a sick-bed, or from the edge of some great abyss of misfortune, at the past golden period of victorious youth and hope, the stricken man sighs and wonders at the change that has come upon him. An equal revulsion of feeling must accompany the capitulation of a great army. Yesterday the soldiers were shouting in barrack gateways, polishing brass, grinding steel, piling powder-wagons, admiring new cannon, counting cartridges, shaking out flags, gayly adjusting plumes and epaulets. An ocean of bayonets! one hundred thousand brave hearts! who can turn their course? who can bar their way? Fire and steel are powerless before them, and cannon-shots are as autumn rain-drops. Multiply a wild bull, a lion, or a tiger by one hundred thousand, and you have even then but a faint approximation to the rush, the leap, the force of such an army. Yet modern war is but a mathematical problem after all. Drive your army swift as an arrow along the base of a given triangle while your opponent is blundering up one side and down the other to get at you, and you will pass your sword through his heart before he even sees it glitter. War is the same chess game now that it was in the time of that great master player, the first Napoleon. There is the board, there are the equal ranks of pieces; the knights leap, the bishops sidle, the castles sweep the line, the pawns move timidly; the game appears equal. Suddenly the Philidor—the Morphy—moves a piece, and the enemy is at once paralyzed. There is a dead lock, his army becomes entangled in a deadly defile, his queen falls by her husband's very side. Another move. The king is checked. The monarch and all his army are cooped in a corner, and in deadly danger. A feeble move more, and he moves not again. That position of things in chess is called checkmate; in war, capitulation.

And what a capitulation that of M'Mahon's army at Sedan on the 2d of September last! On that day, so fatal to France, after that defeat, worse than ten Pavias and six Waterloos, there were surrendered to the Prussian invaders eighty-three thousand French rank and file, five hundred and fifty cannon, and ten thousand horses. It was a defeat worse than Cannæ, and as overwhelming as that of Granicus. Since Pavia no French monarch had ever been taken in siege or battle. No modern European nation has ever received so crushing a blow.

It is only by analysis and historical comparison that it is possible fully to appreciate the immense importance of this event.

The great capitulations recorded in history have generally preceded the break-up and humiliation of some once great, but then effete or exhausted nation; but occasionally, as in the case of the Caudine Forks, they have aroused all the energy of the defeated nation, and have been followed by swift and complete revenge. The disaster of the Caudine Forks was one of those early misfortunes (321 B.C.) which turned the Romans to steel, and made them the invincible conquerors they soon after became. Their foes, the Samnites, were a warlike people, the Kabyles of Italy, who, living in natural fortresses on the higher Apennines to the north of Naples, hoarded their corn and wine among their beech woods and ravines, despising the feebler folk of Latium and Campania, who had bent before the eagles of the children of Romulus. The second Samnite war, according to Niebuhr and Arnold, broke out almost immediately before the death of Alexander the Great, who, in subduing the great decayed empire of Persia, was but acting as pioneer to the obscure nation of whom he had probably hardly heard even the name. In their fifth campaign the Romans, determined to subdue all neighboring nations, invaded Samnium from the Campanian or south side of the Apennines. To draw the Romans into the dangerous defiles that lead from the plain of Naples to Benevento and the high valleys of the Apennines, Caius Pontius of Telesia, the Samnite general, spread a report that his army had marched into Apulia. The Romans at once drove straight at the mountain passes. At Caudium, a gorge (according to Niebuhr) between Arienzo and Arpaia, through which runs the present road from Naples to Benevento, the consuls' four legions and a force of auxiliaries (probably), at least seventeen thousand men, when all told, found themselves hemmed in. The Samnites had surrounded them; they were in a trap from which there was no escape. Every path on the hill was blocked and guarded; the Samnites repelled the desperate, maddened rushes of the first despair, then waited for famine to do its work. The Romans, after many hopeless fights and great butchery, laid down their swords, gave up six hundred young Roman knights as hostages, and agreed to surrender every foot of Samnite territory. The captive Romans said:

"Put us to the sword at once, sell us as slaves, or keep us as prisoners till we are ransomed; but save our bodies, whether living or dead, from all unworthy insults."

The Samnite general, a man not without Greek culture, having, indeed, it is said, known Plato, was generous. He required only that the Roman army should, according to the usual Roman custom, pass under the yoke. Through a gateway of spears the downcast Romans had to walk, each man naked all but his kilt. Even the consuls were stripped of their paludamenta, or war-cloaks. In all else Pontius the Samnite proved chivalrous and generous; he ordered wagons for the sick and wounded, and gave the dejected soldiers bread enough to last them till they came within sight of Rome.

The released men stole into the discomfited city at nightfall, and would neither speak nor be comforted. The great-hearted, proud people were deeply wounded at their disgrace; all citizens put on mourning, the knights and senators took off their golden rings, stripped their togas of the purple borders which marked their rank, and all festivals and ceremonies were suspended till they could be held in a year of better omen. But the proud, pugnacious Romans lost no time in trying to win back their tarnished honor. They sent back the released men stripped and bound, and marched an army into Apulia. In the third Samnite war the stubborn enemy of fiery Rome was forever subdued, and in 290 B.C. (after nine campaigns) the rugged Samnites became at last dependent allies of that growing power fortressed on the seven proud hills above the Tiber.

When we come to the wars of Napoleon we meet with capitulations of great magnitude. Here was a great player, indeed; and though the chess-board was comparatively small, the checkmates were sudden, and tremendous in their results. The first Italian campaign of Napoleon (1796) was a brilliant sequence of victories. From Montenotte to Lodi, from Rovere to Rivoli, from Rivoli to Arcola, the French carried all before them, and ended in cooping the baffled Wurmser and his army within the walls of Mantua. Nine thousand of the Austrian garrison were soon down with marsh fever, and already nearly all the cavalry horses had been killed and salted for food.

After a brave and sullen defense, Wurmser, with no prospect of relief, and with only three days' more provisions, surrendered on honorable and generous terms, as Napoleon was eager to march on Rome and Venice. Bonaparte refused to be personally present when the brave old soldier surrendered his sword and his twenty thousand men laid down their muskets. In that six months' siege the Germans are said to have lost by disease and in sallies twenty-seven thousand men.

But at Ulm, in 1805, Napoleon had a still greater triumph. The French had advanced to reconquer Bavaria from the Austrians under Mack, who, with a Tyrolese, Dalmatian, and Italian army, took the field against them. Mack, deserted by the Archduke Ferdinand, presently found himself with thirty thousand men shut up in Ulm. In vain he waited for the arrival of Russian succor, or for the Archduke Charles to shake off Massena, who was hanging on his haunches. After a short interval of frustrated hope Mack surrendered with his twenty-seven thousand men. Napoleon stood by a watch-fire on a hillock at the foot of the Michaelsberg as the Austrian soldiers filed out between the French infantry and cavalry. The Austrians, it is said, flung down their arms with irrestrainable anger.

Great checkmates were those of Ulm and Mantua, but, after all, were they to be compared to that which so lately ended at Sedan with the capture of the unhappy French Emperor and eighty thousand of his subjects? or that at Metz, where a hundred and seventy thousand men surrendered to an investing foe only a fraction stronger?

BIRTHDAY OF "OUR FRITZ."

TO-DAY (October 18, writes the correspondent of a London paper, from the Prussian headquarters) the Crown Prince of Prussia is thirty-nine years of age. There have been few princes of the blood royal, heirs to great thrones, whose birthday anniversaries have been celebrated under such circumstances. Deeply read students may quote instances of more curious fortune to illustrious persons in somewhat analogous positions; but as a siege of Paris in itself is not a prodigy without precedent, as a Prussian and German in possession of Versailles and St. Germains is not a portent unparalleled, yet the present position of Paris as a fortified city, and the development of purely Germanic force in France, are strange and abnormal, as the actual condition of things under which the Crown Prince keeps court to-day at Versailles is in the highest degree interesting and peculiar. The love which our own Edward bore for his Black Prince is renewed in the terms in which the aged King who now sits as conqueror in the palaces of Louis the Great speaks of the fair Fritz who is to sit perhaps on the throne of imperial Germany. I do not remember if I have described "Les Ombrages," which the glory of the Crown Prince now illuminates. It is the seat of a Calvinist or Lutheran lady, Madame André, widow of the Paris banker, André. It is in and at the same time out of Versailles. It puts me much in mind of some of the "retreats" one sees near Putney Heath or Roehampton, *mutatis mutandis*; a Protestant or Anglican *Maison Religieuse* near St. John's Wood might be found like it. You turn from what was once the busy, worldly, and perhaps sinful street leading to the Port de Bucq—the Rue des Chantiers—now a very pallid flesh-mortified thoroughfare, with its eyes of life downcast and closed, under an arch of the railway into a lane-like street with a wall on the left hand, by trees and a wall on the right, and in front a screen of forest, and you see a crowd of soldiers and orderlies and led horses and carriages at a gateway in front. But before you reach it there is a Swiss chalet-like building to be passed on the right which ought to attract your attention, for there is a large text in French painted in black letters on a white ground along the front. That affords the index to many scriptural readings inside. At the gateway, where there are a couple of gens d'armes lounging about, a couple of Landwehr of the Guard on duty, and orderlies, jägers, grooms, etc., there is a lodge with an inscription, a text (if I mistake not it is "Peace be with thee"), over the door. A graveled drive through a small meadow dotted with clumps of trees leads to the house, which stands on a rising ground, from which there is a good view of the Château of Versailles, but before we reach it we come on the right to another Swiss-like chalet, with stables attached to it, and in this, not too sumptuously lodged, are the quarters of many of the staff, of Colonel Von Gothberg, the most indefatigable, hard-working, hard-riding, clear-thinking, and courteous of men; of Dr. Wegener, who is never so happy as when he is visiting his hospitals and directing his battalions of *infirmiers*; of Count Seckendorff, when he is not "here, there, and every where" on duty; of M. Von Blumenthal, the General's son, and others. The house is a large, chalety sort of building, not unpicturesque and not uncomfortable, but modest enough in such a city of large, suited mansions as Versailles. In the hall, over the doors in the rooms, are texts enjoining people to be good, and not to make war, and to turn one cheek if the other be smitten, and to return good for evil, and so on, which, if duly heeded and worked out, would raise the siege of Paris at once. There are guards along the walks, and pickets in the avenue, and in one of the dependencies is the color company of the regiment on duty (with the colors placed horizontally instead of vertically); and if you stroll toward the wall inclosing the belt of woods you will find sentries perched up on platforms, looking over and guarding against free-shooters or surprises. Sentries, too, at the doorways, and to-day a great gathering of horses and carriages, officers in full uniform—an animated crowd—anxious to pay their respects to the Crown Prince, and to write their names in the royal book. The Prince held a levée at which the highest personages were present, and to which every officer who could get away from duty repaired, so that Les Ombrages were bright indeed. As I entered I met Captain Hozier, who had only just arrived. The Crown Prince had a reception here at 12 o'clock, to which all the officers, high and low, and the King himself, came to present their congratulations. Prince Adelbert and the officers of state and of the royal staff arrived and breakfasted with the Crown Prince subsequently. The Crown Prince and his staff dined with his Majesty the King at the Prefecture, where covers were laid for eighty. The King gave a toast, which was very grateful and graceful, "To you, by whose means we are here!"

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THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

THE engraving on page 760, which gives a general view of this famous structure and its gardens, represents the Crown Prince distributing that coveted decoration of the German soldier, the Iron Cross, to fifty of his officers and men, who had especially distinguished themselves in the present war. The ceremony took place in the court-yard of the old palace, in which is a statue of LOUIS QUATORZE, and commenced by a grand parade, the old inscription on the building, "*A toutes les gloires de la France*," standing out with bitter irony. The battalions were then drawn up in the court-yard in close columns, with the Prince and his staff in the centre. Then, amidst a respectful silence, the soldiers appearing as calm and as motionless as marble, the fortunate recipients' names were called out one by one, each marching up to the Prince, receiving the decoration, and marching back again as mechanically as if it were an everyday occurrence. This ended, "Our FRITZ" addressed a few words to his troops, and himself gave the signal for a cheer for King WILLIAM, which was most enthusiastically taken up, the bands playing the national anthem. A cheer for the Prince himself concluded the ceremony.

"JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT."

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

EVA TRESILIAN was the prettiest girl in the small circle on which she shone. She lived in a little town in one of the southern counties of England, a town which combined the attractions of a garrison, a cathedral, and (being a sea-port) a splendid stretch of strand. Society there was not very fast, to be sure, but it had the great recommendation that, if not fast, it certainly was not loose. The amusements were mild. There were balls (a few), and dancing-parties (a great many), and card-parties, in the winter; there were boating excursions, and bathing, and driving, and picnicking in the summer. This story tells of a time some fourteen or fifteen years ago, when croquet had not yet been invented, when suppers were still eaten, and when the young ladies, and even the gentlemen, at evening parties were expected to sing songs as a matter of course. In this country town I speak of things were so very backward, fashion traveled so slowly down, that even the recital of a favorite poem was not an unusual contribution to the entertainment of an evening.

In this social circle, thus amusing itself, Eva Tresilian was, as I have said, the prettiest girl and the brightest. She sang, played, danced, rode, flirted admirably; and it is a pity that croquet was not a flourishing game in her girlish days, her foot and ankle were so very shapely and graceful. She was a romantic girl, too, and she raved about Tennyson's "Maud," then new to the reading world, and often dreamed of being the Princess, only with a different moral to the story; and she delighted in Bulwer's "Zanoni," and perhaps occasionally liked to fancy herself *une femme incomprise*. This thought, however, only arose to her mind whenever her lover said or did any thing which jarred upon her feelings, whenever he indulged in a momentary fit of jealousy, or looked grave and discontented if she danced too often with somebody else.

Will Hepworth was her lover—her *fiancé*, one might almost say, for all the town assumed that they were engaged, and would soon be married. Will Hepworth was a tall, strong, manly fellow, with a great beard; his father was the principal banker of the town, and Will would have a fair property some time or other; and so occupied himself at present chiefly in hunting, fishing, rowing, and making love to Eva Tresilian, whose head hardly reached his shoulder. The course of true love was running very smoothly indeed with this fortunate pair. Perhaps it was running too smoothly. Your artist soul, your soul made of fire, and child of the sun, usually takes more delight in the Swiss torrent than in the Dutch canal; and Eva Tresilian delighted to believe that her nature was steeped in the atmosphere of art.

It was not a fortunate circumstance that brought to the garrison just about this time a certain celebrated regiment of light cavalry, to which belonged the Honorable Captain Rupert Dartwell, younger son of the Earl of Strongbow. Captain Dartwell was not a very young man by any means, although a younger son. He was not, perhaps, far off forty years of age. He was nearly as tall as Will Hepworth, and he was, in a certain sense, a far more striking personage in appearance. While Will was fair and bright of complexion, Captain Dartwell was dark-haired and sallow; Will had a light beard, but Dartwell had what Guy Livingstone would call a cascade of black mustache. Then Dartwell had that peculiar expression, part melancholy, part stern, part "used up" and Don Giovanni-like, which belongs to a certain class of English military swell. Moreover, he had a wound on his forehead, won in some one of England's incessant frontier wars in Hindostan; and he had the reputation of having lived with wild companions of the highest rank and the lowest moral standard in London.

The moment Eva Tresilian looked first at the Honorable Captain Dartwell she felt an interest in him and admired him; the moment Will Hepworth saw the distinguished dragoon he took a strong dislike to him. This dislike grew deeper and deeper, as it became evident that Will was a person of quite secondary interest in the eyes of his social circle when the dark-mustached, stern-looking soldier, who was the son of an earl, and had looked on war, happened to stand near him.

When Eva first met the captain (at one of the most brilliant balls of the little town's season) she danced with him several times, and she found that Dartwell, like most cavalry men, was a superb waltzer. Then he had an air and manner at once proud and caressing, chivalric and lazy, courteous and *blasé*, which imposes immensely on girls. His slightest attention to her was offered in a style which seemed to give special meaning to it, seemed to mark it out as something done for her and her only; and he ignored so calmly and grandly some of the most pretentious people in the room that his courtesy and deference to Eva sent little throbs of pride and delight through her. The more often he met her the more attentive he became. He would stand by her chair and talk with her in a low tone, and bending his tall figure over her shoulder, for half an hour together, superbly unheedful of the fact that others were watching and waiting in vain for the chance of exchanging half a dozen words with her. He told her of travels and encampments and battles, not as Othello told his tales, but with a careless, almost contemptuous manner, as of one to whom the worst dangers of life were unexciting, and hardly even interesting.

In fact, Eva was a little dazzled by the manner and the attentions of the Honorable Captain Dartwell. Will Hepworth became jealous and irritable, and probably made himself occasionally ridiculous. Dartwell gave no outward sign of any particular emotion, but was doubtless rather pleased to note the evidences of emotion, very different in their kind, which his presence and his ways created in those around him.

Thus the weeks and months went on, and Dartwell's attentions to Eva became more and more distasteful to Will Hepworth. Yet there was hardly any thing in them of which open complaint could be made. Nothing like love-making could be seen; only poor Will felt that Eva was growing colder toward him the longer Dartwell remained in the town. At last there came news which ought to have gladdened the heart of Hepworth: the regiment to which Captain Dartwell belonged was ordered off to the Crimea to take a part in the campaign against the Russians. Alas! this very fact only tended to poor Will's further discomfiture, for it invested his rival—if Dartwell could be called a rival—with a new, touching, and pathetic interest in the romantic eyes of Miss Eva. Oh, how Will Hepworth wished that *he* were going to the wars—to fight against the Russians, the French, the Saracens, any body—so that he might seem an interesting figure in Eva's mind, and purchase, even with his death, some of her tears!

A few nights before the departure of the regiment there was quite a brilliant little party at the house of one of the leaders of fashion in this town. Eva was there, looking very romantic, sad, and beautiful; Will Hepworth was there, looking sullen and out of sorts; Captain Dartwell was there, looking cool, composed, and stern, as usual, relaxing always into a graceful, smiling languor when Eva Tresilian was near. In the course of the night Eva was invited to sing, and Dartwell, who stood near her, led her to the piano. She sang, accompanying herself, the little "Jeannette and Jeannot" song that used to be so popular when we were all a dozen years younger, and which one hardly ever hears now—the song in which the poor little maid takes a farewell of her soldier-lover who is going to the wars, and fears that he will forget her, and wishes that there were no fighting men abroad, or weeping girls at home, and so forth; not a master-piece of music or poetry, certainly, but having some simple nature at the heart of it—not incapable, under certain circumstances and conditions, even of drawing tears. Why on earth did Eva select that particular song for that particular occasion? Did she plunge into it unconsciously? Did she mean it to bear the interpretation which all the listeners put on it? Assuredly every one in the room took it as the outpouring of the girl's grief and love—grief and love which might not be repressed, and which were called into cruel activity by the approaching departure of Captain Rupert Dartwell. To make the matter worse, poor Eva's voice began to give way toward the close of the ballad, and some of the listeners feared that she was about to burst into tears, and that there would be a scene; and some eyes were turned inquiringly upon Will Hepworth, and some upon the Honorable Captain Dartwell, who bent his tall form over the shoulders of the singer.

Hepworth's heart was nearly torn asunder as he stood and listened to the first verse of this ill-omened ballad. But he had a manly heart, and it grew stronger and calmer as the singer went on. The thing was done and hopeless, he thought to himself. "She loves him, and she does not love me. I know the worst, and all is over. Nothing can add to my defeat and my sufferings; nothing can mitigate or diminish them. *He* does not love her, does not appreciate her; but that is no comfort to me. She can never be the same to me again." Every stout heart braces itself up, and grows calmer when the worst is known; and Will Hepworth presently crossed the floor of the room with a firm step and a composed countenance. He made his way, not without some little difficulty and delay, up to Eva's side.

"Eva," whispered Will, in a low, calm tone, "I want to say a word to you—just a word or two."

She looked up with a *distrait* and absent sort of expression; but when he repeated what he had said she took his arm, and they crossed the room, and came into a large ante-chamber, or hall, opening upon a garden, in which two or three couples were already pacing, and which was used as a sort of refrigerating place by heated dancers during the night. Here Will had a chance of saying, unheard by all save Eva, what he wished to say.

"Eva, you don't care about me—you don't love me any more. I don't think now that you ever did. I see it all to-night, and I don't want to thrust myself on you. I don't believe any fellow has a right to insist on a girl's loving him just because he loves her, and I don't blame you. Eva—you are romantic and all that—I don't suppose you can help yourself; and so good-by, and God bless you."

Eva looked up quite startled. Surely this was what she had a right to expect, and yet it seemed to come on her with a shock of surprise.

"Will, I don't understand you. What have I done?"

"Done? Nothing, Eva, except that you love *him*, and you don't love me."

"Him! Whom?" She assumed at once a look of wonder and anger and innocence.

"Don't, Eva—don't try on a kind of deceit which is new to you, and doesn't become you."

"You are polite and kind indeed, Will—Mr. Hepworth, I mean—very polite, in accusing me of deceit." She grew red, and was evidently doing her best to be angry. A quarrel would just then have been very timely, and would have relieved her conscience a good deal. She longed to be able to persuade herself that Will had offended her and treated her badly.

He saw her object, and he only shook his head sadly.

"No, Eva," he said, "we shall not quarrel. I don't mean to say any thing rude or harsh; indeed, it would not be worth our while having any hard words now. Quarrels are for lovers, Eva, not for you and me. I haven't any thing more to say, and so good-by."

The girl had her head bent down. When she looked up again William Hepworth was no longer near. So trivial are often the first impulses of most of us on the gravest occasions that the sensation which instantly flashed up in Eva Tresilian's breast was one of anger at Will's rudeness in leaving her there alone—not his leaving her as her lover, and renouncing any claim to her affections, but simply his walking out of that room, and going away without even giving her his arm to conduct her back to the room they had quitted. "Captain Dartwell would not have been guilty of such rudeness," the girl thought, and petulant tears started to her eyes.

At that moment came Captain Dartwell himself in quest of her. He gave her his arm, and they walked up and down the cool, almost empty hall several times, and Eva forgot all about Will Hepworth. They talked of Dartwell's imminent departure, of the possibilities of the campaign, of the chances that they two might never meet again; he spoke gravely, she sadly; they talked sentimental talk—almost, indeed, lovers' talk—but still nothing was said of love. Dartwell did not approach any thing of the kind. Eva expected every moment that the declaration—the proposal, which she believed inevitable, for which she had given up, in anticipation, every thing—was coming at last; and it never came. This was their actual parting, their farewell interview. They would probably never be alone again before his departure. He knew and she knew that both alike understood this to be their adieu scene, and he never said a word of love. Nay, as if he wished to free himself distinctly from any possible obligation, he took occasion to say, when speaking with careless gloom of the prospects of the war:

"You see, Miss Tresilian, I have one great advantage over many of our fellows. If I should drop, it really doesn't much matter. Nobody will care much. As the younger son, I am not much of an object of interest to my father; and as I am not a marrying man, nothing that happens to me will break any lady's heart. If it were your friend Mr. Hepworth, now, every body would feel concerned because of the girl he left behind him. But I can go in without any such sense of responsibility, and draw fire from the Russians without the slightest compunction."

Poor Eva! She could hardly keep from bursting into tears. The farewell interview was over, and this was how it ended! They left the hall almost immediately after these words were spoken, and returned to the crowded room. Their absence had been noticed; their return created a sort of small sensation. As they came in—Eva leaning on Captain Dartwell's arm, her eyes downcast, her cheeks flushed, her lips quivering—every body, certainly every woman, in the room mentally said, "He has proposed for her, and she has accepted him, of course." And several wondered whether they would be married before he went to the Crimea, and whether, if so, she would go there with him.

One of her closest friends, Annie Prestwich, contrived to get a seat beside Eva presently, and in the lowest and softest of whispers asked,

"May I not congratulate you, Eva dear?"

Eva turned a sad, wild, wondering look upon her, and could make no reply, and Annie withdrew, bewildered.

That was a miserable night to poor Eva. She tossed and turned, restless and hopeless, in her bed; and only fell asleep for an hour or two as morning drew near, to awake with a start to the consciousness that she had played all her love and her hopes on one stake deliberately, and had lost.

Gradually the truth became known through the town. Captain Dartwell had gone, actually gone, from the place, had sailed for Malta on his way to the Crimea, and had never proposed—had evidently never meant to propose—for Eva Tresilian. Eva's father and mother stormed a good deal at first; and the father, a stout old boy of an ancient school, who had seen many a "meeting" at Wormwood Scrubs and Wimbledon Common, and other spots once sacred to the duel, talked fiercely of pursuing Dartwell up to the very Russian lines—and meant it too. But a little of calm, sad explanation from poor Eva herself dispelled all hope or thought of such savage satisfaction. She had not been deceived; she had only deceived herself. Dartwell had never made love to her—never spoke one word of love to her. In truth, the experienced dragoon never meant to commit himself, and never did. Let us do him justice: he intended no particular harm. He had beguiled a time that might have been dull by flirting with the prettiest and brightest girl he could find. He did this every where and always. Each flirtation came to its end in due course; finished as a ball or a game of billiards must finish. He supposed this was quite understood on both sides, and did not imagine that the end of the game brought any profounder regrets to the other player than it did to himself. Let it be owned, too, that in this he was generally right. The regulation coquette of an English garrison town has a heart which is about as susceptible of the keen and genuine pangs of love as the whalebone of her stays.

But with poor Eva the case was sadly different. She began to wither. Love and disappointment and shame and grief were literally consuming her. She bitterly reproached herself for her blindness, and for her cruelty to poor Will Hepworth; and her grief was none the less profound and piercing because with every day she began more and more to understand how factitious, illusory, and unreal had been the feeling which had led her to sacrifice so much for one who could make her no return. Poor little romantic, self-deluding creature, she never had really loved Dartwell at all, but only an eidolon, a hero of her own creation. She had given up all, and got nothing in exchange. So she was pining visibly, and the doctors at last said she must be taken away, quite away, from the air and the associations of the place for a long time; and her parents took her away accordingly.

Where all this time was Will Hepworth? He had left the scene of his love and his disappointment the very day after his parting with poor Eva, and he was traveling resolutely over Europe and Asia, determined that he would never return home until he could bring a sound, healthy heart with him, free of hopeless love, and cured of disappointment. Two years had gone over, and he was at Cairo, after long wandering by the Nile. He had shunned English papers, for the most part, during his exile; but now, at Shepherd's Hotel, he took up an old number of the *Times*, and read of the famous attack, frustrated in the first instance, on the Redan, and saw that among the officers who were killed there was the Honorable Captain Rupert Dartwell, younger son of the Earl of Strongbow.

He laid down the paper, deeply moved.

"Poor Eva!" he thought. "She is a widow now."

Somebody had written to him soon after his leaving home that Eva was just about to be married to Dartwell, and he rushed away wildly into Hungary, giving no address and writing no letters; and he took it for granted that the marriage was an accomplished fact, and asked and heard no more about it.

"Poor Eva—poor dear girl! I am very, very sorry for her loss. Good God, how I did love that girl once!"

More wandering, and then, believing himself heart-whole, he resolved to go home. He passed through Italy and Switzerland, and paused for a day or two at dear, delightful Interlachen. And lo! as he stood on the lawn of one of the great hotels he saw Eva Tresilian, dressed in deep mourning, pass by, leaning on her father's arm. She was very pale, but very beautiful; and, alas for our heart-whole friend, all the old passion came rushing and throbbing within him again, and he knew that he was still madly in love with her, and that his long pilgrimage had been made in vain!

Perhaps he would even now have avoided her, though he saw her in her grief. But she saw him. Her father had left her, and entered the hotel, and she looked round and recognized Will Hepworth, and came up to him with flushing face and timid, tearful eyes; and there were greetings, at once affectionate and constrained, tender and embarrassed.

"I am very sorry to see you in mourning, Eva," said the young man—he would only call her Eva—"and I know the cause, and indeed, indeed, I grieved over it."

"Yes, Will. She was always very fond of you."

"*She*, Eva? Who?"

"Oh, I thought you knew! My poor, dear mother. She died at Nice six months ago. She is happy now." And Eva's eyes filled with tears. *She* was not happy.

"I thought," stammered Will, very awkwardly—"I thought you were in mourning for *him*—for Captain Dartwell, of course."

"Oh no, Will. I had not seen poor Captain Dartwell for nearly two years. I am very sorry for him. It was a sad thing that he should be cut off so prematurely. He had much about him that was manly; but I never thought of going into mourning for him. I had my own grief and loss to occupy me."

"Your own grief and loss! Why, Eva, I always thought— Good Heavens! are you not married?"

Eva gave a sad smile.

"No, Will, I am not married. Did you really suppose I was married to poor Dartwell? Indeed no. To do him justice, I must say that he never asked me. No, Will. I deluded myself, and made a fool of myself, and I behaved very shamefully to *you*, and I was rightly punished. Poor Dartwell never cared about me, and, indeed, I very soon come to know that I never in my heart truly cared about him. So let that pass. I sinned, and have suffered. And now about yourself, Will? I hope—oh, indeed I do—that *you* are happy, and that you are married!"

Need I give Will Hepworth's answer? If there is any reader alive so dull as not to know that the story ended happily for these two, and how it ended, then I can only say that to such dull reader I shall not condescend to offer any further explanation.

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VIOLINS.

IT has been sometimes said that the merit of a violin is not so much in the make as (1.) in the age, and (2.) the quality of vibration produced in the wood by incessant use. It may be answered, first, that no doubt age improves violins, but age will never make a good violin out of a bad one; witness the host of violins that were made in the time of Straduarius by makers whose names are either known as greatly inferior to his, or forgotten altogether. Again, that using a violin keeps it in good condition is no doubt true; but, first, that much using a bad one will make it good, or, secondly, that a good one is not made so except by much use, are both untenable propositions; for, first, how many bad fiddles are there that have been scraped assiduously for ages, and are as bad as can be; and, secondly—here is a remarkable and conclusive fact—there was a perfect Straduarius of 1716 in the collection of Count Cozio de Salabue, which until a few years ago had never been used at all. It is now in the possession of M. Vuillaume, and, on being played not long ago for the first time, proved equal, if not superior, to the very finest violins by the great maker. It is the only one of his instruments which has come down to us in perfect preservation.

Thus it would appear that the secret of excellence lies neither in age nor use, but must be sought elsewhere.

The excellence of a violin depends, roughly speaking, upon two ranges of qualities: 1. The thickness, density, and collocation of the various woods. 2. On the nature and direction of the curves.

1. The front of a violin is of soft deal, the back and sides are of maple. Now it is well known that a piece of wood, like a string in tension, can be set in vibration, and will then yield a certain musical note; the pitch of that note will depend upon the length, thickness, and density of the wood; and that note will be generated by a certain number of sound-waves or vibrations. Now, when the back or front of a violin is covered with fine sand, and struck, or otherwise caused to vibrate, the sound will arrange itself in certain lines, corresponding to the waves of sound which generate the note belonging to the back or front, as the case may be. M. Savart maintains that, after testing a great many of Straduarius's violins in this way, he found that all the finest gave the same note, but that in no case was the note of the front the same as the note of the back. Further experiment showed that in the finest violins there was a whole note between the back and the front, and that any departure from this rule was accompanied with injury to the tone. There is probably a general kind of truth at the bottom of these remarks, although some suspicion has been thrown on the worth and extent of M. Savart's experiments by some of our experienced makers; however, the following facts, stated necessarily with considerable roughness, may be relied upon:

For the front of the violin you must choose a very light, soft, and porous wood—there is nothing better in this way than common deal. When dry, if you cut a section, and look at it through the microscope, you will see it to be full of little hollow cells, once filled with sap; the more of such cells there are, the more quickly will the wood vibrate to sound. Of such wood, then, we make the table of harmony, or soundboard, or belly of our violin. But in proportion to the quickness will be the thinness and evanescence of the sound, and, if the back vibrated as quickly as the front, the sound would be very poor. Accordingly we take maple wood for the back. It is a harder wood, containing less sap, and consequently fewer hollow cells when dry. It therefore vibrates more slowly than deal; the effect of this is to detain the waves of sound radiating from the deal, and to mix them with slower vibrations of the back in the hollow of the instrument. The ribs or sides of the violin, which are also made of maple, serve to connect the quickly vibrating belly with the slowly vibrating back, and hold them until both throb together with full pulsation and body of sound. But we must not omit to mention a little bit of stick called the sound-post, which is stuck upright inside the violin, just under the bridge, and helps the front to support the strain put upon it by the strings. This insignificant little post, connecting as it does the inside roof of the belly directly with the back, is so important in helping to communicate and mix the vibrations that the French have called it the "soul of the violin;" indeed, by moving it only a hair's breadth, a sensible difference in the quality of the tone is produced, and a whole morning may be sometimes wasted in putting it up and shifting it about from one side to the other. The best possible advice to all amateurs is, when your sound-post is up, leave it alone; but if it is evidently in the wrong place, don't attempt to alter it yourself, but have it set right by some first-rate violin doctor.

But we have not quite done with the vibratory qualities of the wood. Great skill must be exercised in the choice of woods. You might cut up a dozen maple-trees without finding a piece of wood so smooth and regular in grain, and of such even density, as some of the Straduarius backs; and then, although deal is more porous than maple, yet all deal has not the same porousness, nor is all maple equally close-grained. Consequently, two pieces of deal of equal dimensions will not give the same note.

2. But we must not forget to say a word about the curves. The general shape of the violin has been fixed, after years of varied experiment. It is not shaped so for convenience (although its last most perfect shape happens to be also the most convenient), but because its final shape is acoustically proved to be the best. The most important curves are the longitudinal and latitudinal lines of the belly and the back. At first viols were made flat like guitars, then in all sorts of fanciful curves; the older ones are thick and bulgy, like pumpkins. The curve gradually subsided, until we get the exquisite wavy lines of Straduarius. That curve is so graceful because it is the curve of nature. Set a string in vibration, and you will get the curve in the rise of a Straduarius back. And I am told that it is one of the most modern discoveries that this curve itself—as it were distilled from a vibration—is the only one which is found perfectly to conduct the vibratory waves of sound.

But the sides or ribs also call for special notice. The height of these determines, of course, the air-bearing capacity of the instrument. It is found by experiment that all the best violins contain about the same amount of air, and that a certain fixed relation between their air-bearing capacity and the thickness of the wood is always adhered to. And any departure from this rule is found to injure the intensity of the sound. If there is too much air the deep tones are dull and feeble, the high notes thin and screamy; if too little air, the deep tones are harsh, and the first string loses its brilliancy.

Again, if the sounding-board is too thin, the sonority will be poor and weak; if too thick, the vibrations will be slow and stiff, or, as violin-players say, the instrument will not "speak." Arch the sounding-board too much, or make it too flat, in either case the equilibrium of the mass of air will be disturbed, and the sound will be muffled and nasal.

The shape and proportions of the two *f f's* can not safely be departed from; no more can the model and the various incisions of the bridge. Immense numbers of holes, of all shapes and sizes, were tried, and also every possible description of bridge, before Straduarius fixed the pattern, which no good violin-maker has since ventured to alter or modify in the least degree.

THE PLEBISCITE IN ROME.

THE capture of Rome by the royal Italian army, on the 22d day of September, was followed, on the 2d of October, by the Plebiscite, or universal voting of the population, upon the question of their political union with the rest of the nation. This took place simultaneously in all the municipal districts of the capital city, and in each of the five provinces—forming a territory about a hundred miles long and thirty miles wide, but containing not more than 600,000 souls. It was arranged by the corporate authorities of the city districts, invited by the provisional government to execute the decree for taking this vote, that the people of Rome should be requested to assemble under the banners of the different guilds or trade-unions—as the lawyers, the physicians, the sculptors and painters, the musicians, the jewelers, the cabinet-makers, the printers, the hatters, and the shoemakers—accompanied by the Italian flag; and that they should march round to visit each district voting-place, where a tent was erected, with the national standard above it, and an urn was provided to deposit the voting-tickets. Only the 11th district, being the Leonine City, on the right bank of the Tiber, which contains the Vatican, St. Peter's, the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Hospital of Santo Spirito, was not allowed a voting-place of its own, because the Italian government had intended, if the Pope would come to terms, that this district should remain under Papal sovereignty, and not be annexed to the Italian kingdom. But many of the inhabitants of the Leonine City, not belonging to the Papal household or to the Cathedral and other ecclesiastical institutions there, demanded of the provisional government that they should be permitted to come out and register their votes in another part of Rome. It was therefore agreed that any of these might exercise his right of suffrage at any of the district voting-places; but they also, with the assistance of a political club called the Circolo Romano, established for themselves a special booth just opposite the Ponte St. Angelo, with a glass urn to contain their voting-tickets, which could be plainly read as they were put in. Every ticket bore the answer of the voter, "Yes" or "No," to the following proposal: "We will our union to the kingdom of Italy, under the monarchical, constitutional government of King VICTOR EMANUEL II. and his successors," headed with the figure of the she-wolf, the ancient emblem of Rome, and with the initial letters, S.P.Q.R., which have, during many historical centuries, been understood to mean "Senatus Populusque Romani." The citizens not belonging to the guild of any trade or profession came singly to vote, between eight o'clock in the morning and noon. Every voter was presented by the officials at the voting-place with two tickets, one affirmative, the other negative, of the question to be decided, and he was enabled to put which he pleased into the urn. The result was that more than 42,000 of the adult male population of the city voted for the union with the Italian kingdom, and more than 130,000 in the provinces, while only some hundreds actually recorded their votes against it, as the greater number of those who disapproved it abstained from voting.

The business of voting in the city was concluded, and the closed urns, each carried on a cushion by the official notary who had counted the tickets, were borne in procession to the Capitol, upon which classical hillock stands the Palace of the Senators and Civic Conservators, now occupied by the provisional government. This building, as shown in the illustration on page 765, is flanked to the right and left by the two Capitoline museums of Painting and Sculpture, the latter of which contains the "Dying Gladiator" and other famous works of art. In the centre of the Piazza before the palace stands the bronze equestrian statue of MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS, the wise and good emperor and moral philosopher; while the two groups of Castor and Pollux, each man holding a horse, guard the summit of a broad flight of low stone steps, ascending the hill from the level of the modern city. The scene here, at half past six in the evening, was superb. The buildings on the Capitol were adorned both with the gorgeous crimson and gold banners of the old Roman Senate, and with the Italian tricolor, red, white, and green; the Piazza and its steps were brightly illuminated by standard oil-burners ranged along each side, and evergreen plants and garlands of foliage completed its decoration. The procession from each district of the city was headed by four torch-bearers and a band of music, with the standard of the Rione, escorted by the Vigili, or firemen, who were attired, like French pompiers, in semi-military uniform and burnished helmets; and the urns were guarded by men in a curious antiquated livery, that of the Senators' pages, red and yellow jerkins, breeches, and mantles, with velvet hats. The banners of the trade corporations, and the holiday dresses of the spectators, who thronged all the accessible space, enhanced the gay and festive aspect of the scene.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MANY months ago sundry sensational advertisements announced that various merchants and dealers in our good city had "resumed specie payment," and that people who favored them with patronage should receive "change" in genuine silver. Walking up and down Broadway in those days a sharp-eyed individual might have discovered more than one big basket full of coin, rigorously guarded from the light-fingered. Sharp-eyed, we say—for much of the coin bore any thing but a brilliant appearance, being bent, battered, and begrimed. It looked, in short, as if it had been "through the wars." But it was silver, and silver was a rarity then, and, notwithstanding those basketfuls, still continues to be very much a rarity to common people. We find our fractional currency an excellent substitute, and have faith to believe there are piles of silver stowed away—*somewhere*. If this hidden treasure ever sees the light, it must be dim with age. But Nature keeps stored up a good supply of this precious metal, which, coined and burnished, will come into timely circulation. On the north shore of Lake Superior, in the British Possessions, an island of silver has been recently discovered. The island is small, about one hundred feet by forty, and the most of it is submerged at high-water. The company who own the ground made it their first business to construct such works about the island as to render the interior nearly water-tight, and the use of two siphon pumps keeps it entirely clear of water. Then they commenced opening the vein, and now have exposed seventy feet in length, and find it to be a true fissure vein, with perpendicular walls, the vein of silver matrix being calcareous spar, with some little quartz intermixed. The vein is eight feet wide, and eye-witnesses state that for one-quarter of this width it will average seventy per cent. of pure silver. On the first trial after the water was expelled six men took out $35,000 worth of silver in four days; and, up to the latest accounts, the working has been continued at about this rate. Already 123 barrels of native silver, estimated to be worth $75,000 to $100,000, have been shipped. Other rich mines of silver are reported to have been found on the north shore of the main land, in the range of the silver island.

Some calculating Englishman has made a computation to the effect that if every individual in Paris should take a mouthful of food less every day than he would in time of plenty (supposing that mouthful to be about an ounce), the saving would amount to 1,875,000 pounds, or 6697 sacks of 280 pounds daily, 46,879 sacks weekly, and in the course of one year, if it were possible the siege could last so long, the consumption would be reduced by 2,437,808 sacks of 280 pounds each.

The announcement of the betrothal of the Princess Louisa to the Marquis of Lorne has excited unusual interest, both on account of the personal popularity of the Princess in England, and the somewhat romantic circumstance of a "princess of the blood" forming a matrimonial alliance with a commoner. Princes have frequently broken through the law of birth, but marriages between princesses and subjects have occurred but in few instances, and always under peculiar circumstances. The Marquis of Lorne, though a subject, is one of the highest in the realm, being heir to a ducal peerage, and by right of descent a Scottish chieftain of the first rank. He is the eldest son of the Duke of Argyle, and derives his title from that district of Argyleshire commonly known as Lorne. He early appeared among noble authors, having published a book entitled "A Trip to the Tropics;" and he has subsequently distinguished himself in Parliament by a conscientious independence which has at least once led him to vote against the ministry of which his father is an eminent member.

Over two hundred Papal Zouaves recently arrived at this port on their way to their homes in Canada. About twelve months ago eight hundred of these men left Canada, and sailed for Europe, with the express intention of aiding the Pope in maintaining his authority over the Italian provinces. When Rome capitulated they were made prisoners, but were ultimately paroled, and transferred by the Italian government to England, whence their passage was paid by Canadian friends to this country.

From the census it appears that there are in San Francisco 11,817 Chinese, of whom 2040 are females, and 1148 are under fifteen years of age. They own but little real or personal property.

Tennyson will shortly appear before the public again in a series of twelve brief poems connected by a love story, and illustrated both by the pencil and by music. Mr. Arthur Hughes will give the artistic illustrations of the new work, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan will set to music these latest utterances of the poet-laureate.

The sad story of the loss of three travelers and eight guides and porters on Mont Blanc last September is familiar to our readers. It will be remembered, also, that several vain attempts were made to recover the bodies. Late accounts give a description of the continued search, and the finding of the remains of some of the lost. At Chamouni telescopes were constantly used; and about ten days after the unfortunate travelers had made the ascent some black spots were discerned between Les Petits Mulets and the summit of Mont Blanc. About fifty persons commenced searching, and several bodies were found. Among which were those of Rev. Mr. M'Corkendale, of Scotland, and Dr. Beane, of Baltimore. Both were found in a sitting posture. A letter written by Dr. Beane, bearing several dates, reveals the fact that they were conscious of their situation. The last date was the evening of September 7, when he wrote: "We have been on Mont Blanc for two days in a terrible snow-storm. We are lost. We are in a grotto dug in the snow, at a height of 15,000 feet. I have no hope of descending. We have no provisions. My feet are already frozen, and I am already exhausted. I have only strength to write these words. I die believing in Jesus Christ, with the sweet thought of my family, my friendships, and all. I hope that we shall meet in heaven." The letter contained directions relative to his private affairs, and closed abruptly, as if his strength suddenly failed.

An interesting and graphic account of the trip of General Burnside and his aid, Mr. Forbes, from Versailles to Paris, is given by an American lady, lately residing in the French capital, and from it we make a brief extract:

"They were blindfolded when the moment came for leaving, and accompanied by an officer waving a white flag, while on one side of them rode a trumpeter, blowing lustily from time to time. In this way they advanced as far as Longchamps (about five miles from Paris), where they were stopped rather unpleasantly, eight shots being fired at them in rapid succession! Their trumpeter sounded his trumpet, and their officer waved his flag. Mr. Forbes, who has seen all sorts of things, 'from China to Peru,' as the poet says, declares that the next fifteen minutes were very solemn, as they waited in the deathlike stillness for the answering trumpet. At last it sounded, and then the French came out from their intrenchments, and escorted them into Paris."

The Pope has put forth a protest, in which he complains chiefly that, as he has no longer control over the post-office, since the Italian government can not be trusted to convey his letters, he is "wholly destitute of the means of communicating" with his children which "the vicar of Jesus Christ and the common father of the faithful" ought to possess.

A Japanese official, who had received an English education, sent the following unique acknowledgment of a present of a photograph of an American steamer, which was accompanied with an invitation to dine on board of her:

"SADO *6th August* 1870

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for present very beutifull a photograph of your ship this morning to me, and I should have any longer to keep and dlight myself for rare and costly.

"I accept for your kindly invitation at 1 o'clock tomorrow to your steamer and then my officers are pleasant to see you as well as my happiness.

"I have the honor to be, my Lord,

"KATO DAISANZI."

Brooklyn is ahead of New York in some things. A novel plan of warming the street-cars on some of the Brooklyn lines has been introduced. A small cylinder stove is used, so protected as to prevent the clothing of passengers coming in contact with it.

The Jesuits are said to have nearly all left Rome, mostly in citizens' clothes, and so privately that the time of their departure was scarcely known. Before the edict was passed prohibiting religious societies from selling their property they disposed of most of theirs, on condition that they can repurchase it at any future time at the same price paid for it.

Bismarck lately received a letter marked "private." It was opened by his confidential clerk, who had read only a few lines when he was seized with violent pains in the head, and fell back in a swoon. Another clerk picked it up, and felt the same symptoms. After a little while they recovered, and carried the document to a chemist, who soon ascertained that the letter had been poisoned with veratrine, a subtle and dangerous substance, the odor of which mounts into the brain, and is very liable to produce death or insanity.

The nurse of the youngest child of the Crown Prince of Prussia was a French girl. She had a brother in the army, who fell at Weissenburg. Intent on revenging her brother's death, she dropped the innocent child over a balustrade; and had not its clothing caught in a metal ornament it would have been dashed to death on the marble floor below. It was afterward discovered that she had frequently threatened to take revenge on the Prussians.

Two Americans are stated to have been in Metz during the whole of the siege—Charles M. Eustice, of Boston, and Dr. Boylan, of New Haven. The latter belonged to the American Ambulance Corps. According to all accounts, Metz seems to have been abundantly provisioned for some months.

Pea-nuts are a staple production in some of the Southern States. Who would think that during 1869 235,000 bushels of these nuts were received in New York city alone? Virginia will send to market this year 400,000 bushels, Tennessee 300,000, Georgia and the Carolinas from 150,000 to 200,000 bushels. The crop is profitable and easily raised, and the yield in poor soil ranges from eighty to one hundred and twenty bushels to the acre. Formerly all that were used in the North and West were imported, the South generally raising enough for its own use alone; but now every freedman who can procure a piece of land puts in a crop of these nuts, and farmers, having found them profitable, are raising them on a large scale. In this country we use them only as a luxury, but both in France and Germany they are valued for the oil which they contain, which, after being expressed, is used for adulterating olive-oil, and is highly esteemed for salad dressing.

Population is not decreasing every where. A few weeks ago a man sixty-four years old passed through Nevada City looking for a location in which to settle. He had with him ninety-four children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. He stated that his brother was soon coming with one hundred and seventeen children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. A woman, who was sitting in a wagon belonging to the migratory party, being asked how many children she had, looked around as if counting the flock about her, and answered, "I had fourteen when I started, and I guess they are all here."

An Alsatian lady has publicly expressed her ability to undertake the charge of 50,000 Amazons. She and her two aids-de-camp declare that they understand how to handle a Chassepot, and their motto will be "Never retreat."

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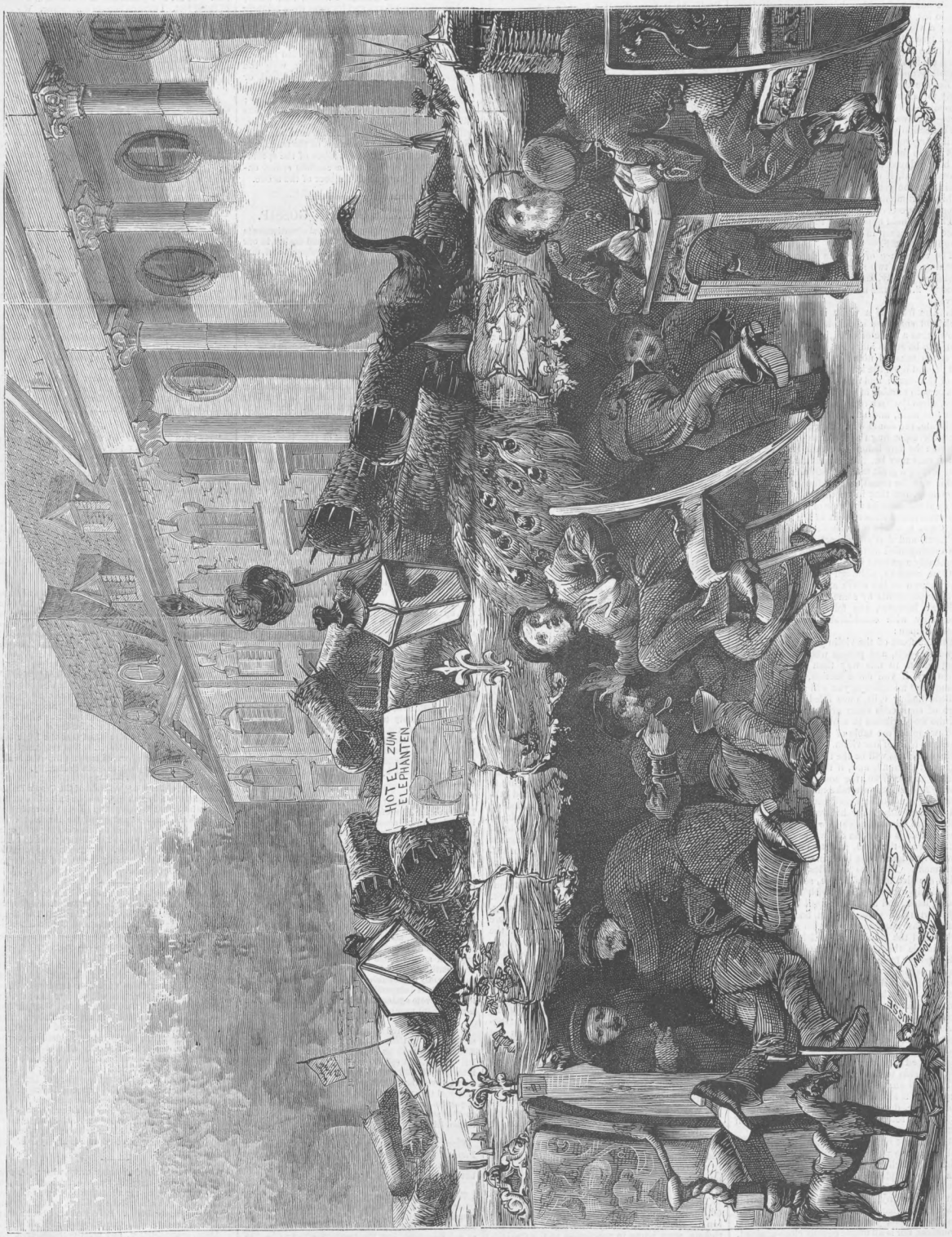
THE NOISE OF A SHELL.

CORRESPONDENTS and artists who accompany armies to the field run full as many risks as those who are actually engaged in fighting. Their vocation compels them to seek the front in order to observe and record, with pen and pencil, the most stirring incidents of the day. The engraving on this page illustrates an artist's visit to the Château Meudon, where in happier times Prince NAPOLEON had collected those treasures of art for which he exhibited a keen zest in his younger days. We give the story in the artist's own words:

"I started on foot for the Château of Meudon, at present held as a Prussian outpost. My way lay through a wood. I passed old women breaking up and carrying off for kindling the branches of trees the French had felled and thrown across the road; boys climbing for sweet chestnuts, which, they told me, now formed a considerable portion of the peasant diet; and several *loafers*. I came to a picket, whose officer in command sent me with a soldier to his colonel in the château. We passed over a fosse defending a semi-circular earth-work which the Germans had thrown up in front of the château. Inside of the intrenchment the soldiers had built themselves a wonderful labyrinth of little hovels from gabions made in the adjoining woods. These were adorned most fantastically with the spoils of the château. Magnificent chairs with velvet cushions, and tables in white and gold, stood about. Gilded ornaments were stuck higgledy-piggledy into the wicker-work. Over one domicile the Sunday hat of the Prince, terribly crushed, and decorated with a peacock's feather, hung triumphant; and the hut was further decorated with a sign-board, on which the soldiers had drawn an elephant, and written '*The Elephant Tavern.*' Over another hut stood a stuffed black swan, and this, of course, was the '*Black Swan Inn.*' I passed into the château, over which an officer conducted me, and allowed me to peep through the windows that faced Paris and Fort Issy, which were all closely shut for fear of attracting the French fire. A shell had fallen just outside this morning at eight o'clock.

"In the fore-ground was the Prince's garden, cut now right across by a deep trench, its paths and lawn strewn with boards, barrows, and bivouac *débris*; but one could still tell that it had been a garden from the little oases of flower-beds which still dotted the desert. In the distance lay Paris, with its *enceinte* and engirdling forts, of which latter we are within range, as I found before long; for, returning to the Black Swan Inn, I sat down and began to make a sketch, the soldiers gathering round me, and I was working away when we heard a bang, a hissing sound overhead, and another bang close outside the earth-work. We all ran for the fascine huts, and when the alarm was over I returned to my sketching. Another bang; away we ran again. The shell burst this time a little short of us. Then we laughed, and I went back to work. The next shell would probably fall right in the middle of the encampment. The direc-



AT THE PRUSSIAN BARRICADES—THE NOISE OF A SHELL.

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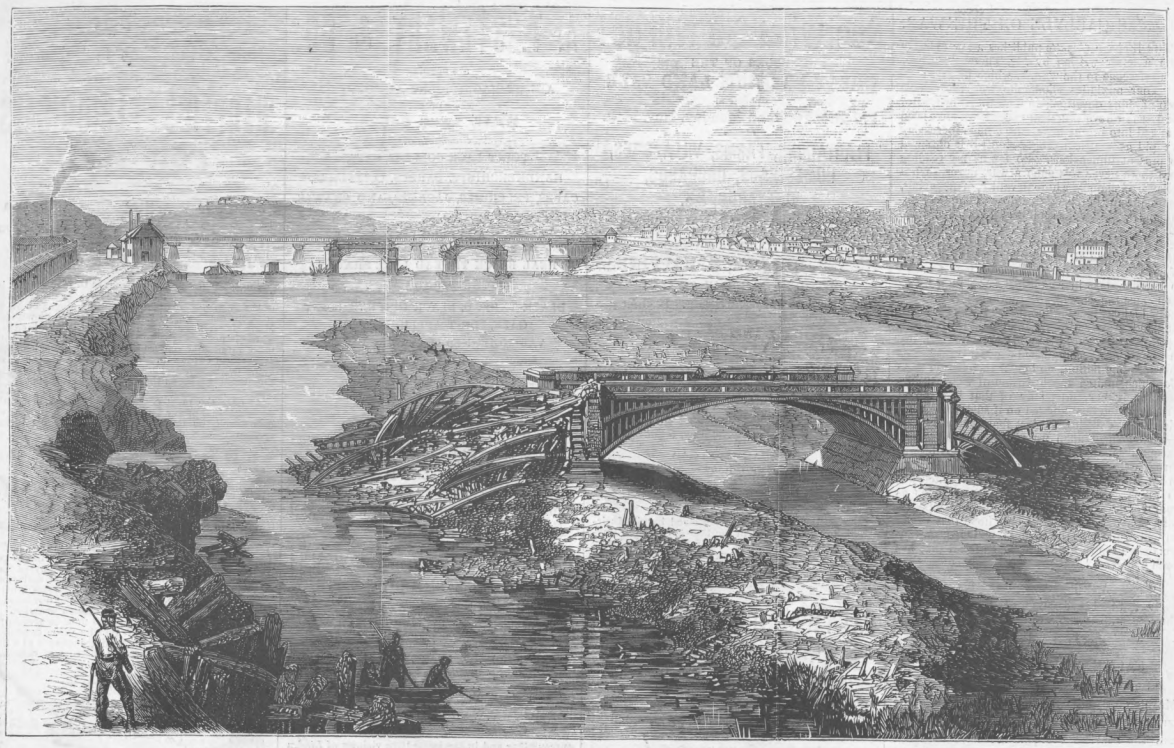

THE DEFENSE OF PARIS—THE BRIDGES OF ASNIERES AND CLICHY, ACROSS THE SEINE, DESTROYED.

tion of the others had been excellent, and the French had only to hit the golden mean in distance to hit us also, in which case our fascine huts would have been but of little service to us. They did not hit it, however, though they fired several times, and each time we ran away to shelter ourselves under the huts."

SEINE BRIDGES DESTROYED.

THE defense of Paris has rendered necessary the destruction of some of the finest and most expensive monuments of engineering skill in the vicinity of that city. Bridges, railway viaducts, roads, and embankments, on which years of labor and millions of capital have been expended, were blown up or otherwise destroyed in the attempt to retard the Prussian advance. The engraving on this page will give the reader some idea of the thoroughness with which this work was done. Had it been effectual in any degree the destruction would have been less to be regretted; but the Prussian commanders assert that their march was not delayed more than two or three hours by the obstacles thus placed in their way. Their engineers, supplied with every facility for construction, replaced the bridges, cleared away obstructions, and rebuilt the railroads, almost as fast as they were destroyed.

DECLARING THE RESULT OF THE PLEBISCITE AT ROME.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

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THOMAS CARLYLE ON THE WAR.

THE *Weimar Gazette* publishes a few extracts from a letter written by Mr. Thomas Carlyle, with reference to the war, in which he says:

"Your anxieties about the war must have been of short duration; in fact, they must, after the first few days' practical experience, have been changed into bright hope, into a hope increasing in rapid geometrical progression till it obtained its present dimensions. So far as my reading goes there never was such a war, never such a collapse of shameless human vanity, of menacing, long-continued arrogance, into contemptible nothingness. Blow has followed blow as if from the hammer of Thor, till it lies like a shapeless heap of ruins, whining to itself, 'In the name of all the gods and all the devils, what is to become of us?'.....All Germany may now look forward to happier days in a political sense than it has seen since the Emperor Barbarossa left it. My individual satisfaction in all this is great, and all England, I can say all the intelligent in England, heartily wish good fortune to brave old Germany in what it has accomplished—a real transformation into one nation, no longer the chaotic jumble which invited the intrusion of every ill-disposed neighbor, especially of that ill-disposed France which has inflicted on it such interminable mischief during the last four hundred years—wars heaped upon wars without real cause, except insatiable French ambition. All that, through God's grace, is now at an end. I have, in my time, seen nothing in Europe which has so much delighted me. 'A brave people,' as your Goethe calls them, and, as I believe, a peaceful and a virtuous one. I only hope that Heaven will send them the wisdom, patience, and pious discretion to turn to a right use all that has been achieved."

NOTICE and read the Organ advertisement of the Messrs. SMITH, on last page of this paper.—[*Com.*]

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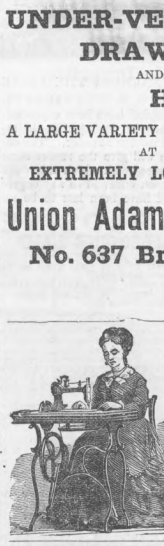

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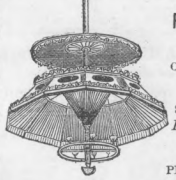

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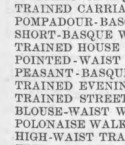

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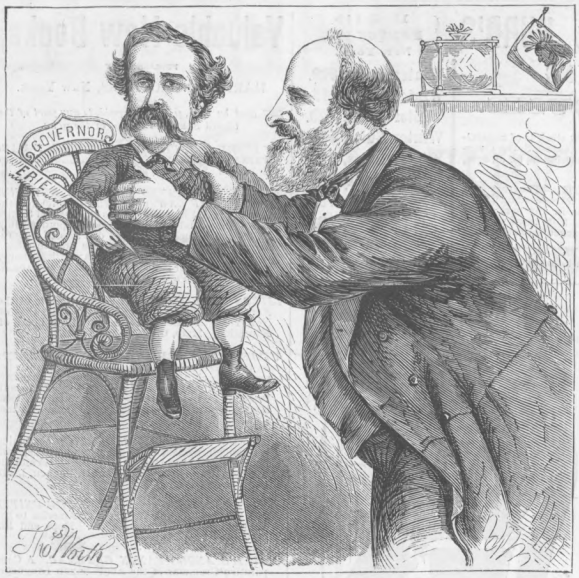

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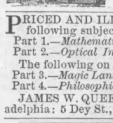

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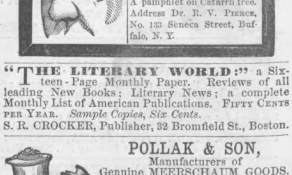

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TRACKING A BALLOON.

THE Prussians are naturally anxious to put a stop to the "balloon posts" which defy their attempts to isolate Paris from communication with the rest of France, and put in requisition every means for their capture. At the head-quarters of the German staff men are constantly on the look-out with telescopes, and the instant a balloon is descried rising over Paris notice is telegraphed throughout the camp; and parties of cavalry are dispatched in chase, in the hope of making a capture when it descends. They sometimes ride a long distance into the country in their eagerness, and even penetrate districts as yet unoccupied by the Prussians. The sketch on our first page represents one of these exciting pursuits, and reminds one forcibly of ancient hawking expeditions. Nor are those in camp idle meanwhile. All along the lines rockets, bombs, and rifle-balls are discharged at the aerial ship as long as it continues within range. It would be impossible, except by sheer luck, to hit so uncertain a target; and the two balloons thus far captured came down inside the Prussian lines.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

☞ *The splendid* WAR SUPPLEMENT *given with our last Number of the* WEEKLY *is followed this week by one of similar character, containing* TWO FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS, *relating to the Defense of Paris; a striking Poem on the War, by Christina G. Rossetti; a touching Story of Irish Peasant Life; and a variety of other interesting literary matter.*

☞ *We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that arrangements have been made with the distinguished author of the* "Scientific Record," *in* HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, *for a new Department in* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *to be entitled,*

Scientific Intelligence,

to commence in the next Number of the Paper. It will contain early notices of the most interesting movements throughout the world, but especially in the United States, in the way of SCIENTIFIC EXPLORATION, *discoveries in* ARCHÆOLOGY *and* NATURAL HISTORY, *and other indications of scientific progress. The Publishers believe this Department will prove a very interesting and important feature in the* WEEKLY.

☞ *Persons desiring to* RENEW *their Subscription to this Paper will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their names as early as convenient* BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTION. *This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE criticism of the Administration by the Republican journals is naturally misinterpreted by the Democratic press. The Republican party contains the largest portion of the people who do not blindly follow leaders, and whose party allegiance, founded upon principle, is observant and discriminating. Those, therefore, who believe with us that, under the circumstances of the country, continued Republican ascendency is essential to the national welfare, will not hesitate to censure what seems to be unwise in the national Administration, knowing that the condition of continued Republican power is the approval of the intelligence of the people.

The present difficulty is the apathy of the Republican party. Its organization, as the late elections show, is virtually unbroken, and the just national suspicion of the Democratic party, founded upon its past history and its present attitude and spirit, is plainly undisturbed. But the Republican position is one of passive resistance merely, and its immense power in that attitude shows how great its real force would be if fully developed. That development is the immediate problem, and if Congress and the Administration are sagacious it is not even a difficult problem. The first step, of course, is to ascertain the reason of the apathy. And is it not evident?

There are a great many Republicans who ask: "What is the difference between the two parties? What principle divides them?" And there are others who declare that both are equally corrupt, and that the methods of the Republicans are little better than those of their adversaries. There are still others who, with the Chicago *Tribune*, insist that all the old questions are settled, and that there is really no present issue but what is called revenue reform. Those who ask the first question do not care to vote, or they vote indifferently as personal feeling dictates. Yet, if they would reason, they might be asked why, if the parties are divided by no principle, they might not be wisely divided by their general character and the doctrine of chances? But, practically, the man who feels that both parties are alike is utterly apathetic, and votes either way. The second class is of the same kind, and they both swell "the stay-at-home vote."

The third are merely allies of the Democracy, and they have yet to show their reasons for believing that a sincere revenue reform would be carried by that party. The Chicago *Tribune*, indeed, proposes to form a new party. But that is, possibly, only upon the theory that both of the present parties dissolve. And even supposing there were many Republicans who would follow that journal out of their party, does it suppose that in presence of Republican disintegration the Democratic party would disband? It certainly would not; and the *World*, therefore, says, not that there must be a new party, but that the Chicago *Tribune* and its friends must join the Democracy.

If, then, the cause of Republican apathy is the feeling that there is no serious difference between the parties, it is because that difference is obscured by Republican management, and the remedy lies in making the difference plain. The great peril of our political situation at this moment is corruption. Why spend efforts to elect a free-trade or a protective Congress when money will decide the contest? Why talk about the fruit upon the tree in the autumn when the roots are rotten in the spring? The first and most imperative duty of every American citizen, before any specific financial reform, is to stay the corruption, which will baffle any Administration, and which produces the apathy of which we speak. And what is the position of parties upon this point?

The national law to protect the purity of Congressional elections, against which the Democratic party threw its whole force, is a step in the true direction—a step taken by the Republican party. If that were followed by a radical, searching reform of the whole system of the civil service, abolishing the deplorable habit of selling the public offices at auction, and making the system a mere party machine, and if all chief appointments were conspicuously such as ought to be made, there would be a profound and astounding response from the better sentiment, which is the controlling sentiment, of the country. If the character of all the known and influential counselors of the President was such as the whole country honored for honesty and pure purpose, a thousand mistakes of administration would be pardoned. The national faith in ABRAHAM LINCOLN was not founded upon his supposed sagacity, but upon his proved honesty. Nobody doubts the equal honesty of President GRANT, but there is not an equal trust of all the counsels that are believed to be influential with him.

The country does not expect a reform of electoral corruption from the Democratic party, which has developed it, and which is identified with it, any more than it expects from that party a respect for reconstruction. But it does not yet see that the Republican party has undertaken it as a distinct and declared policy. And so general and profound is the disgust with the corruption of politics in every department, that we believe nothing would so powerfully tend to inspire the party with enthusiasm as an urgent recommendation by the President in his message of a thorough reform of the civil service, and the utmost stringency of legislation for the security of the polls, with a practice showing how sincere is the Presidential conviction upon the subject. No passage in Mr. MUNDELLA'S recent address in New York was received with more hearty applause than his declaration that, although a member of Parliament for one of the largest constituencies in England, he had not the least influence in the appointment of the lowest officer of the customs. The President may confidently appeal to the better sentiment of the country, for it is the apathy of that sentiment which is the danger of the party. And when once the Republican President had strongly pronounced for civil service reform, we should like to see how many Republicans would desert to the Democratic party under cover of a hope of revenue reform.

It is not, certainly, that we would oppose the one to the other. As we said last week, a simpler financial system must be adopted, but adopted with reference to the actual situation and necessities of the country. Upon such principles let us have revenue reform within the Republican party, and if it be impracticable to obtain all that some Republicans may wish, shall the party therefore be destroyed? It is undoubtedly a right of man to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. But there are a great many other rights and principles to be considered in the government of society. To protect other rights which may seem to him more valuable, a man will wisely decide sometimes to buy in a dearer and to sell in a cheaper market. And to bring into power the Democratic party, with its present spirit, leadership, and purpose, because it vaguely promises revenue reform, would be the deliberate betrayal of the country.

THE RUSSIAN NOTE.

THE position taken by Russia in regard to the treaty of 1856 is clearly stated and refuted in the letter of Lord Granville. The Russian claim is, that when any power which is a party to a joint treaty of several powers conceives that any part of the treaty has been violated, it may, without consultation with its co-signers, announce its withdrawal from the compact. This is, as Lord Granville says, "the entire destruction of treaties in their essence," because in a joint treaty each power surrenders a portion of its free agency. Obviously, if any signer is dissatisfied, it should call attention to the difficulty; and if the other signers are unable to remove it, or deny its existence, the injured party must seek his own remedy. This is of course because no state can be supposed to compromise its sovereignty. The objection raised by Lord Granville is not an assertion that a power is absolutely bound by a joint treaty if the co-signers do not release it, but that it owes to comity a less peremptory course than Russia has chosen to pursue. Indeed, there is a strong presumption against such action as the Russian, because it implies a doubt whether its objections to the treaty are so evident as to command assent. Indirection is always suspicious. And in the condition of Europe the suspicion that Russia has some ulterior purpose is unavoidable.

What the result may be it is not easy to foresee. A general European war would be a calamity so deplorable that the good sense of every country will hope and labor to the last that it may be avoided. It is true enough that progress is usually made through blood. It is certainly true that there is immense suffering and injustice among the people of Europe. But it is not the less true that war is an evil so enormous, and a means so terrible, that it is often questionable whether the advantage gained compensates for it; and it is the highest of duties to array public opinion against an unjust or unnecessary war. There are two questions raised by the Russian circular. The first is, whether the treaty has been violated; and then, if it has been or not, whether it is wise for the powers to go to war if Russia withdraws. The plea of Russia is that the naval powers have not respected the terms of the treaty in regard to the Black Sea, and that her shores are exposed. But this is a question of fact, which, like her complaint of the situation of the Danubian provinces, should be referred to the co-signers. Since it has not been so referred, shall the co-signers go to war? Certainly war could not be justified until every other means of adjustment had been exhausted. The public opinion of the world, to which BISMARCK so constantly appeals, should be invoked against any power or alliance which precipitately takes up arms. A nation which begins war so wholly in the wrong as France was when the present war began is at a fearful disadvantage, as France has found.

The situation in Europe is evidently critical. If there is a war we shall have an indirect interest in it; for, as England must be engaged, she will be more disposed to settle the differences between us without much further delay. It is certainly desirable that at such a moment the United States should have a firm and able minister in London; and that the policy of the Government upon the main question with England should be known to the country. It is a subject upon which the State Department should have the support of public sentiment, that the British Government and people should know precisely what we do demand and expect—a point upon which they declare that we do not inform them. The extreme mystery which formerly enveloped diplomatic negotiations may wisely be disregarded. But in all our claims and arguments let us be very careful not to plant ourselves upon precedents which we decry, nor be content with a conduct which we have already denounced in other nations.

ODIOUS PERSONALITIES.

WHEN the election in New York was over Governor HOFFMAN made a speech. It was a celebration of the wise and beneficent acts of the Democratic Legislature, a fierce denunciation of the Congressional laws to protect honest elections, an exhortation to universal love and harmony, and a deprecation of the excessive personality of the campaign. In the recital of the great services of the Legislature we find congratulations that the registry law, one of the defenses of honest elections, has been repealed; but we do not find any allusion to the most notorious of all the acts of the Legislature, an act which became law only by the signature of the congratulating Governor—the Erie bill. But as that is the especial official achievement of Governor HOFFMAN, he possibly felt unwilling to sound his own praise. Let us, therefore, imagine how he might have alluded to it, had not modesty forbade:

"You are aware, gentlemen, that I was made Governor by my friend Mr. TWEED, and his associates, and by means of the frauds of 1868, which I shall presently call 'a cry,' but which were proved by the committee appointed by Congress. You will easily believe that I was, therefore, in a delicate situation toward my honest friend Mr. TWEED, who is a director of the celebrated Erie Railway, and a friend of the honest Mr. FISK, a gentleman who, at Mr. TWEED'S ratification meeting, entirely eclipsed our venerable and superannuated friend and candidate of '68, Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, for whose memory I invoke three cheers from your honest Jacksonian lungs. I beg you to remember, gentlemen, that my friend Mr. TWEED controls Tammany Hall, and my friend Mr. FISK controls, as he distinctly stated, twenty-five thousand voters. Now, if I wish to succeed my excellent and superannuated friend, Mr. SEYMOUR, as a candidate for the Presidency in 1872, is it surprising? Having proved the power of Mr. TWEED at the polls, is it not natural that I should depend upon him for assistance; and when that patriot and his honest friend Mr. FISK said to me that they wanted to control the property of other people for three years longer than the term for which they had been appointed, should I not have been a fool to forfeit their favor by refusing my assent?

"It is true that the Governor is intrusted with the veto power for exactly such an exigency. It is true that the bill was the most wanton overthrow of the most sacred rights of property. It is true that it gave modest owners of the stock helplessly into the hands of certain men. But, gentlemen, every body knows the character of those men. Every body knows that they would be instinctively selected from the whole community for positions of trust and responsibility. And more than that, gentlemen, every body knows that I wish to be a candidate in 1872, and that I should never have been heard of again if I had not signed the bill. I trust, therefore, that this great and honorable act of mine will not be forgotten by you, nor by the country, and that we shall hear no more of these odious personalities about candidates. Of course, if my friend Mr. TWEED and his associates think that a liberal distribution of the most wretched libels upon a competitor, as well as a 'good count,' is necessary to my success in an election, I acquiesce, because nothing is so dear to me as honor and constitutional right. But I trust, for the sake of decency, that nobody will ever again allude to my part in the passage of the Erie bill. Gentlemen, to whom, as to me, nothing is so precious as honesty at the polls—a fair vote and a fair count—who know with me that all this talk about fraud is a vile Republican lie, let us love our brethren, and, especially, forget the late war and all its lessons. And so, my honest friends, I wish you a very good-night."

If modesty had not prevented, and he had wished to tell the truth to his friends, Governor HOFFMAN might have thus spoken of the most conspicuous act in his whole official career. But since he shrunk from the effort—and not unnaturally—it is only fair that others should instruct the country upon the subject. And he and his friends may be sure that the country will be instructed.

BISHOP SIMPSON AND THE WOMAN QUESTION.

AT a late meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church Bishop SIMPSON made an admirable and interesting speech. The bishop is a man of clear perceptions and of moral independence; and it was pleasant to see how sweetly and temperately he expressed views with which many of his hearers might not sympathize, but which were very decided and mature upon his part. Like every clergyman, his experience has shown him the peculiar difficulties of the position of women in our social system; and not by any fault, but from the force of tradition, and through thoughtlessness, they are apt to fall into the position of drudges or of dolls. There has been, as was natural, a deep protest in the minds of the best men and women, and the movement for an enlarged female education, which began in England more than half a century ago, was the first striking sign of it. SYDNEY SMITH, one of the most conservative of men, warmly advocated the reform, carefully stating the limits which he imposed upon it. "I stand in doubt of any thing that comes up suddenly," says Bishop SIMPSON; "but God has been inclining the hearts of the community to educate their daughters; so the common schools have been opened, and the doors of colleges have been opened, to admit young women, and they are going to compete with their brothers; and God is evidently intending that women shall do more than they have done in the past."

Yet the hostility to the better education of women was as bitter, and supported by the same arguments, as that which every demand of women for an equal opportunity always encounters. NAPOLEON'S phrase, *La carrière ouvert aux talents*—or, the tools to those who can use them—is the motto of the progress of thought and civilization. That a human being shall not be forbidden to do whatever innocent thing God, by taste, or talent, or evident fitness, calls him to do, is a proposition which will hardly be disputed. But an application of the principle to practice in certain directions is always stoutly resisted. Dean SWIFT gravely states the reasons why women should not be taught. His words are full of mockery, but they are substantially the arguments which were seriously urged and controverted by SYDNEY SMITH. But how the excellent canon would have suddenly turned off a period of polished contempt at the Methodist dissenters, whom he never spared, if he had heard Bishop SIMPSON saying, "Certainly, Mr. SMITH, I agree with you, and upon your own grounds, and therefore"—in the words of his speech the other evening—"for more than a score of years I have believed the opinions I express. I did not think the full reformation of society would come until woman received the ballot."

The bishop, however, carefully excuses himself from all responsibility for other opinions of some who believe with him. He thinks that woman "steps out of her sphere" when she con-

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tends for the overthrow of institutions that give stability to society. "I have no sympathy with woman when she says that the Bible is unnecessary, or when desiring to lessen the marriage tie." The speech is very interesting and significant as showing how widely and surely the conviction which the bishop expresses is extending. The follies of many of the advocates of every reform are deprecated more sincerely by its friends than by any one else; and not the least of the practical perplexities of every movement is the disposition to insist upon individual vagaries as the essential elements of the faith. There were a great many people thirty years ago who seriously thought that the anti-slavery movement was only a desperate attempt of a few long-haired and large-collared eccentrics to make themselves notorious. And certainly there is nothing more exquisitely comical than many of the incidents of those days. But those who, somewhat earlier, in England, thought that Puritanism was only canting through the nose, were quite as ridiculous as any Zeal-in-the-land Busy. Will the good sense of the next century smile in the same way at those of to-day who think that the bishop wastes his sympathy upon a few weak, restless women craving notoriety?

THE KING OF SPAIN.

THE disturbance of the old order in Europe is shown by nothing more plainly than the election of a king of Spain. The representatives chosen by universal suffrage select an Italian prince to take the place of the banished queen, without the least regard to kinship, and seeking only a royal descent. In the days when monarchy really flourished, and kings were not popularly supposed to be mere ceremonies, when a revolution displaced the reigning prince his successor was sought in the family line. The true Tory requires that the regal descent shall be as unbroken as the priestly, and that the monarch of to-day shall have the blood of the monarch of centuries ago flowing in his veins. When JAMES the Second was expelled from England, and the "glorious revolution" was accomplished, it was the husband of his daughter who was called to his throne. But the Duke of Aosta is as much a stranger to Spain as MAXIMILIAN was to Mexico. He is elected because it is decided that Spain must be monarchical, while it is essential that no feuds be perpetuated by preferring any Spanish line.

The situation in Spain is certainly remarkable. The revolution that overthrew the old monarchy and exiled the queen, two years ago, was peaceful. The country was at the lowest moral and political point. The shames of the court were notorious. The people were almost wholly under priestly control, and the system of government was so rotten that it fell without even a struggle or a word. The task of those who had led the revolution was incalculably vast. But they maintained order, and appealed to the people. The people freely elected a congress which has had fiery debates, but which appointed a regency that has also maintained itself. After constant regal candidacies and intrigues of every kind, a king has been elected. Of the 334 deputies to the Cortes entitled to vote, 311 voted, and the Duke of Aosta received 191 votes, the republic 60, and the rest were divided among five candidates, the highest number being 27 for the Duke of Montpensier. It is certainly creditable to the authorities that they have kept the country tranquil, and that an election, evidently free, has resulted in a decisive vote. The most threatening peril was anarchy, and that seems, thus far at least, to be avoided. But when a country is in the condition of Spain, nothing can be foreseen. Should nothing prevent the coronation of the young king, and the beginning of his reign, PRIM and his friends will undoubtedly reappear as ministers, and exercise, under more stable forms, the authority which they have held for two years.

There is one point upon which Spain and civilization are to be congratulated, and that is that the ecclesiastical control of the country will probably be relaxed. Indeed, under all the agitation upon the continent of Europe, there is a very visible tendency toward emancipation from the ecclesiastical tyranny. In France, under LOUIS NAPOLEON, it was becoming heavier and heavier. In Belgium, just before the beginning of the war, the liberal Catholics had been beaten by the priestly party, and a total reaction was imminent. The fall of the French empire was a partial release of Belgium from the sad consequences of this success, and the moral support of the ecclesiastical reaction has been overthrown. Meanwhile the Papal temporal authority is destroyed in Italy, and the great truth is emphasized by events, that nothing is so disastrous to human progress and the development of civilization as the political supremacy of the ecclesiastical body. It is a truth which we can observe in this country by the absence of that supremacy hitherto. If our progress has been prodigious and beneficent, it is because it has been free from the interference of the spirit which has so long degraded Europe. And we have a right to hope for better days for Spain, when we see that it is being emancipated from that debasing influence.

A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

IN his admirable address at the Cooper Institute Mr. MUNDELLA praised very warmly much that he had seen in this country; but he made some valuable criticisms. Thus he said that in general our system of education was the best in the world, but that it needed one thing to make it perfect, and that is, that education should be made compulsory. This remark was received with applause by the audience, and it is one to which the people of the country must soon be accustomed. The coincidence of the universal Prussian education, and the amazing advance of Prussia to the leadership of Europe, is too significant not to be remarked. The fact that in this country electoral corruption is most prevalent among the most ignorant class is one that suggests to us the remedy. Indeed, the chief reliance of American liberty is an intelligent public opinion, and that is impossible without education. To maintain that opinion, and constantly to elevate it, the State must not only provide education for every child, but it must insist that every child be educated.

There is one danger in this direction to which we have often called attention, and that is the resolution of one of the religious sects of the country to break up our present system of public schools, with the intention of throwing it under ecclesiastical control. Nothing could be so fatal to the country as such a policy; but it will be steadily pursued, and not without chances of success. It is a design frankly proclaimed and defended. Its advocates declare that they wish only that each sect should have its share of the school money, because education should be religious, by which they mean ecclesiastical. Now, to resist this school policy, we must have an enlightened public opinion. But we can not have it if the people are ignorant, or if the schools are suffered to become sectarian or ecclesiastical. Moreover, as the Protestant sects can never be so closely bound for common action as the Roman Catholics are—as they are divided by a thousand theological differences—the way in which not only the school system, but the principle and spirit from which that system springs, can best be maintained, is by the same enlightened opinion.

The condition of that enlightened opinion, which is the true American conservatism, is education; and it is the highest duty, therefore, to insist that the people shall be educated. Look at the Prussia of to-day, and at that of the father of FREDERICK the Great. They are both called despotisms. But the vital difference between them is that to-day there is a public opinion, while then there was none. And to that opinion every thing is really referred. BISMARCK is a Tory of the blue blood. But he comprehends the spirit of his age so well that he constantly refers to that final tribunal. It is a painful fact—and one that should be startling to the degree of inspiring a national resolution that it shall cease to be a fact—that we are no longer the most generally educated people in the world. The statistics prepared and published by the Bureau of Education show some very disagreeable facts upon this subject. And among the grave labors to which Congress should devote itself this is certainly one of the chief—to devise some method of compelling every State to do its duty to the citizens of the Union by making the most ample educational provision; while in each State where this provision is already made, as in New York, the duty of compelling every child to take advantage of it should be stringently inculcated.

"I should be uncandid," said Mr. MUNDELLA, "if I did not frankly tell you that North Germany and Switzerland excel you in the thoroughness and universality of their systems, and this, I believe, is entirely owing to the fact that in those countries the parent has not the right to deprive the child of the excellent training which the state has provided. When the parent fails in his duty the state stands in *loco parentis;* and this is what you chiefly need to perfect your educational system."

TOURS NEWS.

IF very large headings were history, the Germans would seem to be in mortal peril in France. It must be the same genius which described with elaborate detail the triumphant escape of Marshal BAZAINE from Metz who now informs us that MOLTKE is frightened, that BISMARCK is astonished, that every body who understands the German position is in great alarm, and that the unhappy King WILLIAM would hurry back to Berlin if he could; but, as an escort sufficiently large can not be spared, he must stay in France and await his doom. This is the Tours style of news. It is the growth of the same spirit and good sense which in Paris first called the story of the surrender of Metz a lie, and when it was established denounced it as treason. The German army is not conquered, nor is the moral tone of France restored, because a superior force of the French has beaten a German force. The French success at Orleans seemed greater because of the uninterrupted series of German triumphs. But the dispatch from Versailles which admitted the victory of the French, but stated it somewhat more moderately, seemed, like all the German official accounts, to be true, which can not be said of the French reports, which always seem to be inspired by GAMBETTA.

Indeed, in considering the situation in France, it is impossible not to feel more and more deeply the terrible demoralization which was wrought by the empire. The republic was proclaimed on the 1st of September. M. GAMBETTA constantly assures us that the republic is invincible. We are invited by many eloquent appeals to sympathize with the French republic. What is the French republic? Where is it? There is a Committee of Defense, which, with great propriety, and from the necessity of the case, has assumed the power of the Government. But a few French gentlemen are not a French republic. There has been no appeal to the people, no ratification by the people. The French cities would undoubtedly give large majorities for the republic. But the mass of the rural population, led by the priests, would probably pronounce as strongly against it. It is a needless confusion to speak of a self-appointed committee as a republic because they end all their proclamations with a *vive la republique.* We are not censuring them. They did the best that the situation allowed. But it is undoubtedly an error to suppose that France is republican.

It was the policy of LOUIS NAPOLEON to depend upon the rural population of France, and to keep it as ignorant as possible by putting education into the hands of the priests. His Minister of Education, DURUY, made valuable reports and excellent suggestions. His array of statistics was most interesting and imposing. But while there was a great apparent activity in that direction, what may be called free education steadily declined. Indeed, the disintegration of the nation, which is shown upon every hand, is revealed also by the decline of the higher cosmopolitan schools. France was no longer the university of the world. The young surgeons and physicians from other countries go to Vienna, and have gone there for ten years. The chemists studied at Giessen and Berlin. The art of France had become material, and elaborately mechanical. Its music was OFFENBACH'S—fit music for the society it entertained. In every department France declined under the empire, but how sadly only the catastrophe revealed.

At this moment it is doubtful whether the wisest and most truly patriotic Frenchmen are not the Orleanists. But the services of its leaders were declined by the Committee of Defense. Meanwhile the demoralization of the empire has been so terrible, and the tone of the present authorities is so hollow and rhetorical, that the future of the unhappy country is lost in the deepest gloom. Even if a great reverse should occur, and the Germans be driven from the country, it is impossible to foretell to whose advantage the victory would be turned.

NOTES.

WE are glad to learn that the fair now in progress in the armory, corner of Thirty-sixth Street and Broadway, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the relief of French soldiers wounded in the present war, promises to be no less successful than the fair held recently by the Germans. It has been well attended every day since the opening, and the tasteful and attractive display of articles for sale has induced a very liberal outlay on the part of the visitors. At a time when the whole of Europe appears to be preparing for war, these efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded are encouraging to the friends of humanity. Americans are the friends of both nations now at war, and contribute with equal liberality to the relief of French and Germans.

PAUL KONEWKA, whose magnificent silhouette illustrations to SHAKSPEARE'S "Midsummer Night's Dream" are well known to our readers, has lately employed his extraordinary talents in a new field—that of illustrating children's books. His pictures for a little volume called "Puck's Nightly Pranks," published by ROBERTS BROTHERS, are both graceful and amusing, and will give quite as much pleasure to "children of a larger growth" as to the inmates of the nursery.

"Mother Goose in her New Dress" is the title of a very attractive edition of the popular old nursery rhymes, illustrated by a daughter of the Chief Justice of the United States. The book was originally prepared as a birthday present to the distinguished statesman and jurist, with no idea of publication; but the young and gifted artist was happily persuaded to allow the public, through Messrs. PORTER & COATES, to share the pleasure which was intended only for intimate friends. The drawings show a delicate fancy and happy sense of humor.

FREEDOM of the press, as understood in England and America, makes slow progress in continental Europe. Even so enlightened a statesman as Count BISMARCK has so little conception of it that he falls into the mistake of remonstrating with the Belgian Government for allowing Belgian editors to comment unfavorably on Prussian affairs. It is not surprising that some of the Southern German states, where the press is comparatively free, hesitate to accede to Prussia's demand that in the United German Empire legislation regarding newspapers and public meetings should belong to the Imperial Parliament.

DURING the last war between France and Austria the German clergy preached a crusade against French fashions—crinoline coming in for the larger share of their denunciations. This year the anti-French sentiment breaks out in a petition on the part of the Berlin clergy for the prohibition of OFFENBACH'S operettas and the French dances.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE French victory over the army of General Von Der Tann appears to have been less important than was at first reported, the only real advantage gained by the former being the recapture of Orleans. King William has telegraphed to Queen Augusta that on the 17th of November the combined forces of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and General Von Der Tann defeated the French near Dreux. The town itself was captured and occupied by the Prussians. The latest dispatches from Tours (always to be taken with many grains of allowance) state that the Duke of Mecklenburg and General Von Der Tann are falling back, while the French are advancing, and threaten to outflank both. The same dispatch says it is thought General Manteuffel will march to the Loire. According to a Rouen dispatch a German attack on Evreux, about forty miles south of Rouen, was repulsed. There has been a good deal of activity in the operations in the North, but no decisive engagement has been fought. The bombardment of Montmédy is now confined to the fortress by the Prussians. On Wednesday, November 16, a sortie was made from the besieged place by two companies of the Garde Mobile, and every one was either killed or taken prisoners.

Letters from Tours state that the country responds with alacrity to the order to supply cannon, and all the unoccupied districts are actively engaged in preparing war material. In Bordeaux and Nantes mitrailleuses only are made. Prussian dispatches containing valuable information were found at Orleans by the French.

It is reported that England has renewed her proposal for an armistice, based on a pecuniary war compensation, the razing of the frontier fortresses, and the neutralization of Alsace and Lorraine, the great powers guaranteeing the fulfillment of these conditions by any future French government. It is further understood that the provisional government opposes this.

Contradictory reports are received concerning the condition of the German troops before Paris. On one hand they are said to be dying by thousands of sickness produced by exposure and the hardships of camp life; on the other they are said to be in excellent health and spirits, and not at all anxious for the war to end.

A NEW COMPLICATION.

The situation in Europe has suddenly and unexpectedly received a new complication by a demand on the part of Russia for the abrogation of the treaty of 1856. The Russian circular, which is dated October 31, after setting forth the successive alterations and violations of European treaties, and among them the points in which the treaty of 1856 has been violated, declares that Russia is unable to see why she should observe the latter when it has been disregarded by others, and accordingly disowns the obligation to limit the enjoyment of the Black Sea, and invites Turkey to an equal participation in the privileges claimed. The circular denies any intention to revive the "Eastern Question," and says Russia only desires increased defensive strength. A substitute has been prepared by the Russian government, arranging the question at issue on an equitable basis.

To this circular Earl Granville replied in a note, addressed to the British embassador at St. Petersburg, in which he reviewed the complaint made by Russia that the treaty has been violated to her prejudice, and closed by saying that it was impossible for the British government to give any sanction to the course announced by Prince Gortschakoff. The views of Earl Granville are shared in by Austria and France, each of which has sent a reply substantially the same, and will adopt the same policy. Russia has replied to Earl Granville's note in a conciliatory tone, but remains firm in the position originally adopted. She denies that the movements of the Principalities in contravention of the treaty of Paris enured to her advantage; declares that a congress is impracticable in the present state of the principal European powers; disclaims any hostile intentions or desire to disregard any of the provisions of the treaty of Paris but those which are generally admitted to be unjust and oppressive against her; and repeats her intention to act upon the previous notification in regard to the Black Sea.

A British naval squadron is to be stationed in the Mediterranean to observe Russian movements. A Russian fleet of sixty iron-clad gun-boats is said to be already in the Black Sea.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Duke of Aosta, second son of the King of Italy, was elected King of Spain by the Cortes on the 17th of November. The proclamation of the result of the election was not followed by any of the anticipated disturbances, and the military precautions were found to be unnecessary.

The Belgian government has replied to the German complaints of the tone of Belgian journals, that the press of the country is constitutionally free.

A British gun-boat is to be stationed at New Chany, China, during the winter. Affairs at Tien-tsin are still in an unsatisfactory condition. Minister Low advises the missionaries to go to Teuchow, and guarantees their safety there. The Protestant chapel at Falstein has been destroyed, but there was no violence done to persons.

The visit of Mr. Seward to Japan is described as the event of last month. The first interview ever accorded to a private individual by the Mikado was granted to Mr. Seward.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE forthcoming report of the Postmaster-General of the United States will show that the total number of letters exchanged with foreign countries during the year was 18,359,378 (an increase of 2,859,378 or 18 44-100 per cent. over 1869), of which 9,754,152 were sent, and 8,605,226 were received. The total postages of letter mails exchanged were $1,964,564, or $50,618 less than the previous year, owing to the decreased rates to Great Britain and other countries from January 1, 1870. The cost of the ocean mail service, including special subsidies, was $1,107,376. Twelve postal conventions were made during the year, in all of which reduced rates of postage were agreed upon.

The regular monthly report from the Bureau of Statistics, now in press, presents, among other interesting features, a table showing the immigration into the United States each year for the past fifty-one years.

During the late hurricane in the West Indies several vessels were wrecked on the Salt Bank, Bahamas, of which the crews and cargoes were totally lost, no one surviving to tell the tale of disaster.

The Republican majority at the late election in Louisiana was 30,000, and the full delegation of Republican Congressmen was elected.

The Solicitor-General has decided that the proprietors of vessels running along the coast or on the inland waters, and carrying money or other valuables, are liable to a special tax like express carriers.

The total amount of the receipts and expenditures of the United States government for all purposes, from its organization, March 4, 1789, to June 30, 1870, was $11,673,769,199 18.

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THE PARIS RAMPARTS—TURNING OUT FOR DUTY.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

NON-COMBATANTS TRYING TO LEAVE METZ.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

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THE COAST OF DONEGAL—SCENE OF THE WRECK OF THE "CAMBRIA."

THE DONEGAL COAST.

IT is probable that we now know all we ever shall know concerning the loss of the steamship *Cambria* on the Donegal coast, whose rugged and dangerous character is shown in the sketch on this page. The one witness who survived the wreck was in his berth when the vessel struck, and can only speak to what took place afterward—of the lowering of the four boats, the overturning of that in which he had obtained a place, his half-unconscious clinging to the gunwale, the finding the dead body of a woman under the seats, and his weary hours of drifting until his final rescue. Bits of wreck, casks, and dead bodies washed on shore tell the rest of the tale, and whether the disaster was unavoidable or due to neglect is left to conjecture; but, in justice to the captain, it should be added that he had already given ample proofs of seamanship. In a former voyage his screw shaft had broken, and it was necessary to secure the loose screw, which was banging against the stern, and threatening to beat a hole in the vessel. Slung by ropes, the captain superintended this difficult operation, a gale blowing at the time, and brought his vessel into port in safety. He was less fortunate this time, but the known danger of the coast and the violence of the weather are sufficient to account for the sad catastrophe.

This Donegal coast is rugged and rocky, with jutting headlands and dangerous islands. Inistrahull Island, where the *Cambria* struck and went down, is a dangerous spot, and is marked with a light to warn mariners to give it a wide berth. Glen Head Point, not far distant, is another ugly place. It was here the *Sydney* lately foundered, nineteen out of a crew of twenty-one being drowned. The cliff here is about 800 feet in height, and right and left, as far as the eye can reach, from Sligo on the one hand to the Bloody Foreland on the other, stretches the long line of stern, picturesque, cruel rocks. A few miles south of this point is another headland, the "Sliabh Liag," or Mountain of Flags, rising sheer up from the sea a height of 1972 feet. The position as well as the character of this coast makes it extremely dangerous for vessels from America.

A PRUSSIAN OUTPOST.

THE picturesque engraving below shows how the Prussians contrive to make themselves comfortable in France. A party of jolly fellows, having emptied a number of large wine-vats—we may take it for granted that the contents were not wasted—cut them in two and used them as guard-houses. The effect at night, as shown in the illustration, was most singular and striking. The ruddy glare of the bivouac fires illuminating these curious extemporized shelters, and the stacked muskets, with the spiked helmets hung upon them, made an effect that would delight a painter's heart. One almost envies these jolly comrades their picturesque and comfortable shelter.

AN ADVANCED PRUSSIAN POST.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting—
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows, and it flows, with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears—
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long-curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WITCHERY.

CAREW of Crompton was really dead, as men said, "at last," not that he had been long dying, or was an old man, but that he had eventually succumbed to one of those deadly risks to which he had so often voluntarily exposed himself. On the occasion which had been fatal to him he had started from home one frosty morning at the gallop, with a cigar in his mouth, the reins on his horse's neck, and both his hands in his pockets, and had been pitched off and broken his neck within half a mile of his own door. His chaplain, who had dispatched the news to Mrs. Basil, had been riding by his side at the very moment. "He was a good friend to me," was the laconic remark that poor Parson Whymper had added to the bare intelligence.

To judge by the regretful excitement in the Midlands, Carew might have been a good friend to every body. The news was at once telegraphed to town, and appeared in the evening papers. The public interest in his mad freaks had of late years grown somewhat faint—his extravagances were, perforce, on a less splendid scale—but his death revived it. "So that mad Carew has killed himself, after all," was the observation frequently overheard that evening, as acquaintance met acquaintance on their homeward way from business. "Well, he's had his whack of most things," was the reply of the philosophers; "He has not left much to tempt his heirs to be extravagant, I reckon," of the cynics. "He was a deuced good fellow at bottom, I believe," remarked those who were secretly desirous of earning the same eulogium for themselves; "He was altogether wrong at top," answered the charitable.

Solomon Coe came home to his new abode in such a state of elation that it even made him communicative to his wife. Mrs. Basil happened to be with her in the drawing-room, but he only acknowledged her presence by a hasty nod. "Well, what d'ye think, Carew of Crompton, that was your father's landlord and mine"—Solomon never said "ours" with reference to property—"has broken his neck at last!"

Of course the very name of Carew was a sore subject between man and wife, on account of Richard Yorke's connection with him; but it suited Solomon's purpose on this occasion to ignore that circumstance. It would be necessary for some time to come to allude to the Crompton property more or less, and it was just as well to begin at once; it was also less embarrassing to do so in the presence of a third person.

"Yes, Solomon, I knew Mr. Carew was dead," said Harry, gravely. The next instant she turned scarlet with the consciousness of her thoughtless indiscretion.

"Oh," grunted her husband, annoyed at what he deemed her sulky manner, when he himself was so graciously inclined to be conciliatory, and also displeased to find his news anticipated, "you've been buying an evening paper, have you? You must have more money than you know what to do with, it seems to me."

Harry was thankfully accepting this imputation in silence, when Mrs. Basil's soft voice was heard. "No, Sir; it was I who told your good lady. I had a letter from Crompton by the afternoon's post."

"The devil you did!" cried Solomon, turning sharply upon her. "How came that about?"

"I was housekeeper at Crompton, Sir, in old Mrs. Carew's time, for some years, and one of the servants wrote to let me know of the accident."

"Housekeeper, were you?" said Solomon, with interest. "That must have been a good place, with deuced good pickings, eh?"

"Solomon, Solomon," remonstrated his wife, in a low voice, "Mrs. Basil is quite a lady. Don't you see that you offend her?"

It is more than probable that, under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Coe would have resented this rebuke with choleric vehemence; but he had his reasons for being good-humored in the present instance. "You must excuse my country manners, Mrs. Basil," said he. "As my wife will tell you, I must always have my joke; but I mean no offense. So you were housekeeper at Crompton, were you? Well, now, that's curious, for Mrs. Coe's father and I myself as you heard me saying, have had a great deal to do with Carew. You knew him well, of course?"

"Yes, Sir; I did."

"And the place too, of course. It was a very fine one, was it not? Plenty of pictures, and looking-glasses, and things?"

"It was very richly furnished."

It was curious to mark the difference of manner between questioner and respondent. Solomon, usually so reticent and reserved, was grown quite voluble. Mrs. Basil, on the other hand, naturally so apt in speech, seemed to reply with difficulty. She was weighing every word.

"The estate, I suppose, was out of your beat; you did not have much to do with that?"

"I used to walk in the park, Sir, most days."

"Ay; but the property generally? The friend who writes you to-day don't say any thing about *that*, I suppose—whether any of it is to be sold or not, for instance?"

"The report—of course, being a servant, she can only speak from report—is that Mr. Carew's affairs are in a sad state. Every thing, I believe, is to be sold at once. The whole estate is said to be—I don't know if I use the right term—mortgaged."

"Just so," replied Solomon; "yes, yes. That is so, no doubt." There was a slight pause; Mrs. Basil courtesied, and was about to leave the room. "Stop a bit, ma'am," said Solomon. "My wife tells me that you are a lone woman—a widow. Perhaps you'd like to take a bit of dinner with us to-day?"

Harry began to think her husband was intoxicated. He did get occasionally so when any particularly good stroke of business was in course of progress, and on such occasions his manner was unusually affable; but she had never seen him half so gracious as at present. Hospitality, though he did sometimes bring a mining agent or a broker home to dinner, was by no means his strong point. Mrs. Basil looked doubtfully at her dress, which, though homely, was perfectly well-made and lady-like, and murmured something about its being almost the dinner-hour, and there being "no time."

"Oh, never mind your gown" (which, by-the-by, Solomon pronounced "gownd"); "we're quite plain people ourselves, as my wife will tell you. You shall take pot-luck with us. Where's Charley? That boy's always late."

But at that very moment the young gentleman in question entered the room, at the same time as did the servant with the announcement that dinner was on the table.

The astonishment of the domestic at seeing her mistress taken down to the dining-room by the new lodger was only exceeded by that of Charley, as, with his mother on his arm, he followed the strangely assorted pair. "I knew she was a witch," he murmured, "with her human skull and her Joanna Southcott; but this beats old Margery's doings at Gethin."

"Hush, hush!" whispered his mother, for Charley's high spirits and audacity always terrified her when exhibited in his father's presence: "they have found they have a common acquaintance, and so made friends."

"Father didn't know Swedenborg, did he?" answered the young man, slyly. "My belief is, he has fallen in love with her. I saw a black cat on the stairs. She can make any body do it, as I was telling Aggey" (the young rogue had been to Soho since the morning); "I shall be the next victim, no doubt. It's no use saying to myself, 'Thou shalt not marry thy grandmother.' Her charms are too powerful for the rubric. You'll see she'll not say grace."

Mr. Charles was right in that particular of his diagnosis of their new guest. Mrs. Basil did treat that devotional formula, which Mrs. Coe never omitted to pronounce, in spite of her husband's contemptuous shrugs, with considerable indifference. She sat opposite to Charley, and more than once, when he looked up suddenly, he caught her gaze fixed earnestly upon him. Those wondrous eyes of hers yet shone forth bright and clear; her cheeks were still smooth; and, though her brow had many a wrinkle, they were the footprints of thought and care, rather than of years.

The conversation, as was natural where the company and the guest were strangers to each other, turned upon the topics of the day, and the objects in the room, some of which, as we know, were sufficiently remarkable. At Charley's request Mrs. Basil once more narrated the story of the skull; and then epitomized, with caustic tongue, the biography of poor Joanna. Up stairs, she said, she had one of that lady's "seals"—a passport to eternal bliss—which she would bestow as a present upon the young gentleman opposite. Her cynical humor delighted Charley, and won the approbation of his father—not the less so, perhaps, since he saw it annoyed his wife.

Poor Harry was a simple well-meaning woman in her way, and, had the circumstances of her life been less exceptional, would have earned the reputation of a good creature and steadfast chapel-goer. But our lives do not always fall in the places most suitable to our dispositions; the restive are often compelled to run in harness; and the quiet low-action goers, who would welcome restraint, are left without guide, and with no course marked out for them. Thus it was with Mrs. Coe. The situation in which Fate had placed her it was altogether beyond her powers to fill. She knew that Mrs. Basil was rapidly ingratiating herself with her husband, and so far was furthering their common plan; but, notwithstanding its supreme importance, she shrank from the means that were bidding fair to accomplish her own end. She shuddered at her husband's vulgar ejaculations of assent and approval; at her son's thoughtless laughter; at this woman's sparkling and audacious talk, which seemed so purposeless, and yet was so full of design and craft. She had feared her and shrank from her at Gethin, and she feared her now. And yet how necessary was her assistance! Of her own self she was well aware that she could do nothing to avert that coming peril from her husband and her son, the shadow of which had darkened all her married life, and was now deepening into blackest doom. It was absolutely necessary that Mrs. Basil should obtain the confidence of Solomon, and perhaps of Charley also, and yet this unlooked-for and swift success of hers was far from welcome to poor Harry. It really almost seemed that there was truth in what her son had spoken in jest—that there was witchcraft in it.

Solomon was now talking earnestly to Mrs. Basil in low tones, while Charley looked toward his mother with raised eyebrows, and a comic expression, which seemed to say, "She's got him, you see; I did see a black cat on the stairs."

If she could have overheard her husband's talk, it would still have been inexplicable to her.

"Then you think this sale at Crompton will take place directly after the funeral?"

"I should certainly imagine so—yes."

"There is something—you needn't tell my wife, because I wish it to be a surprise for her—that I should like to buy at it; something I have long had my eye on."

"Some piece of furniture, I suppose. Well, you must be prepared to give a good sum, I fear. From the curiosity of the thing—the reputation, I mean, of poor Mr. Carew—it is likely things will fetch more than their price."

"Perhaps so. But I should like to know, as soon as possible, when the sale comes off. From your connection with the place, you will be able to get news of this before the general public—I mean the exact date."

"No doubt. I will write to-morrow, and beg that the information may be sent me."

"I should feel much obliged if you would, Mrs. Basil."

"I'll write this very night. You wish to know the day on which the sale of the furniture may be fixed?"

"Yes; and of all the other things: of the estates as well, for instance; there may be some land that may prove a good investment. Don't make a fuss about it, but say you have a friend who is interested. The catalogue of effects, with the dates appointed for the sale of each, will, of course, be settled down there. I want to have an early copy."

"That is very simple," said Mrs. Basil, making a memorandum in her pocket-book: "you shall be among the very first to get one, Mr. Coe—you may rely on that."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OVER THE ROOF.

RICHARD YORKE is still at Lingmoor; and though but a twelvemonth intervenes between him and freedom—or perhaps partly because of it—prison life is growing insupportable. It is the last year of "a long term," as all "old hands" will tell you, which is the most trying. Impatience becomes more incontrollable as the limit of suffering is neared; and just as, after a tedious and dangerous illness, the convalescent will rise too soon, and risk a relapse in his feverish desire to be well, so a prisoner will often make some wild endeavors to escape, when, if he did but wait a little—a span of time compared with that in which he has lain captive—his jealous doors would open of themselves to let him pass in safety. But there are other reasons which are pressing Richard toward flight, and goading him (as he feels) to madness if he remain quiescent. He has quarreled with all about him, and has suffered for it; and he is now menaced with worse things. His sullenness, his brooding ire, have long transformed his nature; civility, and even obedience, have become impossible for him. He kicks, as it were, against a chevaux-de-frise of steel. He has been starved on bread and water, and grown thin and fierce. He has been put, and not for nothing, into the dark cell for hours, to brood, as usual, and has come forth a more reckless devil than he went in.

His warder and he are open foes. That cross-grained official has taken a strong antipathy to him, which is more than reciprocated; and every time he enters his cell sets foot, though unconscious of the fact, on the very threshold of the grave. He is the keeper of one who is almost a madman; but the latter is sane on one point yet—he knows to whom his vengeance is mainly due; and while that knowledge lasts his lesser foe is safe from him—safe, that is, at present; but a provocation may be given which would compel this long-suffering victim—in years scarce a middle-aged man, in appearance gray and withered as the oldest within those prison walls—to give his passion way, and slay him. If something should take place, which this warder himself has prophesied would happen, it will be so; and all Richard's hoarded hate would then be useless; since it would have no heir. There has been flogging in the prison—an unusual punishment, and only inflicted for great offenses, or for continued contumacy and bad conduct. A conspiracy was discovered, and seven of the ringleaders received three dozen lashes each, in presence of all the inmates of the jail. It was a punishment perhaps deserved and necessary, but sickening enough to witness. Richard's warder stood beside him, and while the cat was descending on one wretch's naked back, observed in a grim whisper: "Do you take warning, my man; for if you are reported again, the governor says you are to have a dose of the same medicine."

Whether the man spoke truth or not, Richard believed him. It was more than probable that he *would* be reported, and by the very voice that uttered the menace. In a twelvemonth's time there were three hundred and sixty-five opportunities, ten times told, of its being fulfilled. If such a sentence was ever passed upon him, as it was almost sure to be, Richard was well resolved that it should not be carried out; rather should this man die, and he himself, his slayer, be hung for it. His desire for vengeance upon those who had blasted his young life so cruelly was as strong as ever—nay, stronger, fiftyfold; but he knew that he could never bear the lash. Somehow or other, therefore, at all risks, he must escape from Lingmoor.

Robert Balfour was to be set free in a few days, his conduct, though not good, having earned that much of remission. Richard was not envious of him, yet the contrast of their two positions made him perhaps more desperate and reckless. Of late months the old man had been admitted to certain privileges accorded to such as have almost worked out their time, or who are otherwise recommended for them. He had been employed as "a cleaner," then as "a special"—in which position he was permitted to work out of doors without an attendant warder, and even (in his particular case, for he was growing very old and feeble) to have leave of absence for an hour or two. On some occasions it was his duty to bring round the prisoners' meals; and then he saw Richard, and could even exchange a word or two with him alone. This happened upon the afternoon of the day when the public flogging had taken place.

"Balfour," said Richard, earnestly, "will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, lad, any thing," replied the old man, softly. The word "lad" seemed so inapplicable to that gray-headed, care-lined face, which he had known so young and comely, that the misuse of it touched the speaker. "You know I will."

"Even though you should run a risk," said Richard, "within a day or two of your freedom?"

"Ay; for your sake, I would do that and more."

"God bless you, if there be a God!" answered those haggard lips. "Ask leave to go to the village to-morrow, and get me a file."

"Hush!—the warder."

The conversation thus interrupted was resumed next day.

"Here is the file," said Balfour; "hide it in your mattress. But, lad, you will be mad to use it. I pray you be patient. It is only a twelvemonth now."

Richard shook his head, with a ghastly smile. "I must try," said he.

"Nay, nay; you will be retaken and flogged, lad; think of that."

"I shall never be retaken, Balfour, at least alive."

It was easy enough to read in Richard's face the corroboration of his words.

"Have you any plan?" asked the old man, disconsolately.

"I have. From my window here I see an open shed, with a coil of rope in it. I shall file my bars, and get that rope to-night; climb back again here, and over the roof. I have calculated the distance from outside. I feel sure I can reach the parapet with my finger-tips as I stand upon the window-ledge, then let myself down into the exercising-yard upon the west side."

"The walls about that yard are sixty feet high, lad."

"There is a spout in the north corner which will help me up; and if I reach the top without a broken neck, I make fast my rope, and slide on to the moor. From thence, no matter how dark it is—and it will be pitch-dark, I reckon—I can make Bergen Wood. No power on earth shall stop me. If you told the warder yonder of my plan this moment, I should still escape—in another and more certain fashion." To look at him and read the resolute despair in his white face was to have no doubt of that.

"What must be must be," sighed the old man. "But for *my* sake, lad—for mine, who love you as a father loves his own son—be patient till to-morrow. This is my last day at Lingmoor. To-morrow I shall be free. I'll come at night to the wall of the west yard, and throw a rope over the north corner, close by the spout you mention. It shall be made fast on my side, and if you do but lay hold of it, the rest is easy. Your scheme, as it now stands, is hopeless. No squirrel could climb that spout, far less a man reduced as you are;" and he glanced significantly at Richard's shrunken limbs.

"You are the best of friends, Balfour—indeed, the only man that ever *was* my friend." He stopped, as if overcome by an emotion that was so strange to him. "At midnight then, to-morrow, I shall begin my work; and in an hour from that time, if all goes well, I shall be at the spot appointed. If I fail, you will remember Wheal Danes?"

"Yes, yes; but you will not fail. Keep a good heart," whispered the old man, as he hurried away at an approaching footstep.

But, in reality, Balfour had no hope. His experience of such attempts, and his knowledge of the difficulties to be surmounted in the present instance, forbade any expectation of Richard's success, even in the matter of getting outside the prison walls; and, supposing that was done, and the wood reached, what was to be looked for further but slow starvation or death from the sharp-tipped arrows of the wintry wind? Still, Balfour's help was promised, and would be given; the old cracksman had many faults and vices, but he was not one to desert a friend at a pinch, and Richard Yorke was really dear to him.

As for Richard, notwithstanding the seasonableness of the other's offer, and although he was himself almost convinced that without such aid he could never effect his object, no sooner was he left alone than he regretted that he had passed his word to put off the attempt another

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day. Suppose he should transgress some prison regulation between this and then, or be reported by his hostile attendant without having committed a transgression! There were thirty-six hours of such perilous delay before him, and his impatience was already at fever-heat. By standing on his metal wash-stand, and peering through his bars, he could see that the coil of rope still lay in its accustomed place that afternoon, but would it remain there till to-morrow night? The very act of thus climbing to his window, which he could not resist, was a serious offense; and if by any chance he should be found in possession of the file—then all was over. He was fully determined only to part with it with life itself. For once, the picture of Trevethick and his son-in-law (for he had heard before he left Cross Key of Harry's marriage with his rival), unsuspecting, complacent, and exposed to the full force of his revenge, failed to occupy his gloating thoughts; they were fixed as ever there, but on the means and not upon the end—his whole being was engrossed in the coming enterprise. He feared the warder should read that forbidden word "Escape" in his eager eyes, or on his restless lips. A change of cell or a sudden examination of his bed-furniture—no uncommon occurrence—would prove his ruin. He took the file out of his mattress, and placed it in his breast: let that man beware who found it there!

At last the long night, which should have found him free, passed by, and the next weary day. The appointed time had come.

It was past midnight, and not a sound was heard in the vast prison; there was no moon, but a few stars shone on him as he worked at the iron bars; the noise of his file was muffled—he had rubbed it well with soap—but every now and then he paused and listened. He half fancied he could hear the distant tramp of the patrols, who, musket in hand, watched the walls of Lingmoor from the roofs of its four stone towers; but it was only fancy, and, at all events, no one else but they was stirring. Years ago he had gauged those bars, and calculated that not less than three must be sawn through to give his body room to pass; but that was when he was young and plump and vigorous. He was vigorous now—the fever within him seemed to give him the strength of ten—but he was an old man to look at, and the flesh had left his bones. So much the better; there were only two bars to file instead of three. Finding the space sufficient, he twisted his blanket into a rope, fastened it to the broken bars, and so, by its aid, slipped noiselessly into the yard.

That portion of the prison was low, and consisted but of two stories; another cell window was immediately beneath his own, but, as he knew, it was not used for prisoners. Still, he trembled as he slipped past it. Suppose a hand had been pushed through to clasp his limbs, or a voice had given the alarm, and warned the watchful guards! But his feet touched ground in safety. His eyes, accustomed for long years to cleave the darkness, guided him straight to the shed and to the coil of rope. He seized it as the shipwrecked mariner clutches that which is thrown him from the shore to drag him through the roaring breakers, and then, winding it about his waist, he retraced his steps. To return to his cell window was comparatively easy; but to stand upon its narrow ledge, and, clutching the parapet with his fingers, to draw himself up thereby, was a task that few, without the hope of liberty to spur them, could have accomplished. Three times he failed; without something more of purchase for his hold, he felt the thing was beyond his powers. The question was, how broad was the stone coping? If, by a sudden spring, he could catch the other side of it, he might succeed; but if he missed, his hands would slide from the smooth surface, his feet could not regain their stand-point, and he would fall backward twenty feet or so upon the stone courtyard.

There was nothing for it but to run the risk. He gathered his strength together, shut his eyes, and made a vigorous spring: one hand caught a firm gripe, and, after a sharp struggle, the other gained it; then he drew himself slowly up, and lay down in the gutter of the roof to gather breath and look about him. The prison was built like the four spokes of a wheel; and, indeed, with the high wall circling round it, did closely resemble that image. Nearly the whole of the building could have been seen, had it been light enough, from his present position; but, as it was, only the west wing was dimly visible, with its guardian tower standing blackly up against its dark back-ground of wintry night sky. He could not make out the sentry on its top; but now and then, when his circuit brought him nearest to his hiding-place, he could hear his measured foot-fall.

Like a creeping thing, for he scarce used hand or foot at all, Richard slowly crawled and slid along the sloping roof, then swiftly over the vertex, while the patrol was at the most distant portion of his round, and then once more, motionless and almost breathless, he lay down behind the western parapet. The exercising-yard, into which it was his object to drop, was just below him; but it was necessary to find some object to which to fasten his rope; and here he perceived how futile would have been his plan of escape without assistance from without; for here, having slid down it, he must needs leave his rope tied to a neighboring chimney. There was not length enough to cut off, and be of any service afterward for the descent of the external wall, nigh sixty feet in height. If Balfour failed him, it was now, indeed, clear to him that his whole design must fail. Yonder towering wall, higher even than his own present elevated position, could never be scaled by foot and hand, with only the help of a spout—nay, he doubted whether, even if he found the promised rope in position, he could even make use of that; for, though agile, he had none of the sailor's cunning.

He made fast the coil which he had with him, however, and watching his opportunity, slid off the parapet into space. Such a feat seems easy enough to read of; but to slide without noise down a loose and swinging rope for so great a distance is no slight task to one unused to such gymnastics; and besides he had to check himself at intervals (which took the skin off from his hands, although at the time he did not feel it), lest he should suddenly reach the ground with a dull thud. He accomplished this in safety, and once more paused, his back pushed hard to the prison wall, while the warder passed, whose form he could now even make out, it was so immediately above him; then he crossed the yard with a swift but anxious step to its north corner, and peered about in the gloom for the promised rope; the spout was there, smooth and ineffectual enough as a means of exit, but no rope.

His heart died within him, and his hands trembled with anxiety and trepidation as they felt in vain for it along the smooth and lofty wall. Richard's brain began to reel. He leaned his trembling brow against the cold iron of the spout, and endeavored to think the matter out. He was sure of Balfour; he felt certain that nothing but sudden and dangerous illness would have prevented him from keeping his word. But perhaps he had not been able to obtain a rope; such things were watchfully looked after in the neighborhood of Lingmoor Prison, and might even not be procurable. Yet had such been the case, Balfour would not have volunteered that form of assistance. He was of opinion that the rope was there, then, and if so, it must have been thrown over by means of a stone, or weight of some kind. In that case, if the stone had rolled after reaching the ground, the rope might not be hanging like a plumb-line from the wall, but at an angle from it, and at some distance. He began to move, then, in a parallel line from the wall, still feeling right and left; and on the third trial he caught in his stretched-out hand a string—a string-line such as a boy uses for his kite; and for an instant, the sense of the inefficacy of such means to effect his purpose froze him with despair. But presently pulling on the string, he found it gather in his hand, and pulling softly on, more string, and then an end of thin but wire-strong rope, and then more rope. What was best of all was, that this rope was knotted at intervals of every foot, so as to afford a strong, firm hold.

After many yards of this had been hauled in he found resistance; the end of it was evidently fast on the other side. Richard passed the rope round the bottom of the iron spout, and beneath an iron clasp, that prevented its slipping upward, and then made it taut. It was a perilous bridge even then, and supposing the watcher with his musket had not been, as he was, within easy gunshot of him; but it led from prison walls to liberty, and Richard did not hesitate for a moment to commit himself to it. Hand over hand, foot after foot, he dragged himself with infinite effort slowly upward; but it was not now in his power to watch the patrol, and secure the most favorable moment for crossing the wall top, as he had done in the case of the roof. As ill luck would have it, just as the sentry came to the northward portion of his beat, Richard's form was vaguely visible against the sky, upon the very summit of the wall. The next instant he had crossed it, and at the hoarse cry, "Who's there?" had glided rapidly down upon the other side. The sentry's gun was at his shoulder, and its sharp report rang through the silent night just as the convict reached the ground. The starlight was just sufficient, as the warder subsequently swore (and truly), to see the man was hit; he staggered and fell, but crawled away directly, and was lost in the surrounding gloom.

At the same moment all the prison seemed to wake to light and life, and the alarm-bell clashed out its hoarse notes of warning on the wintry air.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NEWS FROM LINGMOOR.

MRS. BASIL kept her word with her lodger, and (thanks to the chaplain) gave into his hand a catalogue of the great Crompton sale some hours at least before the details of it were made public; on the receipt of which Solomon at once left town. His absence was felt to be a relief by all parties. The work of ingratiating herself with his hard, coarse nature, independently of the personal loathing with which Mrs. Basil regarded him, on Richard's account, was very hard, and rest was grateful to her. Mrs. Coe was always more at ease when business took her husband from his home. Charley hailed his departure, since he could now enjoy the society of his Agnes without stint.

He was, as usual, at Soho one morning, when Harry, sitting alone in the drawing-room, engaged in needle-work, was alarmed by a shrill shriek, followed by a heavy fall on the floor beneath, in Mrs. Basil's parlor. She had heard the front-door closed but a minute before, and the thought that was never wholly absent from her mind now flashed upon it with terrible distinctness—the Avenger had come at last! Her next hurried reflection was one of thankfulness that neither Charley nor Solomon was at home. Then, pale and trembling, she stole out on the landing of the stairs, and listened intently. Not a sound was to be heard save the throbs of her own fluttering breast. The cook and the waiting-maid, who alone composed the domestic staff, had apparently not heard the noise; for the former was singing loudly in the kitchen, as was her wont when she had been "put out," as happened some half dozen times per diem. It was frightful to think that in yonder parlor her once-loved Richard might even then be closeted with his mother, deaf to her appeals for mercy, resolute for revenge, and only demanding where his enemies might be found: it was better to face him than to picture him thus. That his sudden appearance had terrified Mrs. Basil into a fit she had little doubt from that shriek and fall; and, indeed, all was now so still within there that she might be dead. The fear for her offspring, however, made Harry almost bold. Indeed, as has been said, she did not entertain any apprehension of personal violence at Richard's hands; and, perhaps, in spite of Mrs. Basil's assurance to the contrary, she had some hope of moving him from his set purpose by her prayers and tears. Step by step, and clinging to the hand-rail for support, for her limbs scarcely obeyed her will, she descended the stairs, stood a moment in the passage, listening like a frightened hare, and then opened the parlor door. There was no one within it: yes, upon the hearth-rug lay the motionless form of Mrs. Basil; she was lying on her face; and, rushing forward, Harry knelt down beside her, and strove to lift her in her arms. Some instinct seemed to forbid her to call for assistance.

"What is it? what is it?" gasped the old woman, looking vacantly up in the other's face.

"You have been unwell, dear madam. I am afraid you have had a fainting fit; but, thank Heaven, you are better now."

Harry was truly grateful; first, that her original suspicion had proved to be unfounded; secondly, that Mrs. Basil was alive. She had contrived to place her in a sitting posture, with her back against the heavy arm-chair; and now she brought a carafe of water from the side-board, and sprinkled her face and hands.

"Let me call Mary, and we will get you up to your own room as soon as you feel equal to the effort."

Mrs. Basil's eyes had closed again. Her face was white and stiff as that of a corpse; but she shook her head with vehemence. "The door—lock the door!" she murmured.

Not without some hesitation, for she began to fear that her companion was wandering in her mind, Harry obeyed her. "Get me into my chair. Oh, why did I ever wake to weary life again!"

"What has troubled you? Can any new misfortune have happened to us?" inquired Harry, woefully.

"To *you*—no," answered the old woman, with sudden fierceness; "to me—yes. Do you see that letter?" She pointed to one lying beneath the table. "Twenty years ago that would have been my death-warrant; but now I am so used to suffer that, like the man who lived on poisons, nothing kills. Read it—read it."

The letter was an official one; the envelope immense, with "On her Majesty's Service" stamped upon it, and out of all proportion to the scanty contents, which ran as follows:

"LINGMOOR PRISON, *December* 22.

"MADAM,—I am instructed by the Governor of this Jail to acquaint you with the sad news that your son, Richard Yorke, is no more. Four weeks ago he escaped from prison by night, and took refuge in an adjoining wood. His body was discovered only four days ago, and an inquest held upon it, when a verdict was returned in accordance with the facts. I am, Madam, yours obediently,

"THOMAS SPARKES (*for the Governor*).

"I am instructed to inclose a locket with miniature, which was found upon your son on his arrival here. The rest of his property will be forwarded by rail."

This locket contained the little picture of Harry painted by Richard himself, and which, though he had contrived to secrete while at Cross Key, had been taken from him at Lingmoor.

Harry's breast was agitated by conflicting emotions. To know that her boy was safe—that there could be no murder done—gave her a sense of intense relief, which could scarcely be called selfish. But that reflection was but transient, and a passionate burst of sorrow succeeded it. The only man she had ever loved—around whom centred her most precious memories—had died, then, thus miserably, after miserable years of bondage endured on her account. She saw him with her mind's eye once more as when he had clasped her in his arms for the first time upon the ruined tower—as when he had rained his kisses on her lips beside the Wishing Well—in his youth and beauty and passion. Her nineteen years of loveless wedlock were swept away, and left her as she saw herself in the little portrait he himself had painted, and which was now his legacy. His menaces and vows of vengeance against her and hers were all forgotten; her woman's heart was loyal to him whom she had owned its lord, and once more did him fealty.

"Oh, Richard, Richard, my dear love," cried she; "God knows I would have died to save you!"

"Come here, Harry—come here," whispered Mrs. Basil, "and let me kiss you. I would that I could weep like you; but the fountain of my tears has long been dry. I thought you would have been glad to feel that you and yours were safe—that retribution was averted from the man, your husband; but I now see I did you wrong. Your heart is touched—you remember him as he was before the taint of crime was on him."

"It never was!" cried Harry, passionately. "He never meant to wrong my father of a shilling."

"Well said, dear Harry; well said. He was himself a wronged—a murdered man. Imprisoned for nineteen years, and then to perish thus! And yet men talk of Heaven's justice! My boy! my boy!"

The two women were silent for a while—the one gazing with dry eyes but tender yearning face upon the other, as she rocked herself to and fro, and shook with stifled sobs.

"Dear Harry, you must not desert me now," pleaded the former, pitifully; "I am very old, and this has broken me. He was my all—my only one on earth—and he is dead. I shall not trouble you long. We two, child, were the only ones that loved him, and we love him still. Let me cling to you, Harry, since it is but for a little while; and let us talk of him together, when we are alone, and think of what he was. So bright, so gay, so— Oh, my boy! my boy!"

The tears rushed to the mother's eyes at last. Hard Fate was softened for a while toward its life-long victim; and side by side sat the two bereaved women, each striving to comfort the other, after woman's fashion, by painting in its brightest colors that dead Past which both deplored. Begotten of their common sorrow, Love sprang up between them, and on one side confidence; and into Mrs. Basil's hungry ears Harry, for the first time, poured the story of her courtship. Richard's death had cemented between them the bond which it would seem to have destroyed. The fatal letter lay open on Harry's lap, but the envelope had fallen on the floor. Stooping to pick it up, she found something still within it—some folded slips from a local newspaper, with an account of the inquest, the details of which the governor's clerk had, perhaps humanely, preferred to communicate in that form, to be read or not as the mother's feelings might dictate to her. The two women read it together, not aloud, for neither had the voice for that. With most of the evidence there recounted we are already familiar. It was proved that No. 421 had long been in a desponding, brooding state; but, as only a year intervened between the expiration of his term of punishment, his attempt to escape was almost unaccountable, and certainly unparalleled. No punishment was impending over him. The opinion of the authorities was expressed that the convict's reason was unhinged. The method of obtaining his freedom showed indeed considerable cunning, but also an audacity that was scarcely consistent with sanity. The height of the prisoner was known, and his proportionate reach of arm; and it seemed incredible how he could have succeeded in reaching the parapet above his cell window; in that attempt he must have risked certain death. His descent from the roof was explained by the presence of the rope. The immediate means by which he surmounted the external wall were, of course, evident enough, since the rope was there also; but the question was, how did it come there? The prisoner must have been assisted by some one outside the wall. The warder who fired the shot which subsequently proved fatal had seen but one man; but the night was dark, and the whole affair had passed very rapidly. Indeed, the convict had only fully shown himself when at the top of the wall, and the musket had been fired almost at a venture. On the alarm being given, pursuit was at once attempted; but, under cover of the night, the fugitive had gained Bergen Wood. The next morning his footsteps were traced so far, and it was proved that he was unaccompanied. A cordon was placed round the wood, and the place itself thoroughly searched for many days. It was deemed certain, from the report of the scouts who were made use of on such occasions, that the convict had not left that covert to seek shelter in any hamlet in the neighborhood; the quest was therefore still continued. Not, however, until three weeks afterward was No. 421 discovered. It was supposed that the unhappy fugitive had died of his wounds upon the very night of his escape, for the body was so decomposed that it could never have been identified but for its convict clothes; the nights had been wet and tempestuous, and it lay in an unsheltered part of the wood, a mere sodden heap of what had been once humanity. The bullet that had been the cause of death was, however, detected in the remains.

What an end to the high-spirited, handsome lad that had been the pride of his mother, the joy of his betrothed! What wonder that they sat over the bald record of it with bowed-down faces, and filled up the gaps with only too easily imagined horrors! Each kept hold of the other's hand, as though in sign of the dread bond between them, and sat close to one another in silence. Presently Harry started up, at the sound of a latch-key in the house-door.

"That is Solomon," cried she.

"Impossible," said Mrs. Basil. "He told me himself that he should stop for the last day's sale, and to-day is but the fifth."

"Hush! it is."

Yes, it was certainly Solomon's voice in the passage; and apparently by the answering tone, he had a male companion with him.

Harry seized the letter, with its inclosures, and thrust them into her bosom, which, full of grief for his victim, seemed to spurn her husband's approach. Then she heard him calling her impatiently, as was his wont, from the foot of the stairs.

"Harry, come down; I have brought a gentleman home with me. Let's have something to eat at once, will you?"

"Answer him—answer him!" gasped Harry. She could not speak; her tongue seemed paralyzed.

Mrs. Basil rose at once, walked with steady step to the door, and opened it. "Your wife is here, Mr. Coe. I am glad you are come home, for she is far from well, and I was getting quite nervous about her."

"She *must* be ill," grumbled Solomon, "not to be able to say 'Here,' when I am breaking a blood-vessel with holloing to her in the attics. Come in here, Sir." This to his companion—a man considerably his senior, thin and spare, who stood peering curiously at the landlady. "I am sorry to see you unwell, wife. I have brought a friend to stay with us for a day or two. Mr. Robert Balfour—Mrs. Coe."

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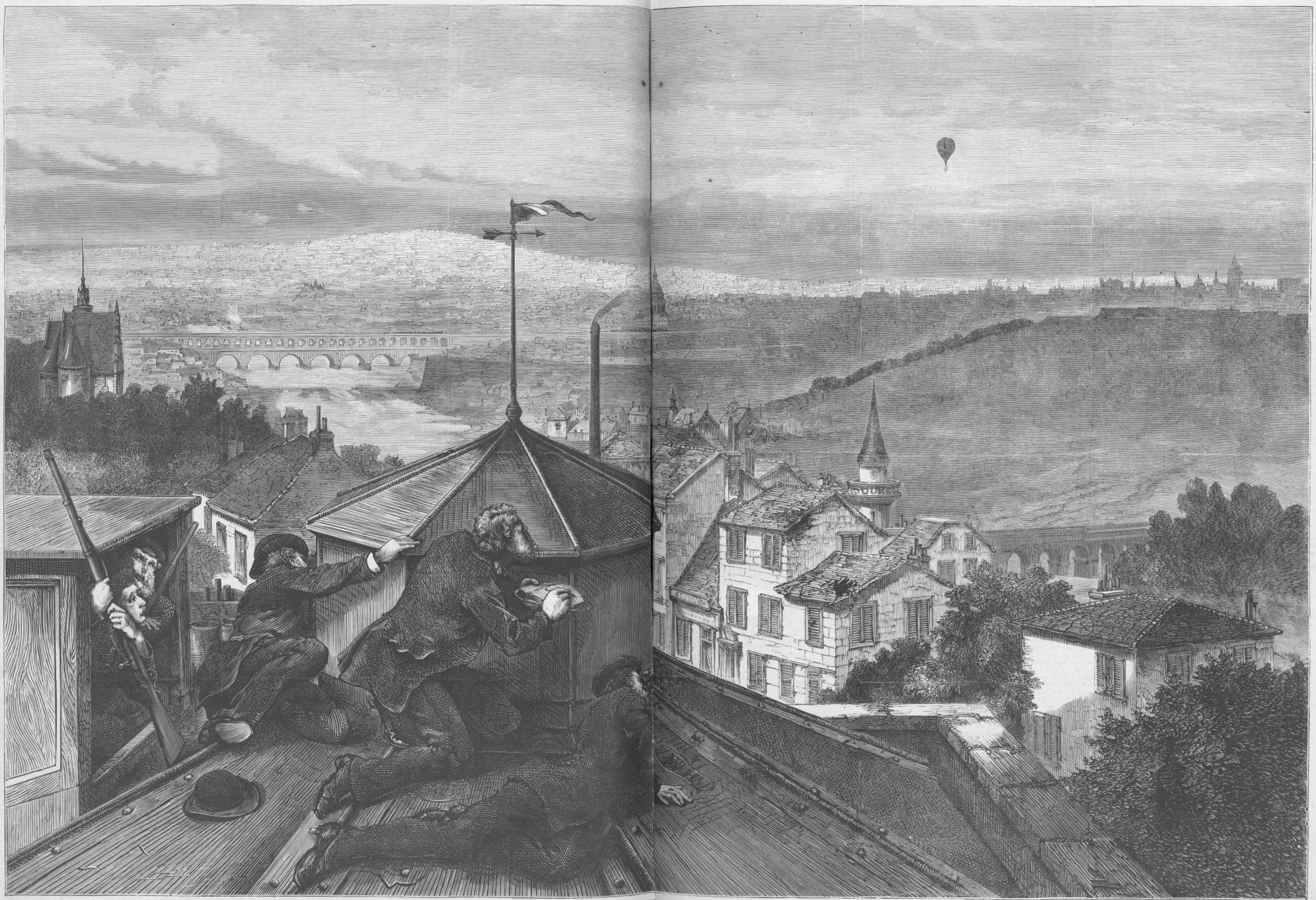

AN ARTIST AT WORK—MAKING A HASTY SKETCH FROM AN ADVANCED PRUSSIAN POST BEFORE THE WALLS OF PARIS.—[See Page 778.]

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THANKSGIVING.

[A figure in quaint costume—half Puritan, half Cavalier—enters with the turkey as a "Yankee" family party in New York, and thus announces himself:]

I'm that pranksome little wight
Who, one cold November night,
In the Puritan forefathers' gloomy times,
Stole upon them unawares,
Smoothed the wrinkles of their cares,
And rang out the long-forbidden Christmas chimes.

How each gloomy brow unbent!
What magnetic thrills were sent
Through the iron of each grimly earnest soul!
How old England's merry face,
Touched with memory's tender grace,
Through New England's chilly fogs like sunlight stole!

Tempting visions of mince-pies
Danced before their solemn eyes;
Plum-pudding proved a serious stumbling-block;
The mistletoe's weird arch
Mocked their puritanic starch;
Phantom holly berries flamed from Plymouth Rock.

Ah! those dreary times are gone;
All *their* martyr-work is done;
They are gathered (let us hope) to dreamless rest.
Now our Christmas chimes ring clear,
And we dance in the New Year,
But Yankees still must love Thanksgiving best.

'Tis the festival of toil,
Of the harvest's gathered spoil;
It owns the shadow of the primal curse.
So best! In this our land
Thrift leads Freedom by the hand,
And Labor is of both the sturdy nurse.

So I fear not to come
To this stately city home
As herald of my brother, Santa Claus.
Be *his* the vision mild
Of Bethlehem's Holy Child—
I bear in either hand the palm and cross.

AN ARTIST BEFORE PARIS.

AN adventurous artist, in company with two English officers, recently made an excursion to the extreme front of the Prussian lines before Paris, the result of which appears in the double-page engraving which we lay before our readers this week. On stating his intention to the proper officers the artist was politely furnished with a patrol for guidance and protection, and the party set out, descending the valley below the château toward the Seine, stooping and running past exposed places and dodging behind trees. Pleasure-grounds trampled out of all shape—dismal villas, deserted and sacked, staring with all their bare empty windows, as though they wondered what would happen next—cabbage-gardens and potato-fields, which had been turned over and prodded and bereft of their produce, marked the country through which they passed. Finding the door of one of these villas invitingly open, the party ascended to the roof, and lying flat upon the leads, and peering round the corner of the sky-light, found Paris spread before them. Fort Issy appeared about half a mile distant, the Seine within a stone's-throw—one pontoon bridge was broken in the middle; beyond this was another; and then a third, over which a train was slowly crawling. Between this and a fourth bridge were the gun-boats. Beyond lay Paris. There was the dome of the Invalides, the twin towers of Notre Dame, the tall spire of St. Sulpice—spires, domes, and towers every where, and a mass of roofs, with the indications of the well-known streets and gardens and places, all apparently lying so near at hand that it seemed to the spectators as though they were actually within the fortifications. At the top of the picture appears a balloon, which, we believe, afterward fell within the Prussian lines, and supplied the besiegers with a file of Paris papers.

It was a dangerous post to occupy, for the French sentinels are very sharp, and will almost fire at the tip of your finger if it is exposed; so the explorers had, of course, to keep very close, the escort in particular, as his "lightning-conductor" would have been a sure mark for the enemy's Chassepot had the sun, as it threw its glow over the house-tops of the beleaguered city, glared upon that shining beacon which the Prussian soldier bears upon his helmet. No such accident happened, however, and the adventurous landscape viewers seem to have found time to scratch some initials on the leads, thus proving that there was a veritable John Bull among them. As the evening closed in they descended from their observatory, and returned to the Prussian lines in safety.

POLLY'S PIES.

A THANKSGIVING EPISODE.

THE clock struck three; and like a punctual Fate, Polly, shovel in hand, flung wide the oven door. For hours had that mystic laboratory been at work, unseen of mortal eye, and the fragrance, compounded of spice, of sugar, of crusted loaf, and savory fowl, which now floated forth and filled the kitchen, told the result. Far through the house spread the delicious whiff, and a stir and bustle overhead announced that some one there recognized the signal, and knew that baking was done.

In and out traveled the busy shovel till the inner depth, where yet a red glow lingered, was reached, gave up its last treasure, and Polly, making a fan of her apron, stood before the table to inspect the result. There they were, ranged in order due, the loaves brown and white, the rolls, the crackling pork and beans, the "lection cake," that difficult dainty, over whose precarious fortunes she had watched till midnight—the two-and-twenty pies, gold, brown, and cranberry red, toothsome mince and translucent apple, custard flecked with cinnamon, tarts open-mouthed and gaping for the friendly jam; and in the midst, its disk of yellow earthen-ware towering above the rest, the huge chicken pie, to whose composition had gone such wealth of cream, of celery, of fatted pullets, as is not often met with outside the limits of the Pursall farm. With something of the feelings of a general at the head of his battalion Polly reviewed her forces, noting here and there a specially crisp edging, and in her own mind apportioning this and that to Uncle Nathan or Aunt Sapphira, and these to grace to-morrow's dinner; for "to-morrow" was New England's special day—that "great day of the feast"—in behalf of which governors are wont to make proclamation, and neighbors to vie in friendly zeal of housewifery and kind remembrance of those who have no portion of their own.

"Yes," said Polly, half aloud, "that will be the best for the Bulger children, I guess. The crust is a little too brown, but they won't mind that, and it's so big. Then old Aunt Pigett shall have this; and that one I'll send—"

An approaching footstep cut short the soliloquy, and, blushing rosy red, she caught up one special pie, and hurried it into the table drawer. Next moment her mother entered.

"Well, Polly, done?"

"Yes, mother. Come and look at them."

They made a pleasant picture, that mother and daughter, as they stood side by side before the long ironing-table. Mrs. Pursall was tall and erect, the very model of a farmer's wife. Strong, sweet, with face unfurrowed by the wheels of that light team, Care and Worry, who drive so heavily over female good looks in our country, and smile undimmed and bright, it was easy to vision forth the bonny bride who, thirty years before, had passed through that door on her wedding morning, to be from thenceforth the joy and comfort of all within. And beside her stood the vision renewed in early youth, the same eyes of happy blue, the same dimpled cheeks, the same capable hands; for Mrs. Pursall was a noted housewife, and Polly inherited the gift in full measure. It was with a little heart-beat that she now watched her mother's critical survey, and the nod with which it concluded.

"First-rate, dear; I never saw better. And what a lot of them! Some are to send away, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, indeed; it would take *us* a month to eat them all. See, mother, these are the ones I picked out for ourselves—for to-morrow and Sunday, you know. And the others are for different folks—old Katy, and Uncle Nat, and the Bulgers, and so on. Don't you think I was lucky in my loaf cake?"

"Indeed you were, and it's a trying cake, too. Suppose you frost a couple of the loaves for to-morrow evening, and put the others away in the tin. You must be sure and wrap them up well. Did you ask any body to come in the evening besides the Watsons and Jim?"

"No, ma'am—that is—yes," began Polly, flushing and flustered. "I mean, I didn't ask; but when Phil Ralston was here in the summer he said he should drop in if he could, and I told him we'd be happy to see him. That was what I meant, mother."

"Oh, well," replied Mrs. Pursall, too intent upon the pies to detect the weak points of this lucid explanation, "that was so long ago that very likely he's forgot all about it. But Philip is always welcome, any how."

Polly said nothing. In her secret soul she did not believe Phil had forgotten.

How distinctly she remembered about that promise! All through the short vacation, so vaguely alluded to as "in the summer," they had been together, Phil and she, gardening at the rate of a mignonnette seed to twenty minutes' conversation; "botanizing" (Heaven save the mark! Polly hardly knew the difference between a pistil and a pistol); dawdling at the gate under the pink sunset till the moon rose shy and silvery above the pink, and Mrs. Pursall's voice addressed them from an upper window on the subject of "damp;" "trapesing," to use the language of the same authority, in wet grass of evenings to search out glow-worms—all these and similar pursuits had made it a time of enchantment. Phil was an old playmate and neighbor; nobody thought much of their being together, but Polly thought a great deal. And the last day of all, when she supposed him gone, he had stolen away half an hour before train-time, and surprised her in the cool well-room, her sleeves rolled up, her slender waist enveloped in a white apron, making pies—all unconscious of his proximity. That last visit stood in bold relief from others; for, lingering there outside the window, words had been half said, half looked, which she could never forget, though, at the time half frightened, she had pretended not to understand them. And at last he took to teasing her about the pies, as she daintily rolled her paste, and jagged the narrow strips for edging. Wouldn't she make him one—all of his own—at Thanksgiving-time, for instance, for he was coming home then? Oh yes, he was sure she would, though she gave no promise; he should come in the evening for it. And then the time came for him to go. And leaning through the window—Polly colored now as she thought of it—he had softly kissed the little brown wrist and departed, his last words being, "If you love me, Polly, don't forget the pie." I am afraid it was too late for that "if."

For, dreadful as it seems, the Pollys of real life do not always wait, as the books say they should, until a decisive word has been spoken before yielding their hearts. Love comes unsought, unseen, as the sun comes, or the dew; eyes ask, and looks ask. Prudence tugs feebly at the bolt, but her strength is weakness; open flies the door, and Cupid takes possession for bliss or bale. Which, in our Polly's case, it was to be, remained to be shown. She feared nothing, poor child. Phil loved her, she was sure, and all the hopeful sky was bright with early dawn.

"If you love me." The words so lightly spoken hummed round her like a song, as she drew from its hiding-place Phil's pie. Such a pie! Crisp as frost, foam-white, except where heat had kissed it into brown, with edge so trimly, so exactly cut, and middle adorned with a wondrous twirl of paste, embodying the initial "P."—a marvelous pie!—a pie to make the mouth water, and put an appetite under the ribs of Dyspepsia. Long and lovingly did Polly gaze on this *chef-d'œuvre* before committing it to the topmost shelf in the pantry, and then, rapidly restoring all to its pristine tidiness, she fled up stairs; for there was a hat to be trimmed, and, housekeeper though she was, Polly was no less a girl—a girl of eighteen, and, what was more, the prettiest girl of eighteen in Cohasset. Something was due to this eminent position.

So, shut into her room, she sat adjusting the killing little feather on the new "turban," turning now and then to survey the effect in a morsel of looking-glass, and by-and-by, as the drifted gold began to gather round the sunset, a sound came on the wind—the distant shriek of a locomotive. The train had arrived at "The Junction," four miles away. Far above the woods she could see the dim blue smoke. Down went the new hat, and a lovely smile parted her lips. That shriek meant—Phil; and I question if Beethoven's finest sonata could at that moment have seemed more musical—so true it is that at times we listen with an inward ear to which all sounds are melodious if they suggest the thing we love.

Phil was come. The thought awoke with her next morning, and lent its spring to the many small businesses which ushered in the day. It was for him she rubbed the crimson apples till they shone, heaped the grape clusters so tastefully, and crowned the vases with chrysanthemums and gay leaves. The candles she inserted in the tall, plated branches should brighten the room when he entered, the noble hickory logs should warm, the polished andirons please his eye. She lent her whole heart to the icing—Phil liked loaf cake. And if ever the spirit of Lady Mary Wortley's sentiment was carried out—if ever a room ceased to be a room, a dinner a dinner—it was now, when, transmuted by tender alchemy, the old farm-house took on higher meaning, and Mrs. Pursall's nuts and apples became indeed "the refreshment provided for a beloved one."

All things in order at last, a merry party set off for church. Father, mother, brother James, his wife and child—first installment of the family gathering—and in the midst Polly. The sun shone; crisp leaves rustled under foot; in all Cohasset was no blither face than that crowned by the new turban, as our little maid took her seat in the gallery front row as one of the village choir. How every thing seemed to smile! She loved the world; she loved the Governor for arranging this delightful day—this day which made so many people happy; which brought Phil home.

It was early. The melodeon was playing a low, droning voluntary; the green curtains were half drawn—plenty of chance for the choir to peep and to whisper, a thing all choirs like to do.

"I say, Polly, where *did* you get that feather?" asked her neighbor. "I only wish somebody would give me one. It's just elegant!"

"Mother bought it," said Polly, her eye on the door.

"Who *are* you looking for? Your ma? There she is now. What a good-looking woman James's wife is, isn't she?"

"I suppose you've heard the news, Polly?" broke in another whisper from behind. "The news about Phil Ralston?"

"No. What do you mean?" with sudden interest.

"He came up last night, you know; and what do you think he brought with him but a wife! The old folks didn't know a word about it. Wasn't it a fine Thanksgiving surprise?"

"How did you hear?" asked Polly, faintly, with white lips.

"Steve saw them—our Steve, you know. He come in the same train, and there was Phil getting out with his wife, and the old Squire meeting them, and looking so surprised; and Phil, said he, 'Father, I've got a new daughter to introduce to you.' And then some more in a low voice, which Steve couldn't hear; and the Squire he 'most cried, and he shook hands, and said, 'You're welcome, my dear.' That was all Steve saw, for he had to come away; but Uncle Reuben was up to the Squire's in the evening about a load of hay, and Phil's wife came in, and the Squire introduced her: 'My son's wife,' he said, and he looked real pleased, for all he hadn't been told beforehand. Gracious! there they are! Look, Polly, just coming in."

For a moment all swam before Polly's eyes. Then the mist cleared again, and she saw Squire Ralston's white head passing up the aisle, followed by his sister, a dear old woman who lived with him and kept his house; then Phil, and by his side a lady. With unnatural fire in her blue eyes she scanned the stranger, noting the clear olive cheek, the graceful undulating walk, the gait, which, even to her inexperienced vision, seemed something rich and foreign. That, then, was Phil's wife, the woman he preferred to all others! And with sudden power of hatred Polly felt that she hated her. All the sweet, even pulses of her nature seemed turned into bitterness and fire.

"She looks old for Phil, doesn't she?" whispered the other girl.

She did, but how beautiful! And still, as the service went on, what a mockery it all seemed—the prayer in which she did not join, the sermon which spoke of people as thankful and happy! She rose with the others, she bent her head, and all the time something jangled in her ears the one phrase, "Phil is married! Phil is married!" till it seemed as if she could not bear it. Long afterward, when she was happy again, that wretched morning would come back to her as visions of fever to returning health; little things she was unconscious of noticing—a late canker-worm walking up Mary Jane Oaks's bonnet-string; the scrap of newspaper left on Deacon Bunker's face from his morning shaving, and on which could be plainly read, "Lost and Straye," with the after clew of "heifer" just below. She remembered the exact position in which Phil stood as he held the hymn-book open for his—wife! Once he half turned and glanced at the gallery. That was too much; Polly drew tight the green curtain, and looked no more.

"You're pale to-day," whispered the friendly gossip in the rear, "or else your hat isn't becoming."

This roused her pride. Bad as it was to be miserable, it was worse to be pitied. She bit her lips till they were red, and (taking advantage of the last prayer, I am sorry to say) inflicted upon her cheeks a series of furtive pinches, which restored their bloom. Coming down stairs with the rest, she saw, she was sure, Phil lingering as if to speak. Cruel, insulting, she *would* not see! Leaning on James's arm, chatting, laughing, all bloom and animation, she brushed past. "Polly," he half exclaimed; then paused. Backs are sometimes expressive as faces. Polly's said, distinctly as back could, "Don't speak to me." Phil looked after them a moment; then, suppressing a low whistle, he plunged his hands into his pockets, and took the opposite direction. But soon, relenting, he was sorry to have done so. "She didn't see me," he said to himself; "that was it. Well, I'll go over this evening, at all events, and find out what it means."

Oh, what a miserable day it was! All the little, carefully prepared-for pleasures were as so many goads and stings to poor Polly. The turkey choked, the children's merriment stunned her. And there were all the relations to be seen to—Aunt Elmira and Uncle Jacob, Cousin Jane with her family, and the new baby. But for all her heartache the little maid was true to herself. Only Mrs. Pursall, with mother's instinct, divined that something was the matter. To the rest Polly was her usual self, prettier than usual, if any thing, and gayer with that deep flush on her cheeks, and the saucy tongue which, barbed with inward misery, had a smart answer ready for all and each.

At last the long dinner ended, amidst praises loud and high. The fire was replenished, the candles lit, evening and a general romp set in. Amidst the bustle Polly could slip away for a moment unperceived. She has "found a thing to do," as Mr. Browning says.

Climbing a chair in the dark pantry, she felt about. Yes, there it was. Just so she had meant to come and lift it down for Phil! With tight-set lips she carried the dish through the hall to the back-door, where Jowler, a faithful beast of nondescript breed, was wont to lie on a convenient door-mat.

"Jowler, Jowler—poor fellow," she said, "here's something for you," and she held out to him Phil's pie!

Never was dog awakened by daintier morsel! It was not a very heroic vengeance that, but somehow it suited Polly's feelings, and there was a certain tragic quality in her manner as she stood looking on at the demolishment which would have struck an uninterested spectator as infinitely comic. As the last crumb vanished, however—the last twirl of the "P"—a different mood asserted itself. She put her head in childish fashion against the door, and, with the empty pie-plate in her hand, began to cry—a silent, miserable crying, with a little dumb moan running through it like a child's.

It was just then that somebody passing up the walk came upon her—somebody who in his haste had come "cross corners" and leaped the garden fence in his way. A tall, brown-haired fellow, with merry, kind eyes, in which wonderment shone as he took in this astonishing spectacle.

"Hallo!" he began; "why it's—bless my soul! Polly! Why, Polly—what is the matter, dear?"

At the sound of the voice Polly started, as if stung. She gave a little scream; then, recollecting herself, would have dashed past him into the house, but a strong hand held her back.

"What *is* the meaning of this?" said Phil. "You here, and crying, on Thanksgiving night—the night when we were going to be so happy! Tell me what it is, Polly darling? Can't I help you? Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Philip Ralston!" said Polly, too furious to weigh her words, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Why?"

"Why? You ask me that? Because"—suddenly remembering what she implied—"because—you have no right to speak to me—to any body—in that way any more, now that you are married!"

"Eh!" ejaculated Philip; "and who says I am married?"

Polly, with dilating eyes, perused his face. She could not speak.

"I'm not married," went on Phil, "whoever says so. And I can't imagine how such a thing got about. And that you should—" He stopped.

"The lady in church?" gasped Polly.

"Well! what about her?" said Phil, sharply. "That was Will's wife—my brother Will, you know, or rather you don't know, for you were a little girl when he went to South America. It seems that he ran away with a beauty and heiress, and the letter they wrote never reached us; and the first thing I knew, there they were in New York, and poor Will miserably knocked up by the voyage and a pistol-ball one of her relations sent after him. So I didn't let father know, for fear of worrying him; and when Will got better

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we all came up together. That's the story, Polly; but I did think you trusted me a little."

"Oh, I did, I do," sobbing; "and I was miserable, Phil."

"So this was the cause of Polly's tears," went on teasing Phil, availing himself, man-like, of the opportunity; "and that was the reason she turned her back this morning. Then Polly does care for me a little—a very little?"

"A *very* little," responded Polly, with a faint gleam of mischief from under her wet lashes.

"Enough to put some confidence in my word when I assure her that I shall never marry—never—unless somebody I know, somebody who has proved very faithless, and hurt me not a little to-day, should learn to believe me, and like me well enough"—squeezing a little brown hand as he spoke—"to take me for a husband herself? What do you say, dear?" for the pretty rosy face had vanished into the sleeve of his coat, and for all questioning no answer could be won but a little, sweet, half gurgling, half sobbing, "Forgive me, Phil."

Phil did not prove obdurate. Before long the face came out of its hiding-place, and, leaning on his arm, Polly stood a happy moment to look at the rising moon, and taste the consciousness of bliss. Jowler stretched himself luxuriously, yawned, then leaping up, his paws on Polly's shoulder, he gave vent to one loud, solitary bark, of benediction perhaps, or maybe self-congratulation that this consummation devoutly to be wished did not happen sooner, to the detriment of his dinner. A moment, then Phil drew Polly into the shelter of the warmed and lighted hall, and the door was shut.

There is another "young Mrs. Ralston" now, whose pastry is said by the good housewives in the neighborhood to "beat all," and whose dainty ways are very like our Polly's; but she always assures her husband (whose name is Phil) that, if she should live half a century, she shall never, never make, or he ever taste, a pie one-half so perfect as that which he forfeited by coming ten minutes late one Thanksgiving evening. And he says— But no matter what he says.

TRYING TO LEAVE METZ.

SHORTLY before the surrender of Metz a large party of non-combatant French attempted to get out of the beleaguered city, and pass through the Prussian lines. The scene, as depicted in the second illustration on page 772, is thus described by an eye-witness:

"We saw a number of people coming from Metz, who were civilians desirous of getting away from the beleaguered fortress, and from the distress which all can understand must be the fate of those left within it. The group who came along the road consisted of men, women, and children, all carrying bundles; and a woman came on in advance with a pocket-handkerchief on a stick as a flag of truce. But the Prussians, who had determined that they would not allow any more of the citizens to leave the city, and had notified to those in command that all parties attempting to escape would be fired upon, now kept their word, and the pickets around us began, as the group approached, to fire upon them. We could clearly see the party as they came up the road. One man, who made himself unfortunately too conspicuous, was observed to fall. The group wavered; the foremost figure, with the white flag, still advanced; but at last she looked round, and perceived that all her companions were flying; upon which she understood her situation, and followed them back. We could observe crowds of others behind, ready to come forward if these had succeeded; but soon they disappeared. These people who wanted to leave Metz were evidently not of the poorest class. The woman in front was a peasant, but many, by their dress, seemed to be of the middle class; they, and the children, all had bundles and bags, or sacks. The poor fellow who was struck seemed afterward to be dead, for a soldier came round to where we were to report to his officer that he had killed a man. The soldier began to reload his needle-gun, and pulled a packet of cartridges out of his pocket; but before he could get to the bottom, where they were, he had to pull out a dove. The soldiers here trap the doves which have come out from Metz for food. The bird which this man had caught and kept along with his powder and shot represented a most curious association of the emblems of love and hate, of peace and war."

ON THE PARIS RAMPARTS.

THE Parisian National Guard have been receiving their "baptism of hardships and fatigue," as they will probably be soon receiving their christening of fire, on the walls of their capital. And truly these hardships are not to be despised, as it is by no means agreeable for men who all their lives have been comfortably and, in many cases, luxuriously housed to do twenty-four hours' duty in the cold and rain, with perhaps not even a leaky tent to sleep in. Yet this is what thousands of the hitherto indolent, pleasure-loving Parisians are daily doing; and many a one who, two months ago, would have thought it preposterous to rise at nine, and would have been horrified at getting his feet wet, now goes through the most arduous duties without a murmur.

Each division of the National Guard has its turn on the ramparts, and generally on the appointed day assembles in some square or unfrequented street. Each guard, besides his usual accoutrements, takes with him a perfect store of personal comforts, among which thick railway rugs and copious comforters are conspicuous. A tin sauce-pan with some savory concoction is indispensable to his equipment, neither is the *eau de vie*, with which to lighten the tediousness of his watch, forgotten. Drums and trumpets at their head, they march to their day's destination in time to think about breakfast. The arms are piled, and mysterious messes are disinterred from knapsacks and sauce-pans, wine is fetched from a neighboring canteen, and the company make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit.

At night the guards creep into the tents with which the ramparts are furnished, each just large enough to hold six or eight occupants as closely packed as herrings in a tub. As soon as the *reveille* sounds they come out in the most fantastic costumes—as represented in the sketch on page 772—some in dressing-gowns, some with their heads tied up in woolen wrappers, while others smoke their morning cigarettes, their loins girded with a sheepskin. After a welcome cup of black coffee the sound of the relieving company's trumpets is heard, and they march back to Paris and tranquillity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ABOUT seven years ago a movement was made by certain charitable individuals in this city to add to the benevolent institutions of New York a hospital for the relief of ruptured and crippled children. In due time a charter was obtained, a liberal support was given to the society formed, and a large number of patients were treated each year. A suitable building was needed; and a week or two ago the new hospital was formally opened, a large audience of ladies and gentlemen being present, and the exercises being of a very interesting character. The building occupies a lot on the northwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street. It is built of brick, has all modern improvements and conveniences, and is capable of accommodating two hundred and fifty children. At present there are over eighty in the hospital. The society is now free of debt; but to enable the institution to support all it can find room for, a plan has been devised of annual subscriptions, whereby a subscriber of one hundred dollars has a right to place a child in the hospital for treatment for one year. For every additional one hundred dollars a child may receive one year's treatment. The members of the society earnestly commend this enterprise to the consideration of the charitable.

The vast number of factory chimneys in Paris sending forth volumes of smoke day and night indicate the intense industry with which the manufacture of warlike weapons is carried on. Field-cannon, shells, improved mitrailleuses, and various novel chemical agents for destroying the besiegers, are being prepared in great abundance. Doubtless military implements will not be wanting; but where will bread come from when months have passed away?

William C. Bryant recently celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday. He was born in 1794.

The German papers bewail the effect of the war on trade. One journal remarks: "Germany has already, in one respect, lost more than France, for her army contained numbers of men trained to science, commerce, and manufactures who have died on the battle-field, and whose loss it will take another generation to replace. Another, though a less important, consequence of the war is the incompleteness of the harvest operations, owing to most of the horses used for that purpose having been taken for the army. The result is that immense quantities of hay, corn, and potatoes have been spoiled by the rains, as it was impossible to gather them in quickly enough."

Two American artists from this city, R. S. Gifford and L. C. Tiffany, have been spending some time this fall at Tangier, empire of Morocco, Africa. They write that they find there a great deal of material for sketches. After spending a month on the coast of Italy they intended to go to Alexandria.

Hall's *Journal of Health* urges rest from stimulating brain labor. Insanity, it says, always comes on with increasing sleeplessness, and the first step toward recovery is a growing ability to sleep. Too much business stimulates the brain; and if this is continued too long the inevitable results are either insanity, paralysis, or apoplexy. Insanity is caused by too much blood being in the arteries of the brain; paralysis is a loss of power—the parts have worked so much they can work no more; apoplexy is where the vessels of the brain are so full, so distended, that they are ruptured. The person who is kept up to the working point by any artificial stimulant runs a dangerous risk of losing life or reason.

A rebellious damsel, declining by her silence to assent to the requisition to "obey" in the marriage service, the officiating clergyman refused to proceed with the ceremony until an audible indication of consent was given.

There are, according to report, not less than five hundred English in Paris at the present time who are really suffering for money, and even for food.

At the first meeting of the presbyteries of the United States after the union of the Old and New schools it was voted to raise within a year $5,000,000 for Church purposes. The money will doubtless be promptly raised.

A prize of five hundred dollars a year for the remainder of the college course has been offered to the student of the Freshman class in Princeton College who, at the close of this year, shall pass the best classical examination. As the examination includes authors not in the curriculum, the competitors must devote extra attention to preparation.

Doré and the younger Dumas are among the *literati* in the French army.

Pestilential vapors brood over the battle-field of Gravelotte. It is a ghastly fact that beside every grave-heap a barrel of chloride of lime stands like a tombstone; yet, notwithstanding this disinfectant, the air is indescribably fetid.

A year ago last March the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized at Boston. The specific work intended was to send the Gospel to the women of India and China. The first public meeting of this society was held recently at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. By the first annual report, just issued, it appears that seven thousand dollars have been collected; one hundred and thirty auxiliary societies formed; a missionary journal established; and two missionaries sent to India about a year ago. In addition to these things, at the first annual meeting the society undertook to sustain certain schools and hospitals in India and China, and to send out two other missionaries this fall. For this work $11,926 in gold have been appropriated, and it is proposed to raise an additional $20,000 in currency. This society now includes six coördinate branches, which are located in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis. It is proposed to establish similar branches in New Orleans, Charleston, and San Francisco.

A London publisher has offered ten thousand pounds for the exclusive right, for ten years, of publishing the revised version of the Bible now in progress.

The German soldiers will have a home-sick longing to be with friends and relatives at Christmas. To them the Christmas festival is a very tender bond of sympathy.

According to an official statement the number of German soldiers now on French territory is 856,000; 740,000 of these belong to Prussia and the North German Confederation.

Telegraphic reports of the weather are now received in Washington three times a day from twenty stations; and the arrangements made for distributing them throughout the country are very satisfactory.

A report comes from Germany that the inhabitants of Strasburg desire that the fortifications of the city be destroyed, and that henceforth it be an open place.

Napoleon, in his exile at Wilhelmshöhe, rises regularly at six o'clock. After dressing, a cup of tea and a slice of bread are brought to him, and then he reads the German, French, and English newspapers, remaining alone until about nine o'clock. At nine his private secretary arrives, and remains with him until ten. After walking about the grounds of the château, at eleven a second *déjeuner* is served, the dishes being very simple. Napoleon and his officers then spend an hour or so in smoking and conversation. He then retires to his cabinet for business. At half past three or four he drives, rides, or walks—always preferring walking when the weather permits. At half past six dinner is served, which usually consists of a mixture of French and German dishes, but every thing very simple. After dinner his Majesty and his household retire to a parlor, when coffee and cigars are served. The evening is passed in conversation, cards, or reading aloud. Napoleon usually retires very early.

A good degree of interest has been manifested by the United States government, the Coast Survey, and the Smithsonian Institute in the scientific enterprise which leads a party of three to make Mount Washington their winter residence. Messrs. J. H. Huntington, of Hanover, New Hampshire, Assistant State Geologist; S. A. Nelson, of Georgetown, Massachusetts; and A. F. Clough, of Warren, photographer and telegrapher, make up the company. All needed scientific instruments have been provided. By means of a telegraph cable daily reports of the weather will be sent to the world; and it is expected that these reports will be of great value to commerce by giving warning of approaching storms. The building to be occupied is sixty feet by twenty-two, and twenty-five feet high. The main room is twenty feet by eleven, lined with triple thicknesses of felt, and thickly carpeted. Six months' provisions and an abundance of coal have been provided. Snow-shoes have also been sent up, to be used in cases of emergency.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WAS Mr. Chisselm a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy-body of a friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them, including the sheriff's deputy, followed him some distance."

"Mamma," said an intelligent little girl, "what is the meaning of a book being printed in 12mo?" "Why, my dear," replied the mother, "it means that the book will be published in twelve months."

Poetry is the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat; satire is the aqua-fortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar; and letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.

Under the head of "Crimes and Casualties" a rural paper mentions the fact that a rival editor has just published a book.

BELLES-LETTRES—Love-letters.

A gentleman dropped a letter in Memphis the other day. A by-stander picked it up and returned it to the owner, saying, "You have dropped a paper, Sir; it may be valuable." The gentleman looked at the wandering document, and replied, "Valuable! not at all. It's only a love-letter!" Sentimental young ladies can make a note of this.

WASTING TIME—Hugging the girls.

A French marquis was riding out one day, when he passed an old priest trotting along contentedly on a quiet donkey. "Ha ha!" exclaimed the marquis, "how goes the ass, good father?" "On horseback, my son—on horseback," replied the priest.

SKY-LIGHTS—Stars.

Not to inquire after each other's "chills" is the height of discourtesy in Indiana.

SATURDAY NOTES—Our salaries.

A lady who has been reading law is in the most fearful and agonizing doubts regarding the legality of her married condition. She says, "Lotteries are illegal, and marriage is the greatest lottery in life."

"That bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff old Englishman upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith an' you'll find it is plenty long, Sir, when you get into it," was the reply; "for then there'll be two feet more added to it." Exit Pat, with a boot fetching up the rear.

A witty lady, being asked her opinion of mustaches, replied, "I always set my face against them!"

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane?—Because it hurts the pupil.

During peace a regiment is quartered; during war time it is occasionally cut to pieces.

Two Dutchmen lived very close together, and they had been fast friends, but they fell out, and hated each other like poison. One of them got sick, and sent for his neighbor, and said, "Hans, I am going to die; will you forgive me?" "If you die I will," said Hans; "but if you get well the old debt will stand good."

THE BEST WINE FOR VOCALISTS—Canary.

Where do Welshmen go to when they die?—To Mold (mould).

The gentleman who borrowed an oyster-knife with which to open an account at a banker's is anxious to meet with a patent cork-screw to draw a check.

The nation which produces the most marriages must be fascination.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING—Don't lend them.

Why are husband and wife not *one*, but *ten*?—Because the wife is number one, and the husband goes for nothing.

Why is the letter "d" like the marriage service?—Because it makes "we" into "wed."

"IN VINO VERITAS."—Sandie M'Sawnie respondeth: "Truth in wine, indeed! Hoot, mon, there's nae sic a thing! Just shake up that auld port, and ye'll find there's muckle *lees* in it!"

Why do school-boys having their ears boxed resemble captured house-breakers?—Because they are handcuffed.

An old lady, whose son was lately about to proceed to the Black Sea, among other parting admonitions, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come back a "blackamoor."

A fellow in Indiana put one end of a gun-barrel in the fire, and looked down the muzzle to see whether it was loaded. A coroner's jury decided that his suspicions were correct.

"I hope this hand is not counterfeit," said a lover, as he was toying with his sweet-heart's fingers. "The best way to find out is to ring it," was the neat reply.

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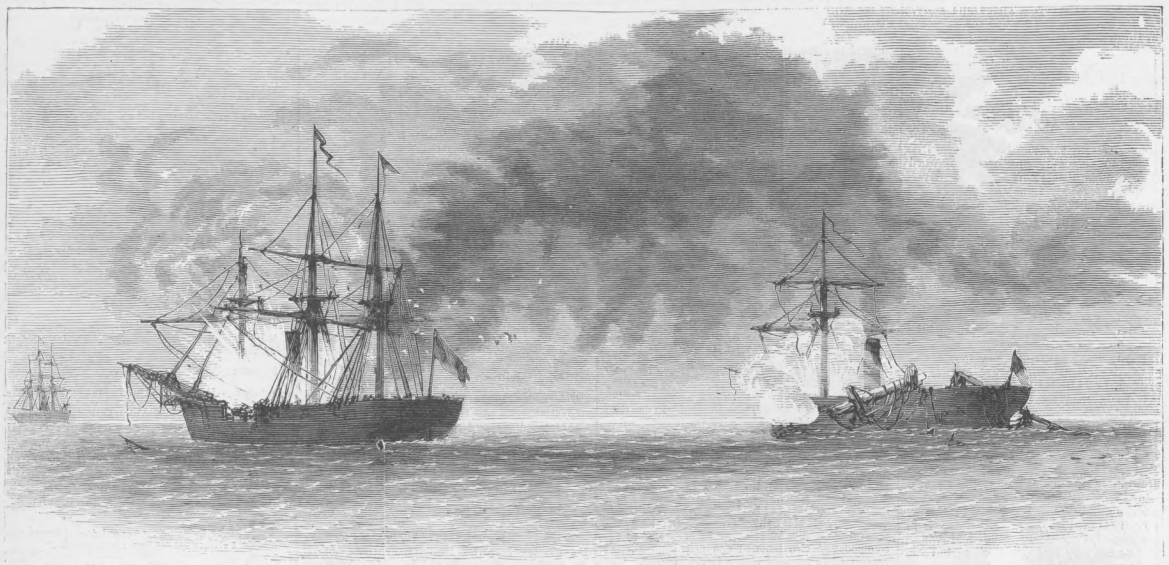
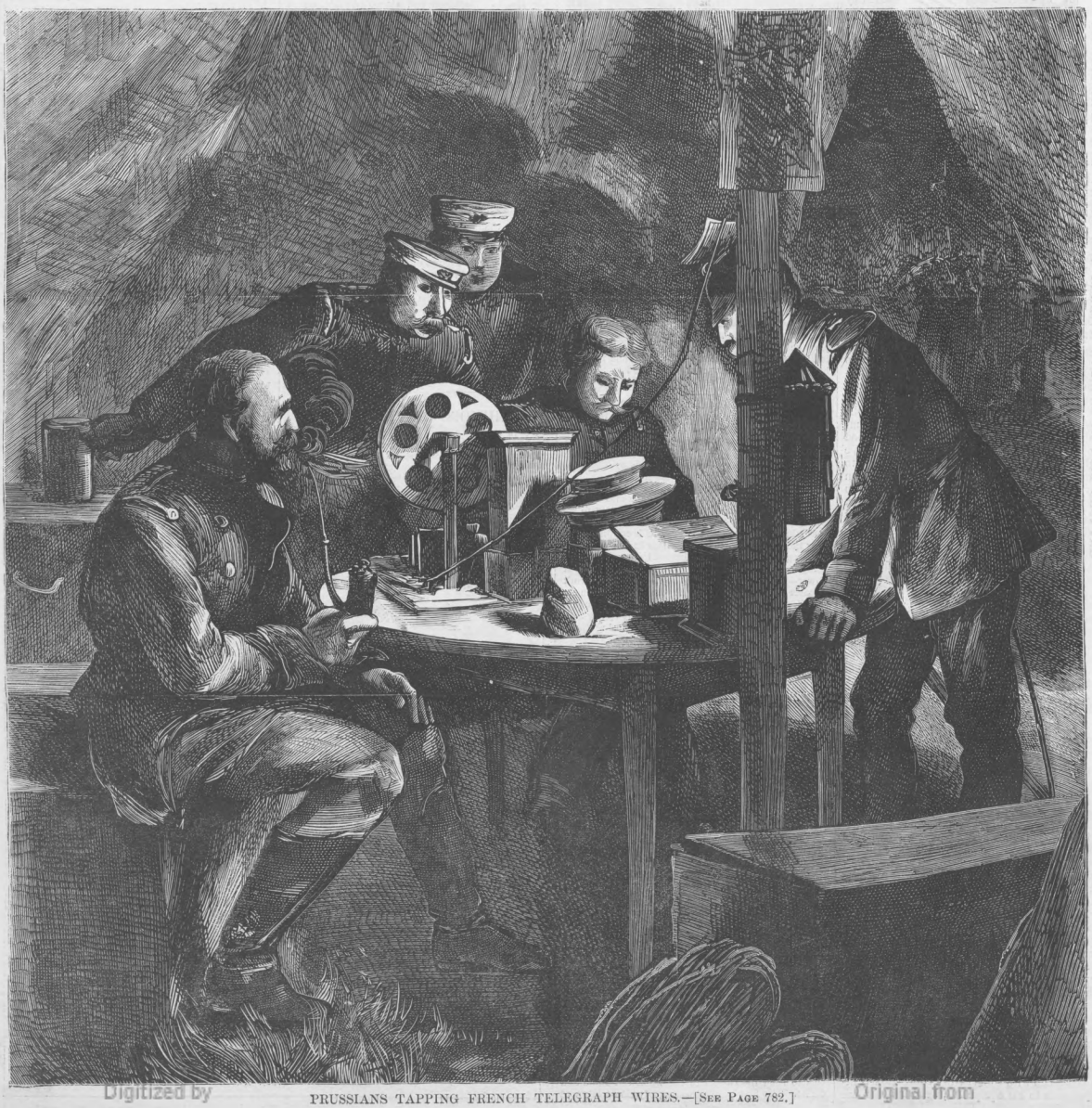


DUEL BETWEEN THE PRUSSIAN GUN-BOAT "METEOR" AND THE FRENCH GUN-BOAT "BOUVET," OFF THE COAST OF CUBA.
FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.—[SEE PAGE 782.]



PRUSSIANS TAPPING FRENCH TELEGRAPH WIRES.—[SEE PAGE 782.]

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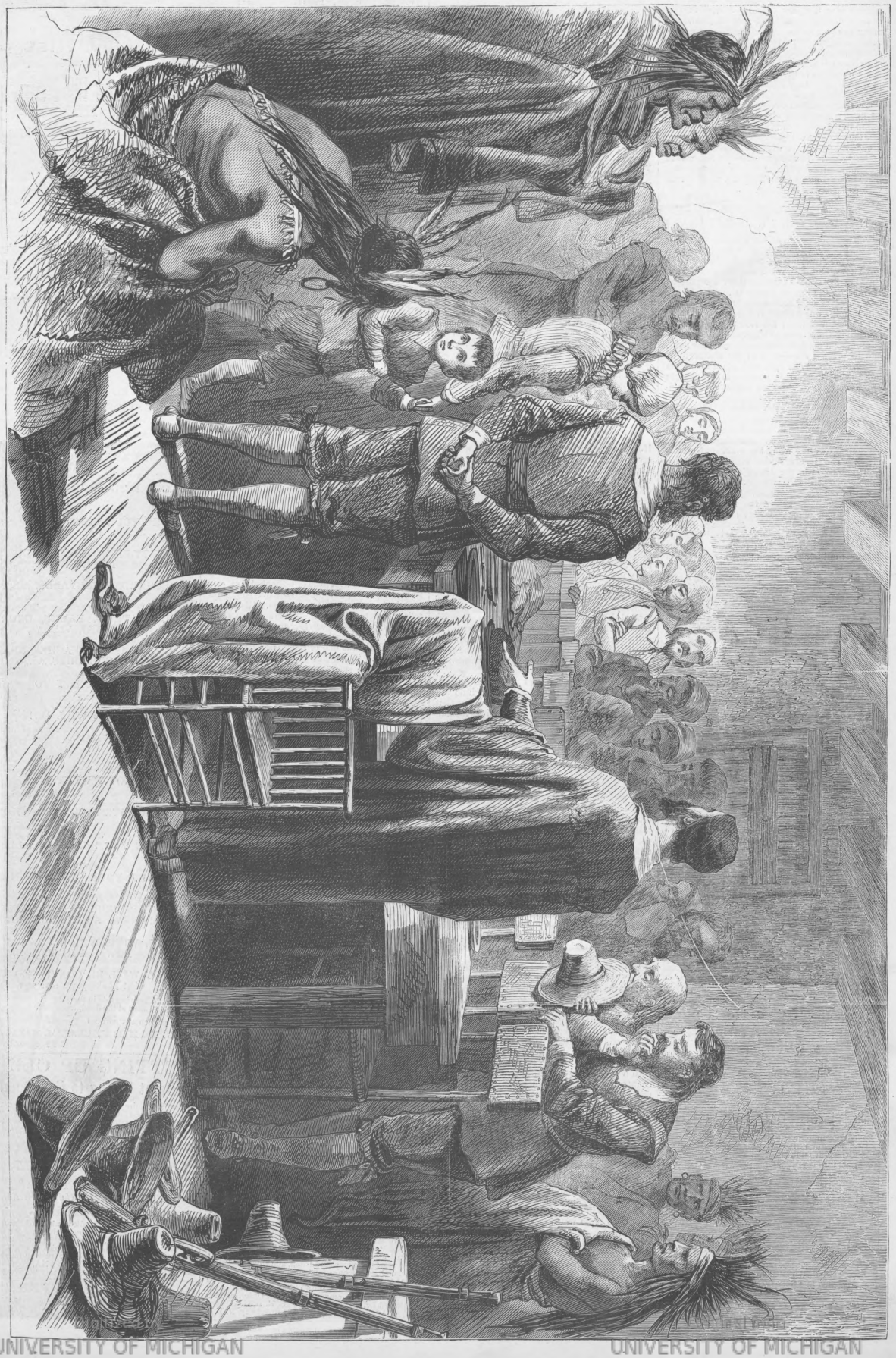

THANKSGIVING-DAY AMONG THE PURITAN FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

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TAPPING THE WIRES.

TAPPING the telegraph wires in the enemy's country was first reduced to a system in this country during the war of the rebellion, and many are the stories told of hazardous adventures undergone by raiders and operators in quest of military intelligence by this means. The Prussians have not neglected this important branch of modern warfare in their French campaign, going to work in a severely scientific and business-like way. When Paris was invested subterranean lines of wires were discovered and cut, as depicted in the illustration on page 780; some were found in the cellars of Meudon, but no doubt before they were destroyed they were made to furnish a budget of news for the information of the investing army. Sending messages in cipher is at present the most effective way of counteracting these proceedings, and even ciphers may be read with patience and ingenuity.

NAVAL DUEL NEAR HAVANA.

WE are indebted to a Cuban correspondent for the spirited sketch on page 780 of the engagement between the Prussian war steamer *Meteor*, carrying three guns, and the French war steamer *Bouvet*, carrying five, which took place off the port of Havana on the 9th of November. The *Meteor* had a crew of sixty men, and the *Bouvet* eighty. The Spanish war steamer *Hernando Cortés*, having on board General DE RODAS, the Captain-General of Cuba, who acted as umpire, and other prominent officials, went out to see a fair fight, and to prevent a violation of the neutrality of Cuban waters. The fight took place about ten miles from Havana; and as it was in full sight of that port, the neighboring heights were crowded with thousands of interested spectators.

The *Bouvet* opened the contest by firing five shots, which the *Meteor* promptly returned. The *Bouvet* then attempted to board the *Meteor*. In this she was unsuccessful. Her rigging became entangled, carrying away her main and mizzen masts. The rigging, falling with the masts, became entangled in the *Meteor's* screw. At the same moment the *Meteor* sent a shell into the inside of the *Bouvet*, smashing her steam pipe. The *Meteor*, by reason of the disabling of her screw, became unmanageable; and the *Bouvet*, finding the quarters hot, and capture certain if she waited until the *Meteor* could disentangle herself, set sail rapidly, and made for port, the *Meteor* continuing to fire meanwhile. With a fair wind the *Bouvet* was enabled to cross into Spanish water before the *Meteor* could disentangle her screw. At this time the *Hernando Cortés* fired a gun, as a signal that the combat had closed. Both fought bravely.

The victory was accorded the *Meteor*, though both vessels were very badly damaged. The Germans had three killed and one wounded; on board the Frenchman there were three wounded and one killed. Both vessels returned to Havana after the fight, and another engagement is to come off as soon as they have completed repairing.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

"ON the 14th of February, 1854, my husband made me a present of a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. For nearly fifteen years it has done its work (hundreds—yes, thousands of dollars' worth), and is this day as perfect a sewer as when I first got it. It has never been the least out of repair. During the war I kept *one* needle in constant use, and I have more than half the original dozen of needles given with the machine on its purchase." —— ——.

To cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOSEY'S STANDARD OPERAS for VOICE AND PIANO-FORTE. Edited by Arthur Sullivan. The complete series, unabridged, with Italian and English words. Price One Dollar each. The Operas will be printed from new type on the finest paper, large 8vo, in volumes containing 200 to 270 pages each. They will appear fortnightly, commencing in the following order:

Nov. 1. DON JUAN (now ready).
" 15. FIDELIO, with the four Overtures.
Dec. 1. IL BARBIERE.
" 15. LA SONNAMBULA.
Jan. 1. MARTHA.
" 15. IL TROVATORE.

Subscribers' names will be received by all Musicsellers and Booksellers in the States, or by the Publishers, BOOSEY & CO., 4 Bond Street, New York.

$10 made from 50c.!

Something urgently needed by every body. Call and examine, or 12 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents that retail easily for Ten Dollars.

R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

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THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HAIR DRESSING in the World

RENEW NOW.—THE PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, $3, and either of Harper's, $4, sent a year for $5, by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 327 Pearl St., N. Y., furnish Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar*.

$10 to $25.—Genuine Double Gold Watches. Address JOHN FOGGAN, MTF, 79 Nassau St., N.Y.

HELMBOLD.

HE APPEARS IN A NEW ROLE.

NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT.

The Most Enterprising and Largest Advertiser of the Age.

THE famous Dr. H. T. HELMBOLD, of 594 Broadway, New York, who is universally regarded as the most sagacious, enterprising, and successful business man of the age, has recently been brought before the public in a new attitude—that of a candidate for the Presidency.

The following rapid and graphic sketch of this remarkable man can not fail to be read with interest, and might be studied with profit by men who could make a fortune had they half of HELMBOLD'S pluck, tact, and spirit:

PEN PICTURE OF HELMBOLD.

Beyond doubt, the greatest advertiser in the United States, if not in the known world, to-day, is H. T. HELMBOLD, the millionaire druggist of New York, whose name, through the medium of the press, has become a household word in every township in the United States.

As the public is always more or less interested in men who have, by dint of energy, enterprise, boldness, and honorable dealings, risen from ordinary to extraordinary positions in life, a pen picture of this most successful merchant and accomplished gentleman may not be uninteresting. If you have time, come with us a few moments, while we introduce you to the man who has made himself very wealthy through the medium of the press, and by the discovery of a remedial agent for certain diseases somewhat prevalent in America.

Leaving our office, in New York, on Printing-House Square, where the busy hum of machinery is heard night and day, about half-past two in the afternoon we leisurely saunter up Broadway, that great artery of life, till we have passed Canal Street, on our way to Grace Church. On the right-hand side as we are going up, a beautiful drug-store attracts our attention. Of course we will stop for a moment and look at it, for on all the American continent there is not another like it. Beautiful, filled with every thing to please the eye, arranged by the hand of taste and genius, the store is a model in every respect. It is wide, nearly three hundred feet deep, and filled with the choicest articles pharmacy can demand. As others are constantly entering, we will do the same. Come with us, from the front door back toward the centre of the establishment, in what is called the "parlor," leaving those who wish to make purchases by the counters, where they can be waited upon, for we are looking for the man who in a few years has erected this monument to enterprise, liberality, and well-doing.

It is nearly three o'clock in the afternoon. "Which one is HELMBOLD?" "Which do you think?" It is not that tall man. It is not that portly man. Nor is it that earnest, iron-looking man who is poring over the ledgers and private cash-book. "Well, which is the one?" It is that little fellow, about five feet six inches in height, dark-brown hair, heavy eyebrows, full whiskers, cut rather close, dressed as if just taken from a bandbox. It is that man who is fitting on an elegant pair of kid gloves, but, while doing so, is continually walking about from this desk to that one, from this man to that one; giving an order to that, a word of encouragement to this man or that one; looking with an eye quick as a cat on every thing going on from one end of the establishment to the other.

In dress he is faultless. A first-class business suit, the whitest of shirts, elegant wristbands, hair neither too smooth nor too rough—the dress, in all respects, indicating a business man of taste, wealth, and prominence. He walks to this man on the right, looks over his shoulder at some work he is doing, nods approvingly; then to his cash-book, makes a few inquiries, says that is right; then asks the cashier of the concern one or two questions, nods approvingly; takes in the entire store at a glance; says very politely to those in charge, "Good-day, gentlemen!" He passes out, nods to the acquaintances, shakes hands with that one, and, with a kind word to all, passes out to his private carriage, waiting before the door, and, if the weather is pleasant, with one or two friends is off for a drive through Central Park, and up the Bloomingdale Road, behind his elegant horses. Few men in New York drive so fine a team as does HELMBOLD. From three o'clock until six, with a friend or two from different parts of the country, he is on the road, as are thousands of other business men of the great city, gathering health, fresh air, and strength for the morrow. At six o'clock we find him at his elegant residence on Fourteenth Street, ready for dinner. And there is always at his well-furnished table two or three extra plates and extra chairs for such friends as he may invite to his house: for HELMBOLD believes that it is not good for a man to eat alone. And though he has at his house one of the most beautiful women of the land for a wife, and a family of three little children, he still delights in extending the most generous hospitality to those who are always welcome when invited.

HELMBOLD lives well. This we know, for often have we dined from his well-filled table, laughed at his jokes, and listened to his experiences in life.

As a business man, HELMBOLD is a success. As a merchant, he is a prominence. As a druggist, he is equal to cut glass. As a sharp, shrewd, enterprising man of the world, he is nothing short of enthusiasm. While as a bold operator and advertiser, he has no equals in the country. He does business on a large scale. Lives like a prince. Pays his advertising bills with a liberal hand, and promptly. Pays large salaries to those in his employ, and aims apparently, not so much to accumulate money as to spend it for the benefit of printers. His expenses for advertising are nearly half a million of dollars per year; a one or ten thousand dollar order to some newspaper is nothing for him, providing the paper is of sufficient importance for him to use. In the evening you will find him and his wife, and perhaps one or two friends, occupying a private box or reserved seats at one of the operas or theatres; or at home, if the weather is unpleasant, or at the home of some of his friends, the business men of New York.

When seven o'clock in the morning comes, you inquire for HELMBOLD, and you will find that he is down town. He must have read something about the early bird catching the worm, for certainly we know no earlier bird among the business men of New York than this same little druggist. His beautiful palace of a store is kept open day and night for the accommodation of the public; and early in the morning, before the rest of the family are up, HELMBOLD has walked to his store, looked over the establishment, gained an appetite for breakfast, and returned. Breakfast over, the morning papers looked at, a romp with his family, the carriage is brought to the door, and down he goes to his place of business, reaching there at ten o'clock, and from that time till three in the afternoon he is most industriously engaged dictating answers to hundreds of letters, giving orders about his business, forming the acquaintance of strangers, chatting with friends who drop in for a moment, and comporting himself with the air of a man with all the business on hand he can possibly attend to.

HELMBOLD is a nervous, quick, restless, ambitious man. He understands the art of advertising to perfection. He believes with us that money judiciously expended in printers' ink brings a larger return than any other investment.

An idea comes to him one minute and is acted on the next. What he does he does quickly and thoroughly.

While other men would be canvassing, debating, or arguing the propriety of doing this or that, he has accepted or rejected the proposition almost before it is made to him. He acts at once and with energy. A little hint you may drop he will seize and magnify to something of importance. Some little idea that another man would have no faith in, or think unworthy of thought, he will seize, turn to advantage, and make thousands of dollars therefrom.

He began life with little or no capital, but, confident that the remedy he had discovered was the best, he had the pluck to advertise. His success tells the rest. His sales now amount to about three million bottles per year, and are rapidly increasing. The opening of his palatial drug-store in New York was one of the greatest events of the season. Thousands of persons attended to partake of the sumptuous repast furnished free upon the occasion, and all were delighted.

Among the presents to those who came were one thousand bottles of cologne distributed to the ladies. This of itself shows that HELMBOLD is a very *scents*-ible man.

To see him on the street or in the store, you would imagine him the confidential clerk of the proprietor; but when you come to talk business, make plans and suggestions, you will find that the seeming confidential clerk is the head of the house, and what he does not understand about business and about advertising is hardly worth learning.

Some time, when in New York, if you want to see a man who is making a success of business, and making himself wealthy by using printers' ink, walk by his drug-store, drop in, and ask for H. T. HELMBOLD, and tell him you came, out of curiosity, to look at one of the smallest business men in New York, who is at the same time one of the greatest. If he should look just a little annoyed at the interruption, tell him that we sent you, and in all probability he will ask you to the soda fountain, order a glass of tonic, bid you call again, and you will go on your way rejoicing, satisfied that HELMBOLD, the millionaire druggist of New York, is about as good a fellow as they make.—[*Exchange.*]

GREAT MEN, LIVING AND DEAD, are pictured and described in the December No. Phrenological Journal. Here are General TROCHU, of France; the late General R. E. LEE, of Va.; L. A. THIERS, the French Statesman; BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the Philosopher; Rev. GEO. TRASK, the Reformer, and others. Articles on The Physician, his Office and Qualifications; Eminent Oculists; Physical Education; Woman's True Greatness; Yale Sketches; Watch-Making in America; Ethnology; The Igorrolas; Savages, their Moral and Social Condition; Sketch of California Excursionists; Visit to Salt Lake City; Brigham Young's Residence, The Temple, The City and its Surroundings, City Government, Principal Buildings, Orchards and Fruit Growing, Geology of Salt Lake, Wonderful Mineral Resources, Rich Ledges, Lodes, &c.; Our National Beverage; Spiritualism; Wanted, Young Men; Yankee Apples, a Poem; The College Widow; A Picket Duel, an Incident of the War; My Mother; Struck by Lightning; Let Us Have Peace; A Merry Christmas; Valedictory; Literary Notices, Miscellany, &c. A rich and valuable Number, which closes the volume. 30 cents, or $3 a year. Subscriptions are now in order.

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is a First-Class Family Magazine, devoted to Phrenology, Ethnology, Physiology, Physiognomy, Education, and Literature, with measures to Reform, Elevate, and Improve Mankind Physically, Mentally, and Morally. The 52d Volume commences with the January number, and now is the time to subscribe. The JOURNAL is in a most prosperous condition, and since its change in form it has been one of the most popular Magazines. Terms—$3 00 a year; single numbers, 30 cents. Ten copies, in a Club, $20. With either of Harper's, only $5 50. Inclose the amount in a P. O. Order, or in a Registered Letter, and address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

$60 A WEEK paid Agents in a new business. Address SACO NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me.

SEE

WHAT $5 WILL DO!

Alphabet FOR THE People.

A GREAT PREMIUM LAND SALE.

B SURE and TAKE ADVANTAGE of IT.

C OUNTRY HOMES, FARMS, VILLA SITES, &c.,

D ISTRIBUTED among Shareholders.

E VERY ONE REMITTING $5 becomes A SHAREHOLDER.

F OR EVERY SHARE YOU RECEIVE A PREMIUM.

G REAT OPPORTUNITY FOR

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J UST THE PLACE TO AVOID LUNG AND THROAT DISEASES—

K NOWN AS THE SOUTHERN SARATOGA.

L OOK INTO THE MATTER.

M AKE YOUR FORTUNE.

N INETY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN PREMIUMS!

O RCHARDS, VINEYARDS,

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Q UANTITIES of PEACHES, GRAPES, STRAWBERRIES, &c., &c.

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T RY IT;

U WILL NOT REGRET IT.

V ILLA SITES, COUNTRY HOMES, FORTUNES,

W ITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

X ERCISE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT.

Y OU ARE SURE to get A PREMIUM OR PRIZE. AS A PROOF, SEE THE

Z EAL WITH WHICH SHARES ARE NOW BEING TAKEN,

& YOU WILL BE CONVINCED THAT what Shakespeare says is true:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which,
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J. C. DERBY, GENERAL MANAGER,
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Great Saving to Consumers.

Parties inquire how to get up clubs. Our answer is, send for Price-List, and a Club form will accompany it, with full directions, making a large saving to consumers and remunerative to Club organizers.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
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SLEEP—Peaceful, Calm—SLEEP.

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Indorsed by the best medical minds of Europe and America as the only harmless substitute for Opium, Morphine, Laudanum, and all other poisonous narcotics used for producing sleep. Price 50 cents and $1 per bottle. Send for Circular containing medical indorsements. T. DE WITT KAVANA, Proprietor, 81 Barclay St., New York.

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HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at *Extremely Low Prices, for Cash*, or will take from $4 to $20 monthly until paid.

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A large quarto sheet, containing fifty-six columns filled with News from all parts of the World, choice original and selected Tales, Sketches, Poetry, Wit, and Humor. Besides this, every number contains a Young Folks' Department, an Agricultural Department, a Religious Department, and a Commercial Department, all prepared expressly for the BLADE, rendering it **the most complete and perfect Family Newspaper** published any where.

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These inimitable Letters are written expressly for the BLADE, and will be continued in its columns during the year. Oppression, wrong, and corruption, wherever found, are exposed by the trenchant pen of the great humorist. "The NASBY Letters," says a distinguished statesman, "have done more toward the correction of some of the greatest evils in our government, and the spread of sound political principles among the people, than all the speeches politicians ever made."

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The first week in March, 1871, we will commence the publication of a charming original story, written expressly for the BLADE, by one of the most popular writers in the country. The high reputation of the author warrants us in promising our readers a story of surpassing beauty and interest. Other stories by distinguished writers will be published during the year.

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SPECIMEN COPIES sent free to any address. Send for a copy, and at the same time give us the addresses of a dozen or so of your friends, at different Post-Offices, to whom we will send copies *free and postage paid.* Address

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FOR
The Library of Poetry and Song.
Being Choice Selections from the Best Poets,
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This volume is the handsomest and cheapest subscription book extant, and contains in itself more to give it enduring fame and make it universally popular than any book ever published. It has something in it, of *the best,* for every one—for the old, the middle-aged, and the young. It has intellectual food for every taste and for every mood and phase of human feeling, from the merriest humor up, through all the gradations of feeling, to the most touching and tender pathos. Excepting the Bible, this will be the book most loved and the most frequently referred to in the family.

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Teachers, Clergymen, active Men, intelligent Women, can all secure good pay with light work by taking an agency for this book. Terms very liberal.

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(THE BEST)
Flavoring Extracts.

"Your superior Flavoring Extracts are strictly '*Standard*,' uniform in quality, and give entire satisfaction to our customers."
PARK & TILFORD,
21st Street and Broadway.

"Growing in favor."
ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT,
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2, 5, and 10 oz., Pint, and Quart sizes for sale by all first-class Grocers in the United States and Canada.
JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Sole Proprietors,
BOSTON, MASS.

LATEST IMPORTED TRICK NOVELTIES.—Magic Money Box, $1 00; Magic Imp Bottle, $1 00; Magic Cannon, $1 00; Magic Cigar Case, $3 00; Magic Two-Card Box, $1 00; The Three Magic Babies, $2 00; Magic Wedding-Rings, $1 50; Magic Money Till, $1 50; Magic Bag and Egg, $1 50; Magic Invisible Finger, $1 00; Magic Barrel, $1 50; Comical Donkey, $1 00; Magic Photographs, 5 assorted packages, $1 00. Full directions sent with each trick. Good Books; 500 Puzzles, 40 cts.; Fireside Games, 40 cts.; Tableaux, 40 cts.; Dialogues, 40 cts.; Comic Speeches, 40 cts.; 1400 Conundrums, 40 cts.; Fortune-Teller, 25 cts.; Courtship Made Easy, 25 cts.; Bridal Etiquette, 25 cts.; Correct Letter Writer, 25 cts.; True Marriage Guide, 50 cts.; How to Win a Sweet-heart or Lover, 40 cts.; Correct Etiquette, 25 cts.; Book of Jokes, 25 cts. Books and Tricks sent by mail, postage paid, by
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"IT STILL WAVES." Rich, Rare and Racy as ever. 8 large pages, *Larger* size, 56 columns of charming Tales, Sketches, Wit, Humor, Pen, Quacks, Humbugs and Swindlers exposed. 200 Swindlers "unmasked" in 1870. It is a paper for LIVE people. It "pays" for all. Established 1852. It is NOT A NEW paper. It belongs to no sect or party. It publishes, discusses, and (truth)—a paper for ALL. Does everything else in. EVERY subscriber, fortune

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C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

offer a large assortment of

SEAL SACQUES,

at $85, $95, $110;

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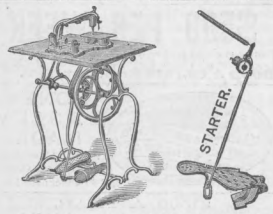
All of their Best Manufacture, of the Newest Patterns and Finish.

502 & 504 BROADWAY, New York.

TIFFANY & CO.,

UNION SQUARE,

Having removed to their New Store, now offer their entire importation for the Holidays—selected expressly for their opening.



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ALWAYS STARTS THE MACHINE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION WITHOUT APPLYING THE HANDS TO THE WHEEL.
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LADIES LIKE IT. NO SEWING MACHINE IS PERFECT WITHOUT IT.
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150 Designs and Plans.
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New-Priced Catalogue of all books on Architecture, Agriculture, and Field Sports, mailed free.

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ARE THE BEST & CHEAPEST.
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Robes de Chambre
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Large assortment, superior style, very low prices.
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PURE CALIFORNIA BRANDY.

I have great satisfaction in being able to recommend this Brandy to my medical brethren as a **Pure Wine Brandy,** free from all adulterations and substitutions of other spirits or flavorings.—CHARLES T. JACKSON, State Assayer for Massachusetts.
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Engines, Tools, Machinery, &c.,
FOR SALE,
AT
THE NOVELTY IRON WORKS,
FOOT OF EAST 12TH ST., N. Y.
Embracing
ENGINES, PLANERS, LATHES,
SMITHS' AND BOILER-MAKERS' TOOLS,
And Machinery and Patterns of the most approved kinds, &c., &c. Also,
6 HIGH-PRESSURE ENGINES, partly finished;
2 STEVENSON'S PATENT TURBINE WATER-WHEELS, 66-inch diameter; and
1 MARINE BEAM ENGINE, 66-in. by 10-ft. stroke.
JNO S. SCHULTZE,
Receiver of the Novelty Iron Works.
Send for Catalogue.
New York, Oct. 29, 1870.

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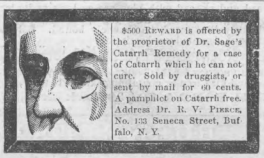

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SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

To accompany Vol. XIV., No. 727.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1870. [Gratuitous.

"THY BROTHER'S BLOOD CRIETH."

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

All her corn-fields rippled in the sunshine,
All her lovely vines, sweets-laden, bowed;
Yet some weeks to harvest and to vintage:
When, as one man's hand, a cloud
Rose and spread, and, blackening, burst asunder
In rain and fire and thunder.

Is there naught to reap in the day of harvest?
Hath the vine in her day no fruit to yield?
Yea, men tread the press, but not for sweetness,
And they reap a red crop from the field.
Build barns, ye reapers, garner all aright,
Though your souls be called to-night.

A cry of tears goes up from blackened homesteads,
A cry of blood goes up from reeking earth:
Tears and blood have a cry that pierces Heaven
Through all its Hallelujah swells of mirth;
God hears their cry, and though He tarry, yet
He doth not forget.

Mournful Mother, sitting in the dust weeping,
Who shall comfort thee for those who are not?
As thou didst, these do to thee; and heap the measure,
And heat the furnace sevenfold hot:
As thou once, now these to thee—who pitieth thee
From sea to sea?

O thou King, terrible in strength, and building
Thy strong future on thy past!
Though he drink the last, the King of Sheshach,
Yet he shall drink at the last.
Art thou greater than great Babylon,
Which lies overthrown?

Take heed, ye unwise among the people;
O ye fools, when will ye understand:
He that planted the ear shall He not hear,
Nor He smite who formed the hand?
"Vengeance is Mine, is Mine," thus saith the Lord:
O Man, put up thy sword.

INSPECTING A BATTERY.

THE illustration on the second page of this Supplement shows General TROCHU inspecting a powerful battery erected on the summit of the Butte Montmartre, which commands a wide sweep of country to the north of Paris. The gunners here are sailors: the sentinels belong to the National Guard. The distant view looks toward Argenteuil, Montmorency, and St. Denis. The railway to Calais and Boulogne is shown beneath on the right hand, and part of the cemetery of Montmartre lies close under the hill to the left.

REVIEWING TROOPS IN PARIS.

THE scene depicted in the illustration on the third page of this Supplement, showing the members of the provisional government reviewing the National Guard, took place immediately after the insane attempt of M. FLOURENS, at the head of the Red Republicans, to overthrow the government, and install himself and his friends as leaders. The steadiness of the National Guard, fortunately for Paris, prevented the accomplishment of this rash design, and saved the city from the horrors of riot and anarchy. This took place on the 10th of October. A few days afterward the guards were reviewed, and publicly thanked for their promptitude and fidelity.

CARRIER PIGEONS IN WAR TIME.

THE carrier pigeon employed by the Parisians to convey intelligence to other cities during the present war is larger than the common pigeon, being usually about fifteen inches in length, and weighing from a pound to a pound and a half. The plumage is generally either dun-color or black. The pectoral muscles are very large, denoting a power of vigorous and long-continued flight. As to the instinct, or whatever it may be called, which leads a carrier pigeon to make such wondrous flights, naturalists seem to be pretty well agreed that it is made up of two elements—love of home and keenness of sight. Mr. Rennie, speaking of the pigeon's power of vision, says: "We have not a doubt that it is by the eye alone that the carrier pigeon performs those extraordinary aerial journeys which have from the earliest ages excited astonishment. We have frequently witnessed the experiment made with other pigeons of taking them to a distance from the dove-cot expressly to observe their manner of finding their way back; and we feel satisfied that their proceedings are uniformly the same. On being let go from the bag in which they have been carried in order to conceal the objects on the road they dart off on an irregular excursion, as if it were more to ascertain the reality of their freedom than to make an effort to return. When they find themselves at full liberty they direct their flight in circles round the spot whence they have been liberated, not only increasing the diameter of the circle at every round, but rising at the same time gradually higher. This is continued as long as the eye can discern the birds; and hence we conclude that it is also continued after we lose sight of them—a constantly increasing circle being made till they ascertain some known object enabling them to shape a direct course." A spiral directly the reverse in character is made by a pigeon let down from the car of a balloon; the bird drops perpendicularly for some distance, and then begins to wheel round in a descending spiral, increasing in diameter until some previously known object is descried by which the flight home may be regulated. Their vision is undoubtedly very keen. In their wild state, as seen in this country, they fly in amazingly large flocks over wide ranges of country, keeping high in the air, and flying with extended front, so as to enable them to survey hundreds of acres at once. They can descry a fertile field at a wonderful distance, and will descend with unerring accuracy to enjoy the meal of which they are in search.

Whatever may be said about the instinct that is at work, a good deal of training is necessary to make the pigeons trust-worthy in their flight. The Turks have paid much attention to this matter. When a young pigeon arrives at full strength of wing, it is hood-winked, or else put into a basket, and taken to a distance of half a mile or so from home; being set at liberty, it soars aloft, looks keenly around, selects a course, and flies home. It is then tried a mile, two miles, four, eight miles, until at length it will traverse the whole length or breadth of a kingdom. If the pigeon fail in the first journey or two, it is discarded as not being fitted for this kind of work. These Turkey pigeons were regularly used as media of communication in past years. Russell, in his "History of Aleppo," tells us that the Turkey Company's establishment at that city employed carrier pigeons to bring news from Scanderoon, the nearest Mediterranean port. When any of the Company's ships arrived there, the name of the ship, the hour of her arrival, and other particulars, were written on a slip of paper, and fastened under a pigeon's wing; and the bird, set loose, flew back to Aleppo (its home) in two and a half to three hours, the distance being about seventy miles. The pigeon's feet were dipped in vinegar to keep them cool, and to avoid the delay which would occur if the bird were tempted to descend at the sight of water. The best pigeons always had a brood of their own at Aleppo, and it was anxiety about the children that hurried the parents back. It was found that if the pigeons were kept at Scanderoon more than a fortnight, they could not be relied upon for returning to Aleppo; the thoughts of *dulce domum* faded and weakened. There are lofty hills between Scanderoon and Aleppo; the birds, instead of ascending gradually to the summit of those hills, used to dart up vertically to an amazing height, where they could look right over them.

There was a great deal of this kind of pigeon-expressing in old days. Some of the victors at the Olympian games were wont to send the good news to distant friends by pigeon-express. When Modena was besieged by the Romans, correspondence was maintained by pigeons between Decimus Brutus and Hirtius; and Pliny was so much struck with the plan that he said, "Of what avail are sentinels, circumvallations, or nets obstructing rivers, when intelligence can be conveyed by aerial messengers?" In later days, in the time of the Crusades, carrier pigeons were extensively employed. Instances are recorded in which birds sent out by the besieged were captured by the besiegers, and let loose again with a message calculated to deceive those to whom they were sent. Hawks were trained to the work of bringing down the pigeons without injuring them. This is one of the drawbacks to the use of such messengers when secrecy is intended. When the Christians were besieging Acre, Saladin, at a distance, for some time maintained communication with the besieged by means of carrier pigeons; but one day a winged messenger was shot down by an arrow, the message it conveyed was intercepted, and such use was made of the information as to secure the surrender of the place before Saladin could arrive with succor.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.

A GERMAN correspondent writes from Nanteuil to the *Cologne Gazette:* "Women display in this war many examples of courage and self-possession. In many towns and villages the men have run away at the approach of the enemy, and the women have remained and protected their households. On recently inquiring my way of a married couple standing before their door at Villeneuve the man stared at me with open mouth, and on my repeating the question ran into the house. The woman was evidently ashamed when the soldiers standing near laughed at him, and stepped up to me. 'Thank you, madame, for your courtesy,' said I. 'The women have more courage than the men.' 'You are right, monsieur,' she replied, in a tone implying that this was a matter of course. Whenever one takes up quarters in houses the occupiers of which have not retreated the wife exercises the rule, and, of course, the tongue also. The husband either helplessly sticks his hands in his pockets, or treats the unbidden guest with awkward courtesy; whereas the wife, with innate tact, lets us see she wishes us somewhere else, but performs the duties of hostess with the utmost diligence, and even indulges in a smile to the guest if he is particularly amiable and modest. The people, moreover, have long perceived the difference between the German and the French soldiers. Only yesterday the landlady of an ordinary village inn begged me, with a sigh, to interpret for her what the soldiers up stairs were wanting. 'One ought not,' she said, 'to treat them ill, for our soldiers are much worse than yours, and nothing is safe from them.'"

THEATRICALS IN PARIS.

THE *Gaulois* of the 27th of October records the reopening of the Comédie Française for the benefit of the sick and wounded in Paris. The theatre was completely crammed, and hundreds of persons were disappointed of obtaining admission. The performance differed from those ordinarily presented in that theatre by the circumstances that there was no shifting of scenes, and that the actors performed in private costume. These novelties were explained by M. E. Thierry, the director—the first as being necessitated by the destruction or removal of nearly all the scenery belonging to the theatre, and the second as being dictated by a scruple of delicacy in the melancholy circumstances in which the capital was placed. A kind of lecture was then given by M. Legouvé, which is described as tedious and dull; after which scenes from the "Misanthrope" and "Horace" were given by some of the actors belonging to the establishment. The performances terminated with the "Marseillaise," sung by Mademoiselle Agar. The net receipts amounted to 3000 francs. The *Gaulois* hopes this timid attempt may be followed by bolder measures, as, it says, "the theatre is a necessity for Frenchmen, and especially to Parisians."

CAPTURE OF A BALLOON.

A GERMAN correspondent relates the capture of a balloon from Paris in the neighborhood of Verdun. Some well-directed shots brought it down, and it was found to contain, besides numerous letters and newspapers, two Frenchmen and an Englishman. They were arrested, but will come to no harm, two of them being merchants, and their object having simply been to get out of Paris. For £120 a balloon was provided for them, and they had been making a rapid passage for three hours when their journey was arrested. They gave a gloomy description of the condition of Paris on the 27th, the day they left. Beef was not to be had, and good horse-flesh was three francs a pound. Mules' and asses' flesh were reckoned delicacies. The Parisians had no knowledge of recent events, such as the defeat of the army of the Loire, and the capture of Orleans. The old system of silence seems to be flourishing again under the new government.

A NEW WEAPON.

THE German infantry have recently been armed with a new weapon, designed for mountainous and guerrilla warfare, which supersedes the light field-artillery. It is a small portable field-piece, weighing about thirty-five pounds, and was tested in the war of 1866. It can be carried by two men, and ten shots a minute can be fired with it. Its range is at least 2000 paces. Thousands have been distributed to the army, and they can be employed in places where field-artillery is impracticable.

THE PARIS HORSE-FLESH MARKET.

THE necessities of the time have caused great activity in the horse-market of Paris. The great market was usually held on Wednesdays and Saturdays on the Boulevard d'Enfer, but since the commencement of the siege it has been decided that Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays shall be additional market-days for the sale of horses intended for slaughter. Upon these days the show of horses is now very large, and a government commission attends to examine the animals exposed for sale, and brands those which it deems fit for human food. The ordinary weight of a living horse is from 400 to 450 kilogrammes, and the selling value is from 40 to 50 centimes the kilogramme. On the 25th of October 700 horses were offered at the market, and 400 were slaughtered, most of the remainder having been retained by the government for remounts. Asses and mules are also sold in the market, and are in great demand. Young asses are eagerly sought for, and bring 75 centimes per kilogramme of the living animal.

WILLIAM THE VICTORIOUS.

THE King of Bavaria, on being informed by telegraph by the King of Prussia of the fall of Metz, replied thus: "I hail with the deepest satisfaction the surrender of Metz, so important for the result of the war, and send you my best thanks for your friendly telegram. When posterity one day reviews the splendid successes which the German forces under your command have uninterruptedly gained, they will justly give you the name of William the Victorious."

A SAD MOMENT FOR A SOLDIER.

A GERMAN officer, writing from before Metz on the 26th of October, thus relates the opening of the negotiations for a surrender: "On the evening of the 24th a letter arrived at head-quarters from Bazaine, requesting an interview for General Changarnier on the morrow. Prince Frederick Charles granted this, and arranged that the General should be met by two orderlies near the outposts at 11 A.M. They, however, did not find him. The ground, two thousand paces in breadth, between our outposts and the enemy, was thronged with unarmed French people, who had come within one hundred steps of our lines in order to hunt for potatoes, grapes, and forage. This went on all the morning. The French took off their hats to our outposts, pointed to their stomachs, and made gestures indicative of hunger. Our soldiers then winked, the French began their task, and turned back when they had filled their sacks. The French had through this become so audacious that we were yesterday (25th) forced to drive them with sticks out of a village which they had occupied and would not vacate. As the General did not come, our orderlies took a flag of truce and went, surrounded by hundreds of unarmed enemies, up to the French trenches, where the guard received them. On their saying they expected the General, an approaching carriage was pointed out to them. Changarnier, a venerable man of about eighty, but tolerably active, begged that he might ride as far as possible, as he could not walk far. Our officers sent for the carriage, and it came so close up that the General had only to climb over a small trench. Changarnier is a republican, but offered his services to the Emperor after the battle of Wörth, and since the 8th of August had been in Metz, where he was attached to Bazaine without having any separate command. He was blindfolded, and on his arrival here was received by General Stiehle and conducted to the Prince. The interview lasted an hour and a half, and he was accompanied as far as the carriage. The General was heart-broken, and his last words were, 'We shall fall, but with honor. I wish, gentlemen, that neither you nor any brave soldier may ever experience this.' Thereupon a flood of tears streamed from his eyes. He was led back blindfolded past the outposts. There, the handkerchief being removed, he observed the potato-seekers, and delivered a eulogium on our soldiers. He added that he hoped the negotiations in the evening would lead to some result."

NAVIGABLE BALLOONS.

A FRENCH paper says that M. Dupuy de Lôme, the inventor and constructor of the French iron-clad fleet, has recently placed before the Academy of Sciences at Paris a scheme for the construction of navigable balloons. It says:

"He has applied to balloons the principles of aquatic navigation. We can not enter into technical details, nor into the calculations he gives. We shall only say that his balloon has an oval shape, with a rod projecting at each extremity, from which the car is hung by a rigging. At the back a triangular sail, managed by ropes, takes the place of a helm. The motive power is the screw, driven by human power. Four men are necessary to perform the work. The screw, instead of turning with an axis, turns rapidly round a fixed horizontal axis. The wings consist of ribs of wood covered with silk. In order to avoid loss of ballast in ascending and loss of gas in descending, M. Dupuy de Lôme has placed in the lower part of his balloon an apparatus resembling the bladder of a fish. It is a kind of bag into which a pump can compress air to increase the weight of the balloon, while a valve allows the same air to escape, and thus lighten the machine. It is possible by this apparatus to obtain a speed of from eight to eleven kilometres an hour. The direction taken by the balloon is the resultant of two forces, the wind and the motive power. If the wind blows from the south, instead of going due north the balloon may be directed either to the northeast or southwest, at an angle of from thirty to forty-five degrees, according to the force of the wind."

A DAY OF RECKONING COMING.

THE semi-official *North German Correspondent* contains the following startling paragraph:

"The necessity and justice of making the authors of a war, and not, as hitherto, merely their subordinates and tools, responsible for their own acts before the world, have suggested the idea in governmental circles of stipulating as a condition of peace between France and Germany that the intellectual originators and instigators of the present war shall not escape with impunity. Among the responsible parties are included the entire executive which devised the invasion of Germany; the statesmen who approved it; the ministers by whom it was recommended; the orators who labored for, demanded, and welcomed it; the journalists whose constant text was war, and who discounted the triumphs of the coming campaign. The verdict of 'Guilty' or 'Not guilty,' and the penalty to be inflicted, would be left to a jury composed of citizens of neutral states, supposing those states to lend the plan their concurrence; or, in case of their refusal, the jurymen might be taken from the two belligerent nations themselves. The institution of an international jury for the punishment of peace-breakers is regarded in governmental circles as likely to furnish no unsatisfactory guarantee for the future peace of Europe."

AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

A GERMAN writes thus from Nancy to the *Cologne Gazette:* "People appear very fanatical in this good town, although they put on a good outside, and the belief is that the whole of the Germans will find their grave before Paris. I thoughtlessly trusted my Prussian head to a hair-dresser, and allowed myself to be drawn by him into a political conversation. The man was a red-hot patriot, and ought to be in Gambetta's place at Tours. The danger of my situation compelled me to agree with him in every thing; but the more I concurred with him the more excited he became. 'All the officers who surrendered at Sedan are cowards,' he exclaimed. 'Undoubtedly,' I answered. 'Not one of them will venture to be seen again in his native country.' 'Of course not,' I admitted, while he was working with the shears on my head. 'Two hundred thousand brave men are under arms in Paris, who will all rather die than yield, and will annihilate all the Prussians.' Snip went the shears close to my ear, so that I shivered. I held my tongue. The man became still more violent. 'The whole nation will rise as one man to crush them.' Snip went the shears again over my ear. 'At least, don't cut my ears off,' I cried, in despair; and the fanatic then cooled down, and asked quietly whether we Prussians would not act just in the same manner."

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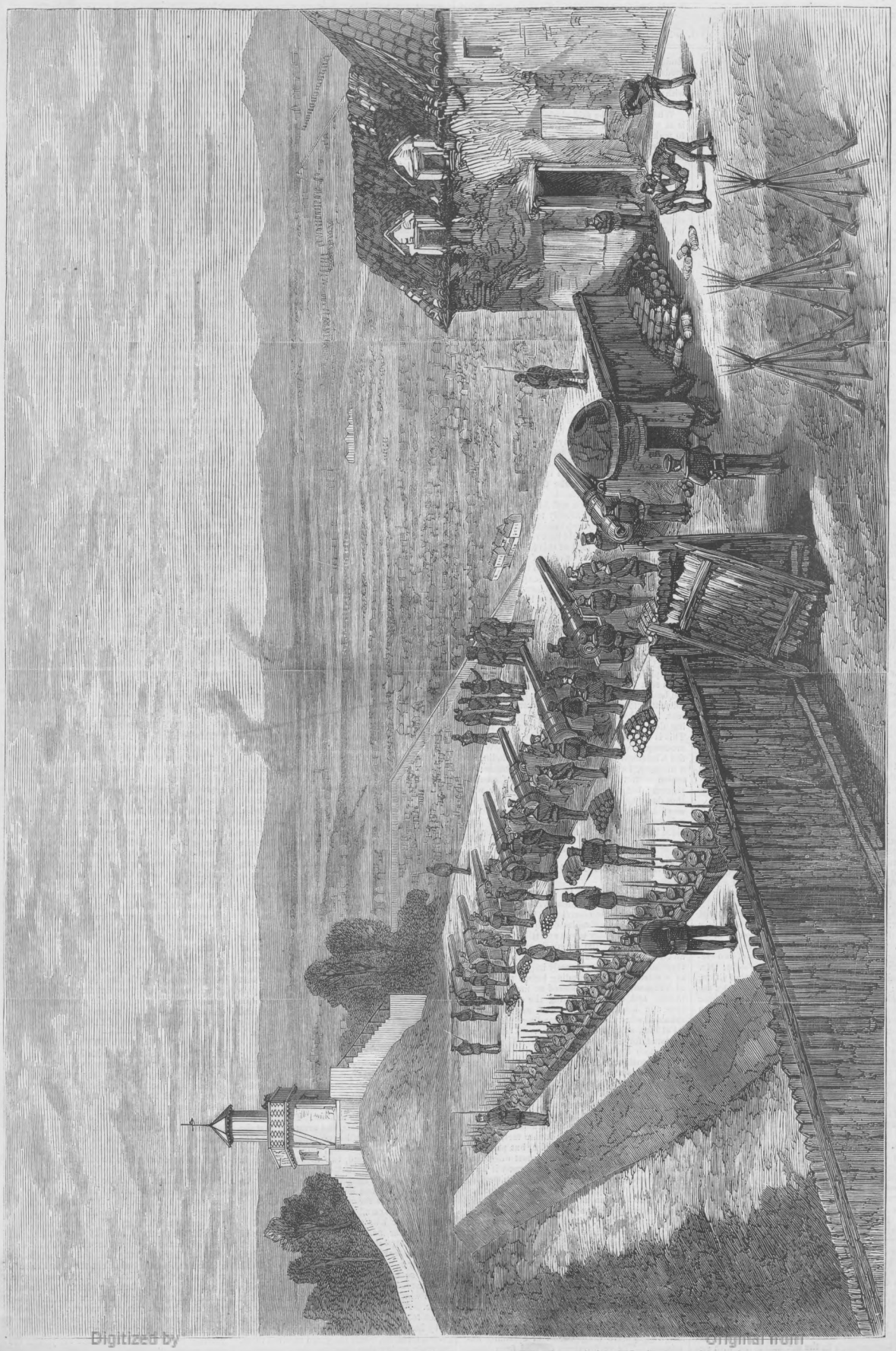

GENERAL TROCHU INSPECTING A BATTERY.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

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THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT REVIEWING THE NATIONAL GUARD IN PARIS.—[SEE FIRST SUPPLEMENT PAGE.]

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THE BRAIN'S WORK IN SLEEP.

SOMNAMBULISM is an unmistakable form of unconscious cerebration. Here, while consciousness is wholly dormant, the brain performs occasionally the most brilliant operations. Coleridge's poem of "Kubla Khan," composed in opiate sleep, is an instance of its achievements in the realm of pure imagination. Many cases are recorded of students rising at night, seeking their desks, and there writing down whole columns of algebraic calculations, solutions of geometric problems, and opinions on difficult cases of law. Cabanis says that Condillac brought continually to a conclusion at night in his sleep the reasonings of the day. In all such cases the work done asleep seems better than that done in waking hours; nay, there is no lack of anecdotes which would point to the possibility of persons in an unconscious state accomplishing things beyond their ordinary powers altogether. The muscular strength of men in somnambulism and delirium, their power of balancing themselves on roofs, of finding their way in the dark, are physical advantages reserved for such conditions. Abnormal acuteness of hearing is also a well-known accompaniment of them; and in this relation we must understand the marvelous story vouched for by the late Sir Edward Codrington. The captain in command of a man-of-war was one night sleeping in his cabin, with a sentinel, as usual, posted at his door. In the middle of the night the captain rang his bell, called suddenly to the sentinel, and sharply desired him to tell the lieutenant of the watch to alter the ship's course by so many points. Next morning the officer, on greeting the captain, observed that it was most fortunate he had been aware of their position and had given such an order, as there had been a mistake in the reckoning, and the ship was in shoal water, on the point of striking a reef. "I!" said the astonished captain; "I gave no order; I slept soundly all night." The sentinel was summoned, and, of course, testified that the experienced commander had, in some unknown way, learned the peril of his ship, and saved it, even while in a state of absolute unconsciousness.

Whatever residue of truth may be found hereafter in the crucible wherein shall have been tried the marvels of spirit-rapping, mesmerism, and hypnotism — whatever revelation of forgotten facts or successful hits at secrets—is unquestionably due to the action of unconscious cerebration. The person reduced to a state of coma is liable to receive suggestions from without, and these suggestions and queries are answered by his unconscious brain out of whatever stores of memory it may retain. What a man *never* knew, *that* no magic has ever yet enabled him to tell; but what he has once known, and in his conscious hours has forgotten, *that*, on the contrary, is often recalled by the suggestive queries of the operator when he is in a state of hypnotism. A natural dream sometimes does as much, as witness all the discoveries of hidden treasures, corpses, etc., made through dreams, generally with the aid of the obvious machinery of a ghost. General Sleeman mentions that, being in pursuit of Thugs up the country, his wife one morning urgently entreated him to move their tents from the spot—a lovely opening in a jungle —where they had been pitched the previous evening. She said she had been haunted all night by the sight of dead men. Information received during the day induced the General to order digging under the ground whereon they had camped; and beneath Mrs. Sleeman's tent were found fourteen corpses, victims of the Thugs. It is easily conceivable that the foul odor of death suggested to the lady, in the unconscious cerebration of her dream, her horrible vision.

Drunkenness is a condition in which the conscious self is more or less completely obfuscated, but in which unconscious cerebration goes on for a long time. The proverbial impunity with which drunken men fall without hurting themselves can only be attributed to the fact that the conscious will does not interfere with the unconscious instinct of falling on the parts of the body least liable to injury. The same impunity is enjoyed by persons not intoxicated, who at the moment of an accident do not exert any volition in determining which way they shall strike the ground. All the ludicrous stories of the absence of mind of tipsy men may obviously be explained by supposing that their unconscious cerebration is blindly fumbling to perform tasks needing conscious direction. And be it remembered that the proverb "*in vino veritas*" is here in exact harmony with our theory. The drunken man unconsciously blurts out the truth, his muddled brain being unequal to the task of inventing a plausible falsehood. The delicious fun of Sheridan, found under a tree, and telling the policeman that he was "Wil-Wil-Wilberforce," reveals at once that the wag, if a little exalted, was by no means really drunk. Such a joke could hardly have occurred to an unconscious brain, even one so well accustomed to the production of humor. As in dreams, intoxication never brings new elements of nature into play, but only abnormally excites latent ones. It is only a Porson who, when drunk, solemnly curses the "aggravating properties of inanimate matter," or when he can not fit his latch-key is heard muttering, "D——n the *nature of things!*" A noble miser of the last century revealed his true character and also the state of his purse whenever he was fuddled by murmuring softly to himself, "I'm very rich! I'm very rich!" In sober moments he complained continually of his limited means. In the same way it is the brutal laborer who in his besotted state thrashes his horse and kicks his wife. A drunken woman, on the contrary, unless an habitual virago, rarely strikes any body. The accustomed vehicle for her emotions—her tongue—is the organ of whose services her unconscious cerebration avails itself.

SHAUN'S SORROW.*

A TALE OF ALL-HALLOW EVE.

MOST of our readers have a clear idea conveyed to their minds by the words "an Irish cabin." A vision of smoke and bare stones; cows, children, and pigs mingled in inextricable confusion; a withered old woman knitting; a dark-haired, gray-eyed girl, with bare feet beneath her blue petticoat; two or three men, unshaven, stalwart, and *Irish-looking*—there is no better word.

In just such a cottage as this (or rather "house," for no Irishman would confess to a *cottage*) a party was gathered on the night before "All-Saints' Eve." It was after sundown, and the door was closed at last against the chill sea-breeze which had blown through it so keenly all day.

"What will ye have for supper the morrow, Madge?" said a tall young man, who leaned near the tiny square of minute panes which was dignified by the title of window. He addressed his sister, who was dextrously peeling potatoes into a round pot, as she balanced herself on a block of turf at his feet.

"Can't ye see yourself that I'm peeling for bruteen,† Me'heal? Mother bade Nancy bring over a quarter stone of flour. There's no stint for tay or sugar either. If you or Antony will cross the ferry for a bit of flesh-meat we should put Halley-eve past in grand style."

All-Hallow's Eve is the great festival, or, as they term it, "set-night," of Western Ireland. As a social period it comes far before Christmas-day or Easter-Sunday in the estimation of the people. Most wonderful efforts the people make to pay all due honors to its observance; even the very poorest among them collect their eggs or save up their pence to procure the unwonted luxury of "white bread" at this time.

Michael O'Donnel and his family were accustomed to a sort of rough plenty. Their farm was large, their cows many; and since the father's death, Michael and his brother Antony had found it easy to keep the house in plenty of potatoes during the autumn and winter, and in Indian meal and oaten cakes through the spring and summer. They had their own milk, butter, and eggs; and what could they possibly want more? Nothing, surely, except on "Halley-eve;" and then a little white flour, and even butcher's meat, with rice, biscuits, and a handful of nuts, to make up their yearly feast.

"Is it the morrow you're talking of, Madge?" said a man, whose air and dress, as well as his superior mode of speech, proclaimed his superiority to the other occupants of the room. "Take advice as is kindly given, and meddle only with pots of bruteen and scones of boxty,‡ and don't go trying charms and spells on this blessed night. Folks do more harm and draw nigher to danger than they know of by them same things, as I well know."

Madge looked up, knife and potato in hand, astonished at the unusual solemnity of his tone, and Michael said:

"What's that you're saying, Shaun? You're thinking of some story, I'll be boun'. Be aisy, Antony lad; hold your chatter! Shaun is going to tell us the danger in Halley-eve spells."

"No, then, indeed and I could not. Troth, Michael, it's no subject for laughing."

"I'm never laughin' at all, man alive. Tell away; there's but ourselves to listen. Put over some sods on the fire, Antony. Now, Shaun, we're all ears."

But Shaun hung back—his face was where the leaping light of the peat-fire could not reach it—nor did he answer a word to Michael's loud demands for his "story." It was only when Madge and her mother joined in urging him, and even Antony had added his rough pleading, that, seeing he had no choice but to comply, he began, speaking in a low, faltering tone, which, however, soon regained its deep and somewhat gruff composure.

"I think I've told you I was living in County Kerry when I was a lad, far enough from here. My father was keeper to Lord Rathconnel, and we had the coziest house in the park. My sister was lady's-maid up at the Hall; and oh, but my lady was kind to the both of us! I had wonderful learning for a poor lad, and my lady would come stepping over the grass to our house, carrying books for me with her own hands. I mind that I thought myself as grand as the priest himself when she would give me the packets, and promised me more when I had finished with them. I believe, now, the angels in heaven can be no better nor fairer than she was.

"We kept Halley-eve much as ye do in these parts. But I don't rightly know if you hold to a thing I'd heard talked of there. They said, if at midnight a man took a riddle and some thrashed corn, and opened the two doors of the barn so as the wind swept clear through, then began to winnow the grain, and say the name of the Evil One, that you would see the form of her that was to be your wife passing before your eyes.

"Yes, Madge, it was wicked—it was as wicked as the sea is deep, as the spink§ out yonder is high. But the tales of the people worried me. Were my books right in calling such things foolish old wives' tales? or was there a truth and a power in them which all the learning in the world could not shift away and hide? I could not tell; so I thought I'd prove this night if there was indeed truth in them, or if they were as shale‖ and empty as I had read that they were.

"Lord Rathconnel's coachman lived in a house at the end of the stable-yard. He had only the wife and a pretty wee daughter, a little gissah* of eight or nine. Often I'd be at the kennels feeding the dogs, and wee Norah would come to their heads, and give her own chosen pets some scraps she had saved for them; and the brutes knew her right well, and would mind her lightest word. Hers were the prettiest ways. Many's the bit of a basket I've made for her, and many's the boat I've cut for her out of the slagh-mara.† She would stand watching her father as he strapped the clothes on the horses, with her school-bag in her hand, and a black silk handkerchief knotted over her head. Sometimes, if it was in a lonely lane he met her, William would lift her on the back of one of the horses which he was exercising; and there she'd sit, as easy and as happy as a bird on a high-grown twig.

"It was Halley-eve—not such a night as this, blustering and cold as January, but clear and soft, the moon nigh to the full, and the sea like the fairy pool down yonder. I knew there would be no living soul in the yard at midnight. The big loft would just do for my evil charm, could I but get holt of the keys. They were always on a nail in the kitchen of William's house. So there I went at night-falling to seek a chance of getting my fingers on them. And, faith, the chance was easy found. The kitchen was empty, and the keys hung handy to the door. I took them down, when wee Norah's voice said behind me:

"'Where are ye going to-night, Shaun? To the grain-loft, or to the meal-room? Or are ye going to the barn, and may I go with you to look after my pigeon? My white pigeon *will* roost in there, and it must not. Oh, Shaun dear, catch it for me!'

"'I'm going to the barn, ahaska,‡ and I'll look for the pigeon. But I'm not going yet. Sit down a bit. Is your mother out? Well, just sit here on the creepy-stool, and I'll put some bog-wood on to blaze for us.'

"And so saying I slipped the keys in my pocket, and we talked away there by the fire, she telling me of the wonderful shells the coast-guard's wife at the point had shown her. 'And, Shaun, they are all green and gold and silver. Do you think they are made of all the old rainbows that fall into the sea?—they look *just* like that.' And then I told her of the book my lady had lent me. How a brave, good knight was angry and black-hearted to his beautiful, innocent wife, because he believed a lie of her; how he forced her to ride, one long summer day, on ahead of himself, and charged her not to dare to speak to him, but to ride on in silence; how three robbers came on him, and she screamed to let him know the danger; and how he vanquished them, and then blamed her for her disobedience in speaking the word even to warn him.

"'Ah,' said Norah, 'sure his anger had darkened his heart and his eyes. And she didn't know *why* he was that wild with her? Then, if I had been her, I'd have clung tight, tight hold of his arms, and made him tell me, and love me again. *Did* he love her again, Shaun?'

"And I told the child that he had loved the whole time, hard and hot; and how, when he was wounded and half killed, he found out all his thoughts of her badness were false; that she was as brave and as pure-hearted as even his mad love would ask for her to be; how they rode homeward on the one horse, her cheek lying against his shoulder, and her hand pressing the scarf to his wounded side.

"'Come again, and tell me more about my lady's books, Shaun. Come again, won't you?'

"And so I said I would indeed, and soon; but"—and the voice of the strong man sank to so low a cadence that the listeners bent forward to catch his words—"but never again did I sit by the coachman's fire. Only once more did I ever hold wee Norah's hands in mine, and hear her sweet, pretty words. *And that once*—oh, Virgin Mother! can *ever* I cease to see her as she was then?"

"Shaun," and it was Madge's voice that spoke, "don't ye go on. It is hurting ye cruel, and—" She stopped; her own eyes were full of tears.

"No, Madge, lass. I wanted to tell this to *you*. I'd best tell it quick, and be done with it. It's long years since I have spoke of it to mortal man or woman, and the words stick in my throat.

"I went to the barn, and opened the big doors wide, and the silent moonlight came in in a broad path along the floor. I stood waiting for the stable clock to strike twelve. I can hear it often now in my sleep—the loud, deep sound which made me start, even though it was waiting for it I was. I winnowed the corn upon the floor, and, God forgive me! I spoke the evil name. When there I saw, standing with the broad moonlight on her white dress, wee Norah! I stood still in a strange kind of stony fear. Oh, if that had been the only dread I was to feel that night! I stood, and she stood; and then softly and glidingly she came up along the moonlight track right fornenst§ me.

"I suppose I thought it was a spirit, for I sprung back, knocking with all my weight against something behind me.

"There was a terrible crash, and I heard wee Norah's sharp scream; and I myself gave the echo of her cry in a loud shout. They heard it in the house; and when they found us I was holding the pretty child in my arms, calling madly on her to open her eyes. And there beside us lay the heavy long ladder which my wild spring had brought crashing down on her innocent head. The yellow hair was all stained with blood, and on her white— But there, I can't say more about it! She spoke to me once: 'Shaun, come to-morrow evening, and tell me more of the gentle lady and the knight who loved her.'

"I suppose she was raving. Certainly she did not groan or sigh or seem to know she was hurt. She lifted herself from my arms when William came. 'Father,' she said, 'oh, father!' and that was all.

"There was an inquest. They did not blame me. How I wished they would! I did not much care what became of me. But there was no trial. They said at the inquest the darling was accustomed to walk in her sleep, and must have unbolted the door, come into the yard, and strayed by chance into the open barn, thinking, perhaps, of her pigeon. But *I* knew better. Not one inch did she stray. She was led by the Black King, whose evil name my guilty lips had spoken. She was so lily-pure *he* could not harm her; so he made me do it—*me* who would have died for her.

"I could not face the father and mother who had loved her, though they never said one hard word to me. Could I go and feed the dogs, and see the horses stepping along, and watch the dumb brutes waiting for *her*, and longing for *her?* Could I meet their eyes—*I* who had killed her? And so I came away. His lordship was rare and kind, and got me this place here with Mr. Heygate. And my lady—if it hadn't been for that angel, I should have died; I think I must have died, though hearts don't break as oftentimes as folks say—my lady, she wrote to me two whole letters as kind and good as herself. She knew I suffered. My God! *how* I have suffered!"

His voice died away in a kind of wail. There was a strange element of poetry and passion in this man, almost peasant-born as he was. But there runs through the Irish nature a vein of high-toned feeling, for which we must search in vain among the coarser, blunter lower classes of England. It may strike some ears as unnatural that one like Shaun O'Donnel could either dream over "Enid," or be capable of the deep and lasting anguish that had so nearly crushed his life. Years had passed since that terrible night, and had borne away with them somewhat of the keener edge of his remorse, leaving a curious tender self-pity in its stead. But now lately this had grown into anguish, unknown save in such intense natures as his, until he could bear it no more, and he felt he *must* utter it.

And Madge? She had sat very still, her face hidden in the deep shadow. She uttered no word, nor joined in the exclamations and expressions of pity and interest which fell from her mother and brothers. Neither she nor O'Donnel heard their import; but the murmur annoyed her, and she silently rose and slipped away.

He had risen as he finished his recital, and stood gazing into the turf-fire. It had burned out all its leaping glories now, and lay quiet, the glowing embers bordered by a ring of pearly ashes. The similitude struck him. Youth, with its passion, its anguish, its keen joys; and the inevitable end, when dull age creeps on, and dims and deadens both pain and joy into grayness and coldness. Was it coming for him? Was this fresh griping pain, and the new-born love at his heart, but the last effort of his youth's leaping fire? White hairs threaded his thick brown curls, long lines were drawn on his forehead and round the still, grave mouth. But—and the conviction struck him with bleak certainty—he was not old; he *felt* he was not old. There was warmth and strength yet in his heart that would defy years to quench or time to kill. No, he must struggle on, and suffer still.

He turned with rather a choked "Good-night."

"Ah, but nonsense! sure you're not going away this early, and it raining too? Sit down, man, and eat a bit of supper," urged Michael.

But he would not listen. With hasty thanks he passed out into the stormy autumn night, almost knocking over a woman's form as he shut the door behind him.

"Madge! is it you? Go in. Ye are wet and cold. Go in. Oh, my darling, *cu' jeytha slan, ahuilish mahuil agus machree!*"*

"Shaun, what are ye doin'?" she cried, in a broken, frightened voice, as she felt his arms round her, and heard his passionate words.

He let her go instantly.

"What am I doing? I don't rightly know. I only know I love you, Madge. But I did not mean to tell you so. *I did not mean* to tell you so!—I have no right. I was to see *my wife* that hideous night, and now I must remain married to the spirit that comes to me often in my lonely house by the river—comes to me with the moonlight on its smiling face, and the blood-stains on its yellow hair. Madge!"—and the fire flashed again into the voice which had been speaking in grave, lifeless tones—"Madge, I tell you it wanted but my love of you to break my heart entirely. Was not my life black enough already?"

He felt her fingers on his arm.

"You mistake. It is not *Norah* that comes to haunt you. She did not even know it was your hand which struck the ladder down on her pretty head. She is not angered with you. She loved you well, and maybe she's leaning down from heaven to see if you are happy too. Ah, Shaun dear!"

The pleading tone made itself heard amidst the tumult of his feelings, and roused another thought. Madge loved him. Was she to be sacrificed too to the memory of his life's sorrow?

He turned to her suddenly.

"Are ye brave enough to wed me, Madge? Will ye dare to face the spirit that comes to freeze me into stone? Will you, knowing all, come to my fireside down by the water? Will you take away the long curse off Halley-eve by proving it was *not* my bride I saw that weary night? Will ye dare to marry a grave, sad man like me? Speak, Madge."

And she spoke; and through the darkness and the rain Rest and Hope entered his soul with her soft "I will."

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* "Shaun," Ivan, Juan (which last is pronounced by the Spaniards very much like the Irish "Shaun"), are all varieties of the name *John*.

† "Bruteen," potatoes mashed with milk and butter.

‡ "Boxty," a kind of bread made of the fibres of raw potato mixed with flour.

§ "Spink," cliff.

‖ "Shale," shallow.

* "Gissah," girl.

† "Slagh-mara," the stem of the sea-weed: often found as thick as a woman's arm.

‡ "Ahaska," my dear one. § "Fornenst," before.

* Farewell to you, light of my eyes and of my heart.

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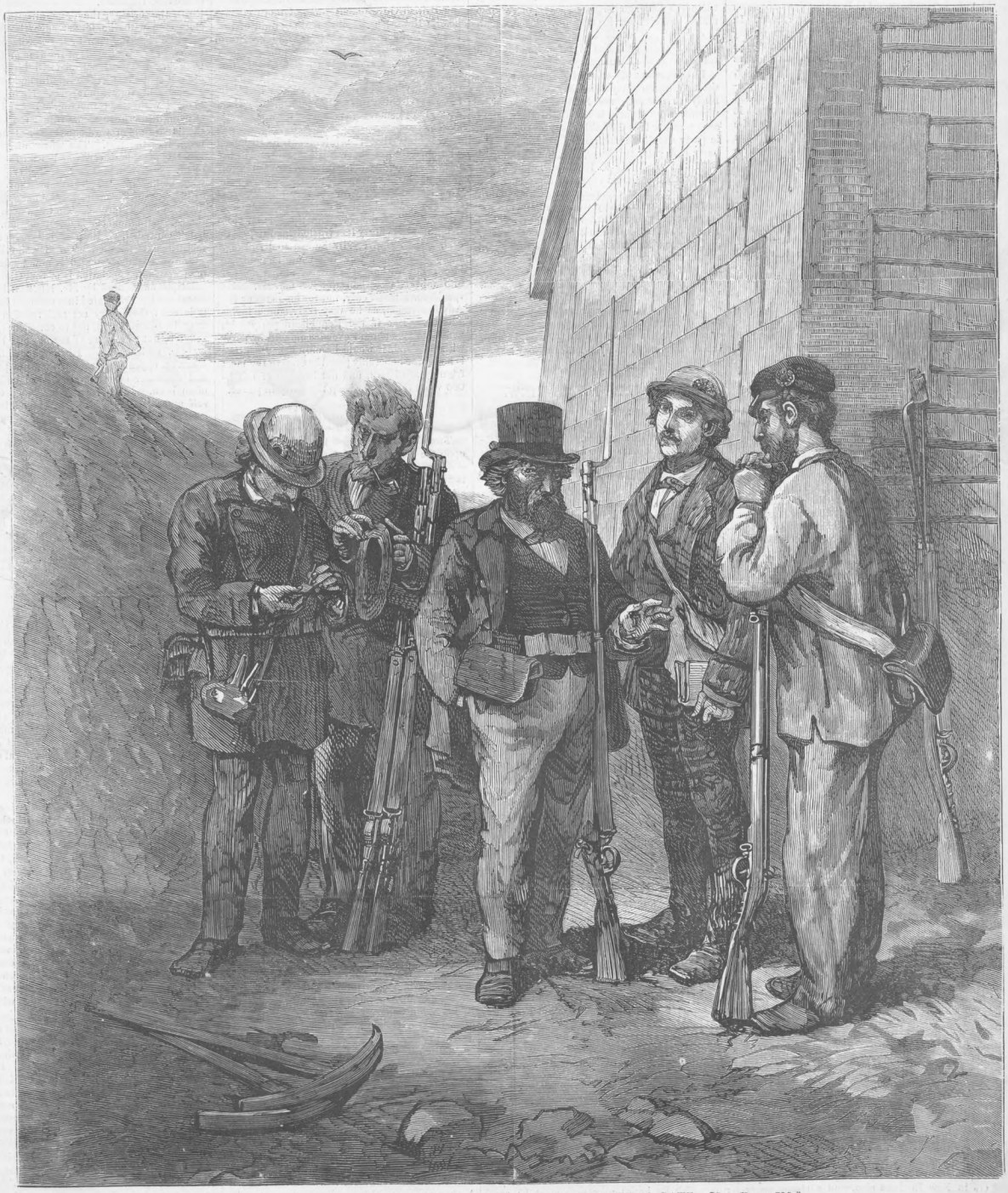

INSIDE PARIS—VOLUNTEERS ON GUARD DUTY AT A POSTERN GATE.—[SEE PAGE 798.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is published* THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS, *containing an Original and Magnificent Double-Page Cartoon, by our Special Artist,* J. F. GOOKINS, *entitled,*

WAR TIME IN BAVARIA;

together with another Chapter of "TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE," *illustrated; several interesting Stories, and other literary attractions.*

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THE PARTIES.

THOSE who speculate upon the formation of a new party, or gravely propose it, seem to suppose that a great party is organized as a corporation is chartered. But that does not seem to us to be the way in which a party arises. In our own history party divisions began during the administration of WASHINGTON, and the Federal and the National Republican parties continued until the former disappeared, leaving, in the MONROE era of good feeling, no immediate successor. The next great party division was that of the Whigs and the Democrats. It turned philosophically upon the question of the functions of government, and practically upon the just and constitutional policy in regard to internal improvements, a national bank, tariffs, etc. The Whigs contended for a liberal, fostering, protecting, and developing government. The Democrats declared that it was by the enterprise of the people, and not by the action of the government, that the ends sought were to be obtained. But gradually the increase of slavery, and the development by machinery of the products of slave labor, made slavery the controlling element in politics. The intensity of the moral agitation of the subject, with the fanaticism of the slave interest, which used the government for its own purposes, and absolutely dominated the Democratic party, with which it allied itself, and, upon the other hand, the economic sagacity which perceived the material impolicy of slavery, all concentrated political interest upon the subject.

The Democratic party made an abject alliance with slavery. Its policy proceeded entirely from the slave leaders, and their purpose was made evident—had it been doubted—by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The Whig party, unwilling to take any position upon the one absorbing and paramount question of the time, was virtually annihilated in 1852, and the new party division of Republicans and Democrats appeared, which still continues. But does it seem to any one who speaks of a new party that the organization which to-day controls the Administration, and holds a great majority of the States, and which at the intermediate election, when every Administration party is weakest, has carried forty or fifty majority in Congress, is in the condition of the Federal party or the Whig party when they were superseded? The war of 1812 finally destroyed the Federal party, and the slavery question, which was supreme, and which it evaded, destroyed the Whig party in 1852. What issue is there to-day so overshadowing and absorbing that it will probably and properly overthrow the Republican party? If the Republican revenue reformers, as we have said, should desert in a body to the Democratic party, they might do a great deal of mischief. But they will not do it. That reform is an important question; but in the first place it is not paramount to all others, and in the second, if it were, it is by no means evident that the reform is more practicable under Democratic ascendency.

There will be no new party until there is a general feeling that the policy which is essential for the national welfare is more probable with a Democratic than a Republican Administration. And that feeling does not exist. Those who hope for a reform of the civil service, for revenue reform, for a wise foreign policy, for maintenance of the settlements of the Union, for honest and economical administration, and for reform of electoral corruption, do not expect them from the Democratic party. But they do expect them from the Republican party, and they expect them because they are harmonious with the principles, the spirit, and the composition of that party. Some Republicans will, of course, leave the party. Mr. GRATZ BROWN, of Missouri, who has been a faithful Republican hitherto, designs, if we read his late serenade speech correctly, to act with the Democratic party hereafter. But Senator SCHURZ, his coadjutor in the late election, has expressed no such intention. Mr. BROWN sees that he has brought the Democratic party into power in his State, and he naturally wishes to make the best of the situation. But Mr. SCHURZ declines to believe that there are not great national issues upon which he must be a Republican. There are many revenue reformers in New England also, and a strong party for the civil service reform, but they act within and not without the Republican lines.

The Chicago *Tribune*, therefore, seems to us mistaken in supposing that there can be "a reconstruction and reorganization of parties"—in other words, a new party; and when it speaks, among others, of Mr. GARRISON, Mr. BEECHER, Mr. SCHURZ, and Mr. SUMNER as favoring such an attempt, we are very sure that it is mistaken. Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. SUMNER, at least, have distinctly denied sympathy with any effort to destroy the Republican party. Upon some questions they differ with the President, but they do not allow their disapproval of certain executive measures to paralyze their fidelity to the party. The proposal for a new organization, under the circumstances, is, therefore, a declaration in favor of Democratic ascendency. That party is certainly very unlikely to commit hari-kari if it should see its opponent engaged in that operation. Indeed, it is already inviting the Chicago *Tribune* and Mr. SCHURZ to walk into its parlor. It announces that revenue reformers belong with the Democracy, not that Democratic revenue reformers will secede and join a new organization. And when the Chicago *Tribune* speaks of revenue reform and civil service reform as objects equally desirable, it would be interesting to know how lively a hope it has of reform of the civil service from the Democracy.

In the present situation of the country, when the Republican party is neither disbanding nor likely to disband, the Republican who asks whether a new party is not desirable, merely asks whether it is desirable that the Democratic party should be successful. If, indeed, the party had gone to pieces, like the Federal in 1812 and the Whig in 1852, he might wisely ask whether he should vote with the Democrats or try for a new organization. He will not forget that the country was so ready for the Republican party that, in 1856, it polled 1,200,000 out of less than 3,000,000 votes cast, and elected its President in 1860. Is there any corresponding situation now? The career and character and leadership and necessities of the Democratic party are known of all men. Who believes that great and salutary reforms of political corruption and official systems are to proceed from it? Who supposes that greater order, progress, and economy, would follow the destruction of the Republican party?

GENERAL BUTLER'S VIEW.

GENERAL BUTLER has repeated the substance of his late reported views upon the English question in a speech. The General remarks that the ears of a certain offender are very large, that there are nails, a hammer, and a pump handy, but he would by no means recommend nailing the ears to the pump, although the sinner richly deserves it, and it could be very easily done. His arraignment of England is not upon the ground that the British Government prematurely recognized the Confederacy, nor that the *Alabama* and *Shenandoah* were suffered to escape, but that after they escaped they were received, refitted, and provisioned in British ports; besides which England was "bitterly hostile;" and she has suffered a "dominion" to be consolidated upon our northern frontier for the purpose of crippling us, while she has destroyed our commerce upon the sea. Moreover, there is constant British intermeddling in the fisheries, out of which serious collisions are sure to arise. These offenses General BUTLER elaborates, and then proceeds to consider the remedy. This is non-intercourse, in the first place, which will probably lead to war; then a maritime war, unless England consents to relinquish her American possessions.

The General can not conceal his fervent hope that war may arise. "Far be it from me to suggest," he substantially says, "that the strength of the Democratic party is the votes of 1,200,000 Irishmen, and that they would be given to the war party; or that the Democrats themselves would, of course, support the Government in a foreign war; or that our Southern brethren, now somewhat discomposed, would gladly join in a contest that would again unite us as loving brethren; or that it would be a war upon the ocean, in which only a few sailors (whose interests as fishermen are so dear to me!) would be killed, while the stimulus given to American production would not only pay the cost of the war, but make every body rich besides; far from me," says the General, "be the disposition to allude to such conspicuous facts; but when I think of them I can not help praying that I may be saved from temptation."

This speech of General BUTLER'S was delivered in the Music Hall, where a few weeks before THOMAS HUGHES had spoken upon the same general subject. Which speech, in manliness, in lofty spirit, in sincere and generous humanity, was preferable? Which was the speech of a man honorably anxious that the two great nations whose harmony is essential to the development of free government should be at peace, if peace be possible, and which that of a politician who seeks to kick up a row which he hopes may save what he considers a moribund party? Which country is the more fortunate in its orator upon the occasion—America or England? General BUTLER'S speech is remarkable for its unfairness. We have felt and we feel as deeply as any Americans the conduct of the British Government during our war. But we should certainly be the meanest of ingrates if we forgot that great body of Englishmen composed not only of popular leaders like JOHN BRIGHT and COBDEN and GOLDWIN SMITH and CAIRNES and THOMAS HUGHES, but of the great mass of the cotton operatives, who stood fast by us, and even consented to starve that we might win. And what says General BUTLER? Let us have non-intercourse. Let us keep back our cotton and breadstuffs, and in six months pinched Manchester, Birmingham, and Bradford will work a revolution! That is to say, let us starve the workmen who were true to us until their suffering brings the Government to terms.

What did these workmen do for us? They sustained the liberal leaders in England who compelled the Government to decline the invitation of France to recognize the independence of the Confederacy. General BUTLER says that the British Government was not more openly hostile toward us because it was afraid of the issue. Not so. It was because its hands were held by those whom the General now proposes to pinch and starve. We insist, as they do, that they shall not be forgotten; and we have no doubt whatever that they will be infinitely more serviceable in settling the difficulty than an army of generals looking out for a party cry at home.

We hope that the intelligent Englishmen who have recently been in this country will inform their countrymen of the precise weight of General BUTLER in our politics. He is a man whose services in certain angry junctures of the war were signal and most efficient, and gratefully remembered. But there is no politician in the country less trusted than the General. He is universally known to be always wondering which way the wind is going to blow; but without the gift of seeing further into mill-stones than quieter persons. He speaks for himself only, not for his party or the Administration, as he very truly stated in his address. But if the Republican party with which he acts should ever become a war party with England, it would be only because peace is no longer honorably possible even to the most friendly sentiment, and not because of 1,200,000 votes that might keep the party in power.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

THE position assumed in the Russian note upon the treaty of Paris, as we said last week, is destructive of all joint treaties. If no power is bound by a treaty whenever it chooses to declare any of its provisions violated, it is not bound at all. There is no ultimate tribunal to which the subject can be referred. A nation in signing a treaty engages its faith, but there is no superior authority to enforce its observance. If the faith fails, every thing falls. A nation, indeed, does not pledge nor compromise its sovereignty. It must finally be the judge of the treaty. But when it has become a party to a joint understanding, it has virtually agreed that it will proceed under it in a friendly spirit, and a friendly spirit requires that it shall refer to all the signers any question which may arise under the agreement. If it is dissatisfied with the judgment, it has its remedy. It can then declare, as a sovereign, that it takes all the risk of withdrawing from a compact, the conditions of which it believes to be violated.

This is the view taken by the English note of the Earl of Granville, and there can be no doubt of its justice. It is very possible that the Earl did not sufficiently consider two things: first, that nations are not as punctilious in such cases as good faith and obvious principle require, and that England herself should be extremely careful how she lays down abstract principles of international conduct; and second, that when Russia makes such a declaration at such a time, she has probably studied her opportunity, and means to do what she says, and that, therefore, the answer should be so expressed as to admit of a pacific reply, unless war was already accepted. But the English note only suggested that if a reference to a congress had been proposed by Russia, England would gladly have assented. If Russia chooses, a peaceful issue will certainly follow, because in a congress Russia would undoubtedly have her way, and while she triumphed she could not be accused of dishonorable violation of a treaty.

Should a congress assemble, Russia would present two facts: first, that the treaty was made to her disadvantage; and secondly, that even the disadvantageous treaty had not been respected by the other powers. Both positions would be correct. If the congress assented to such modifications as Russia might propose, she would have prevailed peaceably. If, on the other hand, the congress declined to modify, Russia would properly reply that she had done what was possible for a united solution of the difficulty; and her action being apparently unacceptable, she must resume her original right, and withdraw from what she believes to be a broken compact. If then England or any other power proposed to make war, it would be upon some other ground. That ground, of course, is evident. It was the consideration that originally made the treaty to the disadvantage of Russia. It is the fear of the Russian extension in the East.

If, therefore, England is tenacious, it is not because a treaty is formally violated, but because the violation of the treaty is accepted by her as the beginning of a policy injurious to her interests. England looks at India, not at Turkey. Turkey is only a barricade maintained by Europe in the path of Russia. But should Russia refer the question to the great powers, and should they decide that she must continue under the restraints imposed by the treaty, her refusal to be bound in her strength by conditions imposed upon her helplessness would be naturally and universally respected.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THE Reverend Father HECKER recently delivered a lecture in Boston upon the true method of caring for the poor, whether by the church or the state. He contrasted the unthrift, the cruelty, the demoralization of the state care with the tender supervision of the sick and suffering poor by the charitable brotherhoods and sisterhoods of the Roman Catholic Church. Father HECKER cited history. He did not spare HENRY the Eighth, and he quoted English and American reports. He might have alluded with effect to Ginx's Baby, but that stinging little satire shows rather too distinctly that the Roman Catholic methods are very much like the rest. The whole discourse of Mr. HECKER, however, was but an application of the principle which he stated—as reported—when he began. "The Catholic Church teaches that the whole man comes under the jurisdiction of the Church." That has been always the cardinal axiom of his denomination. That being conceded, all the rest follows. It is, in fact, the extreme demand of his Church.

If the statement which is now made that a quarter of our population is of that Church, the principle announced by Mr. HECKER becomes interesting. Translated into common language it is this: that every act and relation of life must be subordinated, not to conscience, not to religion, not to a sense of moral duty, but to a body of ecclesiastics. History, to which Mr. HECKER appeals, shows us what the purposes and character of the ecclesiastical body have often been. Every man's knowledge of himself and his own experience teach him what such a body must always be. Mr. HECKER has done a great service by publicly and plainly stating the objective point of the activity of his Church. It is a statement which would satisfy the most extravagant *ultramontane*. And it is not to be forgotten that the particular ecclesiastical body which makes the declaration through Father HECKER is the only Christian denomination in this country which has expressed political purposes. True to the theory that the Church should take charge of "the whole man," it demands its share of the school money, that it may put the schools in which its children are taught at the public expense under its own ecclesiastical control. Faithful to the principle of the subjection of "the whole man" to the Church, it will enforce its views of his political duty. It is upon this principle, and no other, that the Church by the Pope claimed authority to release subjects from their allegiance. The doctrine is that the Church, which is of no country, but is universal, is charged with the care of every relation of every man. It demands that the Church be first obeyed, and then such authority as the Church may designate. It demands that the subject of the Church in England or America be loyal or disloyal to his government as the Church, to whose jurisdiction "the whole man" is subordinated, may direct.

We say that Father HECKER'S doctrine is the extreme demand of his Church. He has recently returned from the Œcumenical Council at Rome. That Council has affirmed the infallibility of the Pope. Then, of course, he was always infallible. Then, upon all subjects which the Church could rightfully decide, the Pope has always spoken infallibly. Then, again, if the Church is to regulate every human relation, as Father HECKER claims, the Pope might justly control temporal affairs, and the papal interference with local political governments was justifiable. Yet where shall we find the evidence of the harmony of the Roman Church upon which its clergy always lay such stress? If Father HECKER should explain that when he says "the whole man comes under the jurisdiction of the Church" he means only so far as the Church has rightful jurisdiction, he plays with phrases in a manner unworthy of him, and which we do not believe he intends. But if his words mean what they express, he is at variance with other seraphic doctors. For Archbishop PURCELL tells us that when he asked in the Œcumenical Council where was the authority of the Popes to depose HENRY or ELIZABETH, or to absolve their subjects from their allegiance, "the entire Council, with one voice, cried out, 'Those Popes had no authority, no commission from God to pretend to any such power.'" Yet, if the Church is charged with jurisdiction of "the whole man," and the Pope, when speaking upon subjects rightfully cognizable by the

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Church, speaks infallibly, then when he annuls allegiance he is within his acknowledged sphere.

The reader of Father HECKER'S praises of his Church need not deny to that organization any merit which it may justly claim—the heroism of many a missionary, the wonders of its discipline. But when he is asked to surrender to any body of men, because they are ecclesiastics, the supreme control of all human relations, he will follow the father into history and experience, and ask himself whether Spain and the Netherlands under PHILIP the Second, or any country to-day in which ecclesiastical authority is virtually supreme—the rural parts of France and Spain, and the patrimony of St. Peter, under the immediate political control of the Pope—present a spectacle of human well-being which persuades him that the practice of Father HECKER'S doctrine would be likely to increase the happiness of mankind.

THE SITUATION IN MISSOURI.

THE St. Louis *Democrat* makes an interesting statement in regard to the late vote in Missouri. It was assumed out of the State that about a third of the Republican vote was cast for Mr. BROWN, and that the enfranchisement of the ex-rebels would add about 70,000 votes to the Democratic party, which would give it the permanent control of the State. But the *Democrat* says that there were 120,000 Republican votes at the election, of which 65,000 were for BROWN, and 55,000 for M'CLURG; and about 43,000 Democratic votes, of which 38,000 were for BROWN and 5000 for M'CLURG. The *Democrat*, upon investigation, is of opinion that if every man recently enfranchised should vote with the Democrats, the Democratic strength would not exceed 116,000, against 130,000 Republican votes; and it concludes, first, that a majority of the Republicans voted for BROWN; second, that more Republicans than Democrats voted for BROWN; and third, that the Republicans, if united, have now more than 14,000 majority in the State, even if all the newly enfranchised men vote against them; and that majority, by immigration and other causes, will be still larger in 1872.

On the other hand, as General GRANT will probably be the Republican candidate in 1872, it will be impossible for Governor BROWN to support a man of whom he has spoken as he did of the President during the recent campaign; and unless he is totally without influence, which can not be assumed, he can distract the party so as to give the State to the Democrats. In his serenade speech Governor BROWN said: "I am the last man in the nation to disregard the obligations under which I stand, and in this election I recognize that my obligations are in the largest measure due to the Democratic party of the State of Missouri." It is very evident that the Governor does not regard his election as a Republican victory; and although he says that there was no appeal to party, his speech is a loud note of praise of the Democratic party as released from its old bonds, and established upon "a platform upon which the young men of this nation can stand." Governor BROWN, therefore, in his own view, is a Missouri Democrat. He is of opinion that the regeneration of parties has begun, and in his dithyrambic of the Democracy he has not even a word of remembrance for the party with which he was associated, and whose achievements will long be the chief glory of our history. That the St. Louis *Democrat* also intends to leave the Republican party we shall regret to believe.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY AND REFORM.

WE observe that the Boston *Advertiser* asserts that the Secretary of the Treasury is unjustly charged with indifference to the civil service reform, and that he has "done all in his power to secure honest examinations." But the implication of the *Advertiser's* remarks that appointments in the various branches of the Treasury Department are not political, and that patronage is abolished, is certainly unfounded. In some of the very details mentioned by the *Advertiser* the fatal power of patronage is most evident. We are very glad to know that the Secretary of the Treasury approves the principle of the civil service reform, and we can assure him that there is a great deal he can yet do to reduce it to practice. But the one measure which would spare him all trouble, and enable him to give himself wholly to his official duties, would be a wise civil service bill. Is the Secretary in favor of a law upon the subject, or does he only favor what the *Advertiser* calls a dead law "which he has revived?" Why was it dead? And is it not while this law has been upon the statute-book that the great abuses of the service have occurred? A clear and positive statement from the Secretary, exposing the present system and recommending a real reform—a statement such as Secretary COX made last year—would be of the greatest value to the country.

But meanwhile the evil of the existing system is too radical and vital to be trifled with by any vague and well-meant exculpations of particular persons. It is the system which is responsible, not the heads of departments. Every Secretary now takes office with the implied obligation to administer its patronage in the interest of the party. There are certain important officers whose chief business is the regulation of patronage. The political weight, as well as the fidelity and service of subordinates, is a subject of constant record and regard. To retain an experienced postmaster in the most insignificant village, who is not of orthodox politics, is regarded as an insult by the party in the town. And the Secretary of the Treasury knows, as every body else knows, that if the Republicans were to lose control of the government, every one of the officers whom he has appointed upon proper examination would be turned adrift for others who might be as "properly examined" by the Secretary's successor. The important points in the service are character and ability, and permanence of tenure. If the Secretary could say that every body he had appointed had been proved to be fit for his place, he could not say that the fitness would retain the place. And that is one of the essential objects of the reform. It is the uncertainty of tenure which is so horribly demoralizing. The man who is put into an office by political pressure, and who knows that the utmost honesty, devotion, and intelligence will not hold him in his place against the stronger political pressure of another candidate, is under a cruel temptation to make hay while the sun shines. And it is not a temptation to which any nation can wisely expose its citizens.

If, then, the Secretary of the Treasury has been really practicing the principles of the reform by carefully ascertaining the qualifications of candidates, and by rejecting those who are found to be incompetent, we may justly expect from him a public advocacy of a law which would make his efforts really effective. If the Secretary merely directs to-day the examination of candidates who are politically nominated, and to-morrow directs the examination of others who are more powerfully nominated, and substitutes to-morrow's graduates for to-day's, what has the country gained? It is not a fact that only competent persons are now appointed in the various branches of the Treasury service. But if it were, would not common-sense suggest that competent officers should have some security of their positions?

NOTES.

THE article in the *Edinburgh Review* upon the European situation, which is attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE, recognizes the immense force of civilized public opinion, the new power with which statesmen and rulers have to deal. So the letters of MILL, FROUDE, and CAIRNES, against a war with Russia, are stated to have seriously influenced the probabilities of the situation by their calm and moderating appeals. It is very evident that the old days of war-making have passed, and that Governments have become conscious of the necessity of popular approval in proceeding to extremities. It is no longer to be considered patriotism to support blindly the summons of the Government to the field in defense of what is called national honor. If a question arises, and Lord Granville, for instance, declares that one course should be taken, and Mr. MILL declares for another, public opinion, believing the one counselor to be as disinterested as the other, and as fully master of the facts and the law, will pause and reflect, and the decision is as likely to be against the minister as for him. It is the significant sign of progress, for every thing that tends to make war more difficult is a blessing to mankind. War is sometimes unavoidable, but it is never any thing but the least of two terrible evils.

AMONG the new magazines none is more striking and beautiful in its general form and arrangement than *Art*, an illustrated monthly devoted to the fine and industrial arts, and which has absorbed the *Photographic Art Journal*. It is published by SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON, in London, and Messrs. PUTNAM & SON are the New York publishers, furnishing it at thirteen dollars and a half per annum. The illustrations are various and striking, and the articles are instructive and valuable. In the September number there are two drawings by the American VEDDER, and six prints from NIELLI engravings in the British Museum. The work is, of course, addressed, like *Nature*, to a special taste and interest, but for them it will be found very satisfactory.

THE Pope has certainly one effective weapon, which it is reported that he will use against VICTOR EMANUEL. When the King of Italy appears in Rome the Pope will order the churches in that city to be closed. The city, in fact, will be laid under an interdict. Now Rome without open churches and the music of incessant bells would be another Rome to the stranger; but to the native and to the Italian Roman Catholic population it would be as if a visible curse rested upon the city. It is possible to conceive certain Protestant towns in which the temporary closing of the churches would not profoundly excite the people. But to close the church to the average Roman would be to close to him the gates of heaven. He would feel that the favor of God was averted. Should this be done, there will certainly be a powerful pressure of public dissatisfaction in Rome. The Pope's hope, of course, is that it will be directed against the Italian Government. But it is not impossible that the people may find leaders who will say, "Let us not sacrifice our newly found liberty to the Holy Father, but let us compel him to yield to that liberty." So if the Pope should insist, it is not impossible that he may be driven from Rome by the Romans And when, by insisting upon his interdict against the popular remonstrance, it became evident that it was leveled at the Romans as well as at the new order, the Italian leaders would have gained a great advantage. The interdict, however, is the most powerful weapon, under the circumstances, in the papal armory.

IT is remarkable that the French were as ignorant of the movements of the Prussians before the decisive battle of Sedan as the Prussians were of those of the French before the equally fatal battle of Jena, sixty years before. Lord Palmerston says, in his journal: "A general and decisive battle took place on the 14th [of October, 1806] between Jena and Auerstadt, which ended in the total defeat and annihilation of the Prussian army. The force on each side was nearly equal, amounting to about 120,000 men. The two armies had for some days been near each other, but the Prussians were so destitute of intelligence that they did not know where the French were till a day or two before the action." LOUIS NAPOLEON says, in his late apology: "So well did the Prussians conceal their movements behind the formidable shelter of cavalry which they deployed before them in all directions that, notwithstanding the most persevering inquiries, it was never really known where the mass of their troops was, nor, in consequence, where our chief efforts should be directed."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE present to our readers a list of appropriations made at the last session of Congress for literary, scientific, educational, and benevolent purposes, for the year ending June 30, 1871, which, we think, will be of interest as showing a generous recognition of the claims of such objects, and an earnest of what may be looked forward to in the future. It is true that the sums mentioned are considerably less than many foreign governments expend, since the national museum of Great Britain receives annually about $600,000, while all the national museums of the United States can only count up $33,000. In other directions, however, the disbursements authorized by Congress are much greater than the corresponding appropriations abroad; and we have very good reason to be satisfied with the schedule as it is presented:

1. *Benevolent Objects.*		
Life-boat service on the coast	$48,880	
Government Hospital for insane	149,980	
Columbia Institution for Deaf and Dumb	40,775	
Columbia Hospital for Women	18,000	
National Association for Destitute Colored Women, District of Columbia	10,000	
National Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, District of Columbia	15,900	
Care of sixty transient paupers	12,006	$294,635
2. *Education.*		
United States Bureau of Education	$14,500	
Wilberforce and Lincoln Universities	37,000	51,500
3. *Libraries.*		
Library of Congress	$36,000	
Medical Department, United States Army	3,000	
Agricultural Department	3,800	42,800
4. *Museums.*		
National Museum, in charge of Smithsonian Institution	$20,000	
Army Medical Museum	5,000	
Agricultural Department Museum	8,000	33,000
5. *Botanic Garden and Greenhouses.*		
United States Capitol gardens	$35,996	
President's house	2,500	
Agricultural Department	38,200	76,696
6. *Agriculture.*		
Department of Agriculture—miscellaneous expenses	$138,070	
(By adding items already given—green-houses, $38,200; Museum, $8,000; Library, $3,800 = $50,000—we have an aggregate of $188,070 for the Agricultural Department.)		138,070
7. *Astronomy and Meteorology.*		
Observations of eclipse, December, 1870, under Coast Survey	$29,000	
United States Nautical Almanac	20,000	
National Observatory	19,800	
New telescope for National Observatory	50,000	
Telegraphic notices of storms	50,000	168,800
8. *Surveys, etc.*		
United States Coast Survey	$703,000	
Survey of lakes	150,000	
Survey of Nicaragua and Tehuantepec ship canals	30,000	
Military survey west of the Mississippi	100,000	
Professor Powell, survey of Colorado of the West	12,000	
Polar exploration under Captain Hall	50,000	
Dr. Hayden's geological survey	25,000	
Statistics of mines and mining	10,000	1,080,000
9. *Light-house Establishment*		1,431,207
		$3,316,708

Excluding from the above enumeration, as may be considered proper by some, the appropriations for the United States Coast Survey, for the survey of the lakes, and for the light-house establishment, which may be regarded rather as aids to commerce and navigation than as especially tributary to science, and we have the sum of $1,032,721 for the general purposes of science, literature, art, education, public utility, etc.

It may be remembered by some of our readers that during the last session of Congress an appropriation of $29,000, to be expended in observations by the Coast Survey on the great solar eclipse of December 22, 1870, was made at the suggestion of the Hon. JOHN A. BINGHAM, of Ohio. Steps were taken at once by Professor PEIRCE, the Superintendent, to secure the most satisfactory results for this laudable appropriation, and an officer was sent by him to examine the principal places to be involved in the eclipse, in order to select from among them those most available for the purposes of the expedition. Two parties have been organized, each consisting of about twelve persons. One, under the direction of Professor PEIRCE himself, to observe in Sicily (Catania probably), while the other, under the direction of Professor WINLOCK, of Harvard Observatory, will proceed to Xeres or elsewhere in Spain. Nearly all the astronomers of the expedition took part in the observations of the eclipse of August, 1869, and consequently will be able to use their experience in studying the impending phenomenon. It is expected that observations will be made in all branches of science, those with the spectroscope having been arranged by Professor WINLOCK, assisted by Professors YOUNG and MORTON. Mr. RUTHERFORD, of New York, prepares the photographic apparatus for Professor PEIRCE'S party, and Mr. HENRY FITZ, Jun., of New York, accompanies him, to superintend this portion of the work. Professor WINLOCK'S party will have apparatus prepared by ALVAN CLARKE, of Cambridge, Mr. ALVAN CLARKE, Jun., assisting in the observations.

The polariscopic examinations will be made by Professor PICKERING, of Professor WINLOCK'S party. The expedition will be accompanied by two officers of the United States Engineers, namely, Major ABBOT and Captain ERNST.

It is understood that Mr. NORMAN LOCKYER has accepted the warm invitation of Professor PEIRCE to accompany the expedition, which, therefore, will have the benefit of the presence of this eminent physicist.

Up to a very recent period it was supposed that no English expedition would be sent out, owing to the alleged refusal of the Admiralty to furnish a vessel for the transportation of the British *savans*, and it was expected that a number of them would take advantage of Professor PEIRCE'S offers; but as it seems probable, after all, that the desired aid will be furnished, we presume that the representation from Great Britain in the American party will be quite limited.

The United States Naval Observatory has also organized two partics for a similar purpose. One of these, under the direction of Professor NEWCOMB, goes to Spain; the other, embracing Professor ASAPH HALL, Professor HARKNESS, and Professor EASTMAN, proceeding to Sicily.

A British vessel of war, recently touching at the Galapagos, reports that at the island of St. Charles the inhabitants, consisting of forty men and one woman, were habitually occupied in collecting orchilla-weed. Some thousands of cattle were running wild on the island, and birds were met with in great numbers. No large tortoises were seen, and it is probable that the gigantic race of these animals, formerly so well known to whalers, will soon be extinct, if not already so.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN FRANCE.

THERE has been no change in the aspect of affairs in and around Paris within the past week. It is reported from London that Paris has still plenty of provisions for two and a half months, bread for eight months, and wine and brandy for a year. The people are confident, and are busily engaged in erecting additional defenses on all sides. From Berlin, however, it is reported that large bodies of Parisians, and in some cases regular troops of the garrison at Paris, have approached the Prussian outposts and offered to surrender. Invariably, it is added, they have been turned back.

Various minor engagements are reported as having occurred in different parts of France, in which the advantage remained with the French. A recent German demonstration toward Glen and Montargis, on the eastern flank of the French, was met by the latter, and the Germans were obliged to change the plan of attack. A movement from the German right or west flank followed, with the view of overwhelming the French left, which was extended and too weak.

Frequent encounters are reported from Belgian sources between franc-tireurs and the German cavalry, or Uhlans, in which the latter have been worsted. About 1000 are said to have been driven by the French into Belgium, where they were promptly disarmed.

A successful sortie was made November 17 by the garrison at Montmédy, who inflicted a loss of 500 in killed, wounded, and prisoners upon the besieging forces, who have since withdrawn beyond the fire of the fortress.

Napoleon is said to have written to the provisional government urging resistance to any proposition to cede French territory to Germany. The London *Times* believes the restoration of the empire a possibility.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Eastern question is still threatening, though a peaceful solution is believed to be possible. Prussia has offered her good offices as a mediator between Russia and the other powers, but on what basis is not yet known.

News from San Domingo to November 9 says that Baez had defeated Cabral in a battle near the southwestern frontier. The Haytians were assisting the latter, in the hope of overthrowing Baez before the meeting of our Congress. Should San Domingo be annexed by the United States, it is said thousands of persons will emigrate thither from Central and South America.

The kingdom of Bavaria and the Grand Duchy of Baden have signified their adhesion to the North German Confederation.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* urges sending Mr. Bright as minister to Washington, in order to insure peaceful relations with the United States in the impending crisis.

There is armed opposition to the new king of Spain in Aragon, and serious trouble is anticipated.

The Russian press has been officially warned to avoid unfavorable criticism of Germany as against France, the interests of Russia being identified with those of Germany.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT the meeting of Congress this month the Senate has its full number of members for the first time since 1861.

EX-Secretary W. H. Seward has been heard from in Pekin.

It is reported that E. M. Yerger, who killed Colonel Crane at Jacksonville, Mississippi, has recently had a second trial, and been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Thirty thousand seals had been captured near St. Paul and St. George islands, Alaska, up to the 10th of October, and 4000 more are expected before the season closes.

The United States Assistant Treasurer of New York has been ordered to sell $1,000,000 of gold on each Wednesday, and purchase $1,000,000 of bonds each Thursday, during the month of December.

Thirteen ships have loaded with wheat at Oakland, California, for European ports since August last.

General Halleck has been ordered to make such disposition of the troops now in Georgia as may be necessary to preserve the peace at the approaching elections.

The premium for Indian scalps has been raised from $200 to $300 in Sonora.

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INSIDE PARIS—WAITING TO BUY MEAT AT A BUTCHER'S SHOP.—[SEE PAGE 798.]

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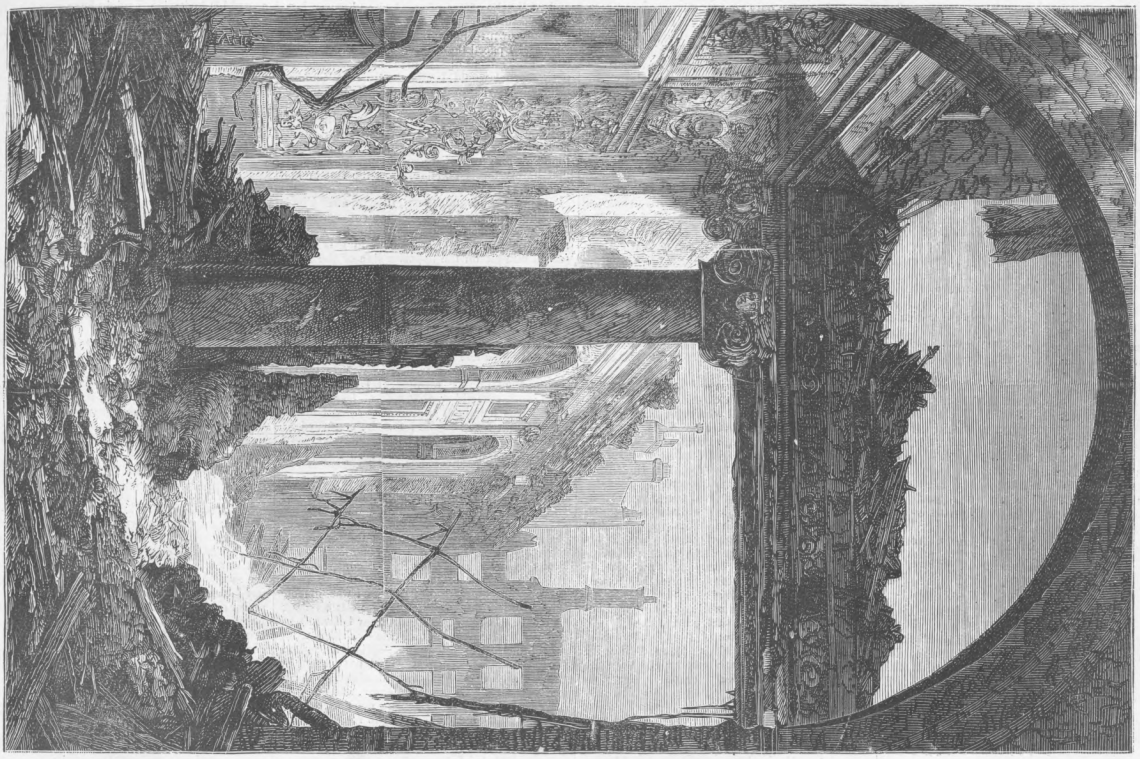


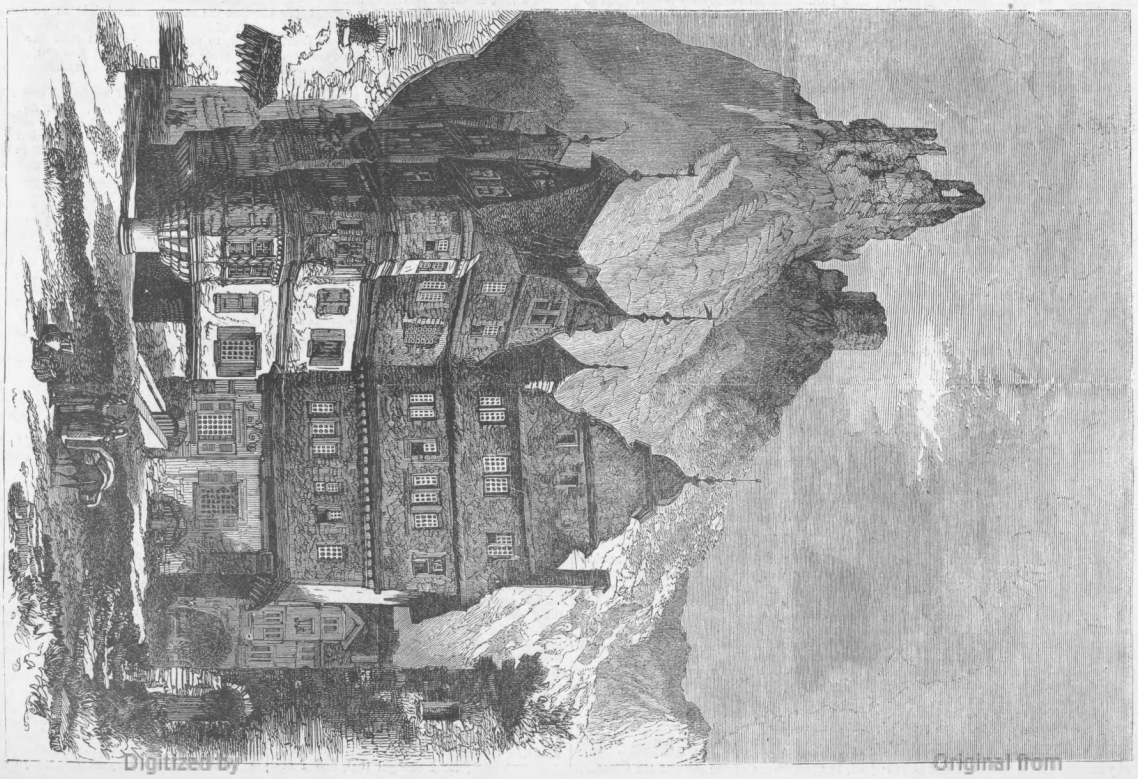
THE RUINS OF ST. CLOUD.

THE RUINS OF ST. CLOUD.

THE destruction of the magnificent palace of St. Cloud, which has so long been associated with the pride of the French monarchy in modern times, is much regretted by those who know Paris. The small town of St. Cloud takes its name from the hermit CLODOALD, grandson of CLOVIS. The palace was originally built, in 1572, by a rich financier, named JEROME DE GONDY; but it afterward became the mansion of the bishops of Paris, till, in 1658, it was purchased by LOUIS XIV., and presented to his brother, the Duke of Orleans. In 1782 it became the property of LOUIS XVI., who gave it to his queen, MARIE ANTOINETTE. It was the favorite residence of NAPOLEON I.; and it was here, in the Salle de l'Orangerie, that a celebrated historical transaction was performed, about seventy-one years ago—namely, on the 18th of Brumaire, in the revolutionary calendar, which means November 9, 1799. It was on that day that General BONAPARTE, military commander of Paris, after his return from Egypt, played the part of CROMWELL by dispersing the Council of Five Hundred with his soldiers' bayonets, upsetting the republican Directory, and making himself dictator under the title of First Consul. This coup d'état took place in the Salle de l'Orangerie at St. Cloud, to which the meeting of the council had been adjourned from Paris because of the turbulence of the city mob. The engraving will give the reader an idea of the completeness of the ruin which has befallen this splendid palace.

TRARBACH.

TRARBACH is on the Moselle, in the Prussian Rhine Provinces, some sixty or seventy miles below Metz. It is in that portion of German territory coveted by the French, and would probably have changed hands at the end of this war if the fortunes of the campaign had been reversed. Its transferrence from Prussian to French rule is necessary to that "rectification of frontier" of which we have heard so much since 1866. Happily for the fifteen hundred honest, industrious, and peaceful inhabitants of this village, the tide of conflict has been turned in another direction, and Trarbach and its neighbors, who would have been certain to suffer at the very outset of the French invasion of Germany, are saved at the expense of the equally honest, industrious, and peaceful villages and peasantry of Northwestern France. Trarbach has seen enough of war in times past to satisfy it for the remainder of its existence. It stands in the midst of the old battle-ground of France and Germany, and, besides its tale of Franco-German war, it has wondrous narratives to relate of the quarrels of petty counts and territorial bishops. The village stands on the right bank of the Moselle, not more than five miles by road from the ancient city of Treves. Its situation is in the most beautiful part of the valley of the Moselle, where the scenery is scarcely less interesting than that on the Rhine. A great fire occurred in the little old town in the year 1857, and robbed the place of much of its quaintness.



THE OLD TOWN OF TRARBACH, ON THE MOSELLE.

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The pile of civic buildings which forms the foreground of the picture on page 789 stands at the foot of the rocky heights which are crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Gräfinburg. That baronial fortress, whose broken walls present so weird and striking an appearance in the engraving, was built in 1338, and was for centuries the strongest castle between Treves and Coblentz. It belonged to the powerful counts of Sponheim, of whom remarkable stories are preserved in the locality.

On the left-hand side of the Moselle, directly opposite the castle whose ruins are depicted in the sketch, on the summit of a lofty hill, in the year 1681, the great military engineer, VAUBAN, erected for LOUIS XIV. of France a mighty fortress which completely commanded the passage of the Moselle. Like the seizure of Strasburg and Metz by the same country, this act of war was perpetrated in a time of peace, and the fortress was actually built on German territory. King LOUIS's excuse was a perfectly groundless claim to the domains of the Count of Sponheim, the lord of the opposite castle of Gräfinburg. As many as 8000 men were employed by VAUBAN in the construction of this fortress, and sixteen years afterward it was leveled to the ground in conformity with the terms of the treaty of Ryswick, the Duke of Marlborough having achieved great victories over the French forces during the long campaign which succeeded the general peace. The structure was called Fort Montroyal, of which the ruins still remain. There are, therefore, no longer any strong places in the immediate neighborhood of Trarbach; but the Prussian Rhine Provinces generally bristle with fortresses, and had NAPOLEON III. invaded that territory there would have been as many well-defended sieges as we have witnessed in France.

ATLANTIC MAIL—FIRST-CLASS.

As naturally as a steel needle flies to a magnet so have I felt always ready to hurry to the aid of a lady in distress. I do not say it vauntingly, nor put it forward as a virtue, for the act has generally been involuntary; and so it was one day last year, when, having seen my small quantity of personal luggage on board the great screw-liner lying at the wharf getting up her steam, ready for her race across the Atlantic, I was loafing about, watching with considerable amusement the arrival of passengers, for the most part excited, worried, and the prey of porters and cabmen, who seem to be troubled with no more perfections in Liverpool than in the metropolis. A lighted cigar was between my lips, and I was trying to enjoy it—for, judging from old experience of my sensations in a rough sea, I did not anticipate much comfort for the next two or three days at the least—when a very ordinary-looking man, evidently a commercial traveler for a cutting house, walked up and asked me for a light, staring at me the while in so offensive a manner that, as I handed my cigar, I glanced down at his left hand to see that it was not meddling with my watch-chain.

"Looks like a commercial, but may be a pickpocket," I said—mentally, of course—while he puffed at his cigar, putting mine out in the process.

"Going across?" he said, abruptly, and, to use what would probably have been his expression, taking stock of me the while.

"Sir?"

"Going across the pond—*Helvellyn?*" he said again, coolly, and nodding his head toward the great steaming and snorting vessel.

"My cigar—thanks!" I said, in a tone meant to be perfectly Belgravian in its hauteur, as I turned aside; for I had met the appeal of a pair of dark eyes—a lady was in distress, and, between porters and baggage, apparently perfectly bewildered.

"Are you going on board?" I asked.

"Yes, oh yes," said the owner of the eyes, eagerly. "Are you connected with the steamer, Sir?"

"Er—no, not exactly," I said, taken somewhat aback; and I felt disposed to say, "Do I look as if I was?"—"Allow me, though—these men!"

"Yes, yes," said the lady; "they ask six shillings for bringing my luggage from the station. Is it correct?"

"Absurd! No," I said; "half a crown is ample." And, espousing the lady's cause, I dismissed the ravenous monsters who prey upon the unprotected, and then sent her luggage on board the *Helvellyn*, casting more than once a glance aside to see that my new acquaintance was tall, with handsome, well-marked features, very ladylike, and dressed in the first fashion.

"Seems odd," I thought, "traveling quite alone. Strong-minded woman, perhaps."

But this latter thought was set aside the next moment as I handed her along the gangway; for there was a quiet, earnest, trusting look in her dark eyes; and the answers she gave to my entreaties that she would not be alarmed at the rushing water, the uneasy motion of the steamer, and the pushing, excited crowd, were grateful in the extreme. I felt flattered, and not at all sorry that such a companion was to share my voyage.

"If you would lead me to the cabin where I could see the stewardess," she said, and I immediately handed her to the saloon door, where she turned frankly to hold out a well-gloved though rather large hand. "I am indeed much obliged. I am obliged to travel alone; but my husband will meet me on landing at New York, and he will, I know, be extremely grateful for your kindness."

The next moment I was standing alone, confounding her husband, and appealing to fate to know why another should have first seen and secured about the only woman who seemed likely to form an agreeable sharer of my pilgrimage through life.

"Nice to be a young, smart-looking fellow," said a voice; and, turning, there stood the bagman, puffing away at his cigar, and staring at me with all his might, though, probably from business habit, he was referring from time to time to a pocket-book he held in his hands. "Now, you know, I never make an impression like that on a lady. I never find the sex asking my protection, and all that sort of thing. Very nice, though, I should think, isn't it?"

He accompanied his last words with the slightest approach to a wink; and closing the book he poked me with it in the side; when I felt so annoyed that I angrily turned upon my heel and walked to the side, watching the arrival of late passengers: but to my great disgust he followed me, and, heedless of my frowning looks, continued his scrutiny.

I tried very hard to get rid of him, but snubbing was thrown away. Apparently he could not understand that his conduct was obtrusive; and at last, making a virtue of necessity, I suffered him, and he literally hooked himself on to me.

But all the same he seemed to have a shrewd business eye; and while carefully keeping close to me he scrutinized all who came on board till the time for starting had arrived. The cables were cast loose, the screw revolved slowly, then stopped, then revolved again, and the vessel began grandly to move forward, the passengers waving their adieus as they clustered by the side. Then once more the bagman stared me full in the face, looked undecided, walked through the throng on deck, got in the sailors' way, stared in face after face, as a dog would who sought his master, and then, in the same undecided manner, returned to me, and stopped by my side, as if about to speak; but directly after he checked himself, and drew out another cigar.

"How very soon the motion of the vessel begins to affect you!" he said, with a smile.

"Affects you, you mean," I replied.

"Yes, exactly. Curious, though, ain't it? Seems as if Nature never meant us to leave the land of our fathers—the place of our birth, as the song says, eh? Ever been across before?"

"Yes, twice," I said, sharply; and then I walked away, for now, closely veiled, I had seen the figure of my lady friend emerging from the saloon door; and upon my going up, and asking concerning her welfare, she made no demur about taking my arm and walking up and down the deck.

I must confess that I thought very little of the scene around, though I kept, on the strength of old recollections, pointing out the various familiar objects we were passing; for I had the idea in my head that the remark my companion had made was not the truth; in short, I did not believe that there would be any husband awaiting her upon the quay at New York, and that after all it was but a bold subterfuge by which a single and unprotected woman wished to shroud herself in the respect paid to the married of her sex.

That she was respectable was undoubted; but there was a timid, shrinking way about her, so different from the quiet, calm self-possession of a married lady; and I felt assured that no one whose husband awaited her upon the quay at New York would so readily lay herself open to remark by accepting my arm upon so short an acquaintance.

"Is—is that a—a friend of yours?" suddenly asked my companion.

"Friend?—friend of mine?" I said, in a puzzled way. "No; I have no friends on board—at least, only one, I hope," I added, meaningly.

"I—I thank you," was the hesitating reply, in the most gentle of tones. "Compelled as we are to rely upon the society of so few during a sea-voyage, friendships do soon spring up."

"But to whom were you alluding?" I said.

"Oh, it is nothing. I—but I am very weak and foolish—I fancied that the man, the gentleman you were speaking to, was watching us rather particularly."

"Yes, yes, I dare say. I think, though, it is his habit. He looked just as earnestly at me a short time ago, and he has been staring at every one in turn. You don't think he is looking after a runaway young lady, do you?" I added, laughing.

In an instant my arm was dropped, and though the veil was down, my companion's eyes seemed to flash fire as she half turned round toward me.

I never professed to be very penetrating, but I was keen enough to see that I had touched upon a chord which kept bent the two ends of a bow of mystery. I saw too that, but for careful management, the advance I had made in the good graces of an admirable woman would be destroyed in an instant.

"Pray excuse my impertinent remark," I exclaimed, eagerly. "The words were meaningless, and uttered without forethought."

My companion, apparently reassured, took my arm once more, and uttered a little low laugh.

"Meaningless, indeed; but for a moment I thought—"

She did not finish her sentence; for at that moment my commercial acquaintance passed close by us, gave me a familiar nod and a smile, wafted a cloud of smoke into the lady's face, and walked on.

"Such consummate impertinence!" I said. "You would hardly think that I had never seen that man before to-day."

"Acquaintanceships do spring up rather rapidly sometimes," was the meaning reply; and I glanced down, but the speaker's head was slightly averted, and it seemed to me that she spoke in husky tones.

For the next three days the number of passengers who showed on deck was strictly limited, in consequence of the state of the weather, and really the offices of steward and stewardess could have been no sinecure. For my part, I can only own to being qualmish on the second day, and I paced the deck hopefully in anticipation of the advent of my lady friend. But go on deck when I would I was certain to encounter the cool, easy-assured nod of the bagman, whose consumption of cigars must have been something enormous. He was as free and obtrusive as ever; but one evening, just as it was turning dark, I had the pleasure of smoking my pipe in peace; for I saw him in deep conversation with a man I had hardly noticed before, from the fact of his being one of the second-class passengers.

To my great astonishment, though, after I had gone into the saloon, the bagman came strolling in, followed, a short time after, by the man to whom he had been speaking; and this latter seated himself on the opposite side of the table in an abstracted manner, sat thinking for a while, and then slowly walked past me and out of the saloon door, softly shaking his head.

The next two days passed pleasantly enough; for, though unwilling to come on deck, the lady passenger was nearly recovered, and many a pleasant *tête-à-tête* I enjoyed. I found her most lady-like, and thoroughly well informed; while, as our acquaintance warmed, if I may use the term, into something that was at least friendship, I was delighted to find that mine had indeed been a true surmise; for she confessed to having determined to travel as Mrs. Saville, there being no husband to meet her at New York, only a brother.

Perhaps I did plume myself upon my shrewdness; at all events, that night, after winning from her so singular an avowal, I was considerably elated. I listened that evening to the remarks of a passenger respecting the tedium of the trip with a sense of lofty contempt; for I began to feel that I was very far gone, and the Atlantic seemed to me the brightest of seas, overborne by the bluest of skies. I was, in fact, in such a state of ecstasy that I went on deck to look up at the stars for an hour before seeking my berth; for Miss Saville—Saville! what an old and aristocratic name!—Miss Saville had retired, or how glorious it would have been, in that clear, diamond-illumined night, to have watched the sparkling of the spray, and—

Was I mistaken? Had she not parted from me a quarter of an hour before to retire to rest? and now this veiled figure that glided by me in the darkness, was not this she?

Impossible! I laughed the next moment; for I knew that my mind was full of one form, and that in the hasty glimpse I had obtained I had invested another with the attributes of her I loved.

Yes; her I loved. I was ready to own it now; and I leaned thoughtfully over the bulwark, going over the incidents of the past day or so, and making up my mind as to my future proceedings; for I had not lost all feeling of prudence. I wanted to know something of the lady's antecedents and connections—matters that I concluded could easily be arrived at in conversation the next day.

I was standing quite in the shadow beneath one of the quarter-boats, and I had just turned, with the intention of descending, when some one passed me whom I recognized to be the second-class passenger; and then for a few moments I heard a low, murmured conversation at a short distance, when the man passed me again, going forward.

Five minutes after I was at the saloon door, when a hearty clap on the shoulder made me turn, to find that it was the bagman, who laughed softly at my angry face, and then added to his former obtrusiveness by thrusting his hand into my side, as he whispered to me,

"I say, my lad, I'm going to open your eyes for you to-morrow, so look out. There, don't be uppish; come and have a cigar up in the bows—just one before you turn in."

"I am much obliged," I said; "but I am going to my berth."

"Just as you like," was the nonchalant reply, and he turned away.

"Let me see," said the captain, at breakfast next morning; "where's my friend who sits third down on the left—Mr. Lister? Steward, go and see if Mr. Lister is unwell again—no, not again, because he seemed to be an old sailor—see if he's in his cabin."

The steward returned with a reply in the negative; when, supposing him to be on deck, the breakfast was brought to an end, and Mr. Lister, or, as I called him, the bagman, was forgotten.

The day passed and evening had arrived, when, as I was sitting in sweet intercourse with Miss Saville, Rumor's busy tongues began to announce that Mr. Lister was missing.

I immediately recalled his promise to open my eyes that day, and also that he had invited me to go forward with him to smoke a cigar; and, I knew not why, a strange feeling of interest made me leave my seat, apologize to Miss Saville, who bowed stiffly and went below, while I walked forward to a group, to find the subject in full discussion. Two of the watch had seen him go forward with a lighted cigar between his lips, and perch himself close to the bowsprit; but they could not recollect seeing him come back, though one man had some faint idea of something black coming close by him, but he was not sure.

More excited groups formed, and I soon found that search had been made through the steamer, and that the captain was in great trouble respecting the missing man; for all pointed to one fact—that the poor fellow had chosen a dangerous position, and had, without giving the alarm, slipped and fallen into the sea, to be borne under in an instant by the huge cut-water of the vessel.

I shuddered; for I thought that, had I accepted his invitation, I might have seen him fall, and, if powerless to stay him, still have given the alarm, perhaps in time for a boat to have been launched.

"Can any gentleman afford any information?" said the captain, addressing the group where I stood.

"I can only add," I said, "the corroborative testimony that Mr. Lister invited me to go forward with him, but I declined."

"You did not go forward with him?" said the captain.

"No," I replied; "and I have no recollection of seeing him come back into the saloon. But stop," I said, for I had suddenly encountered a close, searching gaze directed at me; "there is a gentleman here who was talking to Mr. Lister late last night." And I pointed to the second-class passenger.

"How do you know?" he said, calmly, regardless of the many eyes fixed upon him.

"Because I stood by one of the quarter-boats when you came aft to speak to him, and I also saw you go back."

"Quite right," said the second-class passenger.

"Did you know Mr. Lister?" said the captain.

"Yes, I knew him," said the other, calmly.

"There seems to be some mystery here," said the captain. "Was he a friend of yours?"

"Yes," was the almost abrupt reply; and then, after a moment's silence, the second-class passenger walked quietly up to the captain, took him by a button, led him apart, and whispered a few words in his ear.

I saw the captain give a slight start, stare hard at the man, and then apparently ask a question, when, whatever was the answer, he seemed satisfied, and gave orders for a farther search; which was, however, futile.

I was not alone in directing curious glances at the second-class passenger; but he was a quiet, dry-looking, close-shaven man, with an apparent power of shutting himself up within himself; and he paced the deck to and fro, with his hands behind him, in a furtive, thoughtful way, till all searching was at an end, and the conclusion arrived at that our luckless fellow-passenger had met his fate.

I noticed that the quiet man's eyes were fixed on me as I went to the saloon; and on going to where Miss Saville was seated a strange feeling made me turn my head for an instant, to see that he was watching me from the door; but he disappeared on the instant.

Full of the event, I was about to tell all I knew to my companion; but with a show of real horror she held up her hands, begging me to forbear.

"It is too dreadful!" she exclaimed; "I can not bear it. I know all—I have heard all. Poor man! here and in health last night, and now—pray, pray say no more about it."

She was excessively pale and agitated; so much so, indeed, that I summoned the steward to bring wine, for I was afraid the poor girl would faint; and she drank a glass with avidity, shuddering afterward, while the cold perspiration stood in beads upon her forehead.

I proposed a walk on deck, but it was declined; and, to my great sorrow, the shock had such an effect upon her that she was confined to the cabin to the end of our rather protracted voyage.

But the morning was bright as we came in sight of land; and as we slowly steamed in I found, to my great joy, that Miss Saville was once more visible, though I was not prepared for the constraint with which my advances were met.

I asked myself had I neglected any thing; had I fallen off in warmth. But no; lover could not have been more attentive or assiduous as to her welfare. I felt wounded; but I was determined not to show it, and, almost in opposition to her wishes, I saw to her luggage, and, brother or no brother waiting, determined to see her to her home.

I was ready to upbraid her with coquetry; but I refrained, feeling that it was possible she had taken my attentions as being merely intended to last the voyage; and at last, cold and constrained, we stood close together, for in another ten minutes we should be debarking.

Happening to gaze round, I suddenly became aware of the second-class passenger standing close at my elbow, and I could not avoid a start—one which made Miss Saville turn wonderingly to me, at the same time holding her veil closely to her face, for the breeze was rather brisk.

"It was nothing," I said; "but pray, Miss Saville, allow me to carry that bag; it seems heavy." And I pointed to the little black traveling-bag she carried in her hand.

"No, no, I thank you, no," she said; "indeed, Sir, I can dispense with your offers of service."

"As you please, madam," I said, sharply; for there was a harshness in her voice that jarred bitterly, and I felt that it was undeserved.

"Let me carry it, Frank Smith," said a grating voice, that had a saw-sharpening sound in its cutting tones. And in a moment the bag was wrested from Miss Saville's hand and thrown heavily upon the deck. Then followed a sudden scuffle, and I saw her bounce back against the bulwark, and the same grating voice exclaimed, "Stay your hand, or, by God, Sir, I'll fire!"

There was a swaying about, a sharp struggle, and I was about to throw myself upon the second-class passenger—a ruffian who was committing an outrageous assault upon my fellow-passenger—when a strong hand dragged me back, just as there arose a sharp "click-click," and, dizzy with surprise, I saw the wretch drag a revolver from Miss Saville's fettered hand as she lay torn and disheveled upon the deck.

"Had not breath to speak before, my friend,"

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said the second-class passenger, panting, as he rose from one knee; "but, for your information, Mr. Frank Smith, I hold a warrant for your apprehension. Bank robbery, gentlemen; cool twenty thousand; but I'm in hopes it is all here." And he took up the bag that lay upon the deck.

"Stand up, Sir," he said the next minute, as he assisted his prisoner to rise, and tore off the veil. "Very clever, very well done, indeed, this false hair; and the chignon is very becoming, Sir. I must do you the credit of saying that you took me in, while poor Matthews hadn't a suspicion, but was rather down on your friend."

"Take me out of this," said a hoarse voice. And I would have turned and fled, but I felt myself wedged in among the crowd; for it seemed impossible that the flushed face, veined and knotted with disappointment and rage, could have been that which had deluded me through the voyage.

"All right, Sir, as soon as we can get an officer from the shore. But there, you need not mind for a few minutes."

"Take me below, officer," was the husky, imploring petition next uttered; and the officer was about yielding, when a passenger exclaimed,

"But are you sure you are right, officer?"

"Right, Sir? Yes, I'm right enough, and I hope there's nothing blacker against him, for there is the death of my poor mate to clear up yet. It seems strange that he should disappear the very night that our friend here suspected that he was found out; and it seems stranger still that he should have settled down so quietly after, and never show at all when the officer who suspected him was gone, for he did not know I was on board."

I glanced once more at the deathly pale face as the detective led his prisoner below; and then, giddy with the rush of thought through my brain, I made my way back to my cabin to stay till the other passengers were ashore, when I hastened to an hotel, but not, as I had hoped, unseen, for I encountered the officer just returning from placing his prisoner in security.

He took me by the button, as he had seized the captain, and held me for a few moments.

"There, you need not be ashamed of it, young man," he said, with a dry smile; "he's got about as womanish a face as ever I saw, and his disguise was as clever as it was possible to be. I was hard pushed, but I felt pretty sure, and at the last I got one look that settled it. There's a resemblance between you that, had he put on a good beard, would have made him look a deal like you, and it was that which made my poor mate have his suspicions of some one else; but, any how, fourteen years will make him rather different, and he won't come the petticoats again."

"Fourteen years!" I said.

"Yes, perhaps more; for it's a bad case—confidential clerk."

We parted, and I saw no more of the police-officer. From the report of the trial, though, I learned that the police had certain information that the culprit would sail from Liverpool in the *Helvellyn*, though his disguise had been *nearly* clever enough to throw dust in the keen eyes of every one. I was only twenty then—a fact which I plead as an excuse for my want of discernment; and no doubt I formed in the culprit's eyes a capital screen, and one which would make it almost impossible for his sex to be for an instant doubted.

The sergeant was right; the prisoner was brought back to the scene of his depredations, and fourteen years' penal servitude was his award. As to the work of that dark night—whether Sergeant Matthews, otherwise Mr. Lister, met with foul play, and was sent to his death by a push in the dark—the mystery, if mystery there was, lay a secret between Frank Smith, prisoner at the bar, and him who was forever dumb.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

MUCH as we have to say concerning "sensation preaching" nowadays, it is quite certain that nothing ever meets the eyes or greets the ears of a modern audience at all to be compared with the extravagant performances of some of the elder preachers. Many of their peculiarities were no doubt mere modes of expression current at the time; but a good deal of their extravagance also was buffoonery or violence of manner. What should we say, for example, of a preacher now who should so exhaust himself by the vehemence of his declamation that he should be obliged to stop several times during his sermon to recruit himself with wine, as it is related of a canon of Seville, preacher to Charles the Fifth? We read of some preachers who indulged in grimaces and extravagance of deportment, or of others who went just as far the other way, affecting monotony and measured movement in all things, and fixing the exact passage beforehand when they would cough. Peignot professes to have seen the manuscripts of a preacher, on the margin of which were directions, thus: "Sit down; stand up; here you must use your handkerchief; here you must roar *en diable*," etc.

It was to the demonstrative kind that Balzac referred when he makes an old doctor advise a young man concerning preaching as follows:

"Shake the church all over, look at the crucifix in a frenzied manner, say nothing to the purpose, and you will preach well."

The strange folly and buffoonery both of manner and matter which were so habitual as to pass without reproach, may be illustrated by an anecdote or two. Here is one related by Peignot, for the truth of which he does not vouch, but which is by no means too strange to be believed:

"A monk, preaching on the Nativity, remarked that the cock was the first to announce in the morning the great event, by singing, 'Christ is born, Christ is born,' '*Christus natus est*,' and in repeating the Latin words the monk imitated the crowing of a cock; 'then,' continued he, 'the ox, impatient to know where Christ was born, cried out, "Where, where?" "*Ubi, ubi?*"' and again he imitated with the Latin the deep low of the ox; to this question of the ox, the preacher said the sheep made answer, '*In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem;*' and so saying, he bleated like a sheep; finally the ass invited all to repair to the place by braying out, 'Let us go, let us go, let us go,' '*Eamus, eamus, eamus;*' and it was in the braying of the ass that the preacher surpassed himself."

The Father Honoré, however, a celebrated Capuchin of the seventeenth century, cast these performances far in the shade. Once, when he was preaching on the vanity of the world, he suddenly produced a skull, which he held up to view. "Speak!" he cried; "were you not, perhaps, the head of magistrate? Silence gives consent." Then, clapping upon the skull the cap of a judge, he continued: "Ah ha! hast thou never sold justice for gold? hast thou not been snoring many times during a hearing?" etc., etc. "How many magistrates have sat under the fleur-de-lis only to put virtue at a disadvantage?" Casting aside the skull, he held up another, which in like manner he addressed: "Wast thou not, perhaps, the skull of one of those beautiful ladies who occupy themselves only with catching hearts, after the manner of bird-catching?" Then, arraying it in a headdress, he continued: "Ah ha! empty head! Where are those lovely eyes, which cast such fascinating glances? that pretty mouth, which shaped such gracious smiles, that made so many unhappy ones to weep in hell? Where are those teeth, which chewed upon so many hearts, only to make them the more tender for the devil's eating?" etc., etc. "Thus most invectively he pierceth through the body of the country, city, court," bringing forth skull after skull, and appropriately decking them to receive his reproofs. The Father Honoré is said to have been a very popular and successful preacher in spite of his harsh voice. Bourdaloue said of him, "He grates on the ear, but he rends the heart."

A still more astonishing performance is related of Brydaine, a powerful preacher of the first half of the last century. He caused himself to be led into the church by his valet with a cord about his neck, like a victim endeavoring to win the pity of God. The good women were frightened lest he should be strangled. Then, mounting the pulpit and beginning his discourse, he suddenly disappeared; while the people were fearing that he was precipitated into the abyss he caused his voice to echo forth mournfully, acting the part of a condemned soul which the devils were loading with their chains.

Sometimes this pulpit-acting availed itself of additional means of dramatic effect. In a sermon upon the Last Judgment a preacher was speaking of the frightful alarum of trumpets which would wake up the dead at the end of the world. "Yes," he cried, "you will hear them, sinners, when you least think of it; perhaps to-morrow—why do I say to-morrow?—perhaps at this instant." At that moment the horrible clang of a dozen trumpets, which the preacher had secretly placed in the nave, rang through the church.

As a specimen of eloquence take this stirring passage from Father Jacques Brydaine, of the last century: "On what, my brothers, do you rest your confidence that your last day is yet so far? Is it on your youth? Yes, you say; I have yet only twenty or thirty years behind me. Ah! you are misled and deceived. It is not you, but Death, who has twenty or thirty years behind him; thirty years of grace which God has accorded to you, which you owe to him, and which have brought you just so much nearer to the day when Death must claim you. Keep the soul ready, therefore; eternity marks already on your brow the moment when it shall begin for you. Oh! do you know what eternity is? It is a clock whose pendulum utters evermore only these two words in the silence of the tomb: forever, never! never, forever! and forever! During these frightful vibrations a lost soul cries out, 'What time is it?' and another wretched brother answers, 'Eternity.'" History preserves the tradition of the terrific effect upon the congregation of this solemn appeal, delivered with the preacher's resounding voice and his impetuosity of manner. If report speaks truly of the stifled cries and deep murmurs which arose all over the church when he preached he must have been a mighty preacher. He used common and popular images to illustrate the loftiest ideas; and it was his habit to preach in the early evening, just at the coming on of night, which no doubt added power to his words. The passage quoted above doubtlessly furnished Longfellow with the text for "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

Among the many good things told of Swift, by-the-way, this deserves a place. Preaching once on pride, he said: "My dear hearers, there are four kinds of pride—pride of birth, pride of fortune, pride of beauty, and pride of intellect. I will speak to you of the first three; as for the fourth, I shall say nothing of that, there being no one among you who can possibly be accused of this reprehensible fault."

A preacher in a church where it was the custom to place the men on one side and the women on the other had the hardihood to display his wit at the expense of the fair sex. He was complaining of a noise which disturbed him, when a woman, mindful of the credit of her sex, spoke aloud to assure him that the interruption did not come from their side. "So much the better, my dear, so much the better," said the preacher; "it will end the sooner."

A preacher, according to a story in Peignot, devoted this brusque and uncivil passage to the nobility. He describes a scene before the gate of heaven: "A duchess knocks at the gate. St. Peter asks, 'Who is there?' The duchess answers, 'It is I, madame the duchess.' 'What!' says St. Peter, 'madame the duchess who goes to the ball? Madame the duchess who goes to the opera? Madame the duchess who has gallants? Madame the duchess who paints her face? To the devil, to the devil, madame the duchess!' and he shuts the gate on her nose."

EXTINCT HOUSES.

WHAT has become of the children of all the extinct royal houses? If we suppose—which is not very unreasonable—two children to every man, we get a geometrical progression in the number of their descendants. Taking the Carlovingian dynasty, for example, which got sent about their private business in the year 987, the last two sons found an asylum in Germany. Each of these may have been the father of thirty generations; and there might be now, had not wars and famine interposed, upward of a thousand millions—as any one may calculate—of lineal descendants of the last Carlovingian king. In other words, under peaceful conditions, it would take a single pair only thirty-one generations, or less than a thousand years, to people the whole world as it is now peopled. Of course, all these calculations are upset by war, famine, pestilence, and ignorance of hygiene. Still, with all deductions, is it not obvious that the blood of any given man must, after many generations, be flowing in the veins of millions of people? Another way to look at it is Southey's. He said, humorously, that since every man has two progenitors, four grand-progenitors, eight *atavi*, sixteen *abavi*, and so forth, he himself must have had, in the reign of King John, all England for his ancestors. As a matter of fact, from Southey to King John there were twenty generations, which give a million as the number of his ancestors at the time, or about a third of the whole population of King John's England. It is, however, quite obvious that, while the blood of the two Carlovingian princes may possibly be found in every German soldier now before Paris, it takes an immense number of ancestors, even correcting for kinship, to make one man, after twenty generations or so. And it is a consolatory reflection to those who unfortunately have forgotten their own grandfathers, that, among all their countless ancestors, some, at least, must have been kings; and among their countless descendants some, at least, will be known to the world. How pleasant, after spending a lifetime in searching among mute, inglorious village registers, to find yourself descended from a brother of Shakspeare, or a cousin of Milton, or one of the many children, say, of Charles II.! And, quoting your own case, how it would fortify your belief in the hereditary nature of genius!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE NEW PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play at chess with a widow. Never contradict a man who stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers. Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, minutely examining whether you are fast or slow. Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be in his power.

A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know whether it is not situated very near the jaw-bone.

"I will forfeit my head if you are not wrong," exclaimed a vehement United States Senator to President Lincoln in an argument. "I accept," replied the President; "any trifle among friends has a value."

Somebody who has been studying Webster's new "unabridged" dictionary expresses a regret that the lexicographer's definition of the word "boil" had not met the eyes of the new-version people before they translated the Book of Job, as it would have been so beautiful to say, instead of boils, "And Satan smote Job with circumscribed subcutaneous inflammations, characterized by pointed pustular tumors, and suppurating with central cores."

A boy being praised for shrewdness in replying, a person remarked that when children were sharp it frequently turned out that in after-life they became dull and stupid, and *vice versa*. "You must have been a very sensible child, Sir, I should think," rejoined the boy.

A humorous man being subpœnaed as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was notorious for browbeating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened; he answered, "Just four feet five inches and a half."—"How come you to be so very exact?" said the counsel. "Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "and so I measured it."

A Western Cornelia thus maternally addresses her eldest jewel: "My daughter, you are now fifteen years of age, engaged to be married, and without a freckle on your face. I have done my duty."

A raptured writer inquires: "What is there under heaven more humanizing, or, if we may use the term, more angelizing, than a fine black eye in a lovely woman?" Two black eyes, is the ready answer.

Saw-dust pills, says an old physician, would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted if every patient would make his own saw-dust.

An Albany damsel asked one of her fellow-boarders, a stylish dry-goods clerk, at the breakfast-table, "Why is your mustache like my back hair?" He blushingly gave it up, when the answer caused him to blush still more: "Because it's all down!"

"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my dear." "Then why did you tell Anne this morning to answer the door?" "It is time for you to go to school, my dear."

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are a little donkey; and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better, and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

A Boston teacher asked a new boy who made the glorious universe, but the boy couldn't tell; so the teacher got a rawhide, and told the boy if he didn't tell he would whip him. The boy looked at the whip, and sniveled out: "Please, Sir, I did, but I won't do it again!" The teacher fainted.

"Phil, my jewel," said Pat, "I'm mighty sorry you can't dine with me to-day." "Arrah, and why can't I dine with you?" said the astonished Phil. "Because, my dear," returned Pat, "I haven't asked ye as yet."

An Irish soldier, who had been abroad, being asked if he met with much hospitality where he had been, "Oh yes," replied he, "too much; I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there."

The teeth of a certain talkative lady being loose, she asked a gentleman if he could explain the cause of it. He replied that it proceeded from the violent shocks she gave them with her tongue.

A COOL PROCEEDING—Skating.

"A lass I am no more," as the girl said when she got married.

An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to any thing practically, because they would keep denying they were old enough to vote until they got to be too old to take any interest in politics.

Pickpockets only gather crowds to dispurse them.

Mr. Green sued a lady for breach of promise. Her friends offered to settle it for two hundred dollars. "What!" cried Green, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a shattered mind, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart? Two hundred dollars for all this? Never! never! never! Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain!"

A gentleman once advertised for a valet who did not mind confinement, and who had lived some time in his last place. He was applied to by a person who had borne confinement in his last place for several years. His last place was in Sing Sing.

A school-boy going out of the play-ground without leave, one of his masters called after him, and inquired where he was going. "I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails." "What do you want a ha'porth of nails for?" "For a half-penny," replied the youngster.

An Irish car-driver having driven a gentleman a long stage during a storm of rain, the gentleman said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah, I don't care about being wet; but, plase yer honor, I'm very dry."

TO PREVENT HAIR FROM FALLING OFF—Go to the barber's and have it cut.

A family in Edinburgh, not keeping a footman, engaged a Highlander to serve them during a visit from a man of fashion. Dinner having waited an unreasonable time one day for the guest, Duncan was sent into his room to inform him that it was on the table. But he not coming, Duncan was sent again; still they waited, and the lady at last said to the man, "What can the gentleman be doing?" "Please ye, madam," said Duncan, "the gentleman was only sharpening his teeth."

A line in one of Moore's songs reads thus, "Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl replied, "'Twould give me the rheumatiz, and so it would you."

THE NAPOLEONIC CONUNDRUM—Does heavy cannonading produce a reign?

"COME BACK! COME BACK!"

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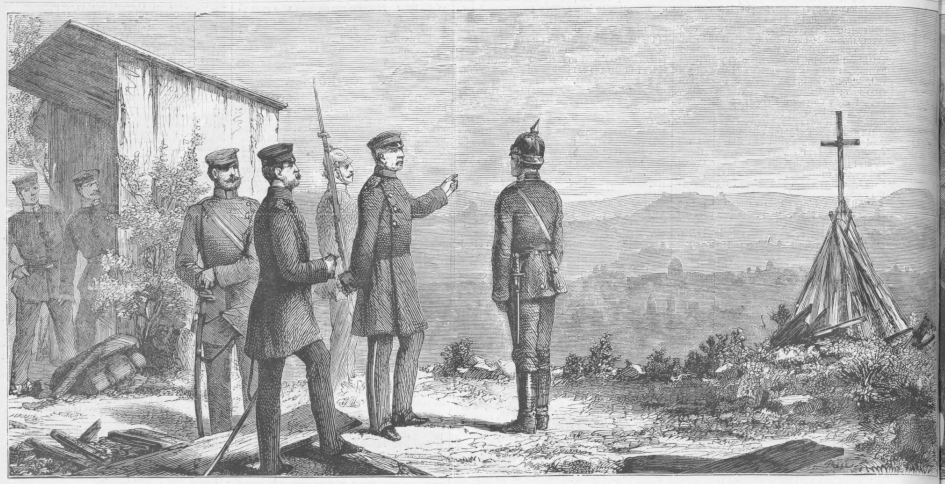
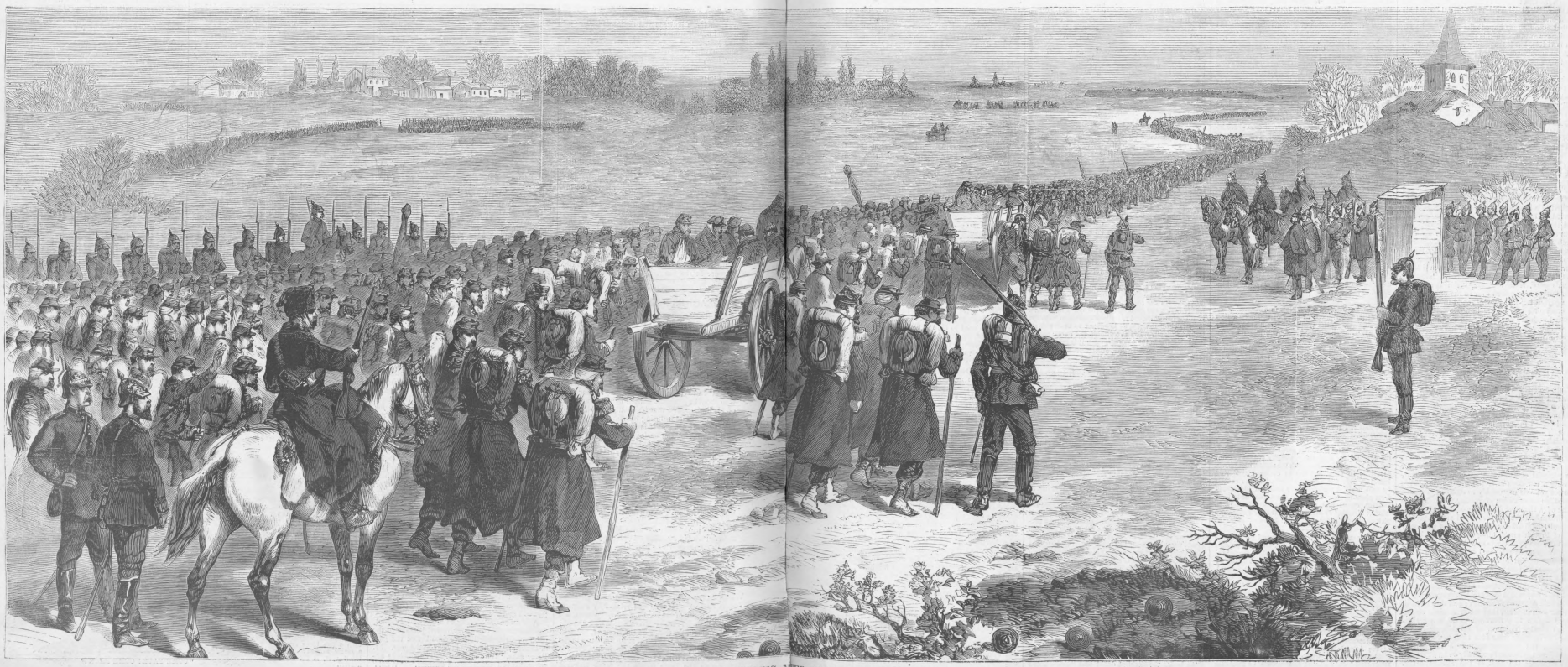


GENERAL VON MOLTKE MAKING A RECONNOISSANCE BEFORE THE WALLS OF PARIS.

KING WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA, AT A CAMP FIRE, DICTATING A DISPATCH TO COUNT VON BISMARCK.



MARSHAL BAZAINE'S ARMY LEAVING METZ THE SURRENDER. [See Page 794.]

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LOVE AND TIME.

BECAUSE old Time's a rover,
Need young Love change his home?
Ah, now that summer's over,
Old Time, and winter come,
Teach young Love to discover,
Where'er thou roamest, some
New ways whereby to love her,
If Love with thee must roam.

Old Time, why wilt thou never
Let young Love be? Ah, why!
Because thou art forever
Unkindly fleeting by.
Must Love, too, share thy treasons,
And play me false like thee?
Change thou thy suns and seasons,
But leave my love to me!

A CHINESE EXECUTION.

IN several respects the Chinese are an anomalous people. Individually they are harmless and inoffensive, as is proved by Californian and Australian experience, but in their national capacity they are prone to treat foreigners with the utmost hauteur and contempt. In their social relations they appear to be kind-hearted and good-natured, and the thoroughly brutal, hardened ruffian who beats his wife and starves his children is a rare phenomenon in China; yet the penalties inflicted by law are frightfully severe, and, on comparatively slight provocation, human blood is poured out like water. In truth, although the Chinese, as compared with Europeans, are stigmatized as cowards, their timidity can scarcely proceed from an excessive love of self-preservation, for nowhere else in the world is the indifference to death so marked. That which in the Western world is regarded as the highest type of self-sacrifice, namely, that a man should give up his life for his friend, is in China regarded as a mere matter of business. A man will voluntarily offer himself as a substitute for some condemned criminal, provided a sum of money is handed as a recompense to his relations.

The engraving on page 797, which is copied from a photograph of an actual occurrence, represents the scene before a Chinese execution. We see the criminal, with his hands bound behind his back, and his tail brought forward over his face, so that nothing may impede the stroke of the executioner's sword. In this picture only one victim is visible, but it frequently happens in China that the number of doomed persons may be reckoned by scores and hundreds, while, after the capture of prisoners at some of the imperial victories during the Tae-ping rebellion, thousands of poor creatures were thus massacred in cold blood.

A naval officer visiting Canton thus, in *Good Words*, describes an execution which he chanced to witness near that city. The execution-ground consists of a lane outside the city walls, and about two miles from the factories. It is inclosed by the backs of houses, and has a door at each end to keep the mob out. While taking a sketch of this ground from the top of a carpenter's shop, our informant heard a great noise in the street below. A party of Chinese were carrying in people for execution. The prisoners, who had their arms tied behind their backs, and their tails twisted in a knot at the top of their heads, were carried in baskets, pitched out on the ground, and then arranged in four rows kneeling. As soon as the chief mandarin arrived the work of death began, and the four executioners, whose assistants changed their swords at every fourth stroke, cut off the heads of sixty-eight people in four minutes. The heads are thrown into a trough, as a warning to passers-by, but their friends may, if they please, claim the bodies. The clothes are handed over to the executioners as a perquisite, and they also add to their gains by cramming two bodies into one coffin, being allowed eighteen pence for each coffin supplied. The number of people executed yearly at Canton is between 2000 and 3000, sometimes as many as 150 are executed at one time.

BAZAINE'S ARMY LEAVING METZ.

THE evacuation of Metz by the French under Marshal BAZAINE, of which we give an illustration on our double page, is described by a correspondent as only comparable to a scene which he witnessed in Abyssinia in April, 1868, when King THEODORE'S motley host poured out of Magdala, and spread far and wide over the country, no longer an organized military force, but a helpless crowd of human beings, laden with the few things each could bear on his shoulders for his personal comfort. Another correspondent, writing a few days after the event, says: "We are not yet able thoroughly to realize the almost incredible scene we are witnessing. The more we think of it, the more does it seem like an impossible dream. Here are three field-marshals, fifty generals, 6000 officers, and 173,000 of the flower of the French army, filing out unarmed before less than 200,000 German soldiers, and giving themselves up as prisoners of war. The terms originally agreed upon were that they should march out of Metz with all the honors of war—bands playing, flags flying, and bayonets fixed; but the French commanding officers represented that this was not a desirable arrangement, as they could not trust their men; and they begged, in their own interest, that the men might be disarmed before they marched out. We arrived as the leading column, of carabineers of the Guard, with their light blue tunics, were forming upon the camping-ground—a magnificent body of men, who used generally to be quartered at Versailles—the pick of the French army. They looked wan and haggard, but not ashamed. Following close upon them came the cuirassiers of the Guard, then the voltigeurs, then the hussars, than the lancers, then the horse artillery, then the guides, then a mixed mass of infantry. To this apparently unending stream of men there was a very small proportion of officers. In order to spare them as much as possible, the French officers were not required to do more than see their men fairly *en route*, and then turned back to Metz to make their submission in some more private way. All this time it rained and drizzled alternately, and the poor, half-starved army had, in addition to their other miseries, the prospect of a wet night in the open; but they would have food. Riding along toward Metz, meeting this melancholy array of troops, we came to the spot at which Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, surrounded by his staff, was watching them file past. He was on horseback, a little in advance of his staff, smoking a cigar, and talking to the French officer who was there to see that the stipulations in regard to the surrender were properly carried out. With them was General FRANSKY, to whom from time to time a French officer rode up, and placed in his hands a slip of paper which contained the numerical strength of each regiment as it passed. There were three horse artillery officers riding back to Metz, and, as they passed their regiment, now and then a man darted out of the ranks and seized them by the hands. It was too much for them. Though they pulled their caps over their eyes to hide the tears that gushed from them, I could see that two of them were quite unable to control their emotion. The last corps that finished the procession, as evening closed in, was the finest of all—the grenadiers of the Guard; and they, as they passed their officers, in several instances embraced them, kissing them on both cheeks. This was the only corps which seemed really to feel its humiliating position. On each side of the road the German troops stood in masses, silently watching the foes for whom they can not but feel contempt; but not a sign nor a sound which could be construed into any expression of that feeling could be seen or heard."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BALLOONS bring out from beleaguered Paris occasional letters, which are eagerly read, and regarded as an index of the state of affairs within the walls of the once gay capital. To a great extent, however, private letters probably indicate only individual feeling and knowledge; the real condition of the masses can scarcely be revealed by them. Some of these epistles are full of spirit and hope. One lady writes: "We bear gayly all our troubles and all our privations. Patriotism has so changed every body that the Parisians appear a people of brothers; noblemen and workmen sleep side by side on the ramparts, and use their best endeavors to help each other. Women have apparently no longer any vanities; toilets no more form the question of our days. We have made a vow to wear the same dress until the siege is over." She goes on to say that as there is nothing like necessity for bringing out natural resources, the Parisians—always clever cooks—are inventing several new dishes. The *filet* of horse is now generally regarded as strengthening and succulent; but the flesh of the ass is considered still better; and mice are cooked up into delicate and savory dishes. Another writer hopes that "in spite of William and his innumerable and disgraceful escort, the city of Paris will not cease to dictate to the whole world the supreme laws of elegance and good taste." An indication of this natural "good taste" is noted in a perceptible change in the mode of dressing the hair. At least such is the testimony of one lady, who asserts that, taking advantage of the flight of certain personages who had gray, thin, or red hair, and who inflicted on fashion their indispensable false hair, Parisian ladies have at once restored to liberty their own locks, so long hid under the despotic artificial chignon. Brown plaits, carefully smoothed down, light ringlets, at once graceful and natural, have alone adorned for some days the delicate and pretty heads of young ladies, who are delighted to have their most beautiful adornment restored to them.

Boston has received a bad blow in a disgusting exposé of its bakeries—or of some of them—by a New York reporter. If the "facts" disclosed are generally believed, "Boston brown bread" will lose its popularity unless it is made somewhere besides in Boston. The "Hub" might retaliate, if it can not deny the statements made. New York is not spotless in its cleanliness.

Art receives some favors in war. The residence and studio of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, at the picturesque town of Fontainebleau, south of Paris, are to be spared and respected by the Germans in accordance with a special order of the Crown Prince of Prussia. Similar orders have been given by the King of Prussia in favor of the abode and studio of the artist M. Edouard Frère, at Ecouen.

Hypochondriacs are often cured by some very simple device. Not long ago a wealthy citizen of New Orleans became possessed with the notion that he was as brittle as glass, and was in constant danger of breaking. He was completely cured of the conceit by two medical students, who followed him about from place to place, and when questioned as to their motives, stated that they were waiting for him to "break himself," so that they might have a chance to pick up the pieces for dissection.

A European student of the habits and peculiarities of poisonous snakes has discovered that "all poisons have their specific antidotes in the gall of the animal or reptile in which these poisons exist." The bite of any poisonous snake or reptile can, we are assured, be cured by administering a few drops of a preparation of the gall of the *cobra*. The gall of the most deadly kind of snakes may be used in cases of bites of those less virulent. The gall is to be mixed with pure spirits of wine, or the best high wines.

A singular story is told of the reappearance of a gold medal which was made about three years ago, and was to be presented to Cyrus W. Field upon the completion of the Atlantic cable. Congress had appropriated $5000 for the medal, which was of solid gold, elaborately carved and mounted, and inclosed in a pearl case mounted with gold. The Secretary of the Treasury received the medal from the mint, and sent it to President Johnson by his confidential secretary. The medal was missed shortly after this, and, upon inquiry being made, Mr. Johnson stated that he had returned it to the Treasury Department. Nothing could be heard of it at the Department, and it was finally believed that the medal had been stolen. Congress, therefore, made another appropriation of $5000 for a duplicate, which was made and presented to Mr. Field about two years ago. It now turns out that the original medal was returned to the Treasury Department by President Johnson after he had viewed it, and the messenger gave it to Assistant Treasurer Tuttle, who locked it up in his private safe, and never heard the charge that it had been stolen, or an appropriation made for a new one. The medal remained in his safe until a week or two ago, when Mr. Tuttle inquired of General Spinner why Mr. Field did not come for his medal. General Spinner was greatly astonished, of course, at hearing all the facts in the case, and will retain the medal until some disposition of it be made by Congress.

Miss Vinnie Ream writes from Rome that the statue of Lincoln, upon which she has been engaged for three years, is completed, and will be shipped at once for Washington.

"The Pope has sold his horses." Such is the announcement; and from some inspired correspondent, who writes from the Eternal City, we gather that these same horses were "grand" ones, that they were also "old," and, moreover, they were "black." We judge also that they were fine trotters, and were in the habit of occasionally prancing up the Esquiline decked with flowers, feathers, and bells. But who has bought them? and to what uses will they now be put?

The American College, erected in Constantinople at the expense of Mr. Roberts, of this city, is now nearly completed. It stands on a splendid site on the Bosphorus, close by the ancient castles built in A.D. 1400 by Mahmoud II., the conqueror of Constantinople, and commands a magnificent panoramic view. Mr. Roberts is now in Constantinople. When the college is finished several of the higher Mussulman families intend to place their sons there to be educated.

A new water-proof packing paper is now prepared by coating it with a resinous liquid, and afterward painting it with a solution of glue and soot, to prevent the appearance of blotches. After it is dry the true water-proof coating is applied, which consists of a solution prepared with two and a half ounces of powdered shellac to two pints of water. To this, while hot, is added gradually one-third of an ounce of pulverized borax; at the same time mineral coloring matter, like ochre or umber, may be added. When cold it is ready for use. The operation of coating is so quickly performed that two persons may prepare three thousand square feet of paper per day.

Miss Rye is an English lady of large fortune, who has for some time exercised her benevolent feelings by collecting waifs in the streets of London, and providing them with good homes in the Western continent. Most of these children are orphans; all are taken from wretchedness and sin at a tender age, while the mind is susceptible to good influences. Over three hundred have been sent across the ocean by Miss Rye; many find homes in Canada, many others in the Western States.

From Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, comes a curious story of a stout-looking man who, one Sunday, was endeavoring to make his way through the crowd to get within better hearing distance of the distinguished orator. Mr. Beecher was at that moment giving the words of his text, "Who art thou?" in a clear, distinct tone. As is usual, he repeated it a second time, "Who art thou?" The stout man, thinking himself in the wrong, perhaps, by pressing forward, and believing himself to be personally addressed, startled both preacher and people by sedately replying, "I'm a pig-merchant from Chicago, Sir. I hope you ain't mad. There ain't nary chair, or else I'd 'a sot down." Plymouth Church didn't recover its serenity for ten minutes.

M. Gambetta, one of the most vigorous members of the provisional government, is young in years, yet his black hair is already tinged with gray. When a boy he destroyed the sight of one of his eyes to make his father take him home from a boarding-school that he disliked. He has therefore a glass eye. His voice is naturally rich and sonorous, but neglected colds and a youth of hardships and privations have much impaired it. His chest is weak, he is subject to bronchial attacks, habitually wears a respirator, and public speaking, especially in the open air, when it is necessary to exert the voice greatly, always distresses and weakens him.

War is prolific in strange devices. It is reported that the Prussians have let loose a number of hawks in the vicinity of Paris to wage war upon the French pigeons carrying letters.

Dio Lewis says that if you wish to live to the age of eighty-five in the full enjoyment of all your faculties, go to bed at nine o'clock, and eat twice a day a moderate quantity of plain food. He is of opinion that the reason why Americans are such dyspeptics is that they eat and drink so much and so fast.

Fleshy people are constantly inquiring how they can reduce their weight, and lean individuals as frequently desire to know how they may become plump. Dio Lewis says to the former: "Reduce the quantity of your food one quarter, and increase the proportion of animal food. At the end of three months reduce the quantity another quarter. Rise early, sleep little, and walk an hour before breakfast. Exercise into a profuse perspiration at least once a day." His advice to the lean is: "Eat freely of oat-meal and Graham mush, cracked wheat, and stewed fruit. Retire at nine o'clock, or, if you are in a hurry to become young and plump, go to bed at eight o'clock, and rise when you get ready. Cultivate jovial fellows, and do your share of the laughing." Fat people will perceive that they are not expected to be in a happy frame of mind, and by no means to indulge in much laughter.

In a preface which Disraeli has written to a collected edition of his works, now being published in London, he says, speaking of "Lothair:" "It has been more extensively read both by the people of the United Kingdom and of the United States than any work which has appeared for the last half century." The *Court Journal* remarks that this statement is erroneous; that there is not the slightest doubt that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was read far more extensively.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XL.

A PROJECTED PARTNERSHIP.

THOUGH by no means in either the mental or physical condition in which a lady should be who is called upon to play the part of hostess, Harry was not displeased that Solomon had not returned alone. The presence of this stranger, whom she greeted mechanically, and almost without a glance at his features, was welcome to her, because it was likely to distract from herself her husband's regards. What she would like to have done would have been to shut herself up alone in her chamber, to weep and pray. As it was, she had to be cheerful, to affect an interest in her husband's late expedition, and pleasure at his unexpected return. Mrs. Basil was here invaluable; you would never have imagined that it was the same woman—so stricken and full of anguish but a few minutes before, and now so self-possessed and cheerful. But she had been used to playing parts throughout her life, and acting was easy to her. She dreaded silence, lest with it should come observation and remark upon the agitation and distress only too visible in Harry's countenance; and yet it was difficult, even for her, to keep up the ball of small-talk, for Solomon was always slow and scant of speech, and the new-comer rarely opened his mouth, and then only to utter a monosyllable. His manner, too, was embarrassing; he turned his white and stony face from one woman to the other, like an automaton, but with a weird and searching gaze.

They had never so much as heard his name before, for Richard had been cautious never to mention Balfour in his letters, since they were, of course, perused by the authorities, and friendships were not encouraged at Lingmoor; but, on the other hand, it was evident that these ladies had an interest for the visitor. Presently, while they were yet all below stairs, arrived Charles and Agnes, which effected, indeed, diversion enough, but also a great disturbance and alteration for the worse in Mr. Coe's temper. No sooner, as it seemed to him, had his back been turned, then, than the intimacy between this girl and his son, which he had strictly forbidden, had been recommenced, and with the connivance and encouragement of his wife too, or else how should the lad dare thus to bring her home? For the first time Solomon was openly rude to Agnes; and the latter, being a girl of spirit, resented it by quietly rising to depart. Charley, rash and impetuous, rose to accompany her. Solomon stormed displeasure; and it seemed that the presence of the visitor would have been wholly inadequate to prevent a family scene, when Agnes herself interposed with dignity. "No, Charles; I would rather go alone. If your father objects to my presence here, it shall not be intruded; and if he considers your company a condescension, I can not accept it upon such terms."

Charles would have taken her arm, in defiance of all consequences, and led her off under Solomon's nose; but this opposition on her part offended him. He was almost as angry with her for thwarting him as he was with his father. It was a triangular duel, the combatants in which were narrowly watched by the disregarded stranger. When Agnes got her way and departed, "That's a girl of character," observed he, with a cynical smile.

"She is a girl without a penny," answered Solomon, gloomily, with a scowl at his son, "upon whom this young fool wishes to throw himself away."

"What! so early?" observed Mr. Balfour, good-humoredly addressing Charles. "When I was your age, I thought of enjoying life, and not of marriage. I don't wonder, however, that any girl should strive to enslave so handsome a young fellow as your son, Sir. It is quite natural, and there is no need to blame her, and far less *him*."

Ashamed, perhaps, of having exhibited such violence of temper before his guest, Solomon was very willing to be mollified, and grimly smiled approval of these sentiments; Charles, too, though fully resolved to set himself right with Agnes on the morrow, was not displeased with the visitor's remark; but the two women justly resented it as an impertinent freedom. If Charles's thoughts had not been so preoccupied with his own wrongs—the deprivation of his Agnes's society, which he had promised himself for the rest of the day, and the snub which he conceived she had administered to him—he would have noticed too, for he was by no means wanting in observation, that the new-comer's manner to his hostess and Mrs. Basil was not what it should have been. It was not absolutely rude, but it was studiously careless of their presence. He no longer stared at them as at first, but, on the contrary, seemed to ignore the fact of their existence—never addressed them; and if either spoke to him, replied as briefly as possible, and then turned at once to Solomon or his son. Mrs. Basil concluded that he was a vulgar fellow, who, having penetration enough to discover that the males had the upper hand in the establishment, did not give himself the trouble to conciliate the less important members of it; but Harry, always timid and suspicious, was alarmed at him; his air had, in her eyes, something hostile in it as well as contemptuous. She could not understand, and therefore mistrusted, the influence he had evidently obtained over her husband, and which already had superseded that of Mrs. Basil.

That Solomon should no longer take pains to make himself agreeable to the latter, now that he had obtained from her his object, was, to any one who knew his character, explicable enough; but why should this stranger have taken her place as his counselor and friend? The idea of

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some personal advantage was, of course, at the bottom of it; but it was clear, not only to sage Mrs. Basil, but even to Harry—since even a moderately skillful looker-on sees more of the game than the best player—that in any contest of wits Solomon would have small chance with his new friend. The opinion of Mrs. Basil was, that some new speculation, in some manner connected with the Crompton sale, had been entered into by the two men, and that Mr. Balfour would in the end secure the oyster, while Mr. Coe was left with the shell. But Harry had darker forebodings still; she was instinctively confident that there was enmity at work in the new-comer, as well as the readiness common to all speculators to overreach a friend. There was a look in his pallid face, when it glanced, as he thought unheeded, on either Charles or Solomon, which, to her mind, boded ill. If it did so, it was certainly unsuspected by those on whom it fell. Mr. Coe had apparently never found a companion so agreeable to him; and, curiously enough, this idea seemed to be shared by Charles. According to his own account, Mr. Balfour had been abroad in Western America for many years, and had there retrieved a fortune which, originally inherited, had been speedily dissipated in the pleasures of the town. His long absence from such scenes had by no means dulled his taste for them, and his conversation ran on little else. He had a light rattling way with him—that, to Harry's view, resembled youthful spirit no more than galvanism in a corpse resembles life, and which was certainly not in harmony with his age and appearance—and very graphic powers of description; he expressed himself curious about the changes in public amusements since he left town, near twenty years ago, and seriously placed himself under Charles's guidance on the expeditions of pleasure for which the latter was always ready. To this, strangely enough, Solomon made no objection, notwithstanding that his own purse-strings had to be drawn pretty wide to supply these extravagances. His new friend had only to suggest that he should give the lad a five-pound note to enjoy himself with, and the thing was done at once.

As for himself, Mr. Balfour seemed to be made of money, so freely did he spend it; and if he did not offer the use of his purse to his young companion, it was only, as he told him, because he feared to offend his pride. "Besides," said he, when they were alone together on one of these expeditions of amusement, from which Solomon, whose notions of enjoyment were mainly confined to money-making, always excused himself upon pretense of having business to do, "it is only right your father should be made to fork out; he is as rich as Cræsus. It is quite unreasonable that he should stint you in enjoyment when, one day or another, you will have all the pleasures of life to pick and choose from."

It would have tested Solomon's new-born friendship severely if he could have heard Mr. Balfour dilate upon this topic, which he did with such earnestness and fervor that the lad was soon convinced of those great expectations which the cautious reticence of his parents had so long concealed from him. On the other hand, Charley's companion deduced an argument from this fair prospect which was not so unwelcome to the lad; he maintained that, under the circumstances, it would be madness to risk his father's displeasure by uniting himself irretrievably to Agnes, or to any other young woman. "My good offices will be always at your disposal, my lad," urged he, gravely, "and I don't deny that, at present, I have considerable influence with Mr. Coe; but it would not be proof against so flagrant an act of disobedience as that which you contemplate. The great bulk of his property is at his own disposal; and his nature, if I may speak plainly to you in so important a matter, is obstinate and implacable. At all events, there is no hurry, since you and this charming young lady are but boy and girl at present. Life is uncertain, and you may be your own master any day; wait till you are so, or wait for a little, at all events, to see what may turn up; and in the mean time, lad, enjoy yourself." The last part of Mr. Balfour's advice, at all events, was palatable enough, and that much of it Charles accepted; in doing which, as was anticipated, the whole intention of his Mentor became fulfilled. Plunged in dissipation, the young man thought less and less of his love; gave himself little trouble, though he still avowed his unalterable attachment, to set himself right with her; grew more and more dissatisfied with his own home, at the same time that that of Agnes became less and less attractive; and, in short, he drifted away daily farther and farther from the safe moorings of love and duty.

Harry perceived all this with a dread so deep that it even drove her to invoke her husband's aid against this man, who, inexplicable as his hostility might be, was bent, she firmly believed, upon the ruin of her darling boy. With Solomon, as she well knew, the fact of his son's dissipation was not likely to move him to interfere; he saw that the companionship of Balfour was gradually producing an estrangement between Charles and the portionless artist's daughter, and so far he cordially approved of it, nor cared to question by what means this new friend made himself agreeable. She had no argument available except that of expense, and, to her astonishment and dismay, this failed to affect her prudent spouse.

"Just let things be a while," was Solomon's reply, "and mind your own business. It is quite true the lad's throwing my money in the gutter at a fine rate; but in the end I shall get it all back again, and more with it. This Balfour takes me for a foolish doting father, but he shall pay for all himself before I've done with him. I throw a sprat to catch a whale; and neither you nor any other fool shall interfere with my fishing."

Harry dared not say more; her husband had been in the worst of humors ever since he had returned from Crompton, and was all the more brutal and tyrannical to her that he had to be civil and conciliatory to his new friend, and involuntarily indulgent, upon his account, to Charles. The unhappy mother was powerless to check the evil the growth of which was so patent to her loving instinct, and there was none to whom she could look for help. Mrs. Basil had no longer any influence with Solomon, and, besides, she was seriously ill, and had now been confined to her own room for weeks. In her extremity, Harry had even resolved to make a personal appeal to this man Balfour; to ask him in what her husband had injured him, to adjure him to forgive the wrong, or at least not to visit it upon her Charley's innocent head. But she shrank with an inexplicable terror from putting this design into effect; she felt she should humiliate herself to no purpose; he would deny, in his cold, cynical way, that he entertained any thing but friendship for her astute husband and affection for her bright and impulsive son. Besides, to say truth, she was afraid to speak with the man; and she had a suspicion that this weird and shadowy fear was in some degree shared by Mrs. Basil; at times she even imagined that it was not so much indisposition as a desire to avoid his presence that caused the landlady to absent herself from the family circle.

Mr. Coe, at all events, entertained no such prejudice against his guest; day by day he grew more communicative with him, and more solicitous to hear his opinions, with which he seldom failed to agree. The two men were in reality, as it was easy to see, as opposite in character as the poles. Mr. Balfour was, and apparently always had been, a man of pleasure; but he had seen men and cities, and his remarks were shrewd, and selfish, and worldly-wise enough. It was rarely that his talk ever strayed to matters of business, so that Solomon was perforce a listener; but that unambitious part he played to admiration.

Upon one occasion, however, their after-dinner converse happened to turn upon partnerships; Solomon urged their great convenience, how one man brought money and the other brains, and how pleasant it must be for the former to live at ease while the latter gathered honey for him, both for present use and for the wintry store. He rose with the familiar subject to quite a flight of poetry.

Mr. Balfour, with half-shut eyes and a mocking smile, dilated upon the sentiment involved in such communities of enterprise, the sympathy engendered by them, and the happy social effects that were produced by them. His host either did not, or would not, perceive that these remarks were ironical, and pursued the subject to its details, proportions of profits, balance-sheets, etc., until Charles rose with a yawn, and left his two elders together.

"Well, Balfour," said Solomon, frankly, as soon as they were alone, "this talk reminds me of the matter that first introduced us to one another—your purchase of that outlying bit of the Crompton property, Wheal Danes."

"Ay," replied the other, carelessly lighting another cigar. It was quite wonderful to see how many cigars Mr. Balfour got through daily; you might have almost thought that he had been denied tobacco for years by his physician, and had only just been permitted to resume the habit.

"Yes; you disappointed me there immensely, I must confess. I went down to the sale on purpose to secure it."

"So you told me, or, at least, so I guessed from your manner; and yet I don't know why you should have been so sweet upon it. It's only a bare bit of ground with a round hole in it, close by the sea."

"That's all," said Solomon, puffing at his clay pipe. "What on earth could have made you buy it?"

"Well, I told you once. I lost my yacht off Turlock, when coming to England last autumn, and very nearly my life with it. When one escapes with a whole skin from such a storm as wrecked me there, the first piece of dry land one comes to seems very attractive. I happened to be cast ashore beneath that very spot, and so I took a fancy to it. If I had been a good Papist I should have built a chapel there to my patron saint in gratitude for my preservation; as it was, I resolved to erect a villa for myself there. It will have an excellent view, and the situation is healthy. If you seek for any other reason for the purchase, I have none to give you; it was a whim, if you like, but then I can afford to indulge my whims."

"This one cost you a good deal, however; you gave five hundred pounds for it, did you not?"

Balfour nodded assent.

"A great sum for a few barren acres," said Solomon, thoughtfully.

"Yes; and so the trustees of the estate thought, Mr. Coe. They closed with my offer sharp enough, and withdrew the lot from public competition; else, perhaps, I should have got it cheaper."

"Not if I had been bidding against you," observed the host, significantly.

"You don't say so! You were never shipwrecked thereabouts, were you? Oh, I remember: you were brought up in the neighborhood. You had some tender recollection of the spot, perhaps, with relation to madame up stairs. What creatures of sentiment you men of business sometimes are—dear me!"

"I did live near the spot," said Solomon, slowly, "though I should deceive you if I pretended that that had any thing to do with my wish to possess it."

"You would not deceive me, my good friend," answered Balfour, coolly; "but, as you were about to say, it would not be frank. Let us be frank and open, above all things."

"I wish to be so, I assure you," was Solomon's meek reply. "When I offered you a hundred pounds for your bargain, I think I showed you that deception was no part of my nature. In all matters of business I always go straight to the point at once."

"As in the present instance, for example," remarked the guest, with an imperturbable smile.

"I am coming to the point, Mr. Balfour—once for all. I will give you a thousand pounds down for that Crompton lot—twice the money that you gave for it within a month; that's twelve hundred per cent. per annum."

Balfour shook his head. "I am not a religious man, my dear Sir—far from it. But I believe, like Miss Joanna yonder, in inspirations: all my whims are inspirations, and therefore sacred. It was an inspiration that made me buy Wheal Danes, and I mean to keep it. If you offered me ten thousand pounds, I'd keep it."

Solomon was silent for a while, his heavy brows knit in thought; then once again he advanced to the attack. "You may keep it, and yet share the profit, Mr. Balfour."

"The profit?"

"Ay, the profit. I told you I was going to be frank with you, but you would never guess *how* frank. I am about to put thousands a year into your pocket, on condition that you will let me fill my own at the same rate. We were talking of partnerships just now; let us be partners in Wheal Danes."

"Balfour and Coe sounds natural enough," returned the other, coolly. "But I must hear your plan."

"My plan is a secret—invaluable, indeed, as such—but which, once told, will be worth nothing—that is, to *me*."

"You may do as you like, my friend, about revealing it," yawned Mr. Balfour. "I care nothing for your plan; only, until I hear it I stick to my plot, my lot, my acreage. Tell me the whole story without reservation—don't attempt to deceive me on the slightest point—and then you shall have your way. We will divide this land of gold between us, or, as seems to me much more likely, browse like twin donkeys on its crop of thistles."

"I have nothing but your bare word to trust to," said Solomon, doubtfully; "but still, I must risk it. Come, it's a bargain. Then, here's my hand upon it."

"Never mind my hand, my good friend," returned the other, coolly. "In the part of the world from which I hailed last, folks didn't shake hands, and I've fallen out of the habit. Come, give us this story of Wheal Danes."

"It's a very old one, Mr. Balfour. The plot of ground you purchased gets its strange name from an ancient tin mine that is comprised in it, once worked by the Romans, but disused since their time. There are many such in Cornwall."

"So I've heard," said Balfour, while the other sipped his glass. It was curious to contrast the grave and earnest manner of the host with the careless and uninterested air of his guest, who presently, as the narrative proceeded, leaned his face upon his hand and gazed into the fire, an occasional glance sideways at his companion through his fingers alone testifying that his attention was still preserved. He never stirred a limb nor winked an eyelid when Solomon came out with his great secret.

"This mine that is said to be worked out, Mr. Balfour, and which you have purchased by mere accident, as being in the same lot with your proposed building-ground, will, I have reason to believe, turn out a gold mine."

"You don't say so! I did not know that there *was* gold in Cornwall."

"There is as good, or at least there are metals that bring gold—tin and copper; and Wheal Danes is full of the latter. The old Romans worked it for tin only, and left their prize just as it was getting to be worth having. There's a copper vein in the lowest level of that mine that may be worth all the old Carew estate."

"And you have seen this vein?"

"No; but my wife's father, John Trevethick, as good a judge as any man on earth, or under it, saw it, and told me of its existence on his death-bed—"

"When did he die, and how? Was it a lingering, painful death, or was he struck down suddenly?" interposed Balfour. "I ask," added he, hastily, for Solomon looked up in wonder at his companion's vehemence, "because the credibility of such a story as you tell me would depend upon the state of the man's brain."

"He did die a painful and a lingering death, but his wits were clear enough," answered Solomon. "It was ten years ago, and more, but I mind it as well as though it was but yesterday—indeed, I've thought of little else since. 'The best legacy I have to leave you, Sol, lies in these last words of mine,' said he; 'so do you listen, and lay them to heart.' Then he told me how, as a boy, he had once explored Wheal Danes in play with other boys, and found the copper lode in a certain spot. He was not so young even then but that he knew the value of such a find, and he had held his tongue; and though he visited the place pretty often—for he couldn't help that—he kept the secret close from that time until his death."

"He had never told any other person but yourself, you think?" inquired Balfour, curiously.

"No one to speak of. There was one fellow who had an inkling of the thing, it seems, but he is dead now. I read of it in the newspaper quite lately. He died in jail, or rather in escaping from it, and had never been in a position to profit by his suspicion. You may say, in fact, that not a living soul besides John Trevethick ever knew this secret. For fifty years he strove to possess himself of this mine; he even offered for it, valueless as it was thought to be, four times the money you did; only Carew was mad and obstinate; and now, for ten years, I have had my own eyes fixed upon it, and got the earliest news of when it was in the market, as I thought, when, here, without a hint to guide you, a whiff of fortune blows it to your hand. It's a hard case *I* call it—devilish hard."

"Well, it *is* hard," said Balfour; "that is, supposing all you say is true. But frankly, my good Sir, I don't believe you. I mean no offense; but, since you have not seen the lode with your own eyes, you must pardon me for doubting its existence."

"Well, then, Sir, I *have* seen it, and that's the long and short of it. I would not take such a thing on trust from an angel."

"So I suspected," observed Balfour, coolly. "But as you have told me one lie you may tell me another. What am I to believe now?"

"The mine is yours, Sir," answered Solomon, gruffly. "Let us go down together and look at it. If Trevethick and I were mistaken—and I'll bet you a thousand pounds that we were not—it is but coming back again, and—"

"And being made the laughing-stock of all the folks among whom I mean to spend my days," interrupted Balfour. "No, no. If we go, I'll not have a soul to know of it. And mind you, if this turns out to be a mare's nest, I sha'n't be pleased, my friend."

"It will not do that, Sir, you may take my word for it," answered Solomon, earnestly; "and as for going *incog.*, that matter's easy. I can start for Gethin, which is my home, and but a stone's-throw from the very place, on pretense of business; and you, a day or two after, may come down to the inn at Turlock, just to see your purchase. We need not be so much as seen together, if you so prefer it."

"I would much prefer it," observed Balfour, sententiously.

"Very good. Then here's my plan: my father-in-law used to visit Wheal Danes at night; from his doing so, instead of its drawing dangerous attention to the place, as one would think, the rumor arose that the old mine was haunted; corpse-candles, with no hand to carry them, were seen there going up and down the levels, and so the poor fools shunned it after dark. Well, let *us* take torch and ladder, and play at corpse-candle. What say you?"

"Well, I'll come," said Balfour, reluctantly, "though I don't much like the chance of being made a fool of. What day will suit you best to start? All's one to me."

"I'll start to-morrow," said Solomon, with excitement. "Do you come down, as if into Midlandshire, on Friday: that's an unlucky day with Turlock folk, but not with you, I reckon?"

"You're right there, man," answered Balfour, slowly. "Well?"

"On Saturday, at midnight, I will meet you at the old pit's mouth. Come, there's my hand upon it."

This time Balfour took his companion's hand, and griped it firmly.

"Then, that's a bargain, partner," cried Solomon, gayly. "Fill up your glass. Here's luck to the old mine!"

"Here's luck," echoed Balfour, looking steadily at his host, "and to our next merry midnight meeting!"

"Ay, good! Here's luck!" quoth Solomon.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN THE TOILS.

SOLOMON started for Gethin on the ensuing morning; but his wife did not, as usual, find his departure a relief, since Balfour remained behind. Her last instructions from her husband were to treat this unwelcome guest with marked consideration, and to let him have his way in every thing. He also hinted, though it was scarcely necessary to insure her obedience, at certain brilliant prospects which were about to present themselves, through Balfour's means, if he were only kept in good-humor. Harry would have much preferred to relinquish his favor at the price of his absence, but not so her son. Notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, he and this new acquaintance were already fast friends. The latter had laid himself out to please the lad, and had succeeded; partly, perhaps, from the very novelty of companionship, for Charley knew no one in town, and was tired of taking his pleasure therein alone, but chiefly through his store of agreeable anecdotes, all illustrative of the enjoyments which wealth conferred, with which Balfour tickled his ears.

"In a few years—perhaps sooner, who knows?—all these things of which I speak will be within your own means. You will be rich; and he who is so can please himself in almost every thing. You can then marry your Agnes, if you will, without fear of being disinherited; or, what is better and more likely, you may choose from a score of Agneses, or even take them all."

He had a light amusing way with him, this Balfour, that hid the cynicism which would otherwise have jarred upon his young companion; for Charles, though selfish and fond of pleasure, was good-natured, and had not reached that period of life when our sherry must needs not only be dry, but have bitters in it. He was genuinely fond of his mother; yet even in this short time Balfour, as she well knew, had taught him to disobey her; not setting her at open defiance, indeed, but regarding her advice and remonstrances with a sort of tender contempt. She meant all for his good, his Mentor admitted, but women had not much knowledge of the world; and if a young man was not to be his own master at eighteen, he must look to be in leading-strings all his life. Harry perceived her darling's plastic nature changing daily for the worse in the hands of this crafty potter; and though it was an admission humiliating to her, as a mother, to make, she made it to Mrs. Basil in her sick-room.

"Mr. Balfour is doing my Charley harm," she said. "He is an altered boy already, and yet my husband talks as though we are never to be rid of

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the man. What money, what gain, can ever compensate for the demoralization of our child?"

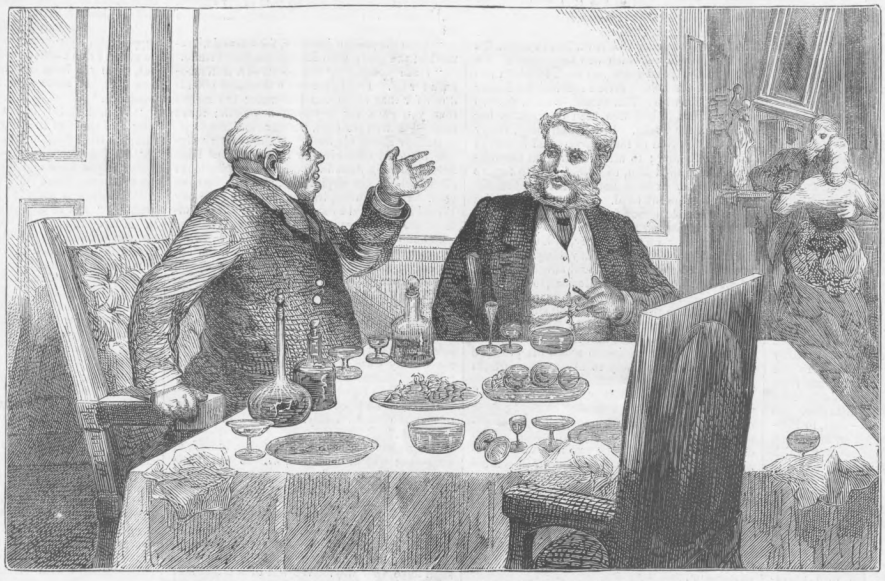
"Nothing, indeed," said Mrs. Basil, quietly. "But have a little patience. Is not this gentleman going on Friday?"

"Yes, but he will come back again. It is only some business that calls him into Midlandshire. He does not even take all his luggage away. I have a great mind to tell him point-blank that his presence in this house—at all events in Mr. Coe's absence—is unwelcome; but I dare not do it; I am afraid."

"Yes, your husband would be very angry, without doubt," said Mrs. Basil, thoughtfully.

"That is not it. I am afraid of the man himself. He reminds me of that hateful creature—what is he?—in the opera, for which Mr. Aird gave us the tickets, and which Agnes went with us to see—Mephistopheles."

"What a strange fancy! He is only a sour, pleasure-jaded man. If I was not so ill I would speak to him myself; but you are right not to do so; that is your husband's place, who has brought him here. Let things be as they are till Friday."



"I WILL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND POUNDS DOWN FOR THAT CROMPTON LOT."

Harry sighed, but perforce assented. Friday came, and Mr. Balfour went as he had designed, but not without stating at breakfast his intention of returning on the ensuing Monday or Tuesday at latest, and even making an engagement with Charley to spend the latter evening with him at the theatre.

"Do you happen to know when my husband will be home?" inquired Harry, timidly.

"No, madam. He was good enough to say, however, that his absence was to make no difference to my remaining here as his guest."

This reply, which might easily have been made offensive, was delivered with the most studied courtesy: it cut the hostess's ground from under her; for it had answered the very objection which she had intended to imply. She felt herself not only defeated, but reproved.

"Let us hope you will both return together," said she.

"I do not think that very probable," answered Mr. Balfour, slowly.

An hour later and he had departed, his hostess, under pretense of being engaged with her sick friend up stairs, not having so much as shaken his hand. Charles, indignant at this slight, would have accompanied him to the railway station, but Balfour would not hear of it. For this he had two reasons: in the first place, he was anxious to keep his route secret; and secondly, it was a part of his system to give the young man no sort of trouble or inconvenience on his account. He wished every association that linked them together to be one of pleasure.

Mrs. Basil, as we have said, had not made her appearance that morning below stairs; she was, in fact, no better, but rather worse: that news from Lingmoor, outwardly borne so well, had shaken her to the core. Still, no sooner had Balfour left than she made shift to rise, and even came down to dinner. She discussed with Charley, who had a considerable regard for her, the character of their late guest—not with hostility, as his mother was wont to do, but with the air of one who asks for information, and has confidence in the verdict which she seeks. The lad, flattered by this implied compliment to his sagacity, answered her questions readily enough. He praised his friend, of course, and thought he praised him even when he spoke ill of him. He repeated his pungent sayings, and served up his anecdotes—such of them as were adapted, at least, for the ears of the ladies—anew. By this means he hoped to bring his hearers to a better opinion of so capital a fellow; and in Mrs. Basil's case he apparently succeeded. His mother still reiterated her opinion that Mr. Balfour was a dangerous personage, and not a fit companion for any young man. Charles smiled at this, for it was the almost literal fulfillment of a prophecy which Balfour had made to him, and believed in that gentleman's sagacity, accordingly, more than ever. Women were so ludicrously prejudiced; the fact of Mrs. Basil's—"the white witch"—not being so was an exception that proved the rule. She had been evidently interested in his anecdotes, of one of which she had even requested to hear the particulars twice over; not that, in his own judgment, it was the best, but, being of a weird sort, it had probably struck her fancy. It had lost in the telling, too—for he did not pretend to have the gift of narrative, as Mr. Balfour had—and his mother had seen in the story in question nothing at all.

Mrs. Basil came down stairs no more after that evening. She grew worse and worse, and was not only confined to her room, but to her bed. Harry was not much with her; she seized with avidity this opportunity of being alone with Charley to undo, as far as she could, Mr. Balfour's work with him. This was not hard, for the boy was a creature of impulse, and swayed for good or ill with equal ease. But she discovered that it would be useless to attempt henceforth to conceal from him the nature of his future prospects. He was now firmly convinced that he was the heir to a large fortune, and she regretted too late that she had left the disclosure to a stranger. What grieved her much more, and with reason, was that an attempt which she now made to bring the influence of Agnes to bear upon him proved unsuccessful; the girl resolutely refused to come to the house in the absence of its master, and contrary, as she knew, to his express commandment. Charley himself, too, whose visits to Mr. Aird's studio had been intermitted for some time, was received in Soho with coldness. It was not in Harry's nature to understand this independence of spirit, and she deeply deplored it on her son's account. She had looked to this young girl to be his guardian angel, and had never anticipated that she could possibly decline to watch over a charge so precious. She would not allow, even to herself, that her son's own conduct was as much the cause of this as her husband's ill favor; but she saw in it, clearly enough, the mark of the cloven hoof, the work of Balfour.

Sick Mrs. Basil could give her small comfort, though she did not attempt to defend their late visitor, as she had so unwarrantably appeared to do when discussing him with Charley.

"The man is gone, my dear," said she, wearily; "perhaps he may never come back: let us not meet troubles half-way. Charley has a kind, good heart"—for "the white witch" showed great favor to the lad at all times—"and all will come right at last."

She seemed too ill and weary to argue the matter, and Harry left her, as she thought, to repose. No sooner was she gone, however, than the closed lids of Mrs. Basil were opened wide, and revealed a sleepless and unutterable woe. Her sharp, pinched face showed pain and fear. Her parched lips muttered unceasingly words like these, which were, perhaps, the ravings of her fevered brain: "I am sure of it now, quite sure; those stags, those stags! There is no room for hope. His heart has become a stone, which no power can soften. It is no use to speak, or rather I am like one in a dream who watches murder done, and can not cry out."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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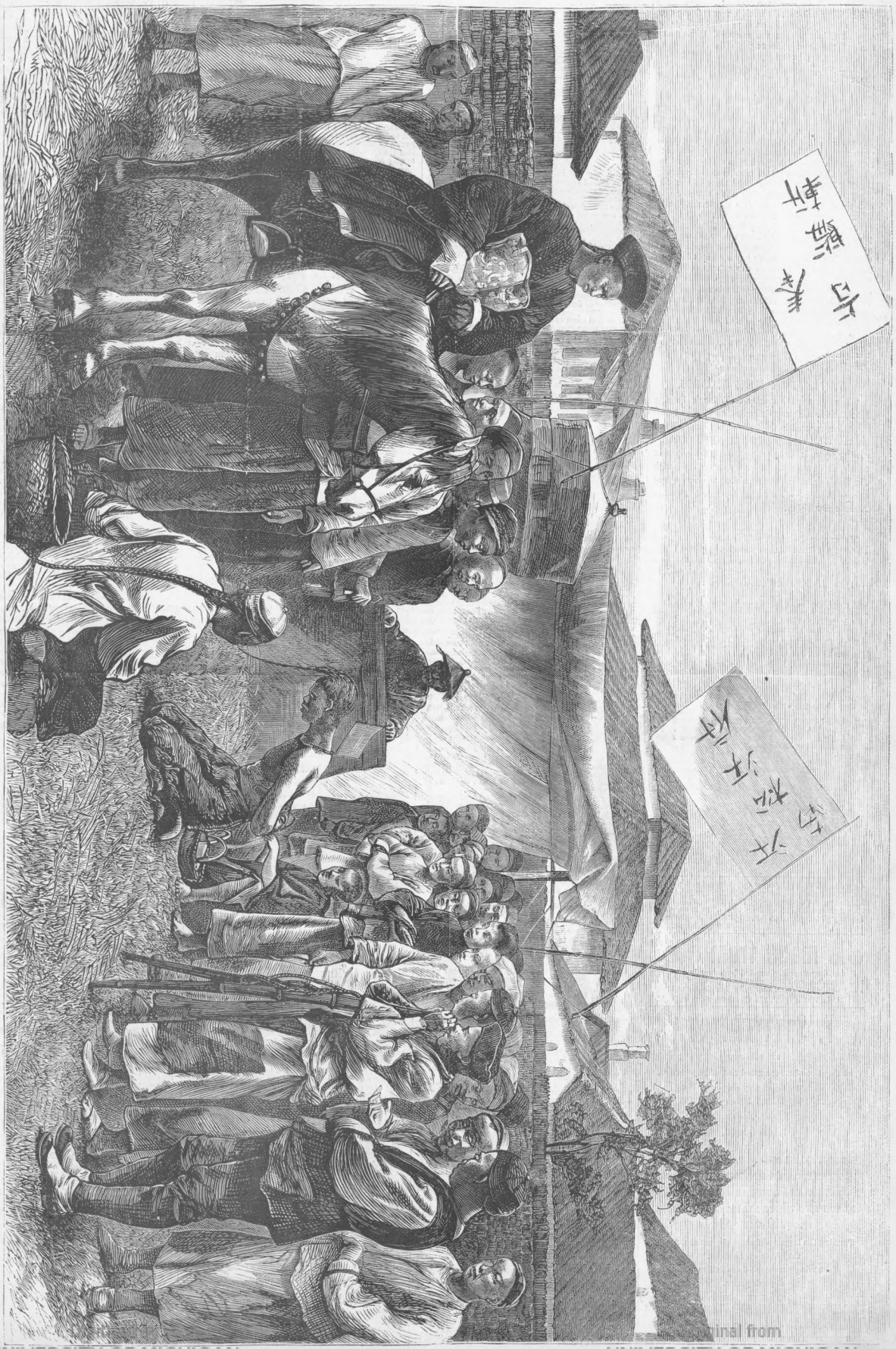

EXECUTION OF A CHINESE CRIMINAL.—[SEE PAGE 794.]

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INSIDE PARIS.

THE illustrations this week on our first page and on page 788 are interesting as showing the state of affairs within the walls of Paris, and some of the arrangements made for its defense. The first is a picturesque sketch of a group of Parisian volunteers guarding a postern gate of the fortified *enceinte* which protects the city. That on page 788 depicts a scene now daily to be witnessed at the butchers' shops in Paris—the long train, or *queue*, of patient people, mostly women, poor housewives or domestic servants, who stand waiting their turns for admission to buy the limited quantity of meat allowed for each person, as specified on the ticket to be shown before the purchase. A gentleman writes from that city: "The allowance of meat one is receiving now for six days is about equivalent to a good-sized steak. By restraining one's appetite one eats three days' allowance at a single meal, and trusts to Providence for the next two days. I set my *concièrge* to buy up the ration-cards of poor neighbors, so that as yet I have managed to get about six ounces of solid meat per day; but the odd thing is, you can't buy a scrap of cheese from one end of Paris to the other. One can understand milk, butter, and eggs failing; but cheese, which will keep for years, is another matter. It is the same with hams, tongues, and all that class of provisions." It is said the authorities intend to prohibit the sale of ration-cards by the poor, under severe penalties, as a practice that may entail sickness and still worse distress upon that part of the population.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

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New Serial.

MY WIFE AND I;
OR,
HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Minister's Wooing," etc.

CHAPTER I.
INTRODUCTION.

IT appears to me that the world is returning to its second childhood, and running mad for stories. Stories! Stories! Stories in every where; stories in every paper, in every crevice, crack, and corner of the house. Stories fall from the pen faster than leaves of autumn, and of as many shades and colorings. Stories blow over here in whirlwinds from England. Stories are translated from the French, from the Danish, from the Swedish, from the German, from the Russian. There are serial stories for adults in the *Atlantic*, in the *Overland*, in the *Galaxy*, in *Harper's*, in *Scribner's*. There are serial stories for youthful pilgrims in *Our Young Folks*, the *Little Corporal*, the *Riverside*, the *Youth's Companion*, and very soon we anticipate newspapers with serial stories for the nursery. We shall have those charmingly illustrated magazines, the *Cradle*, the *Rocking-Chair*, the *First Rattle*, and the *First Tooth*, with successive chapters of "Goosy Goosy Gander," and "Hickory Dickory Dock," and "Old Mother Hubbard," extending through twelve or twenty-four or forty-eight numbers.

I have often questioned what Solomon would have said if he had lived in our day. The poor man, it appears, was somewhat *blasé* with the abundance of literature in his times, and remarked that much study was a weariness to the flesh. Then, printing was not invented, and "books" were all copied by hand, in those very square Hebrew letters, where each letter is about as careful a bit of work as a gravestone. And yet, even with all those restrictions and circumscriptions, Solomon rather testily remarked: "Of making many books there is no end!" What would he have said had he looked over a modern publisher's catalogue?

It is understood now that no paper is complete without its serial story, and the spinning of these stories keeps thousands of wheels and spindles in motion. It is now understood that whoever wishes to gain the public ear, and to propound a new theory, must do it in a serial story. Hath any one in our day, as in St. Paul's, a psalm, a doctrine, a tongue, a revelation, an interpretation—forthwith he wraps it up in a serial story, and presents it to the public. We have prison discipline, free trade, labor and capital, woman's rights, the temperance question, in serial stories. We have Romanism and Protestantism, High Church and Low Church and no Church, contending with each other in serial stories, where each side converts the other, according to the faith of the narrator.

We see that this thing is to go on. Soon it will be necessary that every leading clergyman should embody his theology in a serial story, to be delivered from the pulpit Sunday after Sunday. We look forward to announcements in our city papers such as these: The Rev. Dr. Ignatius, of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, will begin a serial romance, to be entitled "St. Sebastian and the Arrows," in which he will embody the duties, the trials, and the temptations of the young Christians of our day. The Rev. Dr. Boanerges, of Plymouth Rock Church, will begin a serial story, entitled "Calvin's Daughter," in which he will discuss the distinctive features of Protestant theology. The Rev. Dr. Cool Shadow will go on with his interesting romance of "Christianity a Dissolving View"—designed to show how every thing is, in many respects, like every thing else, and all things lead somewhere, and every thing will finally end somehow, and that therefore it is important that every body should cultivate general sweetness, and have the very best time possible in this world.

By the time that all these romances get to going, the system of teaching by parables, and opening one's mouth in dark sayings, will be fully elaborated. *Pilgrim's Progress* will be nowhere. The way to the Celestial City will be as plain in every body's mind as the way up Broadway, and so much more interesting! Finally, all science and all art and all business will be explained, conducted, and directed by serial stories, till the present life and the life to come shall form only one grand romance. This will be about the time of the Millenium.

Meanwhile, I am going to furnish a serial story for the *Christian Union*, and I choose the subject that is in every body's mind and mouth, discussed on every platform, surging from every body's tongue, and coming home to every man's business and bosom, to wit:

MY WIFE AND I.

I trust that Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton, and all the prophetesses of our day, will remark the humility and propriety of my title. It is not I and My Wife—oh no! It is My Wife and I. What can I, and what is my father's house, that I should go before my wife in any thing?

"But why specially for the *Christian Union*?" says Mr. Chadbund. Let us in a spirit of love inquire.

Is it not evident why, O beloved? Is not that firm in human nature which stands under the title of MY WIFE AND I the oldest and most venerable form of Christian union on record? Where, I ask, will you find a better one?—a wiser, a stronger, a sweeter, a more universally popular and agreeable one?

To be sure, there have been times and seasons when this ancient and respectable firm has been attacked as a piece of old-fogyism, and various substitutes for it proposed. It has been said that "MY WIFE AND I" denoted a selfish, close corporation inconsistent with a general, all-sided, diffusive, universal benevolence. That MY WIFE AND I, in a millenial community, had no particular rights in each other more than any of the thousands of the brethren and sisters of the human race. They have said, too, that MY WIFE AND I, instead of an indissoluble unity, were only temporary partners, engaged on time, with the liberty of giving their month's notice and starting off to a new firm.

It is not thus that we understand the matter.

MY WIFE AND I, as we understand it, is the sign and symbol of more than any earthly partnership or union—of something sacred as religion, indissoluble as the soul, endless as eternity—the symbol chosen by Almighty Love to represent his redeeming, eternal union with the soul of man.

A fountain of eternal youth gushes near the hearth of every household. Each man and woman that have loved truly, have had their romance in life—their poetry in existence.

So I, in giving my history, disclaim all other. Look not for trap-doors, or haunted houses, or deadly conspiracies, or murders, or concealed crimes, in this history, for you will not find one. You shall have simply and only the old story—old as the first of Genesis—of Adam, stupid, desolate, and lonely without Eve, and how he sought and how he found her, and how they fared together thereafter.

This much, on mature consideration, I hold to be about the sum and substance of all the romances that have ever been written, and so long as there are new Adams and new Eves in each coming generation, it will not want for sympathetic listeners.

So I, Henry Henderson—a plain Yankee boy from the mountains of New Hampshire, and at present citizen of New York—commence my story.

My experiences have three stages:

First. My child-wife, or the experiences of Boyhood.

Second. My shadow-wife, or the experiences of my Youth.

Third. My real wife, where I saw her, how I sought and found her, and how we fared together.

In the course of these experiences, my good friends, you will find that we take occasion to discuss all sorts of modern and exciting topics, and to keep up with the spirit of this discussing age, when there is nothing which may not be considered an open question.

The above is the introductory chapter of a new and most charming tale by Mrs. STOWE, commenced this week in the *Christian Union*, and to be continued during the year 1871. For sale by all newsdealers. The publishers, Messrs. J. B. FORD & Co., 39 Park Row, New York, offer to send the paper to subscribers two months FREE; that is, all subscriptions sent in between now and January, 1871, shall be credited from the beginning of this story fully up to January, 1872. The price of an annual subscription is three dollars. Following this is the prospectus of the paper. To every new subscriber is presented *Marshall's superb "Household Engraving of Washington,"* a work which has made the artist famous over Europe and America, and has never been sold for less than $5. With such a combination of attractions, it is not surprising that the *Christian Union* is taking the very front rank among religious newspapers.

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Is taking rank among the ablest religious newspapers in the land.—*American Presbyterian* (Phila.).
One of the very ablest papers that reaches us.—*Standard of the Cross*, Bishop McIlvaine's organ (Cincinnati, O.).
One of the leading weekly religious journals of the world.—*Pacific Christian Advocate* (San Francisco).
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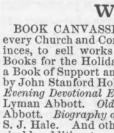

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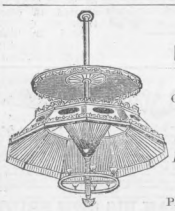

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Travel and Adventure.

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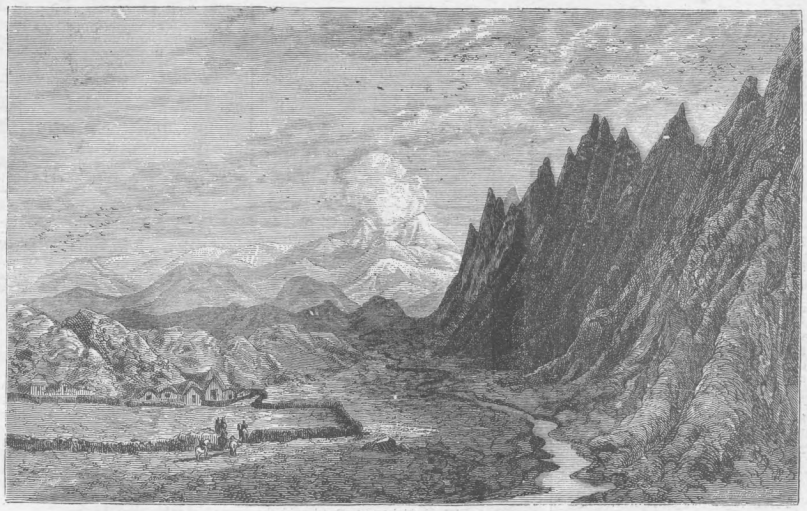
A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

At the Foot of Mount Hecla.—Arrangements for the Ascent.—A tollsome Ride.—Appearance of the Crater.—A perilous Slide.—Descent into the Crater.—Native Curiosity.

SOON after passing through the desert described in the preceding chapter, our travelers arrived at Hankadolur, where the minister, after seeing that he was provided with the necessary attendance for the rest of his journey, took leave of his guest, and returned alone to his home. M. Nougaret went on till he reached Selsund, which was a little collection of huts not far from the foot of the mountain—a kind of settlement, of which neither the word village, nor hamlet, nor any other English word, in fact, would convey any conception. The Icelandic word by which such a nestling of human families is called is *boer*. The engraving will enable the reader to form some general idea of the situation and aspect of Selsund, as approached from the south, with the volcano in the distance.



SELSUND—HECLA IN THE DISTANCE.

The minister of Thyorsarholt, to whom M. Nougaret had explained, in Latin, his wishes in respect to the ascent of the mountain, had sent a message by the attendant whom he engaged at Hankadolur to accompany the traveler to Selsund, and by this means the people there obtained a general idea of M. Nougaret's plans and wishes. The wife of the man on whom the duty would devolve of going to the mountain as guide seemed to be put quite out of humor by the arrival of the stranger, as the result of it would be to take her husband away from home, and expose him not only to great fatigue, but to some danger, especially as the mountain had been "uneasy" for some time past, and threatened an eruption. M. Nougaret tried to appease and conciliate her by presents and attentions, but with very little success. She continued morose, and apparently very unhappy.

The man made signs of taking out M. Nougaret's watch, and then pointed to the mountain, by way of inquiring at what hour on the following day he wished to set out. M. Nougaret replied by producing the watch and pointing to the figure four.

Accordingly at four o'clock the next morning he was awakened, and the arrangements began to be made for departure; but so numerous were the preparations required, and there were so many delays, part of which were occasioned by the evident disposition of the poor wife to do every thing in her power to retard and, if possible, to prevent the departure of her husband, that the process of preparation was very slow.

CURIOSITY TO SEE THE STRANGER.

At length, however, about ten o'clock every thing was ready, and the traveler and his guide set out. They were to go to the foot of the mountain—a distance of some miles—on horseback, and then, leaving their horses, were to climb the remaining three or four thousand feet on foot. They arrived at the end of that part of the ascent which was practicable for horses about five o'clock—that is, after a six or seven hours' ride over a way encumbered with sharp rocks, ragged defiles, heaps of scoriæ, and beds of volcanic ashes and sand. Greatly fatigued with the difficulties of the way, and mentally exhausted by the excitements and the dangers through which they had passed, they at once encamped on the spot for the night—if night the period might be called during which the sun glides along the horizon, dipping only for two or three hours a little below. They found a place of shelter in a corner formed by a turn in an ancient lava current, and there, after making their supper from a portion of the provisions which they had brought with them, they lay down, and protecting themselves as well as they could with such coverings as they had at hand, they went to sleep.

When the watch indicated that it was time to consider it morning they rose, and, having secured their horses properly, set out on the final ascent, taking with them such provisions and extra clothing as they should require during the day. Their progress, difficult and dangerous as it was on other accounts, was much impeded by a very dense fog, which rose and covered the whole mountain, and which in many places became so dense as to render it almost impossible to proceed. They, however, persevered. They soon began to encounter vast masses of ice and snow, which they were obliged either to traverse with great danger and fatigue, or to avoid by long detours. The engraving represents the kind of views they had of the mountain at such times as the fog lifted so as to open the prospect.

The summit of the mountain forms a vast crater, surrounded by a crust or ridge, left there apparently by the sinking in of the central portion after some great eruption. Our traveler and his guide ascended to this ridge, though the fog had now shut them in so that nothing of the interior could be seen, but only a declivity of ice and snow sloping toward it. M. Nougaret, having gone on somewhat in advance of his guide, undertook to creep down this slope a little way, thinking that when he reached the brink of the precipice he could look over into the abyss below. Soon, however, his foot slipped, and he began to slide forward. There was nothing to seize hold of to arrest his descent, and he instinctively struck his iron-pointed pike into the ice before him. The staff broke in his hand. He grasped the lower part, leaving the other to slide down the remaining portion of the declivity, and to shoot over the edge of the precipice into the crater, while he stopped his own progress by coming astride upon the part which was saved, and which was wedged fast in a fissure in the ice.

The guide soon came to the place, and, creeping down as near the spot as possible, he extended his own pikestaff toward the unfortunate traveler until he could reach and grasp the end of it, and in that way aided him in crawling up, on his hands and knees, out of his dangerous position.

Our adventurer wisely determined after this to abandon the idea of exploring the crater from the crest above, and he and his guide, proceeding to the best place of shelter that they could find, sat down to dine upon the provisions which they had brought with them, hoping that by the time their meal was finished the fog might perhaps have cleared away. This expectation was, in fact, realized. A shower of rain fell, after which the fog "lifted," and the whole scene before them was opened to view.

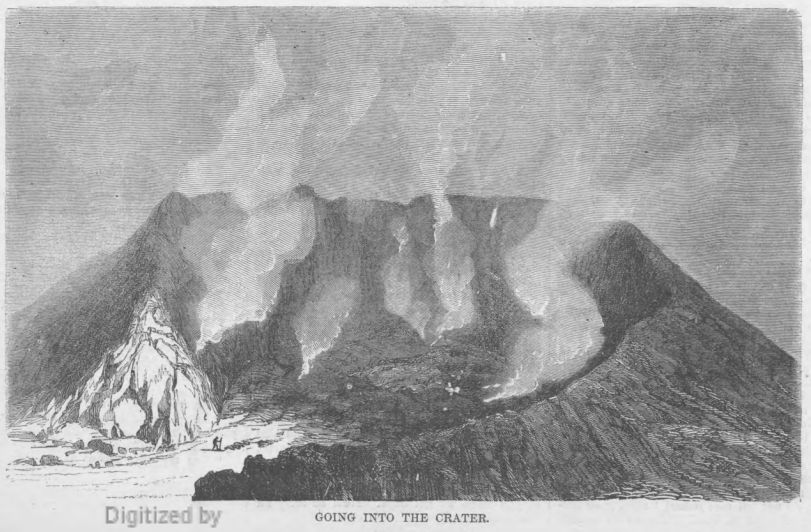
They saw that the crest which surrounded the crater was not entirely continuous. There was a break upon one side, forming an opening by means of which it seemed that access to the interior might easily be gained. M. Nougaret determined to attempt this route, but remembering the anxiety and distress which the wife of the guide had felt in respect to the safety of her husband, he determined to make the attempt alone. So, making an appointment with the guide in respect to the place of meeting him when he came out, he began to creep and slide down the slope of rock and ice which descended toward the breach in the crest, and then went in.

He found himself in the midst of a vast cavity, of nearly circular form, three or four hundred feet in diameter, and surrounded by a range of cliffs one or two hundred feet high. The floor was covered with masses of lava and heaps of volcanic ashes, and here and there openings were seen, through which columns of steam and of sulphureous vapors were ascending. So dense were these vapors that in some places M. Nougaret was obliged to fan himself with his handkerchief to get breath. Besides these open vents, there were others which had formerly been open, but were now closed. Some had accidentally been choked up by the lava and ashes which had accumulated over and around them, while others were covered with ice and snow.

By going round to the windward side of one of the openings M. Nougaret found that he could approach so near as to peep over the edge and look down. He saw, at what seemed to him a distance of several hundred feet below, a glow of light, which seemed to come and go in flashes, and was accompanied by bluish flames, like those produced by the combustion of carbonic oxide or sulphureted hydrogen. Finally he threw a block of lava down one of these chimneys. He could hear it for several seconds thundering down through the winding passage-way, and then, after the lapse of about half a minute, a great commotion seemed to be produced by it below, and fresh bursts of steam and even flashes of flame came up to the surface, and issued forth, not only from the orifice into which the stone had been thrown, but from several others near.

M. Nougaret remained in the crater, he says, for three hours, exploring it in every part, and collecting specimens. Then he came out and descended the mountain to rejoin his guide at the place where the horses had been left, where he had directed the guide to await his arrival. He found him in a state of tipsy silliness and incapability, from having, in the absence of his master, found his way to a bottle of brandy which had been brought, by way of precaution, among the other stores.

Our traveler found, on his return to the villages, that his visit to the region had become known, and had made quite a sensation among the peasants—so much so that wherever he stopped, at any way-side cabin, the people came running with the utmost eagerness from their work of hay-making in the fields, to see and hear the stranger. Some came running on foot, with their



GOING INTO THE CRATER.

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scythes and rude pitchforks on their shoulders. Others mounted horses, when they were at hand, for greater speed. The means of communication, however, with the stranger when they arrived on the spot were very limited and unsatisfactory, being confined altogether to dumb-show. They had at any rate the satisfaction of looking upon a foreigner who had come some thousands of miles from beyond the seas to ascend their mountain.

Indeed, as he traveled on day after day, on his return toward his port of embarkation, our traveler found the hospitalities of the people somewhat embarrassing. He returned by a route lying nearer the sea than the one by which he came, and that led him through a somewhat more settled portion of the country; and at every hut that he passed the dogs about the door and on the roof would bark in noisy welcome, the horses would stop, the guide would dismount, the peasant's whole family would come to the door and insist upon the traveler's going in. On accepting the invitation M. Nougaret would be ushered into the best room, refreshments would be spread before him, consisting of coffee, and of biscuits made of Iceland moss, and the whole family would stand around questioning the guide, and listening to his stories, while M. Nougaret himself would partake of the refreshments in silence —not being able to offer any of his hospitable entertainers a single intelligible word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WEDDING RING.

ONLY a well-worn hoop of gold,
Unlit by any glow
Of rainbow gem, a ring that told
Its story long ago.

Only a circlet dimm'd and thin
With wedded years of life,
Whose memories cloud my soul within
With sorrow-shaded strife.

Only a cincture clasping fast
Two separate lives in one,
That calls to mind the sunny Past,
Yet leaves me still alone.

Only a relic of the joy
In days no more to be,
Of thoughts Regret alone can cloy,
Never again for me.

Only a treasure from the hand
No more to rest in mine,
But pass'd into the voiceless land,
Beyond the hills divine.

Only a pledge of mutual love,
Of love that ne'er shall fade,
Though Death has call'd those lips above
That sacred plightings made.

Only an earnest of the troth
Nor Time nor aught can bend,
But ever still will bind us both
Unwavering to the end.

Small as the circlet is, it bound
All-close her love to mine.
Now *she* is gone, but steadfast round
My soul its pledges twine.

Never again its gold shall thread
Her yielding finger's snow;
Never—not e'en when graves their dead
Have loosed from sleep below.

Never again! But as one thought,
In realms of perfect peace,
Our hearts shall beat, with rapture fraught,
When Death gives me release.

THE WRECK OF THE "SIREN."

I.

IT was a Sunday morning in June, and the large ship, newly built for the African trade by Messrs. M'Guffog and M'Cash, thriving Glasgow merchants, stood ready in the dock for launching on the Monday. The figure-head of the *Siren*, with its fair, beguiling face and long, streaming hair, facing the Clyde, seemed smiling defiantly at the thought of the adventures in which it was to share. The fine lines of the vessel, the strong, graceful curves, the massive proportions of the untried ship, were being especially exulted in by two men of the crew, who were walking round her, and eying her with all the studious unction with which dealers eye a blood-horse.

"I tell you, Mr. Mackay," said Patterson, the elder of the two, a grim old "Sandimanian" boatswain, "that there'll never be luck with a vessel that, instead of bearing the name of one of the great prophets or kings in the Old Testament, is to be christened after one of Satan's warlocks, a grand-daughter, nae doot, of that Scarlet Woman mentioned in the Revelations, and there so very deservedly censured."

"Tut, tut, man!" said his companion, a young, bright, frank-looking fellow, with brown, curling hair, who was to be first mate; "don't you know it is the likeness of Mary Cameron, our captain's young wife? She is as beautiful as an angel, and quite as good. She would bring a blessing on any ship. She is going out with us."

"All the worse for us, Mr. Mackay; there's always mischief where there's a woman. From Eve downward, they were always kittle-cattle. I'm sorry for it, Mr. Mackay, very sorry. I never sailed with a captain's wife but once, and then we ran on the coast of New Holland, and half of us were eaten by cannibals. I call it vary presumptuous, putting the face of a real woman on the figure-head of a vessel. It's joost making an idol of the girl."

"Stuff! I only wish I had been the man who carved and gilded it. Hang me, but I'd have kissed it at parting! She is the sunniest, winsomest wee thing, I tell you, that ever trod the shores of the Clyde!"

"And who may this paragon of yours be, Mr. Mackay?" said a voice which made the young man start, turn round, and perceptibly redden. It was Mr. M'Cash, with the captain and the captain's wife. They had at that moment come suddenly round the corner of a stack of timber.

"I was only speaking of a young lady I know," said Mackay, "and telling Patterson that she was rather like the *Siren's* figure-head."

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Cameron?" said the old merchant, turning round, smiling. "Why, there never could be two people like our fair siren. You really ought to be jealous."

"I dare swear, Mary," said the captain, "that there will not be a man on board who will not fancy that the *Siren* is the exact image of the woman he loves best—wife, sister, or sweet-heart. You mustn't make my Mary vain, Mr. M'Cash."

"This is to be your last voyage, Captain Cameron, I am sorry to hear?" said the merchant.

"Well, so I promised Mary when we joined hands; but I shall find it hard, I think, to leave so good a ship. What a beauty she is!"

"And holds more than any vessel we have."

"She'll skim like a swallow," said the captain's wife. "Don't you think she'll be very fast, Mr. Mackay?"

A slight blush rose on the cheek of Mrs. Cameron as she kindly put this question, to prevent the young man feeling left out of the conversation.

"Yes, I think she'll be very fast," said the mate, with an air rather of veneration than respect; "she has all the look of it."

"Ay, I tell you she'll show them the way," said M'Cash. "She'll be faster than the *Petrel*, and that's saying a great deal, a very great deal, for the *Petrel's* the fastest thing out of Glasgow."

The launch took place the next day. There was great cheering as pretty Mrs. Cameron dashed the bottle of wine against the ship's side, and called out in her sweet, clear voice,

"I name this ship the *Siren*."

Then the flags flew rejoicingly, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, six small ship's cannon were discharged to announce the important event, and the new ship glided down into the Clyde, eager to venture on her new element. Every body was smiling, shouting, or congratulating somebody else; but Patterson was still obdurate.

"Nae, nae," he said, "it's a pagan business, and will never bring luck to Christian people. *Siren*, indeed! What was a siren but joost a hizzie that ought to have been whipped at the cart's tail? I've no patience with such nonsense. There's no luck in it. I feel that. No—no whisky, thanky; I'll not drink a drop at such a heathen christening, though mayhap I'll take a double caulker to-night to the ship's health."

"There's no moving Patterson," said a sour-looking creole, who was to be second mate, and who had stood next Mackay during the launching; "he's such a pig-headed fellow. How pretty the captain's wife looked at the launch! By Jove! she's far too good for an old salt like that; she ought to have married a duke!"

"Yes, she is pretty," said Mackay, half reluctantly.

"That's very cold praise; why, man alive, you used to be far more enthusiastic."

"'Tis all the praise I care to give just now, Watson."

"Oh, please yourself," said the creole, with a glance that made the white part of his eyes become a reddish yellow; "but we used to fancy you were rather smitten with her, for you talked of nothing else after we first met her together at M'Guffog's office."

"I do not care to remember the foolish things I then said."

"Oh, you don't," said Watson, spitefully. "Very well, then, don't; but I sha'n't forget them." And then to himself, as he turned on his heel, he muttered, "Nor shall the captain, when I've once told him about this upstart fool, who tries already to crow over me."

II.

It was beautiful to see the young wife in the evening pacing the deck with the old captain, happy as an angel; the men following her with admiring glances, the very ship's boys eager to run on errands for her. As the *Siren* got nearer the coast of Africa an awning was raised over the quarter-deck, and there of an evening she used to sing in a way that even old Patterson said was enough to melt the heart of a shark. The voyage hitherto had been swift and prosperous. One night the captain came on deck suddenly to see how things were getting on. He was leaning over the bulwarks, smoking with placid content, when Watson came up and began talking to him of the rapid run the ship had made.

"Is Mackay below, Sir?" he asked, carelessly.

"Yes, Watson; he's playing some flute music to Mrs. Cameron."

Watson sighed deeply, then looked intently out to sea, knit his brows, and sighed deeper than before.

"Why, Watson," said the captain, who had twice asked him a question without receiving an answer—"why, what's the matter? You're dull as ditch-water. You can't be in love?"

"I'm quite well, Sir," said Watson, listlessly.

"Now, look here, man; as your superior officer, I insist on knowing what is on your mind," said the honest captain, laying his hand on the creole's shoulder.

Watson was still silent.

"I shall be very angry, remember, Watson, if you do not tell me; indeed I shall grow suspicious of some mischief. There's no mutiny among the men? No danger about the cargo? No fear of fire?—nothing wrong, I hope?"

Watson assumed an air of frankness as he turned round to his interrogator, his face lightening up.

"Captain Cameron," he said, "I do think it would have been happier for you if you had not brought Mackay as first mate this voyage."

"Why, what of him?" said the astonished captain. "He's one of the best of fellows—frank, generous; we have become quite friends. Besides, he is musical, and my dear wife finds him a pleasant companion when we are together in the evening."

"Captain Cameron," hissed the creole in his ear, "I have a painful secret to tell you. I am afraid Mackay is in love with your wife. I do not say his love is returned, but I am sure that he loves her; indeed, he has told me so. I feel bound as a friend to tell you this."

The captain staggered back against the bulwark, and clasped it, or he would have fallen.

"Watson," he said, after a long silence broken only by a groan, "you are my friend indeed; but yet what you have told me has cut my very heart in two. But Mary's true—she's true! He, you say, told you he loved my Mary?"

"He told me so last night when we were pacing together, just after you left us to turn in."

"Watson, if I thought he had dared to tell her his love, I would throw him to the sharks. Give me your hand. I'll see to this. But Mary is true—I'm sure of that; nothing shall shake me in that—she's true. Fool that I was, not to see what that fellow's smooth speeches and shy manners meant! Ah! I remember now; yes, I've seen him color when they met."

The poison was working fast. The unhappy man, tossed in a moment from heaven to hell, strode down stairs to the cabin. The two were talking. Cameron listened guiltily—for he was ashamed of his meanness—before he opened the door.

"Now do tell me who she was that you were praising in the ship-yard," said his wife's voice. "I always felt so curious to know who the lassie was who had stolen away your heart. Were her eyes blue like mine? Was her hair golden?"

"Her hair and eyes were nearly of your color."

"You were saying, I remember, that her face was like the siren; so she must have been like me—you could not conceal that from me."

"Well, she was not very unlike you; but don't ask me any more. I don't want to tell you who she was. That's my secret."

"Come, then, come, let us try 'Auld Robin Grey' again."

Just then the door burst open, and the captain appeared. "Mary," he said, "enough of that singing for to-night. I've got a headache. Mackay, go on deck, Sir; go and attend to your duties; you must not spend so much time away from the men. It's hard on Watson. Go up at once."

Mackay, startled at the change in the captain's manner, left abruptly, after wishing Mrs. Cameron good-night.

"Why, Donald," said Mrs. Cameron, throwing her arms round his neck, "what ails you? You do not look yourself to-night. Let me kiss your dear old forehead—let me kiss it, dear—that 'll soon make it well."

"I want no nonsense, Mary. I feel a bad pain at my heart, I tell you, a very bad pain."

In a moment the woman's nature was roused. She flew to her husband, knelt by him, held his hand, and rested his head on her shoulder. She was the patient, loving nurse; her girlish playfulness was all cast aside.

"If I didn't know the captain so well," thought Mackay to himself, as he walked to the binnacle, the lamp of which was just lit, "I should really have thought he was jealous. I hope he has not caught one of those infernal African fevers. Why, his eyes quite glared."

"The captain is out of sorts—quite rusty, I declare," said Watson, as they met soon after on deck. "I never saw him so before."

The next morning the captain wished to alter the ship's course. He was sure there was an error in the reckoning, and that they had passed Cape Algo in the night.

"I still think that Cape Algo is before us, captain," said Mackay, in his frank, cheery way. "Those were only clouds we saw at daybreak. We are getting too near land, Sir, quite to the east of the usual track."

"Do you dare to teach your captain?" burst out Cameron. "Do you dare to spread insubordination among my men? You bear witness, Watson, that this man has insulted me on my own deck. Another word, Sir, and I'll strike you to the ground."

A little soft hand caught his uplifted arm. It was his wife's.

"Donald," she said—"Donald! Oh, think of what you do! Mr. Mackay has done nothing to deserve this anger. He only suggested a doubt. It was his duty, you know, to do that."

The captain grasped his wife by the wrist till she groaned for pain, and drew her toward the cabin stairs.

"I'll have no interference in these matters, woman. I know whom I can trust and whom I can not. An American captain would have shot that man down. Mr. Mackay, henceforward I only wish to speak to you when on duty; mind that."

"The captain's lost his head," said Patterson to Mackay. "He's joost clean demented, or he'd never have used those words. We're far out of our course. The luck's against the *Siren* now. God help us, for man can't! And that loving little wife, how he clutched her arm! Well, if it is not the drink, there must be something wrong in his brain. Never mind, Mr. Mackay, the crew all like you, Sir, and we'll stand by you when we get back. He'll be sorry for this to-morrow."

"But we shall never be friends again," said Mackay, "and I suppose I must not speak to that noble wife of his any more. Heaven send me strength to bear this injustice; but it is hard."

"So hard, my dear Mackay," said Watson, who stood by his side as the captain left the deck, "that some men would have struck the fellow for being so savage, and raising his hand at you as if you were a dog. I'd have revenge."

"No; I'll never turn mutineer," said Mackay. "My conscience is pure, and I can clear myself to the owners. Is it possible, Watson, do you think, that some villain has been infusing suspicions of me into his mind?"

Watson was silent for a moment; then he said: "The men all like you. Perhaps it's that false wife of Cameron's."

"No," said Mackay, with generous warmth; "I'd as soon believe that a voice from one of the stars had told him that I was his enemy, or that something from the sea had said that I was dangerous to the ship."

III.

Mackay was right. One hour after midnight, in the midst of a storm, the *Siren* struck, with a tremendous shock that shattered the unhappy vessel, on a great reef two miles to the south of Cape Algo. The water instantly poured in with such terrific force that before more than twenty of the crew had escaped, screaming and shouting, to the main-top, the ship had filled to her decks. In that wild driving storm, in the darkness and the terror, no one of the half-clothed men who clung to the main-top knew at first who was saved, except now and then that a name was shouted or replied to. The captain and his wife were there, Mackay was saved, and Patterson and Watson were also among the survivors. Patterson and a ship's boy had lashed themselves to the rigging higher up than the rest; the hungry waves roared ceaselessly below for their prey.

When day broke luridly on the unhappy band it shone on the pale face of the captain, who had been injured in his efforts to escape, and had with difficulty been rescued. He was wildly delirious. His brave wife held him up in her arms, and was trying in vain to soothe him. It would have made a savage's heart bleed to see her wiping away the clammy moisture that kept arising upon his brow.

"They're starving me!" he cried; "they're starving me! They tied me here, Mary and her lover, curse them!—tied me here to starve! They've tied me in reach of the sharks; there, I see one now coming at me; he is turning now. Oh, save me! gracious God, save me from this horrible death! Who's this holding me? What, Mary! let me strike her in the face, the wanton; let me kill her; she has come to mock me!"

Weak as he was, the madman would have struck the poor weeping woman who clung beside him, had not Mackay and another sailor held him back.

"Mr. Mackay," she said, "for the love of Heaven, tell me if any one that has escaped has saved any food, and would give me only a mouthful for Donald. Have we any hope? Is there any hope?" (She said these last words in a whisper.)

"There is but little hope, Mrs. Cameron," said Mackay, in a low voice—"but little hope. We have no food, and unless some vessel pass within hail within a few hours we must one by one be washed off in the first storm that rises."

Mr. Mackay asked the men all round. Some, sullen with despair, and huddled together, cold and shivering, would not utter a word in reply. There was no food. One man had had a bit of bread and meat he had found in his pocket when the shock came, but that he had eaten. Then Mr. Mackay shouted to Patterson and the boy.

"Not a crumb, Mr. Mackay," said Patterson. "The Lord forgive me for what I've wasted when I was in the land of Goshen, by which I mean Fifeshire! Ah, Mr. Mackay, food is no use now; it's but a short time we have to live!"

The boy shouted that he had two biscuits, but he meant to keep them.

"Go up and kill him," said Watson.

Mrs. Cameron raised herself on to her knees.

"Mr. Mackay," she said, "I know you are generous and brave; you will help me to save Donald. Under his waistcoat there is a belt; that belt contains five thousand pounds of the owners' money. Offer the boy money for one of those biscuits."

Mackay took the belt, the captain all the while screaming, "They'll murder me! Mary has sent them to murder me and steal my money! The sharks are nearer now; I can see their teeth glitter in the foam; they are close to me now; merciful God, save me, save me!"

"I only wish they had you tight," growled Watson.

Mackay took the money, and held up half a dozen sovereigns to the boy, who leaned over and glared at the money.

"Tom," said he, "I'll give you six sovereigns for that biscuit."

"Go up and tear it from him," said Watson.

"Won't take it," said the boy. "There!"

"A dozen?"

"I want it to keep my own life in. What use is money to me now, mister?"

"Twenty? Think of twenty pounds for a biscuit!"

"No, Mr. Mackay, it's not enough. I know the value of the grub; it 'll keep me alive for a day."

"Forty?—fifty, Tom?"

"No; life's as dear to me as to you. I tell you I don't want to part with the biscuit."

"A hundred?" Mackay shook the belt.

"No; my life's dearer to me than the captain's is."

"Two hundred?"

"No."

"Five hundred?"

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"No."

"Eight hundred?"

"No; but give me a thousand," shouted the boy sullenly, yet greedily, "and I'll take my chance of a vessel coming or not. Here it is; hand up the money. If I'm saved, I'll go home to Dundee a rich man. Hoorah!"

"Bring down the biscuit."

"Yes, likely! and have you snatch it before I get the money. Not likely!"

Mackay, faint as he was, clambered slowly to where the boy lay tied to a spar, and angrily handing the money, received the biscuit.

"Ah, man," said Patterson, who was too weak to rise, "what did I say about the *Siren*? Didn't I always say there was no luck about her? A curse on her and she who named her! But no, no; I won't curse the bonny lady. Look at her yonder, bless her! See, she's praying for us!"

"Mary," said Mackay—for danger seemed to render this familiarity natural now—"Mary, there is the biscuit. Let me crush it into a paste with some salt-water, and give it poor Donald."

Mary wept for joy when she saw the food, pressed Mackay's hand, and crept toward the delirious man with the treasure.

But he pushed her savagely from him.

"No," he said, "no; it's poisoned. I heard you tell your lover there that you'd soon get rid of the old man. No, no; better die here."

Two of the sailors at last forced a little down the madman's throat; then he forgot his fears and ate it greedily.

Near sunset he grew worse. He fancied himself at the village church with Mary, or by his own fireside. His last thoughts were of returning up the Clyde after a happy voyage.

"There, Mary," he said, "look on the wharf. Look, there's M'Guffog waving his hat to us, and M'Cash, too, is getting into a boat to come on board. Stand by the gangway there, some of you! But look now; why, the shore-lights are all gone out, and I hear a bell tolling, tolling. Mary, where are you? There's something wrong on shore. Help! help! the vessel's sinking, Mary, Mary!"

Then he relapsed into a torpor, from which he never woke. At daybreak they found him dead, Mary's head resting upon his breast. She had become insensible from hunger and fatigue.

Mackay felt her heart; it still beat. Then he took her in his arms, and ordered the two strongest men surviving to unlash the captain's body and let it fall into the sea.

"He ought to have gone there a day sooner," said Watson; "he wasn't worth keeping alive. If I loved a man's wife, I wouldn't so much care what became of the husband. But what matter? we shall none of us last another day."

"Who was that fell off in the night?" said Mackay to the miserable wretch whom no suffering could soften. Death was familiar to them now.

"It was that fool, Tom. Much good his thousand pounds did him," said Watson, very faintly, but still in his old bitter way.

There were only six left alive now.

By the faint morning light of the third day Mackay bent over the insensible woman who lay by his side. She looked very beautiful in her sleep, calm and peaceful, as if sorrow had never shadowed her brow. Her glorious hair was dishevelled and entangled with the rigging. Mackay freed it with a lover's care. (He felt now a love unutterable and hitherto repressed filling his heart.) Her eyes opened slowly, a smile of peace passed over her face. He pressed her hand softly and uttered her name.

"I am ready for death now," she said; "I'm ready to join Donald. I have been dreaming that he was calling me from heaven to join him."

"There is no help for us," said Mackay. "Mary, now in this our last hour let us recommend ourselves to God. All hope is over."

She placed her hand calmly in his, and they prayed together fervently for a speedy and peaceful death. Then a faintness seized them, and they fell asleep. It was just then that Patterson above gave a faint cry of joy, but they heard him not.

IV.

English voices aroused them, English hands were unlashing them from the rigging. An English vessel, the *Swiftsure* frigate, had seen the fragment of the wreck and its flying signals, and borne down to their help. A few days of careful nursing restored them to some reasonable strength. Mary Cameron, to Mackay's great joy, recovered quickly.

The first night of their convalescence Watson came to Mackay and drew him apart.

"Mackay," said he, "I see you'll marry that young widow, but I don't envy you. I look to more substantial prizes. Come, I want my share of that four thousand pounds in the captain's belt."

"That belt I shall restore to-morrow to Mrs. Cameron; it is none of mine."

"Two thousand pounds I mean to have, whether you choose or no. I want to start fair again after this cursed business."

"Then get the money if you can; I sha'n't help you to it. It belongs to M'Guffog and M'Cash, and to them it goes."

"Only Patterson, man, knows it has been saved; and we'll soon buy his secrecy. Don't affect sanctity at your time of life. Come, let's share it, lad."

"Watson, I tell you once for all you mistake me. I shall surrender that money to-morrow."

"Then, Mackay, you shall repent it as sure as the sun rises, for that money I mean to have."

"Do your worst."

"I will do my worst, and bad it shall be."

And so, with mutual threat and defiance, the two men parted. The frozen snake had soon revived.

"Take care of that man," said Patterson; "he's a limb of Satan, and, depend upon it, he made that mischief for you with the captain. He was always jealous of you. Aweel, aweel, the *Siren* was an unlucky craft for all of us."

"In those long, burning days and those stormy nights, when the waves beat in drifts of white fire around us, and one by one the dying men let go their hold or died lashed to their places, one thought cheered me, one only," said Mackay that evening to Mary Cameron as they stood together watching the moon rising above the great sea of fluid silver; "and that thought was, that while my heart still beat I could guard you, Mary."

The answer was a woman's answer—silence. But there was hope for Mackay even in that silence; their two hearts were beginning to beat in unison; love was rising bright above their path.

Mackay would say no more then. At a future time, when her grief lessened, he would press his suit; for he knew how Mary had loved Donald.

At that moment the captain's boy ran up, and requested Mr. Mackay and Mrs. Cameron would come to the captain in his cabin; he wished to see them on business. They went, and found the chief officers assembled, and Watson seated near them at a table. There was a malignant compression about his lips as they entered.

"Alexander Mackay," said the captain, "we rescued you five days ago from a situation of extreme peril. You had survived, indeed, hardships incredible—cold, heat, hunger, thirst, and wreck. We rejoiced, as any Englishman would, in that work of mercy. You described yourself to us as first mate of the *Siren*, bound from Glasgow to Bonny for palm-oil and gold dust. You told us the vessel ran on the reef where we found you, owing to the captain having rejected your advice. We now find that you ran the vessel on the reef by accident, after having, by help of the woman whom we saved, murdered the captain, aided by this man Patterson."

"That's a d—— lie!" said Patterson, who was standing among the spectators.

"Silence there!" roared the first lieutenant.

"Four thousand pounds belonging to the lost vessel you now carry secreted on your person. What do you say to this charge? Do you deny that you have that money about you?"

"I do not deny it," said Mackay, boldly, placing Mrs. Cameron, who had fainted, on a seat, and giving her in charge of the kindly doctor, who had watched her with the intensest solicitude from the first moment of the rescue. "Here is the money. The rest of the story is the wicked invention of this man" (turning round to where Watson sat, a malicious smile upon his hard face). "It was he who threatened me unless I shared the money with him. He is an old enemy, I fear, of mine. Does this innocent woman look like an accomplice in a murder? Oh, captain, have mercy upon her! Some survivors may yet be found to clear us of this charge, brought against us on the evidence of only one man."

"And he a son of perdition!" said Patterson; "a regular limb of Satan, if ever there was one, sent about to work mischief. Mr. Mackay tended our captain, Sir, like a son, to the last, although he had been badly treated by him."

"It is not for me to judge," said the captain. "But still on this evidence I am bound to order the two men, Mackay and Patterson, to be placed in irons as suspected murderers of Captain Cameron, of the *Siren* merchant vessel, bound to Bonny. The woman will also be placed under restraint."

"I think," said the doctor, who suddenly came forward, "that I might throw some little light on this case, and somewhat serve the prisoners. Let me ask a few questions?—Mr. Watson, were you ever at Cuba?"

"Never, Sir."

"As I thought. Six years ago, captain, I was doctor on board the *Jason* frigate, then stationed at Bermuda. Obtaining leave of absence, I ran over to Cuba, and there visited the court of justice, just then occupied with the trial of Juan Jackson, a creole clerk, who had robbed and murdered the merchant who employed him. He was sentenced to be garroted, but escaped by bribing the guards the night before the execution."

While the doctor had been speaking a dreadful change had taken place in Watson's face. He had turned white as a corpse, then livid, as if about to be struck down with a fit.

"That man," said the doctor, suddenly turning round and pointing at Watson, "was the creole I heard sentenced to death. You see he can not deny it. Can you, then, believe the wild accusation of such a man against his three companions, one of whom, indeed, charges him with having endeavored to persuade him to steal and divide the ship's money?"

"Arrest that man Watson," said the captain—"the evidence is sufficient—and release the other prisoners for the present."

But before he could be seized Watson, with a yell of madness, had drawn a long Spanish knife, and fought his way up the cabin stairs. Several sailors ran to strike him down, but before they could reach him the desperate fellow had thrown himself over the side of the vessel. As the men looked there was a splash of white just where Watson had fallen; one stifled scream; a mist of froth, as if a dozen ravenous monsters were fighting for their prey; then a long trail of blood rose upon the waves that had closed over the murderer.

"Those sharks were waiting for the rascal," said Patterson afterward; "that's as evident to me, Mr. Mackay, as if I saw it written in the sun. He had lived his time. He was wanted, eh, man? An inch nearer, and he'd have had his gully in me. God be thanked for that escape!"

The innocence of Mackay and Mary Cameron was now evident. A year from that day Mackay and Mary Cameron were married. Messrs. M'Guffog and M'Cash last year appointed Mackay captain of their largest vessel. Patterson goes out as his boatswain. There is not, as every one in Glasgow says, a more reliable captain in the merchant service than Alexander Mackay. After that time of bitter trouble the rainbow of peace had risen above Mary and her husband. They still often talk of that Sunday before the launching, when they both went to see the new vessel, and Patterson predicted evil of the good ship the *Siren*, whose figure-head bore so great a resemblance to the mysterious object of Mackay's admiration.

SURF-SWIMMERS.

CAPTAIN COOK, whose "Voyages" is now a book seldom read, gives the following spirited account of the surf-swimming of the Sandwich Islanders, which will not improbably be new to many of our younger readers: "The surf, which breaks on the coast round the bay, extends to the distance of about 150 yards from the shore, within which space the surges of the sea, accumulating from the shallowness of the water, are dashed against the beach with prodigious violence. Whenever, from stormy weather, or any extraordinary swell at sea, the impetuosity of the surf is increased to its utmost height, they choose that time for this amusement, which is performed in the following manner: Twenty or thirty of the natives, taking each a long, narrow board, rounded at the ends, set out together from the shore. The first wave they meet they plunge under, and, suffering it to roll over them, rise again beyond it, and make the best of their way by swimming out into the sea. The second wave is encountered in the same manner as the first, the great difficulty consisting in seizing the proper moment of diving under it, which, if missed, the person is caught by the surf, and driven back again with great violence, and all his dexterity is then required to prevent himself from being dashed against the rocks. As soon as they have gained, by their repeated efforts, the smooth water beyond the surf, they lay themselves at length on their board, and prepare for return. As the surf consists of a number of waves, of which every third is remarked to be always much larger than the others, and to flow higher on the shore, the rest breaking in the intermediate space, their first object is to place themselves on the summit of the largest surge, by which they are driven along with amazing rapidity toward the shore. If by mistake they should place themselves on one of the smaller waves which break up before they reach the land, or should not be able to keep their plank in a proper direction on the top of the swell, they are left exposed to the fury of the next, and to avoid it are obliged again to dive and regain the place from which they set out. Those who succeed in their object of reaching the shore have still the greatest danger to encounter. The coast being guarded by a chain of rocks, with here and there a small opening between them, they are obliged to steer their board through one of these, or, in case of failure, to quit it before they reach the rocks, and, plunging under the wave, make the best of their way back again. This is reckoned very disgraceful, and is also attended with the loss of the board, which I have often seen, with great terror, dashed to pieces at the very moment the islander quitted it. The boldness and address with which we saw them perform their difficult and dangerous manœuvres was altogether astonishing, and is scarcely to be credited."

These swimmers used often to pass nearly a mile seaward in order to enjoy the rapid motion of their return as long as possible. Both sexes and all ranks unite in it, and even the very chiefs themselves, who have attained to the corpulency which they so much admire, join in the game of surf-swimming with the meanest of their subjects. Some of the performers acquire a wonderful amount of skill, and, not content with lying on the board, sit, kneel, and even stand upon it as they are hurled shoreward by the giant waves. The boards are of various sizes, according to the age and station of the owner. For adults they are about six feet in length. They are slightly convex on both sides, and are kept very smooth, all surf-swimmers cherishing a pride in the condition of their boards, and taking care to keep them well polished, and continually rubbed with cocoa-nut oil.

STRENGTH OF SAVAGES.

As an example of the wonderful strength exhibited by savages, the case of the Dyaks of Borneo may be cited, one of whom, while on the march with some English soldiers, exhibited it in a very unexpected manner. The path was a terrible one, up and down steep and slippery hills, so that the Chinese coolies who accompanied the party first threw away their rice, and lastly sat down and wept like children. The English sergeant, a veteran accustomed to hard marching both in China and India, broke down at the first hill, and declared his inability to move another step under the load which he carried. Mr. Brooke, who was in command of the party, asked one of the Dyaks to carry the sergeant's burden, and promised him an additional piece of tobacco. The man was delighted with the proposal, and accepted it. He was already carrying food for three weeks, his whole store of clothes, one twelve-pound shot, two twelve-pound cartridges, a double-barreled gun, a hundred rounds of ball-cartridge, and his own heavy sword and spear. So little, however, was he incommoded with this, that he stuffed the whole of the sergeant's kit on his back, and walked off as easily as if the whole load were but a feather weight.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

KING WILLIAM AND THE FRENCH FREEMASONS.

A SHORT time since the Paris newspapers published a citation issued by the Masonic Lodge of the Orient of France against the Reverend Brother William, King of Prussia, as a traitor to Freemasonry. The King took no notice of this citation; so he was tried as contumacious, and condemned to excommunication. In connection with this, M. Victor Hugo's newspaper, the *Rappel*, publishes the following: "Brother William is now out of the pale of the law. All Freemasons are authorized to assault him and to inflict upon him capital punishment. It remains to be seen how the sentence will be carried out. A Freemason in whose presence a doubt was expressed as to the seriousness of such a condemnation replied, 'Do not laugh; the sentence of the Masonic tribunal is of such a dreadful nature that Bonaparte undertook the Italian war solely to retrieve himself from the excommunication pronounced against him by the lodges of Naples and Milan. Pianori and Orsini were Freemasons.'"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

HERR WICKEDE, a gallant Prussian officer, gives a graphic account of a narrow escape from capture. He had to proceed from Epinal to Besoul, with three other officers and two privates, in order to join the 14th corps, through a district not regularly occupied by the German troops, and often infested by small bands of francs-tireurs. They started on a wagon, and halted at a village called Agrigoncourt for food and fodder. Their appearance created some stir. The women and children collected, and several men hastened up from the fields. The landlady of the inn curtly refused to entertain them; but Herr Wickede followed her into the kitchen, and by a few adroit compliments induced her to prepare them a substantial meal. Meanwhile thirty or forty men in blouses, armed with pikes, dung-forks, and partially with guns, laid siege to the house. He went out, the hostess by his side, and asked what they wanted, but was assailed with abuse and threats, one of the crowd, apparently the village tailor, pointing his gun at him, and swearing that the whole six should be shot. Herr Wickede told them that he and his companions were in their power, but reminded them that their captivity or death would certainly be avenged on the village. Thereupon differences of opinion arose, there was a lively discussion, and eventually the tailor was outvoted, it being determined that the priest should decide on their fate. The priest was sent for. He proved an intelligent man, foresaw the certain destiny of the village in case the Germans were ill-treated, ordered the peasants to disperse, and even mounted the wagon to protect the strangers. Herr Wickede took a friendly leave of the landlady, who, though she had a brother in the French army, who had been captured at Metz, had been resolutely on his side. The priest accompanied them to the next village, where he handed them over to the protection of another *curé*, and he in turn transferred the charge to a third. They consequently escaped molestation, though encountering many black looks, and safely reached Besoul. "Whoever," he remarks, "has the priests and women for him in the French villages is sure to come off well, for both of them wield an unlimited power."

PREPARATIONS FOR A WINTER CAMPAIGN.

THE long railway tunnel at Nanteuil, the blowing up of which by the French has been a serious obstruction to the conveyance of German troops and *matériel* up to Paris, has been nearly restored, according to the *Frankfort Gazette*, by the military railway detachment. The *débris* were cleared out, and oaken beams and posts were erected. In a fortnight it is expected to be open for traffic. The task appeared a formidable one, but it was facilitated by the mountain through which the tunnel passed being composed of a soft sandstone. From Berlin it is stated that the dispatch of guns and of men belonging to the reserves is still, according to the German papers, in progress. Hundreds of convalescent wounded are returning to the field, all burning with anxiety to be again led against the enemy. The railway from Nanteuil to Meux is being actively proceeded with, and enormous masses of war material, on reaching the railway terminus, are forwarded by road, which, however, will be superseded when the Nanteuil tunnel is completed. The Saxon military authorities have ordered a large number of furs, and existing contracts have been renewed, indicating the probability of the war being prolonged for some months. A Saxon officer before Paris writes: "In all human probability there will and must be a winter campaign. We have made up our minds to not seeing home for many months yet, and it seems, indeed, to us all better to carry on the war to the utmost now than to renew it in two or three years." "Every private letter from the camp," says a Dresden letter, "shows that the officers and soldiers bear their fatigues and privations with fortitude and confidence. The wish, however, for a speedy, secure, and honorable peace is general among the army."

MAKING GOOD USE OF PRISONERS.

THE French prisoners of war in Germany are not only to be employed in large numbers on farms and in industrial establishments, as is already the case in many instances, but in small concerns, so as to supply the scarcity of labor caused by the war in handicraft and other occupations. The remuneration is fixed at half a franc a day, besides board and lodging. The brewers and bakers of Cologne have already selected assistants, and the *Cologne Gazette* has already seen a French soldier employed in a brewery, having donned a jacket and apron over his uniform,

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From an Original Drawing by Mr. J. Finn, of Munich, Bavaria.—[See Page 809.]

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WAR TIME IN BAVARIA.

BAVARIA, the largest and most important of the South German states, was, until after the war of 1866, the firm ally of Austria, and her most influential support against the rivalry of Prussia; but with the humiliation of Austria at Sadowa popular sentiment in Bavaria underwent a sudden change. Court and people saw that it would be useless to struggle against the manifest destiny of Prussia, and the idea of forming a part of the vast German empire projected by Count BISMARCK at length overshadowed the sentiment of a petty independence. Contrary to the expectations of NAPOLEON and his cabinet, Bavaria entered heartily into the war for the defense of Germany against French aggression, and her troops have played an important part in the wonderful campaign that has laid prostrate the military power of the "grand nation." The siege of Strasburg was conducted by Bavarian soldiers.

To commemorate the share of this little kingdom in the war, we give our readers this week an admirable picture, drawn expressly for *Harper's Weekly* by Mr. J. F. GOOKINS, an artist now resident in Munich. But few words of explanation are necessary, as the picture tells its own story.

The large figure on the left, holding a wreath, is that of the famous "Bavaria," modeled by SCHWANTHALER, which overlooks the "Volksfest" grounds at Munich. It is ninety-five feet from the base of the pedestal to its highest reach, the statue itself being sixty-five feet in height. It was cast in bronze furnished by cannon captured from the Turks. In the head of the figure is standing-room for several persons, and from loopholes hidden from outward scrutiny in the folds of the hair one may have fine views of the city, while in the distance loom up the picturesque forms of the Tyrolese Alps.

The other large figure is that of the Crown Prince of Prussia, the soldier-genius of the war, whose steps already take hold on the future with fiery tread. He prefigures the destiny of his nation.

In the centre of the picture is a view of the Odeonplatz, Munich, on which front the Theatiner Church, the equestrian statue to LUDWIG I., of Bavaria, and various palaces and other edifices. The day our artist made his sketch flags were displayed throughout the city in honor of the surrender of Strasburg, and the Bavarian Jägers, who were leaving for the front, were marching through the Platz.

In the upper corners are suggestions of those whom neither age nor sex can exempt from the keenest miseries of war. Underneath these are the Marian Platz, where people assemble to pray before the statue of MARY, and "Die Wacht am Rhein"—a realistic illustration drawn from the famous poem.

At the bottom of the picture War, in the shape of a hideous female fiend, gathers the vintage of 1870, and crushing the grapes in her hands, transmutes them into bayonets and blood.

Scenes of quiet humor are not infrequent in Munich, two of which have been sketched by our artist. Near the royal palace are some captured cannon that excite continual curiosity among the peasantry that come in from the country. The mitrailleuses especially are examined with wonder and awe. Among the crowds of conscripts daily thronging into the city are many who seem to think going to the front a very unpleasant business, especially when they meet with wounded soldiers returning from the front, and listen to their stories of the awful struggles before Sedan and Metz.

HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

TAKING revenge by heaping up coals of fire may be shown in many ways. Let us take one, by no means uncommon in a certain kind of home—that of excessive and exaggerated patience during and long after a temporary attack af illtemper on your part, and of an unrelenting obedience to your transient wishes, if they have been petulantly expressed. Most people are at times afflicted with peevish humors, and you are not exempt from the ordinary feelings of humanity. But your humor was temporary, and you are heartily ashamed of it, and sorry that you gave way to it as you did; and when it has passed, and you are again in your right mind, you wish for nothing so much as a candid oblivion on both sides. You are ready to make any apology that may be needed, and you would bear meekly even an uncompromising rating, if only it might end in frank forgiveness and forgetfulness. But your coal-heaper does not forgive, and can not forget, and takes good care that neither shall you. If you plunge head foremost into an apology, you are stopped with the loftiest, the most intense expression of meekness and forbearance. "My dear," deprecatingly, "why say a word about it? I assure you I bear no ill-will! I know my duty, and I hope I shall have strength given me to do it; so pray say no more!" Perhaps with the addition, smiling plaintively, "Am I not accustomed to it?"

Another form of coal-heaping is an exaggerated attention to your hasty words. Say you have found fault with your wife or housekeeper, for something that has gone wrong in her special department; say even that, because of a temporary derangement of your health, with derangement of temper to correspond, the fault found was disproportioned to the offense committed; yet all you meant to inculcate was the necessity of a reasonable reform in a slight misdemeanor, and better ordering in some affair of minor mismanagement. Your heaper-up of burning coals is determined that the reform shall not be reasonable, and that in it its excess shall be your punishment. You have committed the offense of remonstrating against certain wastefulness in the home commissariat—something which has been absurdly wasteful, and quite beyond all harmony with your means; your coal-heaper stints herself in elemental comforts, rigidly cuts herself off from her fried bacon at breakfast and her glass of wine at dinner, on the plea of your not being able to afford it; and if you remonstrate with her, and tell her she is ridiculous, she answers meekly that "you told her to keep down the bills, and as she does not know in what else to retrench—as she is sure no one can keep house more economically than she does—she has begun with herself." At the same time she makes your mess like Benjamin's, and redoubles your most expensive luxuries, which are yours only.

One great weapon of a woman in this kind of secret warfare, this heaping up of burning coals, is to pretend to be afraid of her husband, and not only to carry to the extreme any wish he may have expressed, but to do it with a certain affectation of fear, as if he were the ogre of whom she was in mortal dread, though sweetly resigned to her fate all the same; as if he were a tyrant, whose good-will she seeks to propitiate by works of supererogation, all the time she is quivering with fear and anticipating the worst. The children play a large part in this special manner of coal-heaping. You are reasonably fond of them, but you do not think it necessary to give up all the gravity of life, all the importance of business, to their pleasures. And you do not think it hurts them to be snubbed if they are troublesome, and put in their right place, the back-ground, if they are forward and in the way. You come home harassed and disturbed. Things are looking black in the city; your difficult case, from which you had hoped so much in the hospital yesterday, threatens to prove a failure; you lost your cause in court to-day by an oversight; one of the thousand anxieties to which professional men are subject has invaded your peace of mind and ruffled your temper; and you tell your wife irritably—we will grant the irritability—that you wish she "would keep the children quiet, and not let them make such a confounded noise."

From that day forward you are their ogre as well as hers, and your presence is the signal for their penance.

"Hush! here's papa!" mamma says, in a half frightened kind of way, as soon as you are within hearing. "Papa doesn't like you to talk, dears; speak softly," in an audible whisper from the other end of the room, where they are all congregated together, mamma and the little ones, with half-scared looks turned askance at you, seated in solitary majesty before the blazing grate. After which presently comes a faint sigh of pity for herself and them, and an expressive shiver, followed by a gentle, "Come with me, we will go into another room where there is a fire, and then you can play without disturbing papa."

You all this while, having got over the pinch under which you were suffering some weeks ago when you asked for quiet, are perfectly indifferent to their little voices, and, indeed, rather enjoy listening to their prattle, and hearing their odd remarks. But you once told your wife to keep them quiet, and she takes her revenge by making your momentary irritation an enduring annoyance.

Excess is one of the great evils against which we have to fight; and excess, in even heaping up the burning coals of forgiveness on the head of a sinner, transforms into a vice that which is one of our loveliest virtues. Neither, then, when it is revenge in ambush and punishment in ambuscade, nor when it is so excessive that it cuts away the first duty we owe ourselves, namely, self-respect, can that kind of patience known by the phrase of heaping coals of fire on the head of him who has offended us be praised or practiced without limitation. This is not saying that we are not to forgive; but that we are not to carry the virtues of the Christian into the vices of the slave—not to confound the sweet humiliation of the saint with the writhing baseness of Uriah Heep—not to pour out our "precious balms" for the purpose of creating a sore instead of healing a wound.

AN ODD FIX.

WHEN it came at last to asking Samuel Rowley's consent to pay my addresses to his ward, I knew it was all over with me. I felt that it was all over directly I was shown into the library, where Samuel Rowley sat before the fire, toasting his gouty feet, and reading his *Times* newspaper. I felt it was so completely all over with me that I would very gladly have backed myself out of the room without entering into any particulars as to the object of my visit. I would have cheerfully informed him that I was an agent for Boshiter's Hair-restorer, and had called with a sample, which might be returned if not approved after one day's rubbing. But he knew me, and I knew him. He understood perfectly well why I had solicited the honor of an interview with him at twelve o'clock A.M.; he was a sharp old gentleman, who had had his eyes on me for some time, and was not to be imposed upon.

He said, "Take a seat, Mr.— I forget your name;" and then he fumbled with his glasses, and referred to my polite epistle, which lay on the table near him.

I took a seat and nursed my hat. I perspired a little. I had a tremulous motion of my knees come on, which made me look ridiculous. I waited for him to begin, but he did not. I began myself, after one or two secret encounters in my throat with a something which felt very much like a cork out of a soda-water bottle.

"You are not aware—that is, you can not but be aware—that I have long regarded your ward Clara with— Did you speak, Sir?"

"No, Sir, I did not speak."

He had given an awful cough of a double-knock character, that was all. He kept his glasses on his nose, and focused me, and the operation was unpleasant. He was not pleasant in his reception of my statement either; he was decidedly unpleasant, not to say desperately disagreeable. But then he was a cross, ill-grained old fellow; every body knew it in Wolverston, and I have no particular reason to disguise it here.

I recommenced my statement; I poured forth the best feelings of my heart, and with an eloquence that might have melted adamant I confessed to him that Clara was my one ambition. As I have said already, I knew that it was all over with me, but I was poetic even in the midst of my despairing consciousness.

Mr. Rowley set aside his newspaper, drew his chair an inch or two closer to me, put his great hands—rather disposed to be gouty like his feet—upon his knees, and surveyed me from head to foot contemptuously.

"May I ask your age, young man?" he said.

This was my weak point of defense, but I told him.

"Seventeen."

"And how did you first become acquainted with my Clara, who is a year your junior, the hussy?"

"Well, Mr. Rowley, it has been a long attachment. My finishing school at Beesborough was situated opposite her finishing school, and we saw each other at church; and I think—"

"I think that you both ought to be horse-whipped!" he said, fiercely, interrupting me; "and as for my consent to Clara's engagement to a boy like you—I will even go so far as to say a whipper-snapper like you—"

"A whipper-snapper, Sir!"

"I repeat it, a whipper-snapper!" cried old Rowley, becoming very red and apoplectic in appearance. "I decline to listen to your preposterous proposal for one instant. Clara is only sixteen, and does not know her own mind—she is a mere child."

"But we shall both grow older, Mr. Rowley."

"Ah, and more sensible, I hope. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Sir."

I did not wait to tell him of my expectations from my grandmother, or to reason with him on his want of justice and consideration. I went away crest-fallen and heart-broken. I dashed from the library in despair, and brought my forehead against that of my beloved with a concussion that was nearly the means of stretching our senseless forms outside the tyrant's den, the victims of his cruel obduracy. Clara, naturally interested in the result of my interview with her guardian, had forced her pure but anxious soul to listen at the library keyhole. I had retired in haste, and floored her.

"Oh, my gracious!" she sobbed forth; "I did not know you were coming out like that! Oh, my head! Oh, how dreadful! Oh, Alphonse, we must part forever!"

She rested her head on my shoulder, and shed many tears. I kissed away her tears; I patted her head fondly, keeping clear of the bumps which I had raised there. I could scarcely see her golden hair for tears myself—the water had risen into my eyes immediately we had met each other. I sought to calm her emotion. I bade her be firm, and I recommended vinegar and brown paper for her damaged brow. I said that I should try them myself when I got home. I told her that I would die rather than relinquish her; she said the same thing in a burst of uncontrollable emotion; we renewed our vows of eternal fidelity, and tore ourselves from each other's arms, crushed in spirit, but strong yet to resist unjust oppression.

I told all my troubles to Jack Edwards, my bosom friend and adviser. Jack and I had been school-fellows together; we were going into the medical profession together presently: my father had resolved that I should walk the hospitals instead of the rosy path of love. Jack heard my story, and said that he would not have stood half of old Rowley's nonsense; but what he would have done under the circumstances he did not impart to me at the time, and I forgot to ask him afterward.

Clara and I met clandestinely. We were lovers; we had been lovers from our youth; the flinty heart of a guardian who had outlived mortal passion was not to stand between our fresh young souls.

I met Clara in the village; I scaled the park fence, and met her in the green wood; and Jack, good fellow, kept watch on the door of the Hall and old Rowley's library windows with a telescope, lest we should be surprised at any moment. Clara and I passed much of our time talking of what we should do when she came into her property at twenty-one, and my grandmother favored me by departing from this earthly sphere; but it was a sharp winter, and our teeth chattered over our prospects. Clara and I used to arrange our meetings in this wise. Clara had a confidant in the game-keeper, Peter Stokes, an invaluable man, with a weakness for tobacco, and with a heart all charity toward his fellow-creatures. Peter was always getting up subscriptions for his fellow-creatures in the village; and what with his subscriptions and his tobacco—I kept him entirely in tobacco—my pocket-money knew but little rest. Still he had a good heart, and was kind to us. He took charge of our correspondence, which was carried on by a circumlocutory but sure process. Clara gave it to her maid Selina, another confidante—who, alas! proved herself a perfidious snake—and Selina intrusted it to Peter, who took it to a gnarled monarch of the forest—an oak-tree in fact—and concealed it from all human gaze in a small hollow cavity some ten feet from the ground, where, at a later hour, I found it, and deposited my answer, to be conveyed by the same process into my dearest Clara's hands.

Peter was a lank old man, and very wiry; he could climb a tree like a squirrel, and I was agile myself. The whole conception was romantic, if you will, but grand! I thought so, Clara thought so, Peter thought so. The idea was from Millais's picture, which we had both carefully studied; and if Peter had not generally deposited his small notes to myself at the same time, asking my "kind considerashun, as a gentleman born with a warm hart, to an afflicting kase in the parissh," the romance would have been pure and unalloyed.

Clara defied the obdurate guardian for two months; it was February when Selina Muggins betrayed us. I was advancing, in an innocent and unsuspecting manner, to the secret post-office in the wood, half a mile from Mr. Rowley's house, when I became conscious of the whole perfidy. I was close upon the tree—that brave old oak which had held so many secrets—when voices in another direction filled my soul with horror. They were the voices of Samuel Rowley, Esq., J.P., and Peter Stokes, my Mercury. I sank down in the long grass—there was a rapid thaw that morning, and the damp struck to me at once—and trembled for my love. I was not an instant too soon; their footsteps were upon me. Mr. Rowley's right foot was nearly upon me also; he shaved my features by a hair's breadth, and passed on. The harsh tones of his voice rang in my ears an instant afterward.

"You don't consider yourself an abominable scamp, I suppose," Mr. Rowley said, "an unprincipled old vagabond, to act as a go-between to a silly school-girl and that idiot of a boy! You never thought of the harm of encouraging this, did you?"

"I'm werry sorry, Sir," whimpered Peter.

"Teaching my ward to be deceitful for the sake of a few sixpences, I suppose?"

"I've never had a ha'penny, your honor, much more a sixpence."

Neither had he. They were generally half crowns he was in the habit of receiving from me.

"You deserve to be kicked out of my service, Stokes—drummed out of the village, for a wicked old hypocrite!"

"They was werry fond of each other, Sir, and Miss Clara used to ask me so beseeching; and when I told her there was harm in writing to Master Huskisson without her dear gardewan's knowing any think about it, she allers said it was for the last time, Sir—really."

"If it was not for your age, Stokes, I'd send you about your business this very day."

"I'm werry sorry, Sir," Stokes said again, shedding many tears.

"Is this the tree?"

"Yes, Sir, that's the tree."

"And Clara's last letter is up there now, eh? In that hole? Now no more lies!"

"Yes, Sir, in that hole."

"How on earth do you get at it?"

"Master Huskisson climbs up there, Sir, for his answers. I'll go up and fetch down Miss Clara's letter in a minit."

There was a small epistle of his own he wished to obtain as well, perhaps; or it was possible that his noble mind had suggested some scheme to save dear Clara's missive from sacrilegious eyes. But Mr. Rowley suspected this old servitor.

"Stop where you are, Stokes!" he roared forth; "I'll have no more of your monkey tricks. Give me a back."

"Give you a wot, Sir?"

"Bend your back, you rascal, and I'll jump on it, and get the letter myself."

"Jump on it!" repeated Stokes, with a look of dismay at Mr. Rowley's portly figure; "it don't strike me that I can bear your weight, master."

"It will be only for a minute," said Mr. Rowley, quite brutally; "and if I break your back, it will serve you right enough. I'm not an elephant, man, and I will have no more of this nonsense."

Mr. Stokes resisted no farther. He made his back as if about to commence a game at leap-frog with a justice of the peace; and, with more agility than I had given Mr. Rowley credit for, the guardian was aloft, and within an inch or two of our letter-box.

"Oh, lor! shall you be long, Sir?" asked Mr. Stokes, groaning softly to himself.

"Raise your shoulder, you rascal, a little more," cried his employer.

Stokes did so, and from my hiding-place I saw the hand of Mr. Rowley strive, with some difficulty—for it was a fat, gouty hand, I have already said—to force itself into that casket, which had contained so many of dear Clara's epistles. Samuel Rowley was an excitable man; for he swore a little in his efforts, and turned very red, and moved his feet restlessly upon poor Stokes's back.

"I have got it!" he cried at last. "The artful jade—the cunning, plotting little minx, to serve her own guardian in this— Oh!"

"What's the matter, Sir?"

"Wait a moment, Stokes—don't shake. Oh, lor, have mercy upon us! Oh, damn it! Oh, dear, what is to be done?"

"Is any think partickler the matter, Sir? Not a hadder, I hope, or a nest of sarpents, or any think?" and old Stokes hid his head a little more—tucked in his tuppenny we called it at school—to conceal his laughing and sardonic countenance.

"No, Stokes; "it's something much worse, I'm sorry to say."

"Wus, Sir?" said Stokes, who left off laughing immediately.

"Yes; I—I can't get my hand out!"

"The devil you can't, Sir!" cried Stokes, in dismay.

"It's twisted somehow, or swollen, or the wood has gripped me. Wait a moment, Stokes— Oh, it's all up with me! I can't!"

"Take it quiet, Sir. Keep cool or you'll never do it—don't hagitate yourself; but for Gord's sake look sharp! I'm a-cracking."

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"Don't move, Stokes—as you are a man, don't. move! If you were to drop, I can not imagine what would become of me. It will be all right in a minute."

"Make it less, if you can," groaned Stokes; "all the blood's got into my head, orful. Oh, lor, what is to be done? Are you out, Sir?"

"No, I'm not; I'm fixed, Stokes. I'm a dead man if you move; I am indeed."

Stokes burst into tears, and howled with all his might; and Mr. Rowley shouted a great deal, and swore a great deal too. Stokes would have run for it, probably, for he was succumbing fast to the dead weight above him, had not Mr. Rowley held him by the throat with his boots, and fixed him too. In another moment I had sprung to my feet, and was rushing to the rescue.

"I am really very sorry, Mr. Rowley; can I be of any assistance?"

"Assistance, you—you—young dev—! Yes, you can, my dear child. Run for a ladder, and a saw, or something, as quick as lightning, to the house."

"Hi—hi—hollo!" shrieked Stokes, as I prepared to obey Mr. Rowley's commands; "don't run; come here, and let me run, or bust up I must! Oh, lor, Master Huskisson, don't leave me any longer—do come and take a turn. He's not so heavy when you're used to him—he isn't indeed."

I saw the necessity of advancing to the rescue at once, and so did Mr. Rowley. I was tall for my age and tolerably strong, and I hastened to take the place of Mr. Stokes, which I did with great caution on all sides. Behold me at last bearing the guardian of Clara on my shoulders, and feeling terribly the weight of my responsibility as he stood with his face to the tree, still exercising his ingenuity to get his hand out of the trap.

"I hope I'm not too heavy for you, Master Huskisson," he condescended to say, politely, for the sight of me was even pleasant to witness.

"Not at all," was my cheerful answer. "You'll make yourself as light as you can to oblige me, perhaps?"

I had not quite done growing, and man is fragile during that process. Mr. Rowley was very heavy, and Stokes was wrong in his assertion—wickedly wrong.

"This is all your fault, mind you, Huskisson. This might have been my death," he said, reproachfully.

"Yes, Mr. Rowley, if I hadn't been in the way," was my happy rejoinder.

"Ah! but"—he looked round with difficulty, and found Stokes still there, making every human effort to straighten his back before flying on his mission. "Curse it, Stokes, run for your life!—don't stand there, you wretched lunatic, another instant!"

Stokes ran away, and I was left as the one support of Mr. Rowley. Stokes had not been gone more than a minute and a half, when I wished that he had remained and shared the weight with me. I tried to keep firm, but the difficulty was immense.

"Boy, you're giving! Don't shake so. Keep yourself more against the tree," Mr. Rowley called down.

"All right. I'll do it for Clara's sake, if it's possible; but if I snap—"

Then I remembered that he had called me a whipper-snapper; and so did he, too, I think, and was sorry.

"Oh, you'll keep up," he said, offering me every encouragement in his power. "You're a big boy for seventeen, and I'm only nine stone ten—not a great weight. I've seen people in a circus do this kind of thing for hours, you know."

It was a gross exaggeration, and I felt it to be one. I was getting faint also. I had undertaken too much; and his language at times was still violent, as he endeavored to extricate his hand.

"If I should die, Sir," I said, feebly, "will you please give my love to Clara? Tell her I did all I could to bear up—and to bear you up. Oh dear! Did you say nine stone ten?"

"I did."

"I should have thought you had been ninety," I murmured.

"You're giving!" he roared again, with a vehemence that revived me. "Keep up a little longer, my dear boy. I can hear them coming in the distance."

Which was another falsehood; but no matter. Mr. Rowley was not a truthful man. I set myself firmly against the tree, according to his instructions, but it was of no avail. My heels, in a few more minutes, would slide gracefully away from me, I was certain, and the guardian of my Clara would be swinging about by one arm, like an early Christian martyr. His blood would be on my head, and so would he, if he came down with his whole weight—perhaps armless—on the top of me.

"Keep up!" he cried, in a great fright now. "You shall see Clara when you like, my boy. I will not say a word against the match any more. You're a fine, strapping, brave fellow, that you are—a young Hercules!"

"Thank you, Mr. Rowley," I answered; and his words *did* sustain me a little, and helped me to sustain him.

But I was sliding, slowly but surely, from under his feet when assistance arrived—men with ladders and saws and chisels; and Clara, too, wild with fright, and with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Oh, my poor gardy!" she cried. "Oh, you wicked Alphonse! it's all your dreadful fault."

This was the last feather on the camel's back. I fell forward, and a grand rush of the servants at Mr. Rowley's legs only saved the guardian from summary dislocation on the spot. He was got down with difficulty; and once down he was not grateful.

"A pretty fool you have made of me!" he said to Clara as he walked away rubbing his wrist; "and a pretty pair of fools you and that boy are, too!"

Still, after all, he was not so bad as I had expected to find him. He was a man who kept his word, and for that I have always respected old Rowley. Clara and I saw each other in a more rational manner. I went to the Hall once or twice; she was at my house on my eighteenth birthday, at a little party which my mamma absurdly called "juvenile" in the invitations; and there Jack Edwards was too attentive to Clara, and raised a jealous demon in my breast.

I went to London shortly afterward. Clara and I were to be engaged when I "passed," and if we were of the same mind, her guardian said. But we were not. While I was walking the hospitals a fellow in the tallow trade walked off with Clara, and I do not think she resisted in the least.

It was an excellent match, though he was forty-seven, and very stout. I went down to the wedding, and returned thanks at the breakfast for the bridemaids, one of whom has promised to be *mine* when I set up in business for myself.

MARGUERITE.

THROUGH silent watches of the night,
From dewy eve till morning's light,
I sigh for her, the fair, the bright,
Who never more will glad my sight—
Sweet Marguerite!

By sea and shore, by wood and wold,
By haunted ruins gray and old,
By moss-grown beech, whose leaves unfold
Their russet garb of green and gold,
Dear Marguerite!

I trace her footsteps' gentle tread,
Her path amid the poppies red;
And still I hear the words she said—
"They'll bloom above me when I'm dead."
Ah, Marguerite!

The joyous voice, whose mellow fall
Made music in the ancient hall,
That sang like linnet on the wall,
And shed a lustre over all—
Fond Marguerite!

Now, where the elms their branches throw
Athwart the gliding streamlet's flow,
Where star-of-Bethle'ms bud and blow,
My soul's ideal sleeps below—
Lost Marguerite!

A MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

IN one of the circumradiating streets which draw to a general focus in the vicinity of that famous tavern, the Elephant and Castle, there stands an old-fashioned and rather stately looking house, which offers a strange contrast to the hosts of busy yet grubby-looking little shops in its immediate neighborhood.

The building, though old, is yet in good repair, and has probably been the suburban residence of some wealthy citizen a century or two ago, when Newington Butts was a place of resort on high-day and holiday for the London apprentices and their sweet-hearts. It has the appearance of having been made use of subsequently as a warehouse; but at present it is shut up, and only partially inhabited. The occupants of the two or three tenanted rooms in it are an old lady (who acts as housekeeper to the proprietor of the building, and is put in with a view of exhibiting its capabilities to any intending tenant) and her son, a bank-clerk, a fine, well-conducted young fellow of five-and-twenty.

It was Christmas-eve, and Mrs. Marsden and her son were sitting comfortably at their tea, the hour being half past six.

The widow was a cozy, plump-looking body, midway between fifty and sixty, dressed in the neatest of black silk dresses and the whitest of net caps; and as she handed the plate of muffins to her son with a still shapely hand, on which a ring or two sparkled, she did so with a comfortable motherly smile that would have won any one's heart. The old lady's husband had held a good position in the Custom-house, and with her widow's pension and her son's salary of £100 a year, besides living rent-free, the pair were very comfortably off. Mrs. Marsden kept one servant-of-all-work, to whom she was reasonably indulgent; and altogether no happier little community existed than that which occupied the grim-looking, deserted old house.

"Your Aunt Barbara's sent us a picture of a turkey, Harry, my boy," said the old lady, refilling her son's tea-cup with great complacency ("Aunt Barbara" was a farmer's widow in the country); "and I've mixed the pudding myself, and made plenty of mince-pies; and if your friends don't enjoy themselves they'll be hard to please, that's all."

"Oh, no fear of that, mother; I defy any body to help liking *your* cookery. What tea you do make, too!" he said, sipping his cup. "And as to liking *you*, why, bless you, mother, you're worth all the 'girls of the period' in creation!"

The old lady had two weak points: the one was her cookery, the other that she should be considered "to carry her years well;" so she put on quite a Mrs. Nickleby air of self-satisfaction as she said,

"Well, my dear, as to that, though I don't pretend to be *young*, I'm of the good old-fashioned style—"

"No doubt at all of it," put in Harry, heartily.

"And my mince-pies were considered by Mr. Bloxam, your poor dear father's uncle—"

"My *dear* mother, don't I say so?" interrupted the young man, who had heard the story of Mr. Bloxam and the mince-pies about five hundred and fifty-five times.

"Now, Harry," returned his mother, in an injured tone, "why do you interrupt—"

But at that moment a cab drove up, with the ostentation so peculiar to London drivers, whether in a West End thoroughfare or a Borough by-street, and so terrific a knocking ensued on the closed shutters of the old house that the empty rooms echoed again with it.

"Bless me, my dear!" cried Mrs. Marsden, turning pale. "An express come to say your poor Aunt Barbara's dead!"

"Nonsense, mother!" said the young man, who was nevertheless a little pale himself.

"Dear, dear!" suggested the old lady; "perhaps the bank's on fire?"

Henry Marsden, recovering from his first surprise, rose to ascertain the truth, sensibly thinking that the easiest way of solving the question. But he was interrupted by the hasty entrance of the maid-of-all-work in considerable trepidation.

"La, ma'am! here's a gent and lady as wants to take the house—leastways part of it—"

"What, at *this* time of night?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, aghast.

"Yes'm, and he's as ferogious a looking gent as—"

Here a loud impatient voice demanded from without, in angry tones, "Are we to be kept waiting in the street all night?"

Young Marsden hurried out with the light, and to his surprise found the passage already blocked up with piles of luggage, while the cabman, after the unconcerned manner of his species, was adding package to package with a celerity which threatened shortly to prevent ingress and egress altogether.

The young man at first felt inclined to resent this cool assumption that the house was necessarily at the disposal of the new-comers; but happening to observe the beautiful and delicate-looking girl who was leaning wearily on the arm of a tall, dark, morose, and heavily bearded man of middle age, he refrained, and said, as mildly as he could under the certainly provoking circumstances,

"Excuse me, Sir, but we have not come to terms yet."

"*Terms!*" thundered the other, scowling. "Aren't you a letter of rooms?"

"Oh, George!" remonstrated the young lady, looking appealingly at the speaker.

"Aren't you a letter of rooms, I say?" asked the visitor again.

Henry Marsden felt his wrath getting the better of him; but an imploring look from the young lady caused him to say, quietly,

"If you mean, have I any apartments to let, Sir, I certainly have; but—"

"*What* apartments?"

"A drawing-room suit, dining-parlor, kitchen, and four bedrooms," replied Henry Marsden, reluctantly, for he did not at all fancy his would-be lodger.

"What rent?"

"Twenty guineas a week," said the young man, hoping, as he afterward told his mother, by the largeness of the demand "to stall off the old brute."

The visitor paused a moment, evidently surprised; then he said,

"I take them—I take them all."

Marsden, baffled, but still wishing to get rid of the intruder, began, mildly,

"A reference, Sir, is usually—"

"Oh, *I* know," retorted the other, impatiently. "A reference, *or* the money."

These last words he spoke with a sneer, which sent his upper lip curling away from his sharp white teeth, like that of a fox when about to bite.

Then he turned to the young lady, who, pale and trembling, leaned against the wall, and said, "Mariette, your purse."

She gave him a beautifully embroidered bag, which even in the uncertain light Marsden could see was crammed with bank-notes, and which made the cabman's eyes glisten. The new lodger took from it five five-pound notes, and giving them to young Marsden, said, haughtily,

"*There*, sir; you can send up the change and the receipt in the morning."

Marsden bowed. There was nothing for it but to submit. It was quite evident this man was accustomed to be obeyed.

The new lodger turned to the cabman: "Half a sovereign for you to bring these boxes up stairs."

"I'd do it, Sir, if there was twice as many on 'em!" cried the delighted driver. "Lord, he pays like a prince!"

Marsden called for the servant-of-all-work to show the way. Then he said, respectfully,

"Will you not step into my mother's parlor, Sir, until a fire is lighted up stairs?"

"No, I *won't*, Sir."

"At least, the young lady—"

"The young lady will do nothing of the sort, Sir," cried the new lodger. Then aside savagely to the girl, "Don't stand staring at that young fellow. Follow me;" and he strode up the stairs.

The lady lingered behind him for an instant, and threw such a helpless and appealing glance at the young landlord that, as Harry Marsden subsequently declared, he then and there lost his heart.

"I'll send my mother up in ten minutes," he whispered.

"Thank you, *thank* you!" she said, hurriedly, and sped up the old oak staircase.

The young man gazed after her a moment, as if he scarcely knew whether he were awake or dreaming, and then turned abruptly into his mother's parlor.

Mrs. Marsden sat by the fire in visible perturbation, with both curiosity and anxiety depicted on her comely face. She had heard the altercation in the passage, and been afraid of the consequences thereof on her son's somewhat fiery temperament. Moreover, she wondered greatly that she—*she*, the presiding authority in the house—had not been referred to in the matter. Therefore, as the door opened, she turned eagerly to her son:

"Law, Harry dear! whatever is it all about?"

"She's an angel, mother!" said the young man, enthusiastically.

"She! *who*, my dear?" asked the bewildered matron.

"Oh, I forgot," he returned, coloring a little. "She—that is, *they*, I mean, have taken the rooms."

"Who are they?"

"Ah! that's what I should like to know. An ugly foreign-looking brute and his daughter, I suppose. And yet, no! she called him 'George.' She wouldn't call her father 'George,' you know."

"Of course not."

"He called *her* 'Mariette.' Isn't that a pretty name, mother?"

"Yes, dear. But I want to know more about these people.'

"I declare I've told you all I know, mother, except that he has paid the first week's rent in advance. And here it is;" and he placed the bank-notes in his mother's hand.

"Why, Harry, are you mad?" she exclaimed. "You've given me twenty-five pounds!"

"I asked twenty guineas," he said, dreamily, "and we're to give change in the morning."

"*Twenty* guineas, my dear boy? and the landlord told us to ask *four!*"

"I know it, mother; but I didn't like the look of the fellow, and wanted to get rid of him. So I asked a price I thought would stop him."

"Well?"

"Well, bless you! he just scowled at me for a moment, and then agreed to it directly."

"Law!"

"And then stalked up the stairs as if the whole house belonged to him."

"Bless me!"

"Ah, bless me, indeed! I can't make head or tail of the matter."

"But, my dear, we can't take twenty guineas a week for rooms only worth four. It's not honest, and can't be."

"Well, what's to be done?"

"I'm sure *I* don't know," cried the old lady, in extreme perplexity.

"Well, we must think it over to-night, mother, and see what's to be done in the morning."

"Yes, yes."

"And now, dear mother, please to go and see that all is made comfortable for the young lady, as I said you should do."

"Oh, of course, my dear;" and she went.

Mrs. Marsden ascended the old staircase as rapidly as her portly figure would allow her to do, and tapped somewhat timidly at the principal sitting-room of the suit allotted to her new lodgers. A gruff "Come in!" was the answer to her knock, and she entered.

They were a very handsome set of rooms, hung with red damask; but the walls were discolored and stained with long disuse. A thick choking smoke which filled the apartments did not add to their comfort, and in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, Mrs. Marsden burst into a violent fit of coughing.

The maid-of-all-work was on her knees, nervously endeavoring to coax a stubborn fire to show some signs of flame. On the hearth-rug beside her stood the new-comer, swearing at her in no measured terms. His fine, stalwart figure was drawn up to its full height, and with his pointed beard, gleaming white teeth, and fierce black eyes, he was no bad embodiment of Mephistopheles. Mrs. Marsden afterward declared that the first sight of him "gave her the horrors, and made her flesh all of a creep."

Leaning back, half fainting, in a large old-fashioned red damask-covered *fauteuil*, the crimson hue of which contrasted vividly with her beautiful golden hair, which had fallen loose upon one arm of it, was a fair girl of not more than twenty. Now that she had thrown aside the numerous wraps in which she had previously been enveloped, it could be seen that she was richly and expensively dressed. A robe of costly blue silk, trimmed with fine, soft black lace, set off her fair complexion to great advantage; and if her companion was no inapt representative of Mephistopheles, she might herself have been the original of Marguerite. Poor Mrs. Marsden even, with her throat filled with smoke and her inflamed eyes with sympathizing tears, could not help noticing with admiration the vision of loveliness opposite her.

"I don't wonder Harry called her an angel," she thought; "but, Lord save us, how like that man is to the devil!"

Then she busied herself in setting right the mistakes of the inexperienced maid-of-all-work, superintending the poor young woman's efforts with kindly and reassuring voice.

"Less coal, Maggie; it is all that coal that makes the smoke."

"Smoke!" interposed the gentleman, irascibly. "It smokes like the funnels of ten thousand infernal steamboats!"

"It will tone down directly, Sir," said Mrs. Marsden, mildly. "And you, my dear madam, pray let me show you to a bedroom where there is a fire, and you can refresh yourself before supper."

The young lady half rose, and looked at the gentleman, who nodded a gruff assent.

"That 'll do, Maggie," said Mrs. Marsden; "the fire's drawing nicely now." Then turning to her lodger: "You would like tea and supper as soon as possible, I suppose, Sir?"

He relaxed somewhat of his moroseness, and said, in a more gracious tone,

"If you please, ma'am."

"Very well, Sir. You shall have a fowl, eggs, coffee, toast, and ham in less than an hour." And she gave the necessary orders to Maggie,

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who departed, apparently nothing loth to be rid of the presence of the dark-looking lodger.

"Oh, my! ain't he a Tartar, just!" she said, as she went down stairs, resolving to "show him up," as she called it, to her "young man" the next Sunday.

Mrs. Marsden addressed the young lady:

"Now, ma'am—or should I say miss?"

"Say ma'am, please," said the young lady, faintly.

"If you will follow me, there's a fire in the Yellow Room, and I'll have one made ready as soon as possible for your papa."

The gentleman colored furiously, and looked like a thunder-cloud, as he said, in a voice whose tones resembled the growling of a bull-dog,

"That lady is my *wife*, ma'am!"

"Oh, law! Bless me! I'm sure I ask pardon," cried the poor old lady, startled out of her propriety. "By what name shall I call you, please, Sir?"

"Call me Monsieur Moira. That lady is Madame Moira."

"And what—"

But the lodger's patience was exhausted.

"Get out, you chattering, cross-examining old fool!" he cried, in a towering fury; "and you, Mariette, don't answer any of the prying idiot's questions!" And he turned and poked the fire savagely.

In great consternation Mrs. Marsden made signs to Madame Moira to follow her, and beat a precipitate retreat from the apartment.

Having shown her guest to a small bedroom in which a cheery fire was burning, and furnished her with every requisite of the toilet, Mrs. Marsden descended again to her parlor, and to the society of her son.

"They'll never do for us, my dear, n-e-v-e-r!" she said, shaking her head in an aggrieved fashion.

"I don't think they will, mother; but what now?"

"Fancy, Harry—that brute called me 'a chattering old fool!'"

"How *dare* he!" exclaimed the young man, indignantly, and yet hardly able to help laughing.

"He's a grewsome man," continued the old lady; "and I declare, my dear, the whole affair puts me in mind of one of those fairy stories of enchanted castles I used to read when I was a girl."

"Does it?"

"Yes, of a grim demon, or baron, or something, carrying off a lovely young girl, and locking her up in the turret-chamber of some horrible tumble-down place till she promised to marry him."

"Ah! I don't think *this* young lady 'll ever promise that."

"But, my dear boy, she *has*."

A thrill of disappointment shot through young Marsden as he said,

"Why, what do you mean, mother?"

"She *has* married him—she's his wife."

"Impossible!"

"Oh no, dear, not at all impossible. *He* said so, and so did *she*."

The young man groaned slightly.

Then he said, suddenly,

"Mother dear, there's something very strange in all this."

"All what, Harry?"

"Why, in people tumbling into lodgings at this time of night, paying twenty guineas a week like dirt for rooms not worth five, without a murmur, and bringing all that luggage without a single servant."

"My dear, people often take lodgings suddenly."

"But don't pay four times their value."

"N-o," said the old lady, hesitating; "I don't think they often do *that*."

"Not *they!* And then, if that man's her husband—"

"Well, Harry, young girls often marry men much older than themselves."

"So they do. But young ladies of her evident rank and wealth don't travel about without a lady's-maid. Why, you can see she is not used to wait upon herself."

"That's true."

"Then what dread she has of him!"

"Well, my dear, *that* is no argument at all. Some violent men do frighten their wives, you know, without actually ill-treating them. Now, even your poor dear father—"

"Yes, yes, mother; I know father had a hot temper, and so, for the matter of that, have I. But then, he never ill-used you."

"Of course not."

"And *I* have never ill-used you."

"My *dear* child, what *are* you thinking of?"

"Whereas," continued the young man, "this poor girl shrank and trembled when her husband looked at her."

"My dear boy, that is no proof of bodily ill-treatment. I don't suppose he beats her."

"*Beats* her!—beats that superb creature!"

"Well, my dear, I say I don't suppose he *does*."

"But the mere thought of such a horrible thing! Did he tell you his name, mother?"

"Yes—Moira; Monsieur and Madame Moira."

"That sounds like a Portuguese name."

"Is it?"

"Yes, or Spanish."

"Oh, law, Harry, I hope they're not Spanish!"

"Why, mother?"

"Oh, because the only Spanish lady I ever knew—such a lovely creature, with a black lace veil tied over her head, you know, and all that—"

"Yes, yes, I know."

"Well, my dear, she was stabbed by her husband in a fit of jealousy, poor thing."

"This man certainly seems all that."

"All what?"

"Jealous."

"How do you know?"

"Why, mother, he scowled at me because I asked if his wife would come in here and warm herself."

"Did he?"

"Didn't he! The man's a veritable Othello."

Here the bell rang violently half a dozen times, and Mrs. Marsden bustled into the kitchen to help Maggie in the dishing up of the supper.

Harry Marsden lighted his pipe, and sat with his feet on the fender, lost in deep reverie, until his mother returned.

Christmas morning broke cold and frosty, but with that indescribable foggy haze nowhere seen save in London, and only there in autumn and winter.

Mrs. Marsden and her son were early risers, and unusually so on this particular morning; for, not only were the comforts of the new lodgers to be seen to, but several of young Marsden's fellow-clerks had been invited to join the good lady's dinner-table, and she had much to do before she could don her best silk dress for church.

It was, therefore, but a little after seven when the housekeeper and her son were seated at their early breakfast, and the Christmas pudding had already been put on the fire to receive its finishing touches (for it had been partially boiled days previously). Maggie was below, cheerily chirping a Christmas song while she moved amidst her pots and pans; for the new lodgers were not to breakfast until half past nine, and the little maid-of-all-work had not yet gone up stairs to arrange their sitting-room.

ARRIVAL OF THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

Mrs. Marsden, sipping her coffee, was (after her usual fashion on Christmas morning) recording to her son a host of reminiscences of her earlier days—now regretfully recalling some past recollection, now cheerily laughing over some pleasant memory. There are many persons besides old ladies who have this habit of looking back to the past on the anniversary of great festivals; and, indeed, Christmas-day is an important mile-stone on the road of life with us all.

The mother and son, having slightly alluded to the festivities of the coming evening, had discussed the new lodgers, but could come to no resolution concerning them.

"It is rather awkward they should have come just now," said Mrs. Marsden. "I wonder what they'll want for dinner! Certainly there are those pheasants your aunt Barbara sent with the turkey."

"And there's a fine bit of beef, mother."

"My beef, indeed! Oh no! We can send 'em up a pheasant and some mince-pies; and quite good enough too for such strange people, who take one unawares."

"Perhaps they'll dine out."

"Ah, perhaps they will."

"I'm afraid we can't keep them here, mother. Certainly we can't continue to take twenty guineas a week. By-the-way, mother, have you four pounds in your purse for Monsieur Moira's change? And I'll write out the receipt."

The old lady rose to see, saying that Christmas expenses had left her very low. However, she managed to produce the four pounds while her son wrote the receipt.

"There!" he said, resuming his seat. "I'll take it up myself when Maggie takes up their breakfast."

"Oh, by-the-way!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, as if a thought had struck her. She opened the door, and called out, "Maggie!"

"Yes'm!" screamed that young woman's voice from the regions below.

"Hadn't you better light the fire in the sitting-room up stairs and arrange the rooms?"

"Directly, 'm?"

"Yes, go at once."

And Mrs. Marsden resumed her seat, and took another piece of toast.

But not five minutes had elapsed when such a shrill scream from up stairs rang through the house that mother and son simultaneously sprang from their chairs in alarm and dismay.

"Good Heavens! what *can* be the matter?" cried the young man, horrified; while Mrs. Marsden, white as a sheet, sank back in her chair, wringing her hands.

Young Marsden rushed up the stairs, and found Maggie on the landing of the first-floor, trembling like an aspen leaf, and almost unable to speak.

"Good God! what is it, Maggie?" he asked, excitedly.

"The bedroom ain't been slep' in, Sir," stammered the servant-girl. "And—and—*look here!*" she added, pointing to a dark crimson stream, which was slowly trickling from under the sitting-room door.

"It's *blood!*" he cried, horrified.

"Yes, it be, Sir," returned the girl, clinging to the balusters, and overcome with terror.

"Go down to my mother, Maggie. I'll go for the police," said young Marsden. "The door must be broken open."

To describe the consternation of Mrs. Marsden when informed of the state of things would be impossible, while poor Maggie, as frightened as she, clung to her, sobbing. Thus the two terrified women awaited the advent of the police.

Unlike what usually happens in such circumstances, they were not long in coming, and then the party proceeded up stairs.

The door of the sitting-room was broken open, and a terrible spectacle met their gaze.

On the floor near the window, her long fair hair soaked in blood, lay Madame Moira. She was still arrayed in the blue silk dress which she had worn on the previous evening, and in one of her small white hands, which was slightly clenched, was a handful of coarse black hair. A large wound in the region of her heart had evidently been the cause of death; but that it had not been instantaneous was sufficiently proved by the fact of her having made resistance to her murderer, as the lock of hair in her clenched hand bore witness. The inspector, however, after regarding the body a moment, sent one of his men for a doctor.

"What is the use of that?" asked Marsden, in a hollow voice, and pale as ashes. "She's dead, isn't she?"

"Oh yes, she's *dead* enough," returned the inspector. "But it's always the rule, in such cases, to send for a medical man."

However, when the doctor arrived, to the great surprise of them all, he announced the fact that the lady was *not* dead, and, more than that, she was not likely to die, unless from the shock to the system. She was in a state of syncope, he said, from loss of blood.

Examination proved that the weapon with which she had been stabbed had glanced aside from a steel corset which she wore, and thus avoided the heart, within a few inches of which, however, it had gone.

By the doctor's directions, Madame Moira was undressed and put to bed, and a practiced hospital nurse sent for to attend her.

Moira was of course sought for high and low, hand-bills were circulated, and a reward offered; but, after all, he strangely enough met his fate by accident a few days subsequently to his attempted murder of his wife. After having lain *perdu* a day or two his body was discovered on the lines of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. It was supposed that, being unacquainted with the neighborhood, he had endeavored to make a short cut across the line after dark, and been knocked down and killed by a passing train.

The account which Madame Moira gave of herself was a singular one. She stated that she was a Swede, and had been brought up at Stockholm by an old lady whom she had always supposed to be her aunt. No expense or luxury had been spared for her, and she was highly accomplished. (It was afterward ascertained that she was the illegitimate daughter of a Russian nobleman.) At a *soirée* given by her reputed aunt she first met with Moira, a Portuguese merchant, and a man of good family, who became captivated by her singular beauty. Strongly urged by her aunt, and moreover impelled by that strange fascination which sometimes induces women to marry men utterly repulsive to them, she at last accepted the offers of the Portuguese merchant, who, on the sudden death of her aunt, brought her to England. Madame Moira affirmed that though her husband was jealous and morose to a degree, yet he did not actually ill-treat her. Where they had lodged in London she could not tell, being utterly a stranger in the city. All she knew was that, on the night of their removing to Mrs. Marsden's, her husband had told her to array herself for a dinner-party at the house of a friend of his (it was concluded that he did this to lull any suspicion which she might form; for a letter found in one of his valises left it beyond doubt that he had taken his wife to an obscure place on purpose to murder her, his jealousy having become unbearable), and that she had obeyed him. She said that when she perceived a cab laden with the luggage of herself and her husband she was surprised, and was about to question him, when he stopped her with a peremptory gesture, and desired her to get into the vehicle; that she, well knowing his morose disposition, did not dare to disobey him.

While at supper on the night of their arrival at Mrs. Marsden's, Madame Moira stated that her husband, although moody, showed more than usual politeness toward her; indeed, but for his jealous temperament, which kept her in continual dread, she affirmed that he was extremely kind to and fond of her. There could be no question that Moira's incessant dread of a rival had rendered him quite insane on this point. He no doubt looked upon young Marsden, though he had known him but an hour, in that light.

Madame Moira declared that she had never felt more at ease with her husband in her life, and that she imagined she was gradually coaxing him into a genial humor, when he paralyzed her with terror by suddenly jumping up and seizing her by the hair, declaring that she was "a faithless wife," and that she should "live to seduce no more men." She remembered only seeing his fierce black eyes gleam with the light of insanity as she clutched hold of his hair, endeavoring to hold him away from her. She was too terror-stricken to give any alarm. Then she felt a sudden, sharp, fierce pain, and fell senseless to the ground. The weapon with which he had stabbed her was a beautiful stiletto, found on the floor, the hilt of which was richly studded with sapphires and diamonds.

Some of the boxes of the deceased man were found to contain a large amount of valuable property. Besides plate and jewelry, there were large quantities of moidores, double doubloons, English sovereigns, and foreign and English bank-notes. No relations of Moira ever putting forth claim to any of these valuables, they became the property of his widow, who continued to reside with Mrs. Marsden.

Naturally there could be but one end to all this, and that was one which caused the young bank-clerk's companions to term him "a lucky dog." Within one year of this memorable Christmas-eve Mariette Moira changed her name for that of Marsden.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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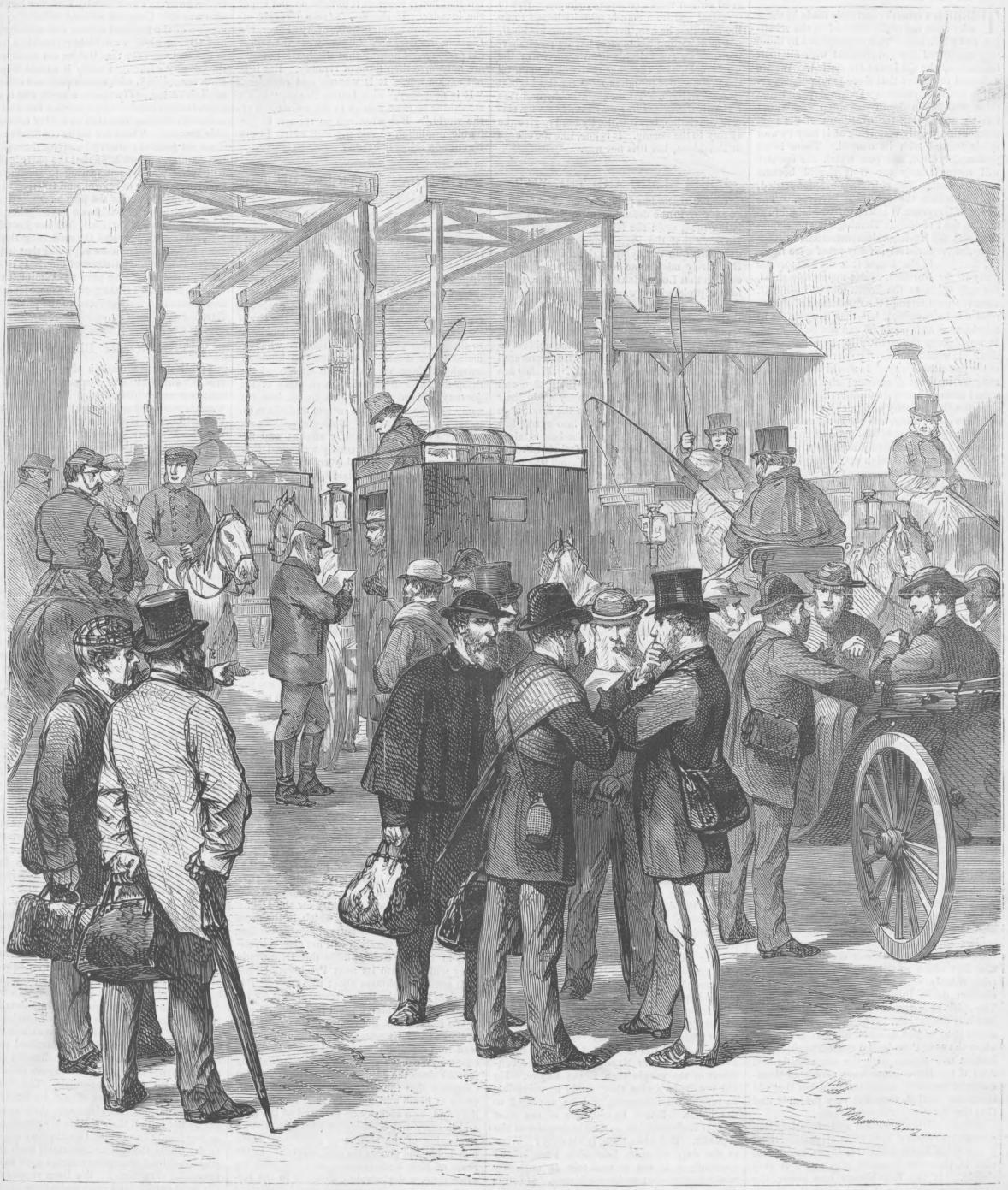

AMERICANS LEAVING PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 819.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1870.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is published a* SUPPLEMENT, *containing a* HALF-SHEET

WAR MAP OF FRANCE,

on which are shown the chief Cities and Towns, with their Railway and other Communications, Rivers, etc.; together with a statement of the Military and Naval Resources of France, and a Table of the Principal Events of the War.

☞ *The Splendid* EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS *commenced in the last Number of this Paper will be continued in every issue of the* WEEKLY *for the present, thus making it not only the* BEST *and* HANDSOMEST, *but the* CHEAPEST *Illustrated Paper in the World. The price will remain the same—Four Dollars per Year; Single Copies Ten Cents.*

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GOOD SENSE IN POLITICS.

THERE is a remark constantly made by those who were not really opposed to the rebellion, and which is much too often echoed by those who supported the government with all their hearts, that the old issues are settled. We are exhorted to believe that there is no possible relation between yesterday and to-day, and that those who half a dozen years ago were either forcibly attempting the overthrow of the government or quietly conniving at it may be now safely trusted with its control. There is no profounder error, nor one which the country will more bitterly rue if it should become more general. The old issues are not settled, simply because the old spirit survives. The action of Governor WALKER, of Virginia, in regard to the President's Thanksgiving proclamation, and the Ku-Klux demonstrations in Kentucky, show decisively, if any proof were needed, that just in the degree that the Democratic party in the Northern States apparently gains, the ugly spirit at the South makes itself felt. That it would attempt the restoration of slavery need not be supposed, but that it would be as mischievous as it could be can not be doubted. It would keep the country in perpetual agitation. It would abuse the colored population in every practicable way. It would threaten and swagger in the old manner; and the country would most seriously deplore having treated the situation theoretically and not practically.

There is one thing, and one thing only, which is the sure guarantee of that national confidence which is now imperatively necessary, and that is the constant conviction upon the part of all disaffection that the country fully understands what it did in the war, and means to secure it to the utmost. To insist that the old issues are settled, that the rebellion was suppressed five years ago, that slavery is abolished, and the reconstruction acts are law, and that, therefore, it is wise to elect JEFFERSON DAVIS to the Senate, or to take TOOMBS into the cabinet, or to turn over the country to a Copperhead administration, because some of its members hold certain opinions upon certain other subjects, is to trifle with the very gravest peril. Those Republicans, therefore, who, upon a theory that revenue reform is the most vital and paramount of all issues, would willingly bring in the Democratic party under cover of voting for Democratic free-traders against Republican protectionists, assume a very heavy responsibility. Suppose a representative denies the validity of the amendments, shares the Democratic hostility to the negro and hatred of the Southern Union men, and winks at the revival of the old Southern spirit of jealousy of the Union, and of the principles and tendency of the Republican party, how is he less desirable or dangerous because he may be a free-trader?

It is not a great many years since 1868, when General GRANT was elected. We trust that revenue reformers, who are also Republicans, have not forgotten the scenes and speeches in the Tammany nominating conventions, and throughout the Southern States during the campaign. In prospect of the possible success of the Democratic party, which they had again proved their power to control before they had washed off the blood of the war, the Southern leaders showed precisely what they were and what they meant. It was the perception of that fact which so stirred the country, and so triumphantly elected General GRANT. The election drove those leaders into their lair. The spirit of disturbance withdrew into silence. But it is not extinct. The least favorable sign shows it to be just as much alive as ever; and when the next Presidential contest begins those leaders will appear with the same battle-cry. And if the Republicans have permitted themselves to separate, under the delusion that old issues are settled, they will very probably find that the old issues will settle them.

Amidst all the criticism and dissatisfaction which there must always be in all parties, there is one thing to be borne steadily in mind, and that is, that the political alternative is very simple. If the Republicans lose power, the Democrats will take it, and what the Democratic party is every man knows. The man or the paper, therefore, that believes, notwithstanding the mistakes which the Republican party may have made, that its ascendency is desirable for the general welfare, will so criticise as not to destroy the party. If a man, however, thinks it so rotten and reactionary as to promise nothing better than the Democracy, he will naturally regard its overthrow with complacent indifference. If, on the other hand, he distrusts a party which has so defied human nature and the national conscience and common sense, and in spirit and leadership remains unchanged, he will be very careful that no word or act of his connives at so immeasurable a misfortune as a renewed Democratic control of the government. Such a man will understand that a friendly tone in censuring a mistake is more serviceable to the cause he has at heart than the most satirical jeer.

If there were no political necessities, if the most radical differences were settled by the passage of a law, if diverging tendencies were harmonized because one for a time overbears the other, if there were but one simple, single question before the country, the duty of every good citizen would be equally simple. But in practical politics a man is morally bound to do the best that he can, not by relaxing his ideal, not by muzzling his mouth, but by remembering that he must decide upon a survey of the whole field, and choosing that which upon all the probabilities promises most for the highest general welfare. To mount a hobby and ride furiously out of the line may gratify a very sincere conviction, but it will only tend to give the victory to the enemy. It is fine, like the charge at Balaklava, but it is not war.

LOUIS BLANC AND THE WAR.

LOUIS BLANC has published an extraordinary address to the defenders of Paris, congratulating them upon the failure of the armistice. He says that the French ought not to make peace with an enemy upon the soil of France. But surely misfortune is not dishonor. It is curious that LOUIS BLANC does not see that the folly of prolonging a war which is destroying the country is criminal. Without reminding him that the French began the war in the most wanton and cruel way, and assuming even that they are now bravely fighting in the noblest of causes, when they are hopelessly overpowered what can brave men do but yield? If they are forced to terms which seem to them hard and unjust, they will submit only to try again their fortune in the field. But when the armies are defeated, and Paris is starved into surrender, and then peace is made upon the best attainable terms, the world would not feel that France had been dishonored by a submission which she had vainly sought to avert. Honor does not demand the slaughter of a people and the total ruin of a country. That is the sheerest bravado. It is not the part of a sincere, but of a melodramatic patriotism.

But LOUIS BLANC goes further. He says that there need be no regret that the Assembly was not summoned; that France has a republican government, which is best for her; that the Assembly would be probably accessible to monarchical influences, and that its decisions would produce new commotions. LOUIS BLANC says that France has a republican government, but is not republican. He, an extreme republican, declares that it is better in this perilous crisis that the people should not be consulted, and in the very hour which tries the quality of a republic proclaims that the republican principle can not be trusted. His address merely confirms the suspicion that the Committee of Defense refused the armistice because it feared that the people would decide against it. Will M. LOUIS BLANC explain how a republican government is best for a country which is not republican? Can he comprehend the disastrous effect upon the prospects of a republic in France of his saying, what every despot always urges as a reason for dissolving a free parliament, that its discussions and decisions would produce new commotions? Even GUIZOT, whom M. LOUIS BLANC would not accept as a model, would hardly have said any thing so essentially reactionary.

If in the dire extremity in which France is now plunged in consequence of a personal despotic rule, and under the influence of an authority calling itself republican, and conducting the national defense, the country should elect an assembly which "would be accessible to monarchical influence," upon what republican principles can LOUIS BLANC declare that republican rule is the best for France? His address justifies the *coup d'état* of the Committee of Defense by the same vague assumption which justified the *coup d'état* of LOUIS NAPOLEON. But LOUIS NAPOLEON was more confident of the people than LOUIS BLANC. He did not believe that they would be accessible to republican influences, and he appealed to the ballot. LOUIS BLANC, one of the most radical leaders of '48, evidently despairs of the republic. But what, then, is his duty? What is the duty of every honorable Frenchman? Certainly it is not to maintain an authority which has not the popular confidence. If LOUIS BLANC thinks that a self-appointed committee is the best government for the country, without regard to the preference of the people, let him sustain that; but let him not call himself a republican.

This address is but another illustration of the actual situation in France, of that utter want of confidence in any body or any thing which explains the deplorable spectacle of a great nation crumbling to destruction. It is hard to see what advantage the country could gain even from a great victory. Nobody in France seems to comprehend the situation, or nobody dares to describe it, and invite the country to acquiesce. The horrible suffering and slaughter continue. Every day multiplies the misery. The voice of reason is silent. No peace, cries LOUIS BLANC, while the enemy is on our soil! It is one of the saddest events in history. The Government of a great nation wickedly begins a war. The nation supports it. The fortune of war turns against the aggressor. The nation by acquiescence repudiates the Government only to carry on the war more stringently. Still fortune is against it. The war which it began pinches it more and more sorely, and it will hear of nothing but that honor requires it to fight on and expel the invader. If the war were a struggle of France against oppression, every honorable heart in the world would gladly see the struggle prolonged, knowing that the horrors of war are not worse than those of tyranny. But it is not such a war. It is wanton and causeless. "It is necessary," says LOUIS BLANC, "to do something to raise France in the estimation of the world." But what can so raise it as the heroic resolution to end the war which LOUIS NAPOLEON selfishly began?

REPUBLICAN CRITICISM OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE free Republican criticisms of the Administration have had one signal effect. They have demonstrated the hearty hold of the Administration upon the public mind. Not one of those critics, except the Chicago *Tribune*, is disposed to look for reform beyond the Republican organization, and none of them expect it of the Democratic party. There are always orators and writers enough to glorify the situation, and we are, therefore, very much obliged to those other observers who show us what remains to be done. There are two kinds of travelers: those who prefer to sit around the camp-fire, and to tell the brave story of the journey; and those who look to see how the camp may be made more secure, and where tomorrow's path must be. Both dispositions are equally observable in public affairs; and nobody should be more heartily welcomed by a party than the critic, and even the grumbler. The old king had a skull laid beside his plate at the banquet. If the old Democratic party had encouraged criticism instead of servility, it would have been much wiser, and of a much longer life. It is a great mistake to try to imitate the Democratic method in the Republican organization. There are a thousand reasons why it could not be done. There is one all-sufficient reason why it should not be done. It would destroy the party.

Since the election, which has shown, despite every degree of jealousy, discontent, and serious difference, that the Republican ascendency is virtually unshaken, two things become clearer. First, a general feeling that the President will be renominated by the party; and second, that harmony upon every essential point is not impracticable. Entire harmony there can not, of course, be. We, for instance, who advocate a civil service reform do not expect that Congress will at once pass a law which will wholly satisfy all our wishes. But we do expect to see the sentiment of the party more and more definitely declared for that reform, and we certainly do not expect it from any other possible party. So the protectionists and the free-traders, or revenue reformers, will not expect to have all their views embodied in the policy of the party; but each may justly expect a concession from the other. The *World* says that free trade is a motto nailed to the Democratic mast, and that the party will go into the campaign of 1872 with that cry. We can not, of course, regard the *World* as the best authority for the Democratic policy; but any party which, in the present condition of the country, declares for free trade and direct taxation will not elect a President in 1872. Undoubtedly the Democratic party will put into its next Presidential platform some fine phrases about free trade. But its orators upon the Pennsylvania stump, for instance, will not enlarge upon that plank.

We expect that the course of the Administration and of Congress during the winter will tend to a rapid union of all Republican differences. We have a right to believe that the months since the adjournment will have shown Congress that the country wishes, first of all, peace at home and abroad; then financial relief; and, as a security of that and of the general honesty and economy of administration, a weakening of the system of patronage which now holds and abuses the civil service. In the State of New York there is, and has been for some time, a deplorable difference in the Republican party. It is in every way humiliating and harmful. But it can not be healed until its cause is removed. And that cause is not a person but a system. It is patronage which is responsible for the discord of the party. If the Senators and Representatives of New York could truly say with Mr. MUNDELLA that they had not the slightest personal influence in the appointment of the least officer in the civil service, and the same were true of the local and State Representatives, the party would be entirely harmonious; and we might say of any of our various departments as Mr. MUNDELLA said of the Post-office in England, that it was the most efficient and economical institution in the country. The New York difference can be reconciled if Congress will thus lead the way.

Financial relief can be, and we have no doubt will be, found in a policy of reducing internal taxation to a few luxuries, and in adjusting the tariff to a revenue standard, while the burden of the debt is removed from this generation. That this is the settled wish of the country there can be no doubt. Nor is there any question that a tranquil and efficient session devoted to easing the public burdens, rather than to Buncombe eloquence, would be most advantageous to the party. The difficulty with the last session was that Congress seemed to have no perception of the national wishes, and went feeling and talking along in a rather resultless way. It can no longer say that it does not know what the country wishes. Plainly it wishes Republican ascendency, with economical and efficient administration. It expects a tariff, and it also expects the abolition of the income tax and the reduction of other taxation to a very considerable amount. There are entire confidence and the most general industrial activity throughout the country, and we hope that the party leaders will speak plainly, not fearing to recommend positive measures of reform, and trusting to the general intelligence of the people.

The criticism of which we have spoken has been of undoubted service. Yet the President would do the country and the criticising Republican press injustice if he supposed that it proceeded from serious distrust of him. It is long since there has been so pure an Administration as that of General GRANT, or one more sincerely and unostentatiously devoted to the public welfare.

THE GOSSIP BISMARCK.

IF all that we read in the newspapers be true, Count BISMARCK is a gentleman who has been extremely overrated. He has been always represented as the astutest of statesmen; and in the very crisis of a great war, while he and the King are upon the enemy's territory, and under the walls of his capital, it might be supposed that a great statesman would hold his tongue. Possibly a great statesman would; but it seems that Count BISMARCK dribbles talk about his relations with the King, and his dissatisfaction with the course of events, and his general disappointment, and the great objects of his policy, knowing that he is "interviewed" for the purpose of publication. How was such a gossip ever able to do what he has done in Germany? It is shameful in him to betray the discord in the German councils to an unsympathizing world. It is disgraceful that he should tell us that his advice has been disregarded, and that nothing is done as he wishes it to be done. That he does tell us can not be doubted, for it is printed in a newspaper that "a correspondent"—and since the days of the "reliable contraband," who doubts "a correspondent?"—has conversed with Count BISMARCK, and gives us "almost the exact words used" by him.

The report is to be received with the more attention that it comes through the same channel which gave us all the details of Marshal BAZAINE'S celebrated triumphal escape from Metz, and other wonderful events of the war, especially the panic at Versailles, and the royal trunks hastily packed for flight by night. We have not yet been informed whether the panic has subsided at the German head-quarters, or whether the King of Prussia still sleeps in his helmet, with his traveling-bag in his hand. And if "a correspondent" did see Count BISMARCK, and if he did talk to him, and if BISMARCK did answer him, is there, we should like to know, the least reason for supposing that the guileless statesman ever chaffed a fellow-being, or blew him up with wind like an India-rubber cushion with a self-moving valve which shut in the valuable breath until it could be squeezed out in a faint wheeze over an admiring public beyond the sea?

Since the prolonged and elaborate details of escapes that were never made, of battles that were never fought, of GORTSCHAKOFF'S note before it was delivered, and of a hundred events that never occurred, there is a delightful air of utter romance over all the European news that comes through certain channels. The "enterprise" of correspondents should be better advised. Inasmuch as kings and their counselors do not tell all their secrets to strangers, and as every body knows it and laughs—we are sorry to say it—at the solemn reports of such tattle, why should not enterprise address itself in more promising directions? We have recently had the most confidential communications upon our

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own public affairs from Mr. SUMNER's trunks, and we are sure that Count BISMARCK's boots would be very willing to give a pleasing turn to an interviewer. Or "enterprise" might lay an ambush for his valet—the next friend, in a certain sense, of the statesman. The public would believe much more readily that they were reading "almost the exact words" of BISMARCK's body-servant than of BISMARCK himself.

It is a pity if money is paid for sending such stories over the ocean, because a much better article of news, as the dealers say, could be made to order upon this side of the Atlantic. Yankees are equal to the most desperate guessing, and will give odds to any European. But we have forgotten the most exquisite stroke in the BISMARCK business. It was that the organ of the correspondent who brought the proud premier to confession commiserates another correspondent that, by an abortive effort to force himself upon a club of gentlemen, he has lost the opportunity of publishing their conversation.

SELF-RESPECT OF THE PRESS.

THE newspaper press, however powerful, will never have its rightful influence so long as it is not respected by its own members. The growing disposition to identify articles with their supposed writers, and to measure the force of an argument by a feeling toward the person who urges it, is fatal to the best power of the press. The advantage of the anonymous article is that it is judged wholly by its merits, and not by the reputation of its author. Every word is undoubtedly stronger, as EMERSON says, when it has a man behind it. But he is not speaking of arguments addressed solely to the reason, in which all personality is impertinent and prejudicial. A man may be of notoriously poor judgment, yet his views of any particular subject may be sound, and his reasons in a certain case unanswerable. It would be a great injustice to the truth in such a case to turn his argument by a gibe at himself. And certainly newspaper writers themselves ought to guard the advantages of their position, as society is interested in insisting that, so far as practicable, public questions shall be considered upon their merits. This is generally impracticable. But the anonymous newspaper makes it feasible.

The identification of a great paper with a single person injures the press at large by making it appear to be a mere speaking trumpet in the hand of a man who may be of no character or weight. But the fact is, that a great paper is really the work of many men, each contributing a special talent. Indeed, the most conspicuous of daily papers hitherto, the London *Times*, is the result of the labors of the most accomplished men in the kingdom upon various subjects, marshaled under the editor, who does not write. Our own system is different. The responsible editor is very often the writer of the more important articles in the journal. But he is entitled to the courtesy of the anonymous form, unless he chooses to relinquish it, and it is a curious want of a high *esprit de corps* which deprives him of it. The public, of course, regard the exposure of the personality of one newspaper writer by another as a surrender of the argument by the last. If you feel that you can show a man's argument to be weak, you will certainly not accuse him personally of being a coxcomb, because coxcombry is not in discussion, and because, even if he be a coxcomb, his argument may be sound.

So to desert the argument, to sneer at an opponent as a foreigner, is to condemn your own side. We have seen a journal taunted in its discussion of public questions in this country upon the ground that its editor was an Englishman. What had that to do with the subject under debate? It did not follow that the articles were written by the editor; and if they were, it certainly was not to be assumed that they were unintelligent because of the nativity of the writer. The best political survey of this country was made by a Frenchman; and it would not be easy to find a fuller and more truthful statement of the political and social situation which ended in the war than "The Slave Power" of the English Professor CAIRNES. The character and power of the press are in the hands of "newspaper men." If they can not see that they hurt the system of which they are parts when they personally sneer at supposed writers, or when they insist upon treating the views of a journal as those of an individual, the American press must yet wait for its more honorable development. Little Pedlington, according to its guide-book, was the most remarkable place in its own or any other country; but somehow the little Pedlingtonians were always ridiculous.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

WE are told by those who were present that General BUTLER's speech in Boston was received in expressive silence, except from a part of the hall where there was evidently a group of his supporters. It has certainly failed to have the least effect upon the country, and it shows how little hold the General has of the popular heart. This is all the more striking because the feeling of hostility toward England is too deep and extended to be disregarded. There are thousands of intelligent men—much too intelligent for such dispositions—who eagerly watched the Russian question from the first, with a hope that England might be involved in war, and that we could seize an opportunity of revenge for our *Alabama* and other losses during the rebellion. But just as surely as every gun of the *Alabama* was trained upon English liberty and civilization, just so surely would the spirit of which we speak react upon America. A nation can not indulge evil passions with more impunity than an individual; and political morality is as essential to the peace of nations as personal morality to that of domestic society.

The intelligent Englishman who comes to this country and acquaints himself with public feeling is surprised to find, with all the personal kindness shown him, a deep sense of injury. And the party in England which most dreads a war policy must ask itself with some uneasiness whether England has a friend. A more terrible and humiliating question no nation could ask itself. Nor is it sentimental merely. The sympathy which universally saluted Germany at the beginning of the present war has been a most significant moral support of the German arms. Could England, under any circumstances which might compel her to war, expect hearty sympathy from public sentiment in any country? And if not, what is the reason? Is it not that her attitude toward the whole world has been too much what that of English captains upon their quarter-decks used to be toward the sailors upon other ships—the attitude of the despotic mistress of the seas? Yet this position has been officially given to England—for, of course, its root is in the nature of the race to which we belong—by the spirit which has been and is now steadily opposed by the real liberals in England. And all who sincerely desire the advance of civilization, which depends upon international good sense and honorable understanding, will bear steadily in mind the fact that there are two spirits in England, as here, contesting the mastery.

The better spirit constantly advances; and what has any thing which is truly American to gain by the overthrow of England? Beneath all jealousies and hatreds there is the controlling consciousness that we are essentially the same race—in the same line of civilization, with the same great civil traditions and institutions, the right and the left hand of constitutional liberty—to-day; and under the inspiration of our maintenance and purification of the Union, the better England, which believed and trusted us, and which held the hand of British Toryism and commercial greed throughout our war, is in power. The sympathy between the countries ought now to be closer than ever. An American can do nothing so unpatriotic and so unmanly as to join in an unreasoning and reckless cry against England. Of course we believe this to be the favorable moment for the formal settlement of our difficulties; and they would begin under the most promising auspices if England would propose the settlement. Nothing helps a government more than magnanimity. That is conceded in many points, as in the treatment of political offenders, but it is equally true of its whole action. Both countries want a peaceful feeling as well as the form of peace.

NOTES.

THE popular lecture system has now become so extended in the country that the Lyceum Bureau is found to be essential. It is an institution which saves a great deal of labor both to the speaker and to the Lyceum Committee. The lecturer puts himself into the hands of the Bureau for a certain time, naming his conditions, and all the correspondence is managed, without further trouble to him, by an authority which is familiar with distances, routes, and all necessary details. It is a system which, like every thing else, can be abused, but its uses are very evident. The chief of these bureaus hitherto have been Mr. REDPATH's in Boston, and the American Literary Bureau in New York. But Mr. O. SACKETT, of Kansas City, Missouri, has established the Western Lyceum Bureau, and has many very popular names upon his list. The advantages of such a bureau to any lecturer who proposes a Western tour are obvious.

A CORRESPONDENT in Jefferson City, Missouri, assures us that it is a mistake to suppose that "revenue reform" was the occasion of the split in the Republican party. The Convention of September 2 divided upon the question of enfranchising the late rebels. Many Republicans favored universal suffrage upon principle, and most of the Democrats from interest; and they united in support of Mr. BROWN. That gentleman is a disciple of Mr. BENTON's upon the tariff question; but in the estimation of our correspondent not ten thousand of the hundred thousand who voted for him were influenced by sympathy with his views upon the tariff. Thus in the fifth Congressional district, while Mr. BROWN received more than two thousand majority, Mr. BURDETT, a protectionist, was returned to Congress. Our correspondent is familiar with the situation, and his statement is undoubtedly correct. But the result of the election, as interpreted by Mr. BROWN in his serenade speech, is the restoration of Democratic ascendency. We shall, however, be very glad to find that we are mistaken.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

CAPTAIN C. F. HALL, the celebrated Arctic traveler, who, as is well known, received a grant from Congress at the last session of fifty thousand dollars for polar exploration, is now engaged in examining several screw propellers, with the view of selecting one for use in his forthcoming expedition. His choice seems likely to fall upon a vessel belonging to the government, now at the Washington Navy-yard, one of great strength, and built expressly for an ice-boat on the Delaware, and apparently capable of adaptation for the purpose in view. The captain expects to start on his journey as early in the coming spring as the season will permit.

Dr. PETERMANN (the geographer), of Gotha, announces some interesting results of various recent polar expeditions. In a late article he gives us a short summary of the German expedition to East Greenland, consisting of the steamer *Germania* and tender *Hansa*, which reached the latitude of 75° 31', the party penetrating to 77° 1' on sledges. The most important geographical result seems to have been the discovery of a fiord extending deep into the interior of Greenland, and up which the *Germania* steamed for many miles. A snow-capped mountain, rivaling Mont Blanc in height, was also met with. The accessibility of East Greenland was considered to be perfectly well established by the discovery of HENRY HUDSON in 1607, and by visits made since then by SCORESBY, CLAVERING, and SABINE prior to that of the *Germania*.

Of the expedition under VON HEUGLIN and Count ZEIL to Eastern Spitzbergen, which they explored from 77° to 79° of latitude, mostly in row-boats, the most important result was the discovery of an extended main land about thirty-six nautical miles eastward of Spitzbergen, and extending at least sixty miles from north to south, being marked by numerous sharp-pointed peaks. This, if continuous with Gillis Land, was believed to be at least equal in magnitude to Spitzbergen. This discovery is considered by Dr. PETERMANN to be one of the most important results of polar investigations for many years. Numerous important collections were made by VON HEUGLIN, including many fossil plants and rare birds. Additional facts might have been ascertained but that Count ZEIL, learning of the war in Europe, in the month of September hastened to return to Stuttgart to rejoin his regiment in France.

Another expedition was that of the royal Russian corvette *Warjaeg*, which was accompanied by VON MIDDENDORF, and which made many interesting investigations in the Polar Sea, between Nova Zembla and Iceland. The interesting fact was ascertained that the Gulf Stream, as far as Nova Zembla, possessed the very unexpectedly high temperature of 54½° Fahr.

Besides these more important explorations referred to by Dr. PETERMANN, he mentions that about sixty Norwegian vessels visited the eastern half of the Polar Sea in pursuit of whales, exploring the whole region to the westward, eastward, and northward of Nova Zembla and the Kara Sea. During the past year this sea was found perfectly navigable in the height of summer; and Captain JOHANNESEN, who the year before had skirted its entire shores in a sail-boat of about thirty tons, during last summer passed completely around Nova Zembla, and discovered that it extends much further to the north than is generally indicated on the maps, namely, to 77° 81' north latitude. He found there Norwegian glass bottles, from which, for the first time, the existence of the Gulf Stream on this distant coast was established, as the region has not been visited by any intelligent seamen since the time of the Dutchman BARENTZ in 1594. In view of the facts thus adduced, Dr. PETERMANN thinks, with justice, that the knowledge of the polar region has been materially furthered during the past year, as extended strips of the coasts of East Greenland, East Spitzbergen, and of Eastern and Northern Nova Zembla have been visited, and remote parts of the sea, which have hitherto been considered as filled with eternal and solid ice, have been shown to be navigable. At the date of his communication no information had been received by Dr. PETERMANN from the Swedish expeditions to West Greenland and to Spitzbergen, their results, as well as those of various Norwegian explorations in the north, being awaited with much interest.

It is known to many of our readers that Congress, during the last session, made an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars, in addition to a preliminary one of fifteen thousand, for the purpose of having observations made of the weather, to be communicated by telegraph to the principal stations on the sea-coast and the lakes, with the view of furnishing indications of the approach of storms. The matter was placed in the charge of the War Department, and intrusted by the Secretary to the Signal Corps; and several months were occupied by General MYER, the head of the corps, in selecting and training observers, and in dispatching them to their positions, as well as in organizing the general details of the service. About the 1st of November the machinery was put into practical working order; and since that time reports have been received three times a day, and furnished to such newspapers as desired them. We have every reason to believe that this series of observations is destined to be of signal benefit to the country from its warning of impending storms.

An expedition, under the direction of Lieutenant WHEELER, of the United States Engineers, has recently left San Francisco for the purpose of exploring and surveying portions of Nevada and Northern Arizona, with the view of determining their topographical and geological features. One object of the exploration is to ascertain more particularly the character of the great canon of the Colorado. The expedition is accompanied by a good practical geologist and a naturalist, and will, no doubt, by means of the collections and surveys, add materially to our knowledge of the country.

The Russian government, it appears, is about following the example of some other nations in establishing a complete system for meteorological observation throughout the empire. It is proposed to divide the empire into separate districts, with a central observatory, furnished with self-recording instruments, in each. Three such establishments are now in existence, at St. Petersburg, Helsingfors, and Tiflis. Tashkend is to be the central station for Turkistan. These institutions are to be quite independent of each other, each being surrounded with its own auxiliary stations, and publishing its own results.

Visitors to the Dublin Zoological Gardens have been much interested in some living specimens of the eyeless fish found in the Mammoth Cave, recently carried there, and now in perfect health. The small specimens are so transparent that the vertebral column, the heart, and optic bulbs may be distinctly seen. In the largest there are dark red spots over the optic bulbs, which, it is suggested, are due to their having been kept in an iron tank, which may have given color to a rudimentary pigment of the membrane.

Many of our colleges have Natural History Societies connected with them, established by some enthusiastic professor or student, but not retaining their vitality for more than a few years. To this Williams College, however, furnishes an honorable exception, its Lyceum of Natural History having been in active operation for quite a long period of time, and continually exhibiting evidences of growth. Every few years a party is organized and sent out for exploration in some region not represented in its museum; and in the list of places visited on these occasions may be named Florida, Labrador, Greenland, Venezuela, Ecuador, etc. We are glad to learn that a new expedition has just started, consisting of five members of the present Senior Class, which expects to do good work in investigating the natural history of Balize and Honduras. Their stay will probably cover a period of several months, and the members of the party expect to return at a sufficiently early period during the coming spring to take part in the graduating exercises of their class.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

ON Wednesday, November 30, a sortie was made from Paris under General Ducrot against the Würtemberg Division on the east. It resulted in leaving the French in possession of the villages about Brie-sur-Marne. At one time the French formed a line to the right and left of Ormesson, from which they were finally driven back with heavy loss. Had not the Würtembergers been very steady while retiring before the French attack, the line of investment might have been broken. As it is, the French have gained a strong foothold on the peninsula of the Marne.

There was a very hard fight on the same day north of St. Denis, where the French attacked the Fourth Prussian Corps. The attack was repulsed with heavy loss on both sides.

On the 2d of December the Germans made a desperate attempt to drive Ducrot's army, which held all the villages on the east bank of the Marne from Noisy-le-Grand to Ormesson, back across the river. Ducrot withdrew within the peninsula formed by the curve of the Marne directly opposite the Bois de Vincennes, thus covering his flanks by the stream. As the Germans advanced to the attack they were met by a terrible fire from the forts of Nogent and Rosny and the redoubt Avron. The German troops wavered for a moment, but were soon rallied by their officers, who were themselves shot down in great numbers by French sharp-shooters. The first brigade of the second division of the Saxon troops lost all its officers.

At noon a large column of fresh troops from Paris crossed the bridge near Brie, and drove the Germans some distance. At three o'clock the firing ceased, the French returning to near the east bank of the Marne, and not recrossing it, but holding all the bridges. The losses on both sides were heavy. The German losses were the greatest on account of their sustaining the fire of the forts, and attacking the French in their chosen position.

The advance of the Army of the Loire, which was intended to make a co-operative movement, has been checked by large masses of German troops concentrated between Pithiviers, Artheany, and Augerville.

The Prussians are said to be massing at Étampes, thirty miles south of Paris, to prevent the advance of General Paladines. Here, according to the London *Times* correspondent, the French, numbering 60,000, attacked the Prussians on the 2d inst., but were repulsed, with heavy loss.

The Germans have evacuated Amiens. They blew up the bridge between Albert and Acheux to protect their retreat, and General Manteuffel is believed to have abandoned his movement northward, and to be marching toward Paris.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Russian question remains unchanged. English journals consider the situation critical.

According to a London telegram, the Suez Canal is to come under English control, and a company will be formed, with the Duke of Sutherland, probably, as chairman.

New gold discoveries are reported in Mexico, about seventy miles from Chihuahua. A rich placer has been opened by one Don Pedro Gonzales.

General De Rodas has resigned his position as Captain-General of Cuba, and is succeeded by General Valmaseda.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE third session of the Forty-first Congress began December 5.

The public debt of the United States was decreased during the last month $7,475,860 90, and since the 1st of March $104,019,982 52. The decrease of the bonded debt alone, from March 11, 1869, to November 11, 1870, amounted to $182,942,787.

The official returns received at the office of the Secretary of State at Albany show that at the late election in this State Hoffman received 399,490 votes for Governor, and Woodin 356,428.

It is stated that a movement is on foot for the annexation of the Mexican State of Sonora to the Territory of Arizona.

The Commissioner of Agriculture has received over four hundred varieties of apples from the Imperial Botanical Garden of St. Petersburg.

A white man who was recently fined by the Recorder of Memphis, Tennessee, for living with a negro woman, whom he alleges to be his wife, has brought a suit against the city, putting his damages at $25,000.

The Attorney-General of Maryland is of opinion that the laws of that State distinctly forbid shooting water-fowl bedded in flocks from any kind of craft or booby blind, at a greater distance than one hundred yards from the natural shore.

Clark County, Kentucky, has lately been the scene of several shocking murders. The latest case was that of a wealthy old man, at New Washington, who had been in the habit of living alone, and keeping a considerable amount of money always on hand. The law-abiding citizens are considerably excited over the matter, and seriously contemplate the organization of a vigilance committee.

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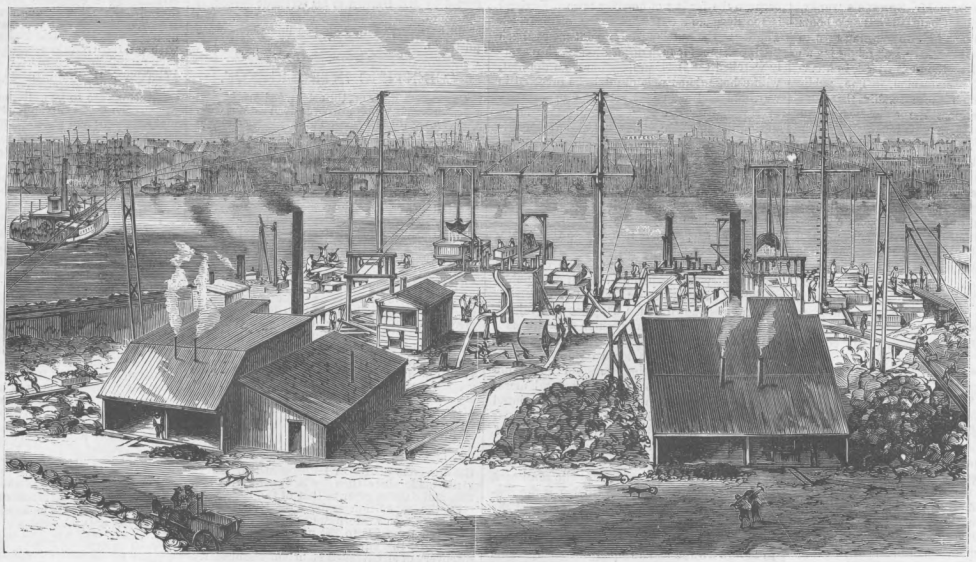
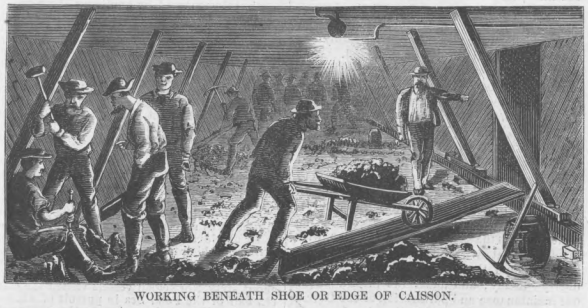
THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

ON this page we give several views of the Brooklyn caisson of the East River Bridge, which a few days since narrowly escaped destruction by fire. The interior of the caisson is divided into chambers by temporary partitions of planking calked with oakum. It was in one of these partitions that the fire occurred. It originated from the blaze of a candle held too near the partition by a workman. Once kindled, the fire was driven by the immense force of the compressed air within the caisson with such rapidity as to defy all ordinary methods of extinguishment; and it was not until the interior was flooded with water that the engineers of the work felt satisfied that they had effectually subdued the mischievous element. It is thought that the injury to the caisson can be fully repaired at a very slight expense.



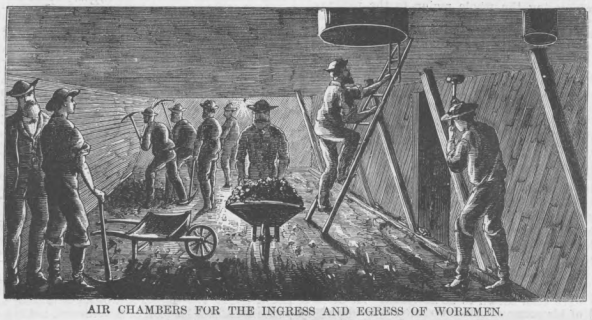
THE BROOKLYN PIER—GENERAL VIEW OF FOUNDATION.

The caisson, as our readers will see from the sectional view, is an immense wooden box, without bottom, covering a space of 102 by 168 feet, or about three-eighths of an acre of ground—nearly seven city lots. Its present height is 24 feet 6 inches. The roof is of solid timber 15 feet thick (except that the upper ten courses have narrow spaces filled with concrete, to increase the weight). The sides of the air chamber are V shaped, and are of solid timbers bolted very firmly together. The lower edge is heavily shod with iron. This V is 9 feet 6 inches high, 8 inches thick at the bottom, and 9 feet thick at the top. The timber joints, from the edge to the top of the fifth roof course, are thoroughly calked and pitched. Between the fourth and fifth roof courses is a sheet of tin, which is continued down the sides underneath the outside sheathing; this is intended to prevent all escape of air from the inside.



WORKING BENEATH SHOE OR EDGE OF CAISSON.

The air or working chamber is divided by massive timber trusses or frames into six rooms, in each of which fifteen to twenty men are employed. Some are drilling the immense boulders preparatory to blasting, others pulling stone from the trenches by means of tackle; gangs of men are wheeling material that has been excavated and dumping it into the pools under the water-shafts, and here others are constantly shoving the material under the shafts, from whence it is taken by the dredging buckets.



AIR CHAMBERS FOR THE INGRESS AND EGRESS OF WORKMEN.

SENDING UP DÉBRIS THROUGH THE WATER SHAFT.

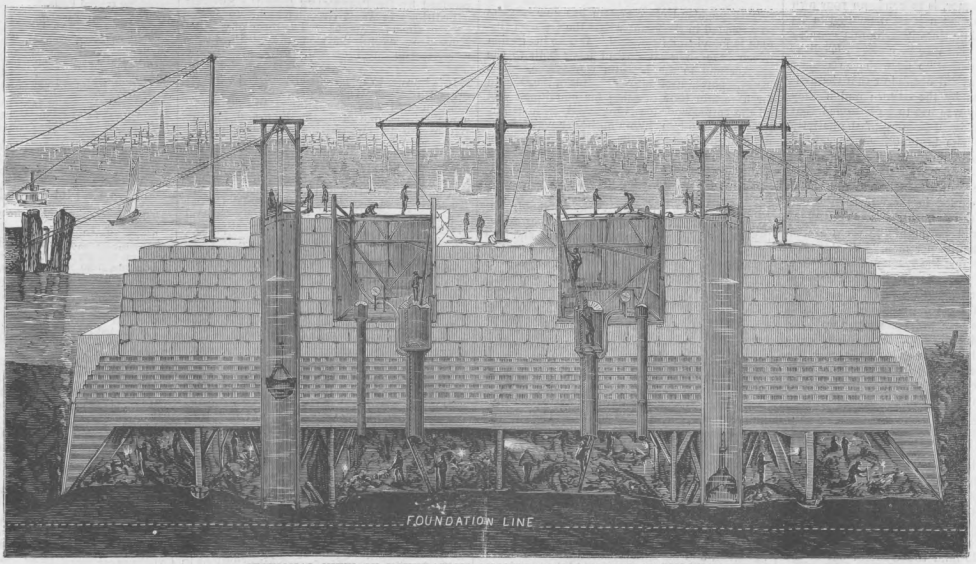
The interior is lighted by fourteen calcium lights; the gas being led into the caisson through pipes connected with receivers placed outside.

The caisson is supported mainly by blocks placed 12 feet apart in the trenches, and wedged tightly up to the frames, and the lowering is effected by clearing material from under the V, and in taking out the blocking and replacing it at a little lower level. The movement downward is imperceptible, but it goes on steadily at an average rate of three inches per day.

The water or excavating shafts are essentially barometers, which measure accurately the pressure of air in the caisson. The shaft is the barometer tube, but is filled with water instead of mercury, and the pool at the bottom is the cistern. Every pound above the atmospheric pressure (which is, of course, bearing on *top* of the column) forces the water a little more than two feet higher in this tube. At the present time the pressure inside is 12 to 15 pounds in excess, and the water column is therefore 27 to 34 feet high.

The two smallest shafts shown in the sectional view, called supply shafts, are for the purpose of passing cement, sand, and gravel *into* the caisson, after the excavation is completed. The whole interior space will then be filled with concrete, made from these materials, forming one massive stone.

The two remaining shafts are the air shafts, through which the laborers descend by ladders to the chamber below. The enlarged cylinders at the top are the air locks, and it is in these that the change of pressure is experienced in either ascending or descending. In changing the gangs about twenty men enter each lock at one time, and the time occupied in shifting the entire force is less than half an hour. One of the air pipes from the compressors enters one of these shafts, and the other one of the *supply* shafts.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF FOUNDATION, SHOWING CAISSON AND MASON-WORK.

The spaces left around the shafts are inclosed by coffer-dams, to prevent water entering from without through the masonry. There are now 18 feet of masonry completed. It is of massive blocks of limestone and granite, weighing from one and a half to six tons each. The arrangement of derricks and railway track is so complete that it is not an uncommon thing to unload and set twenty of these blocks in an hour.

There were used in the construction of the caisson over 3,000,000 feet, board measure, of yellow pine timber, and about 35 miles of bolts.

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THE LAND OF NOD.

THE dozing warder by the half-shut gate
Rests his dull head and dreams of dinner-time;
All round that portal, where mute phantoms wait,
Bloom the gay flowers of Oriental clime;
And from far off there comes the sleepy chime
Of silver bells from a blue mountain height;
The only sound besides, the measured rhyme
Of a near fountain dripping drops of light—
Pleasant dream-region of the Sybarite!

And often in the sleepy afternoon
Rolls down half lazily among the flowers
The velvet peach, King Summer's princely boon.
Ripened by yesterday's last sunny showers,
It shakes the bee from the hollyhock towers;
But soon, like babe that frets itself to rest,
Sleep doth revisit it in its sweet bowers,
Rocked into slumber on its mother's breast,
Until the sun turns crimson in the west.

An endless June glows in the cloudless blue—
Cloudless except one loitering snowy hill
Of drifting vapor, cruising ether through,
And promising a sunset that is still
So slow to come, though yet we know it will:
In Dreamland all the clouds do as they please;
Soft whisp'ring secrets, murm'ring rill meets rill;
Red poppy leaves blow by on every breeze;
And low dream-voices stir among the trees.

And all around this quiet peaceful place,
Where never trumpet blew nor shone a sword,
Lie miles of unmown meadows, o'er which race,
Glancing o'er cowslip cups and emerald sward,
Light sunbeams from rich Summer's golden hoard;
Through waves of fluttering flowers they careless play,
While soft against the face of Dreamland's lord
Drifts the gray down the thistles cast away—
Harvest of the day-dreamers, as some say.

Beyond these pastures, far to east and west,
Stretch great green forests never traversed;
And there no sound disturbs the wild deer's rest
But the slipped acorn pattering on his bed,
Or the crisp beech-nut crackling at his tread.
No hunter's horn scares this birds' paradise,
Nor beat of echoing hoof; no shaft is sped
By staring woodman; nor in any guise
Do fowlers hide here with their lures and lies.

And musing by the flower-strewn river bank,
You see old friends long dead in distant lands;
Or in some misty glade watch rank on rank
Of shrouded horsemen, muffled face and hands;
And in the lonely forest walk oft stands
One loved long since, and now how sad and wan!
A sorrowing angel, who at Night's commands
Fades ere indeed she well is looked upon:
So April rainbows melt before the sun.

In this strange land, found only in one's dreams,
Led by a clew that never yet betrayed,
I sought, through woodland bowers and dells and streams,
For the great monarch of each hill and glade;
And after leagues of checkered light and shade
I found, in dim alcove by man untrod,
A Giant throned: face hidden, head down-weighed,
Wrapped in star-spangled robes. Behold the god,
The sleepy ruler of dream-world, KING NOD!

THE LAND OF NOD.

TOO BRIGHT TO LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

LUCY DERWENT played the walking ladies, with a share of the juveniles, at the Theatres Royal, Slowmington, Comberly, and Drifford, on which circuit it was my humble lot to be engaged for the second old women and general utility. It must not be supposed that I really was an elderly person. I only played old women because my appearance was rather unattractive, my stage wardrobe somewhat scanty, and my aspirations of the humblest. I came of a theatrical family: my father had been a clown, and had lost his life in consequence of an accident during the run of "Harlequin Gulliver and the Fairy Queen of Lilliput," a very splendid pantomime, at one of the East End London theatres, in which Mr. Maltravers's celebrated troupe of infant prodigies appeared. The infant prodigies have grown up now, and are great hulking men and women, hanging on to the theatrical profession in very subordinate positions.

My father perished in the heyday of his professional career, leaving my poor mother with three helpless children, of whom I was the eldest. She had been a principal dancer at one of the small theatres when my father married her, and a very pretty woman; but the coming of the children put an end to her dancing, and her beauty faded very quickly with the cares of her married life. I am compelled to admit that my father was not the best husband in the world, though he was the easiest and most good-natured of men, and loved us all dearly. But he was just as easy and good-natured with his boon companions, and was always getting into bad company somehow, and coming home in the early dawn—oh, so tipsy, so helpless, with such a white sodden face and such limp arms and legs!

My mother went back to the stage when she was left a widow; but her beauty being quite worn away, she was at a disadvantage with the managers, and was obliged to fall into a very humble position. She danced a little, and sang a little, and played small parts; sometimes representing a lovely young heiress of seventeen, with her poor faded face and thin wasted figure and shabby dress, sometimes an old woman with wrinkles and a red nose. They used to send her on for any thing, poor dear, knowing that it was life and death to her to be employed, and to get bread for her three little ones.

She wore herself out at last, and when I was about sixteen I lost her. Heaven knows how bitter that loss was to me, and how all the sunshine and youth seemed to vanish out of my life when she was gone. I was an old woman from that moment, and any little talent which I may have had for the stage—and I had been rather successful in childish characters, and had received a good deal of praise in my time—all went with my happiness and hope. I had hoped for a time in which I might succeed as a leading actress, and earn a salary that would keep my mother in comfort. I had fancied the life we should lead, and the bright happy home we might have; but this hope was gone now; I had nothing left but duty. I had my younger sister to work for—the boy had been taken in hand by a brother of my poor mother's, a small tradesman at Brompton, and was doing well—so I had only Amelia Jane to think of. She was a very good girl, and used to travel every where with me, and to act occasionally; but I was very careful that she should not waste her time hanging about the theatre when she wasn't wanted, and I used to send her to a day-school in all the three towns on Mr. Ponsonby's circuit.

Perhaps I am saying too much about myself, as the story I am going to tell has nothing to do with me or my affairs. I was a very humble individual in Mr. Ponsonby's company. Whatever beauty I had ever had—and up to my fifteenth birthday I had promised to be like my mother in her best days—had all gone, after a severe attack of small-pox, that nearly cost me my life as well, and put an end to all my hopes of ever doing much as an actress. I was only two-and-twenty, but I had a grave, old-fashioned way that suited the old women, people said; and I took to that line willingly enough, being glad to earn a living any how for Amelia Jane and myself.

I used to redden my nose night after night, until I scarcely knew what it was to appear with that feature of its natural color: though I really don't know why it is that dramatic old age should always be distinguished by that particular infirmity; but if at any time I did venture to omit the reddening process, I was pretty sure to be told that I had no real love for my profession, and no appreciation of character.

"Character, my dear, is what you've got to think about, if ever you want to advance a step beyond your present position," the stage-manager said to me; "and there's nothing like a touch of vermilion at the end of the nose to give character."

I had been jogging on in my quiet way for some years, and had got to be looked upon as a very useful person in the company. Amelia Jane was grown up by this time, and was rather a pretty girl, with a sweet soprano voice and a good deal of dramatic talent. She played all the chamber-maids, and her salary was much larger than mine—not that she was ever proud or stuck-up about that; for she was the dearest, simplest little creature in the world, and fancied there was no one like her sister Martha. She had been on the stage three years—in Mr. Ponsonby's company all the time—and I had passed my twenty-seventh birthday, and was beginning to fancy myself quite an old maid, when Lucy Derwent came to us.

I think she was the loveliest girl I ever saw in my life. I don't mean to say that I have not seen women with more perfect features, but Lucy's face had a brightness of coloring and expression that bewitched one at the first glance. I never knew any one fail to admire her. It was such a girlish lovable beauty. Eyes that were really blue—the bright pure blue of a cloudless summer sky—and with an innocent confiding look in them that was even lovelier than their color; the sweetest mouth that ever smiled—and this one was always smiling; a little dimpled chin; and a complexion that was all lilies and roses, and upon which the stage paint seemed a pollution. She was tall and very slim, with none of those points which are supposed to constitute a fine figure, but with a youthful grace which to my mind more than made up for any deficiencies of that kind. Altogether she was a most charming creature, and when Mr. Ponsonby engaged her he told us he had secured a treasure. She was quite a young lady, we found; had been educated at a boarding-school, played the piano, and spoke French and Italian and German with more or less proficiency. Her father was a barrister, a dissipated, extravagant man, who had a large family, and was always in embarrassed circumstances. So, his children being compelled to look about them and think of

MR. MACDONALD'S CONFESSION.

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getting a living for themselves, Lucy had elected to become an actress, having a passion for the stage.

Of course I did not learn these things all at once; they came out little by little as Lucy and I got to be intimate. She took to me wonderfully from the first, as I had taken to her, and used to ask my advice about her dresses, and so on, and seemed to think a great deal of my experience. She had only been on the stage twelve months when she came to Mr. Ponsonby, and had made wonderful progress in that short time. I do not say that she was a genius, but she was very clever, and had a graceful, easy way in every thing she did that won upon her audience, and made her a favorite at once. Our leading lady, Miss Juliet Vavasour, otherwise Mrs. Mole, who was rather a ponderous person of eight-and-thirty, with a husband in the orchestra and a family of children at home, was not too well pleased with Miss Derwent, and was very angry and jealous when Mr. Ponsonby cast her any important part.

There never was a more light-hearted, joyous creature than Lucy when she came to us at Slowmington. The household at home was carried on in a scrambling, easy-going kind of manner, as I gathered from her talk. There were ever so many brothers and sisters, all very fond of one another, and still fonder of the mother, who was the centre of all things for them; and they contrived to take life very pleasantly somehow or other, in spite of all shortcomings on the part of the master of the house.

Lucy was full of wit and fun, dear girl, and her coming among us seemed quite to brighten our lives, as Amelia Jane and I used to tell her often. She lodged in the same house we lived in at Slowmington—a queer, old-fashioned place in a shady court at the obscure end of the town—and little by little she got to live with us altogether, sharing our meals and dividing our expenses, declaring that I was a wonder of management and economy, and that I saved her a great deal of money by my careful ways. She was always well dressed, both on and off the stage; for she had a whole tribe of rich and fashionable cousins, who sent her great boxes of clothes in excellent condition, and she was not at all ashamed to tell us the source from which her handsome wardrobe had been derived.

"If it rested with papa to supply me I suppose I should have to wear the same gown from year's end to year's end," she said, laughing; "but, luckily for me, my cousins are rich and generous, and I get the reversion of all their ball and dinner dresses—much to the aggravation of their maids, I dare say."

She was such a bright, winning creature that the simplest dress took a grace from her beauty. I was never tired of admiring her and all her gay, fascinating ways. She was very much admired by the gentlemen of the company too, who used to gather round her in the green-room, and make quite a little court of worshipers; but she received all their compliments with a kind of gracious indifference, and seemed in no danger of losing her heart to any one of them. We used to tease her a little about these admirers, on which she would always tell us that she had never been in love, and never should be in love as long as she lived.

"What, Lucy," cried my sister, "do you mean to say that you are going to be an old maid?"

"I don't know about that, Amelia; one may marry without being in love, you know. If any one were to offer me a handsome house, and a carriage and pair, and plenty of servants, and all that kind of thing, I think I should be very much inclined to accept his proposal."

"Why, Lucy, is it possible that you could be mercenary?"

"Would that be mercenary?" she asked, laughing. "Well, I don't know. If the gentleman was not very nice, and if the carriage was a landau, I might refuse him; but if it was a barouche, and he had dark eyes, I think I should say yes."

"And what is to become of poor Mr. Ponsonby?" I said. "I am afraid there is no hope for him."

Our manager was a single man, not quite forty years of age, and had proved rather fickle and capricious in his relations with the fair sex up to this time. But he had shown himself desperately smitten by Lucy Derwent, and we all of us knew that she might be Mrs. Ponsonby whenever she pleased. He was a very good fellow, not handsome by any means, but with a frank, pleasing countenance, and he was a great favorite on the Slowmington circuit, both in his private and public capacity. He was the soul of honor in all his dealings, and very kind and liberal to his company. Amelia Jane and I thought that Lucy Derwent might do worse than marry George Ponsonby. He was a very clever light comedian, had acted in London for two or three seasons with considerable *éclat*, and was reputed to have saved a good bit of money.

"What!" Lucy cried, with a little scream of horror, "marry that old man?"

"My dear child, he is not forty."

"If he isn't, he's awfully close to it—quite double my age at any rate, and no barouche. Why, Patty, I might as well marry my grandpapa."

"But if he is devotedly attached to you, my dear, as I'm sure he is, and would make you a very good husband—"

"I don't want a good husband, you tiresome Patty; I want a barouche, and it must have C springs, and he must have dark eyes. Mr. Ponsonby's are green, or at least they were green when he was young and there was some color in them. They are quite washed out now—a pale drab, like whity-brown paper—and his hair is exactly the same shade. And oh, if I was his wife, how tired I should be of seeing him play Charles Surface, and all manner of French marquises, in light blue cotton velvet! Perhaps he would want me to sit in the box-office and take the money, or to stand at the wing and prompt him when he didn't know his part."

"I am sure he would make you the star of his theatre," I said, "and that you might have a very happy life."

I had been brought up so entirely among theatrical people that I thought to marry a prosperous provincial manager was almost the highest fate a young woman could aspire to; but Lucy Derwent only laughed at me when I told her so, and it seemed as if there was very little hope for Mr. Ponsonby.

There seemed less hope for him by-and-by, when Mr. Roderick Macdonald came to Slowmington for a fortnight's starring engagement.

It was summer time when this gentleman came to us, the beginning of June, and the country round about was all abloom with wild flowers. I don't think I can remember finer weather than we had just then in all my life; not that it was by any means favorable weather for a country theatre; but oh, what delicious days, what cloudless blue skies, what a freshness and glory in the mornings, what a tender, calm, and pensive beauty in the dewy twilight, when the stars came out one by one in the opal-tinted heaven, and there was a rosy flush over all the west till nine o'clock at night!

Slowmington is a fashionable town, a great hunting place in winter, and a kind of inland watering-place in summer. There is a mineral spa, but I don't think many people drink the waters; and there are botanical gardens, where there are fêtes and archery meetings; yet at its best the town is quiet, and the visitors have rather a faded, elderly look. All the country round is exquisite, and there are more walks and drives than one can easily reckon; and about the town itself, and the villas sprinkled on the green wooded slope on the western side of the town, there is an all-pervading air of prettiness and elegance not often seen. Rich merchants and manufacturers from the great city of Sloggerham have their country houses here; and the place has the wealthy, drowsy air of a town that has never had to work for its own living.

Mr. Roderick Macdonald had been starring all through England before he came to try his fortunes at Slowmington, and had met with varying success in the course of his wanderings. He was a spendthrift gentleman of high Scotch family, an ex-captain of dragoons, who had run through a handsome fortune, and had taken to the stage as a last resource. Wherever he went he excited considerable curiosity on account of his antecedents; and he was looked upon generally as a distinguished amateur, who acted from pure love of dramatic art. No doubt Mr. Macdonald was very fond of acting; but it must be confessed that he wanted money very badly, and looked to his dramatic genius as a source of income.

We were very curious about him at Slowmington, having heard all manner of stories about his desperate goings-on during his military career, and of his habit of knocking down any gentleman of the dramatic profession with whose opinions he happened to disagree. He had been summoned before the magistrates in several towns to answer for this little weakness of his. Having heard this of him, we expected to find him a disagreeable, haughty kind of person, and were prepared to hold our own against him, and to demonstrate our indifference to his superior rank by every means in our power.

He played light comedy, eccentric comedy, and the broadest low comedy, having chosen his *répertoire* from a very wide field, and without reference to any particular line of business. He had been knocking about in the profession for something less than three years when he came to Slowmington, and had acted for a season in London, but with no marked success.

How well I remember the Saturday afternoon on which I first saw him! The company had waited for him till quite late in the afternoon, in order to rehearse one of the pieces for Monday. We had almost given him up, and were talking of going home to tea, the actors grumbling about him angrily, and saying that it was like his impudence to keep us all waiting in this manner.

The green-room at Slowmington opened into a little bit of garden, where there were a few gooseberry bushes and a sycamore-tree. It was such a garden as one would have thought nothing of in any other situation; but it was quite a valuable addition to the small, stuffy green-room, and in fine weather we used to sit out here when we were not wanted on the stage for rehearsal; and at night the actors used to smoke their pipes here in the pauses of the performance.

Lucy and I were sitting on a little bench under the sycamore when the star made his appearance at last, coming down a narrow passage leading from the stage door, with the manager by his side. He was a very tall man, tall beyond the common height of men, and had a bright, fair face, with brilliant blue eyes, and dark brown hair curling crisply round a high, broad forehead; it was rather a Byronic head, I thought, perhaps not remarkably handsome, but with a patrician air about it, and a youthful brightness that was very attractive. Our manager introduced Mr. Macdonald to us. He acknowledged the introduction graciously enough, but glanced at us all very carelessly, I thought, until he came to Lucy Derwent, when his eyes brightened all at once with a surprised, admiring look, as if he had never seen any thing prettier than the picture before him. And, indeed, it might have been so, for Lucy was looking her loveliest that afternoon, as she sat under the sycamore with her hat lying on her lap, and her sunny hair falling loosely about her face, while the shadows of the leaves flickered upon her light muslin dress.

She was to act a good deal with the stranger, and Mr. Ponsonby made this particular introduction with more *empressement* than he had shown in making the others. He wanted to insure courteous treatment for his favorite. Perhaps when a few nights had gone by, and those two had acted together in a great many pieces, Mr. Ponsonby may have been inclined to think there was a little too much courtesy in Roderick Macdonald's manner to Miss Derwent.

The engagement did not prove a very successful one. People came for the first night or two out of curiosity, I think, anxious to see the tall ex-dragoon; but after that the audiences dropped off, and the house grew very thin. The botanical gardens, and the rural walks and drives round Slowmington, were more attractive on these lovely June evenings than the prettiest theatre in England.

Mr. Macdonald bore this neglect with supreme good-humor. He had not knocked any one down yet, and had conducted himself altogether in a very agreeable manner. I do not know whether he was really a good actor; but I know that he made us laugh a great deal on the stage—much more than his audience ever laughed at him; but then provincial audiences are apt to be stolid. He was full of fun and nonsense; mixed up the most ridiculous sayings of his own with the language of the author in the wildest way, made all sorts of absurd remarks about the audience *sotto voce*, and contrived to keep poor Lucy in a perpetual titter all the time she was on the stage with him.

He was pleased by her laughing so readily at his jokes, he was pleased with her beauty, pleased with her gay, winning manners. So long as he was acting with her he seemed not to care how empty the house was, or how cold the audience. I don't think he knew that it was empty at such times; I think the boxes were peopled and radiant for him when those two were on the stage together—he her lover, she all smiles and blushes and tenderness, so natural in her girlish confusion and sweet maiden shyness, that it was difficult to believe there was any acting in the business. I told her as much one night; but she laughed, and said I was the most nonsensical creature in the world. At the wings those two used always to be together, and in the little garden under the sycamore every morning at rehearsal. Mr. Macdonald had been a great deal abroad, and talked French and German perfectly, I am told. He used to converse in those languages with Lucy, and was charmed with her own imperfect schoolgirl talk, for which she was accustomed to make many blushing apologies. It is not to be supposed that such a flirtation as this could escape notice in a theatre, where people are all eyes and ears. That confidential talk in foreign tongues outraged some members of our company. Miss Juliet Vavasour was especially indignant with what she was pleased to call Miss Derwent's goings-on. If people were not ashamed of what they had to say, they would speak English, this lady said; and she wondered what result Miss Derwent could expect from such a flirtation with a man like Mr. Macdonald, who, of course, could have no serious or honorable intentions, and was only amusing himself at her expense. I defended my dear girl indignantly when Miss Vavasour said these bitter things; but she went on saying them all the same, and was as angry and jealous as if she had been young and single, and had wished to win Mr. Macdonald for herself. I must own, however, that the flirtation did seem rather a desperate one, and I took occasion to lecture Lucy very gravely about her conduct, and to tell her the hard things that her enemies were beginning to say about her. When I had finished my remonstrance she threw her arms round my neck, and hid her blushing face upon my shoulder.

"Oh, Patty," she said, "I love him so dearly. It is not a flirtation; it is the most serious thing in the world; it is for life or death."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" I cried, grieved beyond expression to discover the desperate state of the case; "have you considered what a wild, dissipated man Mr. Macdonald is—what a bad reputation he has?"

"I have considered nothing, Patty, except that he is the only man upon earth for me, and that I love him with all my heart. But he is not dissipated. He has been a little wild, perhaps, and extravagant in the past—he says as much himself. And what of that? All generous young men are wild and extravagant."

"What has he said to you, Lucy? Has he asked you to be his wife?"

"Oh no, Patty. Things have not gone so far as that. But I know that he loves me; he has told me so in a hundred ways. I think you can see as much as that with your own eyes, you serious, anxious old Patty."

"Yes, my dear. I have seen that from the first night you two acted together, I think. But I don't like the business, for all that, Lucy, and I am sorry you should get yourself talked about on account of a man of whom you know so little. If you were to marry Mr. Macdonald, I don't think it would be a good match, or that you would ever ride in the barouche you talk of."

"I resign the barouche forever," she answered, laughing. "I would go on drudging and toiling all my life as an obscure country actress for his sake. Yes, and redden my nose even, and play old women. What is there in this world I wouldn't do for his sake? Oh, Patty, you don't know how noble he is, and what a charm there is in his voice and manner when he talks to me."

"I know that he has turned your head, Lucy," I said, "and that's about the only sure thing I do know of him."

It was nearly the end of the fortnight by this time, and still those two were always together. Mr. Macdonald would escort Lucy home from rehearsal, and would come into our homely old-fashioned parlor, and sit there talking to us for an hour at a time, and making himself so agreeable that I could not bring myself to be uncivil to him, however doubtful and anxious I might feel; and I was very anxious, for I saw what a hold he had upon my poor girl's heart, and dreaded the issue of this affair. At night, in the soft summer moonlight—the moon was at the full at the end of that fortnight, I remember—we used to find him waiting for us at the stage door; and he used to walk by Lucy's side through the quiet, empty streets, while my sister and I went on a little before them. Lucy's beauty seemed to take a new radiance from her happiness just then; I fancied she grew lovelier every day, and I could not wonder that Roderick Macdonald loved her.

There was one person in the theatre who watched Lucy and her lover with a very grave and anxious countenance, and that person was Mr. Ponsonby, the manager. He grew quite absent-minded and careless in his acting, and had a preoccupied look at all times. I was very sorry for him; for I knew what a good fellow he was, and how truly he loved Lucy Derwent. If he had not Mr. Macdonald's brilliant manners and patrician face, he had other qualities which seemed to me more valuable—steadiness and truth and honesty, a good temper, and a kind heart. How little we knew about the aristocratic Scotchman, except that he spoke French and German exquisitely, and had a Byronic forehead and bright blue eyes!

It came to the very last day of his engagement, and I thought Mr. Macdonald looked very gloomy as the time of his departure drew near. He was to begin a week's engagement at Sloggerham on Monday, and was to travel there on Sunday morning, after acting with us on Saturday evening. Lucy and I walked to the theatre alone on Saturday morning, and I ventured to ask her if Mr. Macdonald had said any thing serious. There had been ample time and opportunity for him to do so had he been so minded. I think the question pained her a little, and the look of distress in the sweet young face made me feel myself a monster of cruelty.

"No, Patty," she answered, after a pause, "he has said nothing yet. I think there are obstacles to his marrying yet a while; the embarrassed state of his circumstances, perhaps. You know men are not so courageous as women in these things; they can not face poverty as we can for the sake of any one we love. He speaks of himself in a very gloomy way, but so vaguely that I can not tell what his troubles are, and I do not like to question him about them."

We went on to the theatre in silence. My darling was very pensive. All the brightness and happiness of the last fortnight seemed to have vanished—the time of parting was so near, the sweet, brief midsummer dream was coming to a dreary end.

"I wonder whether I shall ever see him again, Patty, after he leaves this place?" Lucy said to me when we were close to the stage door.

"Of course you will, dear, if he loves you, as I am sure he does," I answered, for the plaintive look in her face went to my heart.

"I don't know that. He spoke of our parting last night as if it was to be forever—as if it was a good thing for both of us, somehow, that we are going to part."

That Saturday was the warmest day we had had yet—blazing sunshine, and scarcely a breath of air. All the company was crowded into the little garden where the gooseberry bushes grew. Roderick Macdonald was there too, lounging on the bench under the sycamore-tree, with one newspaper in his hand and another on the ground at his feet.

The Slowmington press had not been kind to him. His acting was handled very severely in both the newspapers which had come out that bright June morning. He read the critiques aloud, and laughed at them with a bitter, strident laugh, and cursed the critics of Slowmington very freely. He was so engrossed by this that he did not look up as Lucy and I came into the garden. Yes, the dream was over: this Saturday morning was the awakening. We went into the green-room, and Lucy sat down in a corner to study her part. She had a very important character in a comedy to play that night, and I think her mind was so full of other things that she found it harder than usual to cram the words into her poor little head. We were quite alone in the green-room, but we could hear the voices in the garden outside, and Roderick Macdonald's bitter laughter. He came in by-and-by, and shook hands with Lucy; but there was no happy talk in foreign languages between those two to-day. Of course the Slowmington critics were utterly insignificant and contemptible in his eyes, as he declared they were, but I think the adverse criticism galled him a little nevertheless; and then his engagement had been altogether an unprofitable one. It was scarcely strange that he should look thoughtful and gloomy this morning.

The rehearsal was a long one, and dragged on wearily for several hours. The last thing to be rehearsed was a farce, in which there were very few characters—only Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Fitzwarren the walking gentleman, Lucy Derwent, and myself. We were rehearsing this quite late in the afternoon, and Lucy and I were together in the green-room while the two men were on the stage, when Mr. Ponsonby came in from his little treasury, where he transacted all the business of the theatre, with the casts of the pieces for the following week, and began to hang them up in the little frame over the chimney-piece. Yes, the world was to go on all the same after Roderick Macdonald was gone, and pieces were to be studied and acted, and all the common round of daily drudgery was to continue, just as if that bright break in Lucy Derwent's life had never come. I knew she was thinking this as she looked up wearily at Mr. Ponsonby, without a spark of interest in the plans for the coming week, about which she would have been so curi-

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ous and eager a fortnight ago. The manager loitered a little over his task, whistling softly to himself, dawdling for a purpose, I fancied; and in that moment a nervous feeling came over me, just as if I had known that there was something painful coming.

"Macdonald seems rather out of sorts to-day," he said at last, with his back still toward us, as he stood at the mantel-piece. "They certainly have walked into him awfully in the *Mercury* and *Midland Chronicle;* but it doesn't need much of a critic to see that the man's no actor. I suppose he'll go home to his wife after his Sloggerham engagement, and that she'll console him for all his failures."

"His wife!" I cried, turning cold and faint. "Is Mr. Macdonald married?"

"So it seems," Mr. Ponsonby answered, looking round at us for the first time. "I didn't know it till this morning, or I should"—he hesitated for a moment, looking at Lucy—"I should have let others know it. I had a letter from a friend in London by to-day's post, telling me a good deal about our friend Macdonald. He has been married ever since he was quite a lad to a Frenchwoman ten years his senior. I don't know if they live together; but she is a very handsome woman, I hear, and was on the stage in Paris when he first saw her. I suppose it was this marriage that gave him a fancy for turning actor."

I don't know whether he meant to be cruel; jealousy and anger against the Scotchman had made him hard, perhaps, even to Lucy. I know that the blow struck home. The fair young face grew white to the very lips, but she betrayed her trouble by no other sign just then. There was a dead silence in the room, and we heard Roderick Macdonald's step on the gravel in the little garden outside as he came out of the theatre. What a leaden gloom there seemed in the place, which was wont to be so noisy and uproarious with the talk and laughter of the actors!

Lucy got up from her seat presently, and went slowly out of the room. I knew that she was going straight to speak to Mr. Macdonald, to ask him whether this thing was true or not. I was sitting by the window, and could see him as he lounged on his favorite seat under the sycamore, with his elbows on his knees, and a very gloomy face, scratching figures on the gravel with the point of his cane. He looked very handsome, I thought, with that melancholy expression on his pale face softening the bright blue eyes; and there was more pity for him than anger against him in my heart. Mr. Ponsonby thrust his hands in his pockets, and planted himself with his back against the empty fire-place in a dogged kind of way.

"She ought to know it," he muttered. "It is only right for her to know."

"I think you might have broken it to her a little more kindly," I said to him, with some indignation.

"Broken it? stuff and nonsense!" he answered, angrily. "What breaking can there be wanted in such a case? What can she care about a man whom she has only known a fortnight—a dire bad actor into the bargain? I'm sure his business and gagging in young Marlow were beneath contempt."

I did not reply to this; I was looking out at the scene under the sycamore-tree.

Lucy had gone slowly up to Mr. Macdonald, and had asked him some question. I could see the pale lips move, though the voice was so low and faint that I could not hear a murmur. I saw him look up at her with a start, and with a sudden sharp anguish in his face, that made it haggard and old-looking all in a moment.

"Yes," he said at last, "the murder's out. It's true. Some kind friend has told you, I suppose. Yes, it's true;" and then, as she stood before him silently, he stretched out his hands to her in a pleading, despairing way.

"Oh, my love, my love, forgive me!" he cried.

Lucy Derwent gave a little gasping sob, and fell down at his feet in a dead faint. I ran out to the garden directly, the manager after me. Mr. Macdonald had raised her from the ground by that time, and was holding her in his arms, imploring her to forgive him, and calling himself a brute and a villain.

"Yes, you may well say that. You have shown yourself a most consummate villain to her!" Mr. Ponsonby said, savagely.

The other turned on him fiercely, with his fists clenched, and I remembered that propensity for knocking people down for which this gentleman had acquired such a reputation.

He did not attack Mr. Ponsonby, however, and bore the reproof meekly enough.

"*You* needn't insult me," he said, in a gloomy tone. "You needn't hit a fellow that's down. I'm low enough, God knows. I know that I have been a villain to her, but not a deliberate villain. I love her with all my heart and soul. If she would trust herself to me, I would be her slave, would sacrifice every hope I have in the world for her sake. Yet I love her so well, that I would not ask her to do that for my life. She is as innocent and pure as the angels, and I have not said a word to her that I might not say to my sister. But I love her—oh! my God, how I love her!"

He held her all this time, supported by one strong arm, and with her fair head lying on his breast, happily unconscious still. He looked down at her—oh, so tenderly!—as the sweet, pale face lay there.

"No, my love," he said, with a smile, "I will not wrong you by so much as a kiss unawares."

She came back to life presently with a convulsive sigh, and I think the fullness of her trouble flashed upon her with the first moment of returning consciousness.

"Let us go home, Patty," she said, quietly; "the rehearsal is finished, isn't it?"

It was not quite finished, but Mr. Ponsonby nodded to me, and said, "Yes, get her home."

Mr. Macdonald had withdrawn his arm from her the moment she recovered. He stood a little way apart now, watching her with a look that was half tenderness, half despair. I have no doubt I ought to have been very angry with him for the duplicity that had caused all this mischief, but I could not for the life of me feel any thing but pity for him.

We walked slowly home in the afternoon sunshine, Lucy leaning on my arm. I did not speak to her once in all the way. I knew that such a grief as hers would be best suffered in silence, and that any attempt at consolation would be worse than useless. She went straight to her room when we got home, and I promised to take her a cup of tea there presently. We were in the habit of taking tea and dinner together after a late rehearsal, in the homely fashion that women like; but I felt pretty sure that Lucy would eat little or nothing this afternoon.

When I went to her with the tea, I found her sitting with a play-book on her lap, staring absently at the page. She had not even taken off her walking things. I took off her hat and mantle, and got her to bathe her face in cold water, and sat by her while she drank a cup of tea, and ate a little piece of bread-and-butter to please me. Then I persuaded her to lie down upon the bed, and rest until it was time to go to the theatre. It was no good trying to study—the words would come to her somehow at night, I had no doubt. She obeyed me in her own sweet, gentle way, and I darkened the room for her, and left her lying down, with her face turned to the wall.

Up to this time she had not shed a tear; but I think the tears came all at once now; for, when I crept softly to her door a few minutes later, I heard her low, suppressed sobbing, and I was not sorry that this relief should come to her.

At six o'clock she came to our sitting-room, with a pale, fixed face, but no obvious traces of her tears, dressed, ready to start for the theatre. We walked there together, she and I, my sister not being wanted till a later hour. How the fashionable life of Slowmington jarred upon me that evening!—the gayly dressed people walking and driving in the serene sunshine, the bright-looking shops, the aspect of happiness that there was in the place.

I don't think Lucy Derwent ever acted so well as she acted that night. I had been afraid that she would break down—had only hoped, at the best, that she would get through her parts somehow. But the fever and excitement of her mind gave a new vivacity to her acting. She threw herself into the character she was playing with an utter abandonment. Mr. Ponsonby stood at the wing, wondering at her brightness and animation.

"She's not much the worse for my news, you see," he said to me, with rather a triumphant air, "in spite of her faint this afternoon—girls faint for next to nothing. Of course it was only a flirtation on her side, whatever it may have been on Macdonald's; and the poor beggar did look awfully cut up, I confess."

"Oh, of course," I said, not caring to contradict him.

I saw Lucy and Roderick Macdonald at the wings, in the intervals of their acting, talking together very earnestly. He told her the story of his life that night, a story which she told me afterward—a common story enough, of a boy's foolish marriage and a man's bitter repentance. The night came to an end only too soon for those two, I think, who found some sweetness amidst the pain of those parting hours. I did not witness their final farewell; they were alone together in the little garden for a few minutes while I finished dressing—Lucy waiting for me to join her. Perhaps I lingered a little purposely over my toilet that night, willing that they should have those last moments together.

Mr. Macdonald had gone when I went down stairs, and Lucy was waiting for me alone in the garden. It was a wet night, but I doubt if the poor child knew that it was raining till I told her so.

"He is gone, Patty," she said, "for ever and ever. I shall never see him again. It is better so, of course; but, oh, how blank and dull the world will seem without him, and what an old, old woman I feel!"

"My dear love, all that will pass away. Why, you have only known him two short weeks! It can not be a very serious feeling on either side."

"You don't know, Patty. Those two weeks seem half my life to me, and the brightest half of my life. He asked me to let him kiss me, just once, Patty. He stood by my side, bare-headed, pleading so earnestly just for one kiss, and I would not. But now he is gone, I wish I had let him kiss me; I wish I had not been so hard and cruel."

"My dear child, you only did what was right; he has had a great deal too much indulgence as it is. He had no right to conceal the fact of his marriage, or to flirt with you as he did."

"He had not the heart to tell me the truth. Don't be hard upon him, Patty. You don't know how generous and noble he is; I don't think there's a woman in the world who could help loving him. Oh, how I wish I had let him kiss me!"

She trusted me so thoroughly, poor child, and laid her heart bare before me with such entire candor and simplicity. Many, many times after that night, in our talk of Roderick Macdonald, she would return to the old regret, "Oh, Patty, I wish I had let him kiss me."

Our lives went on quietly and peacefully enough after the star had vanished out of our tranquil sky. Lucy Derwent did not fall ill of a brain-fever, as she should have done, perhaps, under the circumstances, nor did she exhibit any outward tokens of her grief. She took more pains with her acting than usual, I know, and seemed as gay and light-hearted as ever in the green-room, where she knew there were eager eyes watching for any sign of her trouble. But at home, with us whom she trusted, she was utterly changed; she would sit alone in her room for hours together, with an open book lying unheeded on her lap; and when we persuaded her to join us, she was dull and silent, and we never heard her old joyous laugh, or her pretty voice singing over her work. She suffered all the more at home, I think, on account of the effort which she made to appear her old self at the theatre.

We heard of Mr. Macdonald at the different towns, where he was starring with more or less success; and then, at the end of about six months, there came the news that he was going abroad, to Australia, to try his dramatic fortunes in that colony.

"I was right, you see, Patty," Lucy said to me, when she read this announcement in a theatrical journal; "I shall never see him again."

"My dear child, he will come back from Australia in a year or so, I dare say, and there will be just as good a chance of your seeing him as if he had never been there."

"No, Patty, I shall never see him again. We both felt that night that we should never meet again; and he asked me to let him kiss me, and I wouldn't."

It was midsummer weather again, and we were at Slowmington once more, Lucy still with us, and Mr. Ponsonby more devoted to her than ever. She had brightened up a good deal by this time, and I thought she was beginning to forget Mr. Macdonald. She was a great favorite with the audience in all our three towns, and her salary had been raised, so that she was able to send home a little money to her mother now and then, which helped that anxious housekeeper in some of her minor embarrassments.

"If it is only enough to pay the milk bill, it is something, you see, Patty," Lucy said to me in her candid way.

And so the time went on peacefully enough. We had an especially prosperous season at Slowmington that year, and the autumn found us still at the pretty little inland watering-place. Early in October George Ponsonby's fidelity had its reward, and I had the happiness of appearing in the character of bridemaid to Lucy Derwent, who signed herself "Lucy Dawson" in the register, by-the-way, in which record Mr. Ponsonby wrote himself down "George Payne."

Yes, she had accepted this faithful lover at last, grateful for his devotion, flattered by his belief in her genius, and preferring the tranquil home he could give her to the worries and confusions of her father's house. That she really loved him I did not for a moment believe; but I was pleased that she should marry him nevertheless, and had little doubt that the quiet, undemonstrative affection which best insures the peace and comfort of domestic life would grow up in my darling's heart in good time. I knew that she was faithful and true, and that she would neglect no duty which she pledged herself to perform before the altar in the shadowy old parish church. Nor was I mistaken in this. She made the fairest, brightest, most delightful wife that ever a man won for himself, and her husband seemed to grow prouder of her and fonder of her every day. He was very generous to her too, and she told me she was now able to send frequent help to the poor overtasked mother at home.

They had been married nearly six months, and we were at Drifford, a manufacturing town, very black and smoky, where the inhabitants consumed enormous quantities of pork-pie in the pit and gallery during the night's entertainment; indeed, if the times were bad, and these people could not afford ample supplies of pork-pie, they would stay away from the theatre altogether, preferring to abstain from the drama rather than witness it unfortified by their favorite refreshment. We were at Drifford, and it was the end of March—gloomy, blustrous weather, with a cold, gray sky, and frequent showers of wind-driven rain that used to beat into my face, and almost blind me during the walk from my lodgings to the theatre—and I think I remember this time especially on account of an event which tried my poor Lucy's health sorely.

I was at rehearsal on one of these cold rainy mornings, when the theatre had an unusually dark and dismal appearance, and when every member of the company seemed either out of temper or out of spirits. I was standing at one of the wings, trying to cram the words of a long, unprofitable part into my head, when the manager came up to me.

"Oh, Patty," he said—he had taken to calling me "Patty," like his wife—"I wish you would just step round and have a little chat with Lucy; she's not quite the thing this morning, and I dare say you can cheer her up if you try."

"I should be very pleased to go to her," I said, "but I'm on all through this piece."

"Never mind that; it'll be rehearsed again to-morrow, you know. Wilcox shall read your part. There, run along, that's a good soul, and see after Lucy."

I could see that he was very pale, and had a troubled look that I had never seen in his face before. I hurried out of the theatre, and to Mr. Ponsonby's lodgings, which were very pleasant rooms, not far off. I know the drawing-room used to seem to me quite a splendid apartment, which I fancied any lady might have been proud to occupy. But then I had not seen many drawing-rooms, and this may have appeared to me grander that it was. Lucy made very light of her luxurious surroundings.

She came to me a few moments after I had been shown into this room, pale to the lips, and with an unspeakable sadness in her face. She had a newspaper in one hand, and she was still holding this when she threw herself into my arms, and hid her poor white face upon my shoulder.

"I heard that you were ill, dear," I said, "and Mr. Ponsonby sent me here to see if I could be of any use to my pet. You know how anxious he always is about you."

"He is very good to me," she answered, in a low, tremulous voice; "oh, so much better than I deserve. He knows now how unworthy I am of his goodness. I kept my secret from him till to-day, but he knows all now."

"All what, you foolish child?"

"He is dead, Patty," she answered, with a sob.

"Who is dead?"

"Roderick Macdonald. It was in the paper this morning. He died at Melbourne, of rheumatic fever. He was only twenty-nine. Oh, Patty, I told you that I should never see him again. And to think that he should have prayed so hard for that one last kiss, and I refused it! He is dead, Patty. Oh, if I could only have kissed him in his coffin!"

"My darling, this talk is so foolish—wicked even. I am very sorry to hear of Mr. Macdonald's death; but if he had lived, no good could have come out of a meeting between you and him. You have no right to grieve for him like this, Lucy."

"Oh, I know that," she answered, impatiently. "No right! I tell you, Patty, he was the only man I ever loved in all my life."

"Oh, Lucy! And your poor, good husband!"

"I told him I had no heart to give him. I only promised to do my duty."

"And you will keep that promise, darling, and love will come by-and-by. Yes, it will come, my dear, I am sure of that; and you will forget that you ever cared for Roderick Macdonald."

She shook her head sadly, and then we sat down side by side, her poor weary head resting on my shoulder. She showed me the brief paragraph in the London paper by-and-by, and I let her talk as long as she pleased about her dead lover. I knew somehow that things would come right in time; and so they did. It would have required a harder heart than Lucy's to keep itself closed against such an unselfish, faithful husband as George Ponsonby. They have children now, and seem to me a perfectly happy couple; but I think even yet there are times when Lucy's thoughts slip away from the little one on her lap, and there rises before her the vision of a face that shall never be seen again upon this earth.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

IT would strike a European as something very odd that, in a new country like ours, where only a few years ago wild game was so plentiful, it should be necessary to create an artificial sporting park, where game may be bred and protected as it is in the forests of Fontainebleau and the Grand Duchy of Baden; but the same want of thrift and forethought which has emptied our streams and rivers of fish, once so abundant, has also destroyed all the large kinds of game in this region, and compelled the lover of the chase to seek the gratification of his pleasure on the plains of the far West. But this is only for gentlemen of wealth and ample leisure, or for regular sportsmen. There are thousands who have a strong love for wild sports whose business limits them to briefer excursions; and for their special accommodation two gentlemen well known to sportsmen and the public generally, FAYETTE S. GILES and GENIO C. SCOTT, a year ago conceived the idea of providing a grand hunting park within a reasonable distance of New York.

Great difficulty was experienced in finding a sufficiently large tract of land near this city that contained the necessary requisites of stream, lake, upland, lowland, and forest; but at last a spot was found perfectly suited to the purpose in Pike County, in the extreme northeastern portion of the State of Pennsylvania. Here fine streams were found running through pleasant valleys, several beautiful lakes were within easy walking distance of each other, and a range of high wooded hills crossed the southern end of the tract. The streams were already stocked with splendid trout, and the tract seemed really a sportsman's paradise. One of its greatest advantages was its proximity to New York, being distant from the city only four and a half hours by the Erie Railroad.

Here about 12,000 acres of land were purchased in the townships of Blooming Grove, Porter, and Greene, and an association was formed, called the Blooming Grove Park Association, under whose auspices it is proposed to erect a large and commodious hotel in one corner of the tract next season, for the exclusive use of the members and their families, the presence of the ladies being expected and especially provided for. The animals now found upon the tract include the back bear, wild-cat, otter, mink, fox, opossum, and deer, together with several varieties of squirrel and rabbit, while the varieties of game bird embrace the woodcock, ruffed grouse, quail, duck, and pigeon. The lakes, eight in number, are already well stocked with fish of different kinds; and in the larger sheet of water, which is nearly three miles in circumference, a large number of black bass have been placed. Piscatorial works have been established, from which trout and other fish can be bred by millions and turned into the lakes and streams, keeping them always well stocked. The different varieties of game will be bred in large numbers in inclosures adapted to the purpose, and the young, as soon as they are able to take care of themselves, will be turned into the main park.

Under proper management Blooming Grove Park can not fail to become one of the most popular places of resort within reach of New York. Its scenery, and the facilities it affords for sport of every variety, are illustrated in the sketches on page 820.

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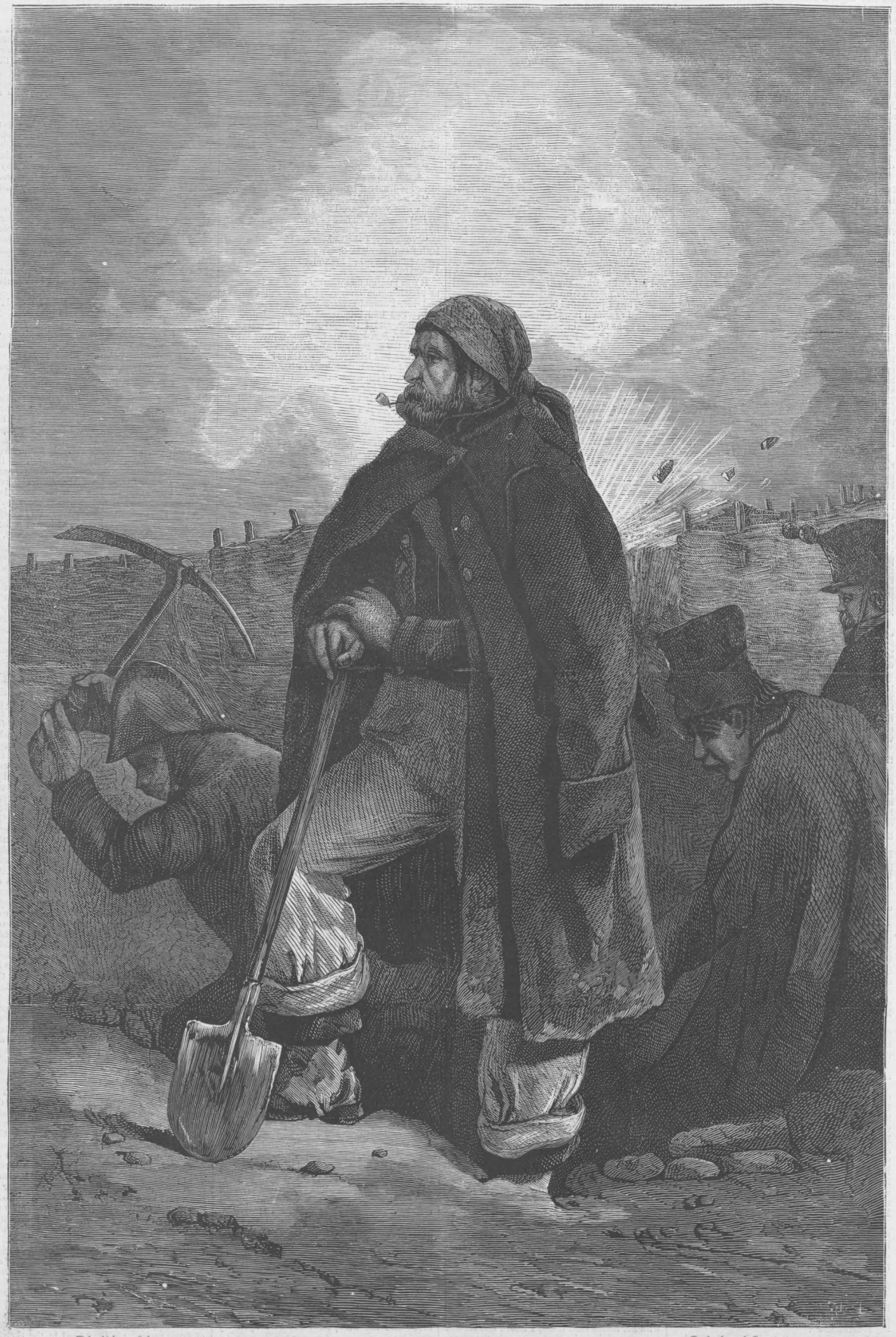

IN THE TRENCHES.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 818.]

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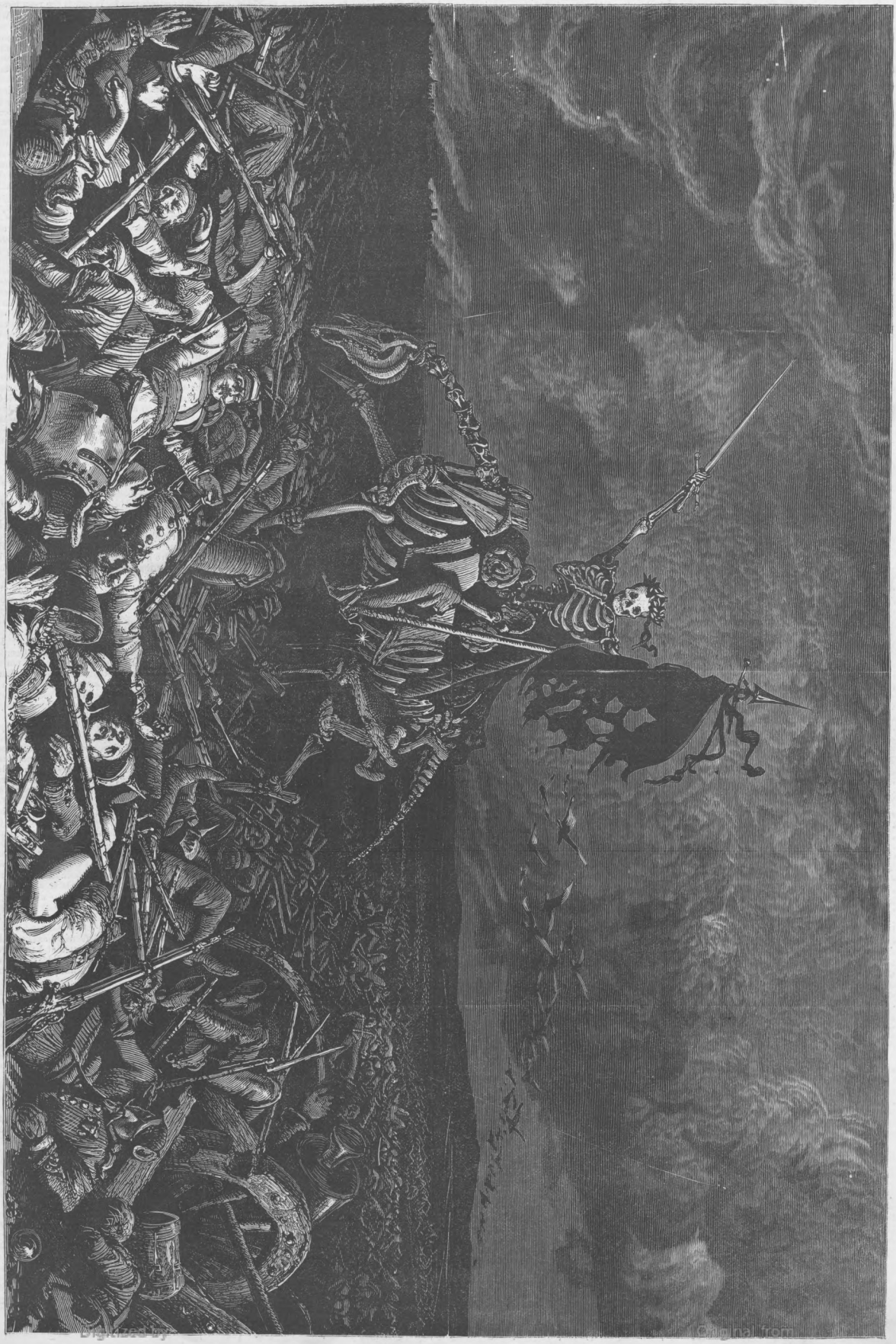

VICTORY.—[DRAWN BY MR. ALFRED FREDERICKS.]

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IN THE TRENCHES.

[See Illustration on Page 816.]

I saw you, when we went away
With all the martial clang and rattle
Of trump and drum, the trim array
Of uniform, bedecked for battle;
I saw you, in the Market Place
You stood and cheered in lusty fashion,
A glow upon your honest face,
Your heart all big with martial paselon.

You thought—at least such thoughts I found
If I then read aright your features—
How poor your trade of tilling ground
To that of killing human creatures,
How mean your blouse by our gay coats,
How dull your life, how small your chances,
To those that came from cutting throats,
Of winning fame and girls' bright glances.

You thought of us in time of peace,
A lounging, lazy lot of fellows,
Carousing, laughing without cease,
And making worthy people jealous;
Imagined us in time of war
As living in a camp of pleasure,
And winning battles by the score
As gayly as we tread a measure.

And thus your thoughts were shaped, my lad:
"When I have grown a little older
I'll throw away my pick and spade,
And take a musket on my shoulder.
I'll be as brave and fine, in sooth,
As any who have sought for glory."
Ah, friend, you know but half the truth,
And half the truth is but a story.

There's toil and hunger, cold and wet,
Deep roads, bleak nights, and sodden trenches,
Sharp wounds, disease that's sharper yet,
Damp lodging, and death-breeding stenches.
Think twice, my friend, before you go
To strut in War's grim play as masker;
For there's a little girl, I know,
Would have you, if you would but ask her.

And there was once a girl I knew,
I asked her, and we two were married;
She loved at first, as not a few
Then loved me, for the coat I carried;
She loved me for my martial air,
But better love soon grew upon her,
And now she hates the coat I wear,
And so should I—had it not won her.

Ofttimes at night, when all alone,
My thoughts fly homeward, and I wonder—
Ah, lass of mine, now I am gone
Dost pray and long for me out yonder?
And wearily the time doth trail
Its laggard course most melancholy.
Ah, friend! if reason can't prevail,
Let love persuade you of your folly.

We dig and delve like you, my friend,
But far the harder toil is ours;
And we dig for another end,
Of death and plague we are the sowers.
Be happy, friend, and think not then
The soldier better than the peasant,
For 'tis not good, this killing men,
And being killed is still less pleasant.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE MINE AT MIDNIGHT.

MR. BALFOUR, for so we must call him now, since he is attired respectably, travels first-class, and, moreover, even looks like a gentleman, did not go to the Midlands, as he had given out was his purpose, but took his ticket to Plymouth, to which place the railway had just extended in those days. He bought neither book nor newspaper, but sat in the corner, with his hat drawn over his eyes, for the whole nine hours, thinking. From Plymouth he posted to Turlock, where he arrived late at night, and without having broken fast since morning. He took no pains either to divulge or conceal his name; he asked no questions, nor was asked any except "whether he preferred to sleep between sheets or blankets"—for Turlock was still an out-of-the-way region, and the little inn about three-quarters of a century behind our modern caravansaries, with their "daily fly-bills" and "electric bells."

After dinner, which he scarcely touched, he wandered out—it was his habit to do so, as he told the hostler, who was also the night-chamberlain—and did not return till long after midnight. He observed, as he gave the man half a crown for sitting up for him to so late an hour, that the moon looked very fine upon the sea.

"You must be a painter, I guess, Sir," said the hostler, with a grin of intelligence.

"Why?" asked Balfour, sharply. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, Sir," returned the man, apologetically, "I mean no offense; but it is always the gentlemen-painters—or, at least, so they say at Gethin, and I wish more of 'em came here—as is so free with their money, and so fond of the moon."

"Lunatics, eh?" said the new arrival, with a loud, quick laugh. "Well, I'm no painter, my friend."

Then he took his candle and retired to his room, but not to bed. He disarranged the bedclothes and rumpled the pillow; then walked softly to and fro in his slippers until morning. On the following day he made no attempt to visit his newly acquired property, but strolled about the harbor, or stood in sheltered and, therefore, secluded places in the rocks, watching the winter sea. His meals at the inn were sent down almost as they were served up, yet he showed no sign of weakness or fatigue, but in the evening sallied forth as before. The night was very cloudy, with driving showers, and the landlady good-naturedly warned him of the danger of venturing on the cliff-path, which was narrow, and had been broken in places by a late storm.

"I will take care," said he, mechanically.

"Perhaps you would like supper—some cold meat, or something—since you have eaten so little, placed in your sitting-room against your return?"

"Yes, yes," said he, approvingly; "you are right; I shall doubtless be hungry to-night." Then he went out into the bleak, black night.

He hung about the harbor as before until near eleven, when all the lights of the little town had faded away, save that at the inn, which was burning for him alone; then he climbed the cliff, and pushed southward along the very path against the dangers of which he had been cautioned. He walked fast, too, with his gaze fixed before him, like one who has an appointment of importance for which there is a fear of being late. Presently he struck inland over the down, when he began to move less quickly, and to peer cautiously before him. All was dark: the grass on which he trod seemed to be black, until he suddenly arrived at a large circular patch of it which *was* black, and made the surrounding soil less sombre by contrast. This was the mouth of a great pit; and he sat on the brink of it, with his face to seaward, and his ear in his hollowed hand, listening. Nothing was to be heard, however, but the occasional scud of the rain, and the ceaseless roar of the now distant waves. Far out to sea there was a round red light, which fell upon him at regular intervals, its absence making the place which it had filled more dark than elsewhere. It had a weird effect, as though some evil spirit was keeping watch upon him, but he knew it for what it was—the revolving lamp of a light-house. Presently, in the same direction as the red light, he perceived a white one, which, though moving slowly, was certainly advancing toward him; nor did it, like the other, become obscure.

"He is coming," said Balfour to himself with a great sigh. He had begun to have doubts of the other's keeping his appointment; though, indeed, it was not yet the time that he had himself fixed for it. The light came on, quite close to the ground, and with two motions—across as well as along. It was that of a lantern, which guided thus the footsteps of a tall stout man, who bore upon his shoulders a ladder so long that it both projected above his head and trailed behind him. Balfour rose up, and stood motionless in the path of the new-comer till this light fell full upon him. "Hollo!" cried the man, a little startled by the white, worn face that so suddenly confronted him, although he had been looking for it. "Is that you, Mr. Balfour?"

"Yes. Hush! There is no need to mention names."

"Quite true, Sir; but you gave me quite a turn," remonstrated the other, "coming out of the darkness like a ghost. This Wheal Danes, at midnight, puts queer thoughts into one's head."

"John Trevethick was not afraid of coming here," observed Balfour.

"Well, so he always said. He told me at the last that he only pretended to believe in any of the foolish stories that folks talk about, and in favor of which he used to argue. But he's dead and gone, and *that* don't make this place less uncanny. Nobody since his time has been a-near it; they think he haunts the pit, it seems, so every body gives it a wide berth, both night and day. We shall see, however, and pretty soon, I hope, whether that notion can not be got over. Why, in six months' time we ought to have a hundred men at work here."

"Let us hope so. But in the mean time you say nobody comes here even in the daytime, eh?"

"Never. The place lies out of the way, you see: about midway between the cliff-path and the road."

"That's well," said Balfour, mechanically. "And you have not been babbling to any one of our prospects, Mr. Coe—nor of me, I hope?"

"Certainly not, Sir; that was the first article of our partnership, as I understood. Not a soul at Gethin has heard a whisper of Wheal Danes, or of your coming; they think I'm fast asleep at my own house, this instant. But it's been hard work lugging this cursed ladder up here in such a breakneck night as this, *I* can tell you, and I am glad enough to rest a bit."

"Well, it's all over now, Mr. Coe."

"Except that I have got to take it back again," grumbled Solomon.

"True, I had forgotten that. We must not leave it here, must we?"

"Of course not. I do not complain of the trouble, however, only you must admit I've kept my tryst under some little difficulties, eh, partner?" and Solomon chuckled self-approval.

"You will be paid in full for all, my good Sir," answered Balfour, gravely; "that is," he added, hastily, "if the mine should turn out as you predict. How deep is it? That ladder of yours will surely never reach the bottom."

"No, indeed. Did I not tell you that there are three levels, each about the same depth? The copper lode lies at the bottom of the last, in the northeastern corner. You will find I have concealed nothing from you. Well, I have got my breath again now. Are you ready, Mr. Balfour?"

"Quite; but walk slowly, I beg, for your lantern is very dim."

"Yes, yes. But wait a minute; I came here yesterday and hid something." Solomon seated himself upon the edge of the pit, with his legs hanging over, and began to peer and feel about him.

"Take care what you are at," cried Balfour, eagerly; "you may slip down and kill yourself, sliding along like that."

Solomon laughed contemptuously. "Never fear, Sir; I have had too many mischances with mines to fear them. I have fallen down worse places, and been shut up in others far deeper and darker than Wheal Danes, without food or candle, for a week, and yet lived through it. The shaft has not yet been dug, I reckon, as will prove— Oh, here's the torch."

He dragged from under the overhanging rim of the pit a piece of wood like a bludgeon, one end of which was smeared with pitch; and placing the lantern with its back to the wind, pushed the stick inside, which came out a torch, flaming and dropping flame.

"There's our corpse-candle!" cried Coe, triumphantly; "that would keep us without witnesses, even if any one were so bold as, in a night like this, to venture near Wheal Danes, to trespass on Tom Tiddler's ground, where we shall pick up the gold and the silver." There was a wild excitement, quite foreign to his habit, about this man, and he whirled the torch about his head in flaring circles.

"Keep your wits steady, if you please," observed Balfour, sternly.

"It is over now, Sir, and I am in the counting-house again," answered Solomon, submissively. "I felt a little exhilarated at the prospect of plucking a fruit that has been ripening for fifty years, that's all. This Wheal Danes is the very aloe of mines, and it is about to blossom for us only. You had better take the torch yourself; the lantern will serve for me; but just show a light here while I place the ladder."

Balfour held the blazing pine aloft, and disclosed the gaping mouth of the old pit, its margin wet with the rain, and its sheer sides slippery with the damps of ages.

"It would be easy enough to get down without this contrivance," observed Solomon, grimly, as he carefully adjusted the ladder, the foot of which was lost in gloom; "but it would take us some trouble to find our way back again without wings."

"In daylight, however, I dare say it looks easier," said Balfour, carelessly.

"It may look so, but it ain't. Nothing but a sea-gull ever goes in and out of Wheal Danes; even the bats keep there, where indeed they are snug and warm enough."

"It doesn't feel very warm at present," replied the other, who did not seem to be in a hurry to explore this unpromising territory.

"Ay, but you wait till we get to the lower level; you might live there, if the rats would let you, for a whole winter, and never need a fire."

"Oh, there are rats, are there? Why, what do *they* live upon?"

"Well, that's *their* look-out," laughed Solomon; "they would be very glad to have *us*, no doubt. It would be only just in my case, for I have lived on them before now; with rats and water a man may do very well for a week or two."

"What! there is water laid on in this establishment, is there?"

"No; the low levels are quite dry. But come, let us see for ourselves. We are losing time. I will start first, and do you follow close upon me, but without treading on my fingers;" and Solomon placed his heavy foot upon the first rung.

"No, no," said Balfour, drawing back; "I will not trust myself on the same ladder with a man of your weight. When you are at the bottom give me a call, and then I'll join you."

"As you like, Sir," responded Solomon, civilly; but his thick lips curled contemptuously, and he muttered, "So this man is lily-livered after all; so much the better: it is well to have a coward for a partner."

The next moment his descending form was lost in the gloom.

Balfour waited, torch in hand, until an "All right," that sounded like a voice from the tomb, assured him that his companion had reached terra firma. Then he descended very carefully, and joined him.

"Stand close to the wall, Sir, while I move the ladder," said Coe; "your head don't seem made for these deep places. Ah, here's the spot. This is a drop of twenty feet."

"And what is the depth of the last level?"

"Five-and-twenty. But don't you be afraid; the ladder will just reach it, only you won't have so much to hold on by at the top. It's only the getting down that's unpleasant; you'll find going back quite easy work. And then, just think of the lode!"

Solomon began to be anxious lest his companion's fears should induce him to give up the expedition altogether. It had never entered into his mind that what was so easy to himself could prove so formidable to another; and, besides, he had somehow concluded that Balfour was a man of strong nerves.

"Make haste," said the latter, in the tone of one who has achieved some mental victory: "let us go through with it."

In the second level it was perceptibly warmer. Dark, noiseless objects began to flit about the torch, and once something soft struck against Balfour's foot, and then scampered away.

He looked behind him, and not a trace of light was to be discerned, while before him was impenetrable gloom, except for the feeble gleam of his companion's lantern. Above him the roof was just discernible, from which long strings of fungi, white and clammy, hung down and brushed against his face as he moved slowly forward.

"Come on!" said Solomon, impatiently, whose spirits seemed to rise in this familiar scene. "We are only a few score yards from Golconda."

Balfour stopped short. "I thought you said there was another level?" There was a strange look of disappointment in his face, and even of rage.

"Yes, yes, and here it is," cried the other, putting down the ladder, which he had carried from place to place. "It is only depth that separates us from it. They dug well, those Romans, but left off, as you shall see, upon the very threshold of fortune. You have only to be a little careful, because the ladder does not quite reach."

He descended, as before, in advance, while Balfour followed slowly and cautiously. "How steep and smooth the rock is!" observed he, examining its surface.

"Yes indeed; it is like a wall of marble. But what matters that? It baffles the rats, but not us. Here is the land of gold, here is— What the devil are you at?"

Solomon, in his impatience, had stridden on to the object of his desires; and Balfour, halting midway in his descent, suddenly retraced his footsteps, and having reached the top, was dragging the ladder up after him.

Solomon heard this noise, with which his ear was familiar, and his tone had some alarm in it as he cried out, "I say, no tricks, Mr. Balfour."

There was no reply. He hastened back to the spot he had just left, and from thence could dimly perceive his late companion sitting on the verge of the steep wall, peering down upon him.

"Come, come, a joke is a joke," remonstrated Coe. "What a fellow you are to be at such games when an important matter is at stake! Why, here is the lode, man."

"It is very valuable, I dare say, Mr. Coe, but it is worth more to one man than to two."

"Great Heaven! what do you mean?" cried Solomon, while a sudden sweat bedewed his forehead. "You would not murder a man to dissolve a partnership?"

"Certainly not. I shall leave him to die, that's all. He and the rats will have to settle it together. Six months hence, perhaps, we may have a picnic here, and explore the place. Then we shall find, where you are now standing, some well-picked bones and the metal part of your lantern. That will cause quite an excitement; and we shall search further, and in the northeast corner there will be found a copper lode. I will take your word for that."

"Mr. Balfour, I am sure you will not do this," pleaded the wretched man. "It is not in man's nature to treat a fellow-creature with such barbarity. You are trying to frighten me, I know, and I own you have succeeded. I know what it is to be shut up in desolate, dark places alone, out of reach of succor; and even for eight-and-forty hours or so it is terrible."

"*What must it be, then, to suffer so for twenty years?*"

It was a third voice that seemed to wake the echoes of that lonesome cavern. Solomon looked up in terror, and beheld a third face, that of Robert Balfour, but transfigured. He held the glowing brand above him, so that his deep-lined features could be distinctly seen, and they were all instinct with a deadly rage and malice. There was a fire in his eyes that might well have been taken for that of madness, and Solomon's heart sank within him as he looked.

"Mr. Balfour," said he, in a coaxing voice, "come and look at your treasure. It sparkles in the light of my lantern like gold, and you shall have it all if you please; I do not wish to share it with you."

"So you take me for a madman, do you? Look again; look fixedly upon me, Solomon Coe. You do not recognize me even yet? I do not wonder. It is not you that are dull, but I that am so changed by wrong and misery. My own mother does not know me, nor the woman of whom you robbed me nineteen years ago. Yes, you know me now. I am Richard Yorke!"

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped Solomon, dropping on his knees.

Richard laughed long and loud. The echoes of his ghastly mirth died slowly away, and when his voice was heard again it was stern and solemn. "It is my turn at last, man; I am the judge today, as you were the witness nineteen years ago who doomed me wrongfully to shame and misery. Night and day I have had this hour in my mind; the thought of it has been my only joy—in chains and darkness, in toil and torment, fasting and wakeful on my prison pillow, I have thought of nothing else. I did not know how it would come about, but I was sure that it would come. You swore falsely once that I was a thief; I am now about to be a murderer, and your whitening bones will not be able to witness against me."

"I never swore it, Mr. Yorke," pleaded Solomon, passionately.

"Your memory is defective," answered Richard, gloomily; "you forget that I was in court myself on that occasion. You did your very worst to blacken me before judge and jury, and you succeeded."

"But it was Trevethick—it was father-in-law who urged me to do it; it was indeed."

"I know it," replied the other, coldly; "he was a greater villain than yourself, but unhappily an older one. Death has robbed me of him, and made my vengeance incomplete. Still there is something left for me. While you die slowly here— But no; I shall wait at Turlock for that to happen. A strong man like you, who have rats to live upon, may last ten days, perhaps. Well, when you are dead, I shall return to your London house, and lead your son to ruin. You permitted me to begin the work in hopes of getting half this mine; I shall finish it while you are in sole possession of the whole of it."

"Devil!" cried Solomon, furiously.

"The appellation is a true one, my good Sir; but I was a man once. Evil is now my good, thanks to your teaching. Look at me—look at me, and see what you have brought me to at eight-and-thirty! You almost drove me mad, and it was easy, for I had the Carew blood in my veins; but I contrived to keep my wits for the enjoyment of this hour. I feel very old, and have few pleasures left, you see. It is impossible, unfortunately, to return here and see you rot; there would be danger in it; just the least risk in the world of somebody coming here to look for us. I must be off now, too, for there is a worthy man sitting up for me at the inn, and I have got to take this ladder back to Gethin."

A cry of mingled rage and despair burst forth from Richard's foe.

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"What! you had calcu'ated upon the absence of that ladder producing suspicion? It is curious how great wits jump together: that had also struck me. I shall take it back, for I well know where it ought to be; I am quite familiar with your house at Gethin, as you may remember, perhaps. You may keep the lantern, which will not be missed; but, if you will take my advice, you will put out the light, to preserve the candle—as an article of food. Put it somewhere where the rats can not eat it, and it may prolong your torments half a day. You can also eat the horn of the lantern, but you will doubtless preserve that for a *bonne bouche*. You are not superstitious, else I would suggest that your father-in-law's spirit is exceedingly likely to haunt that northeastern corner down yonder."

Here there was a dull scrambling noise, a violent struggle as of feet and hands against a wall, and then a heavy thud.

"Now that is very foolish of you, Solomon, to attempt to get out of a place which you yourself informed me could never be escaped from without wings. I sincerely hope you have not hurt yourself much. I hear you moving slowly about again, so I may leave you without anxiety. Good-by, Solomon." Richard waited a moment, a frightful figure of hate and triumph, peering down into the pit beneath, where all was now dark. "You are too proud to speak to a convict, perhaps. Well, well, that is but natural in so honest a man. I take my leave, then. You have no message, I conclude, for home?"

An inarticulate cry, like that of a wild animal caught in a snare, was the only reply.

"That is the worst of letting his candle go out," mused Richard, aloud; "some rat has got hold of him already." Then, with a steady foot and smiling face, which showed how all his previous fears had been assumed, he retraced his steps, and mounted to the upper air. The sky was clearer now; and, casting the torch, for which he had no further need, far into the mine, and shouldering the ladder, he started for Gethin at good speed. It was past two o'clock before he reached his inn at Turlock; but before he retired to rest he sat down to the supper that had been prepared for him, but without the appetite which he had anticipated.

SWEARING IN ENGLAND.

LORD BYRON, recounting his famous hero's first adventure in England, says:

"Juan did not understand a word
Of English, save their shibboleth 'God damn!'
And even that he had so rarely heard
He sometimes thought 'twas only their 'Salam,'
Or 'God be with you!' and 'tis not absurd
To think so; for, half English as I am
(To my misfortune), never can I say
I heard them wish 'God with you' save that way."

It is not pleasant to know that the use of a specially repulsive imprecation is accepted abroad as indisputable proof of an Englishman's nationality, but it is true nevertheless. A popular living actor tells a good story illustrative of the melancholy fact. Driving about the streets of Havana, his horse stumbled in a puddle, and splashed a parade-bound Spanish soldier from head to foot. Drawing his sword, the angry soldier fiercely attacked the unlucky black driver of the volante, and by the time the astonished comedian could jump out of the vehicle had sent the man bleeding to the ground. Being arrayed in a linen tail-coat and Panama hat, the crowd, attracted by the row, took the actor for an American, and made no attempt to stop the soldier from assaulting him in the same style. As his would-be murderer rushed toward him, the Englishman put himself in an attitude of defense, and in his extremity shouted, "D—— your eyes! what do you mean?" upon which the excited spectators roared out, "Inglese! Inglese!" and the soldier pulled himself up, and contented himself with marching off with the vehicle, while a shopkeeper kindly invited the actor to take shelter in his shop.

Swearing lost caste in Anne's reign; at least the *Tatler* assures us it was eschewed by all well-bred men, and left to bullies, who, hoping sound and noise might pass for sense and courage, delighted in "'ounds!" "thunder!" "furies!" and such rumbling expletives, and adorned their conversation with oaths and blasphemies, by way of tropes and figures. It divides the lovers of these excrescences of talk into two sects, the high and the low—the low swearer being generally a phlegmatic, the high swearer a choleric coxcomb. "The man of phlegm is sensible of the emptiness of his discourses, and will tell you that 'I' fackins, such a thing is true!' or if you warm him a little he may run into passion, and cry, 'Ods bodikins, you do not say right!' But the high affects a sublimity in dullness, and invokes hell and damnation at the breaking of a glass or the slowness of the drawer." The *Tatler's* assertion that swearing had gone out of fashion is, however, contradicted by the story of the Duchess of Marlborough calling upon Murray, afterward Lord Mansfield, and not finding him in, refusing to leave her name. "I could not make out, Sir, who she was," said his clerk, "but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality!" Nor could there be said to be any sign of reform in another part of the kingdom. Swift, in one of his famous "Drapier Letters," says it is unnecessary to state that swearing is a pet vice among Irishmen, and computes that one-third of the population may be designated "swearing souls." He proposes a tax of twelve-pence per oath; calculating to thereby raise ninety-one thousand pounds a year from five thousand gentlemen able to afford an oath every day, twenty-five thousand pounds from ten thousand farmers, and a like amount from the rest of the people. This he calls a modest calculation, since every one knows there is a much greater consumption of oaths; Dublin alone containing a hundred pretty fellows that swear at least fifty oaths a head daily, while a small Connaught fair was good for three thousand, and the militia on muster-day would get through three hundred in the course of eight hours. "It is true," he owns, "it would be impossible to turn all oaths into ready money; for a shilling is so great a duty on swearing that, if it was carefully exacted, the common people might as well pretend to drink wine as to swear, and an oath would be as rare among them as a clean shirt."

In 1774 English ladies minced out "O Lud!" with their pretty lips, the Crabtrees and Backbites larding their scandal with 'slife, 'sdeath, or 'fore gad. Honest Bob Acres, reveling in such eccentric exclamations as "odds whips and wheels," "odds blushes and blooms," "odds triggers and flints," declares "damns have had their day," being superseded by a new method of swearing, "invented by a commander of our militia, who says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable; because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say by Jove, or by Bacchus, or by Mars, or by Venus, or by Pallas, according to the sentiment; so that, to swear with propriety, the oath should be an echo to the sense, and this is called the oath referential or sentimental swearing." Ridiculous as all this seems, Sheridan was guilty of little or no exaggeration; such was the practice of the dandies of the day, who thus avoided what Lady Wallace calls the *grossièreté* of an oath, although not so utterly as her own Daffodil with his D. I. O., for "damme, I'm off'"—an example of initial swearing perhaps surpassed by the official who condensed a refusal into three letters by writing U. B. D. on the corner of the applicant's epistle.

AMERICANS LEAVING PARIS.

ON the morning of the 27th of October early risers in Paris were surprised at seeing a long file of heavily loaded carriages wending its way toward the Porte de Charenton. This little caravan consisted of some Americans and Russians who, with no small difficulty, had obtained permission to leave Paris.

After passing through the Porte de Charenton (where the sketch on our first page was taken) the party proceeded to the Prussian outposts *via* Creteil. At a little distance from this village our travelers fell in with the German sentinels, and, after the necessary preliminaries and verification of passports, were blindfolded and conducted with their backs to the enemy to Châtenay, where they staid the night. Some were lucky enough to procure a comfortable meal and a night's lodging in the house of a French lady; but the others, less fortunate, passed the night supperless in their carriages. Next morning, however, they were taken to Versailles, where a good breakfast speedily consoled them for past annoyances.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

INVENTIONS, strange and peculiar, increase apace. The necessities of war quicken the brains of thinking men, and the results may be of immense value to the world. The latest idea relates to a novel method of directing balloons in their aerial course. The plan suggested was to harness four vigorous eagles to the balloon, these being believed to be able to conduct it against the strongest currents. The birds were to be guided by a long pole, at the end of which a large piece of raw meat is placed as an excitant to them. The driver is expected to change the position of the pole according to the direction he wishes to take. In accordance with instructions given by the inventor, a trial was recently made in Paris, in the presence of several scientific gentlemen. Four eagles, belonging to the Jardin des Plantes, were found competent to raise a balloon charged with a weight of ten thousand pounds. The result of the experiment is reported as most satisfactory, though we are not informed how the eagles behaved. It is inferred that their conduct was creditable, as a voyage with them was immediately planned. When birds of strength will do our bidding, horses will have a chance to rest, and even steam will be left in the back-ground.

The burial of the dead, after a battle, is always a difficult task. A French physician strongly urges the desirability of disposing of the bodies of the slain in the Franco-German war by incremation rather than by sepulture. Although there is a feeling against this mode, considerations of various kinds render the matter one of serious moment.

Secretary Spinner has in charge many articles of value in the vaults of the Treasury. Among these are a large bottle of attar of roses presented to President Van Buren by the Imaum of Siam, valued at $800, a lot of fine shawls, and other rare gifts presented to different Presidents.

Bereaved husbands in that peace-loving State of Pennsylvania sometimes display a wonderfully forgiving spirit. Not long since a married woman eloped from Pittston with a friend of her husband. On being arrested in their flight the recreant wife admitted that she loved her new fancy, and was weary of her legitimate spouse. Forthwith the husband gave her to his friend with his blessing, and a suit of her best clothes. In return the tender-hearted friend bestowed his Sunday garments and his best boots on the forsaken man. So the whole affair was amicably arranged, and nobody killed!

It is estimated that three million francs have slipped into the Papal purse since the occupation of Rome by Victor Emanuel.

The Gilbert Library is a novel enterprise started in Chicago by Miss Linda Gilbert, who is an unceasing worker in the cause of prison reform. In her endeavors to reform criminals she has succeeded in establishing a library for the benefit of the prisoners who will be immured in the new county jail. The library-room has been handsomely furnished, and adorned with plants, pictures, and artistic ornaments. There are between three and four thousand volumes, which are neatly marked and covered. There are sixty cells in this new jail ready for occupants; and we should suppose it would be a favorite with those accustomed to resort to such enforced homes from time to time.

It is announced in the French journals that the Prussian War Department has issued orders that their French prisoners shall be furnished with winter clothing, of which an immense quantity was found in Strasburg. The prisoners confined in the fortresses of Silesia have also been supplied with winter clothing. Prisoners, even private soldiers, are permitted to reside in private houses if their education and conduct be such as to justify such privilege.

The Quirinal at Rome seems to be regarded as too sacred a place for Victor Emanuel to inhabit—perhaps he thinks so himself. The history of the exceeding sacredness with which the Quirinal Palace is invested is given as follows: It was once the property of Cardinal D'Este. His Eminence yearly invited Pope Gregory to make him a visit there. This Pope became very fond of the palace, prolonged his *villeggiature* to an almost indefinite period, and at last proposed to buy it of his host. What could Cardinal D'Este do? Of course nothing but to say that he was too much honored in being allowed to place it at his Holiness's disposition. Now was this a gift to the Pope Gregory, the King Gregory, or the Pope-King Gregory? This is the perplexing question which is exciting so many fears lest, by taking what belongs to Pius IX. as Pope, his curse be evoked.

Military manuals and exercise-books have been in enormous demand since the commencement of the war. There have been sold no less than 840,000 copies of the "École du Soldat," 170,000 of the "École du Bataillon," 415,000 of the "Service des Places," besides hundreds of thousands of cheap abridgments of various kinds.

It is announced that Mr. Barnum, tired of a life of leisure and inactivity, proposes to re-enter the showman's arena, from which he retired some years ago, and startle the community with a grand "triplex" mammoth enterprise which shall surpass all former achievements of the kind. With his long experience in the showman's business, Mr. Barnum possesses just the sort of talent required to make such an enterprise succeed.

Two elegantly constructed palace coaches have been recently finished for the Erie Railroad. They have received the names of "The Morning Star," and "The Evening Star," and are the first of twenty which have been ordered, to facilitate through travel to Cincinnati, Louisville, and other Southern places. These cars are of walnut, finely finished in every particular, are lighted with gas, and contain, each, seats and sleeping-berths for forty-eight persons. Each car is 56 feet long, and eleven wide.

"Oliver Optic"—what boy does not know Oliver Optic?—recently visited Hans Christian Andersen, and describes him as tall, rather round-shouldered, with iron-gray hair; not handsome, but with a smile so genial and pleasant that it makes one love him at once. His manner is earnest, though simple and childlike; and he spoke without reserve of a Christmas story he was writing. He is about sixty-five years of age.

Professor Winlock, of Cambridge, is now engaged in photographing the sun by the use of a single lens objective, four and a half inches in diameter, and forty feet focal length. It is his intention to photograph the sun every fair day.

San Francisco exhibits some singular lecturers. We quote from a speech recently made in that city:

"They say man was created first. S'posin' he was! Ain't first experiments always failures? If I was a betting man I'd bet two dollars and a half they are. The only decent thing about him, any how, was a rib, and that went to make something better. [Applause.] And then they throw it in our face about Eve taking that apple. I'll bet five dollars Adam boosted her up in the tree, and then only gave her the core. And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instinct, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend, and said, 'T'warn't me, 'twas her.'"

We omitted to mention that it was a lady orator who was thus eloquent.

On Thanksgiving-day the prison rules in the Ohio Penitentiary were relaxed, and the men allowed to converse with each other without restraint. But they were absolutely silent for a while, not knowing how to use the freedom granted. At length a whisper was heard; then a suppressed tone; then a cheery salutation; and at last a general buzz proclaimed that all were enjoying the genial dinner-hour in the highest degree.

An Englishman, writing from the French capital, remarks that it is not the luxurious Parisians who are the real sufferers as yet. For a few days these people look all the better for a little lowering diet. But the sick and the delicate have a terrible time of it. Funerals are as common in the streets as cabs. Once attacked by any lowering fever or disorder there is very little chance for any one. As the rich and the luxurious begin to really feel the famine, their frames will sink very rapidly under the attacks of fatigue and cold and bad weather. Fortification duty on a rainy night is not so bad after a tolerable dinner, but when it is accompanied by a diet of dry bread and *vin ordinaire*, it is sure to make its victims. There will be dreadful sights in Paris before many days are past.

Eleven Japanese students recently arrived in this city, having left their own homes for the purpose of perfecting themselves in the English language. Five of them remain in New York, under a private tutor, until fitted to enter upon a collegiate course of study. The others go to England to try the English universities. They are all intelligent young men, and are quite proficient in the English language.

One of the physicians in Burlington, Vermont, driving into town on election morning, was met by a friend, who hailed him with the question:

"Have you voted?"

"Not yet," replied the doctor: "but I have been out all night after a voter. I got him safe, too."

"When will he vote?"

"Oh, about twenty-one years from now."

Some of the reported instances of the speed of carrier pigeons seem scarcely credible. On one occasion, we are told, a gentleman of Cologne, having business to transact at Paris, laid a wager that he would let his friends know of his arrival within three hours after his reaching Paris. The bet was eagerly taken. He went to Paris, carrying with him two pigeons which had a young brood at Cologne. He arrived at Paris at ten o'clock one morning, started off the birds at eleven, and they arrived at Cologne about ten minutes past one. This is nearly 150 miles an hour—a marvel that seems to require corroboration.

The siege of Paris has the effect to make some commodities more plentiful in other places. London reaps some benefits therefrom in the way of provisions. For example, the fragrant Brittany butter, which found a large and ready market in Paris, is now much more abundant than usual in London.

The last great siege of Paris was in 1590, and continued over three months. A frightful record exists of the misery and despair of the besieged, and every humane person must pray that the horrors of those three months may never be repeated. Every thing which was thought by any possibility to contain nutriment was used to sustain life, however disgusting or unpalatable. Hunger made men savages—and in some instances even cannibals. One account states the number who died from hunger at 100,000.

An eminent authority in regard to diamonds—Mr. Emanuel—states that the value of diamonds has depreciated thirty per cent. in consequence of the quantity offered for sale in London by French families.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE Methodists of Kent, Connecticut, have lately had a revival. Among others who were awakened to their true condition was a peddler who does a large business in the western part of that county and in Dutchess County. He was received on probation in the usual way. After a few weeks, and before the expiration of his term of probation, he went to the pastor and requested that his name be stricken off. Said he, "I can't stand it no longer; I have to deal with them York State fellows, and I can't live so."

KNOTTY QUESTIONS FOR NATURALISTS.

Is a sole's female companion a "*feme sole*," or only a loose fish?
Is not a parrot's native tongue a Polly-glot?
Is a *bête noir* eatable like white-bait?
Can you change a guinea fowl for two half-sovereigns and a shilling?
Are book-worms the same as leaf-insects?
Does the tapir consume its own oil, and is it liable to spontaneous combustion?
Do the cows in Holland understand *low* Dutch?
Does it "settle" a duck's bill to cut it off? if so, can you give the receipt?
Are horses in a stable liable to *stamp* duty?
What becomes of all the crows which the cocks give every day?
Is cream-laid paper producible by cows, or is it produced, like eggs, out of fowl pickings?
Could a grasshopper play at cricket if it had the mind to do so?
Is there any thing in reason that the 'possum can't do?
Is the beard of an oyster liable to turn gray?

The aurora borealis was recently visible in England, and excited great astonishment. A traveler who happened to be in Leicestershire at the time found the inhabitants of a certain village gazing intently at the phenomenon. One of these observers said: "There is France for you." The traveler was rather taken aback, but found upon inquiry that the villagers all believed the red light in the sky to be the reflection of Paris on fire. One of the villagers said: "Gad, how it burns!" and another exclaimed, "They're gettin' it *hunder* now."

What isle do maids steer for?—Isle of Man.

A Boston critic says of a recent Nilsson concert that "every note fell upon the ear like a spray of diamonds." Such a note would pass any where.

Where should gardeners go?—To Botany Bay.

A minister of the "Kirk" of Scotland once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady, and possibly somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with his personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate: "Susan!" Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house whether asleep or awake. "Susan, I didna marry ye for your wealth, sin' ye hae'd none! And I didna marry ye for your beauty, that the hail congregation can see. And if ye have no grace, I have made but a sair bargain!" Susan's slumbers were effectually broken up for that day.

They keep "Knew Syder Fur Sail" at a Texas grocery.

Men are like potatoes—they do not know how soon they may be in hot water.

Why is a solar eclipse like a mother thrashing her own child?—Because it's a hiding of the sun.

A young woman in Sacramento, California, is threatening to get a divorce on the novel ground of "protracted festivities." She says her husband celebrated his marriage by getting drunk, and has kept up the festival ever since.

Twenty married women in this country propose to become preachers. Heretofore they have only been lecturers.

There is a chap out West so mean that he boils two bone buttons in a pint of water. This gruel lasts him exactly one month. He has used the buttons so long that he has boiled all the holes out of them. He keeps warm in winter time by standing under his next-door neighbor's gas-lamp.

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS AND MICE—Read Martin Tupper to them half an hour a day.

An artist showing his pictures to a customer received the following sharp retort: "Well, I don't think much of this," said the customer, holding up the picture before him. "Don't think much of it! Why, that's a very rare print—a very rare print indeed, Sir!" "Rare! I've no doubt it is *rare*—it certainly is not *well done!*"

The following specimen of bar eloquence in a not-distant Western State was actually delivered, as we know from a correspondent, as here reported in his notes. The case was the trial of a person on a writ of *inquirendo lunatico*. Which side the "learned" and eloquent advocate was on it is somewhat difficult to ascertain from his speech: "The counsel on the other side, Sir, misapprehends the principle involved in this important case. Law, Sir, is very simple, if we understand its elementary principles. The principle of this case, Sir, is to be found in the horn-books of the profession. I hold in my hand, Sir, a volume of Blackstone, Sir, the great author of the English law; yes, Sir, I hold in my hand, Sir, that glorious *magnus chartus*, the foundation and bulwark of English liberty, which was wrung by the illustrious King John, sword in hand, from the bloody barons on the banks of the pleasant Bonnymede, on that momentous occasion! But, Sir, I did not intend to make a speech, Sir, and as I have not examined the question, Sir, I submit it to the Court with these few and incongruvial remarks."

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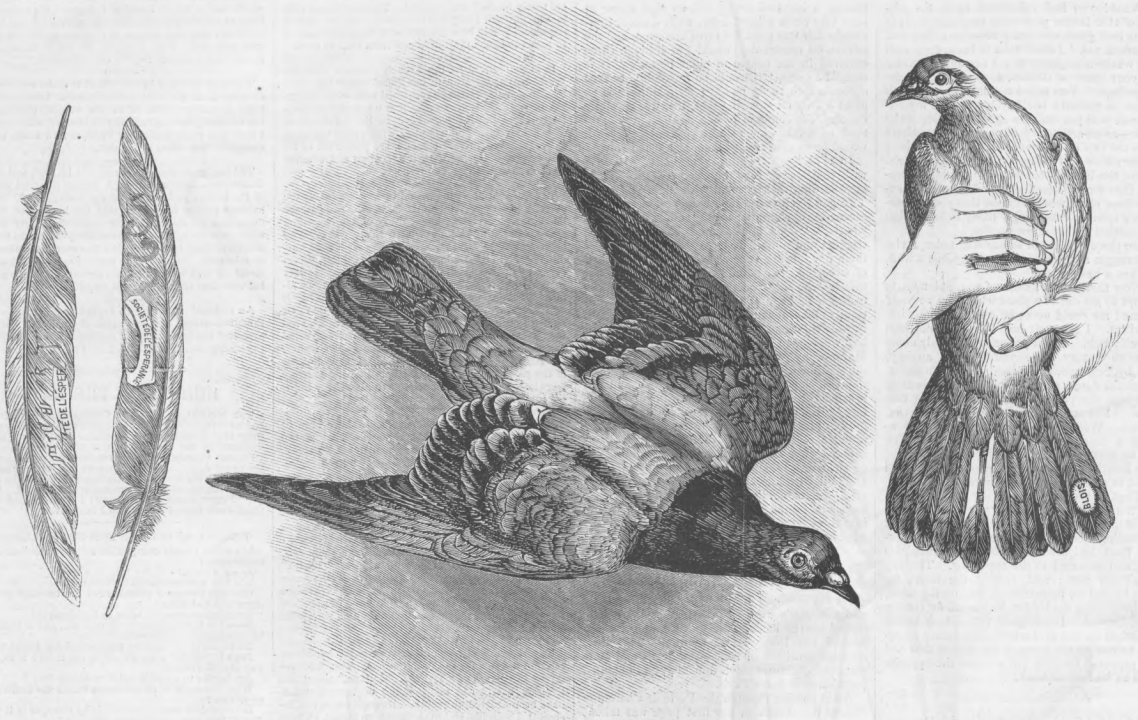
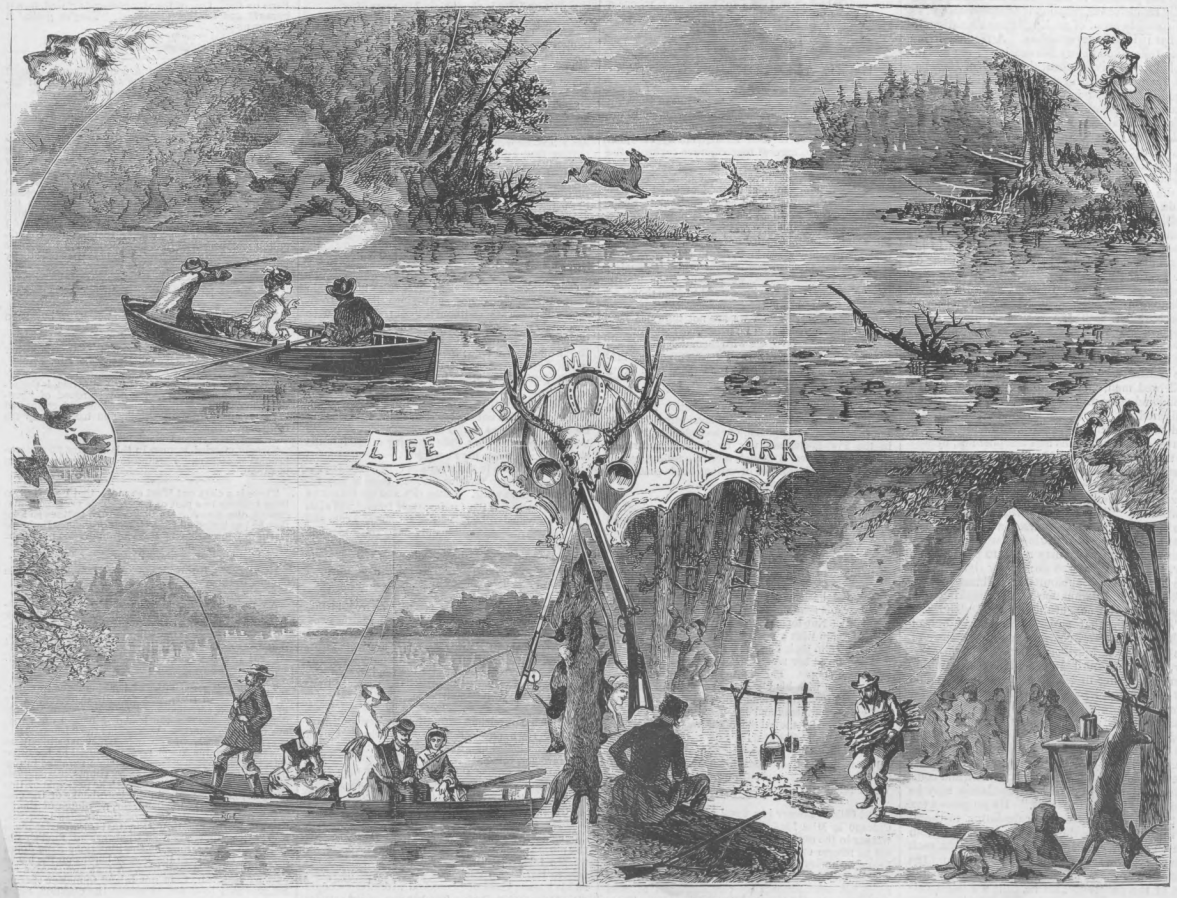


THE PIGEON POST.

THE PIGEON POST.

IN ancient times the dispatch borne by the carrier pigeon was necessarily brief, as the lightest weight was an impediment to the creature's flight. Now, however, the camera and the microscope have been brought into play, and the French government have lately informed us that no less than 3500 dispatches of twenty words each, in all 70,000 words, can now be carried by one of these messengers. Readers are familiar with those microscopic photographs of the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments, which, though appearing to the naked eye as the merest atom of dust, are nevertheless perfectly plain and legible under a good lens. A page of the London *Times* has been compressed into the space of an eighth of an inch.

A regular line of post pigeons has been established between Tours and Paris, the birds being brought from the capital by the balloons. Any one can now send a letter of twenty words to Paris on payment of fifty centimes per word. All he has to do is to send his message to the Tours postal authorities, who will take all due care that it be expedited, though its safe arrival may be endangered by the legion of hawks which the Prussians at Versailles are reported to have



BLOOMING GROVE PARK—THE AMERICAN FONTAINEBLEAU.—[SEE PAGE 815.]

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procured to pursue and capture these ornithological postmen. The pigeon, however, is said to fly far quicker than the hawk, and thus will be able to elude his antagonist's vigilance.

Several means of attaching the letter to the pigeon have been tried. Sometimes it was tied round the bird's neck, at other times under its wing; neither of these, however, was found efficacious, as the string was apt to break; and the message was usually wrapped round the leg and secured with a piece of silk. Now a still better method is used, which indeed forms the subject of the engravings on page 820. The letter is rolled up and fastened to the middle feather of the tail—that which remains perfectly stationary when its fellows spread out or close up. The feathers are also stamped with the number of the bird, and the place of departure, as shown in the second sketch.

WAITING FOR RATION TICKETS.

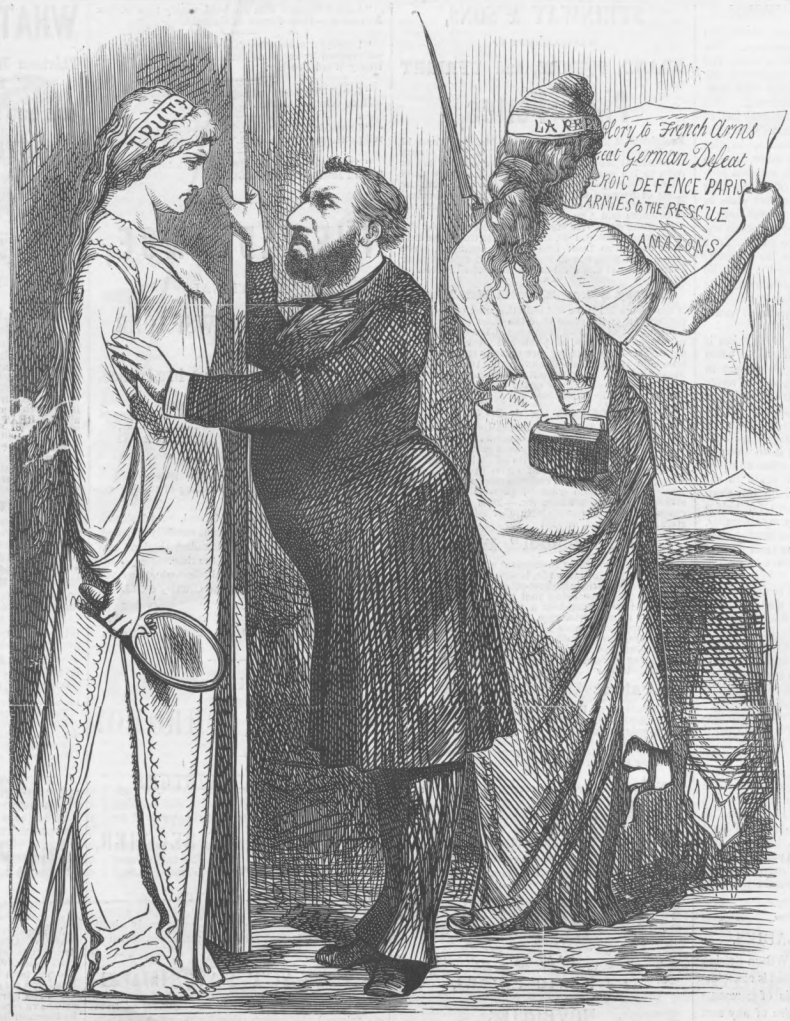
THE lower engraving on this page presents a scene now of daily occurrence in the once gay capital of France—a crowd of people waiting to procure ration tickets, without which no food can be obtained. Each resident was, at latest advices, allowed five ounces of meat every three days; and in order to insure even this limited supply he must wait sometimes several hours in front of the shop for his turn to be served.

RUSSIAN BALTIC TOWNS.

IF, as some people fancy, the next enterprise on which Germany, in furtherance of the idea of completing her national unity, is likely to embark be the annexation of the Baltic provinces of Russia, the natives of which are of Teutonic origin, the towns of Finland and Esthonia will probably come into still greater prominence even than they did during the Crimean war; and the fortifications of Revel and Sweaborg (the citadel of Helsingfors) may yet be destined to play a part as signal as that which has now rendered Strasburg and Metz famous.

Revel, the capital of Esthonia, and situated on a small bay in the Gulf of Finland, 200 miles southwest of St. Petersburg, is a strongly fortified sea-port town. The harbor is excellent, and well defended by batteries. The town is, for the most part, irregularly built. The town proper, which is inclosed by walls, is called the Domberg. Within the walls are two suburbs. The streets are narrow and dark. It contains a cathedral and several churches, a government house, the residence of the governor, an admiralty, a town-hall; a gymnasium, founded by Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden; a theatre, a public library, a military academy, and several schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions. It is much frequented as a watering-place. Manufactures—cotton goods, leather, hosiery, pins and needles, earthen-ware, and gunpowder. The town also possesses a cannon foundry, and a large trade in corn, hemp, flax, hides, and timber. Population, 28,000. Latitude, 59° 26′ N.; longitude, 24° 45′ E. This town was founded by Valdemar II., King of Denmark, in 1218, and afterward sold to the Teutonic knights. In 1710 it was taken from Sweden by the Russians, who destroyed its roadstead in 1854, by sinking large blocks of stone to prevent the entrance of the Anglo-French fleet while blockading the Russian ports in the Baltic during the same year. It was at one time the great emporium of the Hanseatic League for the trade with Novgorod.

Helsingfors, the sea-port capital of Finland, stands on a peninsula in the gulf of that name, about 100 miles northwest of St. Petersburg. It has a good harbor, in which line-of-battle ships can lie, and it is defended by the almost impregnable citadel and fortifications of Sweaborg, which stand on a number of rocky islands at the entrance of the harbor. The town is regularly built, and possesses a university, transferred from Abo in 1827, a library of 80,000 volumes, also brought from Abo; a museum, observatory, state-house, churches, and botanical gardens. Manufactures—sail-cloth and linen; and a trade is carried on in corn and timber. Population, 21,698. Latitude, 60° 11′ N.; longitude, 24° 57′ E. This town was founded by Gustavus I., of Sweden, and was burned in 1741, during the war between Sweden and Russia. In 1855 Sweaborg was bombarded for two days by the allied English and French fleets, when considerable damage was done to the interior defenses of the place. It is surmised that some arrangement has been made between Prussia and Russia by which these ports may be transferred to the former power, in return for aid in regard to the Czar's pretensions in the Black Sea.



THE UNWELCOME STRANGER.

TRUTH. "Pray, let me speak to her."
M. G-MB-TTA. "No, no, no—certainly not. She doesn't care to see you; and—in fact—you annoy us very much."

PARISIANS WAITING TO PROCURE RATION TICKETS.

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UNCONSCIOUS BRAIN WORK.

As a general rule, the unconscious brain, like an *enfant terrible*, is extremely veracious. The "Palace of Truth" is nothing but a house full of absent-minded people who unconsciously say what they think of each other, when they consciously intend to be extremely flattering. But it also sometimes happens that falsehood has so far become second nature that a man's very interjections, unconscious answers, and soliloquies may all be lies. Nothing can be more false to nature than the dramas and novels wherein profound scoundrels, in the privacy of an evening walk beside a hedge, unveil their secret plots in an address to fate or the moon; or fall into a well-timed brain-fever, and babble out exactly the truth which the reader needs to be told. Your real villain never tells truth even to himself, much less to fate or the moon; and it is to be doubted whether even in delirium his unconscious cerebration would not run in the accustomed ruts of fable rather than the unwonted paths of veracity.

Another failure of unconscious cerebration is seen in the continuance of habitual actions when the motive for them has ceased. A change in attire, altering the position of our pockets, never fails to cause us a dozen fruitless struggles to find our handkerchief or replace our purse. In returning to an old abode we are sure sooner or later to blunder into our former sleeping-room, and to be much startled to find in it another occupant. It happened to me once, after an interval of eight years, to find myself again in the chamber, at the table, and seated on the chair where my little studies had gone on for half a lifetime. I had business to occupy my thoughts, and was soon (so far as consciousness went) buried in my task of writing. But all the time while I wrote my feet moved restlessly in a most unaccustomed way under the table. "What is the matter with me?" I paused at last to ask myself, and then remembered that when I had written at this table in long-past days, I had had a stool under it. It was that particular stool my unconscious cerebration was seeking. During all the interval I had perhaps not once used a similar support; but the moment I sat in the same spot the trifling habit vindicated itself afresh, the brain acted on its old impression.

Of course it is as easy as it is common to dismiss all such fantastic tricks with a single word "habit." But the word "habit," like the word "law," has no positive sense as if it were itself an originating cause. It implies a persistent mode of action, but affords no clew to the force which initiates and maintains that action. All that we can say, in the case of the phenomena of unconscious cerebration, is that when volitional actions have been often repeated, they sink into the class of voluntary ones, and are performed unconsciously. We may define the moment when a habit is established as that wherein the volitional act becomes voluntary.

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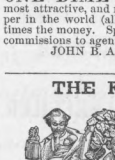

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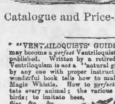

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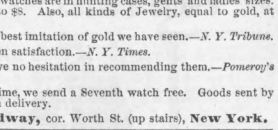

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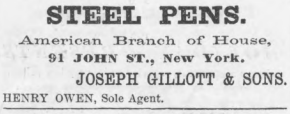

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 730.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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ANXIOUS TIMES—FRENCH PEASANT WOMEN READING NEWS FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.—[SEE PAGE 820.]

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

☞ *With this Number of the* WEEKLY *is published another Splendid and Attractive*

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containing Five interesting illustrations of the WAR IN FRANCE, *Poems, Stories, etc.*

☞ *The publishers of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *take pleasure in announcing that next week they will issue a*

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THE PRESIDENT'S VIEWS.

THE President's Message has now been carefully considered, and the general impression made by it is most favorable. It is a simple, direct document, the very plainness of the style, as in Mr. LINCOLN'S messages, suggesting the honesty which is characteristic of the man. The immediate effect of the Message has been the confirmation of the general feeling that the Republican hold of the country is secure. Before the elections it was supposed that there was such dissatisfaction of many kinds within the party that a very serious reduction of the party's strength would be revealed. There had been such frank and firm criticism upon many points that the opposition really seemed to believe that the criticism meant radical hostility, and that it was not impossible that the Democratic force in the House might be enough to perplex its action. The elections dissipated this expectation. They showed the Republican party, despite the quarrels which had cost it several representatives, virtually unshaken. The suggestion of a new party which was made by a powerful journal at the West, lately Republican, was absolutely without response. There was a reaction of feeling from the criticism and censure of the year, although the retirement of General Cox left an unpleasant feeling that the Administration was too indifferent to civil service reform. But the Message has happily restored Republican unity of feeling, and its distinct expression of opinion upon subjects which had occasioned differences of feeling in the party is manly and sagacious.

But those who therefore conclude that the criticism was superfluous and ridiculous seem to us profoundly mistaken. An able Administration asks nothing more earnestly than friendly counsel. Honorable men engaged in the details of government, and surrounded by interested politicians, are not familiar with the movement of public opinion, nor can they always accurately measure the popular effect of their measures. A faithful but friendly criticism is therefore what they especially need and wish. Power of every kind has flatterers enough, and a Republican Administration is not an exception to the rule. If the party press supported every Executive opinion and policy through thick and thin, it might very easily destroy the ascendency of the party; and nothing is of higher promise for the permanency of Republican control in the country than the fact that the Republican press is sensible enough to be independent.

But criticism to be serviceable must be friendly. If the inevitable result of constant remark upon an Administration is the conviction in the reader's mind that the party in power is thoroughly corrupt, or hopelessly under the direction of dishonest or incompetent leaders, it is hard to understand that the critic does not intend to defeat the party. There is a sneering tone, which is unmistakably that of hostility, which intensely gratifies an enemy of the officer or act criticised, and which also instantly alienates a friend. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS'S criticisms of the Republican party in Massachusetts, for instance, were certainly not friendly. No Democratic orator in the country could have so delighted his party friends as Mr. PHILLIPS by his gibes and kicks at the only party from which real progress in the government can be expected. It was an illustration of the kind of criticism which exasperates and does not reform. But there is another kind which has not been spared; and to say, as we observe some papers do say, with a smile, that every thing would have proceeded in exactly the same way if there had been no remark, is to beg the question, and to assert that the Administration can not, or will not, be influenced by criticism—an assertion which is so disparaging that no sincere friend of the President or of his party would willingly believe it.

The Message shows President GRANT to be in sympathy with the best feeling and purpose of the party. His position upon the revenue reform question, as it is rather vaguely called, is clearly defined, and is that of the mass of his friends. It involves that mutual concession which we have formerly mentioned as indispensable. If revenue reform implies raising the revenue by direct taxation, the President says that he is opposed to it. Still more is he opposed to it, of course, if it means any form of repudiation; for he has not failed to observe, although he does not mention the fact, that the repudiators, and those who are indifferent to the honest fulfillment of the national obligations, are all loud for revenue reform; and that the only practical effect of dividing the Republican party by a cry of revenue reform would be to bring the Democratic party into power—a party whose steady tendency is to a policy of repudiation. If there must be a tariff, it is grateful to the President so far as it encourages home products and the development of resources indispensable to national independence, and at living wages; and this tariff he would have levied upon luxuries. In these views the President undoubtedly speaks the general conviction of the country.

He also invites this Congress to remedy the abuse known as the civil service system. He would have a law which would regulate the manner of all appointments. He states that there is no duty which so much embarrasses every department as this thankless and arduous business; and he says, in words which will be memorable as those of a President of the United States at a time when the number of offices is so enormous: "The present system does not secure the best men, and often not even fit men, for a public place. The elevation and purification of the civil service of the government will be hailed with approval by the whole people of the United States." If the Republican party will say amen to this distinct and emphatic declaration of the President, it has the opportunity opened to it of instantly awakening the most enthusiastic sympathy of the most intelligent and, in many senses, the best part of the country.

There are other points of the Message upon which there will be differences of opinion. But they are not points of Republican policy. The true policy and movement of the party are admirably defined in the closing paragraph: honesty, ability, and economy of administration; reduction of taxes as rapidly as the situation will admit, and so as to afford the greatest relief to the greatest number; reform in the treatment of the Indians, and in the civil service; and finally, the purity of elections. With these the President separately urges the most careful attention to the interests of education as indispensable to good government. This is the summary of a policy which the country demands, which is essential to its continued prosperity and progress, and which is to be expected only from the Republican party.

HAS ENGLAND SURRENDERED?

THE Government of Great Britain is accused of "surrender" to Russia because it has assented to a conference upon the question of the Black Sea. But Lord GRANVILLE never refused a conference. On the contrary, his first note to Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, which was considered so belligerent, distinctly stated that England could not sanction the course announced by Russia; but that if Russia had invited a conference, England would have gladly accepted it. Now a conference is proposed. Russia, in accepting it, certainly modifies its contemplated action, while England assents upon condition that there shall be no foregone conclusion when the conference assembles. There is no surrender here. It is the course of humanity and good sense. The principle laid down by Lord GRANVILLE was undoubtedly just—that a joint treaty could not be subject to the arbitrary interpretation of any single signer. But war was not, even in such a case, unavoidable. Joint treaties, like that of Vienna, for instance, were often violated by some of the parties without occasioning war. But whether, even supposing Russia to violate a principle asserted by Great Britain, it was advisable to go to war, was a different question, and one to be decided not upon abstract grounds, but upon consideration of the best interests of England.

To insist that there has been a surrender because there is to be no war is the device of those who, for their own purposes, would gladly see a war. But what has Europe or America or civilization, or any good thing whatever, to gain by a war between Russia and England, or by a general European war? What incalculable suffering the people of Europe, especially of Germany and France, must for many a year endure because of the present terrible war in France! What unspeakable misery among the people followed the Thirty Years' War, and the wars of the Succession! A point of honor, as it is called, between nations may be as shadowy and Quixotic as between individuals, and a war for the sake of "honor" may be as black a crime, but indefinitely multiplied by its greater extent, as a duel between two men. Those who hoped for a war because of a wish to see England, in a sense, at our mercy, under the opportunity to wink at retaliation for the *Alabama*, would probably have applauded General BUTLER'S Boston speech. But they are not very favorable specimens of Americans. If we really believe that war is a misfortune, let us, at least, make some little honorable effort to avoid it. To blow and cherish every spark is not the surest way of preventing a flame.

In the last ten years we have all seen two great wars. One was our own; the other is now raging. The first was as truly a holy war as was ever waged. It was in defense of a government and of civil order founded upon human liberty. To have yielded to the demands of slavery and secession would have been the basest betrayal of the highest human interests, and of the mildest and most reasonable government in the world. But the war in France is one which its ruler wantonly provoked, which the French adopted instead of repudiating, and which threatens their destruction. LOUIS NAPOLEON had some theory of the "honor" of France demanding war. But what could he possibly know about honor? Is any nation justified in making war until it has exhausted every honorable means of keeping the peace? Is it a "surrender" to agree to confer amicably with an equal partner upon a proposed action, which, in the nature of the case, he is at liberty to take? Would not a partner who refused to confer, after he had himself suggested a conference, justly be regarded as worthy of outlawry?

THE DUTY OF THE MAJORITY.

THE financial question will become every day more important. Interest in what is called revenue reform is one of the signs of this tendency, and, as we ventured to say when the difference in Missouri declared itself, it is desirable for the Republican party to determine its position. Statesmanship, of course, is the power of dealing with the actual situation; and what is that? Is it not that as the necessarily heavy taxation caused the people to study the subject, the great non-manufacturing part of the population, which is, perhaps, nine-tenths of the whole, will see that they are paying heavily for the advantage of the one-tenth? We do not now say whether it is not really a general advantage for which the nine-tenths ought to be willing to pay. But as a fact they will not see this, and the sudden and general demolition of the tariff which might follow would be disastrous to great classes of laborers. It should be remembered that the labor of the country is fully organized upon the present system, and that a swift radical change of any kind would be a wide calamity. Extreme legislation upon the subject is therefore to be most warmly deprecated.

But there is a constant pressure toward this extreme legislation. The manufacturers, or the protected class, were very unwilling to assent to any reduction whatever of the duties upon foreign goods, even when their own internal taxes had been seriously diminished. Their policy seems to be to demand constantly increasing rates. The maker of tables wants protection because the maker of chairs has it. Legislators are not always chosen for their knowledge or sagacity, and they are often unable to see why B should not have the same favor from government that A enjoys. The consequence is that the tendency of a tariff is to constant increase. But if the tendency of thought is, as we have suggested, under the pressure of taxation, to require rapid reductions, the more extreme the legislation and the higher the tariff, the more disastrous the possible result will be. Is not the true policy of the Republican party evident? Whether a Representative be a free-trader or a protectionist, ought he not to conform his action to the actual situation? If the free-traders, as they improperly call themselves, if they do not wish free trade, should find themselves a majority, and should sweep away all the duties upon industries which now employ large numbers of laborers, the action would be folly, not statesmanship. And it would be the same if the protectionists should force the tariff up to still heavier rates.

The mischief of our tariff legislation has hitherto been the confusion and paralysis which result from unsteady action. Now a high tariff and now a low is a policy of incessant uncertainty, and consequently lamentable loss. The duty upon salt, for instance, is very high—higher probably than it should be. But it would be disastrously unwise to reduce the duty so suddenly and enormously as to deprive laborers of their work. However sound the theory of free trade may be, however true it may be that different countries produce different articles of consumption, and that perfect freedom of exchange would not only secure to all countries what they want at the cheapest rates, but would also tend by a consciousness of mutual dependence to keep the peace of the world, yet as society is not organized upon that principle, its sudden introduction, like that of fresh air under certain circumstances to an invalid, would be lamentable.

The true policy of administration, therefore, is the avoidance of extreme legislation; and as the protectionists are probably in the majority, their first care should be to reduce and simplify the tariff. They should avoid the tendency to heighten the duties in any direction, and strenuously cultivate that of lowering them in all. If, indeed, prohibition were desirable, or if high protection could stand the light of the modern and growing thought in the country, which it certainly can not, then a steady hold of high duties would be politic. But if our judgment of the sure tendency of opinion be correct, it is true statesmanship to act accordingly, and to save the country the consequences of a sudden demolition of the high tariff policy. The majority should advance to meet the growing change in sentiment, and to secure that steadiness which is essential to confidence and prosperity. This can be done wisely only by being done gradually; and that is the significance of the President's remark in his Message: "A true revenue reform can not be made in a day, but must be the work of national legislation and time."

AMERICA AND ROME.

THE address of the American Roman Catholics to the Pope upon occasion of the occupation of Rome by the Italians, in accordance with the almost unanimous wish of the Roman people, is an extraordinary document. The address states that the American Roman Catholics "revere the sacred sovereignty of the Holy See over its temporal domain." Now the despotic rule of the governor of a certain part of Italy is in no sense more "sacred" because he is also the chief officer of an ecclesiastical organization than the unconstitutional rule of VICTORIA in England would be because she is also the head of the English Church. The spiritual sovereignty of the Pope may be sacred to those who are of his Church, but his temporal government, which was probably the worst in Christendom, was in no conceivable sense "sacred." And if these Americans "repudiate and condemn the lawless injustice" which has respectfully and considerately reduced the temporal dominion of the Pope, what do they think and say of the lawless injustice of the Papal rule over the wretched people who were subject to it? Is the sympathy of American Roman Catholics devoted to the one man only who rules, and not to the million of men who are ruled?

In this document these Americans also profess faith in the divine right of rulers. They declare that as the Vicar of Christ the Papal governor of Rome is entitled by divine right to complete liberty in the exercise of his office, and that he has "the most perfect of human rights to civil princedom," which is necessary to that liberty. If this really means any thing, it is that the Pope has the divine right to govern a million of men as he chooses, because otherwise he could not properly fulfill his ecclesiastical functions. It is certainly not surprising that Father FARRELL suggested that, instead of merely hurrahing over such an extraordinary declaration, his society should consider it a little. The very necessity of saying such things, if any thing at all were said, should have suggested to American citizens, of whatever faith, that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope could not be successfully defended. Nothing can be more preposterous than such an argument for despotism as this address proclaims. And not content with asserting that the Pope has a divine right to be a temporal irresponsible monarch, it proceeds to allege that these Americans have a right, as Roman Catholics, to be "governed by a chief completely exempted from and independent of all civil authority, for in no other condition could our intercourse with him be free and unrestricted."

This, again, is the statement that, unless the Bishop of Rome has absolute power as a temporal monarch, his Papal functions are impeded. But if this be so, the argument is much more sweeping than the address implies. For why should that absolute temporal power be limited to a certain tract in the centre of Italy? The Pope is no more independent, in this sense, as the head of a little state of less than a million of inhabitants, as history shows, than he would be at the head of the Leonine City. Indeed, he is not so independent, as the head of a scant million of unwilling subjects, as he is as master of a square mile of territory guaranteed by the power of Italy. The Pope's independence of all civil authority certainly does not depend upon the extent of the domain granted to him. He may be as independent in a single palace, under guarantees, as he ever was in the Roman states. But if space and absolute political supremacy over its population are indispensable to this independence, there must be a domain and a people so large as to make foreign coercion impossible. So it is merely absurd to insist upon his late little Roman states as satisfying the conditions demanded.

Moreover, if he must be "independent of all civil authority," no other state in the world may rightfully put any barrier in the way. If, therefore, the Government of the United States continues to recognize the Government of the kingdom of Italy, after the "sacrilegious violence" with which it has "assaulted" the governor of Rome, the United States deny the divine Papal right to the absolute rule of a people who were

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never consulted, and the United States violate the right of American Roman Catholics to a free and unrestricted intercourse with the head of their Church. And all this because the Pope, instead of remaining the ruler of the Roman states, is now the ruler of a part of a city. The allegation of the address is that certain Italians must be subject to a government which they unanimously abhor in order that certain Americans may have free access to their chief bishop. It is certainly remarkable that any Americans should declare their religious rights to be invaded unless the political rights of another people are destroyed.

This address will suggest to other Americans that the only religious denomination in the country which feels itself to be injured by the progress of political liberty elsewhere is the only denomination which steadily pursues political purposes among ourselves.

THE PERILS OF LETTER-WRITING.

THERE is nothing more dangerous to the ambition of a public man than letter-writing. Whatever a man privately writes at any time, under any circumstances, is sure to be published, and, of course, interpreted without consideration of any circumstance whatever. Indeed, the right of the public to any thing belonging to a person in whom there is public interest is now so broadly asserted that no man who is famous, or who may become famous, can write a note declining an invitation to dine with a friend without incurring the risk of its earlier or later publicity. A great deal of the most entertaining and really illustrative literature, however, is of this personal kind, and all that can be fairly asked is that there be discretion used in the publication. It is not characteristic information about noted persons, it is twaddling gossip, which makes the offense of "personalities." Some of the most valuable books are in the strictest sense personal memoirs and private correspondence, which is private only in the form, and the publication of which gratifies every body and harms nobody.

Those who are in official position, however, ought to feel that whatever they say of official personages and actions, in dispatches to other official personages, throws upon them a responsibility which they can not avoid. Nor ought they to wish to avoid it. An officer in the military or naval service, for instance, should certainly not write any thing of a fellow-officer which he does not believe; while a man who is so far mastered by his feelings as to write intemperately will honorably confess that he was angry and did wrong. But the pen is a perilous servant; its very fidelity betrays its master. It relentlessly immortalizes a moment of foolish passion. It confounds a man by his own folly. There is a subtile little picture, by one of the younger artists in England, called "How they met themselves." A haggard man and woman suddenly encounter a ghostly vision of a fair youth and maid—their former, better selves. In the same way, but reversely, the calm man of to-day is confronted in his old letters with the angry man of yesterday, and he is confounded to think that it is he.

Admiral PORTER was thus confounded probably when he read his old letter to Secretary WELLES about General GRANT. The difficulty of the situation, however, was not that he had written the letter, nor that it was published, but that he had not long ago told the President that at the time of the Fort Fisher attack he had written of him in a manner which he now believed to be not justified. Then the weapon would have been harmlessly aimed at the Admiral, for the charge would have been drawn. And the President's feeling of surprise would have been avoided, because it did not spring, of course, from the fact that Admiral PORTER thought ill of him, but that if he thought ill he should have seemed friendly; or that if he were really friendly, he should not have removed the sting of an earlier expression of ill-feeling by confession. It is always easy, indeed, to be wise after the event. But this case was very simple. The Admiral knew of the letter, and he must also have known how very fragile the seal of secrecy was.

If, however, the grade of admiral in the navy be retained, the fact that Admiral PORTER thought and wrote in an unfriendly tone of General GRANT does not make him less fit for the position, unless, indeed, upon a consideration of the circumstances, the President should feel that there has been duplicity. Meanwhile the event will have the good effect of stimulating other gentlemen similarly situated to put their personal relations upon a more stable ground, to destroy all compromising letters upon which they can lay hand, and, above all, to write none which may be hereafter wrested into weapons to beat them about the head.

REPUBLICAN QUARRELS.

EVERY faithful Republican who thinks that the continued power of that party is essential to the national welfare has a right to demand harmony among the party chiefs. Quarrels at head-quarters will not make a peaceful camp. And that there are quarrels, serious and fierce, we all know. The President and Senators SUMNER and SCHURZ, for instance, are not friendly. The New York Senators are alienated from each other, and we recall, with profound regret, a passage between two of the most eminent Republican Senators upon the floor of the Senate on the 4th of July last. The mischief of these differences is incalculable. They may defeat the policy of the Administration, and they may very easily defeat the party in the Presidential election. Unquestionably the difficulty in the State of New York did defeat the party in November. It would not have been a very difficult, certainly not a hopeless task, to recover the State from the Democrats. But the first condition of success was absolute harmony, and that was utterly wanting. Troy defied the Greeks while Achilles and Agamemnon quarreled. Let the Republican chiefs reflect whether Republican victory will crown their feuds.

We do not discuss the reasons of the differences. The blame undoubtedly must be divided. Certainly the President, whatever may have been his mistakes of method or of policy during the last session—and they were very few—did not deserve the kind of censure which he received from certain Administration Senators. Nor can those Senators be justly surprised if he felt hurt, and showed that he was so. The difficulty in New York, as is universally known, springs from patronage. Under our miserable system it is impossible that the control of patronage should not be the measure of a Senator's real power and influence. If one of the State Senators is known to have more success in "placing" his followers, the other is inevitably chagrined, and he is discredited with his party as "of no account." Personal ill-feeling is very sure to follow. If, then, the Administration intervenes, and, as it were, declares for one against the other, disaffection and open hostility within the party are close at hand. The remedy is obvious. It is with the President. Seeing the situation, he may require of each Senator that the difference be composed upon his withdrawing from active interference, and holding an equal hand between them.

So with the Missouri case. Mr. BROWN, the Governor elect, intends, we presume, to act with the Democratic party. But Senator SCHURZ can not join the Democracy. We do not believe that the German element of the Republican party in Missouri is satisfied with the results of the quasi-Democratic alliance. It is naturally Republican, as Senator SCHURZ is. But the Missouri Senators also are unfriendly, and the Administration threw its influence in the State upon the side that was unsuccessful. There is, of course, a great deal of angry and doubtful feeling. We hope, therefore, that the Senate will refuse to allow the Missouri war to be renewed upon its floor; and that it will remember that Senator SCHURZ is amply able to define his own position, and can easily do so by acting quietly with his Republican friends, as he has shown his intention to do by attending the first Republican caucus.

The determination of the President that there shall be Republican peace, and his own refusal to recognize any differences of his own, with a little sagacity in healing those among the Senators, will give him a position and an influence which will be invaluable. Resolute sagacity in the adjustment of the quarrels, and a sense of personal responsibility for the party success upon the part of the Senators and Representatives, will make Republican harmony and triumph as overwhelming as they are desirable.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT is stated by the London *Athenæum* that Mr. C. F. VARLEY, the well-known electrician, has devised a method by which four currents of electricity can be delivered simultaneously by a single wire, even in opposite directions.

According to Treasury statistics the year ending June 30, 1870, has been more favorable to the whaling interests than the preceding one, since, although the tonnage employed was somewhat less—namely, not quite 70,000 tons—the catch is reported as more satisfactory, and the general prospect for the future is believed to be very promising. Of the number of vessels employed by far the largest was from New Bedford, namely, 206. Next comes Barnstable, with 43; and New London, 22. Nantucket, once so busy a scene in this connection, can now only show six vessels, and Edgarton but eight.

According to Professor RAYMOND'S late report on the statistics of mines and mining in the Western United States, for the year 1869, the total bullion product for the year amounted to $63,500,000, this showing a falling off as compared with the product of 1868 by no means as great as was expected. The yield from quartz mining is decidedly larger than that of previous years, and Professor RAYMOND considers the prospects of mining industries generally to be far more promising than they were a year ago. This view is strengthened by the fact that wages and other items of hitherto unreasonable expense have been materially reduced, thus relieving mining enterprises of a burden which they have in general been unable to carry, and which is greater than that imposed upon other branches of industry in the country.

Much activity is at present manifested in Peru in the way of connecting her coast with the countries east of the Andes by railroads. One of these, extending from the coast to Arequipa, across the Andes to Puno, and thence to Lake Titicaca, is progressing satisfactorily. Forty miles have been finished between Arequipa and the coast, and are constantly worked by trains. It is expected that within six months the ancient city of Arequipa, founded by PIZARRO, in the valley of the Andes, will be in close communication with the coast. As this region is rich in silver and copper mines, and produces cotton, wool, sugar, and nitre, it is anticipated that an immense trade will be open as soon as the road is finished to that point.

The year 1870 bids fair to be marked in the history of North American paleontology, in consequence of the numerous collections made by various expeditions, particularly those of Professor HAYDEN and Professor MARSH, of Yale, both of whom, at the head of large parties, have been engaged during the past summer in exploring various portions of the West. Dr. LEIDY has already characterized a large number of fossils gathered by Dr. HAYDEN, Mr. CLARENCE KING, and Mr. CONDON, among them species of lophiodon, oreodon, rhinoceros, etc. Among the reptiles are a new crocodile of large size and a number of turtles.

It is now announced authoritatively that the odium attaching to the British government of refusing to render any assistance to observations of the eclipse of December is undeserved, and that the blame, if any there be, applies rather to negligence of a former committee having the matter in charge. As soon as the subject was actually brought, even informally, to the notice of the government every assistance was promised, and arrangements are now being made to carry the whole matter into effect. A ship is to be furnished to transport the observers to Spain, and funds supplied to take others overland to Naples, with a vessel to convey them to Messina. The various European governments have been requested to aid the different parties, and the British government in other ways has brought all its influence to bear toward the success of the expedition.

Professor NORDENSKJOLD, the leader of the last Swedish expedition to Spitzbergen, has visited Greenland, during the past summer, for the purpose of engaging dogs to be used in his polar explorations of next year. From letters recently received from him we learn that he has succeeded in penetrating into the interior of Greenland, over the inland ice, about thirty or forty nautical miles. He started on his journey on the 19th of July from Auleitsivik Fiord, an inlet in about 68° north latitude. This makes an addition to the number of more recent expeditions for exploring the interior of Greenland; the others, as is well known, being those of Dr. HAYES, KIELSEN, Drs. RINK and BROWN, Mr. E. WHYMPER, and Mr. A. TYNER.

The last number of the *American Journal of Science* records the discovery of a large part of the skeleton of a mastodon near Illipolis, Illinois. One of the tusks proved to be nearly ten feet in length, and twenty-nine inches in circumference three feet from the lower end. All the bones were in a fair state of preservation, and of a dark, spongy, and porous appearance. It is probable that the specimens will be added to the collections of fossils now being gathered together by Professor WORTHEN for the State cabinet.

According to the official report from the Treasury Department, it is stated that during the year ending June 30, 1870, 2292 vessels, having an aggregate of 91,460 tons, were engaged in the mackerel fishery. The same report for the year ending June 30, 1869, showed a total of 714 vessels, of about 62,700 tons, exhibiting a very gratifying increase in the magnitude of this branch of marine industry.

It is stated that the United States of Colombia during the past year exported about three and a half millions of pounds of cinchona bark, valued at over four hundred thousand dollars.

Professor PHILLIPS, of the Museum at Oxford, is very desirous of learning the relationship between the length and weight of crocodiles and alligators of all sizes, and requests the friends of science to make as many experiments on this subject as possible, and to transmit the result to the University Museum at Oxford. Mr. BUCKLAND recommends that if the living animal be experimented upon it be first placed in a bag. We commend the inquiry to such of our readers as may visit Florida this winter, in hopes that the many opportunities of answering the question there will be utilized. Information sent to the *American Naturalist Magazine*, at Salem, Massachusetts, or to the *American Journal of Science*, at New Haven, Connecticut, will no doubt be at once published, and thus made accessible to Professor PHILLIPS.

The *American Journal of Science*, which has for so many years been the recognized exponent of scientific activity in the United States, and which, beginning in 1818, was published as a quarterly for the fourth of a century, and then for another period of the same length as a bi-monthly, will be issued in the beginning of the coming year as a monthly. It will consequently come more frequently before the public, and thereby reflect more faithfully the progress of science than it could do under its former plan. The *Journal* will continue to be edited by Professors SILLIMAN and DANA, with the co-operation of eminent men of science in New England, and will, we trust, be welcomed in its new form by that material increase of the subscription-list which it so well deserves.

Panama papers inform us that the heaviest rain experienced at Aspinwall for many years occurred on the 3d of November, four inches and sixty-three hundredths of water having fallen in the middle of the day in the space of a little over three hours.

At the late meeting of the British Association a committee, consisting of Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, Sir CHARLES LYELL, Mr. FINDLAY, and Admiral HAY, was appointed for the purpose of bringing to the notice of the Commissioners of the Admiralty the importance of revising the survey of the west coast of South America, with a view to ascertaining what changes have taken place in the levels since the recent earthquakes on that coast. Mr. CLEMENTS MARKHAM was appointed secretary of the committee.

Great interest has been felt in regard to the results to be expected from the deep-sea dredgings of the present year by the steamer *Porcupine*, those of last year being so entirely unexpected and remarkable. We learn from our foreign exchanges that the methods of last year have been carefully followed during the present, and that soundings, dredgings, and analyses of sea-water have been made at different depths down to fifteen hundred fathoms. A large part of the Mediterranean basin has been explored, with satisfactory results, and pains have been taken to make out and define, as far as possible, the phenomena of the current which, on the surface, sets through the Strait of Gibraltar to the eastward.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 5.—Commencement of the third session of the Forty-first Congress. Nearly all the Senators were in their places. After the usual formalities of the opening session several bills and resolutions were introduced, and laid on the table until the standing committees should be organized. Among these was a bill offered by Senator Sumner "to terminate the fabrication of United States notes and fractional currency, to strengthen the reserves of the national banks, and to promote the return to specie payments." The President's Message was read.—In the House, 173 answered to the roll-call. Delegations were called from every State but Georgia. There was no business of importance.

December 6.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to authorize the election of a delegate from the Indian Territory, and one looking to the repeal of the income tax.—In the House, three bills were introduced for the repeal of the income tax. Several bills were introduced looking to the revival of navigation and the commercial interests of the country. One of these provides for the removal of all duties from materials used in building vessels for the foreign trade, and two others provide, under certain restrictions, for the registry in United States ports of foreign-built vessels.

December 7.—In the Senate, a bill was submitted giving to the American and East India Telegraph Company the sole right, for twenty-one years, to lay a telegraph from the Pacific coast to Asia, the work to be begun within one year and completed within three years, and the Navy Department to assist in making surveys and laying the cable.—In the House, a bill was introduced to provide for the gradual resumption of specie payments. A resolution was adopted inquiring into the seizure of the fishing schooner *Granada* by the Canadian authorities, and one was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs making inquiries regarding the intention of any European power to establish a port at Samana. Any such intention was declared to be unfriendly to the United States, and in contravention of the Monroe policy.

December 8.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to prevent assessments upon government employés for political or other purposes. Any official allowing such assessment, or employé paying it, is made liable to dismissal and a fine not exceeding $1000. It also prohibits the giving of presents or gratuities to government officials for any thing done in connection with their official duties.—In the House, a bill was passed to abolish the franking privilege.

December 9.—The House was not in session.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to discontinue the ranks of Admiral and Vice-Admiral in the navy after vacancies occur in the same, and to reduce the number of Rear-Admirals to three, and of Commodores to six, by omission to fill vacancies hereafter occurring.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

On the 8th inst. the Roman Catholics of Buffalo made a public demonstration of sympathy with the Pope. An address was adopted expressing homage and obedience to the Holy See, sympathy in the "affliction and outrage" to which the Pope and the Church are subjected, condemnation of the Italian occupation of Rome, a protest against the violation of the right of Catholics to be governed by a chief exempt from and independent of all civil power, a promise to still recognize Pius IX. as the lawful King of Rome, and a pledge of co-operation in any movement of the Catholic world to maintain the integrity of his sovereignty.

General Hiram Walbridge died in this city on the 6th inst. He was forty-nine years of age.

The claim against the Spanish government for the seizure of the steamer *Lloyd Aspinwall* was paid by Minister Roberts.

The Navajoe Indians have begun a war upon the Apaches.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN FRANCE.

GENERAL DUCROT issued an order to his army at Vincennes on the 4th inst., in which he says that after two days of glorious battles they had recrossed the Marne, finding their efforts fruitless, to await a more favorable opportunity to break through the Prussian investment.

Orleans was reoccupied by the Prussians on the 4th inst., after defeating the army of the Loire. The French lost 10,000 prisoners, 77 cannon, and four gun-boats on the river.

The provisional government have abandoned Tours and gone to Bordeaux, in apprehension of a German raid.

The Prussians are about to invest Havre, and French iron-clads have been ordered to that port to protect the city.

The Prussian government has informed the Grand Duke of Luxembourg that, as he has allowed a violation of the neutrality of the Grand Duchy by the French, Prussia will no longer respect the neutrality of Luxembourg, nor be bound by the treaty of 1867.

Two English houses, it is said, have contracted to supply Paris with food after the capitulation.

The French officers and war prisoners in Germany are reported as strongly against the restoration of the Bonapartes.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

A note from Count Bismarck was received by the President of the North German Parliament on the 8th inst., stating that King William had accepted the title of Emperor of Germany.

The Duke of Aosta, on receiving the crown of Spain from the Spanish deputation in Florence, congratulated them on the reconciliation of order with liberty in Spain, and promised to maintain the constitutional traditions of his family, expressing the belief that his conduct will convince all parties of his honesty of purpose.

The ex-Queen of Spain has formally protested against the election of the Duke of Aosta, but she says she will not appeal to force.

The general tenor of the Russian dispatches to Vienna, Florence, Tours, and Constantinople is that the granting of the Russian demand is essential to the peace of Europe.

In acknowledging the receipt of a petition from Ireland for British intervention in favor of the temporal power of the Pope, Mr. Gladstone says the government has not interfered in any changes in Rome since the election of Pius IX., but it feels bound to make and has made provision for protecting the Pontiff. In the mean time, he adds, Italy explicitly engages to protect the Pope's freedom and maintain his dignity.

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Singular Encounter.—An Unruly Hearse.—Sagacious Dog.—New Style of Cabin Architecture.—The Stream of Lava and the Church.—The Mounds of Hialtadal.—Conclusion of the Journey.

THE halts alluded to in the preceding chapter became so numerous that M. Nougaret was obliged at last to put a peremptory stop to them, even at the risk of wounding the feelings of the country people who desired to pay him attention. He says he counted one day, before he gave up making these calls, and found that the number of cups of coffee that he had to drink was twenty-seven.

He relates one very singular encounter which he met with on his journey. It was a funeral procession, if procession it might be called, though it consisted of a cavalcade conveying a corpse through the country to a church, for interment in the burying-ground adjoining it. The rude coffin had been lashed upon the back of a horse, and as, of course, with such a load upon his back there would be no room for a rider, the horse could only be sent forward free, and followed up by those behind. It seems that, in consequence of some excitement or other, the horse had escaped from control, and, when M. Nougaret met the party, was running away, the whole troop following him with shouts and outcries, intended to bring him to a halt. The coffin had become loosened from its fastenings, and was in great danger of slipping down the horse's side, and perhaps of falling off entirely. Very soon after M. Nougaret came up with this party the horse was stopped, the coffin readjusted, and the funeral cavalcade went on.

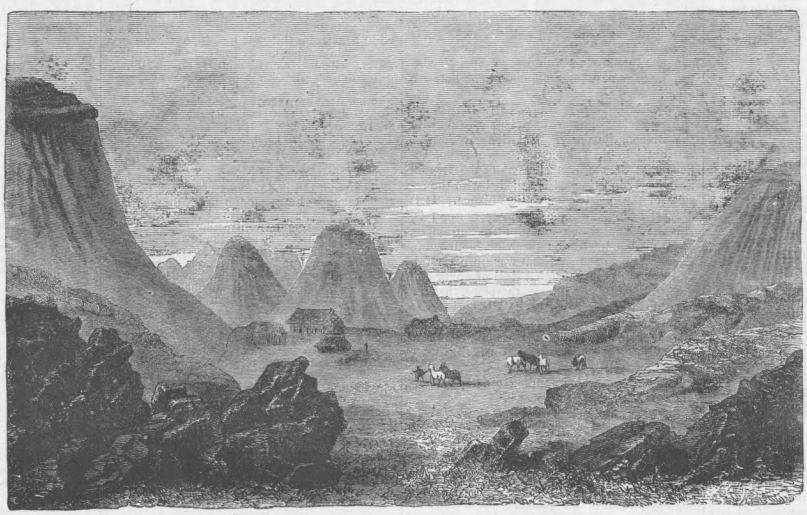
AN UNRULY HEARSE.

On one occasion night was coming on—that is to say, the part of the twenty-four hours which in these latitudes passes for night—and it began to rain. There was no house in sight, and the way was becoming difficult and dangerous. The guide had a dog named Soulou. This dog, seeming to perceive the embarrassment of his master, and understanding the cause of it, began at once to look out for a lodging for the night, according to his ideas of the proper mode of proceeding. He ran to and fro, first on one side of the path and then on the other, barking violently, and then listening for a response. At length the response came, in the form of the distant barking of other dogs. The tired and jaded horses seemed to be inspired with new strength and courage by the sound. They pricked up their ears, quickened their steps, and the whole party, guided by Soulou, were led forward to a habitation where they all found refreshment and rest.

While in this cabin M. Nougaret observed something peculiar in the smoked and darkened rafters overhead; and found, on examination, that the frame of the building consisted of the skeleton of a whale, which had been stranded on the beach, and which the fishermen had contrived to remove to a suitable position and convert into the frame of a cabin, using the ribs for rafters. Among the furniture in the interior of this cabin there were, in lieu of chairs, several stools, each formed of the skull of a horse, supported by legs formed of the leg bones of the same animal. The flat part of the skull, representing the face, was uppermost, and formed the seat. Our author states that this style of stools is very common in the Icelandic cabins.

The country, wherever our author traversed it, whether in the interior or along the coast, gave every where abundant testimony in respect to its volcanic origin, being formed of ancient beds of lava in every stage of disintegration and decay, and presenting in the peaks and pinnacles, and in the ragged fissures and chasms which characterized the rock, marks of the columnar structure which is so often observed in rocks of volcanic origin. In one part of the country there was a church in the midst of a level plain, which was surrounded by a range of these ragged piles. The legend in respect to it is that it was built before the eruption of the lava took place from which these rocks were formed, and that the stream, when in its flow it approached the spot, made a grand detour, out of respect to the sacredness of the place, and thus left the church and the area around it unharmed.

The magnitude and violence of the eruptions of Mount Hecla, in former years, have been such that the imagination in vain attempts to comprehend the extent and grandeur of the effects which have resulted from them. One of the latest great eruptions took place about one hundred years ago, namely, in 1766. Warning was given of its approach by subterranean rumblings and thunderings in the vicinity of the mountain, and by the pouring out from the crater of an immense volume of black smoke and ashes, which was soon followed by the continued ejection of a shower of masses of pumice-stone and scoria, which filled the air completely over the mountain for a long time, and fell at a great distance upon all the surrounding country. Indeed, so dense was the cloud of smoke and ashes that hung over the whole region that the sky was completely darkened, and the ordinary avocations of life were suspended till the air became clear again. And when it did become clear, the ashes which subsided from it covered the ground to a depth of four inches for a hundred miles around!



MOUNDS OF HIALTADAL.

Thus far the eruption had consisted principally of ashes and scoriæ; but soon afterward the lava began to appear. Immense volumes of it were poured out, and began to flow in vast molten streams to great distances over the country. The ice and snow upon and around the summit were melted too, and poured down such floods of mud and water over the surrounding country as to produce in many places the most disastrous inundations. The mountain itself was, moreover, so heated during the operation that it required thirty years for it to become cool, so that snow could lodge and ice form on its flanks again. It did not, indeed, appear to return to its former condition until about 1810; and then in 1845 a new eruption took place, though it was not so violent as the one which preceded it.

The remains of ancient beds of lava are scattered all over the island, and are seen now in various states of disintegration and decay. The length of the time which lava requires to advance to such a state of change as is witnessed in many cases here is so great as to indicate that the volcanic action of which this island is the scene has been going on for an immensely long period.

The sharp and ragged forms, with a tendency to vertical crevices and fissures, so often assumed by rocks of volcanic origin in a certain stage of disintegration, do not, it seems, always prevail; for in a certain part of Iceland is seen a very remarkable formation of mounds, shaped like royal tents, and arranged over the plain on which they stand in a manner which gives them quite an artificial appearance. The name of the place where these mounds occur is Hialtadal; it is situated in the northeastern part of the island.

Such a region as this must form, it would seem, but a dreary and desolate home for the residence of man; and the general aspect of the habitations and their surroundings, as they presented themselves to the view of our traveler in the course of his journey, appeared to him very little attractive. There was, however, one exception. While enjoying the hospitality of the minister at one of the little hamlets that he visited, he was much impressed with the picturesqueness of the situation of the church and of the minister's residence, and with the beauty of the night. The supper, and the Latin conversation which accompanied and followed it, occupied so much time, and the excitement produced in the family by such an arrival was so great, that it was past midnight before they were ready to retire to their beds. The sun, after dipping a little way below the horizon, was beginning to appear again. M. Nougaret and the minister were in the open air, before the house, smoking their pipes. The children were quiet, the cows were lying upon the grass resting contentedly, the sky was clear and beautiful, and the air was soft and bland. The whole scene was one of romantic calmness and repose.

"What a pleasant evening," said M. Nougaret, "and what a charming scene! How happy your life must be here!"

The minister took his pipe from his mouth, and asked the traveler,

"Should *you* be happy to live here?"

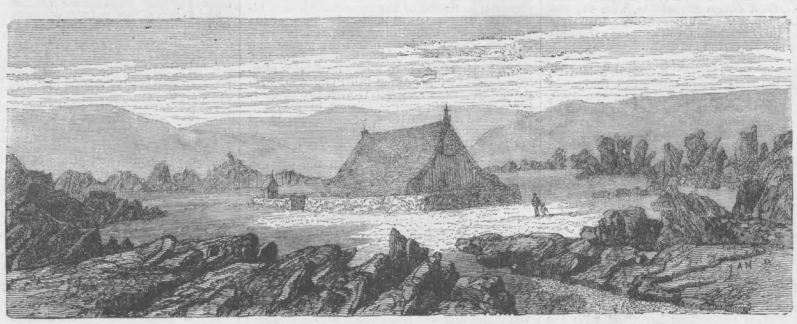
M. Nougaret admitted that he found this question somewhat embarrassing.

But dreary and desolate as such a region must be as a home for human families, all the littoral portions of it swarm with animal life. The shores both of the interior and the exterior waters abound with birds of many species, which flock there in countless millions to rear their young on the neighboring rocks, gathering their sustenance, in the mean while, for themselves and their families, from the waters of the marshes, rivers, and lakes. The waters of the sea, along all the shores of the island, are equally prolific; and they are the resort of a large fleet of French fishermen in the summer season, as well as of those of other European nationalities, who fish for cod, and dry their "takes" on bundles of sticks set up on the land. An engraving on our next page represents the scene witnessed among the fishing vessels off the shore.

The French and the Danish governments send each a national vessel every season to visit these fishing fleets, and aid the fishermen to repair their damages, and also to afford them any other succor or protection that they may need. These ships coast around the island, enter the bays, communicate with the principal towns, and sometimes penetrate into interior harbors, where, while lying at anchor, they are often surrounded by scenery of the most imposing grandeur. The Dyrafiord is one of these harbors, situated in the northeastern part of the island. M. Nougaret was attached to the French ship *Pandora*, in a medical capacity, at the time that he made his excursions to the Geysers and to Hecla.

The people of the country look up, of course, with great respect to the ships, and to the official visitors which they bring every summer to the island, and often apply to the latter for relief in very singular emergencies. One instance of this kind, quite illustrative of the ideas and modes of life prevailing on these lonely shores, occurred to M. Nougaret, and we will repeat his account of it in closing this article.

One evening, when he was ashore from his ship, and had been spending an hour or two in making music for the peasants to dance to on the green, by means of a kind of tin flute which one of the mechanics on board the ship had manufactured for the purpose under his directions, a young woman with a child in her arms came up to him and handed him a letter to read. The letter was written in the Icelandic tongue, and he could make nothing of it, except that it seemed to relate to a man named Le Blanc.



CHURCH RESPECTED BY A CURRENT OF LAVA.

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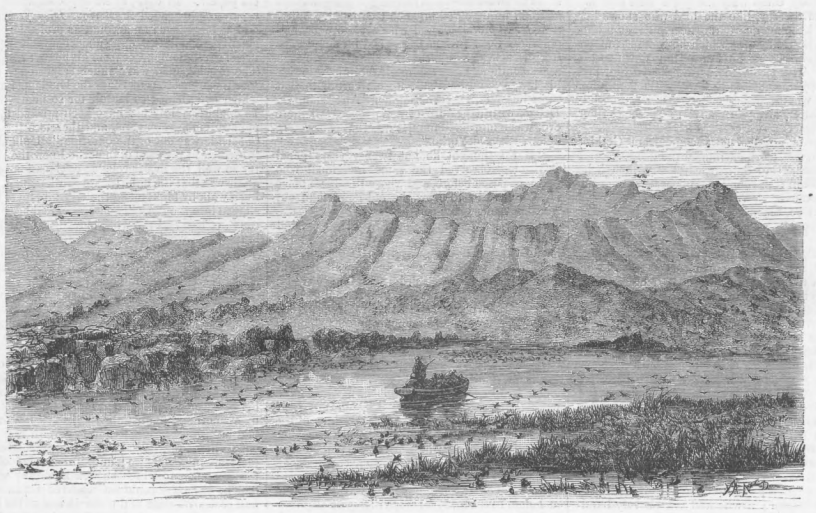


ABUNDANCE OF ANIMAL LIFE ON SHORE.

There was nobody in the company with whom he could communicate, except by signs, and he was accordingly quite perplexed to know what the letter meant, and what the poor woman wanted.

In the midst of his perplexity it so happened that a minister came to the place, and M. Nougaret, being able to communicate with him in Latin, gave him the letter, and asked what it meant. The minister read it, and made some inquiries of the woman, and then reported the case to M. Nougaret, saying that some time previously, at the close of a season, a French sailor by the name of Le Blanc had been wrecked on the coast, and had found refuge in the family of the father of this young woman. That, before long, he proposed marriage to the young woman, and, with her father's consent, they were married. The sailor spent the winter with them, but in the spring he went to Reykjavik, the capital, ostensibly to seek some employment, and since then they had heard nothing from him. They supposed that he had gone to France; and as the woman had heard that M. Nougaret came from France, she came to him to inquire whether he had seen her husband there, and if he could tell her what had become of him.

When M. Nougaret, through the interpreter, said that he had not seen the man, she seemed surprised, and asked the minister whether M. Nougaret did not come from France. If he came from France he must have seen her husband, she thought, if he was there. Her ideas of the extent and population of France were evidently not as enlarged as the facts would warrant.

She looked very disconsolate and sad when she found that she could not learn any tidings of her husband from the stranger. She talked a moment with the minister, and then the minister, addressing M. Nougaret, said that her case was truly a hard one, since the man went away without getting divorced, as he should have done, so as to set his wife at liberty. "If he had taken the necessary steps for a divorce," said the minister, "before he went away, then the woman would be all right, as she could at any time marry another man; whereas, as it was, she was condemned to hopeless isolation."

After a moment's reflection an idea occurred to M. Nougaret's mind which he thought might perhaps furnish a solution of the difficulty.

"Ask the woman how she was married, and whether the French consul at Reykjavik had any thing to do with the affair," said he to the minister.

The woman, on being interrogated, answered this question in the negative. She was married, she said, simply according to the customs of the country people of Iceland.

"Then," said M. Nougaret, "she is free. The marriage was not legal. Le Blanc was a French subject, and under the jurisdiction of French laws; and they require, in such cases, certain acts and documents from the nearest French consul to make the marriage valid. Thus the requisite formalities to render the union legal not having been observed, the woman is free, and can marry any other man as soon as she pleases."

The minister reflected a moment, as if somewhat uncertain how this view of the question was to be received; but finally said that M. Nougaret was right, and that the woman was legally free. He explained the case to her. Her face at once brightened up, and she went away overjoyed at finding herself so suddenly released from an embarrassment which a few moments before had seemed hopeless and irremediable. M. Nougaret thought that within a week she was married again.

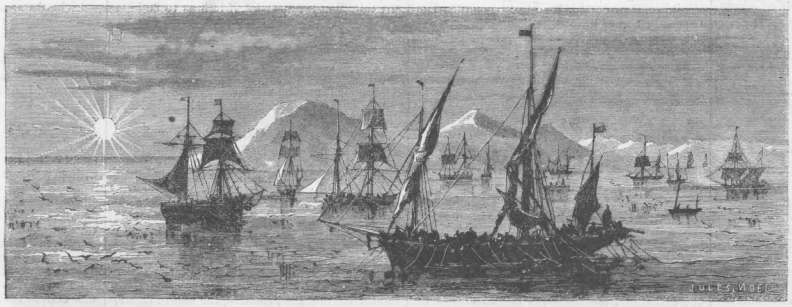
THE MISTLETOE.

EVERY one knows this parasite, which grows both on deciduous and ever-green trees and shrubs, forming a pendent ever-green bush from the trunks and branches; and some of our fair readers may have *accidentally* stood under it at Christmas, receiving a reward for their pains. We may venture to remind them that, according to the received rule of medieval times, except a maiden was kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas, she could not be married during the ensuing year. When once established on a tree, the mistletoe will grow as long as there is any life in the tree; but when the branch on which it is rooted decays, the death of the mistletoe immediately follows. Two or three inches of the shoot is produced only in a season, and the leaves vary considerably in different plants. The missel-thrush feeds on the berries, and so does the blackbird; and bird-lime is made from the bruised berries. The effect of the mistletoe is injurious to the branch upon which it grows, for the sap is absorbed by the growth of the parasite. In orchards it is for this reason speedily removed. The lichens, on the contrary, do not hurt trees, as they do not feed upon their substance.

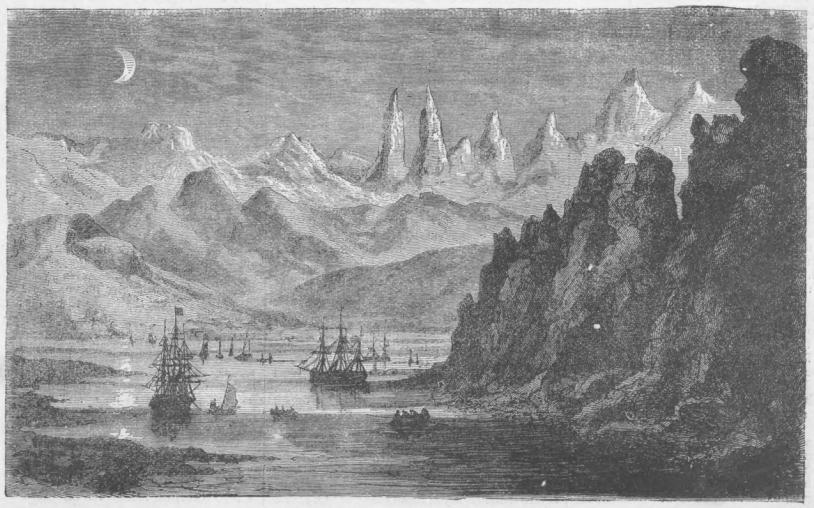
The mistletoe has always been associated with Druidical worship; and we can not, therefore, do better than give an outline of that superstition. The simplest and earliest form of their religion seems to have been the worship of the sun, moon, and fire. The sun they adored under the name of Tutanes, the same as the Roman Saturn and the Phœnician Baal or Bel. Another remarkable principle was the worship of the serpent; and it has been conjectured that the great Druidical temples, such as Stonehenge and Avebury, were constructed for the united worship of the serpent and the sun. Afterward, however, the number of deities was considerably increased, among whom the chief were Hesus, the god of war, Jow or Jupiter, Taranis, the ruler of thunder, Belin or Apollo, and Oghum or Mercury. The garments of the Druids were remarkably long and flowing; and when employed in religious ceremonies they wore a kind of white surplice. They generally carried a white wand, and had an ornament, called a Druid's Egg, suspended from their neck. Their inspirations and prophecies were delivered orally, as it was contrary to their religion to commit any thing to writing. The Druids had a sovereign pontiff or pope, whom all the Druids obeyed, without any exception. They called December "the sacred month," and all the Druids met at Rouvres at the time fixed by the sovereign pontiff. The priests came forth from their forests and traversed the various districts, inviting the faithful to follow them with the cry of Kal (first day of the year), or that of *Kalonna* (gifts), to prepare themselves worthily for the holy ceremony of the Gui (mistletoe) of the new year. The fête opened with a search for the famous mistletoe upon an oak that had about thirty years' growth; and the mistletoe so found was to become, by its consecration, the *Panchrestum*, i. e., "the universal remedy"—the panacea against all sorts of poisons.

When the plant had been found, a *triangular altar* of earth was raised at the foot of the tree on which it had been discovered, and then commenced a species of procession. The Eubogi marched first, conducting two white bulls which had never been subjected to the yoke. These were followed by the bards, who sang hymns in honor of the Supreme Being. Next came the novices, students, and disciples, accompanied by a herald clothed in white. These were followed by the three most ancient pontiffs, one carrying bread that was to be offered up, the second two vessels filled with water and wine, and the third a hand of ivory attached to the end of a wand, to represent justice and power. Next came the priests, preceded by the supreme pontiff in a white robe, wearing a girdle of gold; and the procession closed with great numbers of the nobles and people. When they arrived at the oak the officiant burned a morsel of bread, poured some wine and water on the altar, and divided what remained among the assistant priests. He then ascended the tree, cut the mistletoe with a golden knife, and threw it into the robe of one of the principal pontiffs. The supreme pontiff then sacrificed the bulls, and prayed that "God would permit His benediction to rest upon the gift he was about to distribute among the people," then prostrated on the ground. It was then divided and distributed. They considered that sickness, enchantments, and malevolent spirits were expelled by it.

The Persian Magi used the mistletoe in their religious ceremonies, and the Greeks and Romans for its medicinal properties. It was, perhaps, the golden branch referred to by Virgil in his description of the descent to the lower regions. Pliny says that the Gauls held the plant in the greatest veneration. Stukeley thinks that the Druids cut the mistletoe with their upright brass hatchets, called celts, and laid it on their altars; and he adds that in his time a branch was cut on Christmas-eve, and laid upon the altar of York Minster. Apuleius has preserved some verses of the poet Lælius, in which he mentions the mistletoe as one of the things necessary to make a man a magician. Even now the peasants of Holstein call it the "spectre's wand," from a belief that holding a branch of it will enable a man to see ghosts, and force them to speak to him. The mistletoe is supposed to have been the forbidden tree in the garden of Eden; hence, some have concluded, arose the custom of kissing under it at Christmas. This is not likely, the custom having been as old as the Druids. Three thousand years ago, the youth of the ancient British tribes danced under the oaks, and whenever they saw the sacred emblem hanging overhead, exchanged vows of troth and *oscula dulcia*. The Saxons dedicated the mistletoe to their Venus, Friga.



ABUNDANCE OF ANIMAL LIFE IN THE SEA.



NATIONAL VESSELS IN THE DYRAFIORD.

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ANXIOUS TIMES.

"TRÉPORT, a sea-port town of France, Department of Seine Inférieure. Population, 3698." So says the guide-book; but things have altered since these words were written, and a census taken now would, we fear, show a marked decrease in the population, and a marked preponderance of women over men. The young men have gone to the war; they are gathering in COUNT KÉRATRY'S camp, or marching with General PALADINES, or roving the country, with sashes round their waists and cocks' feathers in their hats, taking shots at Uhlans from behind hedges, or surprising outlying German detachments.

In these little out-of-the-way places the times are indeed anxious, not with the anxiety which prompts us to buy "extras," but one of a more personal nature. The war makes itself felt terribly in the absence of so many friends, and news comes so seldom to break the monotony of waiting. The quiet place is quieter than ever; there is a certain dull routine of work to be gone through, for even in anxiety dinners must be provided and cooked, floors swept and rooms kept tidy, and one day must be much like another, until a precious parcel of newspapers finds its way to the little town, and they hear something of the outside world—of victories or defeats, of heavy losses—and the lists are eagerly scanned to see if the names of husbands, brothers, and lovers are there. A battle has been won and the country has been saved—many such battles have been fought and won in the papers—and the good women rejoice, and a patriotic glow goes through them as some gossip reads out the news, as depicted in the pathetic sketch on our first page. But then comes the thought that battles are won with the blood of men, and the fishing-boat on the beach may have lost its master, and Marie's marriage may be put off forever, and the joy is mingled with sadness. In another month they may hear that the battle never came off, and they breathe again most unpatriotically, although that master of the fishing-boat may be tilling German land, and Marie's betrothed be lying in hospital with a bullet through his leg. If the women of France could decide the question, would the war go on? These good women are no doubt sturdy patriots in the abstract, but we fancy they would willingly vote for their good men's return, and would be glad to see their fishing-boats sailing once more from land, although Alsace and Lorraine should pay for it.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SMOKING-ROOM OF THE GEORGE AND VULTURE.

ROBERT BALFOUR did not remain at Turlock, as he had originally intended. Perhaps the vicinity to Wheal Danes was not so attractive to him as he had promised himself that it would be, although not for a single instant did his purpose of revenge relax. Other considerations, had he needed them, were powerful, now that he had taken the first step, to keep him on that terrible path which he had so long marked out for himself. To disclose the position of his victim now would have been not only to make void his future plans, but to place his own fate at Solomon's mercy. Yet he found his heart less hard than the petrifaction it had undergone, the constant droppings of wrong and hardship for twenty years, should have rendered it. He did not wake until late, and the first sound that broke upon his ear was the tinkling of the bell of the little church, for it was Sunday morning. He compared it for a moment with something that he had been dreaming of: a man in a well chipping footsteps for himself in the brick wall, up which he climbed a few feet, and then fell down again. Then a pitiful, unceasing cry of "Help, help!—help, help!" rang in his ears, instead of the voice that called people to prayers. Even when that ceased, the wind and rain—for the weather was wild and wet—beating against the window-pane, brought with them doleful shrieks. Sometimes a sudden gust seemed to bear upon it confused voices and the tramp of hurrying feet; and then he would knit his brow and clench his hand, with the apprehension that they had found his enemy, and were bringing him to the door. Not the slightest fear of the consequences to himself in such a case agitated his mind; he had quite resolved what to do, and that no prison walls should ever hem him in again; but the bare idea that Solomon should escape his vengeance drove him to the brink of frenzy. He would have left the place at once, but that he thought the coincidence of his departure with the disappearance of his foe might possibly awaken suspicion; so he staid on through the day, waiting for the news which he knew must arrive sooner or later. At noon he thought the landlady wore an unusually grave air, and he felt impelled to ask her what was the matter. But then, if there was nothing—if she only looked sour, as folks often did, just because it was Sunday—she might think him too curious.

From his window, a little later, he saw a knot of people in the rain talking eagerly together, and one of them pointing with his hand toward Gethin. But they were too far off to be overheard, and he did not dare go down and interrogate them. It was his object to appear utterly indifferent to local affairs, and as a total stranger. He felt half stifled within doors, and yet, if he should go out, he knew that he would be incontrollably impelled to take the cliff path that he had followed the preceding night, to watch that nobody came near the place that held his prey, and thereby, like the bird who shows her nest by keeping guard too near, attract attention. The tidings for which he waited came at six o'clock, just as he was sitting down to his dinner. The parlor-maid who served him had that happy and excited look which the possession of news, whether it be good or bad, but especially the latter, always imparts to persons of her class.

"There's strange news come from Gethin, Sir," said she, as she arranged the dishes.

"Indeed," said Balfour, carelessly, though he felt his brain spin round and his heart stop at the same moment. "What is it?"

"Mr. Coe, Sir, a very rich man—he as owns all Dunloppel—has disappeared."

"How's that?"

"Well, Sir, he went to his room last night, they say, at his usual hour, but never slept in his bed, and the front-door was found unlocked in the morning, so that he must have gone away of himself. That would not be so odd, for he is a secret sort of man, as is always coming and going; but he has taken nothing with him; only the clothes he stood in."

"Well, I dare say he has come back again by this time, my good girl. What's this? Is there no fish?"

"No, Sir; the weather was too bad yesterday for catching them, and all last night there was a dreadful sea: that's what they fear about Mr. Coe—that he has fell into the sea. His footsteps have been tracked to the cliff edge, and there they stop."

"Poor fellow! Has he any relatives?"

"Oh yes, Sir; a wife and son—a very handsome, nice young gentleman."

"Then his widow will be rich, I suppose?"

"Oh, pray, don't call her a widow yet, Sir; let us hope her husband may be found. It's a dreadful thing to be drowned like that on a Sunday morning; and for one who knows the cliff path so well as he did, too. He was a hard man, and no favorite, but one forgets that now, of course."

"You have also forgotten the Harvey Sauce, my good girl; oblige me by bringing it, will you?" said Mr. Balfour, beginning to whistle something which did not sound like a psalm tune. "You must excuse my hard-heartedness, but I had not the pleasure of knowing this gentleman."

An hour afterward the solitary guest had left the inn, and was on his road to Plymouth. His departure caused little surprise, for the weather was such as to induce no visitor to prolong his stay.

Whether from his long enforced abstinence from society, or from the unwelcome nature of his thoughts, Robert Balfour was always disinclined to be alone. His expeditions with Charley in search of pleasure had been, though he did not find pleasure, more agreeable to him than the being left to his own resources; and now this was more the case than ever. He preferred even such company as that which the smoking-room of an hotel afforded to none at all. The voices of his fellow-creatures could not shape themselves, as every inarticulate sound did to his straining ear, into groans and feeble cries for aid. Not twenty-four hours had elapsed since his prisoner was placed in hold, so that such sounds of weakness and agony must have been in every sense chimerical; and yet he heard them. What, then, if these echoes from the tomb should always be heard? A terrible idea indeed, but one which bred no repentance. It was not likely that remorse should seize him in the very place where his hated foe had clutched and consigned him to *his* living grave.

The hotel at which he now put up was the same at which he had then lodged; this public room was the same in which he had smoked his last cigar upon his fatal visit to the Miners' Bank. He had had only one companion then, but now it was full of people. By their talk it was evident that they were townsfolk, and all known to one another; in fact, it was a tradesmen's club, which met at the *George and Vulture* on Sunday nights through the winter months. In spite of his willingness to be won from his thoughts, he could not fix his attention on the small local gossip that was going on about him. Men came in and out without his observing them; and indeed it was not easy to take note of faces through the cloud of smoke that filled the room; he was fast relapsing into his own reflections, wondering what Solomon was doing in the dark, and if he slept much, when an event occurred which roused him as thoroughly as the prick of a lance or a sudden douche of cold water.

"Let us have no misunderstanding and no obligation—that is my motto."

The speaker was a thin, gray man, whose entrance into the apartment Balfour had not perceived, and who was seated in an elevated chair, which had apparently been reserved for him as president of the assembly. The face was unfamiliar, for twenty years had made an old man of the astute and lively detective; but his phrase, and the manner of delivering it, identified him at once as his old friend Mr. Dodge.

"It was in this very room," continued the latter, "that I sat and talked with him as sociable as could be, not a quarter of an hour before I put the darbies on him; and it's a thing that has been upon my mind ever since. I was only doing my duty, of course, but still it seemed hard to take advantage of such a frank young fellow. As for stealing them notes, it's my belief he had no more intention of doing it than I had."

"And yet he got it hot at the 'sizes, Mr. Dodge, didn't he?" inquired one of the company.

"Got it hot, Sir?" replied Mr. Dodge, with dignity; "he got an infamous and most unjustly severe sentence, if you mean that, Sir. Of course what he did was contrary to law, but it's my opinion as the law was strained agin him. There was some as swore hard and fast to get him punished as knew he deserved no such treatment. Why, the girl as he loved, and whose picture I found upon him myself when I searched him, and gave it him back, too—ay, that I did—even she took a false oath, as Weasel himself told me, who was his lawyer, and had built up his case with that same hussy for its corner-stone. Ah!" said Mr. Dodge, with a gesture of abhorrence, "if there ever was a murdered man, it was that poor young fellow, Richard Yorke."

"But I thought he got twenty years' penal servitude," observed the same individual who had interposed before, and whose thankless office it seemed to be to draw the old gentleman out for the benefit of society.

"I say he was murdered, Sir. He was shut up for nigh twenty years, and then shot in the back in trying to get away from Lingmoor. It was the hardest case I ever knew in all my professional experience. Lord, if you had seen him—the handsomest, brightest, gayest young chap! And he was what some folks call well-born, too; he was the son—that is, though, in a left-handed sort of way, it's true—of mad Carew of Crompton, about whose death the papers were so full a month ago or so; and that, in my judgment, was the secret of all his misfortune: it was the Carew blood as did it. To take his own way in the world; to seek nobody's advice, nor use it if 'twas given; to be spoiled and petted by all the women and half the men as came nigh him; to own no master nor authority; to act without thought, and to scorn consequences—well, all that was bred in the bone with him."

"Then he had never any one to look after him at home, I reckon, Mr. Dodge?"

"Well, yes; he had a mother; and though she was a queer one too, she loved him dearly. She was the cleverest woman, Weasel used to say, as ever he had to do with; and a perfect lady too, mind you. She worked to get the poor lad off like a slave; and when all was over, instead of breaking down, as most would, she swallowed her pride, and went down on her bended knees to that old miserly devil, Trevethick, the prosecutor, and to his son-in-law, Coe, likewise: they lived down Cross Key way—where was it?—at Gethin—and begged and prayed him to join in petitioning in her son's favor. She got down there the very day after his lying daughter was married to Solomon Coe, he as has got Dunloppel, and is a big man now. But he'll never be any thing but a scurvy lot, if he was to be king o' Cornwall. I shall never forget the way he insulted that poor young fellow when he was took up. Damme, I would have given a ten-pound note to have had *him* charged with something, and I'd ha' seen that the handcuffs weren't none too big for his wrists neither."

"And this Trevethick refused to help the lady, did he?"

"Why, of course he did. He broke her heart, poor soul. I saw her when she passed through Plymouth afterward, and she looked twenty years older than before that trial. Even then she didn't give the matter up, but laid it before the crown. But poor Yorke had offended government—helped some fool or another through one of them public examinations; he had wits enough for any thing, had that young fellow. But, there—I can't a-bear to talk about him; and yet somehow I can't help doing on it when I get into this room. He sat just where that gentleman sits yonder. I think I see him now, smoking the best of cigars, one of which he offered to me—for he was free as free; but I was necessitated to restore it, for I couldn't take a gift from one as I was just a-going to nab. 'Thank you kindly,' says I, 'but let us have no misunderstanding and no obligation.' Poor fellow! poor fellow!"

No more was said about the case of Richard Yorke; but it was evidently a standing topic with the chairman of the *George and Vulture* club. A yearning to behold and embrace that mother who had done and suffered so much for his sake, took possession of Richard's soul. His heart had been steeled against her when he found harbored under her roof the objects of his rage and loathing; but he felt now that that must have come to pass with some intention of benefit to himself. The very truth, indeed, flashed upon him that she entertained some plan of frustrating his revenge against them, with the idea of protecting him from the consequences that were likely to ensue from it; and he forgave her, while he hated his foes the more. He would carry out his design to the uttermost, but very cautiously, and with a prudence that he would certainly not have used had his own safety been alone concerned; and then, when he had avenged himself and her, he would disclose himself to her. The statement he had just heard affected him deeply, but in opposite ways. The justification of himself in no way moved him—he did not need that; it was also far too late for his heart to be touched by the expression of the old detective's good-will, though the time had been when he would have thanked him for its utterance with honest tears; but the revelation of his mother's toil and suffering in his behalf reawakened all his dormant love for her, while it made his purpose firmer than ever to be the Nemesis of her enemies and his own.

As he went to bed that night the clock struck twelve. It was just four-and-twenty hours since he had left his victim in the bowels of Wheal Danes. If a free pardon could have been offered to him for the crime, and the mine been filled with gold for him to its mouth, he would not have stretched out his hand to save him.

CHAPTER XLIV.

STILL HUMAN.

MR. BALFOUR atoned for his previous indifference to the wares of the news-boy by sending him next morning to the station for all the local papers. In each, as he expected, there was a paragraph headed *Mysterious Disappearance*, and as lengthened an account as professional ingenuity could devise of the unaccountable departure of Mr. Solomon Coe from his house at Gethin. The missing man was "much respected;" and, "as the prosperous owner of the Dunloppel mine, which had yielded so largely for so many years, he could certainly not have been pressed by pecuniary embarrassments, and therefore the idea of suicide was out of the question." Unlikely as it seemed in the case of one who knew the country so well, the most probable explanation of the affair was that the unfortunate gentleman, in taking a walk by night along the cliff top, must have slipped into the sea. The weather had been very rough of late and the wind blowing from off the land, which would have accounted—if this supposition was correct—for the body not having been washed ashore. "In the mean time an active search was going on."

Balfour had resolved not to return to London for at least ten days. Mrs. Coe and her son would, without doubt, be telegraphed for, and he could not repair to their house in their absence. The idea of being under the same roof alone with his mother was now repugnant to him. He felt that he could not trust himself in such a position. It had been hard and grievous, notwithstanding his resentment against her, to see her in company with others, and her absence of late from table had been a great relief to him. With his present feeling toward her it would be impossible to maintain his incognito; and, if that was lost, his future plans—to which he well knew she would oppose herself—would be rendered futile. He had seen with rage and bitter jealousy that both Harry and her boy, and especially the latter, were dear to her; and it was certain she would interfere to protect them, for their sake as well as for his own. He had other reasons also for not returning immediately to town. It might hereafter be expedient to show that he *had* really been to Midlandshire, where he had given out he had designed to go; and, moreover, though his purpose was relentless as respected Solomon, he did not perhaps care to be in a house where hourly suggestions would be dropped as to the whereabouts of his victim, or the fate that had happened to him. Harry and her son might even not have gone to Gethin, and in that case their apprehensions and surmises would have been insupportable.

Richard was more human than he would fain believe himself to be. Though he had gone to bed so inexorable of purpose, it had been somewhat shaken through the long hours of a night in which he had slept but little, and waked to think on what his feverish dreams had dwelt upon—the fate of his unhappy foe, perishing slowly beside his useless treasure. More than once, indeed, the impulse had been strong upon him that very morning to send word anonymously where Solomon was to be found to the police at Plymouth. Remorse had not as yet become chronic with him, but it seized him by fits and starts. There had been a time when he had looked (through his prison bars) on all men with rage and hatred; but now he caught himself, as it were, at attempts at self-justification with respect to the retribution he had exacted even from his enemy. Had he not been rendered miserable, he argued, supremely wretched, for more than half his lifetime, through this man's agency? for it was certain that Solomon had sworn falsely, in the spirit if not in the letter, and caused him to be convicted of a crime which his rival was well aware he had not in intention committed. His conduct toward him on the occasion of his arrest had also been most brutal and insulting; while, after conviction had been obtained, this wretch's malice, as Mr. Dodge had stated, had known no cessation. In the arms of his young bride he had been deaf to the piteous cry of a mother beseeching for her only son.

But, on the other hand, had not he (Richard) deeply wronged this man in the first instance? Had he not robbed him—for so much at least must Solomon have known—of the love of his promised wife? If happiness from such an ill-assorted union was not to have been anticipated, still, had he not rendered it impossible? If their positions had been reversed, would not he have exacted expiation from such an offender to the uttermost? He would doubtless have scorned to twist the law as Solomon had done, and make it, as it were, the crooked instrument of his revenge. He would not, of course, have evoked its aid at all. But was that to be placed to his credit? He had put himself above the law throughout his life; he had never acknowledged any authority save that of his own selfish will; nay, he owned to himself that his bitterness against his unhappy victim had been caused not so much by the wrong he had suffered at his hands as by the contempt which he (Richard) had entertained for him. Without materials such as his father had possessed to back his pretensions he had imagined himself a sort of irresponsible and sovereign being. (Such infatuation is by no means rare, nor confined to despots and brigands, and when it exists in a poor man it is always fatal to himself.) His education, if it could be called such, had doubtless fostered this delusion; but Mr. Dodge was right; the Carew blood had been as poison in his veins, and had destroyed him.

All this might be true; but such philosophy could scarcely now obtain a hearing, while his enemy was dying of starvation in his living tomb. It was in vain for him to repeat mechanically that he had also suffered a sort of lingering death for twenty years. The present picture of his rival's torments presented itself in colors so lively and terrible that it blotted out the reminiscence of his own. The recollection of his wrongs was no longer sufficient for his vindication. He therefore strove to behold his victim in another light than as his private foe—as the murderer of his

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friend Balfour, the history of whose end may here be told.

On the night that Richard escaped from Lingmoor, it was Balfour, of course, who assisted him, and who was awaiting him in person at the foot of the prison wall. The old man's arms had received him as he slipped down the rope; and the object at which the sentry had fired had been two men, though in the misty night they had seemed but one. Balfour had been mortally wounded, and it was with the utmost difficulty that, laden with the burden of his dying friend, Richard had contrived to reach Bergen Wood. As his own footsteps were alone to be traced along the moor, the idea of another having accompanied his flight —though they knew there was complicity—had not occurred to the authorities. Balfour had hardly reached that wretched asylum when he expired, pressing Richard's hand, and bidding him remember Earl Street, Spitalfields. "What you find there is all yours, lad," was his dying testament and last words of farewell. And over his dead body Richard swore anew his vow of vengeance against the man that had thus, though indirectly, deprived him of his only friend. He had watched by the dead body, on its bed of rotten leaves, through that night and the whole of the next day; then, changing clothes with it, he had fled under cover of the ensuing darkness, and got away eventually to town.

He had found the house in Earl Street a wretched hovel, tenanted by a few abjects, whom the money found on Balfour—which he had received on leaving prison—was amply sufficient to buy out. Once alone in this tenement, he had easily possessed himself of the spoil so long secreted, and, furnished with it, he had hastened down to Crompton—the news of Carew's death having reached London on the very day that he found himself in a position to profit by it. The very plan which he had suggested to Balfour, whose name he also assumed, he himself put into execution. He made a private offer for the disused mine, which was gladly accepted by those who had the disposal of the property, acting under the advice of Parson Whymper. Trevethick, the only man that had attached any importance to the possession of it, was dead; and it was not likely that any one at the sale should bid one-half of the sum which this stranger was prepared to give for the mere gratification of his whim. The mine itself, indeed, had scarcely been mentioned in the transaction; it merely formed a portion in the lot comprising the few barren acres on which this capricious purchaser had expressed his fancy to build a home. "Disposed of by private contract" was the marginal note written in the auctioneer's catalogue which dashed Solomon's long-cherished hopes to the ground.

Richard staid on in the neighborhood to attend the sale. It attracted an immense concourse; and no less than a guinea a head was the price of admission to those who explored the splendid halls of Crompton, discussing the character of its late owner, and retailing wild stories of his eccentricities. Poor Parson Whymper, who had not a shilling left to him—for Carew had died intestate, though, thanks to him, not absolutely a beggar—was perhaps the only person present who felt a touch of regret. He had asked for his patron's signet-ring, as a keepsake, and this request had been refused on the part of the creditors; he wandered among the gay and jeering crowd like a ghost, little thinking that the one man who looked at him with a glance of pity was he whom he had once regarded as the heir of Crompton. It was the general opinion now that the unhappy chaplain had been Carew's evil genius, and had "led him on." Even Richard bestowed but that single glance upon him; he was looking in vain for the face that had so terrible an interest for himself. He had not heard that Trevethick was dead, but he knew it was so the instant that his eyes fell upon Solomon Coe, and all his hate was at once transferred to his younger enemy. The business upon which this man had come was as clear to him as though it had been written on his forehead. The first gleam of pleasure which had visited his dark soul for twenty years was the sight of Solomon's countenance when, on the sixth day's sale, the auctioneer gave out that lot 970 had been withdrawn. Solomon might have received the intimation long before but for the cautious prudence which had prevented him from making any inquiries upon the subject. For a minute or two he stood stunned and silent, then hurriedly made his way to the rostrum. Richard, who was sitting at the long table with the catalogue before him, kept his eyes fixed upon its pages while the auctioneer pointed him out as the purchaser of the lot in question. He knew the inquiry that was being asked, and its reply; he knew whose burly form it was that thrust itself the next minute in between him and his neighbor; every drop of blood in his body, every hair on his head, seemed to be cognizant that the man he hated most on earth was seated cheek by jowl with him—that the first step in the road of retribution had been taken voluntarily by his victim himself. The rest is soon told. Solomon at once commenced his clumsy efforts at conciliation; and his endeavors to recommend himself to the stranger's friendship were suffered quickly to bear fruit. He invited him to his house in London, which, to Richard's astonishment and indignation, he found to be his mother's home; and, in short, fell of his own accord into the very snare which the other, had he had the fixing of it, would himself have laid for him.

And now, as we have said, when all had gone exactly as Richard would have had it go, and Solomon was being punished to the uttermost, the executor of his doom was beginning to feel, if not compunction, at all events remorse. No adequate retribution had indeed overtaken Harry. To have made her a widow was, in fact, to have freed her from the yoke of a harsh and unloved master; but the fact was, notwithstanding the perjury of which he believed her to have been guilty, he had never hated her as he had hated the other authors of his wrongs. She had once on the rock-bound coast at Gethin preserved his life; she had accorded to his passion all that woman can grant, and had reciprocated it; not even in his fiercest hour of despair had he harbored the thought of raising his hand against her; he had hated her, indeed, as his betrayer, and as Solomon's wife, but never regarded her with that burning detestation which he felt toward her husband. There was another motive also, though he did not even admit it to himself, which, now that his chief foe was expiating his offense, had no inconsiderable weight in the scale of mercy as regarded the others.

His endeavors to win Charley's favor had had a reflex action. In spite of himself, a certain good-will had grown up in him toward this boy, whom his mission it was to ruin. If there had been less of his mother in the lad's appearance, or any thing of his father in his character, his heart might have been steeled against his youth and innocence of transgression. As a mere son of Solomon Coe's he would have beheld in him the whelp of a wolf, and treated him accordingly; but between the wolf and his offspring there was evidently as little of affection as there was of likeness. The very weaknesses of Charley's character—his love of pleasure, his credulity, his wayward impulsiveness, of all which Balfour had made use for his own purposes—were foreign to the nature of the elder Coe; while the lad's high spirit, demonstrativeness, and geniality were all his own. If he had one to guide as well as love him—a woman with sound heart and brain, such as this Agnes Aird was represented to be, what a happy future might be before this youth! Without such a wise counselor, how easy it would be, and how likely, for him to drift on the tide of self-will and self-indulgence to the devil! The decision rested in Richard's own hands, he knew. Should he blast this young life in the bud, in revenge for acts for which he was in no way accountable, and which were already being so bitterly expiated? The apprehension that Solomon might even yet be found alive perhaps alone prevented Richard from resolving finally to molest Harry and her son no further. If his victim should have been rescued, his enmity would have doubtless blazed forth afresh against them as inextinguishable as ever, but in the mean time it smouldered, and was dying out for want of fuel. If he had no penitence with respect to the terrible retribution he had already wrought, the idea of it disturbed him. If he had no scruples, he had pangs: when all was over—in a day or two, for even so strong a man as Solomon could scarcely hold out longer—he would doubtless cease to be troubled with them; when he was once dead Richard did not fear his ghost; but the thought of this perishing wretch at present haunted him. He was still not far from Gethin, and its neighborhood was likely to encourage such unpleasant feelings. He had only executed a righteous judgment, since there was no law to right him; but even a judge would avoid the vicinity of a gallows on which hangs a man on whom he had passed sentence.

He would go into Midlandshire—where he was now supposed to be—until the affair had blown over. That watching and waiting for the Thing to be discovered would, he foresaw, be disagreeable, nervous work. And when it happened, how full the newspapers would be of it! How Solomon got to the place where he would be found would be as much a matter of marvel as the object of his going there. If the copper lode—the existence of which Richard did not doubt—were discovered, as it most likely would be when the mine became the haunt of the curious and the morbid, it was only too probable that public attention would be drawn to the owner. The identification of Robert Balfour with the visitor who had visited Turlock might then be established, whence would rise suspicion, and perhaps discovery. Richard had no terrors upon his own account, but he was solicitous to spare his mother this new shame. He had been hitherto guiltless in her eyes, or, when blameworthy, the victim of circumstances; but could her love for him survive the knowledge that he was a murderer? But why encourage these morbid apprehensions? Was it not just as likely that the Thing would never be discovered at all? Once set upon a wrong scent, as folks already were, since the papers had suggested the man was drowned, why should they ever hit upon the right one? Wheal Danes had not been explored for half a century. Why should not Solomon's bones lie there till the judgment-day?

At this point in his reflections the door opened —he was taking his breakfast in a private sitting-room—and admitted, as he thought, the waiter. Richard stood in such profound thought that it was almost stupor, with his arms upon the mantel-piece, and his head resting on his hands. He did not change his posture; but when the door closed, and there was silence in place of the expected clatter of the breakfast things, he turned about, and beheld Harry standing before him—in deep black, and, as it seemed to him, in widow's weeds!

CHAPTER XLV.

FACE TO FACE.

IF Solomon himself, half starved and imbecile with despair, had suddenly presented himself from his living tomb, Richard could not have been more astonished than at the appearance of his present visitor. He had left her but three days ago for Midlandshire. How was it possible she had tracked him hither? With what purpose she had done so he did not ask himself, for he had already read it in her haggard face and hopeless eyes.

"Have I come too late?" moaned she in a piteous, terror-stricken voice.

"For breakfast?—yes, madam," returned Richard, coldly; "but that can easily be remedied;" and he feigned to touch the bell. His heart was steel again; this woman's fear and care he felt were for his enemy, and for him alone. It was plain she had no longer fear of himself.

"Where is my husband?" she gasped out. "Is he still alive?"

"I am not your husband's keeper, madam."

"But you are his murderer!" She held out her arm, and pointed at him with a terrible significance. There was something clasped in her trembling fingers which he could not discern.

"You speak in riddles, madam; and it seems to me your humor is somewhat grim."

"I ask you once more, is my husband dead, and have I come too late?"

"I have not seen him for some days; I left him alive and well. What makes you think him otherwise, or that I have harmed him?"

"This"—she advanced toward him, keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon his own—"this was found among your things after you left my house!"

It was a ticket-of-leave—the one that had been given to Balfour on his discharge from Lingmoor. It seemed impossible that Richard's colorless face could have become still whiter, but it did so.

"Yes, that is mine," said he. "It was an imprudence in me to leave such a token among curious people. You took an interest in my effects, it seems."

"It was poor Mrs. Basil who found it, and who gave it to me." Her voice was calm, and even cold; but the phrase "poor Mrs. Basil" alarmed him.

"The good lady is still unwell, then, is she?"

"She is dead."

"Dead!" Richard staggered to a chair, and pressed his hands to his forehead. The only creature in the world on whom his slender hopes were built had, then, departed from it! "When did she die?" inquired he in a hollow voice, "and how?"

"On the evening of the day you left, and, as I believe, of a disease which one like you will scarcely credit—of a broken heart."

Her manner and tone were hostile; but that moved not Richard one whit; the cold and measured tones in which she had alluded to his mother's death angered him, on the other hand, exceedingly. If his mother had died of a broken heart, it was this woman's falsehood that had broken it; and yet she could speak with calmness and unconcern of the loss which had left him utterly forlorn! He forgot all his late remorse: and in his eyes glittered malice and cruel rage.

"I do not fear you," cried she, in answer to this look; "for the wretched have no fear. The hen will do battle with the fox, the rabbit with the stoat, to save her young. If I can not save my husband, I will save my son. I have come down here to do it. You are known to me now for what you are—a jail-bird. If you dare to meet my Charley's honest face again, I will tell him who and what you are."

"Did Mrs. Basil tell you that, then?"

"Thus far she did," cried Harry, pointing to the ticket which Richard had taken from her hand. "Is not that enough? She warned me with her latest breath against you. 'Beware of him,' said she; 'and yet pursue him, if you would save your husband and your son. Where Solomon is, there will this man also be. Pursue, pursue!' I did but stay to close her eyes."

"And so she knew me, did she?"

"She knew enough, as I do. Of course she could not guess—who could?—your shameful past, the fruit of which is there!" and again she pointed to the ticket.

"*My* shameful past!" cried Richard, rising and drawing himself to his full height. "Who are you, that dare to say so? Do you, then, need one to rise from the dead to remind you of *your* past! Look at me, Harry Trevethick—look at *me!*"

"Richard!" It was but one word; but in the tone which she pronounced it a thousand memories seemed to mingle. An inexpressible awe pervaded her; she stood spell-bound, staring at his white hair and withered face.

"Yes, it *is* Richard," answered the other, mockingly, "though it is hard to think so. Twenty years of wretchedness have worked the change. It is you he has to thank for it, you perjured traitress!"

"No, no; as Heaven is my judge, Richard, I tell you No!" She threw herself on her knees before him; and as she did so her bonnet fell, and the rippling hair that he had once stroked so tenderly escaped from its bands; the color came into her cheeks, and the light into her eyes, with the passionate excitement of her appeal; and for the moment she looked almost as he had known her in the far-back spring-tide of her youth.

"Fair and false as ever!" cried Richard, bitterly.

"Listen, listen!" pleaded she; "then call me what you will."

He sat in silence while she poured forth all the story of the trial, and of the means by which her evidence had been obtained, listening at first with a cold, cynical smile, like one who is prepared for falsehood, and beyond its power; but presently he drooped his head and hid his features. She knew that she had persuaded him of her fidelity, but feared that behind those wrinkled hands there still lay a ruthless purpose. She had exculpated herself, but only (of necessity) by showing in blacker colors the malice of his enemies. She knew that he had sworn to destroy them root and branch; and there was one green bough which he had already done his worst to bend to evil ways. "Richard, Richard!" said she, softly.

He withdrew his chair with a movement which she mistook for one of loathing.

"He hates me for their sake," thought she, "although he knows me to be innocent. How much more must he hate those who made me seem so guilty!" But, in truth, his withdrawal from her touch had a very different explanation. He would have kissed her, and held out both his hands, but for the blood which he dreaded might be even now upon them. He saw that she loved him still, and had ever done so, even when she seemed his foe: all the old affection that he thought had been dead within him awoke to life, and yet he dared not give it voice.

"You have said my husband was alive and well, Richard?"

"I said I had left him so," answered he, hoarsely.

"Then you have spared him thus far; spare him still, even for my sake; and, for Heaven's sake, spare my son! Harden not your heart against one more dear to me by far than life itself. He has done you no wrong."

Richard shook his head; he yearned to clasp her to his breast; he could have cried, "I forgive them all," but he could not trust himself to speak, lest he should say, "I love you."

"You have seen my boy, Richard, many times. The friendship you have simulated for him must have made you know how warm-hearted and kind and unsuspicious his nature is. You have listened to his merry laugh, and felt the sunshine of his gayety. Oh! can you have the heart to harm him?"

Still he did not speak; he scarcely heard her words. The murdered man was standing between her and him; and he would always stand there, seen by him, though not by her. From the grave itself he had come forth to triumph over him to the end.

"Richard"—her voice had sunk to a tremulous whisper—"I must save my son, and save you from yourself, no matter what it costs me. You little know on the brink of what a crime you stand."

He laughed a bitter laugh; for was he not already steeped in crime? She thought him pitiless and malignant when he was only hopeless and self-condemned.

"Do you remember Gethin, Richard, and all that happened there? Can you not guess why I was made to marry—within—what was it?—a month, a week, a day—it seemed but the next hour—after I lost you? You have had twenty years of misery for my sake; but so have I for yours. Did my husband love me, think you? Did he love my child? He had good cause, if he had only known, to hate us both. Can you not guess it?"

He looked at her with eager hope—a trembling joy pervaded him. But hope and joy had been strangers to him so long that he could scarce recognize them for what they were.

"My Charley is yours also, Richard—your own son."

Richard burst into tears. There was somebody still to love him in the world—his own flesh and blood—somebody to live for! The thought intoxicated him with delight; a vision of happiness floated before him for an instant; then was swallowed up in darkness, as a single star by the gloom of night. His own flesh and blood; ay, perhaps inheriting the same nature as his father. It was only too likely, from what he had seen of the lad; and he had himself done his best to develop the evil in him, and to crush the good.

"Don't weep, dear Richard: kiss me."

He shrank from her proffered lips with a cold shudder. "Nay, I can not kiss you. Do not ask me why, Harry. Never ask me; but I never can."

She looked at him with wonder, for she saw that his wrath had vanished. His tone was tender, though woeful, and his touch as he put her aside was as gentle as a child's.

"As you please, Richard," said she, humbly, and with a deep blush. "I only wished for it as a token of your forgiveness. It is not necessary; those tears have told me we are reconciled. But you will kiss Charley."

"Nay; he must never know," answered Richard gloomily.

"I had forgotten," said Harry, simply. "You can guess by that the loyalty of my heart toward you, Richard. I forgot that to reveal it would be to tell my darling of his mother's shame. But you will be kind and good to him; you will undo what you have done of harm; you will lead him back to Agnes, and then he will be safe."

"Yes, yes," muttered Richard, mechanically; "I will undo so far as I can what I have done of harm. I will do my best, as I have done my worst."

He rose hastily, and rang the bell. Harry eyed him like some attached creature that sympathizes with but can not comprehend its master.

The waiter entered.

"I shall not go by the train," said Richard; "let a carriage and pair be brought round instantly, without a moment's delay."

The waiter hurried out to execute the order.

"But you will surely return home, Richard, after what has happened?" said Harry, thinking of his mother's funeral.

"The dead can wait," returned he, solemnly. "Go you back to town. In three days' time, if you do not hear from me, come down to Gethin with Charles and Agnes."

"But I dare not, unless my husband send for me."

"He *will* send for you," said Richard, solemnly; "or others will in his behalf."

Without one word or sign of farewell he suddenly rushed by her, and was gone. A carriage stood at the front-door of the hotel, which had just returned from taking a bride and bridegroom to the railway station, and she saw him hurry into it.

"Fast, fast!" she heard him cry, through the open window; and then he was whirled away.

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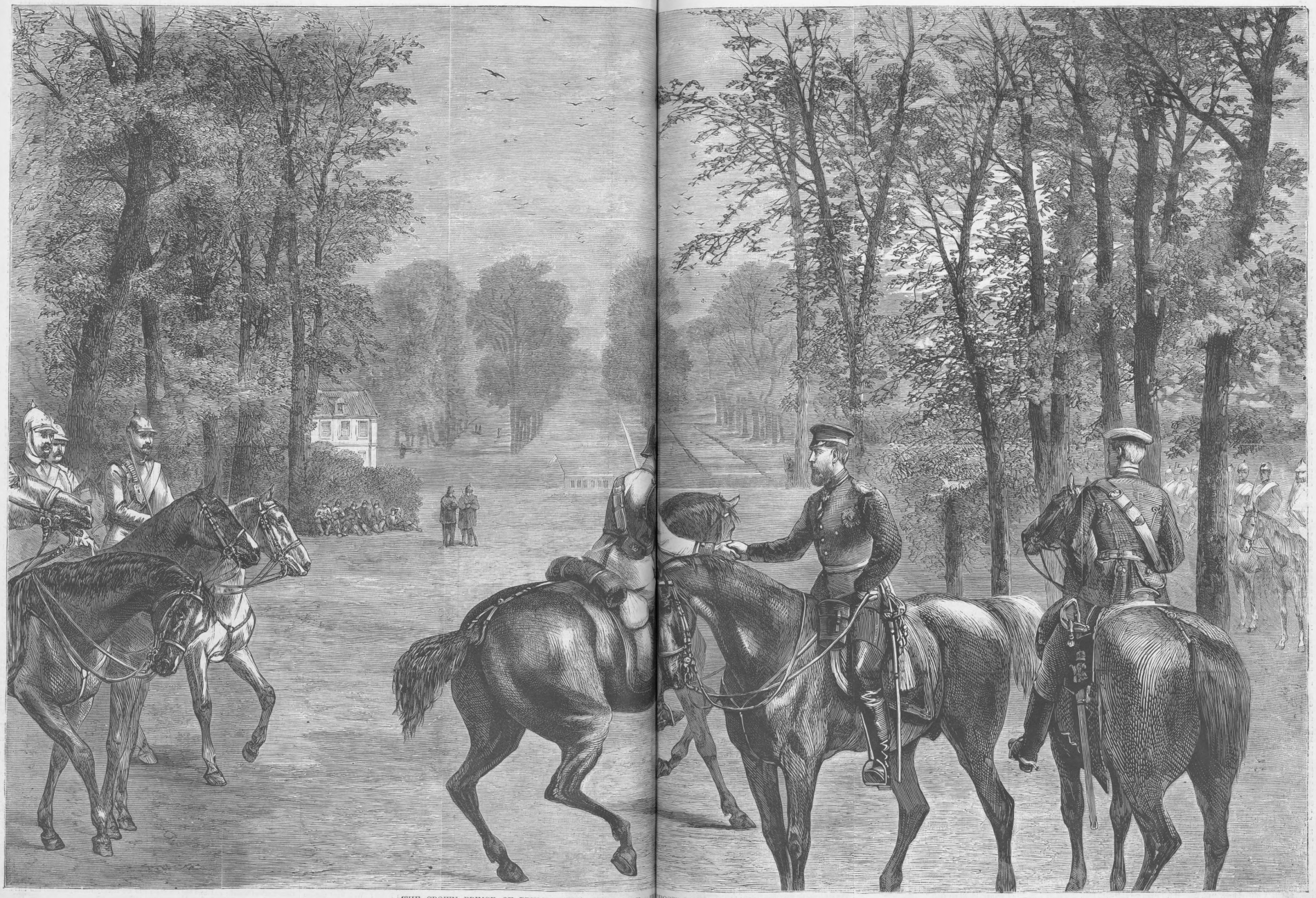

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA CONFERRING THE "IRON CROSS" UPON A SOLDIER, IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES.

"The honored soldier placed his own hand in the Prince's, who shook it. Then he rode [illegible] the ranks, conscious that his breast had reposed the coveted decoration of the Iron Cross."

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A DEAD SHOT.

[See Illustration on Page 836.]

AWAY to the bracken and heather,
Where the Norland larches swing,
Where the rowan hangs red, where the stream in its bed
Runs with amber hues 'neath the ling.

Away where the hills rise unsullied
By the smoke-soiled touch of town,
Through the purple haze of November days,
With the lichen-gold for a crown.

And far from the moss and the moorland
You can see the breakers white;
And the sea-gull's scream, like a voice in a dream,
Comes clear when the noons are bright.

And there where we watch so keenly,
Lo! the great dun stags appear;
'Tis the lordliest group, as they onward troop,
We have seen since the opening year.

A shot, and dead on the bracken
The king of the mountain lies,
Struck dead on the moss that he raced across,
With a dumb reproach in his eyes.

And fair the autumnal gloaming,
And sweet is the streamlet's song,
As we wend our way in the twilight gray,
And bear proudly the spoil along.

WHAT CAME OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

"I'VE found an old pack of cards! now, granny, tell my fortune." And Cicely Lee seated herself on the cushion at her grandmother's feet.

The pretty little old lady shuffled the cards with a practiced hand, looking ever and anon toward the door.

"If deacon should come in," she murmured; "deacon's dreadfully severe on cards, and—Hark!"

"Grandpa's gone out for a walk, darling," said Cicely, her sweet face earnest; "please hurry!" And she composed herself to listen, adding, with a little quavering laugh, "Tell me whom I shall marry."

"You'll marry John Saunders," was the reply.

Cicely shook her head; a shadow crossed her face.

"But I say you will, deary," repeated the little old lady in decided tones.

"No, granny, it's impossible now," half whispered the girl, "for John and I have quarreled."

"Lovers' quarrels, child; makes no difference whatever," responded the old lady, sharply, still shuffling the cards. "I tell you I feel it in my bones."

"Then don't you see it in the cards?"

"Don't I? Of course I do. There you stand, with a light girl between you—very light; she faces you, and he faces you. He's John Saunders, and you're going to marry him. Let me see—diamonds are months; there's eleven in all; less than a year. I told you so, deary. Massy sakes! is that the deacon?" And under the breadth of her generous linen apron went the cards.

"No, granny, it's the grocer's boy," replied Cicely, looking through the glass half of the old-fashioned door.

"Deacon's so set!"—and out came the cards again.

"I used to be a master-hand at tellin' fortins when I was a young woman and worldly. Folks said I'd make a mint o' money if I charged for it, as the fort'n-tellers do, and I 'ain't no doubt of it. Why, I told Sally Bowles that was—married a Henderson; dead now, my dear—when farmer Lee give a great huskin', that her beau 'd never come back from the fishing-ground, and no more he didn't. I told Kezzy Blackmer—she that's a Jones now—that she wouldn't keep her man over next Christmas; and, sure enough, day before Christmas I went to his funeral. Dear, dear, what a sweet corpse he made!"

"Oh!" cried Cicely, with a little shiver, "did you see all that in the cards?"

"Well, yes, I thought I did; but I kinder guess I felt it more in my bones. 'Twas awful weather, too, that year, at the fishing-ground; and poor Joe Blackmer had consumption; he never was good for much. Where'd you find them cards, child?"

"In the old blue sea-chest up stairs," Cicely replied, absently.

"'Twouldn't do for the deacon to see 'em," said the pretty little old lady; for, as Cicely often declared, she was like a picture, with her white curls, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks. "He's awfully down on cards; but, somehow, they seem kinder natural to me," she continued, shuffling them again, "and I've had many a good game 'fore I married your gran'ther. He don't know one card from another, poor soul, and I s'pose it's best he don't. I haven't had a pack in my hands for thirty years or up'ard. You see, I used to go home once in a twel'month, and your aunt S'manthy, as good a woman as ever made pie-crust, she *would* have her little game o' cards, and so I always humored her; but, bless you, it wouldn't do to let the deacon known it. S'manthy's been dead thirty year this month; she was *beautiful* at whist. Here, child, put 'em out o' the way quick; I'm sure I hear the deacon now."

Cicely took the cards, and ran up into her own little room with them. Placing them securely away, she proceeded to tie her hair with a long pink ribbon, knotting it tastefully on the top of her head.

"He can't help loving me," she repeated to herself, with a saucy little nod, as she arranged her curls, gazing into a pair of sunny, smiling eyes; but while she looked a shadow dimmed their brightness; the pretty face grew sad as she murmured, in a half whisper, "Oh dear, if it wasn't for my dreadful tongue!"

She sat down to think over that last interview.

"I needn't have been so hateful," she murmured, her lips trembling a little as faithful memory reproduced the scene.

"I told him that I had *never* loved him; what an awful falsehood! This is the second quarrel, too. I know how it will be—he won't give in, and I'd die first. What! ask John Saunders's pardon? Never!"

So, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, Cicely sat and stitched in the sunshine, her pretty face as resolute as if no handsome John Saunders had ever called forth its dimpling smiles, or teased it into the momentary kindling of anger. Nobody noticed how quiet she was, as, after her sewing was done, she went about the usual preparations for the evening meal, except Rob, a rough boy of twelve, who watched her furtively whenever he glanced up from the battered copy of "Robinson Crusoe" which he was reading.

"Say, Cicy, I saw Let Davis coming home from school," at last he said, and went on reading with all his might.

Now Lettie Davis was the light girl in the cards standing between Cicely and her lover. Poor Cicely had of late been a little jealous of her.

"Did you?" was her tardy response, as his sister laid the knives carefully.

"Yes, I did; what do you think she asked me?"

"What?" Cicely was betrayed into asking, with an eager look.

Rob chuckled, after the manner of wicked brothers.

"Nothing, only if you was going to singing-school. I told her that would depend upon whether John Saunders went."

"Oh, Rob!" said Cicely, sharply, her face changing to pain.

"Now you needn't look at me that way, 'cause I never said a word about John; so don't cry 'fore you're hurt. But you bet Let Davis is the prettiest girl in *this* town."

"Don't say 'you bet,'" said Cicely, irritation in her voice; "it sounds vulgar."

"No't don't, not if a boy says it; 'tain't half so bad as 'by gum!' and lots o' boys say that at our school. Don't *you* think, now, that Let *is* a beauty?"

"I don't know," Cicely responded, pulling the white cloth into place with nervous little twitches; "I suppose she's handsome; folks seem to think so."

"Pho! you girls never 'll say who you think's handsome. All the fellows are awful sweet on Let Davis; she can have any body she wants."

"Can she?" queried Cicely, in a voice devoid of all expression.

"Yes, she can; any girl with yellow curls and rosy cheeks and blue eyes and red lips—"

"Did you get that out of 'Robinson Crusoe?'" asked his mother, who had entered a moment before too silently for him to hear, and Rob subsided, with a burning face, into silence.

Cicely knew in her heart that pretty Let Davis was in love with her own "bonnie laddie," as the old grandmother often called John; she knew it by a hundred signs, and she thought sometimes that John himself suspected it. In fact, Let was unconsciously at the bottom of all their trouble; for it was while talking of her that they had quarreled.

And now tea was over, the dishes all washed, the lamps lighted; and as yet Cicely had not made up her mind whether she would go to singing-school or not. To be sure she had dressed for it, and looked forward to it; but long ago the clock had struck seven, and John had not come. Should she go? There was nothing to detain her but the lack of John's company; and her cheek burned when she thought how the girls would talk. So she suddenly resolved to go, put on her pretty little hat with the crimson feather, that John had always admired, and tripped down stairs.

"Come, Rob, I want you to see me to singing-school," she said.

The boy looked up from his book.

"Where's John?"

"I don't know—and I don't care," she managed to add in a careless voice; but the words almost choked her.

"I don't b'long to singin'-school," said Rob, unwilling to leave his story.

"Never mind, you can go with me to-night; and, besides, you'll see Lettie Davis; she's the beauty of the village, you know."

"Who cares for Let Davis?" cried Rob, bluntly, stumbling on the consciousness that she was connected with the non-appearance of John. "She ain't half as handsome as you are, and I've heard ever so many say so; and I guess she's deceitful. Her brother is, at any rate;" and with this sudden change of base Rob put by "Robinson Crusoe," and took down his cap.

They were late when they arrived at the school-house. The tall singing-master, who in addition to talking through his nose was a tremendous disciplinarian, suspended his operations on the black-board, whereon regiments of scared semiquavers zigzagged up hill and down hill; holding his chalky wand in mid-air till the culprits had seated themselves; while every body looked on in profound silence.

"How mortifying!" thought Cicely, angrily; for had not the whole assembly had an opportunity to see that John Saunders was not with her? And could she not hear, with burning, tingling ears, the whispering behind her? She knew who it was; she had caught a glimpse of Lettie's beautiful eyes. Yes, there was no denying it, her eyes were beautiful.

Rob plucked her sleeve while they were singing "China."

"I say, Cicy, there's John just come in. Bet he did call for you."

The blood flew to Cicely's face; her heart throbbed fast and furious. Somebody walked down the aisle—she knew that step; somebody seated himself behind her. It was the only vacant seat, but, unfortunately, next to Let Davis. That sly little thing had made the place by dint of pushing. Instinct, perhaps, told her that Cicely and John had quarreled. Unreasonably angry, Cicely would not look round till recess time, accomplishing this feat, when she did so, with more manœuvring than was necessary for so simple an act.

She barely recognized John. He, though piqued, tried his best to be civil.

"I called for you," he said; "I was detained."

"Oh, it wasn't any matter," Cicely responded, feeling her heart throb through her voice.

"Wasn't, eh?" he asked.

"No; I had Rob."

"Oh, perhaps it wouldn't be any matter if I never called again."

Rash girl! she heard the tremor in his voice, saw the pale lips drawn hard over the white teeth; but her good angel had deserted her.

"I could survive it," she said, coldly, flashing a glance into his face which he could not be supposed to know was half anguish, half resentment, and all pleading. Then one of Cicely's old admirers, who had been watching his opportunity, came round, and Cicely talked as fast as she could, and smiled, and was coquettish, without knowing or caring what she did, persuading herself that she was punishing John.

So she was; but John was proud, and—he said it himself—mad clear through.

"Miss Lettie, shall I see you home?"

Cicely heard the question, saw the old blackboard wiped clean for the morrow's algebra, heard the long-legged singing-master dismiss the school, and answered something her old admirer said with closed teeth. For a moment it seemed to her as if she should die, she turned so cold—such a deathly faintness came over her.

"Say, Cicy, I'm going with Tom Bentley," said Rob, stretching his curly head past Ned Waters, the old admirer, who had retained his seat.

"No, Rob, you must go home with me," said Cicely, holding her hands together hard to keep herself from trembling.

"Why, ain't John—?"

"I shall be most happy to see you home, Miss Cicely," said Ned.

"That's jolly!" cried thoughtless Rob, after the manner of boys of that age; and before his sister could speak he was gone.

If Cicely wept bitterly, and tossed and turned on a restless pillow all that night, she had the poor satisfaction of knowing that it was all her own fault, that she had trifled with an honest heart.

"He overlooked my harsh words," she sobbed; "he came after me; oh, if I had only waited! and now I have driven him from me forever."

It seemed so. John did not come again. Cicely bore her heartache in patient silence, but grew very white and sad; and it began to be whispered round that she was disappointed. It was like walking on live coals to Cicely, when she thought of that inevitable gossip. She tried her best to be brave. Every Sunday she met John, who sat at the further end of the deacon's slip. Every Sunday she went home with a heart as heavy as lead, for there, sometimes just before her, walked John with happy Let Davis.

One Sabbath she returned from church, pleaded a headache, and went up into her own room. There she had a battle with herself. Her heart bled, her spirit fainted, her soul cried out for strength, but no strength came. She had heard that day from one, the certainty of whose knowledge she could not doubt, that John and Lettie Davis were engaged to be married. The wedding was to take place in a couple of months, and her informant was to be one of the bridemaids.

"Every body thought at one time it would be you," added the news-giver; "but I fancy Lettie always liked him." Poor Cicely! the terrible intimation fell like a thunder-bolt on her heavy heart; for all along she had been hoping against hope. She was stunned, frightened at her own apathy when the truth was forced upon her. Her John, so beloved, to marry another! Would God allow it? Had he forgotten his deep, manly passion—his vows? But then, whose was the fault?

"I sent him from me, and the punishment is just," she cried to herself, walking blindly on, while her friend enumerated the pretty things which Miss Lettie was going to the city to buy.

Every day after that Cicely had to fight over the same old battle, till it seemed as if her strength was nearly exhausted and her will powerless. Every body noticed that Cicely looked ill, that she had lost her spirit—those at home, who saw her daily, being, as usual, the last to take notice that there was something wrong with Cicy.

"Deacon says you're growing thin, deary," her grandmother ventured to repeat one Sunday morning, when Cicely, according to her usual custom, sat down by the old lady to read to her.

The bright head bent yet lower till it rested on the old lady's knee.

"Cicely, child, you are crying," said her grandmother; and then, after a long pause, "Is it John?"

"Oh, granny," sobbed Cicely, "the light girl stands between *him* and *me*. Don't you remember? But they are both looking the other way, not as you said, and it—it will kill me."

The trembling old hand fell on her shining tresses.

"I tell you, deary," said the solemn old voice, "John will never have the light girl. Don't break your heart, little love. I say it again, you'll marry John Saunders yet. I feel it in my bones. I've always felt it."

"No, granny," murmured Cicely, wiping her eyes as she lifted her head; "they are engaged. They will soon be married; and I—I am very weak and foolish. I shall feel better—when it's all over. Then I'll try and be reconciled; for, granny, it's all my fault."

What a morning it was! Through the open window such wealth of beauty, such utter quiet! The wide, grand expanse of heaven, untouched by a single cloud; the hills sleeping in the ruddy sunshine. The bees droned lazily among the flowers, breaking the bee Sabbath with impunity; the trees stood motionless against the heavenly blue of the horizon. Never had its azure seemed so perfect.

"Curus sort o' day; weather-breeder, I guess," said the aged deacon, as he lifted his Bible, old like himself, and stumped away with the aid of an enormous knotted cane. Cicely walked beside him, determined still to conquer herself.

"Did you ever know it quite so still?" she asked.

"Well, 't 'pears to me 'tis uncommon quiet," said the old gentleman. "Don't know as ever I did."

That morning Lettie Davis sat in the singers' seat. Cicely never looked at her now. That red and white beauty had ruined all her hopes. Yet no; it was all her own fault: and that was the reflection with which she always ended.

Cicely sat near the window, looking dreamily out upon the little grave-yard, hearing the minister's voice as if it were a faint, far echo. There were tears in her eyes, and the little white and gray head-stones wavered before her misty sight. The silence grew awful; the air was stifling. Suddenly there came a strange, low, thunderous sound. The last note of old "Coronation" had died out; and Squire Huxley, the fat man of the village, mighty in proportions, knocked the cricket aside, stumbling as he sat down. Was it that, Cicely queried, with an involuntary smile, that shook the seat so? But presently the pews were rocking; the house was moving; the glass in the windows shivered and rattled and broke.

The whole congregation sprang to their feet, Cicely among them.

"My hearers," said the minister, "the great and terrible day of the Lord—" And then the floor upheaved; the old house shook like a reed in the storm. Dire confusion followed. Men and women and children cried out for fear. Cicely, half unconscious, yet terrified, found herself struggling with the crowd.

Another vibration, that sent the throng of human beings swaying and falling upon each other, shrieking for mercy—and the outer air.

At that moment, in the extremity of her terror, Cicely, with uplifted hands, seeing the face near her dearer than all the world, cried, in an agony of love and fear,

"Oh, John, save me! save me!"

Ah! she was in those arms; held close, close in a passionate fold to that heart that she knew now beat only for her. How she clung to him, till the cries and the terror subsided! Then he gently put her from him, with these whispered words:

"God help us both, Cicely; it is too late." His pallid lips trembled as he spoke.

She hardly remembered what happened after that, walking home as one in a dream. She heard people talking about the earthquake, and vaguely wished the earth had opened and swallowed them up when her head lay on John's bosom. She trembled with rapture and horror by turns. She dared not think calmly. What should she do? How should she live?

A neighbor called in a few days after the earthquake—one of those angular specimens of the genus spinster of which every village has at least one, spiced, like a daily newspaper, to suit the tastes of those who are willing to listen and gossip back again.

"Curious about Lettie Davis, isn't it?" she asked, her sly orbs noting the tremor and sudden pallor of Cicely, who had made a self-winder of her left hand and arm, and was slowly rolling a ball of yarn into vigorous proportions.

"Haven't you heard, Cicely?" she queried again.

"I haven't heard any thing about Lettie," said Cicely, not daring to lift her eyes, for the blending of sudden hope and fear conspired to send the blood to her face, hot as fire, and to turn it back in a current so cold that Cicely shivered internally, and almost dreaded that her teeth would chatter.

"S'pose you remember Lettie's old flame of two years ago, Yorke Harris; sort o' cousin, I b'lieve. Let liked him, but the old folks wasn't satisfied on either side. He was a wild fellow at one time. Well, what do you think? Seems when that yearthquake begun Lettie run down out o' the choir, and never stopped till she came to Colonel Harris's, nearly faintin' with fright, when who should she see but Yorke—Yorke Harris. He'd come back the night afore. It's like a story 'bout him. He's been goin' straight all along; and, through his father's influence, they say, he's to become a pardener in one o' the fust houses in Cincinnati or St. Louis, disremember which. Now Yorke *is* a harnsome fellow; *you* know that, Cicely; you've seen him. My dear, there's no young man in this town cuts such a dash."

"Indeed!" repeated Cicely, only conscious that something was expected to be said; what was there very strange in all this? she thought.

"Well, Lettie's at her old tricks; she always was a flirt; either she wants to make t'other man jealous, now she's sure of him, or there's been a quarrel. Yorke's walked on Main Street three times with Lettie Davis; I've seen 'em myself."

"Yes."

"I'd as lief tell news to a stick as to you, child; it's all 'yes' and 'well.' It's plain to see that Yorke likes that girl better'n ever; and he's on the road to money, and Let wants a rich husband, I know that. You ought to see him now; such a splendid beard! And style!—why, there's no comparison."

Cicely listened, but told herself she did not in the least care—was not in the least interested. The sad look, the trembling voice of John, good John, manly, grand John, whom she had so desperately trifled with, were ever before her eyes, ever sounding in her heart.

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"God help us both, Cicely; it is too late."

Was Miss Cribbins's penetration at fault? The corners of her thin lips twitched a little as she looked at her. How she did long to know whose fault it was that John and Cicely had become as strangers all at once; but something in Cicely's face forbade the question, and she ran up stairs to spin her little toothsome yarns to grandma.

Cicely was alone. The ball of yarn had dropped from her hands. Trot, the great yellow cat, had stopped it with one velvety paw, and was gazing with a look of almost human interest into the face of her mistress. Then the girl leaned her head against the high back of the old rocking-chair, and all the beauty and comfort and tenderness of life seemed to fall away as the misty eyes closed, and the choking sob swelled in her throat.

It was "too late—too late."

Be it known unto the reader that Miss Cribbins of all the Sunday flock had been a witness to that little scene in the aisle of the rocking church. Half terrified out of her wits as she was, true to her instincts as item-gatherer for the community at large, she noted the circumstance; and having a little bone to pick with Lettie, whom she very much disliked, she imparted the matter to her, with a few variations, under the promise of eternal secrecy.

"It was natural, perhaps; you know every body expected Cicely and he'd make a match, once; and I s'pose they both thought their time'd come."

Lettie was angry, jealous, but skeptical. Whenever she thought of it, her vain, fickle little heart swelled with resentment; some way, when she happened to be thinking about it, her cousin came in, and that was very often. He was a discreet young man, half astonished at himself at finding the old love revived, and desperately unhappy because Lettie was engaged. It also occurred to Lettie that, compared to this Adonis, blonde hair, beard, and all, John, with his compact, muscular figure, looked a trifle coarse. There was no denying that; but he looked a trifle grand, too.

John had moped all the week. This was something new for him of late. Why could he not forget that one moment of bliss, so long, so heavenly sweet? In vain he called himself to task; in vain he threw all his energy into business for five minutes at a time; in vain he strove as resolutely as he could to put aside his uneasy thoughts.

Ever and anon he gave a downward glance, as if to assure himself that there, on his bosom, that dear face had rested, and ever the pitiful eyes seemed uplifted to his. What should he do? He must be honorable.

Lettie out with the whole matter one day. It was after Yorke Harris had been sitting in a melancholy attitude, listening as she played the few simple airs he remembered of lang syne.

John came in just as Yorke had gone out, saying to himself, as he pretended *not* to look,

"So that's the fellow!"

Poor John! He had never dreamed of this, and the blood rushed to his face. What could he say, what could he do, but the most awkward things imaginable? It took him so completely by surprise, that, leaning one hand on the slender table full of nick-nacks, the candelabrum, with its hanging pendants, the card-basket, and every thing movable went to dancing with the sudden, furious trembling and tingling of his nerves.

Lettie's conduct on this occasi n rose to the verge of heroism. She even thought of Yorke's handsome face and his great love for her, poor fellow! It was her one little romance, and she determined to be generous.

"You needn't answer, John," she said, making herself as tall and stately as possible; "I presume it is true. Of course, from this time our engagement is ended, and perhaps it is better for both of us. I'm sure it is for me," she added, a little sting of a laugh at the close.

"But, Lettie—" stammered poor John, more and more confused; and if Lettie wanted revenge, why, she had it in witnessing his very visible mortification—his dumb anger that he was unable to defend himself as he knew he could and ought to.

"Never mind, Mr. Saunders," she said at last. "I don't care the least bit in the world" (she knew it was a fib). "You won't want to stay, I suppose; and I promised Mr. Yorke Harris that I would go to the theatre with him. He is going to take me over in the colonel's carriage."

It was seven already, and three miles to the city, John thought on receiving this strong hint. How he possessed himself of his hat, how he got out of that house, he never knew; but he did know, as the hours went on, that he was glad to be free. The sweet thought of Cicely was no burden now, and he said to himself a dozen times, "Thank God!"

John did the best thing he could do under the circumstances—had a long, delicious talk with Cicely some days afterward. Perhaps the trial did them both good, for Cicely made a solemn vow that she would never be a little hypocrite again, but tell the truth in all sincerity of heart; and John went about as if he had been vouchsafed a glimpse of paradise.

Miss Cribbins, the spinster, hugged herself whenever she saw Cicely's happy countenance. John pshawed and frowned, hot in the face, when sometimes the scene of Lettie's dismissal flashed across his mind, for he was not a little proud. Yet that did not hinder him from being the happiest man alive.

Lettie was quite as pleased as either of them, for she had transferred her affections easily to he fascinating Yorke Harris, who carried her off in triumph.

So Cicely became Mrs. Saunders before the end of the year, and the old grandmother's prediction was fulfilled, though it took an earthquake to bring it about.

LAKE DWELLINGS.

THE large tract of land that forms the delta of the Orinoco possesses some very remarkable characteristics. It is always wet, but during several months in the year it is completely inundated, the river rising to an astonishing height, and covering with water a tract nearly half as large as England. This seems to be as unpropitious a spot as could be adopted for human habitation, and yet the Waraus (or Garános, as Humboldt spells the word) have established themselves there, and prefer it to any other locality, probably because their strange mode of life enables them to pass an existence of freedom. Varying much in the height to which it rises, in some places exceeding fifty feet, the Orinoco has the quality of rising year after year to the same height in the same place, so that when a mark is made to designate the height to which the water rose in one year, the same mark will answer year after year with scarcely the slightest deviation. Here the Itá palm thrives, which supplies to the Warau food, drink, clothing, and residence; for, selecting four that grow near each other in the form of a square, and cutting away any intervening trees, he makes deep notches in the trunks some three feet above high-water mark. In these notches are laid beams that are tightly lashed in their places by ropes made of Itá fibres. On these beams are laid a number of cross pieces, usually composed of the gigantic stems of the leaves, then a layer of the leaves themselves, and finally a smooth coating of mud, which soon dries under the tropical sun, forming a smooth, hard, and firm flooring, that will bear a fire without risk of damage to the wooden structure below. Ten or twelve feet above the floor the Warau constructs a roof of palm leaves, the corners of which are supported by the same trees which uphold the house.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEVER was a December more lovely than has been this of 1870. It seems to have forgotten its old established character, and has appeared in such a novel guise that we scarcely recognize it. We are incredulous about October days when the calendar tells us it is winter. Delightful has been this balmy weather—delightful for riding and walking, for business and for pleasure. Especially favorable has it been for the extensive shopping which invariably precedes the holidays; and Broadway daily testifies that the ladies, at least, have taken advantage of it. Not that they would have been kept at home by rain, or wind, or snow at this season. Oh no; the exigencies of shopping call forth courage and endurance. Christmas and New-Year's come but once in a twelvemonth, and nothing must interfere with the pleasurable business connected with them. And after all, poor old December gets few thanks for bringing us lovely days of warmth and sunshine. All the wiseacres shake their heads, prophetically saying: "We shall have to pay for this." "This weather is very unseasonable; it can not last." We do not expect it to last. Even now, while we write, the scientific out-lookers on Mount Washington may discover in the dim distance the signs of gathering snow-clouds; the telegraphic wires may signal this discovery over the country; and when our readers see these lines the wild winds may be blowing, and earth may be shrouded in white. But, while the bright days favor us, let us be thankful for whatever good they bring, and not prognosticate evil in the future, concerning which our knowledge is so limited.

The recent accidents which befell our transatlantic cables have given the public an idea of what it would be if no items of news could be sent from Europe by this wonderful apparatus. A morning paper with no intelligence from France and Germany, from England, Italy, or Russia, would seem almost worthless. European news by cable has become very much a necessity to the American people and to American trade. We can not go back to the old times—we must go forward.

That the Germans expect to spend Christmas in or before Paris is shown by a post-office notice recently issued at Berlin. It stated that in order to effect the dispatch of Christmas presents to the troops in France, the field post parcel service would be maintained in its present extent till the evening of the 8th of December, when the reception of parcels would be suspended.

Very curious it is to notice how popular names in literature or in the arts are applied to the most common articles of commerce. A London journal contains a flaming advertisement of the "Lothair Knife-Cleaner."

The *Court Journal* says: "Only seven persons have declined the English mission, as embassador from the United States, thus far. Why not appoint a lady?"

Perhaps it is not too late in the season to tell a Thanksgiving story. A day or two before the 24th of last November a turkey was brought by a farmer into the city of Syracuse. It was doubtless intended for somebody's dinner on that festive day, only the owner waited to obtain a good price for it. The fowl was, therefore, not killed, but was left in the farmer's wagon with its legs tied. It had no idea, however, of tamely submitting to its impending fate. Accordingly, in spite of confined legs, it soared aloft, but with little success. Impatiently it dashed through an immense pane of glass in a store window, and, lighting upon a sewing-machine, was caught. The glass, costing about $150, was left with a smooth hole and numerous radiating cracks. The turkey did not lose a feather, and has not been "called for."

A new "Garden for the People" will soon be open to the inhabitants of London; and the public are to be admitted on Sundays as well as week-days. It is to include fifty acres of land.

The infant son of Vice-President Colfax is to be the recipient of an elegant table service in silver—a gift of Senators of both political parties, as a testimony of friendship to the father. The service consists of a tray, bowl, cup, plate, knife, fork, spoon, and napkin-ring—the whole inclosed in a superb French walnut case, upholstered in purple silk. The tray is oblong, beautifully ornamented, and inlaid with fretted gold of twelve different hues. In the centre of the tray is the inscription, "Schuyler Colfax, Jun., from Senators of the XLIst Congress." An expansion of the rim at the side is supported by a shield of red gold, with monogram, surmounted by a wreath of tuberoses and morning-glories. The bowl and cup are finished in Oriental pearl and inlaid with gold. The knife, fork, and spoon also have handles of gold, and the napkin-ring bears the monogram "S. C., Jun.," in delicate characters. The casings are of French walnut, with a cover of ebony and satin-wood, inlaid with flowers.

A good fat cat now costs ten francs in Paris.

The Marquis of Lorne is popular just now. A photographer in Glasgow has received orders from a London house for sixty thousand of his photographs.

A citizen of Toledo, while dining at a hotel recently, found all eating processes suddenly suspended by the lodgment of a turkey bone within the esophagus. His painful choking was followed by vomiting. Medical aid was obtained, but the bone could not be withdrawn by instruments, and its sharp edges produced keen torture. Finally an attempt was made to thrust it down into the stomach. This was at length accomplished by means of a long, slender whalebone, to the end of which a piece of sponge was firmly attached. The crowding down was accomplished slowly, and with great pain to the patient.

The artistic gold pen, in imitation of a quill, which was recently mentioned as having been made by Herr Bissinger, jeweler, of Pforzheim, with a view to Count Bismarck's signing the treaty of peace in Paris with it, has been presented to the Count, who, in acknowledging it, wrote: "Your beautiful and very artistic present has been delivered to me by Herr Jolly. I feel some difficulty in knowing how to express my thanks for it." The Count might have added, "And how I shall get into Paris to use it."

During the year ending September 30, 1870, there were filed in the Patent Office 19,411 applications for patents, 3374 caveats, and 160 applications for the extension of patents; 13,622 patents, including reissues and designs, were issued, 11,094 tendered, and 1089 allowed, but not issued, by reason of the non-payment of the final fees. The receipts of the office during the fiscal year were $13,630,429 in excess of its expenditures.

Rumors from France are to the effect that the weather has been very severe, and that the ground has been frozen hard. Quite a contrast to our weather here, when in December roses have been blossoming out-of-doors.

Paris has begun to eat the poor beasts in the Jardin des Plantes. Several buffaloes have been sold to the butchers, but the butchers ask enormous prices for buffalo beef.

England appears to be getting ready for war. The government has given an order to one firm for 170,000,000 ball-cartridges; and 1,500,000 are being made every week in the Royal Arsenal.

A novelty has been started in Islington, England, in the establishment of a church solely for children. The service commences at half past six o'clock in the evening, and concludes at half past seven. No infants or adults are admitted. There is a good deal of singing, prayers are read, and an address or sermon of about twenty minutes' duration is delivered.

The Prussians are said to use the children they take prisoners as spies! Those who are natives of Alsace, and speak both French and German, are found useful. Yet it seems very sad thus to make the children traitors, as it were, to their country.

St. Cloud is converted into a fortress; the woods have been cut down, trenches made, and batteries erected for field-guns, as well as breast-works for infantry, rifle-pits, etc.; every house and wall has been loopholed, and the roads are strongly barricaded. Some of the articles employed in constructing the defenses are strangely out of keeping with their present uses. Near Ville d'Avray a square piano serves as a stand for a rifleman under a peculiar loophole; and at La Celle St. Cloud there is a barricade one of the component parts of which is a stuffed peacock, in close proximity to a garden-roller.

In Germany there are upward of 25,000 widows and 120,000 fatherless children, in consequence of the losses in the Landwehr corps alone, which is composed chiefly of married men.

We notice a statement that Dr. Russell has seen one of the Prussian ration-cards marked off for portions up to January 10, 1871.

At Strasburg all traces of the siege are fast disappearing. The fortifications are said to be restored to nearly their former strength. A large number of workmen are engaged in repairing the Cathedral, and it will shortly be reopened by the Prussians.

Many of our readers have very little realizing sense of the immense business involved in our city postal service, or of the thorough systematization which is needful in all its details in order to attain any thing like perfection. During the month of October the total number of letters in New York city was 2,844,019, of which 1,855,340 came by mail, and 988,679 were "drop" or city letters. There are nearly three hundred delivery carriers. Scattered irregularly throughout the city are about fourteen hundred street boxes; but there is no system by which one can tell where to find a box. A proposition has been made, and is under consideration, of placing boxes on alternate corners of the streets all over the city—an arrangement which would be very convenient for all desiring to deposit letters, but which would inevitably require more than the fifty collectors now employed to remove the valuable contents of the street boxes. Letters are collected from the boxes from six to ten times daily, according to location. Up town the earliest collection is at half past five in the morning, and the latest at half past six in the evening; down town the earliest is at half past seven A.M., and the latest at seven P.M. The variations in time are with special reference to business convenience. Every drop-letter is stamped with the hour of its receipt by the post-office department; and with the exception of those dropped late at night, no city letter should be more than three hours reaching its destination. Many hours often elapse, however, and detectives are employed to discover the cause of such delays. Sometimes the fault lies between the collector and carrier; but statistics show that an almost incredible number of letters are dropped into the boxes with wrong addresses, sometimes with only a part of an address, and again with no address at all! Some are not stamped; others bear marks of having had post-stamps upon them; but investigation proves that some dishonest office-boy or messenger has skillfully removed them for his own private use. An unpaid letter is detained for prepayment, though the sender is always notified when it is possible to learn his name.

We find in the *Gentleman's Magazine* an anecdote of George IV., which is said to be new in print: At a small dinner-party at Carlton House Colonel Hamlyn, one of the boon companions of the Prince, told a story which, like most of the stories of the Regency, was more distinguished by its point than its propriety. When Colonel Hamlyn had finished it, the "First Gentleman in Europe" filled his glass and threw its contents into his guest's face, saying, "Hamlyn, you're a blackguard." What was the Colonel to do? To challenge the Regent was treason; and yet to return the insult in kind was to take a course which must have compelled the Prince, as a gentleman, to challenge the Colonel, or to ask some one to take up the quarrel for him. And yet to sit still was impossible. Colonel Hamlyn solved the difficulty by filling his glass, and throwing the wine into the face of his next companion. "His Royal Highness's toast; pass it on!" This was wit in action. It sealed Colonel Hamlyn's friendship with George IV. "Hamlyn," he said, with a slap on the shoulder, "you're a capital fellow. Here's a toast to you."

Now that the question of the payment of an indemnity by France at the end of the war is likely to become a matter of discussion, it may interest our readers to know what France had to pay at the command of the allied powers after the war in 1815. The payments were under three heads—namely, the indemnity proper, the cost of the army of occupation, and the claims of foreigners who had been despoiled or injured by the French revolutionary government. These sums were assessed as follows: 1. Indemnity to allied powers, 700,000,000 francs. 2. Pay, equipment, and clothing of army of occupation for three years—the provisions, etc., were paid in kind—150,000,000 francs. 3. Foreign and British claims, the Bank of Hamburg, etc., 312,560,000 francs. Total, 1,162,560,000 francs. This total in pounds sterling made a sum of about 46½ millions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN a man comes home and tries to bolt the door with a sweet-potato, pokes the fire with the spout of a coffee-pot, attempts to wind up the clock with his bootjack, tries to cut kindling for his morning fire with a paper-knife, takes a cold potato in his hand to light him to bed, and prefers sleeping in his hat and boots, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people.

It is said that the reason why the Russian government is so slow in availing itself of the electric telegraph is that it is opposed to some of the necessary preliminary operations—such as *elevating the Poles*, for instance.

An enterprising ice-cream maker in Chicago advertises: "Families supplied by the quart or gallon, and delivered in any part of the city." For those who wish to obtain families this is an eligible opportunity.

The man who shot and killed a boy in his melon patch, when called to account for the deed, said he did it in mercy to the boy, who otherwise might have died a painful death from cholera morbus.

An elderly fat gentleman, in discussing a warm breakfast at an inn, called to the waiting boy: "Donald, bring me more bread; I eat a good deal of bread to my steak." Donald answered, with much simplicity, "Ay, please your honor, and ye eat a good deal of steak to your bread."

Why is a young lawyer like the national currency?—Because he is a legal tender, and somewhat green.

A dabbler in literature and the fine arts, who prided himself on his language, came upon a youngster a few days since sitting upon the bank of the river angling for gudgeons, and thus addressed him: "Adolence, art thou not endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to engulf into their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurement?" "No," said the boy, "*I'm a-fishin' !*"

Of all the specimens of German-American orthography that ever saw the light that of a Hartford saloon-keeper is the most excruciating. He has "painted him a sign," and it reads "Bosedevele Nodrushd." *Was der teufel ist das?* "Positively No Trust!"

Why is an elephant unlike a tree?—Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does.

A gentleman, stating that a person engaged in an extensive line of business had lately failed, was asked by a lady if he knew whom he succeeded in business; to which the gentleman replied that "he did not know whom he succeeded, but it was evident that he did not succeed himself."

According to the articles of war it is death to stop a cannon-ball.

At a church of "color," about twenty miles from Albany, the other evening, the minister noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during service, called out in a loud voice: "Git down off them seats, both white man and color; I cares no more for the one dan de odder." Imagine the pious minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing in short metre:

Git down off dem seats,
Boff white man and color;
I cares no more for one man
Than I does for de odder.

FORTUNE-TELLERS—Bank clerks.

When the Chinese want to describe a person who pretends to be very brave, and makes a great parade in order to show his courage, they say that "he is cutting off a hen's head with a battle-axe." A coward, who boasts of his courage, they call "a paper tiger." They compare a person who pretends to be what he is not to a fox who tries to look as noble and strong as a tiger. If a person is ignorant of books, they will say, "Turn him upside down, but not a drop of ink will come out of him."

The man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap has injured his voice by trying to sing a stave of a barrel.

"Look a-hea, Sam," said a Western negro to a field-hand over the fence—"look-ahea; d'ye see dat tall tree down dar?" "Yah, Jim, I does." "Wa'al, I got up dat tree night afore to-morrow." "Wat you in dat tree arter?" "I was arter a coon." "You catch him, Jim?" "Wait till I tell de fax, Sambo." "Well, succeed." "I chased de coon out to the todder end of dat longest lim, and den I hear suffin drap. What do you guess 'twas, Sam?" "De coon, ob corse." "No, you don't; 'twas dis yere nigga; like to broke he neck—beca thugan' 'bout dem sinee."

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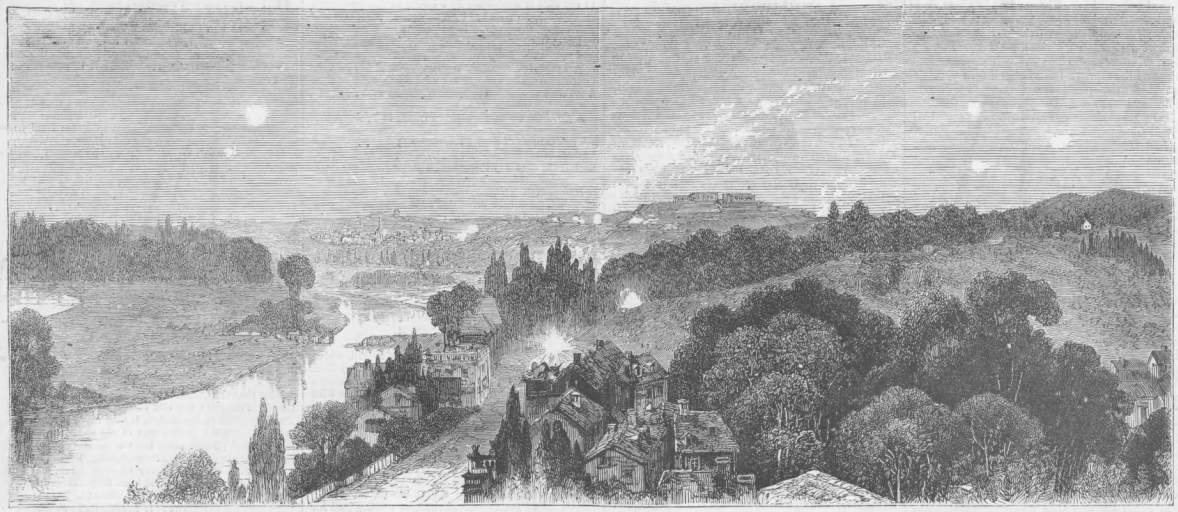

SCENE OF A LATE SORTIE FROM PARIS.

SCENE OF A LATE SORTIE FROM PARIS.

THE above picturesque sketch represents the scene of a recent sortie from Paris, to which the French have given the name of the "battle of La Malmaison." Although the affair, which took place October 21, was the most serious that had occurred previous to the desperate attempt under General DUCROT to break through the Prussian lines of investment, it ended in the usual way; and an afternoon of sharp and bloody fighting was closed by a long string of Gardes Mobiles and Zouaves being marched under escort to Versailles. At Malmaison, JOSEPHINE'S Malmaison, there is a pavilion in the Empress's garden, where, it is said, the first NAPOLEON planned the Jena and Auerstadt campaign. There was some hard fighting about there, and the dead and wounded lay about the garden when the day's work was done; and around the church of Reuil, with its monuments "á Josephine, Eugène, et Hortense," the Prussians are now quartered. So the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges; but who can tell when it may take a turn the other way?

THE POPULATION OF PARIS.

IN 1866 the entire city of Paris within the fortifications comprised a civil population of 1,799,980, which, with 25,294 military, made a population of 1,825,274, occupying an area of 7802 hectares (the hectare is a little more than two acres). Prior to 1860 the city proper only extended over the 3438 hectares within the octroi limits, and in 1856 the density of population within that boundary was 242 persons per hectare, while in the circle outside the octroi, but within the fortifications, there were only 83 persons per hectare. Taking both outer and inner circles together, the average density was 197 persons per hectare in 1856, whereas in 1866 it was 234. Taking Paris as a whole, twice as many people were living on the same area in 1866 as in 1831, the tendency to agglomeration of course going on latterly with great rapidity in the banlieue, thanks to the dispensation of M. HAUSSMANN. As regards area, Paris is just about twice the size of Vienna and of Dublin, nearly four times the size of Liverpool and Glasgow, about 1500 hectares larger than Berlin, and about a quarter of the size of London within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Board. But the inhabitants of London and Berlin have more than double the elbow-room of the Parisians.

The number of houses in Paris in 1866 was 57,686, of which 1057 were uninhabited. This gives a ratio of 32 persons to each inhabited house. The number of separate tenancies (locations) was 641,165, providing for 675,222 distinct families or establishments. The houses in Paris are covered principally with zinc and slate. Only 149 thatched houses were to be found, and those in the outer parts of the city. In 1861 there were 8061 houses having nothing but a ground-floor; but in 1866 these had been reduced to 4778. On the other hand, houses with four stories above the rez-de-chaussée had increased from 14,347 to 16,197.

In point of origin and nationality the civil population of Paris comprised 592,763 born Parisians, 1,098,818 persons born in the French provinces, 2512 naturalized foreigners, 104,114 foreigners, and a small remnant of 1773 whose nationality could not be or was not ascertained. Of the foreigners, 8015 were English, 4023 Americans, 30,556 Germans, 28,430 Belgians, 5509 Dutchmen, 7398 Italians, 9939 Swiss, 2539 Spaniards, 1267 Russians, 4100 Poles, 501 Swedes and Danes, 204 Moldo-Wallachians, 281 Greeks, 307 Turks, and 1225 other foreigners. Thus it appears that only 33 per cent. of the population of the French capital are true Parisians, while nearly 6 per cent. are foreigners, of whom by far the largest proportion were Germans and Belgians, the English being comparatively few.

A DEAD SHOT.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 834.]

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Game of Ring-Toss.

Figure 1.

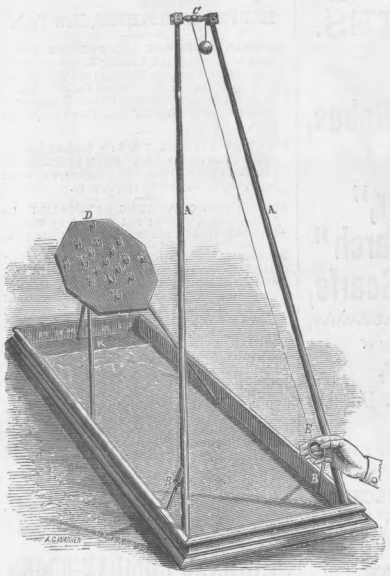

FIGURE 1 shows the Board as arranged for the GAME OF RING-TOSS.—**A A** are the Cues inserted in holes at the corners of the Board. **C** is the Cross-piece which supports the Pendulum and fastens the Cues at the top. **D** is an adjustable Target studded with numbered Hooks. A string passes through the Cross-piece, with a Ball at one end and the Ring **E** at the other. The Ring is lowered so that it will swing clear of the Board and catch upon the numbered Hooks on the Target.

This game is purely one of skill, and great proficiency may be acquired in playing it.

THE most wonderful invention of the age for the entertainment of children and adults is the LOZO PENDULUM BOARD, having a combination of eight different games, viz.,

Game No. 1. Ring-Toss with Ring.
" " 2. Ten-Pins with Swinging Ball.
" " 3. Pockets " " "
" " 4. Bagatelle " " "
" " 5. Ten-Pins with Cues and Balls.
" " 6. Pockets " " " "
" " 7. Bagatelle " " " "

And, by reversing the Bagatelle Board, it becomes a Miniature Billiard Table. All combined in the small space of three and a half feet in length, twelve inches in width, and two and a half inches in depth. It is made of Black Walnut, lined with the finest quality of Billiard Cloth, and it is furnished with a Cover to exclude dust, Two Cues, Ten Balls, a Set of Ten-Pins, and an Adjustable Target, Bagatelle, and Pockets.

In introducing the Lozo Pendulum Board I do not hesitate to say that it has no superior. The immense sale which followed the introduction of this Board into New York and other Eastern cities gives it precedence over all game-boards that have been presented to the American public during many years. It has been praised by the press, it has been commended by the clergy, and has every where received universal approbation as an elevating attraction for the home circle.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

Since my advertisements appeared in the thirty different magazines I have been called upon to forward by mail over 7000 illustrated catalogues, and I have come to the conclusion to place these illustrations before the public in such a manner as to have every one see them at a glance. There are probably no less than 500,000 persons who have seen those advertisements, and have wondered what the Lozo Pendulum Board was. Taking this medium to illustrate and describe it, I trust that no father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, or aunt, who are about to make a Christmas present or a New-Year's gift to their relatives or friends, will make a purchase before seeing this truly beautiful combination of parlor games. I call your particular attention to the editorials in *Harper's Bazar* and *Frank Leslie's* of last week. This Board is no toy, being made of the very best material. It will last five years with ordinary use, and I guarantee every thing to be as represented.

I also state that it is for sale by every Bookseller, Stationer, and Music Dealer throughout the United States and Canadas, from the fact that all of them have received my circular and price-list, from British Columbia to California. If you are desirous of purchasing one of these Boards, you can order it through your Bookseller, or send to me direct, inclosing a Post-Office Order or Money in Registered Letter, or by Express at my expense, or by Draft on New York by mail, upon the receipt of which I will forward one to any part of the United States by return express.

Pocket Game.

Figure 3.

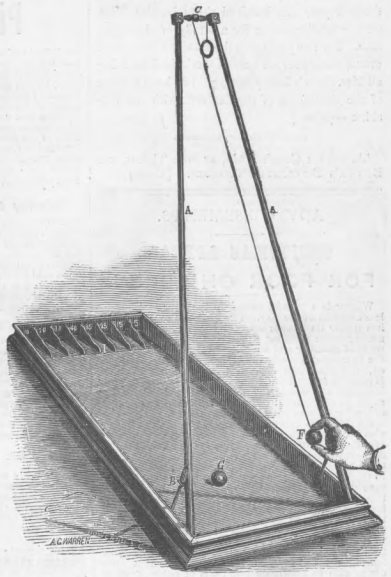

FIGURE 3 shows the Board as arranged for the POCKET GAME.—This game is played with the Pendulum Ball, in the same manner as the game of Ten-Pins. **I** is an adjustable Pocket, or series of numbered stalls. The object of the game is to propel a ball into each stall, or to obtain the greatest number of points possible by adding together the numbers at the head of the stalls scored.

PRICE,
With Cover.... $10.
Without Cover.. $9.

PRICE,
With Cover.... $10.
Without Cover.. $9.

I take pleasure in announcing to the trade and the public that they can be furnished with the Lozo Pendulum Board at manufacturer's prices by the following well-known houses, also by a large number of others not here mentioned, which is a sufficient indorsement of all that I have said.

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Game of Ten-Pins.

Figure 2.

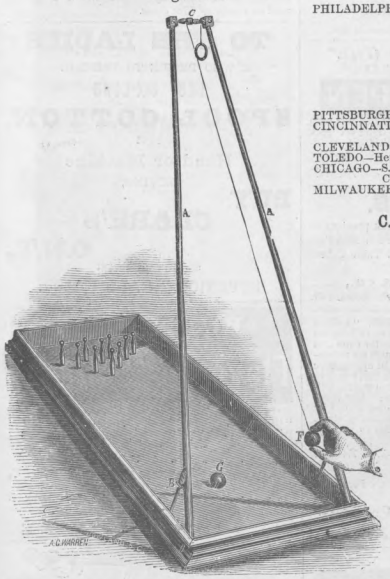

FIGURE 2 shows the Board as adjusted for the GAME OF TEN-PINS.—The Pendulum Ball, **F**, is lowered, and the Ring raised and fastened on the Cross-piece. A Ball, **G**, is placed in the middle of the Board, at the point where the Pendulum would hang when at rest. The Pendulum, when drawn back, imparts its motion to the Ball **G**, which is propelled among the Ten-Pins. A depression in the Board behind the Ten-Pins (see Figure 1, **K**) prevents the return of the balls.

Competent judges have pronounced this the best parlor game of Ten-Pins ever invented.

Game of Bagatelle.

Figure 4.

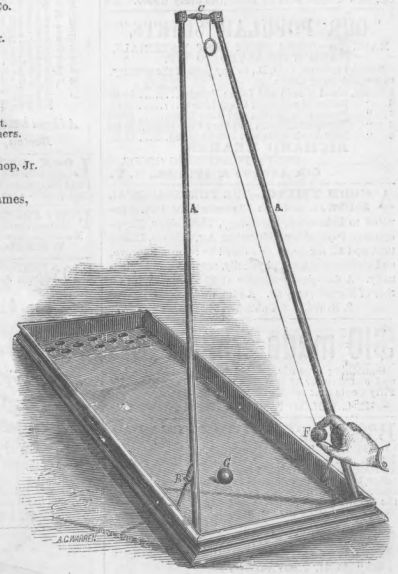

FIGURE 4 represents the Board as arranged for the GAME OF BAGATELLE.—**K** represents the adjustable Bagatelle Cups fitted into the depression **K**, shown in Figure 1. The game is played with ten balls, which are driven into the numbered Cups by means of the Pendulum Ball.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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We desire to make the Christmas Holidays happy also for those who have no home and few friends. We wish to give one cheerful day at least to the children of the poor. For Fifty Dollars we can provide three homeless children with clothing and send them to the far West, where they will grow up to be honest men and women in farmers' families. Who will give this Christmas present of a home? A party of these homeless children are ready to start to the West in the Holidays if the means are provided. If our friends kindly aid, we hope to give a good Christmas dinner to the thousands of little girls in our twenty Industrial Schools, and to the Newsboys and street boys and homeless girls in our five Lodging Houses. We desire also to distribute hundreds of pairs of shoes and warm garments among the poorest of the children. Our objects are to teach and make better and save to society the thousands of neglected children in the streets of New York City. Who in this season of "good-will" will aid us in this work, in memory of Him who especially cared for the poor?

C. L. BRACE, *Secretary.*
(Children's Aid Society, 19 East 4th St., N.Y.)

Gifts of provisions and clothing may be sent to the Central Office, 19 East 4th St., New York, or will be called for if the address be forwarded.

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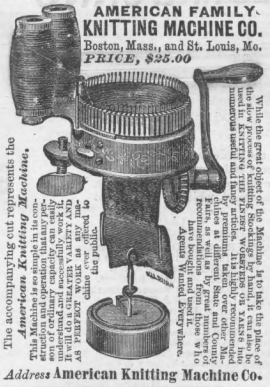

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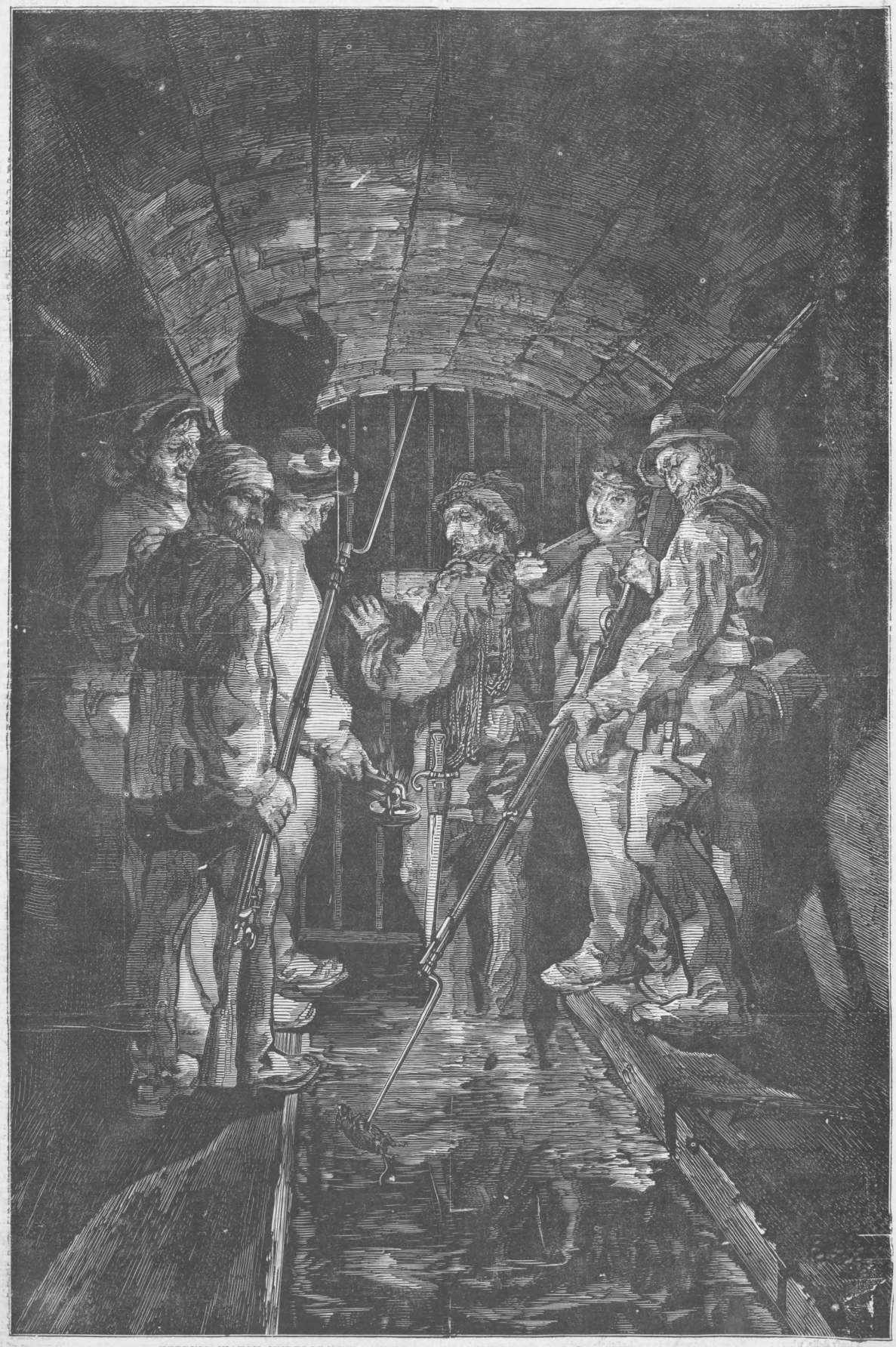

KEEPING WATCH UNDERGROUND—GUARDING THE OUTLET OF A PARIS SEWER.—[SEE PAGE 842.]

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FRANCE—1870.

BEAUTIFUL France! o'er the wide waste of waters
Swells the heart-breaking plaint of thy sons and thy daughters;
Beautiful France,
Famed in song and romance,
How thy prestige departs
As war's legions advance.

Beautiful France! o'er thy sunny dominions
The Angel of Death flaps his shadowy pinions;
Lovely land of the vine,
What enchantment was thine
Ere thy lustre was dimmed
By the hosts from the Rhine.

Voluptuous France! how thy beauty is marred!
With the gashes of war thy fair bosom is scarred;
Yet with eloquent woe,
In the dust sitting low,
Thou breathest defiance
And death to the foe.

Vain threats! as the bird in the fowler's deft snare,
Or the lion entrapped and attacked in his lair,
So the meshes of Fate
Bind *thee* fast—and *too late*
Is the dream of renown,
And the hopes which inflate.

The wail of thy peasants ascends like a dirge,
As the billows of war round their flaming homes surge;
And the babe at the breast
Is convulsively pressed,
As hunger's fell tooth
Gnaws the mother distressed.

And Paris, the bright incarnation of joy,
Invested with all that can charm or decoy,
Seat of pleasure and art,
Gilded luxury's mart,
Must thy splendor grow dim
And thy sceptre depart?

Now a belt of destruction encircles thy wall,
And proud Paris must yield, or proud Paris must fall;
For Destiny waits
Not for mortals or states,
And William in triumph
Shall enter her gates.

O France! bleeding France! what confusion and shame
Overwhelms thee to-day, and obscures thy fair fame;
With the suicide's knife
Thou hast struck at thy life,
And with maniac fury
Prolongest the strife.

In the name of true Freedom we conjure thee, cease!
And woo to thy bosom the Dove of sweet Peace;
Lift thy ensign on high,
And with soul-thrilling cry
Shout, "Vive la République!
Let tyranny die!"

WATCH UNDERGROUND.

THE striking and picturesque sketch on the first page of our Supplement this week illustrates a phase of the siege of Paris entirely peculiar to that city. It is well known to our readers that underneath Paris lies a vast system of immense sewers, having outlets on the banks of the Seine, without the city walls. They are large enough, as the illustration shows, to allow several men to walk through them abreast; and, in fact, they were constructed partly for a military purpose, in case a rising in Paris should require the prompt and secret concentration of troops in any part of the city, being connected with military stations at various points. Intended originally as a measure of security, these vast underground passages have suddenly become a source of danger to the beleaguered city; for should the Prussians once gain admission through the outlets, they might work their way into the very heart of the capital, and destroy it by the explosion of mines. To guard against this, the laborers employed to keep the sewers in order have been armed, and the engineers of the Ministry of Public Works have also taken care to fortify the interior both of the sewers and aqueducts, with barriers to prevent hostile intrusion; while they have blocked up the shafts entering the catacombs and underground quarries, and walled up every gallery that might give access from the outside to the inside of the circle of defenses. In addition to these precautions they have strewn the ground outside the outlets with torpedoes, which explode when trodden upon; and mines of large extent, with powerful charges of gunpowder or other perilous material, have been constructed near them.

The illustration conveys a graphic idea of the dismal service demanded of these subterranean guards, and vividly suggests to the imagination the horrors that would accompany a hand-to-hand struggle in those cavernous depths. French romancers and artists, after the war, will find material for many a weird sketch in the underground life of these guards.

THE GIPSY OF MALAGA.

AN ADVENTURE IN ANDALUSIA.

"BY JOVE! what a beautiful girl! Look quick, Sidney, before she vanishes like a beatific vision from our mortal gaze."

These were the words, uttered half in jest and half in earnest, which broke from my friend and fellow-traveler, Charlie Alston, as, wayworn and weary, we reined up our horses, in the rich glow of an autumn sunset, at the door of a low hostel, which in Spain does duty for a posada, or inn. We had left Malaga, en route for Granada, at 11 o'clock on the previous night, and after a forest ride by moonlight, the memory of whose enchanting loveliness no after dreams of beauty can blot out, we had taken what refreshment, in the way of grapes and light wine, the peasants could supply, and started afresh on what proved to be the hardest day's ride that even *I*, accustomed as I have been to the saddle from my nursery, ever remember to have taken. All day we rode under the scorching sun of Spain, sometimes over highways white and hot with dust, sometimes through leafy dells, where the fierce sunlight was broken by the shade of lofty trees, sometimes winding along the base of the lovely Sierra Nevada, and at every turn gazing upon some new landscape more surpassingly beautiful than the last.

During the latter half of the day, however, we had both been far too weary to make enjoyment possible, and my friend Charlie, who was at all times fonder of animated nature, especially when manifested in the female form divine, than of the loveliest landscape that ever enchanted my less material sight, was becoming very impatient at what he called the "dullness" of our journey, and especially exasperated that none of the far-famed beauties of Andalusia had thus far crossed our path. We had been riding for more than an hour, with not a sound to break the stillness of the air save the occasional tinkling of a goat-herd's bell, when Charlie's exclamation roused me from the state of torpor into which I had fallen, and I glanced out from under the shadow of my sombrero in the direction indicated by his eye. Before us stood the "posada"—a long wooden building, the roof rising somewhat in the middle and sloping gradually off to either side. At the door lounged a group of villainous-looking peasants, with our greasy, swarthy host at their head; and escaping by what seemed to be a back entrance, and passing rapidly down a side-path, was as splendid a specimen of womanhood as my eyes had ever lighted upon. She was tall and slight, and her form less fully developed than is common among Spanish girls of her age; but it had the litheness, and her step the elastic spring, of the young antelope. She wore the picturesque costume of the Andalusian peasant, and as we rode up she turned her head to look at us, thus enabling me to see the delicate oval of the face, the large dark eyes, the scarlet dimpled mouth, and, rarest of all combinations in a Southern clime, the wealth of golden hair which floated like a halo of glory round her small, well-set head. Altogether it was, as Charlie said, almost like a heavenly vision bursting upon our sight, and for a moment I shared his apprehensions that she might vanish as suddenly and mysteriously as she had appeared. Being, however, an old traveler, and of an eminently practical turn of mind, I checked my own curiosity and Charlie's burst of enthusiasm, and requested him in a few sharp words to "keep his eyes and ears wide open to what was passing around us, and to think of something besides women if he could."

By this time we had dismounted and entered the inn, where, in our rough traveling garb, with pistols and daggers at our belts, we might easily have been mistaken for the robbers that we were armed against. The building bore the usual appearance of a Spanish posada, consisting of a long, dark apartment, one end of which served as kitchen and dining-room for family and guests, and the other being partitioned into rudely made stalls for cattle, so that we had literally entertainment for man and beast under the same roof. It was a dismally rough and comfortless-looking place, and smelled so villainously of a mingled compound of garlic, stable, and unwashed humanity that my friend Charlie started and turned back as we entered the door.

"No help for it, old fellow," I said, in a sympathetic tone; "sleeping outside would be dangerous at this season, and, besides, our horses *must* be cared for. You'll get used to the perfume in a little while."

"Perhaps so," replied Charlie, with a shrug of his handsome shoulders; "but if ever I travel through Spain again I'll have my olfactories paralyzed before I start."

"And have your head made bullet-proof at the same time," I rejoined, "which is rather the more important of the two. Keep wide awake, Charlie, and listen to every word you hear spoken, without appearing to understand. I have been in Spain before, and I don't at all like the look of this place or its occupants."

As I spoke we seated ourselves close to the fire, which was throwing out any quantity of smoke and gas, but, as far as I could see, was capable of warming nothing but itself.

The night was, however, closing in damp and chilly, as is common in those latitudes, and both Charlie and myself were glad of the protection that the humble roof afforded.

To add to our complacency, the beautiful vision that had delighted our eyes in the open air passed in and out several times, laying the cloth for supper, and engaged in a variety of sufficiently mundane occupations to convince us that she belonged essentially to this lower sphere. It was difficult to form any opinion as to the relation in which she stood to the wretches who surrounded her, as she scarcely spoke or raised her eyes in reply to remarks that they made to her, and took no more notice of their muttered oaths and imprecations than she did of my friend Alston's insinuating efforts to attract her attention. As she was the only female to be seen about the place, however, I concluded that she was paid for her services, and would only remain while treated with consideration and respect. I also decided in my own mind that she probably belonged to some gipsy tribe, and had gentle blood in her veins—perhaps English or Scotch—which would account for her long fair hair, combined as it was with an Oriental richness of complexion, and eyes that had the darkness and softness of the gazelle.

She seemed to have some unexplained purpose in delaying as long as possible her arrangements for supper, which called forth more than one impatient "Caramba" from the ruffian who called himself our host. There were three men besides himself in the posada, every one of whom, I was ready to swear, had been guilty of deeds of darkness and of blood. I watched them as I sat with half-closed eyes beside the fire, and made up my mind that, if ever weary travelers were in peril of their lives, we were that night. Then I racked my brain to recall the last sign of human habitation that I had seen that day; and after satisfying myself that it was too far off to be of any use to us, I began to calculate our chances of resistance should an attack be made. We were well armed, and three to four, supposing that our guide would help us; but a glance into a distant corner of the stable department, where he lay sleeping, or feigning sleep, convinced me that no assistance could be counted upon from that quarter. Well, the situation was not a cheerful one, certainly; but Charlie and I had youth and strength and British pluck; and I hugged up the belief, that had been instilled into me from my childhood, that those qualities were more than a match for foreign perfidy and cunning.

So, after a few words to Charlie (whose whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the movements of the gipsy girl), cautioning him against any drink that might be offered to us, as liable to be drugged, I possessed my soul with patience, and again turned toward the fire. I suppose I fell into a doze, so weary was I with nearly eighteen hours in the saddle; and when I opened my eyes it was to see the Andalusian standing between me and the table at which the rest of the company were seated, and to hear "Supper is ready, Señor!" pronounced aloud in Spanish, and "Sleep not an instant under this roof," from the same lips in fairly good English, but in a low, hissing tone, inaudible to all but myself. Between sleeping and waking as I was, I shall never forget how like a heavenly visitant she looked, as she stood in that low den, with the light from behind illuminating her golden tresses, and her finger on her scarlet lips enjoining silence. It was but for a second, but I understood the danger and the warning as well as if it had been written in letters of fire on the wall; and curbing, by a mighty effort, my desire to hear more, or even to give a glance of responsive gratitude to the girl, I rose and seated myself at the filthy, uninviting board. There was little to eat besides the usual provision at a Spanish inn, "*olio*," which I verily believe to have been made after the nursery recipe for the manufacture of naughty boys, of "sticks and snails and puppy-dogs' tails," so indescribably revolting was it to our English palates; and as both Charlie and myself were firm in our refusal of the sour wine which was repeatedly pressed upon us, our host soon rose from the table, and, with a movement of his thumb, indicated the ladder which would conduct us to our sleeping-room above.

We were to start again an hour before daylight, and Charlie would, I think, have much preferred passing the night in the kitchen, with the chance of getting an occasional glimpse of the fair Andalusian, but, knowing the danger in which we stood, I was quite firm in my determination to see what could be done in the way of fortifying and barricading the apartment appropriated to us above. So, to prevent all chance of escape on his part, I placed Charlie before me on our upward march, and after nearly breaking my neck and his own in his frantic efforts to catch a last look at his inamorata, I finally succeeded in getting him to the top of the ladder, and sent him bounding, like a shot out of a shell, into the very middle of the room.

Then closing the door, and perceiving, as I quite expected, that it had neither lock nor bolt, I proceeded to scrutinize our position. The room was large, and not very low, with the naked rafters above, and the roof sloping down on either side; one window directly opposite the door, in front of which stood two low beds, and a very large and heavy piece of furniture, half secretary, half bureau, on the right-hand side.

"What the dence has come over you, Sidney?" were the first words that Alston uttered after he had recovered from his surprise at being so unceremoniously propelled into the room. "Are you going to elope with the Zingara, or to dare all those devils down stairs to single combat? There's the fire of determination in your eye, as we used to say at Baliol. What's the matter, old fellow?"

"Nothing but that we are going to be murdered to-night, and that those 'devils down stairs' are preparing at this moment to do it."

"Whetting their knives, eh, Sidney? and sharpening their axes to chop us up with? Well, you'll make pretty good kindling-wood, old fellow—your bones must be dry enough by this time; they won't find *me* so useful."

A brandy-flask aimed at his head put an end to further chaffing, and we sat down gravely on one of the beds to speculate upon the meaning of the Zingara's warning, and to form our plans for the night. After some discussion we decided, as we were both quite worn out with fatigue, to watch by turns an hour at a time, each one waking the other at the expiration of the sixty minutes. As Charlie was younger than myself, and less used to roughing it, I insisted upon giving him the first chance, and looking at my watch as he threw himself on the bed, perceived that it wanted a few minutes of ten o'clock. Previously to this, however, we had by the exertion of our united strength succeeded in moving the ponderous bureau in front of the door, where, by entirely blocking up the entrance, it seemed to me to form an effectual barricade in that quarter. A very few seconds sufficed to throw Charlie into an audible slumber, and then silence the most profound settled down over the house.

I walked to the window and looked out upon the range of picturesque hills, now flooded with the moon's pale beams, and then calculated with my eye the distance of the window from the ground, and the possibility of "a leap in the dark," in case we were attacked from the other side.

Having satisfied myself that "the leap" would be certain death, I turned back into the room, and began to examine the strength and position of my barricade. This occupied but a very short time, however, as I felt perfectly convinced from its size and weight that no human being could move it from the outside. Then I sat down upon the side of the bed to await in silence and solitude the termination of my dismal watch.

Charlie's blue eyes were wide open as soon as I laid my hand upon his shoulder to announce that his hour of rest was ended, and, starting up as fresh as if he had slept ten hours instead of one, he turned a deaf ear to my whispered entreaties that he would let me watch with him, and pushed me down with gentle violence upon the bed.

For the first fifteen minutes I lay wide awake, watching Charlie as he looked carefully to the priming of his pistols and placed them fully cocked by his side. Then my eyes closed, and for half an hour I slept. A touch on my arm awoke me, and at a gesture from Charlie, who was still sitting where I had last seen him on the side of the bed, I checked the exclamation that was rising to my lips, and turned my eyes upon the antique secretary, which formed our only fortress and defense against our enemies.

"Look sharp," said my friend, in a breathless whisper, "and you will see it move."

At first I thought it was an hallucination of Charlie's always vivid imagination, but a steadier gaze convinced me that he was right. The moon was now well down toward the western horizon, and its almost horizontal beams fell straight across the room. Yes, there could be no doubt about it; the huge thing was moving toward us—almost imperceptibly—without the slightest noise, but steadily and surely it was advancing into the room. I glanced toward the top, and could distinctly see that, whereas we had placed it with its back close against the door, so that not a sheet of paper could have been introduced between, there was now an open space there of more than an inch in width. I looked at Charlie, and his honest blue eyes returned the gaze; both felt that an hour of mortal peril was at hand; and as we grasped our pistols, and stood side by side ready for the first shot, I think a prayer for mercy and forgiveness went up from both our hearts.

Our movements up to this point had been as stealthy as those of our assailants, and there was probably very little doubt in their minds that we were wrapped in the deep and motionless slumber which excessive fatigue engenders. On the contrary, with eyes almost starting from our heads, we were watching the regular advance of the huge secretary, and preparing for an attack at any moment, when a low note, which might have been uttered by bird or insect, struck the ear of both at the same time.

Motioning to Charlie not to relax his vigilance, I turned toward the window, and, glancing out, perceived a ladder resting against the sill, the other end of which was firmly held by the hands of the gipsy girl below. Without an instant's delay I snatched the pistol from Charlie's hand, and motioned him to descend. He hesitated a moment, as loth to leave me alone, but I was so peremptory in my entreaty "to go instantly, and there would be time for both," that he clutched the ladder with one hand, swung himself lightly from the window, and disappeared, just as the body of a man, crawling on his hands and knees, became visible from behind the shelter of the bureau.

As soon as the villain saw that I was up and ready for him he sprang to his feet and uttered a hoarse cry for help. At the same moment I pointed my pistol at his head and fired; and in the confusion and obscurity that ensued from the rush of others into the room, and from the smoke of several pistols discharged simultaneously, I seized the end of the ladder and was on terra firma and flying down the narrow ravine between Charlie and the Zingara, before the inmates of the posada were aware of my escape.

The girl was as swift-footed as a deer, and sped rapidly on before us, until we plunged into what seemed to me a primeval forest, and in whose friendly shades we knew that we were safe.

Then the girl opened her lips and told us that she had heard of the plot to murder the "two young English travelers" three days before; that our guide was one of the gang of ruffians, and was pledged to bring us to that posada, instead of to the one a few leagues further on, where respectable travelers always stopped, and to which she was guiding us now. The placing the piece of furniture as a barricade against the door had been anticipated and provided for by loosening the panels of the door, which had been removed so noiselessly that even Charlie, wide awake as he was at the time, had not heard it; and then, when the secretary had been pushed sufficiently forward, the five ruffians hoped to crawl in on their hands and knees and murder us in our sleep.

"And I could not come sooner to your rescue, Señors," continued she, "because I was suspected and so closely watched; but the instant I saw them all at the top of the ladder which led to your room I rushed round to the window to give you the chance of escape. And you *are* safe, the Virgin Mary and all the blessed saints be praised! Marichita has done one good action more;" and she raised her large eyes to heaven with a glance more mournfully penitent than that of Guido's Magdalen.

We had been walking now for nearly two hours, and the purple light of morning began to tinge the tops of distant hills. Then the heavens were suffused with a rich crimson hue, which shot upward in brilliant rays to the very zenith, and deepened in fire and intensity as it touched the horizon.

"We part here, Señors," said Marichita, as she stood in the pomp and glory of the sunrise, her delicate features standing out in clear relief against the eastern sky, and the masses of her

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golden hair shining and shimmering in the sun's first rays. "Yonder is the inn where you will find fresh horses and a more trusty guide. May the Virgin and all the holy saints protect you!"

"Stay, Marichita," cried Charlie, springing forward and seizing her by the hand; "you shall not go back into that den of thieves. Go with us to Granada. Let us, at least, leave you in safety there; and if the devotion of my life will prove my gratitude for this night's service, Marichita, I offer it to you now—"

He was going on to lay his hand and all his worldly possessions at her feet; but she drew herself up, and waved him gently back.

"Señor, it can not be," she said. "Marichita thanks you for your noble offer, but she would be out of place in your far-off English home. One little souvenir is all she asks;" and then, placing her hands upon Charlie's shoulders, she motioned him to kneel before her, and, taking a small dagger from her girdle, she severed one of the short, fair curls that lay so thick upon his head. Thrusting it hastily into her bosom, she turned, and, with an "Adios, Señors," disappeared in the mazes of the forest.

We never saw her again; but we heard at Granada that Marichita, "the gipsy of Malaga," as she was called, was well known for her deeds of love and mercy in all the country round. Of her origin or early life we could learn nothing, and the Spaniards shrugged their shoulders when we asked where and when we could hope to see her again. She was of Zingara blood, they said, though she was seldom with her tribe, and no one knew where or how she lived, only occasionally she was heard of in connection with some brave and kindly action.

It took my friend Charlie a long time to recover his tone and spirits after this little adventure, and I am inclined to think the wound made by the fair Andalusian was deeper than seemed at the time possible to my more phlegmatic nature. At any rate, he has never married, and when I ask him when he means to choose a mistress for his ancestral halls, his answer is,

"When I can find another Marichita, *amigo mio;* not before."

RIDERLESS HORSES.

THE illustration on page 845 (Supplement) represents an incident remarked after one of the fierce battles near Metz, where many of the Prussian cavalry had been slain. When the evening muster-call was sounded by the trumpets of the 1st Regiment of Dragoons of the Royal Guard six hundred riderless horses came in answer to the summons. They were jaded, and in many cases maimed; but they had wandered about in affright till they heard the familiar sound, which their disciplined habits made them obey. The late Lieutenant-Colonel PEMBERTON upon this subject remarked: "Only those who have seen a battle-field can form a notion of the extraordinary way in which the horses, as long as they have a leg to crawl on, will follow the regiment to which they belong. I saw what evidently had been sergeants' horses keeping their position in rear of their squadron, wheeling with it, and halting exactly as if their riders were on their backs, and all the time streaming with blood. Poor creatures! they are indeed to be pitied, for they have neither Vaterland, promotion, nor the coveted medal to think of, whatever may be the issue; and few, indeed, are there which have been in action which have not some honorable scars to show."

DOWN A WELL.

IN a little village near Bazeilles, before the fall of Sedan and the occupation of the surrounding country by the Prussians, a party of Zouaves caught sight of a young officer of hussars, who had ventured alone upon a daring reconnoissance in advance of his party. They instantly gave chase. Our hussar dashed away; but two or three light-heeled French soldiers rapidly ascended a piece of rising ground, and were able to bring down his horse with the far-ranging bullets of the Chassepot. The hussar was presently made prisoner; and as he spoke French, and complimented his captors in a jocular vein on their skill and celerity, the Zouaves at once became very friendly—gave him some wine and a cigar to smoke while they searched him. The only things they found in his pockets were a Dutch pipe, an empty tobacco-pouch, an old knife, and a torn letter. Of course, none of the French knew a word of German, and were still less likely to decipher a word in the German handwriting; but, thinking it might contain something worth knowing, they ordered their prisoner to translate it for them, first making him go down upon his knees and swear upon his honor to give them a faithful translation. He explained that the letter was from a brother officer in one of the new regiments which had not yet been engaged, and that the part torn off had been for his pipe. He then read what remained:

"The wagons with our rations are on the way, but we find them very slow. This is altogether a very hungry business. It began with hunger of the French for our lovely Rhine—"

Some execrations burst from his auditors, and the prisoner stopped; but was instantly ordered to go on.

"And this is really not surprising, because they once possessed it, and know what a beautiful country it is. But we all swear—do we not, my dear Ernst?—that never again shall French *frösche* hop on the banks of that lovely river."

The prisoner was here interrupted by a demand to be informed if the word *frösche* was of an insulting character; but, being assured that it was merely a philological form in natural history, he was allowed to proceed.

"The French are woefully off as to their generals. Only see how they send cavalry to attack our infantry and artillery in a wood! And this repeatedly. Then they are continually surprised: one of the greatest faults, you know. Our officers are never surprised. M'Mahon is a valiant fellow—not a first-rate general, but a good and honorable man—notwithstanding the out-and-out (*gänzlich*) thrashing we gave him. Besides that, we were always able to outwit (*überlisten*) him by Von Moltke's art. Bazaine seems a very good and trust-worthy man; so does Uhrich—but then he is far more German than French."

More execrations.

"As for the chief commander in Paris, what do you think of—"

The unfortunate hussar paused; but he was ordered to go on, and reminded, at the point of the bayonet, of his oath.

"What do you think of old Zu-viel Kohl?"

The hussar explained that it was only a pun—a mere *calembour—jeu des mots*—not to be translated. Here one of the Zouaves cunningly insisted upon looking at that part of the letter; and then it was found that the Prussian correspondent had written this pun in French,

"What do you think of old *Trop-chou?*"

Their great commander of Paris being thus designated as too much of old cabbage!

Some of the Zouaves were for bayoneting or shooting their prisoner upon the spot. In vain the hussar endeavored to make them see *he* had not written the letter—*he* had not made the offensive jest. It was a letter written *to* and not *by* him. His enraged captors said they could not enter into any of these fine distinctions, and he should *therefore* be shot as a spy!

It appears that this very logical verdict would have led to the speedy execution of the luckless hussar, but that one of the Zouaves suddenly called their attention, in a humorous way, to the fact that it was a promising pun for a Prussian; that such signs of wit in a barbarous, beer-swilling nation deserved some favor; that the offense was only committed by their prisoner at second-hand, because he had received and not written the letter. This interposition was received with great laughter, and the punishment of the bullet or the bayonet was commuted by a proposal to lower the hussar into a well.

This well, as they knew, was at the present moment nearly empty. But rain was beginning to fall, and after rain the well generally became full even to the top. So down this well they lowered—with many taunts and jokes, not unmingled with a few grim yet not quite unkindly pleasantries—our luckless hussar, whose only error consisted in his patriotic daring, and in not destroying a friend's letter, which contained a "promising pun—for a Prussian," on the name of the great Trochu.

Heavy rain fell soon after the hussar was down; and one of the wags of his Zouave captors took the trouble to run several hundred yards to a garden, in order that he might return with a large cabbage, which he threw down the well, supplementing it with a few hasty words, in which the wit, the grossness, the recklessness of *all* lives, the *bonhomie*, and the self-devoting patriotism, struggled in vain for ascendency. And so the victim was left. The heavy rain seemed likely to continue through the night, and the fate of the young hussar was settled.

Of course it was settled. In the morning, when the Zouaves went to look at the well, they found it full. "*Pauvre diable!*" said one of them. And then another Zouave began to reason, and say that, after all, the young Prussian fellow could not help what his friend had written. And presently several of them said, "*Pauvre diable!*" And shortly afterward they met the hussar coming round a corner, shivering, and saying he had had "a cold night of it!"

The rain had caused the water to rise in the well near to the very top, and the hussar—having had the sense to make himself, from boyhood, a fine swimmer—had simply "trod water" for some two hours and a quarter, varied by resting with "suspension by the chin;" and, when the water rose to the top, he just stepped out. The sprightly Zouaves were so delighted with the result and its explanation that they took him to a room near at hand, made him warm "inside and out," and gave him a hint to slip round a corner of the house and be off before the officer of the night-watch got sight of him.

After the grave apocryphal manifesto of the Emperor Napoleon—not to speak of many of the telegrams—one does not know what to believe. We may doubt the authenticity of the above story; but certainly there is nothing in it at all improbable.

ONCE MORE IN THE SUN.

WITH the coming of wintry weather the doctors lose one of their stanchest allies in the good fight they make against disease. Fresh air and plenty of it is what they need, and when tempered with the warmth of the sun there is no restorer like it. No one who, suffering from a long illness, has watched the dull skies, is likely to forget the sensation of that first warm day, when the clouds have vanished, and the wind, what there is of it, is in the south—when the lights are vivid, and the shadows strongly marked, and every mouthful of air which we draw in through the open windows seems to have new life in it.

The palace of Versailles, which has been turned into a hospital for the German soldiers, had one recommendation, its size, but otherwise it was not particularly well fitted for that purpose, and indeed it may be said that in one sense that very size was against it—there was too great a congregation of the sick and wounded under one roof, and the progress of convalescence was retarded by the vitiated state of the atmosphere. Men recover quicker in a tent hospital, they say, because the wind can blow through it and round it, and the principle is recognized in our permanent hospitals, where the plan now is to build them in separate blocks. What the German doctors could not get outside, and so in the warm weather, when the sun was high, those patients who were on the road to recovery were wrapped up in an extra blanket, and borne out upon the sunny terrace, there in the fresh air to eat their dinners with wonderful appetite for sick men. They are officers whom we see in the sketch on page 848, each with his servant to wait upon him, and a good Sister to superintend them all. Comrades drop in to have a chat, to tell them how things are going on in front—who has distinguished himself, and who has been distinguished by a Chassepot bullet. The inclement weather which now prevails in France has put an end to this outdoor nursing, and greatly lessened the chances of recovery to the sick and wounded in the trenches about Paris.

GERMAN RECRUITS.

THE lower sketch on page 844 (Supplement) was made by an artist who witnessed the jovial scene there depicted on board a military train from Cologne to Mayence. His noisy fellow-passengers were German recruits—merry, honest, simple young lads from a rural province, under the charge of a staid elderly non-commissioned officer. They sang, with too vociferous enthusiasm, the famous patriotic song, "The Watch on the Rhine," which has been heard along the highways of France, all the way to Paris and beyond, sounding above the tramp of a hundred thousand booted feet, with the full strength of German manly voices, as their armies have marched into the enemy's country.

A JUDICIAL COMBAT.

A CURIOUS judicial combat was fought in London July 14, 1380. The wife of the appellant, Sir John Anneslie, was a near relative of the renowned Chandos, and had inherited from him large domains, won and held by the sword, in France. The old warrior had intrusted Katrington, one of his squires, with the government of an important castle, and this squire had been continued in his command by Anneslie and his dame. The castle in question was one of the many that fell before the sweeping march and, as French historians delight to recount, the prowess of Dugueslin. This duel, however, throws a light on Dugueslin's conquests, in which other means a little less glorious than military skill and valor are seen to play an important part. So early as the last year of Edward III. Sir John accused the squire of selling his charge to the French; but Katrington had powerful friends—among them the Duke of Lancaster—and their influence shielded him against his assailant during the first year of the minority of Richard II. Still Anneslie, obstinate in the right, kept the case prominently before the public; and that public, exasperated at length by a long series of similar losses, spoke out so strongly in 1380 concerning this particular case, that Katrington's noble patrons shrank from shielding him further, and the duel was ordered. "The concourse who came to see the contest was thought to exceed that at the coronation," says the homely chronicler; and every man was passionately interested in the event. The fight took place on foot, and the champions, therefore, dismounted at the wickets. There occurred a circumstance that, in pagan times, would have been accounted ominous. Anneslie's horse plunged, neighing, after his master, and, finding the barrier closed, thrust his head far over the palisades into the listed space. Any prohibited thing that entered the champ becoming the property of the marshal, the Earl of Buckingham, who discharged that office on this occasion, claimed the animal—swearing that, come what might, he would have at least the trespassing head; and the horse was eventually awarded to him. Richard himself presided, in the presence of nearly all the nobility of England. When taking the oath the conscience-smitten squire hesitated and equivocated to such an extent as to excite universal indignation. Even his prime supporter, the Duke of Lancaster, was disgusted, and roared out that he would have him hanged out of hand if he continued thus to palter. This at once restored John of Gaunt to the place in popular favor which his manifest partiality for the traitor had done much to deprive him of. Stung by the sharp reproof, Katrington sprang to his feet unsworn. "Coward I am none!" cried he; "and I am ready to fight the knight in this or any other quarrel. But," he added, bluntly, "I trust more to my friends and the strength of my arm than to the justice of my cause, which, sooth to say, is scant." And well he might confide in his strength, for he was a giant in stature, and the knight among the most diminutive of the thousands present.

The sympathies of the spectators were all with Anneslie, and so were their apprehensions. Katrington, however, disappointed both friends and foes. He had fattened during years of inaction, his armor was ponderous and close, and the day was of the hottest. On the other hand, Anneslie was wiry and fleshless, hardened by constant exercise, and as nimble as a cat. Katrington was soon out of breath, and nearly stifled in his close helmet. One after another his weapons were struck from his grasp. At last he sank to the ground, unwounded indeed, but utterly exhausted. Anneslie appeared to have the fight in hand; but, blinded by sweat and dust, he could not see exactly where his antagonist lay. Drawing his dagger he flung himself, as he thought, on Katrington, but missing his aim fell stunned on the sand. Before he could recover the squire picked himself up, and staggered to and fro, until, stumbling over Anneslie's legs, he fell with all his weight upon him. He was, however, too far spent to use his advantage, and after some short delay the king gave the signal, and the champions were parted. Anneslie, though undermost, was confident of winning, and begged to be left undisturbed, but in vain. The squire was raised and carried away, helpless and senseless, to his chair, while Anneslie, rising lightly, marched up to the royal chair, and entreated that the fight might be allowed to go on. As he was noisily seconded by the crowd, which looked rather unruly, this was granted. Anneslie, accordingly, was laid prostrate; but when they attempted to replace the squire he fell heavily from his chair on his face. There was an end to the duel. Anneslie did not press for the infliction of the usual penalties, so Katrington was removed in a high fever, and died next morning.

THE WANDERING JEW.

THROUGH all the Middle Ages we trace the weird figure of a man, downcast and grave, who, unhasting, unresting, must march on to the day of doom. The Wandering Jew, sometimes buried in Armenian convents or the deserts of Central Asia, in the burning plains of Africa or the snowy heights of the Caucasus, suddenly appears in the haunts of more civilized Europe, and tells, as an eye-witness, the sad story of the Crucifixion, and his share in the contumely cast upon the God-man. He had thrown himself into the flaming city of Jerusalem under the Roman swords; he had fought against Gauls, Germans, and Saracens; but no lance would enter his charmed body—no arrow pierce the heart that longed to be at rest. The wild elephant had crushed him under foot, venomous serpents had bitten him, the hungry lion had torn him, but he could not die until Christ himself should return to judge the world. This legend filled the people with terror and emotion, and probably arose from some eloquent preacher, who thus personified the Jewish nation, under the figure of a single man, scattered through the world, and undestroyed by persecution. Matthew Paris is the first historian who speaks of it: An Armenian bishop, visiting the monks of St. Albans, had conversed with the Jew about the year 1228, and from that time he appeared at intervals in several of the cities of Europe, dressed in the old Roman costume, much worn, a long beard, naked feet, and a sad, melancholy expression. He refused all presents but a few pence, which he gave away to the poor. At Strasburg he appeared in 1580, and informed the magistrates that he had passed through their city two hundred years before, which was verified by a reference to the city registers. The last time we hear of him is in the city of Brussels in 1774.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

RUSSIA may be said to have two distinct armies—the regular army and the irregular army. The former is divided into the active troops and the local or sedentary troops, the latter consisting of the dépôts, garrisons of fortresses, troops of instructors, local troops in government towns, etc., the details of which different bodies can not be here set forth. The active troops comprise 47 divisions of infantry, each of 4 regiments, and each regiment consisting of 3 battalions; 28 battalions of riflemen; 9 divisions of cavalry, of from 4 to 8 regiments each; 4 regiments of dragoons of the Caucasus; 47 brigades of artillery, each of 3 batteries; 8 brigades of horse artillery, each of 3 batteries; 11 battalions of engineers, and 6 half battalions of sappers.

The irregular army consists of two bodies—the Cossacks and the irregular troops of the Caucasus. Each district of Cossacks has to furnish a certain military contingent, of which the larger proportion is disbanded during peace. The duration of service varies from twenty-two years in the division of the Don, up to forty years in the division of Transbaikal—about one-third being local service only. The service is not continuous, no man being required to serve with the colors for more than three years at a time. The Cossacks find their own horses and equipment. The name Cossack is generally associated exclusively with cavalry soldiers. This is an error, as there are Cossack infantry and Cossack artillery, the horses and *matériel* of the latter being provided by the government. The irregular troops of the Caucasus are not numerous, comprising only three regiments of six battalions each, a few squadrons, and the permanent militia of Daghestan and Terek.

M. Schnitzler, in his work on the institutions of Russia, gives the following as the strength of the Russian army upon a war footing:

REGULAR ARMY.

	Active.	Sedentary.
Infantry	692,998	284,285
Cavalry	49,996	18,513
Artillery	70,631	27,747
Engineers	17,523	7,637
Total	831,048	338,182

IRREGULAR ARMY.

	Cossacks.	Troops of the Caucasus.
Infantry	55,590	1,784
Cavalry	129,892	4,000
Artillery	7,361	
Total	182,643	5,784

Total of Regular Army	1,169,230
Total of Irregular Army	188,427
Grand Total	1,357,657

The possibility of another war between Russia and the powers that humbled her military pride in the Crimean struggle renders these statistics of unusual interest at the present time. Mindful of former disasters, Russia is remodeling her army on the Prussian plan, to be prepared for what seems to be an inevitable struggle.

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DIVIDING THE SPOILS OF A CAPTURED BALLOON POST.

THE SPOILS OF A BALLOON.

BELEAGUERED Paris communicates with the outside world chiefly by means of the balloon post and carrier pigeons. The latter, in spite of Count BISMARCK'S trained hawks, have thus far made their passages in safety; but two of the balloons have come down inside the Prussian lines, and been captured, giving the enemy the first reading of Parisian newspapers and the letters of war correspondents. Such an incident befell a balloon a few weeks ago, and the bundles of newspapers were eagerly divided among the officers and soldiers, as depicted in the sketch on this page. We have seen it stated that the private letters thus captured were consigned to the flames, after being examined by an officer, to ascertain whether they contained military or political news of any importance to the besiegers.

A JOLLY PARTY OF GERMAN RECRUITS GOING TO THE FRONT.—[SEE PAGE 843.]

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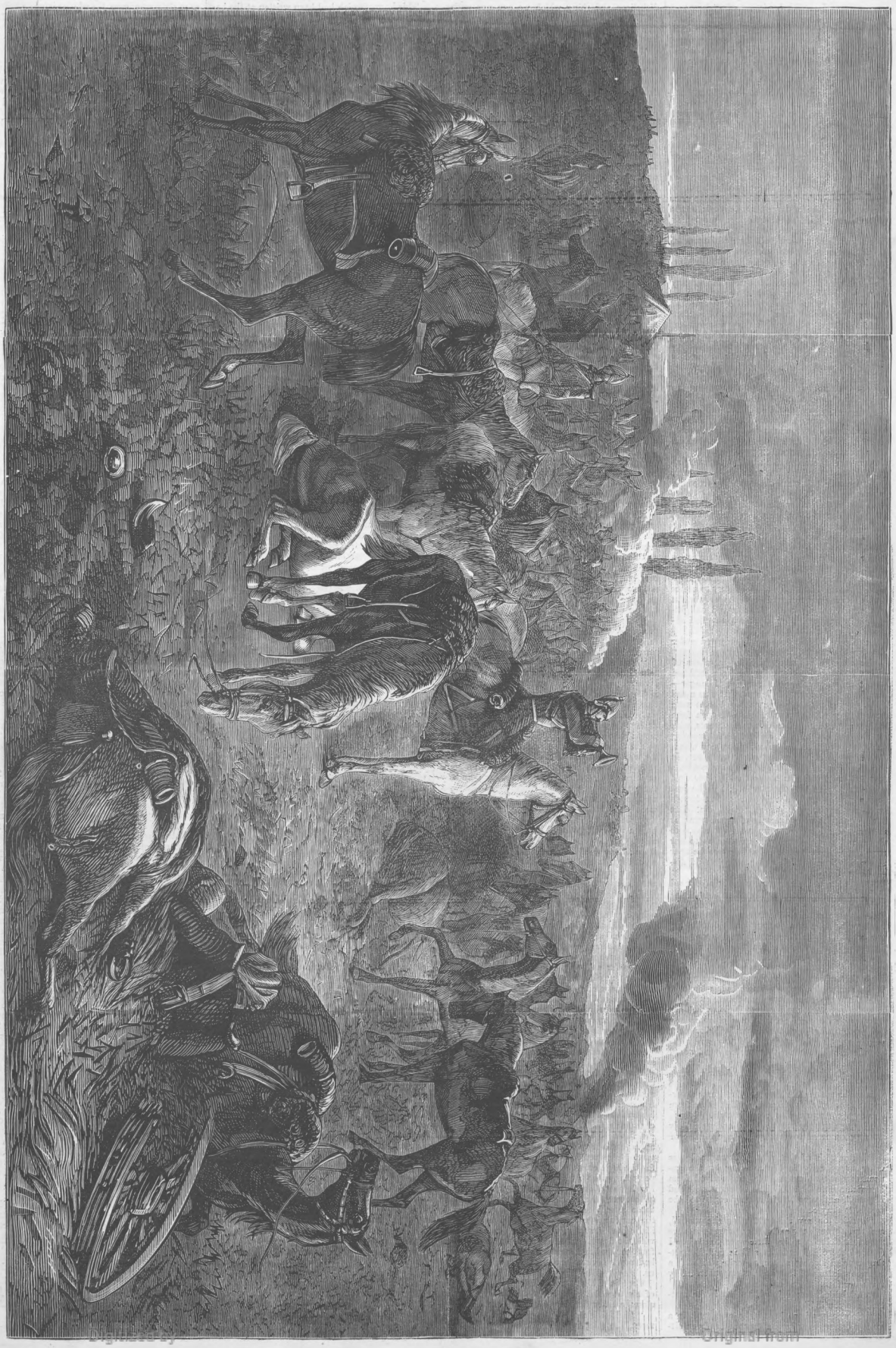

RIDERLESS HORSES ANSWERING THE BUGLE-CALL THE MORNING AFTER A BATTLE.—[SEE PAGE 853.]

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THREE GHOSTS.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

I.

I HAVE never seen a ghost, although I have always entertained a great respect for them, and a strong desire to cultivate their personal acquaintance; indeed, I may say I have courted it, though hitherto without any signal success. Yet from the time when, as a child, I listened open-mouthed to the superstitious revelations of my nurse, or, as a girl, watched by night in anxious expectation of the reappearance of companions whom I had lost by death, to the present hour, when the rough handling of the world leaves me slight leisure for speculative thought, the supernatural has always held great charms for me; and I have never presumed to disbelieve what I have no power to disprove.

Of course I am well laughed at for my credulity. People who would rush shrieking from their rooms if they heard the scratching of a mouse behind the wainscot, shake their heads compassionately if I venture to air my unpopular notions in their presence, and refuse to credit me with any faith in my own assertion; while others, too thick-headed to penetrate even the finer sympathies of *this* life, affirm stoutly that a woman of sense should be above giving vent to such opinions, and that it is perfectly incredible that any one should really believe such utter nonsense.

How can I refute such conclusive arguments? That I firmly believe the inhabitants of another world are permitted to revisit this I will not say, because I have never had ocular proof of such a circumstance; but at the same time I have received such unanswerable testimony of the fact from the lips of others—trust-worthy, sensible, and nearly connected with myself—that to deny the possibility of such visitations were at once to write down some of my dearest friends as fools or liars. And therefore I maintain the middle course, by believing that the spiritual is far nearer the temporal sphere than most of us imagine, and that there are more things in this world than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

Numerous anecdotes rise up in my memory as I make this assertion; but my space is limited, and I choose but three—three strictly true and well authenticated.

At the same time, while I preserve all details and coincidences in which the mystery of these stories consists, I carefully hide the names of persons and places, lest by negligence in this respect I should wound the feelings of survivors. And as to dates, it is sufficient to say that they are no time-worn fables, handed down from one ear to another, but circumstances which happened in this modern nineteenth century to actors of the present generation, and in the very midst of the rapid march of civilization and enlightenment which has, in most cases, scattered superstition to the winds.

Let me begin with that which occurred under my own knowledge.

Years ago, a regiment with the members of which I was intimately connected was ordered upon foreign service—upon a service of danger—and the women were left behind. It was a sad parting, as every one may imagine, but as none except those who have seen husbands torn from their wives, and children from their parents, with all the chances of war against their meeting again, can fully realize. Among those to whom I allude, who were thus separated, was a certain Captain Gilbert and his wife. They had not been married long, and she was expecting her first confinement; in consequence of which he had been anxious that she should join her own friends or his during the period of their separation. But she was determined to remain where she was, or rather where I was; for we were just about to move, and she had decided to follow us to our new home. She had taken a fancy to be near me in her time of trial, and nothing would dissuade her from the idea.

The regiment sailed; and shortly afterward we left our old place of residence, and Mrs. Gilbert went with us and established herself in a little cottage close to our house. At first all went well. She was young and full of hope; the accounts from the seat of war were good; Captain Gilbert continued in excellent health; and she had a fresh prospect of happiness before her.

So that after a few weeks she recovered her health and spirits, became interested in her new abode, and never mentioned the future except in terms of hope and confidence. Neither was she nervous on her own account, nor given in any degree to timid fears; but went about like other people, enjoying society in a quiet way, and without the least doubt but that her husband would be spared to return to her.

The disturbed state of the seat of war prevented her receiving letters quite so regularly as she should have done; but they contained very cheering news when they did come, which those from our own correspondents corroborated. It was April when the regiment sailed; and until July nothing occurred to disturb the equanimity of Mrs. Gilbert.

On the 27th of that month, however, I was waked very early in the morning by the announcement that a messenger had arrived from her with a note for me. The note was scribbled in pencil, and very brief; it only contained the words, "Pray come."

I hurried on my things, fearing she was ill, and ran, through the early dawn (it was not more than four o'clock), to her little cottage. When I reached there I found her still in bed, but sitting up and staring at the opposite wall with a strange mixture of fear and incomprehensibility upon her face.

"Adelaide," I exclaimed, "what is the matter? are you ill?"

"George has been here," she answered, in a voice as strange as her look; "he has been sitting in that chair all night;" pointing to one by her bedside.

Of course I disbelieved her—we generally do disbelieve any thing which we can not understand. I thought that she had been dreaming, or was feverish—any thing but that she spoke the words of truth and soberness; and I told her so.

"What nonsense, Adelaide! You must have fancied it. Don't you feel well? Are you in any pain?"

But Mrs. Gilbert was impatient of my incredulity.

"I tell you that George sat in that chair by my bedside all night," she repeated, "and that I lay here and watched him. He had his uniform on; but I could not see his face, because he kept it hidden in his hands. At first I thought it must be fancy, and I got out of bed and sat in the chair myself, and threw my clothes on it; but directly I lay down again I saw him as distinctly as before. And I am sure something has happened to him—that he is dead."

I sat down by her side, and held her hand, and tried to reason with her, but it was of no use; she was quite certain that she was correct.

"See! I have written it down in my pocket-book," she said; and she drew the book in question from under her pillow and showed me the entry—"George sat by my bedside all last night," written opposite the date of the 27th of July.

"I show it to you," she added, "so that you may not think by-and-by that it was not entered at the time."

I reminded her how cheerful the letters from the regiment were, how certain they seemed of a speedy return, and how well Captain Gilbert had kept his health; but it was of no use. She would not part with her conviction; and fearing lest it might have a bad effect upon her delicate situation, I resolved to remain with her during the following night.

We were to sleep together; but we got little rest. As soon as the lights were extinguished and I had composed myself, I was roused by her assertion that her husband had returned, and was sitting in the same chair as he had done on the night before. I sat up in the bed, but I could see nothing; the whole room was dark, excepting where the moon-beams struggled through the window-blind.

"Adelaide, I assure you it is only fancy," I said, emphatically; "and you will make yourself ill if you give way to such folly." And then I got up and lighted a candle, and placed it on a table which stood behind the identical chair.

"You are close to him now," said Mrs. Gilbert, staring at the bright candle-light. "I can see every ornament on his uniform, every button on his coat. George! George! Oh, if he would but turn his face round and look at me!"

I jumped into bed again, not half liking my proximity to the supposed apparition; but still fully believing that my friend's condition had in some way affected her head.

"You will laugh at this some day with Captain Gilbert," I said, confidently; and yet, as I lay awake all night holding her hand, it was terrible every now and then, in answer to the question if she were more comfortable, to hear her pathetically sigh, "Oh no! he is still there; I am looking at him for the last time. If he would only turn his head this way!"

The following day she was so ill that the doctor was called in, and he decided that she must not pass any more nights alone, but have a nurse at once to attend and look after her; and by the next evening a jolly round-faced Englishwoman, who looked as though her merry eyes were sufficient of themselves to scare away all thoughts of any thing "uncanny," was ready to hold a vigil with me. I did not go to bed that night. I sat up by Mrs. Gilbert's side, while she lay quiet as before, and said her eyes were fixed upon the figure of her husband.

The nurse, notwithstanding her jolly appearance, did not seem to think it such nonsense as I did. She pooh-poohed the idea before her mistress, as in duty bound; but confided to me privately her belief that "the poor dear gentleman would never lie down in his own bed again;" for which I sternly rebuked her ignorance.

I went home during the daytime, but returned on the fourth night to the assistance of my friend. But, so far as her late fancy was concerned, it was not needed. Mrs. Gilbert did not see her husband again, and after a few hours' watching fell off peacefully to sleep.

"And she won't never see him again neither! Mark my words," oracularly quoth the nurse. "Whatever it is, them three days have finished it, and it's all over."

And, without believing in an approaching disaster, I hoped that her words might come true.

But after that day, although Mrs. Gilbert seldom mentioned the circumstance I have related, and never showed any fear of being left alone, her spirits seemed to have evaporated, and she lapsed into a melancholy quite unlike her former cheerfulness. The letters which she received continued to be hopeful and even gay; but she appeared to have lost all anticipation for the future. She even left off making any preparations for the little creature whose advent was now expected very shortly, and she never spoke of either her husband or her child. All her friends attributed her demeanor to weakened health; and those most interested were looking forward to the coming event as the grand cure for all her ills. In this way we lapsed into September, and with the first week of that month arrived a letter from her husband to mine—a circumstance which had never occurred before, and rather surprised us.

Captain Gilbert wrote hurriedly, on the eve of his departure for a few days' leave, and inclosed a letter for his wife.

"If Adelaide should be well over her confinement," he said; "give her the inclosed; but if the event has not yet occurred, keep it until she is recovered again." And then he went on to speak of indifferent subjects.

This letter (which had been written at the beginning of July, but, owing to the disturbed state of the postal communication, had been delayed on its road) appeared the more inexplicable to us when we found that Mrs. Gilbert had heard by the same mail, and nothing could have seemed brighter than the prospects of her husband. However, our business was to obey his wishes; and the mysterious inclosure was, therefore, laid aside until the proper time for its delivery arrived. Meanwhile another fortnight elapsed, and a little son was born to Mrs. Gilbert, in the possession of whom she rejoiced but sixteen hours, but whose loss she took as quietly as though she had never expected it to be otherwise. This event, and the subsequent attendance in her sick-room, threw quite a gloom upon our little household; which reached its crisis when, ten days after the baby's birth, we received letters from the regiment to officially announce the death of Captain Gilbert. At first I could hardly believe it. I had almost forgotten the circumstance of the 27th July, and it seemed too cruel a blow to have to announce to the childless mother still lying weak and ill upon her bed.

But Mrs. Gilbert had known the mail was expected on that day. She was anxious and eager to receive her letters, and the doctor decided it would be less dangerous to break the news to her at once than to keep her in suspense. And so they deputed me to carry the ill tidings.

I knew not what to say or do; but I entered the sick-chamber with the fatal letter crumpled in my pocket, and a face of grave concern. Mrs. Gilbert was sitting up in bed for the first time, and as I appeared she looked eagerly toward me.

"Give me the letter!" she said, quickly.

"There is no letter for you, dear," I replied. And then, as I was searching in my mind for some words in which to break the news to her, she exclaimed:

"I know what you have come to tell me: he is dead! I have known it all along; he died upon the 27th of July!"

Then all the circumstances I have detailed rushed back upon my memory; and, pulling the letter from my pocket, I read over the contents with her. In the surprise and distress of hearing of Captain Gilbert's death I had forgotten to be curious about particulars; but she was perfectly correct. He had left the seat of war for a few days' change on the 16th of July, had been unexpectedly taken ill a week afterward, become unconscious on the 25th, and expired on the 27th, which was the first night that she had seen him. And when she opened the letter which he had sent under cover to my husband, though written before any symptoms of his last illness had appeared, it proved to contain his final wishes and directions for the guidance of herself and child, transcribed, as he himself said, under a strong presentiment that they should never meet again.

My story has nothing to do with the grief that followed, which was, of necessity, great. Its pith lies in the question which, while I put it, I know to be unanswerable: if the appearance of spirits is an impossibility, what was it that sat by Mrs. Gilbert's bedside from the 27th to the 29th of July? Had her imagination alone supplied the vision, it could scarcely have supplied the date. But I shall make no comment on this or either of my tales. My province is simply to relate them just as they occurred.

II.

A near relation of mine (let us say a sister) was staying with a friend, a Mrs. Long, during the absence of her husband. The place at which she was visiting, a large country house surrounded by a fine park, was situated in Scotland, and the husband of her hostess had gone to Edinburgh on business, by which he expected to be detained for two or three weeks. One afternoon, as my sister was sitting alone, Mrs. Long entered the room with an air of great perturbation, declaring that the strangest thing possible had just occurred to her. She had been taking a solitary ramble in the park, which was surrounded by a high fence and deep ditch, when she saw, from some distance off, her husband riding on horseback along the road. Surprised to see him at all, and particularly in that situation, yet quite certain that it was himself, she stood on some rising ground to watch his approach, which had been successfully accomplished until he drew near the park; when, instead of turning into the drive, which was the longest way to the house, he suddenly checked his horse, and put him at the palings. She had seen the animal rise in obedience to the spur, clear the fence, but, jumping short of the ditch beyond it, fall with her husband under him. But when, with a cry of dismay, she had rushed up to the assistance of the struggling horse and rider, she had found—nothing! The whole vision had passed away, and there was only a high park fence and a quiet ditch lying before her. Mrs. Long was very agitated while relating this occurrence. She did not imagine it foreboded any ill to her husband, to whom she was much attached; but she fancied her own sight or mind must be disordered; and it was some time before my sister could soothe her alarm, and make her view it in what *she* considered a more reasonable light. But by the evening Mrs. Long was quite herself again, and wrote off a cheerful account of the proceeding to her husband. Two days after, however, the same thing happened over again—precisely the same thing, as to time, place, and circumstance. Mrs. Long, walking in the park, and perhaps attracted to the spot on account of her former alarm, watched her husband approach on horseback from a distance, make as though he would enter by the drive, and then, apparently changing his mind, put his horse at the palings, and be crushed beneath the fallen, struggling animal. As in the former case, irresistibly she ran up to his aid; as in the former case, the whole picture, as though by magic, disappeared. This time Mrs. Long was seriously frightened. She did not fear that the vision portended her husband's death; but she so far accepted it as a foreboding that she wrote to Edinburgh entreating Mr. Long on no account to return on horseback—a warning which seemed very unnecessary, as he invariably went backward and forward by train. But that epistle, as it afterward appeared, never reached the hand for which it was intended.

On the succeeding day she received a few lines from her husband to say he should be home that evening; and on the same afternoon she took my sister into the park to show her the exact spot where she had twice experienced so mysterious a fright. They talked of presentiments and warnings on the way; but Mrs. Long was so happy in the anticipation of her husband's speedy return that she was conversing without any appearance of timidity upon the subject, when, as they came to the rising ground before mentioned, she raised her eyes, changed color, and suddenly arrested her footsteps.

"Helen!" she exclaimed, mentioning my sister's name. "Look?—look out there! I see the same thing again!"

My sister glanced in the direction intimated to her, and there, sure enough, she also saw the spectacle of a man riding on horseback along the turnpike-road, and apparently making for her friend's abode, but still too far off to be distinctly recognized.

"My dear Mary," she replied, "that may be any one—a farmer or a servant. I see no marks by which to distinguish your husband."

But Mrs. Long did not answer her; she was staring at the fast-approaching rider; and my sister was fascinated by what she had heard to watch with her in silence.

On, on he came, just as had been described to her, in a quick canter, as though anxious to reach his home, until he had arrived at the drive-gates, and was about to enter them.

Then he seemed to change his mind, to form a sudden wish to reach wife and children a few minutes earlier; and backing his horse, spurred him at the palings. At this juncture Mrs. Long grasped my sister's arm, but she did not speak; and they continued to gaze silently at this apparition, so strangely revealed to both of them at once.

They watched the phantom horse and rider rise above the fence, and then fall heavily into the ditch below, the animal above the man, and struggling violently to get free of him. Firmly believing it was but a repetition of what the wife had viewed twice before, they yet involuntarily ran up to the spot; when, instead of a myth, a vision, a mere presentiment, which should vanish at a second glance, they found a real horse lying on its side, a real man lying *dead beneath him!* Mr. Long, having at the last moment accepted a friend's invitation to stay a night at his place, which lay between his own home and Edinburgh, had also accepted the loan of an animal to carry him for the last few miles—the last miles that he should ever traverse.

What faculty in the wife's mind enabled her to see twice over an act which had not yet entered into the husband's mind to execute?

III.

My next story will possess more interest for most of my readers, because it happened to my father.* He was not usually accounted to have (what the nurses term) "any buttons short;" nor was he a particularly nervous or timid man; yet I have heard what I am about to relate from his own lips.

In one of the northern counties of England there stands an estate which I shall call Burnham Green. It had been for many years in the possession of an old bachelor baronet, Sir Joseph Bell, who had not occupied the house, but allowed it to fall into decay. When he died, however, the title and place passed to a married cousin, and better days dawned for Burnham Green. Sir Harry and Lady Bell intended to live upon their property, and, with that design, thoroughly repaired and decorated the building and grounds, gave up their residence in London, and moved all their household into Cumberland.

Now Burnham Green, in common with most dilapidated country places, had its "ghost." Sir Harry and Lady Bell had heard of it before taking possession, and, like most sensible people, had laughed at the report, and allowed it to make no difference in their plans. Every old house, as a matter of consequence, has its ghost; and they were not afraid but that light and warmth and children's voices and happy faces would dissipate even the remembrance of theirs. They surrounded Burnham Green with luxury and amusement, filled the house with guests, and never gave the "ghost" another thought. But, with all their hospitality and kindness, they could not succeed in making their new abode attractive to their friends. People who accepted their invitations with alacrity, thought Burnham Green charming, and themselves scarcely less so, would, after a while, make paltry excuses to curtail their visits, and, with few exceptions, were found shy of being lured down there again.

Lady Bell was naturally both hurt and annoyed. She had made her house and grounds every thing that could be desired, and yet her friends refused to share her retirement, or to give her any plausible excuses for not doing so. What could be the reason of it?

Inquiry was made, and then it transpired that the fashionable visitors had all heard of the ghost, chiefly through their ladies'-maids; that some had even professed to see it, and none could be persuaded to remain under the same roof with

* Captain Marryat, the celebrated novelist.

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it any longer. Then Sir Harry and Lady Bell, who had regarded the ghost story as quite unworthy the attention of educated people, were thoroughly vexed, and did all they could to remove the superstition respecting it which hung over the neighborhood. They disinterred the whole history of the ghost, who went by the name of "the Lady of Burnham Green," and found that it was supposed to be the spirit of one of their ancestresses who had lived in the time of Elizabeth, and been suspected of poisoning her husband, whose picture also hung in one of the unused bedrooms.

Lady Bell caused that bedroom to be renovated and fitted up in a particularly cheerful manner; the painting of "the Lady" was cleaned and put in a new frame, and the apartment set in complete order.

But no one could be found to sleep in it. The servants gave warning if it was simply proposed to them, and visitors invariably requested to have their room changed after the second or third night.

Meanwhile reports of the "Lady" having been seen in one direction and another were constantly cropping up. Guest after guest took flight to return no more, and Burnham Green was almost deserted. In this dilemma Sir Harry and Lady Bell applied to my father, who was an old friend of theirs, for advice how to allay the terrors of their friends. My father disbelieved the tale as much as they did. He found it impossible to contradict or account for the various reports which were floating about; but he felt quite sure they could be traced to the most natural of causes, and his chief idea was that some one, to whose interest it had not been that Burnham Green should be reinhabited, was playing a trick on its new owners, in hopes of persuading them to quit it again. He requested Sir Harry, therefore, to allow him to occupy the haunted room for a little while, to see if he could unravel the mystery; and accordingly not long afterward he went on a visit to his friends, and was duly installed in the "Lady's chamber," where he slept peacefully for some nights, taking the precaution, however, never to go to bed without a brace of loaded pistols under his pillow.

I believe he had been there for a week or more, without seeing or hearing any thing, and was thinking of returning home again, when the following incident occurred to him. It was the shooting season, and several young men were staying at Burnham Green; and in the smoking-room one evening a discussion arose on the merits of a certain gun, then newly invented, and which was the property of a Mr. Lascelles, a relation of Sir Harry's. Opinions differed on the subject, and arguments ran rather high; and after my father had retired for the night Mr. Lascelles tapped at the door, and begged him to come over to his room to examine the weapon in question, and convince himself of some trifling fact on which he had thrown discredit.

My father had already dispossessed himself of his coat and waistcoat; but the hour was much past midnight; it was unlikely they should meet any one; and so he accompanied his young friend as he was, taking, at the same time, one of his pistols in his hand—"in case we meet the ghost," he said, jestingly. They crossed the corridor to Mr. Lascelles's room, stood chatting for a few minutes over the virtues of the new gun, and then my father stepped out again into the passage, preparatory to returning to his own apartment.

Mr. Lascelles still accompanied him—"just to protect you from the ghost," he said, in imitation of the former allusion; for the ghost story had been well handled and laughed over in the smoking-room. The corridor they had to traverse was long and dark, for the lamps which hung in its deep niches had been extinguished at midnight; but as they entered it they saw a dim light advancing from the farther end—a light held by a female figure.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Lascelles, "here is one of the ladies going up to the nurseries."

There were a few unsuspecting guests assembled at Burnham Green that autumn, and the rooms in which their little families were located were situated above the story on which the friends stood. At Mr. Lascelles's remark, my father's sensitive modesty took alarm. He did not fancy meeting a lady to whom he was almost a stranger in the *deshabillé* of shirt and trowsers; and, with the design of escaping her notice, he pulled his companion to one side.

The rooms in the corridor were placed opposite each other, and were approached by double doors, the first of which, on being opened, disclosed a small entry and the second door, which led to the bedchamber itself. Many persons, on entering their rooms, only closed this second door, leaving the other standing open; and thus, when Mr. Lascelles and my father stepped into one of these recesses, they were enabled to shelter themselves behind the half-closed portal.

There, in the gloom, they crouched together, very much inclined to laugh, I have no doubt, at the situation in which they found themselves, but terribly afraid lest by a betrayal of their illegal presence they should alarm the occupant of the bedroom before which they stood, or the lady who was advancing to the place of their concealment.

Very slowly she advanced, or so it seemed to them; but they could watch the glimmer of her lamp through the crack of the door; and presently my father, who had pertinaciously kept his eye there, gave the half-smothered exclamation,

"Lascelles! By Jove!—*the Lady!*"

He had studied the picture of the supposed apparition carefully, was intimate with every detail of her dress and appearance, and felt that he could not be mistaken in the red satin sacque, white stomacher and petticoat, high-standing frill, and cushioned hair of the figure now advancing toward them.

"A splendid 'make-up,'" he said, beneath his breath; "but whoever has done it shall find I know a trick worth two of his."

But Mr. Lascelles said nothing. Imposition or not, he did not like the looks of the Lady of Burnham Green.

On she came, quiet and dignified, looking neither to the right nor to the left, while my father cocked his pistol, and stood ready for her. He expected she would pass their place of hiding, and intended to pursue and make her speak to him; but instead of that, the dim light gained the door, and then stood still.

Lascelles shuddered. He was a brave man, but sensitive. Even my father's iron nerves prompted him to be quiescent.

In another moment the lamp moved on again, came closer, closer; and round the half-closed door, gazing inquisitively at them, as though really curious to see who was there, peered the pale face and the cruel eyes of the Lady of Burnham Green.

Simultaneously my father pushed open the door and confronted her. She stood before him in the corridor just as she stood in the picture in his bedroom, but with a smile of malicious triumph on her face; and goaded on by her expression, hardly knowing what he did, he raised his pistol and fired full at her. The ball penetrated the door of the room opposite to where they stood; and with the same smile upon her face she passed through the panels and disappeared.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A WOLF.

THE "gray beast of the forest," as the old Norsemen used to call him, has a sadly restricted reign in Europe nowadays. In England he has been extinct for centuries. In France and Spain he appears but rarely, and then, for the most part, in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees; and the romantic tourist, who has long yearned for a chance of stuffing into his forth-coming book of travels an appropriate quotation from Macaulay—

"The pass was steep and rugged;
The wolves they howled and whined"—

is too often doomed to be grievously disappointed. In Switzerland, again, *ces brigands des loups* are almost unknown, except in the wilder parts of the Grisons; and even there the enterprising sportsman, who has begun to congratulate himself on having met with "a real live wolf" at last, frequently discovers, with mingled relief and mortification, that the huge gray beast which comes slouching toward him through the rising mist is merely a stray dog from some outlying châlet. But the boundless forests of Russia afford to this outcast from society a safe and commodious lodging, rent free, leaving him only his food to think about, which latter he provides by midnight raids into the scattered villages in quest of a stray sucking-pig, or, better still, a homeless dog (for his civilized half-brother is always a tid-bit with "Gaffer Isegrimm"), or occasionally even by stopping belated travelers, brigand fashion, on the czar's highway.* Nor is he by any means so difficult of access as many imagine; for hunger is a powerful pleader, able to vanquish the ingrained unsociability of this hereditary outlaw. Even here, in the largest and most populous city but one in Russia, one need only take a walk of three miles into the environs after dark to see clusters of pale spots of light, like the flame of a half-extinguished coal, moving swiftly among the trees, and hear a long, dreary wail, like the moan of the wind on a gusty winter night, going up through the still, frosty air.

Against these midnight marauders the Russian mujik has various resources—the trap, the pitfall, the inseparable *topor*, or short axe, a deadly weapon in such a hand; but the programme of a regular "wolf-hunt" in the provinces is always the same. At some abnormal hour "between the night and the day" you are aroused (almost, as it seems, before you are well asleep) from a rough couch in one of the little log-huts of some outlying village, by a violent shake of the shoulder, and a hoarse voice admonishing you to "get up, and look sharp about it, for there's no time to lose." You make a hasty toilet, and sallying forth see in front of the hut, in the dim light of the coming morning, a huge, dark, shapeless mass (which as your eyes get used to the darkness assumes the form of a broad, heavy, three-horse sledge, with very high sides, not unlike an enormous washing-tub), around which are flitting three or four spectral figures with lanterns, the fitful glare making their grim, bearded faces look grimmer and less human than ever. Guns, ammunition, haversacks, are stowed away in the bottom of the conveyance, and (last but not least) a young pig—your query respecting which elicits from the leader of the party only the oracular answer that "it 'll come in handy by-and-by;" and all being now ready, the hunters squeeze themselves into their places, the driver shakes his reins with a "Wo-o-oi!" and away we go into the darkness. Mile after mile of the frozen waste goes by like a dream, till at length the spectral shadows of the forest slowly gather round us, and the squeals of our unlucky pig (whose ears one of our party is now pinching lustily) begin to be answered by another sound, which no one who has once heard it will easily forget—not the long, melancholy howl wherewith a supperless wolf may be heard bemoaning himself on the outskirts of Moscow, almost any night in the week, but a quick, snarling cry, as of one who sees his dinner coming, and wishes to hasten the bringer of it. And there they come at last, the gaunt, wiry, slouching fellows, with their bushy tails, and flat, narrow heads, and yellow, thievish, murderous eyes. There is perhaps nothing on earth more thoroughly mean and hateful-looking, at first sight, than the genuine Russian wolf; but the rascal has a certain picturesqueness of his own notwithstanding, though of a disagreeable kind. There is something grand in the dogged and sinister tenacity of his pursuit—coming on, with head thrown forward, and sharp white fangs unsheathed, untiringly and unrelentingly, like a haunting Fate,

"With his long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire."

But there is no leisure for moralizing now; for the wolves are already almost level with our sledge, and it is time to let fly. Bang! The foremost of the pack rolls over on his side, kicking convulsively; but the rest gallop on unheeding. Bang! bang! and two more fall dead, blotting the snow around them with a smear of dull crimson. Some of the boldest pursuers swarm up to the sledge, and attempt to leap over the encircling barrier; while we hammer them with the butt ends of our pieces, and chop at their paws with hatchets, and slash them across the eyes with hunting-knives—the two hindermost of our party meanwhile cracking at them over our shoulders as fast as they can load. So for a time the running-fight goes fiercely on, making altogether a very striking tableau. The white skeleton tracery of the frozen forest; the long, snaky line of the pursuing pack, shadowy and spectral, as if bodied of the mist from which it emerges; the whirling figures of the foremost wolves amidst the tossing spray of snow and curling clouds of bluish smoke; the ceaseless flash of the busy rifles; the steaming horses, urged to their utmost speed; the driver, with his broad, sallow face all ablaze with excitement, shaking the reins, and hanging forward to ply the whip; the huge, cumbrous sledge, rocking and reeling over the snow with its freight of struggling forms—all this, seen in the dim, uncertain light of the early dawn, has a weird and ghostly appearance, suggestive of an attack of goblin highwaymen upon one of those phantom mail-coaches in which the bagman's uncle made that marvelous journey which so much astonished Mr. Pickwick. But "the pace is too stiff to last," as our leader observes, with a knowing grin. A run at full speed through half-frozen snow tries the feet of even a full-grown wolf too severely to be continued beyond a certain time;* and, in the face of a stout resistance, the beast's inherent cowardice is sure to come to the surface sooner or later. Already three or four gaunt, shaggy-haired veterans, who have probably made a good supper overnight, begin to hang back, as if doubting the wisdom of risking their lives for a hypothetical breakfast; the speed of the rest slackens by degrees; and at length the whole pack drop off, as if by tacit agreement, leaving us to pursue our way unmolested. As we emerge again into the open plain, across which the first beams of the rising sun are just beginning to fall, we see the last of our grim followers slinking away like a belated spectre into the ghostly shadows of the forest that we have quitted.

Such, I have said, is the usual programme of a wolf-hunt; but in the wilder regions, where scanty population and untraveled roads give the wolf a wider dominion, the sport often assumes a sterner and more tragical cast. Last December I happened to be unexpectedly detained at a small outlying hamlet in the Vilna district (the name of which I do not remember), and almost the first man I lighted upon there was a German engineer whom I had formerly known at Königsberg, and who now insisted upon making me his guest till I could get forward toward Smolensk. We sat late over a very primitive supper, and my host (who is a keen sportsman) was just hinting at the possibility of getting up a hunt for the destruction of a wolf of uncommon size and strength which had lately haunted the neighborhood and committed great ravages, when a terrible noise from the upper end of the village, like a score of voices all shrieking at once, broke in upon our chat.

"Ach lieber Gott! was ist das?" cried my companion, rushing to the door, and throwing it open. The whole place seemed in the height of confusion; men were running wildly hither and thither, women screaming, children crying, lights glancing to and fro. I seized the arm of a man who was rushing past, and hastily asked what was the matter.

"Wolf again!" gasped the fellow, who could hardly speak; "up yonder—woman devoured—run for the watchman;" and away he flew.

The next moment my comrade and I were running at full speed toward the scene of the catastrophe, on reaching which we came suddenly upon a spectacle which I shall not easily forget. The fitful glimmer of the rising moon, and the dying glare of a fire kindled overnight in the vain hope of scaring away the wolves, lit up a circle of wild figures and grim, bearded faces, convulsed with every varying form of passion—dumb horror, blank astonishment, panic fear, the spasm of bitter sorrow, the stern calmness of concentrated wrath. In the back-ground the gaunt white arms of the leafless forest stood out against the surrounding blackness like giant skeletons, while in the centre of the group, half buried in the trampled and blood-besmeared snow, lay a motionless, shapeless *something*, from which all involuntarily averted their eyes—the lifeless wreck, mangled out of all semblance of humanity, of what had been but a few hours before the pride of a happy household and the beauty of the village.

There are certain catastrophes in the presence of which every one is instinctively silent. For several moments not a word is spoken; and in that dead pause of expectation I have leisure to remark the face of a peasant who stands opposite me. He is a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six, though his broad chest and powerful limbs, as well as the magnificent brown beard that waves over the bosom of his sheep-skin frock, might make him appear much older. His face is coarse and weather-beaten enough; but there is something in that broad, low forehead, and square, ruthless jaw, and small, deep-set, glittering eye, which tells you at a glance that, whatever danger might confront him, that man would be very hard to turn. While I am still looking at him he suddenly steps forward and speaks: "It is time to finish this," says he, in a tone which there is no mistaking. "Who will come with me into the forest, and make an end of that brute, once for all?"

The summons does not remain long unanswered. There is no braver man living than the Russian peasant when his naturally sluggish blood is once fairly up. Three men instantly volunteer to join him, while my German friend and I (already sufficiently excited by all that we have seen and heard) hasten to follow their example. Our preparations are soon made, and about two in the morning, under the full splendor of the winter moonlight, we set forth on the trail of the destroyer. There is but one gun among the six of us, the rest being armed with clubs and hatchets; but the German has likewise a short hunting-knife, which has done him good service before now.

Tramp, tramp, it had been for miles, without sight or sound of our lurking enemy, and the Russians, unused to such severe marching, begin to fall behind. The German, myself, and one of the peasants at length find ourselves alone, and halt, in order to give the other three time to come up. Already their steps are heard crunching over the snow, and a few moments later the dark figures come gliding toward us through the floating shadow; but, to our astonishment, instead of three men, only two make their appearance. Our leader is still missing.

"Where is Michael?" asks the German. The men look at each other without answering, and every face reflects the same look of dismay; for we all know what going astray in a Russian forest in winter really means. In the dead hush that follows we suddenly hear a distant cry—not the deep, manly shout of a hunter calling to his mates, but the shrill, agonized yell of a man in his extremest need—the cry of the climber who feels his hold relaxing, of the swimmer who finds his limbs failing him. The next moment we are all fleeing in the direction of the sound.

Michael, while quickening his pace to catch us up, had been brought to a halt by the bursting of his shoe-strap, and must stop to adjust it. But there is *one* watching him who fully appreciates that defenseless posture. Poor Michael does not hear the rustle of that stealthy tread, does not see the gleam of that fierce yellow eye; but he can not fail to hear the sharp crackle of the dead branches as a huge grayish mass shoots from the dark thicket, and falls right upon him as he rises, clutching fiercely at his unprotected side with its sharp white fangs. Yet even in this deadly peril the brave fellow does not lose heart. One moment's grace is allowed him, while his assailant's teeth fail to pierce his tough sheep-skin frock; and that moment suffices. The wolf's head is under his left arm-pit; in an instant his powerful arm is round its neck, jamming the beast's throat in an iron clasp between his side and elbow, while with his right hand he seizes its fore-paw, and holds the brute as in a vice, lifting his voice at the same moment in a wild cry for help. And now begins a terrible struggle. No time to snatch up the trusty axe which has fallen just in front of him; it is a tug of sheer strength now. The wolf, erect on his hind legs, strains every nerve to tear himself free: once free, one strangling gripe of Michael's throat will pay for all. Hold on, as you love your life! though your joints crackle, and your sinews start, and your head swim dizzily, hold on still—tighter, tighter, tighter! And so, amidst the tomb-like shadows of the lonely forest, with the cold moon looking pitilessly down upon it, does the death-grapple proceed. That iron pressure is beginning to tell at last; the fierce yellow eyes are growing dim, the huge jaws writhe convulsively, and from their edges the hot flakes of blood and foam spurt over Michael's face. But how long can that hold be maintained? Are not the strained muscles already yielding? the stiffened fingers already relaxing their clutch? And the five stanch comrades who would rush to the rescue if they but knew—where are they? One last despairing cry for aid, which the echoes of the lonely forest give back as if in mockery, and then every thing swims around him, shadows dance before his eyes, a rushing, roaring sound sweeps past him, there is a dull crash close to his ear—and he falls exhausted to the earth.

"Was für ein Thier!" says the German, admiringly, tearing his reeking knife from the throat of the monster, whose skull is literally shivered by the formidable hatchets.

When we lifted Michael we found him, to our astonishment, completely unwounded, though utterly spent with his superhuman exertions. His first act on coming to himself was sufficiently characteristic. After crossing himself devoutly, and murmuring a few words of prayer, he staggered up to the spot where the wolf lay dead, and bending over it, said, with a taunting grin, "Noo, brat, ya vigral, shto li?" (Well, brother, *I've won, haven't I?*)

We rewarded the brave fellow as he deserved; but in the hope of obtaining him a further reward from the government, we thought it best to publish the whole story in one of the local Russian papers, whence it soon after found its way into the journals of the metropolis, exciting thereby an interest in behalf of the hero, which is now—I am glad to learn—likely to bear abundant fruit.

* This is a common occurrence. A few weeks since a priest and his horse were found half devoured by wolves on one of the roads leading to Kolomna, southeastward from Moscow.

* In Sweden wolves are often literally "run down" in this way, without the use of fire-arms at all.

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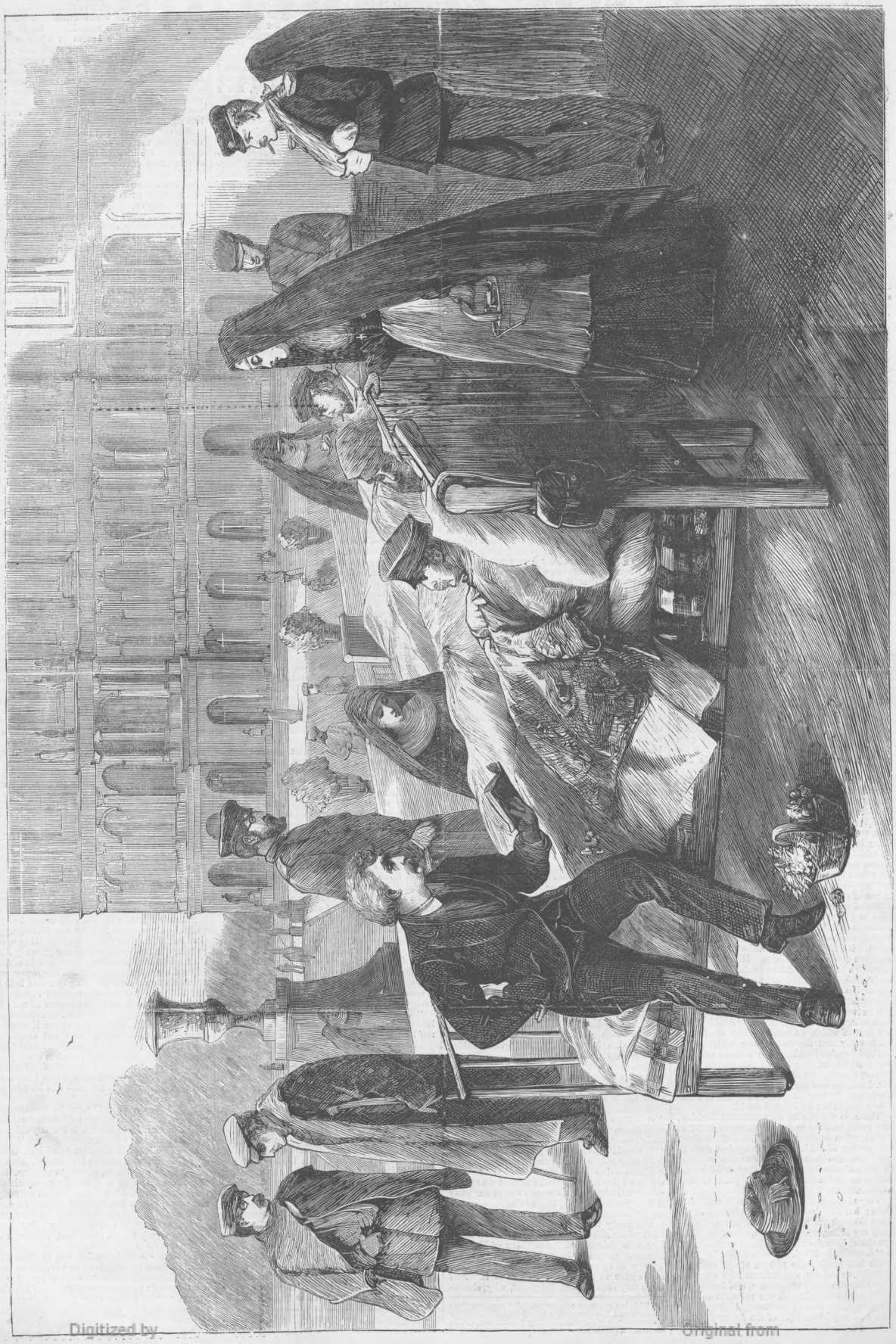

ONCE MORE IN THE SUN—WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE GARDEN OF VERSAILLES.—[SEE PAGE 843.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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CHRISTMAS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

O CHRISTMAS morn that dawned so fair
Across the dark and dewy glen,
Where shepherds heard the joyous song,
Peace on the earth, good-will to men:

What glare eclipses your sweet light
With half the shrinking world on fire,
With blood and reek and battle-smoke,
And ruined home and blazing byre!

What creatures with the thirst of wolves
Round a beleaguered nation run!
What answering armies with their lines
Of angry shade insult your sun!

Down what a length your lustre swims,
A murky length of grief and pain;
Did you, two thousand years ago,
O Christmas morning, dawn in vain?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1870.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *the Publishers take pleasure in presenting their readers with another superb*

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

prepared with special reference to CHRISTMAS-TIME. *It contains Four Splendid Full-Page*

CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATIONS,

drawn expressly for this Number by SHEPPARD, NAST, *and* ENSLIE; *Christmas Stories, Poems, and other literary attractions.*

☞ *Owing to the pressure of Christmas matter in this Number, the commencement of the series of papers on* ARCTIC ADVENTURE *is necessarily deferred.*

☞ *Persons desiring to* RENEW *their Subscription to this Paper will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their names as early as convenient* BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THEIR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTION. *This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

PRELUDED by a season of remarkable softness and beauty, Christmas is here! For us happy Americans it is also merry Christmas. While Europe bleeds with war, and is anxious with foreboding, America hums with peaceful industry, and the future stretches out like a flowering prairie to the summer sky. The dark cloud that for five years overshadowed for us the holy time has passed away, and the country has emerged brighter and better from the terrible discipline. Yet the season will not fail to refresh a thousand tender ties, and to bring before us the figures of those whose presence was the charm, as their memory is now the benediction, of innumerable homes. It is that remembrance also, so natural to the time consecrated to domestic affections, which, as we stand around the glittering Christmas-tree, will deepen our sympathy for the German homes, from which that tree was brought to us, and in which there is unspeakable sorrow and fear today. The same remembrance will soften our hearts for the homes of France, too, desolate and ruined. So sad and solemn a Christmas France has never known except in the dark days of the terror.

The day itself falls this year on Sunday, and in every pulpit in the United States there will be a service of especial remembrance. If only the tongues that speak could be touched with the holy fire! If only the great lesson of the life of Him whose birth we commemorate could be so set forth as to become the golden rule of the individual and national life! If only it could be made the faith of our daily conduct, that to serve men is to worship God! For that is the Christmas sermon and the Christmas carol. The song that the Bethlehem shepherds heard is the song that we all hear in our deepest consciousness, that good-will to men is peace on earth. And the preacher who paints the truest picture of the patient, cheerful, simple self-sacrifice of the head of Christendom—who shows that the joy of the Christmas season is most appropriate to the memory of a teacher in whom was no gloom, no asceticism, but an overflowing tenderness of human love and sympathy—he will be truly the Christian preacher, and his sermon a carol which every generous heart will echo.

A STRAW THAT SHOWS THE WIND.

THE resolution of Senator M'CREERY, of Kentucky, was properly characterized by Senator SUMNER as an illustration of what may be expected if the Democratic party should return to power. The resolution proposed substantially that the remains of seventeen thousand Union soldiers should be removed from the Arlington estate, in order that the widow of ROBERT E. LEE should live there. Such a proposition was the grossest insult to the patriotism and good sense of the country, and therefore to the Senate, their representative, and the Senate almost unanimously resolved that it should not be received. The Democratic Senators were greatly confused by the motion of Mr. M'CREERY. As partisans they saw its effect. It was an unnecessary revelation of the real spirit of the party, and the party leaders know that the country is at least loyal, and that they can hope to succeed only by persuading the people that the party has renounced its sympathy with the spirit and the principles which produced the rebellion. Some of his Democratic friends, therefore, rebuked Mr. M'CREERY, who assumed all the responsibility of the resolution, and tried to withdraw it. But Senator EDMUNDS held him fast to the rules, and by a vote of fifty-nine to four the Senate refused to receive the resolution.

The Democratic press does not openly defend the resolution. But the manner in which it alludes to it shows how gladly it would defend it if it dared. The death of General LEE gave that press an opportunity to show the tendency of its sympathy, which it zealously improved. The extravagant eulogies which were heaped by the Democratic papers upon a man whose only claim to the notice of history is that he tried to destroy the government of the United States in order to establish a slave empire upon its ruins were very suggestive. And the fact, which is constantly refreshed in the public mind by such incidents, that the Democratic party is the next friend and mourner of the lost cause, should impress upon the country the great and controlling truth of the political situation. That truth is that the nation has entered a new epoch, with new principles and a new policy; that the principles are those of the Republican party; while the Democratic party is the representative of the era and the principles which have passed away. There is no evidence of any disposition upon the part of the Democratic party to accept the new situation, or to acquiesce in what has been accomplished. Its last national declaration was that the new order is unconstitutional and void, and its conduct, wherever it has the ascendency, shows an undiminished sympathy with a spirit which the country abhors.

And even were this not so—even had the same policy which led the Delaware Democratic Senators to censure Senator M'CREERY'S resolution persuaded the party to profess sympathy with the regenerated Union—it would still be impossible to say why a party of such composition and of such a history should be intrusted with the administration of a policy which it had always opposed, and which is founded upon political principles which it has always derided. After the Revolution the government of the new Union was confided to the friends of the principles upon which it was established—the men whose convictions and ability had opened the new era to the country. After the war of 1812 the government was controlled for many a year by the party which had made the war, and which was in full harmony with its spirit. And now, the country having entered upon a new era more glorious than any in its history, and under the auspices of the Republican party, that party is the one which will deal with all questions in the spirit of the new time, and with the sympathy of profound conviction.

A party whose newspapers hate to speak with decency of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, but which quiver with adulation of ROBERT E. LEE, and from one of whose Senators proceeds the astounding proposition that the bones of Union soldiers shall be removed almost from under the shadow of the Capitol, that the widow of LEE may not be offended—a party which still believes the war to have been an outrage upon the "South," and which would undo all of its great work that it can—is a party which does not comprehend the new America, which is not inspired by its faith, and whose restoration to power would be the sorest of national calamities.

THE NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

THE appointment of General SCHENCK as minister to England is one to which even the *World* takes no exception. The general ability, the high character, the special experience, the ample knowledge of public affairs, and certain qualities of character and temperament peculiarly fit the new minister for his functions. He will be accepted by the whole country as an admirably representative American, in a sense which every body comprehends; not the Pogram or Jefferson Brick American, but a man sincerely and practically in sympathy with what is called the popular heart of the country. He knows instinctively the view which the average American will take of every subject, and the average American governs the country. General SCHENCK will, therefore, involuntarily represent public opinion in the United States to all concerned. Sturdy, intelligent, prompt, and self-possessed, the English statesmen will find in the new American minister a man with whom they can discuss every question that may arise as directly and frankly as with any of his predecessors. We do not mean that the most perfect courtesy, and the grace of the highest breeding, as it is called, are un-American, nor that a man more truly represents us in the degree that he is a boor, which seems to be the theory of some people who absurdly imagine that they are peculiarly American when they are peculiarly coarse and ill-mannered. But there is a certain inflexible independence which is agreeable to gentlemen of every country, and England will find it in General SCHENCK.

He is not the man for an ornamental mission, and therefore it is to be presumed that he will be instructed to take up the *Alabama* question and settle it. If this presumption be correct, it implies that the Government has a very distinct view of the manner in which that controversy should be concluded. We hope sincerely that this is the fact, and that the Government will not politely wait for England to make the first move. It is true, as has been said a hundred times, that we can afford to wait if England can. But that is child's-play. Our treaty-making power sent out an agent unanimously confirmed. He made a treaty which our own Executive proposed, and which was modified at our suggestion. It was signed and submitted to the treaty-making power, and the Senatorial branch of that power threw it out of the window. "If that is not what you want, as you gave us every reason to suppose," says England, "what is?" To reply, "Oh, well, if you want to settle, make us another offer!" is to invite hostility, which is not statesmanship. The United States will not lose by any kind of magnanimity, and we hope that General SCHENCK'S instructions will be ample to propose the treaty which we intend to ratify. But no American can forget that, even if he is unanimously confirmed, and invites negotiation and proposes terms, and even if those terms are accepted without alteration by the English Government, that Government can have no confidence whatever that the Senate will not fling the treaty out of the window or kick it down stairs. We have no reason to be surprised, therefore, if an air of doubt should hang over the negotiation upon the part of England—a doubt which we have taught her.

The *Alabama* question is twofold. It involves specific claims for damages, and also considerations of international law. If England prefers to treat for the claims only, and we should acquiesce, the very object of a treaty would be left unsettled; for the real object is the restoration of good feeling. Our proposition, therefore, should be made in a truly friendly spirit. The treaty should not be in the nature of a truce between inevitable belligerents, but it should be a bond of real friendship. That is what the better sentiment of both countries would make it. And to that end the serious questions of international obligation ought to be considered. The recent changes in the British neutrality law cover much of what might be suggested by us. But a distinct declaration of the national duty of making the local law adequate to the fulfillment of international obligation would be of the most signal service. We observe that a committee has been formed in England to promote a friendly settlement of our differences, and that Mr. THOMAS HUGHES is chairman. It is a pleasant fact which should remind us constantly of that great and influential body of Englishmen who were steadily faithful to us, and whose conduct during the rebellion undoubtedly saved us from a war with England. Let every patriotic American who knows that a war between the countries would be really a ghastly civil war be a committee to help keep an honorable peace. And of that committee may General SCHENCK be chairman.

The country is unquestionably gratified by the appointment of the new minister; but it does not forget that he succeeds a most admirable representative, of whom also the country was proud, and whose recall is still a mystery. We hope that the Administration will yet authorize some simple statement of the reasons which produced dissatisfaction with Mr. MOTLEY. It is certainly personally hard, and most injurious to the public service, that any man should be so publicly humiliated as he has been without any known reason; and it is not a matter which the Administration should leave unexplained.

THE UNITED STATES AND PRUSSIA.

THE protest of the State Department against the action of the German authorities in refusing to allow Mr. WASHBURNE'S dispatches to pass from Paris unless they were unsealed is moderate but reasonable. The capital of France being blockaded, and our minister shut up with the French Government, he has not lost his right to communicate with his own Government, which has declared itself to be neutral. To insist that the dispatches be open is to assert that the minister is suspected of violating the neutrality of his Government. But if there is reason for such a suspicion, it should be stated to his Government, and it would be a justification of the refusal, because the Germans are not bound to permit any violation of neutrality which they have reason to suspect. But as no such suspicion has been alleged, it must be assumed that Mr. WASHBURNE'S dispatches are honorably neutral, and they should therefore be respected. Secretary FISH very properly remarks that Prussia has been so forward in asserting the rights of neutrals that it is unpleasant to encounter this limitation of the undoubted rights of an independent legation.

It is the more unpleasant because Mr. WASHBURNE assumed the care of the Germans in Paris, and because of the universal and profound sympathy in this country for Germany. It is not impossible that the apparent eagerness of Mr. WASHBURNE to recognize the Committee of Defense as the Government of France, and to express sympathy for the republic—forgetting that there was no republic—may have made the German authorities suspicious that the American minister was really in an unneutral frame of mind. The relief of their doubts would depend very much upon their view of his expressions as representing the sentiments of his Government. And it is certainly a question whether the United States were not hasty in telegraphing to Mr. WASHBURNE on the 6th of September to congratulate the Committee of Defense upon "the successful establishment of a republican government." It was an authority *de facto*—that was all.

It was certainly not a republican government established. The first dispatch of the State Department on the same day was perfectly correct. "If the Provisional Government has the actual control and possession of power, and is acknowledged by the French people, so as to be in point of fact a *de facto* Government," then recognize it.

It is not likely, however, that Germany will care to excite ill feeling in this country, and the Government will therefore probably yield to the representations of our minister at Berlin. Indeed, the sagacity with which the political part of the war has been managed by Germany is hardly less remarkable than the skill of the military operations. What country could have hoped to see such a general as VON MOLTKE supplemented by such a statesman as BISMARCK? The clearness, the good sense, the real reason of the political management have been unsurpassed. In the beginning the German manifest was unanswerable. In all the negotiations with FAVRE and THIERS, BISMARCK has had plainly the best of it in principle and argument. And in all the exterior diplomacy the same thing is evident. The Germans have told the truth about the situation, and it is not the least remarkable circumstance of the war that no reports from the Tours Government, or from French partisans in our own press, have been believed until they were confirmed by German authority. BISMARCK will not alienate the public opinion of the United States.

SAN DOMINGO.

THE President does not relinquish his hope of annexing San Domingo. He made a strong argument for it in his Message, stating the advantages of the acquisition in the most enticing manner, and showing his very sincere conviction that we ought to have the island. Senator SUMNER instantly moved a resolution of the most searching inquiry into the sources of the Presidential statements, while Senator MORTON proposed a commission to go to San Domingo and ascertain facts. In the House, Mr. BANKS proposed a similar commission. The Senate resolution was laid over. That of the House was referred to the Committee upon Foreign Affairs. Meanwhile a protest is preparing in commercial circles against the San Domingo project, upon the ground that it will lead to great frauds and corruptions, and involve a war with the French part of the island, and this at a time when it will be a great misfortune for the country to believe that the war taxes are maintained that new territory may be bought.

The sole practical arguments for the annexation are two: first, that we need a coaling station in the Gulf; second, that if we do not take San Domingo some European power will. But although a coaling station may be convenient, it is, like all other commodities, not desirable at every price. MRS. TOODLES thought that a door-plate was handy to have, and MR. SPARROWGRASS thought the same of many things. But all things have a price, and however handy, the cost must be considered. This principle must be inflexibly applied to the San Domingo bargain; and a war, a debt, and a totally alien population make up a price altogether disproportioned to the conveniences of coaling. As for the advantages of a tropical garden and its productions, we can enjoy them without annexation. It would be a lamentable policy for us to buy or to annex other countries for the sake of what they produce. A generous commercial system will give us the fruits of other lands without the care and expense of raising them. Great territorial size is not necessarily great power or great advantage of any kind; and however desirable increased size may be hereafter, we have certainly time enough to wait. To get a coal station merely, therefore, it is not worth while to pay the immense price which is inevitable.

The intention of European powers to occupy American islands is probably not very pronounced. If there has been any negotiation with reference to the acquisition of San Domingo, we shall presently know it under Senator SUMNER'S resolution. But when we have decided that our just interest requires that there shall be no further European colonization upon this continent we can courteously say so, if, upon consideration, it seems to be judicious. At present there seems to be no European power which is likely to undertake the business of American occupation. Spain, the great col-

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onizer, is still wrestling to hold the most important of her American possessions, and her general American example is hardly encouraging to other European countries. If it shall appear that there are promising negotiations pending for the cession of San Domingo elsewhere, there will be something to consider. But the alternative is not annexation to the United States. If that were so, there would be no more subtle European policy than the opening of negotiations for outlying territory upon this continent. For upon this theory the result would be its cession to us, and our consequent weakening. It would be a kind of territorial dropsy imposed upon us by crafty Europe.

There is one other argument which is sometimes urged. It is that to annex San Domingo would be to extend the area of freedom. That was the ancient argument of the slaveholders when they drove us at their pleasure. It was alleged in the good old palmy days, for which Copperheads still sigh, that to multiply slavery was to increase liberty. But it was a problem in politico-moral metaphysics to which the country was unequal. As slavery, happily, no longer controls the government, merely to annex other countries is not, as it was then, to spread the curse. But before we undertake to extend the blessings of republican freedom let us strengthen and regulate our own practice of it, so that the process of extension shall not be one of weakening also. To extend a system of political corruption is not serviceable to any citizen nor to any country. Indeed, it may be a question whether we are yet quite prepared to be missionaries. Certainly it is not worth while to begin a peaceful crusade of republicanism by the annexation of semi-barbarous tropical regions. If great reasons of state plainly compel us to tropical annexation, we must, of course, make the best of it. But the reasons must be greater and plainer than they yet appear to be in the San Domingo project.

AMNESTY.

IN his speech defining his position and describing the political situation in Missouri, Senator SCHURZ confirmed the recent statement of our correspondent that the division in that State was not upon the question of revenue reform. It is, nevertheless, true that Mr. GRATZ BROWN expressed himself very strongly upon the subject in every speech that he made; nor is there much doubt that the leaders of the defection are what is called revenue reformers. Senator SCHURZ, however, insists that the party is divided upon the question of amnesty, and that the policy which he and his friends adopted in Missouri upon that subject must become the policy of the party in the country, or it must expect defeat. He declares that general enfranchisement was made the Republican policy upon his motion at the last National Convention, and that it is a political necessity that the Republicans deprive their opponents of that cry before the next Presidential election. But Mr. SCHURZ'S resolution in the Convention only recommended universal amnesty as soon as it should be compatible with the public safety, which is an amnesty under very stringent conditions. Until, therefore, the party is persuaded that the amnesty may be wisely granted it is not bound to proclaim it by any previous declaration.

Thus the party is pledged to amnesty only when it appears to be advisable. A man may vote for it or vote against it, and still be a consistent and sincere Republican. The question of its influence upon the party success is the question of the welfare of the country. If the public feeling in favor of an amnesty is so strong that it threatens to make the opposition more menacing, then it is desirable to consider that feeling, because to risk Republican power for the purpose of excluding those who would be enfranchised by a Republican defeat would be unspeakable folly. Permanent disfranchisement is not contemplated, because in a free country it would be a permanent peril. All punishment of great classes of political offenders, indeed, is perilous, but it is a peril that must sometimes be encountered. The time comes, however, when the peril is greater than the profit, and then the punishment must cease.

There is little doubt that the disfranchised class in the Southern States includes many influential persons, and that they are naturally hostile to the government. The true policy toward such persons would seem to be one of reasonable conciliation. And this not so much for themselves as for others. The power for mischief of a man who is made to suffer for what others believe to be honest convictions is much greater than that of the same man without his crown of martyrdom. He may hate as strenuously as before, but he can not so readily persuade others to hate a power which treats him with conspicuous lenity. Mr. WADE HAMPTON is a representative of the kind of Southern leader who, like the old English Jacobites, can not be propitiated. While he is under the ban of the government he is a power among those who believe him to be honest, and to be punished for fidelity to his convictions. But when the ban is removed, the appeals of Mr. WADE HAMPTON against a government which he sought to destroy, yet which forgives him, fall powerless. JEFFERSON DAVIS, wandering about unnoticed, ROBERT E. LEE, ostentatiously mourned, are proofs of a clemency of the government as admirable as its power is indisputable. Indeed, it is only a truly powerful government that can wisely be clement.

The Democrats, of course, favor a general amnesty because they know that Democracy bred rebels, and that the more an ex-rebel hates the government and deplores its victory the surer he is to vote the Democratic ticket. But the Democrats should be a little wary in their choice of arguments. It is not very edifying to hear the late lackeys of slavery urging the principles of Christianity. And certainly nothing would so soon persuade a man to doubt the wisdom of amnesty as to hear the residuary legatees of "the sum of human villainies" quoting the Lord's prayer as an argument for enfranchisement.

GERMANY IN FRANCE.

IT was lately untruly stated that M. GAMBETTA had relinquished hope. The sortie from Paris has failed. The army of the Loire has been divided. General DE PALADINES has been virtually disgraced, and Tours is abandoned. It is to be regretted that the report of M. GAMBETTA'S feeling was not correct, and that he has so long chosen to feed France upon lies; for the situation has long been hopeless, and it was neither patriotism nor wisdom to refuse to see it. Nevertheless, if the war were not just what it is, it would always be too soon for a Frenchman to despair. If it were a contest of resistance to oppression, if it were a struggle for independence against a cruel power, if it were a fight for the defense of human rights assailed, or of a true national honor violated, every Frenchman would justly welcome the worst, knowing that the worst of war is not so bad as the best of slavery.

But that is not the situation, and it never has been. The appeal of France to the moral sympathy and support of the world has always failed, because it had no reason. It could not invoke enthusiasm for the republic, because there is no republic; and the very authorities that proclaim it have plainly shrunk from permitting the people to express themselves. It could not protest against invasion, because France had picked a foolish quarrel for the purpose of invading Prussia and making peace at Berlin. It could not plead that the Emperor began the war and it had repudiated the Emperor, because it had adopted his war. When the empire fell at Sedan, the honorable duty of France, if it did not mean war, was to say that the war was the crime of the Emperor, which it declined to share, and that it demanded peace. Then if Germany had offered impossible or evidently dishonorable terms, the war would have continued, and the sympathy of the world might have fallen to France. But, instead of this, the first declaration of M. GAMBETTA and his friends was that France had become a republic, which was an appeal for sympathy under false pretenses. Then they declared that not an inch of territory nor a stone of a fortress should be yielded, which was mere defiance of a victorious enemy. From that moment there has been nothing but a cloud of untruth enveloping the authorities. Brave men there are in France, indeed, and noble women. But there is a canker of universal distrust. And now, when the last hope seems to vanish, when the future of France, in case of the fall of Paris, is absolutely inscrutable, the Committee of Defense insist upon prolonging the misfortune and deepening the humiliation of France.

Had the report of M. GAMBETTA'S request of an armistice to allow an election been correct, as it ought to have been, and had the proposition been accepted, what an extraordinary spectacle it would have been! And so it will be unless the French are suddenly and every where victorious. If the war continues to what now seems its probable issue, Germany will occupy France, and by German permission French elections will be held to determine whether Germany shall be asked for peace, and upon what terms it can be obtained. Meanwhile the actual situation of France is inexpressibly sad to imagine. What untold suffering of every kind —what material desolation—what moral ruin! It seems the completion of the old revolution, the revolution "in permanence" since 1789. The old things must utterly pass away if there are to be new things. It is to be hoped that there are men in France who understand that there can be no returning, that the only way out is through, not back. We have yet to see whether there will be a reaction which will only prolong the sorrow of the country, or a resolution which will at last regenerate it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE are much gratified to hear of the kind reception which the American astronomers have met in London, on their way to Spain and Sicily to observe the eclipse of the sun during the present month. Nothing could be more cordial than the welcome that has been extended to them, the astronomer royal and engineer in charge of the government telegraphs having offered them every facility, while the Athenæum Club, and the clubs of the Royal and Royal Astronomical societies, have made them their guests. They have visited many of the observatories of England for the purpose of making themselves familiar with the general plans and arrangement of the establishments. Professor NEWCOMB, who represents in part the National Observatory expedition, sailed for Gibraltar on the 5th of December with the English eclipse expedition, having been kindly tendered a passage by the government authorities.

Professor NEWCOMB, of the Washington Observatory, visits Europe at the present time not only for the purpose of observing the eclipse, but also to collect from the different observatories old or unpublished records of the position of the moon, to be used in a discussion of the whole subject of the moon's movements, and the improvement of lunar tables. Furthermore, having not long since completed an exhaustive discussion of the planet Neptune (published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1866), the results of which have been adopted in the preparation of the different nautical almanacs, he is now engaged on a similar investigation of Uranus, one object of which is to ascertain whether the perturbations produced by Neptune are sufficient to explain all the irregularities of Uranus, or whether there are residuary phenomena which may indicate the existence of a yet undiscovered planet of the first order, and exterior to Uranus. He hopes to obtain in Europe important data for the investigation in question, as well as for that relative to the moon.

The latest report of the British eclipse expedition is to the effect that the government has, at last, awakened thoroughly to the interest of the occasion, and will render the utmost assistance in its power toward carrying out successfully the wishes of the public. As at present arranged there are to be four parties—one to Cadiz, and another to Gibraltar; another, in the charge of Mr. LOCKYER, accompanies the American expedition; while the fourth, under the charge of Mr. HUGGINS, proceeds to Oran, in Algeria.

It is stated in *Nature* that the British government has granted twenty thousand pounds for observations on the coming transit of Venus.

Mr. HEINE, well known in the United States as the artist who accompanied Commodore PERRY on his Japan expedition, and as connected with other geographical enterprises, lately presented a communication before the British Association in regard to the lines for ship canals across the Isthmus of Panama. After discussing the routes proposed across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Honduras, Nicaragua, and nine lines across the Isthmus of Darien, he came to the conclusion that only two lines were of a kind to deserve consideration. These two lines, according to his statement, are—1. From Aspinwall along the line of the railway to Panama, having an extreme elevation of 269 feet, a length of thirty-five miles, through rocks of porphyry and basalt, and with but middling ports of entry. 2. From the Gulf of Darien through the rivers Atrato, Casarica, Paya, and Tingra, to the Gulf of San Miguel, with an extreme elevation of 186 feet, length fifty-two miles, through a soil composed of alluvial deposit, with some thin ranges of greyish sandstone or schist, and with very good ports of entry.

The survey of the first line was very perfect, that of the second line less so, and a more exact level was desirable. Of the nineteen expeditions undertaken, twelve were of American origin, four were undertaken by Frenchmen, one by a native Colombian, and only two by Englishmen.

Mr. R. M'ANDREW, a well-known English conchologist, has been occupied for a considerable length of time in dredging in the Gulf of Suez, and has obtained no less than 818 species of mollusca. Of these three-fourths have been determined. These specimens show a remarkable difference from the forms belonging to the Mediterranean, and the existence is inferred of a barrier between the two seas from a very remote epoch, although it is thought that the two were united in the eocene and miocene periods.

Among the numerous engineering projects of the present day, few promise to be of more importance in a commercial point of view than the ship canal, eight miles in length, by which it is proposed to connect the head of Buzzard's Bay with Barnstable Bay, across Cape Cod. It is believed that when this is completed a very large proportion of the shipping that now follows round the outside of Cape Cod, encountering the perils of the Nantucket Shoals and other impediments to safe navigation, will make a direct course through Buzzard's Bay; and thereby, while greatly shortening the time necessary for the passage, will accomplish it at much less risk of loss or detention, as well as at a reduced rate of insurance.

The feasibility of this project has been demonstrated, it is said, by careful surveys of the approaches to the proposed canal, while the nature of the ground to be traversed is also favorable for the purpose. A company has been organized for the purpose in question, and it is expected that the canal can be excavated to a depth of twenty-seven feet, and of sufficient width, at an expense of about $7,000,000. A bill has just been introduced into Congress to provide for the construction, by the general government, of a breakwater and harbor of refuge off Barnstable Bay, at a cost not to exceed $2,000,000. The bill provides for the reimbursement to the government by the company of all the expense incurred should any failure occur in the completion of the canal itself.

In this connection we may also refer to the renewal of the project, proposed by TELFORD many years ago, for a ship canal across the counties of Devon and Somersetshire, England, to shorten the sea passage between the Bristol and English channels. The proposed canal is to be twenty-one feet deep, and fifty-nine miles long, and will cost about $17,000,000. The freights on this canal, when finished, will probably consist principally of coal.

A memorial has lately been presented by the Royal Irish Academy to Earl Granville, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, calling his attention to the irreparable loss which would be sustained by the whole civilized world should the invaluable scientific, literary, and other collections of Paris be destroyed or seriously injured during the siege. As the city contains galleries stored with treasures of art, rich libraries, and scientific museums of the first rank, representing the accumulated labors of many generations, they are to be considered as the property not merely of France, but of the whole world, many of the articles contained in them being irreplaceable should they be once destroyed. The fate of the library of Strasburg shows that there is real danger to the Paris collections from the military operations; and in view of the facts adduced the petitioners, as members of a scientific body, protest against the destruction of these collections, and respectfully call upon her Majesty's government to use the utmost efforts for their preservation by impressing upon the belligerents the duty of taking every possible precaution for their protection from the dangers to which they are likely to be exposed.

Allusions have lately been made in the public papers to the discovery of a silver mine on an isolated rock in Lake Superior, which is being worked under the protection of a coffer-dam. According to Mr. DUBOIS, of the United States Mint, this ore becomes richer with the increasing depth, and is now yielding at the rate of $13,000 a ton.

The contractor for the cable to extend along the west side of South America writes encouragingly as to the success of the enterprise, and states that a rival line, which was expected to interfere with his plans, has agreed to yield the route from Payta to Pisco for the European telegrams, so that there will be probably only one line between Valparaiso and Panama.

The Panama Railroad Company, in view of the increase of its trade with the Central American states, has recently increased its steamship service on the west coast from two to three vessels monthly, leaving Panama on the 10th, 15th, and 25th; and returning on the 10th, 15th, and 30th.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 12.—In the Senate, a resolution was offered by General Schurz in favor of the removal of political disabilities. Its consideration was postponed. Mr. Morton offered a resolution, which was ordered to lie on the table, authorizing the President to appoint a commission to visit San Domingo to gather information regarding the island, and report the same to the President.—In the House, General Logan introduced a bill for the abolition of the grades of admiral and vice-admiral in the navy. After a very sharp debate the bill was passed. A resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, authorizing the appointment of a commission to inquire into the expediency of negotiating for the acquisition of San Domingo. A resolution in favor of the abolition of the present revenue system as soon as consistent with the credit of the government was adopted by a vote of 164 to 6.

December 13.—In the Senate, Mr. M'Creery asked leave, which was refused, to introduce a resolution looking to the removal of the Union dead from Arlington, and the restitution of the estate to the family of the late General Lee. He delivered a glowing eulogy on the character of the deceased, classing him with Hampden and Sidney "upon the list of martyrs in the sacred cause of right."—In the House, the bill for the revision of the postal laws was taken up, and the debate continued on the amendment abolishing the franking privilege. An amendment to this, allowing the free exchange of newspapers and periodicals, was adopted, and the original amendment then passed by a vote of 103 to 65. A proposition to reduce postage on letters to two cents was rejected, and after some further changes in details the whole bill passed without a division.

December 14.—In the Senate, resolutions were adopted instituting searching investigations into the cost of collecting the customs revenue of the country, and the amount of money received and paid out at the several custom-houses.—In the House, the greater part of the day was spent in discussing the question of holding a great international exhibition on the one hundredth anniversary of our national independence, and in considering the General Amnesty bill. Nothing conclusive was done with either.

December 15.—In the Senate, the greater part of the day was taken up by General Schurz, who made a speech in favor of his resolution looking to the removal of political disabilities. He gave an account of the recent canvass in Missouri, and defended the action of himself and his associates in dividing the Republican party there. He declared himself still an adherent of that party and a supporter of the administration, and expressed the hope that the Republicans would yet form the party of the future.—In the House, the debate on General Butler's Amnesty bill was continued, the speeches being mostly in opposition.

December 16.—In the Senate, the resolution of General Schurz for a general amnesty was taken up, and Mr. Drake made a strong speech in opposition.—In the House, a bill was introduced and referred to the Committee on Commerce to encourage ship-owning and ship-building by admitting to American registry ships over 2000 tons burden, wherever built, and to admit, free of duty, ship-building and engine materials for ships of over 2000 tons, the latter to be admitted to the coasting trade, but not the former.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The British minister in Washington has received $5000 for the widows and orphans of the crew of the *Oneida*, contributed by English subscribers.

Governor Holden of North Carolina has been impeached by the State House of Representatives, and will be put upon trial at once.

C. C. Bowen, representative in Congress from South Carolina, has been indicted in Washington for bigamy. An Indiana divorce is to be produced in his defense.

The Indian Council at Ocmulgee, Indian Territory, was organized on the 11th inst. The chief subject of debate was a scheme to organize a Territorial government embracing all the tribes. The plan is in conformity with all the laws of Congress since 1866, and contemplates the protection of the weak tribes against the strong, and is only to be executed with the consent of all.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE reports from the army of the Loire are conflicting. From French sources we have positive statements of victories, and from Prussian sources equally positive statements that the army of Prince Frederick Charles is steadily pushing back the French along their entire line.

The free branch of the French government has established itself at Bordeaux.

It is stated that the delay in the opening of the bombardment of Paris is occasioned by a lack of ammunition, and that the roads are so wet and heavy that none can be brought forward at present.

Montmédy and Pfalsburg, in the northeast of France, have been surrendered to the Prussians. The latter was occupied on the 13th inst.

Baden has ratified the treaty of annexation to the German Confederation.

The Russian forces are concentrating on the Turkish frontier, and further annulments of the Treaty of Paris are asked by the Russian embassador in Constantinople. Great Britain is said to be preparing against a surprise.

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THE ENTENTE CORDIALE—THE PRUSSIAN BUGBEAR IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES.

SELLING FISH AT AUCTION IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 859.]

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ALEXANDRE DAVY DUMAS.

THIS celebrated French dramatist and novelist, who died recently at Dieppe, was the son of General ALEXANDRE DAVY DUMAS, a soldier of distinction under the empire. He was born in Villers-Cotterets, July 24, 1803. His grandmother, on the father's side, was an African negro girl, and the characteristic features of the mulatto were presented in his thick lips and crisp, curly hair, though not in his complexion, which was white. He lost his father when about three years old, and was left very nearly to his own guidance in growing up. His education was consequently defective, and at the age of eighteen he seems to have learned little except to ride, fence, play billiards, and write a good hand. To the last accomplishment he owed his first position—that of copying clerk in the office of the secretary of the Duke of Orleans, afterward LOUIS PHILIPPE. This was the first stepping-stone in a long and successful career.

As an author, the popularity of DUMAS rivaled that of DICKENS, and was not confined to France. He not only wrote with extraordinary facility, but employed a corps of assistants to fill up the details of plots which he furnished in outline. It is said he could dash off a play faster than three expert penmen could copy it. Previous to 1848 his pen procured him an income of 60,000 francs a year. In skillfulness of arrangement, vivacity of narrative and style, and fertility of invention, his novels surpass those of most of his contemporaries; but their moral effect is not elevating. The translations of his principal works have attained a wide circulation in this country, the most popular being the "Count of Monte Cristo," the "Three Guardsmen," "Twenty Years After," "Margaret of Anjou," and the "Memoirs of a Physician."

THE LATE ALEXANDRE DAVY DUMAS.

GURNEY & CO. AT HOME.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

JOHN GURNEY MUSING.

GURNEY PLACE.

IT is twenty miles from the city, and three miles inland on the north side of the old road running from river to river. It is shut off from the road by a stone wall, surmounted in the olden time by iron spikes, which have long since rusted away. In the middle of this wall there is a large gate which opens on a circular drive, cut into ruts and littered with leaves. This drive is bordered by a hedge, which, no longer trimmed, thrusts its rugged limbs whither it will, greatly to the peril of flounces and long skirts, whenever such frivolities are at Gurney Place, which is not often. Thirty years ago the grounds were famous, and not without reason, for whatever money could do to make them beautiful it had done. The situation was perfect, and the taste which had embellished it was faultless. Wherever a grove should have been, there was the grove; and wherever a walk should have been, there was the walk. But the glory of Gurney Place, to my mind, is the great avenue of pines on the east of the house. It is carpeted with red needles, which slip, slip under the feet, and emit a faint fragrance, half of the balsamic branches from which they have fallen, and half of the rich earth into which they are mouldering. At the end of this stately avenue there is a rustic summer-house, perched on the edge of a slope leading to a lake, around which is a gravel path, edged, on the water side, with long rushes. Moored to a mimic pier is the remains of a tiny pleasure-boat, in which young people once rowed about and gathered lilies. The sun has blistered and bleached it, and a turtle, left in it years ago, has reared her progeny on its leaky bottom. It is a lonesome place, this dreary little sheet of water, which scarcely ripples in the wind, and which drinks the light, as some men do wine, growing gloomier every moment. Every thing is gloomy at Gurney Place—every thing but the avenue of pines, which is grand, and the conservatory, which is beautiful the year through with rare flowers and plants. These are the only portions of the grounds which John Gurney loves, and, happen what may, these are always cared for. Of Gurney House he thinks but little, though others find it comfortable enough. It is an odd-looking mansion, the general effect of which is ugly, though it is not without redeeming points. It is large, to begin with, and solidly built—a brick structure, with stone corners and wings at each end, projecting upon the curves of the drive. The sun shines into the windows of these wings all day—through the right wing in the forenoon, and through the left wing in the afternoon—but the rest of the house sleeps in a half light, the shadows of a row of elms and the shadow of the long colonnade in front. There are small doors in the ends of the wings, and a large, double door in the middle of the colonnade, opening, when it opens, on a broad hall paved with lozenge-shaped tiles. Each side of the hall there is a dark parlor, with windows reaching to the floor, and a high ceiling painted in fresco. The chimneys are large and deep, set in frames of carved oak under high narrow mantels, on the ends of which are silver candlesticks and pairs of silver snuffers on silver trays. For the furniture (if you have a taste that way), it would make the fortune of Marley, it is so massive and unique. There is no such mahogany now as John Gurney's, which is dark with age—transparently dark in its old polish, and as perfect as if it had just been sent home by its maker, who has been dead a hundred years. There are heavy sofas of it, stuffed with black haircloth, and chairs of the same with harp-backs, and more card-tables with claw legs than would be considered reputable now in a well-regulated country seat. Upon large buffets are decanters of noble size, sacred of yore to the generous juices of Spain and Portugal, with silver chains round their necks labeled "Madeira" and "Port." The floors are covered with Turkey carpets, costly in their time, and ugly at any time—disagreeable to the eye, but as soft to the foot as beds of forest moss. The parlors of Gurney House are like most parlors in the country—cold, forbidding, inhospitable. It is enough to be shown into their eternal twilight; to live there would be intolerable.

The wings are more habitable, especially the left wing, which John Gurney has fitted up as a library, and in which he spends most of his time when at home. It is a cozy, comfortable room, with a bay-window facing the western sky, and a bright carpet, whose green vines and red berries are suggestive of endless summer. Around the walls are dwarf book-cases, on which are ranged specimens of old china, curious vases of fantastic patterns, bottles with long necks around which lizards are creeping, cups and saucers thin as egg-shells, puzzles in ivory, and boxes in jade-stone; and the effigies of squat little men, with corpulent bellies and stiff pig-tails — oracular old blockheads who were famous for knowing nothing in the fabulous dynasty of Chang. Shells are strewn, tier over tier, in bamboo cabinets, and embroidered screens stand in the corners and before the fire-place, which still retains its ancient lattice fender, its tall shovel and tongs, and its high brass andirons, in which John Gurney used to distort his face when a boy.

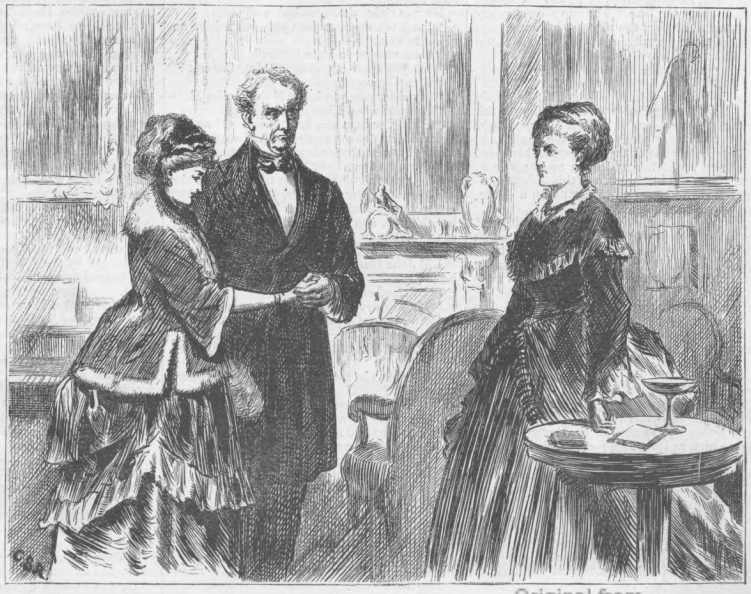
He was past such follies now—a man of sixty, with gray hair beginning to thin, and crow's-feet at the corners of his blue eyes, cold and hard as agates—past all follies, he would have told you a few years since, and convinced you of it, too. But not a year ago last summer, when he lay for weeks in his chamber up stairs, silent, pale, troubled, with the shadow of death on his face; nor when the days that witnessed his recovery had borne him along to winter. He sat alone in the library one day in December. It was a dim, dull afternoon, with a leaden sky, a rustle of wind in the leaves, and a threat of rain speedily—an afternoon which could only be brightened by a wood-fire and the light of happy memories. John Gurney had the blaze of the wood-fire as he leaned back in his easy-chair, but he had not the happy memories. He had been thinking, and was not satisfied with himself. Happy the man who is! But no such man exists, who can remember and feel. John Gurney could do both, and he was a hard man. So the world said, and he did not contradict it. It was a fact to him, but a fact of which he was no longer proud. He had been thinking, you see—thinking of his father and mother, who were dead, of his sisters, who were living, he supposed, and of himself—a cold, stern, implacable, disappointed man.

His father had died thirty years before, and left him the master of Gurney Place and the head of the house of Gurney & Co. It was an old firm and a wealthy, with connections the world over, but more largely than elsewhere in China and India. What merchandise passed through its hands I am not clerkly enough to state, but I suppose pagodas and rupees—I mean teas, silks, and mattings. The elder Gurney was a man of business, the younger Gurney was a merchant. He loved money, not for what it is—dross, but for what it can be—power. He was fond of power, and never scrupled to use it; his enemies said to abuse it, I venture to think, wrongly. If he was strict in his dealings, he was just. He meant to be just always. That he had been so he began to doubt. It was certain, he admitted, that he had not been generous. Wherein had he failed?

He had two sisters, as I have hinted, of whom he was left the guardian by his father, who left them nothing in his will except his last blessing and what their brother might bestow upon them out of his love and regard. The elder, Judith, was an elderly lady of fourteen, the younger, Ann, was a little girl of nine. He educated them as if they had been his daughters, this stalwart bachelor of thirty, taking, so far as he could, their dead father's place, and demanding respect and obedience. They were well brought up, at least Judith was, for Ann neglected her books, her music, and her dancing. She was like her mother, a wee woman, with appealing black eyes that could be evasive when they would; and, like her mother, she was obstinate and determined in a quiet way. Judith was an out-and-out Gurney, a tall blonde, with flaxen hair, humid blue eyes, and the cunning of a veteran diplomatist. John Gurney made up his mind that they should marry well. He married Judith to money, as he supposed, and the match turned out badly. Ann married herself to nothing, as she knew, and the match turned out worse. One was now Mrs. Hugh Trevor, of Burlington Row; the other was Mrs. Ann Gannett, of Heaven knows where. Ten years had passed since brother John had seen sister Judith; he had not seen sister Ann since her marriage, over twenty years ago. Was it well for relatives to be so estranged?

He woke that morning, earlier than usual, from a restless sleep and confused dreams. He was in a strange house, in a strange place, a boy in a nankeen suit trying in vain to amuse himself. He clambered up a chair and stared at the paper on the walls, which was divided into panels wherein huntsmen, with horns slung about their waists, were leaping over hedges in chase of a fox always the same distance ahead. A low fire-place was set round with painted tiles, whereon were men with long beards, and women in curious robes. A damsel was standing at a well, holding a pitcher to the lips of a thirsty traveler, who had journeyed thither on a camel, and who held a bracelet concealed behind his back. A ram was entangled in a thicket, near which an old man with a long knife stooped above a kneeling lad. Another lad crouched in a pit, on the edge of which was a band of men, one holding a coat of many colors. Who were these people, and what were they doing? The boy soon tired of them, and crept up stairs, where he saw a lady walking to and fro with a sick baby. It cried, and cried, and was still. Standing with others in a church-yard beside a grave, into which a little coffin was being lowered, he woke suddenly in the act of tearing away from his father's hand.

It was late when John Gurney made his appearance at the breakfast-table, and he was haggard and pale. He sat down mechanically, while the old housekeeper, Martha, poured out a cup of coffee for him. Would he have an egg? No, he thanked her. So she left him to himself. The coffee was weak, the toast was cold; he had no appetite. He leaned his head on his hand, and thought of the many mornings he had breakfasted there in the same solitary, dismal fashion; and the many, many mornings he had breakfasted there with his family. He shut his eyes and saw them as of old—his father seated where he was sitting, a cheerful, hearty man; his mother opposite, smiling over the coffee-urn and the cream-jug; his sisters on her right and left—Judith with flaxen ringlets, and Ann with wavy black hair; and last, himself, young John Gurney, handsome, vigorous, alert. They chatted together, he and his father, of the weather, the crops, the new horses, while his mother prattled in her light way, telling Judith that she was looking prettily, which she was, and Ann that she was a little fright, which she wasn't at all. This was thirty-five years ago, and what a dream to John Gurney, as he opened his eyes, and found himself alone, an oldish man, with a bad liver, and a worse heart! Bah! He rang the bell, and Martha reappearing, he asked her to tell Tom to harness up, for he was going to the city.



"YOU REFUSE TO RECEIVE YOUR DAUGHTER?"

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He must get away from Gurney Place, or from himself.

The carry-all was led up to the door, and he stepped in beside his man, Tom Watkins, whose business it was to drive him to and from the dépôt and the pier.

"Which way this morning, Sir?"

"To the pier."

He spoke so impatiently that Tom gave the horse a sharp cut with the whip, and cast a furtive glance in his master's face. "Something has gone wrong," he thought; "maybe his breakfast; any how, I won't mind him. How old he looks!" And then, aloud,

"'As runs the glass
Man's life doth pass.'"

"And you're an ass" (he spoke testily), "with your Catechism, and your 'Poor Richard.' I hate proverbs."

"I love 'em" (defiantly); "they are the sayings of the wise."

"Of fools; for the wise are not always sneering."

"Ain't they, though? What do you make of King Solomon?"

But John Gurney made nothing of King Solomon; for, if he heard, he did not answer. He was in a brown-study. "How ill he looks!" thought Tom. And he added, this time to himself,

"'Here to-day and gone to-morrow;
This is the end of human sorrow.'"

What was John Gurney thinking of? I doubt whether he could have told, he was thinking of so many people, among others of a certain Richard Gannett, who once sailed as a mate for Gurney & Co., and who stole away the heart of sister Ann when she was a mere child. A young fellow of twenty-four, or thereabout, he was invited to Gurney Place to dine—an unusual honor for any one in the employ of Gurney & Co. He was a little awed at first by the splendor of the dinner—a circumstance which raised him in the estimation of John Gurney; but the conversation turning on the sea, he was soon at home. He was a good sailor, and he showed it in a modest, manly fashion, which John Gurney thought well of, and which Ann Gurney thought better of. They walked, after dinner, in the twilight, John and Judith to the conservatory, and herself and Mr. Gannett to the summer-house by the lake. When they parted at the door at dusk—he to return to the city, and she to sew a while by candle-light—she was in love with the young mate. If he was in love with her, he kept it to himself, as was proper for a person in his condition of life. This drifted through John Gurney's mind as he was driven to the pier, and it made him uncomfortable. He had liked Richard Gannett as a mate, but when, two years later, Captain Gannett married his sister without his consent, he hated him. He would not see him, and he would not see his wife, who in four years was a widow with two children. "She has made her bed, and must lie in it."

He spoke aloud, to his own surprise.

"There is but one bed where we lie quietly, and that is not the marriage bed," Tom remarked, grimly, and gave the horse another cut with the whip. They came in sight of the pier just in time to see the boat moving away.

"Turn round and drive back; I shall not go to the city to-day."

"Looks like it," Tom muttered.

"'But who can tell, when the arrow is shot,
Whether 'twill hit the mark or not.'"

John Gurney alighted from the carry-all at the door, and, summoning Martha to have a fire built in the library, wandered up and down the grounds, noting this and that absently. The mortar was crumbling out of the wall; the box was heaped with leaves; the currant-bushes were dead. Cones were beginning to cumber the pine walk; he must see Tom Watkins about that; and, stooping stiffly, he picked one up and tossed it into the lake. The sun glinted coldly from the white sky; the air was chill and damp, like the air of a vault. Dead leaves rattled under him; dead leaves dropped around him:

"And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
I'll ca' 't a word frae thee."

Was John Gurney in his dotage that he should hum an old song? or was he recalling a fair young girl who sang it to him one moonlight night, how many years ago? We shall look, perhaps, into some of the chambers of his heart, but there is one into which we must not look. Every man has his secret, and this is John Gurney's. He buttoned up his coat with a shiver, and hurried into the house.

He left it no more that day, but shut himself up in the library, where a chop was sent to him at noon, where he smoked cigars and drank brandy, and where he persuaded himself that he was reading and writing. He commenced a letter, but, dropping his pen a moment to look out of the window, he forgot all about it. He cut the pages of a review as far as the contents; they were not attractive. He took up a novel, but soon threw it down as "stuff." Then he went to his book-shelves, and returned—you would never guess with what—an armful of the English poets. That he loved poetry, as he did, is a fact for which I can no more account than for the Edelweiss in the Alps, and the presence in its frozen neighborhood of swarms of tiny butterflies. It was in him, as love, I suppose, was in him once, and as self-accusation was in him now. What he sought in the poets was not their happy inspirations; not such divine little songs as stud the old dramatists, nor such gleams of spring and summer as light the pages of Chaucer and Spenser; but grave and solemn pieces, like Milton's "Lycedas," Bishop King's "Exequy," and Gray's "Elegy." The death of lovers, the parting of friends, the shadow that will never be lifted from mortality.

He smoked, and read:

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy dwells in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spoke words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat nor frost nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Surely this was sad enough for John Gurney. He seemed to think so, for he shut the book hastily, and read no more. He rose, stirred the coals, put on fresh wood, and, drawing the decanter of brandy toward him, sat down again. It was not his habit to drink brandy, but there are days when it does one good. So he thought, or he would not have drunk it. It did him no good, however, to-day; laid no ghost which haunted him, lulled him into no happy reverie. It did not warm his blood, even, for he huddled over the fire with his feet on the fender. He watched the blaze as it flickered up the chimney, thrusting its long arms hither and thither, flickering on the andirons and the hearth-rug; and out of the light and the shadow a picture was shaped in his mind, distant and vague as a dream, but too near and painful not to be a reality. He saw a vessel sailing out of a harbor on a winter morning, a trim brig, with sails all a-taut, and a man at the stern kissing his hand to a woman on the wharf, who was crying and waving her handkerchief. Northward sped the brig, with a stiff breeze; the land dropped behind it, the sea rose before it—the wild, dark sea, where the billows were tossing and tossing, where the sun shone fitfully, where the moon glimmered, where danger and death waited. On, on, day after day, with the waters dashing against the bow; on, on, night after night, with a light on the wake from the window in the stern, the window of the captain's cabin. He is on deck one night—the captain is—one dark and bitter night. The wind screams through the rigging, the sails strain, the air grows colder and colder. What are they driving on so fast—a steep, mountainous coast? Or what is driving so fast on them? An iceberg! It topples suddenly, and crushes the brig! A chill strikes John Gurney, as if a spirit stood beside him.

"Poor Dick Gannett!"

The brands fell, and in their embers John Gurney fancied he saw an old house in a sea-port town—a quaint little house, one story on the road, and two stories on the water; a narrow arm of the sea pushed up into the town at the foot of a hill covered with grave-stones. In a room of this house (of which he seemed to have heard once upon a time) sat a woman rocking a cradle, and hushing a child at her breast. He was touched with pity toward her; she was so young, so worn, so wobegone. She was dressed in black, and was weeping.

"*Poor little Ann!*"

A tear stole to his eye; it was not brushed away.

The sun had set; the wind sighed; there was a patter of rain.

He rang for the candles, and they were brought by his housekeeper, Martha.

"Set them on the table and take a seat, Mrs. Watkins."

She drew a chair from the corner.

"There, where I can see you."

She sat where he pointed—a pleasant-looking old lady, with bright eyes, a cheek like a winter apple, and a string of large gold beads on her neck.

"It occurs to me, Mrs. Watkins, that you lost a son years ago with Captain Gannett. Am I right?"

He was right, she remarked, sadly.

"I did not mean to pain you, but I have an object in view."

"I am waiting to learn it, Sir."

"Do you know any thing of Mrs. Gannett?"

"Mrs. Gannett!"

"My sister; do you know if she is alive?"

"She was when I last heard—"

"Of her, or from her, Mrs. Watkins?" and he frowned. "You are evasive, and I hate evasion. A plain question demands a plain answer. Where does Mrs. Gannett live?"

She hesitated. Should she tell him that she had seen his sister a few days before, and had had a woman's talk with her about herself and her children, and about her own dear, wild boy, at the bottom of the sea? What would he say?

"Don't tell your first lie now, old lady."

Did John Gurney say that, or was it her own heart?

She flamed out at once.

"Mr. Gurney, your sister is an angel."

"And I am a brute; I know all that."

"Do see her, Sir—do—do."

He smiled; he had a good hand, and he played it.

"You won't let me, for you don't tell me where she lives."

She fumbled hastily in her pocket, and produced a bit of crumpled paper, which she gave him with a wistful face.

He read the direction and returned it.

"Thank you, Martha, thank you!" He added in a moment, "Send Tom to me."

She brought Tom, to whom she had whispered what had passed.

"Harness up early to-morrow; I am going to town."

"You were going to-day" (maliciously).

"Supper, supper, Mrs. Watkins; I am growing hungry."

She bustled out.

"Have a glass of brandy, Tom?"

Tom would, and did.

"'When the cat's away
The mice play.'

"Yes, Sir; what the colt learns in youth he continues in old age."

John Gurney went to bed that night a happier man than he had been for years. The wind moaned, the rain poured, but he slept. His shutter banged—he did not hear it; there were great peals of thunder—they did not waken him. He slept soundly, like a man who is too tired to dream, or like a child who dreams only of glorious and gracious things. The rain wakened Tom Watkins, who thought of the horses in the leaky stable, shivering in the wet: he dozed off again. The thunder wakened Martha Watkins, who thought of a storm at sea, and of the ship that went down with her Isaiah: she dozed off again. At last they slept. Every body slept at Gurney Place.

THE TREVORS.

It was Wednesday, and Mrs. Hugh Trevor was "at home." She had been "at home" in past years on every day in the week except Sunday. On Sunday she was "at church." She thought herself religious; her friends called her worldly; perhaps both were right. She certainly loved money, and the fine things that money will buy. But this was to have been expected; first, because she had married for it, and second, because she was a Gurney. She was young-looking in spite of her forty odd years, but whether her delicate bloom was natural or was the effect of art even her enemies could not determine. There was no doubt about her hair, which her dearest friends coveted, and which she was bold enough to wear in the way that was most becoming to her; not bundled over the hideous Ethiopic chignon, but cut short round her forehead, as was the fashion in the days of Charles the Second, and flowing down her neck like crinkled sunlight. Her eyes were lustrous as the eyes of a child, but a close inspection showed that Time had drawn the lines of his intrenchments against their corners.

Mrs. Trevor was in her own room, putting the last touches to her toilet, when a card was brought to her.

"MR. JOHN GURNEY."

She started at the name, as she would not have started in company.

"What in the world!" Careful and elegant in her language generally, she thought in the vernacular, as most of us do, and spoke accordingly. Then she remembered herself, and said to the servant, blandly, "Show the gentleman into the parlor—the back parlor—and say I will be down presently."

"John *here*, to see *me*; what *does* it mean?"

If she was amazed, and for a moment agitated, it is not to be wondered at, considering that she had not seen her brother for ten years, and that when she saw him last he refused to have any thing more to do with her and hers. He may have had reason for what he did; of that, of course, she was no fair judge then, and was no fair judge now. It was, as she remembered it, a trifle of ten thousand dollars, out of which her brother said he had been swindled by her husband, and it was the last money out of which he would be swindled by any of the Trevors. "What shall I say to him?" she said, as she posed herself becomingly before the mirror.

John Gurney said substantially the same thing to himself as he was shown into the parlor. If he had been asked what he meant to say and do on this occasion in his library at Gurney Place, he could have answered glibly enough; but now he had no words with which to express his intentions, and no intentions, so far as he knew, except to see his sister and have a talk with her. Had he forgotten the resolves he made overnight, or was he remembering his last pecuniary transaction with Hugh Trevor? He could no more tell than I can; he only felt that he was embarrassed, and that his old hardness was returning. It commenced when he came in sight of Burlington Row, which was too aristocratic a location, he reasoned, for the Trevors to live in. "But what do you know of them now?" his heart argued; "they may be successful enough to justify it." His head would not admit that. "Besides, if they are, it would be better for them not to do it, since they have children to bring up, and, I dare say, bring them up to do nothing." He was old-fashioned, you see, and had the old-fashioned way of looking at things. He shook his head doubtfully, and rang the bell. When it was answered, he was not encouraged by the richness of the reception-room, fitted up with carved oak furniture, and he was still less encouraged by the splendor of the parlor. He was buttoning up his coat when his sister entered.

Neither spoke, but stood as they were when the door opened, he by the mantel, with his back to the fire, she in the doorway, with her face turned toward him. They gazed at each other sharply. If either was moved, neither showed it. "She wears well;" "He can't last much longer," were their mental comments.

He made an effort, as became him and his good resolves, and extended his hand.

"Good-morning, Judith."

"Good-morning, John."

The ice was broken, but the tide of conversation did not flow yet. Which should begin, and with what? Women are cleverer than men in these embarrassments.

"What brings you to town?"

"What brings me here, you mean. Suppose I say—you?"

"Then I say, 'Thank you, John.'" And she courtesied as she used to do when a girl.

He was amused by this little touch of nature (or art), and said, more kindly,

"Judith, I wanted to see you."

"Not more than I wanted to see you. You may have been right, John, in being so angry with Hugh; but was it right to be angry with me?"

As he had already decided that question against himself, he replied, "Suppose we let by-gones be by-gones?"

"With all my heart. And now tell me about yourself. Have you been well?"

"I was ill last summer. Did you not hear of it?"

"Not a word."

Oh, Mrs. Trevor! You know you read it one morning in your favorite journal, *The Tickler and Tattler*, and you know your husband told you of it when he came home at night. Moreover, your son Percy rode up to Gurney Place to see what he could pump out of Tom Watkins.

"How are your children, Judith? for I need not ask how you are—I see you are well and blooming. There are four, I think?"

"Only three living." And she put her handkerchief to her misty eyes.

"'Friend after friend departs:
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That hath not here an end.'"

Then, recovering herself, she continued, "John has been to college. He was named after you—John Gurney Trevor. Percy is in business with his father, and Elizabeth is married. You must have heard of her marriage."

"Yes, I think I heard of that," he answered, dryly. "She threw herself away on a Russian count, or a Spanish grandee, or a—"

"Nothing of the sort. He is an English nobleman, Lord Onslow. She is Lady Onslow. I am a happy mother to have married my daughter so well. Don't you agree with me?"

"Yes, if she *is* well married. But was there not some discussion at the time whether there *was* a Lord Onslow?"

"His lordship's enemies tried to spread such a report, but he satisfied me that it was false."

"By Debrett or Burke?"

"By a letter from his solicitors in London."

"What a fool Judith is!" was the reflection of John Gurney. "And I used to think her clever!" Then aloud, "Are his lordship and her ladyship in town? If so, you must present me."

The touch of sarcasm in his voice did not escape her. She answered, stiffly, "They are now on their bridal tour. When they return they will depart for England, to reside on his lordship's estates."

"In the Isle of Skye, probably," he muttered to himself.

"You don't seem to be pleased, John. Have you changed your mind in regard to the desirability of wealthy marriages?" There was a touch of sarcasm in her voice now.

"Judith, I hope the poor girl is married as you say. But the longer I live—you will be surprised to hear this from me—the longer I live the less I think of money."

"I am delighted to hear it," she said to herself, building I know not what castles in Spain on that unguarded remark. "Money has its advantages, though," she observed, quietly; "at least to people in moderate circumstances."

"Like yourself, for example? You seem rather prosperous, however."

"You must not trust too much to appearances, John."

"No?" he asked.

She bit her lips, feeling that she had committed a blunder. To retrieve it she opened her album, and showed him a *carte de visite* in it. "This is Elizabeth."

He looked at it attentively. "Is it like? She is beautiful—even more beautiful than you were at her age."

"Thank you, brother," and she kissed her hand to him in a pretty way.

"And this?" as he went on turning the leaves.

"That is John. I'm afraid John don't amount to much."

"Johns never do. I like this one, though; he has a frank, manly face. And this?" pointing to another.

"That is Percy," she replied, admiringly. "What do you think of him?"

He gazed and gazed at the face, holding it in different lights.

"Well?"

"I am studying it," and he walked to the window in order to see it more distinctly. It was the face of a boy almost, but there was no boyishness in it. A curious face, with a tender mouth, serious eyes, and an intellectual brow. You would have said, "Here is a staid, decorous, young man, who will command the respect of his elders, and rise in the world as surely as the sun to-morrow." So did not John Gurney, who doubted the more he studied. "I can't make it out. Tell me about him."

She grew voluble at once. "He's a boy in a million. I call him a boy, he is still so young; but he's ten times the man his father is. He's the life and soul of the concern, and whatever he undertakes he succeeds in. 'Gurney & Co.' (the firm is the same, I suppose?) must know the reputation of 'Trevor & Son.' You ought to bank with us."

"Yes?"

"Not that it matters," she added, quickly. "But, as I was saying, Percy is a remarkable young man. I don't know where we should be if it were not for him. He has been in the firm only a year, and you see where we are now. It's comfortable here, isn't it, brother?"

"It's magnificent."

"Percy did it."

"May I inquire how?"

"By a 'corner in Erie,' if that is what you men call it," innocently.

"There are 'corners in Erie,' I believe, and

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some very sharp ones. But, forgive me, Judith"—he paused gravely—"forgive me if I do not trust entirely to appearances. A plain business man, I doubt the substantiality of these sudden fortunes. This house, for instance—I fear it is mortgaged."

He seemed to expect her to answer, and it was evident to her that she *should* answer—but how? If she said the house was mortgaged, their prosperity would not appear so real as she wished; and if she said it was not mortgaged, it would appear too real. She was in a dilemma.

"There was a small mortgage on it at first, but I believe it has been taken up. I'll learn, since you wish to know. You are very, very kind. But tell me now of yourself; for, selfish woman that I am, I have babbled all this while of my own poor affairs. You are well, I hope; better even than you look, and as busy, of course, as of old. The firm of 'Gurney & Co.,' Percy says, is the synonym of success. By-the-by, I forgot to mention that Percy, who has not seen you since he was seven, remembers you more distinctly than John. Percy is the only one in the family who will never hear a word against 'Uncle John.' We abuse you, then? Of course we do, and roundly; for, if we can't abuse our relations, whom can we abuse, pray? But Percy won't allow it. 'Uncle John was kind to us once,' he says, 'and if he has dropped us now, it is our own fault.' You must like Percy, brother."

Mrs. Trevor! Mrs. Trevor! you know that Percy never said any thing of the kind. What he *did* say was, "He was useful to us once, and may be again." How can you fib so?

"'Gurney & Co.,' Judith, jog on quietly. Never a fast firm, we are growing slow as we grow old. The house, I suppose, will die with me."

"Why need it? Why not take a partner?"

"We are not rich enough to tempt a young man, and as for old men, one is surely enough."

"Is he telling the truth when he says he is not rich?" she wondered; "or does he think I was about to recommend Hugh to him again?" She tapped him with her fan. "If your remark about old men had any reference to Trevor, you are right; but he was not in my mind when I spoke, I assure you. It seemed to me a pity that so old a house as ours should go down. But so it is, so it is. We must all go. John, do you ever think seriously? Of the grave, I mean, and hereafter? Do you remember the hymn mother taught us when we were children?

> "'The day is past and gone,
> The evening shades appear;
> Oh, may we all remember well
> The night of death draws near.'"

"Yes, Judith; and, strange to say, it came into my head the last thing last night. I had been thinking of mother and father, and you and Ann."

So that was what had sent him to her!

"Dear mother!" she sighed.

"Yes, sister," he resumed, "I have begun to think of these things, and shall put my affairs in order."

"Make your peace first, and attend to your affairs afterward. But excuse me for a few minutes; I hear the door-bell ring. You know I am 'at home.'" And she withdrew.

He walked up and down the room in a brown study, occasionally stopping to look at the pictures and objects of *vertu*.

"I don't think Judith is as mercenary as she was. Her last advice was good—from her point of view. I would not have believed she could be so disinterested. We shall get on well together, I hope. I don't know what to do for her, though. If this house is really Trevor's he is in no need of help from me, and, even if he were, I could not give it to him cheerfully; for, first and last, he has muddled away a hundred thousand of mine. He's always muddling away somebody's money. If he would pay back that now I would settle it, and as much more, on Judith. It would be a nest-egg for her in case any thing should happen. I wonder if she wouldn't like a set of diamonds?"

Whether Mrs. Trevor heard the bell, as she said, or whether it was her fancy, is of no great consequence. It is enough for us to know that no person was in the front parlor when she entered it, which rather pleased her than otherwise, since it gave her an opportunity to run over what had just occurred between herself and her brother. "How unfortunate it is," she said, "that I couldn't know that he was coming; and how unfortunate that we are prosperous! He would have done something handsome else, for it is certain that he isn't satisfied with the way he has used me. He must be very much changed, or he wouldn't have said that he no longer cared for money. When a Gurney feels like that, his end is near! He hasn't made his will, it seems, unless he is deceiving me, and I don't believe he is. He may remember the children. He must; I mean to bring it about. But how—how? I can't ask him to leave Elizabeth any thing; he'll think Percy can take care of himself, and I haven't said a word in Jack's favor. How stupid of me! I could cry my eyes out with rage." But she thought better of it; for, smoothing the flounces of her robe, she rejoined her brother with a sweet, sad, smiling face.

Drawing an easy-chair up to the fire she made him sit down, and placed herself on his left, where she could see him best. "How good of you to come!" she exclaimed; "and how sorry I am that none of the children are at home!"

"You are fond of your children, Judith?"

"Fond is not the word, John. But I can not expect a man to understand the feelings of a mother. No man can—least of all a hard-headed bachelor like you. I wonder—no, I do not, either, for you never liked women, I remember."

"Perhaps I am cured of that—who knows?"

What did he mean? Was he—. But no, it could not be.

"By-the-way, John, how did you know I was 'at home' to-day?"

"How does any body know any thing now, except from the newspapers, which tell us every thing that happens, and a great many things that do not happen. I read it in *The Tickler and Tattler*. But your speaking of being 'at home' reminds me that we shall be 'at home' ourselves soon. I will send you a card to-morrow or next day."

"John Gurney, you have not been getting married?"

A queer smile flitted across his face: he enjoyed her mistake.

"Why not? I am old enough, I suppose."

"Too old—to make such a fool of yourself."

At this moment the bell rang, and so loudly that both heard it: a sudden, impatient jerk.

She was on her feet at once.

"Sit down, and let me tell you about it. Last summer, when I was ill—and I was very ill, Judith—I think I shall never recover the shock I had then—there came to me—"

"Where's mamma?" cried a voice without.

"In the back parlor, my lady," the servant was heard to answer.

A rush of steps to the door, which was thrown open violently. "Mamma! mamma!"

"Lady Onslow! Elizabeth," said Mrs. Trevor, starting to her feet, "how you have frightened me!"

John Gurney arose, somewhat startled, and was perceived by the new-comer.

"I didn't know you had company."

"It's only your uncle John. You remember Uncle John?"

"No—do I?"

"So this is little Lizzy that was," he said, coming forward: "the bud has indeed ripened. I hope you are well, Lady Onslow."

She stared at him, and at her mother, and burst into tears—wild, passionate tears, that could not be restrained.

"For God's sake, Elizabeth, what is the matter? Why are you here? Where is Lord Onslow? Tell me."

A spasm of pain twitched the face of the beautiful girl; she shuddered from head to foot.

John Gurney would have left the room.

"Stay, brother, and help me to unravel this mystery. Where is Lord Onslow, I say?" She spoke sharply, and shook her daughter by the shoulder.

"There is no Lord Onslow, mother."

"Are you mad?"

"I think I can tell you what has happened, Judith," interposed John Gurney. "You have married your daughter to an adventurer. Am I not right, my child?"

She bowed sadly. "Worse, Sir—a villain. See here, mother." And stripping up her sleeve, she pointed to black and blue spots on her arm, which were evidently the grip of strong fingers. "He struck me, too; but I forgave him, for he was drunk."

"The more fool you," remarked her mother.

"I loved him, and I forgave him." She paused, and put her hand to her head as if she was trying to remember something. "We were staying in Washington this week, quietly and happily, planning what we would do when we should return. I was, that is, and he agreed to it. Night before last I retired early, while he was playing billiards with one of the embassy. When I awoke in the morning he had not returned. He had abandoned me."

"Have you finished, fool?" demanded her mother.

("Judith!")

"No; he robbed me of my jewels, and all the money he could find. He would have taken my purse, I suppose, but it was under my pillow. There was enough in it to bring me home."

She told her story without a tear or a sigh. She was the calmest person there—so calm that she seemed to have been relating the wrongs of another, not her own. Mrs. Trevor, poor woman, was in a furious passion, enraged with her daughter, her brother, herself—enraged with every body and every thing. Speechless with fury and shame, she appeared to have grown old suddenly; the bloom had vanished from her cheeks, the lustre was gone from her eyes. They had become gray and faded.

"So," she shrieked, when she found a voice, "this is the reward of all my motherly care, the end of all my ambition! Do you know what you have done? You have ruined me. I shall never dare to hold up my head again. We shall be the laughing-stock of all our acquaintances. I shall die with shame."

"And I, mother?" asked the poor girl.

"Mother me no more; you are no child of mine."

"*Judith!*"

"What brought you here? Do you think I will have you here—Lady Onslow?"

"Judith, Judith—you are brutal."

"Mind your business, John Gurney—this is mine."

"Where shall I go, mother?"

"Where you will. You shall not remain here."

"You refuse to receive your daughter, then, Judith?" said John Gurney, looking his sister steadily in the face.

"I do."

"You are a wicked woman."

He turned toward his niece in his stately way, looking like what he was—the soul of chivalry and kindness. "My child, I am a lonesome old man. Will you not share and brighten my solitude? Say 'yes'—I wish it so much." He opened his arms, and she rushed toward him with a cry. He smoothed the ripples of her hair with one hand, and brushed a tear from his eye with the other.

"Come," he said at last.

"Good-by, mother."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Trevor."

Where was Mrs. Trevor's heart? where was Mrs. Trevor's conscience? where was Mrs. Trevor's worldliness, even—that day? Clearly *not* "at home."

VENICE.

UNLIKE other celebrated towns of Italy—such as Padua, Mantua, Naples, and Rome itself—Venice is not an old classical city. According to the best historians it dates from the 25th day of March, in the year of our Lord 421, when Simon de Glauconibus, Antonius Calvus, and other lovers of liberty, who sought a refuge from oppression among the islands and lagoons of the coast, laid the foundations of the new commonwealth on the Rialto, the nearest island to the embouchure of the Brenta. The state of which they were the founders had a long and for many centuries a very prosperous existence. Under a nominal subjection to Padua and other cities of old Venetia it passed its first two hundred and seventy-six years. For the following six hundred years, during which it made great additions to its power and wealth, Venice was governed by her doges—a sort of monarchs whom the citizens elected, and whose power they limited. After that, and during the last five hundred years of her existence, she was really and practically governed by her nobles. Then came the end. France, ever ready to seize on other territories, but too proud to cede a foot of her own, deposed the last doge by the hands of her great general, Napoleon Bonaparte, and, abolishing this republic, added to her other crimes against the peace and liberties of Europe the destruction of a state which, crowned with honors equal to its age, had existed for the long period of thirteen hundred years.

In many respects Venice is now but the ghost and shadow of what she was in the days of her meridian splendor. Silence broods on her canals; the marbles are peeling off her palaces like shreds of bark off a dead, skeleton tree; and though they retain in their gait much of the proud and lofty bearing of other days, not less than one-fourth part of her inhabitants are so poor as to be more or less dependent on public charity. What a fall is there from the days when Jacopo Sannazaro, about the middle of the fifteenth century, composed these lines—thus translated!

> "Neptune saw Venice on the Adria stand
> Firm as a rock, and all the sea command.
> 'Think'st thou, O Jove,' said he, 'Rome's walls excel?
> Or that proud cliff whence false Tarpeia fell?
> Grant Tiber best, view both, and you will say,
> That men did those, gods these foundations lay.'"

These verses give us a good idea of the ancient glory of Venice; and this of the wealth and munificence of her citizens, that the poet received—the largest reward literature, in the form of poetry or prose, ever won—for these six lines six thousand golden crowns. But low as she has fallen, Venice seems to have passed the lowest ebb-tide of her fortunes. Since the Austrian was driven from her territory, since she has shared in the new-born liberties of Italy, since the Gospel, banished in the days of her degeneracy, is now faithfully preached and openly professed there, and her people are learning that "whom the truth maketh free are free indeed," there is good reason to hope that this city will yet be the subject and the scene of a great, glorious, and more than temporal revival.

With graceful towers, domes, campaniles, and palaces standing in rich clusters out of the shoreless waters that rise with the tide on every door-step, and, carrying boats and gondolas in place of carts and carriages, form its principal and almost its only streets, the city might have owed its name—though it had a different origin—to the old heathen legend that represents Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, as born of the ocean. Venice looks like a city torn by some great convulsion from the shore, and, with all its churches, palaces, manufactories, and houses standing erect and entire, floated out to sea, and securely anchored to its sandy bed. Save dogs and cats, there is no four-footed animal in all the town—no horses, nor cows, nor even a donkey. Wheels are unknown; their grinding, rumbling noise never heard where sheets of water, along which gondolas, in place of cabs and omnibuses, are shooting with their passengers, separate opposite neighbors, the houses on one side of the street from those on the other. A unique city, indeed! since, with the houses built on piles that have been driven into the bed of the sea, there, as has been said, we roost on the tops of trees.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SAID a loving wife to her husband, "Will you never learn, my dear, the difference between real and exchangeable value?" The husband, tired of political economy, replied, "Ah yes, my dear, I know your great learning and many virtues. That's your real value. But I know also that none of my married friends would change wives with me. That's your exchangeable value."

A gentleman, speaking of the happiness of the married state before his daughter, disparagingly said, "She who marries, does well; but she who does not marry, does better." "Well, then," said the young lady, "I will *do well;* let those who choose *do better.*"

The man whose feet were so enormously large that he had to put his pantaloons on over his head has recently joined the woman's rights party, and has wisely determined to wear a shawl.

A traveler in Georgia, down among the rice swamps, observing the sallow, sunken-eyed, emaciated appearance of the inhabitants, asked one of them if the climate was unhealthy. "Wa'al, no," replied the sickly looking fellow; "'taint unhealthy; we have the fever and ague all the time in these parts; but then we enjoy a powerful undertow of health, which beats the ague all to nothing!"

Hair-pins are now called switch-tenders.

WEATHER RHYMES.

February fill dyke,
Be it black or be it white;
But if it is white,
It is better to like.

March winds and April showers
Bring out the May flowers.

He who sees his wheat on a weeping May
Will himself go weeping away;
But he who sees it on a weeping June
Will go away to another tune.

When the sand doth feed the clay,
England woe and well-a-day;
But when the clay doth feed the sand,
Then 'tis well with Angle Land.

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

After St. Bartholomew
Come long evenings and cold dew.

At a wedding the other day one of the guests, who often is a little absent-minded, observed, gravely, "I have often remarked that there have been *more* women than men married this year."

A LOW FUR—Cat-skin.

A Dutchman, in describing a span of horses which he had lost, said: "Dey wash very mooch alike, 'specially de off one. One looks so much like both, I could not tell todder from which; when I went after de one I always caut de oder; an' I whipped de one most deal because de oder kicked at me."

A HINT TO MILLINERS—Enough on that head.

An exchange says: "Marriage makes a man and woman one." Yes, but the trouble is to tell which of them is *the* one.

Stammering, says Coleridge, is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning, in Lamb's presence, the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland in restraining the Duchess from rushing up to embrace her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisted on her receiving him in state. "How horribly *cold* it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way; "but you know he is the Duke of *Cu-cumber-land.*"

A man in a crowd found elbow-room quickly by telling a neighbor that he was sitting on his revolver.

An exchange says: "The compositors in San Francisco embrace many ladies." The compositors in San Francisco ought to be ashamed of themselves.

An English writer thinks the American early potatoes will come to an end ere long, for as each new variety is claimed to ripen about ten days earlier than any other, the time between planting and digging will soon be used up.

There is a man in Dacotah, Iowa, so penurious that when shelling corn, and a kernel flew into a woodpile, he removed seven cords of wood to find it. A neighbor, standing near, dropped a kernel near where the searcher was looking. But when he found it he said: "You can't fool me with that small kernel; the one I lost was a large one."

Why is a butcher's cart like his boots?—Because he carries his calves there.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.—"How do you manage your husband, Mrs. Crosker? Such a job as I have of it with Smith!" "Easiest thing in the world, my dear; give him a twitch backward when you want him to go forward. For instance, you see, to-day I had a loaf of cake to make. Well, do you suppose because my body is in the pastry-room that my soul need be there, too? Not a bit of it. I am thinking of all sorts of celestial things the while. Now Croaker has a way of tagging round at my heels, and bringing me plump down, in the midst of my aerial flights, by asking me the price of the sugar I'm using. Well, you see, it drives me frantic! and when I woke up this morning, and saw this furious storm, I knew I had him on my hands for the day, unless I managed right; so I told him that I hoped he wouldn't go out to catch his death such weather; that if he wasn't capable of taking care of himself, I should do it for him; that it was very lonesome rainy days, and that I wanted him to stay at home and talk with me; at any rate he mustn't go out; and I hid his umbrella and India rubbers. Well, of course, he was right end up; (just as I expected!) and in less than ten minutes was streaking down street at the rate of ten knots an hour. You see there's nothing like understanding human nature; no woman should be married till she is thoroughly posted up in this branch of her education."

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH!"

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A FRIEND IN NEED.

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A REVERIE.

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THE CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS.

(ON CHRISTMAS-EVE.)

HE will see sweet stockings cunning and new,
Warm in scarlet and dainty in white—
Stockings that never have crept in a shoe—
Waiting his morning's enchanted light.

And other glad stockings, that he should know,
Grown larger, perhaps, than they were last year!
In many a pretty, half-sleepy row
They wonder, no doubt, if he is near.

This Saint of the Children, who loves them so,
Fairily filling each colored space,
Will touch clear dreams with his kiss—and go
With tears, I think, in his tender face.

Ah! spite of his furs, he will shiver, I fear,
At the thought of stockings, bright and small,
Whose curious looks are no longer here,
Awake for him by the lonesome wall!

Oh! you whose little hands reach no more
Toward his gray, kind beard in their dimpled play,
Whose little feet passed through the great dim Door,
With never a step nor a sound, away—

Have you found Another who lights with love
His Birthday Tree for your charméd eyes?
Do you see in its branches the snow-white Dove?
Is it fair with the flowering and fruit of the skies?

MRS. G. M. B. PIATT.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CURTIUS.

RICHARD had many subjects for thought to beguile his lonely way to Gethin, but one was paramount, and absorbed the rest, though he strove to dismiss it all he could.

He endeavored to think of his dead mother. His heart was full of her patient love and weary, childless life: but her portrait faded from his mind like a dissolving view, and in its place stood that of Solomon Coe, haggard, emaciated, hideous. Still less could he think of Harry and her son, between whom and himself this spectre of the unhappy man rose up at once, summoned by the thought of them, as by a spell. It did not occur to Richard even now that he had had no right to kill him; but he shuddered to think, if he had really done so, how this late opening flower of love which he had just discovered would blossom into fear and loathing. In that case his heart would have been softened only to be pierced. His mother's death, the knowledge of Harry's fidelity, and of the existence of his son, to whom his affection had been already drawn, unknowingly and in spite of himself, had dissolved his cruel purpose. He was eager to spare his mother's memory the shame of the foul crime he had contemplated, and passionately anxious that in the veins of his new-found son there should at least run no murderer's blood.

"Faster! faster!" was still his cry, though the horses galloped whenever it was practicable, and the wheels cast the winter's mire into his eager face. This haste was made, as he well knew, upon the road to his own ruin. To find Solomon alive was to be accused of having compassed his death. There was no hope in the magnanimity of such a foe. But yesterday Richard had cared little or nothing for his own safety, and was only bent upon the prosecution of his scheme against his foe; now life had mysteriously become dear to him, and he was about to risk it in saving the man he had hated most on earth from the doom to which he had himself consigned him. He had calculated the possibilities which were in his own favor, and they had resolved themselves into this single chance—that Solomon might be induced, by the unconditional offer of Wheal Danes and its golden treasure, to forego his revenge. His greed was great; but his malice, as Richard had good cause to know, was also not easily satisfied. Moreover, even if his victim should decline to be his prosecutor, he would still stand in great peril. It was only too probable that he would be recognized at Gethin for the stranger that had so lately been staying at Turlock; he had not, indeed, mentioned his assumed name at the latter place; but his lack of interest in the fate of Solomon—whose disappearance had been narrated to him by the waitress—and his departure from the town under such circumstances, would (in case of his identification) be doubtless contrasted with this post-haste journey of his to deliver this same man. He had made up his mind, however, to neglect no precautions to avoid this contingency. It would be dark when he got to Gethin; and his purpose once accomplished he might easily escape recognition, unless he should be denounced by Solomon himself. In that case Richard was fully determined that he would glut no more the curiosity of the crowd. He would never stand in the prisoner's dock, or be consigned again to stone walls. The gossips should have a dead man's face to gaze at, and welcome; they might make what sport they pleased of that, but not again of his living agony. Then, instead of his being Solomon's murderer, he would be his victim. To judge by his present feeling, thought Richard, bitterly, this man would not enjoy his triumph even then. Revenge, as his mother had once told him, was like a game of battle-door—it is never certain who gets the last stroke. If Solomon was now dead, starved skeleton or rat-eaten corpse as he might be, Richard felt that he would still have had the advantage over him.

"What is it? Why are we stopping?" cried he, frantically, as the man pulled up on the top of a hill.

"Let me breathe the horses for an instant," pleaded the driver; "we shall gain time in the end."

"How far are we still from Gethin?" inquired Richard, impatiently.

"In time, two hours, Sir, for the road is bad, though me and the horses will do our best; but the distance is scarce twelve miles. Do you see that black thing out to seaward yonder? That's the castled rock. He stands out fine against the sunset, don't he?"

"Yes, yes: make haste;" and on they sped again at a gallop.

Within a mile or two of this spot Richard had first caught sight of that same object twenty years ago. The occasion flashed upon him with every minutest circumstance, even to the fact of how hungry he had been at the moment. The world was all before him then, and life was young. Now, prematurely aged, his interest centred in three human beings, and one of those was his bitter enemy.

The dusk thickened into dark; and the tired horses—for the stage had been a very long one—made but slow way.

"Faster! faster!" was Richard's constant cry, till the brow of the last hill was gained, and the scanty lights of Gethin showed themselves. Then it suddenly struck him for the first time what unnecessary speed had been made. Why, this man, Solomon, strong and inured to privation, had, after all, been but eight-and-forty hours in the mine, and would surely be alive, unless the rats had killed him. Where had he somewhere read of a strong man overpowered in a single night by a legion of rats, and discovered a heap of clean-picked bones by morning?

The inn, as usual at that season, showed few signs of life; but there were some half dozen miners drinking at the bar.

"Keep those men," said Richard to the innkeeper; for Solomon had long delegated that office to another, though his own name was still over the door, and the *Gethin Castle* was still his home. "I shall want their help to-night."

"Their help, Sir?" said the astonished landlord.

"Yes; but say nothing for the present. Bring me a bottle of brandy and some meat—cold chicken, if you have it; then let me have a word with you."

Richard did not order the food for himself. While it was being brought he sat down in the very chair that he had used so often—for he had been ushered into his old parlor—and gazed about him. There were the same tawdry ornaments on the mantel-piece, and the same books on the dusty shelf. Nothing was altered except the tenant of that room; but how great a change had taken place in *him!* What a face the dingy mirror offered him in place of that which it had shown him last! When the inn-keeper returned his mind involuntarily conjured up old Trevethick, as he had received from him the key of the ruin, and doggedly taken his compliments upon its workmanship. Truly, "there is no such thing as forgetting;" and to recall our past to its minutest details at the judgment-day will not be so impracticable as some of us would desire.

Richard had made up his mind exactly as to what he would say to this man, but a question suddenly presented itself, which had been absent from his thoughts from the moment that he had resolved to rescue his enemy. It was a very simple one, too, and would have occurred to any one else, as it had done already many times to himself.

"Has Mr. Coe been found yet?"

He listened for the answer eagerly, for if such was the case, not only was his journey useless, but had brought him into the very jaws of destruction. He would have thrown away his life for nothing.

"No, Sir, indeed—and he never will be," replied the inn-keeper. "When the sea don't give a man up in four-and-twenty hours, it keeps him for good—at least we always find it so at Gethin."

"Well, listen to me. My name is Balfour. I knew Mr. Coe, and have had dealings with him. We had arranged a partnership together in a certain mine; and it is my opinion that he came down here upon that business."

"Very like, Sir. He was much engaged that way, and made, they say, a pretty penny at it."

"I was at Plymouth, on my way to join him, when I heard this sad news. I came to-day post-haste in consequence of it. The search for him must be renewed to-night."

"Lor, Sir, it is easy to see you are a stranger in these parts! I wouldn't like to go myself where poor Mr. Coe met his end, on so dark a night as this. It's a bad path even in daylight along Turlock cliff."

"He did not take that way, at least I think not. Have you a ladder about the premises?"

"Yes, sure."

"And a lantern?"

"Now that's strange enough, Sir, that you should have inquired for a lantern; for we wanted one just now to see to your horses, and, though they're looking for it high and low, it can't be found nowhere."

"It doesn't strike you, then, that Mr. Coe might have taken it with him?"

"Lor, Sir," cried the inn-keeper, with admiration, "and so he must ha' done! Of course it strikes one when the thing has been put into one's head. Well, 'twas a good lantern, and now 'tis lost. Dear me, dear me!"

Golden visions of succeeding to the management of the inn, and of taking to the furniture and fixings in the gross, had flitted across this honest gentleman's brain, and the disappearance of the lantern affected him with the acute sense of pecuniary damage. The general valuation would probably be no less because of the absence of this article.

"Send out and borrow another, as many, in fact, as you can get," said Richard, impatiently; "and get ready a torch or two besides. Pick out four of the strongest men yonder, and bid them come with me, and search Wheal Danes."

"What! that old pit, Sir? You'll not find a man to do it—no, not if they knowed as master was at the bottom of it. You wait till morning."

"Your master *is* at the bottom of it. I feel sure he took the lantern with him to search that mine. I will give them a pound apiece to start at once. Pack up this food, and lend them a mattress to bring him home upon. Be quick! be quick!"

Richard's energy fairly overpowered the phlegmatic inn-keeper, whose conscience, perhaps, also smote him with respect to his missing master; and he set about the execution of these orders promptly. Wheal Danes, he had truly hinted, was a very unpopular spot with its neighbors after nightfall; but, on the other hand, sovereigns were rare in Gethin, and greatly prized. In less than half an hour the necessaries which Richard had indicated were procured, and a party, consisting of himself, four stalwart miners, and the inn-keeper, started for the pit. These were followed by half the inhabitants of the little village, attracted by the rumor of their purpose, which had oozed out from the bar of the *Gethin Castle*. The windy down had probably never known so strange a concourse as that which presently streamed over it, with torch and lantern, and stood around the mouth of the disused mine. The night was dark, and nothing could be seen save what the flare of the lights they carried showed them—a jagged rim of pit without a bottom. Notwithstanding their numbers there was but little talk among them; they had a native dread of this dismal place, and, besides, there might now be a ghastly secret hidden within it. A muffled exclamation, half of admiration, half of awe, broke from the circling crowd as, the ladder planted, Richard was seen descending it torch in hand. No other man followed; none had volunteered, and he had asked for no companion. They watched him, as the countrymen of those who had formerly worked Wheal Danes might have watched Curtius when he leaped into the gulf; and as in *his* case, when they saw the ladder removed, and the light grow dim, and finally die out before their eyes, it seemed that the pit had closed on Richard—that he was swallowed up alive. No one, unless the strange story about their missing neighbor which this man had brought was true, had ventured into Wheal Danes for these fifty years! They kept an awe-struck silence, straining eye and ear. Some thought they could still see a far-off glimmer, others that they could hear a stifled cry, when the less fortunate or the less imaginative could hear or see nothing. But after a little darkness and silence reigned supreme beneath them; they seemed standing on the threshold of a tomb.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHAT WAS FOUND IN WHEAL DANES.

A FULL half hour—which to the watchers above seemed a much longer interval—had elapsed since Richard had disappeared in the depths of Wheal Danes, and not a sign of his return had reached the attentive throng.

"I thought he'd come to harm," muttered a fisherman to his neighbor; "it was a sin and a shame to let him venture."

"Ay, you may say that," returned the other, aloud. "I call it downright murder in them as sent him."

"It was not I as sent him," observed the inn-keeper, with the honest indignation of a man that has not right habitually on his own side. "What *I* said to the gentleman was, 'Wait till morning.' Why should *I* send him?" Here he stopped, though his reasons for not wishing to hurry matters would have been quite conclusive.

"Why was he let to go down at all, being a stranger?" resumed the first speaker. "Why didn't somebody show him the way?"

"Because nobody knowed it," answered one of the four miners whose services Richard had retained, and who justly imagined that the fisherman's remark had been a reflection on his own profession. "I'd ha' gone down Dunloppel with him at midnight, or any other mine as can be called such; but this is different."

"Ay, ay, that's so," said a second miner. "We know no more of this place than you fishermen. There may be as much water in it as in the sea, for aught we can tell."

"It's my belief they're more afraid of the Dead Hand than the water," observed a voice from the crowd, the great majority of which was composed of fisher folk.

No reply was given to this; perhaps because the speaker, an old cripple, the Thersites of the village, was beneath notice, perhaps because the remark was unanswerable. The miners were bold enough against material enemies, but they were superstitious to a man.

"If Solomon Coe were alive," continued the same voice, "he wouldn't ha' feared nothin'."

"That's the first word, old man, as ever I heard you speak in his favor," said a miner, contemptuously; "and you've waited for that till he's dead."

"Still, he would ha' gone, and you durstn't," observed the old fellow, cunningly, "and that's the p'int."

These allusions to the Dead Hand and to the missing Solomon were not of a nature to inspire courage in those to whom it was already lacking, and a silence again ensued. There was less light, for a torch or two had gone out, and the mine looked blacker than ever.

"Well, who's a-going down?" croaked the old cripple. "The gentleman came from your inn, Jonathan, and it's your place, I should think, to look after him."

"Certainly not," answered the inn-keeper, hastily. "These men here were hired for this very service."

"That's true," said the first miner. "But what's the use of talking when the gentleman has got the ladder with him?"

"There's more ladders in the world than one," observed the cripple. "Here's my grandson, John; he and half a dozen of these young fellows would fetch Farmer Gray's in less than no time. Come, lads—be off with ye."

This suggestion was highly applauded, except by the miner who had so injudiciously compromised himself, and was carried out at once.

When the ladder arrived the three other miners, ashamed of deserting their comrade, volunteered to descend with him. The excitement among the spectators was great, indeed, when these four men disappeared in the levels of Wheal Danes, as Richard had done before them. The light of their combined torches lingered a little in their rear; the sound of their voices, as they halloed to one another or to the missing man, was heard for several minutes. But darkness and silence swallowed *them* up also, and the watchers gazed on one another aghast.

It is not an easy thing, even for those accustomed to underground labor, to search an unfamiliar spot by torch-light; the fitful gleam makes the objects on which it falls difficult of identification. It is doubtful whether one has seen this or that before or not—whether we are not retracing old ground. Even to practiced eyes these objects, too, are not so salient as the tree or the stone which marks a locality above-ground; add to this, in the present case, that the searchers were momently in expectation of coming upon something which they sought and yet feared to find, and it will be seen that their progress was of necessity but slow. They kept together, too, as close as sheep, which narrowed the compass of their researches, and caused their combined torches to distribute only as much light as one man would have done provided with a chandelier. They knew, however, that their predecessor had descended into the second level, so that they did not need to explore the first at all. The ground was hard, and gave forth echoes to their cautious but heavy tread; their cries of "Hollo!" "Are you there?" which they reiterated, like nervous children playing hide-and-seek, reverberated from roof to wall.

Presently, when they stopped to listen for these voices of the rock to cease, there was heard a human moan. It seemed to come up from a great depth out of the darkness before them. They listened earnestly, and the sound was repeated—the faint cry of a man in grievous pain.

"There must be another level," observed the miner who had volunteered the search. "This man has fallen down it."

They had therefore to go back for the ladder. Pushing this before them, the end began presently to run freely, and then stopped; it had adjusted itself by the side of the shorter ladder which Richard had brought down with him.

"He could not have fallen, then," observed a miner, answering his comrade's remark—as is the custom with this class of great doers and small talkers—at a considerable interval.

"Yes, he could," replied the one who had first spoken. "See, his ladder was short, and he may have pitched over."

They stood and listened, peering down into the darkness beneath them; but there was no repetition of the cries. The wounded man had apparently spent his last strength, perhaps his last breath, in uttering them.

"He must be down here somewhere. Come on."

The situation was sufficiently appalling; but these men had lost half their terrors, now that they knew there was a fellow-creature needing help. They descended slowly; and he who was foremost presently cried out, "I see him; here he is."

The man was lying on his face quite still; and when they lifted him, each looked at the other with a grave significance—they had carried too many from the bowels of the earth to the pit's mouth not to know when a man was dead. Even a senseless body is not the same to an experienced bearer as a dead weight. The corpse was still warm, but the head fell back with a movement not of life.

"You were right, mate. His neck is broke; the poor gentleman pitched over on his head."

"Stop a bit," exclaimed the man addressed; "see here. Why, it ain't him at all—it's Solomon Coe."

An exclamation of astonishment burst involuntarily from the other three.

"Then where's the other?" cried they all together.

"I am here," answered a ghastly whisper.

Within but a few feet of Solomon, so that they could hardly have overlooked him had not the former monopolized their attention, lay Richard, grievously hurt. Some ribs were broken, and one of them was pressed in upon the lungs. Still he was alive, and the men turned their attention first to him, since Solomon was beyond their aid. By help of the two ladders, side by side, they bore him up the wall of rock; and so from level to level—a tedious and painful journey to the wounded man—to the upper air.

He was carried to the inn upon the mattress which his own care had provided for another; while the four miners, to the amazement of the throng, once more descended into the pit for a still more ghastly burden.

Richard could speak a little, though with pain. By his orders a messenger was dispatched that night to Plymouth to telegraph the news of the discovery of her husband's body to Mrs. Coe. His next anxiety was to hear the surgeon's report, not on his own condition, but on that of Solomon. This gentleman did not arrive for some hours, and Richard was secretly well pleased

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at his delay. It was his hope, for a certain reason, that he would not arrive until the body was stiff and cold.

He saw Richard first, of course. The case was very serious; so much so that he thought it right to mention the fact, in order that his patient might settle his worldly affairs if they needed settlement.

"There is no immediate danger, my good Sir; but it is always well in such cases to have the mind free from anxiety."

"I understand; it is quite right," said Richard, gravely. "Moreover, since the opportunity may not occur again, let me now state how it all happened."

"Nay, you must not talk. We know it all, or at least enough of it for the present."

"What do you know?" asked Richard, with his eyes half shut, but with eager ears.

"That in your benevolent attempt to seek after Mr. Coe you met with the same accident—though I trust it will not have the same ending—as that unfortunate gentleman himself. He pitched upon his head and broke his neck, while you fell upon your side."

"That is so," murmured Richard. "He and I were partners, you see—"

"There, there; not a word more," insisted the doctor; "your deposition can wait."

And having done what he could for his patient, he left him, in order to examine the unfortunate Solomon. His investigation corroborated all that he had already heard of the circumstances of his death, with which also Richard's evidence accorded. An observation made by one of the miners who had found the body, to the effect that it was yet warm when they had come upon it, excited the surgeon's ridicule. "It is now Tuesday morning, my friend," said he, "and this poor fellow met with his death on Saturday night for certain. He could not, therefore, have been much warmer when you found him than he is now."

"Well, me and my mate here we both fancied—"

"I dare say you did, my man," interrupted the doctor; "and fancy is a very proper word to apply to such an impression. If you take my advice, however, you will not repeat such a piece of evidence when put upon your oath, for the thing is simply impossible."

"Then I suppose we be in the wrong," said Dick to Jack; and on that supposition they acted.

In this way too self-reliant Science, whose mission it is to explode fallacies, occasionally assists in the explosion or suffocation of a fact, for Solomon Coe had not been dead half an hour when his body was found.

When Richard, alone on his errand of mercy, was approaching the brink of the third level, he could hear Solomon calling lustily for help. Nay, it was not only "Help!" but "Murder!" that he cried out; and notwithstanding the menace that that word implied toward himself, Richard hurried on, well pleased to hear it; the vigor of the cry assured him that his enemy was not only living, but unhurt. As the light he carried grew more distinct to him, indeed, these shouts redoubled; but when it came quite near, and disclosed the features of its bearer, there was a dead silence. The two men stood confronting one another—the one in light, distinctly seen, looking down upon the other in shade, just as they had parted only eight-and-forty hours ago. To one of them, as we know, this space had been eventful; but to the other it had seemed a lifetime—an age of hopes and fears, and latterly of cold despair, which had now been warmed once more to hope only to freeze again. For was not this man, to whom he had looked for aid, his cruel foe come back to taunt him?—to behold him already half-way toward death, and to make its slow approach more bitter. But great as was his agony Solomon held his peace, nor offered to this monarch of his fate the tribute of a groan.

"I am come to rescue you," said Richard, in low but distinct tones; "to undo the evil that I have already done, although it was no less than you deserved, nor an overpayment of the debt I owed you. In return you will doubtless denounce me as having meant to murder you."

No answer. If Richard had not heard his cries, it would have seemed that this poor wretch had lost the power of speech. His huge head drooped upon his shoulder, and he leaned against the rocky wall as though his limbs could not have otherwise supported themselves; they shook indeed—but was it with weakness or with hate?—as though he had the palsy.

"Well, you will have reason to do so," continued Richard, calmly, "for I did mean to murder you. In ten minutes hence you will find yourself among your neighbors, free to act as you please. I shall make no appeal to your mercy; it would, I know, be as fruitless as was yours to mine the other day; but if you abstain from molesting me, this mine, with all its hidden treasure, shall be your own. I have nothing more to say."

Solomon answered nothing. "Perhaps," thought Richard, "he still doubts me.—Well, here is the ladder;" and he suited the action to the word. Solomon's great hand flew out from his side, and clutched a rung as a dog's teeth close upon a bone; a dog's growl, too, half triumph and half threat, came from his deep chest; then he began slowly to ascend, keeping his eyes fixed on Richard. The latter drew back a little to give him space, and watched him with folded arms.

"Now," said Solomon, stepping off the ladder with the prolonged "Ha!" of one who breathes freely after long oppression, "it is *my* turn!"

"What are you about to do?" asked Richard, calmly.

"What! you think we are quits, Richard Yorke, do you? or at least that when I had seen you hung it would seem so to me? You don't know what it is to die here slowly in the dark; you are about to learn that."

"Indeed."

"Yes. You complained the other day of my having used the law against you. Well, you shall not have to reproach me with that a second time. We are about to change places, you and I, that's all. You shall keep sentry down yonder till Death comes to relieve *you*. It was indiscreet in you to venture here alone to dictate terms, my friend."

Solomon's voice was grating and terrible; it had grown hoarse with calling. His form was gaunt and pinched with hunger; his eyes flashed like those of some starving beast of prey.

"I swear to you I came here to rescue you, and with no other purpose," said Richard, earnestly. "I was not afraid of you when you were hale and strong, and much less now when you are weakened with privation; but I do not wish to have your blood upon my hands. I came here to-night—"

"Is it night?" interrupted the other, eagerly. "I did not know that it was night; how should I, in this place, where there is no day? Well, that was still more indiscreet of you, for I shall get away unseen, while you lie here unsought."

"Your scheme is futile. There are fifty men about the pit's mouth now. I have told them—"

"Liar!" Solomon darted forward; and Richard, throwing away the torch, as though disdaining to use any advantage in the way of weapon, grappled with him at once. At the touch of his foe his scruples vanished, and his hate returned with tenfold fury. But he was in the grasp of a giant. Privation had doubtless weakened Solomon, but he had still the strength of a powerful man, and his rage supplied him for the time with all that he had lost. They clung to one another like snakes, and whirled about with frantic violence. Whichever fell undermost was a dead man for certain. For a few moments the expiring torch still showed them each other's hot, vindictive faces; then they battled in the dark, with laboring breath and eager strain, swaying they knew not whither. At last the huge weight of Solomon overbore his lesser antagonist. Richard's limbs gave way beneath him, and he fell, but fell through space; for in their gyrations they had, without knowing it, returned to the top of the ladder. His foe, fast clutched, fell with him, but, pitching on his head, was killed, as we have seen, upon the instant.

This was the true history of what had occurred in the mine, as Richard, on his bed of pain, recalled it step by step, and strove to shape it to his ends.

FISH AT AUCTION.

LIKE every other article of food in Paris, fresh-water fish has become scarce, and brings exorbitant prices. The practice is to dispose of it by auction, as shown in the illustration on page 852; and the excitement, says a letter from Paris, that will be got up over a Seine eel and half a dozen gudgeons—which will be eventually knocked down, the one at five-and-twenty francs and the others at even more—is something tremendous: the screaming and shouting and struggling remind one of that famous scene at the commencement of the siege, when a cargo of Dutch cheeses, the owner of which was unknown, had been handed over by order of the government to the Halles factors for sale by auction, and such a disturbance ensued that it was found necessary to suspend the sale, and to call in armed National Guards to clear the market-place.

THE KING OF SPAIN.

WHEN, by the "bloodless revolution," PRIM and his colleagues upset the old BOURBON rule, there was great elation of spirit among the republicans, who thought their time was come; but the rising was not against the system, but against the dynasty. The country was swept clear of the old rulers with startling suddenness, and PRIM, instead of trying new forms and making a fresh constitution, determined to abide by the old. The thing was to get a king. The General undertook to make one, and, to use a Carlylism, "has been trying desperately ever since, but" for some time "couldn't quite succeed." His failures were many. He appealed to Portugal, to Germany, to Italy; he tried schoolboys and old men; those who were willing were not popular, those who were popular were not willing, and all the time there were the republicans and Carlists and Montpensierists ready to fly at his throat—trying it now and then—the BOURBONS mildly intriguing in Paris, and the Emperor of the French declaring he would not interfere, but quietly hinting objections which were serious obstacles to success.

At last, however, General PRIM has justified his title of "king-maker," and the king whom he has produced is one whom he proposed long ago; but there were difficulties in the way then which have since been removed. AMADEUS FERDINAND MARIE, Duke of Aosta, whose portrait we give on page 861, the second son of the King of Italy, was then heir-presumptive to his father's throne, and he doubtless felt some reluctance to renouncing his claim. Now he no longer stands in that position; an heir has been born to his brother; and, when the HOHENZOLLERN candidature fell through, General PRIM turned once more to Italy, and this time with success. The crown was accepted on two conditions—that the consent of the Cortes should be obtained, and that the European powers should be consulted. To this last General PRIM strongly objected, but was at last obliged to yield. From all courts came messages of congratulation. The Cortes, in spite of a desperate republican resistance, accepted the candidate by what, in the divided state of the country, must be considered a very good majority, and the house of Savoy reigns in Spain as well as in Italy.

King AMADEUS was born on the 30th of May, 1845, and was married in 1867 to Princess MARIE, daughter of Prince CHARLES EMANUEL DEL POZZO DELLA CISTERNA, by whom he has several children, one a son, born since the vote of the Cortes. He is very popular in his own country, inheriting the virtues of his house, bravery and frankness, and without those faults which are said to have at times somewhat dimmed his father's popularity. The house of Savoy is essentially representative of constitutional government. The succession in the present case is assured, so far as such a thing can be. The new king, if not a man of brilliant parts, is honest, and is no bigot, which is all that is needed, and we may therefore hope that under the new dynasty Spain may recover some of her former grandeur and prosperity, emulating Italy in her task of regeneration.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN no country, perhaps, is Christmas so universally observed and reverently beloved as in Germany. In the "old country" it is a family festival, to which young and old, rich and poor, look forward with intense delight. For weeks before preparations are made for its proper celebration, so that when Christmas-eve has arrived grown folks and children are all ready to begin the ceremonies with which they are accustomed to observe the day. Every house has its Christmas-tree, which is the object of the most attentive care. None are forgotten in the distribution of gifts; the servants are as sure to share in the general hilarity as the children of the household. It is a maxim with the Germans that every body must be happy on this day. The poor are abundantly remembered; the children in the public schools receive a gift from the public authorities; the sick are visited by sympathizing neighbors. From one end of Germany to the other it is a welcome holiday—a time for the reunion of scattered families, and the strengthening of social and domestic ties. We can, then, imagine what bitter disappointment prevails in thousands of German households, now that Christmas is just at hand, and fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons are far away from home, exposed to the vicissitudes of war. Nay, more: with what sorrow and anguish will multitudes of widows and fatherless children remember, on the coming Christmas-eve, the vacant places at their firesides—places never more to be filled by the beloved ones! The thought of the great increase of suffering caused by the European war will temper the merriment incident to Christmas, and incline the hearts of all to charity.

Certain classes in England are becoming very restless under their present system of government. The "Reform League" recently held a large meeting in London, at which bitter speeches were made, contrasting "the pauperism of the country—there being 137,000 paupers in London alone—to the wealth of the Queen, who draws £400,000 a year, besides other large sums for the royal family." An appeal is made to the entire people, ignorant and educated, to decide by ballot whether or not they should supersede "the present cumbersome and inhuman system of government by the establishment of a republic."

The Prussians caught a Parisian balloon the other day. One which had been successfully used in London was prepared to be sent off. The passengers—mostly wealthy foreigners—had assembled, the passage money was paid, when, by some mismanagement, the balloon was overturned by a gust of wind, and, slipping from the inclosing net, it ascended by itself, and was totally lost to Paris, as it eventually fell into the hands of the enemy.

Maine promises to harvest a much larger crop of ice this year than last, it having been estimated that the Kennebec alone will yield no less than 350,000 tons. Maine generally keeps her promises, but the ice is by no means thick enough to cut yet!

An important experiment was recently successfully tried in the North River—that of blowing up a wrecked vessel. Six tin cans, each holding about ten pounds of powder, were lowered into the wreck, and fired by a galvanic battery. The shock was terrific; but the wreck was thoroughly broken up, and then completely dredged out, thus showing the feasibility of removing sunken vessels from the harbor.

It is said that Luther celebrated Christmas-eve in his family according to the German custom. In an engraving published in Leipsic the great reformer is represented as surrounded by children, and playing upon a gittern—an instrument not unlike the modern guitar.

Typhoid fever and diphtheria often follow a summer drought, because wells and cisterns are not cleansed from the bad water and sediment which have accumulated in them.

The demeanor of Napoleon III. at Sedan was certainly far removed from cowardice, if reports are correct. It is related of him that in the midst of the scene of confusion which ensued upon the irruption of the panic-stricken French into Sedan, while riding slowly through a wide street swept by the German artillery and choked by the disorderly soldiery, he paused for a moment to address a question to a colonel of his staff. At the same instant a shell exploded a few feet before him, leaving him unharmed. The Emperor continued on his way without manifesting the slightest emotion, greeted by the enthusiastic vivats of the troops. Later, while sitting at a window inditing his celebrated letter to the King of Prussia, a shell struck the wall just outside, and burst only a few feet from the Emperor's chair, again leaving him unscathed and unmoved.

The Mercantile Library of New York city now numbers over 122,000 volumes. The average number of books delivered to members is 800; some days as many as 1800 are delivered. The library has branches at Stamford, Norwalk, Yonkers, Jersey City, and Elizabeth. The reading-room, which has the reputation of being the largest and best furnished in America, contains over 400 newspapers and periodicals.

A giant Christmas pie is described in an English newspaper, the Newcastle *Chronicle*, of January 6, 1770, as containing two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild-ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons. This enormous curiosity was made for a baronet—Sir Henry Grey—and measured nearly nine feet in circumference, weighed about twelve stone, and was neatly fitted with a case and four small wheels, to facilitate its use to every guest that inclined to partake of its contents at table.

The ladies of Washington have been much annoyed in past seasons by the large number of uninvited guests who attend private receptions. Often the unasked guests have been as numerous as those to whom cards were sent. Some are even so uncivil as to enter private houses on special occasions. At a certain wedding reception a year ago over one hundred persons with whom the bride and her family were totally unacquainted were present in the assumed character of invited guests. The President's receptions and those of the Speaker of the House of Representatives are the only ones given in the evening for which no cards are issued, and to which every body is privileged to go.

The annual report of the Fire Marshal of this city contains some items of general interest and value to the public. During the year ending October 31 there have been 856 fires. Twenty buildings have been totally destroyed, sixty-nine badly damaged, and over seven hundred slightly damaged. More than half the fires originated from carelessness, the use of inflammable or explosive materials, or were incendiary. No less than two hundred and six fires occurred from carelessness in the use of candles, matches, pipes, and cigars; and thirty were caused by children playing with matches. The number of fires has decreased since last year, one cause being the introduction of the telegraphic alarm system below Fourteenth Street.

The circulation of our prominent newspapers has increased lately to such an extent that presses not long ago considered *fast*, and which could easily print ten to twelve thousand sheets an hour, are now deemed old-fogyish, and are insufficient for the purposes of a first-class daily journal. To meet the exigencies of an increasing trade, Mr. George W. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, some time ago ordered of the Messrs. Hoe a new printing-machine for his newspaper, which, when completed, will enable the establishment to turn out sixty-five thousand copies of the *Ledger* per hour. The new press will cost, we are informed, upward of forty thousand dollars, and will be ready for use in two or three months.

We had thought to give our readers a little idea of the holiday books of 1870-71. But a glance over the shelves of some of the principal book-stores convinces us of the impossibility of so doing in our brief space. Even a mere catalogue of the fresh reading-matter would fill columns. A special feature of the season is the multitude of illustrated "juveniles," which will charm the eyes of expectant young folks, and very decidedly bewilder those who wish to choose for them. Without making invidious distinction—for we are rather bewildered too by the panorama of pictures passing before our eyes—we mention a few of the many which interest us, on behalf of the children. "The Wonderland Stories," among which "Letters Everywhere" contains a most curious and ingenious adaptation of the alphabet to natural objects, amusing to young and old; "Mother Goose in her New Dress;" "True Stories of Real Pets;" "The Children's Week;" "The Adventures of a Young Naturalist," with 117 elegant illustrations; Dickens's "Child's Dream of a Star;" "My Apingi Kingdom," written by the boys' friend, Du Chaillu; "Black Peter," containing *silhouettes* by Paul Konewka's scissors; "Max and Maurice;" "Popular Fairy Tales," illustrated by Doré; "Puss-Cat Mew;" "Punch and Judy;" but the list swells, and the end is yet far off. Nor have we even mentioned the numerous sets of children's books which, beautifully bound and illustrated, come in neat boxes. A visit to our book-stores just now is full of interest to the young people as well as their parents.

Miss Nightingale never ceases to retain the most lively interest in all those who are called to suffer from the exigencies of war. In sending a subscription to the fund for relieving the suffering peasantry of France, she says:

"I wish it was ten times as much; for in this most terrible of all earth's wars—in the countless horrors of this most horrible of mankind's histories—I believe the sufferings of the starving, stripped, and burned-out peasantry are the greatest horrors of all."

Five great cartridge factories in Paris give constant employment to about six thousand women, under the general direction of the artillery artificers. The total daily production is 800,000 cartridges.

An excitement is being aroused concerning the diamond fields of the South, extending over a space of six hundred miles, from Hall County, Georgia, to Virginia. This may prove a counter-irritant to the South African diamond fever.

The following incident is related of General Kératry: A private of Mobiles was sentenced to death by court-martial for insubordination. His pardon, strongly solicited from General Kératry, was sternly refused. On November 18 the whole army was drawn up to witness the execution. The drums rolled the death notes. The culprit received the last consolations of religion, and the firing party was ready awaiting the signal. But at the very last moment General Kératry galloped to the front, and said he had determined to save the man's life, hoping that his clemency might not be misinterpreted, and that in future discipline would be strictly observed. The astounded rebel, thus rescued from the jaws of death, threw himself at General Kératry's feet, or rather at the feet of his horse. The General said, "Rise up, my friend; and remember that a Frenchman should never go down on his knees."

A New Bedford captain, who has spent the past four years in whaling voyages in the Pacific and Arctic oceans, gives it as his opinion that the purchase of Alaska was a good bargain for the United States. He says that the climate is not too severe for Americans, and not so trying to the constitution as tropical countries. The soil is adapted to grazing, and the common vegetables are raised in abundance, making it a good recruiting-ground for ships. The seal-fisheries on the coast and islands are very extensive and valuable. San Francisco gets her fish, codfish, salmon, etc., there. The timber of the Territory is something like the Oregon pine. The cranberry fields of Kodiac Island near the peninsula, are immense, and the berries far surpass in size and are equal in flavor to those of Cape Cod or New Jersey. Gold mines have recently been discovered in Alaska, and California miners have gone there in considerable numbers. The fur trade, of course, is well known to be valuable.

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THE PARIS FOOD MARKETS.

A ROMAN emperor is reported to have once offered a handsome reward to any one who would invent for him a new dish. Could but this imperial *gourmand* now visit Paris he might revel in delicities as novel as they are reported to be delicious. Have not besieged correspondents been unraveling their readers for some weeks past by relating the many experiments the once fastidious Parisians have been trying as to the edibility of various animals hitherto considered to be exclusively confined to the table of a barbarous Chinaman or a Crimean Zoonite? One theatre reports cat-flesh exquisite; while another tells into ecstasies over the delicacy and flavor of a *selonis des vetz*, which, however low it sounds, was put down in his bill under the more comprehensive title of *ptôt*. Ass-flesh is reported to be superior to veal; horse is roasted and then pickled for some days is capital beef; dog is by no means unpalatable; and a roast mouse is matchless eating.

Not only, however, have the beleaguered Parisians been testing the flavor and digestibility of these familiar animals, but the Zoological Gardens have also furnished them with still stranger meats. Those hungry ostriches which you were expressly forbidden to feed, and which, consequently, were suffered to suffocation by the more youthful of the *habitués*, have themselves been slaughtered, while the revered missionary of Timbuctoonian memory, so basely devoured by a cassowary, has been amply revenged by the fate of his antagonist's representatives at the Jardin des Plantes. Yak, kangaroo, and monkey have been procurable; the hams of the bear, so unjustly abused by M. Dumas in his "Impressions de Voyage," have been speculated on with great gusto; while buffalo-steak has been discussed at a select party of besieged epicureans, and pronounced most excellent eating.

Beef and mutton have long been rationed by the government at a very reasonable tariff, though in infinitesimal portions; but poultry, scarcely indeed obtainable, has sold for enormous prices. Thus the sketch on the left represents a scene witnessed on the Pont Neuf. An old lady, bent on making the most of the last of her poultry-yard, proclaimed the bird, estimated by a by-stander to be a veteran of at least eight years' standing, to be "the last cock in Paris," and, though admitting him to be no chicken, declared him not so old as represented, and stated his price to be 25 francs. A rabbit and two hens were also in her basket, the whole being valued at 59 francs. The lot was easily sold at the old lady's own price.

Milk also has been rare during the siege, and though it is stated that there are 6000 milch cows in Paris, this beverage is by no means easy to procure. Thus, as the second sketch depicts, no sooner do the milk-carts arrive from the Bois de Boulogne, or from some other oasis outside the ramparts where large herds of cattle are kept, than crowds of thirsty souls surround them, struggling to obtain, at any price, a small basin of this grateful liquid, made still more simple by the addition of considerable quantities of *aqua pura*. Rarely does the peasant escape till all his milk be gone, and a correspondent writes that "this scrambling frequently ends in half the milk being upset in the road. Those who have regular customers," he adds, "are obliged to change their itinerary every two or three days, or their cans would be dry before they arrived at the first house. We shall soon be without milk, as all cows are to be killed unless the proprietors can prove they have fodder enough to keep them for a month."

"THE LAST LOT"—SALE OF POULTRY IN PARIS.

SELLING MILK IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

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THE NEW KING OF SPAIN.

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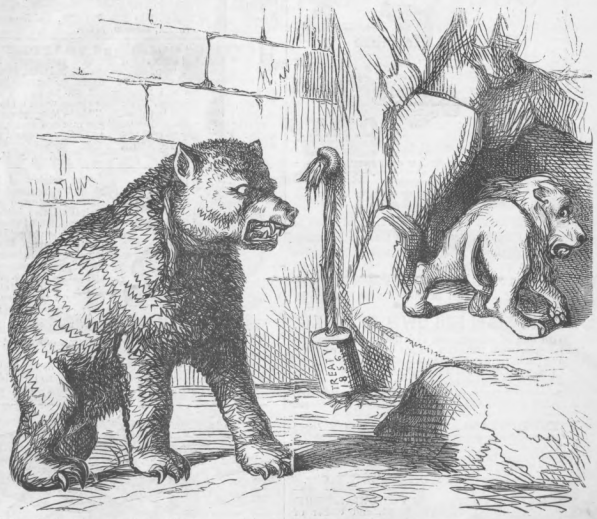

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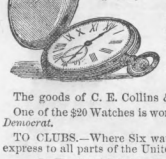

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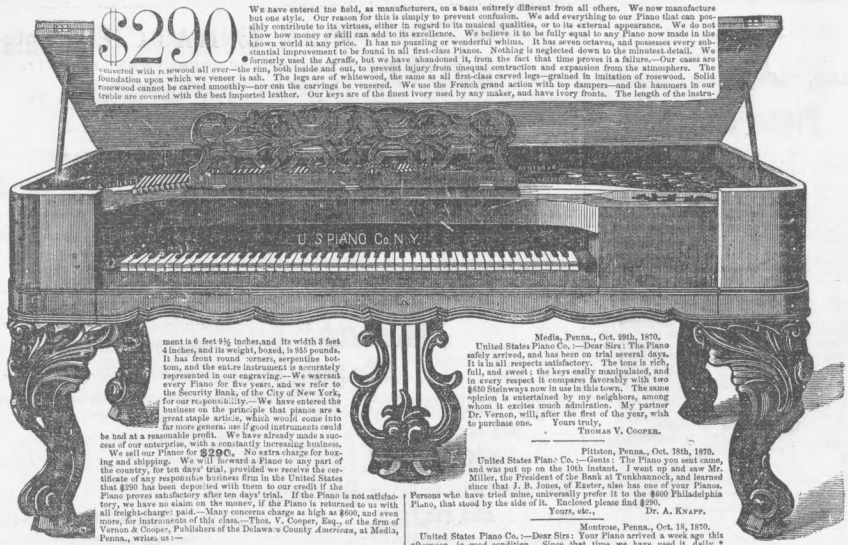

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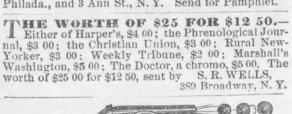

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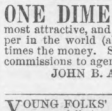

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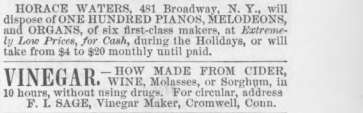

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A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-EVE.

The following is a very old Christmas carol, once extensively known in England, and still a great favorite in many parts of that country:

As Joseph was a-walking
he heard an angel sing—
This night shall be the birth-time
of Christ the heavenly King.
He neither shall be born
in housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
but in an ox's stall:

He neither shall be clothed
in purple nor in pall,
But in the linen white and fair
that usen babies all;
He neither shall be rocked
in silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger rude
that resteth on the mould:

He neither shall be washen
with white wine nor with red,
But with the water from the spring
that on you shall be shed.
As Joseph was a-walking
thus did the angel sing,
And Mary's son at midnight hour
was born to be our King.

Then be ye glad, good people,
this night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles, for
his star it shineth clear;
And all in earth and heaven
a joyous carol sing,
For lo! to us a child is born,
and all the bells do ring!

APPLES OF SODOM.

A Christmas Story.

ALL night long the snow had been falling steadily, and when the sun arose on Christmas morning it seemed almost inclined to go back again, the air was so crisp and frosty. If the sun had any such half-formed intention, however, the idea was not executed, for the round red ball rolled slowly above the horizon line, and stared around upon the white surface spread before it, as if aghast at the amount of work it had to do to warm such a cold earth. An early bird, if any had been stirring, would have seen the long line that marked out Broadway, extending, in appearance like a piece of white tape, through the length of New York. Broadway was very quiet that Christmas morning; even the milkmen had not started on their noisy trips, and the over-night loungers had all apparently found warm places of repose, and had not ventured out of them yet. No stores were open, no pedestrians were abroad—every body was asleep.

Meanwhile the red ball rose higher and higher, and gradually its influence began to be felt: by the white roofs that lined the white streets, and little drops of water began to perspire from their edges, and roll over on to the sidewalks; by the frosty windows, and they became gradually more transparent; by the life of the city, and gradually it began to stir. First a window went up, a night-capped head peered out, and then popped in again; then a door opened, and great-coat and muffler issued forth; then the tinkling of bells was heard, and a horse appeared, panting and smoking, while the discordant scream of the milkman startled the silence—and New York was awake.

In a narrow lane, between two narrow streets on the east side of the city, stood a tall, thin structure, which seemed as if it had been wedged in between the two fat houses on either side of it to separate them, and had been forgotten there. It was a crazy old house—one of those that grow up in the heart of every great city, and, living a neglected and forsaken life, are not missed when they decay. It was full of windows, and every window seemed stuffed with old hats and coats and bits of cloth; and the blinds had all been wrenched off, and the doors hung loosely from their hinges; and altogether it presented a most miserable and dilapidated appearance. But there was one comparatively bright feature even about this unfortunate old relic. Away up in the top story the early bird could have seen one window that was not stuffed with old clothes and rags, albeit it was as shattered as any of the rest. Every broken pane in this window had a thin piece of wood tacked neatly over it, and though this plan excluded some of the light, it kept the cold out also, and looked less slatternly, and that was a great deal where every thing was dirty and slovenly and wretched. But there were a few panes of glass carefully preserved in this window, and through these the first rays of this Christmas sun poured with their full glory. There was nothing remarkable about the room which thus received a share of the Christmas sun—which shines alike for broken-down old tenement-houses and rich mansions—but its neatness. The furniture was old and common, but whole and clean. A pine table, dresser, bedstead, and a few chairs, that was all—all except a little, cold, cheerless stove, which, as it is destined to play an important part in this story, deserves and shall receive special description.

It was a funny little stove, made of sheet-iron, and having a little pipe with a matter-of-fact kind of elbow that twisted up into the chimney as if it only did so on compulsion and under protest. There was no fire in it, and it stood there looking cold and black, yet with a cheerful expression as the sun glistened on its smooth sides, while, the cover being off, it stared straight up to the ceiling through its large round eye, like a little square, black, inanimate Cyclops.

On the iron bedstead lay the figure of an old man. He was asleep, and the sun, shining full upon him, lined out his shape upon the coarse counterpane with marvelous distinctness. From the soft, thin, gray hair down to the very boots he wore it was all sharp; not the sharpness of acuteness; not the sharpness of meanness; but the stinging, biting sharpness of extreme poverty. He was a very old man. He did not seem as if he had grown sharp by years of suffering and pinching, but rather as though he had been suddenly clutched in a corner by distress, and had all the blood and flesh and marrow crushed out of him at once, and so had fallen asleep at midsummer and lain there until Christmas. For he lay on the bed with all his clothes on, and his nose and his fingers looked as if all the cold weather since October had been at work bluing him. After all, however, he had only lain there a few hours, as we shall see by-and-by.

There was a rough old Boston rocker standing tipped back against the wall beside the bed, and in it, crouched up in a heap, with little that seemed human about it, was another sleeping figure, that of a boy—judging by size and clothes—though the same frosty fingers and the same nipping poverty had evidently pinched all of youth out of the thin, pitiful face, and left the blue sign-manual, that was so obvious in the older man, to tell the story.

There came a clumping and stamping up the rickety stairs, and presently the door flew open with a bang to admit the form of a jolly, red-headed Irishman, whose cheerful, radiant face seemed to counteract the chill of the cold blast that blew in through the open door. He made noise enough in his entrance to have awakened the Sleeping Beauty; but though the old man started bolt-upright on the bed, and the shapeless mass of humanity in the Boston rocker rolled on the floor, neither seemed any the less asleep by these changes of position. "Hulloh, Old Chestnuts! Wake up, Boot-black!" shouted the new-comer; and he presented his foot to the figure on the floor, and his fist to the old man, with one and the same movement. Slowly the two took upright positions, and, stretching and yawning, awakened. The figure rising from the floor assumed the proportions of a young man, who might have been of any age from twenty to fifty, as far as his face was an index of his years, but was probably not far from the former. He was very tall and very thin, and, like the other, very sharp; yet, now that he was awake, there was to be seen a something fresh and young in his eye, a cheerful curl to his mouth, that evidenced a genial, youthful feeling smouldering under the surface. He rubbed his sides, twisted himself into various ungainly positions, blew his fingers, and then grinned broadly at the rough salutation of the Irishman, looking as pleasant as if he had just crept from a warm feather-bed this Christmas morning, and was standing before a blazing fire examining the contents of his stocking.

"I'm awake, Andy," said he. "You needn't make such a row. What's the matter, father?" he added, and, walking over to the old man, took him by the shoulders and gave him several affectionate but brisk shakes, which resulted in fully arousing him; then, sitting down in front of the stove, he proceeded to build a fire therein, stuffing it with shavings and bits of wood until it seemed ready to burst.

Barty Blandy, short for Bartimeus Blandy, Esq., as he had once been called, was reduced in circumstances—that is to say, while he had once been a thriving fruit-seller in Water Street, had lived in his own house, plainly but comfortably, he was now engaged in following the not very lucrative business of a peripatetic chestnut vendor, though peripatetic only so far as carrying his wares from his present abode to the locality selected for his day's traffic. He had been one of those easy-going men who are always about to do something, and never do it; so he was always going to have his little shop and stock insured, but he never did; and one cold winter's night, about ten years before this Christmas of our story, the fruit establishment took fire, and when Bartimeus went to open his shop next morning he found no shop to open.

After that calamity the old man had an interval of total blankness, as far as mental activity was concerned, for a period of about six weeks; and, when he was able to get about again, it was noticeable that there was a periodical tendency to aberration, which took rather an original shape. He had formed one idea, amounting to a conviction, that his future fortune lay in the direction of chestnuts, and to chestnuts he immediately and ever after devoted himself with great vigor and pertinacity. But he had also harbored another delusion, to the effect that he was a veteran of 1812, and liable to be called upon to parade at a moment's notice. To these twin ideas he clung with undeviating tenacity.

Thus the old man sold his chestnuts daily, deriving, however, quite an addition to the family income through the industry of his son, the young man whom we left building a fire in the comical little stove.

Cheeny Blandy, diminutive for Patchin—so named in honor of a distant relative of his deceased mother, of Hibernian extraction—was the only offspring of the Blandy couple. When the unfortunate accident occurred which placed the worthy fruit merchant at the mercy of a cold world, the hidden virtues of the youthful Cheeny made themselves known. The conflagration having destroyed considerable stock which had been purchased on credit, it became necessary to dispose of the major part of Mr. Blandy's possessions, and Cheeny, though only ten years old, found himself equal to the emergency. Selling their snug little dwelling and most of their furniture to pay their debts, which, as is usual in such cases, were found to surpass his wildest anticipations, Cheeny moved his sick father to the little room they had ever since occupied. It was not until the recovery of the old man that they were enabled to earn enough to support them, and they were forced to depend in some measure upon the charity of their friends. But when that had occurred, and the father was able to get about again, Cheeny got the necessary stock in trade and utensils, including the little stove, which had to be transported daily to and from the old man's business locality, and he was fairly set up in trade. As for Cheeny, he determined to devote himself to any thing that might come handiest, and as boot-blacking seemed to offer as good a field for the exercise of his talents as any thing, he used the first profits accruing from the chestnut sales to purchase the necessary tools.

Every morning, after establishing his father at some comfortable corner, Cheeny went the rounds of his customers; and every evening, after transporting the chestnut-merchant and his appurtenances to the room in the wedged-in tenement, the boy would again go through a select circle of gentlemen who patronized the opera and theatre. Thus, by the economy and cheerful industry of Cheeny, and the unwearied labors of the old man, they lived very comfortably for two or three years. But after that time, to the surprise and consternation of Cheeny, the proceeds of his father's daily traffic gradually became diminished. Had the demand for chestnuts ceased? Other dealers appeared to flourish, and the old man's stock seemed always to be disposed of. He gave as an explanation for the falling-off of his returns sometimes one reason sometimes another. He had sold off at a low price, for fear of having his stock remain on his hands; he had lost the money; some rude boy had overturned his stand. He never drank, and he showed no signs of having expended the money in any other way; so poor Cheeny, loth to suspect his father, or even to question him, only worked the harder, and waited for the future to elucidate the mystery. Sometimes he tried to induce the old man to change his business; suggested apples and candy; but no! the old man had but one idea on this subject, and that was chestnuts, and to chestnuts he stuck, like their own burs. Now it is a remarkable fact in natural history that the American chestnut is only marketable in autumn and winter; and as Barty Blandy's national prejudices would not admit of his dealing in foreign wares, the result was that during the summer months his labors were more apparent than real, and this period was usually devoted to the development of his second original idea or aberration, that he was a veteran of 1812.

Though Barty was old enough to have belonged to that interesting and warlike corps, yet for various reasons he could not legitimately claim the honored title. Chief among these was the fact that he had always been of so peaceful a cast of character that nothing short of coercion could have ever induced him to adopt a soldier's life. Further, at the period celebrated by the pompous and martial souls who perambulate Broadway on Evacuation-day in all their glory, Barty was a farmer's son in the interior of Maine, where rumors of wars never reached him. However, it is a lamentable fact that one of Cheeny's most onerous duties at this season was the repressing of the old man's anxious desire to parade among the veterans, or, in default of that, independently. Cheeny occasionally obtained a situation in a store; but perhaps, after he had held it for a few days, he would be suddenly called from his duties to behold the awful spectacle of his father marching stiffly into the store with a broomstick on his shoulder, and calling loudly on "Patchin!" This would never answer in a well-regulated establishment, and after a few such experiences Cheeny would lose his situation.

But the poor can almost always live in the warm summer months; it is when the cruel winter comes on that they suffer most.

Of late years these fits had not confined themselves to the summer, and once or twice Cheeny had been obliged to extricate his father from the station-house, where he had been incarcerated as a vagrant—a disgrace very hard for the poor lad to bear.

This winter they had suffered much. Cheeny had shoveled snow, put in coal, blacked boots, and, in fact, done every thing possible to keep from starving; but the old man was evidently failing. Andy, the Irishman, was a generous old soul, and had occasionally helped them to the extent of his means; and so it had gone on until Christmas-eve. Barty had been selling chestnuts all day, and late into the night. Cheeny had made the crisp air ring with his shouts of "Oysters!—Buy any oysters?" until his voice was cracked. He had wandered into Broadway, and as he struggled through the crowd with his little pail he saw the richly dressed and comfortable-looking gentlemen and ladies, and young girls and healthy boys, riding and walking, laughing and shouting. He saw the bright windows crowded with books and toys and all beautiful things, and the brilliant lights glancing through the frost on the glass; and so he had wandered on, with his heart full and his eyes full—for he was only a boy, in spite of his twenty years—until the snow began to come down in big white flakes, and then he turned about and hurried after the old man. Barty was cold and querulous; he said he had sold very little that day, and for a wonder much of his stock was left; so Cheeny put out the fire in the little stove, shouldered his heavy load, and plodded on, wearied and miserable.

It was now very late; the snow fell silently and heavily; the few persons out passed rapidly along with muffled footsteps; and when father and son reached their little room it was midnight, for the bell of a neighboring church sounded the hour with a heavy clang, and afar off could be heard the sweet chimes of Trinity awakening the echoes in memory of the birthday of the Saviour.

They were so tired when they got in that they dropped asleep where they fell; and there, as we have seen, Andy found them on Christmas morning; and so we return to the group we left in the little tenement-room. Cheeny was making the fire with his last remaining bundle of wood, and as it brightened up the room assumed a more comfortable appearance. But the old man sat upon the side of the bed, humming a far-away little ditty, and looking straight out of the window, without seeing, however, even the snow that lay banked up so heavily on the roofs of the houses opposite.

"An' what hev ye got fur breakfass?" said Andy. "It's little I see about, any way." Cheeny reddened, and going over to the dresser opened it, and took therefrom a loaf of bread and a plate of cold meat. These he laid on the table, and helping his father to a chair, seated himself, and was preparing to eat, when Andy broke in: "Wait a bit!" said he; "I've got a Christmas prisent fur ye, bedad!" And he clumped out of the room and down the narrow staircase without further words.

In a few moments he returned, bringing with him a little pot of coffee, a luxury the Blandys had not tasted for many a long day. With this addition to his bill of fare Cheeny made a comfortable breakfast, but the old man would taste nothing. Andy went away to his own establishment, and Cheeny, after seeing his father as well disposed of as was possible under the circumstances—for he seemed too ill to go out—started off to shovel snow; for though he had breakfasted, it was yet but an hour or two after sunrise. The old man took his seat on the bedstead, and remained staring out of the window as before.

Hours went by, and there was no movement in the little room; then, suddenly rising, the old man moved unsteadily toward the dresser, and seemed to search for something. Presently he found an old school-book, and tearing from it a blank leaf, took a lead-pencil from his pocket, and slowly scrawled something on it, folded it up, and laid it on the table; then, taking his position on the bed, he sat as before, but with his head bowed upon his breast, his hands clasped over his knees, and his face completely hidden. Meanwhile the fire in the little stove went out. Colder and colder grew the air; far below could be heard the merry tinkling of sleigh-bells and the glad shouts of children. Again the poor bent figure roused itself, but a sad change had gone over it. The face was long and blue and pinched; the eyes, sunk deep under the wrinkled brows, could hardly be seen; but something terrible—some fearful thought, dimly struggling toward the light, had startled him. Slowly dropping on the floor, for he was very weak, he crawled to the little stove; he paused there a moment; then he seized it as if in a frenzy, overturned it, and with his trembling, emaciated hands drew out a clumsily made yet quite hidden slide from one corner of the bottom. Inserting his hand, he took from the cavity a small tin box, which he eagerly opened: it contained nothing but a few bits of charred paper. With a bound the old man was on his feet; his eyes dilated; he grasped at his throat, and struggled for breath. A sudden fall—not very heavy—and the old chestnut-seller was dead.

Hours passed by; all was still in the little room, save that at regular intervals there could have been heard a steady drop, dropping upon the floor, and right below the old man's head, as it rested on his knee, there grew to be a round pool of cold black blood.

It was long past noon when a slow step ascended the staircase; the door opened, and Cheeny entered.

He saw it all! The dead old father, for whom he had toiled so many long and weary years; the little stove, as it lay overturned by his side; the dark pool of blood; and last, the folded paper on the table. He mechanically stepped forward and opened it. This is what it contained:

"*For seven years, Cheeny, I have robbed us both to save for you. My time is up. Pull out the left-hand lower corner of the stove, and you will find enough to keep you when you haven't your poor old father to drag on you.*"

The little box lay with its blackened contents on the floor, and the old man's mystery was solved at last.

Slowly the lad sank down beside his father—and the room was still. Still through the long afternoon—still through the cold, dark Christmas night; and when the round red sun arose the next morning it was yet still, for there was no life there. There was only the dead father and the dead son, and the little stove with the dead fire.

THE HOUSE OF BOURBON.

IF length of descent is a thing to be proud of, there ought to be no prouder family in Europe than that of Bourbon. Not only can they trace their line unbroken to Hugh Capet, the strong-handed putter-down of a degenerate dynasty, but it leads through thirty generations of kings, interrupted here and there, where a stream breaks off, to run through banks studded with castles of honor only just short of royal. Hugh Capet is the first. From him the line runs uninterruptedly till we come to Louis the Ninth, the saint. The direct trunk here carries on the race of kings, which terminated in the children of Philip the Fair, and gave place to the house of Valois. After their failure of male issue, the Bourbons come in. Robert, sixth son of Louis the Ninth, married Beatrix, heiress of that noble fief of Bourbon which lay in the centre of France, north of Auvergne and Guienne. From him sprang eight dukes of Bourbon—a stalwart, hard-fisted race, who were ever to the fore when fighting was going on, and always loyal to the crown, in good times and bad.

Antoine de Bourbon—a poor, irresolute creature, "the prince *ans gloire*," who never knew which side he was fighting for, nor which relig-

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ion he belonged to; dying, indeed, in a grievous perplexity whether he ought to call himself Catholic or Protestant—had the great good luck to marry Jeanne d'Albret, daughter to the King of Navarre and his wife, Margaret of Valois, the author of the "Heptameron," and protector of all the speculators and free-thinkers of her free-thinking age. By greater luck still, he had for an only son the jolliest, if not greatest, of French kings—their fourth Henry—whose succession put the Bourbon family, for the first time, on the throne of France. His claims were threefold. Through his father, he sprang direct from Louis the Ninth; through his mother, from Charles the Fifth; and through his maternal great-grandfather from Louis the Tenth. In the next generation but one, the race splits up again. The brother of Louis the Fourteenth, the Duke of Orleans, was the first of the Orleans branch, which now survives in the children and grandchildren of Louis Philippe.

The Count de Chambord, the last surviving descendant in the direct line, is now fifty years of age, has been long married, without children. He is supported by a very small following in France, who adhere to him from principle, and who will transfer their allegiance to the Orleans family as soon as he is out of the way. From time to time he puts his name to a document, which is drawn up and published to let people know he is still alive, and their king by divine right; but it may very reasonably be supposed that he has long since given up all hopes of succeeding to the crown. He seems to have inherited that character which is occasionally reproduced in the Bourbon family, of which the type is the indecisive and vacillating Antoine de Bourbon, father of Henry the Fourth. Such was Louis the Thirteenth; such Louis the Dauphin; such Louis the Sixteenth. Their energy and bravery are dashed by a fatal hesitation; they dare, but they think too long about daring; they resolve, but too late; they act, when the time for action is past.

The Orleans branch has been in exile for twenty-two years, and has shown how adversity may be borne without loss of dignity. They have spent their time in travel, in study, in writing; and they have shown that, in intellect at least, there is one branch of the grand old house which is still ready to go to the front.

A TALE OF TWO CHRISTMASES.

I.

"So you're determined not to come and spend the Christmas vac. with us?"

"My dear old boy, if I do, it's good-by to my chance of a first, and therefore a long farewell to my hope of a fellowship."

The first speaker was Walter Carew, heir to one of the richest baronetcies in wealthy Beeveshire, and gentleman commoner of St. Guthlac's College, Oxford, on which fine old foundation his friend Charlie Brandreth was a scholar.

"Well, then, at all events you'll come and stay somewhere handy, so that you can spend your Christmas and New-Year's Day with us?"

"To have you come and chevy me off my work every day?" said Brandreth.

"No; 'pon honor, I won't. There's a farm of the governor's at Bishop's Climstoke, five miles from the nearest station, and that's an hour and a half from us. They're excellent people, and will put you up capitally, and for a moderate screw. Say yes, and I'll write to old Dimsdale about it by this evening's post."

"It is a tempting idea. Are you sure there is nothing about the locality to keep a fellow from reading?"

"Not more than any other place on this jolly sphere. You know I'm no judge. As my old coach used to say, the only place where I should be likely to stick to reading would be Eddystone Light-house, and then I should have to promise not to fish."

"Well, I confess, with all my anxiety for a class, I don't quite like the notion of Christmas-day in Oxford and solitude; so I'll say yes."

The upshot of this conversation was that the beginning of the Christmas vac. found Brandreth comfortably settled at Dovecote Farm, in the retired little village of Bishop's Climstoke. He found the Dimsdales very agreeable people, and rather superior to his notion of farmer life. The family consisted of old Dimsdale, an honest and energetic man, his wife, a very homely and easy-going body, and Rose, their daughter, a girl of about eighteen, and pretty enough to deserve to be, what Brandreth soon discovered that she was, the belle of Bishop's Climstoke.

Brandreth had been thrown on the world an orphan at an early age, with no kith or kin save an old bachelor uncle, who was his guardian until he came of age—an event which had taken place a couple of years before the date of this story. He had, therefore, never known womanly kindness or attention; and the care and thought which Rose bestowed on him as their visitor came upon him with no less novelty than enjoyment. She, on the other hand, having been all her life accustomed only to the awkward homage of rustic admirers, was charmed with the refined and respectful attention which Brandreth naturally paid to a woman.

It was hardly likely that such a state of feeling should remain at a fixed point, and it was scarcely probable that it would suffer diminution. It naturally deepened and strengthened. Brandreth, with a man's instinct of rivalry, could not bear to see a girl like Rose surrounded by such clowns as her village suitors; and taking advantage of his position as a visitor at her father's house, he contrived on all occasions to monopolize her, much to the chagrin of her rustic swains, but greatly to her satisfaction.

Poor Rose! her guileless and unsophisticated nature saw no wrong, no danger, no inequality in their love. How could she fail to believe and return what she supposed to be an honest and honorable passion? What else could his attentions mean?

And now it was Christmas-eve, and he was about to start for Sir Ranulph Carew's, to spend his Christmas. Poor girl! though the separation would only be for a day, it seemed as if it was to be for ages. It was her first experience of the bitters of love.

She stood in the hall, waiting to see him off, with a sad heart, which sorely hindered her in her appointed task—the decoration of the old farm-house with evergreens.

At last Brandreth came down stairs equipped for his journey, which was likely to prove a cold one, as the winter had begun to set in severely.

"Good-by, Rosie! A merry Christmas to you," said he, cheerfully.

"And to you too," said she, but in no very merry tone.

"So you're doing the decorations, eh? I shall take the privilege of the season."

He caught up a bit of mistletoe, and holding it over her head bent down and kissed her.

It was the first time he had ever kissed her, and it should have been pleasant therefore. But it was not. As he drove away toward the station he recalled it again and again, but with an uncomfortable feeling, a self-reproachful dread.

Shall I tell you why? Because, when he stooped down to kiss her, she had not turned her head away or tried to escape. She had raised her face calmly and innocently and met his lips with hers. It was so simply and trustfully done that there was nothing unmaidenly in the action. It shocked him because it was a revelation—in that kiss she had given him her heart. He felt he was a villain. He had won the poor child's affection by false pretense. He had blighted her happiness merely to gratify his vanity; for, of course, as he kept repeating to himself, there could be nothing between them, their stations in life were so very different.

The line between the station at which he entered the train and that near Sir Ranulph's seat ran close to the village of Bishop's Climstoke; and as he was whirled rapidly by it, and recognized many a familiar spot, his heart grew sad to think what evil he had wrought in that quiet hamlet, and to the poor trusting girl who had given him her heart.

Before long, however, he found himself at Sir Ranulph's hospitable mansion, where, in the pleasure of meeting Walter, and in the jollity of the season, he soon forgot his remorse, and dismissed the subject of his cruelty from his mind.

It was a thoroughly old-fashioned Christmas, kept up in the regular old-fashioned style. When the Yule-log that was drawn in by a party of mummers was laid on the capacious hearth, and began to blaze, it was not only the sap that hissed. There were big flakes of snow coming down the wide chimney, and they sputtered and steamed as they fell on the hot log.

A week passed pleasantly enough, and perhaps only too quickly. It required all Brandreth's resolution to make up his mind to tear himself away and get back to his books. His difficulty in doing so was not decreased by the fact that his friend's only sister, Edith, showed a decided partiality for him, which Walter was only too delighted to foster, and upon which Brandreth could not help fancying neither her father nor mother looked with any displeasure.

However, by a strong effort he resisted the spell, and on the day after New-Year's Day found himself in the train on the return journey to Bishop's Climstoke. As he passed the village the recollection of what had happened when he left it came back to him again vividly. He could not help reproaching himself for his attentions to Edith as a treason to Rose. And yet, after all, how could that be? Rose and he were so differently situated it was absurd to think of any thing serious between them!

But when he arrived at the farm he found the Dimsdales in sore distress and tribulation. Rose had gone that morning early to visit her grandmother in the next village, which lay four miles off across the moor. At mid-day—though Brandreth had been too much occupied with his thoughts to notice it—there had been a blinding snow-storm of long duration, and Rose had not yet returned. They had waited and hoped until the lateness of the hour had driven them to acknowledge the fear that they had not ventured to hint to each other—she must have lost her way in the snow!

The whole village was out in search of her, but the moor was a wide one, full of gullies and water-courses, and the peril was extreme, the Dimsdales said.

Almost before they had finished speaking Brandreth had seized his hat and stick and hurried out. He did not know the moor at all, but he felt that he would find her. He must find her or die, he said to himself, and then wondered what this violent feeling meant.

He could see lanterns moving about on all sides, and heard at intervals one party of searchers shouting to another. He strode on in darkness and in silence.

His ignorance of the moor did what the villagers' intimate acquaintance with it failed to do. They searched on and about the different paths. He went blindly on, now plunging into holes, now falling over ridges.

At last the ground seemed to open under him—he felt himself falling into space. He could scarcely smother a cry. But the sensation had been deceptive—he had merely plunged into a water-course. But as he turned to scramble out again he saw a shred of gray cloth in the snow. He knew it—it was Rose's cloak. He threw himself on his knees, and began madly tearing the snow away with his hands.

Yes, it was she! But was she asleep—or dead? He raised her from her cold couch, and taking off his cloak and coat wrapped them round her. As he was taking off the latter he felt something in his pocket. Thank God! it was the brandy-flask Walter had pressed on him when he started. He contrived to pour a little between her pale, motionless lips; then catching her up, with a strength which surprised him even at the time, he strode back along his clearly marked track, covering her poor cold face with showers of warm kisses, and addressing her in the fondest terms of endearment.

It would be vain to attempt to picture the joy and the gratitude of the Dimsdales at recovering their daughter, who, thanks to her warm wrappings and the brandy, had already begun to show signs of returning consciousness when Brandreth, almost wearied out with his exertions, came staggering into the farm-house with her in his arms.

But, wearied as he was, that night he did not sleep a wink. He lay awake, trying, as he had tried on the moor, to make out the road before him. Did he love Rose? Could he make her his wife? And the spirit of pride was strong in him, and early in the morning he packed up his things, bade good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Dimsdale, left a farewell for Rose, and went back to Oxford.

II.

When he had recovered from the fever by which he was prostrated immediately on his return to Oxford, Charles Brandreth set to work with unabated zeal at his studies.

The examination arrived; and when the list came out the name of "Brandreth, Carolus, e Coll. Sti. Guth.," was in the First Class. He took his degree, and in another term had arrived at the height of his ambition—a fellowship. But somehow all his success failed to make him happy. He had lost his pleasant old smile, as his friend Walter complained, and then wondered whether his old chum Charlie was wretched to think he had not proposed to Edith, to whom the young Earl of Marston was now paying suit with apparently every chance of success.

So—the year having now come nearly to an end—Walter determined to ask Brandreth down once again for the Christmas. "Who knows," said he to himself, "but he may cut the earl out? He shall have my assistance any how!"

He could not prevail for some time upon his friend to accept the invitation; and it was not until he declared he should interpret his refusal as a desire to bring their friendship to a close that he got Brandreth to promise to come. But even then he would not come an hour earlier than Christmas-eve.

So Brandreth made his arrangements for the journey. And the recollections of the same time last year, and of the Dimsdales, and dear old Bishop's Climstoke came back to him fresh and bright. In a gracious mood he set himself down and wrote to old Dimsdale, wishing him and his family the compliments of the season. And then, just as he was closing his letter, something came over him, and he added:

"I shall be able to utter the wish almost within your hearing, for I am going down by the evening mail on Christmas-eve to spend a short time at Sir Ranulph Carew's."

You may be sure the letter was a pleasant surprise at Dovecote Farm. For the simple-minded old people never connected Charles Brandreth with the sadness and gloom that had come over Rose, that had stolen the color from her cheeks and the light from her eyes, and that made her sigh and go heavily, like one weary of life. They only thought of him as the preserver of their darling; and they fancied the change in her was due to the shock she had received when she was lost in the snow.

"Why, dame!" said the farmer, brightening, "'tis a letter fro' our Mr. Brandreth."

"A cursed jackanapes!" came in a growl from a dark corner.

The farmer turned—it was only Black Dick, as he was called in the village, an ill-favored lad, not many degrees removed from an idiot or a brute. He used to hang about poor Rose, much to her horror, making a display of slavish admiration for her that was almost revolting.

"What's wrong wi' thee, Dick?" said the farmer.

"'A thrashed oi onst—on'y for carr'in a bit misletoe in ma pocket to catch Rosey wi'!"

"Served you right, too!" said Mrs. Dimsdale, who shared Rose's loathing for the creature. "And what says Mr. Brandreth, father?"

"He's coming down here to stay 'long of the Carews, and 'll wish us a merry Christmas as he passes along the line o' Christmas-eve by the mail train. Here's a merry Christmas to *him*, eh, dame?"

Mrs. Dimsdale heartily joined in the wish; and then they began to talk of his stay at the farm, and about Rose's rescue; and they did not notice the malicious grin with which Black Dick stole out of the kitchen after hearing the news contained in the postscript of Charles Brandreth's letter.

"Cursed jackanapes!" he muttered to himself, as he went pounding across the frosty meadows in the direction of the railway; "who but he 'as bruk Rosey's heart? Who but he 'as teuk the maid away from oos honest village mates? An' 'a thrashed oi too! But I'll be even wi' un!"

III.

There was no moon on Christmas-eve, but the stars were bright in the frosty sky, and the clear surface of the thin sheet of snow that had fallen in the morning reflected what little light there was.

The throb and rattle of the train that rushed so rapidly along, bearing him toward Bishop's Climstoke, seemed to fall into a regular rhythm, and his imagination, heated by remorseful memories, seemed to supply it with words,

"Ruthless traitor! Ruthless traitor!"

The words rang continuously in his ears. He could not shut them out by reading. They were like the sounds that repeat themselves with such maddening monotony to a man in delirium. He was positively grateful when he recognized by certain familiar landmarks that he was approaching Bishop's Climstoke. He opened the window and leaned out. Still the train hurried on. Now he could see the tower of the church. He was getting near the village now. He would see the farm in a minute.

Ah! what was that? Some black object moving down the side of the embankment a little way ahead. The engine-driver must have seen it, for hark! there is a warning whistle.

All of a sudden the tone of the whistle is changed. It becomes a shriek, as of terror. There follows a tremendous grinding of breaks hurriedly applied till the sparks rush from them in a stream. Then arise cries of alarm. And then, over all, a crash—the train heaves like a wounded snake; the carriages seem to fall into splinters. A grinding, crushing roar—the bellowing of escaping steam—the hissing of water flung upon live coals! All this compressed into a minute's space; and this the last thing of which Charles Brandreth is conscious!

Those of the guards who are uninjured set to work to learn how the accident rose, and to extricate the passengers. They find the line has been blocked with several sleepers and upturn rails, which have thrown the engine off the track. It has been overturned in its fall. Stoker and driver have both been thrown some distance, and lie dead or insensible—it can not be clearly ascertained which just yet.

But there's some one under the engine, for all that! They can hear a faint moaning. Whoever it is, he's as good as dead, what with being crushed and burned and scalded all at the same time. They extricate him.

It is a young fellow, apparently a farm laborer. It is promptly conjectured that he is the person who placed the obstruction on the line; and when the question is put to him he does not deny it. Just at that moment they are carrying past the apparently lifeless body of one whose dress seems to indicate that he is a clergyman. A ghastly red cut across the face heightens its pallor. The by-standers acknowledged with a shudder the presence of death.

The wretched author of the calamity grins a terrible grin, half of agony, half of triumph.

"I be done for—but I ha' killed un!—I ha' killed un, for sure!"

And with that he falls writhing, and dies like a crushed viper.

And just then a big burly figure comes pushing through the crowd.

"Mr. Brandreth! Mr. Brandreth! Are you hurt? Where are you, Sir? Have ye any o' ye seen a clergy—"

And then he catches sight of the dead body, and all he can find breath to say is, "Oh, my God! he is dead!"

IV.

But Charles Brandreth was not dead. "Better he had been," he thinks when, after a long, lingering recovery from the worst, he learns from the doctor that he is hopelessly disfigured, and that he will be a deformed cripple for life!

He shudders and turns away from a gentle hand that is laid on his shoulder—oh, so softly! It does not put him to physical pain, but it racks him with mental torture. For there is the ghost of poor Rose—the spectre now of the pretty girl he knew—waiting on him, tending him, nursing him, patiently, devotedly, unwearyingly. But somehow he feels there is a barrier between them. Not the cruel old barrier of pride that he had built up. In his humiliation, in the silent hours of waking, in the constant school of pain, he has learned to see clearly now. The barrier is none of his raising. It is interposed between them by Rose. If he were the merest stranger she could not keep him more coldly at a distance, with her face emotionless as a mask, and her demure "Yes, Sir," and "No, Sir."

He prays for death; but he feels that he will live. And the thought of what life means to him now is unendurable.

One day when he is, as he supposes, alone, he complains aloud, reproaching himself for the past.

"I blighted her life, and mine is darkened. I killed the prettiness in her face, and mine is made a horror. I deserve it; and yet it is sad to think of the doom the doctor passes—a disfigured, deformed cripple for life!"

And then suddenly he feels two arms round his neck, and a shower of kisses on his forehead, and he hears Rosie's voice sobbing: "My darling! my darling! Yes, I dare to call you so now—my own! my own! Dearer to me now than ever!—doubly dear, for they will not steal you from me now!"

"Merciful Heaven! what have I done to deserve this?" he gasps.

And from that day he begins to mend fast.

* * * * *

There is little more to add, but that little is good.

Sir Ranulph, dissatisfied with the opinion of the local surgeon, sends to town for the first surgeon of the day, who comes down with his cheerful face and his noble gray head—grown gray in the service of suffering humanity—and he takes a brighter view of the case, and a more correct one, which is better still.

For, by the time Charles Brandreth is well enough to move about again, and goes to take the fat college living for which he exchanges his fellowship, you would never guess from his straight, well-proportioned figure that he had ever been such a shattered wreck as he has been. There's just the shadow of a limp in his walk, and there's the white seam of a long scar on his brow, but you can only see it when you are very near him.

But Rose, his beloved wife, who is nearer—and dearer—to him than any one else in the world, vows she can not see any thing of a disfigurement or any fault or imperfection at all in her husband.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH—EGG-NOG PARTY.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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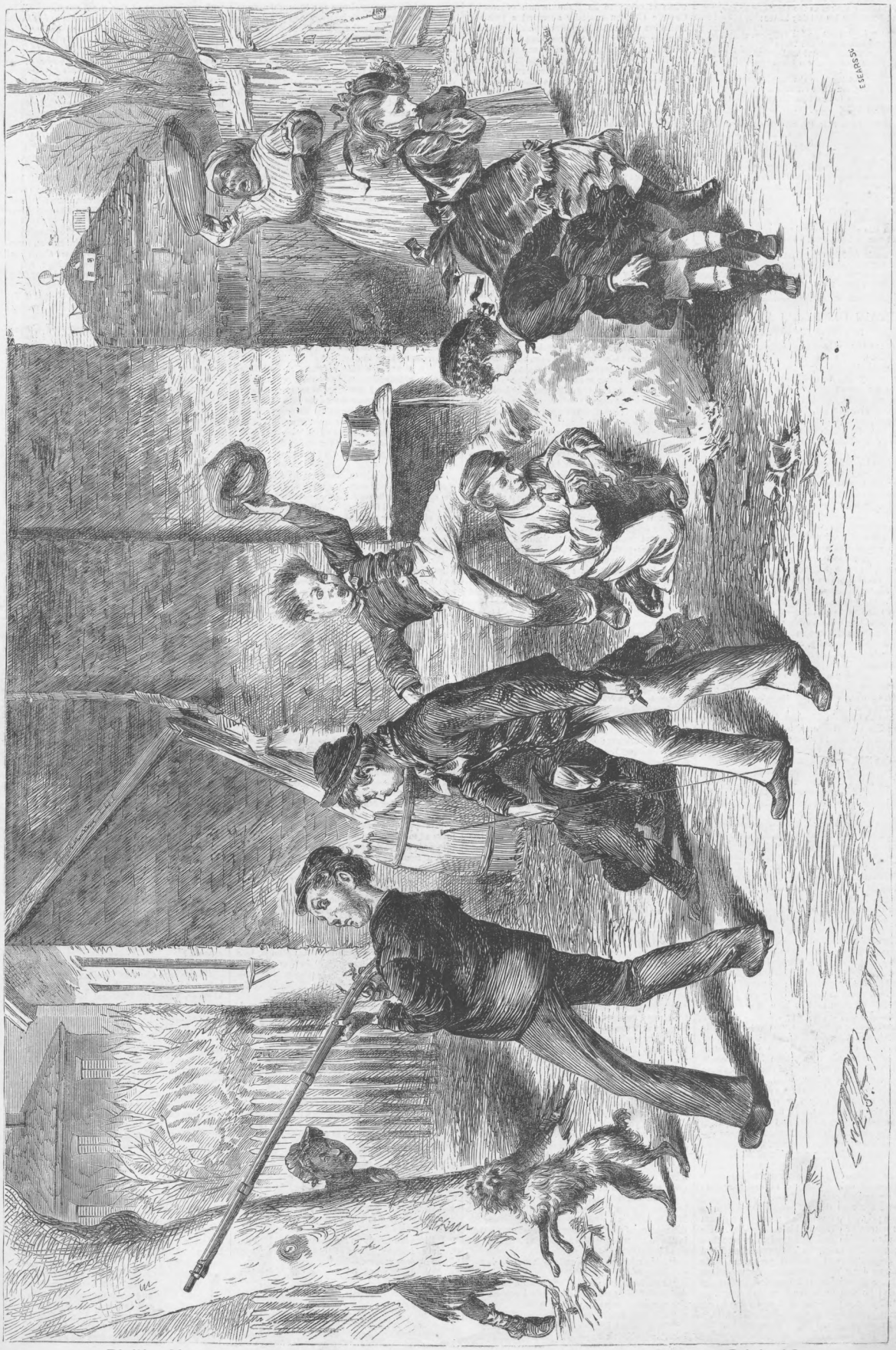

CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH—YOUNG FOLKS CELEBRATING THE DAY.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

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CHRISTMAS MORN.

"GOOD-WILL TO ALL!" See, the gold rays fall
Of the rising sun on the eaves,
And the holly shakes as the glad day breaks,
And he rustles his shining leaves;

The thick berries red on his spike-crowned head
Nod welcome out to the morn
Of the day of days when, 'mid peans of praise,
The Saviour of man was born.

The yews bend low o'er the drifted snow
And their green arms creak and sway,
As the ice-keen breeze stirs the grand old trees,
And they chant the hymn of the day.

"Good-will to all!" in the cottage small,
Where the brown-cheeked children shout;
"Good-will to all!" in the palace hall,
Where the greetings of kings ring out.

What though some tears for the dead gone years
Be mixed with our smiles to-night?
It is ever so on our earth below—
After darkness cometh light!

"Good-will to all!" And a guerdon small,
A silver fee for the poor;
Oh, on this glad day let us turn away
Not one, not *one*, from our door!

Your hands, dear friends! Thus the long year ends,
Let our petty discords cease;
The old year dies out 'mid our parting shout,
Let it go, let it go in peace!

CAPTAIN DENISON'S AFFINITY.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

CAPTAIN HUGO CHARLES DENISON was a genuine Briton. He was a young man of good heart, good abilities, more than average culture, and very shy and formal manners. After the close of the American civil war he came out to the United States, following a stream of his countrymen, anxious to get, for the first time, some actual and genuine knowledge about the extraordinary republic which had so strangely disturbed one of the British Philistine's cherished articles of faith by refusing to burst up according to all sound prediction and intuitive perception of British Philistinism. Now our captain was not by nature or training a Philistine; but he had some of the Philistine's prejudices about him, and he was especially settled in his mind as to the sphere and the duties of woman. Captain Hugo Denison hated the very mention of woman's rights. His idea of a well-bred and lady-like woman was that of a graceful and dignified person who rarely spoke, and when she did speak, uttered only some becoming commonplace, in which no investigation could detect an idea, and with which acrimony itself could not desire to quarrel. In fact, the properest thing a woman could do was to do nothing—or as little as possible—certainly to do nothing out of the common. A woman of conversational talent, displaying honestly her capacity, our captain would have set down in much the same category as a ballet-girl displaying her legs. In fact, no matter how useful or charming a woman's talents might be, they were, in Captain Denison's estimation, like her lower limbs, to be kept always from the public observation.

Of course Captain Denison knew that, when visiting the United States, he would be likely, some time or other, to meet some of the fair advocates of the rights of women. Indeed, he had something like a timid and morbid curiosity about them, as one has about seeing a ghost or a mangled body. He dreaded yet wished to meet a few of the creatures. He took it for granted that they all wore trowsers, and—well, let us say expectorated.

Captain Denison saw a little of the outer and inner life of two or three of the Eastern States, and was, like most Englishmen of any observation, a little disappointed on finding how very like the inner life, at least, was to that of Anglo-Saxon cities across the water. His letters of introduction brought him into the society of steady-going, respectable, mildly fashionable persons, who were in the habit of visiting England pretty often themselves, and had English ways about them. Captain Denison sat at many dinner-tables in New York which were splendid and quiet and formal and stupid enough even for London. On general subjects the opinions he heard expressed quite coincided with his own, and he now thought he clearly understood why the Northern States were great in war. "They are just like ourselves," Denison said to himself, with satisfaction and pride.

Sometimes the question of woman's rights was broached, and Captain Denison found that on this subject, too, his own views were exactly those of the people with whom he commonly mixed. Women who talked of their rights were necessarily coarse, vulgar, hard, indecent, and unsexed creatures. None of his friends had ever met any of them, only saw something about them in the newspapers. In fact, though every one seemed to have a clear and decided opinion about the appearance and character of these women, yet the women did not seem to be visible in any place on which the sunshine of society ever shone, and Captain Denison began to set them down as a race of beings who led a subterranean existence, or only came out at night, and in dark, mysterious places.

Please don't set down Captain Denison as a fool or a prig. He was neither; had not a gleam of the nature of either in his composition. He was only an able and well-read man who had had but limited means of observation, and had class prejudices and national prejudices. He had many long and interesting conversations with some Americans well qualified to instruct him, and he was quite open to instruction on most subjects. One of the men he liked best and met oftenest of late was Julius Wynter, a retired merchant, who had a pleasant place far away in the country, whither he always fled when New York became hot and dull. Denison much liked both Mr. and Mrs. Wynter, and found pleasure and profit in their society. So when it came to be "the month of roses," Captain Denison cordially accepted a pressing invitation to spend a few days with the Wynters at their country place somewhere among the mountains. A day was fixed, and the visitor received an elaborate *carte du pays*. He was to go a certain distance by steamer, then a certain distance by railway, and then a carriage was to meet him and convey him on to Falconwood, the residence of his host and hostess.

By some mischance Captain Denison failed to get the steamer at the right hour, and so had to take an evening boat instead of one starting at noon. Therefore, of course, the whole programme of his arrival was deranged. When the Wynters' carriage came for him he was not there; when he got out of the railway cars no carriage awaited him. The Wynters assumed that he was not coming. Captain Denison stood, portmanteau in hand, at a low, half-finished railway station; there was no one to receive him; the day was hot, and Falconwood was six miles off.

There was only one vehicle of any kind near the station when Denison got out, and that was a pretty pony carriage. Denison at first had some hope that it might prove to be the carriage of his friends, and to be waiting for him but it was not so. A young lady got out of the train and into the carriage. She took the reins into her own hands from those of the black servant, who then went behind. A man of Captain Denison's age never fails, in whatever perplexity, to look at a young woman, and Denison saw, that this was a *petite*, pretty, bright-eyed creature with delicately formed features and fair hair.

Denison looked at the lady, the lady looked at him. He was evidently a stranger, and in some sort of a "fix;" and she delayed giving the word of departure to her ponies.

Our captain began to ask about the way to Falconwood, and the possibility of getting a carriage to go there, over which proposal the functionary at the station shook his head doubtfully. The lady in the pony carriage heard the discussion, and called out, in a clear, ringing voice, just perhaps a little, a very little, sharp of tone:

"Are you going to Falconwood, Sir? A friend of Mr. Wynter's? If so, I am going there, and shall be delighted to take you."

Denison took off his hat, thanked her, explained his position and his difficulty, and was of course only too happy to accept her offer. Girls in the old land don't invite strangers to drive with them, even when in the country; and Captain Denison, grateful and glad though he was, could not help thinking so. In this case, however, the difference of manners was so entirely to his advantage that he almost approved of it.

"Get right in, Sir," the young lady encouragingly said. Captain Denison accepted the invitation, not without making a mental note of the "right in" and the "Sir," which are unfamiliar words under such circumstances in England. He got right in, and sat next the pretty girl. Really she was very pretty, and even a stolid Briton—and Denison was nothing of the sort—must have been glad to sit by her side.

He offered, of course, to relieve her of the trouble of driving; but she declared, first, that he didn't know the way; next that the road was not easy, and the ponies were somewhat unmanageable for a stranger; finally, that she had taken the reins from the black servant because she specially liked to drive. So she shook the reins and they rattled away; and our Briton began to think his position at least as pleasant as it was decidedly odd.

The young lady had plenty of talk; and her talk was animated, original, and interesting. Captain Denison, despite his recorded admiration of stately silence in women, found himself much delighted with the voluble vivacity of this young woman; and, more than that, he began to be quite pleased with himself, and to recognize in himself conversational resources the existence whereof he had never before suspected. Delicious was the day, the atmosphere, the scene; the road lay through a beautiful country, through woodland green as that of his own Devonshire, through the foliage of cedar and tulip-tree and hickory and oak. His companion pointed his attention to every spot that was specially beautiful, had something interesting to say about this glade and that brook and yonder house among the trees, and had questions to ask of him about England's trees and landscape and social life, which she had not yet seen; and the conversation never flagged. In England Captain Denison always found it a heavy ordeal to have to talk to girls.

Something or other brought up an allusion to woman's rights, and Captain Denison hastened to express his profound and proper contempt for all such unfeminine nonsense.

"Have you met any of our leading women—those who advocate women's rights, I mean?" asked the young lady, glancing curiously at him, with an odd expression in her bright eyes.

"Not I; no. Nobody meets them, I believe. They are all dreadful creatures." He waxed quite eloquent in denouncing them.

"And you, who talk in this way, are going to be Mrs. Wynter's guest! Don't you know that Mrs. Wynter is a whole-souled sympathizer with the wrongs of her suffering sisters—I think that is the correct phrase—yes, of her suffering sisters?"

"Didn't know, I'm sure. I hope she is not any thing of the kind."

"Past hope, Sir; she *is*. I should not wonder if she had several distinguished representative women to meet you!"

"Oh, pray don't."

"Yes, I think it quite likely. I fancy I heard something about a convention in the village yonder, but I don't quite recollect the date. This is Mr. Wynter's. Is it not a charming place?"

The servant had got down and flung open the gate, and the carriage drove up a beautiful avenue and on to a lawn. The house, which stood upon the lawn, and from the "stoop" of which one had glimpses of a lovely river, and of blue, distant hills, was a large, handsome, irregular, picturesque structure, all windows, verandas, gables, porticoes, and trellises, flaming with bright creeping plants.

Mr. and Mrs. Wynter had come forth, with the genial and hospitable ways of the country, to receive their visitors at the door.

"I have brought you your friend," said the young lady, "and now pray do make us acquainted, for I have not yet the pleasure of knowing his name."

"You are always doing good of some kind, Julia Esslyn," said her hostess, as she cordially kissed the girl; and then the regular presentations were gone through and soon after the party broke up, to meet again at dinner-time. Captain Denison found that his pretty friend, Miss Julia Esslyn, was to be a guest in the house for some days, at which he was greatly pleased. She sat next to him at dinner, and they renewed their conversation very agreeably.

Suddenly Miss Esslyn, now addressing her hostess, who was at the other side of Captain Denison, said:

"I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Wynter, that Captain Denison has a worse than even British prejudice against the advocates of woman's rights. He poured out great eloquence of denunciation against the whole movement and its champions as we came along to-day."

"We must have him converted," said Mrs. Wynter, graciously. "He comes here at a very fortunate time. I am happy to say, Captain Denison, that I expect the honor of a visit from some of the most distinguished advocates of woman's suffrage during your stay here. I thought you would be glad to meet them."

Captain Denison tried to mumble out, "very happy, I'm sure," and shuddered, and broke down.

He forgot his alarm, however, in the enjoyment of a delicious walk in the shrubbery, just at the close of the beautiful evening, with Miss Esslyn. Frank and fearless, like all educated American girls of her class, she was easy, happy, and unconstrained in the company of this English stranger; and the English stranger liked her society immensely.

Mr. Wynter joined them after a while, and Miss Esslyn returned to the house. Wynter and his guest strolled and smoked through the grounds until it was quite dark, and then repaired to the drawing-room.

It was but faintly lighted; and Captain Denison on entering saw, as he thought, a small, stout man standing up on the hearth-rug, his back to the fire-place. There was no one else but Mrs. Wynter in the room. When our hero entered Mrs. Wynter rose and said:

"I am so glad you have come, Captain Denison. I wish to present you to a distinguished countrywoman of mine, one of the most celebrated advocates of justice to a trampled sex! Mrs. Carnifex Mango, permit me to introduce to you Captain Denison, of the British army."

Captain Denison bowed and trembled. He had calmly and with unshaking hand lighted a fresh cigar just before taking his place at the head of a storming party to assault the Redan; his cool composure never once failed him through all the terrible trials of Cawnpore; but he looked at Mrs. Carnifex Mango, and his eyes swam and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

Mrs. Carnifex was a stout woman, with a great mass of tow-like hair falling over her shoulders. She wore spectacles and a black coat, something like a truncated riding-habit. "I look down toward his feet," says Othello, "but that's a fable!" "I look down toward her feet," poor Denison might have said, "but that's not a fable." No; beneath the skirts of the long gabardine there appeared, unmistakable, the article of dress which an Englishwoman is only allowed to wear metaphorically. Mrs. Carnifex Mango stood before our hero in trowsers!

"A Britisher!" exclaimed Mrs. Mango, in a loud, harsh voice, and with a dash of pity and contempt in her tone. "And pray, Sir, how does the movement progress in Britain? How is your J. S. Mill?"

Captain Denison stammered out a modest admission that he had not any personal acquaintance with that illustrious man, and that he did not know much about the progress of the movement—in fact, what movement?

"What movement!" exclaimed Mrs. Mango, looking first round the room, and then up toward heaven. "What movement, the prejudiced subject of the old despotism asks of free citizens! The movement, Sir, for the emancipation of the nobler sex from the iron grasp of a debasing tyranny! The movement, Sir, which is to restore woman to herself, which is to enable her to fulfill the glorious mission for which God and nature destined her! The movement, Sir, which is to raise up oppressed and injured woman and place her firmly on her—on her—"

Perceiving that the oratress paused for a word, Captain Denison good-naturedly but feebly suggested "legs;" but the oratress frowned down, waved away the unhappy suggestion, and went on:

"Place her proudly on her true pedestal! You, Sir, are, I perceive, one of those who are prejudiced against woman—"

"Oh dear, no, I do assure you," Denison faintly interposed.

"Your own despotism, Sir, has perverted and destroyed your moral nature. Say, Sir, by what right you claim to tyrannize over my suffering sex?"

"Never did any thing of the kind! Never, upon my honor," pleaded the luckless British officer.

"I perceive, Sir, that you are not acquainted with the bearings of this great question. It is, then, my duty, as one who has taken a conspicuous part in its promulgation, to endeavor to enlighten an ignorant stranger. It is my duty, Sir, and, difficult as the task may be, disagreeable as the task may be, I will endeavor. Sir, to enlighten you."

So she did. She endeavored to enlighten him. She addressed him at great length, and with immense volubility of words and vehemence of gesture. The captain was crushed. By the time she had closed he felt quite broken and spiritless.

"Wonderful woman," said Mrs. Wynter, after the eloquent Mango had taken her departure.

"Splendid intellect," said Mr. Wynter.

"So sorry I could not hear her," said Miss Julia Esslyn, who just now entered the room. "Why do people have headaches at wrong times? Were you not struck with her, Captain Denison?"

"Very much indeed," replied the captain.

"Then, her manners are so graceful and gentle! Nothing unladylike or *prononcé* about her! Some of our lady reformers are, perhaps, a little marked and uncommon in manner, but Mrs. Carnifex Mango is perfection."

"And yet," said Mrs. Wynter, thoughtfully, "I doubt it Miss Athene Puffin will not impress Captain Denison even more deeply."

"Impossible, I think," murmured Captain Denison.

He had some conversation that night with Miss Esslyn, and grew more and more charmed with her grace, her animation, her culture, and refinement. "In the name of all the perplexing demons," he asked of his own soul, "how can this charming and intellectual creature tolerate such a hideous monstrosity as Mrs. Carnifex Mango?"

It was about the dusk of the following evening that our hero had the happiness of being presented to Miss Athene Puffin. Bad as Mrs. Carnifex Mango was, Miss Athene Puffin showed even more appalling in the captain's perplexed and distressed eyes. She had not, indeed, abandoned petticoats; but she wore those garments so hideously lank and long that they were rather more devoid of feminine grace than even Mrs. Mango's pantaloons. Her hair was screwed up in an extraordinary mass, or mop, under an immense hat; and she not only concealed her eyes under spectacles, but concealed them under green spectacles. She bowed a solemn bow when Captain Denison was presented to her, and heaved a sigh. Then she began:

"You are from England, Sir, and seeking, I hope, for the truth?"

"Well—yes—at least I hope so, madam."

"Where have you sought it, Sir?"

A puzzling question, truly! Captain Denison began to ask himself, in hurried mental examination, where he had been seeking for the truth. Well, he had been reading the daily papers; he had been talking with no end of people; he had been—

Athene Puffin loftily waved away his attempted explanations with a grand gesture of the hand.

"The truth, Sir, must be sought of woman. Of woman, Sir! Yes Sir-ree! The new gospel comes from woman. She is nature's last and noblest utterance! She is nature's highest effort. With her the divine intuition supplies the place of the inadequate, played-out reason which man boasts of. Reason is now a dead beat! Of course, Sir, you admit the natural and destined supremacy of woman?"

Oh yes! He was prepared to take his oath of that.

"Have you considered, Sir, the eternal relations of woman with the infinite?"

Well, no; he hadn't exactly considered them, stammered the wretched Briton, but he meant to go to work at considering them at once.

Athene shook her head and smiled with an air of sadness and superiority.

"Man unassisted can not fathom those relationships. His grosser nature is unequal to that sublime task. Woman must aid him and guide him upward. Are you willing, Sir, to be guided upward?"

"If not very high," the captain tried to say.

"I am sure Captain Denison will be only too happy to receive guidance," interposed Mrs. Wynter, sweetly. She and her husband were hanging on the words which fell from Athene's inspired lips.

"Good Heavens!" thought Denison, "how much I have been mistaken in these people! I thought them so intellectual and refined, and they are charmed with this hideous creature and her mad jargon!" In his agony he looked wildly around for Julia Esslyn, but Julia was nowhere to be seen.

"Choose, then," said Athene, rising majestically from her seat—"choose a spiritual guide of the superior sex to enlighten and instruct you during your stay in this place. She will, if she be true to her mission—and any woman under this hallowed roof must be thus true—she will arouse your sleeping intuitions, and open for you your spiritual eyes. Think of the noble women you are privileged to meet here. Think of the lofty insight of Rachel Wynter, the sublime affinities of Carnifex Mango, the—"

"The sanctified aspirations of Athene Puffin," interposed Mrs. Wynter. And she added in an undertone, meant for our hero, "Name Athene Puffin! Don't lose such a chance! Let her be your guide."

A bright idea lit up Denison's distracted mind.

"No, thanks!" he exclaimed, hurriedly; "I fear I am not quite up to the mark of these gifted women. Their intellect would rather appall me. I shouldn't get on at all; I know I shouldn't. But if I must choose, I think I should like for my guide and elevator—is that the word?—or my

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affinity, or whatever it is, the young lady who was here just now—Miss Esslyn."

A burst of laughter from both host and hostess saluted this sudden and rash proposal, and Athene shrank back as if overwhelmed with confusion. Indeed, she turned round, and seemed as if about to hurry from the room. But to Denison's horror, Mr. Wynter sprang from his seat, ran to place himself between her and the door, and actually seized the divine Athene's hat—nay, and her hair also, and plucked both from her sublime head. And behold there was no Athene Puffin any longer visible; and there stood in her place, with blushing cheeks, head bent down, and hair falling over her shoulders, the graceful, vivacious Julia Esslyn herself.

"Please, Captain Denison, do forgive me!" she pleaded when she had a little recovered her composure. "It was a dreadful practical joke of mine, concocted in concert with Mr. and Mrs. Wynter. I am a fierce champion, in theory, at least, of the rights of women, and I wanted to punish you for setting all such persons down as hideous old frights. And I had some hope that you might even take the thing so completely *au sérieux* as to write a book on America, and devote at least a whole chapter to Mrs. Carnifex Mango and Miss Athene Puffin, as types of American womanhood; and that would have been such delightful fun for us here who were in the secret."

"Then you were Mrs. Carnifex Mango too?"

"I was. Did I do it well?"

"Need I answer? Didn't you utterly deceive and bewilder me?"

"Oh, I am so glad! But you forgive me, after all, and you won't believe our typical American women are all Mrs. Mangos and Miss Puffins any more?"

Captain Denison gave his full forgiveness, and pledged himself never again to believe in Mangos and Puffins as representatives of emancipated womanhood in America. He has, moreover, given practical proof of his appreciation of American womanhood by falling profoundly in love with Julia Esslyn, and finally persuading her to marry him. He has, in fact, found his affinity.

KING WILLIAM AND THE SOLDIER.

A BRUNSWICK paper gives an anecdote illustrating the King of Prussia's kind-heartedness. A soldier from Stargard, in Mecklenburg, is on outpost before Paris. Here he received a letter from home, and, as he had been a long time without news, he could not refrain from opening it immediately. In reading it he became so absorbed that he had no eye or ear for what passed around him. Suddenly he heard a noise, looked up, and perceived the King and Crown Prince, with their retinue. Startled, he let the letter fall, and gave the customary salute. The King, remarking his anxiety and confusion, stepped up to him in a friendly way, and asked, "Well, a letter from your sweet-heart?" "No, your Majesty, from my father," he replied. "May I read the letter, or are there secrets in it?" asked the King. The soldier handed the letter to the King, who turned to his suit and read, *inter alia*, as follows: "In a fortnight your sister's wedding comes off; we shall all greatly miss you on that day, but your old mother is most of all vexed at not seeing you here. It does not matter, however; only go to the French in earnest, so that the insatiable mouth of those fellows may be very soon stopped." The King returned the letter and rode on. No long time elapsed before the soldier was relieved from post. He received fourteen days' furlough, and was able, at the King's expense, to make a journey to Mecklenburg and attend the wedding.

PURGED IN THE FIRE.

A Christmas Story.

"UNCLE HERBERT, will you tell us a Christmas story? Please, do!" The speaker was only a little maid of six years old, but a dozen voices echoed the request.

It was Christmas, and we were gathered, according to time-honored custom, round a blazing fire under my grandfather's roof. We were a merry party, comprising some fifteen cousins of all ages, with their respective parents, and a few married and unmarried uncles and aunts. Uncle Herbert, otherwise Mr. Herbert Milward, was our uncle by marriage only, as the husband of our aunt Alice; but though thus only indirectly related to us, I think he was, with the younger ones at any rate, the best-beloved of all. Perhaps because he had no children of his own, he was always specially sympathetic in youthful troubles, and specially lenient to youthful misdoings. However grave the offense, we were always sure of uncle Herbert's intercession; though he never failed privately to admonish the offender—very gently, but so gravely and seriously that his quiet words would bring tears to eyes too proud to weep under the severest punishment, and tame the most rebellious spirit to submission and repentance. He could be very merry at times; but there was a gravity mingled even with his merriment, as of one to whom the more solemn aspects of life are always present. His devotion to his wife was remarkable, even to our youthful eyes. No one could say that his affection was demonstrative, and yet no one could be in the company of the two together, even for an hour, without feeling that Aunt Alice was more precious to her husband than any thing else in the world. Wherever his eyes wandered, they always seemed to come back to her as their resting-place; and however deeply, to all appearance, he might be engrossed in conversation with others, he was always able, by some magical process of intuition, to divine her wants or wishes, and silently to supply them. Her furs were the warmest, her silks the softest; nothing was too costly, no trouble too great, that ministered to her pleasure. There seemed to be no such thing as forgetting, no possibility of mistake, wherever she was concerned. If she had found a four-leaved shamrock, and had good fairies constantly attending her, she could hardly have been better served. Nor was Aunt Alice behindhand in returning her husband's devotion. He was many years older than she, but I fancy the difference in their ages increased, if any thing, her pride and pleasure in his love. She never did any thing (indeed she had no need) to test or draw attention to his devotion, but she quietly abandoned herself to his tender care. She seldom thanked him in words, at least in company, but he was thanked enough by the look of perfect love and perfect peace which was the habitual expression of her gentle gray eyes.

On the present occasion Uncle Herbert was seated in a high-backed oaken chair, with Aunt Alice on a footstool beside him, and the rest of the party grouped around in a semicircle before the blazing fire. The candles were not yet lighted, but the dancing flame shed a ruddy light throughout the room, throwing into bold relief the carved work of the oaken furniture, and brightening with a genial glow the red berries and dark green leaves of the Christmas evergreens. It was just the moment for a fireside story; and as Uncle Herbert was known to be learned in legends and German fairy-tales, which he was wont to narrate with much quiet humor, our little cousin's request met with general approval. Uncle Herbert did not immediately reply, but sat apparently reflecting; and the flickering fire-light, playing over his face, showed us that he was in a serious mood. Aunt Alice glanced up at him inquiringly; and I thought to myself that I had never seen her bright young face (for she was many years younger than the rest of our aunts and uncles) look more perfectly beautiful than it did that night; and I caught myself wondering, half-unconsciously, how it had come to pass that she should have married one so much older, and to all appearance so unlike herself, as sober gray-headed Uncle Herbert.

"Well, my dears," said Uncle Herbert at last, "I will tell you a story, a true story. I don't think it is quite what you mean by a Christmas story; but the events about which I am going to tell you happened at Christmas-time, on this very night indeed, twenty-seven years ago."

We all settled down to listen, and, after a minute's pause, he went on:

"It was Christmas-eve, or rather Christmas-day, for twelve o'clock had struck, and the few people left in the streets were getting gradually fewer and fewer, till it seemed as though the policemen and the waits would shortly have London to themselves. It was a bitter cold night, and snow was beginning to fall. Most of the houses were dark and silent, though here and there lighted windows and stray sounds of music and of happy voices showed where a household was seeing Christmas in, and giving a merry welcome to the happy season. Out of a brilliantly lighted house in one of the West End streets there came a young man, who looked as though he felt but little share of the general rejoicing. He was barely twenty years of age; but though so young, his cheeks were flushed and his gait unsteady with wine, and his face was contracted with a look of hopeless despair. And little wonder! The house which he had just left was a noted gaming-house. He had been tempted by bad companions, and had gambled and lost—lost far more heavily than he could afford. One sin brings on another. In the vain hope of recovering his losses—with the insane persuasion, common to all gamblers, that he must win in the end if he could but play a little longer—he had taken without leave a large sum of his employer's money, had staked it, and lost. And then, all at once, a horrible remorse, a mad despair, seized upon him. Now that it was too late he saw the full magnitude of his crime; he knew too well that the money which, when he expected to be able to restore it secretly, he had thought of as borrowed, the law would call by a very different name. He knew now that, disguise it as he might, the taking of that money was a theft. Already he felt in imagination the officer's hand upon his collar, the handcuffs on his wrists. He could see the witnesses come forward to bear testimony to his crime; he could hear the voice of the judge pronouncing sentence on the *thief*. He dared not meet the consequences of his sin; and in his mad despair, fearing to face offended man, he had resolved to rush, by suicide, into the presence of an offended God. He was now hurrying home to drink his last draught on earth, the draught that brings the awful sleep whose waking is eternity. With his hands clenched, and his hat crushed down upon his forehead, he was rushing madly on, when he heard a sound of shouting, and the tramp of galloping horses. He looked up, and saw that the sky above him was red with a lurid glare; and then a runner passed him with the terrible cry of 'Fire!' A house was on fire in one of the streets through which he had to pass; and with a strange feeling of reprieve, he turned aside—turned aside from the road to his death—to see the sight. He elbowed his way through the crowd, which gave way right and left at the pressure of his muscular arms. The dwellers in the burning house had been somehow got out, and now stood half naked and shivering in the street. All, it was thought, were safe; but just as he reached the group there was a fearful shriek, for it was found that there was one, the youngest, missing. The poor mother sobbed and screamed, and was only held back by force from re-entering the burning house, and perishing with her little one. The father, wringing his hands like one distracted, offered a thousand pounds to the firemen, if they would but rescue his child.

"'It can't be done, Sir,' said one of them; 'not if you said a hundred thousand, it couldn't be done. The floors will fall in in five minutes, and it's certain death to enter that house again.'

"The red flame was already shining through the first-floor windows, and through the open door could be heard the roaring of the fire, which was fast gaining hold upon the staircase. A thought flashed across the young man's mind. His minutes were numbered, his life was worthless; its last act should be a worthy one, and if he perished in the attempt, he would be guilty of one sin the less. With quick eager questions he ascertained where the child was. The firemen guessed his intention, and held him back.

"'Don't go, Sir, for God's sake! it's wasting two lives instead of one. We're not cowards, Sir, but this is certain death. If you attempt it, the Lord have mercy on your soul!'

"'Amen!' said the young man; and throwing off the hands that held him back, he rushed into the house and up the staircase, which creaked and crackled under his feet.

"The fire was raging on the first-floor, the child was on the floor above. The first-floor landing was already in flames, but the young man, with a fierce leap, sprang past the burning spot, and in another second was in the room where the child lay. The room was already filled with smoke, and here and there the flames were darting through the crevices of the flooring. He could not see the bedstead, but a little frightened voice, sobbing 'Papa, dear; do come, papa!' guided him to the spot where the child lay. 'I will take you to your papa, dear,' he said; 'don't be frightened.' Then, quick as thought, he wrapped the little one in the blanket, and began to retrace his perilous route. Quick, however, as he had been, the flames had gained ground, and scorched his feet as he stepped over the burning floor. He rushed to the window, thinking that by means of a ladder they might escape that way; but pouring from the windows below him was a sheet of flame. The burning staircase was the only road. Tying his handkerchief round his mouth and nose, to keep out the suffocating smoke, he groped his way to the door. To his horror, he heard a crash—one-half of the staircase had gone.

"A deadly terror seized upon him; the last hope of escape was lost. The life which a few minutes since had seemed a burden too heavy to bear, suddenly grew unutterably precious. His eyes were blinded, his throat scorched by the thick black smoke, and tongues of flame were leaping up around him, seeking to devour him. With awful distinctness all the evil of his life, crowded into that one fearful moment, shone out clear as noonday before his eyes. Instruction wasted, good advice spurned, good resolutions broken, rose up before him; and one and all seemed to drag him down—lost, *lost*, LOST for ever and ever! A moment since he had not dared to live, now he did not dare to die. That awful horror lent him almost superhuman strength. Threading his way through the flames, which were now rising all around him, he crept down as far as he could, and then, grasping the broken hand-rail, swung himself over, and dropped, as best he might, a depth of some fifteen feet, into the hall below. Fearfully burned, he had just strength—still holding his burden in his arms—to stagger into the street, and fell senseless into the firemen's arms.

"For many weeks he hovered between life and death, in the intensest physical and mental agony. For the most part of the time he was delirious, and haunted by the memory of that awful moment when, standing on the brink of death, he had looked over into the abyss of eternity. As he regained his reason a new terror came over him, the dread of the consequences of his crime. He never woke without fearing to find the officers of justice at his bedside, waiting to carry him before the judge. But this last fear had lost its former horror; being, as it were, swallowed up in his overwhelming thankfulness at having been saved from a far greater crime, the crime that knows no repentance. On his bed of pain he prayed as never before—prayed with a penitent and thankful heart; and by the time he was able to sit upright, he was ready to endure without flinching the shame and pain of his punishment. For some weeks the evil day was delayed; but at last, as he was beginning to regain strength, a visitor was announced, and his employer entered the room. With a beating heart, but still resigned, he felt that his hour was come, and nerved himself to meet it. To his surprise, his master made no allusion to his misconduct, but kindly praised his courage and his daring deed; and the thought flashed across him that his folly and sin were still unknown, and if he did but keep his own counsel, might so remain forever. The tempter whispered, "Be silent!" and for a moment he was inclined to yield; but his good angel triumphed. With bowed head and downcast eyes he told the story of his sin, and waited to hear his sentence from the man he had wronged. For a few minutes the good old man (God bless him!) was silent, and then he said, with tears in his eyes:

"'My lad, I am glad that you have told me this, very glad; although I knew it before. You have committed a great sin, and you have suffered a heavy punishment. Thank God, who in his mercy has saved you from a far greater sin—a sin whose punishment is for ever and ever. You have been through a fiery trial; let your future life show that you have been truly "purged in the fire." For your offense against myself, God forbid that I should add to your punishment—I forgive you with all my heart, my boy, and you need have no fear about coming back to your old place in the office, for no one except myself will ever know a word of the matter. One thing, however, you must promise me—never to enter a gambling-house, or to stake money at play again."

"'That I do, Sir, upon my hon—' he began, and then stopped short, as the unfitness of the word, from one in his situation, flashed cruelly upon him.

"'Nay, lad,' said the old man, holding out his hand, 'don't take it back, that is just the way in which I want your promise. Upon your *honor*, mind. It is a little tarnished now; let it be the labor of your life to make and keep it bright.'

"And, with God's help, he did. He rose from that bed, where for so many weeks he had lain in peril of his life, an altered man. His former friends wondered at the change, and declared that he had left his youth in the fire; but they knew nothing of the fiercer fire which during those long weeks had raged in his bosom, and had scorched away the relish for youthful follies. Having stood so awfully near to death, he had learned to value life; and to strive so to use life that death should be no longer terrible. And so striving, God prospered him. The father of the little girl he had saved was a wealthy man, and with generous kindness helped him even against his will. His kind old master stood his faithful friend, and even made opportunities of showing his confidence in him; and for many years past he has been a partner in the firm, a rich and respected merchant. Very few people know his story. It is not a very merry one, but it was uppermost in my mind when Effie asked for a story—it mostly is on Christmas-eve—and therefore I have told it to you."

"Who was the young man, uncle?" said a childish voice. "Have we ever seen him?"

"Yes, my dear, you know him very well."

"But what became of the little girl that was saved, uncle? Is she alive still?"

"My dears," said Uncle Herbert, "the little girl is now your aunt Alice."

Just then the fire-light, which had grown dim, flickered up into a blaze. Aunt Alice bent over Uncle Herbert's hand and kissed it, and as she raised her head, we could see that there were tears in her eyes.

And we guessed the rest of the story.

A PRUSSIAN AMAZON.

A PRUSSIAN paper gives some particulars of a female soldier in the Prussian army, whose name is Bertha Weiss. She was born at Schönberg, and educated at a respectable establishment at Ragnit. She soon, however, evinced a singular preference for manly attire, and acted as civilian servant to a captain of the Sixty-ninth Regiment at Treves, with whose family she had occasion to make long journeys to the south. Her good conduct induced her master to provide for her further education, so that she was competent to pass the ensign's examination. Shortly before the war, provided with a recommendation from the captain, and without being subjected to a strict surgical examination, she entered his regiment, and took part in the battle of Spicheren. Transferred to the Crown Prince's regiment, she succeeded, in the battle of Gravelotte, first alone, and afterward supported by two men only, in recovering the flag of the Sixteenth infantry regiment, which had been seized by the French. She received in this exploit four bullet wounds, one of which, in the knee, disabled her from walking. She received from Prince Frederick Charles for her bravery the second class of the Iron Cross, as well as an autograph certificate couched in the most flattering terms. She is therein styled Bernard von Weiss, and is granted a furlough. The lady is twenty-four years of age, and has prepossessing features.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIERY.

WHERE every man is a soldier, no man is a mere mercenary. Hans, Hermann, and Carl feel their individual responsibility to the Fatherland as strongly as the general who commands them. The Prussian soldier would not skulk a battle or "fudge" his sentry duty for worlds. He does his soldiering conscientiously, not as a mere military machine, with a tendency to go out of order on temptation. Many a time have men been found on sentry a mile at least out of the ken of any authority, and where they might have broken the rule against smoking on sentry with perfect impunity, and no untoward results. Most people know what a smoke is to a German, and it may be easily imagined how the craving is intensified if he has not seen the color of tobacco smoke for a fortnight. When offered a cigar, they have accepted it, but never would any man take a light. Indeed, the offer was resented with some acerbity. The Prussian soldiers are all well-educated, and it is a truism not worth repeating that natural intelligence is developed and added to by education. They understand military operations, and delight in seeing them successfully worked out. With the political complications which have led to the war they are familiar, and each man desires to see the war successful because of the ultimate benefit success will confer on his country, and not out of a mere frothy desire not to be "licked." The intelligence of the Prussian troops, and the convictions and aspirations to which well-directed intelligence invariably gives rise, utterly banish from among them grumbling or malingering. It aids greatly also in preserving the health of the army, for to it must be ascribed the almost uniform sobriety of the troops, which does so much to ward off the ailments to which large bodies of troops, often in unfavorable circumstances, are so liable. All men who have seen active service know how a frantic "spree" to-day is followed by dysentery to-morrow, and possibly by cholera the day following. The Prussians never indulge in a frantic "spree," and so escape the consequent disorders. They will bivouac beside a full and open wine-cellar, and hardly drink more than if they were visiting the locality merely, and had to pay for every thing.

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CHRISTMAS-TIME—FEEDING THE PETS.—[DRAWN BY A. E. EMSLIE.]

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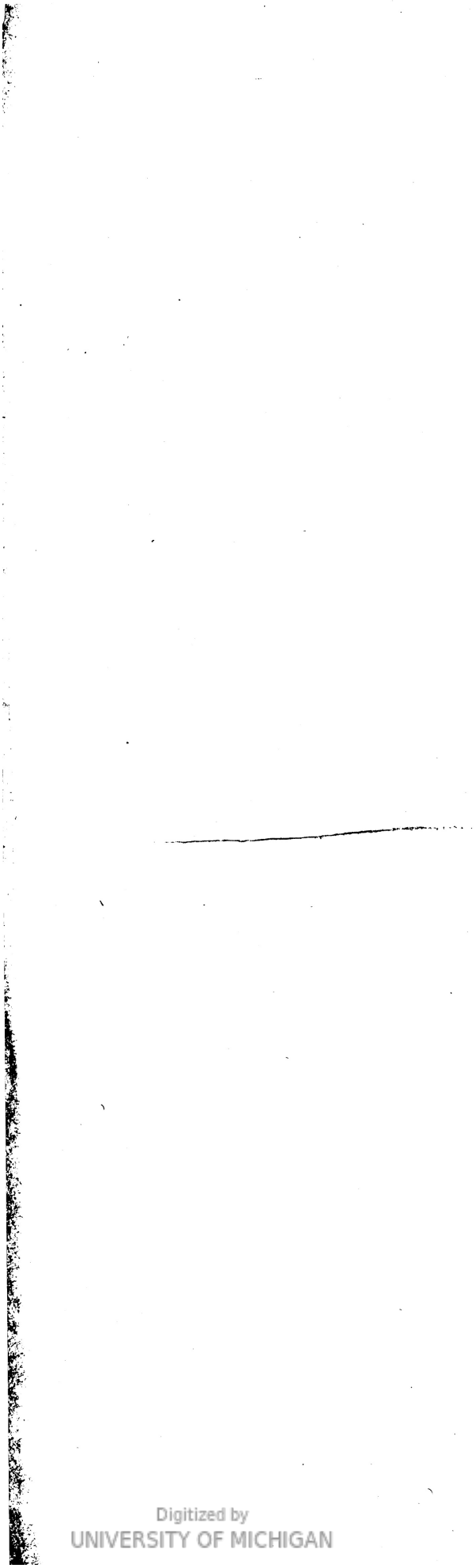

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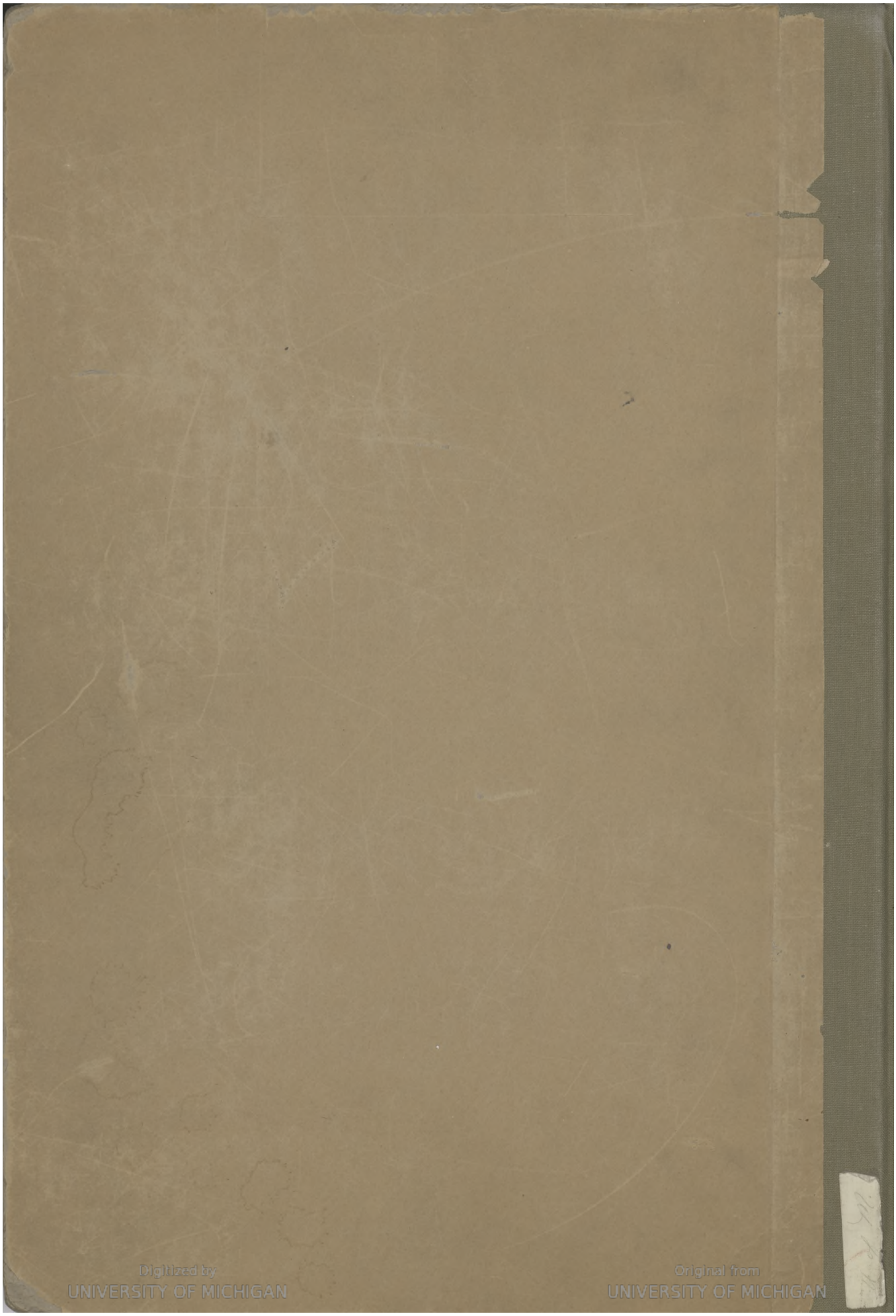

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